

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

FALL CANKERWORM.

Its Life History and the Methods in Vague For Fighting It.

Very destructive insects are the cankerworms. Though easy to conquer if properly treated, the annual loss due to their depredations is very considerable, and it would seem that many persons have yet to learn the methods of fighting this old time pest. There are two species of cankerworms more or less common wherever apples are raised, the fall cankerworm and the spring cankerworm. The fall worm is perhaps the more common. It is a single brooded insect, which lays its eggs either late in the autumn or early in spring. The egg hatches out a small leopold worm that grows to the length of nearly an inch. It varies greatly in color, but is usually gray or almost black, striped with yellowish or greenish. Being a measuring worm, it has less than the ordinary number of legs, six true legs near the head and four false legs near the posterior extremity, with an extra rudimentary pair on the fifth abdominal segment. When full grown, it descends to the ground and usually buries itself sometimes several inches beneath the surface. Here it forms a cell by turning round and round and changes to the pupal stage. Late in the fall, from the last of October to the time when the ground becomes frozen, the adults emerge and lay their eggs on the branches of the trees. Many of the moths do not emerge in the fall, but remain in the ground till spring. When adult, the two sexes differ greatly in appearance. The male has a pretty mouth, with red gray front wings marked by three transverse darker lines and hind wings of silvery gray. The female, on the other hand, is not provided with wings, but has to crawl wherever she goes. She is somewhat more robust than the male and ashen gray in color marked with black.

The fact that the female cankerworms are wingless and must creep from the ground to the branches of the trees in order to lay their eggs gives us an excellent means of fighting them. If we can head them off and prevent them from crawling up the trunks of the trees, the eggs cannot be deposited on the twigs, and no harm will result.

Rheumatism.

Nobody knows all about it; and nothing, now known, will always cure it.

Doctors try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, when they think it is caused by imperfect digestion of food. You can do the same.

It may or may not be caused by the failure of stomach and bowels to do their work. If it is, you will cure it; if not, you will do no harm.

The way, to cure a disease is to stop its cause, and help the body get back to its habit of health.

When Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil does that, it cures; when it don't, it don't cure. It never does harm.



The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.



FALL CANKERWORM.

A. male; B. female; C. D. E. structural details; F. G. egg enlarged; H. I. segments of body; J. K. larva; L. pupa; M. pupa of female.

To accomplish this end various devices have been tried, such as banding the tree with paper and on this spreading printer's ink or catnip or lime or any thing sticky enough to prevent the caterpillars from crawling up. Perhaps the best band is made of cotton batting. A strip of this is wound around a tree trunk and fastened securely by a string at or below the middle. The upper end is now turned down, forming a loose, fluffy mass, in which the insects get entangled and die. This method has one disadvantage. The bands have to be kept on from the last of October until spring is well advanced and must be removed after rains or when the cotton loses its fluffy nature. As the worms feed upon apple, elm, cherry and some other trees precautions must be taken to prevent them from breeding on these trees and again infesting the fruit trees.

The best method of overcoming these pests, however, is by spraying. They readily yield to a spray of kerosene emulsion (see chapter on insecticides), which should be applied early as soon as any worms are seen, or a better one, bluing, but never during the period of bloom. It may be necessary to repeat the spraying, but this method is by far the cheapest and most satisfactory.

Notes and News.

It has been particularly noted at the Rhode Island station that where a greater amount of nitrate of soda has been applied annually to grass land grown with clover, red top and timothy a far greater proportion of the crop consisted of timothy than where less of it was applied or than where it was omitted.

The heads but not the stems of sunflowers are made into oil.

In growing onions in Bermuda the land is enriched with well rotted cow or pig manure. The soil is sown in September and the crop harvested from January to May. A rigid system of inspection covers all shipments to the United States.

This country has come to be without a peer in the manufacture of agricultural implements and machines both as to quality and number.

Under the recent act for the protection of game animals and birds among the most general prohibition is that against the shipment of quail. All but 12 of the states prohibit export of these birds. Among the exceptions are seven southern states, Montana and North Dakota, but in Montana the sale and in North Dakota the killing of quail are at present lawful.

The approaching Argentine wheat harvest, which begins with December, will be watched with great interest, as it figures largely in the world's trade. Present talk is that it will be large. But this crop is an uncertainty till actually harvested.

The making of paper from native grasses is a new proposition.

Words.

"The words," whether written or spoken, are the manifestation of the inner, the visible spirit of the writer or speaker."—Rev. Dr. W. P. George, Presbyterian, Kansas City.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.
No truth is comprehended until it finds expression in actual experience.—Rufus H. Jones, Quaker, Haverford, Pa.

