

Coquille City Herald.

VOL 20.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1903.

NO 44

DENTIST

J. Curtis Snook, D. D. S.
Office over Johnson, Dean & Co's market. Coquille, Oregon.

E. G. D. Holden,
Lawyer.

Justice of the Peace, City Recorder.
U. S. Commissioner.
General Insurance Agent.

Notary Public.
Office in Robinson Building.
COQUILLE, OREGON.

A. J. Sherwood,
Attorney at Law.

COQUILLE CITY, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
Notary Public.

John F. Hall,

Attorney at Law,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

Office in Real Estate of all kinds.
SHAD HUDSON, J. E. HAYNES.

Hudson & Haynes,

Mining and Real Estate Agents

Eckley, Curry County, Oregon.
HAVE valuable Mines, Farms, Stock Ranges and Timber Lands for sale.
Home and 6 acres of land well improved Wilbur, Douglas county, Or., for sale, exchange for property in Myrtle Point.

1903



SEASON.

Let us Wade Right into the Subject.

The 1903 season will be the greatest bicycle season ever known. The finest equipped and most up-to-date wheels that Coquille riders ever laid their eyes on will be kept in stock at right prices, and if you want one say so.

We want your trade, and we are entitled to it, because we have good goods, right prices, and can serve you well. You don't expect any more, but you want that much, don't you.

To be brief, try us and our goods, and our way of treating you, and if you like us try us again. We want your business. Enough said.

Leap & Fish.

THE I. X. L. HARDWARE STORE,
Wm. Gallier, Proprietor,

HARDWARE,
AGATE WARE

QUEENS WARE,

TIN WARE

Call and examine goods and investigate prices.

COOS BAY

Marble and Stone Works

C. W. PATERSON, Prop.

Manufacturer of Marble Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, etc.
Monumentary lots enclosed with stone coping or curbing. Iron railings furnished to order. Correspondence solicited from parties living in the country or other towns who may wish anything in my line of business.
MARSHFIELD OREGON

To the Unfortunate

Dr. Gibbon

This old reliable and most successful specialist in San Francisco, still continues to cure all Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, in all its forms, Skin Diseases, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Seminal Weakness and Loss of Manhood, the consequence of self-abuse and excesses producing the following symptoms: Sallow countenance, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, cough, consumption, etc.

DR. GIBBON has practiced in San Francisco over 37 years and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor never fails when others fail. Try him. CURES GUARANTEED. Persons cured at home. Charges reasonable. Call or write. DR. F. GIBBON, 625 K arney street, San Francisco.

On a Mountain Trail.

By ROBERT ROLAND.

(Continued from last week.)
You may well believe good readers there was early stirring in that "shack" the next morning.

Perhaps you have been there yourself and know how it is. Perhaps you are "old folks," even as I am, and know how hard it is, to keep children in bed, when they ought to sleep, or get them out, when they hadn't. Be that as it may, I was broad awake before the first one "peeped," had turned myself "in bed" to find a softer board, and so was there when the first one came tumbling out, putting every one upon the caution of silence, so the others might have their full quota of sleep. The larger boys being first up, took their guns and wandered out looking, I suppose for "that bear," while I quietly re-kindled the fire, and lay down on another board.

But not going to sleep, I watched the fire get itself into a goodly flame, and heard the pot begin to bubble, and these things carried me back to my boyhood—when a somewhat similar cabin, was my only home, and the great fireplace, the only cooking range in the whole establishment; and how often I had seen that New England mother of mine, "cooking her brains," as well as the family meal, the fire was so starchy and so hot. I dare not say how long, because like ladies of "an uncertain age," I am very particular about mine. It was not quite as far in the past as that "sure enough" day which Blackstone puts as the foundation of the Common Law—a period so remote "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." I do not confess to a hundred years, yet as both of my parents lived to be over ninety, you may be well assured, that I'm a very, very old fellow, and also from my present following, one of the kind who never grows old. When my work is all done, I expect to go off like "The Deacon's one Hoss Shay."

