

Coquille City Herald.

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NO 49

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1903



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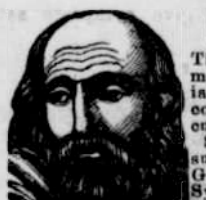
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On a Mountain Trail.

By ROBERT ROLAND.

(Continued from last week.)
It is a kindly favor which our "great and good government," allows the bachelor rancher, when it permits him leave his claim each year for some months to the tender mercies of the wayfarer. Why? Why because, until he has partially cleared his land, and can raise a part of his living, he must go out, get a job somewhere in a saw mill, or lumber camp, or teach school, or fall to, for a consideration, and help some more fore handed man clear up his ranch, that he may earn, and "pack" in the grub, which is to sustain his own arduous endeavor.

It is thus that the lonely man on the trail at certain seasons of the year, finds every latch string out, and for the most part—nobody at home. The owner is out somewhere, earning the wherewith to stock up his larder. When he begins to have live stock about him, and pigs and chickens, it makes but little difference. Cattle will get their own living most of the year. The pigs "root hog or die" while the chickens, like other bipeds we know of—must "scratch for a living."

Thus it was, that the young homesteader; whose guests we were, and who was also a brother of the "golden links," was outside at work in a saw mill, when the T. T. C. camped on his premises.

The evening program was built up with recitations and songs, a game of "hide-and-seek" about the big camp fire, with Uncle Robert down for a story, when the party should come together in the "shack" for a parting good night. Frankie Faithful proved her ability as secretary by formulating the program, the particular abilities of each member being well known to her, if we possibly except "Uncle Robert," and that she guessed at, but as soon as the Club was called to order, and before the program was taken up, Clarence Clearlight being prompted thereto by an older head, moved that an order of business be adopted, and a standing committee of three (we never had half seats enough, unless we sat on the floor, or ground) to be known as the "Program Committee," be elected, of which the secretary should be "chairman."

This called forth quite a lively discussion, but at last the motion prevailed, and then Roger Rumpel, who had not been heard from lately, arose and addressing the chair with a good deal of dignity, wanted to know how these committees were to be appointed, "for" he added "I think we will have to have a committee on 'order of business,' before the work can be done properly."

"I move the chair appoint the committees," said Billy Billings, which motion was duly seconded by Alice Artless.

"Mr. President," Johnnie Jameson was now on his feet, and being recognized by the chair,—"I get up to a point of order. Billy Billings didn't respectfully address the chair, as our constitution says he shall."

"Oh bother!" muttered Billy hiding his head behind his hat.

"The point of order is well taken. There's no question before the house" promptly ruled the President.

"Mr. President," (Oliver Optic now took a hand) "I renew Mr. Billings' motion. He meant all right, but forgot."

"Oh shoot it," mumbled Billy, "I don't like it rubbed in."

"Mr. President I support Mr. Optic's motion," chirruped Alice.

"The question is on the motion of Mr. Optic, that the committees be appointed by the chair. All who are in favor of—"

"Mr. President," up spake Charley Crane: "aint the question open for discussion? We don't want to get into such a rush, and the chair has no right to strangle discussion."

"I beg the Club's pardon," responded the president. "Certainly the question is open for discussion if any body's got anything to say. It was I who forgot this time," and Billy Billings' head came out from behind his hat, and his face had an expansive grin upon it.

But no one wanted to discuss the matter, and the calls for "question" being numerous, it was put and carried, and the chair proceeded to appoint the following committees, to wit:

Committee on order of business, Oliver Optic, Susie Sensible, and Johnnie Jameson.
Committee on Programs: Phil-an-der Phillips, Frankie Faithful, and Minty Marvel.

Now as Oliver happened to have an order of business in his pocket already prepared; his appointment was a good hit to get business along, and the committee having consulted a moment, reported the following:

ORDER OF BUSINESS. T. T. C.
1—Call to order by the President.
2—Roll call of officers and members.
3—Reading the minutes of last meeting.
4—Election of new members.
5—Miscellaneous business.
6—Program of the evening. Recitations, songs, stories, or debate.
7—Critics report.
8—"Motion to adjourn will be in order."

All of which being accepted and adopted by formal vote. Alonzo Argyle arose and said:

"Mr. President: I notice that the order of business just adopted provides for a 'Critic' which is a very proper officer for our club to have. The United States has a vice President, and we should have one also, because our honored President may sometimes be absent, or down on the program, where he certainly should have his turn about with the rest of us. He don't want to be presiding all of the time; bet I wouldn't if I was in his boots, and therefore I move that we proceed to the election of a Vice President and Critic."

