

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 3.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1884.

NO. 8.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a Speciality.
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Roseburg, Oregon.
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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
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Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel. v2029

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MYRTLE POINT, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v20197

I. O. G. T.
Morning Star Lodge
No. 464.
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members, 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 or before the full moon in each month.
John Goodman,
W. M.

G. A. R.
Gen. Lytle Post, No. 27,
Meets at Coquille City, on every first and third Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
Chas. S. True, Commander.

THE OUTCAST.

(LIZ GANSON.)

"All's well that ends well."—Shakespeare.
One wintry night as homeward late I sped,
The stars shone brightly in the distant sky;
The weary toilers to their cot had fled,
I heard what seemed a low, sad, plaintive cry—

I looked around, and over the frozen snow,
And saw a woman clasping to her breast
A little child. The piercing winds did blow,
And mock her efforts to sooth it to rest.

I spoke to her and said: "Tell me, I pray,
What brings you on the street this bitter night?
Have you no home, are you thus doomed to stray
Alone with that poor child? Distressful sight."

"Alas kind sir, I have no home or friend,
Bad men pursue me now wherever I go,
Leave me to seek the river and the end
Of this sad life—this dreadful state of woe."

"Oh, no!" said I, "the world is not all bad;
There are some peaceful spots amidst the wild,
To give you a refuge you must not need,
Besides you must not sacrifice the child.

Not far from this I have a Sister dear,
A gentle soul, a heart that never fails;
To all those in distress, so come, don't fail,
Some better time we'll take to hear your tale."

And now the outcast with my Sister stands,
Whose soothing words soon ceased the troubled mind,
Far better 't than wealth in niggard hands
To have a heart with feeling for his kind.

Who'd live a life of selfishness and pain,
Exist with all the finer feelings dead,
To have the power and know you lived in vain
To find the golden moment fled?

The morning came, and with it somewhat calm,
Our patient who evinced a latent grace,
A noted sorrow—faded now from alarm,
"Traces of beauty lingered in her face,
Her conversation showed the cultured mind;
Her sad experience, my simple pen
Failed to describe the cruelty refined,
Practised on her by villainous misallied men.

Her Father died a man of large estate,
The proper Death, had cut off all her friends—
Two married brothers drowned—untimely fate,
Her husband treated some where trouble
And his brothers, wives had married two vile
men.

Two blacker deeds it would be hard to draw,
No will was found, what think you they did
then?
Ere they thus off their face a legal flaw.

And when they plot was ripe, and deep despair
Waited his victim who had not yet
One word of it but thought the chambers fair,
"Tennessee," his maid will clear the sin,
ple H. H.

Beguiled, deceived, she signed away her
wealth;
Helpless alone, to whom was she to cling?
Their movements like the Congo's were by
sleuth

Till they were ready for the final spring,
She had a sum of money when the deed
Was consummated; this they did not know,
Her wealth had failed to satisfy their greed,
But when death could clinch the fatal blow
She, now alarmed, had fled from place to
place.

But like base hounds they'd find wherever
she went,
Her means exhausted—tired of the chase—
I was in time to check her wild intent.

And now the climax reached, she's hunted
down,
The bitter cup is full of foul deceit;
They'd driven her away from town to town,
And first they drove her out into the street,
The mind of man would fail to comprehend
The plots, the plans, from which they'd
never relax.

To force their victim to the bitter end,
And cover thus their own infernal tracks,
Up to this time we had not heard her name,
She mentioned it—my sister to her lies—
"What! Mary L.—my old school mate?" The
same.

Do we thus meet? This is a sad surprise,
Oh, cruel fate that forced you thus to roam,
Much sorrow has impaired that handsome
face,
Come to my transient love, this is your home,
And they were locked in one long, fond
embrace.

My sister now was eager for the fray,
"Brother," said she, "to justice bring those
travels;
They shall not steal my old friend's rights
away,
She and the child are treated worse than
slaves."

The infamy that abounds none of us know;
It thrives in gloom—prefers the darkest
night,
Like subterranean rivers it does flow
beneath the surface, hidden from the sight.

The question is, where do the wicked go?
We read "there is a place prepared;" 'tis
such—
Such friends as those that caused this woman's
woe
Are fitting graduates for some deep hell,
Justice blind goddess, open thou thine eyes,
And look upon the sins of this fair earth,
An incarnation thou'lt behold of lies,
And thy handmaid but excites our mirth

Great God of Heaven! send us down the fire;
Give us one more the minutes of old—
Let it consume the murderer and liar—
And separate the dross from out the gold,
Blot out the wretch who smiles amidst dis-
tress,
Whose soil is made productive with the
tears
Of widows, orphans, and whose wickedness
Will make some happy when he disappears.

