

A. L. Bancroft
Historical Dept

Coquille City Herald

VOL. 4.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1886.

NO. 42.

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,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a Speciality.
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.
v2023

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.
EMPIRE CITY, OON.

J. W. BENNETT.
Attorney at Law,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

D. L. WATSON.
Attorney and Counselor at Law
EMPIRE 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. Laughing gas and other anesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. v411

O. E. SMITH,
Surgeon Dentist,
office
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
v411

A. H. Wright,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
Coquille City, Ogn.
Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v418

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, v411

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 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.
A. H. Wright, Commander.

Coquille City Command.
No. 1, O. R. C.
Meets in this place every first and third Tuesday in each month. All members in good standing are cordially invited.
A. T. Lillie, Commander.

BLOODED FOWLS.
Pure bred Brown Leghorn and Plymouth Rock Poultry for sale by Derward B. Cartwright. Yonocolla, Douglas County, Oregon.

Be Patient With the Living.
Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When shall I be of need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Past all the strife, the toll, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying?
Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see,
Shall no defect discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillow'd slumber.
Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.
'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mistle plamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living. Good Cheer.

SAN DIEGO LETTER.

That boasted country compared to Coos county—read it.

The following letter from our esteemed townsman, Rev. W. H. Nosler, to H. H. Nichols, dated El Cajon valley, 18 miles east of San Diego, May 14, will likely cool the "garden-spot-of-the-world" fever on some people. Mr. N. writes:

According to promise, I now pen you a few lines to let you know what I have been able to find out about this country. First, I find that carpenter work is rather plenty, wages ranging from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day; and they tell me men are scarce at that. So, should you come, there would doubtless be no difficulty in obtaining work at once. But how long this boom will last, I can't say; some seem to think it may continue some time, and that the country will never get so low as it has been. I find that living is a great deal higher here than on the Coquille, especially rent. Why, such a house as you live in would rent for twenty dollars per month, without water, which would be from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per month. Now, I will give you my judgement about the country, and first let me say that I don't think it would suit me for these facts: First it is a dry, barren country, wholly destitute of timber, mountainous, rocky, sandy, dusty, and I do not believe the climate is a whit better than ours, for when the sun shines and there is no wind, old Sol beams down fearfully; then, when the wind raises it changes to cool and rather chilly weather; besides it is cloudy much of the time. So you see it is not a land of perpetual sunshine, nor is it devoid of fog, for even in this valley we have fog nearly every morning. Again, I never was in a place, I believe, where the fleas were so bad, and they say they are just the same year round; then they have rattlesnakes, tarantulas, centipeds and stingers; then it is no farming nor stock country, nor is it good for fruit, except grapes. So you see it is decidedly inferior to Oregon. But as for your health, it might, and it might not, help you; it has not helped my brother, and he now thinks had he gone to the Coquille last fall, instead of here, it would have been better for him. But I am satisfied you could do much better, financially, here, this summer than there, and it might improve your health a little. So I would suggest that if you still have a desire to come, that you leave your family there. Bring your tools and come right along—the sooner the better. You can't start with less than thirty dollars and be safe, unless you take steerage and you don't want to do that, for a hog nest would be preferable to steerage. It cost me just \$27, and I made pretty good connections.

Simply tell father Harrington that this is no place for him; he has good health, so in my judgement he is in the best place he can get.

Now I have written you the conclusion I have come to from what I have seen, and from what I now know I shall return to Oregon perhaps as soon as I can; yet I may see fit to change my mind after becoming more acquainted, as I haven't been around San Diego much, but I rather think not, for I believe Oregon is the best place I have struck yet. Now should you want further information, let me know.

A Bride Cheats the Parson.

Some rather odd stories could be told by the man who ties the knot, did he choose to give his thoughts to the task. If the fee is \$50 or more, the groom takes great pleasure in personally transacting the business, but is equally anxious in securing a substitute when a smaller price is to be paid for the union. In case he has no brother of his own, the bride's relative is pressed into service, in which instance that lady is more or less officious. At a rather stylish party which occurred on Monroe street, about two months ago the groom put a \$20 gold piece in the kidded hand of his small brother-in-law, with directions for its transfer to the parson, and hurriedly left the room. The bride, hearing the conversation, succeeded in detaining the juvenile, and hunting up one of the 85 coins her mother had given her for "traveling trifles," swapped gold pieces and called herself "just a husband and \$15 ahead." She changed her mind very shortly as to the monetary gain, for the first thing she heard as she emerged from her room in her travelling suit was, "taint as big as the one he gave me first. Sister kept it and said this would do well enough." Even the groom marvelled at the bluntness of his pretty wife as the urbane minister whispered her good-by and good-speed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Maxwell Case.

