

Willamette Farmer.

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SALEM, FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1878.

From an Eastern Farmer.

MR. EDITOR: I have now read your paper six months, and instead of giving it up in disgust, as some of your readers have done in that time, I can say candidly that I have not seen one paper in this country whose sentiment suits me better than the FARMER, it being so free from that profanity and sarcasm so common to American journals.

I came from Scotland ten years ago, bought a farm and have worked hard there ever since, in a heavy climate, the thermometer ranging from 50 below to 114 above zero, which heat in the absence of a sea-breeze is very hard on humanity.

Our markets are also very poor. Old corn is now worth 23 cents in this country; oats 15; eggs 6; butter 10; (the later during the summer has been down to 3 cents per pound) wheat very seldom pays expenses here, although there are some pieces of fair wheat this season; hogs \$3 50 per hundred, and cattle from 2 to 4 cents per pound. Many hogs dying of cholera. I own 80 acres of good prairie land, have kept a strict account of all I have sold off in nine years, which I find makes an average of \$542 per annum, and many of my neighbors will not come up with that. My taxes on the same range from \$35 to \$50 per year, while in some townships it reaches \$1 per acre.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have received only a very limited education and know that I am altogether unqualified to write an article for publication in any newspaper, yet if you can find space in your columns I would be glad to contribute to you if you would insert this little epistle. The object in view being that some energetic farmer of the Willamette valley, and one who keeps a record of his transactions, would inform me through your paper what an average return would be from a farm of like size in Oregon, as well as myself, will look anxiously, and be thankful for an answer to this letter. Yours respectfully, JOHN F. REICHERT.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.—The above practical and common sense letter is evidently from a practical man, and we hope our readers will find time and inclination to answer it as is requested, and in the mean time, that he may not be disappointed, we will try to give what we can to enlighten him. A good farm of 80 acres, according to soil and locality, can be bought here at from \$15 to \$40 per acre, and if well cultivated in wheat will produce from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. At this time, when wheat bears a low price, it has been worth 80 cents a bushel, gold coin, and last year it averaged over a dollar. Taking that as a basis our friend can figure what the results of farming can be in this valley. He can read in the FARMER frequent communications from Oregon, Washington and Idaho districts, east of the mountains, where homesteads can be taken and where stock raising is very profitable.

As to prices, butter has been as low as 12 1/2 cents in back country neighborhoods, this summer, but it is now quick sale to merchants here in Salem, at 25 cents to 30 cents for good rolls, and eggs are 20 cents per dozen cash, to the farmer. Hogs are never less than 6 cents per pound and beef cattle 3 to 4 cents per pound; mutton sheep \$1 to \$1 50 at present, and will be higher after awhile. Taxes on an 80 acre farm would not be as much as he says he now pays, depending of course on locality and quality of soil. Wheat farming is much easier than raising corn, and the incidentals of vegetables, fruits, pigs, chickens and butter, well managed, go a long way towards paying the family expenses. We do not mean to give the idea that a man can grow suddenly rich on 80 acres, but to show by comparison that he can expect to do better than at the East, and the advantage of climate is greatly in his favor here.

The Jersey and Short-Horn Cross.

In a paper read before the California Dairy-men's Society, at one of their late meetings, M. R. G. Smith said he had some fifty head of Short Horn cattle on his farm, young and old, and was using Jersey bulls exclusively for crossing. He expected to raise about one hundred head half-breed Jersey heifer calves annually, until he could determine positively the wisdom of the plan. So far the half-breeds that have come in to milk have proven very satisfactory. The Jerseys give about the same quantity of milk as the average American cow, but much richer. They require less feed and no more care. He said it was a question with many whether to breed for beef or for milk and butter. He pursued a middle course and was breeding for both, as the common grade Short-horn stock, crossed with the Jersey, increases the size of the latter and makes good beef; while the rich milking qualities of the former are vastly improved. [Rural Sun.

CALIFORNIA.

