

LOCAL

From Friday's Daily.

The railroad surveyors are now working at Ferndale.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. Buford Davis is seriously ill.

H. Granby of Ross slough was doing business in town yesterday.

Mrs. A. Kruse of Isthmus slough was in town yesterday shopping.

Wm. Haskell is expecting a large new stock of harness and other things in his line.

John Bear is repairing the Ferndale road putting in new planking, a much needed thing.

Wm. Breamer of Allegany was in town yesterday, having a lot of blacksmithing done.

Cal Wright presented his wife with one of those beautiful Moore ranges sold by E. O'Connell.

The schooner Ivy discharged a large cargo of blacksmith coal, lime and other builders material.

February 23d is the day set for the Democratic State Central Committee to meet in Portland.

H. N. Black of Sumner was in town yesterday on business. Mr. Black will take a trip East soon.

Mrs. Cottle of Isthmus slough was seriously ill yesterday. Dr. Murphy was called to attend her.

The next meeting of the A. N. W. Club will meet at the home of Mrs. E. U. Flanagan next Thursday.

Wm. Ramsey, of Myrtle Point was in town yesterday coming over by steamer, row boat, tie path and train.

The train went over as far as Cedar Point yesterday, and will be able to get through to Coquille probably today.

The new depot building of the C. B. & E. R. R. is now under way and will when completed, be a great improvement over the old one.

Chas Edman had his left foot quite badly jammed Monday at the Bay City mill by the cover of the steam chest dropping on it, and he is likely to be laid up for some time.

R. E. Shine gives considerable weight to the fact that the article on the S. O. Co. land excitement was crowded over into our editorial columns. We wish to thank Mr. Shine for the implied compliment.

Uncle Charlie Stidham has recently returned from a trip to California on a visit to his daughters and sons.

The Dairyville citizens were glad to welcome him home, and once more have the orchestra in session, of which he is the head.

Coquille Herald—Mrs. B. F. Crow, of this city, who went to Portland for surgical aid recently underwent an operation on the 12th, a 20-pound abnormal tumor being removed. The patient was resting easily at last accounts.

Jack Quick of the Union Saloon and his genial assistant, Sherman Short, have recently received through the U.S. mail, a complete and varied assortment of valentines and the public are cordially invited to call and inspect the same. Some particularly unique designs among the lot, Mr. Quick has presented to his steady customers.

E. O'Connell had some men at work improving on his home place. The men were at work on land which is in

dispute, E. O'Connell holding the same on a tax title, E. O. Hall, having a claim on the same property ordered the men to quit trespassing on the land. They have been ordered to resume work. What the outcome will be remains to be seen.

River & Harbor Bill Will Go Over

In a note to a friend at Marshfield, Binger Hermann among other things says: "We shall adjourn early but there will probably be no River & Harbor bill until the short session next December."

School Board Meets

The board of directors of this school district held a meeting yesterday afternoon at the office of Clerk John F. Hall. Besides the payment of some bills, contracts were ordered made with Miss Emma Howard as teacher of the Fifth grade, and Mrs. Beedy as teacher of the separate school, the latter for a term of three months.

Fulton's Crew Here

L. W. Shaw, agent for the C & O C S S Co. returned to Marshfield yesterday bringing the crew of the steamer Fulton which lies on the beach at Port Orford in charge of her commander Captain Lee, with some prospect of yet being saved. The members of the crew come here to take the Alliance for San Francisco.

The Golden Eagle

Clay Moore has now on exhibition in his place a noble specimen, the golden Eagle, which measures 7 feet from tip to tip. The bird was sent to him from Yreka, Cal., by Mr. O'Connell a traveling man. The bird is a young one but shows a powerful set of talons capable of the fiercest kind of work when it comes to defense and strong enough to hold a hundred pounds.

He is in a cage amply large enough to hold a bear.

This cage was constructed by Sam Paus who is a cornice maker and is probably the only piece of sheet iron cornice work ever done on Coos Bay. The work was done without machinery and the miters are perfect and as true as a die could cut them though they were made by hand. Drop in and see it, the cage is a masterpiece in that line.

Mr. Moore has about decided to turn his card room into a menageria and has gone so far as a starter.

The New Tax Law

If you pay your taxes on or before March 15 you will be allowed a rebate on 3 per cent.

If you pay your taxes between March 15 and up to and including the first Monday in April, their will not be any rebate and neither will there be any penalty or interest added.

If your taxes are not paid on or before the first Monday of April, they will become delinquent when there will be added a penalty of 10 per cent, and the tax will also draw interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum in addition to the penalty.