Music.
Music is the interpretation of a life which never can be interpreted in any other way.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Heavenly Life.
The heavenly life is the development of the Christian life here, as the oak is the development of the acorn.—Rev. Mark Collins, Lexington, Ky.

Happiness.
No man can be happy either in heaven or anywhere unless the divine element of his nature controls his action.—Rev. George H. Heworth, Congregationalist, New York.

Life's Bonds.
You cannot make and fix the bounds of life according to order except according to God's order, which is an order of spirit and principle.—Rev. N. H. Lee, Methodist, Denver.

The Highest Welfare.
No cause in the future which aims at less than securing the highest welfare of all can hope to succeed or ought to succeed.—Rev. William T. Brown, Congregationalist, Rochester.

Human and Divine Friendship.
Human friendship widens and enlarges life more than we can estimate. Divine friendship is utmost life-life eternal.—Rev. Dr. William Hayne Leavelle, Presbyterian, St. Louis.

Divine Highways.
Let us understand, once for all, that all avenues through which truth and beauty, light and love, enter the soul of man are divine highways.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Dixon, Baptist, New York.

Hope on Earth.
Hope here is the carrying forward and upward of the original hope, the strengthened and matured form of that assurance received when the conditions of salvation were accepted by us.—Rev. Dr. P. D. Power, Christian Church, Washington.

Chief Claim of the Gospel.
The supreme claim of the gospel is that it has come to man with a power that has been sufficient to raise him from the lowest to the highest, from the worst to the best, from earth to heaven.—Rev. Dr. Polemus H. Swift, Methodist, Chicago.

Blessings of Poverty.
To be kept poor is to be kept from many a sinful indulgence. And to be poor is to keep in sympathy with your fellow men. None but the angels know how much the poor do for one another.—Rev. Frederick H. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Duty of the Coming Church.
The church of the future must demonstrate that it is in the community to serve, to pour out its gold and its life, which is more than its gold, and its thought, which is more than its earthly life, and its love, which is more than its thought.—Rev. J. H. O. Smith, Chicago.

How God Helps Men.
God helps you not by the working of himself around you, but by the working of himself within you. Inside your own life is where the real work is done.—Rev. Dr. W. M. McKim, Presbyterian, St. Louis.

Triumph of the Model Church.
The model church will triumph. It has already kindled its candles round the globe. They may have a dim glow, but it will flame up as the Pentecostal legion break camp and march in double time into the enemy's country. All hail! Clear the way! The world rolls into light. The daybreak everywhere.—The heaven's noon spilling its yellow streams into the world's own shadows. The model church has triumphed.—Rev. Frank C. Brauer, Methodist, Englewood, Ill.

Righting of Wrongs.
Some day the housing of the poor, the reformation of the criminal, the enfranchisement of the unprivileged, the righting of the wrongs suffered by the world's "hewers of wood and drawers of water" will be done at public expense and by those trained for this purpose. Meanwhile the church is responsible for those things, at any rate in the way of molding institutions and inspiring individuals. All this, and more is included in the great commission. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."—Rev. Dr. A. W. Arundel, Episcopalian, Pittsburgh.

Pure Religion.
Pure religion is a compromise with sin. Nothing but the grace of God will enable a man to live in the world and not be defiled by contact with it. Pure religion is active. It seeks the needy and prompts you to go not only where you are needed, but where you are needed most.—Rev. Dr. A. W. Arundel, Episcopalian, Pittsburgh.

Meaning of Immortality.
Faith in immortality is a necessity. Life is an occupation of time and space. As naturally as a butterfly is predicted of space and eternity of time should immortality be predicted of life. Everything that men do is for the future. He cannot plan, execute and realize in the same moment. Immortality means plans, executions and realizations on an infinite scale. To mark the horizon from a steamer's deck in mid-ocean is to be impressed with the immensity of the sea and the immensity of the world. Immortality is a view of the seas of space and time, disclosing rooms which should hold only a heaven forever stretching from all the corners of earth.—Rev. J. Clayton Youker, Methodist, Chicago.

Don't Be Slow.
If a child is "slow" around home and takes an hour to dress when only a quarter of that time is necessary, it is a bad habit. The "slow" men and women are those who fail to make a success of life. How often you see grown people fluster about something a half a day that could be done in an hour! They learned the habit as children.—Arlington Globe.

LOVE AND NATURE.

Dear Love, when spring has come, all nature has
And from her languid life the budger takes
To look with wondering eyes upon the world.
The trees unfold their robes of silvery green,
And shrill insects from the blossoms gleam.
Each birdling dips a note both loud and true,
And I, dear Love, have you

Dear Love, in summer time each languid day
To harvest fields a tribute rich must pay
Of sunshine packed in grains of yellow corn,
And shrill insects from the blossoms gleam.
No creature, tree nor vine can see for more,
Nature has satisfied each bird and bee,
Has given you to me.

