

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 6.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEB. 14, 1888.

NO. 27.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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

**W. K. VANCE, M. D.**  
General Practitioner.  
COQUILLE CITY.  
(From colleges and hospitals of London, Dublin, Belfast, Chicago.)  
Formerly, surgeon Clydesdale and Millwood Ironworks, Scotland. Late medical officer White-worth Public Dispensary, London.

**H. FLENTGE, M. D.**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
MIRBLE POINT COOS CO., OREGON.

**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. v4n1

**O. E. SMITH,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
office  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.  
v4n1.

**JOHN F. HALL,**  
Attorney at Law and  
Real Estate Agent.  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

**S. F. WILSON.**  
**HAZARD & WILSON,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
EMPIRE CITY, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.  
v4n37

**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.  
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**J. J. WILSON**  
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER.  
Coquille City, Ogn.  
Work of all descriptions done at short  
notice and extremely low prices. v5n38

**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.  
H. I. Clinton,  
Levi Snyder, H. I. Clinton,  
Captain. First Sergeant.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Coquille Lodge No. 53  
Meets at Coquille City every Saturday even  
ing. Visiting brethren, in good standing,  
cordially invited.  
J. S. Lawrence, 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.  
John Goodman, 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.  
G. B. Wickham, Commander.

**O. N. G.**  
Company H. Oregon National  
Guard  
Meets in the Masonic building, Coquille  
City, on Saturday night after each full  
moon. All members in good standing are  
cordially invited to attend.

**FURNITURE STORE,**  
F. Mark, Prop.,  
MARSHFIELD, OGN.  
Dealer in Furniture, Doors, Glass and Pic-  
ture Frames, etc., and agent for Whites'  
Sewing Machines. v4n114

**Coquille Fisherman's  
UNION**  
Randolph Oregon.  
Will meet every fourth Sunday in each  
month till further notice. All members in  
good standing are cordially invited to attend

**ANSWERED.**  
How long and impatient he waited.  
How many sunny hours have passed by  
Since near the banks of beautiful Coquille,  
A love was born, born but to die!

Through the long summer hours he waited  
Dreading ever his fate to know.  
With a love untold he watched her,  
Pass him daily too and fro.

Autumn came and passed away.  
Winters snow had decked our land,  
E'er he faulteringly asked her  
For her heart and hand.

Her soft white hands he fondly caressed  
Her lips once only, only pressed.  
But the heart he sought to win  
Was dead, forever dead to him.

The still Coquille's steady flow,  
Goes winding toward the sea.  
But his question has been answered  
And oblivion holds the key.

**The Labor Question.**  
"Who would be free, themselves  
must strike the blow" is a saying  
the truth of which has been vindicated  
in every epoch of the world's history.  
The abolition of every kind of serfdom,  
which has taken place in the chronicles of  
the ages, has with one remarkable excep-  
tion—the abolition of slavery in the  
United States—been accomplished  
simply through the fact that the serfs  
would stand it no longer. But to accom-  
plish the destruction of any such sys-  
tems of injustice there must be union  
amongst the aggrieved. "Union is  
strength" and without it nothing can  
be done that ought to be done, nothing  
can be made that ought to be made.  
That the present condition of the labor-  
ing classes of this and other countries  
needs amelioration is axiomatic in its  
truth, and that it must be the working  
classes themselves, who will ameliorate  
their own condition, and work out their  
own salvation, is equally obvious. It is  
expecting quite too much of human na-  
ture to look for extrinsic help in such  
an emergency, above all to look for  
assistance through any sense of justice  
from those very persons whose pocket-  
books receive plethoric additions through  
the existence of these same grievances  
afore-said. It is among the working  
men themselves that such efforts for  
improved conditions must be made,  
and on themselves alone must they  
depend for ultimate success. We are  
influenced by the fact that hardly a  
working man attended a forcible lecture  
on the labor question delivered in this  
city some days ago, although numerous  
street corner grumblings are constantly  
heard among this class, many of whom  
do nothing more remarkable than ad-  
journ to the neighboring saloon to drown  
their dissatisfaction in the flowing bowl.  
It is sycophancy and cowardice on the  
part of a working man to refrain from  
attending a lecture on the Labor Ques-  
tion, through fear of displeasing his  
employer. This question, which in this  
country is the question of the hour, is  
the one which, of all others, most affects  
their interests and calls for their  
closest attention and study. It is to be  
regretted that so many young men in  
this country desire to pose before the  
men who hire them as such nice young  
men, such good young men—from  
Chicago or anywhere else—that they  
would not associate with those who  
desire to lay before the public a plain  
statement of grievances and facts. Will  
the companies and corporations that  
employ them thank them for this—do  
they think—or will they despise them?  
It is a world-wide saying that "cor-  
porations have no souls," and we incline  
to the opinion that the latter will be  
the alternative. Trades' Unions do not  
mean anarchy, or nihilism, or unwarranted  
strikes, and the sooner such folks learn  
to direct their energies in union towards  
improving their social and financial  
status, instead of yielding to sickening  
toadyism after those who are already  
rich, in order to win a dubious smile  
from the "boss," the sooner will there  
be a favorable

