

Coquille City Herald.

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NO 48

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1903



SEASON.

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On a Mountain Trail.

By ROBERT ROLAND.

(Continued from last week.)
In the morning the Tip Top-ers were early on the move, all more than anxious for another mountain climb, and thus it was but little after eight o'clock when they "hit the trail," for a nine mile tramp to our next bivouac on the east side of the second range.

Now as Oregon mountain climbing, like Brete Harte's engineers: "is pretty much alike," we are going over this range much quicker than the first one, only saying that the ascent was more gradual, and easy; a long sweeping grade for nearly five miles, with the ascending pathway visible in many places far ahead, and our long line in going round the "nose" of a canyon, "beating offentimes on both sides of it at once—our rifle-men in advance, far above those who brought up the rear. Then we would send greetings, and cheers back and forth, as the happy line swept on, and up, and still on and still up. It did not begin to be the hard climb of our first day out. The scenery was much the same, and the Club knowing more now about what was before them, swept along up grade, with a determination, which at every step seemed to say, "This isn't the Alps! but if it was, I would conquer it!" Nothing will make heroes, and heroines of children as quickly as mount climbing.

There's so much to prompt their energies; something different at every turn of the trail, to absorb attention; call forth admiration, and make them forget weariness. And then—it's such a school for lessons in perseverance; so much to win by keeping, "everlastingly at it." No great flights; no toboggan slides, but one step at a time, does the business.

When we reached the crest, we halted, and rested, and lunched. We also took in the picturesque scene before us, where were other mountain waves of everlasting green; saw other patches of snow on distant peaks, while far away to the right, a gap in the mountain fastness, revealed to us the location of "Jones River," and revived in our mind the story we had heard of the grand gorge, and "Jones River Falls." We also began to note evidences of pioneer life, since in valleys miles away, open fields were to be seen, with occasional buildings scattered here, and there. These openings reminded me of a view on the Alleghany-Baltimore & Ohio R. R., where far away across a great valley, was an opening in the woods, about as big as a postage stamp, which the car porter told me was a forty acre wheat field. He seemed to think that an astonishing, but I was from a country, where a field of that acreage would be counted a garden patch. I made no comment, but kept my eye on the spot as long as possible, rather expecting to see it slide into the valley.

Near the foot of the second range, we came upon the largest stream we had seen, since we left the little streamer. Like all streams in or about the mountains, it was "in a rush," hurrying to find its level somewhere, but rarely ever to do it, until it reaches the ocean. On the other shore our trail now led through an extensive slash. A large tree felled across the stream, assisted us in passing without incident, and we are soon climbing over the smaller logs and going round the big ones, following the snake-like trail, until on the margin of a dense wood, we find ourselves up against a gate. We had not seen a fence, for the very good reason there was none, but there were some trees felled in a row; brush piled upon them, and in places topped out with poles, all after the fashion of pioneer fencing, since time began.

But this gate does not halt our gait long, and we are soon in the wild wood again following a level trail, which after an hours steady progress, brought us to another opening in the forest; a fair sized, one story "shack," a comfortable barn, with a lot of hay therein; a spring near by; a lot of fuel arranged for a camp fire, at a safe distance from the rancher's "shack," and nobody at home. Inside, was the usual big fire place, and plenty of fuel, and provisions.

Now it is the custom of the country, under such circumstances for the wayfarer and the pilgrim, to enter in, and make himself at home, but as I happened to know the young bachelor householder, who was soon to "prove up" on his claim, and who knew of my proposed raid in the wilderness, had given me carte blanche, to possess the premises the same as though my own. That's the true southwestern hospitality, which says: "Welcome everything yours while you are

here," and becomes a pleasant reality as well, in the wild woods of Oregon.

"Oh Uncle Robert, the faries have been here too," exclaimed Maudie Merrigold, and Eben Evergay "reckoned" that that same "old Unk" was the biggest fairy in all the wilderness, to which there was not a dissenting voice, while Oliver, and Harry, and Johnnie, and James, and Edgar, and Richard, and Alonzo, and Marion, and Roger, and Ray, with matches "to match" made a rush to start the camp fire, while myself and some of the others started a fire in the "shack," and interviewed the barn. Everything was in a "get-there-and-enjoy-yourself" condition, and as it was only mid-afternoon, after the fires were started and the party rested up a bit, President Harry Happyland called the club to order, about the big fire outside, and said the report of the committee on Constitution and By-Laws, would now be in order, and asked if they were ready to report.

