

Cogswell City Herald.
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 D. F. Dean, Editor and Proprietor.
 County Official Paper.

Devoted to the material and social up building of the Cogswell Valley particularly and of Coos County generally.
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Anarchism Cannot be Met by Anarchy.

In this hour of national sorrow the mood of all good citizens should be that of dignity and self-restraint. Above all things no man fit for better things should lend himself to hysterical utterances advocating lynch law for anarchists. Lynch law is nothing itself but anarchy, and is not only a most stupid remedy for anarchy, but is an indictment of our fitness for free government. There is need of more legal protection for the president, there is need of more effective legislation against anarchy, but there is never any need in an organized government of a free people who hold the ballot for lynch law. We can make and unmake our laws; we can turn out of office corrupt judges, corrupt sheriffs, unfaithful or incompetent prosecutors, and if we are not patriotic and vigilant to do this we are unworthy and incompetent for a free government of law and order and ought to consent to be ruled by an intelligent despot before we consent to weakly slip back into barbarism by resorting to lynch law.

United States Senator Platt and Governor Odell, of New York State, are deficient in respect for their position when they talk about "lynch law." The courts of New York are certain to convict and execute the murderer of the president. Will not that death, inflicted with all the solemn forms and deliberation of legal justice, be a far more impressive treatment of an anarchist than throwing him into the street to be worried to death by the howling pack of a mob maddened to the level of wild beasts? Some ministers of the gospel have indulged in excessively hysterical utterances. The Rev. J. Bunyan Lennon, pastor of the First Baptist church of Manchester, N. H., in his sermon Sept. 8 took the ground that in the attempted assassination of President McKinley he saw the hand of God because the president had an opportunity to suppress the liquor traffic in the Philippines, but failed to do his duty. This was a very stupid utterance, but it does not seem to us any more unworthy of a sane pulpit than the language of the Rev. H. Naylor, who, in his sermon at Washington, said: "I would have blown the scoundrel to atoms," or the language of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who said: "The policeman who arrested the assassin ought to have dashed his brains out with the butt of his pistol." The Rev. John Lloyd Lee, of New York City, would "lynch him on the spot."

In contrast with these hysterical utterances is that of the wounded president, whose words were: "Let no one hurt him." President McKinley in this extreme moment spoke up for reverence for law and the forms of legal justice. He knew how much it cost the world to establish the doctrine that every man should have a fair trial for his life, and should suffer no cruel or unusual punishment, and knowing this his words were for legal justice as against mob violence.

Father Ducey, of St. Leo's Catholic church, of New York City, showed himself a brave priest and a good citizen when he said in his sermon:

It is a great calamity indeed to have the life of the nation aimed at through the life of its ruler, but it is also calamitous to read the expression of opinions attributed to many men of exalted position and great possessions, who have talked about lynching and the extermination of a certain unfortunate and misguided class to the nation and the community.

Judge Shaw, of the Durham (N. C.) superior court, recently said, in his charge to the jury: "If good men can lynch a bad man, why may not bad men lynch a good man? Where is the limit? Sure enough, where is the limit to popular passion or caprice? An able southern newspaper, the Nashville Banner, says that the reckless habit of frequent negro burnings at the south is cultivating the anarchist's indifference to death among criminal negroes. Of the stoical behavior of a negro recently burned, the Banner says:

He exhibited the spirit of the anarchist, who gloats over the ruin he has wrought, and finds a horrible sort of satisfaction in the furor and madness which he caused, at the cost of his life, and in the fact that his death under such circumstances did not in any possible sense afford a reparation of wrong or even a vindication of the broken law. Such insolence and defiance as that shown by the negro murderer, as in the case of the anarchist, will be hailed as heroism by a class of abnormal criminals, and will be an inspiration of evil, an incentive to crime.

Make your laws as severe as you will, but when these laws are made let us never forget that our Constitution says: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law."—Oregonian.

