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Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 14. COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1896. NO. 52.

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A. J. SHERWOOD, Consul.
George T. Moulton, Clerk.

COURT COQUILLE, NO. 18, FORESTers of America, meets [illegible] Thursday evening, at Masonic Hall, Coquille City, Oregon.
J. [illegible]
[illegible] NORTON, R. S.

GEN. LYTLE POST, NO. 27, G. A. R., meets every first Wednesday night of each month. Visiting comrades in good standing cordially invited to attend.
H. H. NICHOLS, Post Com.
W. H. NOSLER, Adjutant.

GEN. LYTLE W. R. C., NO. 9, MEETS in Coquille City on the first and third Wednesday afternoon in each month.
MRS. G. W. NORTON, Pres.
MISS LUCY NICHOLS, Sec

CHADWICK LODGE, NO. 63, A. F. and A. M., meets on Saturday evening on or before each full moon. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
J. W. LENEVE, W. M.
T. R. WILLARD, Sec.

BUELAH CHAPTER, NO. 6, O. E. S., meets Saturday afternoon on or before each full moon and Saturday evening two weeks following.
MRS. ORA MAURY, W. M.
T. R. WILLARD, Sec.

COQUILLE LODGE, NO. 53, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren in good standing cordially invited.
C. A. HARRINGTON, N. G.
J. S. LAWRENCE, R. S.

COQUILLE ENCAMPMENT, NO. 25, I. O. O. F., meets every first and third Thursdays in each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Cordial invitation extended to all visiting patriarchs in good standing.
R. E. BUCK, C. P.
G. F. BOURELL, Scribe.

MAMIE REBEKAH LODGE, NO. 29, I. O. O. F., meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in each month, at Odd Fellows' hall.
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Union Labor Column.

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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. Collver, Marshfield.
" " 3—W. H. Hull, Riverton.
" " 4—I. T. Weekly, 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.

Before the law was written down with parchment or with pen;
Before the law made citizens, the moral law made men.
Law stands for human rights, but when it fails those rights to give,
Then let law die, my brother, but let human beings live.
—Rev. Miller Hageman.

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

An Incident that is Both Startling and Suggestive of Patriotic Judgment.

The following "vision" was published just before the late war, and is revived as specially appropriate for rehearsal at the present condition of things, according well with the following prophecy as found in James v, 1-5:

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

"Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days.

"Behold the cry of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is by you kept back by fraud crieth, and the cries of them which have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

"Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter."

Its publication at the present time, I think, is most appropriate in view of the present condition of affairs in our country and of the world.

THE VISION.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on July 4, A. D. 1859, in Independence square. He was over 90 and becoming very feeble, but though so old his dimming eye rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which he said he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a trembling hand. "What time is it; I can't see as well as I used to?"

"Half past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the hall. I wan't to tell you an incident in Washington's life; one which no one alive knows except myself, and if you live you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitors' room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable companion related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the pecularity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I will give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"When the bold action of our congress in asserting the independence of the colonies became known in the Old World, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly presumptuous rebels, whom the British grenadiers would soon tame into submission. Undauntedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generations to write of the days of '76, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I must fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and without it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruin the noble republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

"From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good, and now ill, one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah, I have often seen the tears coursing down the dear old commander's care-worn cheek, as he would be conversing with some other officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence alone brought us out safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day—I remember it well—the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly—he remained in his quarters nearly the whole afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning, just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity—which he alone could command—said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite to me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no other answer from my mysterious visitor than a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen but the rivited gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but even my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself presently became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irrisistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming full of sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarify the mysterious visitor, herself more airy and yet more distinct to my eyes than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move, all were alike, impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'son of the republic look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay, spread out on one vast plain, all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

"'Son of the republic' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.' At the same moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel in midair, between Europe and America, dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand. He sprinkled some upon America with the right, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward until it enveloped America in its murky fold. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was again drawn back to the ocean, into whose waves it sank from view. A third time I heard this mysterious voice saying, 'son of the republic, look and learn.' I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'son of the republic, the middle of the century cometh; look and learn.' At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an illformed spectre approaching our country. It floated slowly and heavily over every town, village, and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against another. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel on which was traced the word 'Union,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said 'remember ye are brethren.' Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became once more united around the old standard.

"And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'son of the republic, look and learn;' and I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increase in size and numbers, till at last these covered all the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven or the sands on the sea shore.

"And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'son of the republic, the end of the century cometh; look and learn.' At this the dark shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa.

"Then my eyes rested upon a fearful scene; from each of these countries arose thick black clouds they were joined into one. And throughout this mass gleamed a dark, red light, by which I saw herds of armed men who, moving with the clouds, marched by land, sailed by sea, which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud; and I dimly saw the vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, towns and cities which I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of the swords, shouts and cries of the millions of mortals, again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'son of the republic, look and learn.' When the voice had ceased, the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet to his mouth and blew a long, fearful blast; instantly a light as if a thousand suns shone from above me and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead shone the word Union, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately taking courage, again closed up the broken ranks and renewed the battle. And again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'son of the republic, look and learn.' As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark clouds rolled back together the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I saw villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried with a loud voice to the inhabitants: 'While the stars remain and the heavens send down dew, upon the earth, so long shall the republic last.' And taking from his brow which still blazed the word Union, he placed it upon the standard while the people kneeling down said: 'Amen.'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and at last I saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor."

