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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 Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
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HER TREASURES.

A TRUE STORY.
She had put her little children to bed, and was sitting before the fire, watching the sparks from the back-log fly, then fell on the hearth and expire.
She was sitting alone, for her husband was late, detained at his little store which he kept in the mining-camp. But—hark! Is not that his step on the floor?

She turned with a start, then her face grew pale; for she saw in the lamplight's glare two men, with fierce and menacing looks, who were standing behind her chair.

She did not scream, but she paused to think; then she prayed to Heaven for aid; when one of the men, in a rough voice said: "Well, you don't seem much afraid."

"You're a sensible woman. Just show us the place where you keep your silver and gold, and no harm shall befall you; but if you refuse to show our wealth, shall without."

Come show us your treasures," the other said. Then a sudden smile lighted her face. "I will," she replied, as she took up the lamp. "Follow me; I will show you the place."

She led the way to the children's room, and there, pointing to the bed where, nestling on either pillow, lay a beautiful curly head.

"These are my treasures; I have no more," she said, "neither silver nor gold." As she spoke down the foremost robber's cheek a glancing tear-drop rolled.

"I cannot stand this; let us go," he said. "Little woman, you put us to shame. Your treasures are safe." And they stole away as quietly as they came. J. M. H.

A Timely Confession.

It was the first case in which I had been called upon to act in my newly conferred office of public prosecutor, and, like any ambitious young lawyer, I had felt desirous to acquit myself with credit, and not to disappoint the expectations of my friends.

I had passed for a conviction earnestly and zealously, but not, I trust, unduly so; and when the jury had pronounced the prisoner guilty, and the judge had sentenced him to death, I received, with a clear conscience, the congratulations which greeted me on every side as I left the crowded courtroom. The evidence had been too cogent to leave any misgivings as to the prisoner's guilt, and I felt that in bringing him to justice, whilst I had efficiently discharged my duty, I had done nothing to exceed it.

For the purpose of the present narrative the case may be outlined in a few words.

Some young men, returning late at night from a social gathering, came suddenly upon a man stooping over the prostrate form of another by the wayside. The former at the sound of approaching footsteps, raised himself and fled, the latter remaining motionless.

A portion of the party gave chase to the fugitive, while the rest turned their attention to him who lay on the ground. He was breathing faintly, and when touched uttered a slight moan, but in a few moments all signs of life had disappeared.

An alarm was given, and lights were brought, when an upturned ghastly face was revealed, which was at once recognized as that of Cecil Torrey, a wealthy planter's son. Traces of blood on his clothing led to the discovery of a wound in the left side of the chest, inflicted, apparently, with a narrow-bladed weapon, which had penetrated between two of the ribs.

The man who had run away was caught after a sharp race, and proved to be Richard Short, an old offender, but lately released after a long term of imprisonment. On his person were found young Torrey's pocket book and watch, and his hands were stained with blood. These circumstances, coupled with the direct evidence of those who had surprised the prisoner as it were in the act, made so plain a case that it would have been a sad reflection on my skill had the prosecution not succeeded.

Short, all along, protested that he was not guilty of the murder. At first he doggedly refused to give any account of the articles found in his possession, but, on realizing the danger he was placed in, he acknowledged having taken them from the person of a man whom he said he had discovered lying in what seemed to be a

drunken sleep.

This statement made no impression. A practiced criminal, like Richard Short, has always some explanation ready; and it was only surprising that the latter had not exhibited more fertility of invention.

But Short stuck to his story with obstinate persistence. In spite of the cross-questioning of detectives, and the urgent counsel of religious advisers to disclose the whole truth, he never, by a fair's breath, varied his account, even down to the night preceding the day fixed for his execution.

I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. It would have been a decided relief to have had a frank and full confession from the doomed man's own lips. His statement, however improbable, might by possibility be true. And to be the instrument, however remote, or shedding blood possibly innocent, is not a light thing to have upon the conscience.

My reflections were disturbed by a message from Charles Avon, a young friend of the murdered man, who had been a witness on the trial, and who now desired to see me at his home immediately.

Within half an hour, for the distance I had to go was short, I was alone with Mr. Avon in his chambers. A marked change had come over his appearance since we had last met. His face was worn and haggard, and there was a nervous twitching about the mouth when he spoke.

"There—there is something I have on my mind to tell you," he said, with a hesitating tremor in his voice.

I motioned him to go on.

"I was a witness, as you know, on the trial of Richard Short."

"I remember," I replied; "and you testified that on the night of the murder, Cecil Torrey had remained with you here till eleven o'clock, and then departed alone."

"Which was strictly true," he added; "but there was more which I should have told."

I bent forward, eager to catch his next words. But he remained silent, as if in doubt whether to continue.

"If there be anything within your knowledge," I said, solemnly, "which can shed further light on the late terrible tragedy, or, peradventure, may prevent the commission of a frightful act of injustice, there is but little time to speak."

