



Correspondence.

SOMETHING FOR FARMERS TO CONSIDER.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Having in former articles pointed out some of the most prominent faults in preparing and forwarding to market the various products of the farm and better methods of doing the same, and the advent of such improved methods, the next question that arises is, when to sell and how to obtain the best prices. The farmer produces the raw material to feed and clothe the world. The population of cities and smaller towns engaged in other pursuits are consumers and dependent on the farmer, and their wants must be supplied daily. Some products of the farm, like fruits and vegetables, require only a little preparation in the kitchen to fit them for the consumer's table. The different kinds of grain, canned fruits, meats, etc., require a manufacturing process before they appear in the kitchen. Other products, like wool, hides, flax, hemp, cotton and tobacco require several manufacturing processes to fit them for the wants of the consumer. Hides must first go to the tanner to prepare them for the use of the shoemaker, harnessmaker, saddler, hose, trunk, and belt manufacturer; so the textile fabrics have to go through several stages of manufacture to fit them for the various and multiplied wants of the consumer.

There is a feeling among farmers and a growing sentiment that the farmer must sell direct to the consumer and do away with the services of traders and middle men; that the middle men get all the profits. To carry out this idea fully the farmer would have to perform all the labor of the middle man. Life would be too short to learn all required, much less perform all the services; he finds plenty of occupation on the farm without taking any such additional service. We grant that there is an unnecessary amount of middle men. There should be no antagonism between the farmer, manufacturer, consumer and middle men, but a perfect harmonious relation between them, for they are dependent on each other. We occasionally hear farmers use approving epithets and hard words towards middle men, even to the extent of calling them thieves and robbers, simply because they are idly pursuing their vocation and making the most of their opportunities. Human nature is selfish, each individual or class is looking out to their own particular interest without giving any thought whether he may be oppressing or trespassing upon the rights of their own neighbor. Where is the farmer that would not put wheat up to \$1.50 per bushel, potatoes \$1, butter 50 cents and wool 50 cents, if he had the power? Let there be a little scarcity of any particular product and he stands ready at the drop of the hat to push it up to the highest possible limit, without taking any thought that he is putting many poor families upon the verge starvation.

The wants of human nature require daily food. Can the farmer stand at his crib daily and hourly to dispense to the hungry? This office is performed by the middle man while he plows and sows and reaps to provide for future wants. The farmer must have transportation to market; this is performed by middle men; his various products must be converted to fabrics; this is done by the middle men; he must have plows, wagons, machinery and iron work, and fabrics for his own use, this is furnished by middle men; he must have books and papers and education for his family, which is furnished by middle men. The farmer then is dependent to a great extent upon the middle men, as well as they are upon the farmer. There should be no antagonism here, but a harmonious relation between them; the plow, the loom, and the anvil, are and should be co-workers in the great problem of civilization and progress. The plow and the farmer stand at the head, the first in the line, the grand corner-stone in the foundation of the whole structure. Stop or obstruct temporarily any of the mechanical or industrial enterprises and a little inconvenience will follow, but stop the plow, and in a few months a wall would go up all over the land greater than that from the land of the Pharoahs on the morning of the slaying of the first born. In countries subject to famines the interests of the farmer are carefully guarded by stringent laws. Here famines are unknown; the land teems with such abundance that the interests of the farmer are overlooked or forgotten, or considered of secondary importance. In proof we need only cite the struggle the past few months in our National Congress to make the Commissioner of Agriculture a member of the President's Cabinet, to give the farmer direct representation in the administration of the government. We do not look upon middlemen as enemies

of the farmer, and they should not be so considered in any sense of the term. If they seek or obtain temporary advantage, it should be attributed to the natural selfishness of human nature rather than that of a spirit of hostility. The farmer must wake up and attend to his own interests; if he does not, why should he complain if the middle men step in and do it for him?