"Mr. President, I support the motion," said Marion Morrison, in a very dignified and proper manner.
"Any remarks," called the President. "If not, the question will be taken," and so twas done, whereupon the chair announced the next in order would be the nomination and election of a Vice President, called for nominations, and Annie Ashland proposed the name of Caleb Careful. Florence Finish was also nominated, but declared she was not competent, and asked to be excused, and Roy Royal being named, said he'd resign his membership rather than except it, and upon calls for the question, and shouts of "Caleb, Caleb," that Careful youth was unanimously elected Vice President of the T. T. Club, and there being no opposition, Fannie Friendly was in like manner chosen Critic.

The program was now taken up, but the club was so eager for a game of "Hide and seek," in the moonlight, after all had joined in singing "America," and adjournment was had for an hour's romp among the trees and stumps in that game of all games for a pleasant moonlight night.

It seemed like those nieces and nephews of mine would never tire out. They had had a goodly tramp that day, and it was now after eight o'clock, and they were starting in as fresh as ever, but with the understanding that they would promptly answer my whistle, and gather at the "shack" to conclude the evening. Meanwhile I looked to the fire, the hour soon passed, and they all gathered in, to hear Uncle Robert's story, which he prefaced by saying, that by tomorrow noon, we would be at our head quarters on Jones river, and as then we would rest up for some days before taking any more tramps; there would be more time for hunting, fishing, club work, and story telling. That then for one evening he would tell them a story of war time, a good long story, that would use up the entire time of one session, "but for tonight my dears, I'll make it short, and give you a recitation, and thereby hangs a tale," and this is that:

THE SHORT STORY.

The "nub" of this story is on your old Ucele, my dears, but it's none the less good to that account, and you know it's never allowable to spoil a good story for relation sake. It was a dozen years ago this coming summer, I was in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, way up in the Lake Superior region, and as there was one country in that part of the state I had never visited, I determined to go there. It was Keweenaw country, the most northern in that great state, and the town I aimed at was Eagle Harbor. You can look it up on your maps sometime. I had spent several days at the great Calumet and Hecla Copper mine, the marvels of which, in machinery, and productiveness, I could not tell all about in one evening, and from which point I took the stage for Eagle Harbor. It was a pleasant day's drive, and brought me to my destination at about five o'clock in the afternoon. I looked the little Copper town over, and after tea, started out for the shore of the great lake, to see the sun set.

Now during the day I had made the acquaintance of a commercial man, and he went along with me. We were soon looking out upon this greatest of fresh water seas in the world, and being younger than, I

climbed way out on the rough rocks, and being moved by the scene, recited Lord Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean." My comrade had not followed me out on the rocks, for he was an elderly portly gentleman, but I made him hear all right, and when I had concluded, he rewarded me with a hearty hand clapping,—and by the way, I have given that same recitation to both of the great oceans at many different points, in many coast states, and to all of the great lakes, Lake Superior being the last, and the time and place, the basis of my story.

It was in August, and returning we stumbled upon the late Fourth of July celebration grounds with its seatings, and all, as arranged for that event, where we lit our cigars, and sat down for a moment. We had not been there long when I noticed a blue coated man, wearing a military cap, approaching very cautiously. He would stop at a safe distance and peer at us, and then circle round, and stop again, a little nearer. I was somewhat surprised at his manner of approach, and kept my eye on him as closely as he did his on us. Finally his last halt being about the width of a street away, I spoke to him, saying:

"Good evening Captain."
"Good evening sir."
"Very pleasant this evening Captain."
"Wont you have a cigar?"
He then came cautiously up to where we sat, his eyes, still watching me as closely as ever cat did a mouse. excepted the cigar and sat down.

"Been down to the lake shore?" said he, with an interrogation point in each eye?
"Oh yes; went out there to see the sun set. Lovely sight."
"Did you see any one out there?"
"No one but ourselves sir."
"Well, that's mighty queer, my boy, a fourteen year old lad, came running in a short time ago, and said there was a crazy man out there on a rock, hollering, and taking on awfully, and he guessed he was going to drown himself."

Then my fat commercial acquaintance almost rolled off the seat, so explosive was his mirth; while the "Captain" looked wonderingly on, more than sure perhaps that some one was crazy now. As soon as I could speak I told him I was the crazy man and that I had only been making a little speech to the calm old lake! Then it was his turn to be amused; and his cautious mode of approach full explained. The joke was on me, I have doubtless done many crazy things, but this was the first, last, and only time, I was ever taken for a "crazy man."