If you pay one half of your taxes, on or before the first Monday in April then the remaining half may run up to and including the first Monday in October following; but if the last half of tax due is not paid by the first Monday of October it may become delinquent, and there will be added to such a balance a penalty of 10 per cent, and in addition such will bear interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the first Monday in April until paid.

On all personal property taxes, if one half is not paid on or before the first Monday in April the law compels the sheriff to levy upon and collect the same after May 1st, hence to prevent a levy upon personal property after May 1st it will be necessary for one-half to be paid as above stated.

The law compels the sheriff to sell all lands on which taxes have not been paid, and that such sale shall not be held later than March 1st of the year succeeding the year in which the tax

When to Prune.

Pruning should begin to be considered in January, according to one of the authorities. Perhaps it is best to prune fruit trees in March or April, but grapes, currants and raspberries can be pruned in January. January and February are good months in which to prune peach trees. Thin out the peach trees well, taking care to remove all dead wood. If you have much pruning to be done in apple, pear or plum orchards you will do well to utilize the warmer days that occur in winter.

Kerosene Emulsion For Mildew.

Seeding phlox plants were started in the greenhouse for early setting in the field. These soon showed signs of mildew and received several applications of kerosene emulsion, without which they would probably have been destroyed.—Ohio Experiment Station.

Remained to Be Seen.

"How many lovers has the heroine of that story?" "I don't know. I have only got to shatter 'em."

levy is made.

The property will be sold to the person bidding the lowest rate of interest, and certificates will be issued therefore, and deeds given to such property sold, unless redeemed within three years from the date of such sale.

Coming on Alliance

Portland, Or., Feb. 17.—The following passengers sailed for Coos Bay on the Alliance today:—Emma Johnson, Mrs. G. C. Marcy, Miss Blackerby, Geo. D. Mandigo, Mrs. Geo. D. Mandigo, Gertrude Mandigo, A. Martin, Mrs. Newman, L. L. Bunch, A. G. Seely, Mrs. Florence Blackerby, F. J. Blackerby, A. F. Kirshman, W. H. Hanthorn, G. A. Perkowski, E. R. Forrest, W. G. White, S. Barker, Miss Mariel Grisson, J. A. Baldwin, L. H. Botton & wife, Miss Mable Mulligan, M. L. Tichner, L. B. Ramdell, W. L. Goodwin, Thos. Richard, F. G. Nelson & wife, Mrs. L. M. Perry, and four steerage.

ANOTHER 'FRISCO MURDER

(Special to the Coast Mail.)
San Francisco, Feb. 17.—Mrs. Mary Sanborn, well known as Russian Mary, the notorious queen of the gang of Russian convicts, who escaped from the Island of Saghalien, in a small boat and was picked up almost dead from exhaustion and brought to San Francisco where she committed a number of sensational crimes, for which one man was hanged and others sent to the penitentiary, was found dying this morning at the foot of a lodging house, where she was employed as housekeeper. Her skull was fractured, and she died soon after. Before dying she said "Charlie did it." Chas Hamlin was arrested on suspicion, but proved an alibi.

BALKIN TROUBLE SERIOUS

War Now Believed to be Imminent

(Special to the Mail.)
London, Feb. 18.—There is great disquiet in unofficial circles over advices from Turkey to the effect that in the Bulgarian situation war is believed to be imminent. High officials said the most annoying feature is the fact that only diplomatic pressure can be brought to bear to restrain the antagonists, as neither Austria nor Russia would use force to prevent hostilities.

Pruning should begin to be considered in January, according to one of the authorities. Perhaps it is best to prune fruit trees in March or April, but grapes, currants and raspberries can be pruned in January. January and February are good months in which to prune peach trees. Thin out the peach trees well, taking care to remove all dead wood. If you have much pruning to be done in apple, pear or plum orchards you will do well to utilize the warmer days that occur in winter.

Seeding phlox plants were started in the greenhouse for early setting in the field. These soon showed signs of mildew and received several applications of kerosene emulsion, without which they would probably have been destroyed.—Ohio Experiment Station.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

Continued from 2nd Page

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO months passed away. Winter set in. The camp was built and inhabited. Routine had established itself, and all was going well.

The first move of the M. & D. company had been one of conciliation. Thorpe was approached by the walking boss of the camps up river. The man did not pretend any hypocritical friendship for the younger firm. His proposition was entirely one of mutual advantage. The company had gone to considerable expense in constructing the pier of stone cribs. It would be impossible for the steamer to land at any other point. Thorpe had undisputed possession of the shore, but the company could as indisputably remove the dock. Let it stay where it was. Both companies could then use it for their mutual convenience. To this Thorpe agreed.

