

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Distribution of Awards.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

Paris, Oct. 21st, 1878. The old saying of a thing going up like a rocket and coming down like a stick must be reversed in speaking of the Exhibition of 1878. Nothing could have been more unutterably miserable than the opening ceremony; nothing more successful than that which has brought the enterprise to a close. For weeks after the inauguration the palace in the Champ de Mars was to such an extent encumbered with unopened packing cases that, except in the English section, the Exhibition was a delusion and a snare, while the Trocadero was kept rigidly closed after the World's Fair had been opened a full month. At this moment the space that extends from the Ecole Militaire to the Place du Trocadero contains, probably, more treasures than have ever been collected together in one spot since the beginning of the world. It is satisfactory to have to record that the managers who have worked up what promised to be a gigantic failure to a huge success, have profited by the experience of the opening day, and have avoided at the ceremony of the distribution of prizes all the blunders that converted the inauguration into a colossal failure. No praise would be excessive for the really wonderful way in which the enormous audience assembled to-day in the Palais de l'Industrie were conducted to the seats set apart for the different classes of actors and spectators. There was no scrambling for places, no obstruction at the doors, nor was there at any moment the slightest confusion in the carrying out of the necessarily elaborate arrangements. Although some 22,000 persons were present, the wide avenues were never allowed to be blocked up, and the guests were induced to remain in the places assigned to them by officials whose courtesy was only to be paralleled by the obtuseness of the police at the inaugural ceremony. The consequence was that to-day's fête was a complete success, and that everybody was deeply impressed by the magnificence of a spectacle finer than anything that has yet been produced under a Republican regime. A reproach often leveled against a Republic is that it does nothing to satisfy the love of splendor inherent in the popular mind—that in fact it stands at as great a disadvantage compared to a monarchy as Protestantism does to Catholicism in countries where the love of music, and color, and pomp is breathed in with the very air. No such reproach can henceforth be launched at the classically modeled head in which at today's fête the French Republic was idealized. With the single exception that the famous Cent Gardes were to-day replaced by the Garde Republicaine, there was no particular in which the ceremony differed from what it would have been if the Emperor had still occupied the throne of France. And although the employment of the military most certainly added to the effect of the scene, there were not wanting rigid puritans who, if they could have had their way, would not have allowed a bayonet to be seen in a place which, for the time being, was emphatically a temple of peace. But, as the soldiers were very useful in lining the avenues that surrounded the Palais, and in marking the blocks of seats in the interior of the buildings, it is ungracious, especially in a military country like France, to object to their presence. Thanks to the admirable decorations, and to the extraordinary variety of uniforms worn by representatives of every country under the sun, the coup d'œil was as rich in color as the most ardent admirer of Rubens could desire. To say nothing of the diplomatists who formed a dazzling group to the immediate right of the President, there were scattered about among the delegates and commissioners of foreign countries specimens of military uniforms and civil costumes such as rarely indeed are brought together. While France supplied her quota of color in the coats, covered with palm leaves, of the members of the French Academy, and in the robes of the Judges of the various courts of law, it was only the Deputies and Senators who were conspicuous in their place of honor by the plain evening dress which was de rigueur for all not in uniform who entered the building. As they were marshaled up to their places of honor with the same state which was shown to the Marshal, the words "est bien distingué" came to one's lips, and one felt that under a Republic the representatives of the sovereign people needed no costume to add to their dignity.

