

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4.

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

NO. 13.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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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 Neuralgia 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.

Walter Sinclair, Commander.

WHY HE COMES NCT.

She stands at the garden gate to-night:
No word does the maiden speak,
But her eyes are full of an anxious light:
And a teardrop gleams like a diamond bright
On the rose of her velvet cheek.

The sun in his glory has long since set,
The robin has ceased his song;
With the falling dew the leaves are wet,
The hour is passed and he comes not yet,
Oh, why does he stay so long?

In vain she seeks to retain her tears
As the precious moments fleet;
And her heart is filled with doubts and fears,
As she listens, stands and strains her ears,
For the sound of her lover's feet.

Oh, beautiful maid at the garden gate,
I pity thy woful plight,
But get thee in, for the hour is late:
For thy lover's coming no longer wait,
He will not appear to-night.

Fain would the youth to thy side have flown,
But he hadn't a change of clothes,
For his wash-cup man, his patience gone,
To his shirts and collars and cuffs holds on
Till he pays up the bill he owes.

—Boston Courier.

DIAGONAL OREGON.

From Rogue river valley to the sea.

At Trail creek the valley begins to widen out but is rocky and gravelly for many miles. Six miles from Central City we cross the Rogue on a ferry near which are a few good farms. The timber has been stunted pine and scrubby oak for the last 40 miles and remains so to a great extent all over the valley. I judged that the climate was none too wet, as we drove through quite extensive tracts covered with chaparral, a kind of bush that doesn't indicate any too much wet, on a very rich soil, but the grinding of the gravel under our wheels did not give a favorable impression of the soil. Over a considerable percentage of the valley, the granite comes to the surface. The country has large tracts of unoccupied land, and some of it might produce a fair crop under proper treatment and abundant irrigation.

Between Central City and Ashland lies the cream of this valley, and some really good farms are found. What orchards we saw were almost destitute of fruit, although the trees looked thrifty and had made a good growth this season. Late frosts had killed the fruit over the whole valley as a rule; still a few trees have a light crop, and some peach trees near Ashland were pretty well loaded. Medford, five miles from Jacksonville, is a new R. R. town, and looks brisk and fresh, although general business was somewhat dull, as it was all through the valley. Scarcity of money to do business with, seems to be the main difficulty here, as elsewhere. Phoenix is some nine miles from Ashland, and is a small burg. It looked a little ancient, but a good, large grist mill helps matters out. As Ashland is the present terminus of the R. R. from Portland, of course things looked more encouraging than any other town we had passed. We were assured that times although dull, were not gseviously bad; and from the rattle and hum about the town, we had good reason to believe their statements. The town is jammed up against the mountain, and the R. R. is to have a tunnel above here, and then the gap between here and Redding will be closed, and Portland and San Francisco will be linked with iron bands.

We double our track to Medford, and here turn west again. Jacksonville is a good sized and well built place. As it was Sunday and everybody and his wife had gone to church, the place looked quiet; but the streets looked well worn and we were inclined to think that the town had a pretty good business, spite of the hard times. A few miles west, and the head of Applegate is reached. Here a few years ago was a brisk mining camp, but at present washed out and deserted. The old pipes, flumes and board sluices and deserted shanties make one think of other days. Applegate creek has been mined its whole length, and a few claims are still worked and are said to pay small wages. The country here

begins to show an entirely different formation from any we had yet seen. The mountains instead of being thrown up in regular ranges, or ridges, are a series of cones, or buttes, and many of them look like the peaks of small volcanoes. They all seem to have been sent up from a general level, and this characteristic is retained till the main Coast range is reached. There is not much level land along the creek, but what little there is doesn't lay idle, and some daring new comers are encroaching on the hillsides where good fruit can be grown without resort to irrigation, as a few orchards prove this year. Thirty-five miles from Jacksonville, the little old mining town of Wilderville is reached. Like many others, the daystar of its brightness has gone down, since the Slate creek excitement. The same may be said of Kirbyville, 18 miles west; but Kirbyville has a little good farming land around it, as it is located on the Illinois creek. Here are two hotels, a saloon, a store and a shop or two, and they are still doing business enough to make a living. Here the oak has attained a better height, and a new one comes to view, but just what its real name is, I am unable to state. It is merely a bush, a few feet (3 or 4) in height, and covered with acorns. Here also we saw a few trees of the live oak. The pine begins to again get larger and better, but the whole country is rather hilly, and not well calculated for general farming. Waldo, some one dozen miles away, is another old "has been," and still shows a little of its ancient glory, and as it is the last town east of the range and also the point from which the grade road starts crossing the Coast range to Crescent City, of course it has quite a brisk or business look, during the late summer and early fall months. Rogue river country (properly speaking) ends here, in this direction; and a word or two is all we have room for about this valley. Our opinions must be taken for just what they are worth, and although I do not have the least desire to misrepresent the country, still I was not favorably impressed with this region; a few reasons will be plenty: There seems to be a large amount of poor, gravelly, and much rocky and waste land, and but little that is first class. Although a R. R. traverses the valley from side to side, and is in easy reach of all, still the farmers haul their fruit, and much of their other produce over the mountain east to Fort Klamath, and west over the Coast range, paying \$5 toll, and a very rough, rocky road either way, and the two points 240 miles apart, and not an extra good market when there. Owing to the barrenness of the general country, I am free to confess, that had I been looking for home and farm, I should have done as I saw many others doing—gone a little further. At Waldo the grade across the Coast range begins with a steady climb that becomes monotonous, and would be tedious, were it not for its many doublings, or loops, as it passes boldly up the steep mountain side; and as there isn't any saddle in the range here, it has to go the "whole hog," 14 miles up, and we are on the first summit. We pass along the main divide in a south-westerly direction a few miles and down another series of loops, and we cross Diamond creek. A bold push up the other side, and along a narrow "backbone" a few more miles, and another labyrinthian maze of loops and turns, and we are at the first crossing of Smith river, and also the toll gate. Here we prospected awhile to hunt up the gate-keeper, but as he could not be found, or even a substitute, we rolled on up the steep mountain side for a few miles and were

