



Salem, Friday, July 30, 1875.

State Grange Deputies for 1875

Farmers of Oregon, and Washington and Idaho Territories: Organize for self-protection and for the establishment of the industrial pursuits. To facilitate this work, I have commissioned the following persons as my Deputies, in this jurisdiction, to institute Granges, and to have a general supervision of our work in their respective jurisdictions:

Table listing State Grange Deputies for 1875, organized by territory (Oregon, Washington, Idaho) and county, with names and locations.

Any locality within this jurisdiction for which no Deputy has been appointed for the organization of Granges, will receive immediate attention if application is made to me. I will attend to it in person or appoint or send a Deputy.

DANIEL CLARK, Master Oregon State Grange, P. O. H.

THE HARVEST.—The hay crop, which is bountiful, is not yet out of the way, but a few fields of wheat have already been cut, and in the course of a week harvesting will become general. The yield promises to be abundant, and it is only exceptional cases where the grain has been damaged, either by the rain some weeks since or by the late hot weather. The prospect of getting a dollar or more for wheat gladdens everybody, more especially the farming community, and lively times for the next year are anticipated. With our usually favorable harvesting season, there is every reason for us as a people to be thankful, for on every hand plenty rewards our industry.

EARLY SEEDLING APPLE.—Mr. G. J. McCraw, of Silverton, shows us a July apple which he found in an old orchard in Linn county three years ago, growing on a sprout from the root of a grafted tree, which therefore may be called an Oregon seedling. He took a bud from the tree at that time, transferred it to an orchard near Silverton, and now has one hundred ripe apples to show for the third year's product. It is a green color, a wild acid, and valuable for cooking, and as it is earlier than any apple known to ripen in Oregon, its value is great. Every family should have some of this variety growing to supply the table at this particular season, when fruit is scarce.—They must be fit to cook the first of July.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Court, now in session, rendered a decision on Monday of very great importance to the tax-payers of this State. The court holds that the provision of the act of 1874 allowing only \$1,000 indebtedness to be deducted from the assessment of any person, is unconstitutional, and the assessment must be made as formerly, allowing all indebtedness within the State to be deducted.

DEATH OF A PIONEER.—The Jacksonville Times mentions the death of Edmund B. Magruder, at the age of seventy-four years, who came to Oregon, crossing the plains, in 1844. He was born in Maryland, and lived a while in Missouri previous to starting for the Pacific coast. Most of his journey of thirty-one years in Oregon was spent in Jackson county.

PERSONAL.—Mr. A. De Cosmos, member of the Dominion Parliament, from British Columbia, is in town. He is exhibiting Gordon's self-binding harvester.

School Talk Papers—No. 3.

MR. EDITOR: We do not mean to teach less, but more that is useful, and that so systematically arranged every particle of which shall be of vital interest, and that when it is acquired reference can be made to it in regular order and with perfect accuracy. It is a miserable waste of time to teach or learn a little of every thing in a haphazard, conglomerate manner. A comparison drawn by an eminent scholar and distinguished teacher will serve well here to illustrate this truth. "A man reserved a spacious unlighted loft in one of his buildings, where he could stow those things which he had no present use for, but might some time in the future need. He left an aperture in the ceiling, and when he found a bolt, a piece of iron, an old shovel, a new extra wheel, an old strap boot, he would carelessly toss it into the loft.—This went on for several years, and at last the loft became so full that no more room was left. One day he wanted an article which he knew had been thrown into the loft. He took a ladder, climbed slowly up, entered the apartment, and, groping in the darkness, turned things over and over, and after long search failed of course to find what he wanted." So it is with the minds of our youth. They are treated too much as this man treated his loft. Bits of information, some useful and some not, are recklessly tossed into them without regard to order for future use, and when anything is wanted there, the darkness and confused arrangement render its accessibility impossible. Another waste is in teaching children things for which they are not prepared in age. Higher mathematics and physical geography are often given to children to study, when their minds are wholly incapable of grasping the deep scientific and philosophical principles. Only think how difficult it is for an adult mind to trace the deep reasoning of algebra, and then see how ungenerous it is to burden and punish the mind of a tender child with such a study. Physical geography is one of the deepest and most intricate studies in our schools; much concerning it is still unknown, and much of it seaves as questions upon which a Humboldt, Tyndall, and Huxley differ, and perhaps it will be many years before they are permanently settled.—Think of a child of twelve, fifteen, or eighteen years of age pursuing such a study profitably.