And now my story's drawing to an end—
With legal talent and impartial law,
From their position soon the villains bend,
We rectified their foul hypocrite law,
And Mary, now at peace, is with us yet—
Methinks she will remain throughout this
life,
Her little child is now our household pet,
And she's my own, my dear, devoted wife.

THE PECARY.

(LIZ GANSON.)

Texas has within her borders a
beast into whose narrow skull fear
never enters. It is the pecary—
the Havilah of the Mexicans, the
Dioctyles torquatus of zoologists.
Bravery is a notable attribute of
man, and it is discovered in birds,
beasts and fishes. I don't claim
the quality for the brute I am
about to describe. I believe brav-
cannot be said to exist in senses
devoid of fear. I conceive that an
appreciation of danger is a neces-
sary menstrum to the nobler cour-
age. It is not the man of dogged
indifference I admire, it is the man
who refuses to fly when duty bids
him stand, and though he fears
death, fears dishonor more.

Now the pecary has no particle
of fear on account of any show of
odds, and appears to live only for
the purpose of mady dying when
opportunity offers. The game
chicken fights with heroic valor,
but one sees in his swimming eyes,
when gaffed and bleeding in the
pit, glances of regret and nameless
fear. He slanders out his life
beneath his crowing conqueror,
and his tiny heart, perhaps, swells
with woe at its last throbs; at least
he looks that way to me. The dy-
ing pschyderna of the Texas forest
dies in "a matter of course" man-
ner as if he was meant to end that
way and was glad of it. He looks
up in the tree where the man sits
who shot him (few men of experi-
ence ever shoot them from any
other standpoint) and man he
holds up his cloven hoof and
glances at it. If the pecary re-
grets anything in the hour of dis-
solution it is that he was not made
like a squirrel—to climb.

Romping the glade, searching
for mast, a drove of pecaries re-
sembles a drove of tame hogs.
They never begin a war but when
one is assailed the entire drove
rush to the attack as men rush
when martial valor urges them.
Each head-like eye is a fire spark;
tusks are protruded, the echimated
spine straightened, and woe to the
wretch who falls in their path.
Gored, bitten, torn, trampled upon,
and eaten up, to the last shred of
his clothing—such is the fate of a
man caught by a drove of angry
pecaries. With the same fury they
assail a wolf or attack a bull;
and neither the wolf nor the bull
can stand up against a charge of
half a dozen pecaries. Both know
this and fly in terror from the
field.

Lately, on the Wichita river, I
attacked a drove of pecaries. I
was safely perched in a tree, arm-
ed with a Winchester rifle and ac-
companied by Sergeant Platt, of the
frontier Battalion, who occupied a
bough beneath me.

We waited until the drove ap-
proached within thirty yards of
our tree and then we fired simultane-
ously, killing one and wounding
another. The roar of our carbines
brought them upon us with that
strange alacrity that suggested their
having waited from sucklings for
just that occasion and kept perfect-
ly ready for it. When they arrived
at the tree they bit it each in
turn, and then glancing up, squat-
ted and fixed upon us a dozen pair
of eyes small as pens and blazing
with fierce purpose, and fury in-
tense.

One by one we shot them, and they
fell, one by one, and died; each
willing and ready to go, and
accepting his fate as pleasantly as
school boys accept apples. Not a
groan or a squeal betrayed pain or
dismay. Squatting on their hams
they gazed at us and took the bul-
lets as if we were tossing them
acorns. Presently only one was
left alive amid a dozen corpses,
and there he sat brown, bristling,
furious, foaming with raging death;
unmindful of the blood that damped
the grass about him; indifferent

of the fate of comrades—a very ep-
itome of hate.

"Don't shoot yet!" I said to Ser-
gent Platt, "I want to study him."

Grin, voiceless, horrible—the
hog sat and gave me back glance
for glance. The spot he squatted
upon was within the radius of a
red ant bed. The insects crawled
over him and stung his thick hide;
they wasted their formic acid;
blanted their lancets in vain. As
well might they have stung the
cactus plant growing beside their
bed. After a time the old boar
grew weary of the task of gazing
and he got up and went around,
sniffing the bodies of his late com-
panions. Then he ate a few acorns
that had fallen from the live oak
tree we were perched in and after
that he deliberately stretched him-
self at the root of the tree intend-
ing to remain a sentry and prevent
our slipping away without his per-
mission; or without doing by him
as we had done by the others.

