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Coquille City Herald.

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NO. 17.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a specialty.
Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Roseburg, Oregon.

John Lane.
LANE & LANE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land Cases a specialty.
Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Roseburg, Oregon.

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Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice. vln147.

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WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,
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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. vln147.

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 on 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.

CHARITY.

The rich man gave his dole, not ill-content
To find his heart still moved by human woe:
The poor man to his neighbor simply lent
He can't save he could scarce forego.

The one passed on and asked to know no more:
The other's wife all night with pity brave,
That neighbor's dying child was bending o'er,
And never deeming it was much she gave.

Oh! God forgive us that we dare to ask
Salace of cost-ess gifts and fruitless sighs!
Secret on the sigh that shuns the unwelcome task,
The dole that lacks the salt of sacrifice!

No gilded palm the craving weight can lift:
No soothing sigh the maddening woe can cure:
'Tis love that gives its wealth to every gift:
Ill would the poor man live without the poor.

A Night of Crime.

Lima (O.), October 30.—Last night while Ben Hoffman, a wealthy farmer living a few miles east of this place, was ministering to the wants of a sick son, a quarrel arose between his wife and himself, continuing until 3 o'clock this morning, when Hoffman announced his intention of leaving the house. His wife objected and placed herself against the door to prevent his egress, when the enraged husband drew a revolver and fired a ball into her head, afterward completing his murderous work with a second bullet through her brain. His frightened daughter started to fly and the infuriated parent fired at her, but missed, and she got away in safety. The next object of the murderer's wrath was the sick son, who, however, saved himself by securing bolting his door. The father vented his wrath by firing bullets into the door and started off toward the home of another son near by, where, after rousing the family, he attempted to take the life of his daughter-in-law. He then fled. The officers this afternoon found him in the hay loft of his barn, suffering from a wound in the hand, accidentally inflicted in his madness the night before. He was brought here and locked up. — Chronicle.

A Georgia Tragedy.

New York, October 31.—A special to the World from Macon, Ga., says: The recent murder of E. A. Odorn, by John Cheek, in Emanuel county, proves to be one of atrocious features. Three years ago John Cheek, with his wife and four children, arrived in Emanuel county in a destitute condition. So hopeless were they of their future that they were about to be placed in the poorhouse, when Odorn, a well-to-do farmer, took them into his own house and harbored them for months, free of charge, until the husband and father was able to care for his family and himself. This act of kindness Cheek always represented himself as unable to pay. Two weeks ago a party was given, at which Odorn and Cheek, with their wives, were present. For awhile the sound of revelry ran high, until the free use of liquor gave evidence that the affair was to turn into a saturnalia of crime. John Cheek was lying upon a sofa when Odorn came in and the two began talking of old times. Cheek referred to the debt of gratitude which he owed Odorn and said he could never repay him. Odorn replied that he could always get along well enough with men, but sometimes he found old women were a little troublesome. To this Cheek seemed to agree. Then Odorn insinuated that Cheek's wife was a liar. Cheek replied that he had the same opinion of Odorn's, and added: "My friend, what you have said stung me." By this time the attention of the dancers was directed to the two men, when Cheek jumping up, pulled out a revolver and fired two shots. Then rushing through the company, he made his escape.

Odorn fell dead in the arms of one of the dancers, and thus the house of revelry was changed into a house

of mourning. In the excitement consequent, the murderer escaped. Dogs were placed upon his track the next day, and after scouring the country for miles around a trail was struck, which led to his capture in Laurens county. It was with the utmost difficulty that the officers saved him from being lynched. He was committed to jail on a charge of murder.

Arthur Orton out of Jail.

London, Oct. 20.—The Tichborne claimant was secretly brought to Pentonville prison last night. He was discharged this morning, quite unexpectedly to himself. His time had still three days to run. At Scotland Yard the claimant received a ticket-of-leave requiring him to report monthly by letter to the authorities. He appeared to be in good health. He will remain quiet for the present, keeping his residence a secret. The suddenness and secrecy of his release baffled the purpose of the claimant's supporters and friends who had intended to welcome him at the prison gates. The Tichborne claimant first made himself known in 1868, after Lady Tichborne had advertised for information concerning her son, Roger Charles Tichborne, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, in 1854. If Roger were alive at the time the advertisements were inserted he would have been heir to the title and estates of his father, Sir James Tichborne. The claimant when first heard of was a butler at Wagga Wagga, Australia, and was known as Thomas Castro. His real name was supposed to be Arthur Orton. After corresponding with Lady Tichborne he sailed from Australia for England, arriving in London December 25, 1867. He went to Paris, was accepted by Lady Tichborne as her son and was supplied with money by her. Nearly every other member of the family repudiated him as an impostor but he found many other persons in England who recognized him as the long-lost heir. In March, 1867, he filed a bill in chancery to restrain the trustees of the estates from setting up certain outstanding terms as an answer to any action he might bring to recover the property. The commencement of the action was delayed nearly four years and in the mean time Lady Tichborne died. The case excited extraordinary attention. A great many believed in the claimant and he raised considerably money by the sale of bonds payable upon his coming into possession of the property. On May 11, 1871, the trial for the recovery of the estate in Hampshire and Dorsetshire valued at \$120,000 a year, was begun in the Court of common Pleas and was brought to a close by the jury declaring themselves satisfied that the claimant was not Roger Charles Tichborne. He was immediately ordered into custody to be tried for perjury. The trial for perjury was begun in the Court of Queen's bench April 23, 1871, and continued 188 days. He was found guilty and sentenced to four years penal servitude. He was sent to Millbank and subsequently transferred to Dartmoor prison. Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton (as the indictment ran), was entirely ignorant of incidents connected with Roger's residence in France and knew no French, which Roger spoke better than he did English. The handwriting of the two were entirely unlike. Roger was well educated, while the claimant was grossly illiterate. Roger was thin; his hair was straight, his ears adhered to the sides of his head. The claimant was enormously fat; he was an inch taller than Roger; his head was larger; his ears were dependent and free; his hair was inclined to curl. One of Roger's arms was tattooed with his initials. No such marks could be found on the claimant. Despite these proven facts a number of people still believe that the claimant is the real Sir Roger Tichborne, and one of his supporters, it is stated, has presented him with an annuity of \$2,500. — London Telegraph.

