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\$2.50 per Year.

SALEM, OREGON, DECEMBER 6, 1878.

Volume X.—Number 43.

OVER THE WALDO HILLS.

TURNER, Or., Nov. 30th, '78. Starting from the thriving village of Turner (first Railroad station south of Salem), I took the "Minto Pass" road up the Mill Creek bottom. This road leads in a direction south of east, and four miles from the railroad passes through the village of Aumsville, otherwise known by the somewhat expressive appellation of "Hog'em."

One mile north-east of this specimen of rural quietude I crossed Beaver Creek bridge, and began climbing the gentle slopes of the Waldo hills. These "hills" are simply a section of rolling country extending from Salem and Lowell prairies on the north, to the Santiam river on the south, a distance of about ten miles, and from the Mill Creek Pass (the route of the O. and C. R. R.), on the west, to the Cascade Mountains, where they merge into the foot-hills on the east, for twelve miles, and lying somewhat in the shape of a V, widest towards the mountains. This region is mostly prairie, with some timber and oak groves. Here is to be seen in its purity "the red soil of the hills," which the emigrants of '33 confidently asserted "wouldn't sprout white beans," but which is now recognized as "the best wheat land in Oregon."

Stopping for the night at the house of an old German farmer, a representative man of his section, I found him busy "butchering some hogs," which, together with sheep and grain, constitute the products which he is, with characteristic vigor and pertinacity, raising and making profitable. Here was extended to me that genuine and hearty social hospitality which is so markedly a part of the Oregon character, and in the morning I admired his good horses and sheep, and his cleanly cultivated fields, whereby the fact was illustrated that good farming pays best.

Continuing my ramble over the hills, I crossed a field to obtain a "near cut," and came upon a farmer plowing stubble ground. Here the scene of the morning was changed. Broad fields of cultivated land extended around, but the farmer complained that his crop was short, and that the "wild oats" had "taken" his land. Here was that anomaly among farmers, a man that was "land poor." Working vigorously with a strong team, striving to cultivate twice too many acres, with the wild oats staying with him like a brother, and doing their best to learn him how to farm.

What a blessing in disguise to the Oregon farmer have been these California wild oats, and the sorrel. And what lessons in farm management have been learned from those same "wild oats!" "Farm right or starve" is the motto in language in which they present their ultimatum to him who tills the soil of Oregon. Their lesson, with the help of numerous allies, is vigorously enforced. The mongrel first settlers in the "French Prairie," succumbed in the strife, refusing to accept the situation, perhaps incapable of interpreting the language of inanimate things, and were succeeded by a more industrious and intelligent race, who became masters of the situation, subdued the land, and turned the energies of their own interests. But these lessons are yet to be learned by many, and many still abuse these industrious and persevering friends of the farmer, which nevertheless pursue the even tenor of their way, working silently and steadily for the farmer's good, regardless of the anathemas poured out over their devoted heads.

But to pursue this course, to reject the unvarnished kindness of friends, and accept the gilded advances of designing enemies, appears to be one of the perversities of human nature. Six years ago, in this same locality, the railroad was the subject of general abuse as a "grasping monopoly," which would drain the country of money, reduce the price of horses to nothing, and various other evils were to follow in its train, until the "country was ruined." Now, although the average farmer is not prepared to look complacently upon the kind offices in his behalf of the wild oats, yet he is eager to accept a little more railroad ruination. So likewise, although he bitterly bewails the "Chinese nuisance," he is willing to defer the extortion of John until he "gets his grubbing done." You subscribe?

I ramble on. Evidences of improvement are to be seen in the thriving village of Turner (first Railroad station south of Salem), I took the "Minto Pass" road up the Mill Creek bottom. This road leads in a direction south of east, and four miles from the railroad passes through the village of Aumsville, otherwise known by the somewhat expressive appellation of "Hog'em."

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barns, farms and buildings, "better fixed up," everywhere attest the improved condition of the people; and inside their dwellings, tables and shelves loaded with newspapers and books, good furniture, sewing machines, organs, etc., bear unimpeachable evidence to the growing intelligence and intellectual advancement of the farmer and his family. Oregonians are fast becoming an intellectual, reading and musical people, who are prone to indulge in the refinements of civilized life, and those who do not want to be left behind must not only procure books, papers, etc., but must read and study, and use brains as well as muscles.

Sublimity, on the hills four miles east of Aumsville, has, in local parlance, been "taken by the Dutch." The same has also been said of Holland. But these industrious Vatterlanders have transformed the once dead and desecrating village, and given it an appearance again of life and business animation. But the location is "nix good" for a trading point, and unless the Silverton and New Era Railroad shall touch it, the village of Sublimity is not marked for a brilliant career.