In a few weeks our State Legislature will assemble. How many farmers are there among the members? If the lawyers, politicians and place hunters are in the majority, whose fault is it? A United States Senator to be elected, will he be a farmer? Will he be a man who will look after your interests and give it the due prominence it deserves? We will wait and see. Two years ago the warning note was sounded; you were told to consult, combine your influence and send a farmer as your next representative to the U. S. Senate. You have had it in your power to do it. A few weeks ago the bill to make the Commissioner of Agriculture a member of the Cabinet passed the House by a large majority. It has not passed the Senate; the struggle will be renewed at the next session. How will Oregon be represented in the Senate on that question? If the farmers be misrepresented, who can you blame but yourselves? This question meets with strong opposition. A majority of the public press speak of it lightly, some farmers' journals professing to advocate their interests treat the matter as a subject of minor importance; either they do not understand the true interests of those they would represent, or they are unfaithful to them. Farmers and middlemen are alike interested in the enactment of wholesome laws and good government. The farmer who is located near the consumer has a great advantage over those more remote. He saves in transportation, he finds market for many products that will not bear transportation, and is near at hand to take advantage of the fluctuations of the market and place such products when he can do so to the best advantage. But the average farmer cannot be located near the city; only a very few can enjoy such advantages. The next best thing is to bring consumers near him and create a home market. How can he do it? By encouraging home manufactures. Encourage the woolen mill, the iron works, the plow and wagon makers to locate near by; it saves transportation on the raw material, which is much greater than on the manufactured article, and comes out of your pocket; you find a market for articles you cannot send to the city; the articles are cheaper food, cheaper rent, cheaper motive power and a purer atmosphere; he contributes to the building of your roads and bridges and the support of your schools and churches; he is benefited and you are benefited; the advantages are mutual, and there is a harmony of interests. Such communities are prosperous. Oregon is essentially a producing State. Of all farm products we have an abundance and to spare; the great question is where is the market and how to get to it? Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Farmer, that in every plow you buy, every wagon, reaper, mower and threshing machine you buy you are buying a certain amount of flour, beef, pork, milk, butter, fruit and vegetables, the very articles you have in such abundance to sell and struggling to find a market for? Working in direct antagonism to your own interest. The money you pay for them goes out of the State to pay heavy freights and heavy profits to the middlemen; a few are benefited, but it is not the farmer, his pocket is drained. Sixteen years ago I spent six months in the Atlantic and middle States buying the very goods just enumerated for the house with which I was then connected, visited many manufacturing establishments, studied and became much interested in the practical workings of the whole system. I came back full of zeal to commence in a small way the manufacture of such bulky articles about which there would be no doubt of success. Freights were heavy, amounting on some articles to the first cost of the goods. My ideas and plans were not favorably received by my associates; I was in the minority and nothing was done. Had it been otherwise, what would have been the probable result? To answer the question I will only cite a parallel case: At that time there was a firm in San Francisco in the same line of business. I knew them as well as I did any firm in Portland. About that time they commenced in a small way at San Lorenzo to manufacture plows, gang plows, etc.; they grew and increased year by year as the wants of the State demanded, and are now located at Benicia, carrying on one of the largest mammoth establishments in the United States. They are middlemen, that have benefited the State in which they live whilst enriching themselves. Do Oregon farmers encourage and patronize this kind of middlemen? Let us see. More next week.

Protect Us from the Coddling Moth.

MILWAUKEE, August 14, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

I wish to call the attention of those interested to the importance of taking some action tending to the proper protection of the fruit interests of the State. A few years ago fine fruit and sure crops were Oregon's pride. We can't say as much to-day, for now we have many pests which tend very much to discourage this branch of our industry. The first enemy to attack was the bark louse, then followed a kind of blight, or fungus, which yearly destroyed the apple for a few years. Next in order came the apple chrysalis and pear slug. These are all enemies of the tree and not of the fruit, and have undoubtedly been brought here with trees and scions from other States. Then would it not be prudent for the people of Oregon to try and protect themselves against the introduction of other and worse enemies, such as operate directly upon the fruit. California has had much trouble with this class of insects, and has enacted stringent laws on this subject tending to protect this branch of their industry, but are shipping the seeds of destruction for our orchards by each steamer in the shape of apples and apples infested with the coddling moth, the worst of all known enemies to this class of fruit. With this and the introduction of the curculio, the great plum destroyer, our fine orchards would soon be of little value. California has both of these insects, and is fighting them with all the power that the State can bring to bear upon this subject. They have their Commissioner of Horticulture, whose business it is to see that the law is enforced. They allow no trees to be brought in from the East without being quarantined and inspected. The fruit interest of this coast is an important one, and is so looked upon by the Legislature of California. Then would it not be well to take some action that will bring this matter prominently before our Legislature soon to convene. There can be no more important subject presented for their consideration. I think it would be well for the President of the Horticultural Society to call a meeting, with an invitation to any and all feeling in created to attend.

