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BUSINESS CARDS.

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FOR COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
Office: With T. G. Owen, Esq., Marshfield.
Perfect maps of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice.

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.

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 Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
Chas. S. True, Commander.

FURNITURE STORE,
F. Mark, Prop.,
MARSHFIELD, OGN.
Dealer in Furniture, Doors, Glass and Picture Frames, etc., and Agent for White's Sewing Machines.

LIE UP NEARER, BROTHER.

Dedicated to Brown Owen who died on a sea voyage to California.]

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing colder,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold:
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll be some in your berth,
For my arm will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away.
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother (God assist her,
Now that she is growing old),
Tell her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as I last held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For he said so in his Word.

Oh, my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
As the thunders their hearts stirred;
Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share—
Bark! I hear my Savior speaking,
'Tis I know his voice well,
When I am gone, oh, don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

Marvellous Horsemanship.

A St. Petersburg correspondent, writing to the London Standard, says: "This morning I witnessed a wonderful display of horsemanship. It took place in the Petrofsky Park. Here, in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas and most of the foreign officers and guests a regiment of Cossack Guards went through an extraordinary series of exercises, which threw the most daring feats of the circus into the shade. The entire regiment passed at full gallop, in loose order, with many of the men standing up right in their saddles, others upon their heads with legs in the air, many leaping upon the ground and then into the saddle again at full speed, some springing over horses' heads, and picking up stones from the ground, and yet regaining their seats.

"While performing these feats all were brandishing their sabres and firing pistols, throwing their carbines into the air and catching them again and yelling like maniacs. Some men went past in pairs, standing with a leg on each others' horses; one wild fellow carried off another dressed as a woman. The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as if the whole regiment had gone mad. Upon a signal being given, the regiment divided into two parts. One rode off, then halted and made their horses lie down on the ground beside them, waiting, as in war, the approach of the enemy. The other section of the regiment then charged down, and in an instant every horse was on his feet, every rider in his saddle, and with a wild yell they rode at their supposed enemy. When the maneuvers were over, the regiment rode past singing, and uncommonly well together, a military chorus. Altogether, it was a marvelous exhibition of daring horsemanship, and one hardly knew whether to admire the docility and mettle of the steeds or the skill and courage of the riders. All the foreign officers and guests were no less astonished than delighted."

Information About the Olive.

The Italians have a proverb that an olive grove is a "gold mine on the surface of the earth." Throughout Italy and many portions of Europe olive oil is to the people what butter is to Americans. Pure olive oil, which not one American in 10,000 has tasted, is a most delicious and healthful food, superior to butter for most purposes of cookery. The prejudice against olive oil is destined to die away, and in time the consumption of it in this country must enormously increase. There need scarcely be any fear that the American market will ever get overstocked. In Italy alone 2,250,000 acres are devoted to the olive, and the annual yield of oil is about 90,000,000 gallons. One Italian Consul writes that no unadulterated olive oil is exported from Italy, and statistics show that not enough genuine olive oil fit for table use, is produced to supply the wants of the world. Much that is sold for olive oil is the oil from the cotton or sesame seed. Hog's lard is shipped to Italy from America and comes back in bottles labeled "Olive Oil." These facts have an important bearing upon the question of future profits from olive groves in California.

The profits in olive culture for oil depends greatly upon the quality of the product. In California the best-known and most successful olive grower is Elwood Cooper of Santa Barbara. He began twelve years ago by planting 1000 trees. Now he has 6000 trees, covering sixty acres, and they are nearly all in bearing. He turns out 50,000 bottles of oil annually, which brings a higher price than any imported oil. It is quoted in San Francisco price current at \$13.50 per dozen quarts. A simple calculation will show that the present yield of his trees, at the quoted rate, would be over \$56,000, or nearly \$1000 per acre, although many of his trees have just come into bearing. Mr. Cooper fears no competition and warmly advocates olive culture in California. W. A. Hayne of Santa Barbara county has this year planted 50,000 cuttings, which would be enough for 5000 acres.