It is not without reason that a leading Republican journal, while regretting the approaching end of the Universal Exposition, which now, as on the opening day, is the object of the wonder and admiration of the assembled world, describes it as about to close in full success. Indeed, since May 1st, when the inaugural ceremony was marred, until to-day, when its last grand fête was celebrated with the pomp and dignity befitting such an occasion, the Exhibition, so far from displaying a single sign of decline, has gradually increased in success. The beginnings of to-day's rejoicings, as far as regards the general population of Paris, were not so conspicuous for their enthusiasm as they were on May 1st, but it must be remembered that the field was incomparably smaller. The inauguration of the Trocadero and the Champ de Mars was the welcome of the French nation to the world. To-day's ceremony at the Palais de l'Industrie was, as it were, a private fête in honor of the officers, jurors and exhibitors, who, by their combined efforts, have made the success of the Exhibition.

those big bouquets. There are very few fashionable balls just at present, as society in the noble faubourg is waiting for the provincials and the "Expositionnaris" to go away before the real season begins. Ministerial dinners and receptions do not take place every night. For what purpose, then, are those tremendous bouquets at the Palais de l'Industrie? I noticed that they grew bigger and bigger as the day for the distribution of prizes drew near, and I began to fancy that the prodigious assemblage of flowers would be presented to some by young ladies in white muslin, four young ladies to each bouquet—to Madame de Marschale de MacMahon and her princely and illustrious guests on their arrival at the Palais de l'Industrie. No, the big bouquets remained at the florist's on the Boulevard des Capucines throughout the rejoicings of Monday.

On Tuesday I went to the Exhibition, and entering by the Porte Repte, one of the first objects that met my eye was the biggest of all the big bouquets that the Wilises of Paris could gather together glowing on the axle of an immense wheel in the French machinery department. I am not interested in machinery, and am quite ignorant of the attributes of the particular piece of mechanism in question. I only know that it is very large, that its color is not at all pleasant, and that when in motion it makes a horrible noise, now reminding you of the lamentations of the late Mr. Van Amburgh's tawny pupa under his corrective crowsbar, and now suggestive of their howls of exultation in the supposititious case of Mr. Van Amburgh dropping his crowsbar, and the lions and tigers being then in a position to fall upon and dine upon him. At all events, there was the machine, and there, casting sunshine in a shady place, was the big bouquet. There was something else. Beneath the prodigious poetry was a broad plaque, on which were blazoned the magic words, "Grand Prix."

It is M. Max Cremnitz, of the Avenue d'Eylau, the well-known chromo-lithographer on metal, whose brilliant, enamel-looking trademark cartoons executed for commercial and manufacturing firms, are as well known in other parts of Europe as in France, who for some time past has been busied in getting up the gay plaques bearing the stirring inscription, "Grand Prix." But "sic vos non vobis"—the proverb is somewhat musty. M. Max Cremnitz, who has a very meritorious exhibit of his own products in the Palace of the Champ de Mars, and who has gained handsome distinctions at numerous International Exhibitions in different parts of the world, has only received a bronze medal in the concours of 1878. Such is the irony of fate. The shoemaker's children are always ill-shod. Let us hope that justice will yet be done to M. Max Cremnitz, in the shape of the cross and the red ribbon. But his case is only one of many hundreds in which it has been found that the whisperings of fancy have been listened to with rash credulity, and that the phantoms of hope have been pursued with unavailing eagerness. Multitudinous are the exhibitors deprived of the proud privilege of affixing to the fore-front of their stalls the gleaming ensign with "Grand Prix," or even "Medaille d'Or" printed upon it. Few and far between are the triumphal bouquets above the machines or the glass cases of those who were most fully persuaded that they should be able to celebrate their victory by a sacrifice to Flora. In general, among the French exhibitors disappointment has not been met with cheerful, or even with rueful resignation. There has been a good deal of clenching of fists, of bending of brows, and of muttering of maledictions both loud and deep, over the official prize list; and Cham, the caricaturist, with his usual humorous exaggeration, has aptly hinted at the frame of mind of a non-recipient of rewards, who administers a sounding kick to a peaceable individual who is looking at his wares. "Puisque je n'ai pas de medaille, je ne veux plus qu'un regard dans ma vitrine." No medal, no more sight-seeing, cries the enraged exhibitor. It is embarrassing to enter into converse with these disappointed ones. They button-hole you with terrible tenacity, and pour fearful tales of wrong into your ears. "Imagine, my dear sir," says Monsieur Philome, of the Passage Poissievre, perfume, "nothing for my Rose Dubarry lip improver; nothing for my Paphian eyebrow-archer; nothing for my Mitylian hair oil; while that animal, that buter, that impostor Consequon, of the Passage Groscaire, gets two medals—two, my dear sir, a gold and a silver one—for his miserable sempiternal carrot. It is an infamy! it is a scandal! c'est une porcriste!" The sempiternal carrot is, I am given to understand, a simulation in India-rubber of the vegetable in question, strongly impregnated with the juices of carrots, leeks, onions, and so forth. On the sempiternal carrot being steeped in hot water, the flavor of yulbene soap is, after a few minutes, imparted to the heated fluid; and the carrot can then be taken out, carefully dried, and put aside for future use in secula scaberrima—a highly ingenious invention.

