

Coquille City Herald.

J. A. & D. F. DEAN, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

Devoted to the interests of the Coquille River particularly, and of the County generally.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21, 1890.

The railroad survey was finished to Myrtle Point last week.

Mr. Krumk, of Myrtle creek, was in town on business Tuesday.

Wild geese migrating south on Thursday indicated cold, frosty weather up north.

Mr. R. C. Dement of Norway, returning from court made us a pleasant call Thursday.

Everything points to the fact that Harrison will again be a candidate for the presidency.

T. J. Alexander came in from Dillard's last Tuesday. He reports times quiet outside.

Te best windmill made is the "Cyclone," kept by Thos. Minott, the Coos bay hardware man.

Drying wine grapes is becoming a big industry in California. The low price of wine has brought it about.

Miss Tilla Volkmar has finished her school down the coast and returned to her home at Myrtle Point.

Miss Dyer and Miss Whitelaw of Bandon came up to visit friends Tuesday. Miss Dyer is afflicted with a very sore hand.

An old man named Burton arrived from Oregon City Wednesday with his family to make Coos county his home. He is seeking work.

Mr. Samuel Loshbaugh and lady of Big creek, Middle Coquille, spent a few days last week with Mrs. L's sister, Mrs. A. G. Balch, and family.

The Christian church in this place has been duly incorporated and have bought a lot of Mrs. M. E. Lamme with a view to building a church.

Mr. J. F. Sanders, who has been prospecting for black sand gold at Randolph for some time, left for Portland Wednesday night to be gone several weeks.

A tree 129 1/2 feet around, the largest in the world, has been discovered in Fresno county, Cal. It is over 43 feet in diameter four feet above the ground.

Supt. Bunch has the lumber on the ground ready to commence the construction of a dwelling as soon as the academy is completed. It will be near that institution.

Any one wishing a good work horse in exchange for potatoes or grain can have a bargain by calling on W. N. Campbell at the Red Front, Coquille City, Ore.

Harkness' iron and sarsaparilla is splendid and you will say so when you try it. He treated the HERALD force on Wednesday, and we know whereof we speak.

Miss May Hanscom is in town for treatment for her eyes which she had poisoned in some way while returning from the interior of the state where she had gone to visit her sister Mrs. Wheeler.

Mr. Walter Drane has succeeded Hughes & Drane in the blacksmithing business in this place, having bought J. W. Hughes' interest last week. He is a good workman; and asks a continuance of the patronage.

FINE PROPERTY.—Mr. Chas. Watkins has 15 acres of fine bench land suitable for building, being almost level; and situated near the academy in this place. He offers it for sale, and we predict a fortune for the buyer. Here is a rare chance for speculation. 12tf

Mr. Harnett's first letter to the Oregonian has been productive of some good already, as we were shown several letters from men with money who wrote to him for further information. His other correspondence will appear at regular intervals, and will give a complete description of the county at large. — News.

Jim McAdams discovered an apple tree six inches in diameter and 30 feet high in the wild woods of the isthmus a few days ago. It was full of large luscious apples. So says a correspondent of the News. There have been several found in the county and one near Rink creek of an unknown and superior variety. Who says Coos county is not adapted to fruit.

Written for the Herald.

BIRDIE! Or the Dead Man's Dinner.

On the borders of the Georgian Bay stood a small logshanty. The inmates at the time of our story was a man in the prime of life and his only child, a girl, ten years old. He had come from England with his wife and child, taken up a government grant and started clearing the primitive forest. The wife, a delicate, refined woman, unused to roughing it, had succumbed to the hardships inseparable to a pioneer life, leaving her heartbroken husband to fill the double place of mother and father to their child, a delicately organized sensitive little thing, then 8 years old; and well had he fulfilled his trust. The whole love of his strong nature had centered itself on the child, and she had returned his love in full measure and was never so happy as when ministering to him at home, or wandering about the solemn, sombre woods with her little hand in his prattling to him of the time when she would be big enough to wash and mend his clothes, and cook him dainties and keep his house and never leave him—never—but live with him always forever.

