

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 3.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1884.

NO. 19

BUSINESS CARDS.

L. F. LANE, JOHN LANE,
LANE & LANE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Land a Speciality.
Office on Main Street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Roseburg, Oregon.
J. M. SHOL, JOHN A. GEAY
Sign & Seal
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.
Office—Holland building, opposite Blanche Hotel.
W. S. LAIR,
Attorney at Law,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.
T. G. OWEN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
S. H. HAZARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
EMERITUS CITY, OREGON.
J. W. BENNETT,
Attorney at Law.
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
D. L. WATSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
COOS CITY, OREGON.
J. H. NOSLER,
Notary Public.
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.
CARL H. VOLKMER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
EMERITUS CITY, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
Will practice in all the courts of Oregon.
A. M. CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
General Insurance Agency.
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
J. P. EASTER, M. D.
PEDIATRIC, SURGERY AND OBSTETRICIAN.
Special attention given to diseases of women and children, and all chronic forms of disease. Cases of obstetrics \$10; teeth extracted for 50 cents each. Special treatment for Rheumatism and Neuritis by the most reliable vapor bath.
Office at residence in Coquille City.
C. W. TOWER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
W. C. ANGELL, M. D.
Physician and Accoucheur,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.
O. E. SMITH,
Sergeon Dentist,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
J. M. VOLKMAR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
EMERITUS CITY, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
J. A. DEAN,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.
GENERAL AGENCY for the sale of City property, houses and lots, lumber, farms, ranches, etc. Office in Herald building.
J. F. HALL,
Surveyor.
For Coos County, Oregon.
Office: With T. G. Owen, Esq., Marshfield.
Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice. v1n17.
A. H. Wright
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,
Coquille City, Or.
Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v1n17.
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 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.

Bread on the Waters.

A poor vine-flower that clung into
A small and fragile wayside weed,
Shook out a drop of crystal dew
That there might live a star ingreased.
The years sped on—a double score
Had sailed into oblivion's sea—
When by an hundred times or more
Climb up a strong and giant tree.
HE "RAISED" ON HIM.
Concerning the sale to Jay Gould
of the Missouri Pacific railroad by
Commodore Garrison, who then
owned it outright, there is a story
told which is eminently character-
istic of Commodore Garrison's well
known determination and grit.
The Commodore had bought the
property for \$800,000 at a foreclo-
sure sale, when it was in a very
unpromising and bankrupt condi-
tion. When Mr. Gould wanted to
buy the road he sent Russell Sage
to make the negotiations with the
Commodore. The latter was smart
enough to know that Mr. Gould
wanted the Missouri Pacific very
badly.
"I want \$1,000,000 for it," said
the bluff Commodore.
"Dear me, Commodore," said Mr.
Sage, insinuatingly; "you only paid
\$800,000 for it yourself."
"The price to you is \$2,000,000."
"That's too much," said the fru-
gal Mr. Sage.
"Good day, sir," said the Com-
modore.
Next day Mr. Sage, after con-
sulting with Mr. Gould, came
again to see the Commodore.
"I think we'll take the road at
your price, Commodore," said he.
"What price?"
"Why, \$200,000."
"That was yesterday's price.
To-day I want \$3,000,000."
"Good gracious, Commodore!
you said yourself that you would
sell for \$2,000,000."
"So I would if you had taken it
then. Now I want \$3,000,000. If
you will take it now you can have
it for that. If not it will cost you
more."
The good Mr. Sage was greatly
perplexed and said he would again
have to consult Mr. Gould. He
begged the Commodore to wait
until the next day and not make
another raise in the price, but the
shrewd old gentleman would not
promise.
On the following day Mr. Gould
himself went to see the Commo-
dore and it was diamond cut dia-
mond. The great operator was
willing to give \$3,000,000, but the
Commodore had advanced the fig-
ure again to 4,000,000. This
Gould positively refused to pay,
whereupon the Commodore quiet-
ly announced his intention of ex-
tending the line of the Missouri
Pacific so as to make it run paral-
lel with some of Mr. Gould's west-
ern roads and take away the busi-
ness of the latter. Then Gould
came down and paid the \$4,000,
000.—Ex.

CHINESE LOTTERY GAMES.

