

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1885.

NO. 12.

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No. 464.
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members of this order, in good standing, are cordially invited.

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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 DUDE.

Costly clothes and jewels rare,
Lily hands and shining hair,
Smiles so killing, look so shrewd—
Lord, have mercy on the "dude!"

Coat too small to button round,
Pants so tight he can't sit down;
Always wishing to be wooed—
Lord, deal gently with the "dude!"

Movements all so nicely made,
Every word so sweetly said:
"Awh! those fellows seem so wude!"
Lord, confound the silly dude!"

DIAGONAL OREGON.

Walla Walla Valley and the Route this way.
Continued from last week.

To say that this great valley is destitute of timber, is not strictly true, for along nearly all the streams a small growth of timber is found, which although of a brushy nature, furnishes considerable wood, but the main supply has to be brought from the Blue mountains, which bound this valley on the south. This region is considered healthy, and is generally so, particularly along the foothills, but the fallow-visaged angel, who touches his victim with one chilly wing, and with the other fans the blood to fever heat, a few hours later, is a frequent visitor of the settler along the low bottom lands of the creeks, and the druggist drives a brisk trade in quinine. Lone Rock is located at the foot of a sharp wooded spur of the Blue mountains. After a hard pull of 4 or 5 miles through a beautiful forest of pine, we are on the first ridge, and are looking down on one of the loveliest scenes to be found any where on earth. Lost valley, a perfect gem among the hills and mountains which surround it on all sides; the evergreen hills forming a most lovely contrast to the bright yellow of the golden wheat-fields and sober grey of the timothy meadows, which cover this little natural park. Look, aduffie, and go across it, and climb another steep hill, and stand on the border of upper Lost valley a duplicate of the one 3 miles below, with the only difference that upper Lost valley lies directly on the top of the mountain, and is a little larger, being 6 or 7 miles long by one-half as many broad. We dive down a canyon some 15 miles, and we are at the town of Fossil, on Fossil creek; so named from the fact that it is nearly in the center of that wonderful region, which extends from Lone Rock creek to the John Day, a distance of some 40 or 50 miles in width, and somewhat more in length; this is the noted Fossil regions of Eastern Oregon. This particular spot is of an entirely different formation from the surrounding country, although of a rocky formation. It does not show the action of fire, on its rocks, as does the surrounding country; and this is the only reason assigned by geologists, for the fossil remains that have been from time to time unearthed here. The bones of many extinct species of animals have been found, and carefully preserved, some of them of most enormous size, and others which lived in a tropical climate. I have seen in the collection of a geologist, (whose name I do not at this moment recall,) the head of a large lion, bones of a gigantic rhinoceros, the foot and leg bones of a three-toed horse, bones of an extinct saurian of immense size, together with many others, curious and wonderful. The remains are sometimes found in the great sand hills which abound over this region, and sometime taken from the rocky cliffs, which are a peculiar feature of this region. But we must let these curious relics repose in peace in their rocky beds, or sandy graves, till disturbed by the hand or shovel of the inquiring geologist, or the relic hunter, and hurry on to the John Day. We pull up a long canyon and over a low divide to the head of Pine

creek canyon, down which we go for 12 miles through one of the ruggedest and wildest scenes to be found anywhere east of the Cascades. These rocky walls rise in many places hundreds of feet in perpendicular height, and in many places the summits are worn into fantastic forms, sometimes resembling the battlements and towers of old ruined castles; sometimes looking in the distance like a street-front of tall, stone buildings, with chimneys, windows, and square fronts. Some one had attempted to get rich by putting in a grist mill about half way down the canyon, but as the mill had gone to parts unknown, it is fair to infer that he had made his pile, or else had overlooked the important fact that grists were necessary, to insure success in the mill business. We ford the John Day, at this season of the year, and after a good grade 7 miles long, we are again on a high and generally level country, but the surface is covered in many places by the same burnt granite formation that is on the other side of the fossil region. I had forgotten to state that we left the pine timber a few miles east of the town of Fossil, and the regular bunch-grass is the rule for the present. What is known as the John Day country, extends from Lost valley to the top of the divide, between the John Day and Ocheeco or Crooked river, a distance of some 70 or 80 miles, and is comparatively unsettled. Vast herds of sheep and horses, are here fed, and as the winters are not extremely severe, but little care is required in raising. Good crops of grain can be grown almost anywhere that the rock will permit plowing, but as water is a little scarce, the farmers content themselves with raising a little for home use, giving their time and attention to a stock raising. Our road did not run near enough to Canyon City to permit of a visit; so of course, we cannot say anything of it from personal observation. We drove a little out of our way to see the little town of Antelope, and I don't think I was ever in a quieter place, except a country grave yard. A drink of poor water, and we bid the town adieu without regrets or tears, and after a very rocky drive of a dozen miles, we go down a narrow canyon through which Trout creek flows. It is a tiny brook and winds its devious way among the tall sage brush, rocks and rattlesnakes, till we leave it to cross the divide to Hay creek, some 12 or 15 miles further on. From here we go over steep hills of rock, and curious plains of pure naked rock, till we reach the fertile little valley of Willow creek. Here grain fields make their appearance, and a heavy crop shows good soil. The contrast between barren rock and magnificent grain fields are here seen. As the country this side of the John Day is very hilly and rocky, the change was quite agreeable. The John Day region is about the same height above the sea level as the Walla Walla, but as it is much more rocky and hilly as well as drier and colder, it will never be the country that can compete with, in any respect, except its fossils, and we are not sure but some of the living biped specimens, living in the Walla Walla country at the present time, would compare quiet favorably with the best that the John Day could furnish. Leaving Willow creek, another spur of the Blue mountains is crossed before reaching Prineville. This spur is covered with a moderate growth of pine, and from its summit a glimpse of the desert is had, which is reached on descending the mountains. The road goes down a precipitous hill for a few miles and then a deep canyon with perpendicular walls on one side, slowly opening as we go forward till it opens out on a plain of

