

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 5.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1887.

NO. 40.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. M. MURPHY, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE IN HERALD BUILDING.
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

H. FLENTGE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MYRTLE POINT COOS CO., OREGON.

S. N. A. DOWNING, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

Calls—day or night—promptly attended.
D. L. STEELE, M. D.
Dentist.

Marshfield, Oregon.
(Office in Holland building, opposite
Blanco Hotel). Laughing gas and other
anesthetics administered for the painless
extraction of teeth. v1n1

J. M. VOLKMAR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
BANDON, OREGON.

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

S. H. HAZARD, S. F. WILSON,
HAZARD & WILSON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
EMPIRE CITY, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
v1n1.

A. J. SHERWOOD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Coquille, Coos County, Oregon.

J. H. UPTON,
COUNSELOR AT LAW—NOTARY PUBLIC
Conveyancer and General Land
AGENT.

Collections Made—Loans Negotiated—
DENMARK, OREGON.
Ranches, Wild Land and Town Property
bought and sold. Collections a specialty
and proceeds promptly remitted.

L. F. LANE, JOHN LANE,
LANE & LANE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a Specialty.

Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan
Hotel, Oregon.
J. M. SIGLIN, JOHN A. GRAY,
Siglin & Gray,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon.
Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco
Hotel. v2n2

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

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

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

D. L. WATSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.

J. H. NOSLER,
Notary Public
COQUILLE CITY, OGN.

McMILLAN BROS.,
Photographers,
Marshfield, Oregon.
Gallery opposite Sengstacken's drugstore.
v5n16

J. J. WILSON
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
Coquille City, Ogn.
Work of all descriptions done at short
notice and extremely low prices. v5n18

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 Sergeant. v1

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 even-
ing on or before the full moon in each
month. 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.

The Swamp Angel's Dream.

Do you know the swamp Angel, Hen Owen?
Of course; I can see by your smile
You've encountered somewhere in your ram-
bles
That immortal colossus of guile.

From Shasta to Snake river, northward,
From Nevada due west to the sea,
He is King of the Saints, I can tell you,
And no one is greater than he.

And he looks like a "saint," this Hen Owen,
And the slickest that ever was seen,
With his broad rosy face and his manner
So oleomargarine.

The flies fighting on him are clever
To barely escape with their nooks,
And send him by mail, ever after,
Their compliments and their respects.

He can turn up a "juck" from the bottom
In a style that affects you to tears,
And you try to conceal your emotions
By producing the whiskies and beers.

And he takes his'n straight with such sorrow,
Such a widow-and-orphan despair
That you see the wings sprouting on him
That only good angels can wear.

In the lobby of each legislature,
Far back as remembrance extends,
He has sat and looked sad, like a father
Whose household forever contends.

While he, with his thoughts in the swamp
lands,
And the mists of the marsh in his glance,
Appealed to their nobler emotions,
By the wear of the seat of his pants.

A gobbler from gobblerville, Owen
Engobbed the gov'nor and court,
And he gobbled the national agent
Sent out to look after his sport.

And he gobbled the good secretaries,
And the doughty commissioners all,
Until Shackelford came and his gobbler
Had somehow exhausted its gail.

"Shack" wouldn't be gobbled, that's certain,
And the veil from the business was rent,
And we saw how the Angel had gobbled
And others had paid the per cent.

The people awoke and remembered
How the Angel had passed in his pomp,
And the ooze of his guile had transmuted
The hills and the valleys to "swamp."

He had filed on Mt Hood, sir, as swamp land,
And the cinerous sage covered plain,
Where the rattlesnake sings and coyotes
Are howling forever for rain.

And far on the gray beds of lava,
So guiltless of marshes and bogs,
The traveler heard in amazement
The croak of Hen's mythical frogs.

And out on the sands of the desert,
Where mirage in mockery plays,
He saw the ducks taking pre-emptions
And chanting the Swamp Angel's praise.

But Hen is in trouble, the deluge
Is liable now to recede,
And leave him, of all his vast empire,
Not even a frog or a reed.

The "Saint" will be only a sinner
If all of his filings should fail,
The wreck of a tadpole who told us
The rugged Cascades were a swale.

One night when the tempest was howling
In the land of the Saints, up in Lane,
Hen lay in his bed and he listened
To the musical rush of the rain.

