

Why Is It?

Editor Willamette Farmer: We of Oregon are at the present time, take us as a people, in a great strait financially, but, bad as is our condition, we are actually in a prosperous financial condition compared with that of some of the Western States (so called). The great problem to be solved by financial philosophers is, How are we to better our condition? Some contend that we cannot do it—that money, like the tide, ebbs and flows—and that just as soon as FATE is done with locking up the surplus capital in the great money centers of the world that FATE (a handy hobby, by the way) will gradually loosen its grasp upon the precious metals, and, like the tides, they will gradually flow back to the various tide lands and higher shoals that have been so long left high and dry. There is no doubt but that Oregon is at this time one of the shoals, and that the cash is very scarce here, but that fate or mere accident had anything to do with the draining of our coin from the State, is simply ridiculous. The causes have been traced to their sources by various commercial writers, all of whom were to a certain extent correct, but I do not remember seeing any of them bring it before the producing classes in what I would consider was a proper, forcible, and convincing shape. You tell a farmer that the imports of a nation exceed the exports, and he will say that is bad, but in a great majority of cases he does not properly comprehend the situation—he is apt to cry out monopoly! speculation! etc., attributing all the blame to a fellow-citizen for doing just precisely what he would do were he placed in a similar situation. To eradicate an evil, you must begin at the root thereof, and to improve our financial condition we must produce more, not of wheat, but more cash. We must buy our sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, in fact, all our groceries, with butter, eggs, cheese, flour, bacon, lard, and a hundred other different articles which can be produced in abundance all over our State. In plain language, we must quit buying—we must stop. There are thousands of hungry people who produce our groceries, that like eggs, butter, cheese, and in fact all of our farm products. It will not do for the farmer to go to the merchant to buy his butter while he is putting in his corn, yet they have done it, and are doing it, and the consequence is hard times, because the merchant sends every dollar he gets to the different places of production to replenish his stock of groceries. If the merchant paid money for the butter, the thing would to a certain extent balance; but he does not do that. He trades you the wares of another country for the butter, then turns round and sells it to your wheat-raising neighbor for the cash, and straightway sends the money to Liverpool to replenish his stock or pay his debts. Farmers, we want to live more within ourselves; we want to sell more, or at least as much as we buy. We want to quit sending our money to different places for lard, bacon, cheese, wagons, threshers, etc. When we do this, we can confidently look for that much-quoted phrase, but now meaningless, "A shading off in the money market." Make this a rule, "Sell more than you buy," keep the inside track, and as the good old German farmer advised his son, rather than be cheated, cheat a little, or, in other words, keep your end of the single-tree up, and, if anything, keep a little ahead. Never pay 25 cents for a pound of coffee when you can trade a half bushel of potatoes for the same. You can do it if you will only think so, and as the day of "big things" and "flash times" is now over in this State, we had better try it, as we are being rapidly brought into competition with skilled and cheap labor and its multifarious products. R. CLARK.

The women of St. Louis are moving in force to have some but women physicians appointed to the social evil hospital in that city.

What Becomes of the People's Money?

Editor Willamette Farmer: This question is often asked, and I propose to show one of the methods by which those who have the power exercise it in the most profligate and reckless manner, in the interest of office holders and at the expense of honest labor, and this statement is made as a warning to the bone and sinew of Oregon, to the end that greater care and vigilance hereafter may be made in the selection of some of our public officers. There is perhaps no greater evil in our land than the habit of electing men to office, not for their peculiar fitness for the position, but because they are expected to subscribe some partisan ends, and when a Legislature is composed largely of these elements it is almost certain that the masses will suffer from crude, hasty, and extravagant legislation. Our last Legislature, though composed of many of our best and ablest men, had yet, I fear, a predominating element that cared but little how fast they misappropriated the people's money. It might be proper to observe that at the inception of our State government, and for a considerable time thereafter, a tax on property of two mills on the dollar was sufficient for all the wants of our State; and with the increase of population and wealth, the same percentage should run the machinery of our State government now. But our officers grew more hungry, and a stern, unyielding demand was made for more taxes and money; of sequious legislatures complied, and up went the State taxes to three, four, and five mills on the dollar, while the school tax is raised from two to three mills. It is asserted that Hon. Holladay lately observed that Oregon ought to be in debt one and a half million of dollars. Had that gentleman closely scanned the liabilities of our State, and the alarming amount of appropriations, especially by our last Legislature, he would have concluded that our millennium was close at hand. Let us look at the items of the amount:

Table listing various items and their costs, including State Bonds, Legislative expenses, and other government-related costs.

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Why the Legislature should cancel the State tax due from these counties, thus throwing a heavier burden on the others, is only for that extraordinary Legislature to explain, and for the purpose of this exhibit it makes no difference whether the money was paid into the State treasury and appropriated, or the debt due was cancelled; in either case the State treasury is poorer by that amount. It is therefore fairly included in the list of appropriations. This one million, one hundred and fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty-five dollars, divided by 90,923, the number of inhabitants in Oregon, gives a tax of upward of twelve dollars each for every man, woman, and child in the State, to pay its indebtedness. In order to meet these extraordinary expenditures, the Assessors, under instructions, are appraising land at more than double what they have ever been before; farms in Douglas county which have been heretofore appraised at four dollars per acre, are now assessed at ten dollars; thus increasing the State taxes two and a half times over any former period. I am informed that this rule is adopted throughout the State.

