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MYRTLE CAMP, NO. 197, WOODMEN
of the World, meets at Masonic Hall 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
A. J. Smaewood, Consul.
George T. Moulton, Clerk.

F. A. & I. U.
COQUILLE F. A. & I. U. meets every second and fourth Thursday nights in each month in Coquille City, Coos county, Oregon.
Mrs. Lena Johnson, Sec.

Bandon F. A. and I. U.
Meets every second and fourth Friday nights in each month at Bandon, Coos county, Or.
E. G. Gowen, Sec.

Summer F. A. and I. U.
Meets at Alliance hall on the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month.
W. E. Eaton, Sec.

RIVERTON F. A. & I. U. meets in its new hall at Riverton every first and third Saturday evenings of each month.
O. A. Krelt, Sec.

SOUTH FORK F. A. & I. U. No. 230, meets every second Saturday at 2 p. m. Brokers of other lodges in good standing are invited to a time with us.
W. E. Eaton, secretary.

I. O. O. F.
Coquille Lodge No. 53
meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren, in good standing, cordially invited.
J. H. Noller, N. G.
J. S. Lawrence, R. S.

Coquille Encampment, No. 25, I. O. O. F.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Cordial invitation to visiting patriarchs in good standing.
J. S. Lawrence, C. P. F.
G. F. Bontell, Scribe.

Chadwick Lodge, No. 68
A. F. and A. M.,
Meets at their hall on Saturday evening or before full moon in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
J. W. Lester, W. M.
T. R. Willard, Sec.

G. A. R.
Gen. Lytle Post No. 27.
Meets at Coquille City, on every first Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
John Morris, Commander.
H. H. Nichols, Adjutant.

Coquille Fishermen's UNION
Randolph Oregon,
will meet every fourth Saturday in each month till further notice. All members in good standing cordially invited to attend.

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Union Labor Column.

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PEOPLE'S PARTY.
The following compose the County Executive Committee of the People's Party of Coos county, Oregon:
Dist. No. 1—J. J. Stanley, Empire City.
" " 2—A. M. Collier, Marshfield.
" " 3—W. H. Hull, Riverton.
" " 4—L. T. Wasky, Gravel Ford.
" " 5—J. H. Matheny, Myrtle Point.
" " 6—W. D. Marshall, Bandon.
W. H. HULL, Chairman, Riverton.
J. S. McEwen, V. C. and Treasurer, Coquille City.
J. J. STANLEY, Sec., Empire City.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY "A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL."
Perhaps the readers of The Coming Nation, who have been brought up in the belief that all men have souls to save, will think I jumped to the conclusion without sufficient evidence to prove that I have no soul. Let us look up my past history, for the trail is easy to follow, marked by rags and hunger and disappointment and privations from the home in a New York garret to my present home among the foothills of the Rocky mountains. My father was a common laborer until the life was half crushed out of him by having the walls of a burned warehouse fall upon him. He was sent to a hospital for treatment, and in less than three months he was sent out into the world to earn his own living, with one useless arm, both legs crippled, and an injured spine.

I was then three years old, sister Francis ten, and little brother Walter one. Our home was in a dingy garret over a junk shop, and it was very natural for poor father to become a rag-picker and haunt the back-yards and dark alleys, day after day, in search of rags and scraps of old metal.

I can shut my eyes still and see him moving along in his tortuous way, with his hook in one hand and a dirty sack slung over his shoulder. He grew careless of his appearance and allowed his beard to grow long and ragged and his hair to hang in unkempt strings about his shoulders, while his hands and face were allowed to go unwashed for months. Society people saw him and shrank from touching him. He often sat down in the shadow of a great brick church to rest, and saints came and went, seeing him in all his rags and dirt, and often called a policeman to drive him away.

And yet mother said he had an immortal soul to save, for some unknown purpose, and that sister Francis had one, and I had one, and little sickly brother one, too. Mother used to cry over us little children, and tell us how handsome our father was when she married him, for then he had steady work on the dock and got living wages, and had pride enough to keep himself looking like a gentleman. Father soon began to stop at the low rum shops kept in the slums, for it seemed that only a drunken slumber could make him forget his degradation and awful condition in this cruel world.