It has been found that in California the olive tree yields a much larger quantity of berries and that here they furnish a much better quality of oil than in Europe. Some of Mr. Cooper's trees produced as much as two gallons of berries at the age of four years. A few trees came into bearing the third year. When eight years old a number yielded forty gallons of berries each. The olive tree matures slowly and may be expected to steadily increase its product until at least twenty years of age. It bears for centuries. Its habit is to give a large crop every second year.

According to the consular reports, a galloa of berries weigh about eight pounds, and yields from a pint to a quart of oil. The reports vary greatly in their estimates of the profit of olive culture abroad. It is very meager compared to the returns in California. In Tuscany the value of the average annual yield of mature trees is given at \$62 an acre. In Sardinia the yield of berries is reckoned at only seventy-six gallons an acre. In Spain the best annual income from the finest olive groves is placed at \$58 an acre.

In conclusion this quotation from the report of Felix A. Matthews, United States Consul at Tangier, Morocco, in Africa, where the olive is extensively grown, may be presented as expressing not too sanguine a view of the possibilities of olive culture in California. He says: "The great value and importance of the olive tree is that it will thrive and prosper in

soils where nothing else of value would grow. Those dry soils of arid aspect in many parts of California are the genuine lands for raising the most productive forests of olives, worth in due time at no distant period, millions of money. In Africa, in Greece, and in some parts of Spain, lands once abandoned for their sterility are now in the source of wealth and revenue to communities and to the Government."—Sacramento Bee.

Mutton as Food.

In the production of good mutton, much more depends upon feeding than upon the breed. The flesh of well fed sheep, of every variety, from the Merino to the Downs, is palatable and delicious. The reason that Merino mutton is not better is because of age, bad feeding, and ill-treatment generally. A prominent agricultural editor who has for years said that Merino mutton was not fit to eat was recently presented with two quarters of a pure Merino, which were served upon his table and received the following comments: "Never, anywhere, or of any breed, have we tasted mutton more sweet or tender, and we have eaten the best of Southdown, thousand of times, upon its native heath. The mutton was from a four-year-old pure merino ewe, weighing 117 pounds, and dressing 65 pounds and she would have sheared 18 pounds at the spring shearing. A sample of her wool was one of the best we ever saw, showing both length and quality, and an even texture throughout. No mutton equals a chop from a fat, well-fed young sheep."

I do not insist that Merino mutton is as good as that from the strictly mutton breeders, but I do contend that any sheep will make good and profitable mutton, if properly fed and cared for, an item which will go a long way in pleasing out the short profits of wool-growing. None of the objections urged against the use of pork can be brought against that of mutton. It has never been known to impart disease to its consumers. Trichina, tape worm, and scrofula are produced by eating other meats. The sheep abhor mire, and will taste nothing that is not clean and cleanly served. It is wholly herbaceous, and very neat in its habits. Mutton is as wholesome as any meat, and may be variously prepared for the table. For steady diet it is superior to pork and costs no more. I have reference to mutton, for, in my estimation, only those sheep which are fat and healthy are muttons. Old, decrepit, brokenmouthed, foot diseased animals, such as fill the general market, are not fit for food and do much to prejudice people against mutton. The majority of farmers do not kill a sheep once a year because custom has made the American people great pork and beef eaters.—Ex.

Explosive Paper.

It is said that the strongest explosive now known is blasting paper. It is so cheap that anybody can have some of it. It is the invention of a young man named Petry, who lives in Vienna. This paper is coming rapidly into use for excavations. It is made of common blotting paper. The paper is coated with a hot mixture composed of 17 parts of yellow prussiate of potash, 17 parts of charcoal, 35 parts of refined salt, 70 parts of chlorate of potash and 10 parts of wheat starch added to 1,500 parts of water. The sheets are dipped in the boiling mass and dried. Then are cut into strips, which are rolled into cartridges and the article is ready for use.

