

**Raising Cranberries**

Editor Bando: RECORDE—  
With your permission we have  
sonther thought on horticulture  
which we would like to bring before  
the people and that is the growing  
of Cranberries. This is a very profit-  
able industry in Coos county, we  
have learned, and it is being taken  
hold of in several places. We can  
see on North Inlet and the Ten  
Mile country bogs of cranberries and  
they are being raised to great profit.  
On this side of the river we have  
just as good soil as any place, but  
the first beginning at Getty's former  
place, below Empire City was not  
handled in the proper way and  
therefore did not give satisfaction,  
that is to say the yield is not what  
it should have been.

A number of years ago I passed  
through that section, and last year  
I saw it as fruit inspector, but as  
there was no one living there I mis-  
sed the opportunity of speaking to  
the parties working it.

As a practical cranberry grower  
in New Jersey, I would like to have  
a talk with those desiring to start  
bogs here. As we all know, it takes  
a moor bottom to grow cranberries,  
the berries must have moisture, the  
creek running through such land  
must be contractible, that is to say,  
it must be made so that in the winter  
time you can flood the berries and  
at the beginning of spring the water  
is drained off. This is done by  
building a dam with flood gate,  
the creek is straightened out through  
the bog and into it from the right  
and left lead, a number of side  
ditches.

The beginning of the work is turf-  
ing that is the top soil is removed by  
the use of the turfing hoe, then this  
turf is used to build the dam. Over  
this moor soil from which all grass  
weeds and bushes are removed, a  
light coating of fine sand should be  
spread. Two to three inches will do.

Now the plants are set out, the  
first and second years, it is doubtful  
whether any berries will grow, from  
the third year you can expect a light  
crop, with the fourth year you begin  
to make a good profit, from one  
hundred to several hundred crates  
per acre.

It is necessary even to the clean-  
est of bogs, to go over them and re-  
new with a trowel or small but  
heavy hoe and clean out any weeds  
which may have grown up. Keep  
the vines clean.

In November, or here, in Decem-  
ber, flood your bog, so that all berry  
vines are covered by water; the first  
of March, perhaps sooner here, the  
water should be drained off. After  
the vines have grown too long it is  
advisable to resand a couple of in-  
ches deep, this will cause the vines  
to be pressed to the ground and  
thus take fresh roots and make  
more and new vines.

Insects, such as the katydid, fire-  
fly and a large number of grass-  
hoppers do not bother the plants,  
and thus the culture is very much  
simplified, with less expense and  
much labor saved.

Before I close I would like to  
state that in speaking of spraying  
with concentrated lye last week I  
should have advised that before one  
begins that he should rub his hands  
well with vasoline or lard or tallow  
and use gloves, otherwise he may  
have some very sore hands as a  
result of coming into contact with  
the lye.

**Talk of Automobile Liner**

Another company has bobbed up  
with a proposition to put on a line  
of automobiles between Roseburg  
and this place or to Coos Bay.  
Messrs. J. P. Carson and T. W.  
Custor, formerly of Longmont, Col-  
orado are behind the scheme. They  
claim, however, that such a line  
cannot be profitably established until  
the roads are very much improved.  
The Roseburg news thinks that a  
railroad line would more nearly ap-  
proach the requirements of the peo-  
ple of that section as well as those  
on this end of the line. Rumors of  
an automobile line are becoming al-  
most as monotonous as that of a rail-  
road, while it is possible that an  
airship line may beat both proposi-  
tions to it. The attention of Wilbur

Wright might be called to the needs  
of this locality, or, better yet, the  
people most needing the service,  
might install just what they want by  
united action. An electric line can  
be built without the aid or the con-  
sent of outside capital if the people  
will take hold of the matter and  
crowd it through.—Myrtle Point  
Enterprise.

**The Value of Gems**

There is popular belief that the  
diamond is the most valuable of  
precious stones, but the belief is a  
mistaken one, under ordinary cir-  
cumstances. The relative commer-  
cial value of the finer stones is about  
as follows: Rating an emerald of a  
certain size worth \$100, a diamond  
of the same size would be worth  
\$150, a sapphire \$300 and a ruby  
\$450. You see therefore, that the  
sapphire and ruby are both more  
valuable than the diamond. Perhaps  
it might interest you to know of  
what the principal precious stones  
are composed. The diamond, as  
you already know, is pure carbon,  
crystallized. Sapphires—which term  
includes the true sapphire, and the  
oriental ruby, emerald, topaz and  
amethyst—are pure alumina, colored  
by the rest of different metals. The  
opal, the red amethyst and the  
agates are silica. Among the agates  
are included the carnelian, the chal-  
cedony, the onyx, and the blood-  
stone. The true emerald and the  
true topaz, which are different from  
the orient emerald stone and the  
oriental topaz, are formed partly of  
alumina and partly of silica. The  
term "oriental" as applied to  
precious stones, does not refer to  
Fast, but is only a technical expres-  
sion meaning "very fine."

