

WILLAMETTE FARMER

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TOO MUCH JOCKEYING.

SALEM, August 9, 1880.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
I see that the State Agricultural Society has, in one sense of the word, "let" their valuable grounds out on shares this Fall. And that we are to have a series of jockey races and other things too numerous to mention. The subject of races is without doubt one of the leading features of the State Agricultural Society, and will be in this Fall meeting. I am an ardent admirer of horse flesh, but when a horse's gait is governed by the amount of money its owner has in the pool box, I fail to appreciate, probably, the interest it has ought to be. The way to overcome this is not to allow owners of horses to make bets at the pool box, and often the race has commenced to close the pool box. In this event the owner would have no other recourse left but to win the race or lose his money. But under the present arrangement he can "hedge" and "hold" his horse—a thing he probably has a right to do. We are tired of these farces and hope our different Societies, that encourage horse racing, will take this matter in hand. We have the foundation in our State of an excellent strain of horses, and we are constantly improving them. If these Fall races prove to be merely a repetition of "chuck races" and systematic "jockeying," the State Agricultural Society will reap the "growl," whether they deserve it or not.

The Secretary of the Society, in a letter to one of our daily papers, intimates that the Society has nothing whatever to do with these meetings—but that in the event of its being financially a success, that the Society will be materially assisted.
Whether this is a good way to receive financial assistance I will await the winding up before I express my opinion.

LETTER FROM AURORA MILLS.

AURORA, Or., August 9, 1880.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
Quite an unwelcome accident, which may prove fatal to Mrs. Pendleton, wife of D. Pendleton, County Commissioner, occurred about six miles west of Aurora, last Sunday. Mr. Pendleton left home early in the morning with his mules and wagon, the latter containing eight persons. About three miles from home (near Butterville) in the act of crossing a bridge, his mules espied a hole in the plank and like mules backed until the hind wheels were precipitated off the bridge when the couplings broke loose from the front axle, and the hind wheels and wagon-body with all occupants fell down about eight feet. I learned that out of the eight, only two got hurt. It is supposed that Mrs. Pendleton received severe internal injuries; she is confined to bed and hardly able to move. Miss Harington, a near neighbor to Mr. Pendleton, was also along and had her arm broken at the wrist. Both patients are as well as can be expected under the circumstances, and it is hoped that the ever careful treatment of Dr. Giesy, of Aurora, may soon bring them up and about again. With the exception of Mr. T. Stauffer, (who is at present seriously ill) our neighborhood is blessed with good health.

The State University.

The State University, located at Eugene City, Oregon, was founded only a few years ago, but its success has been unequalled, and to-day it presents to parents the best array of instructors for their children that is to be found in any State. Last year the University graduated twenty scholars, including both young ladies and gentlemen. It was our good fortune to be present at the last commencement exercises, and we confess that a pleasanter and more genial people we never met. The location is pleasantly situated a short distance from Eugene City; the town is strictly moral—in fact the city council controls the town to such an extent that the University pupils dare not enter a saloon—and the saloon men will not tolerate or sell the boys anything intoxicating.

The school is conducted under no stated creed, but the teachers represent the best educational talent that could be procured in the State—and now they have a corps of teachers, a building and a discipline not equaled by any school in the State. Every county has an apportionment of free scholars, and appointments can be obtained by applying to the County School Superintendents. Good and pleasant boarding places can be obtained in private families at \$3.50 to \$4.00 per week. The location is healthful. We hope to see many of our farmers send their sons and daughters to the State University—and shall watch the University's progress with interest. The list of teachers appear in another column.

ANYONE who is suffering from deafness would do well to read the advertisement, published elsewhere of Hope for the Deaf.

WOOL GROWERS' MEETING.

THE DALLES, August 10, 1880.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
The sheep breeders and wool raisers of Eastern Oregon, joined by all who feel interested, are to have a public meeting for consultation and discussion of the general interests of the business at The Dalles, during September or October, approaching. Besides the method of breeding and management of lambs; markets, transportation, washing of sheep, and other important matters will be placed before the meeting for discussion. A representative from your paper would be reviled. The date has not been fixed, but probably in October; come and take a part with us. Yours truly, T. S. LANG.