Marysville, Cal., Sept. 11.—The committee appointed by a meeting of citizens held Tuesday evening to collect funds for the yellow fever sufferers started out yesterday, and in a short time collected over \$800. To-day they resumed their work, and this evening report \$1,100 collected.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

The announcement in the daily papers of this city that John Whitney, the alleged murderer of Oliver Hibert, would have a preliminary examination before Squire Johnson this morning at 8 o'clock caused great numbers of citizens to gather around to Court House, and by the time the court room was well filled with anxious spectators who desired to see the alleged murderer, as well as to hear about the foul act, and, if possible, to ascertain whether or not the man under arrest did the deed.

The prisoner was brought out into the court room and took his seat at the table by his counsel, Harding and Stratton. The defendant is a man of medium size, dark though not black hair; it is evident from the man's appearance that he has seen something of dissipation, his face is red, sandy chin whiskers, will weigh about 150 pounds, and is in the neighborhood of 32 or 33 years old. He sat by and watched the witnesses pretty closely, though seemingly as unconcerned as if he had nothing at stake.

On the opposite side of the table, surrounded by six attorneys, J. J. Whitney, prosecutor, and his deputy, E. J. Dawne, Bonham & Ramsey, Ben Hayden and W. H. Holmes, sat the wife of deceased, who was dressed in deep mourning, with a veil over her face, and seemed considerably interested in what was going on. She kept a close watch on the witnesses, and paid particular attention to what was said by the witnesses.

The examination was conducted on the part of the State by Hon. W. W. Ramsey, and for the defense by J. A. Stratton. Numerous witnesses were introduced tending to show suspicious circumstances on part of defendant, that the tracks in the road compared with the boot worn by Whitney, that on taking the shoes from his horse it was found that they fit the track of the horse that had made a hurried trip over the road, leading from the place where the dead man was found, also that a horse had been tied in two different places the night before, but a short distance from the place of murder, that at one place the horse had been fed, etc.

At the close of examination, the justice adjourned the case till Monday, when he committed Whitney to await the action of the grand jury.

Fires.

The following comes from Hillsboro: Fires are raging on the mountains four miles east of this place. On Monday night the whole of the west side of the Zion Mountains was a solid sheet of fire. Couriers are dispatched all over the country. Portland is telegraphed by "hand car." Railroad bridges in imminent danger. Farms are being devastated of timber, etc.

The following are some of the losses sustained by fires on the Washouglie: Johnson's house, the Tinsley place, and a l the fencing and 4,000 rails; the Delay shed, his fencing, wagon and plow; Fleicher suffered a heavy loss in rails. At Parker's landing, Wesley's shed and hay worth \$500, were destroyed, and the stock range, the best in the country, is all burned up. The fire is checked in places.

Mining Claim Decision.

The Commissioner of the Land Office in Washington has recently given an interpretation to the Congressional Mining Law, which seems to be in accordance with technical justice and plain common sense. A mining claim is forfeited whenever the assessment year is so nearly gone that the requisite work cannot possibly be done in time, and "possession" is not "renewed" until the locator fully complies with the law in these respects. A re-locator who takes possession before the locator year expires, cannot be ousted by the latter while holding in conflict with the law. The only safe plan, therefore, is to make sure that a full hundred dollars worth has been put upon the claim in time to prevent any risk in the future.

Behind The Times.

One of the members from eastern Oregon, when making up the list of newspapers, ordered the Sargent-at-Arms to furnish him with the Daily Oregon Democratic Herald, of Portland, which journal has been defunct for six years past. The Sgt.-at-Arms should have forwarded an old file of that once spicy journal, which would not puzzle his sage-brush ideas with reference to the telephone, photograph our Centennial, the Paris exposition, or many of the things that have bothered the worlds minds of late. With this relic of the past to guide his course he could dose away the session in comfort and not been mixed up with entanglements of the present day.

Somewhat Mixed.

A man was arrested in San Francisco Monday supposed at the time to be Johnson, but yesterday morning a dispatch was received at Portland stating that the party was not Johnson, but Wilson, an escaped convict from the Oregon State prison. And now it is reported that Wilson was seen in Portland last Friday. An officer will go down on the Steamship Anson, to San Francisco and take charge of the prisoner if he proves to be either Wilson or Johnson.

The Chiefs' Confess.

