els to marry the girl he had left behind him. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

California Missions.

hidden in Bancroft's ponderous histories. The illustrations are from drawings by the author and from photographs and repro-

ductions of old prints. (Whitaker & Ray

Italian Cities.

Those two handsome volumes, "Italian

ontain essays which have already signal-

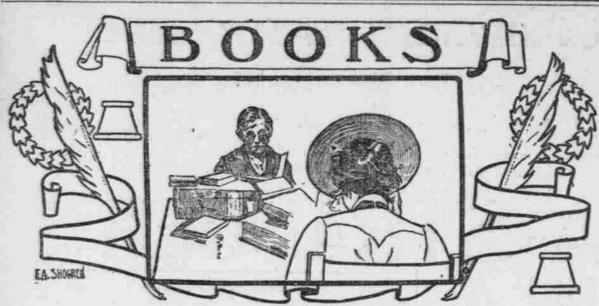
studies are entirely new and are the re-sult of recent travels and research. (Charis

Overheard in a Garden.

Bashful Earthquake" and

ribner's Sons, New York.)

Co., San Francis



Poems and Letters of the Poet Published in One Volume-Other Late Publications.

The period of John Keats' poetical production was so brief, and he leaped so quickly into the possession of his poetical powers, that almost any arrangement of his works that was orderly would serve. Yet since Keats has left in all but a few cases indication of the date of composition, and since even delicate intimations of poetle growth in the case of so rare a genius are worth attention, the endeavor in the Cambridge edition of the poet's works, is to make the arrangement as mearly chronological as the evidence, chiefly obtainable from Kents' letters, will permit. The head notes disclose all instances where the editor had to fall back on conjecture. The adoption of this order has compelled disregard of the grouping of the volumes published by Keats, and the posthumous publication by editors, but, for the information of students, a bibliographical note, setting forth the his-torical order of publication, is given in the appendix.

The publication of "Endymion" was an portant event to Keats and his circle. s earlier volume, the verses which he had since written and shown, and his own personality, had raised great expectations among his friends, and the few who could discern poetry without waiting for the poet to become famous; and now he was staking all, as it were, upon this single throw. The book was coarsely and rough-ly handled by the two leading reviews of the time, Blackwood's and the Quarterly. Criticism in those days was far from imes, the friends with whom he associated, his religion, and any thing in his private life which might be known to the re-viewer. Keats knew the worthlessness of much of this criticism, but he felt nevertheless keenly the hostility of what, right-

ly or wrongly, was looked upon as the supreme court in the republic of letters. Endymion had hardly got fairly before the world when it was pounced upon with great severity by Gifford, whose critical ing-koife made such havor with the Review, that Keats was crushed to earth, and it was long believed by many that he had actually died from its effects. "He is," wrote Gifford, "unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incon-gruous ideas in the most uncount lan-guage." Such language Keats did not consider compilmentary, but to charge Gir-ford with his death seems absurd, espe-cially in the light of De Quincey's view; "The friends who honor Keats" memory should not lend themselves to a story so degrading. He died, I believe, of pulmonary consumption, and world have died of it, probably under any discumstances. of presperity as a poet."

Nothing has given so much currency to this story, excepting, perhaps, Shelley's pathetic lines, as Byron's stanza in the eleventh canto of Don Juan: John Krais, who was kill'd off by one critique

Just as he really promised something great, If not unintelligible—without Greek.— Contrived to talk about the gods of late, Much as they might have been supp

The strange the mind, that flery particle, Should let likely be emiffed out by an Article. But this starms should always be ne-companied by the comment of one of oldest and friends. When Leigh Hunt was in Italy Byron showed him the manuscript of the stanza. Hunt told Byron the real state of the case, proving that the suppowas a mistake, and if printed, would be a misrepresentation. "But," says Hunt, "a stroke of wif was not to be given up." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

MR. VALENTINE BROWN. Book of Verse by a Lawyer Who Is a Native Oregonian.

Mr. Valentine Brown, of Portland, has past eight years by writing verse, some of which has been published in various odicals. He has been a prolific writer, for we are assured that the definitive col lection of his verse, just published, though it contains 150 pieces, does not represent all his writings. It is assuredly the largest book of verse that has eve come from an Oregon writer. It is much larger than Mrs. Etla Higginson's "When the Birds Go North Again" and Mr. Edwin Markham's "The Man With the Hos and Other Poems." Mr. Brown's muss covers a great variety of subjects, and there are odes to Mount Hood and the Columbia River. The best piece is "The Triumph of Life."

