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Coquille City Herald.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice. v1n1

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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v1n1

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.

Fattening Stock.

The prejudice now on the high road to extinction against precocious and symmetrical stock has had for chief reason that the flesh of young animals was neither so succulent nor so nutritive as of old animals. Whether that was ill or well founded, the opinion of the pounds, shillings and pence farmers was more profitable to sell off a fat ox when two years old than when four, a sheep at fourteen months and a pig at eight. It has been demonstrated that the quantity of meat produced by stock delivered to the butcher at the above precocious ages costs exactly one-half less expense. An ox sold off at two years instead of at four implies a double profit in point of meat realized for the market, the return of the capital invested in half less time, the allowing of the sheds to be occupied with double the number of stock without any augmented demand on food.

It has been alleged that an ox aged four years yields a greater or a heavier quantity of flesh than an ox of two years. This requires explanation. It is now ascertained that an ox from its birth till it is two years of age makes as much flesh as an animal of four years, provided the young ox be fed carefully, plentifully and methodically; that is to say, there shall be no starvation or short commons stoppages in the rations. Now it is a law of physiological growth that the time lost by insufficient feeding, or the absence of sanitary care in the development of animals, can never be recovered. In the first two years of its growth the assimilation of food and the formation of the tissues of an ox proceed the most actively. No food is thus lost in the system; all is applied to build up; nothing is demanded for repairs. At two years, then, the period of development terminates and henceforward the animal has not only to feed to keep up life, but to repair the daily waste of the tissues. Thus more food is necessary to produce a pound of flesh, when, after two years, the tissues have to be restored, than before and up to that period, when all vitality is not repairing wastes, but developing growth.

Equally erroneous is the impression that an animal must be developed fully before it can be fattened. This is quite true in the case of unameliorated races, so difficult to develop, so hard to feed, so bony and so skinny. But the wide-awake farmer does not seek such animals for fattening ends, he tries to obtain a precocious race, whether in cattle, sheep or pigs; animals well formed, of agreeable conformation, pleasing to the eye and so more certain to prove satisfactory for the purse. As to the alleged inferiority in quality of young over aged meat, ask any judge at a cattle show; note their awards; inquire of any butcher if a well-bred, well-fed ox at two years has not a more agreeable flesh, or, if you like, as good as the ordinary animal aged four; if a sheep similarly cured, aged one year, does not produce meat as highly relished as the animal double its age? In thus patronizing younger stock, capital is doubled and profits increased 100 per cent without any augmentation under the heads of food or labor.—New England Farmer.

An exchange gives the following as a sure remedy for noxious bees and wasps: Put two tablespoonfuls of commercial cyanide of potassium into their holes in the daytime; the wasps will enter the holes to the nests, never to return. In 24 hours all will be dead. Caution should be used, as the drug is poisonous.

John E. Abbott, a lawyer and capitalist of San Francisco, was shot by John W. Ingram, on the 25 ult., and seriously wounded.

A Murdered Mother.

A horrible crime was brought to light at Troy, Ind., by the finding of the headless body of a woman in a cistern on the farm of Peter Backer. The body was entirely oaked, and the head was found in a thicket about 100 yards from the cistern. The discovery was made late on Wednesday evening. When the body was taken from the water it was yet warm and the blood gushed from the headless trunk. It was apparently the body of a portly woman, weighing about 160 pounds and about 40 years old. A deep gash was cut beneath the shoulder-blade as if with an axe, and a wound on the forehead as if inflicted with some blunt instrument. The body was taken to Troy, where it was viewed by a large number of people, but not identified until Thursday, when it was recognized as the body of Mrs. Stillwell Hendershot, who resided on a farm fourteen miles back of Troy. A neighbor of Hendershot, while in Tell City yesterday, said he saw the murdered woman's husband, and also noticed a valise marked "T. H. Hendershot," on the steamer Droillard while she was at Troy last night. A search warrant was procured and the valise opened. It was found to contain the clothing of the victim, which was covered with blood. Warrants were issued immediately for Stillwell Hendershot, the husband, and F. H. and William Hendershot, sons of the old man. His son William was arrested and brought to Troy last night. The oldest son refused to come and defied arrest. An increased posse was sent after him and he was brought to Troy this morning. When he was placed in jail he acknowledged committing the crime himself, and says his father and brother had nothing to do with it. The old man's testimony was to throw the weight of the crime upon himself and his oldest son. The murder of Mrs. Hendershot arose from her refusal to sign away the title to a farm to which she had a deed in fee simple, but which the father and son wanted to dispose of. Several hundred people were present at the examination, and about noon an effort was made to seize the criminals and mete out summary vengeance on them, but the officers succeeded in averting the attack. The result of the preliminary examination was to release William. The other brother, and his father were commanded to jail.

