

WHAT COCAINE IS MADE OF.

The Strange Effects of Chewing Coca.

In the valleys east of the Andes in tropical South America there are, and have been from immemorial time, extensive plantations of the coca shrub. It is indigenous in these regions, but the natives of Peru and Bolivia cultivate the plant in terraces which are likened to the vineyards of Tuscany and the Holy Land. Erythroxylon coca is allied to the common flax and forms, says Dr. Johnston, a shrub of six or eight feet, resembling our blackthorn, with small white flowers and bright green leaves. Many thousands of acres are devoted to the coca in Peru and Bolivia to its growth. The leaves, of which there may be three or four crops in the year, are collected by the women and children, and dried in the sun, after which they are ready for use, and form, indeed, according to travelers, the usual money exchange in some districts, the workmen being paid in coca leaf. The consumption of this leaf, almost universal in the countries named, has extended across the continent into Brazil; but here it is powdered and chewed with the ashes of plants. Among the Peruvians and Bolivians the coca leaves are rolled with a little unslaked lime into a ball (acullico), and chewed in the mouth. We shall presently find a wonderfully similar process among the betel-chewers, far away to the east. The practice, it has been said, is almost universal in these South American countries. Although the Spanish conquerors denounced the native Indian and all his works, including the chewing of the coca leaf, these prohibitions proved as powerless as the bull launched by Urban the VIII. against tobacco. The Peruvian was faithful to the tradition of his fathers; and then a curious, but not unexplained, conversion came about. The Spaniards, seeing how admirably the natives worked in mine and plantation when the coca was permitted them, decreed certain hours of suspension of labor for chewing the leaf, and presently came to encourage the growth by every means in their power, and even to recommend its introduction into Europe.

Coca-chewing resembles in some respects the smoking of opium. Both must be taken apart and with deliberation. The coca-chewer three or four times in the day retires to a secluded spot lays down his burden, and stretches himself perhaps beneath a tree. Slowly from the chuspa, or little pouch, which is ever at his girdle, the leaves and the lime are brought forth. The ball is formed and chewed for perhaps fifteen or thirty minutes, and then the toiler rises refreshed as quietly as he lay down, and returns to that monotonous round of labor, in which the coca is his only and much-prized distraction. Some take it to excess, and to these the name of coquero is given. This is particularly common among white Peruvians of good family, and hence the name "White Coquero" in that country is a term of reproach equivalent to our "irreclaimable drunkard." The Indians regard the coca with extreme reverence. Von Tschudi, quoted by Dr. Johnston in his "Chemistry of Common Life," says: "During divine worship the priests chewed coca leaves, and unless they were supplied with them it was believed that favor of the gods could not be propitiated. It was also deemed necessary that the supplicant for divine grace should approach the priests with an acullico in his mouth. It was believed that any business undertaken without the benediction of coca leaves could not prosper, and to the shrub itself worship was rendered. During an interval of more than three hundred years Christianity has not been able to subdue this deep-rooted idolatry, for everywhere we find traces of belief in the mysterious powers of this plant. The excavators in the mines of Cerro de Pasco throw chewed coca upon hard veins of metal, in the belief that it softens the ore and renders it more easy to work. The Indians, even at the present time, put coca leaves into the mouths of dead persons, in order to secure them a favorable reception on their entrance into another world, and when a Peruvian Indian on a journey falls in with a mummy, he, with timid reverence, presents to it some coca leaves as his pious offering." The coca plant resembles tea and hops in the nature of its active principles, although differing entirely from them in its effects. In the coqueros the latter are not inviting. "They are," says the traveler just quoted, "a bad breath, pale lips and gums, greenish and stumpy teeth, and an ugly black mark at the angles of the mouth. The inveterate coquero is known at the first glance; his unsteady gait, his yellow skin, his dim and sunken eyes encircled by a purple ring, his quivering lips, his general apathy all bear evidence of the baneful effect of the coca juice when taken in excess." The general influence of moderate doses is gently soothing and stimulating; but coca has in addition a special and remarkable power in enabling those who consume it to endure sustained labor in the absence of other food. This appears to be a well-attested fact, and accords strikingly with similar effects observed in the consumers of opium. Both coca and opium, and to a less extent alcohol and tobacco, check waste in the body, slightly lowering the temperature, and economizing more or less the expenditure of force. In the case of coca, opium and tobacco, this is well seen under hard labor and in the