Cause and Remedy for Bloody Milk.

This trouble is one of the most frequent in the dairy and is one of the most difficult to manage. After having investigated it and experimented with it carefully, I came to the conclusion that it was a constitutional defect and depending upon defective milk secretion. This made it necessary to investigate it physiologically to find the cause of it. No doubt it may be produced occasionally by injury, but in this case the bloody appearance of the milk is wholly different from that of the usual and unexplained trouble. When a cow is injured by blows or by violence of any kind, as chasing by dogs, riding each other, etc., the milk is streaked and mixed with actual blood, which differs very much from the usual red fluid, which is not apparent, or scarcely so, until it separates from the milk at the bottom of the pan; so that the constitutional causes is easy to distinguish. The red fluid in the latter case is not blood; that is, under the microscope it presents quite a different appearance, and the strings of red blood globules which are seen in blood do not appear. Moreover it will not form a clot and fibrine cannot be produced from it. It is in fact milk in its transitive stage from blood, uncompleted and secreted before it is wholly changed. It contains albumen and no casein, but the fatty globules of the sugar exist in it in about the same proportions as in milk, and just here comes in a very pertinent fact, well known to physiologists, viz., that "potash is perfectly indispensable to the formation of milk from the blood, because it is the agent by which the albumen of the blood is converted into the casein of the milk in the body of the cow." (Playfair). This is a most important thing for dairymen to know, because it is a key to the right system of feeding for milk product, and will enable them to choose such foods as are rich in potash as the best means of increasing the yield of milk, and for avoiding this very prevalent trouble which we are here discussing. For if a cow is fed with food rich in nitrogen, by which blood rich in albumen is produced, and there is a deficiency in the indispensable potash, it is quite reasonable to expect this very result, viz., a partly formed milk, or milk in which the elements of blood exist to excess; and these elements may carry with them the red coloring matter of the blood, along with the excess of albumen, for the albumen alone may be excessive in the milk, and this will give rise to many difficulties which occur in the dairy from this unsuspected cause. It would occupy too much space if I were to mention a small part only of the tests I have made in this direction, as well as in others, in regard to the effects of feeding upon the milk of cows. But one in particular will perhaps be interesting. It was the case of a pure-bred Ayrshire heifer with her first calf. I was then feeding cotton-seed meal and malt sprouts, the most highly nitrogenized food we can use. This heifer's calf refused the milk, which seemed to be good, at the first milking.

None of my calves ever sneaked but all have been taught to drink from the first. The milk was set aside, and in a short time separated into two layers—one the rich yellow colostrum and the other a red fluid like blood, and about half of each. This heifer's milk remained so for several weeks, during which I waited patiently for a change. I then changed her food, giving malt spirits (containing 2 per cent of potash), linseed cake meal (14 per cent potash) and rye bran (2 per cent potash), and no dove-mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

I then gave one-

ounce doses of potash (the common saleratus), choosing this rather than the commonly used sulphate (nitrate of potash), and in two weeks the red coloring matter wholly disappeared.

Saltpeter, in one-ounce doses, has long been a common remedy among dairymen for this trouble; but it invariably acts upon the kidneys too much, and so reacts upon the milk production. I think if your correspondent (page 842) and others who so often complain of this trouble will follow out this plan, and will guard against giving cotton seed meal, but use more linseed and rye bran, they will be greatly relieved from this trouble. One more point should not be missed, which is that there are several weeds frequently found in pastures which seem to cause this trouble and others, and these, as indeed all weeds, should be carefully exterminated. — Correspondence Country Gentleman.

A Young Bride's Experiment.