At 7 o'clock to-night a mob at Troy took the eldest son out of jail and hanged him to a beam in the barn where the murder was committed. He made the confession that his father shot his mother and that he cut her head off with an axe. At 10 o'clock the mob passed through Tell City on the way to Cannelton, three miles above, to hang the father and the other son, who are in jail there. The mob is fully 200 strong. Troy Oct 20.—Ex.

A Boy of Eight Years who Weighs Over 200 Pounds.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe, writing from Webster, Mass., September 16th, says: This is not a large town. Its only communication with the outside world is over the rails of the New York and New England railroad. Its 7,000 inhabitants dwell in little wooden cottages and find employment in the woolen, cotton and linen mills of the town. There are also boots and shoes made here. Its notoriety is limited to the name the statesman gave it and a strict enforcement of an anti-license law which provides that the thirsty ones may drink a small beer containing not more than three per cent of alcohol. But it is now, so the inhabitants think, destined to become famous. They look for a

fame similar to that which came to the birthplace of the Cardiff giant, the Sandwich Island dwarfs, the Chinese wonder, the animated skeleton (including in the last mention any and all of bony variety except that matrimonially inclined skeleton of Philadelphia), the senior Massachusetts senator, the champion John L. Sullivan and the celebrated letter writer from Augusta. About eight years ago there came into the world at Webster a little boy just 9½ pounds in weight. There was nothing remarkable about this event. But upon and among those 9½ pounds this boy has since placed 192 pounds, so that his weight is 201½ pounds. He is the only eight-year-old child that the world knows of that has accumulated about his childish frame so much flesh. He was born and has always lived at No. 23 Pleasant street. In being more precise as to the time of his birth, the date is given, June 20, 1876. He first lived two and a half years without astonishing anybody, except occasionally when in a fit of baby indignation he gave vent to his lungs. He was at that time

A CHUBBY CHILD, not too fat, but just fat enough. Then he began to spread himself, and layer after layer of flesh came over him. When he was five years old he weighed 100 pounds, and found a sitting position more comfortable than walking. In just three years he has doubled his weight. Master Silva Duprie, for that is his name, as he stands today, may take the following boast of his dimensions: "I am 4 feet, 3 inches in height; measure round the waist, 56 inches; round the breast, 47 inches; round the breast and arms, 54 inches; thigh, 30; arm, between the elbow and shoulder, 15 inches."

Peculiarities of the Heart.

A London noted physician says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the ruddy bumper and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said: "Count it carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said:

"Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay down on the lounge, and said:

"Will you take it again?"

He replied: "Way, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night, this is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ rests to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heat is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."—Medical Exchange.

SCOTT VALLEY.

Communicated.

Editor HERALD:—Some time ago, I saw an article in your paper from the pen of a contributor residing in Shasta valley. I am a resident of that valley, but at present, located in Scott valley, and thinking that it may prove interesting to your readers, I will give a description of this beautiful valley. Scott valley lies between two high and rugged ranges of mountains—the Salmon mountains on the west afford a splendid summer range for cattle, and the Moffite creek mountains afford a splendid winter range with an abundance of feed for stock.

There are two branches of business in which the farmers of Scott valley are about equally divided. First, I will take up the subject of grain raising. The farmers who follow that pursuit are as a general thing in debt. There is a market for all the grain raised, but the price is so low that, after paying for hired help, plowing, harvesting and threshing, the profits have flown to the four winds.

There are six threshing machines in the valley which thresh an average of 40,000 bushels each. The principal grain raised is oats; wheat next, and barley last. The wheat was injured extensively with rust and smut, but with all the drawbacks the yield of grain was about 25 per cent better than any previous year.

Now, I will take up the cattle and dairy business which is carried on to some extent in this valley, but not so extensively as in Shasta valley. Scott valley butter has a wide reputation as being a No. 1; its cheese also is reckoned highly. There are two cheese factories in this valley that are operated extensively.