The building of the above-mentioned railroad is the talk, the hope and the inspiration of this section of country. Having tasted, somewhat unwillingly, of the sweet convenience of railroad transportation, the average Oregonian finds it disappointingly pleasant, and is anxious to indulge in another drink. A road along the foot-hills, or branches from the line now built, would greatly stimulate business, where it is now comparatively stagnant for lack of facilities of transportation.

But this communication is already too long, and a wholesome fear of the editorial wastebasket admonishes me to close.

Fiendish Murder.

Last Sunday evening, about half past five o'clock, James Cook murdered George Craig in the corridor of the jail at Dallas City. Both had been convicted at the late term of the Circuit Court of the crime of robbery, and each sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years, and were to start for Salem the next morning in charge of the sheriff. At the time of the robbery, Craig, on his arrest, gave the officers information that led to the apprehension of Cook, and it is supposed he harbored a grudge against him on that account. Four prisoners were in the corridor, and Sheriff Crossen was in an outer room. Suddenly, without any warning, Cook seized Craig, and, with a razor, cut his throat from ear to ear, the unfortunate man dying in five minutes. The murderer was immediately locked up in a cell, and threats were made by an angry crowd outside the jail of lynching him. The murdered man was a son of the late Dr. P. Craig, of Dallas City, and was near twenty-two years of age. He had become idle and dissolute of late years. Being about to leave for the penitentiary on Monday's boat, his aged mother went to the jail to spend the night with him, but arrived there to hear of his tragic death, and her cries over her murdered boy were heart-rendering in the extreme. All the prisoners were searched on Friday night, but as no visitors came in on Saturday the precaution was deemed unnecessary. The above is condensed from the account in the Oregonian.

SHOT.—A man named John F. Moore was shot in Portland, last Saturday evening, by James Beckenstos. Moore is dangerously wounded. He persisted in going to Beckenstos' house, against the repeated requests of the latter and his wife, with the above result. Moore says he went to collect a bill of fifteen dollars which Beckenstos owed him. The latter was held to await the action of the grand jury, and gave bail in the sum of \$500.

FLOPPING MILL ON HOWELL PRAIRIE.—Mr. H. McCallister, of Howell Prairie, has just completed a custom and general jobbing grist mill. It has two run of burrs, and is one of the finest ever put up in the State. It has a power equal to 80 horse-power, and is under the charge of a newly imported miller from the States. The mill started up last Thursday. This will be a great accommodation to the people in that section.

The East is increasing her area of wheat. According to the Maine Farmer, one farmer in Somerset county, Maine, will have this year nearly 100 bushels of wheat where two years ago he had but thirty, and in his neighborhood are 100 acres of wheat. In one neighborhood in South Thomaston, 1,000 bushels of wheat were harvested this season, where, only six years ago, scarcely any wheat was raised.

The wool trade between Colorado and Chicago has increased wonderfully. The receipts of pelts at Chicago tanneries from Colorado pelts during the past season were four times greater than for any previous year. The wool is received here in the rough, so to speak, being still on the pelts. It is either pulled, cut or shaved off, and then shipped to Boston and New York, New York, and other cities.

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The Punishment of Criminals.

(From the New York World.) The paper contributed by Ex-Governor Seymour to Harper's Magazine on "Crime," deserves the serious attention of the public. The Ex-Governor's proposition is the simple and obvious one that "crime should be punished with certainty and in a way that will make men shrink from its commission, that will degrade them as little as possible, and that will tend to make them better." But when a man who has thrice been Governor of the Empire State declares that "our practice violates each one of these rules," our District Attorneys, Judges, prison officials and legislators may be sure that such a charge is not one to be lightly made by Horatio Seymour. Especially not when he emphasizes it by saying deliberately that while there "is no perfect way of dealing with crime, there is no worse way than the system of this State." The Ex-Governor arraigns all our jails as "common schools of vice," and pronounces it "a great crime to send youthful offenders to those pest-houses of vice—our jails." It would be hard to state the case more sternly.