[NOTE.—We would enjoy meeting with the wool grower's of Eastern Oregon, and if it is possible, we shall make it a duty to attend. This is one of our leading interests, and breeders could not do better than to meet together and discuss all the subjects mentioned.—Ed.]

From Mount Jefferson.

From Wm. Waldo, Esq., who was with the party that started to Mount Jefferson we learn that all returned on having had a fine trip. They went as far as the Sulphur Springs, on the proposed wagon road, reaching that point without any difficulty, there being no sign of snow on the route. About the Sulphur Springs they found strawberries in plenty, and grass. From there they went in the direction of Mount Jefferson about ten miles, and ascending to a bench about 3000 ft in altitude, they found a prairie of perhaps two sections in area, covered with the finest bunch grass, perhaps two feet high. Proceeding thence some three or four miles north-easterly, and gradually rising, they came to snow fully ten feet deep, and realizing that they had reached the snow line of Mount Jefferson, they retraced their steps to the camp at the springs. The weather was very warm during the day but the nights were cool and pleasant. Game was plentiful. Mr. Waldo says the route to the Sulphur Springs is one easy to be traveled, and presenting no great difficulties to the building of a railroad, the grade not exceeding fifty feet to a mile. The only trouble the party found on the trip was in crossing Brightenbush's fork of the Santiam, which was swollen somewhat, and over which they had to swim their horses. About two weeks from now, however the water will have declined so that the crossing of the stream will not be difficult.—[Statesman.]

Oregon Wheat.

Mr. J. D. Hurst, owner of the Waldo flouring mills at Salem, has returned from Cincinnati, to which place he went to attend the Millers' International Convention. He reports the attendance extremely large, and the machinery on exhibition the best in the world. He had with him for exhibition small samples of Oregon wheat, and the millers, delegates from the United Kingdom and all parts of Europe, pronounced it beyond exception the best they ever saw. In fact, it was unexcelled in any country on the globe, and they doubted if its superior could be produced anywhere. Their praise was unqualified, and because of its justice, particularly gratifying to Oregonians. This is another feather for Oregon's cap, coming as such eulogiums do, from the best judges in the world.—[Portland Bee.]

A Grand Success.

The Statesman says: The Harvest Ball given at Cal Geer's residence last Thursday evening was a grand success socially and financially. Over one hundred couples were present, and the dancing was kept up until a late hour. The music furnished by Prof. Diamond's string band was the best, and the calling by Adam Burns was up to his usual mark. The supper which was gotten up under the superintendence of Mrs. Geer, never was surpassed at any hall in the State. As a proof of this we will just state that we are informed by our reporter that Hugh W.—ate four spring chickens made into pies. One feature of the evening was a set which contained Mr. Ralph Geer and wife, his son and wife and grandson and wife.

The Agricultural College.

The fifteenth annual catalogue of this institution is before us, during the year there were in attendance 163 scholars. The college is pleasantly situated at Corvallis, on the banks of the Willamette river, and is a ship's are given out each year by the various healthful locality. A number of free-scholarships. The faculty for the current year are: B. L. Arnold, A. M., president and professor of moral philosophy and physics; Rev. J. Emery, A. M., professor of mathematics; B. J. Hawthorne, A. M., professor of languages; E. B. McElroy, preparatory department.

PERSONAL.—We had a pleasant call last week from Mr. B. F. Saylor, of Goldendale. Mr. S. kindly acts as our agent at Goldendale, and we acknowledge courtesies extended by him and hope to be able to visit the Klickitat country in the near future.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Lane county, Or., June 29, 1880, R. W. Hamilton, in his seventy-sixth year. Deceased crossed the plains to Oregon in 1845 and settled in Polk county in 1849, near Salem, where he resided with his family ever twenty years, having sold his farm, he moved to Wasco county and settled. And at the time of his death was visiting his daughter (Mrs. David Thompson) and son, A. S. Hamilton.

Deceased was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and was a faithful believer in the Christian religion. He leaves many friends to mourn his death. We have the kindly remembrance that he was a kind and affectionate father, a true friend whose counsels were founded on principles of equity and morality.

