

# Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 3.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1885.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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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 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. Truo, Commander.

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Dealer in Furniture, Doors, Glass and Picture Frames, etc., and Agent for White's Sewing Machines. v1 n1 ff

## GONE TO SCHOOL.

The house seems strangely empty and still—  
Gone and dark and sad;  
I miss the patter of little feet,  
And a childish voice so glad.  
I miss the ring of a merry laugh—  
The soft touch of fingers small;  
A mournful silence has settled down  
On our home, like a funeral pall.

Six happy years, like a little queen,  
"Our baby" has sat on her throne,  
But to-day, for the first time, she has gone  
To face the world—alone.  
"Good-by, mamma," she smiling, said,  
But my eyes were dim with tears,  
As I kissed the innocent little face,  
And thought of the coming years.

She must learn the lessons we all have learned.  
The manifold lessons of life;  
Learn them, perchance, with toil and tears,  
Through years of struggle and strife.  
But bravely she starts on the weary road,  
Where so many faint and fall.  
And I pray "God shepherd the fragile soul  
That dwells in that casket frail."

Gone is my baby—and nevermore  
Will my lost one come back to me;  
Never again will my baby be  
The same that she used to be.  
Out in the world have the little feet gone—  
Father, protect her, I pray!  
She left her babyhood far behind  
When she went to school to-day.  
Florence Allister.

## Phil Baird's Dog.

Phil Baird, a man about 40 years of age, arrived in the city to-day on his way East and told a pitiable tale of suffering in the western part of Manitoba. In his own words he says: "I went four years ago and settled on a claim in the Saskatchewan district near the Bow river. I had considerable money, and noticing the splendid quality of the soil, decided to consume it all in improvements. Part of my land was wooded and I soon had a nice garden laid off and a log cabin built. All I had around me was a dog, the most trusty and affectionate canine I ever saw. He was as large as a shepherd dog and had proved his devotion more than once. He was a yellow dog. Prospects were very encouraging for me after I was there for two years, having in that time got possession of a horse and some rough agricultural implements which I made myself. My crops were splendid on what ground I could cultivate, and I always found a ready market at Fort Walsh or Fort McLeod, both places several days' journey. I always made preparations in the fall so that I would not be compelled to go to either fort during the winter, as a journey in the winter meant the signing of one's own death sentence. It would be impossible to pitch a tent for the night during the journey in winter, and then one had no protection against the wolves, which were very fierce and daring. It was the winter of '82, about the middle of February, I became weary of sitting around the cabin with nothing to occupy my mind. I determined to risk all danger I would be subjected to and make

## A TRIP TO FORT WALSH.

So preparing myself and fixing a blanket around my horse, I set out, leaving my dog to take care of itself at home. The day I set out was a fine one and the thermometer could not have registered below zero. The snow was light and I reached the fort in three days from the time I left. The mounted police at the fort were much surprised to see me and were present in their efforts to detain me from undertaking the journey homeward. But I was not to be deterred and I set out on my return, but took a different route. I had bought myself a sled and a few buffalo skins, besides some ammunition to provide against an attack by wolves. It was the third night after leaving the fort, when I was about to rest my horse, that in the distance I heard a savage howl that stirred my blood. Oh, but what a shock that one cry gave me. My blood ran cold through my veins, so well did I know what it meant. My horse understood its meaning, too, for he picked up his ears and gave a low whinny. He did not need any urging, but started at

full gallop and nearly blinded me with snow. I was about forty miles from home, as near as I could judge, but my hopes of ever reaching it were slim. At all events, I determined to die game. The cries came weaker and weaker, and I dared not look behind, but only kept asking myself what I had to live for and who would ever think what became of me if I should furnish a feast for the ravenous beasts. At last my horse began showing signs of exhaustion and I looked to my firearms. I had two pistols, two barrels each, a rifle and a shotgun together, and a fine revolver of six chambers, and when it came to close quarters, I had an ax to defend myself with. After I had made preparations I ventured to glance behind. There they were, only a few hundred yards off, coming like racehorses. There was not over a dozen of them, and I felt that all hope was not lost. My noble steed made a last effort, but

