

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 5.

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

NO. 31.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices.

**Gen. WALLACE CAMP,**  
No. 2, S. of V.  
Meets at Coquille City every first Saturday after full moon each month. Members in good standing are cordially invited.  
Levi Snyder, H. I. Clinton,  
Captains, First Sergeant.

**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 Bachelor's Soliloquy.

I do not like a girl that's tall,  
A girl that's short is worse than all;  
A girl that's still I would not woo,  
A girl that's pert is odious, too;  
I sigh not for the girl that's fat,  
And one that's lean is worse than that;  
I would not court the one that's old,  
Unless, indeed, she's got the gold;  
And one that's young I would not wed,  
For youth is fickle, so 'tis said;  
I would not have a girl that's fair,  
And one that's dark I cannot bear;  
A girl of sense I could not rule,  
And yet I would not wed a fool;  
A flirting girl I would not take,  
For she my heart would surely break;  
A girl that talks from morn till night  
I always look on with affright;  
I find it very hard to suit,  
Because of having so much fruit;  
No pick had Adam, I believe,  
The only woman then was Eve;  
But he no doubt deemed her a prize,  
He took her and lost Paradise!  
—F. L. Squires, in Norristown Herald.

## San Diego, Letter.

San Diego, Cal.,  
Feb. 26, 1887.

Editor HERALD—Dear Friend:—The other morning going to the postoffice I saw in my box what I took to be an ad for roasted chestnuts. Imagine my surprise on taking it out to find it our old friend the Coquille City HERALD. I said to myself, John has joined the prohibition party; but why come out in a wine color, and then too in a country like Coquille where they have 76 inches of rainfall in three months. I should think whisky would be preferable to that. I soon found it was all right; John's paper had got wet and they had to take what they could find, yet it is a welcome visitor in whatever color it comes. It comes like an old friend, and is always welcome. The people of Coos Co. should always keep it alive. It has been a good friend to them through wet and dry. Its editor always looks after their interest—always a hearty welcome to new comers and reluctant to say farewell to a friend.

I wish to tell, through the HERALD, about our winter. It seems strange to call the past three months winter. It is true we have had a few frosty mornings. We see reports in the papers of the terrible cold of Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, etc. Visitors come here who five days before saw the thermometer 30 degrees below, and snow two feet on a level. They come here and are willing to live on barnacles and sprat.

The city is still growing. More railroads are coming in. It is not so good for carpenters, as two months ago; 100 idle men have stood around for a month. Some have left. Real estate not as lively as it used to be; yet every one seems to feel confident of a lively summer.

Oranges coming in now retail at 75cts. per dozen. I can buy them cheaper in Oregon.

Had it not been for the late rain, Southern Cal. would have taken a back seat. Not one inch of rainfall for 8 months until the first week in Feb., when the good Lord turned the tap over and spilled out about six inches. Everybody felt good. Men were ashamed that they had ever grumbled about the weather. Plowing and sowing is the order of the day.

A large, new depot will be built here this spring.  
Wm. H. Nosler is doing well. W. A. Harrington went north over a month ago. Conant is in the lumber yard.

Every exertion is being made now to lay sewers in the city. It is said it will cost \$400,000. The people vote on this to-morrow. It is thought that it will be carried easy. Something must be done; the health of the city depends upon it. Typhoid fever was plenty the past fall, and forepart of winter, directly traceable to poor system of sewerage. National City is about getting a big supply of water from Sweetwater. The extra supply of water that is to supply this city will not reach here before next fall

—40 miles to bring. Many aqueducts and dams to build at a cost of \$1,000,000. Money will do wonders.

The new dock is being completed, and vessels are unloading coal from Australia and British Columbia.

I am afraid I have made this letter too long. Will write more in my next about fish and game. Would like to see you all again.  
Henry H. Nichols.

## A Clever County Clerk.

County Clerk Pullen has an ingenious method of finding out the age of the blushing maidens who not unfrequently accompany their intended to the clerk's office in quest of the document which gives authority to some priest, judge or justice to make them one. In case the question of age is not satisfactorily answered he engages the fair one in conversation on the subject of mathematics, and with an innocent air of pleasantry, for which he is famous, he asks the unsuspecting creature to take a pencil and a paper and write on it a figure representing the number of the month in which she was born. Now, he says, approvingly, multiply the number by 2; now please add 5; now multiply by 50; now add your age; now subtract 250; now what number have you? If she was born in August, and her age is 15, she has 815. The clerk, in possession of these figures, knows she was born in the eighth month, and her age is 15, as 8 is the first figure and 15 the other two, and he surprises her by saying: "I am very sorry to be the means of delaying the happy moment, but you will have to satisfy me of your parents' consent, as it appears you are only 15 years old." As she takes the arm of her disappointed and chagrined intended and walks down the iron stairs, she looks sad, says: "I wonder how he knew my age?"—Placer Herald. (The Mr. Pullen above referred is a brother of Rev. Pullen of Myrtle Point.)

