

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 20.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1903.

NO 46

## 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.  
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HAVE valuable Mines, Farms, Stock Ranches and Timber Lands for sale.

Houses 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.

Leep & Fish.

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Wm. Gallier, Proprietor,

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AGATE WARE

QUEENS WARE.

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Call and examine goods and investigate prices.

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Manufacturer of Marble Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, etc.  
convenient lots enclosed with steps 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, constipation, 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 cures a when others fail. Try him. CURES GUARANTEED. Persons cured at home. Charges reasonable. Call or write.  
DR. J. F. GIBBON,  
425 Kearney street, San Francisco

## ELECTRIC CAR LINE.

L. J. Simpson, Takes Preliminary Steps.

The latest development in Bay-side progress, is the preliminary steps for an electric car line from Marshfield to North Bend. No one will be surprised to learn that L. J. Simpson has taken hold of this project, and if he can obtain the desired franchise, rights of way act, will push it to a successful consummation.

Through his attorney, W. U. Douglas, Mr. Simpson is now securing the consent of property owners along the streets which he wishes the road to traverse in the Marshfield, to the issuing of the franchise.

The streets over portions of which the right of way is desired are Railroad avenue, Elm and Tenth street, in Nasburg addition, Front, Cedar, First, Broadway, C, Seventh, H, Barnes and Graham streets, California and Ohio avenue. It is proposed to extend the line as far as the I. O. O. F. Cemetery on the south.

If certainly seems that the time is ripe for the launching of this prospect, and that the roads will be a paying one from the start. With the mills and other industries lining its route, with a town at each end and one in the middle and good residence sites all the way it should not only pay its way but greatly aid in the lining of the three miles of the bay shore with the continuous town which is to come.

It is a matter of congratulations that the matter has been taken up by Mr. Simpson, who has the financial and business ability to build the road and to run it on a liberal plan, rather than some outside party who would be only interested in the direct returns they could squeeze out of it, or some one who would find himself in financial difficulties before the road would be completed.

It is to be hoped that no unnecessary obstacles will be thrown in Mr. Simpson's way by the Marshfield people.—Coast Mail.

## Sunday Observance.

The publishers of a newspaper in a Maryland town are being prosecuted for violating a Sunday law, in publishing a Sunday newspaper. However the case may go with them it is improbable that the Sunday edition of the paper will be suppressed, or if so need not be expected that this will happen in other places and with respects to other Sunday newspapers. In England the people get along very well without Sunday editions of morning newspapers, but in this country they have become a fixture, a necessity. And really the prosecution of people for printing a Sunday paper, while permitting them to publish a Monday paper is absurd. The Sunday is almost altogether the product of week days' work; it is the Monday paper that requires Sunday work. Some observance of Sunday, in the way of rest from ordinary labor, is no doubt desirable and it would be well if more people observed Sunday and observe it in better ways, if Sunday laws were somewhat better obeyed and enforced; yet a good deal of work must go ahead on Sunday as well as on other days. How absurdly impractical it would be if all the railroad trains of the country should stop just where they happen to be at midnight Saturday night, and remained stationary for twenty-four hours. Yet some people would like to have a law requiring that this should be done.

Already the question of Sunday opening of the Lewis and Clark Fair is being discussed, perhaps prematurely, and it is to be observed that it is generally in a spirit of toleration and moderation that people express themselves. Several of our ministers are in favor of opening the gates of the Fair a portion of Sundays, while on the other hand those who have no regard for the Sabbath from a religious point of view, generally agree that the "Midway," if there is to be one, shall remain closed on Sundays. Thus, perhaps the question can be settled without any great amount of friction.

Sunday is not what it was to the Puritans, nor even to the strict church people of fifty years ago or less; the character of its observance has greatly changed; but it would be better for humanity if they would "keep" Sunday, not indeed as the Puritans and old-school Presbyterians did, but with greater decorum, and with respect for the opinions and beliefs of others, if not with reverence for the high, deep subjects which religious people discuss or ponder upon on that day.

It is practically settled that November 9, will be the date on which the President will call a session of the Fifty-eighth Congress.

## On a Mountain Trail.

By ROBERT ROLAND.

(Continued from last week.)

We breakfasted betimes the next morning, and at eight o'clock had "hit the trail." The party, well rested up, declaring they had slept "great," and the boys were particularly proud of having once camped under the fir boughs, and the sky—several of them saying, they had never passed a more comfortable night; Daniel Danforth, and Newton Nubkins, loudly asserting "they didn't want anything more to do with a roof."

The girls too were all merry, and so we went forward down the mountain, at a good pace, the line being organized, the same as when we came up, with our gunners ahead, and the author of the expedition, acting as rear guard.

