

Coquille City Herald.

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NO. 32.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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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,
Captain, First Surgeon.

I. O. 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. Lilhe, Commander.

Mother Knows.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained with naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lesson taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lost darlings may not weather
The storm in after years;
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—mother's love;
Nobody can but mother.

A flint was fished from a flintstone,
Where the pollywog pickled so pale,
And the pipkin piped a petulant "poo"
To the garrulous gawp of the gale.

"Oh, woe to the wisp of the sweeping swipe
That tows on the isolating log!"
Snickered the shark to the snoring snipe
That lurked where the laney lay.

The glugging ginkled in the glimmering gloom,
Where the buzuz bumbled his bee—
When the flintman flitted, all decked with foam,
From the sizzling and succulent sea.

"Oh, woe to the swipe with its sweltering sweep!"
She swore as she swept in a swoon,
And a doleful dink dumped over the deep,
To the lay of the limpid loon." —Selected.

A Sunday Law.

It is high time the people were considering the Sunday law question in all its bearings. To say that a day of rest in each week is not a necessity, would come far short of the demands of the times; and it is a wise provision of our laws regarding hirings that we cannot require seven days' work at their hand each week, yet there are people who conscientiously keep another day, and it works hardship to require the second of them. A law on the statute book of Arkansas is imprisoning people for doing what they honestly believe to be right, and which certainly injures no one else. In a speech before the Arkansas legislature Feb. 10, Senator Crockett recites the injustice of the law in unmistakable terms. He says:

"Sir, I take shame to myself as a member of the general assembly of 1855, which repealed the act of religious protection which this bill is intended to restore. It was hasty and ill-advised legislation, and, like all such, has been only productive of oppressive persecution upon many of our best citizens, and of shame to the fair fame of our young and glorious state. Wrong in conception, it has proven infamous in execution, and under it, such ill deeds and foul oppressions have been perpetrated upon an inoffensive class of American citizens in Arkansas, for conscience' sake, as should mantle the cheek of every lover of his state and country with indignant shame."

Citing an instance of the workings of the law, he gives us the following touching story.

"Five years ago a young man, newly married, came to — county from Ohio. He and his wife were Seventh-day Baptists. The young girl had left father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all the dear friends of her childhood to follow her young husband to Arkansas—to them the land of promise. The light of love sparkled in her bright young eyes. The roses of health were upon her cheeks, and her silver laugh was sweet music, of which her young husband never wearied. They purchased a little farm, and soon, by tireless industry and frugal thrift, their home blossomed like a rose in the wilderness. After awhile a fair young babe came to them to brighten the sunshine, and sweeten the bird songs. They were nappy in each other's affection and their love for the little one. For them 'all things worked together for good'; for, in their humble, trusting way, they worshiped God and loved their fellow-man.

"Two years ago the law under which their prosperity and happi-

ness had had its growth was repealed! Accursed be the day which brought such a foul blot upon our state's fair fame! A change, sudden, cold, and blasting as an arctic storm came over their lives and pitilessly withered all their bright flowers of hope. Under this repeal, persecution lifted its ugly, venomous head. The hero of my sad story was observed by an envious, jealous neighbor, quietly working as he believed God had commanded him, on Sunday. He was reported to that inquisitorial relief of barbarism, the grand jury—indicted, tried, convicted, and thrown into jail because his conscience would not him pay the fine.

"Week after week dragged its slow length along. Day after day the young wife with baby in her arms watched at the gate for his coming, and, like Tennyson's Marianna—

"She only said: 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said.
She said: 'I am away—away—
I would that I were dead.'"

"Then baby sickened and died—the light in the young wife's eyes faded out in tears—her silvery laugh changed to low, wailing sobs. Pale-faced Misery snatched the roses from her cheeks and planted in their stead her own pallid hue. Sir, how can I go on? At length the cruel law was repealed, and this inoffensive citizen (except that he had loved God and sought to obey him) was released from prison and dragged his weary feet to the happy home he had left a few short weeks before. He met his neighbors at the gate bearing a coffin. He asked no questions, his heart told him all. No, not all! He knew not—he could never know—of her lonely hours, of her bitter tears, of the weary watching and waiting, of the appeals to God, that God for whom she had suffered so much, for help in the hour of her extremity, of baby's sickness and death. He could not know of these. But he went with them to the quiet country burial-place and saw beside the open grave a little mound with dirt freshly heaped upon it and then he knew that God had taken both his heart's idols and he was left alone. His grief was too deep for tears. With staring eyes he saw them lower the body of his young wife into the grave. He heard the clods rattle upon the coffin, and it seemed as if they were falling upon his heart. The work was done and they left him with his dead, and then he threw himself down between the graves with an arm across each little mound, and the tears came in torrents and kept his heart from breaking. And then he sobbed his broken farewell to his darlings and left Arkansas forever.