Does it not strike you, Mr. Editor, that somebody has struck rich diggings? I confess that is about the way it looks to me. I will close by quoting from Section 7, Article XI, of the Constitution of Oregon:

"The Legislative Assembly shall not loan the credit of the State, nor in any manner create any debt or liabilities, which shall singly or in the aggregate with previous debts or liabilities exceed the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

The English language lacks words to properly comment upon these strange proceedings, and I leave it to the farmers of Oregon to reflect upon it at their leisure.

JAMES F. GAZLEY, Canyonville, April 20, 1873.

POSTAL CARDS.—On May 1, the Post Office Department will commence issuing the New Postal Cards. They are made of stiff paper, 3 1/2 inches long by 2 inches wide, with one cent stamp and ruled lines for the address, on one side. The back of the card is plain and may be written or filled with printed matter. These cards are to be sold at one cent each, and will probably come into general use for a large class of communications, requiring but a few lines, and not of an especially private nature—as well as for brief circulars, etc. Any ordinary printed card can be sent through the mails for one cent, but the only writing allowed on them is the address. The Postal Card proper has the stamp already affixed, and will accordingly be more convenient.

As the clover, says an English journal, is inexhaustible in its powers of production as is proved by the wonderful formation of the plant. From its single crown innumerable heads are constantly being produced all through the season, and tillering out laterally over the ground. It is a plant of very hardy nature, as is proved by the fact that it bears transplanting. It is best adapted to low, moist soils.

Ashes and the better about fruit trees do not agree, according to D. W. Kaufman of Iowa, who says that during fifteen years' experience he has never seen the better in fruit trees where ashes were frequently used, and that he considers them worth \$1 per bushel for putting around trees alone.

Hops at New York.—Emmet Wells reports the hop market dull with lower prices. He thinks prices will advance if the reported injury to Wisconsin hop roots is fully confirmed. He quotes Western hops of growth of 1872 at 50¢ to 60¢.

The pound has never been a coin in England. It originally denoted the value of a pound of silver, but has degenerated into less than one-third of that sum.

From the Modocs.

Lava Beds, May 7.—The Modocs made a sortie to-day on a train returning to camp on what is known as the Island, whither the quartermasters' and other government stores have been removed from the former depot at the southwest corner of Tule Lake for lumber, capturing eleven mules and their horses. They also captured and burned their wagons. Privates Burgwell, of the First, and Evans of the Twenty-first Infantry, were wounded while repelling the sortie.

May 8.—Several large fires are burning at Jack's camp within plain view of this place.

The day before yesterday, two squaws who lived on Fairchild's Ranch, were sent by him through instructions from Gen. Davis to reconnoiter the position held by the Modocs at the time of their attack on Captain Thomas, to report on their strength and to ascertain if possible whether they had received any reinforcements. These squaws returned yesterday, having been, according to their statements, eighteen hours without water. They saw no Modocs there—the squaws' idea being that Captain Jack had to leave for some other point where water was attainable. On receipt of this information, the Warm Springs Indians, under Donald McKay, were ordered out with instructions to push forward to the point above alluded to and try if they could discover the Modocs.

The large fires mentioned in the foregoing were signals from McKay that the Modocs had vacated their fortifications and had gone to some other point not definitely known just now. On observing the fire-signals, orders were immediately issued for Hasbrouck's light battery B, 4th artillery, and all the available cavalry on the other side of the beds as also the Warm Springs Indians to be ready to leave Mason's Camp early to-morrow morning for the purpose of scouring the whole of the lava beds east and southeast of Tule Lake so that the Modocs may be found should they have secreted themselves among them. The indications now are that the Modocs are entirely out of the lava beds, but in what direction they have gone singly, in small squads, or en masse, it is impossible just now to surmise.

The Warm Springs Indians report having found the bodies of Lieut. Cranston and three of our soldiers. They also found two Modocs in the vicinity. A portion of this command go out to-morrow for the purpose of bringing in the bodies of Lieut. Cranston and those who died with him on the field.

Should Mason's command be fortunate enough to get in the rear of the Modocs, as possibly they may do, the Modocs will naturally endeavor to regain their old position.

Yreka, May 9.—Bill Fenning came into town yesterday, just as we were about to go to press. He informed us that on Thursday afternoon he and Jake Kepler saw Bogus Charley on the north of the Klamath River, at the mouth, at four o'clock, a point thirty miles from Yreka. Bogus Charley was upon them before they discovered him; he put out his hand for them to shake and seemed friendly; he had on a soldier's cap and cape, had a gun, mule-loader; was on foot and had with him his squaws, who were packing a roll of blankets, a basket of provender and a child. He told them that he was tired of fighting; he had left the lava bed two months ago, had stopped some time since at Fairchild's and had been two three days last past at Anderson's. Anderson lives on the south of the Klamath and a little above where this conversation took place. It is evident that the most of Bogus Charley's story was a piece of falsehood, as it is not one month since he assisted at the massacre of Canby and Thomas. When asked where he was going, he returned no definite answer, simply nodding his head to indicate that he was traveling down the Klamath. Although he claimed to have left the lava beds some two months ago, he seemed to be perfectly informed about what has taken place to the present time. He said the Indians had killed a great many soldiers, and that had been twelve Indians killed in all; a part of them squaws. He said a son of Seonchin had been killed by a shell, but that Seonchin himself was not hurt. Captain Jack was also unhurt.