grayish white sand, level as a lake, and with a few breaks, as far as the eye can reach; a few low stunted junipers and scattering sage brush, but otherwise entirely bare. This is the first installment, of the real American desert. This part of it is about 7 miles wide where we cross it, and settlers here say it gets wider and wider as it goes south, till near Camp Harney it is 20 or more miles wide and as it is 75 or 80 miles to Harney it makes quiet a respectable little desert on this (east) side of Crooked river. Crooked river lays 50 or more feet below the level of this sand plain, and has a narrow strip of tillable land along its banks; but as it is a hard job to get the water out over the land for irrigation, no great amount of land is put into crops. Prineville is the chief town in this region—a solid little burgh, and located at a good point for distributing freight to different points. The soil over this whole region is a light sand, but produces well when properly irrigated. An immense hill, with a grade road to its summit, like a flight of winding stairs, is soon passed, and you are now on the main desert, which at this point is 35 miles wide—between Prineville and Farewell Bend on Deschutes river. This desert, so far as we could learn, comes to a point some miles below here, and then gets continually wider for more than 100 miles. Its longest direction being north-east and southwest. This is certainly a strange part of Oregon, and its formation is difficult to account for, as it is level as a floor, with but slight exceptions and the bed rock shows in nearly all parts. As the soil is nothing but sand, it is quite a query where the sand came from. The whole region is covered with a scant growth of sage brush. Bunch grass, and a tolerable good growth of juniper is found all over it. A shepherd told us that there were two small lakes about 50 miles from Farewell Bend, in a southeasterly direction. Three or four buttes some eight miles out from Prineville rise a few hundred feet above the surface of this desert, and a small spring comes out at their base. We get water here, and at 4 P. M. start across. The road is as good as could be wished, and the moon high up in the heaven; the driver's eyes kee as those of a fox, and by 2 o'clock at night we were within eight miles of the Deschutes. We camp till morning and before eight A. M. our horses were drinking out of the river, at Farewell Bend. The place consists of a store, kept by a hardy pioneer. We had begun to pass pine trees some four or five miles before reaching the river, and from here on to the end of our trip we were not out of sight of timber again. The Deschutes, at this point is some thirty yards wide, but it decreases in size rapidly as you ascend. The forest along the shore is all pine, and of fair quality. Sixteen miles up, Big Meadows come in view, and I don't believe the man is living, or dead, that ever looked on a more beautiful scene from the hand of nature. The only thing that art has done to enhance the beauty of this magnificent scene has been to build a rail fence around some hundreds of acres, erect the body of a log cabin and shingle it with shakes. A vast natural meadow, nearly surrounded by pine clad hills, with small groves of dwarf pine near its edges, and the river like a ribbon of silver lying in a wavy line across its whole length finishes the picture. But this is getting too long and I must hasten on. The road runs up the stream through groves of small pine and level prairie for 75 miles, with less than half dozen settlers, and these all shepherders. We made some inquiry about the climate and learned that it was too frosty to

raise anything except radishes, turnips and perhaps cabbage; yet timothy grass that we saw growing beside the road looked rank and thrifty. At Little Meadows a splendid looking ranch is fenced off, and a cabin built, but the claimant had vacated for a warmer climate, to wait the till seven-foot snow of next winter should disappear. The river at this point has dwindled to a good sized creek. Here we leave it for good; keep on almost directly south through the most enchanting, but totally worthless country, to Carroll Springs. Here our road crosses the old government road leading from Eugene City to Goose lake. The timber had begun to grow smaller as we went south, and by the time we had reached Beaver Marsh, there was naught but stunted pines and a scanty supply at that. Here we got out first sharp frost. Here also is the top of the plateau or watershed of Oregon, as the waters here flow south, to form the Klamath river and the Deschutes rise a little west, as do the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue rivers, and east, rises the Ocheeco, and still further east, the John Day. The road from here to Klamath basin is simply a desert of scattering, stunted pine, interspersed with thickets of pine poles, through which a fire had passed a year or so ago, making the country a dreary looking place indeed. At last Klamath marsh is reached and a beautiful natural meadow some six or eight miles wide by more than thirty in length meets the eye, and we camp to rest.