"They are Mr. President," said Uncle Robert, with that dignity which so well becomes him, and is so natural, when he is about to address an "assembled multitude," but owing to the absence of writing material, and of time for such important duties, as well as the study of a great—great—big Grandfather cedar, and the firing of many log heaps; they have not elaborated said Constitution and By-Laws quite as much as they will endure. In a word Mr. President, we can only make a verbal report now, promising later on to put everything in cold type.

Then Sammy Snooks wanted to know "who's the Club anyway?" and Kate Kromer answered—"why all of us gousey, and Uncle Robert's our big—honorary member."

"I guess not Miss Kate—until we're organized," put in Charlie Crans, and Richard Richland thought we were organized, "as we have elected a President and Secretary."

"But nobody's joined yet!"—sang out Ray Royal, "and I guess a President and a secretary don't make a Club,—even for baseball!"

"Oh you get out!" shouted William Williams, "I guess we are all in it, but to settle the whole thing Mr. President, I move, a motion, that we all vote ourselves members, and go on congorin' and to conquer. If any one's afraid, let 'em take the back trail, for home."

"Support the move," and "support the motion," came from a score of lips; Uncle Robert meanwhile looking smilingly on.

"I don't think the motions in order," said the President, "I think to become members, we ought to sign something, and swear to support the Constitution of the United States—give more of those rascally Philipinos the water cure, and let colored men vote way down in Alabama."

"Hear—hear—them's my sentiments," shouted Johnnie Jameson, "Hurrah for old glory, and the American Eagle."

"Question—question—question—came from all sides of the camp fire.

"Now you've had your little spirit all round," said Caleb Careful—"Let us hear what Uncle Robert has to say about it."

"Uncle Robert has the floor all ready remarked the President, "and if you had not interrupted his report, I guess he'd had it all straight before this time. Now you'll keep in order, or I'll adjourn the Club."

"Ain't no club yet."

"Can't adjourn 'bout a motion."

"Where'll you git for when you 'journ," and several other kindred remarks came from sundry future statesmen, when Susie Sensible raised her hand and said: "Boys you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Haven't you any respect for Uncle Robert?"

"What's the matter with Uncle Robert? He's all right! Hurrah for Uncle Robert," chorused a dozen strong voiced lad. "We only want to make Harry earn his salary."

Then Uncle Robert put up his hand, and there was a great calm.

"Mr. President, the motion, which has been made, was one the committee would have suggested. The organization may be informal at first, and under the circumstances, it's the best we can do. Let the question that everyone present, except me, become members, and afterwards you can make a sort of fifth wheel—honorary working member of meff you choose."

—and so said, so done, it was carried amid great applause, and then on motion of Florence Finish, Uncle Robert was made an "honorary

member of the Tip Top Club," with an unusual amount of hand clapping.

When order was restored, Billy Billings, being already on his feet said:

"Mr. President: now we are organized, and are a real live club,—a Tip Top Club, I'm awful glad it didn't die a bornin'."

"You are out of order sir. There's no question before the—the camp fire, and Uncle Robert has the—the solid earth to finish his report on Constitution and By-Laws."

Whereupon the aforesaid committee continuing its report said: "Mr. President, as I was saving some time ago, when Sammy Snooks sniped in and interrupted me, we can only make a verbal report now, which is to this effect; to wit:

CONSTITUTION.
Article I.
Sec. 1. This Club shall be known and hailed, as the Tip Top Club.

Sec. 2. It shall hold its regular stated meetings, when and where it pleases, when ever out on a vacation, or at the call of the President.

Sec. 3. Any Kid, or Kidees, who can climb a mountain, and sleep in a "shack," or on the ground, is eligible to membership.

Sec. 4. Nothing goes here unless unanimous. All candidates who cannot pass a clear ballot, will have to go over the trail alone.

Sec. 5. We are all good fellows.
By LAWS.
Article I.