The Reward of Industry and Fidelity. Editor Willamette Farmer: In an early day two young persons, a man and a woman, crossed the Ohio River at Gallipolis, and applied at my brother's tannery for work for the man—and his wife would assist in housework. They were not needed, and so passed on northward. Their wealth consisted of an extra suit of clothes, and a couple of hundred dollars in money. They were of poor, but honest, industrious and respectable parents. They had been acquainted from childhood, raised near each other, and educated at the same school. They loved each other always, and when William Conover—the young man—finished his apprenticeship at the tanner's trade in Botetourt County, Va., he married the lovely, virtuous and well raised Lucy Murray. Their wealth was too small to begin business in Botetourt County, and so they started for free Ohio, where industry and fidelity could insure its reward. When they arrived at Chillicothe they made application to a farmer-tanner, who owned a fine farm within one mile of the Court House in that town. Upon this farm Mr. Terry, the owner, had erected a tannery of twenty laying-away vats, and a bark-house, shop, pool, lime vats, leaches, bates, and a good

barb house. His oldest apprentice had just arrived at age and gone out towards Sandusky, and the remaining apprentice was not capable of carrying on the tannery. The owner's time was mainly taken up in driving forward the farm, and he could not well attend to the tannery. This was affairs with Mr. Terry when Mr. Conover and his excellent young wife arrived there. He at once hired Mr. Conover to take charge of the tannery, and his wife to aid Mrs. Terry in household and kitchen work. Everything went on well, and these strangers rose fast in the esteem of their employers and the people around. One year passed away, and Mr. Terry doubled the wages of Mr. Conover and his wife. Mrs. Terry became so attached to her new friend that she would not hear of a separation between them. At the end of the second year, Mr. Terry proposed a joint partnership with Mr. Conover, giving him credit without interest for two years on what C. could not then place in the firm. This was agreed to, and nice buildings for a residence for Mr. Conover were erected on the tannery tract of six acres. At the end of eight years C. purchased the whole interest of his partner, and paid for it in two more years. He carried on five years longer, and sold out the tannery, stock and six acres of land for \$25,000.

About this time Mr. Terry sold out his farm, which then joined up to Chillicothe, for \$30,000. He was becoming old, and desired to retire from active life. His eldest son, a graduate of one of the colleges of Ohio, entered into partnership with Mr. Conover in the mercantile business in Chillicothe, and the firm soon took the lead in business. Mr. Conover's honesty and fidelity were unquestioned, and his old customers of his tannery flocked to him as a merchant. The two families resided near each other in the city, and a most sincere and affectionate friendship existed between them from first acquaintance. They were temperate, moral and upright people, and though fortune smiled upon them, yet they were ever plain, friendly and familiar people. They became very wealthy, and finally owned very large possessions in town, besides a large wholesale store. Two of Mr. Terry's children—his eldest son and third daughter—married two of Mr. Conover's children—a daughter and son. Thus "industry and fidelity" led their reward. DAVID NEWSOME. Nov. 30th, 1878.

