

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 5.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCT. 12, 1886.

NO. 9.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Office over Dr. Leneve's Drugstore.
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

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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.
J. C. Laird, N. G.

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.
Yoncola, Douglas County, Oregon.

OH, FOR A MAN!
Oh, for a man! the clear voice sang,
And through the church the echo rang.
Oh, for a man! the song again—
How could such sweetness plead in vain?
The bad boys grinned across the aisles,
The deacon's frowns were changed to smiles,
The singer's cheek turned deepest pink
At bass and tenor's wicked wink.
The girls that bore the alto part
Then took the strain with all their heart;
Oh, for a man, a man, a man—
And then the full-voiced choir began.
To sing with all their might and main
The finish to the girl's refrain;
Oh, for a man in the skies,
A man—a man—in the skies.
—M. C. Thompson, in Judge.

SOUTHERN OREGON, Its Mines and Prospects.

The following letter to the Daily News of October 4th is contributed by S. B. Pettigill:

Southern Oregon has been a mining country since its first settlement, but with the exception of a few rich pockets, the gold has been mostly taken out of the placer diggings. Some of these have been very rich, and many of them still yield good pay. With such an extensive area of placer diggings it is natural to suppose that somewhere in the region there must be good quartz mines. The country, however, has not been thoroughly prospected for quartz. In all that region there has been scarcely a hole a hundred feet deep sunk into the ground. This is partly because the country has been, until quite recently, without railroads, and partly because the old miners have cared but little for quartz. Recent developments are attracting attention to the possibilities of wealth hidden in the rocks and without doubt more persistent efforts will now be made to realize them. The rich strike that has just been made on Starveout creek, has already stimulated prospecting in that vicinity. A few Portland men are interested in that discovery, and when its results are better known, it ought not to be difficult for good prospectors to get a "grab stake" in this city. The country in many respects is a very favorable one to prospect in.

The climate is mild and the season for work in the open air very long; game abounds, feed is generally plenty for pack animals, and all the necessary means of subsistence are cheap. The erection of a stamp mill by Mr. Brown at Gold Hill will enable prospectors to get a mill test of their ore, for I understand that it is the purpose of Mr. Brown and Mr. Haskell, who are making arrangements to reduce the ore of the Svinglin mine, to extend their milling operations as inducements may offer, and assist in the development of other properties. The country will soon have railroad connection with San Francisco, and this will let in miners and traders from that direction. A great many miners are looking towards this region as the most attractive field on the coast, and I am confident that it has promise enough to justify their hopes of finding good properties.

The mine just brought into notoriety on Starveout has been for many years believed to be very rich, but it has been difficult to sustain the expenditure of money and labor necessary to open it. The faith of those who have made this expenditure is now abundantly rewarded. A deposit of almost pure gold has been opened within surrounding rock that is rich enough for profitable milling. Other prospects might turn out equally well if intelligently worked. To use a common phrase, quartz mining in Southern Oregon "is yet in its infancy." During a recent visit to the region I heard of many localities where prospectors might turn their attention with reasonable reward. In either one of the five southwestern counties of Oregon there are promising fields for work of this kind, and the completion of the railroad will open

other fields in Del Norte and Siskiyou counties. This work must be done by men from the outside, for the old inhabitants know but little about quartz, and consequently take but little interest in it. They would soon become enlisted in the work probably, and give to any proper effort to develop the region the benefit of their "insight." Mining, I believe, is the only thing that can give much impetus to the development of the country. With the exception of the sea coast, the country has seen its best days as a stock range. The bunch grass of early days has disappeared and in its place has grown a weaker squirrel grass that is of little value for fall and winter grazing.

I was sorry to see in the beautiful valleys of the Umpqua what I could not help regarding as signs of retrogression, beyond the stage of mere stagnation. Along the South Umpqua where I found the most attractive wayside scenery and an excellent natural road, there were here and there signs of decay, and the road to the coast has the same depressing appearance. The local business of stage and freight trains has been absorbed by the railroad, and as yet nothing has been done to supply the home demand for labor and its products. A mining development would stimulate every local enterprise, and impart new life to every community.

The city of Portland might contribute to this development with no risk of loss, if a number of its citizens should unite to employ prospectors and furnish them capital to prove the value of mines already discovered, and enable them to discover more. An associated effort of this kind would, I am confident, meet with encouragement from the management of the railroad company which would profit by the effort, and still more by its success. Every kind of business in the city in fact, would feel the quickening influence.

