

721 Market St Historical Dept

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1885.

NO. 16.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**S. N. A. ICWNING, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Coquille City, Oreg.

**L. F. LANE, JOHN LANE,**  
LANE & LANE,  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
Land Cases a Specialty.

Office on Main Street, opp. site Cosmopolitan Hotel.  
Roseburg, Oregon.

**J. M. SHOLIN, JOHN A. GRAY**  
Siglin & Gray,  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.  
Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel.

**W. SINCLAIR,**  
Attorney at Law,  
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent,  
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

**T. G. OWEN,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Marshfield, Oon.

**S. H. HAZARD,**  
Attorney and counselor at Law,  
Eugene, Oon.

**J. W. BENNETT,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Marshfield, Oon.

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

**J. H. NOSLER,**  
Notary Public,  
Coquille City, Oon.

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

**O. E. SMITH,**  
Sergeon Dentist  
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WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,  
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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE CITY PROPERTY, BROKER AND REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, FINANCE, etc. Office in Holland building.

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

**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 Neuritis by the new electric 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.

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

### HE WANTS THE EARTH.

A little, with content, is much  
To him who'd not refuse it.  
Who takes it as the Lord himself  
And then does rightly use it.  
Most men with no hint have a thought  
That life would be a pleasure  
If they don't share, in smallest part,  
With those who have the treasure.  
But, in this world of sorrow,  
The man who fights for bread to-day  
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

He vows he does not want the earth—  
His thoughts are far above it.  
The gold of India and of Or  
His simple tastes don't covet.  
A very little meets his wants,  
Enough to furnish living.  
He says, is all a man should ask,  
And thank the Lord for giving.  
But, is it true? Well, if it be,  
The truth you'll have to borrow—  
The man who fights for bread to-day  
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

Of wealth a fraction's all he asks,  
With smallest numerator—  
Set out in unit bold above  
A large denominator.  
This makes the sum of all his joys,  
Of all his hopes and blisses.  
'Tis all he needs; 'tis all he prays:  
'Tis bread and cheese and kisses.  
But, is it true? You bet it ain't.  
For, in this world of sorrow,  
The man who fights for bread to-day  
Will fight for pie to-morrow.  
—Merchant Traveler.

### DIAGONAL OREGON CONTINUED

From Roseburg to Coos Bay Overland.

Roseburg is a thrifty looking burg, and probably contains some 1500 or 2000 souls, and seemed to be a live place, for a large brick was going up on one of its principal streets and several small buildings were in various stages of growth on several other streets, and the busy man chimed in with the clink and rattle of machinery, and we were almost tempted to believe that the city had not had an attack of hard times, but one of the landlords assured us, positively, that the times were really dull in comparison to what was usual. We were led to conjecture what the town would look like, when business was lively. We made a few purchases and turned our course west and south, for the Coast range once more. Roseburg was for some time the terminal point of the Oregon & California railroad and passengers, mails, express matter and much freight was passed over a wagon road to Redding, California. During those days, the city must have been a lively place, indeed. The railroad was finished as far south as Ashland and of course a portion of the business took a change, but the country was being rapidly filled with settlers; and the farmer's wagons now, make some slight amends for the loss of freight teams of a few years ago. A toll road from here reaches Coos City some 70 miles away, and a line of daily stages are run from here to Empire City, carrying a daily mail, and nothing but high waters or impassable road, ever make them fail to connect. Roseburg is located on the Umpqua; is tolerably well built, and has a substantial look, as though it had come to stay. We left mail, and then the town. The river is crossed on a splendid bridge and a pleasant road, that overlooks the vale below for a long distance, is driven over for a few miles, and we are in the Looking-glass valley, which is much larger than one would suppose at first sight, as it widens out as we drive to its source. It is indeed a garden spot on a very extensive scale, and as rain is abundant here, a good crop is almost a certainty when proper farming is done; and we should have been tempted to award the chromo to this splendid little valley had it not been for the swarms of fleas which hold possession of every farm building in the valley. As we go towards the pass, the timber gets once more of sufficient size to make into lumber, and sawmills furnish the farmer with a very fair grade of lumber. The round buttes noticed along the Applegate here reappear, but the plain from which they rise is better land and much wider intervals

