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THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.

During the week past the President's condition has remained very critical, with constant and almost hourly reports from the sick room, which show that he has made little if any gain and his death may occur at any time. His stomach refused food for a while and he was sustained by injections in liquid form, but again he was able to take a small quantity of liquid nourishment and for some days past his stomach has been stronger, so that his food is digested better. A swelling of a gland under the left ear has caused apprehension, but this softened and when opened discharged a small portion of healthy pus, and seems to cause no particular alarm, as they fear it may be followed by other similar affections. His condition is that of extreme weakness owing to drain on the system and inability to assimilate hearty food. He lies almost unconscious, noticing only his wife much of the time, and when he awakens he is for a time bewildered, but soon comes to himself and is sensible to all passing events when appealed to. Such is the condition of the president and the whole nation waits the issue with great apprehension. His physicians are not, apparently, as sanguine as they seemed awhile since, but endeavor to send forth cheerful bulletins, while outside authorities show great disbelief of his recovery. The foregoing sums up the substance of many columns of dispatches. The wound itself seems to be healing well and causes little apprehension.

BETTER TIMES.

The improved price of wheat, the well sustained price since the rise commenced, and the confidence great operators show in the future of the market by making heavy purchases to be completed in coming months, all give reason to expect better times and will give satisfaction and relief to many who have been heavy losers of late years. As we show at length in our commercial article on the last page, we cannot look for lower freights soon, and cannot expect to realize a high price for wheat, but we can hope to receive a price that will be fair remuneration for labor and encouragement to all farmers. Shipping is not only in great demand the whole world over, but the depression in commerce a few years since, that gave us cheap tonnage and caused neglect of ship building and, now, when commercial activity is increased among all peoples, the supply of ships is found inadequate for the demand of commerce, and ships everywhere command a high price, which reacts disastrously on us, because so long a voyage is required to carry our grain to market.

Ship building will be more actively carried on, no doubt, so that we may look for some relief from increase of tonnage, but we see in our own helpless situation an illustration of the suicidal policy of our government in submitting ship owners to an enormous tax, that effectually prohibits our becoming a commercial nation in any great sense. The cost of building ships in the United States is one-half more than it is to build them in England, and if our laws allowed Americans to purchase foreign built ships and register them in the United States, no doubt the enterprise of our countrymen would be shown by their possessing as fine a merchant fleet as sails the ocean. But this ruinous policy leaves us without a merchant navy, and we must depend on foreign ship owners to carry our crops to market.

Here, on the Pacific, we see the result of this policy more plainly than elsewhere, when the farmers of this coast are taxed ten millions of dollars in one year, because tonnage is scarce and freights high. The year to come the Columbia river and San Francisco will have 50,000,000 bushels of grain to send to market, and will be taxed fully 20 cents a bushel over a good paying freight rate, whereas, if Americans could own ships at their cost in England, we should be independent of the world, and not actually plundered of our hard earnings. This is a matter we should bear in mind, so as to use what influence we have in Congress to secure a radical and reasonable change in our navigation laws.

But, for all that, we can hope for better times, and while we hesitate to give any advice, it seems as if our wheat growers could rely somewhat on the market, and not force their wheat off under pressure. Any one can see that a rush to sell more than there shall be ships to load will depress wheat, whereas to keep the exporter supplied only with light stocks, and anxious to secure a supply, will sustain prices.

All through the country there are fair and often really good crops, and the farmers, as a class, are hopeful of better times. They have worked hard and waited two long years, and now are able to appreciate any blessings that may come to their share. We shall try to furnish them continually with such information as they can rely on, and can base their careful judgment upon.

During the past two weeks the editors of the FARMER have been absent most of the time, taking a summer vacation in one way or another, and if there is any lack of original matter in the paper our readers must attribute it to that cause and we hope will accord us our brief vacation without complaint. Soon again we shall be at work in the old style and will try to make up for any deficiencies by future labors.

TRAVEL IN POLK COUNTY.

