

A. L. Bancroft
721 Market Historical Department

Coquille City Herald.

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NO. 42.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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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 Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.

Walter Sinclair, Commander.

THE TRAMP.

On a morn in dreary Winter,
Came a worn and weary printer,
With his bundle on a splinter
O'er his back:
Travel-stained he was, and needy,
And his appetite was greedy
For a "snack."

For the printing office steering
Till within the door appearing,
Where he bowed as one revering,
When he spoke,
Saying, in a voice as solemn
As a griffin's bellow—
"I am broke!"

In your city I'm a stranger,
Dusty, seedy as a granger—
For I slumbered in the manger
Of a barn;
Now I need a small donation
And some easy transportation
For my cox.

Boat? I tried to work my passage,
Moving freight and rough expressage—
Living on bologna sausage
Dry and poor—
But, they found I was a printer,
And they hustled me instanter
To the shore.

Then I sadly recollected
Days when printers were respected
For their skill. Now I'm ejected
Fore and aft,
Just because some have, by drinking,
Set the seamstom-men to sinking
All the craft.

Thus do sober workmen suffer
By the views of the loafer.
Till, indeed, when'er I go for
Work I shrink,
Lest another's imposition
Throws on me a foul suspicion
That I drink.

Deeply does it wound and grieve me
When a man will not believe me;
But, dear sir, if you will give me
Fifty cents,
I will, by its judicious using,
Show you I'm above abusing
Confidence."

By his doleful conversation
Roused he our commiseration,
And we made the "small donation."
Which he sunk;
For, while going to our dinner,
We observed that hardened sinner
Beastly drunk!

Thus do sober workmen suffer
By the views of the loafer—
Basest coin will often go for
Purest stamp;
Kindest ones who most have trusted
Are most thoroughly disgusted
With the tramp.

THE BOSS JOKE.

A Cruel Salmon Story.
The Oregon is going the rounds of eastern papers:

The recent frightful accident which happened to a stage in Southern Oregon can not fail, says the New York Times, to call the attention of the stage authorities to the necessity of protecting settlers against the attacks of salmon. The stage in question was crossing Applegate creek, when it was suddenly attacked by a drove of salmon. The stage was instantly overturned, and the hungry fish swarmed over it, while the stage driver, with great presence of mind, cut the traces of his horses and, throwing himself across the off wheel-horse, a powerful animal, formerly the property of Dr. Goodrich, of Olympia,—managed to escape. The dispatch which conveys to us this painful story says nothing of the fate of the stage passengers, but, unfortunately, there is every reason to believe that they fell victims to the salmon.

The Oregon salmon has long been regarded by experienced hunters as the most dangerous animal infesting this continent. It is much larger than the salmon of the Atlantic coast, and, unlike the latter, which is a timid and inoffensive fish, it is fearless, aggressive and cruel. There is scarcely a river in Oregon which is free from salmon, and many of the streams are rendered practically impassable by the numbers and ferocity of the salmon inhabiting them.

To hunt the Oregon salmon requires iron nerves and great skill in the use of the rifle. The usual practice of the hunter is to hide himself on the bank of a stream and send in his dogs to rouse the salmon from their lair. When the fish come within gunshot the hunter fires, and unless he kills or disables the game at the first shot his chances for life are small. The infuriated fish, in most cases, turn

upon the hunter whose shot has been ineffective. One blow of the salmon's tail almost invariably proves fatal, and if he can once set his terrible teeth in the flesh of the hunter he can not be shaken off. The only chance of escape is for the hunter to drive his knife into the fish's heart, but such a blow to be effective must be delivered immediately behind the pectoral fin, and it requires the utmost coolness for a man to face the rush of a maddened salmon and wait until he can stab him in the only vulnerable part. Scores of hunters who have successfully fought the grizzly bear have fallen victims to the Oregon salmon, and scores of others, crippled and mangled, surviving to tell the story of their blood-curdling experience while in the very jaws of a monster fish.

Were the salmon to confine themselves wholly to the water they would be comparatively harmless, for no man could be in danger unless he ventured into the salmon pool. But, unlike most of our American fishes, the Oregon salmon is in the habit of leaving the water and wandering through the forests in search of prey. Men, women and children have often been chased for long distances by salmon, on the lonely Oregon roads, and an enormous number of sheep and cattle have been killed and devoured. Two years ago the forest in the neighborhood of East Melville, in Southern Oregon, was infested by a pair of salmon of unusual size and ferocity. Hardly a night passed that some settler did not lose a valuable domestic animal, and no less than five human lives were sacrificed almost within sight of the Methodist meeting-house. The people of the town never went out of their houses unarmed, and they lost so much sleep in consequence of the nightly and incessant roaring of the fish that life was really a burden to them. The town authorities offered a reward of \$1,000 for the head of either of the two salmon, but no local hunter was bold enough to make the attempt to gain it. These formidable fish were finally killed by a party of hunters, nine in number, from Tacoma, who, assisted by a pack of well-trained fish-hounds, tracked the salmon to their lair in a small pool of stagnant water and shot them with a Gatling gun. Twenty-two bullets were found in the body of the male and seventy-four in that of the female. The former fell dead at the first fire, but the latter, although severely wounded, rushed on the hunters, and succeeded in killing one and disabling eight dogs before she was finally conquered.