Thursdays Memorial Services.

In compliance with the proclamations of President Roosevelt and Governor Geer, our people assembled at the Masonic Hall Thursday at 2 p. m. to participate in memorial service on the death of President McKinley. After the opening exercises, consisting of appropriate songs, and scripture readings, prayer was offered by the speaker and another hymn was rendered, the discourse by the Rev. C. A. Stine, which we give in part, followed:

We have met together today to offer our tribute of respect to the honored—now dead president of the United States of America. This is no ordinary occasion. President William McKinley was the twenty-fifth president of these United States, and the third one who has died in consequence of the assassin's bullet. Our sorrow, therefore, is the sorrow of a nation—the nation mourns. Yet there is a tinge of poison within our borders.

Who was President McKinley? I answer, the president of every honest heart in these United States. He had climbed by honest, manly effort, to the highest seat in our common country. Not by the effort of a scheming politician, but unconsciously rising as pure water rises and the sediment finds the bottom. He grew with our growth. He rose with our national rising, until he became the honored president of the best country on earth. He, like nearly all of our great men, came from the common walks of life. He was the product of honest parentage—the greatest inheritance given by man to man. With this honest blood coursing through his veins, his progress and influence were on the ascendancy to his dying hour. He no doubt made mistakes. Who does not? We are all human, not divine. If Mr. McKinley had never erred he would have been more than man, but like ourselves he was only human, not an angel—God remembers that we are only dust.

William McKinley was a kind-hearted, brave boy, coming into notice in the trying days of our civil war. Then as a beardless boy, springing into manhood, on the battlefield of Antietam, amid great danger on the firing line he carried refreshments to our almost-famishing defenders of the union. And when the rage of battle was past and calm rested down on the contending armies, the commanding officer inquired "who was that young man giving coffee to our troops?" The answer came, "William McKinley, of Ohio." From that day he was one of the leading sons of Ohio, and a national character, receiving promotion for this brave act, showing kindness of heart.

Of his public career as a statesman, all are familiar, and at last, as our President, like Lincoln and Garfield he dies, a martyr in consequence of the assassin's bullet. Who is responsible? I answer. First, our national weakness of an open door to other nations who skim the poison from their national cesspools of human corruption and ship to us. This is our great sin as a nation. The good and the true will always find a welcome and protection under the stars and stripes, our national glory.

Second, our unrighteous criticism of our public men—too often malicious criticism—by which we feed and foster and harbor these reptiles in human form.

If we admit the rattlesnake of other nations into our national bosom, they will surely strike their deadly fangs into our national life. Oh! that we might be wiser before it is too late, having our eyes open, our vision clear and our danger understood.

In Proverbs we read at the 18th verse of the 29th chapter, "Where there is no vision the people perish." God grant that we may by a mighty lawful effort expel the poison from our land, the land of the free to do right. At the 16th verse we read these words: "When the wicked are multiplied transgression increases, but the righteous shall see their fall."

Thank God for this declaration of promise. If we are true to our country, our rulers and our God. We shall see the fall of these wicked reptiles. These ungodly opposers of our country's good. This debased foreign element that was not subject to law in their native land have sought the protection of our flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes, and now in their unworthiness, and the wickedness of their hearts they would destroy the best government on earth. In Pennsylvania

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sylvania and other points the anarchists celebrated the assassination of the president, and extolled and honored the fiendish assassin.