Mr. Brown is a native Oregonian. He was born in East Portland, November 10, 1882, where he has since lived, with the exception of a short interval in early manhood. His parents were ploneers of 1256, having come to Oregon from Wis-consin, via New York and the Isthmus of Panama. His father, on arriving here, purchased the block where Ruffety's drug store new stands, and was well known to the pieneers of Portland, having run the Stark-street ferry for Sam Douglas until Knott Brothers pseu Thereafter he was employed by them until

Mr. Brown's early life showed taste for learning. He attended Bishop Scott Acad emy until he was 14 years old, and reas well as knowledge of Latin and Greek, For some years ofter leaving the acad-emy be led a rowing life and did not fol-low any particular time of study. Since his mith year be has devoted all of his space time to literary work. In 1832 he was graduated from the law department of the University of Oregon, and has since been practicing his profession in Port-

At the age of H. Mr. Brown carried The At the age of H. Mr. Brown carried The Oregonian, and at if he took charge of the East Side route. Later he was "devir and "fly hay" on the Hee, when Mr. E. L. Coldwell Gerryl was pressman. He then learned to set type, and worked on the Vindicator and Willamette Farmer. At the age of it, longing to see more or the world, he went to sen, and for the next few years passed the time on coasting vessels between Pugat Sound and California, and farther south in the various capacities of cabin boy, cook steward and able scanne. It was during the period

NEW EDITION OF KEATS | have largely dominated his later life. From the sea he entered the railway mail From the sea he entered the railway mail tragedy and death. The writer is dead service, which he left after four years to dead service, which he left after four years to lif she were alive she probably would engage in the real estate business in Porthagon have better sense than to publish ner In 1897 he set in type a collection of his verses, from which he struck six or | Page & Co., New York.) seven proof copies, which were presented to intimate friends. Mr. Brown has writ ten verse for pastime and pleasure, and many of his life-long friends and neighbors neither knew nor suspected that he had ever written anything. In his work he is dominated by a desire to be origi-nal.

Riverside Biographies.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, announce the first three volumes of their 'New Riverside Biographical Series, short, attractively written fives of Andrew Jackson by William Garrott Brown, James B. Ends by Louis How, and Benjamin Franklin by Paul Elmer More. These books are issued in two styles, a library edition with photogravurs por-tmit and a school edition with a haif-tone portrait. Although somewhat limited by the small size of the volumes the writers of the series endeavor not only to give agreeable personal sketches of the sub-jects entrusted to them, but to present graphically the character and achieve ment of, and even to infimate somewhat the influence exerted by each of the men delineated; also to point out the contri-bution which has made to the debutton which has made to the development of the country and to show how effectually in some Instances their works have followed them. The condensation demanded by a school hook gives little from for specific treatment of great historical characters. Other volumes announced for publication in the near future are Peter Cooper, by R. W. Raymond, and Thomas Jefferson by H. C. Merwin; and in preparation are volumes on William Penn, General Grant, and Lewis and Clarke. on William Fenn, Lewis and Clarke.

Exensions of an Evolutionist. The world is a vast mausoleum and its history is in as geology, not in the scripture of orthodox theological interpreta-tion. "Truly," says Dr. John Flake, in "Excursions of an Evolutionist," "he who unfolds to us the way in which God works through the world of phenomena may well be called the best of religious teachers." Darwins "Origin of Species" widened the mental horizon of mankind. Theology fought it on the ground that it substituted the action of natural causes for the immediate action of the Deity, Huxley defended it against Protestant theology; Catholic theology is still hostile, and supports specific creation. Man's po-sition in religion has not been changed by the new biology. Man has simply been "rudely unseated from his imaginary throne in the center of the universe, but only that he may learn to see in the uni-verse and in human life a richer and deeper meaning than he and suspected." In these essays we find Dr. Fiske at his best. It was Darwin's good fortune to live long enough to see his theory adopted by all competent naturalists. Dr. Fiske lives to be an exponent in the 20th con-

American Blography.

