

Coquille City Herald. PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. D. F. Dean, Editor and Proprietor. County Official Paper.

Devoted to the material and social up building of the Coquille Valley particularly and of Coos County generally.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at G. C. DAVIS' Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, California. For contracts for advertising can be made for it.

MR. KAN'S FAMILY.

No Luck, That is Good Luck.

If our readers lack the flow of Mr. Kan's easy talk this week we cannot help it. We are sorry and not sorry; for why? We were met at the door by that gentleman's wife and shown into the family sitting room instead of being ushered into the "den" as before.

The pencil pusher expressed his regret, at the same time asking us to the possible time of his return. "He may be home tomorrow rejoined the lady, 'I'm not going to expect him very much for several days. The business which called him there makes time a little uncertain as to his coming back."

"We fear our readers will be disappointed" replied the scribe, tho' they've no right to complain. Mr. Kan has been very liberal with us thus far.

"In here," said the lady, with a laugh in her fair eyes. I've often thought I would like to be a newspaper man and go out interviewing people. It must be great fun."

"Everything, my dear madam, has its comic side. I have often found that at funerals which made me laugh—inside, of course—tho' the proprieties were all against it. Most of our reporting business is made of a good deal of hard work, and often strategy, when we are in for a "scoop" on the other papers."

"Speaking of funerals," said Mrs. Kan, "one of the most laughable incidents I ever saw connected with such event was in the case of an old neighbor of mine, some years ago, back in the states. At her demise, expressed before her death, her body was to be shipped to her former home for burial, and in such cases you know the railroad officials will not receive the corpse for shipment unless certified by the undertaker that there was no contagion about the business. In this case the undertaker was a German and this is what he put upon the box containing the casket:

"I hereby certify that this casket contain de bodies uv Symantia Simpkins, and I further certify that she die uv old age, and dat de disease be not contagious."

And we smiled audibly, for Mrs. Kan was a good talker, and she recited that certificate very like a cute school girl.

At this juncture one of the children came in with a big dish of raw apples and another bore a pan full of nicely cracked nuts, while another brought up the rear, with a pitcher of cider and a tray of glasses.

"When you visit Mr. Kan," said the lady, "you gentlemen regale yourselves with cigars. I don't smoke, but am deeply fond of fruit. Of a winter evening most people, like apples, and nuts within little good cheer. Our ranch grows these apples and we make the cider. Pray let us help you. I can recommend both."

"How many of these have you Mrs. Kan," with a gesture toward the children, who were stout and rosy, well clad and gentle mannered.

"Five; and it may be said in their presence that they are the very best of children too."

"Now mamma, look out," put in a twelve year old lass, "you know what's said about prairie to one's face."

"Yes; Charity and that's all right for many children, but it does not apply to mine."

"Charity?" Exclaimed the interviewer; "Not a common name for a child. And the greatest of these, is Charity?"

"Most people laugh at us about the names we have given our children. My given name is 'Welcome' and those of our three boys are, 'Timely,' 'Faithful,' and 'True.' Our girls are 'Prudence' and 'Charity' and we think, as long as they exemplify their names, we shall not have any reason to complain of them."

We would be pleased to give an extended report, of our pleasant interview, with this estimable lady, but time and space for bid. We were never more happily entertained and what at first appeared to be a prolix call, in turn proved instructive and agreeable. The children ate their nuts, and then, went altogether into a game of Authors, while Mrs. K. and the news gatherer discoursed of many pleasant things. She was "women's rights" straight. Had in times past for years been president of a ladies literary club, was well up on books, history, and the poets, and would quote me familiar, lines, and couplets from the best, modern and not so modern authors. She had a scrap-book full

of old club programs and press notices of club work, which, together with those five children and the well kept conditions of her home proved that she was a busy woman. It was easy enough to see, what made Mr. Kan such a companionable man. He was at home with it all the time. It would be impossible for him to live in the atmosphere of that home, and no be a strong liberal man, and we thought of many alleged homes, where such things "might have been," and were not, because, of jealousies, which had no reason; and nagging tongues, which drive men to drink and to the devil.

When we reached our editorial sanctum, that night and sat down to sharpen up a lot of pencils; we had just a good mind to be envious of brother Kan, and should have been, had we not known that our land was full of noble mothers, and laughing, loving maids, that there were still as "good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Mrs. Kan's conversation, her knowledge of books, her love for many of our favorite authors was like a gentle shower scattering its bounty everywhere and considering the "no luck" of our coming, we were not a bit sorry that Mr. Kan had business at his ranch.

"There is no wind, but sows some seeds. Of a more true and open life; Which bursts unlooked for into high soiled clouds."

With wordside beauty rife. God scatters love on every side, Freely among his children all. And always, hearts are lying open wide, Wherein, some grains may fall.

E. G. D. HOLDEN.

Gov. Rogers is Dead.