The settler had got work for himself and ox team at a lumber camp about half a mile from his cabin, and had also found a market there for the greater part of the products of his clearing and was laying by money in the hopes of sending his little motherless daughter to school at Toronto; and possibly of finding work there for himself so as to be near her during the coming winter.

The sun was just appearing above the horizon, lighting up the autumn tints of the trees to increased brilliancy; air was sharp and exhilarating, for there had been a slight frost; the Indian summer was nearly over, and as we enter the cabin the man is talking to his child.

"Well, Birdie, dear, if you will be very careful you may try to cook me a bit of dinner, as I know it will give you pleasure; but be careful about the fire, my darling, and put it out before you leave, and then you can stay with me and watch us at the camp all the afternoon. You won't feel lonely this morning, will you pet? See here are your books and slate. You can amuse yourself with them till it is time to start cooking, can't you my little housekeeper?"

"Oh! yes, dear papa, I shan't be lonely one bit, for I have to prepare such a nice dinner for you. I have the rabbit to stew and the potatoes to wash and peel, and all sorts of things. Oh! no, papa, I shan't be lonely. You'll see what a nice, splendid cook I'm getting, and what a beautiful hot dinner I'll bring you; see if you don't."

And the child full of importance at the thought of cooking and taking father's dinner went singing about the little room. "Good bye, father; don't you worry about me. I shall bring your dinner at noon," and the little maid climbed a chair for a parting kiss. "Good bye, my motherless baby; may God have thee in his keeping," and as the strong man stooped to kiss his child a tear trickled down each cheek. "Why papa, you mustn't cry; you know God always keeps me when you are away. I shan't have time to miss you, for I shall be cooking for you all the time, and you'll be late for work, papa, if you don't hurry;" for the man in his yearning love for his little one seemed as if he could not leave her. At last he started up the path through the clearing, but turned back again. "Birdie," he called; "Birdie, tell me good bye again," and once more he embraced his child and kissed her and then hurried away waving with his hand a last kiss and goodbye as he disappeared in the gloom of the forest. The time passed quickly with the little maiden, as she sang about her work, washing up the breakfast things and putting them neatly away; making the beds, sweeping the floor and dusting their rude belongings, arraying the things in various ways to make them look, as she said to herself, more like what papa had been used to. Then she took her book and slate and sat at the door in the sun to con her lesson ready for her father when he came to hear her recite at night.

There was the rabbit father had shot and cleaned and told her how to stew, and she went to the garden patch for parsley and onions, which she peeled till her water run from her dear loving eyes; but still she struggled on until she had the stew simmering on the stove and sending forth an appetizing odor, and then she sat down to peel the potatoes, singing to herself the old English songs she had learnt from her mother, every now and again breaking off in a happy laugh as she thought how father would relish the first dinner she had ever cooked—"all by myself, you know" she said, and then jump up to peep beneath the lid, and give the stew a stir and smack her lips and sniff. "My! don't it smell good; how rich and nice the gravy looks; just what papa likes," and she put on the potatoes and the kettle and got out the basket, dish, can, bread and a white napkin to cover over all.

I do believe papa never had a better dinner—its just splendid and all by myself, too. Father'll let me always cook now when he eats this and finds how good it is, and he'll kiss me and tell me I'm his own little darling housekeeper; I just know he will, and I shall be just as happy as happy;" and the dear little thing danced about the room like a fairy, wild with joy.

And now the potatoes are done and drained and stewed, and the delicious stew emptied into the bowl, the spoons and knives and forks put in, then the bread and potato, the tea emptied into the can, the fire put out. Then the careful little lady locked the door, took her basket and can and started for the lumber camp half a mile away with her wonderful dinner.

