

Coquille City Herald.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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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 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.
Walter Sinclair, Comander.

Nobody Really Cares.

If you have anything to grieve you,
And fill your heart with fears;
If poverty hides near you,
And your days are dimmed with tears;
If you find with soul despairing
No answer to your prayers,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,
And pain and sickness bring
A gloom that clouds the sunshine
And shadows everything;
If you feel that let so weary
But seldom mortal hours,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

This world is full of pleasure,
And, take it at its best,
'Tis sadly loved unless you
Meet it with smiles and jest;
If yawns o'er want's complainings,
At sorrow's obdurate snarls,
So never tell your troubles, for
Nobody really cares.—Harper's Weekly.

AN EXCURSION.

The last excursion to Bandon beach, from this place, fully demonstrates what a large amount of enjoyment people can have if they try; and you don't have to try very hard either. You don't have to try very hard to be in a good humor; you don't have to try much to get up at daylight to start; you don't have to try much to make the boat run to the mouth of the river on a good tide. Then if you are like our party you will be amply recompensed for all your trying. What did we do? What did we see? Why, we climbed up the Gibraltar rock, and from its top we saw nearly every thing; we saw the river for miles; we could see all over Hambleck bay, and all over the long sandy spit between it and the ocean; we saw the long line of sandy beach stretch away to the north and curve gracefully outward to meet the bold head land of Cape Arago; we saw the blue outlines of Blanco reef; we saw white sails far out at sea; we saw a steamer streaking along the horizon, her tiny smoke-stack, and penciled masts just visible, while her plume of smoke drifted far behind like the tail of a comet. We next took a ride on the sea in a small boat; we went out around the grim old rocks where the sea-lions and mermaids live, and on the beach we gathered shells and sea moss, agates and many things we did not know the names of; we wrote names and verses on the sand to see them vanish with the next wave; we saw the white gulls float along on their lazy wings. We sang songs in the chapel of Cathedral rock, and we danced on its hard, white, sandy floor to the music of the wild waves, we talked sweet unreal nothings and immaterial things, and still sweeter realities; we sat on mossy banks and watched the great white clouds drift far down the blue, and we saw their shadows chase each other over the sea; we saw little stormy petrels skim along the crest of the waves and glide out of sight in the hollows, then reappear on the next billow; we saw the waves dash themselves to pieces on the rocks, and we saw rainbows in the spray; and we waded in the surf that spread itself out on the sand like a jeweled gossamer web. And this is not all we saw;

But dear friends you must remember
That the day in silent splendor,
Turned upon its golden hinges,
Hill the sun hung o'er the sea;
And the shadows reaching farth'r
O'er the stunted growth of heather
Told us that we must be going
To our homesteads far away.

Well, we are going again after a while, and we are going to see Lord Bennett, too—that good old man that always has a good word for every one.
Lafitte.
"Here's a musical salesman advertised for. Why don't you apply, Ned?" "I? Why, I'm not musical." Perhaps not; but I notice that you can blow your own horn, you're familiar with the bars, your remarks are full of slurs, you're always giving notes, and all the rest."—Hotel Gazette.

Effects of Bad Pruning.

If the practice of thousands of men for thousands of years had settled the truth of things the present generation would have nothing to do but follow the customs of their forefathers. But it somehow happens that each generation has a way of its own of going wrong, and it needs but the lead of some bell-wethers of a flock or community of men to set the whole multitude astray. Thirty years ago somebody started the idea of summer-pruning the vines of the grape, meaning thereby to force the sap, which went to wood, into the grapes, without ever thinking that the fruit sap was manufactured in the very leaves which they cut off. The absurdity was well shown up then and the practice was nearly squelched, but it has again come into vogue with new beginners, and has again to be exposed or fought down. The mispruning of grapes involves only the loss of one crop, but the mispruning of such long-lived trees as the cherry, apple, pear and plum involves a greater and more permanent loss—we refer to the habit of low pruning and the cutting away of the central or leading shoot, thus forever preventing the growth in tree form. All agree that a two pruned tree is a monster, likely to perish early by splitting down. A three, four, or five branch tree is bound, sooner or later, to meet the same fate, or become three or four trees growing from the same root. The orchardists of a hundred years ago had similar notions, as any one may see who examines the old Pennsylvania or New England orchards. If let alone they make separate trees, the stronger limb keeping the upright position, the weaker ones, year after year, getting nearer the ground, until the prostrate trunk prevented all cultivation, when the ax put a violent end to its life. Not so the tree that was pruned with a leading, central trunk. It grew always upward, the limbs always growing but never overlapping the central part. Some of the apple trees at seventy-five years of age were not only beauty but profit, able to mature and hold up 200 bushels of apples. The professional pruner mostly to blame for the deforming of nine-tenths of the fruit trees, for such is the case. Hardly an orchard of twenty-five years of age in the country that does not exhibit this deformity. It is a mistaken notion that a tree needs to be deprived of half its foliage annually. Very little, only enough to shape it, should be cut off, and that mostly at the ends of the limbs. But the pruner must make a living if the trees do suffer.

