Coquille City Herald.

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To-Morrow.

"You'll come to-morrow, then;" light words lightly said.
Gayly she waved her little hand, gayly he bared his head.
"You'll come to-morrow, then," and the man on his errand went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his work intent.
The woman a moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting look?"
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household burthen took.
"You'll come to-morrow, then," and when the morrow broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city of the "railway accident" spoke;
A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away.
So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan,
While Fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her plaything—man—
Discounting the dim, strange future, while his blind eyes cannot see,
What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may be.
And love floats laughing onward, and at his side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk and say, "We'll meet to-merrow!"
—All the Year Round.

Bandon.

Ed. Herald:—Before we had the slightest prospect of a breakwater, and when we had only one vessel running in here—the Mose—we were charged $10 a ton freight on our wool to San Francisco. Now that great improvements have been effected by that portion of the breakwater already built, and that we have several schooners running in and out here instead of one, does it not seem strange that we are now charged $15 a ton for doing the same thing, so that so far as the wool men are concerned is it not odd that the improvements made at the river's mouth should result in raising the freight on their shipments by no less than 50 per cent. instead of lowering them by that amount, at least. There is only one cure for this anomalous state of things—competition! Estimating the cartage of our wool to the Bandon ferry at only one dollar per ton exclusive of wharfage, it costs $16 a ton to get it to the city. If we had a railroad from Empire City down to the only road where wagons can come in from the coast on the Bandon beach inland on their journey to the Bandon ferry, we could get our wool to Coos bay in one hour, and thence down to San Francisco, and under deck, too, for $4 per ton and thereby effect a saving of 300 per cent. on the freight alone, and in addition avoid the danger of its being saturated with rain or sea water when exposed on the deck, or even covered with boards. A few years ago we were cut down 7 cents on a pound on our shipment because it arrived wet. It was put on deck, and we either had to submit to that or take it home again. We want a railroad down here for many other reasons also. We live in a clime where the mean monthly temperature of January, the coldest month in the year here is 46 degrees, and that of August, the hottest month here is 59, that being only 13 degrees between the two. We produce, in profusion, melons, tomatos, citrons and other products of a semi-tropical clime, alongside turnips, cabbages and potatoes, the products of a temperate clime. We grow all kinds of vegetables, and to any amount, but save what we can consume ourselves, they are useless. We have no market for them. Yet doesn't it seem odd that over on Coos bay they get most of their vegetables all the way from San Francisco, a distance of between four and five hundred miles, while here on the river and this portion of the coast, only about 30 miles distant from the aforesaid bay, they never get a cauliflower, a head of cabbage or even a sack of potatoes, although we could deliver them to them every morning with the dew on them. It is the same with other articles; take eggs for instance. It is only in a late number (Sept. 30) of one of our local papers that eggs were quoted at 20 cents a dozen. A few weeks ago we were offered 35 cents for them on Coos bay. You will naturally ask, why, then, don't you send them over to the bay? We will tell you. Taking our own position as a fair average illustration; we live about 2½ miles from the river. First, cartage to the river, and wharfage, if over a certain weight, steamer to Beaver slough, tow boat to Coaledo, Isthmus tramway to Utter City, the steamer to Marshfield where we arrive that night, and the same to Empire City next day; all these different freights besides annoyances innumerable, and a transit occupying nearly two days render the forwarding of goods by all these routes ridiculous. Give us a railway to the Bandon beach and we will deliver all our goods in unbroken packages on the bay in one hour, and where we sell it is but natural we should buy. Our beach is becoming yearly a fashionable as well as a health resort. We've a race-course the finest on the Pacific coast; the sand is hard scarcely retaining the impression of the foot. Our caves are large and cool. In one of them a service in connection with the annual Methodist campmeeting was held last July, by the presiding elder. Our rocks and beach afford the fishermen and the clam and crab catcher constant amusement. As far as health is concerned, we refer to those who have come here in quest of it, some of whom were so pleased that they have become permanent residents. A lady who lives in Salem and who spent some weeks here this summer, told us that she had been in every watering place of note on the Oregon coast, and she saw no place that she would compare with Bandon.

