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Historical Dept

Coquille City Herald.

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COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1885.

NO. 17.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. N. A. DOWNING, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.
Cells—day or night—Promptly attended.

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LANE & LANE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a Specialty.
Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Roseburg, Oregon.

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

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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,
EMERY CITY, OON.

J. W. BENNETT,
Attorney at Law,
COOS CITY, OON.

D. L. WATSON,
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COOS CITY, OON.

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Notary Public
COQUILLE CITY, OON.

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Office in Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel. Laughing gas and other anesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

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FOR COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
Office with T. G. Owen, Esq., Marshfield.
Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice.

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Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
Special attention given to diseases of women and children, and all chronic forms of disease. Causes of obstetrics and teeth extracted for 50 cents each. Special treatment for lumbago and Neuralgia by the most-extended 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.

TOMBS SO TO SPEAK.

Yes, his back name is Tobias,
And he isn't over pious,
And his eyes are on the bias,
So to speak;
And his only aim and bent is
Nobby clothing—for this gent is
Just a bit non compos mentis.

Like and weak,
And this heavy-weighted gent is—
Though much less than three times twenty—
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,
So to speak;
For he'd rather be a prancing,
And kicking at a dancing,
Than his stock of wit enhancing,
Learning Greek.

Tho' he spies the drawl and gammer
When he does his aleck-olaw-hammer;
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,
So to speak;
And he questions very rarely,
(So his clothes are hanging fairly),
If his brain be fashioned squarely,
Or oblique.

No, he has no education,
And his beauty took vacation
Bout the time of his creat ion,
So to speak,
And upon mature reflection,
Taking each distinct bisection,
I've decided his complexion's
Rather black.

Tho' his shirt has not a wrinkle,
Nor his bushy chin a dimple,
Yet he boasts a circumscribed
On his back;
And his voice is not reliant,
For at times it is defiant,
And at times it is a pliant
Little squeak.

Now it seems to me so funny
That this half-demented sonny
Should be loaded down with money,
So to speak;
While the writer of this ditty,
Who you see is rather witty,
Has to scrob about the city
On his cheek.

DIAGONAL OREGON CONTINUED

From Coquille to Coos Bay Overland.

We looked the town over somewhat, called on the printer and again mounted our wagon and were off for Coos bay. The road still keeps along the brink of the low hills, and just along the edge of the broad stretch of tide land along the river. The hills begin to have a larger growth of timber principally fir, but some very fine cedar and after a few miles we drive through a wooded stretch of a mile or so and are at Coaledo—rather a slim affair to call a town, but what there is, shows signs of life. A railroad comes to an end close by, on the head of Beaver slough. As this road comes from the head of another slough which opens out on Coos bay, it forms the connecting link, between Coos bay and Coquille river; and when the roads become impassable for wheels, freight is taken over this route. This railroad is used chiefly for putting logs into the sloughs, as the timber around here is of fair quality though not very large. A low isthmus separates the waters of the Coquille from those of Coos bay, but a canal a few hundred rods, would connect them. We left the little burg and cross the little ridge and are driving among the firs along the tide lands of Coos bay. The farms began to be farther apart on leaving Coquille City, and a few miles from Coaledo, no more farms, or at best but few, to Empire City. We drive across many long budges made across the little sharp canyons or gulches, and the points of sloughs. Where grading would be impracticable, the road is good now, but from the nature of the soil, we concluded that it would be just a trifle muddy in the wet season. We reach the well-known town of Marshfield, and camp by a neighboring spring for noon. Between Coaledo and Marshfield two or three coal mines have towns of their own, but they are usually rather small villages with small houses for the workmen and a store for their particular accommodation. Utter City and Eastport are passed, but just now the mines are mostly closed; but we learned that some of them were making arrangements to again commence operation. One company has a railroad from their mine to their bunkers near Marshfield, and vessels can load in a few hours. The region hereabouts

