

H. H. Bancroft's Historical Dept.

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 3.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

NO. 26.

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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v147.

I. O. G. T.
Morning Star Lodge
No. 464.
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members of this order, in good standing, are cordially invited.

I. O. O. F.
Coquille Lodge No. 53
Meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren, in good standing, cordially invited.

A. F. and A. M.
Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.
Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening on or before the full moon in each month.
John Goodman,
W. M.

G. A. R.
Gen. Lytle Post, No. 27.
Meets at Coquille City, on every first and third Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
Chas. S. True, Commander.

INSCRIBED TO HARRY.

And so, my friend, our dream of love is over; but, can we quite the endearing spell ignore? Ah! much I doubt if e'er our life can be From its thrilling fetters wholly free. This I do know, whatever in life befall, We cannot hope our souls to e'er divide. When heart hath answered heart in sympathy, Moved by that power of sweet subtlety, How can we think to hold in slavish thrall The soul that erst responded to that call. And this I feel will erewhile avenge my pride— To know that, with another by thy side, Thy changed heart will sometimes meekly sigh, And yearn for her who holds thee by that tie. Ah! well, my friend, I would not have it otherwise: For oft in suffering, rich redemption lies. And I may yet, by some mysterious power, Lead thee to life's rich, holier dower. I yield then to another's winsome wiles, Content, if I may nearer draw thy soul To that loftier, more enduring goal— And sometimes when thy way in life is drear, When love yields meekly to some doubting fear, And the alluring spell of beauty's grace Cannot the soul's deep searching needs efface, Oh! may my heart to thine speak tenderly. The sweet, soothing words of sympathy. Kate Seafoam.

Why He Resigned.

During the administration of President Hayes the postmaster at a remote office in Minnesota gave a singular reason for resigning his trust. Writing to the First Assistant Postmaster General, he said: "I desire and hereby give up and surrender the Post office, of course lacking after things until my successor is appointed. I recommend Jeff Taylor, who hasn't much to do. You know the pay is only \$19 a year and it has cost me half my crop as well as neglect of my store for I've been in a fuss from the first month after I took hold. I see a man who shames the devil to tell the truth. The fact is I've got a wife and her two sisters who live in the store where the Post office is and their bin some terrible rows about open letters which I don't accuse anybody but everybody has their suspicions. But wimmin will be wimmin as long as their is curiosity which the snake put into them ever since the days of the garden of Eden. And I don't propose to eat buckshot and butchers knives for the sake of \$19 a year. Please let me know at once or I will tell the mail rider to go on to the next office. Yours truly,

It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges, war, pestilence and famine. This is true for us and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace.—W. E. Gladstone, Premier of Great Britain, in the House of Commons.

Open sewers run down the center of some of the streets. Until a few years ago the water supply was from one shallow well. Only one solitary scavenger is employed on half-time for cleansing, repairing and maintaining all the streets. Houses have been condemned wholesale as unfit for human habitation, to the intense disgust of the people. Yet, notwithstanding all these adverse conditions, these families live and thrive vigorously.

An action was brought recently before Mr. Justice Hawkins, in England, to recover the value of two casks of herring furnished in 1851. "Why such long delay?" asked the Judge. "Well," said the plaintiff, "I again and again, whenever I could find him, asked for payment, until at last he told me to go to the devil, upon which I thought it was high time to go to your lordship," a remark which was received with roars of laughter, in which the Judge joined.

"Facts come to light now and then," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "which seem to conflict strangely with the theories of the doctors. For instance, at Howden, a dirty, desolate village on Tyneside, a boy was born who, at the time of his birth, had four grandparents and five great-grandparents alive, each of whom was in active work, earning his or her own livelihood. Yet the village where these hale and hearty grandsires and granddames live and flourish is one of the most unsanitary in England.

Easy Marriage.

The evils of easy divorce laws attract a great deal of attention, and very justly; but the evils of easy marriage are seldom mentioned by our moralist.

In most of our States marriage can be contracted as readily as chills and fever. All ministers, and nearly every magistrate—including Justices of the Peace—are legally competent to perform the marriage ceremony. There are many ministers who never hesitate to marry any couple that may apply to them, whether the unfortunate persons are minors, bigamists, or persons of same mind and sound morals. Boys and girls who run away from home can always find a minister, who though a total stranger to them, will inflict life-long misery upon them for a small fee. Were it not for our easy marriage laws, our easy divorce laws would find few supporters. Divorce is in most cases sought as the only means of escape from the miseries of easy marriage.

