

Coquille City Herald.

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DENTIST

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Notary Public.

Office in Robinson Building, Coquille, Oregon.

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1903



SEASON.

Let's 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.

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Dr. Gibbon

This old reliable and most successful specialist in San Francisco, still continues to cure all Syphilis, Seminal Discharges, Gonorrhea, 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, diminished vitality, approaching strangers, pale, thinning hair, heart, weakness of the limbs and loss of memory, pimples on the face, consumption, etc.

DR. GIBBON has practiced for over 37 years in the most successful manner. He does not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. He cures when others fail. CURES GUARANTEED. Fees reasonable. Write. DR. J. F. GIBBON, 625 Kearney street, San Francisco.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

On a Mountain Trail.

By ROBERT ROLAND.

The hunters of the T. T. C. were: Charley Crane, Richard Richmond, Harry Happyland, Marion Morrison, Johnnie Jameson, and Isaac Immen. They were a sturdy six, sixteen and seventeen years of age, all the junior of "Sol" in years, though singly and alone each one would out weigh him in avoirdupois.

They were a hearty lot. I did not know how they could shoot, but I did not think any of them would run away from danger or leave a comrade in the lurch. "Sol" I knew to be a good shot, and he had a pair of legs that would never stand by and see his body abused. I had faith in "Sol," while his ammunition held out, but soon thereafter, I should expect to see him vanishing through the brush like one who stood "act on the order of his going," but "act!" But he had a Winchester, and it's magazine was always full, which was a good point in favor of his bravery.

With "Sol" for Captain of the squad, I had no fear of their getting lost, and there was little danger of anything else, unless—by accident they should shoot one another. I gave them abundant caution on that score, and saw them "put for the woods" the next morning full of life, and determined to bring in some game.

Those of us who remained broke up into different parties, one of which went out for fish; as merry lot of boys and girls were as ever out for a vacation. Another squad went up to Ralph's ranch to see "that baby" and gather wild flowers, while still a good quota was left with me to interview the school house, and decorate it, and prepare fuel for our evening session.

This "temple of education" was built of logs, and was quite large and roomy. It had a "shake" roof, held in place by poles laid across them on the outside, the body logs below being well "chinked" and the room ceiling up inside with split lumber. The floor and desks and seats, and Teacher's table and door were made of the same material. There was no ceiling, except the roof, whose reasonable height and sloping sides gave it its inward finish, quite an architectural gothic (?) appearance. From the top logs under the eaves, sundry poles, clean and white, bereft of their bark, spanned the room over head to "tie the house together," and capital things to hang garlands on, and wreath with evergreens. For that school house there was nothing about it or its furniture, not taken rough from the woods, except the nails and hardware, the teacher's chair, a water pail and cup, and the blackboard; which latter was a "board" only by courtesy, being a "slice" from a ship-wrecked schooner's sail, about four by eight feet square, securely fastened to the wall, and painted black. As there was a split board wall behind it, and the canvas thick and solid, it filled its purpose well.

Now as we are liable to have quite an evening program, let me hasten and say, the new school mistress came at noon. The school house was decorated, the hunters came in with some small game—pheasants and squirrels—and were sure of a deer next trip, the fisher boys and girls had better luck than yesterday, and nobody fell in the river, and those who went up to Ralph's, reported a grand time, while those who remained at home with me, were all so busy, it was evening before we knew it,—yet when the time came for President Harry to call the Club to order, we were as ready for business as though we had "worked at it a week." We had even provided the President with a home made gavel, and when it fell for the first time that evening, that school house was packed as it had never been packed before, or never would be again after we left.

For the first time the President now had an "Order of business" on his table, and the second order being "Roll call of officers and members," was soon completed as to officers, and as but few members had signed the Constitution and By Law, a regess was declared for the purpose of getting all the clubbie names on the legal list, which when completed was as follows:

Boys: Harry Happyland, James Jameson, Billy Billings, Edgar Englewood, Charlie Crane, Roger Rumpel, Sammy Snooks, Richard Richmond, Ray Royal, William Williams, Alonzo Argyle, Henry Hopeful, Oliver Optic, Marion Morrison, Caleb Careful, Clarence Clearlight, James Jakeway, Eben Evergray, Daniel Danforth, George Gaylord, Everett Earnest, Robert Rainfall, Isaac Immen, Newton Nubkins, and Philander Phillips.

Girls: Susie Sensible, Ada Al-

len, Bessie Beadle, Frankie Faithful, Mildred Mindful, Anna Ashland, Maudie Merrigold, Amanda Angel, Eliza Epsom, Minty Marvel, Ethel Engle, Fannie Friendly, Mary Mirthful, Florence Finish, Kate Kromer, Alice Artless, Sarah Saygood, Winnie Winkle, Clara Coleman, Cynthia Cynical, Ruth Rankin, Gertrude Green, Dorothy Darling, Arabel Arlington, and Naomi Nutting.

The minutes of the last meeting were then read and approved, and under the 4th order of business, the election of new members being taken up, Joanna, Romulus and Eliza Workman were elected, and signed the Constitution, and Ralph's baby, little "cherub" Ready, and Solomon Shiftless were made honorary members amid great applause.

