

WILLAMETTE FARMER

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ORCHARDING.

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We hear that some communications on fruit growing will come in due time, and we hope they will not be long delayed, but must confess to disappointment that such an important item of production as fruit growing has not received more attention from those persons of experience, who are so well able to write it up. As no others yet offer to discuss it, we will proceed with the subject with what means and information we can command.

We spoke last week of the importance of good locations for successful fruit growing, and without pursuing the subject in a practical way in the line of methods to be followed in cultivation, will now take a glance at the different fruits available here and the uses we have for them.

The apple is king of fruits in this latitude, but unfortunately, for years past, in Oregon the apple has been subject to depredations of the apple tree louse, which has injured the trees and destroyed the fruit, though this pest has decreased somewhat. It is to be hoped that it will disappear altogether. Besides this, a great deal of fruit is spotted with a fungus growth that affects both the leaf and the apple, and this winter we find many that seem to have small spots of dry rot on the surface. Here is a field we leave to experienced orchardists, to explain the causes and cure for these spots that affect both tree and fruit.

Heretofore the apple has been a very healthy and successful tree, and we still have all we can use, freely supplied. These complaints are not made everywhere, and prevail often to small degree when they are known. The farmer's wife dries apples, and we ship thousands of bushels to California. Time demonstrates that some varieties do not succeed here. The Rambo once did well, but now is seldom seen; but the best fruits generally do thrive and are of excellent quality. What we desire to know from all sections is the varieties that do well and in what soil and localities certain kinds thrive and do not thrive.

Pears do wonderfully well here, and this valley is the natural home of that fruit. No better fruit can be grown. When the Northern Pacific road is completed, our orchardists will have a good demand for choice pears to ship East. The best varieties for this purpose should be planted without hesitation. Bartlett will be valuable to can, or to dry, or to ship East in a green state; some other varieties, as the Winter Nellis and Beurre d'Estiver, are certain to be in demand. Information concerning pears and the varieties most certain to be in demand is needed by all orchardists. People are apt to set out too many varieties, whereas the safest way is to be sure to have a few very choice varieties of fruits and plant many of a kind.

Whoever the peach can thrive it should be planted liberally. It is sure to be in demand, and can be canned or dried to good advantage. The records of each neighborhood will give an idea of the locations best suited to peach growing, and the varieties that thrive best in that section.

Cherries are very fine with us, and must be in great demand in the future as our population increases. They succeed here wonderfully and deliciously, and where they thrive best should be planted freely. The standard varieties are the Royal Ann, May Duke, Black Republican, Governor Wood, and the Early Purple Gage is also commended as a favorite; besides these, other varieties are valuable, and we invite friends to give us their experiences. Cherries can be canned or dried, and should be very profitable indeed.

The plum and prune are naturally at home with us, and we look to them as the surest to pay a profit. They thrive well on uplands and bear well. No other fruit yields more abundance, and the quality cannot be surpassed in any country. The writer is making a specialty of plums, prunes and Bartlett pears, having 3000 trees already bearing and 3000 more to set out this season. We hope, within three years, to have ten thousand trees in orchard, and shall plant about 1800 pears, 2000 Queen's Golden Drop plums, 2300 Reine Claude de Bay plums, 1000 each of Italian and Petite d'Agon prunes, Columbia plums, and Washington plums, which we state to show the varieties we prefer. There are other varieties that may be equally valuable. We have also bearing a number of Peach plums, which are the earliest of drying fruits of that species.

Some of these are drying fruits, and some are both for canning or drying. A strange freak of public taste excludes purple plums from being canned, without sufficient reason, most certainly, because they do can well, and

are rich eating. Also the prunes are to be dried with the pits in, while some fruit has to be cut before it is dried. A long article could be written concerning the various plums and prunes and their best uses. Certain it is that many varieties have little value, and the person who commences orcharding extensively must post himself thoroughly, so as to know what varieties to include or exclude, or else he may raise fruit without profit.

We have touched lightly on a broad field, and invite all who have experience to elaborate upon what we have said. The topic is interesting simply because fruit growing is a very interesting pursuit, but its importance consists of the fact that fruit culture offers great rewards to those who know how "to labor and to wait." California sent up and almost stripped our best nurseries of their best varieties this year, simply because they have proved there that it pays to grow pears, cherries, plums and prunes, and they sent here, because the demand there was above the supply. California wins enormous returns from its orchards, and there is no reason why Oregon and Washington should not be equally successful in the line of fruits that we can grow here to good advantage.

Correspondence.

