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SOMETHING FOR FARMERS TO CONSIDER.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

In early days of Oregon there were a few tanneries in operation; they tanned the hides and made an excellent article of leather. We have the finest quality of bark and hides and pure water, all the elements for a first-class article. Where are now those tanneries? Echo answers, where? I know of one still in existence; sticking to it with bull-dog tenacity, and doing a good business. The middle men made you believe it was cheaper to buy than to manufacture; said they: "Labor is too dear, sell the hides and buy boots;" you walked the sepietry, demanded something cheap, and you've got it. Your hides are bought, go across the continent to be tanned, the leather made up in Lynn and Boston and sent back again in the shape of boots and shoes. Instead of having the tanner and the shoemaker, with their families, near at hand, as consumers, to take your products in exchange for a good, substantial, honest article of boots, and have their help to build roads and support schools and churches, you buy cheap boots in which a certain amount of the products you have to sell are represented; you pay two freights across the continent, and raise wheat to sell at less than one dollar per bushel to pay for it. Nor is this all—what kind of boots do you buy? Cost three to five dollars; you demand it must be cheap; can't go above five dollars; they look pretty well outside; you put them on and wear them, find them stuffed with scraps; you can go through two pair in a winter; your twelve-year-old boy will use them up in a month and call for more; mine will, and not half try. Then you curse the middle men for their cheating. Where's the cheating? They were made to supply the demand for something cheap. The middle men study the demands of trade and study to supply it. The fact is, they were not made to wear; they are like Holbe's razors, made to sell—and you are badly sold. Then patronize your shoemaker, demand they shall be made of good Oregon tanned leather. He will not cheat you, because he expects to live within sight and hearing until they are worn out. Suppose they do cost ten or twelve dollars, one pair will outlast four such as you buy, and you save the annoyance of breaking four pair instead of one, which is some consideration to me.

You pursue the same line of action in the purchase of your clothing; you go for the cheap, and get it. Shoddy mixed with cotton, made in a shoddy manner; the seams will rip and buttons fall off before you have worn it a month. Perhaps what wool there is in it was raised right here in Oregon; it has been across the continent and adulterated and sent back to you; you patronize at every turn the very middle men who so much complain of and want to get rid of. I believe I state the truth when I assert that your woolen factories pay better average prices for your wool than is paid by those who buy to ship it away. Then patronize your woolen mills; Oregon blankets and cloths are unsurpassed for substantial fabric and honest material. Pay more attention to the quality of your clothing material, your boots and shoes and be willing to pay for it, instead of trying to jew down the price to the level of the shoddy. Make a demand for Oregon leather, for Oregon made boots, shoes and harness, set your face like flint, that you won't have any other, and you will soon be able to get it; it will be a move in the right direction, in the interest of true economy.

Yesterday a farmer came in, and our conversation drifted into this subject, which I urged upon his attention. After listening a while, he said with a little impatience: "Look here, you talk pretty well, but are like some of these preachers, you don't practice what you preach." Why don't I, says I? "Well, look at your boots, you buy them at a store the same I do." Not at all; I had them made to order, and they were made of Oregon tanned leather. "The shoemaker might have told you so just because you called for Oregon, they will swindle just as well as merchants."

But I obtained the leather from the tanner. I took a side to my shoemaker and ordered the boots. "How much did they cost?" "Twelve dollars." "That's outrageous; I can't stand that." "How long have you worn them?" "Over two years steady wear." "And pretty good yet; anything else?" "Yes; my under clothing is all Oregon. For what it would cost to buy a set and change for myself, I bought a bolt which furnished for the whole household, and we are all better clad for half the expense." "Well, that will do to tell; but if you wanted a plow, I'd like to see you get it without going to the store for

it." "Why that's easy; I have a plow I ordered made last spring." "You have? I didn't know such a thing was made in Oregon; how much did it cost?" "Forty-five dollars!" "You must be crazy; I can buy a big, four-horse 14-inch plow for \$25, and that is big enough for any man." "You are mistaken; the best plow I can find at the store will not last my team in my work so long as it would take to hitch on to it. We are breaking new ground in the timber, and take out the stumps as we go. My plow was made of steel throughout, very strong, warranted to stand five yoke of the heaviest cattle." The fact is, you can get almost anything in Oregon you want. It is true there are no plow factories, no factories on a large scale for any kind of implements, but a beginning made in a small way for most kinds, and it rests with the farmers whether they shall grow and flourish and furnish you with a substantial home-made article, building up a home market for farm products, or whether they shall be squelched, thwarted and froze out by the class of middlemen who want to sell you cheap, articles made to sell, on the profits of which they fatten at your expense. You have the power in your own hands to remedy this. It needs no calling for conventions, passing of resolutions or flourish of trumpets, or even any particular co-operation. Let each and every farmer look around him, patronize home-made articles of boots and shoes, and harness, and clothing fabrics, and furniture, and farm machinery and implements, and when what you want cannot be found demand it and wait for it; stick to it as you would to a religious principle, and the revolution will be accomplished. There is in this city a manufactory of boots and shoes making excellent articles, started five or six years ago, holding their own, but making slow progress.