Editorial Correspondence.
 This week I made a hurried trip through parts of Polk county, leaving Salem on Friday morning, crossing the Willamette there, and over the Eola hills to Bethel, through the beautiful hill country that has so many positive attractions and furnishes such excellent rewards to the farmer. These hills are natural sites for orchards, and produce the finest fruits, and indeed produce everything that grows in Western Oregon, one peculiar advantage being that they easily shed water, and can be plowed almost any time in the winter, so that they are cultivated to much better advantage than ordinary prairie land, which dries off slowly; besides which this hill country is generally underlaid by heavy strata of marl, or decomposed rock that is porous enough to let the water drain off through it, and so has a natural drainage that is of great advantage; it is this peculiarity that especially suits the growth of fruit trees in this region.

A pleasant ride of ten miles took us to the hills overlooking the charming Salt Creek valley, before reaching which we looked from a steep bluff over the charming landscape made by Spring Valley, with hills to the north of it. In this valley are such old residents as the Walkers, who came there a third of a century ago, and now have old places that possess every quality of home and comfort; in this valley are the Purvines, Phillips, and the farm originally located by Jesse D. Walling, actually surrounded by splendid orchards, is conducted by Mrs. Walling and her son. This spot was the scene of early settlement. Its shipping point is Lincoln, on the river, and Zena is a postoffice, where a group of buildings and shops are clustered under grand, patriarchal oaks, that are very beautiful in their outlines; passing over the intervening hills, we came to Bethel, which is now shadowed by the neighboring railroad station at McCoy. Bethel and Zena are not successful from a business standpoint; the West Side railroad has changed the order of things, and McCoy claims the advantage that belongs to a railroad town, but it is too new and untended to be attractive—but that may come with time.

Around Bethel is a choice farming country, both in the hills and in the valley to the west. It is some years since I have been past here, and time has brought many changes, and many new owners have homes nestled among the hills. The country is gradually filling up; farms are being subdivided, and population increases. Just now, in every direction the busy harvest is in active progress, and the self-binder or header is seen in all directions cutting down the golden grain. It is wonderful to see the perfection to which farming machinery has attained; twenty years ago a gang of hands were cradling, raking and binding toilsomely by hand, whereas to-day the self-binder goes over the ground, and with patient and untroubled skill gathers up all the grain it cuts, and leaves instead of the waving heads that form an ocean of color, rows of sheaves all bound securely and ready for the thrasher. Instead of a dozen or twenty men toiling and sweating, the noisy machine, needing only a stout team and an intelligent driver, makes short work of the once-dreaded operation. I noticed, too, that scarcely a single head of grain is wasted; in fact, the clean work done must save grain enough to pay for the whole work, compared with the wastefulness of former methods. Volunteer crops wouldn't amount to much, where there is not any grain wanted to volunteer.

My companion in this week's journey was a German gentleman, who has resided many years in America, connected sometimes with emigration matters at Castle Garden, who was the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment during the civil war, and who has seen all parts of Europe. As he was desirous of seeing the Willamette valley, I invited him to make a few days' tour with me, which he accepted, and as we came down the hill points near Bethel, and saw the bright panorama of Polk county valleys with the Coast mountains for a background to the picture, he exclaimed that the scene was absolutely beautiful—as indeed it was.

Away off, towards the ocean, the Coast mountains recede in one place, where the Grand Ronde is nestled in among the ranges, and the natural pass exists that leads by Salmon river to the sea. Through this low pass the sea winds commenced to pour as the August sun became oppressive, and it was one of the warmest days of the season. Just as we were wondering how the hot afternoon was to be endured, the sea breeze came from the Grand Ronde pass and kindly answered the question. Of a warm Summer day almost invariably, this cool and refreshing wind blows from the west and tempers the rays of the harvest sun with the breath of the salt sea, that is only a short day's ride distant—the other side of the blue ridges that wall in the west. The Grand Ronde is the seat of the Indian agency for the Coast reservation, and we occasionally saw Indians, who appeared quite civilized, driving their wagons or on horseback.