The Owl as a Quail Extirpator.

TURNER, Or., Feb. 4, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: Last week a party brought me a large horned owl to be stuffed. While submitting the bird to taxidermal manipulations, I observed that he was very fat, and after duly mounting his skin in position, I removed the fat from the body and "tried it out," getting nearly half a pint of clear oil. Here is food for reflection touching the game laws problem. Not that a diet of owl grease is calculated to sharpen the intellect, but the same question arises in regard to owls as did to the boy as to the miller's hog: what do they get fat on? From owls kept in captivity we can arrive at a pretty accurate conclusion as to the amount of daily sustenance required by an owl with a vigorous appetite, and I consider that one quail per diem, or its equivalent, is within reasonable bounds as a basis to calculate from. Then, supposing Mr. Owl lived exclusively upon adult quail, 365 of these would be destroyed each year by each individual owl. But as a "hunter out of season" the owl exceeds the most ruthless "pot hunter." He takes the brooding quail from her nest, snatches her from her unfledged young, nor spares these latter either, but like the Shanghai chicken, he eats up everything he can overhail; so that I assume that 500 quail less each year would only render one owl capable of yielding half a pint of oil at mid-winter. But as the owl does not confine himself exclusively to quail, but eats every grouse, pheasant, plover, sparrow, thrush, lark or other useful bird that he can catch napping, from the egg in the nest, to the full-grown bird, it is very probable that 1,000 or 1,200 useful birds are sacrificed annually to keep each large owl in good condition. Count the same for every large hawk, and at least one half as much for the other smaller hawks and owls, and also the crows and jays, which are equally destructive, and some idea may be obtained of the immense destruction of insect-eating and game birds by these agencies. All the pot hunting and trapping that is or would be carried on in Oregon, even if no game laws existed, would not equal in destruction the owls alone. A pot hunter in the market can realize about six cents each for quails, ten cents for pheasants, twelve and a half cents for grouse, and smaller game birds in proportion—they are worth more to the farmer as insect destroyers—and for this small pittance they are hunted to the verge of extermination, while a hawk, owl, crow or jay is entirely valueless in the market, yet he who kills one of these latter does the community a real service, which has a money value.

In view of these facts, would it not be the part of wisdom for our State Legislature, in addition to the game laws restraining the human biped from the useless destruction of useful birds, to offer small bounties for the heads and scalps of predaceous birds and animals. Once made these latter as valuable to the hunter as the so-called game, and they would soon be as scarce, and game would be correspondingly as abundant, and the whole people of Oregon would be benefited. Here's reason and argument. NATURALIST.

Burglary Near Turner.

TURNER, Or., Feb. 6, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: The dwelling house of Mr. J. R. Foster, half a mile from this place, was burglarized on Friday afternoon, the 3d inst. The family were away from home, and Mrs. Foster re-

turning, almost caught the burglar at his business. She did hear him in the house, and saw him run away, and noted the direction taken by him. Some one passing along the road soon after, Mrs. Foster sent word to this place, and three or four of our citizens went out and tracked the fellow across the fields, tracing him to a house where he called, and got a pretty good description of him. After following the trail two miles or more, night came on, and the pursuit was discontinued. A saloon is usually a good place to "see a man," especially in a country town, and that night the boys were around. Sure enough, a while after dark, in walked a chap whose appearance pleased them, and he was interviewed accordingly. The interviewed was a new comer, just from Salem, and lately from Ohio, and was hunting work. The boys thought that a job could be found for him, and being a stranger, they took him in. On his examination before Justice Matteson the next day, the evidence produced was deemed sufficient that he be held to answer the charge of burglary in a dwelling house in the sum of \$200. In default of bondmen he was committed to jail. No booty was secured from the house entered, but it is probable that the man has found a job of work. He gives his name as William Campbell, is about 30 years of age, below medium height, bluish grey eyes, brown, straight soft hair, light sandy mustache, beard shaved close, complexion light, no freckles, claims to be a carpenter, is intelligent and of fairly pleasant appearance and address, smokes, and most probably takes a drink of beer occasionally; dressed in black clothes, good but well worn throughout, medium sized, will weigh about 155 pounds. This man may be innocent, but the whipping post needs to be used in Oregon for the punishment of certain classes of misdemeanors. R. O. HEMLAN.

From Linn County.

