

PATRIOTISM.

In South America—the land most favorable to the growth of violent revolutions, they have, or pretend to have a great love of patriotism. There are no people existing elsewhere, that can surpass them in the brutal pastime of cutting each others throats and howling pro patria at the same time.

In watching the course of the elections here, we have become impressed with the conviction that, while we lack the bloodshed and oft recurring revolution, we are, in other ways decidedly similar to the South Americans. They are led like wolves to the slaughter, with nothing more glorious as the result than the success of some ambitious soldier, but we who claim, and have as a fact, a higher state of civilization, and greater facilities for educating the masses, follow in the lead of this or that demagogue, just as blindly, and with but a slight regard to existing evils or the elements of good government.

Instead of the revolutionary soldier, there appears the inevitable, political, stump-speaker. And what does he do with us? Does he appeal to our intelligence? Quite the reverse. He appeals to nothing higher than our ignorance and prejudice. We may receive a few facts, but they will be leavened with an overflowing batch of mendacity. Has his party at any time been guilty of wrong-doing, or wasteful in the expenditure of public money, or lax in bringing its criminals to justice, or has it oppressed the poor and fostered the rich, or made the poor pay heavy for the common necessities of life, by heavy taxation, while the rich receive their costly diamonds from Europe and Africa, almost free of tax? If it has done any of these things, you will not hear anything on the subject from him. He comes to praise his party, not to defend it. What the highly intelligent stump-speaker, with an office or some other emolument in view, don't know, is supposed to be beyond the comprehension of the average citizen, and as to that portion on which he is well informed, why, the less he tells, the better it is, in his estimation, for those most vitally interested. It is about time that the American citizen should think a little more about the condition of affairs in this government. The facilities for arriving at the facts in regard to the various raids on the U. S. treasury, and the plunder thereof, are as easily obtainable by one citizen as another. Let us look into such matters and consider them fairly, then we will be as well up in the financial affairs of the government as the best stump-orator in the country. There is but little pride of citizenship or the spirit of intelligent independence in the man that will howl himself hoarse after listening to the spiritless meanderings of a political mercenary. Let us assume a course more in accordance with the inestimable gift of civil and religious freedom, and cease howling in the interest of any man or party, by devoting a portion of our time to a fair consideration of what is just.

CLEVELAND AS SHERIFF IN BUFFALO.

The New York Sun is edited by a political fence-jumper, who is suffering the tortures of a righteous agony, owing to the fact that a murderer was hung in Buffalo, on one occasion when Grover Cleveland was sheriff. Certainly, this was a high-handed outrage—an interference with the civil and religious liberty of the Buffalo murderer, and totally at variance with the doctrine laid down by the American Fathers, in that admirable Declaration of Independence, wherein it is set forth that, we have the right to life—and according to the principle advanced by Charles A. Dana, to take life—liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The courts found the murderer guilty and compelled the sheriff to hang him, but now, at this late day, up rises Dana, who informs us that Cleveland had no right to interfere with this murderer in his pursuit of happiness. How strongly we become impressed with the despotic tendencies of Cleveland; with what lightning rapidity are our sympathies aroused for this unfortunate Buffalo murderer, cut off in the prime of manhood and the gala day of his usefulness; yet all this sinks, unfathomably, in obscurity when contrasted with the effulgent light of our admiration for Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, the apostle of a new reform movement. Confined to a position with one leg on each side of the fence, we behold this high-toned(?) journalist, a republican to-day, a democrat to-morrow, and a non-entity in the political scale during the time of national conventions. Here it is where we discover the animus for all the varied vituperation, outpourings and hearthburnings of the debased political scribe. We believe that there are, now, before the people, seven candidates for the presidency. It will be in order to enroll all the thieves, murderers, et aligenus omne, and nominate another, and it is also in order that Charles A. Dana is the man most pre-eminently fitted, by reason of his persistent efforts in their behalf, as illustrated by his continued denunciation of the hanging of a murderer, to receive the nomination, and to lead them, if it were possible, to a glorious regeneration.

A Standard Reason. A minister called on the editor of the Coquille Herald one afternoon recently, and preached an able sermon in the evening. Something remarkable about that.—[Standard.]