He dropped into dreams of his swamp lands
And trouble on trouble befell,
Till he plunged, for escape, in a frog pond
And came to the doorway of hell.

"Who's there?" thundered Nick, as he heard
him,
"Hen Owen, the Saint," answered Hen,
They've made it too hot for me, Uncle,
Up there in the regions of men.

"Ha! ha! that's a good one! but welcome,
I'll try to amuse you awhile,
If you've brought no malaria with you
And won't pull your little old file."

Hen entered and greeted the landlord
With a smile that had conquered on earth,
And the latter admired him all over
From the size of his feet to his girth.

"What's the river I crossed?" queried Hen,
"Why, that is the Styx, my good dear,"
"They've been poking sticks at me in Web-
foot,"
Shrieked Owen, "pray don't do it here.

Then noticing Cerberus near them,
"What's that, sir?" "hy that is my dog,"
"You're a liar!" yelled Owen in triumph
"It's a beautiful three-headed frog."

And before any demon could stop him,
Or Cerberus even could growl,
He had filed upon hell as good swamp land,
And the devil stared as wild as an owl.

Portland Siftings.

OLD SAWS GUMMED AND SET.

BY FELIX THE FILER.

Oh, what makes the chimney sweep?
And why did the codfish ball,
And why, oh why, did the peanut stand?
And what makes the evening call?

Oh, why should the baby farm?
And why does the mutton chop?
Can you tell me what makes the elder blow?
Or what makes the ginger pop?

Say, why does the terrible bed spring?
And why does the saddle horse fly?
Or what does make the pillow slip?
And why do the soap boilers lye?

What makes the monkey wrench?
Or why should the old mill dam?
And who did the shoemaker strike?
Or why did the raspberry jam?

Oh, tell me why should a tree bark?
And what makes the wild winds howl?
Can you tell what makes the snow ball?
Or what makes a chimney foul?

Subscribe for the HERALD

LITERATURE.

"History of the Pacific States."
By Hubert Howe Bancroft.

Central America. Vol. III. 1801-1887.

The above-named volume is issued this day, and is a complete history of Central America. The desultory reader might imagine that no interest could attach to the narrative of a region so seldom referred to in our daily news, and of people so diverse from our common tastes, customs and ambitions. This volume will dissipate all such impressions. It is full of chapters of thrilling interest and vivid recital. In the strivings of contending rulers for administration of the political affairs of this country there has been demonstrated as great diplomacy, as keen intrigue and heroic endeavor of bravery and suffering as notable as ever characterized the machinations of rival dynasties upon the European chess-board. Savage barbarity too has had its revel, and conquering rules have marked their progress in ruin, while the shrieks of murdered innocence made the music of their march. All of this is recorded in this volume with distinct outline and vivid coloring. Bancroft is a word-painter as well as a chronicler of historical facts. His pen gives interest to whatever it touches.

One of the most interesting chapters to us of this coast is that which records the doings of Walker—the "gray-eyed man of destiny," as he was called—in his filibustering campaign in Nicaragua. Walker was a Tennessean, born in 1824—a doctor and lawyer by turns. He practiced law in Marysville in this state. He was a small man, measuring but 5 feet 4 inches in height. The idea upon which he acted was what was known as "manifest destiny," that is that the Anglo-Saxon in America must everywhere dominate the Latin race. Upon this mission he sailed from San Francisco on May 4, 1855, on the brig Vesta with 58 men. After a varied experience of success and disaster, during which he caused Corral, secretary of war, to be illegally shot as a traitor, and wantonly imprisoned other officials and prominent citizens, he became master of Nicaragua. His ambition led him then against Costa Rica, which in time led to a combination of Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador and Costa Rica "to drive out the invaders." The result was the capitulation of Walker and 16 of his officers and 400 men, and fortunate indeed he was to get out of the tight place to which he had been reduced. He arrived safely back in this country, but was not satisfied. Taking advantage of a rupture between Costa Rica and Nicaragua he prepared another expedition and sailed from New Orleans. He was, however, arrested by Commodore Paulding of the American home squadron and sent back to the United States. Still a third time did he fit out an expedition and succeeded in landing in Honduras. Here he made the fatal mistake of seizing the custom-house funds which belonged to the British government, and was therefor driven from the place by the British war-vessel Icarus. Being harassed and surrounded by the enemy he surrendered to the Icarus but was turned over to the Honduran general, who tried him by court-martial and executed him on the scaffold on September 12, 1860; and thus ended the career of the filibuster pirate William Walker.