solution of the great question of the  
hour. If working men would be  
only true to each other, they are  
numerous and potent enough at  
the polls to secure a successful issue  
of this question, and, if they allow  
dissensions and toadyism to "bosses"  
to insure their disaster, they will have  
only themselves to blame.

**Independent Workman.**  
"No, sir, I am not a member of any  
labor organization. If I don't like the  
wages my employer offers me I can go  
somewhere else. I am an independent  
workman and don't intend to be bound  
by the rules of any organization. These  
damned labor agitators are ruining the  
country, and I will not have anything  
to do with them."

This is the sort of reasoning that so-  
called independent workmen give for  
not connecting themselves with an  
organization of their trade. They will  
tell you that they are getting the  
standard wages, work but ten hours,  
and get it without the assistance of any  
trades union. Poor, narrow-minded  
ignoramus. How did the fool-killer  
miss you? You got the standard wages  
without the assistance of a trades union,  
did you? Did it never strike you that  
your fellow craftsmen who belong to a  
trades union were the direct cause of  
the standard wages you are so well  
satisfied with? Did you ever stop to  
think that were it not for organized  
labor you would have to work longer  
hours and for less wages? Every  
advantage in shorter hours, every  
increase in wages is due to the  
combined efforts of your fellow  
workmen who belong to labor unions,  
yet you claim to have not been  
assisted by a trades union. You  
damned labor agitators, and though you  
refuse to assist in the amelioration of  
your condition, you share in all the  
benefits that have been brought about  
by organized effort and co-operation.

Now, Mr. Non-Unionist, look at  
yourself as you really appear. Your  
employer has no more love for you  
than he has for the unionist, aside  
from the fact that he relies on you to  
break down wages. You share the  
prosperity of the union workmen and  
you thrive upon their calamities. You  
are a menace to your fellow workmen  
by holding aloof from them. They  
refuse to work with you because you  
stand between them and the better  
men of their, and your own condition.  
You are mistaken; you are not an  
independent workman; you are a  
wage slave like the balance of the  
toilers. Think this over and quit  
making an ass of yourself. If you  
really take pride in being an inde-  
pendent workman join hands with  
your brothers and independence will  
be all the nearer.—Southern  
Industry.

**Frozen to Death.**  
Proteau, the first white resident  
in Dakota, was found frozen to  
death near Fort Benton. He was  
ninety-three years old, and since he  
was eight years old had resided  
with the Indians. His home was  
the reservation, where he was  
engaged in trapping and fishing.  
He was well known along the  
Missouri slope, and many of the  
pioneer of Dakota and Montana  
owe their lives to old Proteau's  
kindness. He acted as scout, interpreter  
and guide for Generals Custer,  
Harney, Sibley and Sully, and  
carried over twenty arrow points in  
his body. He made several trips  
into the Black Hills with Indians  
over fifty years ago, and on one  
expedition returned with over \$15,000  
worth of gold nuggets, which he  
traded for several barrels of  
pork and sugar to Chouteau Brothers.  
He has been wealthy several  
times, but his money went like the  
wind. It is supposed Proteau was  
endeavoring to make his way to  
the post when he was caught in  
the blizzard and perished.

**Dogs Tale.**  
I have read and heard of many  
instances of canine sagacity, but  
Glen Cox has a dog that rather  
lays it across any thing in the dog  
line I have yet seen. He is a pretty  
smart puppy and he knows it; so  
does Glen, and Touse knows that  
Glen knows it. This dog carries a  
load of wisdom around with him,  
but like some smart children, he  
also carries a good deal of naughtiness.  
He generally employs himself in  
chewing the backbands off harness,  
gnawing hoe handles and mop sticks,  
broom handles, boot legs, old ropes  
and chains, carrying off and burying  
iron wedges, old axes, crow bars,  
etc. All those tricks are a part of  
his trade, but his principal mania  
is to chew off the guys of the  
clothes line and tearing to shreds  
all the clothes on it. This last  
week is what has caused his ever-  
lasting rain. It happened in this  
way: While this innocent puppy  
was rioting through a long line of  
towels, sheets, pillow slips, and  
night gowns, he came across Glen  
Cox's shirt, and proceeded without  
delay to curtail the same. This is  
what made Glen mad. This is the  
cause of the ominous thumping  
heard by the neighbors; this is the  
cause of that cloud of chips and  
straw and hair and cuss words and  
howls that rolled from out of the  
wood shed. This is what made  
Glen say he would make the darn  
dog's hide pay for his shirt tail,  
meaning, of course, that the tail  
goes with the hide. This is what  
makes that puppy tuck his tail be-  
tween his legs and run under the  
house every time he sees anything  
that looks like a shirt. Glen says  
he firmly believes if he had not put  
a check on that dog, he would have  
chewed the tail off everything in  
the country. No, no, Glen, there  
is one tale that that dog will never  
tackle. That is the one some fool  
told on me last summer. There  
was too much lie in it to suit any  
dog's taste.