**The Plays Mixed.**

During one of his tours in this coun-  
try, when the late Sir Henry Irving  
was playing "Twelfth Night" in New  
York, he revealed absentmindedness  
and greatly amused the members of  
his company and the audience. As  
Malvolio he was expressing surprise  
at a remark of Sir Toby.  
"Do you know what you say?" he  
asked.  
To his surprise, a roar of laughter  
echoed through the house, and his  
stage associates were convulsed.  
He repeated the line, putting undue  
emphasis on the pronoun, and again  
the audience shouted with laughter.  
It was not until after the perform-  
ance he learned that quite unconscio-  
usly he had been parodying the well  
known words of "The Private Secre-  
tary." His only explanation was that  
it was done in a bit of forgetfulness  
while thinking of the other play.—  
Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Ghost Story.**

Floors castle, home of the Duke of  
Roxburgh, was the scene of a curious  
psychical mystery over a century ago.  
Sir Walter Scott relates the incident.  
John, third duke of Roxburgh, who  
died in 1804, the celebrated book col-  
lector, when arranging his library em-  
ployed neither a secretary nor a libra-  
rian, but a footman called Archie, who  
knew every book as a shepherd does  
each sheep of his flock. There was a  
bell hung in the duke's room at Floors  
which was used on no occasion except  
to call Archie to his study. The duke  
died in St. James' square at a time  
when Archie was himself sinking un-  
der a mortal complaint. On the day  
of the funeral the library bell sudden-  
ly rang violently. The dying Archie  
sat up in bed and faltered, "Yes, my  
lord duke, yes, I will wait on your  
grace instantly." And with these  
words on his lips he fell back in bed  
and died.—St. James' Gazette.

**The Broken Bottle Symbol.**

The breaking of a bottle over the  
bow of a vessel at launching seems to  
be taken by many people as having a  
convivial, a sort of here's-looking-at-  
you significance, but nothing of the  
kind is meant; neither has any asso-  
ciation with Christian baptism, for  
the name of a man-of-war is given  
months before the launching. The real  
thing typified is sacrifice. Building a  
town or setting a ship afloat was a sol-  
dierly matter away back in the dim past,  
and such an act was not to be under-  
taken without devoting a life to propi-  
tiate the gods. Our refined and hu-  
mane civilization no longer dares to  
offer up a prisoner or a slave on such  
occasions, and therefore a bottle is  
broken to symbolize the taking of a  
man's life.—United Service Gazette.

**Jerome's Mistake.**

One of the early vicissitudes of Je-  
rome K. Jerome as an actor was to be  
offered his choice of playing the part  
of either a soldier or a donkey in a  
pantomime, a real donkey with four  
legs. After careful consideration he  
thought the red coat the more becom-  
ing disguise and chose the part of the  
soldier. Apparently he made a mistake,  
from the point of view of success,  
at all events, for a few days afterward  
the manager came to him and said:  
"You made a great mistake, Jerome,  
in not taking the part of the donkey.  
It would just suit you, and there's 5  
shillings a week more in it."

**Gems In Verse**

**OLD FAVORITES.**

**COMRADES KNOWN IN MARCHES  
MANY.**

COMRADES known in marches many,  
Comrades tried in dangers many,  
Comrades bound by memories many,  
Brothers ever let us be,  
Wounds or sickness may divide us,  
Marching orders may divide us,  
But, whatever fate betide us,  
Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,  
Tried when death was near and nearest,  
Bound we are by ties the dearest,  
Brothers evermore to be,  
And, if spared, and growing older,  
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,  
And with hearts no thrill the colder,  
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner—  
Crimson, white and starry banner—  
By the baptism of the banner,  
Children of one church are we,  
Creed nor faction can divide us,  
Race nor language can divide us,  
Still, whatever fate betide us,  
Children of the flag are we.  
—Charles G. Halpina.

**THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.**

THE grass is green on Bunker Hill;  
The water's sweet in Brandywine;  
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still;  
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;  
Then who would mar the scene today  
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

THE brave corn lifts in regiments  
Ten thousand sabers in the sun;  
The ricks replace the battle tents;  
The bannered tassels toss and run;  
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,  
These be but stories of the past.

THE earth has healed her wounded  
breast;  
The cannons plow the fields no more;  
But horses rest! Oh, let them rest  
In peace along the peaceful shore!  
They fought for peace, for peace they fell!  
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

THE fields forget the battles fought;  
The trenches wave in golden grain;  
Shall we neglect the lessons taught  
And tear the wounds as yet again?  
Sweet mother nature, nurse the land  
And heal the wounds with gentle hand.