SWEET HOME, Or., Jan. 27, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: Thinking that the readers of your paper would like to hear from this part of Oregon, I will endeavor to write a few lines. The winter here, so far, except the last two days, has been very mild. On the morning of the 26th ult. we had the first snow to speak of; it was four inches deep, but it has nearly all disappeared. There is not much doing here this winter; the principal employment is hunting deer with the hounds, until nearly all of them have been killed or run off; and now the dogs, for a change, have turned loose on my sheep. Now I propose to keep a sharp look out until I see the right ones, and then I will turn loose with my gun until I exterminate all such dogs. The young men and some of the old have organized a debating society, and they have been discussing some very important subjects, such as Capital Punishment, Woman Suffrage, Secret Societies, Temperance Question, etc., and all seem to feel satisfied in the way it is conducted.

The people of this vicinity are pleased with the new grist mill, run and owned by William Sanford and S. Doty. It is much more convenient than to go ten miles to mill, as we usually had to do before this one was built. Abbott & Co have their new saw-mill in running order now, and are ready to fill any bill that will come to their mill, so you see that Sweet Home is still alive.

Some of the neighbors are slashing brush and preparing to sow grass seed, while some others are fencing that that they have sowed. As this is the only thing we can do to make such land pay us anything, we propose to go after it: we sow Timothy, Orchard grass and Mesquite seed; Timothy on the bottom land, and Orchard grass and Mesquite seed on the upland—the Mesquite seems to be becoming more popular in this vicinity. Some people seem to think that this thing of clearing land and sowing grass seed makes poor pay, but I think that I have seen worse things, or things that paid less. There is more pay in stock than in anything else, and the more grass the better the pay. Now, Mr. Editor, if you think these few remarks worthy of a little corner in your valuable paper publish them and may the FARMER ever live. E. C. JACKSON.

Sheep-Killing Dogs.

McCoy, Or., Jan. 27, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: If you will allow me a little space, I will make an offhand shot at the sheep-killing animals. I often see communications on this subject, but yet, in my opinion, most of them shoot wide of the mark. For the last ten years I have tried to keep a little flock of sheep, but last winter I sold them and gave it up as a bad job, as the indispensable curs got away with them faster than I could raise them, with a little assistance from the much degraded coyotes—but a very small percentage by the latter, although they appear to be

tolerably plentiful in this neighborhood. I have suffered nothing from them in comparison to the dogs, yet there appears to be no remedy when we see such affectionate love for the indispensable cur. It appears to do but little good to kill them; when you kill one, there are two more ready for the work by the time you renew your flock of sheep. Three years ago this Spring, three of my neighbors' dogs made a partnership job of killing my lambs, and they made clean work of it; out of twenty lambs they left six. I put out strychnine and killed them. That same Spring, a neighbor's son went to visit another neighbor, where they chanced to have a litter of young dogs, and on being asked if he didn't want a young dog, he promptly replied, "I want two, as we have but five dogs, and we would like to have seven." So you see, Mr. Editor, by the next Spring this band of seven dogs were ready to devour my lambs and also another neighbor's lambs, and that neighbor got a little indignant, and he took the job off my hands and he killed the band of seven dogs. But in the meantime a newly married couple emigrated from Tillamook county, and the most of their wealth consisted in a little white cur, and the little cur did not appear to be very well pleased with his new home, and he roamed the neighborhood and finally made a raid on a band of sheep and got his dose. But this was only the beginning of sorrow; the new bride was heart stricken, and she made vigilant search, and at last found his dead body, and with the aid of a hand sleigh, she removed his dead body home, and with many tears consigned him to a tomb. So you see, Mr. Editor, amid such deep sorrow and tears, a dog is indispensable cur, it is but little use to try to keep a flock of sheep without we can get some remedy. It appears to me our legislature could introduce a law to prohibit any family from keeping more than one dog; it would be of great value to the sheepmen and sheep husbandry. SAMUEL SHEPPEN.

Weather Report for January, 1882.

During January, 1882, there were 13 days on which rain fell, and an aggregate of 5.65 inches of water; six clear days and thirteen cloudy days other than those on which rain or snow fell.

The mean temperature for the month was 36 deg.

Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 46 deg. on the 4th.

Lowest daily mean temperature, 22 deg. on the 29th.

Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock P. M., 42.22 deg.

Highest temperature for the month, 48 deg. at 2 P. M. on the 1st, 24 and 5th.

Lowest temperature, 9 deg. at 7 A. M. on the 29th.

Frosts occurred on the 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st.

A very little snow fell on the 10th, which melted as it reached the ground. Snow fell on the 26th, and on the morning of the 27th; there was 10 inches of very light snow on the ground, which settled down during the day to about 6 inches. In the valley near here the snow was perhaps not more than 4 inches deep. Lunar halo on the 30th.