He would come home after the saloon keeper got all his money and kicked him out into the street, and he would feel disagreeable and cross, and would beat us children and poor mother because she had no money to give him with which to buy whisky at the saloons. The saloons paid a license fee into the city treasury which was used to light and pave the streets where the rich people lived and to sweep the streets in front of the gilded churches where the rich people go to save their souls.

Mother went out to work in a sweat-shop tailor establishment, Francis sold papers and pop-corn balls, and little Walter and I were left alone all day in the dingy garret, most of the time crying, because we were hungry. One night mother and Francis came home and told me that I would never see my father again in this world—he was dead. A loaded

truck had run over him in a dirty alley back of a saloon, and they took him out and buried him in the potter's field.

Do you think the greedy Christian world would have treated him so badly if he had owned a soul, like a rich man? Mother worked all the harder now, going out at daylight and coming back long after dark. She had no immortal soul to save, so the proprietors paid her no-soul wages—about two dollars and fifty cents a week, providing she didn't lose any time or soil any of the garments.

If her children had been blessed with souls, like the children of the rich people over on the fashionable streets, they surely would have died of starvation, but, having no souls to save, we could live on almost nothing, and wear rags and tatters to keep our soulless bodies warm. One day they brought mother home very ill, and sister Frances went to take her place in the overall factory. Dear God, how hard times were for us poor soulless people during that long, bleak winter. Mother was confined to her hard bed on the floor from the time they brought her home until she died, in early April, of consumption.

I remember still how she used to call little Walter and me to her bedside and tell us to meet her up in heaven—poor, sweet mother; she imagined that she had a soul to save like rich people. After she was dead they came with a box to put her in and carried her off to the potter's field—not to sleep along side of father, for none but God remembered the hole where his body had been dumped.

Sister Frances dared not leave the factory to go and see where mother was buried and, as there was no one to take care of little Walter and me, we never learned the exact spot. I don't suppose it makes any difference to God, for poor people have no souls, anyhow, and need not be looked after on the last great day. They live like the lower animals, die like the lower animals, so they must be lower animals in the eyes of God, the same as they are in the eyes of the fashionable church-going aristocrats and bribe-taking statesmen.

Little Walter and I went out on the streets to sell papers and steal food, after mother died, and sister Frances continued to work in the sweat-shops. This went on for two years and, by that time, Frances was a young woman. She told us her employer's son was in love with her, and he soon began to come to our poor garret and take sister to the theatre. He bought her fine clothes and rings and she quit working in the factory. We thought her young man was the best man in the world for a little while, but he soon took our sister to a finer house away up town and we didn't see her much after that.

Walter and I were turned out into the street when the rent fell due, and we slept in a stable after that. One day a runaway team came dashing down the street where little Walter was gathering cigar stubs, and the wheels of the carriage crushed the life out of his poor, hungry body. I cried a great deal when they took him to the potter's field and buried him out of my sight forever, and my heart was heavy for a long time. I had loved him just as though we had been rich men's sons and had immortal souls to save.

One day I met my sister Frances in the street. She began to cry when she saw me and asked about brother Walter, and said she wished she had never left us to go off with a wicked young man. I remember still how she kissed me and wept over me and said "good bye, good bye, Jackie," over and over again as she turned to wave her hand to me and then walked rapidly towards the river.

Next day I wandered down towards the river front and in passing the dead house, called morgue by some people, I was tempted by some strange impulse to go inside and look at the unknown dead—most of them having grown tired

of life down themselves in the river.

In that awful place I saw sister Frances! The watchman said she had been brought up from the river during the night. He told me that hundreds of poor, wronged victims seek death in the river, being victims of rich men's villainous sons. Since then I have been alone in the world. I never hope to see my loved ones again, for surely they had no immortal souls. A Christian country would not treat people who possess immortal souls in such a manner—fence them off from the world's natural wealth and force them to live in poverty and ignorance. No, no; poor people have no souls!—The Coming Nation.