Boston.)

tury of the greatest achievement of the 19th century. (Houghton, Mifflin & Ca.,

The six octavo volumes of "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," comleted in 1889, were pronounced by the historian Bancroft to be "the most complete work of its character ever pub-"a valuable and interesting work." The work contains nearly 20,000 names and about 2000 portraits and other illustra-tions. During the past decade many men, omparatively unknown, have become famous, and General James Grant Wilson senior editor and projector of the criginal Cyclopedia, has prepared a new supplementary volume, covering nearly 200 names of Americans and adopted citizens who have attained distinction in every walk of life during the past 12 years. Volume VII contains a dozen fullpage steel portraits and five general li-lustrations, besides several hundred vig-nettes executed by Gribayedoff. In the new volume will be found complete lists as well as other lists useful for blograph cal reference. D. Appleton & Co., New

The Age of Faith.

"The Age of Faith," by Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montelair, N. J., addresses itself to the liberal religious commun ity, and seeks, in clear, reasonable, hopeful tones, to interpret the fatherhood of God, and to indicate the effect of the idea upon human institutions. It is never degmatic, and therefore is in harmony with the philosophical spirit of the time, and it contends that the science and philosophy of the age have made it one of faith rather than of doubt-faith, not, indeed, in dogma, but in the unity of life and the benevolence of the existing world order. It belongs to the beneficent of books presented by the works of Dr. Abbott, Dr. Munger and Dr. Gladden, (Heugaton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mrs. Dye's Pinns.

"McLoughita and Old Oregon," by Mrs Eva Emery Dye, left the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, in June, ane Bookman for August and September quoted it among the six best seiling books of Chicago. The second edition was issued in October, and the third is booked for January. Three editions in six months is a very good record for an Oregon book. Mrs. Dye's second book, "Stories of Oregon," published by Whitner & Ray, of San Francisco, starts out with the promise of a similar record. Mrs. Dye is at work on 'The Story of Lowis and Clark," a companion volume to "Mc-Loughlin and Old Orogon,"

Garland at His Worst.

Hamlin Garland is short of substantial characters and long on descriptions of naturs in "The Engle's Heart," which is offered as an "epic of the West." The hero is a Dick Deadeye sort of individed, bad as a boy and worse as a youth, who gains notoriety as a miscalefmaker, and dagger-user. (D. Appleton & Co., New

Gushy Love Letters.

mext few years passed the time on consting versels between Puget Sound and California, and farther south in the various
capacities of cabin boy, cook steward and
the gushy love letters of a
musician, and now comes "An Englishable scamme. It was during this period
that he received the impressions which is the record of an Englishwoman's love, and returns to England loaded with jew
E. L. 2.

beginning in happiness and ending in sentimental correspo ndence. (Doubleday,

Stories of Army Life.

In the Summer of 1964 General George A. Forsyth was on detached duty as an stories are light but well written. (Haracting alde on the staff of General Phil per & Bros., New York.) Sheridan. He was one of the two officers who rode to the front with Sheridan "from Winchester down," October 19, "from Winchester down," October 19. Jerome Hart's letters from Europe to 1864, the day of the battle of Cedar Creek, the San Francisco Argonaut have been

Jerome Hart's letters from Europe to

The theme of Katrina Trask's "Lessons

in Love" is love and love-making. The



VALENTINE BROWN.

The events of that memorable day came under General Forsyth's personal observation, and he tells the story of the ride in a book which he has just published under the title of "Thrilling Days in Army Lafe." After the troops had been formed in line of battle, Forsyth found Sheridan among a group of officers which included General R. B. Hayes and Lieutenant William McKinley. He proceeds:

After the control of that memorable day came published under the title of "Argonaut Letters." Mr. Hart writes entertainingly. The volume is pretify lifustrated. (Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.)

VARDON'S PROFITS. After the whole line was thoroughly formed,

I rode over to my chief and urged him to ride of its character ever pub-Gladstone also commended it as able and interesting work." The intains nearly 29,000 names and We notifying and officers who had not seen him doubted his arrival. His appearance was greeted with tremendous cheers from one end of the line to the other, many of the cers pressing forward to shake his hand. He cers pressing forward to shake his hand. He spoke to them all, cheerly and confidently, saying: "We are going back to our camps, men never fear. I'll get a twist on these people, yet. We'll rake them out of their boots before the day is over." At no time did I hear him after that "terrible oath" so often alluded to both in prose and poetry in connection with this day's work.

The chapters on "A Frontier Fight,"
"An Apache Raid," and "The Closing Scenes at Appomattox Courthouse" scribe other thrilling times in army (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Oriental Rugs. Trustworthy information concerning

rugs offered for sale has heretofore been difficult to obtain. With the exception of one or two high-priced foreign books. there has been no complete and authoritative work. For this reason there is promise of great interest attaching to John Kimberly Mumford's work on "Oriental Bugs." The author is a collector of rugs. He has become, by years of study, a recognized authority on the subject. He treats of the history of the rug, of the people who weave it, its materials, dyes and designs. There are 16 illustrations by the new process of photochromes, (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,)

The Cardinal's Rose.