How did it happen? no one knows—some slight negligence—some carelessness—some litch—some— But one hour before noon a log rolled over someone who cried: "God help my child!"—and some one was dead—no one to blame; accidents are always happening, and a group of rough lumbermen stood around the dead man under a tree in the backwoods of Canada, and his little girl is on her way with his dinner. God help her, indeed.

"Please, sir, can you tell me where to find father; I've brought his dinner," and she turned her sweet sensitive face and loving eyes on a rough bearded man at the outside of the group. The man looked blankly down at the little maid, but instead of answering brushed his sleeve across his eyes as if to clear his vision.

"Please, sir, father said I could come to the camp with his dinner, and I've cooked it all myself. Will you tell me where he is, sir?"

The man addressed nudged the next one to him. "Thee tell her Jim; I can't." "He spoke in a whisper, huskily.

"No, no, no; I can't!" responded the other with a sob. "Isn't father here, sir? again spoke the child. "Tell one where he is or his dinner will be cold and then it won't be nice and I've cooked it." But those rough, honest hearts were beyond words, and with downcast looks moved right and left.

"Oh! There you are, father, asleep, and the men were hiding you from me for a joke. Here it is, father; such a nice dinner, such a success. I didn't forget one thing; the onions, the salt and pepper, the thickening and the dice of bacon—everything, and it's so good. Wake up now, papa; your dinner time and dinner will be cold, and she laid hold of what one hour before had been her strong, gentle, living, loving father and shook him playfully to awake him while many a sob shook the rough strong men around.

"Father! father! your're cold and your dinner will spoil, wake up. Oh! how cold you are. He won't wake sir; can't you arouse him? and see, here is blood on his clothes. Oh! kind gentlemen wake him for his dinner" and she turned her great pathetic eyes that had now a nameless terror in them on the sobbing men that stood around.

Then she opened her basket. "See, father, how nice and good it looks; taste it, dear papa," and taking a spoonful she tried to thrust it into his mouth. "Oh! papa, what ails you that you do not stir? How is it that you are so cold and stiff? Dear father, wake up and eat your dinner, and it will warm you, and you will feel better," and once

again she tried to feed him. The foreman of the lumber camp now came forward and tried to remove her. "Dear little maid, come with me. There was an accident and your father has gone to your mother and God; so come with me, little maid, and God help me, I'll take care of you. Come, my child; this is no place for you."

"But he told me, sir, to cook his dinner and bring it to the camp and stay with him all the afternoon, and now, sir" she said with another of those heartrending looks, "now he is stiff and cold and cannot eat and you say that he is dead, and the dinner will spoil. Oh! father, my father, wake up for your Birdie and eat your dinner."

They laid him in the ground near his wife in the clearing and put a rude wooden cross over his grave and the little one lived on with the foreman's wife at the lumber camp, no trouble to any one, only speaking when the men came in. Then she would raise those great eyes of hers with dumb agony and love in their depths and say: "Please, sir, can you tell me where to find father? for I've cooked his dinner and brought it for him."

The snow lay thick upon the clearing and in the woods around a piercing wind swept through their dim, far-reaching aisles and King frost was holding high carnival.

Where was the little maid? everyone had been busy—some at this, others at that, and the woman at everything—and she had slipped away unmissed.

They tracked her through the snow to the rude cross in the clearing, and there she lay cold and stiff on the bare white snow, with her basket beside her in which she had taken her father's dinner.

Home Productions.—The various industries of this coast do not receive the encouragement they deserve. It seems that people want work and business men desire to invest their capital; but they will at the same time buy a pair of Eastern or Chinese made shoes, cigars or clothes. The farmer or business man in the city desires to sell his products at the highest possible rates; but he at the same time purchases an Eastern made wagon, carriage or harness. The harnessmaker, the blacksmith, the wagonmaker, the boot and shoemaker, the cigarmaker, the shirtmaker, etc., consequently only number a few thousand all told in this state, when they should be counted by the tens of thousands. Do you then wonder at this condition of things? If the capitalist expects to reap a rich reward from his investments on this coast, he will first have to assist in removing the cause.