Left it, sir, as hundreds of other are preparing to leave if this General Assembly fails to restore to them the protection of their rights under the Constitution, national and state."

It has come to that point in scientific research that man cannot bring to account that old false saying, "It is impossible." It is now said that a young man of Ohio has invented an instrument by which ships can telephone to each other at sea. The invention referred to is no less than an instrument which will enable vessels at sea to communicate with each other, or with the land, by the human voice, without regard to the distance. The advantages of this, the inventor explains, are obvious and manifold, for it will enable those on land to know daily where vessels are, and should an accident of any kind occur assistance could be sent at once, or in the event of a storm, positive information as to the longitude and latitude could be sent where the vessel went down. It can also be used between two or more places on land without the use of wire.

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What's All This Talk About?

Ed. HERALD:—I must ask for some of your valuable space, for a few words concerning these mail matters. I don't wish to say anything against Mr. McCulloch's efforts nor the efforts of his mail carriers. They all deserve great credit. What I wish to say is that I don't think that this talk either helps nor hinders the mail. Now, I have Mr. McCulloch as authority that the depth of the snow is seven feet on the summit, and deeper in some places where it has drifted. And in regard to Tom Coke's statement about the boys wallowing through the snow all day with the mail on their backs, I feel safe in saying that they have not done it, and will refer him to the mail carriers (George Wells and George Reed) to find out how many times they have crossed the mountain in the snow with the mail and without a horse.

"So They Say," of Dora, speaks in Mr. Mc's behalf, to let the contractor down gently, while he brings forward what he is pleased to call the faults of the toll collector as an excuse for the road being in its present condition. Now I don't think the contractor is a man to climb to such an elevation that he would have to be helped down. But if such is the case, Coos Co. people didn't get him up there, and they can at least wait till they are asked, before they help him down. And if "So They Say" would do as the "Man with the big pocket" did and lend the contractor a helping hand, I think he would appreciate it more than all the newspaper articles he can have published, and will say that while Laird had the road, he kept it in order and when it was not in order, he never charged toll on it. And I can also say that it was in good condition (for that time of the year) when it and all its property was delivered to J. B. Mason, O. J. Salisbury's agent.

A friend
(to both Laird and McCulloch.)
Not True.

There seems to be an impression among those living outside, and particularly those east of the mountains, that work is plenty, lots of money, and a scarcity of hands in this section, while the real truth is exactly the reverse of all this. How the notion that cash was plentiful ever got circulated, we are at a loss to conjecture; but it is producing results by bringing in laborers, who reach this point with scarcely enough money to pay a week's board, and who suppose they will at once strike a good easy job at big pay. As disappointment is the usual result of their coming at this season of the year, we write to correct this false impression. Many are here now waiting for the government works and other industries to start up. We can only say, don't be in too much of a hurry to get here, if you are depending on working for wages, but if you come to buy, rent or take a place, come in time to put in a crop, or at least a garden. We are always glad to see new comers, who come with their families with them to make homes among us, be they rich or poor; but the general laborer ought to know that there is no call for more than we already have at the present.

Capt. Willard Young, a son of the great Mormon prophet, is engineer in charge of the government work at the Cascades. If the government undertakes to reward all the sons of degenerate Mormons, there will be slim picking for the common herd.

The "Marvel of Nations—Our country; its past, present and future," is the title of an excellent book for which T. W. Johnson, of East Coquille, is canvassing. The price is only \$1, and it is really a good book for the price. Get one.

Loss of the "Central America."

Robt. M. Hutcheson in Coast Mail.

I noticed, sometime ago, in the Coquille HERALD, a statement of the wreck of the ill-fated steamship Central America. The writer is very far from the truth in many statements, and evidently knows very little of that dreadful wreck. I being one of the few survivors of that great calamity, would like, through your paper, to correct some of the assertions in the article referred to, which I know to be incorrect.