St. Louis, May 24.—The sensational testimony to-day in the Maxwell trial was given by J. F. McCullough, the detective who forged a check in order to be incarcerated and placed near Maxwell. He worked into Maxwell's confidence and the latter made a free and full confession. Preller, he said, had angered him greatly by saying it was impossible for him to pay defendant's way to Auckland. He then determined to fix him. When Preller complained of severe pains in his side, Maxwell volunteered medical services, injected hypodermically into Preller's arm a small amount of morphine and then bound a chloroform saturated cloth about his victim's head. "This," said Maxwell, "ended the business." He then secured Preller's money, \$800, all his valuable personal effects and planned his escape the details of which are all well known.

All efforts to break down McCullough's testimony by the prisoner's counsel utterly failed, and at the close Maxwell seemed to be thoroughly awakened to interest in the trial.

Heavy Damages.

San Francisco, May 24.—Judge Sawyer to-day gave judgment for plaintiff in the case of James Weir vs. Nathan Vail for \$87,685, and interest at 7 per cent, since 1878. The suit is the result of business transactions at that time.

A Terrible Tumble.

Virginia City, May 24.—James McDade fell 2,729 feet in the Osbiston shaft while repairing a pump. It is supposed he absent minded-ly walked into the shaft. The body fell into 72 feet of water, and has not yet been recovered.

A Wild Man Like an Ape.

Two sons of Archibald Tyson, a farmer, returned from a hunt last evening, leading by a rope a frightful spectacle of humanity in the shape of a wild man. Both of the Tyson boys are full grown, and tell the following story of the capture: About noon, when they were climbing the Ramapo mountain on the north side, they heard a shrill voice howling as if in agony. Approaching the spot where the voice came from they encountered what appeared to be a huge ape.

One of the boys, Shileman, raised his gun to fire at the object, but was stopped by his brother. They then advanced closer and discovered that the object was a man. Scarcely a whole article of clothing covered his body. His hair and beard were long, matted and partly gray. They spoke to him and he jumped toward them in a threatening manner. Both dropped their guns and grappled with him. After a terrible struggle he was overpowered and bound. He uttered a few unintelligible words and quietly allowed them to do as they pleased with him.

After searching in vain for a hut or a cave they led him home, where he was exhibited to the neighbors. He appeared to understand the German language, and whenever a woman appeared would run and try to escape. It is thought that he must have escaped from some insane asylum and wandered wild in the woods.

When a piece of raw meat was offered him he grabbed it and ate it ravenously. Mr. Tyson locked him up in a barn, and is waiting for some relative to claim him.—Philadelphia News.

Aside from malice aforethought and an improper motive, the following from Ned Pell's correspondence in the Salem Statesman, is good:

The prohibitionists have put the name of John Long, of Grant county, on their ticket for state treasurer, to fill up the blank Williams made when he hauled off. It will be a long time before the new man holds the state's sack on this layout—he will be Long on name and short on votes. There is a bare possibility that he will be beat before he hears of his nomination; living in one of those deep canons up in Grant county, it is not at all probable that he will know he is martyred before the 4th of July, and the returns will all be in Long before that. He won't have time to withdraw, so he will be the candidate, dead sure, whether he is willing or not. It is quite likely that if any more of the candidates resign, they will put on men from California, Texas or Tillamook county, and they will have the mortal cinch on them, the same as they no doubt have on the martyred Long. It's a wonder there isn't a damage suit, or something. I haven't picked up a paper for two months, without the awful fear that I would read my name running for governor, or constable or sheriff or something on the "prohibition" ticket. I can't sleep for the fear of it. I shrink from such a fate as though the shadow of an awful calamity were hovering over me. I know there are many others in the same fix, and the next legislature should pass a law making it a penal offense to thrust an unwelcome honor upon an unsuspecting subject, as has been so often done this spring. Some people are born candidates, some acquire candidacy, but many have candidacy thrust upon them. Why, even you, dear reader, are liable to get up any morning and, taking an inventory of yourself, find that you are a full fledged candidate for most any office within the gift of the people. The line must be drawn somewhere.

Solid Sense.

Every time I borrow a newspaper I do a very small act.
Every time I tell the truth I add to my strength of character.
Every time I oppress a servant I am guilty of a sin against God.
Every time I spend a dollar foolishly I am opening a pauper's grave.
Every time I pay rent I am taking that much away from a home of my own.
Every time I buy an article I am encouraging the manufacturer or producer.
Every time I refrain from speaking in defense of a friend I prove that I am not a friend.
Every time I speak a kind word I am adding a brick to my temple of manhood.
Every time I pay a debt I am doing right and helping to put money in circulation.
Every time I refuse to do a favor when I can as well as not I prove that I am growing mean.
Every time I give to distant charities to the neglect of those at home I am guilty of giving only for vainglory.
Every time I speak cross and impetuously I'm weakening my nerve-power and adding to the misery of some one.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

A petition has been largely signed in New York for the pardon of James D. Fish. The grounds on which it is asked are that Fish was chiefly instrumental in securing the conviction of Ward, and that in any federal court such service would have been recompensed by pardon; that he has suffered grievous personal affliction in the loss of near relatives and in the complete ruin of his property and reputation. The prospect is that the ex-banker will be forced to languish in Auburn, as Cleveland has never shown any sympathy with men of his stamp. The signers of this petition are doubtless largely drawn from Wall-street speculators, whose notions of business honor are proverbially misty.—S. F. Chronicle.

