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HILLSBORO, - - - OREGON.

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MEMORANDA FOR BUTTER MAKERS.

I have been making butter for the last three months, and experimenting. I scald the milk and skim about once in 24 hours. I should judge the milk-room temperature to be 60°, as it connects with the kitchen, and when I am not cooking I leave the door open, which makes the room quite warm. When I churn I scald the churn and put in the cream while the churn is warm, and leave it near the stove for perhaps an hour. The butter comes in from seven or eight to 30 minutes. After drawing off the buttermilk I work out what is left in the butter with my hands until the butter seems waxy and hardly any moisture can be perceived on the bowl beneath the butter; but, in spite of this, on the second day after the churning I frequently find white streaks in the butter. Is this occasioned by salt, or is it buttermilk? I generally put an ounce of salt to a pound of butter, and work it all in after the buttermilk is excluded. Should I do this, or reserve a part and add it when I work over the butter the second time? What kind of salt do you consider best for dairy use? I send my butter in 10 pounds firkins to a firm in Boston, but am not sure that I prepare them properly. I have tried soaking them several hours in scalding brine, and am now trying soda-water. How should they be treated? I find a difficulty in getting the layers packed closely and smoothly. Do you put salt in the bottom of each firkin and between the layers as well as on the top? I enclose a small portion of something that was given me purporting to be an English preparation for coloring butter and cheese. I don't dare to use it, for I don't know what it is or what proportion to use. Did you ever see it? I color now with carrot juice. Can you recommend anything better? Pardon my long list of questions; but my heart is in the work, and I want to do everything just right.—[Mrs. S. F. B., Rockville, Mass.

Answer by Prof. L. B. Arnold.

Your method up to the time of extracting the buttermilk is well enough. Unless there is some objection to the water that must be used it would be better, after drawing off the buttermilk, to put cold water into the churn. This will have the duble advantage of hardening the butter and freeing it of buttermilk without working an injury to the grain. If the mode of churning has been such as to gather the butter in large lumps, it will require further manipulating to separate all the buttermilk. This will best be effected in a butter-bowl by pressing it with a ladle in cold water or brine. This is much better than to work it out with the hands.

There are objections to putting the hands into butter at any time on account of imparting their warmth and perspiration to the butter. If the hands are plunged in water as hot as can be borne for a short time and then into cold water, and rubbed for a while, it is possible to prevent them for a short time from imparting any perspiration or heat; but it is not possible to manipulate butter as well with the hands as with a ladle. The hands make the poorest kind of a butter ladle. In working butter with them the mechanical effect is quite different from that of dressing with a ladle. They occasion much more friction to accomplish the same result, and in a short time, even if they have been well prepared to start with (which they usually are not), the blood will soon flow back into them so that heat and perspiration will be given off. Some people pack butter with their hands, but it can be done much better with a ladle. There is hardly one case in a hundred where the hands are applied directly to butter that an untidy effect is not produced.

The streaks of lighter color in the butter after standing 24 hours are portions of unsalted butter. A little salt deepens the color of butter in a short time. If the salt is not evenly mixed the unsalted parts will retain their former color while the salted parts grow deeper, and this makes streaks. The salt would strike through after a time and make the color uniform, but a second working makes it even at once. It is not material whether the salt is all worked in at once, or a small part left for the second working. The best variety of salt in use for butter are the Ashton and the F. F. (factory filled) dairy salt made at Onondaga. One is as good as the other. The chief difference between the two when both are genuine, is that the Ashton dissolves quicker than the F. F. does. One is liable to get deceived in buying either. Salt is sold for Ashton which is not Ashton, and the Onondaga salt is not always well made. In selecting salt for dairy use care should be taken to see that it is clean and has not imbibed any scent from the contact of fish in the grocery in which it is kept.

The preparation of the little firkins is very good. It will be better, however, to soak them in cold brine first. After getting out all the sap and flavor of the wood that can be with cold brine, fill them with boiling hot brine as it can be made, and let it remain in them till ready for use. Then empty, and rub sides and bottom with fine salt while moist, and they are ready for use. No salt is needed between the layers, and there will be no difficulty in packing snugly, if the ladle is used instead of the hands.

The sample of coloring matter is an English preparation of annatto. It is a much better material to color butter with than carrot juice. To prepare it for use, dissolve an ounce in a quartz or more of hot water, putting into the water as much potash as annatto. It will take some time for it to dissolve perfectly stirred. When all is dissolved, boil and strain; then set away to cool and settle. When cold, decant and bottle for use. It is used by mixing a little of the liquid with the cream just before churning. The amount must be found by trial. It will require but little. A tablespoonful would color a large churning. The objection to carrot juice is that the organic matter carried into the butter in the juice soon decays and injures the butter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How to Raise Plums.