Salt Creek valley lies west of the railroad track; Sheridan lies over towards the mountains to the northwest; Perrydale, on the Narrow Gauge, is only about two miles distant from McCoy, on the Wide Gauge. This valley that reaches from the hills near Bethel to the Coast mountains, is one of the loveliest and most productive portions of Western Oregon, and is thickly peopled and well farmed. There is little flat land in all this reach of country, for the prairies are rolling, with occasional rises of land, with ranges of hills traversing the valley here and there, and a fine effect is given to the landscape by the appearance of farms and wheat fields climbing the outlying spurs and foothills of the Coast range. The view from the Bethel hills is indeed panoramic, and my companion, with all his experience of new and old world countries, repeatedly pronounced it to be superb.

A trip of this kind for which one has only a few days' time in which to traverse extensive regions, is disappointing, because you look

away in all directions to see farms and homes you cannot reach, and know you are passing by the residences of many you know but cannot visit owing to want of time. My special mission was to create an interest among farmers in furnishing a display of cereals and grasses in the shed, to make exhibits at the coming Mechanic's Fair and elsewhere, and the most I could hope to do was to interest those I met, and induce them to do what they could to procure similar contributions from their neighbors. I almost invariably found the farmers on different routes quite interested in this object, and some had already responded to request received from this office to make such contribution, and had tried to induce these neighbors to do likewise.

Perrydale, on the Narrow Gauge, is a new looking place in the midst of a rich section, and will improve, no doubt, with time; from here I pushed on towards Sheridan, and intended to visit that place and Ballston, having never yet been in that part of Polk county; but, finding that my route would be too long to reach Salem, via Independence, next day, I turned reluctantly and went direct towards Dallas, winding through little valleys among the hills, and finally reaching that place towards night in time, however, for a good bed at the Parsons' House. Dallas is an important town, the seat of considerable trade with a large extent of farming country. It has an old look and dates back to early times, though its dignity is perhaps strengthened just at present by the construction of the railroad to that place and beyond. It is likely to remain the county seat for some years to come and perhaps always.

Early the next morning we got away from Dallas, running directly east towards Independence, through a delightful country, level and smooth from the banks of the Willamette to the Coast range, but by no means a monotonous landscape, for there were hills in view to right and left and the high mountains were behind, and though the view was open to the banks of the Willamette, which was marked by the timber line, beyond there rose the high red hills of Marion county. In the distance could be seen the forests that marked the flow of the Rieckreal and the Luckinmote, so the scene was varied and attractive in all particulars.

It is interesting to notice the attempts made to experiment with various seeds for the purpose of testing the capacity of our soil and climate. I often saw good patches of corn, and Gen. Nesmith, I think, said he had one field of twenty acres. It has been reported in the FARMER that Gen. Nesmith has made a success of growing corn; instead of summer-fallowing land growing corn, on which his hogs fattened well, and deriving a fair profit from it. Now, if Gen. Nesmith was as fond of writing up farming topics as of some other matters, he might do good by showing what his experience has been, but he has not yet developed literary taste in that direction—more pity. A few miles east of Dallas we came to the farm of Mr. James Harris, who has planted seeds of various kinds, received from the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, with good success. His "gold leaf tobacco" is making splendid growth, and he is justly proud of it. If we can raise tobacco in Oregon, and keep some of the money at home that goes away to pay for that unsanctified weed, there will be "millions in it."