A recent San Francisco dispatch referring to the Panama canal, says: In an interview Wm. McLaughlin, the publisher of the New York Journalist, who has just arrived here via Panama, says work on the canal is being pushed vigorously. There is not a mile that is not being worked. He rode over four miles in the canal. The water is eighteen feet deep. The work is nearly all done by negroes, 25,000 of whom are engaged. The deaths among the negroes are not as great as reported. The company is paying a million dollars for wages, material, etc., monthly. Times are booming at Panam and Aspinwall. He was informed the company decently buried the dead, and paid the doctors' bills and funeral expenses.

Rough on Cattle Men.

San Antonio, May 24.—Meyer Hall, of San Antonio, out of 6,000 head of cattle has lost 3,000. Dead cattle dot the hills in every direction. It is a day's travel between water and grass. The stock hang along the courses where they can get drink until they die from lack of food. Among sheep men the loss has been terrible. One flockmaster has killed 1,200 lambs and another 5,000 because the ewes are too weak from starvation to nourish them. The scent of rotting carcasses is carried by the winds for miles. Recent rains have been too light to be of use. In all the history of the cattle industry of Presidio country there is no record of such universal loss.

A short line railroad from New York to Chicago with \$100,000,000 capital stock is talked of. Irish-Americans are ready to fight for home rule.

GENERAL NEWS.

Dio Lewis, the author and reformer, is dead.
The U. S. man-of-war, Nipsic, is supposed to be lost.
The Turks fired on the Greeks a few days ago, but missed them.
Big preparations are being made in San Francisco for the veterans.
A cigar stump destroyed 90 acres of barley at Williams, Cal., a few days ago.
Very rich and extensive mines have been struck on Vermillion creek, Montana.
Chicago will tolerate no more pugilistic sport. This should provoke a blush in many places.
Mrs. Ex-Senator G. H. Pendleton was recently thrown from a carriage in New York and instantly killed.
The output of gold, silver, lead and copper for 1885 in Montana, reached the enormous sum of twenty-six million dollars.
The Rev. I. R. Hicks of St. Louis foretold the late cyclones in January, and had prepared maps giving in detail just what has happened.
Fifty million dollars of bonds have been called in by the secretary of the treasury in less than four months. Our public debt would soon be paid at this rate.
On the 21st ult. there were only 50,000 people in the United States on a strike, against 125,000 ten days previous. As a result, business was brisk, and future prospects bright.
The wheat crop in Australia is a partial failure, and, for the first time, California wheat is being shipped there. It is thought that Oregon will soon be called on, and that prices will rule high the coming year in consequence.

OUR NEIGHBORS.
(Coos Bay News.)
Capt. Reed commenced work on the new steamer for the Coquille, Monday.
Seven miners are now employed at the Caladonia mine, and the number may be increased.
Robt. E. Henning has been appointed keeper of the Cape Arago life saving station vice Wm. Abbott, resigned.
Marshfield will celebrate the coming fourth of July in grand style. A citizens' meeting will be held, notice of will be given hereafter, for the purpose of selecting grounds and making other arrangements.
(Coos Mail.)
John Levar has started up his logging camp at Sumner.
Gilbert Hall has sold his half interest in the steamer Myrtle, to Capt. Lightner.
The Henryville mine will be opened for increased work. Operations will be commenced at once to sink an air shaft and otherwise improve the works, and coal will be shipped in large quantities.
Arrangements have been completed for two races at Marshfield on the 5th of June. There will be a repeat race, sweepstakes, best two in three, open to all Coos bay horses, except Billy Berry, Joe Woodberry and Stella. Entrance fee, \$15. Hazard's Jessie and Granby's Grace have been entered for this race. There will then be a match race, single dash, 600 yards, between Clamdigger, owned by W. H. Noble, and Joe Woodberry, owned by J. D. Garfield, for \$50.

Rush for Lands.
San Francisco, May 24.—To-day being the day set for filing on the forfeited land of the Atlantic & Pacific grant, there was the greatest rush in the history of the Land Office. There were 275 filings in ninety minutes, many of them being land.
South Carolina is inundated in many places, and cyclones are numerous.