Some people here were thinking a few months ago of forming a fishing company—the sea outside swarms with fish—but they gave it up as they could find no market here or on the river for their fish. If we had a railway this difficulty would disappear, as they could land their fish near connection, or near Wesley's rock, only a very short distance from the contemplated railway depot, and forward them to Empire and thence per refrigerating compartment to San Francisco, where they could be sold fresh, and prices obtained that would soon turn our fishermen into little millionaires. The Floras creek dairymen, too, would be only too glad to forward their butter this way, and thus save a journey of five miles and get a chance to forward it to the city fresh if so desired. There are, also, many other matters we could mention, as cattle and sheep. As for the latter, all connoisseurs know the superiority of all sea-side mutton above all other kinds. We can truly say that we have never yet seen a leech in the liver of one of our sheep. These could be butchered and dressed here, landed in Empire City in an hour and put into the refrigerators on board the steamers and sold fresh in San Francisco. Should the Southern Oregon Improvement company build a railway across to the Coquille, and we don't see how they can utilize this valuable coal and timber unless they do, it would probably come out at Seven Mile slough, and from thence up to Coquille City, the center of an extensive country and thriving population. Where it would reach Judge Lowe's, it should branch across the river to Parkersburg, where there should be a depot. It would then be near Grube's saw mill and at the same side of the river and close to Getchell & Co's cannery and Parker's saw mill, from thence down R. Rock's, and through a dry, level country to the Bandon saw mills; it must necessarily pass near these. At present Mr. Rosa, the proprietor, is obliged to cart all his lumber by wagon and oxen for miles to the Bandon ferry, pile it up there and pay wharfage until he can ship it. If he put it on board the train at his place he'd have the choice of shipping it at Parkersburg, or Empire, and get it to San Francisco for considerably less than it costs now. The Bandon saw mills are not much more than one mile from the Bandon beach, and the latter is not five miles from Parkersburg. When the tourist, the traveler or camper comes down the river, it takes him an hour and a half from the time he arrives at Parkersburg until he reaches the Bandon ferry, and from thence to the wagon road on the Bandon beach a distance of two and a half miles. If he happens to have luggage, or if he is a camper and has his blankets and his wife perhaps with a baby in her arms or a child holding on by her skirt, if they get down in an hour they'll be doing well; that is 2½ hours from Parkersburg to the road on the beach. Now, how long will it take to come down from Parkersburg to the same place by rail? NINE MINUTES!!

Legem.

A Boy's Snake Story.

A Louisville boy, 14 years of age, visiting in Illinois, has written a long letter home detailing his adventure with a huge black snake. The boy was on the top of a hay wagon, in a harvest field, when one of the harvesters tossed a fork of hay upon the wagon. It happened to contain a blacksnake about ten feet long. The boy didn't tarry long on the wagon, leaving the snake to hold the fort.

The harvesters procured long poles and endeavored to kill the reptile, but they couldn't well reach it. Ladders were procured and placed along the stack. Men mounted to the top, but the snake beat them back every time. Several hours of valuable time were consumed in the battle and the snake still lived. The men finally resolved to burn the reptile out. The load of hay was propped up and the wagon pulled out from under it. Then a match was applied to the hay. In an instant the entire stack was in a blaze.

The men stood around with clubs, pitchforks and rakes, waiting for the snake to appear. Presently a streak of fire ten feet long darted out of the flames and flew across the field like a streak of lightning, leaving a line of smoke behind to denote the course it had taken. For two miles the streak of fire could be seen, when suddenly it disappeared in a large barn. In the course of a few moments the barn was a complete mass of flames. Once more the streak of fire darted forth and shot across the prairie to a small stream. When it struck the water a dense cloud of steam arose, but it soon cleared away, and then the snake, for such the streak of fire proved to be, was seen climbing a tree on the edge of the stream. Beyond the loss of its hide the snake had suffered no serious injury.

Keeping Sheep for Profit.

Farmers who keep sheep are greatly troubled, just as wheat growers are, by the competition of the western producers, whose lands cost less per acre than the annual interest on the cost of a farm. But the sheperd has a very great advantage over the wheat-grower upon high-valued farms, and is not nearly so squeezed by the competition. It is a fact, quite plain to every one who can understand figures, that the western and northwestern wheat-growers have reduced the price of wheat all over the world, so that the wretched ryot of the East Indies is severely taxed to live in composition with the wheat-growers of Minnesota, Dakota and California. By somewhat similar circumstances sheep-owners of the farming states from the Missouri river to the Atlantic are just now compelled to consider whether or not they are to suffer from an equally severe competition, and to produce wool at a loss or abandon their flocks. I know from experience that wool can be produced on the plains, and on land that is all purchased and owned, and provided with every convenience for keeping sheep, for 12 cents a pound; the charges against the wool, including every expence, even to a 10 per cent charge for deterioration of plant and other perishable property, and estimating that the ewes are kept until they die, and are lost. This leaves the sheep ranchman a handsome profit when he sells his wool for 20 cents, and gets a fleece of four and a half pounds on an average from his improved sheep.

The New Mexico ranchmen can do better than this, selling their wool for 12 cents a pound, and getting with one-fourth of the outlay a profit equal to that of the Kansas shepherd, or by percentage about double. Now, can a farmer keep sheep and live in competition with these western producers? Or, in other words, at what cost can he produce wool east of the Missouri river?