is underlaid with coal of a good quality for steam purposes, but is not considered first class for black-smiths' use, although some black-smiths use it to some extent. This coal like the most that is mined along the Pacific coast, is what is generally termed bituminous, and finds a market at Frisco, where it takes the place of wood for general purposes. A line of well-built steamers (two of iron and steel) ply between the coal fields and Frisco, beside sail vessels which occasionally carry coal when other kinds of business gets dull. Marshfield is a new-looking town and like all new towns which have grown rapidly, it looks fresh and brisk. It is located at the head of the bay, properly speaking, for although steamers go on up as far as Utter City, the run from here is simply up a slough, so narrow that turning room is quite scarce in places. The town is most beautifully located, having a splendid view of the bay and the evergreen hills that enclose it. The shape of the bay is such that it is comparatively free of winds from any direction, and its surface is as still as a lake of the same size generally. The city contains something like a thousand people. A saw mill makes rattling music, as do also the different kinds of vehicles that drive over the plank streets, which occupy a portion of the place. As the town was laid out so that a part of it would be too damp for comfort, during extreme high tides, the inhabitants drove piles, and built streets and sidewalks, as well as buildings, above the reach of tides. This in time will prove to be quite an advantage, as the streets are already paved, and gutters are not needed. Stores were numerous, but the jingle of coin on their counters was not deafening. Hotels, saloons, and different kinds of shops all seemed to be running, but all we talked with claimed that hard times was the rule and of course dull business the result. The lumber mill was not running at present, the price of lumber too low to make it any object to cut up their logs. There are no farms worth speaking about, near this burg, not that the lands are not fit for agriculture, but no one seems to care about such things as yet. Lumber and coal, seem to attract the attention of those who have gone there; but this will ultimately be changed, and after the lumber is taken off, these lands will be put to good use, raising grass and making butter and cheese. Altogether this city is a cheerful, pleasant place, and with her churches and schools ought to be a moral and intelligent people. Two miles through forest and we pass the little burg of North Bend. A saw-mill and ship-yard are the life of the place. As small as this place is, it looks quite aristocratic. A magnificent view of the bay and wooded hills is here had; but its chances for future greatness are not flattering, though it always will be a nice place to live. Four miles further, through a dense forest of firs, and we are at our journey's end, and the little village of Empire. This is the present county seat of Coos county and is some two miles from the ocean beach, in a direct line, and five or six by the way of the bay. It is built on a hill side and overlooks the lower part of the bay. A low strip of land between the bay and ocean, hides the big water from view, except from the top of the hills just back of the city. The roar of the surf almost makes one think that a huge wind-storm is about to burst over the town, and in fact this does sometimes occur in good stern earnest. The town has some 300 or 400 souls as a general thing, but during court times a large increase is noticed for a few days. A large saw-mill owned by the O. S. I.

company helps to make things lively, and as all vessels touch here, the wharves are busy places part of the time. This being the county seat of course hotels are numerous in proportion to other business houses, but there are plenty of stores, groceries, saloons, and shops of various kinds to supply all present requirements. As this was not court week, everything was going very quiet and the loading of passengers and goods from the different vessels, and the constant buzz of the mill, was about the main part of what was to be seen and heard, if we except the surf. The farmers who live along the different sloughs which open out on the bay, find their market at the different points we have passed. As there are but few farms or farmers this side of Coaledo, they generally find a local market for all surplus. The lands about Empire are largely owned by the O. S. I. company and are being denuded of their valuable timber quite rapidly. As the wagon road ends here as does also our journey, it seems as if our notes ought to do the same, but before I close I will crowd the patience of my readers with a few lines of retrospection and compassion, so that those living in other sections may be able to form a slight conception of different parts through which we have passed. The Smith river region extends along the coast from a point a few miles south of Crescent City, to a spur of the Coast range a few miles north of Ellensburg on the Rogue river, and as far east as the summit of the same range. This region has a climate that is rather peculiar; never very warm, and seldom cold enough to snow. The season is composed of wet and dry, both cool, and the dry has an abundance of fog, which makes amends for the absence of rain. The wet, has a large rainfall, as well as heavy fog. The low river bottoms are densely covered with brush, and the hills with an abundant growth of first class timber. The flats when cleared produce enormous yields of grass and hay, and when the hills are cleared, and sown to clover, make most excellent grazing grounds for cows. This part is used almost exclusively for dairy purposes and lumber business. The black sand mines are attracting some little attention around Ellensburg, but this county is destined to be crowded with inhabitants in the near future. Its warm winters prevents any comparison with the eastern states. The nearest we can come to a comparison, is with the spring months in central Pennsylvania; a wet spring to represent the winter here, and a dry cool spring the rest of the year at this point. The Rogue river region strictly speaking, extends from the summit of the Cascades on the east to the summit of the Coast range on the west, and from the Siskiyou mountains on the south to the top of the divide between it and the Umpqua. This part is a little too dry and gravelly for general farming, and is better calculated for mining than farming. Its climate is warmer than that of Kentucky, and has much less summer rain. The Umpqua country extends from the summits of the Coast range on the west to the Cascades on the east, and from the head waters of the Willamette on the north to the divide which separates it from Rogue river. The climate of this region very closely resembles that of southern Virginia, and the narrow bottom lands along the different streams, has the same general characteristics, and the hill country produces nearly alike, and general farming is the same or nearly so. The Coquille country reaches from the Coast Range to the sea, and from the highland south of Port Orford to Coos bay on the north. The