While I live my voice shall ever be raised against the admission of any more of this dangerous element into our body politic. My first vote was cast along this line, and I stand on this plank of a national platform, and there will I ever stand until God calls me to a better land than this. Look at the sorrow that today fills all minds and hearts, because our President is dead. A martyr stricken down by the assassin's bullet. We weep not because he was the leader of any political faction, but because he was our honored President, the head of one of the mightiest and best nations on earth. President McKinley was not an angel, but a good man. Church membership does not make Christians. He was a church member, and, I believe, a Christian. I have thought he sometimes erred, yet I have always had confidence in him as a good and true man. In proof, I relate that when he came near the end of life he did not call a minister to pray with him and help him in a dying hour, but he communed with God. The unrecalled in a dying hour call for the priest—a minister to help. William McKinley asked for his wife and she a Christian wife, asked "when can I see the Major" and when the loving parting words were said she retired. Then in the desire of his heart he turned to God and repeated his favorite hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." Thus as he neared the everlasting shore he asked forgiveness for all mistakes and for a home in heaven. My prayer now is that we may weep with poor Mrs. McKinley in this hour of deepest sorrow and loneliness. May we all bow our heads in sorrow and sympathy with the family of our nation's dead chieftain and the nation's loss, in his death. Standing for one minute in silent prayer we will be dismissed with the benediction. Amen.

G. A. R. and W. R. C. Reunion at Bandon.

On Saturday, according to previous announcements, a goodly representation from all three other posts in the county met with Bandon post and W. R. C. for a social evening. While this meeting had been arranged for several weeks, it could not have happened at a more fitting time. All had had plenty of time to learn the full details of the assassination of President McKinley as well as to reflect upon the circumstances, which furnished the theme for all speeches. The meeting was held in Swift's hall which was well filled with members of these organizations and visiting friends. Col. R. H. Rose delivered the address of welcome which, with his well-timed remarks upon the gloom so recently cast upon our grand county, was well received by all.

Miss Birdie Felter presided at the organ while patriotic songs were sung by those who wished to take part in this part of the exercises, and speeches and reminiscences were heard from the following named: R. W. Lundy, Dr. S. L. Roberts, L. H. Palmer, Wm. Kennedy, Col. Blumensrother, Jonathan Quick, A. H. Snyder and Mr. Harris. Although these speeches were not at length, and had not the eloquence of great orators' efforts, yet they were eloquent with pure patriotism which came from the depths of souls of the speakers.

An extemporaneous program maintained till a late hour, when it was announced that the foragers had not neglected their duties, and all were invited to participate in the disposition of a supper we dare not undertake to describe. It seemed to us that the W. R. C., of Bandon, have the happy faculty of getting up the finest suppers it has been our fortune to indulge in recently. In our weakness, we tried in this particular, to personify one of those reverend gentlemen so notoriously fond of the yellow-legged fowl, and, really, our efforts were quite satisfactory—to ourself at least.

After the repast was over, not wishing to retire at once, all repaired to the hall again where social intercourse was indulged in until the "we smn" hours of the morning, when all repaired to their respective places of rest for the night.

This was a meeting long to be remembered by those in attendance.

Sid Darling, 102 1082 Howard St. Port Huron, Mich, writes: "I have tried many pills and laxatives but DeWitt's Little Early Risers are far the best pills I have ever used." They never gripe. R. S. Knowlton.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
 Notice is hereby given that R. D. Sanford, the executor of the estate of John Devinish, deceased, by virtue of an order of the County Court of Coos county, Oregon, duly made and entered of record in the Probate Journal of said court and county on the 9th day of July, 1901, will on Thursday the 13th day of October, 1901, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Court house door in the town of Cogswell City, Coos county, Oregon, sell at public auction all the right, title and interest of said deceased in and to the following described premises to-wit: The NW 1/4, the SE 1/4, the S 1/2 of the SW 1/4 of S. 16 and the E 1/2 of the SE 1/4 of S. 8, all in Tp. 28, S. of R. 13 W. of the Willamette Meridian in Coos county, Oregon and containing 560 acres; also Lot No. 3, in Block No. 8, in North Addition to the Town of Cogswell City, Coos county, Oregon. Terms of sale cash. Sale subject to the confirmation of the County Court.
 Dated this 16th day of September, 1901.
 R. D. SANFORD,
 Executor of the Estate of John Devinish, deceased.

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