absence of food. Alcohol plays, as we have already hinted, a precisely similar part where waste and expenditure are excessive, as in some cases of fever. In regard to coca, Von Tschudi says: "A man was employed by me in very laborious digging. During the five days and nights he was in my service he never tasted any food, and took only two hours' sleep each night; but at intervals of two and a half or three hours he repeatedly chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves, and he kept an acullico continually in his mouth. I was constantly beside him, and therefore had the opportunity of closely observing him. The work for which I engaged him being finished, he accompanied me on a two days' journey across the level heights. Though on foot he kept up with the pace of my mule, and halted only for the chacac (chewing). On leaving me he declared he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work, and that he would go through it without food if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that this man was 62 years of age, and that he had never known him to be ill in all his life."

Another special effect of the coca is produced upon the lungs and breathing. The Peruvian under this drug climbs mountain passes and sustains exertion at high altitudes without breathlessness. Europeans in the same country have derived from coca the same effect. This recalls the accounts of the peasant mountaineers of Styria in Austria. These men eat white arsenic, which is obtained from the copper mines and sold by peddlers throughout this region. It is also given to the horses, and both man and horse derive the same powerful windedness—from its use. In Syria, however, the arsenic is used by the young women also for the benefit of the complexion, which is said to become irresistibly beautiful under its influence; but it is not known that coca or opium or alcohol or any other stimulant narcotic has any such effect upon the skin, so that we must look elsewhere for motives to their consumption.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Advice to Stoop-Shouldered People.

A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but it is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder-braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's-eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.—*From Hall's Journal of Health.*

Accounting for Girl Babies.

The prevalence of girl babies this year has excited a good deal of surprise and not a little chagrin. Statistics gathered from all sections of the country show that nearly nine-tenths of the children born in 1885 have been girls, and that the contemptible residue, the insignificant one-tenth boy babies, is menaced by the diseases of childhood to an unusual extent. Those who complain of this, those who are surprised by it, have not stopped to consider that nature is moved always by a high regard of the welfare of the race, and that every phenomenon, such as the extraordinary prevalence of girl babies, has a worthy purpose. The fact is, the male sex has carried its folly so far that nature feels outraged. We know that when human folly had reached a certain stage, a flood came and swept the earth clear of the offending race, saving only a wise and virtuous Noah and his immediate kin. So nature, in anger and humiliation at the swallow-tail dress coats and plug hats, and gaudy dressing-gowns and cigarette sucking of these later sons, has resolved upon girl babies chiefly.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Tale of Blood.

"Yesterday I went out to catch crabs. I saw a hole near the bank that looked as if there might be crabs in it. I felt around in the water carefully, when all at once I was almost scared to death. What do you think, grandma, I pulled out of the water," said Johnny Fizzle-top to his grandmother, who is very nervous. "What was it, Johnny?" "A bloody human hand." "Mercy on us! Horrible! Horrible! Do the police know about it?" "Why no, grandma, it was only my own hand. A crab bit me on my little finger."—*Texas Siftings.*

INDUSTRIAL BRIEFLETS.

Winter Dairying and Other Items of General Interest.

Luther Witt, of Plymouth, Wis., reported to the Horticultural society of that state that he had formerly suffered the loss of a good many hundred bushels of apples by the apple curculio. But he had found an efficient remedy. The swine were turned in about the last of May, and they carefully hunted for everything that fell from the trees. They had the run of the orchard till transferred to winter quarters. Mr. W. said that since he had adopted this practice, for the past three years, he had not seen a mark of these insects, nor a wormy apple. This is the treatment which has been successfully adopted in plum orchards at the east, for the plum curculio, for the past sixty years. Sheep have been found better than swine, requiring no ringing of the noses, and both rendering necessary some protection of the stems of young trees with thorns or barb-wires, or board boxes, but none for large trees.

