

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 5.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1887.

NO. 39.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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notice and extremely low prices. v508

Gen. WALLACE CAMP,
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Meets at Coquille City every first Saturday
after full moon each month. Members
in good standing are cordially invited.
Levi Snyder, H. I. Clinton,
Capt. First Sergeant.

I. O. G. T.
Morning Star Lodge
No. 464.
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday
evening. Visiting comrades, 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.
S. P. C. Johnson, N. G.

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.
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. E. 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.

T. V. Nichols,
CABINET-MAKER.
Bandon, Oregon,
Picture Frames, Door and Window Frames
made, Saws filed and Furniture Repaired.
All work done to order. Prices Reasonable.
Location: Near Gold Beach Hotel.

A LAZY MAN'S MARK.

A man may be humble and poor,
You may dress him in rags if you choose.
The rim of his hat may be torn,
His feet may be out of his shoes;
All this I can freely forgive,
And gladly I'd furnish him meat,
Unless I by chance might perceive
That his pants are worn out in the seat.

I know of no healthier sign
By which we can judge of a man;
At least, 'tis a hobby of mine,
I use it whenever I can.
Of course, I might make a mistake
And take a good man for a beat,
But then no distinction I make
If his pants are worn out in the seat.

A man that is willing to move
Whenever stern duty doth call,
The truth of my hobby will prove,
He's never found sitting at all.
His clothes may be worn to a thread,
His shoes may drop off his feet,
Be minus a hat for his head,
His pants will be whole in the seat.

Exceptions, there may be a few,
And name them I think that I can:
The tailor and cobbler are two,
The third is a newspaper man.
These three I consider exempt,
For they are born tired and poor,
All others deserve your contempt;
Then drive them away from your door.
T. P. W.

Joaquin Miller on Oregon.

And what is the meaning and origin of this word and name Oregon? Let me tell you the whole history of it. For every recent writer has been widely wrong, and it is very important that we know the true origin of this beautiful name.

To begin with, I will notice some of the absurd stories about the root of the name, Oregon. The guide book which my fellow traveler carries, called "The Atlas of the World," gives this: "The name 'Oregon' is derived from the Spanish, and means 'wild thyme,' so called on account of the herb found here by early explorers." Another queer guide book says: "The word is from the Spanish, and means 'people with big ears.'" But of all remarkable writers on this theme I have yet encountered, and they are very many, I must say that the patriotic Irishman who wrote a pamphlet to prove that the name was given in honor of a countryman of his by the name of O'Regan is the most remarkable.

The true meaning of the word Oregon is "Hear the waters?" And any traveler who will pass up the Columbia river, a little way above Vancouver—now a pleasant little city, but once a great trading post—will see at once the significance of the name. For here the waters literally pour down out of the clouds. They roar and flash and sweep continually. Mount Hood hangs literally above you on the right as you pass up this grandest of all grand views. When the wind blows sharp and sudden around the sunny summit of this sublime mountain and makes a rift in the clouds, you can see the mountain is literally leaning over you and hanging above you in the clouds. It looks as if it might blow over and fall down in the awful chasm of waters before you. And it is the little rivers, made from melting snow, pitching their foamy waters down out of the clouds into the vast, calm bosom of the Columbia, or Oregon, river, which have given this sweet and significant name to the land. You can hear these waters continually when the wind is favorable all the way down to Vancouver, the old British trading post before referred to. And there can be no doubt at all about the origin of the name as I have stated. For the English nearly always respected the old Spanish names along the Pacific, from Patagonia to Alaska. And I know of no single instance where they changed a name when it had a fitting purpose and meaning. The first time I ever met William Cullen Bryant, more than a dozen years ago, perhaps, and before these new and reckless writers had become quite so numerous, we talked over this subject thoroughly, and I found him even more disgusted than myself at the bad taste and

the ignorance of the times touching such matters. I am not certain that Mr. Bryant was a thorough Spanish scholar, but as he seemed to know everything, I think he knew the Spanish language. And then, as he spent a winter in Mexico City in the latter part of his life, and I believe had something to do with the great library there, I am pretty well persuaded that he knew all about the Spanish language and the early history of the Spanish discoveries on this coast. But be all that as it may, I implore the people of Oregon, and all writers on this subject, to let the two sweet lines of this learned and most accurate poet settle all doubt or dispute forever as to the origin of the name of this noblest young state in the Union.