The remedies which the Governor proposes are (1) "a careful study of the causes of the lower grades of offenses;" (2) the working out of "some system which shall check the course of those who are entering upon lives of disorderly and criminal aspects;" (3) permission to "our Judges to impose punishments other than sending the offenders to these common schools of vice;" (4) "binding out, minors" who do wrong or "directing their employment," or "a personal wardship for disordered morals" akin to that for those "afflicted with demented minds;" (5) "police supervision of habitual offenders;" and (6) the abolition "of technical rules and ideas to which we cling only because custom has made them valuable and blinded us to the fact that they make rather than check vice." As between the jail and the lash, Ex-Governor Seymour inclines to the latter for first offenses, wherein he agrees with many recent authorities in Great Britain. On the question of "suffering for crimes," the Ex-Governor's experience leads him to fear that as a rule it fails, under existing systems, not upon the offender, but upon his family. "This fact," he says, "I learned while Governor, and when I look over our penal laws, to my mind their titles read between their lines as acts to punish the wives and children of those who violate them."

The baby steamboat Lookiamute Chief makes regular trips up the Lookiamute as far as Lowerville. Five hundred bushels of grain is a cargo for the little craft. J. M. Adams and Patrick Cardiff, of Coos Bay, have applied for a patent on a guide for a planer, which is said to be a great improvement on the old one now used. Mr. H. Walker was robbed of \$123 while asleep at the Overland Hotel in Canyonville last week. William Gilham and John Cardiff were arrested on suspicion and bound over.

CURRENT NOTES.

A Baptist meeting-house, the third of that denomination, will soon be built in Rome.

The Protestants of America and Great Britain contribute \$6,000,000 annually to foreign missions.

Thomas Carlyle, in his old age, says he reads the Lord's Prayer with increasing pleasure, and adds: "What else can we say?"

Elston Church, where John Banyan attended in his youth, and whose bells he used to ring, has fallen into so much decay that a movement is on foot to restore it.

A capital of \$25,000 has been raised for the Protestant newspaper soon to be established in France. Publication will be delayed until the secured capital shall reach \$40,000.

Harvard has a freshman class of about 230 members. One hundred and thirty-nine courses of lectures are given in the college this year, the most popular one being probably Professor Norton's on Fine Arts.

Magazines and newspapers have been for several years used with excellent effect in the reading classes of the Plymouth (Ind.) schools. The compositions and conversation of the pupils have been improved in a remarkable degree, and the love of good reading and desire for further instruction have been stimulated.

Nebraska University has now two thoroughly organized colleges—that of Literature, Science and Art, and the Industrial College. The former has five courses of study of four years each, besides a preparatory course—two agricultural varying in length, and one in civil engineering.

Parties wishing to set fruit or shade trees this season will find a fine assortment at the Woodburn Nursery. Send to the proprietor, J. H. Settlement, for his catalogue and price list; he keeps good healthy trees, raised without manure. Parties wanting large quantities of plum and prune can get them very cheap of him.

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STATE NEWS.

Bogus half dollars are in circulation in Jackson county.

About a hundred families have settled on the Stulaw this year.

Mr. P. H. D'Arcy has been appointed clerk of the supreme court.

A Jackson county man has gone into the business of making brandy.

One hundred and fifty-six young persons attended the Ashland Academy.

D. A. Malone, of Wasco county, has raised a 20 pound terrier of the White German variety.

W. Walker, of Panther Creek, Yamhill county, recently caught a large black bear in a steel trap.

The people at Sweet Home, in Linn county, think they have found a gold mine, and are greatly excited in consequence.

Farquar's restaurant at Roseburg was robbed of \$95 in coin last week. A former employee named Brown, is supposed to be the thief.

A number of boys, ranging from 10 to 16 years of age, were in a state of hopeless intoxication on the streets of Jacksonville last Sunday.

The total value of taxable property in Lake county is \$690,416.57; total number of polls, 300; lands assessed, 25,987 acres, valued at \$74,232.

Enoch Leper has been appointed postmaster at New Pine Creek, Lake county. The office at Iowa Slough, Coos county, has been discontinued.

The interior of the Yamhill courthouse is undergoing quite a change. A massive vault for the reception of the county records is nearing completion.

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We have received the first number of a paper called the State Line Herald, which will hereafter be published at Lakeview each Monday. Watson Ross, are the editors and proprietors.

Lake county is 120 miles in length from east to west, by 11 1/2 miles in width, containing 13,380 square miles. From the best information we can gather, its population is about 2,000.

The steamer Spokane has been drawn off the upper Columbia, and from the looks of the weather it will not be long before all water communication above Celilo will be shut off altogether.

Farmers along Coyote creek in Lane county, are doing a great deal of ditching, thereby turning a great deal of land into wheat fields, which before was considered worthless on account of being overwooded.

Coos Bay News: Patrick Cardiff planned a stick for the keel of a vessel on the planer at Merchant's mill last week. The stick was 54 feet long, probably the largest stick of timber planed by machinery on the coast.

