

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1885.

NO. 11.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Coquille City, Oregon.

Calls—day or night—Promptly attended.

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Land Cases a Specialty.

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Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel.

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Will practice in all the courts of Oregon.

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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v3348

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Office: With T. G. Owen, Esq., Marshfield.

Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice. vint

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Special attention given to diseases of women and children, and all chronic forms of disease. Cases of obstetrics \$10; teeth extracted for 50 cents each. Special treatment for Rheumatism and Neuritis by the medicated vapor bath.

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.

Water Sinclair, Commander.

This Last Cigar.

A small boy pulled at a big cigar.

His eyes bulged out and his cheeks, sank in.

He culped and fumed with his lips ajar

While muscles shook in his youthful chin.

His gills were green, but he smole a smile,

And sat up high on the fumyard sigle,

And coughed his hat o'er his bossy eye,

Then winked a wink at a cow nearby.

The earth grew round, but the mile stood still.

The stars rose up and the lid cracked down.

He groaned aloud, for he felt so ill,

And knew that cigar had "done him in."

His head was tight, and his feet like lead,

His cheeks grew white as a linen spread,

While he weakly rasped as he gazed afar,

"If I live, this here's my last cigar."

Local Resolutions.

In Illinois a lot of girls have resolved

never to kiss a man who drinks intoxicants

uses tobacco or plays cards. The Evansville

Argus positively states their position thusly:

The man who takes the red, red wine

Shall never give his lips to mine.

The man who chews the navy plug,

Will, in this parker, get no log.

Who smokes, or drinks, or cuts a deck

Shall never, never bite my neck.

The man who guggles lager beer,

Shall never, never chew my ear.

Drink nothing stronger than red pop,

Or in your lap I'll never flop.

It might but water you 'er taste,

Just keep your hand from my waist.

If you drink wine or other slop,

You'd never hear my coquet pop.

The man who smokes a cigarette,

Shall never squeeze me, you can bet.

Regional Oregon.

It has always been the practice

when speaking of Oregon, to say

eastern or western, northern or

southern Oregon, but we propose

to make a new departure, and take

the following brief extracts from

the diary of one who has just made

a trip on wheels, from the north-

east corner to the extreme south-

west corner, and in fact, a little

beyond going as far as Crescent City,

California. The start was made

on August 6, 1885, from a point

near Walla Walla, W. T., but as

the Walla Walla country is so well

and favorably known, a few

words of general description is all

that is deemed necessary. What

is generally known as the Walla

Walla country, lies along the west-

ern slope of the Blue mountains,

and extends from the Palouse river

on the north, to a point near Lone

Rock creek, on the south, a dis-

tance of nearly 200 miles, and var-

ies in width, from thirty to ninety

miles; it has been known for many

years as the lunch-grass country,

and famous for wheat, and stock

raising region. During the past

two or three years, the stock busi-

ness, particularly in the line of

sheep, has been somewhat overdone,

and the country shows the effect,

as it has a rather bare and naked

appearance, which of course, soon

disappears on fencing it into

ranches, which is being very rap-

idly done. Towns are springing

up in every direction, and two R.

R. companies have supplied facili-

ties for shipping all surplus pro-

ductions of either grain or stock.

Weston Centreville, Adams, Pen-

dleton, Pilot Rock, Hepper and

Lone Rock, are all young and

healthy places along our route, and

are met in the order named. The

whole Walla Walla country is al-

most entirely destitute of timber,

but is generally quite well watered

by springs and flowing streams.

The face of the country changes

slowly as we go south, the hills be-

ing larger and the canyons deeper

and more rocky, and the bed-rock

coming to the surface on some of the

high divides, the rock being dark

granite, and having the appearance

of having been burnt. Water also,

grows scarcer, and often ten or

twelve miles intervene between

streams, but on reaching Lone

Rock the whole country changes

suddenly.

Before leaving the valley for

good, it might interest the general

reader to say a few words about

the climate, soil, and modes of cul-

tivation, timber, and chances for

getting lands, and making a living.

The soil is almost universally good

being a grey loam highly charged

with an alkali, or in other words

the whole region has a large per-

cent of alkali, which is the princi-

pal reason why such immense crops

of wheat, year after year, without

any apparent diminution in the

yield; although there are some old

fields in the valley which have

been in wheat for many years, still

this last harvest was as large as

was ever seen on the valley, in

many cases averaging over fifty

bushels per acre. Although wheat

is the principal crop, still there are

vast quantities of barley, oats and

other crops grown. Along the

low creek bottoms, where irriga-

tion is practicable, enormous crops

of vegetables are grown, and in

many places along the foothills of

the Blue mountains vegetables are

grown to good advantage, without

irrigation.

The winters during the past

three years has been of such a char-

acter as to almost destroy the great

orchards, all over this part of the

country; not that the cold was very

severe, but after the few weeks of

cold, a warm spell would set in, and

last till the sap had again started, so

when the next freeze came of course

the trees were killed; this happened

in '82 and was again repeated in

'81, and orchards that had

borne well for twenty-four years

were utterly ruined. Young trees

are again being reset, and are look-

ing well. The market was always

good till this season, and as busi-

ness is generally depressed all over

the country, of course it is not

strange that dull times should pre-

vail here. The climate is peculiar,

and is found nowhere else. Snow

usually falls during the last days

of December, and lays on just as

long as the winds don't blow, but as

soon as the wind rises, it almost

invariably turns warm and the snow

goes off. These winds come from

the southeast, and are called chin-

ook. Sometimes a thick heavy

fog envelops the valley for whole

weeks together, and at such times

the thermometer falls below freez-

ing, and the result is, the coating

with frost of everything out doors

to a great, and sometimes wonder-

ful extent, blades of grass being

covered to a depth of one or two

inches, and if lightly shaken by a

light blow, the frost drops lightly

to the ground. These fogs come up

Camping Out.

Mr. Editor:—Ren Lix has writ-

ten up camping out on Coos river

in various styles, but it is entirely

confined to the male portion of the

county; and I propose now to men-

tion a little on the female side for

really the ladies of Mar hield and

Empire think it one of the oases in

the desert of their lives to go

camping out for a week or so. I,

in times past, always disliked writ-

ers that always wrote of themselves,

but now I conclude that is the best

way; we know ourselves better

than we do any body else, and a

detail of our own experience may

help, in some way, some one else.

We arose at four o'clock to pre-

pare for our camping; I and a la-

dy friend and our two husbands,

a boy of twelve years, and a little

shepherd dog. This was all of our

company. My friend and I pack-

ed up our odd dishes, pots, pans,

etc., while the men rolled up the

blankets, unjointed fishing rods,

ornamented their hats with flies,

and filled their pockets with toba-

cco. We had two large baskets full

of cooked eatables that my friend

and I worked hard to prepare.

We were all ready, when the

steamer came and towed our boat

to the camping ground on the

North fork of Coos river. Now,

they say no house is big enough

for two families, and I found it

hard for two families to select a

camping ground just suited for

each one. It was too sunny for

the fat man; too shady for the lean

one, and too dusty or too damp for

us women. But we at last got our