The following from the San
Francisco Chronicle shows how
some white people are attached to
the Chinese, and calls for a reme-
dy—not that the whites get more
than their deserts, but from an
anti Chinese standpoint:
"There are twenty-seven Chi-
nese lottery companies in this city.
Among them are the Eagle Head,
Quong Tai, Star Head, Green head,
Clock, etc. Each company has
two drawings a day, and at 3 and
one at 10 p. m. making fifty-four
drawings daily. There are 378
clerks and 500 agents, who, with
the cappers and outside watchmen,
make 1000 Chinamen employed in
the lottery business, besides the
proprietors. The salaries and com-
missions paid by the twenty-seven
companies amount to more than
\$720,000 per annum and the profits
remaining to the proprietors are
enormous. There are at least
3000 white persons of all ages and
conditions, who are regular patrons
whose average playing is \$1 a day,
or \$1,095,000 a year, and as nearly
all the winnings are invested in
tickets, this amount represents about
what the lottery companies win
from their white patrons yearly.
The wily Mongolians occasion-
ally announce that a certain com-
pany has become bankrupt by
heavy losses, or they do not pay
the full amount that a winning
ticket calls for, declaring that the
players have won so heavily that
they are obliged to pro rate their
payments. This is a favorite ruse,
as it encourages the playing of
higher stakes, each victim imagin-
ing that he will be the next one
to break the company. Another
mode of encouraging the players
is the employment of cappers who
announce their winnings at every
opportunity in the hearing of the
faint-hearted player or in the pres-
ence of any new "clump" whom
they can induce to play.
Agencies are scattered all over
the city—in cigar stores, laundries
and underground dives. Some of
these places are protected by heav-
ily barricaded doors and some by
watchmen, who give the alarm on
the approach of an officer, and
they are all provided with means
of destroying any evidence of
gambling in case of a raid. Formerly
these agencies were con-
ducted altogether by Chinese, but
the business has become so lucra-
tive and the patrons so numerous
that white men have obtained
agencies, and there are many
places kept by white men in San
Francisco, where tickets for any
of the Chinese Companies may be
obtained, accompanied by stories
of new large winnings have just
been made by mythical players
and that new players are invari-
ably "lucky." Notably among these
white agents is Charles Peterson,
who ostensibly keeps a saloon at
21 Montgomery avenue, and who
was arrested by Sergeant Reeves
on Sept. 7, 1882, for conducting a
lottery agency. Five other persons
were taken into custody at the
same time and charged with visit-
ing a lottery agency. This arrest,
however, did not break up the
agency, as it is at present in full
blast and crowds of the vota-
ries of the Celestial cornucopia
gather every afternoon and even-
ing to compare their tickets with
the drawings of marked tickets for
the next drawing. Among the
white players there are very few
who will acknowledge the amount
which they have lost. Some,
however, boast of their bad success.
An employe of a steamship com-
pany, who receives a large salary,
has admitted he had lost \$4000
in the past three years, while a street
railroad employe lost nearly every
cent he had earned since he began
playing three years ago, and had
never won more than \$7 at one
time. Several players expressed
a wish that the agencies were all
closed up, as they could never save
a cent as long as they could find
an opportunity to buy Chinese
lottery tickets.

Female Smugglers.

At the Walkerville Ferry landing,
on the Detroit side, the Customs
Department has placed a lady de-
tective, who is doing service in de-
tecting the smuggling of straw
braid, which is carried on by many
of the fair sex of Essex county,
particularly the residents of the
township of Sandwich East. The
lady is Mrs. W. Clark. She has
now been about six weeks in the
employ of the Customs Department
at this place, and avers that she is
getting to be quite an adept at de-
tecting smuggling.
"Do I catch many smuggling you
ask? Oh; sometimes as many as
three a day."
"How do they conceal the braid?"
"They have several ways of con-
cealing it. Some wrap it up in a
bundle and make it in yard loops,
tie it around themselves and then
lace their corset over it, and ano-
ther plan is to pass a string through
the loops, tie the string around the
waist and let the loops hang with
the skirt. Some of the women are
very skillful in concealing the
braid, and when it is hidden in the
last manner it is very hard to de-
tect, as the form is slightly or not
at all out of shape."
"What is the duty on braid?"
"The duty is 20 per cent, but the
value of the braid varies from \$1 to
\$4 per 100 yards. Sometimes when
expensive and costly braid is being
smuggled the woman will pay the
duty on a lot of cheap articles as a
blind."
"How many cards can be comfort-
ably concealed in the manner stated?"
"The most braid that I have
found concealed on one person was
463 yards. This woman was partic-
ularly slender and could conceal
more and not be detected owing to
this. One day last week I took a
little less than one thousand from
three women, all of which they had
concealed. The smuggling is car-
ried on mostly during the last two
days of the week, the fore part
of the week being given to the manu-
facturing of the braid. The season
for braid has just commenced, and
it will be smuggled extensively.
"What excuse do they make when
caught?"
"They generally act very pitiful
and are willing to pay the duty;
but it is too late and the braid is
confiscated."
A man who was formerly employ-
ed in the Customs Department espe-
cially in regard to the capturing
of the straw braid smugglers, said:
"It's a shame for the Customs De-
partment to place spies to detect
these poor women whose only
means of support is by the manu-
facture and sale of this braid.
More attention should be paid to
the well-to-do class and reverse the
saying: 'The rich get all the money
while the poor get all the Justice.'"
—Detroit Free Press.

Not so Green as They Looked.

