

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 2.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1884.

NO. 48.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,  
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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v1n17.

**I. O. G. T.**  
Morning Star Lodge  
No. 464.  
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members of this order, in good standing, are cordially invited.

**K. OF L.**  
Pioneer Assembly, No. 3070.  
Meets at Coquille City every Monday evening. Visiting members, in good standing, are cordially invited.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Coquille Lodge No. 53  
Meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren, in good standing, cordially invited.

**A. F. and A. M.**  
Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.  
Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening on or before the full moon in each month.  
John Goodman,  
W. M.

## Song of the Camp.

(BY HAYARD TAYLOR.)  
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried  
The outer trenches guarding,  
While the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.  
"Give us a song!" the guardsmen say,  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may; another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."  
They lay along the batteries' side,  
Below the slumbering cannon,  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.  
They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."  
Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Swelled like an anthem rich and strong,  
Their battle eve's confession.  
"Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stain of powder.  
And once again the fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
Midst scream of shot and burst of shell  
And howling of mortars.  
And Irish Non's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory,  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."  
Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned  
The bloody sun's t' embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.  
Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest,  
Your truth and valor bearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.

## How to Plow an Orchard.

Whether to plow the orchard to the trees each year, or to turn the sod in opposite directions in alternate years, must depend on the soil and location. It is only in exceptional cases that the former course should be pursued. In poorly drained orchards, on low, black land, this habit of heaping the sod about the trees has the advantage of favoring drainage. Even in this particular, however, it is doubtful if the benefits will overbalance the inconvenience resulting from such a practice. Better tile the orchard and keep the surface even. Draining is not always secured by the deep dead furrows. The ground must have a good natural slope, or deep pools will be formed in the dead furrow just where the young roots demand warmth and drainage. The constant lowering of the dead furrow cuts off the smaller roots and drives them deep into the subsoil where there is little nutriment. The valuable surface soil is piled up around about the trees, where it does no good. Roots feed largely upon the valuable elements which reach down from the surface soil. The most active roots of large trees are far from the trunk. An uneven surface in an orchard is a constant source of aggravation, especially in picking time, when one must enter it with a wagon. Windfalls roll into the dead furrows, and become bruised, wet and decayed. The sod does not usually strike close against the body of the tree. As a consequence a little depression is formed there, into which drifts litter, forming an attractive home for insects and mice. There is no danger of injuring trees by plowing away from them if one has trained his trees properly and if he exercises care. If the practice of close plowing be inaugurated in young orchards, the roots will start deep enough to avoid the plow. It is not necessary to plow deep. Trees should be trimmed high. Low-headed trees are an abomination, and they present hardly an advantage over high tops. Even the oft-repeated assertion that they are easier to pick from, I have usually found very wide of the mark. To have comfortable picking one must have room under the tree in preference to a top so low that he can step into it. With moderately high-topped trees, short whiffletrees, low hames, a gentle team, and a careful man, one need not fear about injuring trees. Plow one year east and west, the next, north and south; one year to the trees, one year away from them.

## Communicated.

(Continued from last week.)  
It is often the case that we allow ourselves to be led up to the bar, to swallow large quantities of liquor, thereby destroying our health in drinking that of others. There is no vice which entails more complicated misery upon the unhappy creature who is a slave to it, than drunkenness. It gradually undermines the strength and vigor of both body and mind. Every day we see the most deplorable examples of this inordinate vice, in the ruined health and fortune of vast numbers. How many men of industry, talent and transcendent genius, has this affliction laid low? How many happy families doth this, daily, reduce to indigence. How many innocent sufferers doth it involve in its deplorable consequences? How many have I known, who began life creditably, with the basis on which to rear a competence, but who, by contracting this fatal and cursed habit, have ruined themselves and families forever? Of all the vices there is not one so immovable as this. Other vices leave us with age; but this evil of intoxication fixes its roots deeper, and acquires strength and firmness with revolving years. It kindles an infernal spark which is inextinguishable. Drunkenness is an aid to all wickedness; because, being without reason to direct him, the inebriate is prepared for any enormity. It gives every species of temptation unlimited power over us, and disqualifies us for the consideration of others, as well as it extinguishes all sense of prudence. It stimulates us to follow the rash advice of those with whom we associate, not allowing us time to reflect. It is while in the condition stated above, that the most inhuman crimes are concocted and also perpetrated. Actions for which the criminals would have condemned themselves when sober, have been committed when under the influence of the destroying draught. Alexander the Great, at the instigation of a drunken harlot, issued from his cups, with torches, and burnt the city of Persepolis, the capital of the Persian Empire—one of the most magnificent cities in the world. The evils that are the result of intoxicants could be expatiated upon indefinitely; but, I will now close my remarks upon the subject.