"All at once, and nothing at first—just like bubbles, when they burst."

Now six o'clock had come. Then half past six. The boys were all out, and there were unmistakable evidences of a great awakening in the girls' room. First there were subdued giggles; then good round laughter, and then shouts of laughter, so girl-like and hearty, that before seven, every one of the troop was "up and dressed," and ready for another day. All ready, except that we must have some breakfast first, and as they issued forth, what lots of merry greetings fell about my ears, and every girl and every boy had had such a good sleep.

"Oh Uncle, it's so funny to wake up in such a place."

And another, "I didn't know where I was at first, and wondered why mama wasn't stirring me up to get my breakfast, and off for school."

And another, "Uncle? I guess I must have dreamed all night. It was about the fairies, and I thought the hillside opened, and a hundred of them come out and danced in the moonlight, and they had such bright spangled dresses on, as they skipped around, it was as though the little stars had all come down to have a hop, to celebrate our arrival." And so nearly every one had something bright to say, then seizing the towels, rushed down to a near by brook, boys and all, to make their toilettes.

Not to particularize further, in due time we had breakfasted, cleaned up the debris, slicked up the "shack" and at nine o'clock all were ready and eager to go on.

We were less than a mile from the foot of our first mountain range and arriving there made a halt to organize the procession. The trail was a plain worn path, but now we must march in "Indian file." There was no other way. I made the larger boys, with guns, very proud by putting them in the advance. They were ready to "kill and slay" anything which came in their way, but were cautioned not to waste their ammunition on small game.

With a loud hurrah, up the trail they went, then the girls fell in, and last of all—to assist any one who might need it, Uncle Robert, pack on back and staff in hand, brought up the rear; the leaders having been instructed to halt when ever they heard the signal whistle.

The day was one of those perfect days, which could not be improved on, if made to order. Flowers blossomed, and birds sang to cheer us, and robin too, was there with his mate, and all things were alive with the merry voice of spring.

Far up the mountain side we took a last look at the civilization of the valley, and then the climb went on. And such a climb. None

of our party will ever forget it.

Now as some of my readers may not just know what an Oregon mountain trail is, as intimated before, let me say, it is simply a path through the woods, where horses, men, cattle, and all bipeds and quadrupeds, who go there, must travel in a line—some one goes ahead and all the rest following. There is no going abreast; no turning out and thus, a trail like this one soon becomes a "cut," worn and washed out by rains, narrow, and knee deep.

In many places the mountain was so steep, the trail zig-zagged like a rail fence; back and forth, up and up, and yet up, more and more, until at last our riflemen in the lead, struck a level space of many acres, and a shout far in advance told me they thought they were on top. That hurrah was wasted. I had been fooled in the same way, on my first trip. We had not yet begun to climb, but I signaled for a halt, for it was a good place for the children to rest up a bit.

Our crowd was all enthusiasm, and soon on the march again, and it was only after another hour's vigorous endeavor, that we found the timber becoming sparser, and we could begin to look down on the rest of the world. We now skirted dizzy precipices, clambered over hundreds of feet of smooth bare sand stone, rock, still up, and up, and on, and on. Would we never get to the top of this first coast range? Yes, but as it was yet miles away, I signaled for another halt, and the whole party rested for half an hour, tho' none would admit fatigue, and said "It was great fun."

Then we went on again, and up again, all the time climbing. There was nothing else to do, and that was just what we were there for; up, up, and still up, until we could look down into canyons, miles long, filled with mammoth Fir trees, more than 200 feet high, which looked like little evergreen shrubs, on suburban lawns, and still ahead, we saw the trail leading upward. Occasionally there were views where we could look away over the great Fir, Spruce and Cedar forests of Oregon; far as the eye could reach—50 miles, or any number of miles—mountain upon mountain, stretching far away. We were getting to be above them all.