The words seemed to arouse him, and with an excited, rapid utterance, he thus proceeded:

"Cecil Torrey was my bosom friend. The ties between us were strengthened by the fact that his sister Helen, who died broken-hearted with grief at her brother's death, was my betrothed. It was but the other day I saw her laid by his side, and oh! how I longed to keep them company! But it is not of this that I would speak."

"On the last fatal night, a dispute, so trivial that I can scarcely now recall its origin, sprang up between Cecil and myself over a game of cards in which we were indulging for pastime."

"Both of us were rash and hot-tempered, and one word led to another, till Cecil, springing up with flushed face, exclaimed in a tone of menace:

"Do you accuse me of cheating?" "If it is thus you would demand a disclaimer," I returned, in a manner as defiant as his own, "I decline to give it."

"The reply was a blow, which at once set my brain on fire. A small, gold-mounted dagger—a mere toy—lay on the table. My eye fell upon it, and catching it up in my insane fury, I made a quick thrust at Cecil's breast. I believed, at the time, that his raised arm had parried the stroke, for he showed no sign of being hurt. In an instant I realized the mad folly of my act,

and flinging away the weapon, I grasped my friend's hand.

"Forgive me, Cecil! I cried. "And forgive me," he answered; "we have both been fools to-night."

"An expression as of sudden pain passed over his features. I attributed it to regret for our foolish outfall, of which I was hastening to take the blame upon myself, when Cecil interrupted me.

"Whatever happens," he said, earnestly, "this occurrence must be known only to ourselves. It would make Helen miserable if it came to her ears. For the present let us part friends. We have both food for profitable reflection." Then pressing my hand warmly, he turned and took his leave.

"It was more than an hour after that my attention was called to the dagger where I had thrown it. Stooping to pick it up, I started back with horror. There was blood upon the blade!

"Hurrying from the house, I ran to meet my friend. The news of his death met me ere I had gone many steps. The cry of remorse that escaped me was taken for a sudden outburst of grief. I was on the point of proclaiming all, when the thought restrained me that it would redouble Helen's anguish to know whose hand had caused it. And so I held my peace, even while another was tried and condemned for my own rash act. While Helen lived, I had not the courage to avow the truth. But now she is gone, and conscience will not suffer me to see the consequences of my crime visited upon another."

The silence which followed this recital was broken by Charles Avon. "I am aware," he said, "of the duty now resting upon you. It is, first, to save the life of the unfortunate wretch condemned to die tomorrow, and next to bring the real culprit to justice. Of the latter task I shall relieve you."

And before I could interpose to stay his hand, he raised to his lips a small phial which, till then, he had held concealed, and drained the contents. Instantaneously, as if a bullet had pierced his brain, he fell back in his chair. A few violent convulsions followed, and before help could come in answer to my summons he was dead.

I hastened to telegraph to the governor, and a reprieve came in time to prevent the addition of another to the already swollen list of judicial murders.

Independence of the Farmer.

Farming is not a life of ease. It means business and, if successful, it means energy, enterprise, forethought and skill; and for that matter, so does every other. That is what we are here for, and that is what our Creator gave our faculties for. It does me no good to have Vanderbilt held up. There is only one Vanderbilt among more than 50,000,000 of people, and if he is any happier than I am it is not because of his wealth, but in spite of it. Let us look for a moment at some of those monopolies. Take, for instance, the cotton print manufactory. They are sending out goods for 5 cents a yard. One dozen eggs will purchase four yards. It does not appear to me that farmers are very severely preyed upon by them. Three good laws will purchase a very respectable suit of clothes. Was this ever the case before. Do the importers of sugar bear hard upon the farmers when it can be purchased at present prices? The list can be extended to almost the entire expenses of the household. Does the farmer find fault or have any occasion to find fault with the price he can get for his oxen, his horses or any other products of his farm? If so, I ask him when the money received for such products would ever purchase so much of needed supplies for his family use?

—Maine Farmer.

Curing Meats for Sale.

When in a large wholesale grocery house in Portland last week, we were shown a lot of city cured meat that had been neatly trimmed and put in shop to attract the buyer's attention, and close by we saw a large lot of country meat that had been, in most respects, equally well cured but was not near so nice and clean and appetizing. In one case, the farmer had left the pieces as he cut them off, trimming a very little and leaving the sharp pointed corners of bacon as it naturally was cut. This meat looked well in some sense, but it was not in first rate shape. Though the meat was sweet and palatable enough, it was not actually in such shape as professionals place it, and betrayed its country origin.

The man who made the city cured meats, trimmed off the fat corners and made it suit our city epicures' plates, and lost very little, if anything, as the pieces went into the lard kettle and the scraps delighted all epicures among the lard yard flock.