season is divided into wet and dry. Except that the winters are warmer, the climate resembling that of southern Ohio, and the general appearance of the country is quite similar to northern Pennsylvania, if we except the tide lands of the lower river. This region is probably the best adapted to dairy purposes of any part of the Pacific coast, as "good" grasses grow over all the hills whenever put in, and the immense tide flats furnish hay of the best grade, and in vast quantities when proper cultivation is resorted to. The products of this region can be made quite similar to those of southern New York, or northern Pennsylvania. The Coos bay country extends from the Coquille region on the south to the Umpqua on the north, and the mountains on the east, and the ocean on the west. This and the Coquille country encloses probably more of the world's real wealth than can be found any where else on the Pacific coast, of equal size. Speaking in a general way, the whole region is underlaid with coal in most enormous quantities, and the hills are covered with a fine growth of forest number trees. The many sloughs that put out from the bay and the Coquille river bottoms, will some day be utilized to the last inch, and the bay and river can furnish fish in quantities to suit any demand. The climate of the bay is the same as that of the Coquille region and could be embraced in that region with perfect propriety, and I should have done so, and called it the Coos bay country, but thought best to divide them, so that each section might be more easily understood, as the Coos bay region is to be the great coal country of southern Oregon, while the Coquille region, though having a great amount of both coal and timber, is more strictly a farming country, and depends more on agriculture for its future wealth. Its black sand mines will help swell the gold crop for many years, but its dairy business will do a great deal more in that direction in future years. But these notes are already entirely too long for the general readers, and if their patience is not already worn out, will not tax it further.

S. W. H.

Death of T. A. Hendricks.

Indianapolis, Nov. 25.—Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, vice-president of the United States, died very suddenly at his residence in this city, at 4:45 this evening, under circumstances that were particularly distressing to his family and friends, inasmuch as they had not anticipated a fatal termination of his brief illness, and nobody was with him when death came. He returned from Chicago last Saturday, and since then had been complaining somewhat of pain in his head and breast, but nothing serious was thought of it. Last night he and Mrs. Hendricks attended a reception at the residence of Hon. John J. Cooper, treasurer of the state returning home in their carriage about midnight. Hendricks had taken off the heavy clothing he usually wore, and put on a dress suit of lighter material, and before he got home complained of chilliness and a certain degree of exhaustion, but attributed it to malarial influence. He sat by the fire for an hour or more before retiring but declined to send for a doctor, although urged to do so. He slept restlessly until about 8 o'clock this morning, when he arose, dressed himself and ate a hearty breakfast, saying he felt much better, and intended to attend to considerable delayed business during the day. He and Mrs. Hendricks walked out for nearly an hour, and he had apparently regained his physical vigor and cheerfulness. An hour later, however, he began to be troubled

with pains in the region of the stomach, and Mrs. Hendricks sent for the family physician, Dr. W. C. Thompson, a life-long and confidential friend of the vice-president. As the pains in the stomach continued to increase he was given an emetic, and afterward an injection, and relief came in a natural way. He arose from his bed, in which he lay only a few minutes, and read the morning papers, talking cheerfully with his wife and an old house servant. Just before noon he had a relapse, however, and the physician was again summoned and administered the usual remedies, besides bleeding the patient, and again expressed himself as being greatly relieved. He remained in his room all the afternoon, occasionally rising from his bed, to which he was compelled to return by a recurrence of the abdominal pains. To callers who came, and they were numerous, he sent word that he was indisposed, but would be glad to see them to-morrow. About 4:30, Mrs. Hendricks, who had been at his bedside all day, went to the parlor to see a caller who called to consult with her regarding the affairs of a reformatory of which she was manager, and she remained with him about twenty minutes. Tom, a colored servant, and Harry Morgan, Hendricks' nephew, and a page in Washington, remained with him. The servant went out and Mr. Morgan stayed with Mr. Hendricks, who tossed uneasily in his bed, complained of great pain, but suddenly it seemed to cease, and he said to his nephew: "I am free at last. Send for Eliza" meaning his wife, and these were his last words, for the young man, not realizing the urgency of the message, did not deliver it at once. Just before 5 o'clock Mrs. Hendricks came into the room and found that her husband was dead. The end of a long and eventful life had come peacefully and quietly. He lay on the bed, outside of the covering, only partially disrobed, with his eyes only half closed, as if he were in a gentle sleep. On his face there were no traces of pain or suffering, but a pallor had come over it that indicated only too plainly that he had passed away. It needed no close examination to tell that he was dead, and Mrs. Hendricks screamed and ran down stairs. A servant was dispatched to the residence of Dr. Thompson, adjoining and he came immediately, but by the time he reached the bedside of the distinguished dead man the extremities were becoming cold and rigid, and to Mrs. Hendricks' pathetic appeal, "Oh, doctor, can't you do something?" he was obliged to answer, "It is too late." Mrs. Hendricks became almost distracted with grief and it was an hour or more before she became sufficiently composed to give any information about her husband's last moments. The family servants, two of whom have lived with them for years ran about the house crying and moaning and there was the utmost confusion for a time. When the news was bulletined down town it was generally discredited, and in a very few minutes a hundred or more of Mr. Hendricks' close political and personal friends had hurried to the house. Very soon a great crowd had collected around the entrance and in the street and it was found necessary to refuse admission to any and all comers except immediate relatives. Mr. Hendricks died in his private chamber, a large comfortable room in which he did most of his work. Near his bedside was a case containing legal and political works and on his desk were his papers, memoranda and a large number of letters which had been allowed to accumulate without answering in the last two or three days. His dressing gown and slippers were at his bedside and near by was a tall stand on which were various medicines and a goblet of water. Portraits landscapes and bric-a-brac adorned the wall of the room and were in striking contrast with the sad scene within.