Presently at our "fore front," there was a great shout. I knew what the matter was, and signaled a halt. Our leaders had reached a point where the trail divides, but it had never puzzled me.

"Hello Uncle Robert? Which trail," was shouted back over our long line.

"The right hand trail," was answered, so that the echoes repeated it again, and the procession moved on, and still up, though the crest now was not a mile away.

I remember the first time I passed this way. At this divide the trails were equally well worn, and no one had told me which one to take, but without an instant's hesitation, guided by that intuition, which never misleads me, I struck into the right one, and went on and up, still getting nearer the sky, where the trees were smaller, more scattered, and the underbrush—acted mainly for its absence, but rocks, huge and rent; canyons, deep and silent; cliffs, ponderous and beetling; with a still expanding panorama spreading out all around us; far away forests distant gorges, where torrents roared; all inspires one instinctively to "hurrah." But its well to suppress the hurrah for a while and go on climbing. If any one had told me, the first time I went over this mountain, that it was ten miles high, plumb up in the air, I think I would have believed it. It was great, and the prospect grand; so grand none can ever know, who have never been upon an Oregon mountain top. For at last we were on top. I signaled another halt and our party became a picturesque group again. For a quarter of a mile, the trail ran riotously along on a rocky "hog's back" ridge and then we could see it begin to drop away, sink, and sneak off down into a great valley somewhere.

The little ones had persevered and conquered. They were tired. We were all tired, but an hour or two of rest, and a lunch would put every one in working order again, so we unslung our packs, and gave to the benison of the mountain air, the measure of a rousing cheer. The boys turned loose a rifle shot each, and I emptied one chamber of my revolver, but as far as game was concerned, there had been no lions in the way, or cougars, or bears, but we had conquered the mountain. Since we left the valley I had not seen a bird, and only one we frightened squirrel, and so we mighty hunters sent some bullets into the air, and opened up our

lunch baskets. There was a spring near by, discovered on a former trip, which gave an abundance of healthful beverage. Pure unadulterated "Adam's ale."

It was half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, when lunched and rested, the question arose:

"Well Uncle Robert, what next. How far is it to our next camping ground, and will there be any more mountains to climb today?"

"Do you think you could do another?" and they all thought they could, but some of the younger ones did not speak up very promptly, and I—knowing how tired they would be at that point, had made my arrangements accordingly. So I told them we would not go much farther that day, and would take time to organize the much talked of club.

"But where'll we sleep," chimed in a lot of girls all at once.

"I've arranged with the fairies to take care of you, my dears, and now as we are all in good traveling trim I'll show you. It is not far. The rifle men will take the lead and follow the trail, until you hear the signal, and away we all went on the down grade.

Now it so happened, that on a former trip, I had found a large hunter's lodge, just down the way a little, and round a spur of the mountain, in a lovely grove of Fir, and to this retreat, I led them. It was a few rods off the main trail, but ordinarily would not be noticed. When we reached it, we found the fairies had been at work again. Everything was ready for us, even to a pile of pitch fir wood at the door, and the fire already for the match. The children just went wild with joy.

"This beats anything I ever heard of," exclaimed Susie, and Bessie, and Frankie, and Ethel, and Maud, and Alice, and Sarah, and Mary, and Ada and all the rest echoed,—"and its awful nice."

"It's only big enough for the girls," said practical Johnny, "and what will us boys do for a place to sleep."

"Camp outside, my boy. Come on and I'll show you. A man is not worth much for a hunter who cannot be happy anywhere, with a blanket, and a few matches," and they all trooped out after me to see what the fairies had done for the comfort of my nephews. They found it entirely satisfactory. There was a mossy, level area as big as the foundation of a barn; a great splinted dead fir stub, forty feet high, just at the foot of it, while the rivet trunk of the same tree, lay snug against it on the side toward the mountain, while a spring spouted from the bank between this place, and the cabin, which was not a hundred feet away. All about the young fir trees were so thick the sunshine never saw the ground.

