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Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1885.

NO. 8.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Coquille City, Oregon.
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v2h29

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Office at residence in Coquille City.

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 Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
Walter Sinclair, Commander.

Some Times.

When the clouds have rolled away,
And the lily bud reveals,
In a metaphoric way,
How the modern lover kneels,
Lodi.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

[Gold Beach Gazette.]

The run of salmon has considerably improved this week.

Wolves, it is said, are becoming more numerous in Curry county.

The steamer Coos Bay landed about forty tons of freight at Chetco Saturday, for Blake's store.

The professional deer-skinner has been plying his vocation with great success, we should judge, from the bundles of pelts that come into this town almost daily. As there is a law to prevent this wholesale destruction of game, why is it not enforced?

R. D. Hume's salmon hatchery is completed and ready for use. It is a substantial structure, and adds to the go-ahead appearance in the upper end of town. The reservoir is completed, filled with water and ready to receive the old fish, and the work is a fine piece of masonry. Mr. Hume informs us that 250 salmon are sufficient to propagate one million young fish, while this reservoir is sufficient to accommodate not less than 350, and all arrangements have been made in connection with the hatchery accordingly. Considering Mr. Hume's former experience in the propagation of salmon, and the great pains and expense he has been to in preparing his present arrangements, it is but fair to presume that the enterprise will prove a success.

[Coos Bay News.]

John McLeod lately finished his contract of opening the race track at this place, and Mr. Lang is now plowing it. When finished it will be, for its length, one of the best tracks in the state.

Alex Gee, a boy about 14 years of age, accidentally shot himself on catching slough last Saturday. The accident occurred at John Anderson's farm, adjoining that of the boy's father. It seems the boy was at Anderson's on the evening of the above day, and started for home, having a salmon on one shoulder and a Zulu musket on the other. Shortly after leaving Anderson's and while in the act of changing the gun from one shoulder to the other, it was discharged, and the contents entered his right foot. Dr. Tower attended him, and on Sunday had him brought to town, when it was decided to amputate the injured part of the foot. The amputation was performed by Dr. Tower, assisted by Dr. Steele, and at last accounts the boy was getting along nicely.

We are informed from a reliable source that ere long a crew of miners will be put to work in the Henryville mine, and that shipments of coal to the city will be carried on regularly. Davis' lease of the mine expired the 15th inst., but for some reason he refused to relinquish his claim, and a lawsuit is the result. Mr. McDonald, who is connected with the Central Pacific R. R., will have control of the mine when Davis is ousted, and as he has sent word to superintendent Phillips to keep the water pumped out, and the mine in readiness for business, it is more than probable when he gets control that work will commence in earnest.

A Baker City newspaper man wants to sell a cooking stove. One infers from this that he will rarely eat hereafter and continue to run his "influential journal" on the proceeds of the sale of the stove. It shows how unselfish a newspaper man can be—for the benefit of the public he parts with the warmest friend he ever had—the cook stove.—East Oregonian.

London, Sept. 25.—Reports have been received here of a cyclone at Calcutta, in which several ships foundered and a great many persons were drowned.

PROHIBITION.

Not long ago an old acquaintance of mine concluded to come into this part of the country prospecting, and being informed that Rogue river was infested with miriads of rattlesnakes, imported a gallon jug of whisky to use as an antidote to the snake poison. He entered into a solemn compact with his patron saint that he would not taste a drop of the liquid until he had been bitten by a poisonous reptile. The vow was a rash one, as the sequel will show. Instead of hunting for gold my friend employed all his time prospecting for snakes. Every old log, dead tree and crevice was carefully tried in an unsuccessful search for a snake-bite. There is not a rock from Mule creek to the Illinois river under which he did not poke his foot in the fond hope of getting it nipped by a snake, only to withdraw it with a disappointed sigh. After two months of industrious but unsuccessful search my friend began to fear his whisky might get sour. At all events he made an excuse to break his vow and drink the liquor. On the same day that my friend broke his vow he got bitten by a snake about five feet long (the snake was five feet, not the bite.) I put that in parentheses lest Mrs. Dr. Adair might subject me to some more criticism, like she did about the stomach. The bite of the reptile gave him no inconvenience that was perceptible, but oh, how it worked on the snake. At first the effect seemed to do the snake some good. He charged around and swore he was the biggest and best rattlesnake that ever marked the soil of Rogue river. Said he could outrun, out-jump or whip, any other snake in Curry county. Then he got fearful sick. Oh my! how he suffered. I never was more sorry for anything in my life than I was for that poor old rattlesnake. I gave him catnip tea, and Sciditz powders and covered him carefully up, but I could not save him. He took the jim-jams and kicked the bucket. I took the corpse into my laboratory and carefully dissected and analyzed it in the interest of science. The fangs of the rattler were driven into his skull, and had disturbed the organ of ideality, inducing a morbid abnormal action of that organ. It was a sad sight or smell rather when I opened him, for the odor was very much like that thrown off by a lately-used whisky barrel. The alcohol had penetrated the fundamental process of the spinal cord, and I could trace indubitable evidence of pleni spidermis. The pericardium and pleura were pickled and emitted a decided flavor of brandy punches. His death was caused by jim-jams aggravated by the spruce.