It is stated that "the Jersey cow, since the very earliest period of which we have any knowledge of her, has been subjected to the most intimate and intense course of breeding known to the record of mating animals. The narrow confines of territory of her island home, together with the prohibitory measures instituted to preserve the blood pure, made this close breeding a necessity. No evil consequences of note seem to have developed so far as we have any account. The cattle, in their native home, are rugged and healthy, increasing rapidly in numbers; each succeeding generation being an improvement on the preceding one, so far as symmetry of form and beauty of outline is concerned. The carcass has obtained about nominal proportions, very little lessening in size having occurred."

Dairy Commissioner Rice says that dairying in Minnesota was never assuming such prominence as this season. One reason for it is, the farmers see that the wheat crop is not always heavy, and they are taking to other branches of farming. The investigation for facilities for dairying in different states, made in New York a year or more ago, and the high rank that Minnesota took, together with the results at the New Orleans exposition, also leads farmers to turn their attention in this direction.

The famous Lorillard farm in New Jersey contains 1,000 acres. The barn has stalls for 56 horses; 40 hands and 15 teams are employed in the farm work. In one building are 200 stalls for cattle. The pigpen is 408 feet long and holds 300 hogs. The corn-crib holds 10,000 bushels of shelled corn. The stable in which the yearlings are housed contains 68 box stalls, and the center of the three sections of the building is covered with glass, and affords a dry place where the colts can exercise in wet weather.

A large number of farmers met last week at Goshen, N.Y., to discuss means whereby to secure living prices for their milk. A resolution was passed to establish, on or before Jan. 1, 1886, an exchange in New York city to sell milk at wholesale, at a price to be governed by the laws of demand and supply. Just now, owing to the milk war, there is a great scarcity of milk in the above-named city, the total receipts having fallen off nearly one thousand cans a week.

An Ohio dairyman, who plainly shows the possession of a clear head as well as prophetic fire, says that winter dairying will never be overdone. With warm, well lighted, clean stables, he continues, plenty of early cut and well cured grass, supplemented with the contents of a good silo and a well-filled root cellar, the comfort, health and profit of the cows should be no more problematical in winter than in summer.

A report from Sandwich, Mass., on the 5th of December, states that the cranberry crop is nearly double that of previous years. The number of barrels to Dec. 1, shipped over the Cape Cod branch of the Old Colony railroad, was 57,851; number of boxes, 10,818, equal to 3,606 barrels; total thus far, 61,457. Estimated amount on hand not yet shipped, 4,650, which makes the total harvest not far from 66,500 barrels.

The pecan tree, in the United States, grows chiefly in Louisiana, Texas, and Indian territory. The nuts grown in Louisiana rank the first in quality. These nuts are shipped to all parts of the United States, and into Canada. There is no European market for them. The trees grow from sixty to seventy feet in height, sometimes higher. They yield a heavy and durable wood.

According to a Kalamazoo, Mich., paper there are 1,300 acres about that city devoted to celery growing, consisting of drained marshes, now highly cultivated, giving employment to 2,500 persons. From July 1 to January 1 an average of five cars loaded with celery are daily shipped to all parts of the United States, making about 750 carloads yearly.

Everyone who has fowls should provide a dustpan. Fine road-dust, coal ashes, sand, pulverized loam, or even clay, are all very good, and with a sprinkling of powdered sulphur constitute as good a bath as can be desired. This should be placed in a sunny exposure of the room, and kept dry and clean so that the fowls may enjoy its benefits when they choose.

Prof. Wagner publishes analyses in support of his conclusion that steamed

potatoes are far more nutritious than boiled ones. In the process of boiling, the vegetables give up considerable portions of nutritious salts, while they also take up more water than when steamed, and become proportionately weaker.