Trusts and Their Work.
There are many of these trusts in the country, and the amount of their capital is fabulous. The cattle trust has a capital stock of \$13,000,000; the salt trust \$20,000,000; the whiskey trust, \$35,000,000; the cotton oil trust, \$42,000,000; the lead trust, \$45,000,000; the sugar trust, \$75,000,000; the tobacco trust, \$30,000,000; and the standard oil trust has one man among its organizers who is said to receive as his annual dividend, \$6,000,000. It is estimated that the combined capital of all the trusts in the United States amounts to more than \$1,000,000,000. These enormous aggregations of wealth exert immense power for evil, and are manifestly antagonistic to the general welfare. They increase the price on the necessities of life. They reduce the wages of the workman. They seek to control production. They throttle competition in trade and manufacture. They monopolize the wealth of the land. They bribe and corrupt our legislative bodies. They largely dominate both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Letter from Judge Schroeder.
ASAGO, Or., Dec. 7, 1895.
Editor Coast Mail: We have just had an opportunity to peruse the Eugene City Guard of October 12, 1895, containing the article entitled "Outrageous Charges," to which you called attention in the Mail, and thought it best not to publish before our county court had an opportunity to explain. We appreciate your consideration and assure you we would have taken no offense had you published it. The article itself gives evidence of the motive which prompted its issue. In a recent issue of the Coquille City Herald we published an explanation of the Bouckenheimer case, which we then thought would cover the matter at issue, but since reading said article, we find the Guard makes an assertion therein which deserves attention, because it may be construed to mean that our county court has wilfully misrepresented or lied to gain a point. The assertion is as follows: "This was no extraordinary case, as the officials testify that this (\$3.25 per day) is the price charged the county generally." The Guard evidently sticks close to its text. This is without question an "outrageous charge," and we emphatically deny it. We have, on the contrary, endeavored to impress it on the officials of Lane county that Bouckenheimer's case was one such as we treated in Dr. McCormac's hospital under contract at \$3.25 per day. We had no occasion to give a comprehensive history of how Coos county kept and treated its indigent persons. We confined ourselves to the case treated and gave all the information necessary to establish our claim, and we believe the said officials understood it, because they have offered to compromise the matter at \$2 per day, or \$68 in full for our claim of \$110.50. To show the inconsistency of jumping at conclusions, which the Guard has done in this case for a purpose, we respectfully call its attention to the following: In the article under consideration, the Guard says: "At Coos county rates (\$3.25 per day), it would cost Lane county \$45 per day," from which we must infer that there are 14 papers. In the same issue is published the bills allowed by the county court for September, 1895, among which is the following item: "Dr. Russell, for keeping papers for September, \$251.25," a per capita average of \$4.19 per week. The gross amount allowed for papers is \$378.82, an average of \$6.28 per week, and yet the Guard says it costs only \$3 per week. Can we arrive at any other con-



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Almost everybody takes some laxative medicine to cleanse the system and keep the blood pure. Those who take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR (liquid or powder) get all the benefits of a mild and pleasant laxative and tonic that purifies the blood and strengthens the whole system. And more than this: SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR regulates the Liver, keeps it active and healthy, and when the Liver is in good condition you find yourself free from Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick-Headache and Constipation, and rid of that worn out and debilitated feeling. These are all caused by a sluggish Liver. Good digestion and freedom from stomach troubles will only be had when the liver is properly at work. If troubled with any of these complaints, try SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. The King of Liver Medicines, and Better than Pills.

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conclusion than the foregoing without a more definite understanding of the situation in Lane county. We do not ask the Guard to explain these apparent contradictions. We have had some experience in such matters. The Guard's "outrageous charges" is the latest. Yours very truly,
J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

P. S. From the amount of time, paper and postage this case has so far taken, it appears that it will be an extraordinary case before it is settled.
J. H. S.

The secret of a speedy cure in sickness lies in selecting the proper remedy and this is difficult to do unless one is sure what the ailment is. But one thing is sure, had the liver been actively at work sickness could not have come. It is then always safe to take Simmons Liver Regulator which keeps the liver well regulated and all poison expelled from the system.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and workshop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appliances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of the government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care cannot be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially in this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives special attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents. Write for instructions and advice. PHILIP W. AVRETT, [P. O. Box 385.] 618 F street, Washington, D. C.