Again: Technical grammar is put into the hands of children varying in age from ten to fifteen years. On page 67 of Clark's Normal Grammar, begins Part II, embracing the subject of etymology. The author says, correctly enough, "In Part I. we have considered the structure of sentences and of phrases; the elements which compose a sentence or a phrase; the classification of sentences and of phrases; the analysis of sentences, proximate and ultimate. In our progress through Part I. we have seen—that the proximate analysis of a sentence consists in resolving it into its immediate constituent elements, and that these may be words, phrases, or auxiliary sentences; that the ultimate analysis of a sentence consists in reducing its proximate elements to the words which compose them. We have next to consider the history of words—considered as ultimate elements of sentences—including their formation, their classification, their modification, their relation, and their collocation. The science of language embraces orthoepy, orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody."—then goes on with brief definitions to explain the last five terms, and this on page 67 of that book. Now, I appeal to every parent, guardian, and teacher to consider for a moment the ponderosity of the language quoted above, and then think of putting it before a child of ten or even fifteen years to worry, to puzzle, and mystify its tender brain. How many grown people through the country, having the advantage of thirty or forty years' use of the English language, the advantage of reading, observation, and even study, can readily comprehend the meaning of the words referred to above? Well, let the child go on. Let him learn it as a child learns to imitate a sound. Let him finish the book, and after he has studied technicalities, discussed "fine points," worried with grammatical intricacies and knotty questions, it is a matter of grave doubt whether he will always make his verb agree with its subject, or use a plural subject and a singular verb. He perhaps can tell you that every proper noun should begin with a capital letter, but he scarcely ever does it when he is writing; he can tell you that an interrogation point should follow a written question, but in his correspondence he asks twenty questions, not one of which is followed by the proper mark; he can tell you that the first word of a complete sentence should begin with a capital letter, and the sentence followed by a period, but in his letter he begins and ends his sentences without paying the least attention to his memorized rule. In short, he can recite definitions ad infinitum, but when it comes to putting into practical use what he has learned, he is a sad failure. Every line of his correspondence and every ten words of his conversation show that his hours, days, and years of study, golden moments in the spring-time of life, have been wasted, sadly wasted!

This is no freak of the imagination. It is real and, for proof, only look about you, and it can be found everywhere. More anon. Yours truly, THEOBALD.

A Week in the Woods.

On Friday last we chartered a hack for conveyance into the wilderness, and early in the morning were rolling off eastward from Salem, following the railroad as far as Turner's and then skirting the Waldo Hills, we kept up the valley of Mill creek past Aumsville. Noonday at a camp ground which had only lately been in use for devotional purposes which we discovered by means of a vine maple archway along the tangled road, under which the hack drove to admit us to a sylvan scene of great beauty. The canopy of boughs that sheltered the worshippers was withered, the seats were still there, and we saw our lunch off the rustic table that had answered for the campers. The next stage was on to the nook in the woods where Staytonville hugs close to the shores of the Santiam. Before this the trail region was left behind, and our road lay through a wooded region, but with so little obstruction that George Mercer's stout horses kept up a sharp trot most of the time. Farms grew less extensive and the scene more primitive as we proceeded. Soon we found that the valley of the North Santiam was hemmed in by spurs that shot down from the mountains on either side of it. In a thicket of young firs that seemed almost impenetrable we found the clearing, just about large enough for the house, where our townsmen Howell and Jo. Downer have commenced operations. We had before that met Mr. Downer riding a saw log towards Staytonville, where it was probably to be sawed on a barrow. Our course was towards Smith's ferry, and lay through a tangled wilderness of brush and bottom land timber much of the time, with an occasional opening utilized by some settler. The evidence of occupation was numerous, and it is plain to see that the land is rich and can support population to good advantage.

Smith's ferry was reached at last, and once by it was quite a large house erected by W. D. Carter, of Postland, a printer, who made his home in the wilderness awhile, but has gone back to the case shoe, and no doubt find it the easiest way to make a living. Mr. Smith has some nice improvements and good crops growing. Just here, or above here, the river forks. Across the ferry lies an extensive and productive portion of Linn county that finds the road via Aumsville and Stayton the best and most direct to market; this gives occupation to the ferry. All about here in inaccessible nooks and places people are making homes. Roads and paths climb the ridges, and settlers are coming in. There is still room for hundreds of families, but the new comer to Oregon most probably will look askance at the hills and the brush and timber lands and hesitate to attempt to tame the wilderness, but the soil is rich and productive, the climate delightful and healthful, for it offers all the excellence of mountain air, and is not only pure but insulating.