In winter, the Oregon salmon, rendered more fearless than ever by want of food, roam over the country in packs and drives of from twenty-five to a thousand fish. No exact statistics as to the annual loss of life by salmon in Oregon are at present accessible, but it is believed that in proportion to its population Oregon loses as many inhabitants yearly by salmon as India loses by tigers. The only way in which to meet this great evil is for the state government to offer a reward of, say, \$100 for every salmon killed within its borders. Such an offer would cause an instant emigration of thousands of fearless hunters from every state in the Union to Oregon. Some lives would, of course, be lost, but the salmon would soon be practically exterminated, and it would become possible for stages to pass over Applegate's creek without being attacked and destroyed by salmon.

Horses for Oregon.
New York, May 22.—The second importation of Percheron stallions for the Baker County Horse and Land company of Oregon, consisting of 109 head, and costing \$90,000, was shipped west to-day. They average 1600 pounds in weight. Most of them are two-year olds. One yearling weighed 1700 pounds.

The Cincinnati Fire.

Cincinnati, May 21.—At 1:30 o'clock this afternoon J. A. Green, city editor of the Times-Star, upon going up the stairway to his office, saw dense clouds of smoke issuing from the rear windows of the building, Nos. 19 and 21 West Sixth street, and immediately telephoned to the Fire Department. An alarm brought the engines almost instantly, and as the firemen could reach the building from the front and the rear it was not fifteen minutes until the fire was so much under control that Chief Engineer Wisby was able to reach the top floor. But he was too late to rescue the girls employed there and to his horror he found ten dead bodies, with hands to their faces and faces blackened and discolored in death. The Chief said, in speaking of it: "The house is not burned out; in fact the fire was chiefly in the fifth story. I counted ten girls lying upon benches, tables and other things; some on the floor. Their clothing was not burned, but the skin on the back of their hands was scorching. It was a terrible sight, the worst I ever saw in my experience. The girls lay where they had fallen in their wild and helpless despair."

It has now been fairly ascertained that the fire started from a can of benzine, on the second floor, near the elevator shaft. A boy on that floor says that he heard a shock, and instantly fire leaped to the elevator shaft and darted up it. The shaft reaches to the top of the building, and from the third story to the fifth it was encircled by a wooden stairway, which was the only means of access to these floors. The elevator shaft, to add to its combustibility, was encased with a thin, wooden lattice work.

The floor, where the fire started, was the press room, the third the composing room, the fourth the storage and waste room, and the fifth was the folding room.

As soon as the fire started, John Sullivan, a young man, cousin of the proprietor, ran up the stairway to the fifth floor to give warning to the girls. Instantly almost he found he was too late to get them down the stairway, and that his own retreat was cut off. What he did for the frightened girls could only be told by glimpses that could be seen of him through the smoking windows, whence the girls had already leaped to death. J. R. Kinsley and his foreman had gone to their roof adjoining this on the west, and knowing the girls were imprisoned on the floor below, they procured a rope and lowered it to the window, where Sullivan was. He instantly grasped it, and fastening one of the girls to it, and Kinsley and Schroeder lowered her safely to the sidewalk. The rope was brought up and Sullivan quickly fastened it to another girl and sent her down safely. The rope came up the third time, and as the other girls by this time were all suffocated or afraid to venture, Sullivan fastened the rope to his own body and was being lowered, when, as he was half way down flames shot out of a window, and he fell head-foremost to the sidewalk, in the presence of the horrified crowd of people who had witnessed his heroism.

When the girls were jumping from the window a large colored man tried to catch them and break the force of the fall, but he nearly lost his own life in the attempt. Within ten minutes after the fire began patrol wagons were called into use to carry away the wounded and dead. As well as can be ascertained, there were about fifty occupants of the building, of whom twenty or twenty-five were girls, on the fifth story. The boys were on second and third floors, and this accounts for their escape. All agree that the spread of the flames was instantaneous.

Mr. Kinsley, who ran to his upper floors in the rear, where the flames were in danger of coming through his window, found smoke so dense that he had to crawl on the floor to reach his window and close it. All this time there was an avenue of escape which the panic-stricken girls did not think of. There was an opening in the roof, which they could have easily reached from a bench standing beside the wall, and once on the roof they could have reached other buildings with perfect ease. A lack of ready access to this place lost all these lives.