The very root and basis of the name Oregon is briefly this, "Oye-el-aqua?" Now, give this to an Indian, or, much the same thing, to an ignorant trapper or fur trader, either British, French or American, and see how naturally and how soon it would forget its Spanish root and round itself into something like its present shape. "Oye-el-aqua?" would soon drop the interrogation point. Then it would be shortened to Oye-l-aqua. From this it is only a step to Oye-gan. Then Oregon is in sight.

And this is the true origin and the true meaning of this beautiful word: Hear the waters? And while on this subject I may as well add my protest to many others against giving the great Oregon river the meaningless name of Columbia. The true name is Oregon, no matter if one Capt. Gray, of Boston, did sail up this river less than a hundred years ago. Let the lines of Bryant live, and let his testimony remain unimpeached:

Where rolls the Oregon,
And hears no sound save its own dashing.

Hear the waters? Oregon?
I know I ought to beg pardon for dwelling so long on this and standing thus long on the mountain top on the edge of this great young state, but a name, particularly a name so beautiful as this, is very important. And then let us believe with Bryant that these old navigators were poets at least, and gave no cheap or unmeaning name to the great lands which they took fresh from the hand of the Creator.

Descending from the top of the great mountain range which divides the two first states on the Pacific sea coast, we come to a wide and woodless valley. It is not very rich; and, besides, its long isolation from all seaports and markets of the world has left it much in the background. It is called Rogue river. The origin of this mean name may be easily guessed at. But whatever the stormy nature of the men may have been who gave this name to a very considerable and very beautiful river, the present people are of the most harmless. An act has been passed in the state legislature declaring that the name is "Gold" river, and not "Rogue" river. But, all the same, the people still call it Rogue river. And this new name reminds me that the gold belt does not end with the California line at all. Here, in Oregon, in this wide and wealthy valley, where woolen mills and all sorts of machinery rattle and rave on the banks of the river, we once had nothing at all but stormy and struggling mining camps. And even to this day nearly all the little mountain streams, that come stealing down from out the steep pine woods, are thick with mud and gravel from the work of miners in the mountains. At one time the largest city in Oregon was a mining camp here in this same valley of woolen mills and machinery.

A correspondent wants to know what a capitalist is, any way. Well, in this country, a capitalist is generally a working man who has learned to live on less than he earns.

ENTOMOLOGY.

This highly useful and fascinating branch of science should form a part of the curriculum of every well-regulated school. So important has a knowledge of bugs become, that, in all civilized lands, bug-catchers are supported at public expense. "Uncle Sam" has his bug-catcher which, by the way of distinction, may be called the "Supreme Bug-catcher," and each state has its subordinate bug-catcher. These high functionaries make their annual reports on chinch-bugs, potato-bugs, bed-bugs, and sundry other ravenous beetles that carry blood and desolation in their tracks. These reports are circulated among the farmers by the big-bugs (politicians). Before the farmer gets half way through these ponderous, erudite, and richly illustrated volumes, he comes to the conclusion that their authors are not big bugs; but simply hum-bugs. A hum-bug is an insect with a long, sharp proboscis with which he probes and bleeds the credulous and unsuspecting farmer. And, strange to say, that however painful this operation may be; the fellow who is once bled seems to take an infinite delight in passing through the same ordeal as often as opportunity offers.