We have made our camp on a beautiful trout stream that puts in at the ferry, about half a mile back from the river, the objective point of our summer campaign. Our tents are pitched in a thicket of alders and vine maple, where Dearborn and Wood worth last year cleared away the impediments, and while level ground is not plenty and underbrush circumscribes our movements, it is only a step across the brook and up a short bank to where we have found room enough on the open land for our croquet ground. We half supposed we were out of the world when we landed here, but close by us is a school house and only a few minutes' walk from here is Mr. Sears' place, where he has lived and apparently thrived for twenty-two years.

Mr. Sears has everything he wants, and enjoys life amazingly. His orchard and small fruit bring him in rich returns, and show that this semi-mountainous region is not excelled as a fruit-growing country. Even his peaches grow unobstructed by blight. Mr. Sears is seventy-three years old and looks as hearty as a buck. He and the old lady enjoy life together in supreme indifference to the world of money-makers who live in the valley below. In fact he appears to be that remarkable and infrequent individual—the contented man. We procure our daily rations of milk for ourselves and hay for our ponies from him, pick his raspberries, set our dogs on his pigs when they come about our camp, and with these trading and civilized alleviations are as happy as if there was no civilization within a thousand miles of us.

Hardly were our tents pitched when a ferocious tribe of yellow jackets swarmed out from under a rock in our midst, and stung the girls and set the dogs to howling. We gathered up some trash and setting fire to it soon made a holocaust of our enemy, by building a roaring fire at the gate of his stronghold. Then we had peace. The fate of the yellow jackets shows the consequences of inhospitality; they didn't make us nicely welcome, as they ought, and we carried the war into Africa.

Our two boys and their two dogs and their two ponies form important features of our camp. The boys are successful anglers and keep our table abundantly supplied with brook trout, catching fully as many as we can eat. At evening we go down to the Santiam and bathe in its charming waters. Our boys sometimes transfer their hook and line exercise to the main river, and vary our diet by catching the large salmon trout, which hardly come up to the excellence of their little cousins of the brook, but eat well enough for all that.

At night we are lulled to sleep by the tumbling waters of the brook that are pushing their way, anxious to lose their identity in the main river. As the sun gets his burning face behind the trees in the west and the shadow crawls over our play ground on the bluff, we creep to the upland and play wonderful games of croquet. During the day we, the elders, utilize the ponies for excursion to the farther limits of this Wood's Land we have dropped in upon; but this is long enough for to day and I shall save the description of other scenes and of our adventures for next week. The Minto road goes up this way, and Minto himself has taken a beautiful piece of land at four miles above here, that is one of the most valuable pieces of land I have seen since I left Salem, where he will have a summer home for his family and summer range for his stock and earn raise anything he has a mind to. Mr. Sears came here from the East an invalid, troubled with palpitation of the heart, and has not known a sick day in his family in twenty-two years; just think of that! He looks now as if he was trying to make better time than old Methuselah did. S. A. C.

DEED.—On Sunday, July 25th, at the residence of Hon. J. W. Nesmith, Rickwood, Polk county, Oregon, Charles Osborne, only son of Thomas S. and Mary V. Lang, aged 17 years and 1 month.

There are many hearts which the above announcement will fill with sorrow; and those will sorrow most who best knew the departed. To his first parents, especially, is the sudden death of their first-born child and only son, their "might and beginning of their strength," a grievous loss. A loving and dutiful child, Charles had never, during all his boyhood, caused the least anxiety or sorrow to his mother; generous and affectionate, he had endeared himself to all his kin and associates. And now, when he had just reached his young manhood, in vigorous health and strength, he was regarded with special pride as the future stay of the home and the solace of his parents' declining years. How great, therefore, their sorrow, how bitter their grief!