J. H. LAMBERT.

Sticker Grass as a Preventive for Dog and Wolf.

ROSEBURG, Aug. 10, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Seeing my dog come limping up from the barn the other morning for his breakfast, it occurred to me that perhaps there were several hundreds of lame dogs in the Umpqua valley at this time, all suffering from the same cause. There is a short bearded grass spreading over this section of country, the bearded seeds of which become detached from the stem when ripe, and get between the dog's toes as they run over it, and work into their feet, sometimes going clear through, I think, as I have often seen the foot sore on the upper side. This grass is almost worthless, for nothing will eat it when dry, and it very naturally takes the place of what was called squirrel grass in past years. It grows in patches all over this valley, I think, and is spreading in broader and broader circles every year. If it ever takes the country, as some say it will, pastures will be very poor for stock in the dry season. But people will be content to keep a little less stock when they think it is safe from the depredation of dogs, who are compelled to stay at home this hot weather and nurse their sore paws. And if the bearded grass will lame the dog and render him a non-combatant for the time, why will it not affect the coyote and wolf similarly, as their feet are formed like those of the dog, and compel them to keep quiet or hunt new ranges. I have searched over my pastures a good deal lately, and can find no disturbance among the sheep—no scattered wool or bones, nor anything to indicate the presence of dog or wolf, and if this state of affairs is owing to "sticker grass," as some call it, it is certainly not the worst of evils. C. W. S.

What Buyers

Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie & Co. advertise in this issue that they are prepared to buy wheat. This is an old established shipping house, and stand in the foremost rank as buyers. Any information desired will be cheerfully given by Balfour, Guthrie & Co.

COMIC OPERA.—The Hattie Moore comic opera troupe has been engaged by Manager Stechhan for a short season at New Market Theatre. Mr. Mark Thall, manager of the troupe, arrived on the Columbia. The troupe sailed yesterday from San Francisco. They will open here on Monday next with Olive, which will be repeated on Tuesday; Wednesday and Thursday The Mowatt will be played, and on Friday and Saturday the celebrated Billie Taylor. Seats can be secured at Prentice's music store without extra charge.

"Buchapatho.

Complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. St. Druggist.

NOTES ALONG THE FIRE.

Correspondence Standard.

AINSWORTH, Aug. 13, 1882.

EDITOR STANDARD:—Ainsworth is not a place to arouse inspiration or give romantic impressions. It is a sad bank, on which the railroad has station houses that blush with paint and are flavored with respectability, but the town itself is a rude collection of rough board shanties where merchandise and whiskey maudlin sway. And there is a restaurant or so that must preserve life, because the inhabitants do live, whether by meat or drink the train that left The Dalles last evening stopped a little before nine o'clock and laid by at Grant's station this morning. A freight train that passed down this side of Grant's found the sand over the track so that the cars ran off the rails, and the wrecking train was busy all night removing the fragments. On one side lay the locomotive, literally hors d' combat, and on the other were several box cars, piled up in a fearful manner. The drifting sands that made the trouble are drying still, and will continue to stir, wailing wind, contrary to blow, and this is what the Columbia river winds do with untiring persistence so we slip in quiet in the sections of the Pullman, and wonder whenever we awake why the train was not in motion. We got a cup of coffee and something that kept hunger still, at Grant's, where the land lady did her best for the unusual throng of customers. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The drifting sands of the Columbia river lost us a day's time. We came on to W. H. Hula, where we thought we had a rest of some other kind, but there is no fatness in the sand and sage brush about W. H. Hula, then came on to Alton, and between Grant, W. H. Hula and Ainsworth it would require a sharp hand to give the preference.

