

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 5.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 14 1886.

NO. 5.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Office over Dr. Leneve's Drugstore,
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v2u29

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Special attention given to diseases of women
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for Rheumatism and Neuralgia by the medi-
cated 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 even-
ing. Visiting brethren, in good standing,
cordially invited.

A. F. and A. M.
Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.

Meets at Coquille City on Saturday even-
ing on or before the full moon in each
month.

G. A. R.
Gen. Lytle Post No. 27.

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

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.

BLOODED FOWLS.

Pure bred Brown Leghorn and Plymouth
Rock Poultry for sale by Derward B. Cart-
wright. Yonocilla, Douglas County, Oregon.

Tired Mothers.

'Twas night; in dark and curtained room,
Too tired and worn to feel the gloom,
The creeping shadows round me made,
Myself beside my child I laid.

If I dissatisfied with life,
I sighed each day with work was rife;
Far more I ought than I could do,
Each eve saw tasks but half way through.

The moment's calm, my sleeping child,
Soothed ruffled soul, and care beguiled,
Ashamed of my complaint I appease
My heart, I wrote such lines as these:

"O mothers tired, perplexed, in fear,
A greater work you're doing here
Than you yet know. 'Tis not in vain
The patient word, the aching brain.

"The act seems small oft times to you,
And ceaseless, too, the work you do;
Yet years from now some child will say:
'My mother taught me this good way.'

"The hidden life, the constant toil,
Contains the seed for this fresh soil.
By planting it, the fruit will grow
For you who now unselfish sow.

"The wreath sometimes may crown the brow
That's faded, pale and care-worn now;
What if perchance it comes but late,
When you have passed the Heavenly gate?"

—Good Housekeeping.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

The San Francisco Call, though a partisan paper, doesn't fear to speak out as the following will show: The death of Samuel J. Tilden has been a probable event of any time within the last six years. His advanced age and ill health were all that stood in the way of his nomination to the presidency in 1880. Though he survived the candidate of that convention his health has been too precarious to warrant the assumption of the duties of the responsible office. The political opponents of Mr. Tilden will admit that he was a remarkable man.

Since 1876, when he was nominated for the presidency, he has been the central figure of the democratic organization. Without official position, and with the weight of years that cast all the fruits of life behind him, he has still been, by the sheer force of ability, the leader of his party. His wealth was an element of power, but he was not the richest man in his party. He was probably, all qualities considered, the ablest political leader of his country. The political campaign of 1876 was a proof of his ability as a manager. He entered that campaign with great odds against him. The democratic party had been swept almost out of existence in 1872. The defeat of Mr. Greeley was not limited to a failure to elect a ticket; it was a blow at the vitality of the democratic organization. Democrats had for the first time refused to go to the polls and vote for the nominee of the democratic convention. A great many declared their release from a party that sought success under false colors. Mr. Tilden came to the front during the years which followed Mr. Greeley's political annihilation. His masterly administration of the affairs of New York at a time when the canal ring was at the height of its power pointed to him as the leader to reinstate his party in public confidence. As the time for the meeting of the national convention approached, all other candidates lost ground, and when the convention met it was simply to record an event the popular vote of the party demanded. The historian will tread cautiously over the months which followed the election in 1876. During the canvass the democrats had made a showing of power which alarmed their opponents. For once, at least, there were no blunders to help the republicans out of the lethargy the nomination of Mr. Hayes threw the party into. The points all through the canvass were in favor of Mr. Tilden. The count after the voting showed that Mr. Tilden had carried the states which were regarded as the battlefield of the campaign. He had concentrated his force upon four Northern states, which, with the solid South, were sufficient to secure his election. These four states he carried by handsome majorities. The republic-

lican leaders in a night moved the decisive point to the south by disputing the apparent result in Louisiana and Florida. It is enough to say that the flank movement was successful. A few months later the electoral commission declared that Mr. Hayes had carried both these states. The submission of Mr. Tilden to a verdict which a large portion of his party thought unjust has been urged as a reproach upon his ability to lead. The general opinion, however, is that the period between the election and the final declaration of the result was the grandest epoch in Mr. Tilden's life. The one man who calmly looked on in this crisis was Tilden. The ambition of his life had been to be president, and he doubtless believed himself to have been elected. But when his lieutenants blustered for war the chief remained silent and calm. The people without distinction of party were impressed by the dignity and patriotism of his conduct in this crisis, and if he had again come before the country as a candidate he would have received thousands of votes that were withheld in 1876. The party has had two candidates since and elected one. During all this time no one has disputed with Mr. Tilden the real leadership. He could easily have been nominated over Hancock in 1880 and over Cleveland in 1884. His voice feeble as it was, had more influence over his party than any that was heard while he lived. Without comparing Mr. Tilden to Clay, Webster and Calhoun, neither of whom he resembled in the character of his mind, he was like them in this, that he was greater without the presidency than those who succeeded to the office.

Horse Talk.