Lodi.

**State Temperance Alliance Call.**  
The regular annual session of  
the Oregon State Temperance  
Alliance will be held in The Dalles,  
Oregon February 15th and 16th,  
1888, commencing at 10 o'clock  
a. m., on the 15th. Every church,  
Sunday School, and temperance  
society is entitled to one delegate,  
and every organized county Alliance  
to twice as many delegates as  
there are members on the legis-  
lature assembly from said county.

The people of The Dalles expect  
to furnish entertainment for  
delegates, and the usual reduction  
of fare will be secured on the O. &  
C. and O. R. & N. lines of railroad.  
As The Dalles is conveniently  
located for both the eastern and  
western parts of the state, it is  
hoped that both sections as well  
as Southern Oregon will be well  
represented. We must preserve  
and make effective the immense  
prohibition sentiment developed  
by our late campaign. A large  
and enthusiastic meeting of the  
Alliance is necessary to accomplish  
this purpose. Let us have it.

G. M. MILLER, President.  
J. E. KNOX, Secretary.

**PATENTS GRANTED TO CITIZENS OF  
Pacific states during the past  
week, and reported expressly for  
the HERALD by C. A. Snow & Co.  
Patent lawyers, opp. U. S. patent  
office, Washington, D. C.**

R. J. Ballew, Magalia, Cal., pawl  
and ratchet mechanism; A. Bink,  
Stockton, Cal., spring vehicle; J. R.  
Brodie, San Francisco, Cal., ink-  
ing attachment for printing presses;  
J. Davy, Oakland, Cal., packing  
case; L. Brooks, Black Diamond,  
W. T., device for tightening fence  
posts; H. Bruckerman, Table Rock,  
Cal., can opener; J. H. Hatch, San  
Francisco, Cal., rubber dam clamp;  
B. F. Hentzell, San Francisco,  
chimney; W. B. Waldron and G.  
C. Boller, Folsom City, Cal., tamp-  
ing tool; S. B. Whitehead, San  
Francisco, telegraph apparatus.

**Iowa Slough Items.**  
Dear HERALD, editor, typos,  
devil, and all: Thinking you might  
get the idea into your heads that  
Goldie was either lost, dead, or  
married. I take up my pen to in-  
form you that such is not the case;  
as well as to inform you also of the  
happenings in this part of the  
valley.

Glen Cox had the blues last  
week but has got back to his orig-  
inal color, a kind of greenish cast.

Miss Alice Connor is stopping  
with Mrs. Hancock as a companion  
at present.

The Misses Etta and Louisa  
Danielson are attending school at  
this place.

The first of April will tally eight  
months school, on Iowa slough, in  
the last year. The people believe  
in education if they do have to go  
down in their pockets to supply  
the deficiency of the school fund to  
pay for it.

Our young folks scraped them-  
selves together at the residence of  
Mr. N. Thrush one night last week  
and tripped the light fantastic on  
the coat tail of the "wee sma"  
hours and went home with each  
other in the morning.

Adam Pershaker paid the  
neighborhood a visit a few days  
ago he has one of the finest places  
on the slough.

Bill Ward, the logger, spent Sun-  
day and Monday on the slough.  
Goldie.

Feb. 7, '88

**From The Alaska Free Press.**  
The band is now able to render  
some excellent music. We predict,  
if they remain under the leadership  
of Prof. Miller until spring they  
will be the crack band of the north-  
west.

It's a tough job to get out a full  
fledged newspaper these short  
days, in which are only about four  
hours of sunshine and five of day-  
light.

The death rate among the In-  
dians is alarming, six having died  
within the past week. In but a few  
years hence, as a race, they will be  
extinct.

When a group of mines sell for  
a million and a quarter cash, it  
certainly speaks louder than words  
of the resources of the country.