Over this beautiful prairie, past some charming homes—a beautiful new house belonging to Mr. Coolidge was one—we turned north to Dixie, where I paid a visit to Mr. Lucas, the "village blacksmith," who is also an experienced farmer, and then turned down the north bank of the Rieckreal to stop a moment at the residence of the "Sage of the Rieckreal," who left the Senate of the United States to come home and be a farmer. This gentleman has never told "what he knows about farming," but when a man has over 2,000 acres of as rich soil as lies out of doors, and produces as much grain and other stuff, and raises as much fine stock as he does, it looks as if he might have something to say, especially when possessing gifts as a writer. As we reached the shade of the alders in front of the family mansion, I urged my German friend to alight, but at the suggestion of visiting an ex-U. S. Senator and well known statesman, in dusty gear and appalled for the road, he almost shuddered as he glanced over his attire, and ejaculated: "No, no, no! I have not yet clothes." "Well," said I; "hold on a moment until I bring the ex-Senator out here, and if he has any clothes on, you can judge how much notice he will take of your wardrobe." I found this historic personage at work in his shirt sleeves, pen in hand, polishing off an historic episode and doing justice to one of his contemporaries; his coat was off, and his "tout ensemble" was such as you would expect from a statesman on the Rieckreal. I stated my dilemma, and he went out to disarm the panettillo of my friend, who took one look at his host, and then unreservedly accepted his hospitality, and drank his cider.

Leaving the Rieckreal, I pushed south towards Independence, always through a beautiful and level country, and just about noon reached there. Independence is one of the most rapidly growing towns in Oregon, situated on the river and also on the West Side railroad, and already spreads over a great deal of ground. There are several brick stores, a new hotel that is a credit to the place, a business street that is full of life and has numerous well stocked stores, and large warehouses are in sight, to store the grain of the country behind the town. It is safe to predict that Independence will be growing and prosperous for many years to come.

Crossing the Willamette, four miles below Independence, I took the road to Salem, with the river on one side and the hills on the other. There are splendid farms along the bottom, and the Western hillsides just along here would be the best possible location for orchards, as the vicinity of the river would be a guarantee against damage from frost. I come to this conclusion, because on a hill top on this route, less than two miles from Salem, I

have for years back been planting and tending a large plum and prune orchard, and this year, when frost has done damage in so many localities, my orchard is loaded with luscious fruit.

POLK, LINN AND MARION COUNTIES.
 Resting part of Sunday at the Chemeketa Hotel, Salem, where Mr. Graves, the old time landlord spares no pains to make his guests comfortable, I started out again through the red hills, by roads not traversed on my late excursions, and made for the Buena Vista ferry, the carriage containing this time, in addition to my German friend, the editor of the Home Circle, who is very fond of excursions through the country. Our German companion who was used to travel through the old countries of Europe and easily entertained us with reminiscences of travel through France, Germany, Italy and Russia, often expressed his delight at the many comfortable and often truly beautiful homes we met with; he admired the physique of the people and the glowing, sturdy health of the children, and above all was considerably surprised at the intelligence that was almost universally manifested by all we met. It is a surprising fact to foreign born visitors that our farming population is so well read in the events of our time, which is to be expected where families take from three to six newspapers and magazines, and often exchange reading with their neighbors besides. Down the Santiam bottom, towards Buena Vista, we found J. S. Buckner, an Americanized German, whose home is on a beautiful knoll, and whose farm has been enlarged by grubbing a great area of land. Reaching the river bottom we saw what damage was done by the floods of last winter, of which so much was reported at the time. Near the ferry we visited Mr. William Wells, who is a large farmer and noted hop grower, but found him unhappily disturbed by serious illness in his family. The hop yards thereabout show very luxuriant growth and are loaded with the fruit—if the term is admissible. The tall poles festooned with the many branching and graceful hanging vines are well worth visiting and hop picking is a busy season without the tremendous tax on the physical man that occurs in connection with the grain harvest. Mr. Wells and Mr. Davidson, who lives over the river in Polk, are two of the best hop producers in Oregon and have excellent dry houses and other preparations for saving the crop, and the hop picking is done by Indians from Grand Ronde Agency, not far off.