Never drive a horse fast on a full stomach. Hurry by going slow the first few miles.

A pail of water at a time is all a horse should have. In an hour it may have more.

The best fly-net for farm horses is not a net but a white cotton sheet strapped on over the harness.

If possible shorten the hours by a longer rest in the noon heat, and unharness the horses that they may take their dinner in comfort. Maud S., "the queen of the turf," is in training in Murphy's hands, and promises to do some very fast miles as soon as the fat is worked off her.

Maxey Cobb, the champion trotting stallion of the world, died the other day at Philadelphia. He had a record of 2:13½, never equaled by any other stallion, and his owner had recently refused \$40,000 for the animal.

Good blood is appreciated more and more every year by those who buy horses for city purposes. The farmer who has the best bred animals to sell generally fares the best. The breeding season is the time to think of this.

If you have a good farm horse, keep him. The difficulties in the way of securing a good horse cannot be realized until the animal is really required and attempts are made at purchasing. But few horses are exempt from defect of some kind.—American Farmer.

Recently in conversation Senator Fair said of Oregon's Senators: "Oregon has the ablest Senators of any Western state. They are the hardest workers, and accomplish more for their state than any other western senators. They are both men of great ability, and Oregon should be proud of them."

Steward & Paden will hereafter have a big supply of choice sausage on hand on Wednesday of each week, and will promptly fill orders from all parts. Send in your orders.

Oregon's Representatives.

While our state representatives in Congress, numerically considered are of minor importance in the eyes of Eastern statesmen, their ability, energy and perseverance has enforced a due respect for Oregon. The Eastern, Southern and Middle States have learned that an Oregon Senator or Congressman is an intellectual foe-man, worthy of their steel, as several tilts in debate have demonstrated.

Senator Dolph has shown in a marked degree an ability as a statesman in several measures presented; and the clear, concise and forcible manner he has presented our wants, needs and requirements, show a devotion to our interests. In his speech upon the fortification and defense bill, he has shown his power for research, analysis and systematizing historical facts and figures concerning national defenses; while the general scope of his views is broad and liberal in sentiment and patriotic in spirit. Mr. Dolph has, by his devotion to the people's interest, called down upon him the censure of a corporate journal near home; but Time, the great leveler, will eventually vindicate him and keep him right before the people he has so ably served.

In Senator Mitchell, Mr. Dolph's colleague in the senate, we have an able and efficient statesman, the peer of any in that body. He is always on the alert, ready in debate, able in argument and powerful in presenting his views for consideration. His earnestness betokens devotion to principle on behalf of his state. He is a man of warm impulses, affable and obliging, ready to do any one a favor, never excusing himself to avoid a personal inconvenience—his political enemies no less than party friends. His speech on the "Chinese Indemnity bill" is a masterly exhibit of the constitutional powers of congress; and his speech on the river and harbor bill is grand and conclusive in argument.

Mr. Hermann, the indefatigable congressman, his name has become a household word in Oregon. Mr. Hermann has had but little experience in congress, but his energy and untiring diligence and patience has shown his fitness for the place and demonstrated that the people showed good sense in re-electing him. His devotion to the interest of his constituents and his persistence in presenting their wants and requirements before congress has shown Mr. Hermann to possess marked ability as a statesman.—Roseburg Plaindealer.

The cost of the proposed tunnel between Ireland and Scotland is estimated at \$25,000,000, with \$5,000,000 additional for land approaches.

Envelopes for social correspondence are becoming larger and larger. Many now have an illuminated monogram or crest on the flap.

A little newsboy found a fat pocket book on Third and Stark streets yesterday morning and restored it to the owner who retraced his steps in search of it. The man was in ecstasies of delight. "There is \$40 in it," he said, "I am awful glad you found it. Here, smoke this." The cigar was bad enough to make an honest man turn stage robber.—Ex.

Remember this: We give the HERALD and San Francisco Chronicle for \$2.75 per year; the HERALD and S. F. Call, \$2.50; the HERALD and S. F. Examiner, \$3.00; and the HERALD and Home & Farm \$2.50—all in advance. The latter papers the Home & Farm, will be sent a year free to any address by the sender paying one year in advance for the HERALD and any arrears that he may owe.

THE NORTH POLE.

The excitement consequent upon the anticipated departure of Mr. Gilder for the North Pole has recently awakened in the bosom of the American people a new interest in what I may term that great terra incognita, if I may be pardoned for using a phrase from my own mother tongue.

Let us for a moment look back across the bleak waste of years, and see what wonderful progress has been made in the discovery of the pole. We may then ask ourselves, who will be first to tack his location notice on the pole itself, and what will he do with it after he has so filed upon it?