Yet they sorrow not as those that have no hope. They know that He who gave them their treasure, is the same loving God who has taken it away, and who has it in His own safe keeping. Where their treasure is, there their hearts are. Knowing that they can go to him, they bear the brief separation without murmuring; and say, with unshaken trust in the love and wisdom of our Heavenly Father, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord." The funeral was largely attended, and the remains buried in a casket so that they can be easily removed. Moral offerings came from friends, such as should attend youth and beauty to its last resting. Though the family of Col. Lang has been with us but a short while, they have won a warm place in the hearts of many, and while their sorrow is too sacred to invade by words of common sympathy, it is shared by a whole community.

Gordon Self Binding Harvester.

This wonderful machine will be at work next Monday, and during the week, binding in Mr. Swegle's wheat field, near Mr. L. Savage's farm, about two miles and a half from Salem. The following is Mr. John Fagan's opinion of the Gordon self binder:

TANGENT, Linn county, Or., July 28th, 1875.

Dear Sir: I have had nearly twenty acres of fall wheat cut this season with a Gordon Self-Binding Harvester that was on exhibition here, and I have no hesitation in stating that it is the best harvesting machine to-day in Oregon. It has a six foot cutter, and cuts cleaner and saves more grain than any machine that ever I saw at work in the field reaping or heading. It is economical, too, for it only requires one man and a pair of horses to cut and bind ten to fifteen acres in a day, and bind it better than can be done by hand. If there were any for sale in the State, I would purchase one this year, but as there are none now for sale, I intend to get one for next year's harvest. I have no hesitation in recommending, in fact, I think it is my duty to recommend my fellow farmers to get the Gordon Self-Binder, and they will find it the best harvester and the greatest labor-saving machine for a farmer in the State. JOHN FAGAN.

A YOUNG MAN DROWNED.—Last Saturday afternoon, Dudley Gilmore, aged seventeen years, eldest son of N. Gilmore, of Junction City, was drowned in the Willamette river, just above the railroad bridge, at that place, whilst in bathing with some friends. A letter to the Statesman gives the following particulars:

They had swam across the river, and when nearly across on their return, Dudley commenced calling for help. Three of his comrades succeeded in getting him near the shore, when they became so much exhausted they were obliged to leave him to save themselves. Parties were diving and dragging the river in the vicinity of where he was last seen, Saturday evening and Sunday, but without success until Sunday evening, when a party discovered the body in an eddy, near the Harbours ferry, about three miles below where he was last seen. The body was secured and taken on a hand car to the home of the sorrowing parents. Within the space of one year Mr. Gilmore has buried his oldest daughter, aged nineteen, and a son, aged three years. This is the fifth case of drowning in this vicinity within about six months, viz: In January two sons of Mr. Meeks were drowned in the Willamette, opposite this city. A few weeks later a little child of Mr. Barker's was drowned in a wash tub while the mother stepped out of the house a few moments. About two weeks ago a child of Mr. Dave Howard, residing a short distance below this city, fell in a spring near the house and was drowned.

THE ALLEGHANIANS.—On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week, this celebrated troupe of vocalists will give concerts at Salem, in Reed's Opera House. A rare musical treat may be expected. The troupe consists of vocalists, Swiss bell-ringers, three gentlemen and two ladies, who are musicians of the first order.

POLICE JUDGE.—The Common Council of Portland, at a late meeting, elected Wm. H. Adams to the office of Police Judge of that city. The new incumbent is a promising young lawyer of Portland, and was admitted to the bar at the session of the Supreme Court last November. He is a son of Hon. W. L. Adams.

ARRIVED.—The pile-driver, to be used in making the wharf at the new Farmers' Warehouse in this city, reached its place on Saturday.

FLAX PULLING.—The Mercury says: Mr. Josse Parrish has commenced to harvest his crop of flax, consisting of one hundred acres, on his farm near Marion Station. The yield promises to be very good, some of the flax being five feet in height. He has at present twenty men employed in pulling flax, each man averaging about one-third of an acre per day, and will employ more men as he can procure near. Mr. Parrish has the machinery to press the flax for market and will deliver it to Jefferson to be run by water power or steam power, and prepare the flax on his own premises. When ready for market he will ship it to Ireland where the principal linen factories of the world are.

