A L Bancroft & Co
721 Market St Historical Dept

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4. COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1885. NO. 15.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. N. A. DOWNING, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Coquille City, Oregon.
Calls—day or night—Promptly attended.

L. F. Lane. John Lane.
LANE & LANE,
Attoyneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a Specialty.
Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Roseburg, Oregon.

J. M. Siglin. John A. Gray
Siglin & Gray.
Attorneys and Counselors At Law,
Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.
Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel. v2n29

W. SINCLAIR,
Attorney at Law,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
Coquille City, Oregon.

T. G. OWEN.
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Marshfield, Ogn.

S. H. HAZARD,
Attorney and ounselor at Law.
Empire City, Ogn.

J. W. BENNETT.
Attorney at Law,
Marshfield, Ogn.

D. L. WATSON.
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Coos City, Ogn.

J. H. NOSLER,
Notary Public
Coquille City, Ogn.

D L. STEELE, M. D.,
Dentist.
Marshfield, Oregon,
Office in Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel. Laughing gas and other anæsthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. v1n1

O. E. SMITH,
Sergeon Dentist
office
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
v1n1.

A. H. Wright,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
Coquille City, Ogn.
Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v3n48

J. M. VOLKMAR. M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Myrtle Point, Coos Co., Oregon.
v2n1o1

J. A. DEAN,
Coquille City, Oregon.
GENERAL AGENCY for the sale of City property, houses and lots, timber, farms, ranches, etc. Office in Herald building.

J. F. HALL,
Surveyor,
For Coos County, Oregon.
Office: With T. G. Owen, Esq., Marshfield.
Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice. v1n1

J. P. EASTER, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
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 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 comrads, in good standing, cordially invited.
Walter Sinclair, Commander.

NOTICE.

From and after this date, Nov. 7, 1885, Undertaking will be done at half the usual prices.

J. Hubbard.

DIAGONAL OREGON CONTINUED

From Crescent City to Coos Bay Overland.

Long-winded articles in newspapers, like long-winded speeches, usually, are tedious and rather dull affairs, and when the writer of Diagonal Oregon had finished his notes to Crescent City, the article had spun out to such an immoderate length, that he had no reason to think that the patience of his readers would bear any further inflictions in that line, even if the editor should consent to publish what he had written; but a public request, in the Herald, for a continuation of the notes, as far as Coos bay, was the only excuse for again continuing the notes. As these cover some three hundred miles over some of the very choicest and best, though almost the newest part of the state, they are not as brief as the writer wished, but could hardly see where to apply the pruning knife. All we hope is that when the reader has read as far as he can reasonably bear, that he will lay the paper aside with a silent prayer for the repose of his pen, which, at the end of these notes, has fallen probably to rise no more.