A young man attending a cinematograph exhibition sees in one of the moving pictures what appears to be the theft of a dispatch-box from the pocket of a man in the crowd. A young woman uppears in the picture, as if she might in same way involved in the theft. T young man, struck by her attractive appearance, investigates the source of the picture. These ingenious incidents furnish the plot for "The Cardinal's Rose," by Van Tassel Sutphen. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Israel Zangwill's new novel, "The Mantle of Elljah," is written on different lines from any of his former works. There is scarcely a glimpse of Hebraic character. The heroine is the daughter of an English statesman, a girl of great charm, who develops into a woman of remarka-ble fascination, with high aims in life. Her relations with her politician hus-band and her poet friend lead to dramatic situations, of which Mr. Zangwill takes full advantage. (Harper & Bros., New

My Indian Queen.

Guy Boothby's stories never lack incident, and "My Indian Queen" is no ex-We might as well make up our minds century having gone through his patri-that love-letter fiction will be with us for mony, tries his luck in India and plunges

Harry Vardon sailed for England yesdown it, that all the men might see him, and the time being, at any rate, there will be assumed command. At first he demurred, but a dearth of Vardon exhibition matches, which have been so marked a characteristic of the present golf year, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser. It is in the air that Vardon will return in the near future, and possibly for good. Vardon himself has admitted such a possibility. and as he is now the open champion of this country it would be no more than just that the holder of that title should become a permanent resident of the land which has given him that and many other

It is undisputed that both Vardon and his managers have been agreeably sur-prised at the cordiality of his reception and the willingness of so many clubs to pay the steep price of \$250, which was demanded for each appearance. To be sure, some clubs demurred at the price, Lakewood being one of the most promi-nent places where he did not appear on that account. But, on the whole, Vardon did not have many idle days, and when they did come he was heartly glad of the

Just how much richer Vardon is from the American appreciation of his magnifi-cent golf is a problem that many have attempted to solve, but Vardon's manager, Charles S. Fox, has consistently main-tained a sphinx-like silence on the subject. Vardon's personal profits probably amount to \$10,000. The sale of clubs bearing his name has given a handsome profit to the firm which so successfully exploited him. Although Vardon stands at the top of professional golf in his own country, he is not above being influenced by monetary remunerations in America, and it would, therefore, surprise no one to see the champion foreigner permanently located in this country.

In Vardon's 73 matches, he met with 11 made by ploneer blacksmiths and stocked defeats. Nine of those were against two opponents, while Bernard Nicholls was mold board, such as was sometimes usen only golfer to beat the foreigner sin-

AUTUMN IN WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

In the valley's trough, deep, wide and clear, Sparkling and dimping at the sunshine's kiss, The river winds its way past mendows broad That, smiling 'beath the Autum's ample yield, Sweep up to where, decked with the fir's soft With here and there a brilliant spinsh of scar-

Or the maple's yellow hue, the mountain sides

net of the sky Whose meshes light catch the drifting webs of snowy clouds
That linger, break away and drift, then catch torical Society.

and making Shifting shadows on the basking land below. The smoke of Autumn's mystic watch-firs wreathes the hills ception. A London nobleman of the 18th | In violet haze that, in the distance, to bright

purple grows, in the distance, to origin purple grows, white, in rugged outline, And with shapely cone, the mighty mountains in the distance rise, plereing the blue; And to the passing breeze a message sweet

FARMING 50 YEARS AGO

"Missions of Neuva, California," by PRIMITIVE METHODS OF FIRST Charles F. Carter, is, in a large measure, a guide book to the institutions it de-OREGON SETTLERS. scribes. Mr. Carter puts in handy form a mass of valuable information which is

Threshing Was Slow and Tedious and a Dread to the Housewife -Large Crops.