We understand that the Indian chiefs arrested by General Howard at the council held at the Unatita agency recently, have all confessed and given the names of those Indians who took part in the late war. There are thirty-six of them, and they will be arrested and punished accordingly, we hope. The chiefs were all released from custody.

On Mr. Thomas Martin's farm in Yamhill county, there was grown this year fifty stalks of the old-fashioned white winter wheat from one kernel. Some of the heads are five inches long and contain one hundred and forty grains each. On a fair estimate there are six thousand from the one kernel. All the heads are perfect and well developed, and of very fine quality.

Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

MURDER OF OLIVER HIBERT.

Yesterday was a day of intense excitement at Silverton. The court convened at eleven o'clock for the purpose of giving John Whitney a preliminary hearing, on the charge of having wilfully murdered one Oliver Hibert, on the morning of the 10th inst. E. J. Dawne, deputy prosecutor, appeared in behalf of the State, and J. A. Stratton for the defense. After the examination of some fifteen witnesses, the case was submitted to the court, when it was discovered that the prosecution had utterly failed to make a case, much less one that would justify the court to bind the defendant over to the meeting of the grand jury.—In the first plea there was no proof introduced to show that deceased had been murdered, though it was shown that he was found dead in the road; but how, when or by what means, whether by his own hand or that of some one else came to his death, was not attempted to be shown in evidence, and as no murder had been proven, there was no alternative but for the court to order the discharge of the defendant.

No sooner was the order made than the excited crowd made a rush for the accused man, overturning benches in their excitement, and seizing him, threatened to try the case themselves, with the assistance of hemp. So strongly is it believed at Silverton that the accused is guilty that the threat of lynching would most certainly have been executed had not Sheriff Baker interfered.

The prisoner was brought to the city last night by the sheriff, and placed in the county jail. He says he could prove an alibi, but that would not help his condition, as it would only get him out of one scrape into another, which does not speak very well for a man in his situation.

Besides the suspicions surrounding this case, it would appear that Whitney has not occupied a flattering position in society, as he served a term in the penitentiary for larceny.

COMMUNICATED.

SALEM, Oregon, Sept. 13, 1878. MR. EDITOR:—I feel satisfied from what I have been told that some statement which appeared in the daily papers relating to an examination before a magistrate at Silverton on last Wednesday, has been unfair to Mr. Dawne, who appeared for the State on that occasion. Of course Mr. Dawne makes no professions to any considerable experience in the practice, and knowing him to be a novice in the business, in justice to him I must say that so far as the proceedings came under my observation, and I was in the court room a part of the time during the trial, and heard him examine several of the numerous witnesses, and was agreeably surprised at the ability and tact he displayed. Mr. Stratton, counsel for the defendant, will agree with me in this. The whole people there were wrought up to almost madness, and justly too, in presence of the foul murder committed; and universal suspicion (amounting to belief) had settled upon the defendant as the murderer; and in view of this it is not unreasonable to suppose that were it not for the prosecution that the evidence within reach at the time would justify. J. A. APPLEGATE.

Temperance Meeting Last Night.

The open temperance meetings are growing in interest. The one held at the Methodist Church last night was largely attended and much interest manifested by those present. The meeting was opened by the singing of a couple of songs, and prayer was offered by Deacon Hatch. Singing "Pull for the shore," followed by evening remarks by the chairman. Miss Warner and McNary, entertained the audience with a duett which was well rendered, and was received with encores by those present. Mrs. A. S. Dunaway, of Portland, was then introduced and in short, but effective speech set forth her views on the license question. That soul stirring song, "Hold the Fort," was then sung, and in such a manner that showed that all present were deeply in earnest in the temperance work. Miss Esther Hall then favored the audience with a solo.

Col. Cann, an old veteran in the cause, made a short speech in regard to the liquor laws. Mr. Hugh Harrison followed in a neat and very pointed speech, setting forth the duties of the temperance people in seeing that the law relating to the sale of liquor is strictly enforced. An opportunity was then given to those who wished to sign the pledge.