Dear Love, still fall doth pale in colors rare
The forests and the fields that soon grow bare
As winter clings then to her icy lover's arms,
Nature must wake and work and rest awhile,
Must sleep and cry, perchance, as well as smile
And nature, life and love are one, I know,
Because I love you so.

—Anna C. Steele in Harper's Bazar.

CHILI SAUCE

HOW BARSTOW BROWN AND ELVIRA RICHARDS CAME TOGETHER.

The household art is the only donor
I can bring you myself to him I send,
Can you find the road and earn the food?
Then I can make home and sweet home bread!

The last sunset bar of the gorgeous autumn sunset was fading out behind the tall poplars along Turkey creek when Barstow Brown's creaking old farm wagon turned the corner of the road which led to his lonely and ill kept home.

"There's the light stornia already in Miss Elvira Richards' window," he commented. "It does get dark awful early nights now. Seems like her's the cleanest kept in the cheeriest lamp in the hill township."

And indeed it did seem to illuminate with its friendly radiance the little one story house by the roadside. It looked like a beacon—a star. It made Farmer Brown think in admiring but uncomplimentary fashion of a steadfast love—pure, unwavering, brilliant. It attracted him. It drew him—the worn and harassed body and soul of him. He unconsciously he tightened the reins. But it was not until the plodding horses stood still in response that he wondered whether he might venture in and what excuse he could give for his visit.

Suddenly he lifted his head and sniffed—once, twice. Then he hurriedly twisted the reins around the whipstock and clambered down from the high seat. Swiftly, soundlessly, excuse and encouragement had come to him—in the guise of an odor at that.

"Chili sauce!" If she did a certain chili sauce? It was hurrying up the short path to the front door, at which he knocked. "I'll tell her I want the receipt for Susie Bolly to make some for. That's the ticket! Oh, howdy, Miss Richards! I was going home from mill on the latest small come a-foatin down the road! Seemed 's if I was back in mother's again, an she was puttin up chili sauce!" He sighed and moistened his lips at the recollection.

"So I thought I'd come in an find how you make it. Out the tomatoes ain't all gone yet. May be Susie Bolly could make a quart or so?"

Forty pound and beaming summers had passed over the brown head of Elvira Richards, but where was the girl along Turkey creek who carried herself with more grace and dignity, and what woman could boast such a fresh complexion and bright eyes as she?

"To be sure," she cried heartily. "You come right in, Mr. Brown." She drew forward the best rocking chair, with the Battenberg tidies on the engravating red plush arms.

"Tisn't much I need, sus. I've got some folks to fall back on. You'd need a lot in your house. I'm thinkin, I'll give you the receipt with pleasure, an a jar to take home for Susie to taste by. How does she get on, Mr. Brown?"

Barstow Brown looked around the bright little room, at the shining glass lamp with the red flamed wick, which stood behind the row of freshly polished gemstone slips in the recessed window, then back at the plump, white aproned figure opposite.

"Not too well, Miss Richards. She's kind of shiffling. It comes natural to some folks to shiffling. Seems like the work ain't keepin a bit ahead of her. Seems like she can no more catch up with it than—than she could with a cottontail. But she means well. Most shiffling folks ain't means well. I got to be movin'. He rose reluctantly.

"The young ones, they're be a-missin me." "Land's sake, now, an you couldn't wait till I make you a cup of coffee? No? That's too bad. Wait till I get you the chili sauce, anyhow. What's that? Could you come out to the kitchen while I'm a gettin it? Why, of course, Mr. Brown?"

Twitting and stepping briskly, Miss Elvira tripped ahead, and Barstow Brown plodded after. He was agitated at his own tenacity, but the appetizing smell of the chili sauce drew him to the kitchen as the white brilliance of the lamp had drawn him to the parlor.

"My!" He breathed and stopped short. "This beats"—He was looking around the gayest, coziest, most immaculate little kitchen he had ever beheld. From the black mirror of a stove, with its golden grin through the opened draft, to the shining plates on the dresser, the row of crimson filled glass jars on the table, the dishpan that glittered like silver and the cat asleep on the braided mat, all things bespoke industry, energy, comfort.

"It ain't any too easy, I guess, with only Susie. She never was a hand to look after children, an there's three to your place. I expect it ain't been like home since—since Cyrilla went away."

Barstow Brown was silent. It had not been a happy home before Cyrilla died. But he could not tell Miss Richards that. No, nor any one else. Only he had meant—had honorably meant—to ask Elvira to marry him before the pretty, painted, plump little city girl had come down to the country town and taken his sickle heart captive.