There is a disposition among many farmers to buy a better article and patronize home manufactures. Then where is the trouble? Half the farmers, perhaps, don't know that there is such an establishment. The middlemen have an article made to sell, on which, although freight has been paid on it across the continent, they can make greater profit than on these good honest articles. Hence them in the background and sell you the cheap; and so long as you continue to buy the cheap, so long will this state of things continue. The reformation rests with the farmers. Another boot and shoe factory was started on a large scale in this city about the beginning of this year. The middlemen, who would like to furnish you all you buy and sell you cheap, are masters of the situation; they hold the channels of approach to you; they do not look with favor upon those new enterprises unless they have them entirely under their control. And what was the consequence? They were frozen out and retired in disgust; and you have not been permitted to even try their goods. How long will you stand this state of things? You cry out against middlemen, you complain of hard times, growl and grumble, but continue on in the same round and round year after year without making any effort to extricate yourselves, just like a blind mule in a bark mill.

About the beginning of last year a manufactory of agricultural implements, started in this city, intending to grow and branch out on a large scale and furnish anything and everything wanted in that line. This is not in the interest of certain middlemen, nor of the transportation companies, but is in the direct interest of the farmer. What do you think of it? Will you patronize it? Will you sustain it? Or will you allow it to die a lingering death, while you continue your growling? We will watch the result. It rests with the farmers. J. B. KNAPP.

Colic—Symptoms and Remedies.

INDEPENDENCE, Or., Aug. 6, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: A few weeks since I wrote an article in your journal on "Bots in the Horse," concluding with the promise to write soon a letter on Colic. In the following number of the FARMER I saw an answer to my views on bots from the pen of Dr. Withycombe, V. S., which I will answer as soon as I have time to look up the authorities on the subject; being a farmer my time is taken up with harvest.

SPASMODIC COLIC.

The attack is usually very sudden; there is often not the slightest warning. The horse begins to shift his pasture, look around at his flanks, paw violently, strike his belly with his feet and crouch in a peculiar manner, advancing his hind limbs under him he will suddenly lie, or rather fall, and balance himself upon his back, with his feet resting upon his belly. The pain now seems to cease for awhile; the respite, however, is but short; the spasms return more violent, and every indication of pain is increased. In the space of an hour or two either the spasms begin to relax or the torture is augmented at every paroxysm; the

intervals of ease are fewer and less marked, and inflammation and death supervene.

Among the causes of colic are the drinking of cold water when the horse is heated—there is not a surer origin of violent spasms than this. Colic often follows the exposure of a horse to cold air or wind after strong exertion. An over-loaded stomach is another cause of it, and particularly so when water is given before or after a hasty meal that the horse is not accustomed to. Fortunately we are acquainted with several medicines which will allay these spasms. Saleratus is a favorite remedy among horsemen for the cure of colic; being an ant-acid, it combines with the free acids existing in the digestive cavity, and thus neutralizes it. The benefit which might be derived from alkali is often prevented by mixing it with milk or molasses; both contain an acid, and must therefore partly neutralize the alkali before it reaches the stomach. When saleratus is given, we advise six ounces dissolved in water as a proper dose for a horse. But we have, perhaps, had better success with Laudanum in severe cases than any remedy we have made use of. Give one ounce in a pint of water, milk warm, and repeat in thirty minutes when relief is not obtained. We have never yet failed in a case with this remedy. We would further advise to keep the horse well blanketed and kept in motion most of the time, though not exercised faster than a walk. Another good remedy: Powdered grains of paradise, one teaspoonful; powdered caraway, half a teaspoonful; oil of pepperermint, twenty drops; powdered slippery elm, one tablespoonful; warm water, one pint. Mix together and give from a bottle or dropping horn; inject one pint of soap-suds into the rectum. This is especially good where the animal labors under pyloric obstruction.