The audience was informed that there was a saloon in the State House in full blast, for the benefit of thirsty legislators. A committee consisting of Miss Olive Chamberlain, May Warner and George Meacham was appointed to prepare a programme for next meeting night.

The Chairman appointed the following gentlemen, H. Harrison, Col. T. H. Cann and Deacon Hatch, a committee to act in conjunction with a like committee appointed by the two lodges of Good Templars of this city, to prepare resolutions in relation to the saloon in the State House.

The beautiful song, "Home over There," was then sung by the congregation after which the meeting adjourned until next Wednesday night, to which meeting the public are most cordially invited.

Those were present several members of the legislature.

Forest Fires.

The suffocating smoke hanging like a pall over the city indicates a terrible fire raging in the woods both in Washington Territory and Oregon. Information from all sources indicate that the fire is spreading with great rapidity and destroying millions of dollars' worth of valuable timber, beside fences, houses and barns, and in several instances horses and cattle. Where the havoc is going to end it is impossible to predict, unless we should have a rain storm that would extinguish the conflagration. The smoke is becoming more dense so as almost to obscure the sun, and is very annoying to the eyes. The fern, lumber, grass and brush are all dry and burn like oil. From Parkers Landing, Fisher's Landing, Vancouver, Oregon City and other localities come accounts of severe losses, and extraordinary efforts of the settlers to arrest the fire in its destructive march. The places of Peter Stone, Win. Sloops, and also Capt. Love's house at Parkers Landing. Many persons have narrowly escaped a horrible death in their efforts to save their property, thousands of dollars worth having been consumed.

Gen. Howard's order requiring hostages of the Indians has only been partially carried out. So far there are only three held by the military. The Indians are making no effort to get the guilty parties and the East Oregonians fear that they intend to do nothing.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

Reading (Pa.) Eagle, August 10.

