

Oregon and New Mexico.

J. M. V., Sandy Hill, N. Y., writes: "In a recent issue of the Semi-Weekly Times was a short article on the grazing lands of Oregon and Washington Territory. The writer pronounced Eastern Oregon to be the best grazing region in the United States. I wish to inquire whether New-Mexico and Arizona are not superior to Eastern Oregon for wool growing and cattle raising generally, on account of the milder climate? Can you refer me to any book or pamphlet on Oregon which gives a general description of the climate, fauna, flora, topography, &c., of that State?"

REPLY.—We do not know of any work of the kind referred to. We should judge Oregon to be a better locality for cattle and horses than Arizona or New Mexico, and at least equal to them for sheep. But all these countries have many more and greater drawbacks, with no better facilities for stock growing, than the plains east of the Rocky Mountains and many of the valleys of the mountains, including Colorado, Dakota, Wyoming, and Western Kansas, and Nebraska. Mr. E. A. Curley's work on Nebraska mentioned last week, gives a very fair account of these localities, which are very similar in character.

THE MISERY OF A SENSUAL LIFE.—It is a shame for a man to place his felicity in those entertainments and appetites that are stronger in brutes. Do not brutes eat with a better stomach? Have they not better satisfaction in their lusts? And they have not only a quicker relish of their pleasures, but they enjoy them without either scandal or remorse. If sensuality were happier, brutes would be happier than men; but human felicity is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh. They who deliver themselves up to luxury are still either tormented with too little or oppressed with too much; and equally miserable by being deserted or overwhelmed. They are like men in a dangerous sea, at one time cast upon a rock and at another swallowed up in a whirlpool; and all this from the mistake of not distinguishing good from evil. The huntsman, who with much labor and hazard takes a wild beast, runs as great a risk afterward in the keeping him; for many times he tears out the throat of his master; and it is the same thing with inordinate pleasures—the more in number and the greater they are, the more general and absolute a slave is the servant of them. Let the common people pronounce him as happy as they please, he pays his liberty for his delights, and sells himself for what he buys.—Seneca.

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.—Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from any other man. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from dislike, even at a time when he was, politically, the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The world's history is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. To men, civility is what beauty is to women—it is a general passport to favor—a letter of introduction, written in language that every one understands.

A WORD TO BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.—There is no greater mistake a young man can commit than that of being indifferent to the interest of his employer. Try to make your services useful, so that your boss cannot do without you, and you will never want a place, and can always make good wages. Be faithful in small things, as well as in great things—be faithful in all things; be attentive to your duties, shrink no employment that is not dishonorable, feel that your employer is entitled to every minute of the time which you have agreed to give him for a stipulated remuneration. The wages may be small—too small, but if you have contracted to work for a dollar a week, when your work is worth ten, stick to your bargain like a man, until your term of service has expired. It may seem very hard, but it will instill the great principle of being true to your word, and in time you will become an employer, your-self.—Sac. Bee.

VENTILATE THE CELLAR.—Every farmer and housekeeper should note particularly the great importance of supplying the cellar with pure fresh air. Much of the ill-health suffered by farmers is owing to the bad condition of the cellar. The air in the cellar is so polluted with gas as to need no argument, there are other reasons, less important, but still worthy of attention. No offensive smell should be allowed to exist for a moment in a cellar or ice-box where butter or milk is kept. Nothing absorbs any foreign

smell quicker. We have seen butter taken from an ice chest in the morning which smelled and tasted old and rancid, and yet it had been put in the evening before fresh from the churn; but there was some old rancid butter in the chest with it, and that was the secret. Again, we have tasted butter which was said to be fresh, and it looked beautiful, yellow, and firm, but tasted strongly of fish. Other things, as onions, for instance, are sometimes put in cellars and rooms where milk and butter are kept, which impart to them a most disagreeable flavor. Keep the air of the cellar then, pure, and this can only be done by providing ventilation and cleaning out all decayed vegetable matter; and if fish or other articles of strong smell are to be kept in the cellar, keep in a vessel closely covered.