In going from Crescent City, overland, there are two routes; one is a pack trail along the coast, to Ellensburg, the other is a wagon road crossing the Coast range to Grant's Pass, from there to Roseburg, and again recrossing the same range over a grade road to Coos City on the bay of the same name. As we were on wheels, the trail route was impossible and there was no choice about the route; so on the morning of September 7th we pulled out for a drive of some three hundred miles, to reach a point that was not half the distance in a direct line. Crescent City is built on the ocean's shore, and a sandy beach extends along its front for a considerable distance below the city, but at the upper or north end of the town, a line of huge, black rock juts out in a southwesterly direction, and this reef partially encloses the bay, or rather the excuse for a bay, as it is nothing but a slight inward sweep of the shore line; so that the harbor is a rather poor affair when the vind comes in from the southwest, and is somewhat difficult to enter when the wind is from the northwest. The town is shaped to fit the shore line; hence its name. The city contains something like 1000 souls, and as it is the county seat of Del Norte county, it has a solid, come-to-stay appearance that is lacking in many towns. I was informed by one of the citizens that sixteen saloon licenses had been taken out during the year. There are several good, large stores of general merchandise, a goodly number of hotels, and enough other busines places to supply the demands. Business is much more brisk here than it is east of the mountains. A steamer plys regularly between this port and Frisco and I judged from the amount of butter, lumber and pelts that she took on during my stay there, that if it was a fair sample, that she was on a good paying route. Here also centers the red wood lumber business of the whole country north of Eel river and four or more large mills turn the huge trees into boards, and a mule railroad connects them with the wharf. One of these mills is located here, but the most of them are back a short distance in the timber. Other timber is found here in great abundance, such as white spruce, red, yellow and white fir, maple, ash, myrtle and some others. This place, I was informed, was quite an old foggy, for the sun had not been seen for twenty-nine days before my arrival on the previous week, but it shone out fine and nice the next morning after my coming. Whether our arrival had anything to do about it, I leave the reader to judge. After passing some half dozen logging camps, which were not running just now, we reach the twenty-four hundred acre grove of red wood, belonging to a mill company, and the drive through this is a continual surprise. Although the grove is on a perfectly level flat, I could hardly divest my mind of the idea that the road was at the bottom of an immense canyon, and that the timber was growing up the side. The largest single trunks by the road side were the old hollow remnants of the days of long ago. Some of these old stubs were seventy-five feet in circumference, and from seventy-five to one hundred feet in hight. We counted the growth circles (or grains) in some fragments that we chipped out with an axe, and found an average of twenty-four to the inch. When it is remembered that a little over four inches of bulk of these old trunks makes the tomb of a buried century, one is lead to contemplate their huge masses with a feeling almost of veneration and awe. The three score and ten years allotted to the human race, dwindles to an insignificant event when compared to the years that have passed since the first tiny seed sent its twin leaves above the damp soil to begin its upward march. The trees in this grove are not as large, generally, as they are in some other places; still a wagon could not be driven between their trunks in many places. A plank road traverses the grove its entire length, and although the day was foggy, the drive was pleasant. At its edge flows the Smith river, which is well worth the name of river, although less than eighty miles in length. Along its banks the myrtle and maple find a genial home, and grow to perfection side by side. As this timber is not generally known to people east of the mountains, a short description might not be out of place. The myrtle is only a shrub in most parts of the world, but for some climatic reason it becomes a very valuable lumber tree, at this part of the coast, and narrow strips along the coast for a few leagues is all there is of that, that produces this tree to any considerable extent. The myrtle belongs to the family of evergreens. (It must not be inferred from this that they are old bachelors. We only mean that the leaf remains green the year round.) The leaf very closely resembles the common water willow, only perhaps a little thicker. The trunk rises to the height of 150 feet in some specimens, but usually is not near that heigh. In most cases the body of the tree is quite thick near the ground and grows smaller very fast. Though not generally a large tree, yet some of the saw logs I saw were six feet through. One peculiar feature of this tree is noticed by the traveler; they grow in clusters of from three to six or eight, appearing to have grown from a single seed. The timber is somewhat dark like the walnut, and has fine streaks of a still darker color, all through the tree, and the timber when dry is susceptible of as high a polish, as rosewood or mohogany. Its scarcity will soon render it one of the most desirable of all the timber known on this coast. Its leaves have a strong pungent smell, resembling the hickory of the eastern states, and are said to be an antidote to the swarms of fleas that are found all along the coast.