Sec. 1. No person under ten years of age, or over eighteen shall be eligible to membership.
Sec. 2. No member shall make a motion or speak on a question without taking off his hat, and respectfully addressing the chair.
Sec. 3. The foregoing section does not apply to the girls, as to hats, but they must address the chair, the same as "any other man."

Council Proceedings.

(Regular Session)

Regular monthly session of the Common Council was held at their rooms in Robinson's building on the 1st inst.

Present, Councilmen Harlocker, Johnson, Lorenz and Stanley, His Honor the Mayor, the City Recorder and Marshal. Also Councilmen Burns and Leach responded to roll-call as members of the new council.

Minutes of last meeting, read and approved.

The monthly report of the City Recorder, Treasurer and Marshal, were read referred to Finance Committee. Also the annual report of City Treasurer Knowlton, was read and referred to same Committee. This report shows a healthful balance of the general funds, and will be published in full, later on.

E. G. D. Holden City Recorder, elected for the current year, furnished his bond in the sum of \$5000, with two securities, which said bond was duly approved by the Council and filed with His Honor the Mayor.

Councilman Burns was appointed on the street committee, in the place of retiring Councilman Lorenz. Said committee now consisting of Councilmen, Harlocker, Burns and Johnson.

A petition was received, numerously signed by property owners, for the grading and plank (or finishing with everything just as good) of Second street, between B or Main and C streets. Referred to committee on street. The following bills were allowed, the Recorder decided to draw his warrants in payment of same.

D. Tiller, 1240 feet piling for wharf 5, cts. per foot. \$ 62 00
Geo. H. Collier, hauling Councilmen to Rink Creek 3 00
Lee Goodman, Marshal's salary, May, 1903..... 40 00
E. G. D. Holden, Sundry Records fees month of May 1903, and cash expended..... 30 75
L. Hatcher, teaming, Sundries..... 2 10
Lyons Estate, lumber Dec. 22, 1902 to May 1 1903, inc..... 33 58
Geo. A. Robinson, rent for May 1903..... 2 00
Frank Duley 3/4 days work on water works..... 1 50
J. T. Little three trips with team to Rink Creek..... 7 50
A. Leach, services as special police..... 2 00
R. S. Knowlton, Sundry for Records office and election purpose..... 5 80
R. S. Knowlton salary as City Treasurer past year..... 50 00
Total..... 240 18

Councilman Stanley and ex-councilman Lorenz who consented to do a little more good work in order to fully earn his salary were appointed a special committee to designate proper locations for new telephone poles. Council adjourned until Monday June 22 inst at 8 o'clock p. m. subject however to call of His Honor the Mayor, in case a meeting should be necessary before that time.

Thus full of great expectations, for the evening, having fully filled the space allotted me,—will ask my readers, to consider this, semi-adventurous tale, adjourned until next week.

Witkes Booth Lived
Enid, O. T., June 2.—Junius Brutus Booth, actor and nephew of John Wilkes Booth the assassin of President Lincoln, identified the man who committed suicide here January 14 as his uncle, the assassin. The man lived as David George and, on his death, K. L. Bates, an attorney in Memphis, came here and fully identified the body and then went East, and has obtained positive identification from the nephew and also of Joseph Jefferson, Clara Morris and a score of others. Bates claims to have been a confidential agent of Booth, the assassin, for years. Bates says the man supposed to have been killed in place of the assassin was Ruddy Booth, who settled in Glenrose Mills, Tex., and conducted a store here as John St. Helen.

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1904

This school, which has been in successful operation during eight months of the past school year, will open its Second Annual Session Monday, October 5, and continue for Eight Months.

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HIGH SCHOOL, ACADEMIC,
COMMERCIAL, MUSIC.

Tuition per Term of Twelve Weeks, Payable in advance:
Common School Course, Grades 1 to 4 \$ 6 00
" " " " 5 to 7 7 50
" " " " 8 8 00
Normal Course \$ 8 00 to 10 00
High School Course, Grade 9 to 11 8 50
Academic Course, Grades 12 to 13 9 00
Commercial Course, Elementary 10 00
" " Advanced 12 00

Vocal and Instrumental Music 25 cents to 50 cents per Lesson.
A reasonable reduction will be made to students desiring to take a mixed Course.

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Coquille, Oregon.

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