between them, and the hill country is not as rough. Some 19 miles are traversed when we turn suddenly to the hills on our right and a good, though steep grade some three miles long takes us to the summit. The canyon up which we came was rather thickly timbered, and at several points, a good view could be obtained of the main range. The mountains here are not as rough as where we crossed below Rogue river. The canyons are neither as steep and abrupt, or as deep; and the hunter finds it much easier to get over the country, and still it appears that game is very abundant, judging from what we saw. Upon leaving Roseburg, the timber changes from stunted oak to pine and fir, and here the oak has almost entirely disappeared, and in fact nearly all except small trees of every kind. The range, as far as we could see, was not very heavily timbered, but as we go down the eleven mile long cañon, to Brewster's prairie, the fir of good size again appears. The grade is at the bottom of the cañon or nearly so, and the road is not any too smooth and is rather narrow. The bluffs on each side are bold and precipitous, and the grade is sometimes many feet above the roaring stream almost under our wheels. Bridges increase in size as we go down, and extensive marks of floods are seen at many places. Yet such is the energy of the superintendent of the road that but very few accidents occur, although the stages pass over the road at all hours either night or day and in all kinds of weather. After passing over the road once, we did not envy the stage driver his job, and we could not help thinking how little their labor is thought of or appreciated. Of course we must have our daily mail, but who ever thinks of the driver's long dark and often dangerous ride, to furnish us our daily reading matter. But such is life, and the smack of danger during dark and rainy nights, seems only to make the faithful driver only a little more careful. At Brewster prairie we in a "fare" dangled, ready to gather in the change, which we hand over and pass on in peace. Here the hills are high and sharp, and the valley narrow but soil good. The valley has to be cleared of brush, to make it into farms, and this is not such a very easy job, and it takes the ordinary settler some years before he can make much of a show. Mr. Laird, who has charge of the toll-gate, and also of the repairs on the road, has the first ranch this side of the summit, and appears to be the right man in the right place. We soon pass a beautiful grove of myrtle, and a number of deserted farms. We learned, incidentally, that the original settlers had met with some difficulty about the title, as there had been some kind of land grant to the toll-road company, and preferring to lose what they had done to trying to hold it at the end of an expensive lawsuit. It is somewhat curious to note the difference in climate that a range of mountains produce. East of the range the timber is low and scrubby, and free of moss as a general thing. Here along the hills are firs with long trailing masses of a dark colored moss, that hangs in slender masses many feet below the limb on which they grow. At the far south this is called "Spanish beard." The great broad leaves of the maple give ample evidence of a wet climate, and the two points not 30 miles apart. Down the Coquille 10 miles and we are at Dora. The name is the largest part of the town. At Dora we leave the toll-road and turn directly down the valley. Our road lies along the east branch of the North fork of the Coquille. The timber is of small growth as a rule, and in many places becomes