## THE WOLVES

Were soon up with us, so taking my rifle I aimed at the head one and had the satisfaction of seeing him give a leap and fall. About half of his companions fell on him while the others continued after me. When they were within a dozen yards of me I discharged my shotgun among them. It was charged heavily with buckshot and two more fell. The others stopped to devour their companions and I was alone. But it did not last long. I had not proceeded over a mile when they were again in hot pursuit. My horse could not go any further from fatigue, so I reloaded my rifle and shotgun and awaited the onset. They appeared more ravenous than ever; but courage and aim did not fail me and I fired right and left among them. They were right around me and one big giant beast leaped up to grab me, but he fell from a bullet in his head. I looked forward and shot one as it was seizing my horse. There were only two left and I dispatched the one in a hurry, when on turning around I noticed two rolling over and over in front of my horse. Great Scott! if I wasn't surprised to see my dog Yellow in fierce conflict with the remaining wolf. He soon had it at his will and strangled it to death. Such a warm greeting I had with the good fellow; never was a friend more welcome. I was not fully persuaded how the dog found me until I went to the fort next Summer, when they told me that my dog had been there and had only left after satisfying himself that I had gone.—St. Paul (Minn) Day.

A writer in the Ruralist spring stated that a mixture of tar and soft soap and flour-sulphur, would keep the borers out of apple and peach trees. It will do it. I have used it for thirty years and it has never failed, if done in April or May. It will also keep the rabbits and mice from gnawing the bark off of them. In the winter you can paint three or four with this mixture in the time it takes you to wrap one. If you have only a few trees, make a swab and paint them with that. But for a nursery buy a paint brush one and-half or two inches in diameter, and one stroke up the tree four or five feet and one down the other side and the work is done. Do it the first warm day that comes; do not wait; do it now. Receipt: Take two-thirds soft soap and one-third pine-tree tar, put in water enough to make it like thick paint. Add one pound flour-sulphur to the gallon. Boil it all together. When still warm, use. It is not very particular how it is made. I guess at it. I have used it without the tar, and it will do, if it is not a very wet winter. If you have no soft soap, make it by boiling bar soap sliced up in water.—Cor., Rural World.

## THE WEALTH OF THE NATIONS.

The March number of the English Statist publishes some interesting facts concerning the increase of wealth among the nations. Some of the statements are surprising. For example, it appears that while England has doubled her wealth since 1845, France has doubled hers since 1856, and that of the United States has been doubled since 1864. While the wealth of England has grown from 16,300 millions in 1830 to 45,000 millions in 1884, the wealth of France has grown from 10,646 millions to 41,700 millions in the same period. The wealth of the United States, which was 8,430 millions in 1850, when first estimated, has advanced to 57,670 millions in 1884. Our growth in population, however, has been more rapid than that of Great Britain, and hers has been much more rapid than that of France. The United States is the richest country in the world, but Great Britain has the greatest average wealth for each inhabitant, amounting to \$1240 to each person, France \$1092, and \$981 for each inhabitant of the United States. The increase of wealth in England may be accounted equal to that of France, if the fact be considered that the former country has sent out six millions of emigrants in the last thirty-five years. The annual accumulation of capital in Great Britain during the last fourteen years has averaged \$23 a head, and this increase is mainly due to the extension of British shipping, banking business and colonial traffic. Before the second empire, the yearly accumulations in France averaged \$8 per head; during the second empire, \$14; and since \$29 per head. The capital wealth of France is much less than that of Great Britain or the United States, and her yearly earnings are less; but her people are thrifty and save more in proportion to what they gain. From 1850 the annual accumulation of wealth in the United States averaged \$44 a head, and now it is set at \$25 per head. According to these curious calculations the average American adds 7 cents daily to the public fortune, and the United States is \$4,000,000 richer at sunset every day than it was at sunrise. Estimating the accumulations of Europe and the United States at \$11,000,000 daily, and the excess of births over deaths at 11,000, the statistician asserts that for every child born into the world, at least in Christendom, there is an additional fund of \$1000 to provide for its necessities. This is a pleasing thought, altogether at variance with the grim doctrine that man is born to poverty and wretchedness.—Ex.

The petrified wood, which is so abundant in the United States Territories of Arizona, Wyoming and the Rocky Mountain regions is rapidly becoming utilized by the practical American. In San Francisco there is now a factory for cutting and polishing these petrifications into mantel-pieces, tiles, tablets and other architectural for which marble or slate is commonly used. Petrified wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble, or even onyx, the latter of which it is driving from the market. The raw material employed comes mostly from the forests of petrified wood along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. Several other companies have also been formed to obtain concessions of different portions of these forests. Geologists will regret the destruction of such interesting primeval remains, and some steps ought to be taken to preserve certain tracts in their original state.—Ex.

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun? Because he is charged, taken up, and then let off.