There comes to me a picture of this Western coast, and particularly of our beautiful Williamette Valley, as it appeared in the later '40s, reposing in the even then comparative solitude of Naized the authors as stimulating and authoritative writers on all topics connected with Italian art. The majority of the ture's wildness. Here and there were the rude log cabins of the pionters, usually built where woodland and prairie met, or in some sequestered gien or charming valley, the coveted spots being where wood was most convenient, and never falling Oliver Herford maintains, in "Over-heard in a Garden," the fine quality of fountains, with plenty of grass near at hand, though this last was abundant everywhere. Along the watercourses could Child's Primer of Natural History," The delightful collection exhibits the delight-ful artist and versifier at his best. The frequently be seen the Indian wigwams. Over the prairies roamed the long-horned Spanish cattle, almost as wild as the bufcover design and illustrations are done with characteristic cleverness, (Charles Scribner's Sons.) falo, that even then roumed the distant plains by countless thousands. These cattle were the dread of women and children, and even men found it not alone less fatiguing, but very convenient, to cross the prairies on horseback rather than on foot. Stories are told of how men had to climb trees for safety. Not a single mark of civilization marred the broad expanse.

Pioneers to this day tell how lovely this country was when they first saw it. It must indeed have seemed a perfect Eden after a six months' journey over arid plains and across rugged mountains. The fir trees at the top of Laurel Hill, near the southern base of Mount Hood, no doubt still show the marks of the ropes used in letting their wagons down. These marks were plainly to be seen in 1876, as a party of us passed up that road bound for the summit of Mount Hood. the prairies grew luxuriant grasses that waved in the Summer breeze, grasses so tall as to hide the timid white-tail deer so plentiful in those days, but, alas! now rarely found, except near the mountain fastnesses. Even the black-tail deer, whose natural home is the lofty mountains, are sadiy thinned out.
The homes of the pioneers often were

miles apart, seldom nearer than a mile; hence visitors were always welcome, and the proverbial latchstring invited travelers to enter, as it hung from doors made of split hoards resting on wooden hingos. In cold weather the open fireplace, with chimney built of sticks and mud. sent. forth its ruddy glow from the generous pile of wood, behind which was the sei-dom wanting huge back log. Roofs of-cabins were covered with clapboards held on by poles laid across each course, the latter kept in place by chunks of wood reaching from one pole to another, at the ends and middle of the roof. Puncheon floors were still in style. No partitions, save sometimes of calleo or its like, sep-arated the beds of the family and the guests. Furniture was of the rudest kind, and cooking was generally done by the and cooking was generally done by the open fireplace. Deer horns fastened to the inner walls served to support the trusty rifles. Chinks in the walls were com-monly stopped by "chinking" split from the hearts of fir trees. Over this "chink; " was a plastering of mud. Some-es chinks were filled with moss. Fences were made of poles or ten-foot split rails, usually the latter, and given a four-foot worm, or two feet each side from a line marked by stakes. The "wormer" was in the shape of an L, the short arm, two feet long, reaching to where the rails crossed each other. Seven rails high, with stakes and rider, was considered a legal fence. Where there was no run-ning water, wells were dug, from which the water was often brought up by a bucket hung to a well-sweep. Sometimes rope and windlass served in place of a well sweep. Such in brief were the homes and sur-

roundings of the ploneer farmers, men accustomed to frontier life, inured to hardships, marksmen who could drop a deer in its tracks running at full speed, at a distance of 169 yards or more; men who, like Cincinnatus of old, left their plows and flew to arms when bloodthirsty, treacherous savages committed horid murders, and threatened a war of every murders, and threatened a war of exter- of the field were turned. In whetting ination against the white settlers.
'And there was woman's fearless eye

Lit by her deep love's truth." Women bravely and uncomplainingly shared the fortunes of those of sturdler frame. It was expected of them in those days not only to attend to household duties-frying ment or baking bread in a skillet or Dutch oven, the while facing the fire or glowing coals—but also milk the cows and do chores generally, hoe the gardens, and sometimes help in the har-vest fields. The customs and appearance of the country have greatly changed since those days. Men usually do the milking now, a mark of a higher civilization, Saying nothing about the improvements made in the way of homes that everywhere dot the landscape, Nature has also been at work making changes. W now are standing groves of sturdy you oaks and forests of towering young was then an open plain across which deer and even hogs could be seen for quite a distance. Successive prairie fires set by Indians destroyed the young firs and the sprouts of the young oaks, but the roots of the latter were alive and soon developed into oak grubs. Some of the young firs set around the prairie homes are now 100 feet or more in height. Just where the first furrow was struck