The prevailing winds for the month were from the southwest during 13 days, north 14 days, south 4 days.

During January, 1881, there were 11 days during which rain fell, and 7.79 in. of water; 5 clear days and 15 cloudy days.

Mean temperature for the month, 39.21 deg.

Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 52 deg. on the 11th.

Lowest daily mean temperature for the month, 29 deg. on the 22d.

T. PEARCE.

EOLA, Feb. 1, 1882.

Note by the Editor.—It must be remembered that Mr. Pearce lives on the Eola hills, and at the same time snow was never two inches deep at Portland, and went off during the day.

Washington Agricultural Fair—Time for Holding it Changed.

HILLSBORO, Or., Feb. 6, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: At a meeting of the Directors of the Washington County Agricultural Society, held in Hillsboro, Feb. 4th, it was decided to change the time of holding the annual Fair from Sept. 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th to July 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, and hold an Agricultural Fair in October, the exact time not yet set.

You will please publish the above in your paper. By order of Board.

R. S. PERKINS, President.

J. A. IMBRIE, Sec.

50 Carls (no 2 slike), 10 cents; 33 lovely floral, 10 cents; 25 transparent (nobby scenes), 10 cents; 25 hand and bouquets, 15 cents; 25 best fancy mixed 19 (all new), same as above.

WHAT STRANGERS THINK OF OREGON AND OREGONIANS.

We met the other day with two well informed farmers, who have come here in mid-winter, from Missouri, to see Western Oregon in the worst season of the year, with view to making their future homes in our State. They are both men of means, well educated, and well fixed at home, but are seeking a milder climate and exemption from the terrible storms that so frequently devastate the West. They have traveled over Texas, but say the many advantages of that region, whose equable climate and rich soil are all that can be desired, are neutralized by the frequency of droughts that make crops too uncertain. So they have come to look at Oregon, to judge for themselves as to its good qualities. Kansas was well advertised by railroads, so that the prospects of many who went there were ruined by failure. Many States are advertised as possessing qualities that they do not have, so they concluded to see for themselves whether Oregon answers to the claims made by its advocates, and after travelling through the State from Siskiyon to Portland, stopping all along the route and examining and inquiring for themselves, they feel satisfied that this country answers all their expectations. Tuesday, when we met them, was a raw, blustery day, with a cutting South wind that ended in a steady rain, probably the worst day of our whole winter, but these gentlemen were amused at the suggestion that the day was particularly uncomfortable, and said it would not be considered so in Missouri. They have noticed that the last month, spent on this Coast, has showed less clouds and rain than the preceding month spent east of the Rocky mountains; and instead of meeting here with a continual downpour and heavy and drenching rains, they have met with many very pleasant days of actual sunshine; the rains have been gentle and warm, bearing no comparison with the heavy rain storms of the East. For a month past they have seen farmers plowing and putting in wheat, and summer-fallowed wheat fields, and all that was sown in the fall, look in best possible condition. They put in wheat in Missouri, but early in the fall, early in September, and to do it they are obliged to plow the ground in a hot and dusty season, when the labor is severe on both man and beast. They have the chinch bug to contend against, after the wheat has lived through the winter and makes a good showing, and spring wheat they do not venture to grow.

Here, they find it actually possible to sow wheat every month in the year, and this is literally true, though not often expedient. Winter wheat can be sown to good advantage through all the Fall and Winter months, and Spring wheat is sown through March, April, May, and often in early June.

They were surprised to find that corn does as well in Jackson county as in Missouri, as they found to be true upon inquiry; they also believe Jackson county (or Rogue River Valley) to be a natural home for orchards, as we claimed for it in our article two weeks ago. They say, however, that land owners are so set up with the prospect of a railroad that they hold land at as high a figure there as it is held at in the Willamette Valley. What has surprised them most of all has been to see that our seasons are so regular and reliable, and that crops are so uniform and satisfactory.

At the East they are in constant fear of the recurrence of those terrible cyclones that occasionally devastate the country, destroying life and property. Even without them, they are subject to heavy storms, such as we actually know nothing of. In January, 1880, a wind storm swept from Northwestern Oregon to Northeastern Washington, for seven hundred miles, throwing many trees and doing some damage, but that is the only storm of magnitude known since this country was first settled. There is no natural indication to show that any similar storm has swept over this country in a century. With all its violence this storm only equals the ordinary wind storms known east of the Rocky mountains, that frequently occur. Our travelers found in the fact of our comparative immunity from storms and floods a great argument in favor of Oregon.