The Buena Vista ferry deserves a plain notice, for it is worse than a nuisance, inasmuch as it is inconvenient, unsafe, badly tended and conducted in contempt of the travel it lives upon. Neither bank is graded sufficiently; the boy who tends the boat is not over 15 years old and is not able to handle it, so that after waiting an unreasonable time we were finally taken across and the landing was so bad that I found it almost impossible to get up the bank. The rope that is used is worn out and unsafe and it will be strange if some serious accident does not occur. We give this notice because the facts are confirmed by the experience of others. The Leabo ferry, on the road from Salem to Independence, is now owned by D. H. Jory, who tends it punctually and conducts it well. The road along the river is excellent, and I advise travel to go that way when possible, both for safety and convenience.

The bluffs on the river at Buena Vista are mined for the clay that feeds the great pottery establishment here, which gives the place about all the importance it has. Mr. A. M. Smith, the proprietor, now resides in Portland to attend to increasing sales of sewer and drain pipe and has after years of patient toil built up an excellent business. Leaving Buena Vista we went past the farm of E. C. Hall, but no one was at home. In this harvest season it is frequently the case that whole neighborhoods are assembled where the thresher is at work, as harvesting is pleasantly done on the co-operative plan. Then we turned South and took our nooning on the banks of the Luckinmote, where I fed the team and then we toasted our meat over some coals, made a cup of coffee, drank sweet milk and feasted in picnic style, preferring the al fresco repast to indoor life. Our friend, the Colonel, was reminded of the bivouac during the war, and was almost inspired to fight his battles over again. We drank in the fresh sea breeze for dessert and were loth to break up camp. Just over the bridge was the of family Mr. Davidson, one of the old time subscribers of the WILLAMETTE FARMER, with whom we made acquaintance on a similar excursion two years ago, who came over to see us as soon as they found we were there, so we have double cause to remember our noon rest on the Luckinmote. In such an excursion we can only hope to pass through a district and create some interest that will spread as the intention is understood, and must needs pass near the homes of many subscribers who live a little off the direct route, while it would be more pleasant to spend more time in a neighborhood. One thing we found out to our great satisfaction—that the WILLAMETTE FARMER has many friends through the country and that its circulation can be doubled in any neighborhood with very little pains.

Passing on South we came to the pleasant prairie home of Mr. J. B. Stump, well known through Oregon, stopped awhile to interview him and then turned West to the new railroad town of Saver, on the southern border of Polk county. The railroad makes matters much more convenient for all the people on the West side and they now all have transportation very convenient. Saver is on the open prairie and will grow; it already has a thriving aspect. Mr. A. C. Hamilton, postmaster and merchant, is agent for the FARMER at this point. Then I drove around a block several miles square, went through the fields across lots to Wells' station, in Benton county, where Mr. A. A. Williamson was very busily employed taking in wheat from farmers, and where we met our old friend Mr. Gingles, oftentimes a member of the Legislature in the past, where he won an honorable name for being a strictly honest politician. It was getting towards

evening by this time, but the warm day had been tempered by the refreshing sea breeze and the glorious panorama of the coast mountains and the outlying buttes had passed before our vision all the afternoon. It is not possible to mention every locality or noteworthy object that we met with. Please remember that I only glance at things as we hasten along.

Passing almost around a square of country we turned East, towards Albany, our port of destination for the night; dropping off of the higher prairie land we gradually found ourselves in the bottom lands of the Willamette; passed by many nice farms and made friendly calls along the way to create an interest in the cereal display, and just before the setting sun dropped away behind the coast hills we reached the Willamette river at Albany, and were carefully ferried over to find comfortable beds and excellent fare at the Reeve House, which is a hotel Albany may well be proud of and travellers be satisfied with, if all travellers are served as well as we were. It is tiresome in the extreme to be cramped and jostled all day in ever so comfortable a carriage or over ever so good roads, and the comforts of a good inn come gratefully to the way worn traveler on a dusty August day.

