

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 5.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEB. 15, 1887.

NO. 27.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

S. N. A. DOWNING, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
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Calls—day or night—Promptly attended

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND OBSTETRICIAN.
Special attention given to diseases of women and children, and all chronic forms of disease. Cases of obstructions, tooth extracted for 50 cents each. Special treatment for Rheumatism and Neuralgia by the medicated vapor bath.
Office at residence on Cunningham creek.

D. L. STEELE, M. D.
Dentist.
Marshfield, Oregon.
Office in Holland building, opposite Bianco Hotel. Laughing gas and other anesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. v1n1

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O. E. SMITH,
Surgeon Dentist,
office
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
v1n1.

L. F. LANE, JOHN LANE
LANE & LANE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a Speciality.
Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.
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J. M. SIGLIN, JOHN A. GRAY.
Siglin & Gray,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.
Office—Holland building, opposite Bianco Hotel. v2n29

W. SINCLAIR,
Attorney at Law,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

T. G. OWEN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MARSHFIELD, OOR.

S. H. HAZARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
EMPIRE CITY, OOR.

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

D. L. WATSON,
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J. H. NOSLER,
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McMILLAN BROS.
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v5n16

A. H. WRIGHT,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
Coquille City, Ogn.
Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v3n48

Gen. WALLACE CAMP,
No. 2, S. of V.
Meets at Coquille City every first and third Friday of each month. Members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
Levi Snyder, H. I. Clinton,
Capt. First Surgeon.

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.
S. P. C. Johnson, 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.
Geo. McEwan,
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.

The Bandon Beach.

O, we love to stroll,
Where the billows roll,
On a cheerful and cloudless day;
And roam o'er the strands,
With their jewelled sands,
And to watch the wild waves at play.

The water it raves
In the sounding caves,
In the gloomy and dark defiles—
Rushing and dashing,
Seething, and splashing,
Through the echoing, sombre tides.

Or, rippling in ripples,
Smiles and dimples,
They steal up so softly and slow,
To startle some poet,
Whom they often meet,
On their fair shores long ago!

Sitting on a rock,
Beyond the shock
Of the incoming, angry wave,
We think of this life—
Its sorrows and strife,
And the life that's beyond the grave.

There, with shining band,
In Summer land,—
In that land of ancient story,—
We hope we will be,
Through eternity,
In happiness, peace and glory.

Then! Cheer up, and one!
Come! Take courage, man!
The Heavens are brilliant with light!
Of the glancing ray
Peeps through—you've passed the night!
—George Bennett.

Klamath County Letter.

Friend Dean:—Perhaps you would like to hear a word from me. Your paper, the HERALD, comes quite regular, freighted with many items of news from the old home or vicinity. We are all well, and well pleased with this country, so far. Up to the 19th of January we have had one of the most pleasant and beautiful winters that I have ever seen in any country. For the last four days the weather has been somewhat stormy. The snow on the hills is several inches deep. Here, in the valley, the ground is but partially covered. Cattle and horses on the range are fine and fat. People are busy (some of them) ploughing and getting ready for the spring crops. Health is quite good, and the writer No. 1.
As ever yours, John L. Ofield.
Jan. 23, 1887.

Disheartened missionary, returning to his field after years of absence: "Oh, unhappy man, you have lapsed into error and darkness and paganism again!" Chief heathen, apologetically: "Well, you see, after you went away a Catholic missionary came along and told us the bad place was full of Methodists, and so he secured us into his communion; then he went away and a Presbyterian came along and waked us up on regeneration, adoption and election, and we joined his church; then an Episcopalian came and we burned our Westminsters and stocked up on prayer-books; then he left and a Baptist lauded and walked us into the water and baptised us right, and we'd just about got settled when a New Congregationalist came over and told us that so long as we were heathen we had a dead sure thing of going to heaven; but if we became Christians we had to walk mighty straight or go to the everlasting bonfire. So we ate him up, burned our bibles and resumed business at the old stand. Boys, put the parson in the cage and fat him for Thanksgiving day."—Bob Burdette.

