

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 4.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1886.

NO. 25.

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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.**  
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Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening on or before the full moon in each month.

John Goodman,  
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Meets at Coquille City, on every first Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.

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Pure bred Brown Leghorn and Plymouth Rock Poultry for sale by Cartwright & Thorp, Yoncola, Douglas County, Oregon.

## A DRUMMER'S WISH.

I wish I had a line of goods  
That no one ever had,  
And every merchant wanted,  
And wanted awful bad.  
I'd send the trade a little card,  
And tell them "I'm in town,"  
And if they wanted any stuff,  
They better come right down.  
I'd treat them as they treat me now;  
Oh, I'd make some fearful "dizzy,"  
And when they came around to call,  
I'd say, "I'm very busy."  
"I guess you'd better come again,"  
I'd say, to some I know—  
"If you don't want these goods of mine,  
You take your 'traps' and go."  
"When am I going out?"  
"Well, what is that to you?"  
My house won't ship you any goods,  
Your pay is most too slow."  
Some merchants are the gentlemen,  
And some are worse than Jews,  
Some treat us with a kind regard,  
But most give us the "blues."  
I could wish, and wish, and wish in vain,  
Until I was blind and sore—  
For such a wish could never be,  
So I shall wish no more.  
Peck's Sun.

## Leaves from John Adams' Diary— His Early Married Life.—By BIRD BYE.

December 3, 1764.  
I am determined to keep a diary if possible the rest of my life. I fully realize how difficult it will be to do so. Many others of my acquaintance have endeavored to maintain a diary, but have only advanced so far as the second week in January. It is my purpose to write down each evening the events of the day as they occur to my mind, in order that in a few years they may be read and enjoyed by my family. I shall try to deal truthfully with all matters that I may refer to in these pages, whether they be of national or personal interest, and I shall seek to avoid anything bitter or vituperative, trying rather to cool my temper before I shall submit my thoughts to paper.

December 4.  
This morning we have had trouble with the hired girl. It occurred in this wise: We had fully two-thirds of a pumpkin pie that had been baked in a square tin. This major portion of the pie was left over from our dinner yesterday and last night, before retiring to rest, I desired my wife to suggest something in the cold pie line, which she did. I lit a candle and explored the pantry in vain. The pie was no longer visible. I told Mrs. Adams that I had not been successful, whereupon we sought out the hired girl, whose name is Tootie Tooterson, a foreign damsel, who landed in this country on Nov. 7, this present year. She does not understand our language apparently, especially when we refer to pie.

The only thing she does without a strong foreign accent is to eat pumpkin pie and draw her salary. She landed on our coast six weeks ago, after a tedious voyage across the heaving billos. It was a close fight between Tootie and the ocean, but when they quit the heaving billows were one heave ahead by the log.

Miss Tooterson landed in Massachusetts in a woolen dress and hollow clear down into the ground. A strong desire to acquire knowledge and cold, home-made American pie seems to pervade her entire being.

She has only allowed Mrs. Adams and myself to eat what she did not want herself.

Miss Tooterson has also introduced into my household various European eccentricities and strokes of economy which deserve a brief notice here. Among other things she has made pie crust with castor oil in it, and lubricated the pancake griddle with a pork rind that I had used on my lame neck. She is thrifty and saving in this way, but rashly extravagant in the use of doughnuts, pie and Medford rum, which we keep in the house for visitors who are so unfortunate as to be addicted to the doughnut, pie

or rum habit.

It is discouraging indeed for two young people like Mrs. Adams and myself, who have just begun to keep house, to inherit a famine, and such a robust famine too. It is true that I should not have set my heart upon a transitory and evanescent terrestrial object like a pumpkin pie so near to T. Tooterson, imported pie soloist, doughnut maestro and famine virtuoso, but I did, and so I returned from the pantry desolate.

I told Abigail that unless we poisoned a few pies for Tootie the Adams family would be a short-lived race. I could see with my prophetic eye that unless the Tootersons yielded the Adamases would be wiped out. Abigail would not consent to this, but decided to relieve Miss Tooterson from duty in this department, so this morning she went away.

Not being at all familiar with the English language, she took four of Abigail's sheets and quite a number of towels, handkerchiefs and collars. She also erroneously took a pair of my nightshirts in her poor, broken way. Being entirely ignorant of American customs, I presume that she will put a belt around them and wear them externally to church. I trust that she will not do this, however, without mature deliberation.

I also had a bottle of lung medicine, of a very powerful nature, which the doctor had prepared for me. By some oversight, Miss Tooterson drank this the first day that she was in our service. This was entirely wrong, as I did not intend to use it for the foreign trade, but mostly for home consumption.