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the book we finish at a sitting which always does us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested, than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered when our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days.—Scribner's.

TIT FOR TAT.—The Detroit Free Press says: A few days ago a Detroit widow, who was engaged to a Detroit child, and both being well off, determined to test her love for him and at the same time discover if she was actuated by mercenary motives, as some of his friends had asserted. He called at the usual evening hour, and after awhile remarked:

"My dear, you know I have two children, and to-day I had my life insurance for \$25,000 changed to my wife's name. You did ease my mind."

A blacksmith, who fancied himself sick, would often tempt a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well, but being unwilling to offend him, told him he must be careful of his diet, and not eat anything heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied; but on revolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who, having lost temper with his patient, said, "Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?" "No," said the blacksmith. "Why, then, I'll tell you," says the doctor; "your anvil is heavy, and bellows are windy; don't eat either of these, and you will do well."

APTITUDES IN MEN.—It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost as certain too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish,) a peculiar character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas if he deviates from it he will be lost in an unprofitable, probably uninteresting, career.

The largest sawing mill in America is owned by H. C. G. Washburn, of Minneapolis, Minn. It is seven stories high, and crowded with machinery from top to bottom. Its great saw, 600, has forty run of bars, and turns out 1,000 barrels of lumber per day.

With respect to the absurd newspaper story of anticipated war between the United States and Great Britain about Canadian fisheries, the Chicago Tribune says:—The report that a complication of a serious character had arisen between England and the United States out of the question of the Canadian fisheries was recently the subject of much merriment between Secretary Fish and Sir Edward Thornton. The latter, in referring to the report, assured the Secretary, it is said, in a jocular spirit, that timely notice should be given of any declaration of war so that the American fishermen in Canadian waters might have abundant time to dry their nets and make their escape home. All the ill feeling so far as the two Governments are concerned, growing out of the subject, is confined to a few Canadian newspapers. There is the highest authority for the statement that the Commissioner on behalf of the President to consider the fisheries question in accordance with the treaty of Washington has already been chosen, but that his name will be withheld for the present. The Queen has also chosen her representative, and the Prussian Minister at London will choose a third Commissioner during the winter. As a treaty provides that the Commission shall assemble at Halifax, it is not desirable on account of the severe weather in that location that a meeting should be called before spring. It may, therefore, be stated with the assurance of accuracy that the Fisheries Commission will assemble in Halifax in May or June of next year.

HONESTY.—We have somehow learned to make a difference between those obligations which we owe to one another as men, and those which we owe to the Government and corporations. These ideas are not a whit more prevalent among office holders and directors than they are among voters and stock-holders. Men are not materially changed by being clothed in office and power. The radically honest man is just as honest in office as he is out of it. Corrupt men are the offspring of corrupt society. We need straightening up. The lines of our morality all need to be drawn tighter. There is not a man who is willing to smuggle, and to see custom officers betray their trust while he does it; willing to receive the result of the sharp practice of directors of corporations in which he has an interest; willing to receive the patronage of the government in the execution of schemes not based in absolute necessity; willing to take an exorbitant price for a piece of property sold to the Government or to a corporation, who is fit to be trusted with office.

When we have said this, we have given the explanation of all our public and corporate corruption, and shown why it is so difficult to get any great trust managed honestly. All this official corruption is based on popular corruption—loose ideas of honesty as they are held by the popular mind; and we can hope for no reform until we are better based as a people in the everlasting principles of equity and right-doing. If we would have the stream clear, we must cleanse the fountain.—Dr. Holland.