thickets; but as the road runs just above the river bottoms, it would seem natural that the timber would be larger a little farther up the hills, which change rapidly to low smooth rolling hills, resembling those of central Ohio and parts of Pennsylvania; and this peculiarity continues till the hills almost disappear as we go on down. From Dora the lands along the river flats have been nearly all taken up by settlers, and in many cases good large clearings have been made and good farms with orchards and good fences, are met all along. About a couple of miles and a sawmill is passed which supplies the local demand. A beautiful grove of myrtle, whose branches interlock, over the road, making a splendid avenue for a short distance; and then the broad leaved maple and myrtle for a while longer, and we are again driving through the small growth noticed before, and the farms become more and more numerous as we are nearing the confluence of the different forks, which go to make up the Coquille river. We cross the North fork on a good substantial bridge, some six or eight miles above Myrtle Point, a little city located near the junction of the different branches that here form the main stream. As we did not go through the town, it being a mile or so to our left, we cannot speak from actual observation, but am told that it is a thrifty little place with something near 300 inhabitants. We are safe in saying that it is in the midst of as good farming region, what there is of it, as can be found anywhere west of the Missouri, and this is saying a good deal, but I think I know whereof I speak. The town being well located will continue to grow for many years and there are now persons living in that infant city who will one day look with pride on their city with its thousands of inhabitants. The ocean tide reaches this point, and the river from here might with strict propriety be called an arm of the sea. The flat lands along its banks are simply tide lands, and before clearing are covered with myrtle, maple, ash, alder and in many places with willows and other brush, and a coarse marsh grass. These lands are subject to floods during the rainy season, but when cleared and cultivated produce enormous crops of grain, grasses or vegetables. The low hills are of a clayey nature, but clover, herds-grass and other kinds of grasses do well, as do also orchards and grain. Saw and grist mills furnish the country about the town, as well as the town itself, with what is needed in their line. Some four miles below we pass a village, which has a broad sounding name—Norway—and if there is anything in a name this place certainly has a big advantage over all its neighbors. The steam from its sawmill rose to view just as natural as though the town had not borne the name of one of the nations of the earth. We only hope the people of the town will be no discredit to the proud name they have assumed. The river here bears more to the north, and runs somewhat parallel with the coast, and though about 35 miles to the mouth of the river, the ocean beach is but a dozen miles away, and when the wind is right, the roar of the surf can be plainly heard. Six miles more and what is to be the future county seat of Coos county comes in sight as does also the river which here strikes the north side of the flats which are some miles in width. This young city is pleasantly located on the north side of the stream, and though lying on tide water commands a good view of the country from the southeast to the northwest. There are probably between 300 and 400 inhabitants, and we were led to the con-

clusion that they were a quiet, moral, and well-behaved people, from the fact that we could find but one saloon in town. The place seemed to be quiet and pleasant, although everybody seemed to be busy at something. The burg is irregularly laid out, and stumps and brush in front of some quite good houses, gave unquestioned evidence of the town's age. Several wagon roads find a common center at this point, and daily stages run to Coos bay; a line of small steamers ply the river between Myrtle Point and Bandon at the mouth of the stream and stop at all points necessary, so, that beside daily mail from Roseburg and Coos bay, Coquille City has daily boats both ways. The people are well supplied with communications from the outside. Several stores and groceries, two hotels, a saw-mill, brewery, shops of various kinds, and the one lone saloon, were all running and seemed to have a fair business.  
*Continued next week.*

### Malignancy.

The character of the malignant is one worthy of profound study. A deep, searching analysis of the reasons which engender envy, malice, greed, and the numerous petty jealousies attributable to the malignant, is worthy of the pen of some philosopher more advanced in the study of humanity than your humble contributor. With some, it is inherent; they, seemingly, delight in every action that may be classed as pure diabolism. With others it arises from some fancied or real offence projected by some other party. Malignancy and vanity being, as my experience teaches, inseparable, the patient—I use the term advisedly—breaks out in delirium and becomes enveloped in venom at a mere joke or fancied insult. There is no more unmitigated ass than he who is overwhelmed with self-esteem. To offend such an one, is to create a perpetual and an inveterate enemy. Notwithstanding that such a person may profess to be your friend, with close observation and a trifle of patience, you may easily detect the sham. The thin disguise is apparent when the patient, after some preliminary smiles and subterfuges, attempts to discourage you in the efforts you may be about to put forth. When he hints at imaginary enemies and speaks of the stupendous obstruction that lies in your path, rest easy, you have the dark—the obstructing and diabolical enemy before you. "To smile and smile and be a villain." Shakespeare is right, and hits the nail every time. Did you ever, Mr. Editor, sit down and listen patiently to a desponding melo-drama, or farce would be the most appropriate term, delivered by a malignant? You possess an open countenance and you appreciate a joke; you are somewhat of a volatile nature, and might, in such a case, explode with laughter; as for me, while I am prone to adopt a serious expression when listening to such a character as I have attempted to depict; to be, seemingly, much impressed with the recital and overcome by the ignis fatuus; but, at the same time I am engaged in measuring the calibre of my entertainer—sizing him up, mentally as it were; estimating his par value and exploring for the animus that gives vitality to the lying hypocrisy.