Do Eastern merchants purchase your lumber and farm products? If they do not, then you had better patronize those a little nearer your own home; you will profit by it.—Exchange.

A Fearful Heritage.—The transmission of BLOOD TAINTS entails fearful consequences, and those afflicted, through a need to purify the blood, have resorted to the use of this often leads to fearful complications of disease. A gentleman whose family were greatly afflicted writes us thus: "GENTLEMEN: My wife and I, fourteen months old, and a boy of five have suffered for years from hereditary scrofula or King's evil, and would frequently break out in sores. I have employed the best physicians, but found nothing to relieve them until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Have used fourteen bottles and find to my astonishment, they are entirely cured. Words cannot describe the value of your medicine as a blood purifier. I shall recommend it to all who are troubled from impure blood."

JOHN MUELLER, JR., Dealer in groceries and provisions, Alpena, Mich. For sale by R. S. Knowlton.

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.—Land office at Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 29, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington territories," Edwin B. Earle of Marshfield, County of Coos, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 15 and W 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section No. 22, in Township No. 28 S Range No. 13 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Friday the 26th day of December, 1890.

He names as witnesses: W. L. Laird, Chas. W. Johnston and John Lamer, of Roseburg, Oregon, and Lewis C. Garrigus, of Marshfield, Oregon. And all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of August 1890.

JOHN H. SHUFF, Register.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.—These pills are scientifically compounded, and uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Must Be Settled.—All those owing J. T. Jenkins, including 82 per cent of the company accounts of Jenkins & Tension must settle the same by or before Oct 1st or collections will have to be forced. 8tf

A Great Bargain.—House and two acres of land for sale at Bandon for less than the house cost. The owner wishes to leave on account of health. Inquire of Sinclair & Harlocker.

For Sale!—19 head of cattle, price \$225; 3 cows, 2 calves, 13 year-olds past. Also one span of four-year-old horses, price \$300. Reason for wanting to sell immediately—I have a business call to the east. Call on or address Joseph Noyes, 66tf Myrtle Point.

A Bargain!—FOR SALE, ON VERY EASY TERMS.—The Robinson House, fully furnished and everything complete, necessary for a first class hotel. Apply to COOS BAY REAL ESTATE AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, P. O. Box 178, Marshfield, Oregon.

J. F. WESTON, Civil Engineer and Surveyor. City and Sanitary Engineering, Ditches and Fences located, Lines run, Plans, Maps and estimates furnished for all kinds of work. Apply at the Coast Mail office, Marshfield, Oregon.

An Extraordinary Bargain.—A farm of 241 acres on the Coquille river, 5 miles from Bandon; 90 acres of bottom, 20 acres cleared; 40 acres swamp, 29 acres like and in hay meadow; 40 head of cattle, 15 tons of hay, good orchard, horse, barn and out buildings; horse wagon, farm implements. Price \$4500; \$3000 cash, balance on time. This offer is open for six weeks only. Address at once, J. M. Upton, Bandon, Oregon.

ROBINSON HOUSE! COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, Mrs. S. Robinson, Prop.—This house has been refitted and newly furnished throughout. First-class Accommodations for Traveling MEN. SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. This popular and favorite resort has recently been thoroughly renovated and put in better order than ever before. The table is supplied with all the delicacies to be had and in a style to please the most fastidious epicure.

BANNER SALOON! WILL J. TENNISON, PROP.—First door east of Robinson House, Front Street, Coquille City, Oregon. The bar is supplied with the best brands of wines, brandies, whiskeys, beers and cigars to be found.