I trust this will be a warning to all rattlesnakes never to bite a man when he has fortified his system in such a manner that he is impervious to everything which could kill him. And also, I hope those who read these melancholy lines will be careful how they make hasty vows; for though my friend is sound in body, his mind is greatly troubled on account of having caused the death of that poor snake.—Ekoms in Gazette.

The Vessels of Treasure.

New York, Sept. 25.—The United States vessels Swarta and Yantic, engaged in transporting silver from the New Orleans mint to the treasury in Washington, arrived at the Washington navy yard tonight. The work of transferring the silver from the vessels to the treasury will be entered upon tomorrow and will consume the greater part of the week. When the coin is received at the treasury department it will be counted, a labor which, with the present force, will occupy about two months.

Swallowed a Water Snake.

A dispatch from Hartford City, Ind., says: Lillie M. Haon, 7 years of age, living three miles south of this city, commenced complaining of a pain in the stomach over three months ago. She gradually became worse, until during a paroxysm of suffering, she was threatened with convulsions. She often described her sensations as that something was alive in her stomach, and said she could feel it move. She was medicated much of the time, and often worn medicine was administered, the idea prevailing that it was stomach worms that caused her suffering. She became emaciated, weak and almost bloodless. Her appetite was depraved and she took little nourishment except of a fluid nature. She was troubled with great thirst, often drinking copious draughts of water, after which she would be relieved for an hour or more. During the last week she complained of pain in her bowels, and her sufferings at times became almost unbearable. She was confined to her bed, and her friends thought dissolution would soon end her agony. On Friday morning last she expelled from the bowels an object over two feet in length. Microscope observation developed the fact that the object discharged was a species of water-snake, and it is alive. It is kept in rain water in a stopped bottle. When the water is chilled it becomes torpid and when subjected to heat it becomes active. Under the microscope it has been seen to protrude its tongue, which resembled the point of a fine needle. It is perfectly round, smooth and uniform in size throughout its entire length. The child is rapidly recovering and experiences none of the sensations that troubled it prior to being relieved of its terrible tormentor. Hundreds of persons have seen the reptile and witnessed its gyratory movements in wonder and amazement. It has none of the characteristics of tapeworm or any form of ortezoic life described by authors. The child must have drunk water of which it was an inhabitant and it gradually developed.

An exceedingly handy improvement to have about the farm is one or more tool sleds, which will be found available in many instances where a wagon cannot be readily utilized. A good one can be made by any farmer as follows: Take two pieces of scantling four inches wide and two inches thick, by eight feet long. Dress the forward ends off like a sled runner, and if soft wood is used a piece of old wagon tire bolted to the bottom will prevent wear and lessen the friction between the wood and the ground. Plank's three feet long should be pinned or bolted to the runners and around the sides on top of the platform thus made a narrow piece of wood should be fastened to prevent the load from readily sliding off. To make the sled of extraordinary strength holes may be bored through runners, planking and side pieces and bolts fastened therein, which will make a solid and enduring structure. For drawing the implement a clevis may be fastened in the middle of the front plank, or better yet, bore holes in the ends of the runners and fasten a chain therein with a ring or wide link in the center to which to attach the team. This sled will be found particularly convenient in taking plows, harrows, seed, etc., to the field, and will answer many purposes for which a wagon is often considered indispensable.—Ex.

Passengers from San Francisco per Arago, Monday week: W. Hood, Mrs. Basher and 3 children, J. Ferry, —Spiras, J. S. Lawrence and family, E. Holt, J. H. Creamer, A. Page.

Letter from "Brother Bailey"

Ed. HERALD:—Thinking you would like to hear from an old friend, induces me to scribble. I reached Prineville the first point of my work Friday before the third Sabbath in August. I preached that and the following Monday night to good congregations. I immediately fell in love with Prineville and its people. I met our old friend Till Vowel, and right glad I was to meet an old Coos county acquaintance. I stopped all night with him and had a pleasant time talking over old times. He is doing well. From this point I went to Mayville, Gilliam county. The country is very broken after you leave Crooked river, until you reach Fossil, eight miles from Mayville. That is a good country, and Mayville is a nice place. There is some talk of its being the county seat, but time alone will tell. From this place I went to Alkali; found a nice country, good roads and well-to-do farmers. Alkali is a lively place of about 500 inhabitants. It is the trading point for a large extent of country. Next I came here, stopping the first night with Sister Lawson and family. John is pushing things. They have a good place, good water and fine range. I there ate as fine water melons as a Coos bayite could wish. While there on the 16th inst., I performed a ceremony that made two one—Miss Minnie E. Lawson and Mr. C. C. Myers. To say we had a good time would poorly express it. I think Minnie chose wisely; at least she deserves a good man, and I think Mr. Myers will prove a good husband. God bless their union.