Olympia, Dec. 26.—Governor John R. Rogers died this evening at 8 o'clock, after an illness of six days. This morning he began to sink and passed into a comatose state. He grew steadily weaker throughout the day. The collapse was a surprise to his physician and family, as he rested better last night than he had during his illness. He took some nourishment this morning, but became unconscious about 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Rogers and the Governor's two daughters, Mrs. Blackman and Miss Helen Rogers, were at his bedside all day. The Governor's son, Edwin Rogers, who is in London, was cabled, and F. J. Rogers, the Stanford University professor, and A. C. Rogers, of Santa Barbara, were sent for. Ernest Lister, William Blackman and Private Secretary Pelletier, together with Chief Justice White, of the supreme Court, were in attendance at the house during the day.

The first symptoms of Governor Rogers' illness developed Friday, Friday afternoon at his office he contracted a chill. A fever resulted, and by 10 o'clock Saturday morning the Governor began to complain of pains in his chest. The fever increased slightly and the pains became quite severe. Sunday the first report of his condition were given out. It was announced that he was suffering from lobar pneumonia, the middle lobe of the right lung being affected. He was attended by Dr. Ingham, of Olympia. While he was acknowledged to be seriously ill, his conditions was not considered dangerous.

It was today that the first turn for the worse came. By afternoon, he was very weak and the end was expected at any moment. He was unconscious and therefore free from pain. He lingered until 8 o'clock tonight, when he expired.

Governor Rogers will be succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor Meritt, who was elected on the Republican ticket. Governor Rogers was a Democrat.

Four Hundred Killed.

Colon Columbia, Dec. 27.—(Via Galveston.)—News was received here today that General Martin, the Columbian revolutionary leader, attacked Honda, on the Magdalena River, December 9, with 1200 men. The garrison, consisting of 430 men, fought from 6 a. m. until 12:30 p. m. At 8 a. m. the garrison received reinforcements numbering 200 men. The battle started on the outskirts of the city, and ended at Caracoli, nine miles from Honda. Bayonets and machetes were used. The government forces were victorious. Four hundred men were killed during the battle.

Ladies' Misses' and Children's hats sold at cost at Martin's.

The "Jessie K" for the Coquille.

The following letter which is self-explanatory, we give through the kind permission of our clever merchant, H. N. Lorenz. The date referred to is Dec. 21st.

Mr. N. LORENZ, Coquille City, Oregon.

Dear Sir:—We wish to notify you the Gasoline schooner "Jessie K" sails today for the Coquille River. It is our intention to keep her on the run and trust we may have the support of the river merchants.

Mr. Elbert Dyer of Bandon, will look out for her on that end and we trust you will have a talk with him regarding rates and whatever merchandise you may ship from here.

Hoping this will receive your favorable consideration, we remain, Yours truly, Holme & Hart

Death of John W. Noah.

John W. Noah, of South Coos river, died at the Blanco hotel on Sunday morning, after a comparatively short illness. Members of his family were constantly with him, and medical skill did everything possible to relieve his sufferings, which, from the nature of the ailment (obstruction of the bowels) were very severe at times.

He was born in Boone County, Iowa, on Nov. 3, 1832. In 52. 53 he crossed the plains with an ox team, arriving in Jacksonville, Oregon, in the fall of '53. In partnership with others he engaged in mining on Galice creek, where they were attacked by the Indians. They fought their way out, and returned to Jacksonville without losing a man. Leaving Jacksonville he went to Douglas county, and joined the volunteers, serving during the Indian war. He was one of the troop who rescued the Harris family, when their cabin was surrounded by Indians. They were making a gallant defense at the time of the rescue. Mr. Harris, though wounded, was able to handle a rifle, and Mrs. Harris loaded the guns and helped to hold the savages at bay until assistance arrived. He also helped rescue the Nida family, who had a narrow escape from being massacred by the Indians. Mrs. Nellie Owen, of Marshfield, who was a child at the time, was a member of the Nida family. Mr. Noah also, in company with Jim Purdy, took a dispatch from Big Bend, on Rogue river, to Whiskey Bar, when reinforcements were needed. He secured the reinforcements, went back with the troops, and fought the battle under Col. Kelsey, in which the Indians were badly defeated.

At the close of the war he was married at Roseburg, in 1855, to Miss Mary M. Jones, and 15 children were the result of the marriage, of whom seven boys and six girls are living. He came to Coos bay in 1872, and in 1874 moved to South Coos river, where he has since resided. He has been engaged in logging, principally, since coming to the bay, and has opened camps at various points on Coos river.

The funeral took place yesterday at the Coos river cemetery, the alert making a special trip from Marshfield for the occasion. Numerous relatives and friends were in attendance, and sympathy was expressed for the bereaved ones in their affliction.—News.

Death of Grandpa Williams.

Enoch Williams, of South Marshfield, passed suddenly away at the home his son-in-law, J. D. Sunderland in that place, on the 26th inst. Deceased was born in Simpkins county, Kentucky, November 23, 1815, thus being 86 years, one month and 3 days of age. Deceased moved from Kentucky to Missouri in 1853, and from there to Texas in 1840. Twenty years later he returned to Missouri, and then to Marshfield in 1891.