It is very clear that a farmer cannot keep a flock profitably on pasture in the summer, and hay and grain in the winter, and compete with the western shepherd. It will occur to some readers just here that the farmer has the advantage of a good market for mutton, but the largest porportion of wool produced is grown upon sheep that have a very small value for mutton, and this cannot be taken into account excepting as an incidental advantage in some cases. But even this is offset by many extra expenses which nearly always sweep away any advantage which may exist. It is simply a question of wool and increase of flock.

It can scarcely require figures to show that a farmer cannot keep sheep with profit on land worth $40 per acre, when two acres are required to carry five sheep through the year. This estimate is made on the basis that one acre of pasture and one acre of crops will support five sheep. The return from two and a half sheep per acre would amount to $3.75 for wool, taking five pounds for the fleece and 30 cents for the price, and $5 for the lambs, equal to 80 per cent increase. Against this $380 would meet interest and oth-charges on the land, etc., and $500 is a small allowance for other expenses. The account, thus imperfect, and all in favor of the farmer, shows that the wool costs 30 cents per pound at least. In fact, if a close account were kept this cost would run up to more nearly 40 than 30 cents. This method is, therefore, wholly impracticable. But such a system could only be suggested by an inexperienced man on acccount of its obvious disadvantages, but yet occasionally there are persons who are green to the business proposing such a system.

It is very certain that while we are importing in wool and its equivalent about 40 per cent. of our own yearly product there will always be a way for us to make money out of our sheep, without any regard to the question of mutton, which, by the way, will serve to equalize the burdens of the sheep farmer upon still more costly lands with those of the class I have specially referred to.

For the profitable production of wool on farms it is clear to me that the flock must be an incident in the system of farming rather than the main business of it; just as it has been made in England a means of high cultue of the land, and a result of this as well. The manure made by a large flock makes high culture with large crops possible, and the high culture enables the farmer to support a large flock with greater ease than he formerly kept a small one.—[Country Gentleman.

The Problem Solved.

The man who has thousands of acres of land must either grow some great staple or make pasture of it. That at least, is the usual way large land interests are kept up. The small farms with 25 to 50 acres to work, has no quandary to trouble him. He cannot farm largely, so he makes his few acres go as far as possible and will often surpass the efforts of many who have sections of land and don't know what to do with it. The small farm has room for a fine garden and good orchard. It can thrive on bees as well as the bees can thrive themselves. A few cows to make butter, and chickens to lay eggs and then to work every acre for all the profit there is in them. The man with 20 to 80 acres is so well fixed that he generally knows what to do and actually does it. That is the secret of success. It is not every one who can make a small farm pay a good profit. There are many who do so, yet they could not succeed as well working on a large scale. There are too many large farms. Ownership of land enables the possessor, the whole world, but to possess great areas that the owner cannot sufficiently improve, is not to a man's credit. Small farms well tilled, will make a country rich and prosperous, whereas large land holdings are a curse to any country. Divide Oregon up into small tracts and let the man who has a small farm improve it well and the whole country will be dotted with houses, dozens of them grouped together. There would be greater wealth by far, and more general prosperity.

The soil constitutes the actual and reliable wealth of the world, because, if properly treated, it lasts forever, whereas mines and forests wear out, and all else is perishable. To secure general prosperity the land should be divided among the people. The small landowner produces all that he possibly can to meet his own wants, and often has very limited needs beyoad what he can supply from the farm. The large landowner holds land that Nature intended to be divided among many. He is the worst monopolist of all, because he monopolizes the very earth that belongs to humanity. When you see a tramp wandering about, acreless and aimless, you see a victim of the errors of our time—indeed of all time since the strong hand claimed to own the soil.

It may sound revolutionary to say it, but the time is coming when the right of man will include a right to ownership of land. The time coming, to be hastened as popular education shall progress, when the soil will be, more than it is now, the common property of all.

Already socialism and radicalism tries to incite revolution and anarchy as a means of reapportioning the soil. That should never happen, for all anarchy means distruction to reasonable law. But the world is gradually becoming more enlightened and progressive. The tendency to wealth is great, and if unchecked will result in debasing the masses to make them vassals of the rich. The free ballot in the hands of the people gives them power to preserve and protect themselves, and when the issue comes to be: shall the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, or shall government be conducted in the interest of tne masses? We shall see a great social and political uprising that will result in laws to protect labor in its struggle for bread and limit the right of any man to possess the soil. In the near future the world will make progress towards equal right, so that the possibilities for acquisition shall be increased to the laborer and diminished to the capitalist.—Farmer.