Faren Potts, aged 45, a woodman residing about two miles from Warwick furnace. For the past six months he has been clearing a tract of land for his brother-in-law about one-half mile from his home. Wednesday of this week he left home as usual, early in the morning taking his dinner with him in a kettle, as he generally remains all day. About 3 in the afternoon he became drowsy. As he was working by the job he concluded to take a nap. He rested in the shade of a large oak tree near a clump of rocks, his head lying on his coat near a projecting root. How long he slept Mr. Potts does not state, but suddenly he was awakened by a choking sensation. He jumped up, and as he jumped, realized that he had his mouth open during his nap. There was a strange taste in his mouth, and throat felt raw. Suddenly he ejected about a half cupful of slime, and for a time he thought he had been poisoned. He felt very sick and he vomited copiously and had pains. After vomiting he felt as if he was going to strangle, because, he says, something worked into his throat from his stomach, and then suddenly disappeared. Minutes seemed hours to him, and he said he was so terribly scared that the perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead and he trembled in fear. He is about six feet two inches tall and weighs 195 pounds. He worked no more that afternoon, but went to the spring and filled his kettle with water. When he stooped to dip it out he says he distinctly felt something twisting and moving in his stomach. Then he felt it was possible that during his sleep he must have had his mouth open and swallowed something. The thought nearly overpowered him, and he says he relied on the water he had in his kettle to keep himself from being strangled. As he walked toward home, every time he felt his throat filling he drank plenty of water and by the time he had reached home he had drunk nearly every drop in the kettle. And when he told his wife that he had either swallowed a snake or a lizard she dropped to the floor in a fit. The oldest daughter aged 14, was quickly sent to a neighbor for assistance. He was buying trees from an agent of a New York nursery to be delivered in the Fall. Both men hurried to the house of Mr. Potts, and found him and his wife nearly senseless. Potts frothed at the mouth and his eyes nearly started from their sockets. The children were screaming in terror of fear. Mrs. Potts was revived, and the agent who was a physician somewhat out of practice, went to work on the gigantic woodman stretched on the floor. Mrs. Potts was told to prepare some strong tea of a certain kind of plant growing in the meadow, and while this was being done, Dr. Gybbart, the agent, and the farmer lifted Potts to a bench and threw his head back to the wall. His throat was swollen, and he was given water to drink. He breathed slowly and asked for more water. Gradually he revived, and he slowly told his story. The doctor at once realized what had taken place. Strong hot tea was then administered, which caused a violent vomiting, but nothing unusual was ejected. All that night Mr. Potts suffered, but his friends remained with him, sitting up by turns and taking care of him. During the night he had ten spasms. At 5 o'clock in the morning the doctor placed a wet towel to Potts's broad breast and then held his ear close to it. He then turned away and seemed to be horror-struck. His worst fears seemed to be realized. At 6 o'clock he told Mr. Potts that he had certainly swallowed some sort of a hissing reptile, because its movements within him could be distinctly heard. Potts was very weak, but still he said he would submit to any kind of treatment. Dr. Gebhart assured him that he would stand by him and do all he could. Finally Mrs. Potts was told to heat a pot of milk. Then Potts inhaled the steam of this by bending his head very low. Instantly he fell back in a strangling spasm and it was thought he would die. He was with great difficulty revived. "We must pursue this plan," said the doctor, and more milk was put on the stove. Potts was then led out under a shed roof and was asked whether he was willing to undergo that treatment. He consented. A wagon was pushed in and the men got on it. Above was a cross-beam. A strong rope was tied to this and then securely passed around the suffering man. The wagon was then pulled away and Potts was left hanging head down. He was aided in holding his head up. Then the boiling milk was brought, and he inhaled the steam. Dr. Gebhart held Potts's mouth open. The patients tongue protruded and his eyes started. The thick steam flowed into his throat, and the sufferer made a noise as in choking. Then quick as thought the doctor saw a head protrude, and seizing it with his naked fingers he quickly pulled and the reptile was dashed into an empty bucket. Mrs. Potts was working like a beaver, and while the doctor was supporting the husband the wagon was backed in, and in a few seconds Potts was lying on the ground nearly dead. He was given some whisky and water and was rubbed with coarse toweling, and finally he seemed to be resting easy. His eyes were bloodshot and every vein seemed bulged and ready to burst. He was carried into the house and put to bed, and light food was administered. His throat was very sore, but still he was thankful when he was told that the reptile had been removed. The doctor was soon busy examining it. The snake was a singular looking one, and measured nineteen inches in length, but at the thickest part of his body it was not more than a half inch. It was dark green on the underside and black on the top, and apparently had no scales. It was killed and put into a bottle filled with alcohol. Mr. Potts said he would not have it in the house and never wanted to see it again. The tree agent took it with him saying he would never forget the incident in his life. The snake is a real curiosity, because on its back, for about four inches there are small protuberances growing, looking like feathers and on the sides are small fins. At last account Mr. Potts was getting strong again and his throat slowly healing.

Law Schools.

In the United States, there are 42 law schools with 218 Professors, 2,664 students, with an average of 740 graduates each year.

The grange has dignified the farmer's calling, and chiefly by arousing his social nature, stimulating his intellect, and thus making the farmer more deserving of the public approbation. It is idle to say that the people ought to seek for their representatives in high official station. When farmers prepare themselves for public duties, the fact is not likely to be long overlooked. They can only do this by performing all the duties of their present position—not only on the farm, but in society, in the church, and in the political assembly. Thus they will be men among men, and if they are qualified for public station, the fact will not long be overlooked. That high offices are so poorly filled is chiefly because so few really fit men present themselves. It does not disprove this, that many able men keep in the background; that is just what such men should not do. It is the healthy communications within the grange that bring such men to the surface.—Farmer's Friend

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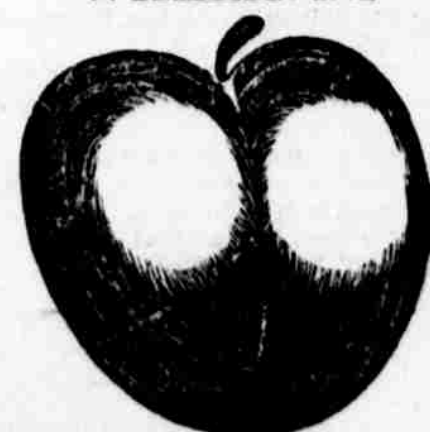
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