O, peace on earth! Lo, flock and fold!  
Lo, rich abundance, fat increase  
And valleys ring in shewen of gold!  
Oh, rise and sing a song of peace!  
For Theseus roams the land no more,  
And Janus rests with rusted door.  
—Joaquin Miller.

**THE EXILE OF ERIN.**

THERE came to the beach a poor  
exile of Erin;  
The dew on his thin robe was  
heavy and chill.  
For his country he sighed, when at  
twilight repairing,  
To wander alone by the wind beaten  
hill;

But the day star attracted his eye's sad  
devotion,  
It rose o'er his own native isle of the  
ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go  
bragh!

Sad is my fate, said the heartbroken  
stranger;  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can  
fly,  
But I have no refuge from famine and  
danger;

A home and a country remain not to me,  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend  
the sweet hours  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven  
flowers  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go  
bragh!

Erin, my country, though sad and for-  
saken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea beaten  
shore;  
But, alas! In a far foreign land I awaken  
And sigh for the friends who can meet  
me no more.

Oh, cruel fate! Will thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils  
can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace  
me,  
They died to defend me or live to de-  
pire.

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild-  
wood?  
Sisters and aye, did ye weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on my  
childhood?  
And where is the bosom friend dearer  
than all?  
Oh, my sad heart, long abandoned by  
pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?  
Tears, like the rain drop, may fall with-  
out measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot re-  
call.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can  
draw;  
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his bless-  
ing!  
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her  
motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the  
ocean!  
And thy harp striking chords sing aloud  
with devotion—  
Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh!  
—Thomas Campbell.

**Would Let Folks Know It.**

Somebody sent this to the society  
editor and made affidavit that it really  
happened.  
Here it is: They were out at an aft-  
ernoon card party. A stout woman  
dropped a card to the floor. "Would  
you be so kind as to pick up that card  
for me?" she inquired of the little  
woman at her right.  
"Certainly," said the accommodating  
woman at the right, picking up the  
card.  
"You see," explained the stout  
woman apologetically, "I've got on a  
brand new fifty dollar corset, and I'm  
afraid I'll strain it if I lean over."  
"Hum!" commented the other  
woman enviously. "If I had a fifty  
dollar corset I'd wear it on the outside.  
I really would."—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.

**Crazy.**

"We find the prisoner not guilty by  
reason of insanity."  
"But the plea was not that of in-  
sanity," remarked the court.  
"That's just the point we made," re-  
joined the foreman. "We decided that  
any man who didn't have sense enough  
to know that an insanity plea was the  
proper caper must be crazy."—Phila-  
delphia Ledger.

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ing prices

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

Department of the Interior  
United States Land Office at Roseburg, Or.  
Jan. 5th, 1909

Notice is hereby given that Abraham Jones,  
of Bandon, Oregon, who, on October 6th 1908,  
made Timber Application, No. 01675, for  
N. E. 1-4 of N. E. 1-4 Section 19 Township 29  
S. R. 13 W., Willamette Meridian, has  
filed notice of intention to make Final Proof to  
establish claim to the land above described be-  
fore the Register and Receiver, at Roseburg,  
Oregon, on the 20th day of March 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
Edward L. Ohman, of Bandon, Oregon  
Amos E. Hadwall, of Bandon, Oregon  
A. C. Adams, of Bandon, Oregon  
J. M. Adams, of Bandon, Oregon.  
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Advertisement.  
First publication Jan. 21.

**Notice for Publication**

Department of the Interior  
Land Office at Roseburg, Or.  
November, 19, 1908

Notice is hereby given that Jessie M. Per-  
kins, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on Nov. 19,  
1908, made Timber Application, No. 02366,  
for NE 1-4 SW 1-4, Section 22, Township  
29 South, Range 14 West, Willamette Meri-  
dian, has filed notice of intention to make final  
Proof to establish claim to the land above de-  
scribed before G. T. Treadgold, United States  
Commissioner for Oregon, at Bandon, Oregon,  
on the 9th day of February, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
Charles Swift, Kenneth Perkins, Fred N.  
Perkins and Robert Walker, Jr., all of Bandon,  
Coos County, Oregon.  
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Advertisement.  
First publication Dec. 3

**Notice for Publication—Isolated**

Tract  
**PUBLIC LAND SALE**  
Department of the Interior,  
General Land Office  
Roseburg, Oregon, January 2-1909

Notice is hereby given that, as di-  
rected by the Commissioner of the  
General Land Office under the pro-  
visions of the act of Congress, ap-  
proved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517),  
he will offer at public sale to the high-  
est bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the  
20 day of February next, at this of-  
fice, the following tract of land:—  
The NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 29, T. 30 S., R.  
14 W., W.M. Any persons claiming  
adversely the above described land  
are advised to file their claims or  
objections on or before the time des-  
ignated for sale.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.  
J. M. LAWRENCE, Receiver  
First publication Jan 7th

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|--|---------|
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