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN—Has attained a standard of excellence which is not surpassed. It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce. OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL. WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS. These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc. ESTABLISHED REPUTATION. UNEQUALLED FACILITIES. SKILLED WORKMEN. BEST MATERIAL. COMBINED, MAKE THIS THE POPULAR ORGAN. PIANOS, STOOLS, BOOKS. Catalogues on application, FREE. CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Notice.—The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Chas. F. W. Von Pegert deceased, by the Judge of the County Court of Coos county, State of Oregon. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified that they are required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, within six months from this date to me at my office in Coquille City, Coos county, Oregon. L. Harlocker, Administrator of the estate of C. W. F. Von Pegert, deceased. Sept 23 90

Irving B. Cook, Gen'l Commission Merchant AND AGENT. 111 & 114, Front St., San Francisco, Cal. DEALER IN Hay, Feed of all kinds, Flour & Meats. Highest Market Prices Obtained for Apples and all green Fruits, Salt Salmon, Chittim Bark, Hides, Skins and Wool, Furs of all kinds, Blotch Wood, Stave Posts, and produce generally. ALSO BUY, AS WELL AS SELL GOODS ON COMMISSION. Information of any kind will cost you nothing—inquiries will receive prompt attention at my hands until

COQUILLE CITY BAKER Y, Mrs. U. Root, Prop., Hunnewell Building Coquille City. Always keeps on hand a choice and fresh supply of bread, pies, cakes, etc.

SMALL HOMES.—To supply the constant demand for homes of this class. Near Town. Where you can secure the amount of acres you desire. On Good Terms. We now offer 100 acres of the Forts land 1/2 mile from corporate limits of the beautiful and promising town of Coquille, Coos county, Oregon. In Tracts To Suit. 2 1/2, 5, 10, 20, or 40 acre lots, each bench land, level and No. 1 for fruit and residences, and part bottom land which is very rich, and to market desirable the two objects are combined in nearly every tract offered. Several chances for spring water to feed choosers, and will be sold, if desired, on One Half Cash. Balance in one and two years with interest, which will enable many to secure a small home that if well managed will bring more Revenue and solid comfort than much larger tracts farther from town, church, school, market and roads; only 15 minutes walk from Postoffice, stores, boat landing and proposed depot on R. R. line now constructing, the choicest locations yet offered. SHERWOOD & SANFORD.

For Sale.—A farm and dairy ranch for sale at a bargain, adjoining the fair grounds at Arago Co. Oregon, containing 149 acres, 100 acres bottom land and 49 acres level bench land. 109 acres cleared and fenced. One-half mile of river frontage with good steamboat landing a quarter of a mile from postoffice and school house, good orchard, two barns, one house, milkhouse, woodshed and other outbuildings. To be sold with place, 18 cows, 12 two-year old heifers, 13 yearling heifers, 1 blooded bull, 1 team of horses and harness, dairy fixtures and farming utensils go with the place. For price and terms apply to Robt. W. Bullard, Randolph, Coos county, Oregon. n3tf

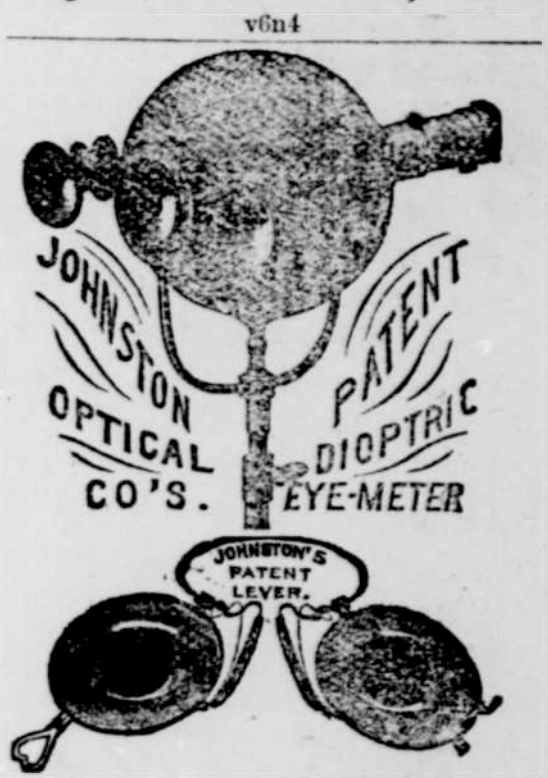
NEW Drug Store! R. S. KNOWLTON, DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT, PROPRIETOR, Coquille City, Oregon. Full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Toilet articles, Tobacco and Cigars. Prescriptions a specialty—carefully filled at all hours Day or Night. Night call, front room over the Store.