There is a secret about plum-raising. We have discovered it in traveling over the country. We never visited a large plum orchard in our life that we did not find plenty of fruit. And we never visited any place with eight or ten trees, and found a good crop of this fruit. Now, these facts set us to thinking; and the result of our thoughts is this: that it is very easy to have all the plums you want to eat and sell. The secret connected with plum-raising is to plant plenty of trees, so as to give fruit to the curculio and to yourself also. If you plant fifty or a hundred trees, you will have fruit enough for everybody. Every such orchard that we ever visited had plenty of ripe fruit. Some even complained that the curculio did not thin out the fruit enough—that the trees were overloaded. So we say to our readers, if you plant plums at all, plant fifty or one hundred trees—then you will be sure to have all the fruit you want, and it is one of the most profitable crops raised.—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1875.*

In *Scribner's* for January, E. C. Stedman has a "Song from a Drama." Accept a verse or so:

The winds may be sobbing or sighing,
Their touch may be fervent and cold,
The night bells may toll or be ringing—
I care not, with thee in my hold!

This poet talks like a steamboat. He seems to be very much in love with the girl, and as he would, no doubt, hate to lose her, we would advise him, now that he has her, stored away in the hold, to batten down the hatches and keep her there.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA COMPARED.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 7, 1875.

EDITOR BULLETIN: Since my last I have looked at the country pretty thoroughly in a business point of view. I now feel that I can stand by the opinion I have formed. I think it my duty to many personal friends and a duty I owe to Oregon's fair fame among her own people (she has none abroad,) to say frankly that Oregon (for Oregonians at least) excels the far-famed, semi-tropical, new Italy of America—Southern California. I might not be willing to serve Oregon's Immigration Aid Association as a writer of glittering falsehoods to induce population from abroad to come in and assist in building up and developing the State; but I am ready to serve the interests of the State and of my friends there by trying to show that Oregonians ought to be satisfied and contented where they are.

I know there is a growing sentiment in many parts of Oregon in favor of this region. It may be caused by the rains in the Willamette Valley and extreme cold weather in Eastern Oregon in Winter. This country being exactly the opposite of that in this respect, it is strongly suggested to all dissatisfied Oregonians by every cold snap or "mist," and one way of abusing that country is to praise this. In this manner the climate of Oregon is made the advocate of Lower Casifornia. This weakness is no where better understood than here, and *zero* is on the tongue of every real estate broker and immigrant fleecer in the country. It is amusing to hear how smoothly they can sound the changes on such words as "semi-tropical," "orange groves," "olive orchards," "wine presses,"—they never call them *distilleries*, though the favorite "strong water" they turn out is torch-light benzine of the lowest grade. The immigrant aid societies in this State show a commendable zeal in their efforts to capture all who come to the Coast and induce more to come. In this respect Oregon is behind; and many who start for that place are captured before they reach there. The pamphlets, books and circulars, showing up the bright side of this country, are scattered without stint on the trains leaving Omaha and in the hotels at San Francisco. Colonies are formed on paper, and "Lompoc" is cited, in their circulars, in proof of the great success of the colony plan of settling. "Centinela," "Artesia," "New Italy," "Riverside"—these are some of the new colonies who are sending out printer's ink in abundance, and their power is being felt. The steamers come down loaded with people fleeing from *zero;* and they are filling this country up much faster with land at $30 to $100 per acre than in Oregon with land at half the price. People seem to forget that *drouth* has ever scourged this region; and yet they are more common than the extreme cold or wet seasons in Oregon. Just before the late rains here the fears of the people amounted to almost a panic. Sheep that had been held at $3 50 were freely offered at $1 a head. Hay that had been offered at $8 sold readily at $25 a ton, and in week after the rain was resold at $10. Bran rose from 75 cents to $2 50 per cwt. Everybody feared a drouth, and the whole business of the country was shocked, real estate was depressed, and predictions of a crisis were heard that seemed like forebodings of an earthquake. This was treated as a private grief or family quarrel—it would not do to publish to the world. The rain came in time to prevent a general collapse, and now they disown their fright. I do not assail the climate. I regard it as the one redeeming quality of the country. But I would remind those who would come here without a long purse well filled, that climate alone is *too thin.* I met a family who left Montana and came here in wagons—spent $1,500 and two months' time to get here in the midst of the rain. They could not rent a house, and camped several days in the city limits, wet and cold, and little besides a wagon and span of mules to commence their operations with. Another family came from Colorado entirely out of money, about the same time, and the regrets of those poor, strange people as they told their story, was truly pitiful. I saw an old man getting three tickets at the steamer office. He said he had sold his farm his farm in Missouri for $1,500; came here three months since, and could get nothing to do; was no going to San Francisco in the steerage, and with less money than would board his family a week. A banker's clerk, who left $200 a month to come here, took a situation only a few days ago in a cigar stand for board alone. Business men are flocking here on every steamer, with capital and without. Those who have none—God help them—if they can get nothing to do, they may get credit by praising the country.