Mrs. Magruder's baby (says the Danbury News) is carried out by the nurse now, since the accident to its carriage. Magruder thought it would be a good idea to have a tame goat to pull the coach, and he bought one for the purpose; but one day the goat met another goat that differed from him in politics or something, and each undertook to convince the other by jamming him in the skull. Every time Magruder's goat would rear up, preparatory to making a lunge forward, Magruder's baby would lurch over backward, and when Magruder's goat struck the other goat the concussion would shake the milk in the baby's stomach into butter. And sometimes the other goat would aim at Magruder's goat, which would dodge, and then the other goat would plunge head-foremost into the coach, and mash the baby up in the most frightful manner. And in the midst of the contest a couple of dogs joined in, and Magruder's goat bucked off and jilted the coach into the gutter, and the dogs biting around kind of generally, would snatch the goat and cause it to whirl the baby around just in time for the bite; until at last the goat got disheartened and sprang through the fence, leaving the coach on the other side, and struggling frantically to escape, while the other goat crowded up against the baby in order to avoid the dogs and finally knocked the baby out, and butted the coach to splinters. They say that the way Mrs. Magruder eyed Magruder that afternoon, when they brought the baby home mutilated and disheveled, was simply awful to behold; but she didn't speak to him for a week, and he had to soften her down by buying her an ostrich feather for her winter hat.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence. On ascending one flight of stairs, he observed a light in a chamber, and while deliberating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, pushed him down through the hall, and forced him into the street before he had time to think. "Hercule Reputé of a Burglar by a Woman," was the way the story was told in the papers the next day. The woman was called and examined her own hair for courage, she exclaimed: "Good gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar! If I had, I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

HOW TO LEAD A CALF.—He was a small but muscular boy, and the calf was probably two months old, with a development of unadulterated cussedness that would do credit to a Georgia Ku-Klux-Klan Captain. There was a rope between them, and, as they went down South Third street, bets were about even as to whether the boy was leading the calf or the calf leading the boy. The calf made a dash for the Central Express office. The boy pulled him back, and he made a dash for the boy, who ran around a wagon and fell over a watermelon pile, the proprietor whereof swore copiously.

"Come back here, you infernal eld-buster, and pay for this melon."

"Say, M'h-ister; whoa-give me my-thunderation on you-hat, won't yer?"

And the calf kicked up his heels and b-a-a-d, and tried to run into a store, but the boy sat back on the line, with all his strength, and suddenly sat down in the mud, as the calf altered his mind and turned around to look at him. They went quietly ten steps, till a dog barked, when it took four circles around the boy in as many seconds, tying his legs up in the line, bringing him down in mud again, and dragging him around until he looked like an old hat that had been run over by the ice cart for two seasons.

A philanthropic fat man went to the boy's assistance, but the calf kicked him on the shin, and butted him in the condenser, so that he sat down on the curbstone and tried to die easy. Then the boy and calf entangled themselves and started down street like a mail behind time, until the calf scaring at something, stopped suddenly, and the boy fell over it and lost the rope. The calf at once took to his heels, every boy in the street running after and grabbing at the rope, until it got tangled in the bridge, when his conductor caught him by the ear and tail, and a lively fight took place all across the bridge and out of sight, while everybody along the street proceeded to tell how easy it is to lead a calf if you only go their way about it.—Easton Press.

THE GLENN FARM.—From Mr. Isaac Baylis, of Colusa, we have the following news from the Glenn farm: There will be in cultivation on this large farm this year 37,000 acres, of which Isaac Baylis will have 8,000 acres, George Hoag, 7,000; Pike Gorton, 9,000; and Dr. Glenn, 13,000 acres. No season ever known to the section has ever presented more flattering prospects. The volunteer is several inches high, and the lately sown grain is looking very promising. The work of winter seeding is going on rapidly, and by the first of January the preparations for the crops of the ensuing year will be finished. The feed on the ranch is first-rate, and Dr. Glenn's large herd of cattle is doing well. The doctor is giving his constant and personal attention to a large number of best cattle just ready for the markets.—Chico Enterprise.

How to Obtain Patents.—Any person desiring information as to the mode of taking out patents, can send a request to the Patent office, accompanied by a one-cent stamp, and will receive by mail a copy of the revised Patent laws and pamphlet containing full information as to how inventions can be patented.

F. A. Smith, Artist, Salem, Oregon, dealer in Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, and Scenes of Salem and the surrounding country. Life-size Photographs, in India Ink, Oil or Water Color.

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