It is urged that the trees will grow too tall if not cut back, or that long limbs will present too much leverage to high winds. The reply is that the skillful pruner can shorten the limbs and maintain the proper tree form.

The most foolish of all reasons for excessive pruning is that unless we cut away the limbs the tree will not bear up the fruit that will set! Sure enough, but why not thin out the excessive fruit? Then it out until what is left is hidden behind the leaves, and you need not fear the breaking down of the limbs, or small, insignificant fruit. When the professional pruner comes around and proposes to cut off your beautiful, waving limbs, set the dog on him or shoot him—off the premises.—San Jose Herald.

Young ladies who will not marry when they have a chance Miss it.—Exchange. No doubt of it. But what are they to do? When one accepts an offer she generally Mrs. it, too.—Boston Post.

New South Wales produced 35,220,640 pounds of sugar last year.
Subscribe for the HERALD.

Farmers' Organizations.

Combinations, pools, rings and organizations of various kinds exist in most lines of commerce, manufacturing, labor, and even in some of the higher arts and professions. Agriculture alone is without the protection afforded by consolidation of individual interests and an organized resistance to unjust encroachments; yet no other industry is more in need of such organized resistance to robbery than is farming. In scarcely one of the operations connected with husbandry is the farmer able to dictate terms to those who buy of or who sell to him. Yet no class has greater natural power over the very existence of mankind than have they who furnish the daily bread of the world. By combining, as railroads, speculators and others do, farmers could compel all the world to comply with their demands, for men must eat though the kingdoms fall and empires disappear. Ships may be built and manned, factories may be filled with machinery and operatives, railroads may stretch across the land, elevators may be erected, and speculators, merchants and manufacturers may stand ready for business—and, if the farmer fail to give them work, there they will stand idle. All are dependent upon the farmer, and he alone of all classes can live independent of the rest of the world. Yet, by the sheer force of combination, the dependent classes have so reversed the natural order that the tiller of the land is the slave toiling for the pittance allowed him from his own earnings by those who, in the natural order, should be servants and not masters. This has been the condition of things so long and so generally that it seems now to be the natural condition of affairs.

Beet Root Sugar.
The S. E. Examiner says this: John Nelson of White river, W. T., in a communication to the Examiner, says: "As we are contemplating starting a sugar factory in White river valley, we would like to have you inform us through your paper or otherwise what sugar beets are worth at Alvarado or any other factory in the State of the same kind."

The Examiner finds the following information on this subject, which is published for the benefit of our correspondent and others who may be interested in the subject: "At the Standard Sugar Refinery at Alvarado last season 16,354 tons of beets were worked, producing 2,167,283 pounds refined sugar, or about 7 per cent. The first four months the beets yielded an average of 10 per cent, but the warm winter weather decreased the quantity of saccharine in the latter part of the season. The Standard Company has discovered a process for obtaining 10 per cent of sugar from beets while they remain fresh, which period means about four months. This process has been patented. It is claimed that no other manufacturer can do as well by one operation. This enables the Standard Company to produce white sugar at a cost of 5½ cents per pound. All the beets wanted this season have been contracted for at \$4 per ton, against \$4 50 last year. The company has a daily capacity for 80 tons of beets, but could get 200 tons daily if wanted. Best beet lands yield from 3,000 to 6,000 pounds of refined sugar per acre. The cost of cultivation is less than the cane, as the beet crop matures in five months, whereas it takes the cane over twelve months to make a crop. It is claimed that there is in California, Oregon and Washington Territory more than 30,000,000 acres of suitable land for beet raising. The objections to beet sugar are becoming less as the article is better known and more widely used. The Standard Refinery has no difficulty in disposing of all it makes. Owing to the low price of sugar for the past few months, the season has not been so successful as could be desired.

Large And Small Farms.