It has been my opinion for some time that the two most promising resources of development in this state, are its lumber and its mines. If any manufacturing of magnitude and profit is to be carried on in Portland, it must be that of lumber. The only other resource for the early revival of our discouraged agriculture and the enlargement of trade is to be sought in the mines. With an encouraging rate for shipment to the East, the lumber traffic of this city ought to increase fifty or a hundred fold within two years. With liberal encouragement to mining enterprises, almost every industry in the state would increase and flourish.

During my recent trip to the Southern counties, I met an old miner who had just come over from the head of John Day river, where he had seen the late discoveries of what he said was the richest gold quartz he had ever seen. This discovery is near Leddependence, in the old Granite creek region, where it had been run over for years by placer miners. Like most of the richest discoveries of quartz, it "stuck right out of the ground" and only waited, like the "open, sesame," for the knock of the prospector to disclose a wealth that is almost beyond the dreams of avarice. Rock that was lying in the road is worth two dollars a pound, and an immense bluff overhanging the road is seamed with the same rich rock. I mention it in this connection, as it shows that because, in a region like Southern Oregon, old placer miners have not discovered rich ledges of quartz, it would be unwise to infer that such ledges do not exist.

The republicans of San Francisco are kicking at their cut and dried city and county ticket and will put out an independent ticket.

Know-Nothingism Revived.

On the revival of Know-nothingism that sterling and ever wide-awake journal, the Portland News, says: It is nothing new that in a time of intense popular feeling, men should band together and organize for what is supposed to be the common good. The growth of anarchism and socialism in the East and Mongolianism and Mormonism in the West, is conceded to be due largely to the foreign element in our population. So great have these evils become, that everything that was once included in the expression true Americanism, seems sometimes in danger of being superseded by foreign heresies.

It is not strange, therefore, that a reaction should set in, and under momentary excitement people should go to the other extreme, and revive the exploded doctrine of "nativism." Already conventions of so-called American party have been held, and the fiat has gone forth that all our naturalization laws should be at once repealed.

It is thirty years since the Know-nothing party swept the country, and for a time it seemed as if it would become a permanent factor in American politics. Its objects were to check the growth of "alienism," to oppose Roman Catholicism, purify the ballot, maintain the bible in the public schools and refuse the right of citizenship to foreign born residents until they had been in the country for twenty-one years. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 had demoralized politics in the north. Men of all shades of belief joined the ranks of the "American" party, and in 1855 more than a million and a half of voters had pledged themselves to the principles of the new party. But after all, its chief purpose was, as has been well said, to form a bridge whereby many old Whigs crossed over to the Republican party.

Yet even that movement began in 1853, was the revival of the "Native American" party of 1830, which had assumed in various places the form of a powerful political organization. The growth and power of the foreign elements, especially in our large cities, had occasioned the same alarm in the country in the fourth and sixth decades of the century as it is doing in this ninth decade.

Yet the absolute disfranchisement of foreign born persons seems as unjust as it is impracticable. The United States owes much of its growth and wealth to its citizens of foreign birth. The German and Irish Americans were among the most patriotic citizens during the war, and it would be the height of ingratitude to not recognize such services in the past. The Swedish Americans are among the most valued citizens in the Northwest. Because hoodlums seek to control municipal affairs in large cities, because foreign anarchists are breathing out threatenings and slaughter against American institutions, and because foreign-born fanatics are seeking to implant their abominable doctrines and practices in the Great Basin of the West, may afford sufficient reasons for remodeling our immigration laws, but the time has hardly yet arrived to revive the "Native American" doctrine. It should be remembered that even with our present rate of increasing population, it will take centuries before the present area of the United States would be as thickly settled as England. It should also be borne in mind that the foreign immigration is now only about one-half of what it was in 1881.

It would certainly be a salutary reform to insist that America shall not continue to be as it has been in the past, the dumping ground for all the cranks, fanatics and criminals that make up the dregs of European society. Our immi-

gration laws could be so amended that no immigrant could be allowed to land without a certificate from the American consul resident nearest to the district whence the immigrant comes, to the effect that he has borne a good character, is a law-abiding citizen and capable of making his own living. With some such wholesome restraints, it seems to us, it would be wholly unnecessary to adopt the plan of surrounding the country with a Chinese wall of conservatism and prejudice.

There is plenty of room for deserving foreigners. Let them come and unite with us in working out the problems of humanity and law-abiding liberty. It is the glory of American institutions that they are capable of absorbing all classes and conditions of men who are willing to submit to the reign of law. And as long as such persons, striving for the light of liberty, aspire to shake off the shackles of old-world tyrannies and seek to cast in their lot with us, it seems hardly true Americanism to forbid them.

The Quantity of Meat to the Acre.