Extremists there are, of course, who are in favor of abolishing the evils of easy marriage, by a prohibition law forbidding any person, whether minister or magistrate, to perform a marriage ceremony except on a prescription signed by a regular Bishop. This, of course is impracticable, even if it were desirable. A license law would also have its objectionable features, however strict it might be. The present law is virtually a license law, although ministers and magistrates do not have to procure a special license authorizing them to marry on the premises. Were only these ministers empowered to perform the marriage ceremony who should pay, say, \$500 for a license, there is no doubt that the evil of cheap clerical marriages on every block of a village or town would be materially decreased. What we might call the corner marriage shop would be to a great extent closed, and the business would be concentrated in the hands of comparatively few men. On the other hand, these men would find it necessary to perform as many marriages as possible in order to pay for their license and make a fair living. Hence they would be tempted to marry every couple making application to them. It is true that the offense of marrying minors might be punished by revocation of license, but the licensed marryer would always find some way to prove that he had been deceived and had violated the law unintentionally.

The plan of local option is probably the one which promises the best results. This plan provides that in every township the voters shall decide whether or not marriage shall be permitted within the boundaries of the township, and in case the question is decided in the affirmative, they shall provide for the appointment of one respectable citizen with power to perform marriages. In most of our small and intelligent communities, marriage would, of course, be prohibited; but in all the larger towns, a State marriage agent would be appointed. If the business were thus at once legalized and restricted, the evils of easy marriage would to a great extent disappear; though it is idle to hope that an ideal state of things, in regard to marriage can ever be brought about in this world, either by legislation or what the temperance people call moral suasion.

When vessels or timber sink to great depths in the ocean the pressure is so great that water is forced into the pores of the wood and it becomes too heavy to rise again. Even when a ship is broken up the detached portions sink like lead. This pressure makes it impossible for divers to descend to any great depths.

Responsibilities of Journalism.

There are easy-going, well-meaning people that regard the duties and amenities of a publisher of a newspaper the same as those of a merchant who sells you a gown for your wife, or a pair of red-top boots for your junior self, or a pound of candy for the baby. Nothing is farther from the fact. The duties of an editor are of public moment and public consequence. He is in a great sense a public officer—a censor. Why, in many instances the columns of his paper have more terrors for violators of the law than the law itself. Then there are a thousand and one little crimes against our civilization that our laws do not contemplate, that the editor is supposed to punish. Even the moral and intellectual tone of many of our smaller towns reflect the courage and honesty of the editor of the local paper. He wields an influence over his readers that is greater than the church, and we say, in a great measure his standard of integrity is reflected by those who read his paper. No one ever saw a live go-ahead town that did not contain one or more newspapers of the same nature. We never saw it fail. And yet as we started out to say, some people otherwise perhaps properly balanced, think the duties and responsibilities of an editor are no more than those of a haberdasher. What a delusion! We realize this more than other editors, we suppose, because our field is wider, and one that has heretofore been looked after as we have filled it. Our labors, to the thoughtless, are inquisitorial and impertinent, and yet we know they are not. We have to deal almost entirely with strangers to us, and arbitrate differences between people who are strangers to each, and expose frauds who have grown gray swindling the public—who regard any interference with their nefarious methods as outrageous on our part. They have pursued their swindling schemes so long; in fact without hindrance, that they act as though they thought they were doing a legitimate business. Why, one of them told us once, when asked where he drew the line between honesty and dishonesty, that he did not think it was dishonest for him to obtain money so long as he did not do anything that the law could punish him for. In other words he did not regard it wrong to steal if he could do so without it being found out and have it proven on him. It was for just such emergencies as this the public press was given its licensed liberty. We shall not shirk the responsibility. —Public Herald.

Goats as farm stock.—The goat is the animal for the ranch and the boundless West, says the Midland Farmer. There will yet spring up a large and profitable business in the carcasses of the young and the concentrated milk and cheese sent East to the large cities. This will one day provide profitable employment to thousands and healthful food to the chronic invalids of city life. The Angora goat possesses all the merits of the common goat, and furnishes a valuable fleece, the use of which is only limited by its scarceness, as its beauty is unquestioned. The demand for goat skins for leather is practically unlimited, being alike useful in the manufacture of harness, shoes, and gloves, leaving out scores of minor uses. Tanned with the hair on for lap-clothes, etc, the Angora is preferable to tiger, bear or buffalo for beauty and utility.

A boy digging for a skunk in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, found a lump of mineral which old miners aver to be gold. That's just a boy's luck; any older persons would have found the skunk.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

A Wanderer's Fate.

"Stop!" It was not a very loud voice, but the driver of a Second and Third street car slowed up and waited for the bell. It did not ring, so he went on again.

"Stop!" The driver looked round the side of his car, but saw no one. The conductor heard the cry but only saw the driver. Again the car proceeded on its way, and for the third time the mysterious voice was heard:

"Stop!" This time the conductor rang the bell, for the voice sounded close to him. They had just passed a saloon outside of which stood a group of striking weavers who, from their loud laughter, appeared to be enjoying something mightily.

"Look on top o' yer car" cried one in a strong Yorkshire dialect. The conductor got off his platform and followed the direction of the weavers' index finger. There perched on the edge of the skylight, hanging on like grim death, his wings fluttering helplessly, sat a gray parrot.