The old adage, "That an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure," we would amend by saying a ton of cure. Therefore, use the same precaution with your horse as you would with yourself; be careful about the amount of water he drinks when hot, and the amount of feed you give him when hungry. We find it the best method to feed regularly and have a measure and give the same quantity at a feed. After exercising your horse do not hitch him up in the cold rain or snow to chill; that is not only inhuman, but conducive to colic any many other diseases. Entanglement of the intestines is produced by colic. When the animal rolls and throws himself about, portions of the intestines become entangled so as to be twisted into nooses and knots with a degree of tightness scarcely credible. Nothing but the extreme and continued torture of the animal could lead us to suspect that this has taken place, and could we ascertain its existence there would be no cure.

There are three kinds of colic, spasmodic, flatulent and stercooral. The symptoms of flatulent and spasmodic are very much the same, except in the former case the belly swells round, but mostly on the right flank, and one of the best remedies is sulphuric ether, combined with tincture of opium, and if relief is not obtained in an hour bleeding should be resorted to. Stercooral colic is caused by an obstruction in the bowels or intestines, and symptoms do not vary much from flatulent, except a lack of passage, which obstruction must be relieved by large doses of linseed oil, say one pint three times a day; at the same time keep down gripping with laudanum or tincture of opium, say two drachms at a dose. By steadily pursuing this system of treatment we have succeeded in establishing a cure in some of the most stubborn cases of colic. R. F. W.

The State Agricultural Society and the People.

TURNER, Aug. 14, 1882.

Editor Willamette Farmer: I have read Mr. Waite's little article in regard to the State Fair, published in your paper of the 11th inst., and in view of the dissatisfaction at former Fairs, and of the last Fair in particular, the statement of our Secretary is not very satisfactory to me as a pavilion exhibitor, whatever it may be to others. The exhibitors have always trusted the Society, or its managers, with what result they best know, until the "horse-men" refused to do so longer; hence the placing of that department in the hands of a "committee." Are other exhibitors in any better fix? Are there so gullible as to come forward this year more enthusiastically than ever to repeat the same old process, under the same old regime, and relieve themselves afterwards by "hawling?" If they are, perhaps I am wrong, and should do so too; but until I see this done I shall insist on a square deal.

The Secretary says: "If all the arrangements can be perfected as now desired by the Executive Committee, our receipts will be much larger in some departments than they have been for two years." Yes? But how about the Society's receipts? And again: "Of course, the public under-

stand that the Society offers no money this year for racing, etc." I don't. Don't you give the speed department certain of the receipts of the Fair? And isn't that equivalent to money? It is true that you don't handle it; the racing men's "committee" does that; but the speed department absorbs its proportion of the Fair all the same. Am I not correct?

I wish most sincerely for a good exhibit, and I also hope to see some features of "unusual interest," and I hope in view of the financial condition of the society to see the members present to that end. Let us have a square deal in the future. "Right is right, and right wrongs no man," who is willing to do right. A. P. EXHIBITOR.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

How Oregon Commercial Interests are Considered Abroad.

LIVERPOOL, July 15, 1882.

Donald Macley, Esq., President of the Portland Board of Trade, Portland.—DEAR SIR: I am favored with your important letter of the 13th of June, containing details of five wrecks which occurred within the last twelve months, and which made a great noise on 'Change here, to the prejudice of your port, leading private underwriters to add five per cent. premium on all risks. These details are valuable, for although it is policy on my part to avoid any conversation on the subject of wrecks, yet when they are referred to I am now enabled to show where the blame rests.

I may mention that the clamor against your river was quelled in the minds of shipowners from a belief that although your Board was using all possible efforts to improve the navigation of the river, yet as to the towing of ships you were helpless, because of a certain monopoly granted by the State. Now, although from the earliest times (going back to 1851) I had great faith in the future of your State, yet, recently, as your representative, I was, myself, chilled in my efforts and wishes to be useful, because that question of towage rendered it almost impossible to do any good.

The receipt of the news you convey, that a joint stock company, formed by your merchants, will be prepared to take the business of towage in October next, is an announcement that will remove from your State the evil effects of a mistaken act of your government, and so soon as the fact becomes known to all British shipowners, the timid and the prejudiced, instead of continuing to turn away from your river, will now head their tonnage in that direction. Already on 'Change here, owners think the news too good to be true.

The pamphlet, containing sailing directions and particulars of the lighthouses, buoys, etc., together with the list of port charges, is to hand; being a condensation of valuable information; most useful.

I consider the labors of the Portland Board of Trade deserves the thanks of every citizen in the State, for the benefits of their judicious labors are being rapidly unfolded. This last act concerning towage I consider the crowning point of all their efforts. The information you have now placed in my hands enables me to go on 'Change with a confidence, as your representative, which I never had before.