The survey of Magruder, Owen & Co.'s ditch has proceeded as far as Henry York's, on Applegate. It is estimated that it will bring up near the bridge across that stream. The length of the ditch approximates 48 miles.

The Grand Applegate ditch company are pushing their work with commendable energy. Their pipe and giant are on the ground, and as soon as three miles of ditch are completed they will be prepared to go sluicing.

Last week Judge McArthur, at The Dalles, imposed sentence upon the following persons: James Cook and George Craig, for burglary, seven years each in state prison; A. A. Sharp, for horse stealing, five years at the same place.

Mr. Peck, the contractor for carrying the mail between Eugene City and Long Tom, and nearly all the western part of Lane county, has thrown up the contract, and thus the people of that section are deprived of their mail facilities.

On last Tuesday a blacksmith of The Dalles named Tillotson was welding a broken plow, and put some borax on the hot iron. The very first blow of the hammer sent the molten borax into his eyes, and inflicted injuries that may yet impair his eyesight.

Eugene Guard: On a recent trip to Junction City we were surprised to see such a large area of farming ground along the road already

during the past month has been used to advantage by the farmers.

Rodenberger, Critser & Rast's ditch from Tom East creek to their claims in the Grave creek district, three miles distant, is completed and a fair head of water now running through it. The company is putting on 1,800 feet of pipe and a little giant.

Lawrence, Grab & Co., who have extensive placer mines on Elliott creek, on Wednesday sent out a load of supplies in charge of "Jimmy" Leslie, also interested. The company will renew prospecting their ground and may do some substantial work this winter.

A CALIFORNIA PRUNE ORCHARD.

[Mr. J. M. Patterson, spoken of below, is the same gentleman who two years ago furnished the Farmer with some interesting articles on plum and prune culture.]

According to statements in the California papers, the best prune orchard in the world is that of J. M. Patterson of San Jose, California. It contains about 2,000 trees set in rich alluvial soil, 12 feet apart, remarkably thrifty, and produces crops of very superior fruit. The California Agriculturalist says:

Last season 600 Gros Prune d'Agin trees produced some twenty-five tons of fruit, worth at wholesale, not less than four cents per pound, or \$2,000. The fresh fruit brought, in twenty pound boxes, in New York, twenty-five cents per pound, and in San Francisco was worth, nicely packed in small boxes, from six to eight cents per pound. The same variety of prunes, nicely packed and dried by the Alden process, were sold here, wholesale, to an eastern firm for thirty cents per pound, and three pounds of gross would make one of dried fruit.

There were produced in the same orchard over five tons of the Petit Prune d'Agin, a small, very sweet prune, and one in demand for its excellence. These are prized as drying prunes, and will lose only one-half by evaporation. The difference in flavor between this prune and the large Gros Prune d'Agin is considerable, the small prune being sweet, while the large is quite tart for a prune. There were several tons of Damson plums and a quantity of Green Gages and other plums produced in this orchard, all of very fine quality. Every season the fruit is thinned out nearly one-half when from one-quarter to one-half grown, to keep the trees from overbearing. The advantage in this is, the trees are prevented from breaking, and what fruit is left grows to a very large and uniform size.

Mr. Patterson says there is a difference of two years in the bearing age of plum trees between the budded and grafted trees, the grafted trees bearing two years sooner than the budded ones. This is his experience. Grafted trees four years in orchard, set when one year old, bore ten pounds each. When the trees are eight to ten years old they will bear one hundred pounds to the tree on an average. Ten acres in plums and prunes, on suitable soil, are all that one family would want or need. It would bring a liberal income every year.

He is offered \$2,000 a year for the fruit his orchard contains without further expense to himself than cultivating and caring for the trees. This, or about six acres of orchard, many of the trees of which are too young to bear much.

INSANITY ON THE NORTHWEST COAST.—In Oregon the increase of insanity and the consequent increase of taxes to support those afflicted, is drawing serious attention there among philanthropists, and tax payers. A late writer in the "Oregonian" furnishes the following statistics:

There were in the asylum in 1868, as reported by the contractor, ninety-one patients. This year—just ten years—the number has increased to 245, an increase of about 170 per cent. The property valuation on which taxes are paid and money raised for the said other state expenditures has only increased in the same time 70 per cent., whilst the population of the state has not increased much more rapidly than the capital. Whether we are drifting the state pays for keeping and other expenses incident to these 245 inmates of the asylum, in round numbers, \$75,000 per annum; requiring the levy of a tax of nearly two mills on the dollar on all taxable property of the state. This showing is equal to more than two per cent. of the whole population.