Scarlatina and diphtheria are raging in the city and children are dying at a fearful rate. The city physician informed me that chills and fever are not uncommon in low, moist localities. With this before you, and what I promise in my next, I say how many who are comfortably situated in Oregon will sigh to get away and cast their lot among strangers?

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."—*W. V. R. in the Bulletin.*

A JUST JUDGE.

Thrilling Dramatic Scene in an English Court.

Just before Christmas there was a truly dramatic scene in an English court at Chester, which will be memorable among the incidents of the bench and bar. The usual solemnities of such tribunals—especially in England—were laid aside, and the Judge became the saviour of a prisoner, and the thronged audience in the court room burst out in enthusiasm.

Mary Lancaster was married to a "brute." Her husband lived off her earnings, and she worked her fingers to the bone to support him. He was in the habit of beating her severely, so, to cement their unhappy union. One day he came home half drunk, and commenced his domestic amusements by kicking a joint of meat which was roasting before the fire into the cinders. He then seized his wife by the hair and dragged her around the room, and beat her between whiles.

In desperation the woman picked up a steel and threw it at her husband. The point entered his skull, inflicting injuries from which he died. Mary Lancaster was arrested and it was found that her body was covered with bruises—some of them of long standing. It was evident she was habitually brutally abused by the man she had killed. She was tried at the Chester assizes, and the jury found her "guilty of manslaughter." It only remained for the judge to assess her punishment and condemn her as a convict. The court room was crowded, and every man and woman there was the prisoner's friend.

The judge commenced by asserting that there were facts and depositions even worse than those named at the trial. Then addressing the woman, he said:

"All the real right in this case was on your side, all the real wrong on your husband's, and God forbid that I should punish you. I will be no party to it. I will not even make this judgment complete. I will not even allow it to be said by anybody that you are a convicted felon, for a conviction is not complete until a sentence is passed, and I mean to pass no sentence at all."

Then there was a loud applause in that court room which the court-crier forgot to quell. It was an outburst of sympathy above the rules of court decorum. The prisoner was then discharged on her own recognizance, to come up for judgment when called for, but the judge said in conclusion: "Nobody in the world will ever call upon you. God forbid they ever should." So that trial ended with a conviction before a judge too humane and just to pronounce a sentence under the law. And the woman went forth with the multitude of her friends. The judge could sleep that night.

OREGON.

There are in Independence six warehouses, which hold in the aggregate 400,000 bushels of grain

James Coon, living near Peoria, had 700 sheep in Ochoco when the cold weather set in—he has 140 left.

John Waymire has sold his flouring mill at Dallas for 7,000, and the purchasers propose to go to work and make a first-class mill out of it.

Two large sawmills at Independence are kept running all the time, turning out about 6,000 feet per day, and still the demand is greater than the supply.

On the 19th inst., the mercury at Baker City indicated a temperature of 47° above zero, the warmest for a long time. The average for the week ending the 20th was 27.1 degrees; average for corresponding week last year, 22.8 degrees.

According to the census just taken for Oregon City school district, embracing the corporate limits, the population is 1,003; last year it was 969, an increase of 34; number of legal voters, 230; number of children of school age, 413; girls, 213; boys, 194; increase of 47 over last year.

A large foundry was built last spring at Gervais and carried on until sometime in the fall. Lately it has been bought out by a company of gentlemen from the East, who are all practical foundrymen. They intend making the casting of iron teakettles a speciality, and, as there are none of these manufactured on the coast now, it will no doubt be a success. So says the Albany *Democrat.*

The Pioneer Oil Company of Salem, have contracted for 1,200 acres of flax in Douglas county, 8,000 in the Willamette Valley. 3,000 acres east of the Cascades, in all about 12,000 acres, and expect the yield will range from 100,000 to 120,000 bushels in the aggregate, 40,000 of which will be manufactured at the Pioneer Mill, and the rest shipped to California, as they have a contract to supply the mill there with seed.

A letter to the Secretary of State at Salem, from Wisconsin, says: "Can you give me any information in regard to farming or other kinds of business in Oregon? It seems away out of the world to think of going there, but to tell the truth, the thermometer or mercury has been congealed for the past six weeks in this county." The letter was written Feb. 9th. On that day the mercury here was 36 degrees above zero—difference at least 81 degrees.

On the head waters of Butte creek, in Clackamas and Marion counties, is found coal which, upon the authority of Prof. Condon, is in every way equal to the Bellingham Bay or Nanaimo coals, and can easily be mined. Inexhaustible quarries of freestone, pronounced by San Francisco experts to excel for durability and finish any stone on the coast, line the bank of the stream. In the bed of the stream, says the *Statesman*, is found a species both of white and blue marble almost equal to the marble of Vermont. Mr. Frank Cooper has put up machinery and engaged Mr. William Bisty, who has spent thirty years in the marble works of the Green Mountain State, and proposes this summer to cut this marble into pieces suitable for mantels and tombstones.

A Printer's dislike—Pi.