

# Coquille City Herald.

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**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**L. F. LANE, JOHN LANE,**  
**LANE & LANE,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.  
Land Cases a Speciality.  
Office on Main Street, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.  
Roseburg, Oregon.

**J. M. STOLIS, JOHN A. GRAY,**  
**Siglin & Gray,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.  
Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.  
Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel.

**W. SINCLAIR,**  
Attorney at Law.  
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent.  
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
MARSHFIELD, OREG.

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**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 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 Upper South Coquille As Seen From An Elevated Hill.**

How pleasant and delightful To wander forth and see The beauties of creation, On hill and dale and tree.

Our Coquille's lovely valley Is now before my eyes: Its flocks and herds are grazing Beneath the azure skies.

Its limpid waves are shining As brilliant diamonds, bright, Or, as the stars of heaven, On a clear and frosty night.

Its trees are tall and stately, Its shrubbery so fine, Its ever-green so fragrant, Make all things seem divine.

Its buildings and its orchards, In rich profusion, stand Upon the sloping hill-sides Of this delightful land.

The people of this valley Are kind and generous, too, All seem content and happy, Obliging, just and true.

'Tis in these limpid waters, Each trout and salmon plays, And on the hills and mountains, Elk, sheep and oxen graze.

'Tis here, the bear and panther, In sweet seclusion stay— The monarchs of the forest, And all that they survey.

Indeed it is delightful, Upon this hill to stand, And view this fertile valley, This beautiful, happy land— To see those fields and gardens, Profuse with products rare, Perfuming earth and air.

CRK.

**For the Ladies.**

The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics has been investigating the condition of the working girls of Boston and making estimates therefrom of the average condition of that class throughout the country. There are 20,000 women and girls in Boston who earn their own living at other occupations than that of domestic service, while 16,000 are engaged in the latter occupation. Among the former classes all the professions are represented. The list is amusing, interesting and instructive. The Journal has sifted out the number engaged in various occupations, as follows: There are 2 female lawyers, 4 clergymen, 85 physicians, 4 midwives and 1 dentist among the women of Boston, not one of the midwives or dentist being a native of the United States. Of authors and literary persons, there are no less than 180, of these, however, 110 being merely clerks and copyists, whilst the list also includes 14 journalists, 34 librarians, 1 architect, 196 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 billposters, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 sailors, 1 farm laborer, 1 gun and lock smith, 75 bakers, 58 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 door, sash and blind makers, 13 masons, 8 janitors, 1 paper-hanger, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock repairers, 4 umbrella-makers, 10 harness-makers, 7 machinists, 4 blacksmiths, 235 printers, 2 stonecutters, 4 coopers, 295 laborers and 5 engineers. The architect, 32 of the 34 librarians and all the journalists but one are natives of the United States, while the solitary farm laborer is a native of Ireland. Of 17 saloon-keepers, but 3 are natives of the United States.—[Providence (R. I.) Journal.]

It is very annoying to have a cow kick over the pail of milk. Some cows are always liable to kick, but a milking-stool may be so constructed as to shield the pail from the kick, in this way: Take a piece of plank two feet long and ten inches wide, bore holes and put two legs of suitable length at each end. Put a dashboard at one end, of height and width at the top to correspond to the pail, with two pieces nailed on each side, back to the seat board to strengthen and keep it in position. This device will not keep a cow from kicking, but you will save your milk every time.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

**Bandon.**

On the 18th of last July we had some heavy rain, which many claim injured our growing crops. At all events it was about that time that a blight of some kind swept over the lower river and coast. Some of the potatoes and turnips never grew afterward and the grass in various localities seems to have lost no small share of its nutritive qualities, as sheep and cattle were known to be so poor at this season of the year, and our dairy farmers complain that they were obliged to shut down a month earlier than usual. The blight, as we have said, was partial. Alongside of hills that were nearly all burnt up, we had some that produced as much as ever, and some of our neighbors escaped better than we did. We happened to be present lately when Andrew Johnson was digging some of his potatoes and they were unusually large. Taking up five we weighed them, and they turned the beam at 15 pounds and 9 ozs. One of them weighed nearly 4 pounds. "I can beat that easily," said Andrew, and he showed us one he had on his chimney-piece that weighed 7 pounds 3 ozs.

We stated after the July races at Bandon that Maplewood was the champion racer of Southern Oregon, and nothing has occurred since to induce us to alter our views. It must not be inferred, however, that the horses he beat were much inferior to himself. Sammy Tilden, for instance, who is of the same blood, was beaten only by a length, and that, too, in a mile race. Maplewood, however, will not hold his laurels always. Some one will come to the front who knows not Joseph, Nay, nor anyone belonging to him.