"Here's the receipt, an here's the jar. Yes, you must take the big one, an—why—Barstow!"

For there was a look in his eyes she had not seen since those happy days before Cyrilla died. Her city graces on Turkey creek.

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THEY SLEEP HANGING UP.

Sloths and Deer Suspend Themselves Without Exertion.

There is one animal which lives entirely in trees, but is able to maintain its position during slumber without the least exercise of muscular force. This is the sloth, common in the forests of tropical America. Its long claws are so bent that they hook over the branches and allow the creature to hang upside down like an animated hammock. Curiously enough, the hammock appears to be a South American invention and is universally employed by all the Indian tribes of the Amazon. Perhaps the primitive human dwellers in this region took to sleeping in hammocks after observing the habits of the sloth.

The great ant eater, which is both a Kinsman and fellow countryman of the sloth, has an enormous tail, which it uses in a very remarkable manner. I recently saw two of these strange animals lying together asleep, and they had arranged their tails so cleverly that their whole bodies were hidden from view. Moreover, it was evident that this casual covering would afford excellent protection from the weather, for the central solid part of the tails acted as a kind of ridge pole over the highest part of the sleepers' bodies, so that the long fringes of hair sloped downward on each side like the thatch upon a roof.

Like the sloths, many kinds of bats sleep suspended by their hooked claws without any muscular exertion whatever. Some of the large fruit eating bats of the tropics, which do not sleep in holes like the species common in southern latitudes, but which hang suspended to the branches of trees in the open air, adopt a position which it would be difficult to beat for economy and comfort. Gould's fruit eating bat, common in the warmer parts of Australia, suspends itself upside down by one hind foot and wraps its body in the tentlike folds of its wing membranes, which extend right down to the ankles. Its shoulders, to which the membrane is attached, are humped up so as to act as eaves to shoot off the rain, and when asleep it draws its head under their shelter and nestles its nose among the warm fur of its chest.

SAVED BY PALMISTRY.

Tattered Individual Proves His Case by Showing His Hands.

"Reasoning from antecedent probability," said the Justice to a prisoner with a sopping hat and a turned down mouth, "I would say that when this policeman accuses you of being a tramp he is speaking with a high regard for the truth."

"Knowing little about logic," the defendant replied, "I'm unable to say whether I am guilty or that proof. But by palmistry I am innocent. My life line is good, my capacity for hard work is simply astounding, and my confidence in my own ability is superb."

"Score one for palmistry. Now hold up your hands."

They went up.

"I can't tell whether you have worked by the looks of those hands," said the Justice. "But in the interval of the spread of knowledge I will digress and say to you that an article known as soap was invented some years ago."

"I've not heard of it," said the prisoner cheerfully, "and I know just as much about my guilt or innocence as I do about soap. You might try me by a jury of my peers."

"Your peers are too busy telling fairy tales to bartenders on this muggy morning to come out to help the ends of justice. The dollar they'd get for jury service would make them die of heart disease."

"A doctor told me I'd never have that," the prisoner said.

"I'm not intensely interested in the state of your health," the Justice said coldly. "I don't know whether you're a tramp, and neither do you. I am inclined to the opinion that you are, but I guess no policeman will arrest you between here and the corner."

The prisoner made the trial trip successfully and was seen no more.—Chicago Journal.

W. S. WHEELER'S STEAM LAUNCH HANNAH NOW IN BETTER CONDITION THAN EVER.

He recently received a new boiler for it from the Marine Iron Works of Chicago, besides having the whole craft overhauled. Hunting an excursion party will find this is just the boat to suit them Price reasonable.

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AN INSINUATION.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid at the time?
Lady—In my boudoir, arranging my hair.
Lawyer—And were you there also?
Lady (indignantly)—Sir!—Exchange.

A MONSTER DEVIL FISH.

Destroying its victim, is a type of consolidation. The power of this monstrous analysis is felt on organs and nerves and muscles and brain. There's no health till it's overcome. But Dr. King's New Life Pills are a safe and certain cure. Best in the world for stomach, liver, kidney and bowels. Only 25 cts. at F. A. Golden's drug store.

ULTIMATE REVERENCE.

The ultimate reverence is the reverence for your fellow man. The ultimate relation is that which binds you to your fellows, and the saving and final grace that comes to the religious soul is that which gives him a love for his humanity.—Rev. J. L. Jones, Independent, Chicago.

TEMPERATION.

One of the greatest temptations of man is the desire to get rich either dishonestly or too fast.—Rev. C. M. Sheldon, Baptist, Topeka.

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J. B. DULLEY,
County Treasurer.
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