This is a little piece of drillery that I thought of myself. I do not think that a joke impairs the usefulness of a diary, as some do. A diary with a joke in it is just as good to look over to posterity as one that is not thus disfigured. In fact, what has posterity ever done for me that I should hesitate about socking a little humor into a diary? When has posterity ever gone out of its way to do me a favor? Never! I defy the historian to show a single instance where posterity has ever been the first to recognize and remunerate ability.

## The Blizzard.

St. Paul, Jan. 22.—The blizzard which has been raging since last night is the worst known among railroads for years. In every direction it is cold, and blowing at a terrific rate, filling cuts, and in the northern part of the country making it impossible to keep them clear long enough to run trains. Trains on the southern Minnesota division of the Milwaukee have been abandoned in Iowa and Minnesota. On the river division a heavy freight train is stuck in a snow drift near Lake City, and great trouble is being experienced in getting it out. This has delayed through train from the east, until now it is about nine hours late. North trains are practically on time, though experiencing rough weather. It is fifty-seven degrees below zero at St. Vincent.

The Burlington train is badly blocked. The Omaha is all right, on time from the east, and about an hour late from the west. Northern Pacific and Manitoba trains are on time. The weather is intensely cold north and west, but the roads are not blocked.

Portland is afflicted with a well organized band of thieves. It has got down to that point of Omaha perfection that knocking down with the sand-bag is resorted to. In this way they get what one has in his pockets and the keys to his place of business.

## A Narrow Escape.

To run buffaloes, a horse trained as a buffalo runner is absolutely necessary. My business in Boise City just now is to procure such a horse. The little mustang which I have been riding was killed last week by a bad fall in the hole of a prairie dog; and, as this was the nearest city of any size, I borrowed a pony from a companion, came here and am now in the thick of a tussle with horse traders. Actual trial in the hunting field is the only means of deciding a buffalo runner's qualities; and, although a buckskin nag who fills my eye in other respects is warranted by his owner to be the best buffalo runner in the west, the chances are if I buy him he will shy off at sight of a herd, and never bring me nearer to the game than 100 yards.

A good buffalo runner will be fleet of foot, courageous, long-winded, and trained to carry his rider within a yard of the herd hunted, and then to range alongside of any animals selected. My mustang did this to perfection until brought to grief by a prairie dog.

This worthless creature is the buffalo's best friend, because of his villainous habit of burrowing in the plains over which the chase is apt to range, and hence making a thousand pitfalls for unwary horses. The buffaloes themselves occasionally break a leg in a marmot's hole; but the fact remains that the little animal has saved more specimens of the shaggy bos Americanus from sportsmen's bullets, killed more horses, maimed more riders and been cursed more lustily than any other denizen of the plains, from the redskin down to the coyote.

At the time of my musang's fall I had a couple of narrow escapes from death. I had singled out as my meat an old bull with long, highly polished horns and the most magnificent mane that has ever come under my notice. I determined to have that head, and to carry it east with me as a trophy. To single the brute from the herd and to plant a bullet from my revolver in his shoulder was an easy task, when aided by such a horse as mine. The remainder of the herd thundered off to the west with companions in full chase, and away toward the east went my wounded buffalo, with me a good second, sending a pill into his side whenever he swerved enough to give me a chance at his heart.

Suddenly the idea seems to enter his cranium that he was flying in a direct line from his friends, and he wheeled about and charged me, his magnificent head cocked sidewise ready to toss my mustang, his nostrils and eyes blood-red, and the foam flying from his mouth. When the buffalo swerved my nag made a noble leap out of his course and landed with his off foreleg in a marmot's hole, bringing him to his knees, snapping the bone of his leg off like a stalk of straw and sending me headlong to the ground right in the path of the wounded bull. I was somewhat shaken up and could not think clearly, but my eyes were wide open and the approaching danger seemed like a weight on all my faculties, benumbing me so that I could not move so much as an eyelid, and thus increasing the horror of the situation.

The bull came on, his hoof rattling over the hard prairie like the bones of the end man in a minstrel show. His hot breath came full in my mouth and nostrils, leaving a bad taste on my tongue for the remainder of the day. One of his horns caught in the collar of my hunting-shirt, tearing it away, and then his hind hoof grazed my temple. He was as glad to escape as I was myself, and careered over the prairie after the herd at a three-minute gait, while I arose and planted a merciful bullet from my revolver in the brain of my doomed mustang.

One day of this sort of thing is worth a year's dawdling about at the seashore in a seersucker coat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## The Difference.

The people of this part should congratulate themselves on living where it seldom snows, and where inconvenience from that and the cold is never felt. The following sample of dispatches from Colorado and Utah will serve to show our readers the difference between here and there:

Freighters who arrived at Aspen to-day state that twenty-seven snow slides occurred in the neighborhood of Marson pass during the past three days. Tuesday a party of ten men with eighteen mules started from Aspen to clear out the pass, since which nothing has been heard of them until this afternoon, when news was brought here that an avalanche of three days ago buried the men and mules at the mouth of the canyon. Two Hoskins, a boy, Marion Stewart and Charles Miller rescued themselves, with clothing torn from their bodies and terribly bruised. After a night's struggling in the snow they reached Speller's cabin and gave the alarm. A party started to the scene immediately and succeeded in rescuing twelve of the eighteen mules, but at noon to-day had not found the remains of the men. The victims are Albert Sloper, Ira Hall, James Hungeford, David Pattenhall, and two others, unknown.