We are astonished at Tony seeing anything remarkable in that. There is not the slightest necessity for the penitential influence of a purgatorial rejuvenation to be extended in our case. Unfortunately, we have missed the distinguished honor of an introduction to the able editor who spreads himself over the columns of the Standard, like an eagle without wings. Notwithstanding our poverty in this respect, we have been acquainted with him—on paper—for many years. Considerable time has been wasted in bringing him to a sense of the inevitable. He is about bomb-proof, and steeped in a pickle of doubt and procrastination. Salt-petre would not save him, and a dose of dynamite would be inadequate in raising him to that level where the sinner beholds, with retrospective dread, the errors of his antecedent career. We are susceptible of deserved reproof, consequently, more easily convinced.

We anticipate lively times during and following the presidential election, there being seven candidates in the field. With any show of strength in the cases outside of the two larger parties, it will, no doubt, be impossible for any candidate to receive a majority of all the votes cast. The times are always better after an election than just preceding; as, the interests which appear to have been disturbed, settle down into the old, smooth-running groove. The excitement of the battle being over, the political cauldron ceases to boil and bubble.

Something About "God Save the Queen," and J. G. Blaine.

Brother Upton, of the Recorder, has doubts as to the playing of "God save the Queen" at the democratic convention. Possibly, he is not aware of the fact that the music of the piece called "America," and that of God save the Queen, is one and the same thing. It is easier, brother, to appropriate a fine piece of music, notwithstanding its being English, than it is to compose a piece of equal merit.

Again, he says: Everybody knows that the British colors were saluted at our Yorktown centennial by order of James G. Blaine. Don't get off the track in recounting that horrible, terrible crime, and do not attach any blame on to J. G. Blaine even if it is true that he did so order. We have been there, brother, and understand, thoroughly, the circumstances connected with saluting the flags of other nations—circumstances over which J. G. Blaine, his fagmen and the Irish memories that you speak of, have no control. The memories of former wars are not taken into consideration or mixed up with the courtesies extended by one government unto another—that is left for the bull-heads and undying enemies of progressive peace. The British salute the American flag at all times when it is customary to do so, and the Americans always return the compliment. From this instance you may infer the whole, and drop the matter of saluting flags as one which only indicates the ignorance of untold numbers of newspaper men on that custom. We have a propensity for the under dog in a fight, and pitching politics to the wind, we do not care whether it be Blaine, Cleveland or Butler, it is approached with more zeal when the question is one of fair play. The attack on Blaine, in this instance, is silly, unwarranted by any known rule of procedure in international law, and displays a desire to sink our own national traditions in the infernal pit of European animosities—something of which an upright teacher of American principles would be ashamed.

Cheese as Food. Cheese, when properly made, and thoroughly cured, so that all of its substance is available for food, has twice the value of butcher's meat for sustaining life, and is quite as easily digested, and as wholesome. But all cheese, even when well cured, is not equal to its highest possibilities. Many circumstances interfere with its perfection. In the first place good cheese can only be made out of good milk, and this is not always at the command of the cheese maker. The milk which was good when it came from the cow may not be so when it reaches the cheese vat; it may be sour or stale, or uncleanly; and, further, milk itself is liable to wide variations in its constituents, thereby varying the quality of cheese made from it. But these are only accidental irregularities, that are not always present, and cheese made from milk which is free from them should not be condemned on their account. They are avoidable, and do not, in fact, give much ground for complaint against the use of cheese. There are other things connected with the use of cheese equally avoidable, which give rise to well-grounded complaints, that are telling heavily against its good name, and use. Bearing in mind the indigestible, and consequently unwholesome condition of newly-pressed curd, or, as it is called green cheese, and remembering that this condition only abates gradually, as the cheese advances in curing, the ill effects of putting it into consumption too soon while it is yet in its green state, will be understood. Those who are at all familiar with the traffic in cheese know very well that much of the cheese of commerce, when it goes into consumption, is too imperfectly cured to have its food value fully available. It is so indigestible as to be unwholesome, and it is used at a loss because much of it is not digested at all. Thus the practice of thrusting green cheese upon the market gives rise to just grounds for objections to its healthfulness and value, and greatly restricts its consumption, all of which would be obviated by retaining the goods in the curing room till they are fit for use.—L. B. Arnold, in Nat. Live-Stock Journal.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wheat is selling at 40 cents at Walla Walla.

The largest hop crop ever raised in Lane county, is ready to pick.

Fishing for rats with a hook and line is a popular sport at Red Bluffs.

John Penotie, a wood-hauler at Sawtooth, was killed by his runaway team.

The stage was robbed near Huntington, this state. The express box was taken.

Diphtheria is prevalent at Canyonville, and measles at Crescent City and Smith river.

The Lane county agricultural society will pay 90 per cent. of the premiums awarded at the late fair.