in the Willamette Valley that turned the virgin soil may not be certainly known, but it is safe to say that oxen supplies. the motive power, and for a number of years the woodland echoes gave back the shouts of the farmers to the then familia-words, "Whoa, haw Buck; gee Berry," or like names. In breaking the sod two yoke or more of oxen, and two men were usually needed. After that, one yoke and one man or boy nearly always sufficed. The plows were of the rudest pattern, the only golfer to beat the foreigner single-handed, and he did that twice. The first time was on the Ormond links, Floritat, in February; and the second time was least. The first plow I ever saw was one on the Brae-Burn links, near Boston, in as Walker's Prairie, Wash. I am quite this plow was of cast-iron, and if certain this plow was of cast-iron, and if so, no doubt was brought to this Coast by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands, as was the first printing press. Along in the 'los plows were imported, one of the first and best being the 'Peorla Premium Steel Piow.' If I am not mis-taken, some men by the name of Post

manufactured plows at Canemah, just above Oregon City, back in the middle 50s. On the farm of Strander Froman, near Albany, are several different patterns bend down.

Like some gay, liveried chief who stoops
To lift the offered bounty of his dowered bride.

Above, from range to range, stretches the blue

and "clipper" plows of toda chilled fron plows of today not only interesting, but amusing. A collection of such old plows would make a unique addition to the relics of the Hislinger, break away and drift, then cutch again, torical Society. The harrows first used were made of wood, V-shaped, with teeth of some hard wood, generally oak. These were succeeded by iron teeth. We now have steel teeth. Toward the end of the 'Son horses were quite commonly used for farm work. The ploneer oxen had served their day, and passed from sight. Now and then could be found oxen "native

nowed during the Winter. On these lands from 40 to 60 bushels of wheat, and from 10 to 70 of oats, per afre, were not uncom-mon. In one instance known to the writer there was raised on the farm of Norman Martin, Scoggin's Valley, Washington County, a yield of \$\overline{B}\$ bushels of Spring wheat to the arre. Fall grain usually turned out from \$\overline{B}\$ to \$\overline{O}\$ bushels per acre. Quite a contrast from last year's five to Is, though this is not the fault of the soil or husbandmen. In early years Fall grain was injured a great deal by the myriads of wild geese that Wintered in this Valley. Of a morning the air was resonant with the cries of these fowl, and the long whoop of the "sandhili" cranes. The latter are seldom heard nowadays. and only as they pass high overhead bound northward for the breeding-grounds or southward for Winter. Where the geese are out the Fall wheat, usually came up cheat, and this gave the idea among farmers that the wheat turned to cheat. Science will hardly bear out this idea. It is more reasonable to suppose that the seed of the wild cheat that grew in the creek bottoms, where the geese

often fed, adhered to their feet, and was thus carried to the grain fields.

On Linn County prairies Fall sowing was for a time quite discontinued, owing to the depredations of geese and ducks. The former, though now comparatively few in number, are still a nuisance. But little hay was nut up in the earlier nice. little hay was put up in the earlier ploneer days. As long as grass was abundant, stock of all kinds was rarely fed during the Winter season. Only when deep snows fell did they need it, and the timber gave them shelter. Timothy was the only tame grass grown. The first of this grass raised in Linn County was by Milton Hale, of Albany, who found in the Milton Hale, of Albany, who found in the Pail of 1888 a stalk at the side of an Indian trail that passed through about where Albany now stands. There were few well-defined wagon roads in those days. Mr. Hale also planted the first potatoes, in February, 1846.

Haying and harvesting were done with the mowing scythe and grain cradle. The handles for these at first were natural crooks from the woods; hence no two were alike. One acre of timothy or two of wheat and three of oats was considered an average day's work for a man. There were cradiers who could cut four acres of wheat per day, but such were seldem found. Binding the grain was done by hand. A good binder could pick up and bind the grain after the cradie and keep up. Boys sometimes raked the grain for the binder. The biggest day's cradling I ever knew of was done by E. S. Tanner, in Washington County, in about 1856. He cut five acres of heavy oats in one day. Two boys raking and two men One acre of timothy or two of allke. day. Two boys raking and two men binding failed to catch up with him dur-ing the day. "Grant's" cradles were the kind used in those days. The grain was generally shocked in bunches of 12 three pairs of bundles first, then two at each side, and two on top to cap. Even with this precaution there were seasons, as 1852, if remembered correctly, when grain

was greatly damaged by rain.