Here is an important question to which probably but few farmers can give an intelligent or correct answer. Take the cattle, sheep, hogs and calves sold off the farm each year for a series of years, and then tell the average number of pounds of meat raised on the farm is the test of the skill of the farmer, and it is a question that demands the attention of the farmer as much as any other. The production of meat is the real aim that all should work for; not the production for a single year, but for a series of years. As one of the marketable crops it is of as much importance as the wheat or wool, and is often manufactured out of what is in no other way marketable. We can always closely approximate what the profits are an acre when we know the number of ripe cattle, sheep or hogs that have been sent to market. It is strange that but few farmers ever discuss this question of meat raising, for it is one that carries with it the amount of wheat and grain that shall be produced per acre. Where mixed farming is the rule, as it is in Minnesota, there is no farm that can consume the produce without live-stock; and the crop to be produced cannot be increased without live stock to produce that which will keep the land in a condition to yield bountiful crops.—Ex.

A Salt Lake paper speaking of the greatest brute of the age says:

We wish the Associated Press agents in the east would do the weary west one lasting favor and never again in the dispatches mention the name of the burly brute John L. Sullivan until he really has a fight or dies. He is simply a drunken, wife beating loafer, who lives by the fame which the press agents give him. He ought to be carrying a hod. Ten thousand better men are engaged in that business, and yet it costs the newspapers of the United States several thousand dollars weekly to advertise some exploit of his which is to come off. This business has been continuous for three years past, and it is becoming exceedingly monotonous. If some one would take a fence rail or wagon stake and knock him out the first round, and silence him for all time to come, the western newspaper men would make up a heavy purse and reward the benefactor of humanity bountifully. Those who believe in Divine Providence cannot understand why Sullivan was not called to Charleston week before last and given quarters in some house that the earthquake destroyed.

John Mackay was to have arrived at Portland on Friday in the interest of the Bennett-Mackay telegraph line.

An old Fable in Simple Division.

"Can we compromise this thing?" said dispirited Labor, firing a brick at a passing deputy sheriff. "Can we not agree upon an equitable division of the game which we hunt together? I admit that I am hungry."

"Certainly," replied Capital, handing the deputy a Winchester. "And you may have your choice. You may have buzzard and I will take the turkey. Or, I will take the turkey and you may have all the buzzard. I will take what you leave."

"But," says Labor, "that does not suit me at all. I want some of the turkey."

"Greedy villain!" replied Capital, "all of buzzard and some turkey! Am I to be robbed by the very man I feed? Away, and be grateful that I do not take away your buzzard!"

Labor goes away and trades off his buzzard for a pound of dynamite.

Moral: A too long continued diet of buzzard is apt to create an unconquerable and ravenous taste for turkey.—Ex.

"The Summer Exodus."

I am not sorry "Spinster" in our good little paper for August, expressed her sympathy for the men whose wives go on a summer's outing. I think no less of her, and perhaps the men like and respect her more for it.

Will she now give a little sympathy to the wives who stay at home all their lives while their husbands flirt from one end of the land to the other, any or every year?

She has in mind a married pair. I also. With children grown, but plenty of babies left to need home care. In twenty years the wife has hardly spent five nights from home, visiting, traveling or boarding; nor eat at another's table twenty times. But the husband goes to scientific conventions, soldiers' reunions, teachers' institutes, agricultural fairs, to buy property, or sell goods, or collect debts, or takes advantage of excursion rates, to see, or to rest. How could he live, poor fellow, without diversion from wife and children, and rest from the selfish brutality he uses at home. No one is more fond of nice victuals than he. He has a sensitive, poetic temperament. He needs some one to smooth his path and brush his hair; to make things pleasant and give him sympathy, and especially appreciation, which to his mind is admiration, approval. Possibly our generous "Spinster" has some to spare for him.

And, on second thought, I don't believe his wife would care for any sympathy when he leaves home for his vacations. To see his back and and know he can't make an excuse to return—that he got on the cars and they have started—then can she give such a sigh of relief as "Spinster" never imagined.

He says, what she seems to think—that marriage was instituted to prevent adultery. But he can stay from home without conjugal infidelity. He is the nice, generous, pleasant, good man, when among strangers. He saves all his lower nature for gratification at home.—Ladies Home Journal.

An exchange in speaking of what disposition should be made of the Apache, Geronimo, says that the honor of the republic forbids the working of personal revenge upon an Indian chieftain, whose chief crime was the patriotic defense of the home of his fathers, and who did not surrender until worn out by wounds and starved on a diet of roots and snakes. Geronimo is but one man, and we, who are sixty million strong, can afford to recognize the heroism of the redskin who fought until he stood alone facing death, and content ourselves with exiling him to the palm groves of Florida.