Here is where the importance of the Pullman sleeper comes in. Having paid for accommodations to Riverville we had good quarters and a lean home, with good food and a clean towel doesn't fall, and the clean towels are constantly on hand. But for this, the idea of an ending a night at Ainsworth would be alarming. All the beds in town are occupied, and the hotel accommodations are not of the highest order. Road shaked was answer for the rough flows who need to be taken in and cared for. How to sleep is a much more important question than what to eat. With the Pullman cartered for the voyage we can put up with different or even with indifferent fare, if necessary.

Just now the town is full of rough looking men who have just come from running down a drive of logs in the forests of the upper Yakima. They are hard work as a class, and know how to manage the floating logs in swift or sluggish waters. They come here from the Sound, but are originally from Maine, Michigan or Wisconsin. They are good wages, frequently getting \$4 or \$5 a day. I am told that some extra good men have been paid \$1000 for a season's work. They spend a great deal of time in water, and often suffer from rheumatism. Some of them are on a healthy, they are silly, but are jolly and good natured. As a class they are big, stout fellows, brawny and large limbed, for it is a business where no weak manhood need aspire. Many of them are prudent and saving. They have their board besides their big wages, and when the drive is over the whole sun of their wages is to their credit. They look as if the weather had beaten on them, for they seem made of bronze.

As a contrast to these western sons of toil, here come, with indolent, slouching tread, four of the masters of the country. They are dressed in blank t-shirts or leggings, moccasins, and wrapped in a blanket, as if the sun was not hot enough, and the sands of Ainsworth reflecting the sun's rays make a smelter with it much clothing. They later close by and engage in conversation. My old stock of jagon is called on for a medium of discourse. They say they are Columbia River Indians and this is their country; that they have no chief, he is dead; that they are fearful of many whites will come here that they won't be run left hand or swishes. In short, they are eloquent, and with a little encouragement would detail to us a painful story of their wrongs. I change the conversation, however, and ask them why they don't work as white men do, and raise bread, and earn money to buy food and clothes with, and be like white folks. It is surprising to see how suddenly these titanic fail to understand you when you talk common sense. They find their blankets around their dusky forms when you do that, and say they don't understand you, and will see you again. That was what this band of swishes did, here at Ainsworth, this blessed Sabbath afternoon.

Supper is over. The restaurant was crowded, and between the flies and the loggers the victuals evidently had a hard time of it. Down on the river, close by, was the steamer Annie Faxon, belonging to the N. P. R. R. Co., engaged in towing logs down from the mouth of the Yakima, fifteen miles distant. To about the clean looking steamer and get a cup of tea was a good thing to be able to do, and I did it, having acquaintance with the officers, so that supper time passed without compelling digestion to wait too long an appetite. It was a hot afternoon, intensified by the scorching sand; but towards evening a cool breeze came down the Columbia. A friend from Walla Walla proposed to walk up that stream about a mile to the company's saw mill, which several of us took and really enjoyed. This saw mill is on the Columbia, where an island creates an eddy, and in the slough between the island and main land they find room for storing millions of logs. The mill has a capacity only less than that of two of the greater mills on the Sound. It manufactures lumber and lumber for bridges for all the constructions of the company, and will supply the bridge material required by the road this side of Missoula. It has a perfect equipment of machinery, and keeps a host of

men actively employed when it turns of 400,000 feet of lumber a week, which is a small average when it is fully employed. This mill is managed by Mr. J. H. Stone, an experienced lumberman, who has just superintended the work of running down 9,000,000 feet of logs from near E. Leasburg, which has been successfully performed. The contractor abandoned the work and the company had to take hold of it. The logs had been cut over a year ago on the head waters of the Yakima, and following the windings of the river they had to be run two hundred and fifty miles. For this work experienced men are required, men who can get on a saw log and plunge it down the rapids. They have to navigate continually into the ice on water, waist deep, and few of them can follow it up continuously, without rest. That is why they get such good wages.