Harvesting machinery was first used about the middle '59s. Among the first was the "Manny" combined resper and mower, a great, cumbersome affair large-ly made of wood. It was a regular horse-killer, even where four head were at-tached. The McCormick resper came about the same time, perhaps the lighter draft of the two. One man drove and one draft of the two. One man drove and one rode and raked off the grain. Four binders could usually keep up. The field was divided into four parts, the men going round and round. A fast binder could often get over and "through" in time to rest awhile. Succeeding the "Manny" came the "Esterly." a reaper of much lighter draft. In Linn County among the first reapers was one manufactured by Martin Luper, at Tangent. This is said to have done good work. It was patterned somewhat after the "Hains" headterned somewhat after the "Hains" head-er. The former machine and some others dropped the grain in bunches, when it was taken up with barley forks and loaded, sometimes on sieds, oftener on wagons and taken to the thresher. Succeeding these came the "Woods" selfraker and "Marsh harvester," on the latter of which, besides the driver, rode two men who al-ternately bound the bundles as they were ternately bound the bundles as they were brought up on the "draper." The wire binder, and now the twinebinder far ex-cel the earlier harvesting machinery. The first harvesting I ever saw done was

the scythes, a double lick as if a slip of the scythe stone, stood as a banter for a race. If given in sport the customary words were, "Oh! I did not mean it."
What fun we used to have in those days:
We did not then follow the eight-hour system as they do now-eight hours in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon. Pienty of stories were always at hand when we stopped to rest or whet our

scythes. Our thirst was assuaged by clear, cold water from the wells where hung the "old oaken bucket." Sometimes we took a jug of water out into the fields, when some distance from the home. The older ploneers told us, and tell us today, how common the whisky jug was in the har-vest fields "back in the States." There, pure whisky, as it is called, was but 25 cents per gallon. Here in Oregon it was too high-priced, and our splendid drinking water gave little temptation for whisky. Deacon T. J. Naylor, a leading ploneer farmer and orchardist near For-est Grove, back in the '50s, used to taks delight in telling the story of the man who in the harvest field had his jug of whisky, that he kept in the fence cor-ner. Imbibling too much one day to ner. Imbibling too much one day to handle himself properly, he let the jug fall on the side of the fence opposite to him. As the liquor gurgled out with its "good, good, good," he exclaimed: "Yes, I know you are good, but I can't get at

Along in the '90's "headers" were used in Western Oregon, but were soon dis-pensed with. The heavy dews hindered getting to work very early in the morn-ing and the fouling of the land by weeds whose seeds ripened with the well-ripened

grain, were the principal reasons for dis-continuing their use.

Threshing the grain in pioneer days was a slow and tedious process. The usual way was to clear off a piece of ground, build a fence around it and then hau the grain, one load at a time, and tramp it out with oxen or horses, sometimes tying the latter three abreast; sometimes turning in a whole band of horses, often wild ones, and driving them round and round. In later years barns were built with the threshing floors, the grain stored in the surrounding "bags" and threshed out at lelaure guring the Winter. The winnowing was done by the breezes of heaven until familing mills were manufactured, the first home-made one saling for \$160. tying the latter three abreast; sometimes one selling for 1100

one selling for 1999.

It was quite an art to prepare a floor of grain for threshing. Some bundles were laid across the floor with bands cut, as were those of all bundles. Resting upon these were the grain ends of succeeding bundles, and so on around the floor. Horses transport opposite to the property of the propert Horses tramped opposite to the way the bundles slanted. After being tramped awhile, horses were taken off and grain turned up from the bottom. Thus turned several times, it was pronounced threshed. Flooring succeeded flooring until the grain and chaff were, say six inches deep, when the same was gathered in a pile on the middle of the floor and winnowed. With the advent of the "chaff piles," as the first threshing machines were called, the process of tramping out the grain was widely dispensed with. These machines threshed the grain but did not separate of outline, of neutrine, of neutrine born." but not in general use.

The wheat used for Fall sowing in ploneer days was what is now known as the "old-fashioned Oregon white." For Spring, a red wheat was sown, some varieties "hearded," others not. Of onts E. L. N. Sown the most common was the "side by a number of farmers in Linn County.

oat." The heaviest yields were of Spring With the advent of the thresher and grains, for they were nearly always sown separator combined, came the stacking on bottom lands that often were overseparator combined, came the stacking of the grain, for there was no teiling when a farmer's turn would come. Threshing was a dreaded time by the ploneer housewives, for all hands had to

be boarded. Cooking had to, much of it, be done ahead, and if a breakage delayed the coming of the machine the pravisions got stale or spoiled. It took the best part of a half day to set the machine part of a nair day to set the machine and horse-power, for the latter had to be unloaded and staked down. In later years the powers were mounted, a great improvement. Then "tumbling-rods" were generally used in making connection between the horse-power and the separator; now rubber belts are nearly always if not altogether in use. Now the advent or the threshers brings no dread to tne

the threshers brings no dread to the flousewife, for the white-winged messenger of good things, the welcome "cook wagon," comes to her relief.