I may incidentally mention that on a visit homeward several years back, being appointed the representative to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the result of a few months' labor on my part was to introduce to the California trade a fleet of the finest iron built ships afloat. At that time the port had such a bad name none but iron ships thought it worth their while to go there. Afterwards the Chamber acknowledged that I did more for the benefit of the port, as it regarded towage, than was done by all the other English houses put together. I am animated with a similar desire of removing, as far as possible, the prejudices, more or less unjust, towards your State; and am quite hopeful of success now that the steam tug difficulty is removed. I remain, dear sir, yours very truly, WM. McCANN.

DEAN OF THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—Miss Jennie Twigg, A. B., who came in on the last steamer, says the Statesman, has been chosen Dean of the Woman's College of Willamette University, and will enter upon her duties at the beginning of the term September 4th. She is now spending a short time with friends at Crawfordsville, and thence will go to Walla Walla to see a sister whom she hopes will return with her to attend this school. Miss Twigg is a graduate of Pittsburg Female College, Pennsylvania, and is well recommended for the position she now occupies. She is simple in manner and style, entirely free of affectation, and appears to be a real lady. She will be in Salem September 1st. The rooms are being rapidly taken at the Woman's College and a successful year is anticipated.

William Nuttall gathered from 33 acres of ground an average of 47 bushels of one peck of first class wheat.

PROBABLE MURDER.

Mrs. W. Van Damme, of East Portland, shot in the head, and supposed to be fatally wounded.

At a late hour last evening two boys called at the office of Dr. Rafferty in East Portland, and requested him to go to the assistance of Mrs. W. Van Damme, who had been shot in the head by some unknown person, and was supposed to be fatally wounded. From what a STANDARD reporter was able to learn concerning the matter, it seems that Mr. and Mrs. Van Damme reside about a quarter of a mile west of the car shops above East Portland. They are natives of Holland, and industrious, frugal people, who have been in the State about two years. About 8:30 o'clock last evening two young men were passing their place, when they heard a shot fired, and Mr. Van Damme, who was out of the house, ran in and immediately shouted that his wife was shot in the head. Coroner Cook started for the scene a little before midnight, at which time Dr. Rafferty had not returned. The affair seems a very mysterious one. Mr. and Mrs. Van Damme are each about 35 years of age, and it is said, only been married about two years, have no children, and are highly respected by their neighbors.

A Horrible Affair.

We have just received intelligence, says the Seattle Chronicle, of a sickening affair which occurred last week on Orcas Island. It seems that one Charles Emerson has for a considerable length of time lived upon the island alone and at some distance from neighbors. He had not been seen for some time, and, on Saturday last week, Mr. Shattuck, one of his neighbors, having occasion to pass near his house, thought he would call upon him. Accordingly he approached the building and found the door standing open. Looking to a side light met his view. The body of a man, torn into five parts by a bear, lay upon the floor, which, upon investigation, proved to be all that remained of the unfortunate Emerson.

He had apparently been dead for some days, and the surroundings indicate that he had died by his own hand. A gun lay beside the body discharged, and with a long string tied to the trigger in such a manner as to lead to the conclusion that the weapon had been used for the deadly purpose of self-destruction, though the remains were so fearfully mangled that, of course, no wounds could be found.

Our informant could give no idea of Emerson's antecedents, age or place of birth, but it is supposed that he was a lonely recluse, without friends or means. After the usual preliminaries in such cases, he was buried by those among whom he had lived.

BOARD OF TRADE ANNUAL MEETING.—On Monday evening, September 11th, the Portland Board of Trade will hold its regular annual meeting for the election of officers, the appointment of committees to serve during the ensuing year, to hear President Macley's address, Secretary Arnold's report, financial statement, and report of assistant secretary and statistician, Mr. Cohen and other business that may be presented. In view of the fact that the board never had more energetic and efficient officers than those at present in the chairs, it would be policy, if possible, to induce those gentlemen to serve another term. The board rooms have been elegantly furnished, and members may be congratulated that they have a place of meeting in which they can receive commercial delegates from other cities without fear of invidious comparison. The board is in a more flourishing and prosperous condition than since its organization, and it is to be hoped will be kept in the same condition by the re-election of the officers at present filling the positions of responsibility.—Journal of Commerce.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—Pete H. Watter, a pioneer, was killed by lightning in Stanley basin, August 21st, says the Idaho Sentinel, while working his placer claim with one of his partners, A. P. Challis. The Challis Mountains, in giving the particulars, says: He and Mr. Challis were cutting a drain to open up the bed of the creek. During the forenoon a thunder storm came up which lasted for some time. At eight o'clock (his watch was stopped at exactly this time) the dread thunderbolt struck him. It rent his clothes from his body, tore his boots from his feet, and stripping his entire apparel into shreds, scattered it for a circuit of fifty feet, leaving his person perfectly bare and terribly mangled. Mr. Challis was stunned so that he did not recover for some time, but was not seriously injured.