We were called to notice the difference in appearance, and informed that the country meat sold for one to three cents a pound less, because of its bad shape. If all farmers will spend two hours in a city butchering and packing house, and learn what it costs nothing to know, they can (if they correspond in their work) make enough difference on the curing of twenty porkers, to buy the wife all the retas she needs to wear for a year to come. The matter is full of importance, though continually mentioned by the press and by all merchants. All the products of our country should come to market in first class style and leave no room for unfriendly criticism. It is just as easy to make your products bring every dollar they are worth when they are put up in a number one shape, and as a usual thing it doesn't cost a penny of money or a fraction of time more to do it.—Farmer.

A Medicated Nest-Egg.

Cut a hole in one end of an egg as big as this capital O. In the other end put a pinhole. Now blow out the contents and you have the empty shell. Next mix plaster of Paris and water together to the consistency of cream and add a few drops of carbolic acid. Pour this into the shell till it is filled, and in twenty-four hours it will be dry and you will have a medicated nest-egg. I have tried this and I find it works admirably. Five cents' worth of plaster of Paris will make a dozen and that amount of carbolic acid is sufficient to scent a hundred. The time spent in making these medicated eggs is by no means lost. They are sure death to lice, and as the hens go on the nest and sit on them every day they thus take an involuntary dose of anti-vermin medicine. There is no danger of these eggs being broken and eaten up if the fowls can get any gravel. I have known of chickens endeavoring to eat them when there was no lime at hand.—Fanciers' Gazette.

An Opinion of the Jersey Cow.

The Brahma cattle are considered scarce in India—the Jersey is becoming the rich man's aristocratic cow in the United States. She is the family cow, the pet with the women and children. She is the city cow that a rich man can stable and feed her on the best the market affords, and have gilt-edged milk and better that would grace a banquet—no chalk in it—no water, only what nature put there—no chemist or city law needed to protect the family against adulterated milk; the milk is as pure and the cream as rich and sweet as though it were made in a farmer's pasture in the hills of New England or Minnesota.—New Orleans Picayune.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Fruit-Raising and Fruit-Sirups.

The various uses to which fruit products may become valuable in the household are not so generally understood and acted on as they should be. Susan Power in Vick's Magazine has sounded one of the key-notes in practical enterprise on the conservation of grapes and apples, which may be applied to many other fruits, as contained in the following extract:

"With all the tons of grapes raised, how is it there is not a gallon of grape sirup to be had for love or money in market? If you don't know that grape juice boiled down to a clear sirup is the most relishing thing in sickness or health, for consumptives, and to keep people from getting consumption, to be eaten as food or diluted for drink that would banish wine sooner than the temperance societies, you have something to learn. This article once known would prevent all danger of an over-crop of grapes, for it would be made and kept by the barrel, and exported for use in all climates. The new production of cider jelly, which is merely cider boiled down, without any addition till it is a solid, dark jelly, is a great gift to the housekeeper, and will be the salvation of the apple orchards. What if apples are fifty cents a barrel in October? Set the cider mills going, and the huge enameled evaporating pans. Perhaps cider jelly at twelve cents a pound will pay you, as there is no sugar to be used."

The Riel Rebellion.

The most explicit and complete statement of the origin of Riel's rebellion in Canada yet seen is furnished the Pioneer Press by a correspondent and thus summarized by that paper:

All the dominion territory to the north of us was once ruled by the Hudson Bay Company, which tempered its iron despotism with exact and absolute justice. It ruled Indians and half breeds severely, but it never broke faith with them. And they in turn knew it for their master and obeyed it. When the Hudson Bay Company sold out, part of the consideration was in lands for which the best have, of course, been selected, and which will equally, of course, be held until their value is enhanced. This is the first grievance of the settler. It is intensified by the exclusive grant made to the Canadian Pacific railway, and the corresponding restrictions upon settlement. Then the Northwest half-breeds and employes of the Hudson Bay Company began to get anxious about the lands which were promised them by the company, by the dominion government, by the province of Manitoba, by the Canadian Pacific, and by everybody else who could give a promise. As frequently related, they took up claims for the most part along the streams in the Northwest provinces, in long, narrow strips running back from the water's edge. It is among these settlements that the war is now raging. The Canadian Pacific was first surveyed and located through the district of Prince Albert. When many settlers had located there on this account, the route was changed to one, some hundred miles farther south, and here was a new element of discontent. Finally when the dominion made its land surveys, it disregarded wholly the old half-breed allotments, laid out the land into the usual sections, and when the half-breeds came to file and prove up their claims they found them cut up, and, if desirable, usually in possession of somebody else. It is an ugly and consistent story of broken faith and unredeemed promises since the Hudson Bay Company relinquished its control. And the men, driven to resistance by such criminal disregard of their rights, are the men who, under Riel, are now waging a half savage warfare that may grow into no end of trouble.