A six-mule team and driver went over Independence pass, between beardsville and Aspen, this afternoon, falling and sliding nearly 1000 feet. The driver was uninjured, but the mules were killed.

The first fatal snow-slide in Utah this year took place at Park City last night, about 8 o'clock. A small slide, not over fifty feet wide, caught a miner named Thorstrom, who was passing, and buried him under six feet of snow. The body was recovered this afternoon.

At 5:30 this morning another slide, higher up the gulch, caught an empty cabin on the side of the mountain, and hurled it down on the cabin of A. O. Patterson. Patterson and wife were asleep. Legs, debris and snow crushed through the roof, burying them ten feet deep. They were dug out about 7 o'clock, both dead. This was the first slide that ever took place in that gulch. The families are all moving out. It has snowed hard for three or four days and is still snowing.

Ouray special to the News: Last night George Boss, mail carrier between Ouray and Silverton, got in after every one had given him up for lost, and reported a big slide on the Dutton mine, in which four miners were swept away and the houses and new plant of machinery totally wrecked. Also a miner on the Genesee, near the Dutton was carried away. The Gilpin Mining company's building, and George Porter's store, at Sneffels, are all gone. Five feet of new snow has fallen since Sunday in the mountains, and the loss of life and property will be large.

## The Newport Coal Company's Failure.

San Francisco, Jan. 21.—The Newport Coal company, which recently made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors, has liabilities aggregating \$242,000. Its nominal assets are as follows: Coal mining property in Oregon, the value of which is \$122,000; seven-sixteenths of the steamer Arago, \$63,000; the steamer Arata, \$45,000; 179 tons of coal, \$5305.50; cash on hand \$1638.40; outstanding accounts, \$8504.56; coal in transportation, \$25,000; merchandise at mine, \$4155; mules, furniture, etc.

An engineer was killed at Wailala a few days ago by the upsetting of his engine on him.

John L. Sullivan has issued a challenge to the world for a fight to the finish.

## Swamp Land Case Decided.

The Daily Standard says: The supreme court of this state has rendered an important decision in the swamp land case of D. L. Moore, holding, in effect, that purchasers of swamp land under the law of 1870, who had complied with the law, were entitled to deeds of the same, notwithstanding the lands had not been patented to the state by the United States, and, further, notwithstanding the joint resolution of the special session of 1885, directing the board of state land commissioners for the state of Oregon not to sell or execute deeds for any lands as swamp or overflowed lands until the same has been settled and determined as swamp or overflowed lands by said commissioners on the part of the general government and the state, and the patent thereof has been duly issued to the state of Oregon. The court holds that the joint resolution, according to section 1, of article 4, of the constitution, is not a law, and, even if it had the force of law, would be unconstitutional under section 21, article 1, of the constitution, as impairing the obligation of contracts.

The decision, the Statesman says, "is of peculiar importance, as there are several similar cases hinging on the settlement of this one. The matter is now fully settled as far as the state is concerned, but it may come up again under the general government in the United States courts. Whether the United States supreme court will hold that the act of congress of 1860 grants this land to Oregon before it is patented to the state or not, is a question which is still open."

On March 1, 1886 the Dental Department of the University of California commences its fifth annual session. It will close November 30, 1886 making a continuous term of nine months.

From the organization of the College of Dentistry it has been the aim of its founders to make a place for it among the leading institutions of a similar character in the United States and Europe. To attain this object, it has been necessary to adopt a progressive curriculum. Thus far the record of the college has been in accordance with the original design. When vacancies occurred or new positions were created by the faculty, members of the profession were chosen to fill them who had expressed themselves as against regressive movements, and in favor of the highest possible standard of dental education.

This is a worthy institution and should receive the most liberal support from the whole coast country. It matters little how poorly a wood worker learns his trade, but when one's business is to repair the human body he should be proficient before he is allowed to work. This is the aim of the Dental University.

Chinese are working in the Oregon City woollen mills for 75 cents per day. Whites agreed to work at the former wages paid, and the Chinese came down to the above figure. In their heathenish ways of living they can lay up money at this price. Now it remains to be seen whether congress is inclined to reduce American labor to such heathenish traits.

The legislature has done important work. It has provided for the building of a penitentiary and has passed a local option law. An apportionment bill has passed the house, as has also a bill permanently locating the insane asylum at Fort Steilacoom, and appropriating a large sum of money for the erection of suitable buildings.—Ledger, Tacoma, W. T.

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