We did not keep him waiting
much longer. Platt aimed at his
heart and pierced it with a forty-
four caliber bullet; with a single
glance upward from a sinister eye,
the hog died gently, and with his
life ended his one emotion—hate.

Texas and Pacific and Fort
Worth and Denver City locomotive
engineers often encountered droves
of pecaries, as I suppose, do all
engineers who operate on the West-
ern Texas railroads. No whistle is
sounded to frighten them. The
engineers know that the pecaries
cannot be frightened. The engine
rushes into the midst of the drove
and those not killed outright die
madly, charging and biting at the
wheels that crush them.

A pecary is in all respects a
hog. He looks, smells, tastes like
a hog—and is a hog, but for a thing
of indomitable courage of the low-
er type, for a hater, of quenchless
fury, and for a fighter to the last
drop of his heart, commend me to
the fierce Dioctyles torquatus, the
indigenous Texas hog, a brute that
would, if he could, while riding in
the midst of a cyclone, bite at the
zig-zag flashes of the death-dealing
lighting.

The Negro as a Business Man.

When it comes to business and
arithmetic, the southern negro is
very liable to be swindled by un-
principled white men. An instance
of this kind occurred near Austin
not long since. An old negro nam-
ed Uncle Pete, who imagines he
knows it all, was badly taken in not
long since, as was developed in a
conversation with young Mr. Hutch-
eson, who was friendly with the old
man.

"What have you done with your
farm this year, Uncle Pete," he
asked.

"I've rented it to Kernel Jones,
on shears."

"Why, he is as sharp as a steel
trap. He will swindle you certain."

"He jess can't do hit. I've got
de dead wood on him."

"How's that?"

"He gits half a dollar outen eb-
ery dollar what he makes offen de
farm."

"But how do you know he gives
you a correct account of what he
makes? He can keep some of the
money back and you will never
know it."

"Dar's no danger ob his doin' dat,
an I've done headed him off at dat
game. Don't yer see de more dol-
lars he brings in ter me' de more
half dollars he gets. You bet he
ain't gwine keep none back. He
ain't no fool. He wouldn't get no
half dollars outen de dollars he
keeps back."

"You old fool, don't you see that
he gets two half dollars out of the
ones he keeps back."

"Uncle Pete saw the point, and
expressed his astonishment.

A few days afterward Hutcheson
saw the old man again.

"How about your farm?"

"I've seen Kernel Jones and made
a new bargain. Instead of getting
a half dollar outen ebry dollar he
makes, I gets one fourf of what he
makes offen de farm."

"You only get one-fourth?"

Kernel Jones offered me one-
third, but I held out for a fourf,
and I got it too. Ef I had been
greedy like some niggers be, I be-
lieves I could have got a sixth, but
I don't want no gouge no man jess
because he is white."

The above reminds us of several
instances in which the poor negroes
were swindled during the Confed-
eracy and immediately after the
war.

Bob Toombs says that Memming-
er, the secretary of the treasury,
was a very economical public serv-
ant. He hired negroes to print the
confederate currency and paid them
for their work by giving them the
use of their presses to print for
themselves at night. In the mat-
ter of a "fragal mind" Memming-
er had a superior in a man who hired
negroes to gather drift wood in the
Colorado river, after the war, and
pile it up in his yard. They board-
ed themselves, and he paid them
half of all the drift wood they col-
lected, which drift wood, of course,
was just as much their own as it
was his. The deluded darkies called
this "working on shares," totally
unaware of the fact that they were
furnishing the wool for the shears.

Harrowing Growing Crops.

When corn is growing for fodder,
practice has demonstrated that it
is best to prepare land early in the
season, or the fall, giving it an oc-
casional harrowing, so as to kill
sprouting plants, and continuing
the use of the harrow after the
corn is up until it has grown too
large. Then its advanced growth
will continue the effect of the har-
row upon grass and weeds by its
shade, thus cleaning and enriching
the soil, besides considerably en-
larging the yield. This practice
may be extended with the same
advantage to pretty much all crops.
The harrow, in its various forms,
can be made one of the most ser-
viceable implements of the farm.
Its value on some grass lands is
known—those affected by moss,
and where the stand is thin—the
effect being similar to a coat of
carth applied, serving as a mulch,
which grass lands so much need.
Harrowing also favors the admis-
sion of air, not only on grass, but
wherever employed. When used
on grain it may be used with as
much safety as on corn. The few
plants torn up need not affect the
largeness of the yield, as it is easily
remedied by sowing more seed
in the start; but with our present
thick seeding this is not needed.
Will farmers make the experiment,
suiiting the harrow to the demands
of the crop?