Many people in this country advocate small farms as more likely to increase production and to secure large profits from land. They are fond of talking about the "little farm well tilled." They seek to convey the impression that the large farm is generally very poorly tilled. It is certain that we have much poor tillage in this country, but it is not confined to farms of large extent. Common observation in almost any part of the country shows that large farms are generally better managed in all respects than small ones, and that the yield per acre is larger, provided they are devoted to the same kind of crops. Of course the return per acre of a small farm devoted to fruits and garden vegetables is not to be compared with that of a large farm devoted to grazing or the production of small grains. The former calls for a large amount of manual labor, and the latter for a very little, with rare exceptions, as in the case of crops that must be planted, cultivated and harvested by hand. The larger the field, the more economically can it be worked. A team must be turned at the end of every furrow plowed, whether it is ten rods or a mile long. If the furrow is very short, one-fourth of the time devoted nominally to plowing will be spent in turning. If the furrow is very long, the time spent in turning is scarcely worthy of consideration. The economy of working large fields is equally apparent in the operation of harrowing and cultivating. The loss at the end of a plow that is plowed as great in a small field as in one that is large. It generally amounts to a strip about a rod in width. It is of little value for any purpose and in many cases it becomes a nursery for weeds. A man owning or managing a very small farm cannot afford to purchase much machinery for doing work. If he uses machines he must be dependent on his neighbors for them. He cannot employ them to the best advantage. He cannot be certain of obtaining them when they are needed. It has been demonstrated that it is cheaper to employ a machine than handtools for doing most kinds of farm work, and the person who is compelled to use the latter cannot successfully compete with one who uses the former. The smaller the farm the larger will be the amount of fencing in proportion to the number of acres enclosed. As many wells will be required on a farm containing but forty acres as on one six times as large. The yield of hay per acre is as large on extensive farms as on very small ones. The proposition scarcely admits of question that both labor and capital are expended more profitably on large farms than on small ones. It is with farming as with manufacturing. The introduction of machinery has created as great a revolution in the production of the farm as in those of the manufactory. A man may have a farm too large for his brains and means, and fail of success, but men of sufficient ability and capital ordinarily succeed in making large farms pay.—Examiner.

Miss Rosewood, who took part in amateur theatricals: "O, I'm so tired, I had to stand all the evening." Miss Sharp, who was in the audience: "My dear, you have not had to stand nearly so much as we have."—Exchange.

Botanists have evidence that trees may attain very long lives. The age of an elm has been estimated at 335 years; that of some palms at from 600 to 700 years; that of an olive tree at 700 years; of a plane tree at 720; of a cedar at 800; of an oak at 1,500; of a yew at 2,880; of a taxodium at 4,000, and of a baobab tree at 5,000 years.

New Orleans Homes.

New Orleans, unlike most cities, improves vastly on acquaintance. Good manners illuminate a place. It is like turning on the gas in a gloomy house. The outside of a London house is as cold and inhospitable as the inside of it is warm and welcome. But the problem for the stranger is how to get on the inside of an English gentleman's home. Here in New Orleans the doors are not shut tightly; I mean this figuratively, as well as in fact. For you can pass along the street and frequently see straight into and through a New Orleans home. Nothing is closed up, nothing concealed. It is a bit like the suburbs of Naples or Venice, where the side of the house next to the sun is always wide open. The door-bell down here is on the gate. The old brass English knocker is a feature of the doors, as distinguished from houses of the north. There is no re heart here to the square mile than in any one spot in America. And it is real heart. Not show or sham heart, as in Paris. The perfect good manners and ever-prevailing politeness here, it seems to me, is real; neither selfish nor superficial, as in the metropolitan cities of France. When a woman enters a street car here, let her condition be ever so humble, and though the car be filled with tired laborers returning from their day's work, each man there seems proud to make it his special duty to see to passing her fare, procuring her a seat, and so on. And this is away down at the bottom of the social scale. Of course, as you ascend upward this is not only preserved but improved upon.—Joaquin Miller.

The press has made presidents, killed poets, furnished bustles for beauty, and polished genius with the sand paper of its criticism. It has made the world get up to roll call every morning, and to the pulpit it has given lungs of iron and a voice of steam. It has set price on a bushel of wheat and made the country postoffice the glimmering goal of the rural scribe. It has curtailed the power of kings, embellished the pantry shelves and busted rings; it has exposed fraud and brought criminals to justice; it has furnished the whole female race with dress patterns; it has converted bankers into paupers, made wood sawyers of college presidents; it has educated the homeless lad and robbed the philosopher of his reason; it smiles and kicks, and dies, but it can't be run to suit everybody, and the editor is a fool who tries it.—West Side.

Marie Antoinette's Watch.
A resident of Ronkonkoma, L. I., possesses a gold watch which formerly belonged to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. It is about the size of a trade dollar in circumference, and is open-faced. On the back it bears the device of the French queen, a cupid on a cloud worked in gold and silver. The features of the boy god are nearly effaced by long wear. The legend the owner gives is that the watch was the gift of the queen to the architect of the Tuileries, who shot himself through the head on the day following her execution by the Revolutionists. Its present owner was a near relative of a well-known American poet, now dead. The watch came into his possession through marriage, as a gift from his wife's father who is a direct descendant of the original recipient.—Chicago Herald.

Some people think it would be nice if everybody in the world would mind their own business. But it would not. Over one-half of the people in the world would be out of employment and not know what to do with themselves.—Pittsburg Chronicle.