Toward morning the sleeper started up the road, and now it is drawing toward Riverville and will be at Riverville in an hour or so. The slow train will come along, so I will have my mail in readiness.

The bunch grass plain around us are covered a d brown with the Summer sun. We have just passed Polase Junction, from whence the branch road will diverge towards Colfax and Moscow. It is already graded for 18 miles. An important matter that I have omitted relates to the construction of the bridge for the railroad across Snake river, on which work was begun on Friday. The pile driver work has been out through, and the work is being pushed vigorously. When that bridge is finished it will be a great aid to travel, which now a to wait for train to be carried over the steamer Frederick Billings. There is lots of work to do and millions of money to spend before the Northern Pacific will be connected here in Portland to Duath, and it is lucky that there are persons who have both the faith and the coin to ask it with. To the rest of us, who have more faith than money, the effect of capital seem to depend on, but we look and wait, not doubting that we can or as the contingent, another year, if we can furnish the passage money.

Blue Mountain Foot Hills

The Walla Walla Statesman, having visited the Blue Mountain region, in sight of that city, gives a description of what he saw, that conveys to the reader a good idea of what can be attained in any part of the great region included in Eastern Washington when the settlements have had time to make permanent homes and good farms, such as exist in the older settled districts. He says:

We took a road that led to the Maxon school house, and we must say that no finer country exists in the whole Walla Walla valley than we passed through. The soil here is of the black and richest quality, and everywhere the fields are in a high state of cultivation, showing evidences of knowledge pertaining to agricultural matters in combination with industry that solves the problem why the farmers residing there are so much more prosperous than in many other sections of this Territory and the adjoining State of Oregon. In every instance the grain is well, and the crops will be up to the full average. In no one place did we observe any evidence of the detestable volunteer system, but some good solid farmers we interviewed informed us that they were at one time as bad as many others in allowing their fields to volunteer, but experience having proved that in the end it was a lost game, they had entirely given it up, and we cannot but wish that other localities would follow the bright example set by the farmers of this district. On every side we noticed a comfortable and contented look about the hands-me residences surrounded by waving trees, fruit-laden orchards and blooming flower gardens. Crossing Mill creek below the flume dam, we proceeded up the rock to the residence of our friend, Mr. S. G. Fields. As elsewhere around the foot hills, the land on Mill creek is of the richest, and the grain up to the general average. Although so near the mountains we here found grapes, tomatoes and other delicate fruits and vegetables in a high state of perfection. Mr. Fields is one of the very few men in this country who keep bees, and he informs us that they are very profitable; this season he has ready sold 200 pounds of honey, which very readily fetched 25 cents per pound, and the bees swarm four times in the season. Going down Mill creek we passed the Baker Flume, which brings enormous quantities of lumber, railroad ties, cord wood and building material to the terminus of the narrow gauge railroad, and is thence brought to this city. The branch road running out into the hills is progressing rapidly, and will be available for the removal of the crops from a large extent of country this present harvest.

As elsewhere in this immediate section, the Mill creek farmers may well be proud of their fine farms and residences, for no better exist in any farming community in the United States.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—It is stated that the judgment against the Narrow Gauge railroad Company in favor of certain farmers in Yamhill and Polk counties for \$17,768, a week or so ago, was the largest money judgment ever rendered in this State. In 1876 the late God LaRoque, of Oregon City, obtained a judgment against D. W. Burnside and the estate of T. A. Sawyer, of French Prairie, for \$78,124. That was the largest.

REWARD.—The sheriff of Columbia county, says the Moscow Mirror, offers a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of E. H. Commis, at New York bar. It is understood that the O. R. & N. Co. intend offering an additional reward of \$500. It is to be hoped that this generous reward will be the means of bringing the guilty parties within the clutches of the law and to the scaffold.