on another summit, almost bare of timber, but overgrown with brush and small pines, and for the most part had been burnt lately. These mountains are a wonder for rough, wild hills, and immensely deep canyons; and of course will never be fit for anything but a rather doubtful sheep range. Altaville is a deserted mining town, which blossomed during the war; and the copper obtained here, was of good quality. Altaville is over the line in California; but as we are going on to Crescent City, one of Oregon's market towns, we will give a hasty glance at the balance of the country as we pass it. Altho' "across the Rubicon" a high divide is passed and the Smith river country lies below, yet before we get to the river, we get a new sensation in the way of timber; for in getting two-thirds the way down the canyon we are almost startled at the sight of a red wood grove whose monstrous trunks have to be seen to be appreciated. Though I had been among the giant firs of Puget sound, and the colossal sugar pines on Rogue river, still I was almost "annihilated" by the first sight of this grand old grove. We looked, admired, and left them alone in their glory. Here, too, for the first time, we got a good square look at the myrtle, which now took the place of the disappearing oak. Smith Corners is a flourishing burg in the midst of the Smith river country. This small country is one of the nicest and best, for its size of any we had yet seen. Diminutive as this little spot is, it is utilized almost to the last inch. Dairying is about all that is carried on, and large herds of cows, big sheds, mammoth barns filled with hay, fine white two-story dwelling that would be a credit to a city, and good fences, attest the result of dairying, where the climate is suitable for it. We cross the Smith river some 10 miles from Crescent City and for 4 miles drive through a grove of redwood that was ahead of anything we had yet seen. As it is useless to try to describe a grove of big redwood, we went waste room, but recommend any and all who love to look upon the grand and beautiful in the vegetable kingdom to give some of the groves of big trees with which California abounds, a visit at their earliest convenience. We drove into Crescent City early, and found a number of Oregon farmers there with loads of peaches from across the mountains, and after sampling some of their wares, prepared to take a rest, as my patient readers are about to do after following me so long and patiently.

S. W. H.

Coos County Immigration Society.

A mass meeting was held at Empire City on Saturday, the 31st ult., and a formal organization of the above society was effected, with its office at Empire City. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. Tower; Sec., Z. T. Siglin; Treas., J. J. Lamb.

Executive committee—Otto Schetter, Marshfield; J. A. Dean, Coquille City; John H. Roberts, Norway; Sol. Wise, Myrtle Point; Adam Pershbaker, Randolph; I. Hacker, Empire City; John Dully, Sumner; W. H. Holverstott, Fairview; John S. Coke, Dora; Geo. Bennett, Bandon; Steven Rogers, South Coos river; A. B. Camp, North Coos river; Stephen Johnson Ten Mile.

It is designed to publish a few illustrated hand books of information as to the resources and attractions of this county, and to establish rooms at Empire City for the reception of immigrants, and to distribute circulars at San Francisco and points east. It is expected that the Executive committee will give any information in their power to persons applying in the several localities represented, and do their utmost to assist and welcome new comers.

Coos County Immigration Society, Empire City, Nov. 2nd, 1885.

Z. T. Siglin, Secretary.

Roseburg Correspondence.

Ed. HERALD.—We had a nice warm rain Wednesday night, and it rained at intervals all the next day. The rain came a little too late it is feared to do much good, for should we be visited with cold weather soon, the young grass will be injured to some extent if not killed entirely. It is the impression of many that the loss of stock in this county the coming winter will be no small item. Everybody says that cattle in this section are poorer than they were in the spring, and no one ever saw stock poorer at this season of the year than they are at present, and should we have a cold severe winter, half of the cattle in the county will perish.

Roseburg has made remarkable improvement during the last six months and continues in that line without the least abatement. Two large business houses have just been finished, and an innumerable number of dwelling houses.