There are no people worse oppressed than those of Oregon and Washington above the Dalles. The railroad companies size the pile and take it. They should be relieved in some way; the river ought to be fixed for some sort of navigation, or the railroads be compelled to carry at reasonable rates. The legislature has taken hold of the matter, and we find the following in the proceedings of that body: Palmer from the Columbia River Improvement committee submitted a report of their visit and recommended memorializing congress for an appropriation of \$1,373,000 for the speedy completion of a boat railroad around the Dalles and for the speedy completion of the locks at the Cascades.

A Long Thing.

Years ago, with eyes of faith in all things animate, I saw, as it were, a vision of beauty, of light, of love, of hate, arrogance and pride; a vision of judgement, the beginning, and the end of all perfection. I say years ago I saw, and I am still seeing. The habit seems to grow on me like a pair of horns; ever year I see new sights of nature or of art, in bird or fruit or flower, in grass or grain, forest or field, in the animate or inanimate; visions of beauty and ugliness, of light and darkness, joy and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, pain and pleasure, until time has crowded all this seeing into the sentimental pot and boiled it down. All things from the symmetric form and Angelic face of Eve's fairest daughter to the mole on a bachelor's nose, comes under my observation. I saw beauty enough last summer to prove that heaven and earth had changed places, and I saw homeliness enough at the same time to prove that Darwin's theory is correct. I see cloven feet and cloven tongues all roused me; I see great bundles of faults in other people, but when I look in a mirror, I see none at all. I go to balls and masquerades. I see lots of fun; then I go and get up on Jacob's ladder, and yell out all the ridiculous things all the rest of the dancers do. I saw the calves chew a fellow last fall, and was bit by a gander myself at the same time. I have seen enough fun since the rain commenced to entitle me to the position of town fool. And I've seen enough trouble since Mrs. Lodi joined the Relief Corps to make me trigger eyed for years to come. I saw a teamster make fun of another's horses, when his own would not pull a setting hen off the nest; I saw a red-eyed Roman nosed young man make fun of a young lady's awkward motions and large feet, when he himself swung along the street like the tail-end of destruction, and make a track in the mud like an ash-hopper; I saw one man spit tobacco juice on another man's pants legs in church and then go home to dinner and swear because he found a hair in a biscuit; I saw an official looking lady and gentleman go along the street. They said they were the foreman and president of a slander cannery. Oh! I tell you there is a great deal to see in this little puny world of ours, if we only look for it. The idea of people going through life and never see a boy two feet high smoking a cigarette a foot long, or see 6 or 8 more of the same size playing keeps on the side walk—not poker or faro, but keeps—not with aces or jacks or kings, but with marbles; and any one can see that Coquille City needs a street dryer, a light house and a dog pound.

Lodi.

Resolved, By the officers and brethren of Chadwick Lodge, No. 68, A. F. & A. M. that we extend our heartfelt sympathy and regard to the family and friends of our beloved brother, Wm. Morris.

That our lodge be draped in mourning thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of our deceased brother and that they be printed in our city paper.

Committee: Thos. R. Willard,
(A. J. Sherwood.

Congress is trying to get a law passed that will prevent any member of that body acting as an attorney for any railroad corporation.

The press is discussing the question of Secretary Manning being impeached. He is charged with failing to purchase \$2,000,000 worth of silver each month, and violating the law that provides for the redemption of mutilated notes in new ones of the same denomination.

Maxwell, the St. Louis murderer has been reprieved and will get a stay of execution till April.

No more till death.
R. O. L.
Oakland, Douglas Co., Feb. 7.

Subscribe for the HERALD

Climbing up the State House Stairs!

[As sung by Billy Dugan at the recent H. A. C. minstrel entertainment at Salem.]
The legislature is meeting,
The members they are greeting,
Climbing up the state house stairs,
But when they get through their session
Some of them will need compassion,
For they never again will climb the state house stairs.