NEWS NOTES.

John Wesley Barkley, 21 years of age, has disappeared from his home in Grant county, and his mother fears that he has been foully dealt with.

Campers are putting in an appearance in Curry county, and deerskinners are already at work throughout the hills, says the Wedderburn Gazette.

They are talking of putting in long-distance telephones for the farmers' use. How charming! Of course they can be utilized in calling the cows.

Honeyman, DeHart & Glenn, contractors for the railroad line to Goble, have already let a number of subcontracts for the clearing of right-of-way, etc., and will commence work at Ranier. Between 700 and 1000 men will be employed on the work, says the Astorian.

Reports from Sherman county are to the effect that wheat is suffering from the continued hot weather, and farmers do not expect the average yield of the county will be more than 12½ bushels to the acre. A month ago they expected the average yeild would be 25 bushels.

Dr. Lewin, lecturer on toxicology at Berlin university, in commenting on home industries where the workmen's children inhale dust impregnated with lead, said that the children of dial-platemakers, for instance, even if born healthy, die in a few months with convulsions. In a village of Hesse, where pottery is glazed by home workers, 71 per cent of the children were sickly, 50 per cent died within the first five years, and the survivors suffered from hydrocephalus and macrocephaly.

Repudiated the Relationship.

"Lemme out!" yelled the chimpanzee. "Lemme out. I want to get at 'im."

"Why, Jocko," said his mate, "what on earth is the matter?"

"See that dude going along the gravel walk?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm after him. I heard him say he believed we were his ancestors."

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The Lost Found—A Wonderful Case.

Pendleton, Or., July 15.—Emma, the 4-year-old daughter of Postmaster Nelson, of Susanville, was found Sunday, sitting on a pile of driftwood by the riverside, apparently unconcerned after being lost seven days. The child recognized the man who found her, said "Hello" and called him by name. She said she had not been frightened; she knew she was lost, but thought she would soon find papa. It is learned that the little one lived on berries and flesh from the carcass of a calf killed by coyotes, quenched her thirst at the river, where she washed her face every morning. She had made a nine-mile circuit in the most dangerous part of the mountains. She suffered none. Her preservation is regarded as a miracle.

An Insane Act.

Roseburg, July 18.—John Baker, a native of Bavaria, living at Cleveland, 15 miles northwest of Roseburg, committed suicide yesterday, after having burned his dwelling house and its contents. It seems that he han had trouble with his wife in the forenoon, and beat her over the head with a revolver. His 16-year-old son took the weapon from him. The mother and youngest child then went to Mr. Lehn's, three quarters of a mile distant, and a 19-year-old son came to Roseburg to have the father arrested. Meantime Baker must have set fire to his house, and going to the house of Edward Von Pessl, not far distant, secured a gun without being observed in the act, and a search led to the finding of Baker's dead body about 500 yards from Mr. Von Pessl's house. It was clearly a case of suicide, the deceased having placed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth. Baker had been acting strangely for some time and was evidently insane. He leaves a wife and three sons.

A newspaper man on poetry bent, sings forth the following: How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view; the liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things that to us seem so new; the wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars, and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of my fathers, we're glad that we know it, for, sometime or other, 'twill come in right well—the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well.

The condemned man was standing on the scaffold and the sheriff adjusting the black cap, when a loud cry was heard without and a scorcher on a blue-green bicycle came rolling up, waving in the air a reprieve. The sheriff removed the rope, and the relieved prisoner glancing critically at the scorcher who had saved him, asked: "What make is that wheel?"

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"Did you ever have any serious accidents while traveling?" "Did I? It was while I was traveling through the south that I met my wife."

Burrows—What is the best wheel on the market? Hills—The best wheel is not on the market any more. I bought it myself two weeks ago.

"I do wish," she said, wearily, to her tardy admirer, "that the Fourth of July would come." "Why, Kate?" "It would be such a relief to hear something pop."

"How on earth can Brady stand the strain of nursing that old uncle of his as he does? He must have a wonderful will power, mustn't he?" "His uncle has that."

Boxing Club Manager—Here's a pretty go. We shall have to put the fight off tonight. Secretary—Great Corbett! what's happened? Boxing Club Manager—Why, our man's had a row with his old woman, and she's been and half killed the poor beggar.

"Talking about chickens," said the rural citizen who habitually exaggerates, "I've got the most remarkable hen in the country," "A good layer?" "That's her strong point. Why, sir," he said, getting excited as he talked, "that fowl, sir, lays hen's eggs as big as hailstones."

Mrs. Heimbach of Butte, Mont., threw vitriol on a Mrs. Snelling and burned her in a terrible manner.

The Dalles Times Mountaineer: The Oregonian's opinion of Pennoyer before and after election is of a decidedly different material. See yesterday's issue in which the ex-governor is declared perfect.

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