NEW Blacksmith Shop! COQUILLE CITY, WALTER DRANE, Prop. ALL kinds of farm work solicited. Horse shoeing and plow work a specialty. Supplies for logging work, wedges, dogs, rings, cant-hooks and everything used in logging camps kept on hand. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop on corner north of Pioneer Feed stable. n35tf

Patronize Home Industry.—The new A 1 Schooner PARKERSBURG, Wm. Schroeder, MASTER. Built expressly for the COQUILLE RIVER TRADE. WILL Run on no other Route. This vessel having made six round trips in the last six months, is supposed to keep up her past record, and will until further notice, on and after November 15th, deliver freight to Coquille City and all points on the lower river at the following rates: Salt, nails, iron and coal, \$2.50 per ton. Other freight including flour, \$3.50 per ton. COQUILLE MILL & TUG COMPANY.

THE MENTGE Drugstore, MYRTLE POINT, OR. N. G. W. PFRKINS, Proprietor. Fresh drugs, chemicals, paints, oils, toilet articles, brushes, and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store for sale. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. The best brands of tobacco and cigars always on hand. A fine assortment of nuts and candies very cheap. Give us a call.

J. H. ROBERTS, Dealer in General Merchandise, Myrtle Point, Or.



J. J. WILSON, Watchmaker, Jeweler & OPTICIAN, COQUILLE CITY. FRONT STREET, EAST END. All kinds of repairing neatly done at reasonable rates. Work Warranted to give satisfaction. Orders taken for Watches and Jewelry not in stock. All work must be paid for before leaving the shop.

We have the Exclusive Control of ONLY 50 CENTS FULL WEIGHT AND PERFECTLY PURE. CONDOR'S BAKING POWDER. ONE AND ONE HALF POUNDS. COQUILLE, ORE. N. LORENZ, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Special Notice! To the good people of Coquille City and the surrounding country: I have fitted up a first-class gallery in Marshfield, opposite Nelsburg & Hill's store. I claim to do the best work done in Coos county. When you are in our city call and see my work and you will be convinced. Your patronage respectfully solicited. J. W. RHOOS, Photographer. v7 n36

COQUILLE MILL AND Tug Company!! DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND ALL KINDS OF LUMBER. CEDAR, FIR, ASH, MAPLE, MYRTLE, Alder and spruce lumber always on hand and for sale at the lowest rates.

TOWING By Tug TRIUMPH on the river and bar, at reasonable rate. Timber, match-wood and stave timber purchased. Orders for lumber filled in quantities to suit, and at the lowest living rates. J. PARKER, CHAS. F. DOE, Parkersburg, Coos county, Oregon. v1 n18tf

PIONEER STAGE LINE! FROM Coquille to Utter City, Carrying the U. S. MAILS, Freight and Passengers. Stages will leave Coquille City every day, except Sunday, at 5 a. m. and 1 p. m., connecting with steamer each trip for all points on Coos bay. Leave Utter City every day, except Sunday, at 9 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Passengers by morning stage can visit Marshfield and Empur City, having two hours in each place, returning to Coquille City, the same day. Fare, One Dollar. Always go with the Mails and make Connections. JOHNSON & DUNHAM, Proprietors.

THE MENTGE Drugstore, MYRTLE POINT, OR. N. G. W. PFRKINS, Proprietor. Fresh drugs, chemicals, paints, oils, toilet articles, brushes, and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store for sale. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. The best brands of tobacco and cigars always on hand. A fine assortment of nuts and candies very cheap. Give us a call.