They reached the highest peg
When they elected Speaker Gregg,
Climbing up the state house stairs,
But look out for those "gossoms,"
They'll borrow the spittoons,
Coming down the state house stairs.

Chorus—I hear the people yelling,
I hear them, I do declare;
And I hear them softly treading
Climbing up the state house stairs,
There's my old friend, Frank Hodgkin,
I'm sorry he didn't get in—

Climbing up the state house stairs,
But then he sheds no tears
For he's been there now eight years,
Climbing up the state house stairs,
And there's Charley Moores, too,
He looks awful blue

Climbing up the State House Stairs,
But for a job he is not lacking
He will drive the shabwood wagon
Instead of climbing the state house stairs,
Chorus—I hear the people yelling
I hear them, I do declare,
And I hear them softly treading,
Climbing up the state house stairs.

There's Mr. Roberts of Curry,
He's always in a hurry
Climbing up the state house stairs,
But his work he never shirks
Though he's sweet on lady clerks,
Climbing up the state house stairs,
Gus Wheeler's time's expired,
And I think he's awful tired

Climbing up the state house stairs,
Lower in the world he's sunk,
Till he's cashier in a bank,
And no more he climbs the state house stairs,
Chorus—I hear the people yelling
I hear them, I do declare,
And I hear them softly treading,
Climbing up the state house stairs.

Resolution of Condolence.

To the W. M. and brethren of Chadwick Lodge No. 68.

Your committee appointed to prepare resolutions of sympathy and condolence on the death of Brother Wm. Morris, respectfully submit the following:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an All-wise Providence our beloved brother, Wm. Morris, has been called from our midst to partake of Divine refreshment in the Grand Lodge above, we are reminded that we, too, are mortal, and that soon our bodies will be laid away in the silent tomb, "there to rest in the stilly shades. There the worm will cover us and darkness and silence rest around our melancholy abode." We shall miss the friendly advice of our brother, who was always advising for our good. We shall no more clasp hands with him on earth, no more will his pleasant face be with us at our meetings, but the remembrance of our brother will be with us as long as life lasts.

"Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
And in Heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed."

While we mourn for the dead, let us not forget our obligations to the widow and fatherless, trusting them to him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," who will be ever mindful, and watchful over them. Therefore be it

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FROM ROSEBURG.

Ed. HERALD:—January went out like a lion and February came in like another. The ground-hog awoke from his Rip Van Winkle slumber and came out to take in the situation. One glance convinced him that he was still in Oregon, and he went back for another two months' sleep. On the morning of the 1st there were about three inches of snow, and it snowed almost the entire day, but melted about as fast as it fell, and in the evening there was no material change in the depth. The sun showed himself once or twice for a few minutes, but it seemed to be with much reluctance. He evidently did not wish to throw his genial rays upon this people. I presume that the late scandal had something to do with it. The second day of February was a repetition of the first, but it had more material to work on; there were six inches of snow in the morning, and it snowed all day, at intervals. The sun did not show himself at all. Feb. 3rd. The snow is now fully ten inches deep, and it continues to snow. Three years ago we had just such another spell, but if this keeps on much longer it will be worse. The mail carrier informs me that the snow is four feet deep on the divide this side of Laird's. "A Life on the Ocean Wave" is all well enough, but when it comes to "Beautiful Snow," I wish to be excused.

"These Bones Shall Rise Again." It is stated upon good authority that Brigham Young is now living in seclusion in Nebraska. The report of his having been seen in London, and his sudden and mysterious disappearance so soon after the execution of Lee gives the story credence. Another matter which gives the report authenticity is that the elders of the Mormon church have lately been preaching the return of the prophet. If such is the case, I suppose that the old devil will soon appear in his emotional role of "The Second Coming of Christ."