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The Acme Drier.

Our editorial, concerning this drier, last week, has called out facts and done good, though in it we unintentionally did injustice to the inventor, whose system contained an important agent for the difference of heat that was omitted by those who put up the earliest driers, because they neglected to read carefully the specifications and omit that feature. Mr. Burns, the inventor, was away East of the Mountains, could not personally supervise the putting up of driers. Also, the mechanics who put the iron work together here used inferior material—violating the contract—gave as the cause of complaint we made. The purchaser, in future, can depend on getting good work. So far as the quality of fruit made in this drier is concerned, we assert that with ordinary care it will be perfect, as good as can be made. We have more confidence than ever before that fruit drying will be successful, and that dried fruit will be preferred to canned fruit. Dr. Cardwell, who has a large orchard near this city, has a 24-section drier in operation at his orchard, and is perfectly satisfied with it. Those interested in fruit drying will be repaid for the trouble of calling at J. B. Knapp's, 267 First street, who represents the Acme Fruit Drier Company, and has a large drier in operation near by.

Hattie Moore Opera Company.

This excellent opera company, under the leadership of Miss Hattie Moore, has been playing the past week to good houses at New Market Theater. *Olivette* and *Le Mascoite*, and *Belle Taylor*, leading comic operas, are being performed. The audiences are good—the house being filled each night. Miss Moore to our notion is exceedingly pleasing in *Le Mascoite*, in which she takes the leading role. Harry Gates is splendid in the interpretation of the different characters he assumes. This is one of the largest combinations that ever made a tour of Oregon and Washington. We cannot give the exact date this week, but will publish next week a list of appointments of the company. They will probably visit Oregon City, Salem, Albany, Corvallis, Independence, Walla Walla, Dayton, W. T., The Dalles, Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend and Victoria. Wherever they go our citizens and readers can rest assured that they will be treated to a first-class entertainment. Manager Steehan has been furnishing our theater-going people with some very excellent entertainments, and we understand he will have a first-class troupe at the Opera House in Salem during Fair week.

Salmon at the Falls.

At Yale bridge, remarks the *Sentinel*, are salmon in great numbers that have made their way nearly a quarter of a mile from the Fraser river, and are now struggling day and night to climb the rough rapids of the creek, now at low water mark. The salmon are from 12 to 20 inches long, and appear in good condition, except the noses of some badly worn by striking against the rocks, etc. It is amusing to see how hard they work to get up the stream—sometimes progressing, and again driven back by the swift current. They can be shovelled out or caught by hand, as they get into shallow water or lodge among the rocks. Thousands grow weak and die, and are carried away by the water running into the river. Last evening we took a ramble up the west bank of the creek, and found the salmon had ascended some score of falls four to eight feet in height. About two-thirds of a mile above the Cariboo road bridge at one point only one could be seen, while a dozen rods further up had a dozen salmon were together. At that point the falls appear to be an obstruction not easily overcome. A peculiarity of the salmon up the creek is the reddish appearance they present. It is said they are "sick salmon" because of that. Certain it is that they appear very much bruised and badly tired.

The Golden Gate Evaporator.

Last year we saw this drier at work in East Portland and saw the product that was made from it. This drier is the invention of Mr. Evans, who then operated it. It was a decided improvement on any drier ever used in Oregon to that time and has the advantage that its trays are put in at the bottom and are elevated as fast as others are put in, so that the green fruit is always nearest the fire. Another feature of Mr. Evans' drier is that the trays are several feet above the heating giving room for a body of hot air to be held always in reserve and equally distributed through the drier. While there are many good features to this drier, one great advantage in it is its moderate cost. The proprietors claim that they can build a drier for half the money any other cost to do the same work. The Golden Gate Drier, (the Common Sense), will manufacture a first-class article of fruit and all who intend preparing for fruit drying should see for themselves before investing.

Mr. Burns, inventor of the Acme Fruit drier, will be in Salem this week and will receive proposals for sale of county rights in that part of the valley. He has made sale of territory already in this State and Washington Territory, and everywhere fruit men appreciate his invention.