The English Game Keeper.

The tall and stout, yet slightly stooping form; the velvet coat, glazed at the shoulder and sleeve where the gun rubs; the dog-whistle at his button hole; his pocket knife, which is a basket of tools in itself; his gun, which he loves as an old companion, and the balance and "hang" of which he is so accustomed to, that he never thinks of aiming—he simply looks at the object, still or moving, throws the gun up from the hollow of his arm, and instantly pulls the trigger, staying not a second to glance along the barrel. He is perfectly civil to every one; and with a willing manner towards his master and his master's guests, he yet has a wonderful knack of getting his own way. Great on dogs, his opinion is listened to and taken by everybody and by this knowledge many "tips" are gained. At the farm-house he is invited to sit down and take a gnat, for his gossip is welcome, and his favor is always worth cultivating. He is proud of his occupation, and delights in the woods and the fresh air. He thinks the smell of the earth a fine thing, and the hedges and grass "as sweet as sugar," after a shower. If a man asks him to take a glass of ale he never says "No"; and when gentlemen give him "tips" he is "much obliged," and takes it home to his "missus." He is not afraid of wet weather, for he does not regard it; and a great coat he scouts as a thing of naught. He has likewise his faults. Towards his under-men, and the laborers and woodmen who transgress his rules, he shows a hasty temper, and is apt to use his ground-ash stick rather freely, without thought of consequences. When he takes a dislike to a man, nothing will remove it; his hatred is cordial, and he is full of prejudices. Conservative in his way of thinking, the impressions of youth are strong within him, and he looks with contempt on everything which diverges from his early formed habits and methods. Yet he never gets out of life. The "tips" that are forthcoming from picnic parties who frequent his grounds in Summer, and from the young gentlemen who have a turn at ferreting rabbits with him in Winter, add a certain softening element to his surroundings, and as he is proud of his cottage, of his wife, of his family, of his gun, and of his dogs, he is on the whole as comfortable and happy as may be.—[Chambers's Journal.]

Lifting out Stumps with Dynamite.

A writer in the London Garden describes the process by which he removed stumps from a park in which trees had been felled, and in clearing out old hedges, where the roots had obtained unusually strong foothold. Many were from a foot and a half to four feet and a half in diameter. The dynamite is put in cartridges varying from one to two inches in diameter, and four inches long. An earth spher, making an orifice two inches in diameter, and about four feet long, forms an inclined hole so as to place the cartridges nearly under the centre of the stump. The number of cartridges required depends on the size and strength of the roots. A primer cartridge with cap and fuse is attached to the charge, and the whole rammed down with loose earth by a wooden rammer. The fuse is of sufficient length to allow the workmen to get out of the way, to a distance of 50 to 100 yards, according to the strength of the charge. The whole mass is usually blown out, and the roots broken up for loading or burning. A large hole remains. No damage is done to surrounding trees. The writer states that the work was done in a far more expeditious manner than before, and at 50 per cent. less cost. He adds that the dynamite used is 75 per cent. nitro-glycerine, and 25 per cent. of an inferior oil porous earth procured from the bottom of German rivers. It is ground very fine, and a powerful microscope shows every grain porous or honeycombed, which soaks up the nitro-glycerine, forming a pasty substance, without allowing the liquid nitro-glycerine to exude. He regards it as safe as the use of gunpowder, with ordinary care.

Snakes Catching Fish.

One day, while catching minnows as usual, I noticed a number of snakes, the common water moccasin, approaching the dam or foot-way of stones. The water reached several inches of reaching the top of the stone-way, although it was rushing in rapidly, and carrying with it many small stones and small white perch which were being swept in. Watching the snakes, I saw another reach the dam and take a perch upon it, submerging themselves and their heads, which were raised above the water, and pointed in the direction of the incoming tide. In this manner I counted seventeen snakes arranged in intervals, in a space of less than six feet. I came to the conclusion at once that they were fishing, and watched them with a good deal of interest. Pretty soon I saw one head strike forward, going under the water, reappearing in a moment with a very large bull minnow in its mouth. The snake immediately loosened its hold upon the rocks and swam for the shore, reaching which it disappeared in the bushes; and this was repeated at intervals by each of the seventeen snakes. When they returned from the bushes, having made short work of their "catch," each snake sought his own particular location on the rocks, there being no clashing of interests there. Now how is this for reason or instinct? How do these snakes know how to locate themselves, and the particular stage of the tide at which to start on their fishing excursions. How do they know that a number of minnows will be swept over the falls made by the rocks? These are questions that go beyond my comprehension, and I leave them for others to answer. But the facts remain, and any one who will take the trouble may verify them at any time during the summer by a visit to Gravelly Creek.—[Forest and Stream.]