Doubtless most of our readers will think the personal correspondence of Mr. Robbins of Dora might have been left out of the paper; we think so too, but since it is the wish of the people of that part, particularly Mr. Robbins, coupled with what has gone before, it would hardly be right for us to refuse to publish it. For two months or thereabouts we have tried to persuade Mr. Robbins to keep it out of the paper, but he would not consent. In the first place, the HERALD made mention of a row on East fork in which a son knocked down his father and hurt him. As in duty bound we condemned the act, and roundly censured any son who would be guilty of so mean an act as the striking of his father, whereupon came an article over the *nom de plume* of "Justice to All," wherein it was claimed that the father, without cause, knocked the son down, and that the said son had only the alternative of knocking down the father or be beaten to death. In justice, as we supposed, to the son, we could do no other than give the article. Of course we cannot know the true merit and demerit of all disputes, and it would be unjust when one is down to not give him a show for his reputation by a reply, even if we do occasionally have to stand off a libel suit for a few thousand dollars.

Some parties thought that we were pleased with the apportionment which puts Josephine county in this senatorial district. We tried to be understood as saying it did not look much like a republican job as was asserted by opposition papers. It looked more like a job from the other side if the political interests of the district had anything to do with it.

Peach trees were in bloom in this place as early as the middle of last week.

## Truth Will Prevail.

Mr. Editor HERALD:—In your issue of January 11, 1887, I see a communication signed "Justice to All." The item in the Dec. 21st issue of the HERALD, I do not know who wrote it. As to the communication, I am satisfied who wrote that, and am the father therein represented. Mr. Heller and family are the parties represented as telling lies. Now, I pronounce all of the production as relating directly to us, false from beginning to end. The facts in the case are as follows: On Oct. 25th, 1886, in the morning I got up and was cutting some stove wood, when said son got up and ordered me to stop cutting said wood, as it belonged to him. I replied that I knew who hauled the wood, and I quit chopping there, went out side of the inclosure and cut some wood and carried it to the house, and then kept away from him all day so as not to hear his abusive tongue. So in the evening, about twilight, I had a dry hazle stick about four feet long and about as big as my thumb at the butt end, in my hand. I was out of the house when he came to an open door and commenced to curse and call me an old devil. I then commenced to curse him and went toward him when he called me a son of a b— and I struck at him, but my stick broke and left a piece in my hand about one and one-half feet long. I threw it down as I saw his pistol barrel as he pulled it out, and I started off and said, "shoot! G—d you, shoot!" He then followed me and I got hold of a ten-foot long measuring stick, and struck at him, but he caught the stick in his hands and kept it so that I could not strike any more. I then went backwards still holding to the end of the stick, and he hold of the other end, and coming towards me as fast as he could. He is left handed, so we were facing each other. He struck me on my right cheek bone and mashed it so that it pains me badly, day and night, then on top of my head which I dropped me to the ground. As soon as I came to, I shouted murder as loud as I could, and got upon my feet. He then hit me again on the head which sent me backward against some boards which kept me from falling to the ground. He then left me and went into the house; then when I got straightened up, the blood was running in a stream; I could hear it fall on the ground. I then started to get away and get to some water to bathe my head. My two girls who are living with me, aged 17 and 9, went off to Mr. Heller's and let them know about it. Then Mr. Heller and Carl, his son, got a lantern and came and found me about a quarter of a mile from my house, that being as far as I could go without help. I was chilled through and could not have lived three hours, if they had not come and taken me to their house, kept and took care of me for a week; until said son left my house, which kindness of Mr. Heller I shall never be able to repay.

And now said son has written Mr. Heller a threatening letter, also one to myself, dated Jan. 7, 1887. This I write and ask you to publish for the defense of my friends and myself, as I am the maimed one for the balance of my life, I now being sixty-one years old. And as I believe he intended to injure me so I would die, I now believe that he intends to murder me as soon as he can get a chance. And as I have called for protection, I still call for protection.

E. Robbins.

Dora, Oregon, Jan. 20, 1887.  
Hon. J. H. Roberts spent Thursday in this place.

Allen and Boutell left here for their mining claim on Sixes Wednesday.

## Sugar Beets.

Ed. HERALD:—For some time there has been nothing said of the sugar beet question. What is the trouble? I have been expecting a report in the HERALD of the beets raised the past summer, as I understand you shipped some for analysis. To my mind, there is nothing that would be of so much benefit to this part of Oregon as a beet sugar factory. Give the readers of your paper a word on the subject.

Subscriber.