A more pleasing chapter records the efforts of President Barrios to unite the five Central American states in one union, so that internal dissensions might be avoided. He was not successful, however, and on the 2d of April, 1885, he died fighting heroically for the unification of the several governments. His widow and seven children now live in affluence in New York City. Beside wars, riots, revolutions,

rebellions, devastation and treason, with which the record is full, this history, however, gives us what is of equal if not indeed more importance, a most intelligent summary and description of the dress, food, trade, traffic, custom, habits, physical features, church and state, laws, telegraph lines, minerals, metals, commerce and finance of these long-perturbed republics. From these we get to know the inner life and real character of the people.

Perhaps no portion of this history will have more interest for the United States than the full, complete and comprehensive chapters on the various steps that have been taken for interoceanic communication across the southern isthmus. All the various steps in these works so important to the commerce of the world are noted from the initial idea up to the building of De Lesseps' canal and the grants and contracts for the Nicaragua transit. The engineers' reports, details of the routes, sources of water, difficulties to be overcome, terms of grants, specifications of contracts, diplomatic negotiations and agreements with leading nations, and the treaties involved are all specifically set out in clear and specific style, so that a perfect understanding of the whole subject is now within the reach of the casual reader as well as the practical student of national progress.

The same fidelity of research which has characterized all the preceding volumes of this series is exhibited in this last issue, and the ground covered by Mr. Bancroft will never be gleamed by another, for he has left nothing for an after-math. His story is exhaustive, comprehensive, reliable, satisfying.

Chinese Certificates.

Messrs. Higgins and Ferguson at the custom house have just finished a nice job. During the last months before the not-enforced Chinese exclusion act was supposed to have gone into effect, the Astoria custom house issued 2,404 certificates. Of these, 600 have been returned, leaving about 1,800 still floating around China and the holds of the P. M. S. Co's vessels. Under instructions from special agent Beecher, the custom house here has made out and forwarded a list of the certificates and the names of the Mongolian gentlemen that have left the country for the country's good.—Astorian.

Satisfactory progress is being made at the Union Iron works' ship yard on the steel steamer being constructed for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The frame work is completed, and the plates are rapidly being put on. Although the keel of the Charles-ton has not been laid, a great deal of the work has been done on the vessel. The machinery is being built. Part of the steel to be used in her construction is on the way from the East, and the rest is being manufactured in Pittsburg.

The company will offer bids for the cruisers 1, 4 and 5 each of 4,000 tons, and gunboats 3 and 4, each of 1,700 tons, to be opened August 5th.

A young man was seen putting on airs one day last week; and his main desire was to purchase a fine pocket book. At last he found just what he was looking for, and, although he looked like a man of lots of money, he lacked five cents having enough money to pay for the purse.—Laughter and consternation in the store.

Tucson, May 6—Investigation discloses that no volcano exists at the points reported in Arizona. News from Sulphur Spring valley says over 100 new springs are running. The lake in the San Pedro valley has disappeared.

Henry Rhoner spent several days in this place lately.

Lodi at Randolph.

When at Randolph last week I found out the following things.

That every one was mad because it was raining.

That Joe Russel is working away improving his ranch which is one of the best on the lower river.

That the school is sailing right along with Miss. Mosher at the helm.

That Adam Pershbaker is the model merchant, and A. D. Wolcott the time honored book-keeper, is the most affable and accomplished gentleman of the age.

I saw some miners from over on the beach. They said the late storms hove the entire ocean over their works, carried away thier sluice boxes and busted them up in general.

I saw a flag pole 900 feet high, at least it looked that way to me. Douglas stood the thing up by his hotel to tell when dinner is ready.

There is going to be a wedding in Randolph soon; I know it, I called on the prospective bride, and a dog bit me at the same time, and when a dog bites me it is a sure sign of a wedding.

Richard Thrush is painting and repairing his sailing yacht. She looks gay when she is launched and ready to go on a pleasure excursion. Richard will hoist his main sheet, grasp his ruder handle, and sing out, come on, girls.

Lodi.

South Coquille Items.

The farmers in this part, are considerably discouraged with the unusual amount of rain this spring, retarding spring sowing to a great extent. Grass never looked better than now, and cattle and horses are sleek and show the effects of rich feed.