Letter From Turner. TURNER, Nov. 23, 1878. Editor Willamette Farmer: Wheat is being shipped from this place at quite a lively rate, about 1,000 bushels going away daily. Quite a number of hogs (butchered), also. New buildings are still going up, and work on the new flouring mill is being pushed ahead. But active business is not suffered to interfere with social matters, and besides the regular outfits of Masons, Odd Fellows, Grangers, Good Templars, several church organizations and a Sabbath School, Turner also sports a Singing Society and a Debating Club. That essential element of western civilization, the "Heathen Chinee," we have not yet. But we are growing.

The Bleakney Brothers are fitting up their new storehouse, and it is expected that a store will be opened therein before long. Mr. Cromwell's storehouse, under the Masonic Hall, is also being newly painted and fitted up for a like purpose. Turner will then have three stores, instead of one, as now.

THE COMING CROP. Editor Willamette Farmer: From every indication, the ensuing crop in Marion county will be far ahead of any previous one. A much larger acreage is sown this fall than usual, and the wheat looks very well. Nearly all the grain lands now sown in wheat are well broken up, drained, and in fine condition for a crop next spring. The Chinese are clearing up a large acreage this winter, which can be broken up before spring, and will bring a full crop. It must be admitted that this county is ahead of any valley county for wheat. This is owing to so much new, rich lands being brought into cultivation lately, and the old lands so deeply plowed and drained.

Dec. 4th, 1878. D. N.

NATURE AND SCIENCE. Some animals such as the ox, have four stomachs. The paunch or first stomach, is by far the largest; to the right and front of this viscus is the second stomach or honey-comb. In this the food is deposited after a hasty mastication, and from thence it is recovered into the mouth, where the animal ruminates or "chews the cud." The third stomach is connected with the second stomach and the gullet, and, at its lower part, with the fourth stomach or renet. The food, on being a second time swallowed, passes through a small section or canal of the gullet, direct into the third stomach. The food which in the first instance is swallowed, is bulky, and by pressing upon the gullet dilates its lower aperture, and thus makes a way for itself into the paunch.

Mr. Neff of Alexander, Pa., awoke the other morning to find his well dry and its bottom fallen out. He procured help and descended 201 feet into an immense cave stretching in every direction. Flowing streams and stalactites lent their aid to the romance, and a specimen of nickle ore was brought away that proved to be of superior quality.

In a sermon, Rev. Dr. Alger on "The Chronic Miracles in Human Life," the human face was particularly specified as the miracle of miracles. Made up of but few features, yet the 1,200,000,000 faces on the globe were every one so different that any person could readily distinguish any one from any other.

A miss-take—Getting married.

Editor Willamette Farmer: As it has been some time since I have seen anything from this part of the country, I thought I would drop you a few notes, hoping some of your numerous readers may be interested in what is going on in this vicinity. Charity Grange, No. 103, has just moved into their new hall, which they built last summer at a cost of about \$300, and which was dedicated to the P. of H. last Saturday, Nov. 21. I will try to give you an outline of the affair.

On the Thursday before, some of the good sisters and their friends who were not members met at the new hall for the purpose of decorating it. Brother Joseph Pearl and others having brought them about half a ton of evergreens from the forest for that purpose. So, with the assistance of some of the brothers, the sisters erected a scaffold and went to work, placing two wreaths of evergreens all around the hall, with the words, "Welcome, Welcome, Charity Grange, No. 103," made with evergreen boughs facing the entrance. Below this was the charter, surrounded by a wreath of evergreens, surmounted by a bunch of grain, and on the walls were many pictures of "Fruits and flowers, and rural scenes, All wreathed in evergreens."

Saturday, by 9 o'clock, the crowd began to assemble, and by 11 as many as two hundred people were on the ground to enjoy the festivities of the day. At 11 o'clock, at the sound of the master's gavel, the house came to order and the exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Methodist Church. Song by Choir—"Though the Winter be Cheerless and Cold," when W. M. P. H. W. made a short address of welcome, stating the object of the meeting. Song by choir, after which Bro. S. S. Train, W. M. of Harrison Grange, was introduced and delivered a very interesting address, which was listened to with marked attention by the crowded audience for three-quarters of an hour, when Bro. T. L. Porter, of Halsey, was introduced and made some very interesting remarks, which were to the point. B. H. Allen, of Halsey, was then called for, and showed the necessity of strict temperance in the grange, as well as everywhere else.