HUNTING FOR BIG WOODS.—The Newburyport Herald says that since Joaquin Miller is going to Europe to stay, they have a little incident to relate: A few years ago Mr. Miller came into the Herald office and asked the meaning of the word "Cyclades," pronouncing it in two syllables. He said it was a high-sounding word, and he wanted to use it in a poem he was about to publish. We gave him the meaning and the pronunciation, which he did not fancy, whereupon we suggested "eyelids," and sure enough, soon after came out one of his striking poems, wherein a cyclone

your good help.

THROUGH POLK TO BENTON.

A General Description of the Above-Named Counties—Fine Farms, Etc.

A short time ago your reporter took a business trip through Polk to Benton county.

THE WEATHER

Was unusually pleasant, and we had only one day's rain during the entire ten days that we were traveling. After leaving Salem, Zena was the first place visited. Near that place we found an old friend, James Anderson. He has rented the Walling place, and is farming it. Upon the farm is a No. 1 fruit dryer, called the California dryer. Mr. Anderson does excellent work with it, and makes a good profit out of an extensive orchard on the place. He also has a good stock of hogs, principally Berkshires.

Bethel, Perrydale and Dallas were visited, and all along the way we were pained to see large, fine orchards heavy with fruit going to waste. The fruit crop of our State is sadly neglected, and the day is not far distant when all the fruit will be utilized, and the exports of our State increased thereby.

D. H. GUTHRIE'S FARM.

While near Dallas we came to Mr. Guthrie's farm. Our readers will remember that Mr. G. is one of our leading sheep men. We were shown over a portion of the place by Mr. Guthrie. He has some 2,000 acres, mostly pastures, but nearly all susceptible of grain raising. The strain of sheep Mr. G. deals in are Spanish Merinos, French Merinos and New Oxfordshires. His French Merinos are the finest we have ever seen, and are an ornament to our young State. The Spanish Merinos and New Oxfordshires are also excellent. Mr. G. takes great pains in breeding, and one thing we noticed was the way his pastures all came to his barns. From one barn he is enabled to feed stock in five different pastures without having to carry the feed any distance at all. The arrangement is complete and perfect. Not only is here to be found fine sheep, but everything on the place tends to a higher order and grade. There are high-head hogs, horses, chickens, etc. Mr. G. has a small herd of goats of excellent breed. We saw in his barn

SIX THOUSAND POUNDS OF WOOL.

Which he had on hand awaiting the completion of the D. S. & C. R. E. to Dallas. Whoever gets his wool will get an excellent grade of wool, and we have no doubt but that Mr. Guthrie will command the highest market price. This crop of wool was the product of about 800 sheep. He has on his place about 1,000 sheep.

One night we stopped with Mr. Brinkley, south of Lewisville, and as his account of farm life in Oregon was a good one, we will give it. He came to his present place some eight years ago, with scarcely any means. Bought some land, and now he has 300 acres, most of which is in cultivation, and last year he raised 2,000 bushels of wheat. This year he had a yield of 1,300. He also has a good band of sheep, mostly grade Merinos. He is now, a person might say, independent. This is but an example of the many who come here without means and in a few years are independent in circumstances.

We also visited the

EXTENSIVE HOY YARD

Of Mr. W. M. Davidson, near Buena Vista. He has ten acres of his own, and has rented five acres, making fifteen acres. He has erected a dry-house after a plan made by himself. It has a blast furnace, and is a very neat building. The arrangement is complete, and dries his hops well. This year he had 8,000 pounds of dried hops, most of which he has disposed of. This is the third year his yard bore, and it is expected that it will yield more heavily hereafter. The hop-growing interest of our State is an important one.

GENERAL ITEMS

One week ago Mr. J. H. Stamp, near Buena Vista, after paying off some hands, laid down on the river bank a purse containing \$700, and did not give it for several hours. Upon going back for it he found it just where he had left it, all O. K. It was lucky in finding it again. The Lookiamute Chief made a trip up the Lookiamute lately, and brought down a full cargo.

Mr. J. T. Fletcher is building wells near Buena Vista, and has just completed one on Mr. E. N. Davidson's place. He uses Buena Vista tiling in the well. W. J. G.

TEXAS JEWELRY.—Everywhere, breast pockets, breeches pockets, hats, boots, vest pockets, are the hiding-places of revolvers, dirks, bowie-knives, clasp-knives and deringers. One gunshop, hardware store, variety store, book and jewelry store, and retail shops display glittering blades and ingeniously-wrought, murderous revolvers, but, not being able to supply the demand, the mails and the express are loaded with weapons ordered from distant parts and manufacturers.—Galveston

Oct. 11, 1878

Editor

W. J. G.

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