I hold it to be a truth constantly self-evident that every man will defend a woman against all men except himself. If you haven't noticed it already, you have only to look for it an hour or so in any place of mixtures of the sexes. Clap your eyes on a pretty woman without male escort, and two phenomena will become obvious. Firstly, there will be a large amount of open and covert staring at her, to all of which her obliviousness is, of course, only assumed. Secondly, if one of the starers happens to realize that others are at the same game, he will manifest plainly his disgust at such treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly ignoring his offense. A husband and wife got into a street car. The man was somewhat dandish in dress. The woman was under 20, and as pretty as nature and art are in the habit of combining to produce. They were chatting on the very subject that I have here introduced.

"Perceval, dear," said she, "I will prove to you that I am right, and take only ten minutes to do it, if you'll promise not to get angry about it."

He closed the contract. Then she drew herself up as though the husband sitting beside her was an entire stranger and waited for the car to fill with passengers at Union square.

"Now," she whispered behind her fan, "observe how I am ogled when alone."

Within five minutes he saw that half a dozen masculine passengers, from hoary age to callow youth, eyed his bride with more or less audacity, and several manifestly would not have needed the smallest beginning of a wink on her part to seize upon her then and there. That part of the exhibition was a triumph for the wife, but the most curious feature of her experiment remained to be tried.

"You certainly do seem to attract a great deal of admiration," said the husband, supposing the pretended strangeness was at an end. She lifted her eyebrows in simulated surprise, as though an impertinent fellow had unwarrantably accosted her, and pointedly turned her face away from him. He understood her now, she drew her shoulder away from contact with his. By this time the spectators were believing that he was annoying her dreadfully, and scornful glances were aimed at him. A man arose from the opposite side. "Will you exchange seats with me?" he very gallantly and politely said, lifting his hat most deferentially.

Now he had been foremost among the original oglers—the veriest simpleton of them all.

"Thank you, sir," she replied; "but I prefer to sit beside my husband."

Thus with the same stone she killed that vulture bird and the dove-mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Clover Hay for Cows.

The American dairyman thus tersely states a fact which should be known by all who keep cows: "It is a matter of experience that clover hay far is better fodder for cows than timothy hay. The reasons for this are various: First, clover is almost always in better condition when cut than timothy, being younger and tenderer, and consequently richer in nutriment and more digestible than if cut later; second it is better cured as a rule, because it must necessarily be less dried save the leaves or it can be to more highly dried with impunity; third, clover is richer in nitrogenous matter than timothy and the nutriment contained in it is more digestible. Thus clover hay contains from 11 per cent in poor quality to 15 per cent in the best of nitrogenous matters, while timothy hay contains 9, mixed hay from 7 to 12 per cent; of these substances in clover from 7 to 10 per cent are digestible, while in timothy only 5 per cent, and in mixed hay from 4 to 8 per cent are digestible."

Potatoes for Stock.

When storing the potato harvest those too small for table use should be sorted out, kept, and judiciously fed, as to their value for milk cows experiments have proven them to exceed that of almost every other root. As a feed for calves they make one of the very best substitutes for milk, containing as they do 16 cent starch in a natural state, and 60 per cent in a dry state. They should be boiled as for table use, the skins removed, mashed thoroughly and put into milk. Calves eat them in this way greedily, and thrive remarkably well. They will not cause scours as grain feed does, and tend to keep the appetite regular. As a feed for horses in winter time, the potato possesses rare qualities as a regulator; they may be given once or twice a week, say in measures of a few quarts. For hogs they should be boiled, mashed and mixed in the swill barrel with kitchen slops and milk, with a liberal quantity of wheat bran or cornmeal added. This makes one of the best feeds for swine and puts them in a healthy and thriving condition for fattening and wonderfully saves in pork making when compared with corn or grain feeding alone. Potatoes are profitable as a spring feed for sheep. They give strength, health and appetite, and produce milk abundantly. For sheep, they should be cut and fed raw once a day. Of the best methods is to cut fine and mix with bran or ground oats. As a feed for breeding ewes in spring, we would prefer to have 50 per cent of the feed potatoes, by weight, than to have the whole amount either oats or corn. Potatoes, boiled, mashed and mixed with corn meal, and fed hot, are excellent for chickens in winter. We know a poultry dealer who always uses this mixture and for health of fowls and production of eggs, no henry, to our knowledge, excels his, according to the number of chickens kept. — Tribune and Farmer.

The "Fancy Farmer's" Work.

So far as the scientific spirit has infected the great agricultural class, it has developed the species known as the fancy farmer, and the rest have had many little jokes at his expense. But where would agriculture be to-day if it were not for these? They have improved all domestic animals till they only faintly resemble those from which they sprang. The wild hog has become the Berkshire, with its ham quadrupled over that of its sire; the cow's milk has sprung from pints to gallons; the stork of the bullock is now what King James never tested; the horse trots in 2:08, and will soon go in 2:00 and so they have made every animal kept for the science of man more useful and beautiful. They have brought guano from Peru and nitrate of soda from Chile. They have ground up gypsum, bones and garbage, and treated them with acids and produced fertilizers of peculiar value. A fancy farmer in Vermont a few years ago originated the Early Rose potato, which has added millions of dollars to the wealth of the country.