There being no miscellaneous business for the evening, the program was taken up, and disposed of on schedule time. The new Schoolmistress gave a reading, and Joanna Workman celebrated her coming into the Club by a very patriotic rendering of Burns' celebrated poem: "Man was Made to Mourn." Caled Careful, Vice-President, gave "Hamlet's Soliloquy." Naomi Nutting also recited a beautiful poem by nobody knows who, entitled "The Isle of St. Brandon," located, nobody knows where. A number of stirring patriotic songs, gave interesting variety to the program, which had now reached Uncle Robert's promised hunting story for which there were loud calls from various parts of the house.

A SHORT STORY.

"It was a long time ago, my dears," said "old Unk," getting upon his feet like a sprightly youth of sixteen; "way back in the last century; and I must be brief as possible, not to keep these good people with us too late. I was a sturdy youth of eighteen, about to leave the old farm, for the city high school, and the wide, wide world beyond. It was a September mid-afternoon, and I, the only man about the place, it being Saturday, and father and my older brother having gone to the city that morning, and I having attended a quilting frolic the night before, was having a day off, to sleep and rest up; but it so happened that my dog, Gelert, and I were out for a walk through the fields at the time mentioned, and were returning, when not far from the barn I saw coming up through the lane, and into the field, and right at us, on an easy gallop, an immense buck deer. Both Gelert and I were astonished at his audacity, for he came at us so straight; if I had not swung my hat and yelled, he might have run over us. At my command the dog stood still, and Mr. Buck sailed past us not ten feet away. He was a splendid, beautiful animal, with horns on his head like a rocking chair. Then I told Gelert to "go for him," and away they went over an elevation out of sight, and resuming my way toward the barn, never expected to see that deer again.

"Presently I heard a furious barking over the hill, and went back to see what the matter was, and soon coming in sight saw the deer had turned upon the dog and was giving him battle. He was in a little swail or swampy place not yet cleared out (for the farm was a new one) between two large trees which had fallen across each other making a "Y" shaped pen, with Gelert standing guard at the opening, raising a furious racket while Mr. Buck was shaking his horns and making savage plunges at his assailant. As I ran down the slope I gathered up half a dozen stones as big as my fist—all I could hang on to, for there were plenty there, and jumping upon one of the logs, I rushed into the fight. When Gelert saw me coming to the rescue he sailed in and grabbed the maddened animal by the nose, only to be dung into the air, while I—having spent all my ammunition—every stone hitting the buck somewhere, jumped off the log and seized him by the horns, only to be sent flying after the dog, but we both rushed in again. Uncle Robert saying to himself, "Well, Old Cnap, if you're not going to run away, we'll have you."

"We had a big tussle, the dog at his nose and I at his horns, and looking out for his trick, he was not able to throw us aside, and we soon had him down. As there was about six inches of water in the swail, I rooted his nose into it with intent to strangle and drown him. Then he struggled to his feet and scattered us abroad a second time, spouting blood and water like a whale, for Gelert had chewed his nose up pretty well by this time. I hadn't even a jack knife in my pocket, or weapon of any kind, only my fists and feet, and main strength in deadly conflict with that mad animal, so I began to look around for a club. I found one of oak about three inches thick at the big end and running back on one

of those logs standing above, gave him a terrible blow across the shoulders. Then I battered his nose to pieces, but on account of his great branching horns, could not get a fair scope at his head. Finally I thought of his legs, and two good blows broke two of them and we got him down at last, never to rise again. I then straddled his back and plunged his nose into the water again. He still had strength to refuse to be drowned, but made no effort to get up, with two of his beautiful legs broken, and as he seemed inclined to give up the contest, I laid his head across a bog, and standing astride of our victim, at last got in a square solid blow down between those branching horns across his forehead and that settled the business. There was just room for my club to make this death blow, and as he now lay quiet I gave him enough more to dash out the animal's brains. It was full time, as Gerlet and I were about as near whipped as might be, and both of us, a sight to behold. I went into the fight in my shirt sleeves, having on a vest, pantaloons and boots. I came out of it with my clothing in shreds, covered with water, mud and blood, and my faithful dog was perfectly willing to lie down and rest, and quench his thirst with the muddy water of our battle field. The house was a good half mile away, and leaving Gelert on guard, away I rushed to get a butcher knife wherewith to cut the dead deer's throat. I was not gone long, but was in the house long enough to frighten mother out of her wits by shouting, "Mother! Mother! Where's the butcher knife! I've killed a deer! I've killed a deer!" And getting my eye on the carver, I grabbed it and ran.

I found Gelert with his eye on our quarry, and he had good reason, for it had been our joint fight wherein the mad animal might have killed either of us, but for the other, and alone perhaps neither would have succeeded in capturing the game.