Mrs. Train, Ceres of the State Grange, was introduced and made some very pleasant remarks to the sisters of the Order, encouraging them in their calling, and admonishing them to never be ashamed that they were the wives and daughters of farmers.

Rev. Paul A. Smith, Universalist, of Salem, was called for and responded in a few remarks. Rev. A. I. W. W. then came forward with a few well-timed remarks on the sociability that he saw existing, but not being a granger, did not know whether grangers were always so or not.

Hon. W. C. Baird, of Brownsville, was then called up and congratulated the grange on the evidence of prosperity that he saw existing about the premises. After remarks by some members of the grange, the crowd began to look hungry, when recess was announced, and then came the crowning feature of the day. The hall was cleared and the table prepared, and to see the stacks of chicken and ham, and mountains of cake and pies, fruits, etc., to say nothing of tea and coffee hot from the stove, was enough to make any man wish he "could be a GRANGER, and with the Grangers stand." Some made the remark when we were building the hall that it was like building a house for a dead man, but if they had been here last Saturday they would have concluded that Charity Grange No. 103 was a pretty lively corpse.

Now, Mr. Editor, there may be dead granges, but the great principles of the grange can never die. There is a certain class of individuals who think because they are dead as members of the order, that the order itself is dead. But we would have been more prosperous today if the gates had never been open to such. But, thank Providence, we are getting rid of such rubbish, never to be weighted down with them again, and my prediction is (though I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet), that the grange will be in a more prosperous condition two years hence than it ever was.

In conclusion, I would say that I think that every one that was at our meeting was well pleased, and went away feeling that it was good that they were there. The following resolution was got up, but owing to the lateness of the hour was not introduced:

Resolved, That the thanks of Charity Grange be and are hereby tendered to Bro. and Sister Train and Bro. T. L. Porter and others for being present and addressing the meeting. Also to the choir for the very excellent music furnished for the occasion, and to the audience for their uniform good order and attention throughout the exercises.

I could write more, but do not wish to tire your readers—and then, that "dead waste basket!" More anon. JANUARY.

They All Take it. When the system is run down to that extent that you pass sleepless nights, are nervous and irritable, have gummy forebodings, sour stomach, sick headache and cowed tongue, do not enroll yours as high private in the rear rank, under General Debility, but cheer up and try White's Peppermint Cure, the Great Liver Purifier, now for sale in every city and town on the Continent. No medicine ever compounded is half so useful for the cure of DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT. It has a specific power over the liver, and by curing the liver, Dyspepsia and all other diseases arising from it, vanish as if by magic. Sample bottles are sold at the small price of 25 cents that will convince you of its merits. Large size bottles 75 cents for sale everywhere.

Buggies, Carriages, Hacks ON HAND, AND MADE TO ORDER. ALSO, All Vehicles Repaired on Short Notice.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY SOMETHING NICE and new, or have a carriage made just to your notion, give us a call, and you shall have just what you want. If the carriage you have needs repairing, we can do it in good shape. KNIGHT & LYNCH. Salem, Oct. 26th

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

PENCIL NOTES FROM OLD LINN.

Editor Willamette Farmer: We now occupy a position in the field of journalism where we are able to furnish the farmers of the Northwest a newspaper devoted to their interests and large enough to afford space for every topic which they can wish to have discussed. When we purchased the WILLAMETTE FARMER, six and a half years ago, it was not over one-third the present size, and we have steadily enlarged and improved it until it is second only to the greatest metropolitan journal published north of San Francisco.