Enough for the present. Darkness is coming on, and the toiler throughout the day must be prepared for the morrow. "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," must not be neglected; therefore, adios; but accept a parting stanza—

Now let us look upon the chart,  
That we may not forget,  
Much information 'twill impart,  
And show where lights are set.  
There's envy, malice, fraud and greed,  
The spirit that delights  
And gloats up on some evil deed—  
These, then, are warning lights.  
—The Baron.

### Another Indian War.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Nov. 20—Dispatches from Battleford about the Indians say the most alarming report is the assertion that the southern and northern tribes are on the point of forming an alliance to sweep the whole country as far north as the boundary, massacring and destroying all in their way. This means much more than the late rebellion, and it will be impossible for the government to compare it to a simple riot. Information from runners who have been to the various tribes and who have been making observations for others, say the trouble may begin at any moment. The government was warned very much in the same manner of the Saskatchewan troubles, but it neglected to take precautionary measures until too late.

### Edwards' Postal Telegraph Bill.

New York, Nov. 19—The Tribune's Washington correspondent says: Senator Edwards will push his postal telegraph bill when congress meets. His plan is to create a board consisting of the secretaries of state and war and the postmaster-general, whose duty it shall be to lay out four trunk lines connecting Washington with the northeast, northwest, southwest and south. Branch lines are to be established as needed. The postal system and rates are to be fixed from time to time by the board. Nothing done by the government in the matter is to interfere with or prohibit individuals or corporations from carrying on the business of telegraph lines.

### Indian Outrages in Colorado.

Denver, Col., Nov. 18—Calorow, with fourteen lodges and 500 ponies, is camped at Yeampa river, twenty-five miles above Cross mountain. He has burned cattle ranges on the trail, leaving 75,000 cattle without feed. The Indians are slaughtering thousands of elk, deer and antelope, for their hides, leaving the carcasses to rot. Settlers are now wild over the destruction of game and have assembled and will order Calorow to leave, and in case of refusal, a general extermination is expected. The Indians are well supplied with rifles and ammunition.

### Celebration of San Diego.

San Diego, Nov. 18.—The city is crowded with visitors who have come to take part in celebrating today the completion of the Southern California railroad, which gives the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system a through transcontinental road to the Pacific coast, with a terminus at this point. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among all classes of citizens. The day is observed as a public holiday, all business being suspended. The festivities will be continued three days. The floral and fruit exhibits are acknowledged to be the finest ever displayed on the Pacific coast.

### Will Return to China.

San Francisco, Nov. 18.—The fourteen habeas corpus cases of Chinamen who had intended to attempt to override the refusal of the custom house officials to let them land were withdrawn from the United States district court today. The Chinamen concerned in these cases will return to China on the steamer which leaves here on the 28th instant.

It is stated that Canon Farrar is well pleased with America as far as he has got, and is quite willing to shed the light of his knowledge over any fairly intelligent audience at \$300 per shed. In other words the Canon is a sixty-pounder. (This is especially recommended to the notice of London Punch—£60-er.)

### Sloop Wrecked.

Victoria, Nov. 20—The sloop Sea Lion, Captain Murphy, has been wrecked in a race by running on the rocks. It is feared that all hands are lost.