I had never recited the "Apostrophe to the Ocean," since that August evening in '91 without telling this story on myself; and then—when the laugh had subsided: the recitation followed. It is found, in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; the first line being gently in keeping, with the present surroundings of the 'great and only' T. T. C.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less; but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal.

The recitation occupied but a few moments; though there were numerous stanzas. It was ten o'clock, but there was not a drooping head in the crowd; howsoever much they should have been in dreamland.

We did not have to be moving very early, as four miles more completed our journey. All were soon laid away for the night: the boys and I, seeking our mattresses, on the hay-mow, in the barn; leaving the girls in full possession of the "shack" and the cheerful fire.

And if the reader, who has followed us thus far, and he is desirous of staying with the crowd until the end, will find a truthful continuation of this "tale of a trail" in these columns next week.

Bob Burdette says club women make the best wives, which is after all, a very pretty compliment to Mrs. Burdette.

It would be unjust to attempt to judge the course of the Postmaster General without taking into consideration his previous training.

Dr. Lorenz has pulled the legs of a good many Children into place but incidentally, he has pulled the noses of several doctors out of joint.

After all, the most important knowledge which can be imparted to a boy is an appreciation of the time when he had better say nothing and the time when he has said enough.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tabl. ts. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Drain Normal.

The third commencement of the Normal under the present management occurs Thursday, June 11th. The year has been the most prosperous of the three, and the attendance the best.

In February we sent a large class before the county board of examiners, all of whom passed with good margins. One state certificate resulted.

Calls for teachers have been greater than before and have far exceeded the supply.

The review class will be continued; it has been a boon to many.

We have a business course unsurpassed in the state. It is fascinating, thorough, and practical.

Our graduates succeed as teachers. Every department of work is strong, and our students are of the best.

Drain is still a state school, supported by state appropriation, issuing diplomas that have a meaning in Oregon. No sham work is done.

For information address
J. H. ORCUTT,
President.

All roads lead to San Francisco in August, 1903, and to the 37th National Encampment, G. A. R., which promises to be the greatest event in the annals of that patriotic organization and in the history of California as well. The people of San Francisco are prepared to accommodate the vast throng that is expected to sojourn within their gates during the Encampment. To see the brilliant illumination of the city, coupled with other unusual attractions, will be worth the trip. The principal feature of the electrical display will be the courts of honor, of which there are to be quite a number spanned across the inter-sections of the principal streets. Each consists of a canopy of dazzling lights suspended in mid air far above the ground, from which will extend blazing streamers in graceful loops, reaching to the ornamental pillars on the sidewalk. Between these courts of honor and extending for many squares beyond them in every direction, garlands with myriads of incandescents will span the streets, making night brighter even than day and revealing the wonderful sights of San Francisco, in which the queen of the pacific abounds.

Apparently the western rivers have taken the President's enthusiastic talks on the benefits to be derived from irrigation too seriously.

President Roosevelt indignantly denies that he kissed any babies on his trip. That story was probably the result of some reporter's exuberant imagination.

Olive and olive oil to the amount of \$2,000,000 a year are bought from the producers in Europe and meanwhile the California olive growers are having difficulty in disposing of their product. When the new law, which prohibits the importation of cotton seed oil and peanut oil as olive oil, goes into effect the situation may be changed.

The French Department of Agriculture has made a wonderful discovery. It is a variety of potato imported from Uruguay. Under cultivation it has become sweet and mealy. It is not affected by frosts and its leaves are poison to the common potato bug which dies after eating a very little of them. It keeps well in storage and is unaffected by rot. The French have named it the commerson.

His Last Hope Realized.

[From the Sentinel, Gebo, Mont.]

In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper was among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his traveling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad water, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A few doses was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That one little bottle worked a complete cure, and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by R. S. Knowlton.

Dry Goods at your Price at Hawkins' Store.

Coquille Furniture and BOX FACTORY

J. G. Fish & Sons, Props-
MANUFACTURERS of Butter Boxes, Cubes, Apple and Fruit Boxes, Cabinets, Tables, Counters, Store Fronts, etc. Turning Work a Specialty. All Orders given prompt attention.

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You will find the latest in spring and summer Millinery at my store.
Dress Trimming and Fancy Goods in General. Stamping done to order.
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1903 Coos County ACADEMY 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.

The Following Courses are Offered:
COMMON SCHOOL, HIGH SCHOOL, NORMAL, 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.

Special inducements will be given to a limited number of teachers bearing Certificates and taking the Normal Course.
Circulars with full Courses of Study issued soon. For further particulars call on or address
A. H. MULKEY, Superintendent
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