In answer to Subscriber, we have to say that no report of the beets shipped has been received. They were shipped on the schooner Gem, but failed to reach their destination. We sent them to Mr. Dyer of the Alvarado refinery, the only beet root sugar factory in successful operation in the U. S. The beets sent were from seed furnished by Mr. Dyer, who takes the greatest interest in the establishment of a factory here, and were doubtless exceedingly rich in sugar. As compared to the kind sent last year (and which were reported very rich in saccharine matter, under the most unfavorable circumstances) they were twice as sweet, and much prettier.

It seems useless, almost, for the HERALD to say anything further on the subject. We have talked out. Yet we are encouraged to find even one man who has still retained the subject sufficiently in his mind to write of it. What more do the people want? The first report showed the beets to be good enough to make sugar profitable, though they were of a poor variety and nearly spoiled by being allowed to stand the winter rains in the field.

That the starting of a sugar factory here is of the utmost importance to this part of the county you are quite right, Subscriber, but we must work for something more than analytical reports; we must do all we can ourselves, and try to interest men of means in the matter.

It is proven that we can produce more and better sugar beets than any other part of the coast, if we except White river, Washington Territory, which, country and climate, are about the same as Coquille. Then, since we can produce better beets than they do in California, where they haul their beets for miles by wagon; pay more for transportation on the manufactured product to San Francisco by railroad than we could get it shipped for, and where they can't buy wood fuel, but have to pay \$7 per ton for Coos bay coal, of which 100 tons per day is used, why want more experiments? Just think of it; here the HERALD advertises coal at \$2.50 per ton delivered on the river bank, and in big lots could be got for much less doubtless, while wood is no object, being absolutely free outside of cutting. They make money there—what could be done here? Think of this, and let us use our influence to get men of means to engage in the enterprise. It is really no use to publish more reports. We gave the other full publicity, showing that the miserable beets sent showed 76.3 co-efficient of purity, while 73. is a degree of purity warranting good profits in California under the circumstances named.

There are 17 miles of road in this district, but Supervisor Buck is equal to the emergency. He will soon be out with a force of men, but we hope he will wait till the weather is settled, so the work done will be permanent.

Wednesday and Thursday were uncomfortably warm. The thermometer in this place showed 78 degrees.

## France and Germany.

The real significance of a struggle between France and Germany will be found to lie in the answer to the question. What effect will it have contributed to the condition of thought, political and other, and to governmental forms in Europe fifty years hence? Historically, the struggle between Celt and Teuton is an old one. It really began with the fourteenth Louis—the other day, in historical perspective; it is not to be compared with the struggle of a thousand years between England and her neighbor, to which a truce was called on the field of Waterloo. That wrestle was nearly continuous. Its episodes of peace were mere truces. This newer struggle of Celt and continental Teuton has not been continuous. Three times only they have locked in deadly embrace, for the minor part taken by France against the great Frederick scarcely counts in such a review as we are taking. Twice the German was worsted. The first time he represented divided powers against a compact monarchy. The second time he went down before the republic that represented the first self-consciousness of a modern people. The third time his trained and scientific bureaucracy overthrew a rotten and immoral imperialism. Whatever may be the result of a new struggle, Germany will do well to heed the warning of her great Prince Chancellor, not to undervalue her enemy. Republican France is far stronger in morale as well as military preparation than the fraudulent imperialism overthrown at Sedan.

But what outcome can we foresee, if any, to a repetition of that struggle? To us it appears that a war must make for republicanism in Europe as against the monarchic principle, whether its immediate results favor Germany or France. Suppose Germany so far successful as not only to overthrow the French armies but to partition the soil of the republic and annex contiguous departments to the imperial crown. What would this imply? It would be, in the first place, an annexation of certain millions of republicans on principle thoroughly inimical to the government set over them. A large class of Germans are already republicans in conviction and at heart. These theories would not check their war patriotism, but after the war is over—what? Reinforced by the discontented republicanism drawn from France, how long would the men of theory need to make proselytes of a majority of their countrymen? It would seem that thirty years should be enough. It would seem that fifty years must be enough. Napoleon's prophecy that Europe would be all republican or all Cossack would then be realized, so far as this—that all would be republican which was not Cossack. The greater struggle between these two powers, to which he looked forward, would then be prepared for. Certainly a war between France and Germany at this time would be a fact of profound interest to the modern civilization.—Ex.

Senator Wager of the East Oregonian feels aggrieved over the item we inserted in the HERALD regarding a reception tendered Senator Siglin, and he—Wager—being burned in effigy. The item was sent us in good faith and we are sorry if we did the senator an injustice. He says that Siglin was tendered no reception anywhere in Eastern Oregon, and adds: "A few hoodlums at Milton did burn an effigy, I believe, because I defeated the division of this county, in which act I have the support of at least four-fifths of the people of the county."

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