We left Havana on the 9th of September, 1857, and that night and the next day, up to noon, the weather was very fair; but the next day, being Thursday, the 10th, the wind commenced to blow and increased to a storm; and threw us laboring into the trough of the sea. The first we knew of our danger, a man walked up and down the deck ringing a bell, and called all hands to pump, stating that the vessel was leaking very fast. Captain Herndon at times was very cool, and at other times was very much excited. We pumped all that night, and bailed with buckets and with barrels rigged with block and fall. The donkey engine would not work, and no steam could be raised, the water being over the coal; and what was worse, the water was fast rising. The next day (Friday) all hope seemed gone; but the brave Californians labored on, and constructed new pumps from stowage tables, steam-pipes, and resorted to every expedient that could be of any benefit, and worked on, trying to keep her afloat, in hopes some vessel might pass us; but none came in sight. Oh! that awful Friday, I cannot attempt to describe it. On Saturday morning the storm had calmed to some extent, but a very heavy sea was still running. All this time we had been sailing under signals of distress, and that morning began to fire a small cannon we had on board. About 12 o'clock, the brig Marine, of Boston, Capt. Marion, hove in sight, and passed close by our stern. Captain Herndon requested Captain Marion to lay close by us, as we were in a sinking condition, and we at once commenced lowering our boats, but this was badly managed. Capt. Herndon came forward and requested us to assist in getting the women and children into the boats, that they might be transferred to the brig. The men acted like men to the last, but chief engineer Ashby deserted the steamer in the first boat which left. The writer referred to, states that there were 800 souls aboard; but that is not correct, there were, as near as could be ascertained, about 655 or 660 on board. I will state also, that she did not sink at midnight, but just a little after dark on the 12th of September, 1857. Thirty children and 26 women, and 45 passengers and crew got on board the brig. I was one of the few who got into the last boat, and I saw the vessel make the fatal plunge. The brig being light, kept drifting away very fast, and I think she must have been six or seven miles to the leeward when the vessel went down, and the boat I was in was about half a mile away and no sail in sight except the little brig. That night, about midnight, the Norwegian bark Elinor Jansen, I think the captain's name was Johnston, by mere accident, drifted right into the wreck and commenced picking up passengers, and continued all that night, and the next day moved about all day and picked up 49. An English vessel, after eight days, picked up three men, who had drifted four days on some part of the wreck, and the fourth day a small boat drifted to them as they were clinging to fragments of the ship, and they succeeded in getting into the little boat, where

they floated four days more before they were rescued. The captain of the English vessel nursed the men with great kindness. The writer referred to speaks of a "corkscrew," or, as the landsmen say, "a cyclone," and says: "The cyclone which sank the steamer was not over 20 yards wide." It must have been a strange cyclone to last three days and three nights. Again, he says: "It came over her side and wrenched her bottom out from under her boilers." There was nothing of the kind. She lay rolling and tossing in the trough of the sea, and leaking like an old basket. About dusk on Saturday, as I have stated, with about 550 souls standing on her decks, and brave Captain Herndon standing at his post on the paddle-wheel firing rockets, the ill-fated steamship Central America went down.

Marshfield, Or., March 5, 1887.

Oregon vs Iowa.

The following letter by K. H. Hansen, of Gravel Ford, this county, to the Lamon (Iowa) Gazette, published by the writer's brother will be of interest to many of our readers: "While you are in your office, protected from the biting blasts of an Iowa winter, I am listening to the gentle patter of a mild rain.

Coos county borders on the Pacific ocean. Its drainage consists, principally, of Coos and Coquille rivers, and their tributaries. It is a rough and mountainous country; and before the woodman's ax and saw were felt here it was almost entirely covered with a heavy growth of timber, consisting principally of fir, cedar, maple, ash and myrtle. The soil on the river bottoms and some of the uplands, is as rich and productive as I have ever seen in Iowa; and if we were shut off from the rest of the world, I believe we could come as near to producing all of the necessities of life, as any one county in the United States. Almost any kind of grain will grow abundantly, while for grass and pasture, the soil here cannot be excelled. It is nothing uncommon to cut two good crops of clover hay from the same ground in one year, and then pasture it one half of the time. This may seem strange to you in Iowa, but here the grass grows twelve months in the year, and there is not one week in the year that we can not find bloom in field or forest. We have timber enough in this county to supply Iowa with timber for the next ten years. Already we have several good saw mills running, and our lumber is finding its way to other parts.

Deer and elk are quite plentiful, while occasionally a bear or panther may also be found. In educational matters, we are at least on a level with other places, considering our chances; and be it said to the honor of both Iowa and Coos county, Oregon, that one of the former's ablest sons is the latter's county superintendent of schools. In fact, all we need is capital to help develop our resources."

Speaking of the state board of immigration the Dallas Itemizer says it was the first to expose the rotten thing. The fact is the HERALD was in advance of it in this respect, and doubtless other papers were too. The Newport News claims to have first advocated the school book question when in fact it took the same stand that the HERALD did a year before the News came into existence. It is getting too common for newspapers to make claims to which they are not entitled.

Lieut. Seward Mott was stabbed to death at the San Carlos reservation, Arizona, last week by an Indian. The redskin took to the woods with four others, and it is feared their number will be augmented and that trouble will ensue.