Iceland, I presume, was discovered about 860 A. D., 1,026 years ago, but the stampede to Iceland has always been under control, and you can get corner lots in the most desirable cities of Iceland, and wear a long, rickety name, with links in it like a rosewood sausage, to-day, at a low price. Naddodr, a Norwegian viking discovered Iceland A. D. 860, but he did not live to meet Lieutenant Greely or any of our most celebrated northern tourists. Why Naddodr yearned to go north and discover a colder country than his own, why he should seek to wet his feet and get icicles down his back in order to bring to light more snowbanks and chilblains, I can not at this time understand. Why should a robust and prosperous viking roam around in the cold, trying to nose out more frost-bitten Esquimaux, when he could remain at home and viks?

But I leave this to the thinking mind. Let the thinking mind grapple with it. It has no charms for me. October, another Norwegian gentleman, sailed around North Cape and crossed the Arctic Circle in 890 A. D., but he crossed it in the night, and didn't notice it at the time.

Two or three years later, Erik the Red took a large snow-shovel and discovered the east coast of Greenland. Erik the Red was a Northman, and he flourished along about the ninth century, and before the war. He sailed around in that country for several years, drinking bay rum and bear's oil and having a good time. He wore fur underclothes all the time winter and summer, and evaded the poll-tax for a long time. Erik also established a settlement on the southeast coast of Greenland in about latitude 60 degrees north. These people remained here for some time, subsisting on shrimp salad, sea-moss farina, and neat's-foot oil. But finally they become so bored with the quiet country life and the backward springs that they removed from there to a land that is fairer than day, to use the words of another. They removed during the holidays, leaving their axle-grease and all they held dear, including their remains.

From that on down to 1380 we hear, or read, varying and disconnected accounts of people who have been up that way, acquired a large red chilblain, made an observation, and died. Representatives from almost every quarter of the globe have been to the far north, eaten their little hunk of jerked polar bear, and then the polar bear has eaten his little hunk of jerked explorer, and so the good work went on. The polar bear, with his wonderful retentive faculties, succeeded in retaining his great secret regarding the pole, together with the man who came out there to find out about it. So up to 1380 a large number of nameless explorers went to this celebrated watering place, shot a few pemmican, ate a jerked whale, shuddered a couple of times, and died. It has been the history of arctic exploration from the earliest ages. Men have taken their lives

and a few doughnuts in their hands, wandered way into the uncertain light of the frozen north, made a few observations—to each other regarding, the backward spring—and then caught their skeletons forever.

In 1380 two Italians named Lem took a load of sun-kissed bananas and made a voyage to the extreme north, but the historian says that the accounts are so conflicting, and as the stories told by the two brothers did not agree and neither ever told it the same on two separate occasions, the history of their voyage is not used very much.

Years rolled on. Boys continued to go to school and see in their geographies enticing pictures of men in expensive fur clothing running sharp iron spears and long, dangerous stab-knives into ferocious white bears, and snorting around on large cakes of cold ice, and having a good time. These inspired the growing youth to rise up and do likewise. So every nation 'neath the sun has contributed its assortments of choice, white skeletons and second-hand cloths to the remorseless maw of the hungry and ravenous north.

And still the great pole continued to squeak on through days that were six months long and nights that made breakfast seem almost useless.

In 1477 Columbus went up that way, but did not succeed in starving to death. He got a bird's-eye view of a large deposit of dark-blue ice, got hungry, and came home.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the northern nations of Europe, and especially the Dutch, kept the discovery business red-hot, but they did not get any fragments of the true pole. The maritime nations of Europe, together with other foreign powers, dynasties, and human beings, for some time had spells of visiting the polar seas and neglecting to come back. It was the custom then, as it is now, to go twenty rods farther than any other man had ever been, eat a deviled boot-leg, curl up and perish. Thousands of the best and brightest minds of all ages have yielded to this wild desire to live on sperm oil, pain-killer, and jerked walrus, keep a little blue diary for thirteen weeks and then feed it to a tall, white bear with red gums.

That is not all. Millions of gallons of whisky are sent to these frozen countries and used by the explorer in treating the untutored Esquimaux, who are not, and never will be voters. It seems to me utterly ill-advised and shamefully idiotic. —Bill Nye in Chicago News.

Mrs. Frank M. Gray, wife of the editor of the Davenport Times, of Lincoln county, W. T., has been nominated by the democratic convention of that county for school superintendent. The Times being a democratic paper is bound not only to support, but to puff the candidates on the ticket, which it does in fine style, until it comes to the nominee for school superintendent when it says: "Now we are stumped." An editor can come down to say pleasant things about his neighbors or friends but when he's pushed to giving his wife taffy, its tough, especially when she's a democrat. Now we can only say that Mrs. Gray is no spring chicken. She has taught six years in the graded schools of Walla Walla, holds a high grade certificate, is thoroughly conversant with school law, and is enthusiastic so far as the elevation of institutions of learning is concerned. We can say no more. She has got into this campaign through her friends, and by the great horn spoon we propose to let her fight it out. She is now at Walla Walla attending to her little son, who is quite ill. Were she here we would have to write this on our cuff and pass it to the compositor.—Ex.