The day before we had circled through the southern part of Polk county, and the northern edge of Benton, and now our drive was to be over the broad prairies of Linn county. Getting an early start we drove out eastward, on the Lebanon road, making friends along the way and finding all the farmers busy with the harvest. Linn county had rust two years ago and had a low price for wheat last year, and as rust was fearfully disastrous on this great prairie the two past years have been a severe trial to the two thousand or more farmers of this great wheat growing county. Linn this year will lead the whole State in production of cereals and with the rise in wheat, even though it may not reach the farmer's favorite price of "a dollar a bushel," Linn will be prosperous. With two years of trial people have learned to manage economically and so are certain to improve prosperity when it comes. Take the old wheat held over and the crop of 1881 together and it must make a oney abundant and times generally good through Oregon and Washington.

Albany prairie is wide enough to bring rich harvests to the world. On the East it is walled in by the Cascade mountains with outlying buttes looming up in the near distance and giving the landscape charming results. Oregon scenery is famous the world over, but the great charm of the Willamette valley is that the prospects are ever changing and varying. Now in rolling hills; now in prairies, with the contour of hills and prairies constantly forming new pictures, and the panorama seems to shift as we pass along. The beauty of the great valley strikes one feebly as it is seen from a railroad car, because the train avoids both heights and depths, while the wagon roads meander the streams, wind through gorges and prairies, or climb the hills, so that travel by road reveals the country with unending vistas and newly revealed landscapes. So with Linn county; we had the tout ensemble of prairies, hills, buttes and far away ranges, and beyond and above all the wonder-causing snow mountains towered with grandeur that mocks at words.

Mr. C. P. Burkhardt has a fine residence and a well improved farm four miles East of Albany, where he has planted out hundreds of shade and forest trees gathered from temperate climes. Figs were growing in his front yard, though they may not ripen. The Eucalyptus, or Blue Gum tree of Australia was also growing there. I have not time or space in this letter to tell all his experiments, but he successfully grows sweet potatoes and has corn that must be over seven feet high. Mr. Burkhardt has a taste for experiments and has tested one hundred varieties of wheat at one, and is preparing for the Mechanic's Fair a splendid display of grain of many varieties. It would be fortunate if we had many more farmers with the same taste, patience and energy. We shall hope to receive from him an account of the various varieties shown this season, some of which are new to Oregon and seem to be well worth further cultivation. Mr. Burkhardt has a field of the Hungarian or Kinney wheat, plowed in Fall and replowed and sown in the Spring, that should fully yield 35 bushels per acre, and he has a small field of Odessa wheat, perfectly clean, that yields well and is valuable because known to be certainly rust proof. This was saved carefully and propagated so as to leave perfectly clean seed. We all found much to interest us here, but we had a long drive before us and had to make a brief stay.

Turning north, past Knox's butte, we passed over a fine country to the Santiam. Near the Lutte we found Mr. John Guisenadorfer, who has the only field of Five wheat we have ever heard of. This wheat is grown successfully in Canada. Mr. G. received a spoonful from a friend in Nebraska, and this he has carefully propagated until now he has broad acres that furnish a rich harvest. Mr. Guisenadorfer planted out a large prune orchard, seven years ago, on a high swell of prairie near his house, and informs us that nearly all his trees were killed by the borers, while his cherries have been fatally attacked by the black knot, and this leads to anxious inquiry as to whether prunes and plums and cherries with us are all to be subject to these same evils, or if the location on the prairie is to be charged with the result. So far I have observed that hill land always does the best for orchards, and that high locations are especially desirable for cherry trees, and I hope some experienced orchardist will find time to discuss these matters in our columns.

Nearer the Santiam we found the pleasant home of Mr. Silas Haight, and were attracted by a small piece of grain growing near the road, which proved to be White Spring rye of which he received a few grains by mail, and has successfully propagated it. He thinks it is identical with the "loose wheat" of which we heard some years ago. S. A. CLARKE.

STATE NEWS.

Flour \$16 per thousand at Jacksonville.

The Salem Gas Co. use rock coal from Australia.

Corvallis has 30,000 bushels of last year's wheat on hand.

Work has been started on the coast road in Jackson county. It will cost \$5,000.