The capital invested in the dairy business of the United States is computed to be over \$200,000,000 and to employ about 700,000 men and 1,000,000 horses. The flavor and crispness of celery are increased by soaking the stems in ice water for a short time before the stalks are placed on the table.

A Grand Sight on the Plains.

I had camped near the forks of the Platte, and was aroused just at daylight by footsteps around me. After listening for a moment I felt sure that they were the footsteps of horses. They seemed to be circling around me—not at a canter—not at a trot, but at a moderate walk. It was well that I had secured my horse in a thorough manner, for I never saw him so excited. He tugged and pulled at his lariat, stood upon his hind legs, neighed and snorted and pawed and pranced, and it was his actions that gave me a clue to the identity of my visitors.

They were wild horses! Had they been Indian ponies my trained horse would have remained as dumb and silent as a post. Indeed, Indians would not have approached me in that manner.

I remained very quiet, hoping the horses would remain in sight until daylight should give me a good view of them. I had to wait for a full hour, but when the light grew strong the spectacle was one to make a man's blood tingle. The circle had been enlarged until it was half a mile across, and my little camp was the center. Every horse, and there were 120 of them, stood with his head to this center, and soldiers could not have taken positions on the skirmish line in more precise order.

I pitted my own animal. He stood with the lariat drawn taut and trembled in every limb, and he was as wet with sweat as if I had galloped him twenty miles. I realized how he must long to breakaway and join the wild rovers and forever end his drudgery.

I dared not rise to my feet for fear of alarming the drove, but, nevertheless, I had a clear view of each horse. Most of them were magnificent animals. Manes down on their shoulders and tails on the grass. They were of various colors, and they ranged in age from the yearling colt up to the veterans probably twenty years old. The bays, predominated, but every color was present.

We had been observing each other about ten minutes, when a jet-black stallion, who was the leader of the herd, gave a snort, threw up his heels into the air and broke off at a gallop, followed by the drove in single file. They ran in a true circle, and they made the circuit five times before stopping. Then, at another signal from the leader, the circle broke and the horses wheeled into a long, single line, or "company front."

Troop horses could not have done better. I thought at first the line meant to charge me, but at a signal it made a left wheel and galloped straight off on the plain for a mile. Then it broke, assumed the shape of a triangle and returned. When the leader was within pistol-shot he wheeled out and the horses formed in a square, with the four yearlings in the center. They galloped off for a mile or so, broke again and returned in two ranks.

I had an almost irresistible desire to kill the leader with a bullet. Indeed, I reached for my rifle with that intent, but then came the reflection that it would be little short of murder. Such another perfect horse I had never seen. His black coat shone like silk, the limbs and body were perfection, and he had the speed and bottom of a race-horse. Not a halt was made for a full hour, and then it was only preparatory to taking a swift departure. The last maneuver was a circle at a slow trot, and each horse whinnied in a coaxing manner to my own steed. Poor Selim! He struggled in the most frantic manner to break loose, and when finding all his efforts of no avail he threw himself down on the grass and actually groaned his disappointment.

I rose up then and waved my blanket. Instead of rushing off in affright, as I expected, the leader of the band deliberately approached me a few rods and stood and snorted and pawed as if sending forth a challenge. Then I sat up a shouting, waved the blanket some more, and he took his place at the head, ormed the band at "company front," and they went off at a gallop and maintained it as long as I could see the waving line.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Second Marriages.

"What a curious, questioning feeling people have about second marriages! And the feeling increases directly and with rapid intensity as marryings multiply. A Western widower was consoled with by his neighbor in this wise: 'I know what affliction means. I am living with my fifth wife.' And the lone widower's face lighted up with a smile. A New England woman expressed her indignation because the Widow So-and-so was about to be married a third time. 'But,' said her friend, 'if your horse burns down, wouldn't you build another?' 'Maybe I should,' was the reply, 'but if I'd been burned out twice, I should think 'twas time to go board-ing.'"

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