A Convivial Horse.

A Dubuque gentleman took a fancy to a horse a few days ago and after some bantering succeeded in buying the animal. I was a saddle horse—a neat trim one, thought to be just the thing. O! Dubuque, friend started out to try the saddle qualities of his new purchase, and came home convinced that the horse knew far more than he gave him credit for on short acquaintance. The first saloon he overtook on the road the horse wheeled up to and came to a halt. His rider urged him quietly—then a little more so, to proceed, but the animal couldn't see it. After coaxing him for some time in short sentences adorned with expressive epithets, the saloon keeper came out and observed, "You can't get that horse away until you let him see you take a glass of beer." As a final resort the beer was taken, when the horse went off as good naturedly as if he had just been wound up for an eight day journey. Just about the time the rider had got over wondering at the odd freak of the horse another saloon looms in sight. The horse's ears went forward, he hastened his pace and in a brief time was at the door performing a counterpart of his recent exploit. It was necessary to go through the beer performance again, with the same satisfactory and surprising result. This was repeated at every saloon on the road out, seven miles into the country and returns. When the new owner of the horse got back to the city he did not know whether he was himself or had imitation of a small beer keg. He knew this, that he had more beer within his corporate limits than he could comfortably hold. He liked the horse baring this peculiar disposition to encourage the sale of beer. He called on the former owner of the horse on his return to town to make inquiry about the matter. He felt happy when told that he "need not drink the beer if he didn't want; all he need do was to go through the motions and the horse would be perfectly satisfied." Our friend thinks he would rather go through the motions than go through a keg full of beer at one sitting or riding.—[Dubuque Herald.]

FRANCE has the largest wheat area in proportion to population, of any country in Europe; but while England's average wheat is from 28 to 30 bushels per acre, that of France is only 15. An increase of one bushel an acre there would amount to 16,000,000 bushels. This small yield is attributed to poor cultivation, in the South to the dryness of the climate in spring.

DO NOT fail to see these surgeons from the National Surgical Institute, of Indianapolis, Indiana, they will be in Portland on the 7th, 8th and 9th of September, at Eugene on September 11th and 12th, at Roseburg on the 15th, and at Jacksonville on the 18th and 20th.

Speedy and Sure.

The Journal of Commerce, Boston, says: As a speedy and sure cure this (Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure) remedy is "Safe," and the cases wherein it misses are those beyond the reach of human relief.

ROAD WORK IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

Last week Mr. Strickland, the agent of the California and Oregon Stage line at Roseburg, was in Portland, during his stay here he interviewed a number of our leading merchants, placing before them the exact condition of the public highway from Roseburg south. He made especial reference to that portion lying to the north at the foot of Roberts Hill—a sticky, clay soil through which teams can hardly pass. The result is that Mr. S. had subscribed, for improving this special place, over \$1,000. This will place the above mentioned place in good condition. The Stage Company do not alone reap the benefit of this, but the large number of freight teams and people living south of Roseburg reap a benefit therefrom. During the past years the County Court of Douglas county, the Railroad Company, the Stage Company and the Government have expended over \$20,000 all told in improving the highway of Southern Oregon. Among the many subscribers to the last named work, we noticed the O. & C. R. R. Co., Hodge, Davis & Co., Knapp, Barrell & Co., Dodd & Co., Newbery, Hawthorne & Co., A. P. Hotelling & Co. and a number of others of our public spirited merchants. This, when completed will place the road lying between Roseburg and Redding in good condition.

