

ington Territory without liability to failure nine years out of every ten, it beats the Western States, and never fear, the time is coming when good markets will be opened for it.

What consists in "an exceedingly small portion of the land," within

SO VAST A TERRITORY

as Washington, in the mind of the editor, the reader is left to vaguely imagine. He means, however, that no forest land is "capable of being cultivated" until cleared of timber, I suppose.

A large proportion of the trees in Michigan are pine, the stumps of which are equally troublesome to the farmer as fir and cedar stumps will be in Washington Territory. Still Michigan farmers manage to get along, enduring besides this the dreadful cold winters, which are more to be feared.

Some of our most prosperous States, now teeming with happy people, were not so many years since a howling wilderness. True, Washington Territory "forests abound in wild animals," but as the country settles up it will be rare sport for the nimrods to clear them out. If our forefathers had backed down at the mere mention of "varmint," their grandchildren would never have been worth a cent.

WAGON ROADS

will be constructed in due time, notwithstanding the city editor's pen has made it "impossible."

Self-interest takes many Eastern farmers to Oregon and Washington Territory, perhaps, and no doubt with the right sort of energy and industry they gain in the long run more than is lost "by the operation." The majority of farmers who go there, let us hope, have a home and the future welfare of their children in view.

LURING ADVERTISEMENTS,

sent out by "land sharks" in the South, induce many Northern and Eastern people to go there with the expectation of becoming rich in a short time. They are generally disappointed, and those who *can*, soon seek a home in a climate more safe and agreeable. The superabundance of pilfering blacks and yearly visitation of yellow fever, are disadvantages of the "Sunny South" too widely published to need ventilation. Farms may be had there on very easy terms, but the new-comer must

prepare high roosts for the domestic fowls, strong and close pens for the pigs, and an inexhaustible purse to pay the doctor bills.

Of Kansas, "the garden of the Southwest," fictitiously so called,

THE DISADVANTAGES

are rarely told, and it is the best advertised of all the Western States. The roving emigrant need hardly go so far as the Pacific Coast for novelty. What with periodical grasshopper plagues, annual drouths invariably attended by myriad armies of chinch-bugs that infest the fields destroying the promising wheat and changing the darkly green corn to a sickly yellow, flies thickly covering the prairies in summer, a plague to bipeds and quadrupeds indoors and out, late spring frosts fatal to budding fruit and damaging to young wheat, wintry blasts in mid-summer, known as Nor'westers, surprising the farmer reeking with perspiration in his shirt-sleeves, and sending him shivering, teeth chattering, double-quick to seek the kitchen fire, besides frequent destructive hail-storms, water-spouts, cyclones, and fearful thunder-storms,—electric displays in a tearless sky,—the play of the lightning and the roar of the thunder dazzling and deafening beyond description, but followed by no refreshing rain, surely Kansas is supplied with novelty enough if novelties are possessed of charms. He must be hardy, indeed, to endure year after year such appalling disadvantages

AND BE HAPPY.

I defy any one to say, conscientiously, that I have over-stated anything.

People in Eastern States are infatuated with Kansas by reading wonderful stories eulogizing its delightful climate, the marvelous cures wrought upon bronchial and pulmonary affections, and exhilarating effects of the pure air, etc. Nothing can be more absurd. Those throat and lung affections exist, at times, to an alarming extent. Could it be otherwise in a country where in summer the fan, the umbrella and the overcoat are in requisition often during the same day, and the wind blows for weeks successively, filling the air so thickly with dust that one cannot see objects a rod distant. The hot south wind is the crowning evil. It renders life a burden and a torment to the hard-toiling farmer. I

do not expect this article to turn one emigrant away from Kansas. Let him come here, and a few years buffeting with the south wind will most

EFFECTUALLY TURN HIM AWAY

if he is able to get away after gaining his experience. I have known it during spring and summer to blow ceaselessly at the rate of ninety miles an hour, almost without a variation, night and day for three long weeks. Nothing is visible beyond the distance of a few rods through the dense clouds of dust swept from the cultivated fields. The fine dust is sifted into the houses through key-holes and between sashes and sills of the most tightly closed windows. People close their doors and partake of meals in their cellars. Hedge rows and stone fences become banked upon either side with dust until horse-men can ride over them with the greatest facility, and they are rendered worthless to prevent the trespassing of stock. After one of these frequent dust storms, I have witnessed people

CLEANING OUT THE DUST

from their second floor rooms with a large scoop-shovel and a coal bucket. It is finer than flour, and drifts up in little banks on the floor through an opening just large enough to insert the blade of a case-knife in. Every spot of moisture on the prairie is lapped up by the wind's hot breath, leaving the ground parched and dry. The waving wheat and nodding corn withers and dies as it passes over, and the prairie-grass turns yellow, as if scorched by fire. Trees transplanted to the prairie never attain a vigorous growth. Their trunks become twisted and their boughs scraggy, and owing to being forced to lean toward the north the greater portion of the time by the wind, they grow bent in that direction, seeming, in quiet weather, to have an affinity to the magnetic pole.

There are really men in Kansas who believe it is a good country, but they were born and raised here and were never forty miles from their own dug-outs, and consequently

KNOW NO BETTER.

Other parties who claim so much for "The Garden of the Southwest," have selfish interests to promote and are troubled very little with a conscience that might check them from being eloquent like Eli Perkins.