

great cheese makers of Monterey, at a cost of \$1,750, and that over fifty applications to breed cows to him at \$40 per head had been rejected. The milk of the Holstein cattle is prized chiefly by the cheese-makers, and although I have eaten some good cheese made in this State, yet I do not know of the importation of any Holstein cattle up to date.

My good old friend, Capt. John C. Ainsworth, one of Oregon's most successful business men, was asked one day what it would cost to build a steamboat of two hundred tons. "That would entirely depend upon the trade in which she was designed to run," was his answer. "It takes powerful and costly engines to run some steamers," he continued, "while others can be navigated with very cheaply built hulls and comparatively defective power." It is just so with cattle-breeding in Western Oregon. Your means will not allow you to begin with anything but good American cows of no pretensions to select breeding, and then you must improve upon by selections of blooded bulls. Hence you must breed according to your location. And be particular always to breed upwards when you do breed, whether you produce for the dairy or the shambles.

I am told every day that dairy farming don't pay, that it is a great deal of work for a very little money, next to none at all. But here is my argument upon the proposition: A day's work is a day's work, is it not? Well, one man can work as hard as another, if he will. Now, then, we come to the joke of the cream. If men can get rich and keep their carriages in the western counties of New York state, with butter at an average of fourteen cents, the year round, by pasturing and feeding cows upon lands worth from \$60 to \$200 per acre, what is the reason it won't pay in Oregon? Here our lands go as high as \$60 per acre, but there are thousands of unoccupied acres yet to be had at the Government price; and here butter will average thirty cents the year round. There is not a store in my town where you may buy a roll of butter for less than a dollar, since the 5th of November, and I would hate to bet that the rolls would average two pounds.

I look forward to an increased interest in dairying business in Oregon,

whenever sufficient capital can be got hold of to establish a beet-sugar factory in the Willamette valley. After the beet pulp has been boiled in the sugar-vats, there is still left a large residue of fattening matter, which the searching chemistry of nature alone can extract. Commit this, therefore, to the stomach of the milch cow, and let her, or the stall-fed ox, consume what man's ingenuity has failed to reach. It takes capital to start it, but there are huge dividends for those who attempt it. And there is very little land in the Willamette valley but will produce two hundred bushels of beets to the acre. If these could be sold to a beet sugar factory at forty cents a bushel, it is a better reward for the farmer's industry than wheat at \$1.50 per cental. And in the mean while Oregon's farmers could grant a Sabbath to some portion of her soil and let her fertility be born anew.

#### THE OLD PIONEERS.

A few years ago the emigrants came toiling across the sage plains, marking with broken pieces of wagon boxes the graves of those who were not strong enough to withstand the privations and hardships of the six month's journey with ox teams, or who fell victims to a savage foe. It was a marvelous undertaking, but "they were brave and true as stern crusader clad in steel."

Made strong with hope they dared to do,  
Achievements that a host to-day  
Would stagger at, stand back and reel,  
Defeated at the thought of it.

When we consider that the Pacific coast was then an almost unknown region, and the dangers and hardships to be encountered in the pilgrimage across more than half the continent, we cannot but admire the spirit of the old pioneers who led with their rifles on their shoulders, the vanguard of civilization. We may carefully examine the history of the American continent, but we shall nowhere find another record like this. Those were indeed, days that "tried men's souls," but those at the front were strong and resolute, ready for the work before them, and to them belongs the honor of bringing the far-western territory under the protectingegis of the American Union, and of laying the foundation of a State destined to take a place in the front rank of the National sisterhood.

We can well remember when the Pacific coast was a howling wilderness; when the grey wolves held their nightly concerts in the hearing of our cabin homes, and the red-men rode their "tireless cuitans" over our wide meadows, and even sometimes failed to respect our rights to our melon and turnip patches; when we ground meal upon the coffee mill, luxuriated on sorrel pie, and talked about the opening of a new horse trail, or the felling of a foot-log over some insignificant creek as an important internal improvement. But in the marvelous march of civilization the Pacific Northwest has become an important portion of the American Union, containing yet undeveloped the elements of almost incalculable wealth and prosperity. As we enjoy the advantages of a civilization which has followed in the footsteps of the old time leaders, we should not forget our duty to those who fought the early battles for us; whose courage and enterprise first sought and claimed the wild but beautiful land, so far remote from the old hive of civilization.

Alas! how many of those who came in the early days "gather no more in the councils of their brethren." Many of them lie where they perished from excessive toil, where they were lost amid the snows of the mountains, or where they fell in fierce conflict with a savage foe. Others have since faded away from our sight in the glow of a brighter civilization. How many thrilling stories have been buried with their authors? Much of the history of the past "with those bent with years, is fast perishing unrecorded, ir retrievable." Let us not be slow then to gather from them the historic traditions of the early days, and learn to treasure the memory of the intrepid leaders as we see crumbling to dust around us the last remnants of their handiwork; for ere long we shall all be covered by the coffin lid, and the cold page of history will bear at best but a poor record of the trials and hardships of the Old Pioneers.

You may say what you please about it, but there is luck in horse-shoes. A woman nailed one up against the wood, shed a month ago, and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a cent for more than two years.