The Smith river country is not large, but what it lacks in quantity it makes up in quality, and as this is rather a damp climate, and not extremely warm during summer, it is well calculated for just what it is used. Here are found some of the largest and best conducted dairy farms on the coast. The farmers know enough to use the country for just what it is good for and are consequently thrifty and happy. Smith Corners is their minor business place, and a few stores, and a hotel and livery stable are all making a living, but as their butter and other produce are shipped away at Crescent City, that point becomes the principal mart of trade. A few miles from the Corners, we begin the sharp climb, over the Coast range. The grade up the western slopes, is always sharper than the eastern, as the whole country seems to have been thrown up in waves, which broke in sharp declivities on the west, and long gradual slopes on the east, and this characteristic is noticeable entirely across the continent. The grade goes up the steep mountain side, with a regular series of quick sharp turns, and some nine miles from the Corners, we look down on the valley, and groves of magnificent red wood, through which we have just passed. The sea of mountains lying east of us, and extending entirely out of sight in every direction except toward the coast, is a fine view. A heavy fog comes on just as we reach Altaville, and we camp in the old deserted hotel. No pen can adequately describe an old deserted town; the look of utter desolution is not possible to picture with pen and ink, but when the reader goes to one of these old mining towns, he will know how it looks as long as he lives. This is a copper mining district, and twenty years ago the stock was good as gold, on the Frisco stock exchange. An ancient looking sleepherder, has it all his own way here now, with no one to dispute his claim except the panther or bear. The road from here climbs rapidly to the summit of the main range, and passes along the ridge in a northeasterly direction, through grand wild scenery, for many miles, and a sudden dip and we are at the tollgate, and last crossing of Smith river. This road across the mountains is a toll road, built some years ago by a man named Wymer, and the road goes by the same name. To raise the funds necessary to do the work, he issued script, which was to be paid in toll. As travel was not as heavy as was at first anticipated, the tolls did not pay dividends, and the script is now only worth 50 cts. on the dollar; so we handed over the necessary paper, crossed the river and after six or eight loops had been made we again stood on the summit, and a drive of ten miles and we are ready to climb out of the canyon of Diamond creek. The mountains where we cross, are about the roughest that could well be found on the Coast range anywhere, and the traveler is astonished that any kind of decent wagon road grade could be found. Although this part abounds in game, it is a rather hard place to hunt, as the canyons are so deep and the sides of the hills so abrupt that the hunter soon gets tired of the tedious climbing and goes where the country is easier traversed even if the game is not quite so plentiful. We leave the grade near Waldo, an old mining camp. It yet retains some of the vigor of youth, as all teams start from here to go across the mountains. Wymer & Son are running a good sized store, while saloons and other buildings show signs of life. A few miles more, and we cross the Illinois creek, which has been mined and prospected its whole length, and finally turned into farms. A few more miles and we are at Kirbyville. We passed the signboard which pointed out the road to the Mammoth cave in Josephine county. We should have inspected the cave had not the season been so far advanced. It is said to be a fair rival of the celebrated cave in Kentucky. Kirbyville is the general trading point for quite a large extent of country, and a goodly number of ranches are found in nearly every direction. The timber hereabouts is quite good, and some fair samples of oak, which would do for lumber, were passed. The bottom lands of the Illinois, Deer and other creeks, are being settled up, and all ranchers that I talked with, seemed to be well pleased. A slight divide separates Wilderville from its neighbor, and we pass it after a drive of eighteen miles. Wilderville is near the mouth of Slate creek, and its name is about all that is left except three or four buildings to mark the spot. We had been doubling our track thus far from Crescent City, but here the road turns to the left four miles on, and crosses the Applegate. Good farms are passed all along, and evidences of thrift meet the eye constantly. Where we cross the valley is properly the Rogue river flats, as we reach the old Johnson ferry in less than three miles. This is seven miles below the town of Grants Pass and we learned from the ferryman that it was just that much out of our way. We did not go there, but drove almost north across the valley, through a forest of pine and oak timber that was pretty fair till we crossed the Oregon & California Railroad some five or six miles from the river, when the timber began to grow smaller and more scrubby, and the old familiar sound of the wheels on the gravel told the reason why. The country is level and nice to look at, and where water can be had for irrigation, the land produces a tolerably fair crop, but as everybody we talked with wanted to sell out, it left the impression that farming was not very profitable through this part of the country. Scrubby oak provails through here to a large extent, though there is some tolerably good pine. The orchards did not do very well this season; late frosts killed the fruit. Some dozen miles are passed, and we cross the Jump-off-Jo, on a good covered bridge. The old camps through this region are now all deserted, and as farmers have not taken the places of miners, the country doesn't look particularly inviting. A few more