"Ere you are! Walk right in!
The grandest exhibition of living
curiosities on the globe, together
with a dramatic entertainment no-
where hequaled in the city, and all
for one dime—10 cents; 10 cents,
do you hear? Come right along! In
one 'awf' hour the performance be-
gins."
Thus sang unceasingly a young
man in checked clothes, with an el-
evated nose and a protruding chin,
as he stood in front of the New
York Dime Museum, at No. 210
Bowery, with glaring pictures for a
background, and tried to drown a
cornet which was tooting lustily
above him. The strain attracted
two innocent-looking countrymen
with slouched hats and cotton un-
dresses, who were strolling in won-
derment up the Bowery, and in
they walked. A man with blonde
mustache and a suave air, who sat
in the box and so'd reserved seats
at the head of the stairway, marked
their entrance, and his eyes fairly
moistened with pleasure as they
gazed at the fat woman and then
turned with open mouths to the lit-
tle midget by her side. And when
one nudged the other and said out
loud; "By gum, this beats all na-
ture! We ain't got nothin' like
this down our way, hev' we?" The
oily man could scarcely keep from
laughing with joy. Finally, when
they had stared at the beautiful
Circassian girl, watched the glass
blowers make their fragile wares,
and were apparently on the point
of going, the suave man approached.
"Ah, gentlemen, have you seen
the entire show?"
"Wal, I reckon we purty much
hev."
The stereoscopic views, the bones
of the mastodon, and the Asterome?
"No we ain't seen them yet.
What are they?"
"These are the views," said he,
pointing to holes in the wall, where-
in dreadful scenes of carnage could
be observed, "and there are the
bones of a mastodon, which we have
procured at an enormous expense.
I shall take you in my private room
to show you the Asterome."
"Perlite, ain't he?" said one of
the countrymen delightedly.
There were two other coun-
trymen in the room, and they were
buying tickets and drawing prizes
from the contrivance which was
pointed out as the Asterome. They
pulled out prizes at every draw.
"I reckon I'll take a chance,"
said one countryman, after watch-
ing it a moment.
"Whoop!" he exclaimed a mo-
ment afterward as a gold ring fell
to his ticket.
"Ah, you are lucky," exclaimed
the suave gentlemen, laughing
heartily. "I have another game
here, which is equally pleasant.
Won't you try that too?"
"No, I guess not," answered the
countryman coolly. "This has
gone about far enough, and I guess
we'll take you in."
"W-h-a-t!" exclaimed the suave
gentleman aghast. "What do you
mean?"
"I mean that we are officers,"
and the two countrymen threw back
their coat lapels and let two shin-
ing badges disclose their signifi-
cance.
"Well, I'll swear," exclaimed the
suave gentleman as he sank help-
lessly into a chair.
In the room below the officers
secured another prisoner, and cap-
tured two 12-year-old girls who
were in the place. The two pris-
oners were Philip Spieldock and
Thomas Wilson. One was held at
the Tombs yesterday for violation
of the lottery laws, and the other
for permitting minors to frequent
the museum. The two 12-year-old
girls were Maggie Murphy, of No.
211 Elizabeth street, and Sarah
Ballance, of No. 42 West Tenth
street. Officers Wilson and Stock-
ing, of the Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to children, were

Gathering Seed.

All seeds which can possibly be
secured should be under cover,
writes a correspondent, before
many days are over. As a rule,
we find our finest seeds to be those
harvested in July and August; Oc-
tober-saved ones are seldom of such
high quality. I am speaking now
of such seed as peas and beans. In
private gardens it would never pay
for anyone to attempt to save all
their own seeds, as they can be
bought more cheaply, and, as a rule,
of better quality—an important
point; but there are many little
odds and ends in the way of choice
varieties of flowers and vegetables
in the saving of which many take
an interest. Sometimes when we
have met with an extra good onion
or tomato we have put it aside for
seed, and we have done the same
with stocks and asters, celosias, zin-
nias and similar material, and by
carefully selecting the best, year
after year, much good has been the
result. Seeds from plants of infer-
ior growth, either of flowers or
fruits, should never be saved, as in
that case the stock would degener-
ate, but improvements in all shapes
and forms should be raised and
preserved. Seed-bearing plants
cannot be grown too much in the
sun. This is of the utmost impor-
tance, as full development and im-
maturity should be encouraged.
About the time seed is ripening it
should be looked over almost daily,
and harvesting should begin before
the pods open. In July and Aug-
ust seed ripens very fast, and there
is no trouble in drying it, but now
it needs more attention. One of the
best places in which to dry any
kind of seed at the present time is
a vineyard from which the grapes
have been cut and where there is a
free circulation of air. If laid out
on boards or mats or hung up on
the vine wires everything will be
satisfactory. Empty frames with
the lights drawn over them are also
good places in which to dry seeds,
and open, airy sheds answer the
purpose very well, but nothing can
be done now in the way of open-air
drying. All seeds should be cut
when quite dry, and no attempt
should be made to work with them
in the open air, when they are in
anyway damp. When rain falls
day after day and seeds nearly ripe
are in danger of decaying, it is best
to allow some to do so, and trust to
having fine weather to secure the
remainder, as seeds harvested un-
der such circumstances are never
satisfactory.—The Garden.

Subscribe for the HERALD.