Cattle are dying of "black leg" in the vicinity of Stein mountain, Harney valley.

The old hotel at Coaledo, Coos county, was destroyed by an incendiary last week.

Caldwell's & Bybee's fine barn on Tule lake, Jackson county, was burned to the ground last week.

Property holders in Coquille City have been taxed two per cent for the purpose of building a school house.

Government work at the mouth of the Coquille, Coos county, stopped last week; owing to the appropriation being exhausted.

The Jacksonville Sentinel says: Three days' racing will take place at Caldwell's track near town commencing September 29th and continuing three days. The management promise a "square turn" for everybody.

The distance between Roseburg and Cloverdale, Cal., the northern terminus of the Donahue railroad, is about 400 miles, and to build a railroad that long would require some 1,050,000 ties and 40,000 tons of rails.

Wm. Webb, the escaped desperado and two Fort Klamath deserters, are thought to be together in the mountains at the head of Emigrant creek, and stock men are very apprehensive regarding the safety of their stock.

The Ashland Tidings says: A band of from 150 to 200 head of elk has been seen a number of times on the Kelsey trail between Crescent City and Happy Camp, at a point 25 miles west of Klamath river. A number of them have been shot.

TERRITORIAL.

Wheat is turning out well in the vicinity of Weston.

The steamer Nellie has been raised and taken to Salem for repairs.

Mrs. B. H. Bowman, of Salem, was injured by being thrown out of a buggy.

Lightning melted the brass rests in the telegraph office at Lewiston last week.

Dr. Baker of Walla Walla was quite ill in Paris, where he has been for his health.

A new and fatal disease has made its appearance among horses of upper Dry and Blue creeks, W. T.

Hon. Thomas Brents has become a sturdy son of toil, having bought Castle's brick yard.

C. W. Wheeler has assumed editorial and business control of the Waiatsburg Times. Success to him.

Since Moses Durkheimer's advent to the Weiser, town lots have advanced fifty per cent and still going up.

Alfred Daniels, a weak minded young man of Cheney, has wandered away from home and cannot be found.

The Spokane Chronicle says that the O. R. & N. Co. estimate that they are making preparations to move about 75,000 bushels of wheat from there this season. This is an increase of 35 per cent over last year.

The Spokane Chronicle thus refers to one of Portland's former residents: "Mrs. J. J. Browne, whose garden is the envy of all who visit there, sends us the largest and best turnip we have seen this season. It weighs a little over eight pounds."

The Lewiston Teller says: On Sunday, the 14th, a fire broke out in Gross' saloon at Farmington, which resulted in the burning of the saloon, damage \$1,500; Paddock's drug store, damage \$2,500; C. W. Campbell's hardware store, loss \$2,000; Moses Fish, blacksmith shop, loss \$500; Mrs. Sheiher's warehouse, loss not reported; Lippitt Bros., ten tons of oats. By extra exertion J. P. Quarrels was able to save his hotel. The origin of the fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Saying Out the Land.

We learn from a reliable source, says the Bozeman Courier, that several prominent officials connected with the Chicago & North-western Railway contemplate taking a trip across the country from the Black Hills to Bozeman during the present month, their principal object being to ascertain the feasibility of extending their line from the Hills to Montana, and thence to some point on the Columbia river or Puget Sound. The great natural thoroughfare from the East through Southern Montana is destined to be utilized before many years by more than one transcontinental railroad. The time is not far distant when the travel to the Yellowstone National Park, and the freight and passenger business of Gallatin and Upper Yellowstone, including, of course, its rich mines and stock interests, will furnish sufficient carrying trade for at least one railroad.

OFFER DECLINED.—We understand that Mr. Villard has made Captain Flavel, of Astoria, an offer for his water front property at that place, and his tug boats, which, not being deemed sufficient, he has declined.

THE NEW ASYLUM.—The walls of the new insane asylum, says the Statesman, are rapidly assuming shape and proportion. The entire structure will be under roof by the first of January if no untoward circumstances intervene.