The circuit court is still in session, but will have to close to-morrow, (Saturday) for the judge holds court next week in Lane county which is to convene on Monday the 2d. of Nov.

The grand jury found a bill of murder in the first degree against one of the tramps (Mike Gillespie) who was incarcerated here with the other tramps on the 14th inst. Gillespie had two trials. The first jury failed to agree; seven were for acquittal, three for manslaughter and two for murder in the first degree as charged in the indictment. One of the two in favor of hanging was an old man who, during our civil war was in favor of hanging everybody who did not agree with him, and he keeps it up at the present time with the same degree of consistency. The other I learned was the proprietor of a livery-stable, and believes that a tramp who is not able to hire a horse ought to be hanged. His second trial which took place on Thursday and Friday resulted in a verdict of acquittal. The jury was out about an hour.

Seven were indicted for unlawful gaming and fined \$50 each—all paid their fine.

Henry Waterson, indictment, larceny from dwelling—plea of guilty, and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

C. W. Meeker indicted for perjury, stood his trial—found guilty, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. One party was fined \$50 for an assault, and another on a charge of selling liquor without license. Several cases are continued—two criminal cases. The court closed this (Friday) evening. The Judge will return to Eugene City by to-morrow morning's train to see the new baby. Judge Bean is a fair and expeditious judge. He appears to be liked by every one.

S. F. Flood and F. P. Cronemiller, of this place, and formerly on the Review staff leave for Salem to-morrow to take charge of the new paper "The Prohibition Star." The first issue will appear on the 19th of Nov. It is reported that they will have a prohibition candidate before the legislature for United States Senator. Messrs. Flood and Cronemiller are truly newspaper men, and I wish them success.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction delivers a lecture here this evening at Slocum's hall, "Cor."

Roseburg, Oct. 30th 1885.

Geo. Davis has purchased the hull of the tug Sol Thomas, which has been lying at North Bend since, she was blown up several months since, and last week brought her to Marshfield. He will rig her as a schooner, and intends to dispose of her when completed.—News.

Myrtle Point Items

The private school under the management of Prof. F. C. Kinnicut is in a very flourishing condition, many scholars having come from other districts, thus making a large attendance. Mr. K. is one of the best of teachers.

William Volkmar, our tinner and hardware dealer, is busily engaged constructing a building for a residence and business combined.

Daniel Giles has the lumber on the ground for the purpose of erecting a fine residence in our thriving town.

Captain W. H. Harris and his worthy daughters are about to take charge of the Myrtle Point hotel. Capt. is a whole-souled genial fellow and will make an excellent landlord; hence those who may stop with him will be well entertained.

The citizens of this vicinity met here to-day and made preliminary arrangements for establishing a race track near our town. We understand that considerable stock had been taken, and no doubt it will be made a success.

Wise Bros. & Co. are doing an extensive business in their line owing to their being courteous to customers, square in their dealings.

W. A. Border is fixing up a cosy little cottage in which to live when he retires from the hotel. He and his esteemed lady have successfully conducted the Myrtle Point hotel for a number of years. They will be missed by the traveling public.

Oscar Reed has erected and about completed a new building on the grounds where his barn burned a few days ago. Oscar is energetic and seems to be willing to defy the fiery elements.

Al DeVaul, who had his leg broken a few weeks ago, is around on crutches and seems to be doing well.

James Burke brought from San Francisco a stock of shop made boots. They are sold at Burke & Rohm's place, and give satisfaction in regard to price and quality.

Orvil Dodge and son who met with the very serious and painful accident about two months ago of falling off a staging are recovering slowly under the skillful treatment of Drs. Elgin and Volkmar.

The boys are having fine sport pulling in the trout from the waters of our lovely river.

Our town is devoid of a justice of the peace, owing to the departure of Carl H. Volkmar, for California. Carl was raised on the Coquille and went back to the city of Baltimore and obtained a fine legal education and it is hoped that he will have success wherever he may go.

Uncle Chris Lehnber is busily engaged with workmen improving his excellent farm.

Dora Dell.

Dora Items.

More rain, more mud. Hurry up, gents, and get your mulling done before the roads get down side up.

It is strange that a man will misrepresent a thing, and then walk twelve miles to make amends.

There has been a hunters' club organized in the vicinity of Gravel Ford and Dora precincts, to give a bounty for bear, panther and wild-cat to any member of the club, game to be killed within three miles of a member's residence.

Minard & Coke's logging camp is running on full time—early and late.

C. Howe has left for Coos river, via Coos bay, canvassing for fruit trees.

Panthers have once more made their appearance; this time among E. W. Tompkins' sheep.

A man from the east found a wild cat up a tree the other day and had quite a shooting match, with no ill feeling to the cat, till his neighbor came along and dispatched it.

Pay your freight, and save time and trouble, is the motto.

Don Rex.

Dora, November 2.