"Well, if that ain't a rum 'un," said the conductor. "We can't stop Polly; we'll take you off when we get to the depot." And off they started. When they reached Chestnut street, something in the network of telegraph and electric light wires must have irresistibly reminded Polly of her native forest. She walked sedately to the conductor's end of the car and in a plaintive voice said, "Wait for me!" flapped her gray pinions and making a scarlet parabola in the air with her red tail, alighted on one of the electric light wires. She would have been wiser had she remained on the car.

The humps were about to be lit. The current was turned on, and—perhaps it was the "back kick"—she was heard to shriek at the top of her voice: "Stop!" And she fell, a helpless mass on the pavement a dead parrot.

A Bride Well Pleased.

I hold it to be truth constantly self-evident, says Clara Belle in the Cincinnati Enquirer, that every man will defend a woman against all men except himself. If you haven't noticed it already, you have only to look for it an hour or so in any place of mixture of the sexes. Clap your eyes on a pretty woman without male escort, and two phenomena will become obvious. Firstly, there will be a large amount of open and covert staring at her, to all of which her obliviousness is of course only assumed. Secondly, if one of the starrers happens to realize that others are at the same game he will manifest plainly his disgust at such treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly ignoring his own offense.

A husband and wife got into a street car. The man was somewhat dudsish in dress. The woman was under twenty, and as pretty as nature and art are in the habit of combining to produce. They were chatting on the very subject that I have here introduced.

"Perceval dear," said she, "I will prove to you that I am right, and take only ten minutes to do it, if you'll promise not to get angry about it."

He closed the contract. Then she drew herself up, as though the husband sitting beside her was an entire stranger, and waited for the car to fill with passengers at Union Square.

"Now," she whispered behind her fan, "observe how I am ogled when alone."

Within five minutes he saw that half a dozen masculine passengers, from hoary age to callow youth, eyed his bride with more or less

audacity, and several manifestly would not have needed the smallest beginning of a wink on her part to seize upon her then and there. That part of the exhibition was a triumph for the wife, but the most curious feature of her experiment remained to be tried.

"You certainly do seem to attract a great deal of admiration," said the husband, supposing that the pretended strangeness was at an end.

She lifted her eyebrows in simulated surprise, as though an impertinent fellow had unwarrantedly accosted her, and pointedly turned her face from him. He understood her now, and did not speak to her further. Next, she drew her shoulder away from contact with his. By this time the spectators were believing that he was annoying her dreadfully, and scornful glances were aimed at him. Her final trick was conclusive. It consisted in suddenly pulling her skirts clear of his trousers, and deliberately setting her feet as far in the other direction as the end of the car would permit. Nobody doubted that the dear, demure creature had been grossly insulted. A man arose from the opposite side.

"Will you exchange seats with me?" he very gallantly and politely said, lifting his hat most deferentially.

Now, he had been foremost among the original oglers—the veriest simpleton of them all.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, as bland as a white heifer, "but I prefer to sit beside my husband."

Thus, with the same stone she killed that culture bird and the dove mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry.

Warm Stables.

An American farmer visiting old countries is struck with the warmth of the stables. They are usually of stone, with thick walls, close-shutting doors and windows, with stone or brick floors and low ceilings. Ventilation is secured by openings into the loft, and in winter the air is close, heavy, warm and often full of odor—this is not the "sweet breath of kine," but, nevertheless, it is cozy enough for any body.

Stone floors in stables, kept warm so that water will not freeze, have one great advantage. When the cows and horses are taken out, the bedding put to one side and the manure cleaned out, the hose may be turned on and all washed out sweet and clean. There is no wood about the floor to become saturated with urine and to give off ammonia constantly, so the air is not burdened with its fumes.

Horse stables ought not to be too close, but they should be warm. Few people seem to be aware that the horse bears cold with less suffering than any other of our domestic animals, unless it be the Newfoundland dog. With food enough the horse will keep in better order than sheep, if both are exposed to the severest winter, with only the shelter of open sheds. Nevertheless, such exposure is exceedingly bad economy. The horse stable should be warm and free from draughts but well ventilated. Any old stable may be made warm by boarding inside on the studs and packing in leaves or other dry light material. The stable ought to be so warm that water will not freeze in it. This temperature can be more easily secured than most farmers think. The doors must shut tight and the stable be not too large. Blankets are unnecessary for farm and work horses. Their use prevents the growth of hair, however, and this is always undesirable upon horses which are worked or driven hard enough to sweat freely. The heavy coat is so long drying that horses often take cold, both in the stable and out of it. Carriage horses, and those used for driving and under saddle, should be blanketed in the stable. Light, all-wool blankets are best. They effect a saving of feed; also keep the dust out of the coat; save time in grooming, and give the horse a much nenter and glossier look. Cow stables can hardly be kept too warm. —Baltimore Herald.