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BUSINESS CARDS.

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Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members of this order, in good standing, are cordially invited.
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Meets at Coquille City every Monday evening. Visiting members, in good standing, are cordially invited.
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Meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren, in good standing, cordially invited.
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Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.
Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening on or before the full moon in each month.
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Meets at Coquille City, on every first and third Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
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The Story that Never Grows Old.

A youth and a maiden low talking,
He eger; she, shrinking and shy;
A blush on her face as she listens,
And yet a soft tear in her eye.
Oh! sweet bloomed the red damask roses,
And sweet sang the thrush on the spray,
And bright was the glimmer of sunshine
That made the world fair on that day.
But oh! not so sweet the red roses,
So sweet the bird's song from above,
So bright the gold glimmer of sunshine,
As was the sweet glimmer of love
That fell on that pair in the garden,
As 'mid the fair flowers they strolled;
And there as 'twas first told in Eden,
Again was Love's tender tale told.

AT THE GUILLOTINE.

Few men have stood on the scaffold and faced the French guillotine under sentence of death, with necks bared for the cruel knives, and have tried to describe their sensations under the terrible ordeal, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is like calmly, coolly meeting the monster Death, having been almost as one dead as far as feelings are concerned, having hidden farewell to the world forever, and only lacking in the complete experience of death the momentary physical twinge, if twinge there be, that makes the severing of the head from the body and the dissolution of life. Captain Carlo de Rudio, one of the companions of Orsini, in the conspiracy against the life of Napoleon III, and one of the men who threw a hand-grenade at the Emperor, all of which is a matter of history, has passed through this experience. Captain de Rudio is now an officer in the Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A. He is unwilling, as a rule, to talk about this part of his life, but in a friendly conversation with a reporter he gave a vivid and graphic picture of the scene on the scaffold and of the incidents connected with this fateful period of his life. De Rudio was the youngest of three condemned men, and had a wife just 16 years old with an infant in her arms. Mrs. De Rudio was an English girl, and, in the hope of saving her husband through English influence, she excited the pity of Queen Victoria, who communicated with the Empress Eugenie and obtained her promise that she would do all in her power to save his life. The Emperor would do nothing himself, and insisted on leaving the whole question of pardon with the Senate. The Senate met on the night before the day set for the execution of De Rudio and his companions. Napoleon himself opened the session, and in a speech to the senators so placed the matter of pardoning the Italians that to have voted for the pardon would have been to have declared one's self a friend of revolution and an enemy of the Emperor. A majority of the senators were, in fact, republicans, and in favor of pardon, but the speech of the Emperor made it impossible for them to vote in accordance with their convictions without bringing ruin on themselves. The Empress, when she heard what had been done by the Senate, found that it was impossible to influence Napoleon. It seemed inevitable that De Rudio should die and that the prayers of his young wife would be in vain. The second place in the trio had fallen to the lot of Captain De Rudio and he was to die immediately after the first victim and before Orsini, who was the last. In accordance with the rule in France, the prisoners were notified of the fact that they had to die, at 6 o'clock, one hour before the time of the execution. Priests were admitted to their presence and all preparations made for death. De Rudio had completed the arrangements for his expected dissolution had bidden farewell to his wife and child, and a few minutes before 7 o'clock was led by his guard to the scaffold. It was the 13th of March, a cold, blustering day, with

an unpleasant mixture of snow, rain and sleet falling. A most disagreeable, gloomy day more fitted for the scene that was to take place could not well be imagined. Captain de Rudio had his arms bound behind him, and his clothing had been stripped from his neck and shoulders almost to his waist, to give the glittering, curved blade, which he could see suspended before him, a free and unobstructed course through his neck. The black cap had been adjusted on his head preparatory to being drawn over his face. He was very fond of smoking, and had requested the privilege of emptying a final pipe, which had been granted by the guard, and he was puffing away in a dripping rain calmly awaiting the stroke of the bell which should announce the time for his death. The hand of the clock pointed to just 6:55 when a man was seen to pass through the prison gate and hurriedly make his way to the scaffold, which he mounted and through the path made for him by the guard he walked to where De Rudio was standing, scarcely noticing surrounding objects, so intent was he upon his own thoughts.
"This is a cold, unpleasant day to be out in such costume, my friend," he remarked to De Rudio.
"Yes," was the nonchalant reply, "but I don't care a— I haven't time to catch cold."
De Rudio did not know the person who had spoken to him, but he noticed that he was covered with decorations, and in deference to his supposed rank he apologized for keeping the pipe in his mouth, and said: "Excuse me for continuing to smoke, but I cannot take the pipe out of my mouth, and besides I am a great smoker, and as this is the last pipe I expect to smoke, I want to get the full benefit of it."
"Oh, go ahead and smoke," was the smiling rejoinder, "but I'm happy to say that you will probably smoke many more."
"I hardly think so; I will be dead in a few minutes," said De Rudio.
"No you won't because I have a reprieve for you."
"But if I am not executed at 7 o'clock, according to law, I cannot be executed at all under this sentence."
"Never mind about that. That is my business. Go to your cell and I will call and explain all at 9 o'clock."
The gentleman then gave hurried orders to the guard, and they immediately conducted De Rudio to the death cell. As he was passing through the open space from the scaffold, Orsini entered the gate going toward the scaffold. With a common impulse they stopped and kissed each other.
"What is the matter?" asked Orsini.
"I don't know. I only know I am not to die yet," rejoined De Rudio.
"Better two than three," replied Orsini, as the soldiers hurried him on. Just as De Rudio entered the gate, he turned his head for a moment. Orsini had mounted the scaffold and at the same moment he turned his head their eyes met and both bowed. That was the last they saw of each other.
At 9 o'clock the private secretary of the Empress, for he it was who had interposed at the critical moment in his behalf, called on De Rudio and explained the whole affair to him. When the Empress found that nothing could be done through the Senate or the Emperor, she sent at the last moment to the Prefect of Police and ordered him not to execute the youngest of the trio and he obeyed the order.
Napoleon was very angry at the interference, but it was impossible to execute De Rudio under the same sentence and he went through the form of another trial and was

again condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to life exile. He escaped from exile and, coming to America, entered the Federal services in 1863, serving through the latter part of the Civil War.—Boston Herald.
The Driving Horse.
No youth should be permitted to have, own or drive a horse for pleasure, until he understands how to care for it properly, and does so. The only way to keep a good horse so, is by care. If you do not have to do the work yourself, it is necessary to know how, so you can intelligently direct the labors of others. Before starting for a long drive, do not, as some foolishly do, give your horse an extra heavy feed; but give him only his regular feed, and leave the extra for him when he comes back. Drive moderately for the first few miles, until your horse gets settled, then you can go faster without injury. Many a fine horse has been spoiled by feeding heavily, harnessing at once and then putting him down to his speed from the start. When returning, slow up and walk your horse, or only jog him, for a mile or so from home, if you have had a long and spirited drive, so as to cool him off. It does not hurt a horse to water him while en route, even if he is warm, unless he is much over-heated, if you do not give him too much, and do not stop longer than to have him watered. The perspiring workers in the harvest field drink liberally of water and keep on with their work without injury. It is only the extremes that work injury to man and beast. If the horse is warm when brought in, sponge out his mouth with cool water, and rub him down briskly with wisps of straw until he is dry, and walk him around if he is very warm, to cool off gradually. If the weather is hot, put him in the stable, let him remain unblanketed, (unless he has been clipped) and out of a draught. If the weather is cold, put on a light cover until he cools and dries, and afterwards blanket or not as has been the custom. Have the shoes reset once a month. Use plain shoes with the heels a little thickened—not calked or toed, five nails will generally be enough if properly put in. In times of ice and sleet when the roads are slippery use frost nails, renewed as often as necessary, and you will have no trouble from slipping.
Keep him on a ground floor, in a stall. If the feet become dry and hard do not use oil or grease, but clean out the feet, soak them in salt water, putting one foot in at a time in a bucket, and then chafe it briskly until thoroughly dry. After this fill at night the foot with fresh cow dung, well pressed in, letting it remain over night, and cleaning out the next morning, and washing and chafing as before. Two or three applications of this simple remedy will generally effect a cure.
For a puller or lugger use a large leather or rubber-covered bit, not a twisted or curb bit. We cured one of the worst luggers we ever owned by adopting just such a bit. The former is humane and effective, while the latter is cruel in the extreme, and makes a horse much more desperate and dangerous.
A little linseed meal, given occasionally, will help to keep the coat bright and glossy. If the horse has been out to grass and "slobber" badly, just before you are ready to start give him a head of cabbage—one which is not hard enough for use or sale will do—and it will remedy the unpleasant habit. In grain, oats—good bright and clean—should be the principle food, with an occasional mess of cut feed, roots, etc., to break up the monotony. Bright, sweet timothy hay only, or bright and well cured corn-blades should be the only hay given. Clover is not fit for a driving horse, though it may do for work horses.—Country Home.