An average of seven icebergs pass St. Johns, N. E., daily, going south, in the track of ocean steamers.

A little girl at Los Angeles, overturned a hive of bees and was stung until she became unconscious.

The warehouses on the Sacramento river are all filled with grain, and much more is stacked on the banks.

Andrew and Joseph Squires brothers, fought a duel with jack knives, at Falls Mill, Conn. Joseph was killed.

The San Francisco Chronicle of a recent date pays a glowing tribute to ex-Senator John W. Nesmith, of Oregon now hopelessly insane.

An immense vulture was shot at Santa Paula, Cal., lately. The spread of its wings is nine feet ten inches; spread of claws, nine inches; weight of bird thirty pounds.

Two hundred tailors employed by the leading establishment in Rock Island and Moline, Ia., struck last week to enforce a uniform scale, and a slight advance of wages.

Isaac Newton, chief engineer of the Croton water department, New York city, committed suicide last week by cutting his throat. He had been drinking heavily of late.

A great labor demonstration and mass meeting took place recently at Hamilton, Ont. Resolutions were offered demanding the immediate stoppage of Chinese immigration.

Fred Schwatka Strang, the young man who was appointed to a cadetship in the naval academy at Annapolis, was attacked with inflammation of the bowels, which caused his death on the 30th ult.

J. Sheridan, a section boss on O. R. and N., near Whitman, while riding on a hand car, caught his foot under a tie and was thrown under the car, the wheels passing over his back. He was fatally hurt.

Joseph and John Kluher, recent arrivals from Alsace, drank heavily one night during last week. Joseph had to drag his brother along the street, as the latter was too intoxicated to walk. On Borrow street both fell. Later in the night they were discovered by a policeman, John dead and Joseph asleep on his body.

Land Hunters HO!

Persons wishing to buy farms, wild land or town lots, improved or unimproved, will do well to call on O. C. Huntington, "City Boot & Shoe store," Coquille City, before purchasing elsewhere, as he has in his hands for sale a large variety of real estate, and can furnish buyers with lands any in quantity, from a quarter section ranch, down to a half lot in town, consisting in part of the following:

290 acres, good, large dwelling, commodious barn, fine young orchard, good out houses, 30 acres under fence, 15 in grass and 15 plow land. There are upwards of fifteen million feet of fir and cedar timber on the land which is of easy access to the river.

100 acres, 100 in the bottom, 25 improved; new frame dwelling, good orchard, barn, fine spring, and 10 head of cattle. 2 hogs, 5 sheep, 1 horse and 10 tons of hay. Fine timber on upland.

37 acres, all bottom, 30 improved; good house, barn and orchard, also good fences, etc., adjoining Coquille City.

21 acres, all bottom, 6 cleared, all good tillable land; house, barn, out-houses, orchard etc., 1/2 mile from Coquille City.

One suburban lot, containing 1 1/2 acres, neat cottage, 100 fruit trees 3 years old; very desirable for a family residence, being 1/2 a mile from Coquille City.

Market Report.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Eggs, Apples, Butter, Cheese, Beef, Mutton, Corned Beef, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Potatoes, Cabbage, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Beans, Apples (dried), Rasins, Currents, Wool, Dry Hides, Green, Hay.

The Pioneer Feed Stable

Coquille City, Oregon. GALLIER & HUNT, Proprietors. Horses boarded by the day, week, or month. Hauling done on short notice.

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All orders must be accompanied by the coin. Address all orders to HERALD, Coquille City, Coos Co. Oregon.

NEW HACK LINE!

Connecting— With Steamers "Ceres" and "Little Annie" at the terminus of their upper river route, carrying passengers and freight to and from Myrtle Point.

G. A. BROWN, Proprietor.

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Nosler & Hunt Props. River Front, Coquille City, Oregon.

Fresh and choice meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

Also Groceries, vegetables and provisions, etc., etc. n50

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The Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker will be found at all times ready to wait upon, and accommodate customers with everything in our line, at the Coquille City Boot and Shoe store; one door north of the Olive hotel, Main street. DR/S & HUNTINGTON.

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Flowers, Ostrich Plumes and

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Straw, Flax, Silk, Satin or Velvet, which we will sell cheap for CASH. v1nc.

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FIRST CLASS HOTEL. TABLES always supplied with the best the market affords. v1ncf.

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Timber, match-wood and stave timber purchased. Orders for lumber filled in quantities to suit, and at the lowest living rates.

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Parkersburg Coos county Oregon. v1 n18 tf.