The National Colors in Birds.

When George W. Parshall was in Philadelphia attending the Centennial Exhibition he had a conversation with one of the United States Commissioners. Mr. Parshall, being a great bird fancier, the conversation naturally turned to birds. The commissioner informed our townsman that he had endeavored to secure three birds who would live together in one cage, and who represented the national colors. He said he had offered a large sum for such a curiosity, but he had some doubt about it being accomplished. Mr. Parshall has quietly been endeavoring to collect together birds of a size who would represent the national colors, and who would dwell together in one cage. It was a long time before he accomplished his desire, but he was successful, and last week placed on exhibition in Powers' block the desired curiosity. The red bird was a species known as the Napoleon, which he procured from South America; the blue was an Indigo bird from the same country, and the white—the rarest of the three—was a sparrow from the Isle of Java. They were all of a size, fed upon the same kind of seed, and lived together in a small cage very peacefully. They attracted a great deal of attention, especially from the lady visitors to the building, many of whom would watch them for an hour at a time. The white Java sparrow appeared to be the one attraction, and to those interested in birds he was indeed a curiosity.—[Rochester Democrat.]

American Goods in England.

Visiting Sheffield not long ago, I came forever associated with cutlery—it occurred to me to procure a pair of Sheffield scissors in remembrance of that grimy town. Every other shop in the place seemed to be a cutlery shop—and into one of the best of these I ventured requesting to look at scissors. It is a hobby of the English shopkeepers to show his cheapest goods first, no matter who his customer may be. Enter a shop in pursuit of something really good, and for which you are willing to pay, and it generally takes three or four strong efforts to obtain it,—he will persist in showing you all the cheapest grades first. So tray after tray of common cheap scissors was displayed on the counter.

"Have you nothing better than these?" I asked, at last. "I am buying these scissors for Sheffield's sake, and I want a good pair." Out came another one, still in the way of finer goods. I had already looked at five or six grades. "If these are your best," I said, "I will look further on." "Oh," said the shopman, "we have one more kind—very fine goods indeed, the best in the shop, but they are quite expensive."—and he unlocked a drawer and took out a tray of really good scissors. I took up a pair to examine them, and read, stamped on the blade, "Newark, New Jersey." As I could not reconcile myself to take a pair of New Jersey scissors as a souvenir of Sheffield, I was obliged to leave the disgusted shopman to lock up his precious scissors again, probably more than ever grounded in his belief that high price of goods was my reason for not purchasing.—[Correspondence Portland Advertiser.]

SOLD CHEAP.—The Oregon City Flouring Mills, sold on Monday last by William Gilbert, as Master in Chancery, was purchased by Captain J. T. Apperson, for \$22,500. The property was fully worth that amount and will prove a good investment. It is one of the finest mills in the State, and we understand Captain Apperson intends to carry on the milling business and hope he will make a great success of it.

The Overrated Ant.

Now, and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many Summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leatherheadedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it.

He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it boldly up by the air by main force and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste, which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it he climbs over it backward, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shows it aimed of him in a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steamer; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction.

At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been all over the ground for two yards, around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zigzag country, and by and by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle, and starts. He goes through the same adventure he has before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it around here somewhere. Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then, with a judgment peculiarly antic (no pun intended), they take the opposite ends of that grasshopper leg, and he to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result. Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, and the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaw for a while, then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way, but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up he hangs on and gets his limbs bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By and by when the grasshopper leg has been tramped all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoroughly and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valuable enough to make an ant want to own it.—[A Tramp Abroad.]

The latest proposition for a Hard Book is that of the British Goat Society. At the second annual meeting of this body, May 31st, the plan of the work was submitted and discussed.

"In view of the imperfect division of breeds, the want of any definite standard of purity and of the existence of pedigree stock, it was resolved to start the volume with the names of goats, male and female, of two years old and upwards that had taken prizes at either of the dairy shows or at the Kilburn show of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1879, and to enter subsequently all prize-winners (with the same limitation as to age) at any future show of goats acknowledged by the society, together with the kids of such goats and those previously mentioned, provided that the granddam in each case was a prize-taker."