Most people find it easy enough to go "down hill," in business, politics, or morals; so easy in fact that after a bit, without any brake on it, it becomes a veritable Toboggan Slide, particularly in the matter of morals. Once I remember reading in a school book, a paragraph which has never been forgotten. It was this: "A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say without blushing, 'I don't care what others think of me.'"

People in that unhappy condition, are going down hill very fast. We were going down the mountain, and not one of our party had thought of tolerating any sort of a brake. Those in the lead were racing and shouting, the girls laughing and singing, and the "old uncle" in the rear, not as old as he might have been, was doing his full share, to keep the echoes busy.

We saw the sinking, declining trail head, winding in and out, along the mountain side, where the timber was small and sparse, and then, it was lost to our view.

Now going down any sort of a hill is very different from climbing up. Going down a mountain side, "ditto." Going down in morals or business, more "ditto" still. Don't you all of these latter things, sweet friends. It is better to live up in the pure air of peace, and reasonable gain, than to grasp at everything and get nothing. There is a great moral lesson, in this "going down hill" business, but our going down the mountain, had nothing to do with it, except the many hasty steps, put into the job.

There were no such strenuous activities, as we found when climbing up. No dangerous declivities, going down. The trail wound in and out, around the heads of small canyons, and big canyons,—valleys, and dales, so deep—one could not see the bottom of them, our rapid pace soon shutting off all other views. Presently the timber grew denser, and stouter, tho' we still looked down on oceans of it.

The walking was excellent, and even when I had passed that way alone, I had never thought of it,—there being so much of the wildest nature all around me. I had never thought of bears, or cougars, or mountain lions, tho' I might have seen one at any moment, and half if so be our party had, so happy were we all with our own good company. I am quite sure we would have said: "Dear Mr. Bear," or "Pretty pussy cat cougar," or "sweet mountain lion," let us alone, and we will you. We don't want your life, or your skin, and you shall have none of ours. Go in peace!" but we had no occasion for soothing, speech or ragged rifle shot, as we pressed our way, sinking deeper and deeper into the boundless forest, and beginning soon to know, from those indications, so familiar to woodmen, that we would be at a water level somewhere before long. Huge fallen trees had been cut out of the way, while, anon, the trail skirted many another, centry slain monarch of the wood, with other large trees growing upon it, which it was more economical to go round, than to remove. The underbrush grew denser; the forest thicker. The sunlight was shut out by the thickly over arching canopy of green. One could scarce see a patch of sky anywhere. We were nearing the foot of the mountain, and about to enter "the valley of the shadow" of a vine maple bottom, the richest, rarest lands of Oregon.

Presently we heard the music of running water, which suddenly made some of our party very thirsty. Luckily they had not thought of it before, with nothing at hand to drink. The music of running water grew plainer, when suddenly the trail took a twist to the right, and debouched at once upon the level bottom land, where was a rustic bridge, spanning a laughing mountain brook, half a dozen feet wide, which tumbled into a much larger stream near by.

The boys immediately scattered themselves along the banks of the smaller stream to get a drink.

"Oh I wish I had a cup," said Maude Merrigolde, and Minty Marvel suggested a big leaf to make one.

"Look up, my dears! Look up! It is always well to look up. The man with a muck rake—you know, in dear old "Pilgrim's Progress," never saw the glories about him."

"Where? Where? Uncle Robert?"

"On the birch tree there bending over the brook."

"O—h, goody!"

There was a bright tin cup hanging on a nail. I had found it weeks before, for at that time some kind, humane man had been there before me. An unselfish man. A man who had some thought of those who would come after him, and that cup, at that time,

"How quickly I seized it with hands that were glowing. And up from that bright laughing brook you will note, How sweet with the emblem of health overflowing. And dripping with nectar it went down my throat."

Not the cup, my dears, but the water. Cold mountain brook water,—not only once, but twice the full of it,—and I said: "Oh beautiful life giving water. Oh laughing mountain's brook. Thy loveliness is as vast, as the starry sky. As soul inspiring as views from the mountain top. God brews the water. The Devil brews the beer."

I enjoyed that drink at nature's bar, as all my young comrades enjoyed it now. I don't remember ever enjoying a drink so much, but once before, and that, after a many hours ramble in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, our party halted at "Wandering Willie's Spring."

"Is there any place you have never been, Uncle Robert," said Mildred Mindful.

"Oh yes, dear,—several. More than several. Many."

"Please, and won't you tell us about Mammoth Cave sometime."

"Surely,—dear, but now don't you all think this, temperance tavern ought to have a name?"

"Oh sure," chorused a dozen voices at once. "Let's give it a name."