The fire was almost insignificant. The wooden stairway around the elevator shaft is not burned so as to be useless or unsafe, yet flames seem to have pervaded all the floors, and to have ruined all the paper and other light combustible matter. Mr. Sullivan estimates his loss at \$9000 or \$10,000, with ample insurance. The loss to the buildings is slight.

The scenes at Hagig's undertaking establishment, where the bodies were taken, and where friends and relatives came to identify them, were of the most painful character. In one case a Policeman of Covington, Kentucky, identified his sisters Lizzie and Dollie Handel, who were twins. Mrs. Meier found the body of her daughter, and had to be led away from the terrible sight. Mrs. Leaban had the awful experience of finding her three daughters among the dead.

The fatal list, as now made up, is: Anna Bell, aged 40, wife of P. Bell, No. 26 Lock street; Lizzie and Dollie Handel, twin sisters aged 20, No. 713 Scott street, Covington; Fannie Jones, 22 years, corner Liberty and Freeman streets; Delia, Katie and Mary Leaban, sisters, aged 23, 14 and 16, respectively, No. 206 Sixth street; Lizzie Lowry, 20 years, Newport, Kentucky; Lizzie Meyers, 16 years, No. 345 Broadway; Annie McIntyre, 20 years, No. 90 East Sixth street; Fannie Norton, 34 years; Katie and Mary Putnam, sisters, 22 and 19 respectively; John Sullivan, 22 years, No. 395 Broadway; Lillie Wynn, 20 years, No. 88 East Fifth street.

The injured are: Will Bishop, printer, 23 years, No. 203 fifth street, Covington, Kentucky, crushed and burned, will probably die; Josie Hawkes, broken leg; Emma Pinchback, Covington, unconscious, will probably die; Nancy Shepherd, head badly cut, lives on Harrison street.

Already preparations are in progress for the relief of families of the victims, the most of whom were the support of dependent parents.

An Oyster Whips a Duck.

A rough-and-tumble combat between a wild duck and an oyster occurred here the other day. The duck was a large full-grown one that had recently come from the north to enjoy our winter climate. It was of the diving species, which inhabit bays till spring, when they go north. When the oyster feeds it opens its shell wide till the full oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vise, the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed. With three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal heat had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's beak.—Corpus Christi Caller.

The Walnut.

It may not be generally known that the English walnut is the most profitable of all the nut-bearing trees. When in full bearing they will yield about 300 pounds of nuts to the tree. The nuts sell at eight cents per pound or \$24 to the tree. If only twenty-seven trees are planted on an acre, says a Los Angeles orchardist, the income would be \$648 per acre, or from twenty acres \$10,800 per year. The Los Angeles orchardist has placed the number of trees per acre entirely too low. Double that number of trees can be advantageously grown on an acre. If our farmers when planting shade-trees round their houses, or on their farms for wind-breaks, would plant walnut trees they would be a great source of profit, as well as being useful in other ways.—Modesto Republican.

Why he Didn't Fail.

Last spring an Indiana man started a bank in a town in Dakota, and about the 1st of October, having secured deposits to the extent of \$23,000, a notice was one morning posted on the doors of the bank reading:

"Temporarily closed. Hope to pay depositors in full."

The banker wanted to test the temper of the public previous to a big seep. In course of half an hour the doors were kicked in, the office gutted, the banker stepped on until he was seventeen feet long and only two inches thick, and the chap who held a revolver to his ear jovially remarked:

"Now, then, my friend, we give you just five minutes to unlock that safe and count out the slugs to depositors in full."

Depositors were paid in full and the banker has come East in search of more civil people.—Wall Street News.

Struck an Iceberg.

New York, May 23.—The steamship City of Berlin from Liverpool arrived here this morning, bringing 143 cabin and 1139 steerage passengers. On the 19th inst., she struck an iceberg in a dense fog off the banks of Newfoundland. This caused serious damage. Many tons of ice fell upon the fore-castle deck, breaking it through and going down into the hold. Two men on the lookout had a very narrow escape with their lives, the fog being so thick at the time that they could not see the iceberg until it came tumbling on the forward deck where they were standing. Orders were given to cut away the lashings of the life rafts and boats and to prepare them for lowering in case the ship should sink. Two of the boats were swung out and others being put in readiness until it was discovered that the ship was not making water, when the orders were countermanded. The steamer came into collision with two others, but succeeded in weathering the shocks and reaching port safely.

The Apaches Uprising.

Tombstone, May 22.—Eli Granger, a trustworthy resident of this city, who has just returned from Des Dabizas, says a military courier whom he met told him the Apaches had killed two men at Eagle creek on Thursday last.

Denning, N. M., May 22.—Reports reached here that Apaches killed four miners at Alma, a small mining camp on the Frisco river.

Silver City, N. M., May 22.—Geronimo's Apaches are now in the Black range, New Mexico, near old Fort Tularosa, heading towards old Mexico. Troops are in hot pursuit, and cavalry is concentrating on their front to prevent escape.

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