The people of this region deserve to have a newspaper of their own, and this is the only one that can be called so. All others are sectarian or partisan to a degree that prevents their being accepted as exponents of the principles we should all hold in common, or advocates of the interests of the people collectively. It is notorious that the papers that monopolize the news and so most completely occupy the field of journalism, are controlled and directed in the interest of Portland capitalists, wheat speculators and politicians, while the grasping avarice of the most intolerable monopoly that is known to the Pacific Northwest, only receives from it words of commendation.

With the space at our command at the present time we shall be able to cover a more extended field than heretofore. We shall give the most important news of each week, state, national and foreign, so that a reader of the FARMER can have no excuse for being ignorant of all important events that transpire at home or abroad. It shall be a newspaper, and a peoples paper in every important sense.

The FARMER is not only enlarged but it wears a new dress, our type-setting new, so that the print is plain to the oldest eyes. We hope to make the matter published in its columns correspond with its size and general appearance.

Our editorial columns will discuss popular questions on their intrinsic merits, standing on the broad platform of right and morality, where, unfortunately, political and sectarian journalism can seldom be found, perhaps because it is so wide and their ideas so selfish and narrow, they would be lost upon it.

Our correspondence from the people has always been interesting, and with more room at command and the greater circulation we are acquiring with the growth of the State population, we can reasonably expect that its interest will increase. We invite all interested in the noble occupation of agriculture and stock-raising to send us the results of their experience, or to make known their wants or send inquiries or suggestions to our columns, so to draw out the experience of others for the public good.

THE "FARMER" A GRANGE ORGAN. We hope to make the FARMER acceptable to the grange by furnishing news of the progress of that great order in our own region and elsewhere, and we shall be glad to receive communications showing the progress of its principles and the good accomplished by its working members. We encounter, even among farmers, considerable opposition to the grange, and frequent objection to the publication of grange matter, but we intend to have room in the FARMER for all, and all the good objects of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry have our earnest sympathy and deserve all the support we can give them. It is to be regretted that a society that should have for its object the social, intellectual and material advancement of the whole farming population, cannot be so conducted as to command the support and respect of every farmer in the land. Probably there is a great deal of human nature both inside and outside of the order.

THE MARKETS. We have facilities, through the most reliable private sources, for giving the exact news of the wheat markets in San Francisco and Liverpool received up to the hour of going to press. We can state the amount of tonnage at command for your use, and shall watch all matters that relate to the price of produce and the prospects of the markets in advance in the interest of our readers. While we hesitate to give encouragement to too flattering hopes we never hesitate to give all reliable facts to the people, from whom our support comes and whose prosperity is the measure of our own.

WHAT WE SHALL PUBLISH. In addition to essays, original and contributed, relating to agriculture and stock-raising in the Pacific Northwest, we shall make selections from the agricultural journals and stock publications we receive from all sections of the Union, with the endeavor to cover all ground necessary for the information of home producers and the advancement of home agriculture.

A certain amount of miscellaneous and scientific reading will be found in every issue, with touches of the humorous occasionally and sometimes a story of interest, suited to our columns. Our Home Circle is conducted by a lady whose experience and literary taste seems to qualify her especially for that department, which many years experience as a farmer's wife make it possible for her to comprehend and minister to the social wants of a farmer's family.

It is hardly necessary to say to our regular readers that the FARMER will always preserve the best moral tone and endeavor to carry the best and purest influences to the family circle. We have no bitterness to vent, no angry words to bandy with any, no personal interest to advance at the expense of the general good, and if we have any enemies we do not care to know it, and cannot afford to publish it—we propose to have none, at least among the people, and we care to have no friends, at their expense, among their oppressors.

People of Oregon! this is your newspaper, and we need only your support to make it all you can desire. Can we have it? Will each one endeavor to secure us one more cash subscriber? If you will, we can go on prosperously and do you good service. Even with these "hard times" to contend against we ought to double our list, and we hope to do it with your good help.