## Investigator.

Fairview, June 24, '84.

**Telephones.**—To make a good and serviceable telephone, good from one farm house to another, only requires enough wire and two cigar boxes, and make a hole about half an inch in diameter in the bottom of each, and then place one in each of the houses you wish to connect; then get five pounds of common iron stove pipe wire and make a loop in one end, and put it through the hole of your cigar box and fasten it with a nail; and draw it through to the other box, supporting it when necessary with a stout cord. You can easily run your line into the house by boring a hole through the glass. Support your boxes with slats nailed across the window and your telephone is complete. The writer has one that is 200 yards long and cost forty-five cents, that will carry music when the organ is played thirty feet away in another room.

**To cure a Cold.**—The following is a good recipe for a cold.—One pint of apple vinegar and three well-beaten eggs and a quarter of a pound white-sugar; bottle for use. Dose, three tablespoonfuls every three hours or more if necessary. I have known this to cure two cases that were thought to be consumptives.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

## A GOOD STORY.

Walls have ears, and an open window is an excellent conductor. Eavesdropping is not commendable; but sometimes people are forced to listen by an uncontrollable something which seems to make the hearing more acute and impresses what they have heard upon the memory. This is especially true when the conversation is interesting from the start. The writer was placed in such a position as is indicated on Saturday evening. While seated at the open window of a Fifth avenue residence not a mile from the court-house, enjoying the cool but gutter-scented breeze that gently rustled the curtains which hid him from the gaze of the inquisitive promenader, the sound of voices just beneath suddenly attracted his attention. It was the hearty greeting accorded one gentleman by another, followed immediately by the query: "Are you going to the Chicago convention?" which caused the curtain to be gently drawn and the ears strained. After exchanging compliments the gentlemen—their dress and manner warrants the use of the term—drew up just beneath the open window and settled themselves for a quiet conversation.

## A FUNNY STORY.

Every word that passed between the gentlemen was wafted up to the listener at the window. What follows is from the lips of the respectable-looking but unknown conversationalists. It is given for what it is worth. The one who told the story evidently knew what he was talking about, as certain facts in connection therewith give it a savor of truthfulness. When one of the men asked: "Are you going to the Chicago convention?" his friend replied:

"Yes, I'm going to Chicago. By-the-by, this reminds me of a little joke on Phil Sheridan."

"What is the joke? I've not heard it" eagerly replied the other.

"You know that Sheridan and Lincoln passed through the city a short time ago, going west on a fishing excursion, don't you?"

"I just remember the circumstances, which was mentioned in the papers at the time," was the reply.

"If the papers could catch on to this episode in connection with the trip of the distinguished gentlemen they would gloat over it," mused the story teller.

"What's the joke? Proceed with your story."

"Of course you know they don't accept passes on the limited. Well, when Phil and Bob struck Pittsburg, they boarded the limited on the Fort Wayne, bound for the west. They fixed themselves comfortably, Sheridan attending to all arrangements in a manner which showed he is up to all the tricks of travelers. No one in the car knew they were traveling in such distinguished company, and no attention was paid to the pair who occupied two seats and looked as if they owned the coach.

"I'M GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN."

"Nothing happened until the conductor came around. Here's where the joke comes in. Shortly after entering the ticket-puncher reached the quarter of the two travelers, and politely accosted them with, 'Tickets, please.' The little bullet-headed, red-faced gentleman, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, produced his wallet, and handed the conductor an envelope. The conductor glanced at the paper he found inside, and quietly remarked:

"No passes are taken on this train."

"The passes are regular. They are signed by the President," replied the little fellow, growing redder in the face.

"I have orders, and I am compelled to obey them," calmly replied the conductor.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm General P. H. Sheridan!"

"Well, General Sheridan, I must obey orders. You and your friend must pay your fare before we reach Rochester, or I will be compelled to stop the train and put you off there."

"By this time the passengers within earshot of the trio had become interested and the word passed until all knew that the bearers of the pass were none other than General Sheridan and secretary of War Lincoln. The conductor passed on through the car, and the distinguished dead-heads probably thought everything was settled. But for once in his life, Little Phil met a man as stubborn as he is. In a short time the train slackened, and before it came to a dead stop the conductor re-entered the car, walked up to General Sheridan, gently tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Well, General, we are at Rochester!"

"Sheridan was taken aback and Lincoln looked annoyed. The General tried to argue the case with the conductor, but that official cut him short with the curt statement:

"We have no time for argument, General, this train is compelled to be on time. Please pay your fare or leave the car!"

## THEY PUT UP.

"By this time Sheridan's face was crimson. He muttered something, but finally produced his wallet and paid the fares. After settling he asked the conductor for his name. The ticket-puncher complied with the request, and watched the angry warrior make the memorandum.