In their development, bugs pass through three stages—Larva, Pupa and Imago. These metamorphoses are not peculiar to small bugs alone; but the lawyer, who is classed by naturalists with the "big-bugs," attains perfection through the same wonderful changes. When he sits cross-legged in somebody else's office, with a little down on the upper lip, a cigar in his pretty little legal mouth, and a volume of Blackstone in his soft, white hands, trying to look profound, he is in his larva state, and subsists upon a little legal pap and a little dewy nectar distilled by Cupid, the god at whose shrine he worships. In other words—I care not if his physical ponderosity exceeds two hundred pounds in weight—he is simply a baby lawyer. When he is admitted to the bar, and is fishing for a nomination for county attorney, he has entered his pupa state. He now subsists upon wind and gas. His conscience gradually hardens, and his fear of brimstone diminishes, till he is able to burst his shell, unfold his wings, spread out his phosphorescent tail, mount the air like a sky-rocket, and perch upon one of the tall spires of fame's proud temples. He has now reached the imago state; that is, he is a full fledged lawyer, a "big-bug" to whom all the little bugs bow the reverential knee. He can now digest strong food and strong drink; and can read, without betraying any emotion, such scriptural texts as the following: "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." He can now be entrusted with the management and control of the three noble draft horses that pull the county wagon. Alas! only a few lawyers ever reached this exalted state. By far the largest number of them "peg out" in the larva or pupa state, and never again peg in!

There are a great many kinds of bugs in the world, but only a few big-bugs. The fellows who live on potatoes are potato-bugs; the boys who toot out music on the Fourth of July are horn-bugs; the pugilists are tumble-bugs; the lazy, sleepy, drones are bed-bugs; and the delicate, beautiful and lovely creatures whose delight it is to smash the hearts of other bugs, are called lady bugs. Some of them, however, might more appropriately be called snapping-bugs.

Reader, if you ever expect to be a big-bug, you must not be a bed-bug. This worthless beetle has never been known to develop into a big-bug.

We ask leave to append to this buggy chapter a pathetic and sublime poem, supposed to be the production of a young sentimental dude, or bug-hunter whose habitat is in the city of Milan.

Some bugs are black, and some are white,
And some are pale of hue;
And some can boast of colors bright,
Of purple, green, and blue.
The bug my added brain doth rack
Is crimson like the plum;
A lump she carries on her back
Her mouth is stuffed with gum,
Her waist is slim, her brain is light,
Her breath is very strong;
Her lips are red, her eyes are bright,
Her tongue is three feet long.
She paints her cheeks and bangs her hair—
A lady bug is she—
No beetle can with her compare—
Oh, she's the bug for me!

The above is a specimen page of a new text book on zoology.

Circuit Court Jurors.

The following-named persons were drawn May 3d, to serve as jurors at the May term of circuit court:

Marshfield—J. V. Bonebrake, Wilbert Noyes, Donald McIntosh, Ed. T. Jennings, John Bear and E. G. Flanagan.
Myrtle Point—B. C. Shull, J. A. Duval, J. D. Barklow, J. F. Noyes, David McNair and C. S. Andrew.
Coos River—John Porter, C. L. Landreth and J. D. Hodson.
Gravel Ford—J. B. Fox and R. T. Weekly.
Norway—John M. Adams, Alex. Smith and E. S. Spurgeon.
Fairview—R. H. Mast and Ed. Neely.
Newport—Thomas McGinnis.
Dora—Louis Heller.
Hayles' Slough—C. W. Sandford.
Empire City—C. E. Getty.
Bandon—E. J. Davidson.
Randolph—A. D. Wolcott.
Coos City—T. A. King.
Coquille City—J. H. Nosler.
Sumner—J. W. Catching.

PATENTS GRANTED to the citizens of the Pacific States during the past week, and reported expressly for the HERALD, by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent lawyers, Washington, D. C.

M. Arnold, San Francisco, Cal., rivet; W. Henley, Alameda, Cal., nutritive tonic; R. H. Hunt, San Francisco, Cal., woven fabric; L. H. Lewis, San Jose, Cal., miter bevel; S. N. Washburn, Union, Oregon, lasting machine; G. A. Weise, San Francisco, Cal., electric arc lamp; J. Witt, Los Angeles, Cal., motor for velocipedes.

BANDON.

The Parkersburg arrived on the 4th. She brought up a lot of freight including machinery for the government pile driver.