"Cracky" shouted Edgar, "ain't this a dandy? Who wants to sleep in a house anyway," and all the boys thought it was great.

"You see boys the ground is like a carpet—of a hundred years falling of these soft, spike fir leaves. We'll start a fire in that old stub and it will burn for a week, and that it may be well at it by night, we'll put a match to it now."

And what they did, and how we sped, and what was done on that gay night, we have been so long climbing the mountain—behold, will it not all be told next week, in the chronicles of "The Mountain Trail?"

The President's brief sojourn in the Yellowstone is over and he is again subjected to glare of calcium lights.

Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent will go to Hawaii to superintend the establishment of the new \$30,000 immigrant station to be erected there.

President Mitchell is finding it almost as difficult to make his followers keep the pledge he made for them as he found it to secure concessions from the operators.

General Leonard Wood is so near the top of the ladder that he can wait for time to do the rest. He is certain to be Lieutenant General and chief of staff, if his health lasts.

Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is following his usual course, working hard and attracting as little attention from the public as possible.

We are again informed that the manager of the Western Union started life as a messenger boy. Perhaps this accounts for the time it takes some messages to reach their destination.

An outlay corporation which is permitted by the courts to pay dividends is not so badly off after all. Evidently the Northern Securities Company still has considerable persuasive influence.

Ex-President Cleveland and Editor Henry Watterson seem to agree on the negro question.

It is alleged that the baking-powder bill which recently passed the Pennsylvania legislature is identical with the baking-powder measure which has produced so much scandal in the Missouri legislature.

A New Yorker who returned recently from Europe says that racing in England is almost as good a thing as politics in New York, Richard Croker is making an income of about \$115,000 a year from his racing stable.

The International Congress, which met at Rome, decided to postpone for a year the proposed commercial war against America. Europe evidently appreciates on which side of the Atlantic her bread is buttered and where the flour to make it comes from.

The question whether there should be one or two bridges on naval flag ships is an important one because it involves the command of the ship. Officers who favor two, say that the Admiral should command the fleet from one while the captain or commander should command the ship itself from the other.

The Secretary of the Navy expresses amazement at the reluctance of the young men of the country to serve in the navy. If Mr. Moody would but reflect, he could easily appreciate the difficulty. So strong is social caste in the navy, that it is practically impossible for the enlisted man ever to secure a commission. There has been no difficulty in securing "recruits" for Annapolis.

Delegate Dagatou, representative of Porto Rico in Congress, says that he represented the island in the Spanish Cortes and his position carried much honor. He favored annexation to the United States and was sent by his grateful constituents to the American congress, and yet he is not an American citizen. He regards this as a great hardship.

The White House children are mourning the death of Jack, a black and tan terrier which has just passed away at the ripe age of twelve years. He had been a member of the Roosevelt family all his life and Archie and Ethel buried him in the White Lot with full military honors, a sergeant firing a signal shot over the grave as a token of respect to the children's sorrow.

Treasury officials are considerably exercised over the discovery of revenue stamps of large denomination in a Washington pawnshop, and investigations are under way with a view to ascertaining if there has been any considerable theft of stamps returned to the treasury for redemption. Nine tons of such stamps, having a face value of \$35,000 have been recently destroyed as a result of the repeal of the war revenue law.

\$10,000.00 TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

The St. Louis Republic Offers Fourteen Splendid Rewards to Subscribers.

An interesting announcement appears in that great metropolitan newspaper, The St. Louis Republic, in the form of a profit sharing offer to any one now a subscriber or willing to become a subscriber of The Republic. A big sum of \$10,000.00 will be paid in rewards for good judgement and skill. It is possible to earn all the way from \$10.00 up to \$5,000.00.