The actual logging was opening up well. Both Shearer and Thorpe agreed that it would not do to be too ambitious the first year. They set about clearing their banking ground about half a mile below the first dam, and during the six weeks before snowfall cut three short roads of half a mile each. Approximately 2,000,000 feet would be put in from these roads, which could be extended in years to come, while another million could be travoyed directly to the landing from its immediate vicinity.

"Next year," said Tim, "we'll get in 20,000,000. That railroad 'll get along a ways by then, and men 'll be more plenty."

Through the lengthening evenings they sat crouched on wooden boxes either side of the stove, conversing rarely, gazing at one spot with a steady persistency which was only an outward indication of the persistency with which their minds held to the work in hand. Tim, the older at the business, showed this trait more strongly than Thorpe. The old man thought of nothing but logging. Nothing was too small to escape his deliberate scrutiny. Nothing was in so perfect a state that it did not bear one more inspection. He played the logging as a chess player his game.

In the men's camp the crew lounged, smoked, danced or played cards. In those days no one thought of forbidding gambling. One evening Thorpe who had been too busy to remember Phil's violin, strolled over and looked through the window. A dance was in progress. The men were waltzing, whirling solemnly round and round, gripping firmly each other's loose sleeves just above the elbow. At every third step of the waltz they stamped one foot.

Perched on a cracker box sat Phil. His head was thrust forward almost aggressively over his instrument, and his eyes glared at the dancing men with the old wolflike gleam. As he played he drew the bow across with a swift jerk, thrust it back with another, threw his shoulders from one side to the other in abrupt time to the music. And the music! Thorpe unconsciously shuddered, then sighed in pity. It was atrocious! It was not even in tune. The performer seemed to grind it out with a fierce delight, in which appeared little of the aesthetic pleasure of the artist. Thorpe was at a loss to define it.

"Poor Phil!" he said to himself. "He has the musical soul without even the musical ear."

Next day, while passing out of the cook camp, he addressed one of the men.

"Well, Billy," he inquired, "how do you like your fiddler?"

"All right," replied Billy, with emphasis. "She's got some go to her."

The work proceeded finely, and yet the young lumberman had sense enough to know that while a crew such as this is supremely effective it requires careful handling to keep it good humored and willing. He knew every man by his first name and each day made it a point to talk with him for a moment or so. The subject was invariably some phase of the work. Thorpe never permitted himself the familiarity of introducing any other topic. He never replied directly to an objection of a request, but listened to it non-committally and later, without explanation or reasoning, acted as his judgment dictated. Even Shearer, with whom he was in most intimate contact, respected this trait in him. Gradually he came to feel that he was making a way with his men. It was a status not assured as yet nor ever very firm, but a status for all that.

Then one day one of the best men, a teamster, came in to make some objection to the cookings. As a matter of fact, the cooking was perfectly good, but the lumber jack is a great hand to growl, and he usually begins with his food.

Thorpe listened to his vague objections in silence.

"All right," he remarked simply.

Next day he touched the man on the shoulder just as he was starting to work.

"Step into the office and get your time," said he.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"I don't need you any longer."

The two entered the little office. Thorpe looked through the ledger and van book and finally handed the man his slip.

"I'll have no growlers in this camp," said Thorpe, with decision.

"By thunder," cried the man, "you—"

"You get out of here!" cried Thorpe, with a concentrated blaze of energetic passion that made the fellow step back.

"I ain't goin' to get on the wrong side of the law by foolin' with this office," cried the other at the door, "but if I had you outside for a minute"—

"Leave this office!" shouted Thorpe.

"Spose you make me!" challenged the man insolently.

In a moment the defiance had come, endangering the careful structure Thorpe had reared with such pains. The young man was suddenly angry in exactly the same blind, unreasoning manner as when he had leaped single handed to tackle Dyer's crew.

Without a word he sprang across the shack, seized a two bladed ax from the pile behind the door, swung it around his head and cast it full at the now frightened teamster. The latter dodged, and the swirling steel buried itself in the snow bank beyond. Without an instant's hesitation Thorpe reached back for another. The man took to his heels.

"I don't want to see you around here again!" shouted Thorpe after him.

Then in a moment he returned to the office and sat down, overcome with contrition.

"It might have been murder," he told himself, awe stricken.

But, as it happened, nothing could have turned out better.

Thorpe had instinctively seized the only method by which these strong men could be impressed. Now the entire crew looked with vast admiration on their boss as a man who intended to have his own way no matter what difficulties or consequences might tend to deter him. And that is the kind of man they liked.