"I'll report this matter to the president, sir."

"Very well, General," replied the train pilot, as he gave the signal to go ahead and resumed the duties of his office.

"Did Sheridan report the affair?" asked the companion of the narrator of the above incident.

"Yes, indeed. A few days ago, he received a letter from President Roberts, who returned the money and probably apologized for the conductors rudeness."

"And what became of the conductor?"

"Oh, he's all right. He'll probably be promoted."

Then a low chuckle was wafted up to the listener at the window, and the two gentlemen heartily shook hands and parted. The eavesdropper was well rewarded. The truth of the story can probably be vouched for by the gentleman who narrated it.

## How it Happened.

"I suppose you were in ecstasies when you recovered your stolen cash, were you not?" asked a gentleman of an old negro who had received some money that had been purloined from him.

"No, sar," answered the negro, "I wuz in de street k'yal."

"Did he take it out of maliciousness?" again inquired the man, not noticing the negro's error.

"No, boss, he tak hit outen my obercoat pocket."

"Did he have on the mask of villainy?"

"Don't know 'bout dat, sar; I haint 'quainted wid all de fashions, but he was dressed to'ibly well."

"Did you press him with the idea that he was doing wrong?"

No, sar, na'er time; dez ez soon as he 'gin to kick I pressed him wid a brick; dat's what foteh de cash back."

"Did he use any imprecations?"

"He tried to, sar; but de ole man wuz too soople fer 'm, an' got outen de way."

"Do you know you are a fool?" faintly howled the interlocutor, boiling over with impatience.

"Yes, boss; I'es bin thinkin' dat: 'kase if I wuzn't I would a lef fun yer 'fore dis."

About two minutes later, a negro might have been seen picking himself up, wondering, "whar dat nule went, what kicked 'im."—[Atlanta Constitution.

## A Blessing in Disguise.

There was to have been a suit in assault and battery before one of the justices in the temple yesterday. A farmer down in Springwells was charged with having slapped the jaws of his neighbor, and two wagon-loads of witnesses were on hand to answer to this and that. Both plaintiff and defendant seemed to be determined men, and their respective wives sat and glared at each other like two old cats. Some of the necessary formalities were being worked up when, all of a sudden, the wife of the complainant was taken with the toothache. It wasn't the kind which growls and mutters and fools around, but the old-fashioned, jumping ache, and in two minutes she was crying. Her tears at once affected the wife of the defendant, and after a little she slid over and whispered:

"Poor thing—I'm sorry!"

"Oh! such an ache!" sobbed the victim.

"I brought along some peppermint and here it is," said the first as she produced a phial.

"What's all this about?" asked the plaintiff as he came up.

"Why, your poor wife is suffering terribly with the toothache, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart."

"Who's got the toothache?" inquired the defendant as he joined the group.

"My wife."

"George! but that's too bad! Sha'n't I go to the drug store for you?"

At this the plaintiff turned about, held out his hand, and replied:

"Say, George, I was a fool to bring this suit. I called you a liar and you hit me, that was right."

"But I'm sorry, Jim."

"Then let's drop the whole business and ride home together and have a chicken dinner! Molly, git your cloak on."

And in spite of lawyers and spectators and the queer expression of his honor's face, the plaintiff paid all costs, slapped the defendant on the back, and headed the party outdoors with the explanation:

"Go to grass with your law and lawyers, and you women folks stop here till George and me have a drink!"—[Detroit Free Press.

## A Remedy for Cut Worms.

A correspondent of the "Farmer," writing of the above pest, says:

I have a sure antidote for them and their ravages, and one that costs but little, will not injure the plants if used in moderation, and I tested it pretty thoroughly last season. I moved to Myrtle Creek and put out quite a garden, and the first thing I knew there were about six worms on every plant. I set out about eight thousand cabbage plants and they got about one-fourth of them before I knew what was the matter. I set out about six hundred tomato plants and it was but a short time till the little bugs and worms had all of them but about a dozen. I set out again, but by the next day they were at work again, so I stopped setting out plants and went to experiment on a few plants, while as I did not know but the remedy would be worse than the worms, I only took a few, and I struck the nail on the head the first time; but by the time I found out what was the matter the most that was replanted was cut down. Now for the remedy, but hold your breath: Take a two-gallon watering pot with a very coarse sprinkler, fill it with water, and take a good sized tea-spoon nearly full of kerosene, and add to the water and give each plant about a pint of water, or if you are setting out plants give them about a pint each, and the work is done until another litter of worms come on and if they are ever so bad, twice applying this remedy will cure any obstinate case. Try it and you will doubt no longer; it will also stop the little bug that troubles the tomatoes when they are small, to give a light sprinkle three or four times.