The Republic's subscribers are invited to estimate upon the number of admissions to the World's Fair grounds upon the occasion of the grand dedicatory ceremonies, April 30, 1903, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The subscriber whose estimate comes nearest the official record will receive \$5,000.00; the next one will get \$2,500.00, and an additional sum of \$2,500.00 will be divided in rewards ranging from \$1,000.00 down to \$10.00, among those whose estimates most nearly approximate the official record of admissions. A payment of \$7.80 will provide for the delivery of the Daily and Sunday Republic for not less than one year, or \$6.00 will pay for six annual subscriptions to the Twice-a-week Republic, and if the remittance is received on or before 4 p. m. of April 29, 1903, the person sending it can make six estimates. More estimates may be made by extending a subscription beyond one year, or organizing clubs and inducing others to subscribe.

Complete information as to the conditions of this contest, together with blanks will be found in the Daily, Sunday and Twice-a-week editions of The Republic from April 2 until April 29, 1903, or will be mailed to any one upon application. All communications and estimates should be addressed to—
The Republic Profit-Sharing Bureau, Call. Box 201, St. Louis Mo.

Drane & Ray,

Butchers,

GOLDEN BUILDING, COQUILLE CITY
Keep constantly on Hand Fresh Meat,
of All Kinds
Corned Beef and Pickled Pork
Cash Paid for Hides in any Quantity

The latest in

MILLINERY

at Mrs. C. Moon's

You will find the latest in spring and summer Millinery at my store.

Dress Trimming and Fancy Goods in General. Stamping done to order.

Mrs. C. Moon

Sanderson Building near the Wharf.

\$5 will by an Organ

Only \$5 a month on the installment plan.

\$10 a Month

Will Get You A Piano.

You can save this amount if you will and make your dear ones happy. No home complete without a piano or an organ. If you are looking for best values

For Spot Cash or on Time Payments

We are prepared to interest you and make the assertion that we can do MORE for you than any other Piano or Organ House in the country. If you are interested write at once.

THE BIG SIX: KIMBALL, CHICKERING, WEBER, MILTON, VOSE, HINZE, with the giant WHITNEY is a combination of soundness, strength, beauty and tone unequalled anywhere. Twenty-eight other makes we handle.

We also have in stock a fine line of Violins, Banjos, Guitars and Mandolins at prices from \$5 upward. A full assortment of strings. Steel strings 5 cents each. New music received weekly.

CHAS. GRISSEN MUSIC CO.
I. O. O. F. HALL.

MARSHFIELD, ORE.

WOLF



PROV. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS SHEEPSKIN TANNERY CAPACITY 3000 PELTS PER DAY

KILL THE BRUTE! SKIN HIM PROPERLY AND SHIP HIS SKIN AND ALL OTHER

FURS, HIDES, PELTS, WOOL, ETC.

TO THE SHIPMENT HOUSE

MILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT!
Write for Circulars.

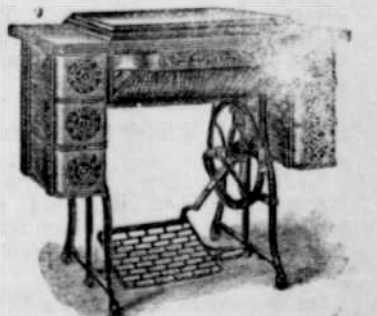
ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

THE STANDARD PENS EVERYWHERE. 150 Styles Fine, Medium and Broad Points. Sold by All Stationers. Works, Camden, N. J. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO. 26 John St., New York.

THE Wheeler & Wilson

Three Times the Value of Any Other....

ONE-THIRD EASIER-ONE-THIRD FASTER.



The only Sewing Machine that does not fail in any point.

ROTARY MOTION AND BALL BEARINGS. The lightest running machine in the world. RAPID—saves about one day in three sewing that much faster than any vibrating shuttle sewing machine. More time is saved, more money earned.

Quiet and durable. The rotary motion does away with noise and wear caused by the forward and backward movement of the shuttle. General office for the Pacific Coast at 933 Market St., San Francisco California
W. H. SHORT, Agent, Marshfield.