The stock raisers of this valley, as a general thing, are full-handed and have plenty laid by for a rainy day. Beef commands a good price, also cattle. Calves bring from \$8 to \$12 per head, and few to be had at that price. The black-leg, a contagious blood disease, has troubled the pastures of this valley and killed a large number of calves, always taking the fattest and best. No preventive has been discovered so far, but the disease disappears on the approach of cold, frosty weather.

There are three very pretty little towns situated in this valley. Callahan's, at the head of the valley, is supported by the mines on the south fork, one mile west. There is a store, two hotels, and one saloon which is a bad feature for such a thriving place. Etna, fifteen miles north of Callahan's, is near the center of the valley, and does a large amount of business for a small place. Fort Jones 12 miles northeast of Etna, is a very lively town, containing four stores, four saloons, two hotels, two butcher shops and one livery stable which complete the sum of the principal places of business. It supports four churches divided by three different denominations.

Having arrived at the jumping off place, I will bring my letter to a close, hoping it may find a place in your paper.

Six X.
Fort Jones, Cal., Oct 28.

A Feminine Duel.

On one side of the Avenue de St. Germain, at Puteaux, is situated a large court, surrounded by tall rookeries, which are inhabited by ragpickers. In the afternoon of Thursday, the daughter of one these useful members of society, bearing the soft name of Zelia, who had seen 20 Summers and presumably as many Winters, encountered Marie Voisin, a young woman known to her, and aged about 17 years. Both fair creatures happened to be in love with the same fortunate ragpicker, a certain Ber-

nard Rang, 19 years of age, who dwells at Clichy. Zelia and Marie, therefore, held high debate for a time, and finally, after veritable challenges, they got down to the cold and calm terms of a regular contest, by which the point of honor between them could be straightway settled. They agreed to fight. The weapons chosen were, of course, scissors. The duelist who should succumb was to relinquish at once and forever all claim to the heart and person of the gallant Bernard Rang, ragpicker. They armed themselves at once, proceeded to a vacant piece of ground and the battle began. Several wounds were rapidly exchanged; light ones it is true, but yet sufficient to draw the gentle blood of the combatants. Zelia soon found herself hard pressed by her young and more fiery rival, and, in receding as she dropped her guard, she fell plump into a well, the opening of which is even with the ground. As Zelia disappeared with a wild shriek into the deep abyss in which truth is traditionally supposed to dwell, Marie promptly obeyed a humane impulse, and forgetting all her resentment, ran for succor. The unfortunate Zelia was drawn out nearly suffocated, and it was only at the end of half an hour that she returned to consciousness. The Commissary of Police lodged an information against the two Belona-like young women for dueling, and also one against the proprietor of the ground on which the combat was fought for not maintaining a guard about the mouth of the well. The double action may possibly seem illogical to some persons, since, had the well not opportunely received the fair Zelia in her hasty retreat, the affair might have had a far more sanguinary ending. Whether she will now give up all pretensions to the love of Bernard Rang, we are unable to state.—Paris Morning News.

The Colorado Live Stock Record gives the result of an interview with a breeder of Angora goats in which the breeder says: "The Angora is no experiment with us. We have made considerable money from their fleeces both in California and in Texas but what we now want is a better location for their propagation. The Angora is a native of a mountainous country. We have 2,000 head of fine-bred ewes and a sufficient number of bucks. A part of them now are in California and a part in Texas, and we propose to unite the entire herd here in Colorado. The growing of mohair is as profitable as wool, and it will meet with as ready sale; and then there are several reasons why we prefer the Angora to sheep. They will live in a country where sheep can not. They seldom die except from old age. They do not come in conflict with cattle. Wool-growers seldom figure on more than \$1.50 per head on an average from their fleeces, well grazed as they may be, and we are confident that there will be no difficulty in breeding the goat up to a standard that will make it the most profitable of the two, and the best for rough mountain sections, and for men of limited means. There are millions of acres throughout these mountains where no domestic animal can graze successfully except these Angoras." The introduction of the Angoras in this country cannot be too highly commended. Everything which looks toward a diversification of our production and a utilization of all our lands and means for increasing their production should be cordially welcomed, and the Angoras promise to largely help in this, especially in mountainous sections.

The penitentiary garden will yield over 4,000 bushels of potatoes this year.

The yellow fever quarantine will be raised in all Texas ports on the 15th, of November.