"First let me tell you what I did when I first came here alone, a long time ago. I named it at that time, on a leaf from my scratch book, and hung up a brief legend on the nail with the cup, but the rain and the wind have destroyed it."

"What did you name it, Uncle?"

"Adam's Ale House," my dears, and this is what I further wrote: "Free drinks, and free lodgings! Take anything you want gentlemen. My tank is never empty, and the sky covers us all."

"Hurrah," shouted George Gaylord. "I move that that the Tip Top Club confirm Uncle's christening," and after a chorus of voices supported the motion, President Harry Happyland put the question, and declared it settled for all time.

In our progress, we skirted the larger stream for two miles or more, crossing and recrossing it half a dozen times on fallen trees, passed one Homesteader's vacant "Shack," climbed a very humble hill, struck a broader road, and at about two o'clock, spilled ourselves out of the wood, into a large clearing, where lived two rancher friends of mine, who had gotten a very fair start, on their five year old farms. Comfortable houses with out a sawed board in them, and big well filled barns, but least we make this chapter too long, we will tarry in this neighborhood until the morn, and next week tell you how we fared, where we camped the next night, and what we did to amuse ourselves.

Thus far our party had everyone, restood the tramp—"giriffully" and "boyfully," and all were eager to rush on.

Two for the Price of One.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of the AMERICAN FARMER by which we are able to offer this great farm paper and the HERALD for the price of the HERALD alone—\$1.50, for the next 30 days. Who will be the first to take advantage of this opportunity? This is a great offer for our farmers and dairymen.

## Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the Lyons estate, or having claims against the name will please call and settle the same at once as the business has changed hands and all accounts must be settled as early as possible.  
W. H. LYONS, Mgr.

It has been suggested that there is something sweetly feminine about Mr. Cleveland's "no."

The Weather Bureau has verified the report that Galena, Ill., experienced, in February, a fall of snow from a clear sky.

There is a great demand for sons and grandsons when the circus comes to town. Elderly gentlemen all desire a good excuse for going.

The French are too proud to say so, but they can hardly avoid regret that Napoleon parted with the great Louisiana tract equal now to an empire.

The New York State Historical Society has determined that General Ethan Allen was a native of Connecticut, and was born in Litchfield in that State.

Pennsylvania clergymen are beginning to fear that if the press muzzling bill becomes a law, the pulpit will be the next moulder of public opinion to be muzzled.

The most striking propositions expended by the President on his western trip are, that the Monroe Doctrine must be maintained and that it will require a bigger navy to do it.

Good roads conventions are doubtless good in their way, but the object lesson of a strip of perfect road in each country would be more effective than a hundred conventions.

Many handsome hotels are being erected in Cuba and the railroad facilities are being wonderfully improved. The island is destined to become a popular winter resort for Americans.

The report that the President refused to get out of bed at midnight to meet a delegation of cow-boys in Arizona, is received with scepticism by those who know the President well.

Experimenters are again at work on the communistic kitchen idea in this country. This scheme has been tried many times and never with success but still the theorists cling to it.

The Russia-Manchurian incident appears to have been much exaggerated in the telling and it has now, apparently, been closed, but immediately the news of trouble in the Balkans is revived.

The inability of the New York police to trace the maker of the infernal machine placed on the Cunard docks is causing serious concern to people who have contemplated going abroad.

It is a peculiar kind of law which permits "Dr. Crum," the negro collector of the port of Charleston, S. C., to perform the duties of the office but makes it illegal for him to collect the fees therefor.

It is suggested that Herbert Booth of the Salvation Army will have more difficulty securing financial backing for his religious theater in New York than he will in securing "a" powerful company of religious actors.

The electricians of the country are urging inventors to devise some cheap insulating material to replace the expensive insulators now in use. They say there will be a fortune in the invention of an insulator as effective as glass, less destructible and therefore cheaper.

The engineers at the Union Stock Yards at Chicago recently struck for more pay. Then they agreed to submit the differences between themselves and their employers to a board of arbitration. The arbitrators decided that the engineers should receive 30 cents per hour and then sent in a bill for \$1,000 each, or \$21 per hour for the time consumed in the arbitration.

The most conflicting reports continue to come from Columbia regarding the ratification of the Panama canal treaty. In view of the fact that Columbia would long ago have been absorbed by some European power, had it not been for the maintenance by the United States of the Monroe Doctrine, the reluctance to grant to this country as good terms as were granted to France, is, to put it mildly, ungrateful.

## A Farmer Straightened Out.

"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely, and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it," says C. P. Rayder, of Patten Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, 'give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me.'" For sale by R. S. Knowlton.

## Drane & Ray,

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of All Kinds.

Corned Beef and Pickled Pork

Cash Paid for Hides in any Quantity

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SKIN HIM PROPERLY  
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