SILENT RESERVATION.—At the last session of Congress an Act was passed providing for the reduction of the area of Siletz Reservation, and throwing open for settlement vast tracts of arable land and stock ranges. Committees were appointed to treat with the Indians and remove all those at Alsea on the south and north of Salmon river on the north to within the boundary lines as fixed by the act. The Bulletin says that on Saturday a dispatch was received from C. Delano, Secretary of the Interior, stating that he has added the name of Ben Simpson to those committees, and he would assist in the Treaty and removal.

U. S. SURVEYS.—The Evening Journal says that contracts for the survey of U. S. public lands in this State, to the limit of the appropriation (\$20,000), have been effected by the U. S. Surveyor General, and the several parties are now in the field, or on their way. The appropriation is sufficient to survey one hundred and five townships—which at 36 sections in a township, aggregates quite a large body of land open to settlement and entry. The counties in which surveying is to be prosecuted this summer are: Clatsop, Tillamook, Benton, Curry, Douglas, Jackson, Lake, Union and Baker.

A NEW HARVESTER.—Mr. John Martin, of Salem Prairie, lately bought an Adams & French Harvester, "The Conqueror," of T. Cunningham & Co., of this city, and on Tuesday last he went with it into his barley, and the machine worked finely, the grain going up to the binders straight and nice, and not stopping. He recommends the "Conqueror" as the best harvester ever brought to the State.

THUNDER STORM.—The Oregonian learns that a terrific thunder-storm passed over Walla Walla on Wednesday evening. The lightning was playing about so lively that the telegraph operators at Walla Walla, Wallula and Umatilla got a little alarmed and cut all their instruments from the tables to prevent unpleasant consequences. For several hours the rain fell in torrents. No damage was done by the storm.

A BOY DROWNED.—On Monday afternoon last Arthur Davidson, son of Gleason Davidson, of this place, was drowned in the river near the steamboat landing. He was ten years old, and at the time of the accident was in bathing with some other boys, and got beyond his depth. His body was recovered during the evening.

CONFERENCES.—The Advocate says: "The East Oregon and Washington conference will convene at the Dalles on Thursday, the 29th inst., and the Oregon conference, at Salem, August 11th, Bishop Peck presiding at each. Within the bounds of the two conferences we have at least 200 ministers, local and traveling, and about 6,000 members.

TO LEAVE.—Rev. W. R. Stewart, who has filled the office of Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Salem for a number of years, will leave us about the first of October. He has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Mendocino, California.

SUITS BROUGHT.—W. T. Wythe and wife, of California, have brought suits in the U. S. District Court for the District of Oregon, to recover property in this city from J. H. Moores and N. Haas. It is claimed as belonging to the Willson estate.

SELF BINDER.—Mr. A. De Cosmos is agent for Gordon's Self-Binding Harvester, and will be in town all of next week. See letter in another column in relation to this machine.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Afred Jeanes, of Molalla, Clackamas county, Oregon, wants information concerning his brother James Jeanes. All papers please copy.

Photographs Copied and Enlarged.

Mr. B. K. Myers, formerly of Salem, is now traveling for orders for J. Wilkins, the well known photographer of San Francisco. He has received already a large number of orders from Salem, Silverton, Independence, Albany and other towns in this valley. He takes pictures of any kind—photographs, hypes, daguerotypes, etc.—and sends them to San Francisco, where they are copied and enlarged according to the order. The work is done in the most perfect manner, the finished pictures are elegantly framed and can be paid for on delivery. The cost is from \$8.50 to \$25. Jy9dawf

When you visit Portland do not fail to go and see Wood's Museum, with its 70,000 curiosities. Admission only 25 cents.

The Wrong Side of the Meridian. On the down hill side of life, which an old medical writer quaintly terms "the wrong side of the meridian," when the faculties decay and the frame gradually bends under the weight of years, the system requires to be sustained burden imposed upon it. Innumerable physical ailments and infirmities then press upon it, to which it has been in earlier life a stranger. The surest and pleasantest support and solace of declining years is found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, long recognized as the most wholesome agreeable of all the stimulants, the most potent of tonics and alteratives. The aged and infirm may place implicit confidence in this invigorating elixir, which not only checks those maladies to which elderly persons are peculiarly subject, but in a measure retards the encroachment of time upon the constitution.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF MARY C. SMITH. The undersigned has been appointed by the Honorable County Court of Marion county administrator of the above-named estate, and all persons having claims against the same are hereby notified to present them to me in the city of Salem, within six months from the date of this notice. P. S. KNIGHT, Administrator.