Work for Rainy Days.
There are certain things to be done in connection with general farmwork that may be performed to advantage when the weather compels staying within doors. A rainy day rightly employed is often worth more in an economical sense than a week of fine weather. It is worth more if spent in putting things in order and in attending to those repairs that are apt to be neglected on other days. There are so many little things to be done that are overlooked in hurrying times, when the weather is fair. There is a spoke loose here and a bolt out there, the harness needs a little mending, a stable demands slight repairs, a leak in the granary floor wants stopping up, the wagon-rigging needs a little reconstruction, tools are in want of new handles, and other things to be done more than can be thought of now. It would be well to heed the suggestion of an exchange, that if farmers would go to their barns on a wet day and spend their time in making eave-troughs for the barn and stables, and thereby carry away the drip which would otherwise fall on the manure pile, causing a waste of the elements of plant food contained therein, they would make more money that day than they could any fine day in the field. The farmer who understands the use of tools can make for himself many things besides eave-troughs that would be a positive saving to his pocket. Farm implements that are ready to be put away may be cleaned and put in proper shape. Remove the dirt from both wood-work and iron-work. Give the former a coat of boiled linseed oil or of paint. Mineral paint is very cheap and answers the purpose well for protecting the woodwork of implements and machines. It is surprising how an annual coat of cheap paint or oil will make implements last. Rot and rust eat faster than wear. The oil fills the pores of the wood and excludes the moisture. All steel parts should be given a coat of tallow or coal oil. Allowing the moldboard of a plow, or the blade of a spade, shovel or hoe to rust not only shortens the period of usefulness of the implement, but lessens the capability for good, easy work.—Prairie Farmer.
A Change Needed.
A change is needed in the proceedings before the Circuit Court. Especially is this so in reference to the empanelling of the Grand Jury. And the setting of causes for trial. Under our present law litigants are required to be ready with their witnesses from the first day of court until they can get a hearing. Even should their cause be crowded to the last day or go over for the term for want of time. This not infrequently entails needless and numerous expences upon litigants and amounts to an absolute denial of justice. It is inconvenient for the attorney and also for the court and not unfrequently results in confusion and a waste of time. If a law day could be arranged in advance of the term to settle issues at which time the Grand Jury could be summoned and do their work, causes could be set down for trial at a day certain; witnesses could be summoned for the day of trial and would not be compelled to wait for a week at a time at great inconvenience to themselves and enormous cost to the litigants. The counties would save thousands of dollars each year by such an arrangement. The time for the meetings of the court in the various counties can be so arranged if some of our wise legislators give their attention to the subject and introduce the proper bill. Other states have this arrangement; it is found to work well. If the people stir up their representatives to a sense of duty on this subject we can have the change in our statute the coming session of the legislature.—Independent.

No More Mormon in that Family.
Israel Pinkham and wife moved from Maine many years ago to Utah Territory. They passed through Salt Lake the other day on their way to their old home and the old lady made no secret of the cause of their return. To a reporter for a Gentile paper she said: "My husband and I have lived together these fortythree years, and though we joined the Mormons twenty years ago, nothing was ever said about polygamy until this Spring. Then some sneaking priests came round and got the old man worked up with the idea that he must have one or two more wives. 'Not much, Israel Pinkham,' says I; 'we've traveled together this fur, and no Mormon will separate us now. We've got two sons and a darter back East, who shan't have anybody poking fun at them, and there's the twolittle boys we buried back in Maine, who won't have no occasion to pint their fingers at us when we cross over to the other shore. This thing has gone just as far as it's going to, Israel Pinkham, we're going back to Maine,' says I, 'and whether we've got one year or ten years to live, we'll end this here pilgrimage decent, as we begun it.'
"Ain't that what I told you?" said she, addressing the old man, who had been a silent listener. He smiled in a faint way and nodded assent. "We're going back to Maine," continued the old lady, "poorer than when we came out here, but wiser and no wuss, so far as I know. There'll be no more Mormon in this family."
Birds devouring fish.
Captain McLean, of the iron bark Fifth of Lorn, of Glasgow, which sailed from Lytleton, N. Z. April 26th last, passed Cape Horn May 23rd, and arrived at London, Aug. 21st, reports the following singular occurrence: July 22d, when in latitude 20 degrees 1 minute north, longitude 29 deg 48 minutes west, a floating spar was seen, and a boat was lowered and the spar towed alongside. On examination it was found to be valueless, being worm eaten throughout, but a large shoal of fish which had accompanied the spar abandoned it and commenced eating the barnacles from the ship's bottom. This continued until the 25th of July, when in latitude 38 degrees 42 minutes north, longitude 34 degrees 25 minutes west, the fish left the ship after having cleared the ship's bottom, by which the speed of the vessel was increased two knots per hour. Soon afterward a singular commotion was observed on the ocean, which was nearly calm. Birds were seen moving about on the surface with great rapidity, occasionally disappearing beneath the water and coming up again, half strangled. As the vessel approached, it was seen that a shoal of fish several acres in extent was visible on the water. A gamnet or liver would alight on the back of a great fish, spread its tail and wings to catch breeze, dig its claws deep into the finny monster's hide, and go before the wind at such a tremendous speed as soon to drown the animated craft. The bird would then devour the fish at its leisure.—Manchester (Eng.) Courier.
A New York Tribune writer uses buttermilk to kill ticks on sheep, applying it freely along the back so that it pours down on each side. By adding half a pint of kerosene oil to a gallon of buttermilk, and beating it with a whisk to an emulsion, this remedy is made much more effective, as the oil is a very active insecticide, and the milk dilutes it so as to render it harmless to the skin of the sheep or lambs.
The speaker of the House—The wife, generally.
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