## Destructive to the Teeth.

A Hartford dentist, writing to a newspaper concerning the destructive effect upon the teeth of bromide of potassium, which he advises people to take only through a glass tube—or, if they do not, to brush the teeth thoroughly after taking it—says: "The extensive and almost universal use of tonics and sedatives, in the form of iron and bromides—and I will add, the general use of fine wheat and non-bone-making food materials, are what support the vast army of dentists in this country." It is a curious fact that the effects of American food upon the teeth of emigrants who have been used to a coarser and perhaps a more wholesome diet, is more marked than upon the teeth of the sons of American ancestors. As an illustration of this a former dentist of Cincinnati once remarked upon the rich harvest which the members of his profession in that city enjoy during the week of the May festival, which brings into town thousands of recent German emigrants from the surrounding country.—Hartford Courant.

## Keep a Good Resolve.

Two Chicago young men were out in a boat. A storm came up. Death seemed certain. "Tom," said one, "if we ever get out of this I shall never utter another oath so long as I live. Do you know any prayers, Tom?" Tom knew one, and they prayed. They reached the shore in safety, and then they hugged each other and danced for joy. After they had quieted down a little, "Tom," said the one who had resolved to be good, looking very thoughtful, "it was a d-d narrow escape wasn't it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why, Allie, dear, is that the way to begin your dinner?" asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie instead of the bread and butter. "Well, I declare, mamma, I was going to eat my dinner up side down, wasn't I?"

For seven years a New Hampshire mechanic made a circuit of half a mile twice per day rather than pass a powder-house. The other day he learned that it had been empty for eight years.

Alvin M. Dixon, tax collector of Blount county, Ala., collected \$1,700 and on last Friday night he pretended to be called from home, went off and blackened his face and broke into his own house to steal the money. His wife shot and killed him.

## An Honest Man.

In the midst of all the speculation that is going on, it is refreshing to read of one instance in which the public interests is maintained by an honest official. Such is the case as portrayed in the following telegram from Rome, Ga:

This city has a man whose example it commends to the public. One year ago John E. Eads, City Treasurer, had over \$7,000 of the city funds in Hargraves Bank, which was swamped by the failure of that institution. Instead of leaving his bondsmen to pay forfeit, he at once sold his entire possessions, even to extra clothing, realizing therefrom \$5,000, which he paid into the City Treasury. This left him still \$2,000 behind. He then went to work, and by successful business, accumulated enough to wipe out the balance, and yesterday squared himself with the city.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of corn,  
Make the festive whisky  
And the morning horn.  
And the little cocktails,  
Humble though they be,  
Make swelled heads and fill the  
Pen—i—ten—tia—ry.

## Eggs As Food.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. There are no bones and tough places that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains 86 percent water, the yolk 52 per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Eggs are the best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is so offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk as to make them hard to digest, except by those with stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An excellent sandwich can be made with eggs and brown bread. An egg spread on toast is food for a king, if kings deserve any better food than other people, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome, but delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

## Fire at Trenton.

A Trenton, N. J., dispatch of the 21st says: A large portion of the capital building burned early this morning. The flames were extinguished after four hours' fight. The loss will be enormous. The Chancery office, containing all records of the Courts of the State, deeds, etc., were destroyed.

Two explosions were heard in the Quartermaster General's office on the first floor of the northwest corner of the State house this morning. The explosions were followed by flames that shot through the windows, and in ten minutes the apartments were in ruins. The flames followed the steam pipe to the floor above, and quickly set fire to the offices of the Clerks in Chancery. From there the conflagration extended to the Geological Museum on the third floor. In this were many valuable State relics, but the most valuable were sent to the New Orleans Exposition a month ago. The battle flags were rescued by the firemen at the risk of their lives. A sword and saddle of General Kearney's were destroyed.

The fire moved back toward the dome and it looked as though the Supreme Court room and Legislative Chamber would have to go. Books and documents were removed hastily from the offices of the Comptroller, State Treasurer and Secretary of State, and the fire was finally checked at 7 o'clock. All the engines are still playing on the ruins in order that access may be had to the Chancery vaults where exceeding valuable papers relating to thousands of estates are kept. The vaults were not burned, but it is believed will be full of water, which may cause almost as much damage as the fire. The loss will not fall below \$100,000. The part destroyed is the facade of the original house erected in 1795.

The portion containing the Quartermaster General's office and Chancery office was completely destroyed. The other departments were somewhat damaged by water. The Chancery and Supreme Court rooms and Senate and Assembly Chambers remain intact. The entire building was worth \$500,000. It was liberally insured.

The explosion in the Quartermaster General's office, it is thought, was caused by confined gas, which in some way ignites.