This is a fine country and I am well pleased with it and my work. Where ever I go the people open their doors to me, and turn out good congregations. God has blessed my work already. I am now holding a meeting at this place with large congregations and good attention. The outlook is encouraging.

C. P. Bailey.
Mayville Gilliam Co., Sept. 17.

Massacre of Christians.
New York, Sept. 25.—The Herald's Paris special says of the massacre of the Christians in Annam: The superior of the college and a whole host of Christians have been slaughtered pell mell. Some were thrown into the sea with their hands tied behind their backs. Some of the missionaries tried to make a stand with muskets, but were soon defeated. Churches, schools and dwelling houses were burned, and Christians who escaped had to walk for days without food or shelter, in order to reach places of refuge. General DeCourcy promised to send a gunboat, which came to Quinboa, after the place was burned down, and never fired a shot, owing to an absence of orders.

Wheat for Export.

San Francisco, Sept. 24.—Shippers have begun to figure on the quantity of Pacific coast wheat there will be for export. A statement was sent to England two weeks ago that the quantity would not exceed 430,000 tons, or say 14,500,000 bushels. Conservative dealers unhesitatingly state that this estimate is entirely erroneous. They figure as follows: This year's crop is 23,000,000 bushels. Carry over from last year 10,000,000, and the total quantity of wheat in California and Oregon at this time is 33,000,000 bushels. Deduct what is required for local uses and seeding and there will remain 800,000 tons, or say 26,000,000 bushels available for export. This includes Oregon wheat, estimated at 3,000,000 bushels for export. As much of the California grain is still in the field, no one has any positive knowledge of the actual quantity on hand.

DENMARK ITEMS.

We are having very warm weather since the late showery weather.

Miss Rachel Kronenberg and Miss Rachel Hoffman passed thro' yesterday en route to Port Orford to visit friends. I presume the boys down that way will smile, and Dennis come 'round again.

Prof. Guerin is going to teach a term of school at the Cape.

Miss Kittie Cox, of Coquille City, came down Friday to visit friends and relatives. Mr. Johnny Leneve accompanied her this far, but did not tarry long. He returned the same day thinking, I suppose, there was one too many Johnnys.

Chas. Langlois is about to complete his new dwelling on the hill. I presume he will then be ready to Button up.

It is pretty certain now that the new mill will be pushed to completion, so as to make a big run next season.

I saw Glenn Cox the other day. He told me he had a job at Cape Blanco. He was all smiles, by which I supposed he had fixed it all up with her before he left Coquille City.

Who was that young lady that went to Collier's store and purchased a golden-green, purple-pink sky-blue dress and, I think, forty-eleven yards of white silk lace? Oh, my! I wish it was me, but I am willing to wait if I only get a small piece of wedding cake.

I understand that Dr. Shoemaker is going to your place to attend school this winter. Doctor, don't forget your catnip. Wonder if Jeff Thrift went attend commercial college, too, as his four-leaf-clover girl is going to go. But, Jeff, I don't think it is of any use, for Jensen got away with you at the fair, which serves you right, "for you see, my boy," you should have been there. But never mind; there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught in it.

I understand that our worthy friend, Steve Gallier, is about to tie a knot with his tongue that he can't untie with his teeth. That's right, old boy; you have my best wishes.

Fanny Ann Rebecca Todd.

A gentleman in New York feels confident that he knows of a process by which the black sand mines along the coast of this state can be worked profitably, says the Oregonian of the 19th inst. He has written to J. H. Fisk, of this city, to procure him all possible information concerning these mines. Parties who own black sand deposits will please send full particulars as to the number of acres in their claims, location, character and depth of deposit, and any other information likely to be of interest. The writer saw a black sand mine near Yaquina bay on a recent visit there, and derived much valuable information concerning it from Senator Cauthorn and Hon. W. P. Keady, who appeared to understand the subject pretty thoroughly, although both gentlemen admitted that they never had been admitted to full fellowship in the honorable craft of black sand miners, as neither of them had ever killed a bear.—Ex.

Gov. Moody of Oregon keeps his own counsel. No one seems to know or hint at his plans to provide Oregon with a Senator.—Yakima Republican. And there is such a din about his ears all the time that we have no idea the governor himself knows what his plans are. His position reminds us of the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics: "Metaphysics," said Sandy, "is where one man is talking to another, and the man who is listening dinna ken what the man who is talking means; and the man dinna ken what he means himself."—Goldendale W. T. Sentinel.

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