On New Year's day there was  
born to a young woman (name not  
given) in Oaksdale, W. T., twin  
babies bound together in one being,  
and connected from what is known  
as the moribiles up to the fourth  
rib. The attending physician in  
writing of this strange freak of na-  
ture says through the Colfax Com-  
moner: Their heads, shoulders  
and extremities were naturally  
formed, with their little cheeks  
coming in contact with each other,  
and with their arms thrown around  
each other's necks in fond embrace,  
thus presenting one of the grand-  
est pictures of innocence and love  
that the human mind could possi-  
bly conceive. The little innocents  
only made a faint struggle for life,  
and passed over to the bright  
beyond." This reminds one of the  
Siamese twins who were at one  
time the wonder of the world. The  
mother up to date is doing well,  
but is not out of danger.—Itemizer.

A bill has been prepared for in-  
troduction in the Maryland legis-  
lature to make it obligatory on  
every qualified citizen to vote at  
every general election, with a fine  
of five dollars and costs in case of  
failure. Now if they will get after  
the voter who votes too often, and  
compel him to don prison garb and  
never vote again, a Much needed  
reform will be inaugurated. Heavy  
fines and imprisonment are pro-  
vided for by existing statutes, but  
they are never enforced. Honest  
politicians, as well as the general  
public, in many instances are de-  
frauded by rogues, not because of  
the absence of punitive legislation,  
but because of the apparent senti-  
mental indisposition of the courts  
to fully punish the offenders. This  
is a time when courts and juries  
should deal stringently with rogues  
of all kinds.—Ex.

**For Ambitious Boys.**  
A boy is something like a piece  
of iron which, in its rough state,  
isn't worth much, nor is it of very  
much use; but the mere processes  
it is put through the more valuable  
it becomes. A bar of iron that is  
only worth \$5 in its natural  
state, is worth \$12 when it is made  
into horse shoes; and after it goes  
through the different processes by  
which it is made into needles its  
value is increased to \$350. Made  
into penknife blades it would be  
worth \$3,000, and into balance-  
wheels for watches, \$250,000. Just  
think of that, boys; a piece of iron  
that is comparatively worthless  
can be developed into such valu-  
able material.

That the iron has to go through  
a great deal of hammering and beat-  
ing and rolling and pounding and  
polishing; and so, if you are to be-  
come useful and educated men,  
you must go through a long course  
of study and training. The more  
time you spend in hard study the  
better material you will make. The  
iron doesn't have to go through  
half so much to be made into horse  
shoes as it does to be converted in-  
to delicate watch springs; but think  
how much less valuable it is.  
Which would you rather be, horse  
shoes or watch springs? It de-  
pends on yourself. You can be-  
come whichever you will. This is  
your time of preparation for man-  
hood. Don't think I would have  
you settle down to hard study all  
the time, without any intervals of  
fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see  
boys have a good time, and I  
should be very sorry to see you  
grow old before your time; but  
you ample opportunity to study  
and play too, and I don't want you  
to neglect the former for the sake  
of the latter.—Ex.

**The Measles.**  
I am just getting over the meas-  
les, either over, or under, or around  
them any way I've passed where  
they live without being entirely  
killed. I have no desire to dam-  
age the measles trade but from a  
conscientious point of view I must  
pronounce it a fraud. It may be  
that the one I've had is a poor  
kind, but one thing is certain, any  
better kind would not increase my  
admiration of the varmint in the  
least. I laid on my back for four  
days with nothing to do but study  
out the pedigree of the infernal  
thing. Did I say I had nothing  
else to do? Yes I did another  
thing, I did heaving enough to  
hoist a 10 ton anchor over Mount  
Hood. Some say they are the  
French measles, some, the little  
red measles, and so on, but I know  
better, they are the hog measles,  
I know it, for no decent disease  
would make any one feel like a  
pirate. Yes sir the hog measles is  
the thing to have, you can't die  
and get out of your misery, but  
you can just lie on your back and  
let the taste soak in.

Lodi.

**A Fragment.**  
No, no, I don't believe in a fel-  
low telling all he knows, it leaves  
him "kinder holler," and you see  
he is empty; has done his do; he  
has nothing more to say, unless he  
tells what other people know, and  
that is a little risky. So the only  
solid resource left him is to lie.  
He has just naturally got to lie to  
keep his end of the talk up. Now  
this is not as it should be, for no  
man can serve two masters; he  
can't lie and tell the truth alterna-  
tely and do justice to either side.  
If a man is generally truthful he  
can't tell a lie that any one will be-  
lieve, while on the other hand if  
he expects to be an all wool liar,  
he must never try to tell the truth.

Lodi.

Anyone wishing to buy oats can  
get them at Ben Fig's, delivered  
at his landing, at 50cts. per bushel.