In 1837 Mr. Williams was married to Miss Emaline Howard, who died in 1862. To this union were born five daughters and four sons, six of whom are living. Mesdames J. D. Sunderland, E. W. Lewis and Fannie Price of South Marshfield, Mrs. E. J. Price, of Riverton, and Mrs. Ellen Head, of Lockhart, Texas, and B. H. Williams, of Neosho, Missouri. Deceased was a member of the order of Odd Fellows for many years as also the Baptist church.

The immediate cause of death was a stroke of paralysis from which he failed to rally, and only lived a few hours. Peace to his ashes. The friends have sympathy of the whole community.

[Marshfield Sun.]

Archie Kruse and sister, Virgie, were passengers on the outgoing Alliance.

J. W. Bennett, the banker, is home from a business trip to Portland and San Francisco.

The steamer Comet will be towed to San Francisco by the steamer Signal. Capt Johnson will be at the helm and Andrew Hall will handle the throttles on the Comet.

Miss Florence L. Smith, daughter of W. D. L. F. Smith of this city, was married in Portland Tuesday evening to Prof. J. D. Hawes. Mr. H. formerly resided in this county and taught for several years in our public schools. The bride-elect is also known as a capable teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes share the congratulations of many friends, among whom the Sun desires to be classed.

That Prize Piano.

The contest for the prize of Carl Fisher's piano No. 66566 offered by J. S. Kanematz as a Christmas present came off Wednesday night, the successful contestant being Mr. O. B. Hollenbeck, of Fairview, who guessed within two of the exact number of peas, beans and coffee contained in the glass jar.

It may be said that while the success in a contest like that much depends on one's luck, we shall never under value the faculty of mathematical calculation and good judgment exercised by some of the contestants. Indeed, there has been some accurate figuring done by Messrs. Crow, Gilkey, Dettz, Jacobson and Henry and notably by L. R. Hughes who has surrounded the exact number with only the exception of leaving one gap. And that gap was filled by O. B. Hollenbeck, the successful contestant and prize winner!

At 6:30 p. m. in a library over the store were assembled a committee of nine consisting of Messrs. D. F. Dean, N. C. Medley, Nels. Lamme, Jake Harshbaker, Albert Johnson, F. M. Walker, Geo. Crow, Wm. Mansel and Frank Hicks to pass the verdict of successful contestant upon one who is entitled to the piano. A preliminary consultation followed in which it was decided that the contents of the jar be counted first and examination of tickets marked with the contestants' number be followed. It was also unanimously decided that a portion of a pea or bean or coffee less than one-half in its size should not be counted in while that which exceeds one-half in size be considered as a whole. These decided upon the seal of the jar was torn open and its contents spilt upon the table.

The jar bore the certificate and signatures of the committee who filled it on the twenty eighth day of January, 1901, and the certificate read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the glass jar has been filled and sealed the 28th day of January, 1901, by request of J. S. Kanematz, with peas, beans and coffee at the store of said J. S. Kanematz, before an open public without counting, measuring or weighing or in any manner whatever knowing or leading to know the number of contents thereof—signed W. J. Sugg, Geo. E. Pike, Wm. Melil and Ira Johnson."

"Now gentlemen" said D. F. Dean, chairman of the committee, "we will commence to count and no one shall talk during the deliberation." Counting commenced silently as the gray! Not a word fell from the lips of the men who were hard at work, except singing out of "one hundred!" as the tallyman swiftly moves his pencil. Each man was furnished with an agate pan into which to deposit the contents when one hundred was reached. One by one the great heap of beans on the table reduced as though an army of ants were hard at work. There were sifting of seats, and stretching of arms and fingers to take the "kink" out of them until finally after a deliberation of an hour and some minutes all were fighting over a handful of beans and the counting was finished.

"Thirty thousand nine hundred and seventy eight!" shouted D. F. Dean after summing up the tallies and amid the shouts and cheers of the bystanders word was quickly passed down below where an anxious crowd were waiting, the store below being full of people and more were standing outside, and when the result of the counting was announced there were shouts and cheers and all sorts of comments and murmurings. One man said that he guessed within fifty of that exact number and that he was sure to win "if no one else gets closer than his figures." And, there were several ifs. If is a hope of man, but it does not count always. So, it was in this instance! For those who put a reliance upon "ifs" were entirely disappointed when the final verdict of the committee was announced. There were some wild figures. One man went as high as trillions while others put it down as low as fifty or sixty.

At half past ten the committee were invited to the City Restaurant and partook of a sumptuous supper and I shall not omit in my report that the ladies who run the popular cafe spared neither time nor cul nary skill.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

Brand new Esley Organ at half price at Fox's second hand store.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL

J. S. KANEMATZ.

SLAGLE & FORDYCE Tailors and GENTS' FURNISHERS. Martin's Building. Coquille, Oregon. Yes we are always rushed but if you leave your order with in the next 10 days we can guarantee you the neatest and nobbiest suit or pair of trousers you ever wore and have them in time for the Holidays.