The Pittsburg Telegraph groanfully remarks that it will be a lamentable sight in another world to see the straight and narrow path blocked up by the feet of a few Chicago girls.

Butter or Beef?

The principal object seems to be to breed a cow that is the best for milk, butter and beef combined, which is as hard a job as it is to breed a horse for the dry, farm and race-course all in one. Some object to the Jersey because she is too small to turn into beef when she is to old to milk. Now, then it is generally admitted that the Jersey will make two pounds of butter a week more than most of the large breeds, if not all. Allowing such to be the case, which my experience teaches me it is, two pounds of butter a week at 25 cents per pound would be 50 cents a week for, say, the first six months and one pound a week for the next three months would make it \$16 25 in a year; allowing each \$162 50 to be milked ten years, would make in favor of the Jersey for butter. At this age put both up to fat and the Jersey will dress 500 pounds and the larger cow 800, making 300 pounds of beef to offset \$162 50 for butter, which makes pretty dear beef, does it not? This is allowing it costs as much to keep a small cow as a large one.—Western Rural.

A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism.

A Berlin school contains at present a scientific novelty of particular attention, namely, a monster movable globe, made of copper, the work of a blind clock-maker, on the construction of which the energetic man spent seventeen years of his life. The globe, which represents the earth, turns on its own axis by means of mechanism. An artificial moon moves round the globe in twenty-eight days and six hours, while a movable metal band, in which the hours are marked, indicates the mean time in the different parts of the earth. Round the upper part of this immense globe, which weighs a ton and a half, and whose surface measures 126 feet in diameter, spins a railroad car (capable of holding six persons), which serves to give a better view of the regions of the north pole. The painting of the globe is done in oil, and necessitated the employment of two men during one entire year. The sun is represented by an intense Drummond calcium light, which enables the spectator to catch the origin and change of the different portions of the day and early dawn, the twilight, eclipses of the sun and moon, etc.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The Cost of Producing Sugar.

Dr. Peter Collier, until recently chemist of the department of agriculture, and who has taken great interest in the sugar industry, has said that sugar would be produced at a cost of one cent a pound from sorghum. This is undoubtedly too hopeful a view, from the consumers' standpoint, to be realized. We can never expect, or even wish, a manufactured product like sugar, requiring so much labor, at so low a rate as one cent per pound. Such a price would give nothing to either producer or manufacturer. But when Dr. Collier can figure cost down so low as this, we may hope that present prices of sugar, low as they are, will not put a stop to this growing industry. Two years ago, some farmers who grew amber sugar came in 1882 reported a profit varying from \$75 to \$125 per acre from the sale of sorghum syrup. These prices will bear cutting down considerably, and then leave more than most farm crops yield at present prices.—Ex.

Remedy for a Choking Cow.

A simple manner of relieving a choking cow was related to us the other day by an Eastern dairyman, who is sojourning in Portland. He says when a cow gets choked on anything take a tablespoonful of gunpowder in a paper funnel, or other vessel, and taking the cow by the tongue pull it out far as possible, throw the powder as far back on the tongue as you can and the obstruction will fly out like magic. The powder seems to cause a great convulsive cough, which does the work. This is said to never fail unless too late.—Northwestern Farmer.

My husband is a brute.

"My husband is a brute," declared Mme. X. to an intimate friend the other day.
"When, my dear, what is the matter?"
"He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a candlestick at his head; then what do you suppose he did?"
"I don't know."
"Why, he stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other."—French paper.

What they said about their beaux.

A couple of Newman girls were overheard recently, quarling about their beaux.
"I don't care," said Amelia, "your beau has a wooden leg and can't dance."
"I don't care either," said Kitty. "Your beau is near sighted, and every time he goes to kiss you his big mouth goes off before it gets within a foot of your hash-trap!"