What a change from even the "chaff-pilers," the first one of which was put up in 1848, near Salem, by Joseph and William Hamilton, who brought the irons across the plains, are our present methods of threshing with huge traction engines and "Tornado" separators that blow our of threshing with auge traction engines and "Tornado" separators that blow out the straw and chaff and make a stack without a strawcarrier. Who can tell what great changes will be made in farming life and methods of farming in the next 50 years? We are even now in a transition period and when this Willam-ette Valley alone gives homes to 1,000,000 or more population, with milis and factories on every hand, thus giving a home market for farm products raised by intensive diversified farming, our glo-rious country will be more famous the world over than now, and the lives and deeds of the ploneers will seem a wondrous tale as recounted in song and story

Albany, Or.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

Hints Concerning Matters of Dress of Interest to Men.

Ninety-nine Germans out of 100 are wearing elastic side boots today, and it is ten to one on the 100th man wearing them also. The soldlers wear them; the rallway servants wear them; all the other uniformed bodies wear them. Speaking ummarily, one might say of the average German that he wears made-up ties, dummy cuffs and elastic side boots. Yet so to speak would convey, perhaps, a false impression.

The German is not a dressy person, but

it would be a mistake to conclude that he pays no attention to the subject of dress. His ways may not be our ways, but, within his limits, the average Teuton pays quite as much regard to the matter as we are wont to. In fact, taking the male population all around, and including high and low, I think the average standard of dress, in certain important mat-ters, is even higher among the Germans than it is among ourselves. They are seldom well dressed, in the higher sense of the term, but they are almost invariably neat, tidy and well groomed

It is well to remember that opera hats should be unclosed before put away, otherwise the ribbed slik with which they are covered becomes stripped in all di-rections with creases, which not only look ugly, but are powerful cultivators of shabblness and wear, like the folds in an umbrella. It is economy, and it looks neat when the hat is folded up, to have a black, water-silk lining, ending, where it touches the head, in black leather.

A low nat with evening clothes is con sidered very bad style. A silk hat is the only proper thing to wear, excepting, of course, the crush hat, which is the most useful thing imaginable, and is, moreover, considered strictly correct. over considered strictly correct. Prock and dress suits demand as corollaries high hats. This seems to be one of the few fixed rules in men's fashions. The latest "bowler," which has a very small brim, curied closely to the sides, suits so few men that it is to be hoped it will never become extensively fashionable.

The warmly frastant, purely white

The warmly fragrant, purely white sweet pea is the choice of the gilded bachelor and Benedict. A goodly cluster of these flowers, and white as they can be procured, is proper for afternoon and evening wear. For the morning, corn flowers are essentially smart, no matter whether their blossoms are blue as indigo or pale as a northern sky. Occasionally the corn flower is varied, or, in its lack is replaced by a tuft of small pink roses, but if you would be esteemed a man of fashion, don't leave your bouquet but-tonhole empty, or allow the flowers in it to grow faint or withered REAL RRUMMET, JR.

What HI Ricketts Says.

Say, pa, is they a Santy Claus? A reg'lar Santy Claus? Hi Ricketts told me other day They ain't an' never was. HI says it's just a make believe, 'At's what Hi Ricketts says; An' says it's done to make boys good All thro' the bolidays,

Say, ps, now how can fanty come Down little chimbleys, hey? An' how, when ain't no snow at all, Is he goin' to use a sleigh?

Say, pa, I've laid awake at night
An' never heard no noise

'Cept you a-snickerin' with ma,
An' playin' with my toys.

An' say, pa, how can Santy be Everywhere the same night? An' say, pa, now just for fun, Ain't Hiram Ricketts right? Say, pa, I want to know these things, I want to know because, Well, what's the use of thinkin' so If ain't no Santy Claus? Joe Cone in New York Herald.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER APPLIES TO THE use of Dr.Pierde's Golden Medical Discovery Taken early it will CURE THE COUGH Taken when the Lungs are affected IT WILL CURE WEAK LUNGS STOP HEMORRHAGES AND RESTORE SOUND BODILY

MEALTH. **TALWAYS HELPS** ITALMOST ALWAYS BEALS.