miles and we pass the little city of Lucky Queen, which consists of a house and store where the postoffice is kept, and a small shop, where a blacksmith sometimes makes himself useful in his line. A dozen miles more and Grave creek is behind us. Here some farmers are making the fight for life, and some of them seems to be doing quite well. As we are now skirting the Rogue river valley on its north side the hills rise to a considerable hight on our right, and are covered with timber, and the road goes over the breaks along the side of the valley. We pass Smithville, where a good sawmill, store and hotel all seem to be doing well. The postoffice is also found here at the railroad depot and Wolf creek furnishes the water supply for the whole. We cross Cow creek some nine miles from Coyote creek, and as the road turns abruptly to the right to follow up Cow creek to its source, we again begin, to climb. The general appearance of the country since leaving Grants Pass, has remained about the same, but here begins to change. The divide between the Umpqua and Rogue rivers is not very high at this point, as Cow creek on one side, and the South fork of the Umpqua on the other, form a natural pass across the divide which is used by the railroad as well as the wagon road. The canyon of the creek is rather narrow, but the hills, though pretty high, are not very steep, and what settlers there are, live along the creeks use the hills for stock range and hunting ground, and as game is not at all scarce, they make considerable coin with the rifle Eight miles more and we camp at Galesville. The brothers who own and run the store, stable, postoffice and ranch seem to be doing a paying business, but as settlers are none to plentiful they depend much more on their fine band of cattle, than on the receipts from the store. The country here has now become too high and frosty for general farming, and the hills grow lower and smoother as we drive on up the creek. We had noticed for many miles that most of the farms had been deserted, and as some of the houses and other buildings look good and substantial, were at a loss to account for it, but meeting a man with a rifle on his shoulder enquired the cause. "Wal" said the stranger, "fact is yer can't make a livin farmin out here, no how. Now here's me and my boys have bin workin for mor'n two years and ef it wasn't for the purps and the winchester, we would'nt of had money enough to paid our tax, and that wern't much this season." We suggested sheep raising. "No go," he replied. "Wy, a feller come in here a spell ago with a band of 'bout 300, and in less'en a year he couldn't find nary sheep; the varmints got away with the whole business. He sold his ranch just down the branch, and racked out; recon you seed his house 'bout a mile back—two storys, and veranders whole length in front. No use tryin; ef you don't bleve me, jest try it. Yer can buy this place that I jest sold last week, for eny price yer a mind ter offer, for the pusson what got it is sick on't now." He turned to go, and to our question, paused a moment, to reply. "Oh! yis, oats does fair and cabbage doz bully, and this year our taters was middlin, but look here, stranger; yer can't run fast enough to sell a single thing wot yer raise, for coin You'll see some deer jest over that point," and as he went on his way, we wondered whether the man was not more than half right after all, for the bear and panther are quite often seen, among these hills, and sheep are their favorite dish, when they can be had, and the markets are a long way off. We crossed the divide and through an opening among the trees looked down on Umpqua valley. The country changes rapidly, and in less than a dozen miles we are again in what might be properly termed a prairie country, with scattering trees growing all over the country The road was through a rather steep canyon, well wooded and some good timber, but soon the trees became smaller and by the time we reached Canyonville, nothing but a small growth of oak and other kinds, all of which seemed to be low and stunted. Canyonville, is a neat little village, with clean yards and well painted houses, but as it was Sunday, we could not give much of a guess about its business affairs, but as the dust was quiet deep on its principal streets we concluded that there must have been some wheels at work for a good while, to get it in its present condition. One of the hotel keepers came out and while the horses were drinking, we had a pleasant chat. He informed us that business in town was light, but still enough to keep the town from dying. He thought that times were duller than he had ever seen, but hoped for a change. The village is at the mouth of the canyon from which the South fork of the Umpqua flows. The valley is rather narrow at this point, but the hills are not covered with a dense growth of timber, and this makes the country look open and better calculated for farming, as the hills will always make good range for stock when not covered with brush or timber. We drove leisurely down through the small burg of Myrtle creek and one or two railroad stations. The valley is very narrow all the way down, and what is left after taking out enough for a railroad and a wagon road, is used to good purpose by the farmers. In some places the farm reaches entirely across the valley, and climbs part way up the hill sides on either side, but the little valley is immensely rich, and irrigation does not have to be resorted to to obtain a big harvest. Large orchards of the very finest fruits are found along the road near Myrtle creek. An old resident by the name of Adams has a large prune and plum as well as peach and apple orchard, and is turning his fruit to pretty good account by some kind of drying process. His dried prunes that we examined were equal to the very best German that we ever found in the market. After supplying ourselves liberally with samples from his different orchards, we drove on to Roseburg.

Continued next week.