The committee's report on H. B. 50 to appropriate \$12,000 to aid Coos and Douglas counties to construct a wagon road was unfavorable.

There is but little late news from the legislature. No business has been transacted by the house for three days. A majority of the members are down at Yaquina on a clamming expedition. The senate, however, has been grinding away. Dr. Watts will present to-day a resolution in the senate authorizing a special election in November next in the matter of the three constitutional amendments which are to be submitted to the people; to prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquors; to change the date of elections from June to November to conform to practice in other states, and to give the legislature authority to regulate the salaries of state officers. The cost of the special election will be about \$40,000. By all means give us the special election; it is cheap enough considering the fair prospect of gaining the first named.

A bill has been passed providing for the removal of the remains of the late ex-Gov. Gibbs to Oregon. It's snowing.

"Cor."
Roseburg, Feb. 3rd. 1887.

A Rough Time.

Last Wednesday, Leander Mattson and a man named Berry started from the Umpqua on foot to visit friends on the bay. When they arrived at Ten Mile they left the beach, thinking they could effect an easier crossing farther up stream. Berry built a raft and attempted to cross, but the current was too swift, and he was carried to sea, where the first breaker demolished the raft. Berry, however, managed to regain shore, well

drenched with salt water. Mattson then swam across and rejoined Berry, and they again struck out for their destination. After proceeding some distance Mattson became chilled through, and could walk no farther. His companion carried him about a mile and a half, when his strength failed. He then built a fire on the beach, and propping up Mattson, who by this time was helpless, between two logs, left him, to hunt more firewood. When he returned he found Mattson lying partly in the fire, both feet and knees burned in a shocking manner. The injured man was unconscious, and Berry was of the opinion that he was dying. He immediately started for assistance, and finally arrived at the Henderson place, where three fishermen reside, who returned with him. It was Thursday morning by this time, Mattson having laid out in the snow and rain all night. When they found him he was moving about, but was not in his right mind. He was carried to Empire and Dr. Cook called in, who applied external and internal remedies, which greatly relieved the sufferer. He was brought to Marshfield, where his relatives reside, on Sunday, and at last accounts was getting along nicely. The doctor feels satisfied he will bring him out all right.—News.

Rain, snow, wind and high water. Saturday's mail from the bay did not reach this valley until Monday morning and then the mail carrier going east set out a-foot and alone with the pack on his back.

J. B. Mason, A. McCulloch and J. H. Cleveland were detained a few days in the valley last week by high water. Monday morning the storm had abated and the water subsided so they went forth. Mr. M. and Mr. C. left the valley in company with J. Laird. Mr. M. is looking after the interest of the Coos Bay wagon road and was bound for Coos bay. Mr. L. has gone to your town on business, and Mr. C. to his bachelor quarters at Middle creek. A. McCulloch left on Tuesday for Douglas county. The storm is doing a great deal of damage in these parts. Stock is dying. The road is filled with fallen timber and the telegraph wire is a complete wreck. We will hope that J. B. Mason will find some whole-souled, energetic, work-looking man who will take the road and make it as good as new in time for spring travel.

The wagon shed at Laird's, and also the stage barn at McCulloch's station, have been broken in by snow. Fortunately no stock was killed, as the mail horses had just been taken out.

The snow at this writing is 22 inches. Where is that individual who brags on the climate of Coos Co? Where does he stay during the storm that he can come out in the sunshine and praise the mildness of Oregon climate?

I once heard of a man who fell from the third story of a building, and by alighting on his cheek, escaped without injury. But I didn't know he had come to Oregon and was now a resident of Coos Co. He didn't sign his name Webfoot, but we all know he is one, for no one else would talk as he has.

WANTED:—Several weeks of sunshine of the best quality.
LATER:—The mail carrier going east worked all day and only succeeded in getting five miles from the station, and was obliged to return at night with the mail he started with.
Cricket.
Feb. 3.
Bandon had $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch of snow during the late storm.