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

We now occupy a position in the field of journalism where we are able to furnish the farmers of the Northwest a newspaper devoted to their interests and large enough to afford space for every topic which they can wish to have discussed. When we purchased the WILLAMETTE FARMER, six and a half years ago, it was not over one-third the present size, and we have steadily enlarged and improved it until it is second only to the greatest metropolitan journal published north of San Francisco.

The people of this region deserve to have a newspaper of their own, and this is the only one that can be called so. All others are sectarian or partisan to a degree that prevents their being accepted as exponents of the principles we should all hold in common, or advocates of the interests of the people collectively. It is notorious that the papers that monopolize the news and so most completely occupy the field of journalism, are controlled and directed in the interest of Portland capitalists, wheat speculators and politicians, while the grasping avarice of the most intolerable monopoly that is known to the Pacific Northwest, only receives from it words of commendation.

With the space at our command at the present time we shall be able to cover a more extended field than heretofore. We shall give the most important news of each week, state, national and foreign, so that a reader of the FARMER can have no excuse for being ignorant of all important events that transpire at home or abroad. It shall be a newspaper, and a peoples paper in every important sense.

The FARMER is not only enlarged but it wears a new dress, our type-setting new, so that the print is plain to the oldest eyes. We hope to make the matter published in its columns correspond with its size and general appearance.

Our editorial columns will discuss popular questions on their intrinsic merits, standing on the broad platform of right and morality, where, unfortunately, political and sectarian journalism can seldom be found, perhaps because it is so wide and their ideas so selfish and narrow, they would be lost upon it.

Our correspondence from the people has always been interesting, and with more room at command and the greater circulation we are acquiring with the growth of the State population, we can reasonably expect that its interest will increase. We invite all interested in the noble occupation of agriculture and stock-raising to send us the results of their experience, or to make known their wants or send inquiries or suggestions to our columns, so to draw out the experience of others for the public good.

THE "FARMER" A GRANGE ORGAN. We hope to make the FARMER acceptable to the grange by furnishing news of the progress of that great order in our own region and elsewhere, and we shall be glad to receive communications showing the progress of its principles and the good accomplished by its working members. We encounter, even among farmers, considerable opposition to the grange, and frequent objection to the publication of grange matter, but we intend to have room in the FARMER for all, and all the good objects of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry have our earnest sympathy and deserve all the support we can give them. It is to be regretted that a society that should have for its object the social, intellectual and material advancement of the whole farming population, cannot be so conducted as to command the support and respect of every farmer in the land. Probably there is a great deal of human nature both inside and outside of the order.

THE MARKETS. We have facilities, through the most reliable private sources, for giving the exact news of the wheat markets in San Francisco and Liverpool received up to the hour of going to press. We can state the amount of tonnage at command for your use, and shall watch all matters that relate to the price of produce and the prospects of the markets in advance in the interest of our readers. While we hesitate to give encouragement to too flattering hopes we never hesitate to give all reliable facts to the people, from whom our support comes and whose prosperity is the measure of our own.

WHAT WE SHALL PUBLISH. In addition to essays, original and contributed, relating to agriculture and stock-raising in the Pacific Northwest, we shall make selections from the agricultural journals and stock publications we receive from all sections of the Union, with the endeavor to cover all ground necessary for the information of home producers and the advancement of home agriculture.

A certain amount of miscellaneous and scientific reading will be found in every issue, with touches of the humorous occasionally and sometimes a story of interest, suited to our columns. Our Home Circle is conducted by a lady whose experience and literary taste seems to qualify her especially for that department, which many years experience as a farmer's wife make it possible for her to comprehend and minister to the social wants of a farmer's family.

It is hardly necessary to say to our regular readers that the FARMER will always preserve the best moral tone and endeavor to carry the best and purest influences to the family circle. We have no bitterness to vent, no angry words to bandy with any, no personal interest to advance at the expense of the general good, and if we have any enemies we do not care to know it, and cannot afford to publish it—we propose to have none, at least among the people, and we care to have no friends, at their expense, among their oppressors.

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