The slant teeth of the smooth-
ing harrow will sufficiently stir the
ground to destroy sprouting weeds
and grasses, with little harm to
the grain, whose root is establish-
ed. The harrowing may be re-
peated, as in the case of corn, and
this applies equally to grass land,
and is particularly an advantage
when a coat of manure has been
given, in which the common grain
harrow serves the best purpose.
A large percentage of profit may
thus be secured by a little easy
work. Of course it should never
be attempted when the ground is
wet or hard, but only when moder-
ately moist, so as to work up
mellow. The benefit which wheat
fields receive from harrowing in
the spring is well known. Even
the second harrowing or cross-
harrowing is sometimes an advan-
tage where one harrowing is not
sufficient to stir up and pulverize
the soil well. Where long contin-
ued rains have formed a hard crust,
even when the grain has been con-
siderably advanced, the harrow
may be used with decided benefit.
Let not this be forgotten. Make
at least a trial on a small scale,
and try it on all kinds of grain.—
Cor. County Gentleman.

NO CHILDREN WANTED.

Friday a young married couple,
whose union had been blessed with
three handsome children—all boys
—and who are recently from the
East, were in search of a house for
rent. They had carefully prepar-
ed a list of those advertised and
started systematically to hunt them
up. These houses were variously
described per advertisements, and
comprised all sorts and sizes, and
were of various prices. Leaving
the little ones at the hotel where
they were stopping, the house of
inspection was commenced. The
first place visited was a comforta-
ble flat, ready furnished and con-
sisting of six rooms, with gas, bath
and all alleged modern improve-
ments. The elegant landlady greet-
ed them with a smile and assumed
a pleasant, deferential attitude,
while the young husband, speaking
up, said:

"I see you advertise a flat to let,
madam?"

"Yes, sir, walk in. Will you see
it?"

"The flat was all that could be de-
sired and suited in every particu-
lar. It was taken. And just as the
two were retiring, the landlady
gave a little start, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I forgot to ask you! Have
you any children?"

"Yes, three," responded the
twain, in unison.

"Then I must beg leave to with-
draw from the bargain. I cannot
take children under any considera-
tion."

"All right, madam," said the
good-natured young husband.
"Suit yourself. We'll look furth-
er."

The next place was a cottage,
with a neat little flower garden in
front. It was the property of a
thrifty Irishman.

"Yes, I'll rent it to ye for \$40 a
month, providin' ye have no chil-
dren."

The young husband looked lan-
guidly at his pretty spouse, and ob-
served, "We must continue the
search."

The next place visited was a large
lodging-house. Here the landlord
showed them apartments suitable
for housekeeping.

"Well, Mary, dear; I suppose
we'll have to take these."

"These apartments are sunny,
conveniently located, and, I think,
all that can be wished for," inter-
jected the business-like landlord.
"Of course you have no children."

"Alas!" replied the husband, "un-
fortunately, it appears, we have
three."

"Ah! that's a great difference; we
couldn't think of taking children."

Nine other places were called at
with the same result. No children
were wanted. The last was a very
gem of a cottage. This surely
must be taken. "We'll take your
house," remarked the husband, to
the lady, who showed them the
domicile. "Here's a month's rent
in advance," and they were retiring
in triumph, when the woman called
out: "By the way, sir; I suppose
you have no children?"

"Great Jehosaphat!" yelled the
despairing husband; "yes, we have
three boys; but we're going to
kill 'em to-night."

"Oh, John," cried his wife, in
evident alarm; "kill our boys?"

"Certainly. What can we do
with them? You see, it is an un-
written law that children shall not
exist in this city," vociferated the
father.

"But, John, may be Nathaniel
Hunter will adopt them—please do
something reasonable with them."

"No; we will put them in the In-
dustrial School or an orphan asy-
lum. Will that suit you, madam?"
continued the desperate Benedict,
addressing the landlady. "Can we
have the house then?"

"Certainly sir," retorted the land-
lady, "But," she blushing added,
"you'll agree not to have any more."
—Examiner.