Yreka, May 12.—A courier arrived at 9 this morning, having been 12 hours from camp. The following particulars of the attack upon Captain Hasbrouck's command are from the Yreka Journal extra of this morning: Lava Bed, May 11—9 a. m.—A dispatch from Lieut. Boyle's camp states that at sunrise, yesterday, the Modocs came into camp and fired on the picket guard.

The command under Captain Hasbrouck went scouting all day, and had returned to Scross Lake for water, and were making efforts to secure it by digging, but none could be found. McKay was sent back to Lieut. Boyle's camp, as escort, and Battery B, Fourth Artillery, were left—the distance being 17 miles it occupied all night, and at the dawn of day Captain Jack and his band rode up to within 100 yards of camp. All dismounted and charged, firing into the herd and guard. The first volley stampeded the herd, and they left the camp, and while the men were getting under arms, the Modocs gave volley after volley, killing four

soldiers and one Warm Springs Indian, and wounding six soldiers and one Warm Springs Indian. A rally was made and the charge sounded. At this time McKay came in sight, and his men united and drove the Modocs into the timber, capturing twenty-one ponies and three pack-animals. One Modoc was left upon the field and seven mules packed with bodies before they retreated. The trail is covered with gore. The Indians beat a hasty retreat toward McCoull range of mountains, south of Scross Lake. Capt. Hasbrouck handled his men dextrously, and is now furnished with five days' supplies. Water is very scarce, and deters a long stay in the field.

Gen. Davis is determined to keep them moving until the last Modoc is killed. He thinks the soldiers gain greater courage, as they have them on open ground. The wounded are being brought into Lieut. Boyle's camp in wagons, and from there they will be taken to Headquarters. Two soldiers are reported mortally wounded. Capt. Hasbrouck thinks the Modocs have no ammunition except what is in their pouches, as they lost their entire stock of ammunition in this fight.

The cavalry herd came into camp all safe. It is said Captain Jack had but seven animals. He had the uniform of General Canby on, and took the position of commander as lordly as if a Brigadier General. All the artillery will be moved at once to the east side of the lake, and enough men detained in the old stronghold to keep it safe, while the rest will give chase and try to exterminate the last one. There were thirty-three Modocs engaged.

There is strong suspicion that Captain Jack is receiving aid from some unknown party, as it appeared strange how he got six boxes of center-primed carbine cartridges, as he did not capture any from our forces, and it is certain he could not have picked up this amount after the battle of January 17th.

When the courier left the troops were between the lava beds and the Indians, the latter being entirely out of their lava bed stronghold.

Lava Beds, via Yreka, May 12.—On the 9th instant an expedition for the recovery of the bodies of Lieut. Cranston and the men of his command missing since the 20th, and men who could not be brought off the field on that occasion, left the camp under the command of Lieut. Fields. The object of the expedition was frustrated by reason of the advanced stage of decomposition in which the bodies were found. The troops, however, buried the bodies on the field where they fell, and headboards were placed at the graves of Lieut. Cranston and men, so that the bodies can be eventually removed. The bodies of the eight men who were left on the field had sage brush piled over them which had been fired by the Indians, and were almost unrecognizable.

How Mirrors are Ruined.—The Mercantile Journal remarks: "It is a fact worth knowing, but which does not seem generally understood, that the amalgam of tin-foil with mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make looking glasses, is very readily crystallized by actinic solar rays. A mirror hung where the sun can shine on it is usually spoiled; it takes a granulated appearance, familiar to house-keepers, though they may not be acquainted with the cause. In such a state the article is worthless: it will not reflect outlines with any approach to nicety. Care should, therefore, be exercised in hanging. If any of our readers have mirrors which appear to be spoiling, it would be well to ascertain whether the direct sun light strikes them. If thus exposed they can probably be saved from further injury by simply changing their position. The back as well as the front must be protected. A small glass hung in a window, where the rays strike it behind, is peculiarly exposed. The back should always be covered where the beams are likely to touch it."

An instance of the old adage "nothing new under the sun," and of the fact when there is a demand there is always found a supply, is afforded in an old map ordered by Parliament in 1771 and printed in a book of travels at that time, wherein the petroleum deposits of Pennsylvania are laid down and marked.

If there be an elysium on earth it must exist in a county of Virginia the clerk of which reports that there is neither lawyer, doctor, nor preacher within its precincts, nor has been for twenty years past.

A Terre Haute lady teaches in the public schools during the day, instructs a class in telegraphy in the evening, and then spends an hour and a half each night in literary composition.