Injun Charley, silent and enigmatical as ever, had constructed a log shack near a little creek in the hard wood. There he attended diligently to the business of trapping. Thorpe rarely found time to visit him, but he often glided into the office, smoked a pipeful of the white man's tobacco in friendly fashion by the stove and glided out again without having spoken a dozen words.

Wallace made one visit before the big snows came, and was charmed. He ate with gusto of the "salt horse," baked beans, stewed prunes, mince pie and cakes. He tramped around gayly in his moccasins or on the fancy snowshoes he promptly purchased of Injun Charley. There was nothing new to report in regard to financial matters. The loan had been negotiated easily on the basis of a mortgage guaranteed by Carpenter's personal signature. Nothing had been heard from Morrison & Daly.

By the end of the winter some 4,000,000 feet of logs were piled in the bed or upon the banks of the stream. To understand what that means you must imagine a pile of solid timber a mile in length. This tremendous mass lay directly in the course of the stream.

When the winter broke up it had to be separated and floated piecemeal down the current. The process is an interesting and dangerous one and one of great delicacy. It requires for its successful completion picked men of skill and demands as toll its yearly quota of cripples and dead. While on the drive men work fourteen hours a day up to their waists in water filled with floating logs.

On the Ossawinamakee, as has been stated, three dams had been erected to simplify the process of driving. When the logs were in right distribution the gates were raised, and the proper head of water floated them down.

Now, the river being navigable, Thorpe was possessed of certain rights on it. Technically he was entitled to a normal head of water whenever he needed it, or a special head, according to agreement with the parties owning the dam. Early in the drive he found that Morrison & Daly intended to cause him trouble. It began in a narrow of the river between high, rocky banks. Thorpe's drive was floating though

close packed. The stream was of kish. Men with spiked boots ran here and there from one bobbing log to another, pushing with their peaveys, hurrying one log, retarding another, working like havers to keep the whole mass

straight. The entire surface of the water was practically covered with the floating timbers.

In a moment, as though by magic, the loose wooden carpet ground together. A log in advance up-ended, another thrust under it. The whole mass ground together, stopped and began rapidly to pile up. The men escaped to the shore in a marvelous manner of their own.

Tim Shearer found that the gate at the dam above had been closed. The men in charge had simply obeyed orders. He supposed M. & D. wished to back up the water for their own logs.

Tim indulged in some picturesque language.

"You ain't got no right to close off more'n enough to leave us th' natural flow unless by agreement," he concluded, and opened the gates.

Then it was a question of breaking the jam. This had to be done by pulling out or chopping through certain "key" logs which locked the whole mass. Men stood under the face of imminent ruin—over them a frowning sheer wall of heaving logs, behind which pressed the weight of the rising waters—and hacked and tugged calmly until the mass began to stir. Then they escaped. A moment later, with a roar, the jam vomited down on the spot where they had stood. It was dangerous work. Just one half day later it had to be done again and for the same reason.

This time Thorpe went back with Shearer. No one was at the dam, but the gates were closed. The two opened them again.

That very evening a man rode up on horseback inquiring for Mr. Thorpe.

"I'm he," said the young fellow.

The man thereupon dismounted and served a paper. It proved to be an injunction issued by Judge Sherman enjoining Thorpe against interfering with the property of Morrison & Daly—to wit, certain dams erected at designated points on the Ossawinamakee. There had not elapsed sufficient time since the commission of the offense for the other firm to secure the issuance of this interesting document, so it was at once evident that the whole affair had been prearranged. After serving the injunction the official rode away.

"Of all the consummate galls!" exploded Thorpe. "Trying to enjoin me from touching a dam when they're refusing me the natural flow! They must have bribed the fool judge. Why, his injunction ain't worth the powder to blow it up."

"Then you're all right, ain't ye?" inquired Tim.

"It'll be the middle of summer before we get a hearing in court," said he.



"I'm he," said the young fellow.

"Oh, they're a cute layout! They expect to hang me up until it's too late to do anything with the season's cut."

He arose and began to pace back and forth.

"Tim," said he, "is there a man in the crew who's afraid of nothing and will obey orders?"

"A dozen," replied Tim promptly.

"Who's the best?"

"Sooty Parsons."

"Ask him to step here."

In a moment the man entered the office.

"Sooty," said Thorpe, "I want you to understand that I stand responsible for whatever I order you to do."

"All right, sir," replied the man.

"In the morning," said Thorpe, "you take two men and build some sort of a shack right over the sluice gate of that second dam. I want you to live there day and night. Never leave it, not even for a minute. The cookee will bring you grub. Take this Winchester. If any of the men from my river try to get out on the dam, you warn them. If they persist, you shoot 'em dead. If they keep coming, you shoot 'em dead."

(To be Continued)