Both of these gentlemen are inclined to locate where they can combine stock raising with farming, and to our suggestion that the Umpqua Valley affords the best facilities for carrying out their scheme, because it is the natural home for sheep, with its smooth-grassed, oak-crowned hills and intervening valleys, they answered they had spent considerable time there and seemed to think they should locate there. A sheep range of 1700 acres, 400 acres of which is good plow land, they said could be bought in the Umpqua for \$25 an acre. At such a rate certainly the

Umpqua Valley should be popular with intending settlers.

When we rather insisted that these gentlemen ought to visit Eastern Oregon and the Walls Walls country, they answered that it was of no use, they had found what they came after and they should come here, if at all, to realize the climate and advantages possessed by the valleys of Western Oregon, so they had no inducement to go further.

We were interested in learning the opinion of enterprising and intelligent farmers from abroad as to our methods, and learned that they consider our farmers lacking in the diligence and effort that make Western farmers successful. They saw much indifferent farming; too little study, and slack work in many instances, and we incline to think they were correct. Wild oats, French pinks, tar-weed, and many other weeds, have a foothold, and must be put out of existence. They wonder that we do so little with grass and clover, and they sustain the oft repeated assertion of the FARMER that our farmers must certainly combine stock-raising with farming to be thoroughly successful.

They did not like California, with its big ranches where a hired man is less consequence than a negro slave used to be in Mississippi. They did not enjoy living in a State where they were warned, as they were there, not to speak out loud when they called the Central Pacific a detestable monopoly. The last man they saw in California, who lived on the Siskiyon mountain side, close to the Oregon line, almost astraddle of it, took offense because they accused the railroads of owning and running the State of California, and they were glad to get over the mountain and into a State where men were not in fear of their lives because of a railroad monopoly. They say they were surprised at the difference, for in all Oregon they have not found any one who was at all afraid to speak his mind. We do not believe it will be possible for the time ever to come when railroad influence will terrorize this State or Washington Territory as it does California.

We omitted to say that these gentlemen favor sheep-raising especially, and are attracted thereto by the fact that the wool growers of this region receive more for their wool than do the wool growers of Missouri, besides which our sheep grow much heavier fleeces. We do not even know these gentlemen's names or their location, merely happening to sit with them in a car and engage in desultory conversation, and write up their views because it is good to occasionally learn from a stranger the impression he receives from us. While they do not bestow unmerited praise, yet they show a very cordial appreciation of our people, and viewing Oregon under difficulties, find it exceeds their expectations.

Facts about Idaho Territory.

Correspondence Lewiston News.

With your permission I will answer some questions, which have been put to me by many farmers and on which I have thoroughly experimented.

Question—Which pays the best to sell, pork or bacon?

Answer—I killed one hog last year that weighed 287 lbs.; cured it to bacon, and it brought me more money in bacon at 15¢ per pound than it would in pork at 9¢ per pound. There is a scientific process of cutting up your pork to make good bacon of it, and that is to leave the shoulder and side together and take all the bone out. I find that this plan makes bacon much more nice and sweet, and is worth more and not so much trouble to cure. The philosophy of this process is that the meat absorbs the pickle more thoroughly than when the bones are left in.

Some of my friends in the Eastern States want to know what we feed our cows upon in Winter in this country. One acre of rutabagas grown here will make 500 bushels of feed, sufficient for five cows for three months with hay. I refer here to milk stock, because if you want a cow to give milk in the Winter you must take care of her and feed her well. I milk one cow this Winter; she gets all the hay and rutabagas she can eat, and gives in return three gallons of strained milk per day from which we make nine pounds of butter per day, which is big pay. I find carrots to be good feed for horses and cattle, and I have raised as much as ten tons to the acre on a hillside with a northeasterly aspect. This statement will make east of the Rocky mountains open their eyes, but it is a plain statement of fact and is done every season in this neighborhood.

There are a great many men who come out West thinking the people here are a set of greenhorns who know nothing; these, I notice, are the very first to become dissatisfied and turn their backs upon everything and everybody, cursing the country and declaring the rutabagas and jawbone is the only legal tender out here. We have plenty of that, 'tis true, but that is better than nothing, and any farmer here can give a man a good square meal and that is more than I met with in Kansas, and I lived there six months in what was called the best portion of the State. The fact is that this country offers any amount of good opportunities to men who don't expect to make a living out of nothing, and are not in too great a hurry to get rich. Those who intend coming here, but have not the energy to work nor the patience to wait, should stay where they are, for they will certainly become dissatisfied and here.