The farmers in this neighborhood are taking quite an interest in the improvement of their horses and the beautifully formed colts, sired by the fast trotting stallion "Captain Sligart" owned by C. B. Crosby, show too markedly the results of judicious breeding. Improved stock cost no more to raise than poor ones, and are more profitable, as well as a pleasure to the farmer. A visit to R. C. Dement's stock ranch will soon convince one of the value of good stock. His one year olds are as large and will weigh more than the average two year olds of common blood. Get the best if you can, if less in numbers.

Good health generally prevails now.

We are waiting for the rain to cease, and want to raise and supply the markets this year with much of the products that are now shipped from California.

Farmer.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen, who parted company on the Irish question some time ago, are now at odds upon a question of finance. The veteran financier has attacked the main proposals of Mr. Goschen's budget introduced last week, as at variance with sound financial principles. Mr. Gladstone was particularly severe upon Mr. Goschen's proposition to reduce the sinking fund and thus reducing the repayment of the debt. It was the first time in the history of the country, the ex-Premier said, that a proposal of that nature had been made, and the proposal was made at a time when the country was becoming richer than ever before. Singularly enough, Mr. Gladstone was followed in his strictures upon the bill by Mr. Goschen's predecessor as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Conservative Lord Randolph Churchill, who earnestly supported the ex-Premier's views. Mr. Goschen's propositions have also been criticised by some of the Liberal Unionists, who, upon questions of finance, prefer to follow the counsels of Mr. Gladstone.

—Bradstreet.

East Fork Items.

Ed. HERALD:—I thought that a little news from this part would be of interest to many of the readers of the HERALD.

We have been traveling through the country a little of late, and we think this is the most prosperous part that we have seen. Most of the farmers are through seeding, and the growing crops are looking fine. Our enterprising farmer, Mr. Bennett, has a fine field of grain. He is also preparing a splendid piece of land for corn. Success, John. Mr. Holt and the Krantz Brothers are also farming quite extensively this year. Those gentlemen are some of our best farmers, on this river. We can speak as well for the Weekly brothers and others, too, that live on this stream.

Grass of all kinds is good and stock is doing fine now. Friends, don't complain of rain as long as the grass is doing so well. It is better than to have cyclones and blizzards as they do in the East. We should judge from the amount of cattle that has been driven out this spring that last winter was not such a cow-killer as some would suppose, and we think that it is conclusive evidence that Coos and Curry counties are not so far behind in the stock business. We should like to see some of the immigrants come this way. We think that the East fork holds out as good inducements to the homelander as any part that we have seen. There is land to be taken up, and some for sale at a bargain, that would make excellent farms, and stock ranches. We have a splendid community, the society is good. The roads are very good too, and we have easy access to a good grist and saw mill, and every facility, and all the resources that is needed to make a good country.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Jackson, has taken a raft of lumber down from the mill to build a new house on his splendid farm.

The Gravel Ford school commenced Monday May 2nd, with Miss Tully for teacher. Shilo school commenced at the same time, with H. I. Clinton as teacher. The Dora school commences next Monday, 9th. Mr. Freeland of Ashland is the teacher. We wish these instructors of the youthful ones unbanded success.

Wide Awake.

[Coos Bay News.]

The high tides of last Saturday and Sunday covered the Catching slough marshes, and washed out the tide gate being built by Lackstrom & Keino.

Wm. Johnson, the expert, has returned to Port Blacklock, and it is expected that work in the sandstone quarry at that place will be resumed immediately.

The "oldest inhabitant" thinks the present spring is the worst ever experienced in Coos county. The weather has been cold and disagreeable, and gardens and crops are considerably behind hand.

The Rogers Bros., of South Coos river, lately purchased the little steamer Butcher Boy from O. Schetter, with the intention of using her in connection with their farms, carrying freight to and from town, delivering produce, etc.

Rev. R. J. E. Campbell passed back to his home at Marshfield Tuesday from Denmark, Curry county, where he organized the first Baptist church ever organized in Curry, on Sunday. He was elected pastor, and will preach there once a month hereafter. The Rev. gentleman was going to deliver a lecture at North Bend on the evening he passed through.

A Bangor schoolboy was told to apply the adjective anonymous to some object. After a moment's thought he decided that the baby was anonymous.