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THE HERALD has made clubbing arrangements with the following publications, as stated below. We take pleasure in presenting to our patrons and others these exceedingly fine offers, viz:
The Weekly Examiner, of San Francisco (\$1.50), and the Coquille City Herald (\$2), both for one year for \$2.75.
The Weekly Call, of San Francisco (\$1.50), and the HERALD (\$2), both for one year for \$2.75.
The Thrice-a-Week World, of New York (\$1), and the HERALD (\$2), both for one year for \$2.25.
The Twice-a-Week Traveller, of Boston—12 pages each week, (\$1)—and the HERALD, both for one year for only \$2.
THE FARM, HOUSEHOLD AND LITERARY.
The Rural Northwest, of Portland, Or., a splendid local agricultural and horticultural journal (semi-monthly, 50 cts.), and the HERALD (\$2), both one year for \$2.
The Home and Farm, of Louisville, Ky., (50 cts.), and the HERALD (\$2), both one year for only \$2.10.
Womankind, a handsome, attractive, monthly home paper (50 cents), the Farm News, a practical farm paper, monthly, (50 cents), and the HERALD (\$2), all one year for only \$2.
Word and Works, of St. Louis, Mo., including to each subscriber the Word and Works Almanac and Hand-Book, a useful and handsome publication (both \$1.25), and the HERALD (\$2), the three for only \$2.50.
Every Where, the famous poet Will Carleton's charming literary and illustrated monthly (50 cents), and the HERALD (\$2), both one year for \$2.
POPULIST PAPERS AND POLITICAL POINTERS.
The Road, of Denver, Col., (\$1), an 8-page weekly worth double the price, and the HERALD (\$2), both for one year for \$2.15.
The Silver Knight, of Washington City, Senator Stewart's great paper (\$1), and the HERALD (\$2), both one year for \$2.35.
Our Nation's Crisis, Gov. Waite's paper, of Denver, Col. (50 cts.), and the HERALD (\$2), both one year for \$2.
IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE CLUBBING RATES FOR PAPERS, We have concluded to offer the following books as premiums for cash subscribers:
Coin's Financial School, price 25 cents, and Coin's Hand-Book, price 10 cents, and one year's subscription to the HERALD, all for \$2.
[Coin's Financial School, by W. H. Harvey; illustrated, 150 pages and 64 illustrations. It simplifies the financial subject so that an ordinary schoolboy can understand it. It is the text book of the masses, absolutely reliable as to facts and figures, and the most interesting and entertaining book on the subject of money published. Coin's Hand-Book, by W. H. Harvey; deals with the elementary principles of money and statistics.]
Shylock, price 25 cents, and The Anarchists of Wealth, price 10 cents, and the HERALD one year, all for \$2.



In reference to the above publications, it is necessary to say but little. Everybody knows what magnificent papers the "Examiner" and "Call" of San Francisco are, as also the Thrice-a-Week New York World and Twice-a-Week Boston Traveller—each of which are worth the price asked. The Home and Farm is a splendid agricultural and family journal, large 16-page paper, and of itself worth the price of both papers. Womankind is a most attractive and entertaining home monthly, heartily welcomed by and instructive to the mothers and daughters; and the Farm News is edited by a staff of experienced agricultural writers, is handsomely printed, and contains what the practical farmer wants. Word and Works is Rev. Irl Hicks' paper of St. Louis. This is a scientific journal and is full of excellent reading matter. The Almanac, given with the paper, contains 100 pages of forecasts and other useful information and is a valuable book.
The Road is a large, wide-a-wide Populist paper, published by "middle-of-the-road" Herbert George, of Denver, Col. Of the Silver Knight it is only necessary to say that it is Senator Stewart's fearless paper, and is published in Washington City. Our Nation's Crisis is best advertised by saying that it is owned and edited by Gov. Waite, Colorado's great Populist governor, the War-horse of the Rockies. It is good reading. The Rural Northwest is an Oregon farm journal, and is clean and well managed. It will be worth the price we charge for both papers to any farmer in Coos county.
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