He was a monstrous animal. After I had cut his throat and disemboweled him, I could not get the carcass out of that swail alone, but by this time my brother having returned from the city, and being informed by mother of my adventure, I soon heard his shout, which being answered, he was not long finding me, whereupon we cut the creature's ham string, slung the carcass on a pole and lugged it in with Gelert strutting along beside the procession with his tail in the air.

I sold that bucks pelt and hind quarters in the city Monday for a five dollar bill, and so my day after the quilting, proved profitable after all.

And this my dears and friends, is the only venison I ever killed, though on and before that time I had carried a rifle hundreds of miles through the woods, and some times shot at them, but they were always on the move, having seen me first.

"A true story Uncle Robert, queried the President.

"True as you and I are here, my boy, and I have a prong of one of that same deer's horns with me now in Oregon, though this adventure took place many years ago, 3000 miles from where I tell the story.

I made a cane of that stout oak club, and lost it the first time I score it away from home. Didn't need a cane last century any more than now."

Within fifteen minutes silence reigned in and about the dark, deserted school house, and as the crowd betook themselves to various trails, I linger long enough to say to my readers, "we will see you all again next week."

Fale.

The beef eaters are in league with the beef trust to raise the price of beef.

The fool killer has a better record since the automobile has come in as an ally.

The Cunard Steamship Company has contracted for two new ships at a cost of \$6,250,000. They are to be 780 feet long, and will have a speed of twenty-six knots an hour.

The retention of H. H. Rand as "confidential clerk" to the Postmaster General argues a moral obliquity which should be regarded as a disqualification for any Cabinet Office.

A Honolulu paper of May 28th has a cablegram announcing that the President's secretary, in an interview, proclaim Roosevelt's candidacy O. Mr. Loeb, how sudden you are!

The pay of the United States army is \$37,000,000 a year. The Commissary department uses \$32,000,000. The expenditures on rivers, harbors and forest, annual amount to \$16,000,000. The pay of the navy is \$15,000,000 and the annual cost of vessels if \$20,000,000.

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. OLCUTT, President.

At Hawks'.

Juby Trimmings, 35 ct. grade, now.....\$.20

Fine Brussel Curtain Netting, 3 yards for.....1.00

Curtain Swiss, 15 ct grade 10

Lace Curtains, \$1.50 grade 1.25

Ladies' Chemisettes, 25ct grade now.....15

Fine Handkerchief Linen, reduced to 50 and 60 cents.

Butcher's Linen reduced to 30 and 40 cents.

Tape Girdle Corsets reduced to.....65

Girdle Corsets, pink, white, and blue.....95

White, Cream and Black all over Lace, from 20 cents to \$2.00

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.

We agree with the editor who says that this government has a direct interest in the Kischineff situation, for the massacres, coupled with the order of the Russian government to the Jews not to defend themselves, will almost certainly result in a large migration to this country of a people whom Russian brutality and oppression have made unfit for self government.

Seldum Back is to become of the witnesses in the Jett and White murder trials in Kentucky.

The original Cleveland editor has discovered that he has the support of Austria and Australia but he has not yet heard any shouts of joy from Venezuela.

The proportion of water in a child is 75 per cent., in an adult but 58 per cent. But then, the child generally confines its drinking about to water.

Nearly a billion dollars, represented solely by water, has been squeezed out of American securities during the past six months and there is still enough left to float a ship.

Roumania proposes to exclude Americans from the privileges of exploiting some valuable oil fields there. Evidently the Roumanians have heard of the Standard Oil Company.

The United States Immigration Bureau says that one third of the Jews in Russia own one half of the property there, although the proportion of Jews to Christians is only as one to twenty.

Indiana has just acquired a forest reserve of 2,000 acres. On this trees will be grown under the supervision of forestry experts and will be distributed throughout the state as soon as they are large enough to set out.

New York is about to inaugurate a great economy. Instead of carrying her refuse out to sea and dumping it overboard, the refuse is to be made into briquettes with a bituminous flux and the briquettes burned to light the city.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets

Doctors find

A good prescription

For mankind.

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

For butter Boxes and Cubes, go to J. G. Fish, Coquille.

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.

Drane & Ray,

Butchers,

GOLDEN BUILDING,

COQUILLE CITY

Keep constantly on Hand Fresh Meat.

of All Kinds.

Canned Beef and Pickled Pork

Cash Paid for Hides in any Quantity

The latest in

MILLINERY

at Mrs. G. L. Moon's

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

Dress Trimming and Fancy Goods in General. Stamp- ing done to order.

Mrs. C. Moon

Sanderson Building near the Wharf.

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, COMMERCIAL, NORMAL, ACADEMIC, MUSIC.

Tuition per Term of Twelve Weeks, Payable in advance:

Common School Course, Grades 1 to 4\$ 6 00

" " " " 5 to 77 50

" " " " 88 00

Normal Course\$ 8 00 to 10 00

High School Course, Grade 9 to 118 50

Academic Course, Grades 12 to 139 00

Commercial Course, Elementary10 00

" " " " Advanced12 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.

Coquille, Oregon.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

THE STANDARD PENS EVERYWHERE. 150 Styles Fine, Medium and Broad Points. Sold by all Stationers.

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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.

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