The great Klamath basin is from 8 to 10 miles in breadth, and from 40 to 50 long, and lies at the foot of the Cascade range. The valley is almost perfect level, and the waters flow sluggishly down to and through the main lake. This lake is of the same name, river ditto, also the fort and marsh just below it. As it is an Indian reservation, of course no settler except natives are found. We turn up the river, or rather marsh, and seeing a new guide-board we read and found that the fort was only 8 miles distant by the new trail. We try to frame an excuse for the man who put it up. When we had driven nearly half a day, we couldn't think of any, and so kept on till finally reaching the top of a very steep hill, we looked down on Fort Klamath. As this hill is rather a curious one, we will just give a word or two to it. The formation is a species of soft rock, probably tufa; and as it is not hard enough to prevent crumbling under heavy wheels, it gets mealy to a degree that astonishes strangers who attempt to pull through it. The grade is a series of loops, with sharp turns at the angles and the whole grade steep and almost impassable one way; but as the slope was the right way, we plunged down to the bottom and were at Fort Klamath. The first postoffice on our road since leaving Prineville, 175 miles away, and not more than five or six actual settlers the whole distance, and not one for the last 90 miles. Some one hundred and fifty soldiers were at the fort, but usually a small number only are kept here. Sun creek runs through the garrison grounds and village. We leave mail and the town in fifteen minutes after reaching it, and a drive across the fine rich grassy meadow for six or seven miles, and we are across Wood river, going up toward its source. The road lays along the brink of a very deep canyon with perpendicular walls for many miles. The road approaches so close at times that a single step to the side of the track would let one down without a check for several hundred feet. This canyon was the grandest and wildest that I had ever yet seen. At its bottom flowed Wood river, no mean little creek, but a respectable river, wor-

thy of the name. In many places the walls were so straight up and down that they leaned a little the other way, and we could not see the wall under our feet. The canyon runs almost to the top of the divide. Where the foaming, boiling, seething river comes from is a mystery, as the canyon stops suddenly and the river doesn't seem to be any smaller where it comes out of the mountain than it does 20 miles below. On the Saddle we look down on the Rogue river and its canyon down whose rocky course we plunge. Here the timber changes again, for while it is nearly all pine on the east side of the range, as soon as the summit is crossed, fir and hemlock are found and the common pine begins to disappear. A big burn had ruined a large belt of timber through which the road passes, but for some curious reason it had left breaks of a few miles in width in a number of places. Some 18 or 20 miles down, we reach the belt of sugar pine, and there is some of the best timber in the United States. We measured specimens that girt 21 to 24 feet around; solid, smooth and round, straight as a candle, and sound as a nut. This belt is some 15 miles through and is interspersed with the common pine, firs and a few hemlocks. Fifty miles from the fort we reach the saw-mill, and Aiken's postoffice. The Rogue is quite a river by this time, and is spanned by a good covered bridge across a rocky chasm, through which the river rushes with a plunging velocity that is almost startling, and the foaming, boiling, dashing and roaring water is a grand sight, which once seen is not apt to be forgotten during a lifetime. Here the timber changes from sugar pine and fir to a scrubby oak, soft maple and mountain laurel, interspersed with pine, fir and a poor grade of cedar. The valley or canyon is here narrow, rough and rocky. We pass on down through sparse timber and over very rocky, rough roads, some 40 miles or more, passing an occasional house or cabin, a few of which had living occupants, the others deserted, and finally get to Trail Creek. Here two or three settlers are making a desperate effort to get rich. I had forgot to state in its proper place that the mill spoken of 50 miles this side of Fort Klamath was at the east end of a mail route that comes up from Jacksonville. The only post-office between Prineville and this mill, a distance of 225 miles, is at Fort Klamath, and this fact alone proves that the country is not very thickly settled, there not being over five or six families on the whole route except at the fort; but we must hasten on, or the reader's patience will give out before we get to the clam "diggins."

Continued next week.

The milliner is well high as potent in breaking up polygamy in Utah as the Edmunds law interpreted by Judge Zane and his colleagues. Old Brigham Young groaned in spirit and foretold the ruin in store for the Saints when the tin plates were discarded in his harem and calico dresses and sun-bonnets ceased to be the only wear of womankind. Every year since has witnessed a larger incursion of gentiles, and a more general desire among Mormon women to be clothed in costly raiment like unto their sisters who are not in polygamy. The direct result has been to make polygamy very costly to the Mormon who resides in this city or town, and there is good ground for the assertion that the saints would welcome the revelation against plural marriage if it were not for the fact that it would be attributed to fear of the new law.—Statesman.

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag man, as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in!"