Several immigrants arrived here this week. They seem a comfortable and prosperous lot of people. The brought their horses and wagons with them. The leaders of the wagons were stylish looking animals, being a bright yellow with white manes and tails. The whole band, including men, horses, wagons, dogs, women and cats, together with children, blankets and seed potatoes were bound for Denmark, Curry county. We expect some families here in the beginning of next month from Ontario, Canada. They have written to us to say they expect to leave the end of this month, and will come per the Northern Pacific. They intend to become Bandonians.

Charley Von Pegert who has charge of the pile-driver at the government works fell off the platform some time since, and the pile he was trying to get in position fell after him. Only that this struck another pile before it collided with Charley's cranium—where it inflicted a deep wound, and from which we are glad to say he has recovered—it would be all up with him.

Dyer Leneve is building an addition to his drugstore, his increasing business demanding it.

Legem.

**Origin of the Beet.**

There is a wild root in the southern part of Europe, growing spontaneously, from which the present cultivated beet derives its origin. It was originally rough, forked, and grew underground, throwing up a mass of leaves, and is still cultivated for the production of a vegetable, the stem and strong middle rib forming a delicate "vegetable," which is delicious and wholesome. It is from the seeding varieties of this plant that the many kinds of beet roots now used for feeding cattle have sprung. When the beet was first put to use for sugar-making it contained only about 5 per cent of sugar, 10 per cent having since been gained, and there seems to be no reason why the amount of gain may not still

be increased. As an explanation of what has led to this fact, the truth is cited that Government duties in various parts of Europe differ. In France the duty was on the "sugar" produced, and in Germany the duty was collected on the "root used." Consequently the richest roots were the favorites in Germany, though the crop produced from the soil might be very small. Analysis has shown that the lower part of the root is richest in sugar, while the upper portions, and particularly that portion of the root which grows out of the ground, not only contains less sugar, but more of the injurious salt, in sugar manufacture. This stimulated the growth of those kinds which buried themselves deepest in the ground, and led also to the custom of "hilling" up the roots with a plow or cultivator. The object of the farmer, as he sells his roots by the pound, is to devise some means of producing the greatest number of pounds per acre, and to grow that kind of root which is the most easily pulled from the ground. Of course the manufacturers prefer the small roots. The color of the root seems to be of little consequence, though there is a difference in the sweetness of different kinds.

(—Ex.)

**Land and Labor Must Organize.**

Until land and labor organize for their own protection, and the intelligent support of their own interests they must expect to suffer as heretofore. The policy of our laws has not sufficiently favored combinations of artisans and manual laborers for a common concern. Arbitration just in principle, is almost mockery while labor is unincorporated, while either party may refuse the judicial test, and while the employer retains the right to cut wages to shut down and to turn out of house and home, without notice. Farmers, on the other hand, have simply neglected their respect. The grange, an organization erected after the beautiful model of our federal system, is almost, if not quite, perfectly adapted to their purpose. Why should they be widely scattered and accustomed chiefly to the solitary life of the fields and the secluded homestead, it is answered that these circumstances furnish the very strongest reasons for regular and stated association together. When the Declaration of Independence was about to be signed a delegate said, "Come, let us all hang together." "Yes," responded Dr. Franklin, "for if we don't we'll all hang separately." That case is yours precisely.

Our forefathers believed that our republican institution would remain pure and secure so long as they rested mainly upon the broad shoulders of an agricultural population. "This reliance," said Mr. Jefferson, "cannot deceive us as long as we remain virtuous and I think we shall be so long as agriculture is our principle object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe and go to eating one another as they do there." Alas, how narrow the ken of the wisest of mortals! When the eye of the patriot sage scanned the wide expanse of our fertile territories, when again he doubled them by the splendid Louisiana purchase, he thought he could pierce the dim future and see them occupied by countless millions of thrifty, independent and incorruptible men, who would keep the covenant of liberty forever. But how different the reality from the golden dream of the prophet! Empires have been carved from those lands, and given a way to corporations, adding new strength to the already powerful

combination of monopolies. The railroad monopolist forces himself into partnership with every tiller of those bountiful fields, and takes from him well nigh the last cent of profit before he will consent to remove his produce. The small farms are covered with mortgages, and the usurers waits his opportunity. Already, even in this the most independent of human occupations, the individual man is receding, and associated capital farms great tracts—thousands and hundreds of acres of enlisted laborers and innumerable machines.—Dissemination.

