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THE CASH SYSTEM.

The farmers of Oregon, of this coast, and elsewhere, are all alive to the advantages and importance of dealing strictly for cash...

We have tried this credit system, and are tired of it. A portion of our subscribers pay up punctually, but the most do not.

Hereafter all renewals and subscriptions, where the cash shall accompany the order, can be paid at \$2.50 per annum.

All those who are receiving this paper are invited to remit the balance that will be due us on the 1st of January, and add \$2.50 to pay for the year 1876.

A look at your tag will show you how much you will be indebted to us January 1st at the rate of 25 cts a month.

Remittances can be made by registered letter, currency can be sent by mail at its current value, or money can be paid to our local agents.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

FARM ECHOES, NO. 3.

Buying Oats.

Like the lighthearted cricket we all read about in our first readers, there are those who call themselves farmers, who after the rains of Winter begin, wake up some dark wet morning to find the granary empty.

The reasons why the potato is so important as an article of everyday use are, indeed, quite obvious. In the potato we find dry ash—of potash, nearly one sixth, sulphuric acid nearly one tenth, and phosphoric acid one twelfth, leaving comparatively a small margin for silica, lime, magnesia, peroxide of iron, soda, chlorine.

Wherever, and whenever, we see any excellent, it matters not of what kind, diseased, we know there is something wrong somewhere. Either the soil is exhausted, in part, or the means used in growing them, have been wrongly used; or, the climate is too dry, or too wet, &c.

there were those in the room who detested the very smell of tobacco and that no others were indulging in the habit of smoking, did not seem to disturb his equanimity in the least.

The Potato—Its Importance.

Potatoes are somewhat scarce this season. The farmers seem to have neglected many things for the sake of growing more wheat.

Potatoes are among the staple productions of the land. Almost, nay, we might say, every family uses potatoes, more or less.

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Oswego Iron Works—Says a contemporary: "Although the Oswego Iron Works turn out about one thousand tons of pig iron a year and export nearly all to San Francisco our furnaces import considerable iron from California."

A Story of Oregon Apples.

HOOD RIVER, Jan. 8, 1876.

ED. FARMER: The following is a reminiscence in the life of one of our nation's greatest military heroes, Gen. Scott, which I deem too good to be lost, and the only apology I have to offer in this connection is my inability to tell it as it was told to me by one of the parties, Mr. Joseph Hamilton, of Linn county, Oregon.

Gen. Scott—Are you an Oregonian, sir? Mr. Hamilton—I am, General. I came to her shores in 1817.

Gen. Scott—I am aware you have a fine country. I have obtained some of the largest fruit that ever grew in the world, sir.

Mr. H.—General, can I be favored with a sight of some of it? Gen.—Certainly, sir.

Here Gen. Scott summoned an aid, and had his box of fruit brought on deck, where, on the same being opened, Mr. H. remarked, with as much gravity as he could command, that the fruit was not an extra sample of Oregon fruit.

Gen. Scott—(With a look and air as only he could give.) I am aware, sir, that I have the largest fruit in the world, sir.

Mr. H.—Pardon me, General, but you have not the largest fruit.

Gen. S.—Do you mean to say, sir, that you have larger? Mr. H.—Yes, General, I do.

Gen. S.—I glory in a man who, after he has made a statement which he knows is right, sticks to it, sir. Will you convince me by producing the fruit?

Mr. Hamilton getting assistance, had a box brought up from below, which was quickly opened. Gen. Scott, after gazing in wonder for a moment, said, "There, that will do, sir. Set the box away." Then the General quickly wrote on three slips of paper an order summoning three of his military staff to appear, which they soon did, and as each appeared the General ordered them to sit down.

Gen. Scott—Have you all seen the fruit that I obtained while at Portland? Answer by all—Yes, General, we have.

Gen. S.—Is it large fruit? Ans.—Yes, General.

Gen. S.—Did you ever expect to see such large fruit? Ans.—Never, General.

Gen. S.—Well, here is a gentleman who pretends to say that he has seen larger fruit. Whereupon the three officers were anxious to bet that there never was larger fruit.

Here the General quickly interrupted them, and reminded them of the fact that his fruit was larger than they had ever expected to see. Might there not be a little larger fruit grown?

All answered, No, there never was larger; and all three produced a 20-dollar piece each.

Gen. S.—But hold; he looks like a man of truth, and I would be rather loth to doubt his veracity.

Officers—But, General, we are all anxious to risk a twenty each on the result.

Gen. S.—Perhaps the gentleman himself can mediate you.

gan—Have any of you ever been in Oregon? No. Well, I would be very slow to condemn any statement before I was advised as to the facts. One man asked. Have you ever been Oregon? Mr. H.—Yes; I am the man who gave the Tribune the statements just read.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Brio-a-Brac Papers.—No. 1.

After all, we can form a pretty fair estimate of a person's life and character by observing their actions a little. I said this to myself last evening, as I watched the progress of that game played with cards and called "Crib."

When I was younger than I am now I liked very much to argue some absorbing question with an opponent who called out my deepest thoughts, and kept me thinking deeply and intently. I like to argue yet, but do not care to have my interest wrought up to so high a pitch of enthusiasm as I then delighted in.

I went to see poor old crazy Nina to-day. She is the thickest of women, with soft gray hair, and a face once kind and motherly. Her eyes were once mild and pleasant, and are yet at intervals, but they are not so when the fire of insanity burns in them.

ken a fancy to me, and delights to have me come and sit by her, bringing a green leaf or tiny flower—they remind her, she says, of her little cabin in the woods, by the 'branch.' At times she talks incoherently, and her one theme is her baby. She will lie and moan as if her heart would break, and plead with them to bring her baby to her.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Letter from McMinnville.

ED. FARMER: I have not noticed anything in your paper concerning farm affairs in this part of the country, and thinking that you will pay more attention to subject than phraseology I venture to write in my blunt way a short article for your columns.

From one who has spent the greater part of his life following the plow you can't expect long, flowing sentences of delicate construction and rhetorical flourishes, but I will try and present a few simple facts for your disposal.

The vicinity around the pleasant little village of McMinnville is one of the most fertile and healthful in the Willamette valley. It is a valley of itself—the valley of the Yamhill river—almost surrounded by hills and mountains.

In this neighborhood as well as in other parts of the country, the breadth of fall-sown grain is not great, owing to the unfitness of the season. This is not generally considered any loss here, however, as the ground will produce as much put in properly in the spring as in the fall.

The McMinnville grange is perhaps the most active organization in the State. Our membership is not the largest but some of them have a great deal of "get up" about them.

The grass is good and the winter being open feeding has not been necessary where pasture is not overstocked. I have written long enough for this first. If this receives your attention and you choose to publish it I may be encouraged to write again.

The dwelling of Mr. Ladd, situated about five miles from Willa Wetta, was burned with its contents, the loss on the house and furniture amounting to about \$3,000. The house was built recently purchased by Mr. Ladd from Frank Smith.