Capt. and Mrs. Littlefield and family arrived on Monday evening per river steamer. The Capt. is very popular with the Bandonians and deservedly so and all here were glad to see him.

Every effort is being made to have Rosa's hall ready for the promised ball on the 14.

Strangers are coming here constantly but they are mostly looking for government land.

On her last trip down the Parkersburg reached the city in 48 hours. This was doing very well but nevertheless this record was frequently beaten by that veteran son of Old Neptune, Capt. Brown. On one trip he went down in 40 hours, another in 35 hours, and upon one occasion he absolutely arrived in Frisco in 30 hours. He made eleven trips in one year, and made the round trip—including loading and discharging—in eleven days and a half. 'Tis hard to beat old Brown.

It is expected that work will begin on the breakwater on or about May 9th, and continue for about six months. The workmen are all a choice set of good men, and we are ready to back them to do more work and more effectually than a similar number of men to be found in the whole U. S.

Legem.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

[Coos Bay News.]

Carpenters are at work at the Newport mine, putting in a new scales for weighing coal, fixing screens, etc., and it looks as if the chances were favorable for work to be resumed there at no distant day.

James Aiken last week discovered on the Chadwick claim a ledge of white sandstone, which to all appearance contains the necessary ingredients in its composition to make it first-class building rock. It stands the fire test, and is susceptible of being highly polished.

W. H. Noble reports that four of the boys working at his camp, on the isthmus, visited Beaver slough one day lately, on a fishing excursion, and returned with 1,530 trout.

There was a variety of fish in the market last week. Harry Graves' boat contained flounders, smelt, trout, and a sturgeon about five feet long. Sturgeon or "sea bass," as they are called at other places, are not saleable on the bay, though they sell readily in San Francisco at 12 1/2 cents per pound. [Gold Beach Gazette.]

The run of fish has improved somewhat during the past week.

Marshall is the name given to what was the Langlois place. A postoffice has been applied for there under that name, and A. H. Thrift is to be P. M.

I hear that J. H. Upton, J. M. Upton, Chilstrom, Crawford and J. Huntley, have jumped the C. Madden mining land for which so large an amount was lately offered and refused. One would have thought that Madden, being a lawyer and in possession of the property for 10 or 15 years would have left no loopholes open in the title for jumpers to take advantage of at this late date.

J. E. Haines, of Eckly, and Miss Mary E. Divilbiss were married last Sunday, the 24th, at the residence of Daniel Divilbiss, and after a sumptuous breakfast proceeded to Eckly in company with a number of young people, where preparations had been made to celebrate the event with a ball and supper, etc. A good-looking, young couple and of a kind likely to succeed in the world and add to the profits and pleasure of the community where they reside. [Coast Mail.]

The mail is now put on the summer schedule, and leaves here at 9 a. m., and arrives in the night.

The cannery company of Empire City, has concluded to proceed with the establishment of a business at that point and will put up fish during this season.

It is reported that the purchasers of the Newport Coal company have ordered the company houses at Newport vacated, and that it is contemplated to put a force of men at work at no distant day.

J. J. Galvin arrived on the Arcata and succeeded Mr. Henning, of Cape Arago Life-saving station. Mr. Henning has been transferred to the Humboldt life station, where there is a crew. Mr. Galvin was formerly a lighthouse keeper at Point New Year, on the California coast.

Arrivals by the Arcata, April 30: Mrs. H. R. Reed, G. W. Loggie, S. R. Davis, J. G. Richards, J. W. Kenyon, Mrs. Condon, Mrs. Hazelton and children, H. Kretlow, two Chinamen, and 12 in the steerage.

A citizen was trying to hire a colored man at the market yesterday to clear out a back yard, but the laborer dodged and hesitated, and hung about it so long that the other finally exclaimed: "Hang it! I don't believe you want to work at all!" "Oh, yes I do; but I dassn't trust myself. I should'n more'n git to work afore I'd go on a strike, and I doan' want to bodder you."

—Detroit Free Press.

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