**Why Some Poultry Raisers Fail.**

The reason generally is that there has been too large a beginning. It seems at first thought that there is not much of a trick to tend chickens, but one must serve an apprenticeship first. Begin first with fifty hens, then add as experience gives the confidence. We know of a family who had about forty hens—they received little or no care; they did well, keeping the family in groceries, with a surplus for home consumption. The man of the house concluded it would be a good thing to make a business of it, so he borrowed a little money, bought up about two hundred chickens, built coops, etc. For some reason they did not do well, and being a poor man, the loss was a great distress to the family. He did not get enough eggs to use, and sickness got among them. A certain amount of roaming ground is necessary for the good health of fowls, where they can pick up bugs and worms, so where there is too great a number together this sort of meat supply is limited. So far as we have noticed, there is more profit in say forty hens than in a larger flock, that is unless a person goes into the business as a regular pursuit. Then in such a case it would be necessary to fence off completely into several different herds, giving each plenty of range and good water. It is difficult to deal with a sick fowl, the best way is to kill any fowl right away that shows any sign of disease, and then try and watch the rest before they get bad, try simple remedies. In this country as yet there are few diseases among animals, so that the risk in that is little.

If near a wooded country there is much loss from "varmints." Hens are prolific lawyers till four years old, after that they should be killed for market. When eggs are 30 cents in August it pays to keep chickens, and pays to feed well too.—Farmer.

**Killing Drones.**

Bees are very energetic little folks, and if they cannot find one kind of work to do, they will another. If honey is not to be found in the floral kingdom, they seek sweaters elsewhere and penetrate groceries and warehouses, gathering up leakage from sugar-barrels and hogheads. They even turn outlaws, and pillage their near neighbors of their garnered treasures. When their outgo exceeds the income they reduce the number of consumers by killing off the drones. It is pitiful to see the poor drone led out, like a drunken fellow with a policeman at each side; his pleading buzz does not cause them to relax their hold, and occasionally another comes and jumps on his back. The drones band together for self-protection, running their heads under one another, until they look like shingles overlapping each other. Their pitiless persecutors have no mercy, and they are doomed to die of starvation and cold, clustered in the portico of their former home, where they had been reared so tenderly. Bees have been busy lately, driving out the dead heads, carrying water, and gathering bee-bread. They collect a little honey each morning, and keep from having the dyspepsia by propolis up the cracks and crevices of their hives, making all snug and warm for the approaching winter. —[Prairie Farmer.]

**Don't Lock up your Money**

In these days farmer's outgoes are heavy. They are much greater than they used to be when men of 60 were boys. Yes, or even when men of 40 drove Buck and Bright with a home-made buckskin whip-lash tied to a hickory whip-stalk which he had himself fashioned. The capital now invested in machinery on a large share of farms would then have purchased a large-sized farm. It seems to us that if small farmers, living adjacent, would unite and purchase such machinery as reapers, headers and sowing machines in partnership it might be done and thus much less money would be employed in this way. These machines and implements are used but a very short period of time each year and cost considerable money, and by not being properly taken care of and housed, soon become dilapidated. Very small farmers cannot afford to own them and to build proper sheds wherein to house them, but if these machines were owned by several small farmers in common, they could each use the machines and afford to build proper buildings in which to keep them from the weather. The constant query should be how to invest a small surplus so that it shall return the largest cash dividend. The amount of capital that is locked up in machinery and farming implements that are used but a few days in a year in the aggregate amounts to an enormous sum, and there is no doubt but what a large proportion of it might be saved by this neighborhood co-partnership arrangement, and the money thus saved might be put to good use in improved stock and in fertilizing lands. Also there might be a great saving if the same plan was entered into by several in a neighborhood, in the purchase of male animals required for breeding purposes. By this course all could have the advantage of using the very best improved male animals at a much less cost than they are now compelled to be at, and this would enable all to improve their stock at a minimum expense and give some an advantage which they do not now possess, and this would result in general good to all concerned and to their country also. Will not communities and grangers consider this matter?

**In the Same Box.**

A few minutes after pulling out of Tucumseh for Nebraska City the other day, Conductor Lee stepped into the smoker to work up his tickets. The first man he met was bound for Atchison, and the obliging conductor pulled the cord, stopped the train, and gave the stray passenger directions how to take a short cut back to the depot. Lee started ahead, and as he had a ten-mile run to the first station, he worked his way through the car leisurely. As he passed the last seat a brisk-looking gentleman asked: "Why did you put that man off for? Was he trying to beat a ride?" "Oh, no," said Lee. "He was on the wrong train, and I let him off to go back to the depot." The traveler laughed long and merrily. "Well," said he, "I'll be blown, if he hasn't sense enough to keep on the right train, he ought to stay at home and have a guardian appointed." And the merry man joked on the subject, and told a story quite in point so well that the conductor and several passengers who gathered around to listen were convulsed with amusement. At last he drew out his little mileage book, and extending it with the careless grace that characterizes the accomplished traveler, he remarked: "Just tear me out to Atchison." A hush fell upon the crowd so deep and still that the puffing of the engine sounded like the heavying of the volcano. And the only thing that saved the veteran traveler from the expenditure of \$3.20 was the absence of a counter where the beer could be set up.—Lincoln Journal.