The Northern Mines.

News from the mines at Juneau City seems to be of a favorable character. The weather is pleasant, and the snow is disappearing rapidly, but is still quite deep in the basin, the site of a majority of the ledges and placer claims.

One company, more energetic than the rest, have gone to work to shove the snow from their claim. In gulches with southern exposure work has been going on for some time. There is a larger number of placer miners about the camp than the discoveries up to date would seem to warrant.

Among the quartz claims, Nat. Hilton has started a tunnel, in the interest of the North Star Mill and Mining Company, commencing at the Mountain First Ledge to pass through the California First and tap the Pills First eventually.

Great expectations are indulged in of the coming season's output, as a ledge four feet in diameter has been cut through, exhibiting rich and profitable ore, comparing favorably with the rock that is not so satisfactory excitement in the camp in October, 1881.

Treadwell's five-stamp mill on Douglas Island distant one mile from Juneau City, is now working night and day. It runs smoothly, is well built, and this being a low grade ore, averaging \$5 a ton, it is his intention to add additional stamps in the future to make a big thing, as it is the largest ledge and the lowest grade ore in the country.

New placer prospects have been discovered on a creek eight miles north of Juneau City, and a general stampede was the result.

The latest news from that place is disappointing the prospectors.—Post Intelligencer.

Southern Wasco County.

The Prineville News has the following sketch of a ride through the pastoral region of Southern Wasco county, 125 south of The Dalles, not yet a farming country because remote from transportation:

On last Tuesday morning we started for the bunch grass pastures of Alkali Flat, which are situated about twenty-five miles southeast of Prineville. The drive to this place is as pleasant as one could wish, the road being smooth, though somewhat dusty, and at every turn presenting an ever-changing display of scenery.

Having toilsomely climbed a mountain or two, we very soon arrived at the farm of Mr. John Schmeer, which is easily situated on Crooked River, somewhere between seven and twenty miles from Prineville. We and Mr. Schmeer and family comfortably ensconced in their home, surrounded with the luxuries of a farm. After a delicious cup of coffee we took a stroll through the fields and gardens of this farm, and were truly surprised at the amount of labor that has been done since last fall. What was a willow thicket last year is now a field of waving grain, the barley being as luxuriant and thrifty as we ever saw in any place.

Alkali Flat is five miles "up the road" from Schmeer's; and friends, the miles in this country are miles. We majestically swept into the camp at 6 o'clock, and were cordially greeted with a shake and a wink by the cowboys. On the next morning, after having passed a night of refreshing sleep, we had the pleasure of witnessing the cattle men delivering and receiving cattle. This consists in marking, branding and a good deal of yelling. At 8 o'clock we turned our faces homeward, and after a pleasant ride of five hours we arrived at the beautiful village that we recognize as our home.

The Harvest Prospects.

Correspondence Dalles Times.

Having just arrived in The Dalles from a tour through the extensive wheat producing country east of this city, I think possibly it may be of interest to some of your readers to learn the little I was able to gather during my few days of observation of the yield:

Starting from Walla Walla and going in a northeasterly direction, I find the crops within a radius of ten miles producing as high as 46 bushels to the acre, notably on the ranch owned by Wm. Kibbler, six miles from Walla Walla, immediately on the railroad track. This wheat has been cut and threshed, it is full in ear, well ripe and bearing sound grain. Again in another direction, I find within the same radius, wheat promising equally good yield but not yet cut. The ranchers there are quite well pleased with the yield and I believe also with the price that is being realized. The nominal price for the past week, so far as an outsider may judge, is about 65 cents per bushel. Leaving Walla Walla and going towards Weston, Centerville and Pendleton, the yield decidedly falls short, producing not more than from 17 to 18 bushels per acre.

ACCIDENT AT TUALATIN.—Old gentleman Foster, a farmer at Tualatin, Washington county, came near killing his two-year old daughter on Tuesday, by throwing a binding pole off a load of hay. The pole, which was heavy, struck the child, knocking her down and inflicting severe, but fortunately not dangerous injury.