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Miscellaneous.

Occupation for Women.

In last week's Review we published an extract from the last census report purporting to give the number of women employed in all the leading occupations in the United States. Singularly enough, farming, the occupation of more than half of the population of the country, was omitted from the statement. As a comment on this fact, we appended to the extract in question an item of information regarding a woman farmer, and a successful one too. We have known quite a number of cases of successful women farmers. It is doubtless true that the inability to herself perform much of the work on the farm is a drawback to all but women who possess an unusual degree of executive ability sufficient to overcome this disadvantage. But there are many kinds of farming which offer inducements to those good women who desire to support themselves, and right here let us suggest to farmers—not wives, they always have more than they can do—but to farmers' daughters who are thinking longingly of situations in stores or offices in cities where they will be able to earn their own living easily, pleasantly (?), that they will do infinitely better by adopting some way of maintaining themselves by their own labor which will at the same time enable them to remain at home, and which calls for such knowledge and experience as may easily be gained on the farm. Dairy work is admirably adapted for women farmers, and there is no reason why any farmer's daughter should not, if compelled to earn her own living, become a successful dairy farmer. Poultry raising is infinitely more appropriate work for women than clerking in a store, proof-reading or reporting, and far more remunerative. So with bee-keeping, and now, with the improved facilities afforded for its pursuit, silk culture. An esteemed lady correspondent told us, a few numbers back, of two plucky girls who, left fatherless, kept a home over their own and their mother's heads by market gardening. All agricultural papers have said a good deal, from time to time, about giving the boys a chance. Now we say to our farmer readers and friends, give the girls a chance. Don't ask your girls to toil on, from young girlhood, without a chance for self-improvement or self-adornment, save what they or their mothers must try for. As girls grow up, don't condemn them to an unceasing routine of household drudgery, unenlivened even by a bit of bright ribbon for their "bonny brown hair." Let the girls learn how to cook, iron, wash and keep house generally, but why keep them at that and nothing else? If Jane can come into the city and earn money in an office, why not utilize her talents yourself? She can save you many a dollar by keeping your account books (perhaps you do not keep any, but you ought to, all the same). Your poultry account you know nothing about perhaps; you have eggs, and occasionally a chicken. Now let Mary or Lucy take charge of that; it will be better for them than sweeping and ironing, and they can make their pin-money out of it and contribute something toward paying a strong hired girl to do the hard, rough domestic work. A farm is a manufactory and a counting-house as well as a farm, and there is room for all the intelligent help you can get, and you can employ all young people profitably at home, but let them feel that they are earning something for themselves as well as for you, and see if it does not help keep them at home until the right sort of a man comes, a courting, and then give the young people your blessing and help them to get the start in the world which perhaps you lacked yourself, and for want of which there are more gray hairs in your head and your wife's than there ought to be.—Farmers' Review.

The Love of Display.

Perhaps "The Slavish Habit of Imitation" would have been a better heading, as being the foundation of all the trouble. As a nation, we are sadly lacking in originality; we have not the moral courage to adhere to our own ideas of comfort, when the prevailing mode dictates otherwise; we are afraid of being termed "eccentric."

If Mr. A, who has an abundance of this world's goods, subscribes liberally to the church fund, Mr. B, not to be outdone, subscribes a like amount, although he has not the remotest idea where the money is to come from. Mrs. A. gives a large party, and Mrs. B. immediately fol-

lows her example, although the expense incurred will of necessity deprive the little B's of their summer trip to the country.

Personal adornment should by no means be neglected; but dress, which is too expensive for one's means, is an investment that brings little comfort. Our young ladies make a mistake in dressing extravagantly and spending lavishly; young men of real worth and small means have not the courage to marry women who must imitate their wealthy neighbors.

The fashionable wedding is another illustration of the love of display. Brides-elect seem as lavish with their strength as with their money; indeed, it has become proverbial, that the bride is worn to a shadow by the preparations which precede a great display.

Judging from its effects, the passion for display may be considered one of the greatest evils of our time. It has been followed by the saddest results—unhappy homes, crime and premature death. Foreigners who visit this country remark the restless, feverish manner, and the tired, worn, prematurely aged faces of business men, many of whom are carrying burdens unjust as they are unnecessary. More humble conditions of life would spare to his family, until ripe old age, many a man whose over-exertion to gratify the passion for display, shatters his nervous system, and dooms him to death in the very prime of life. It is a noteworthy fact that the husband does not talk business to the wife, except when asked for money, and even then he gives her no definite idea of his affairs. How is a woman to know whether she is extravagant or not, when she has no idea of the amount of her husband's income? Women are not so witless about business as most men believe them to be; they have great powers of ingenuity, and if informed as to the real state of affairs, might make the allowance, however small, suffice for all needs.

Certain it is that if we all had the moral courage to stint the love of display, we should hear more of domestic happiness, and less of paralysis, lunacy and suicide.

LILLIAN MAYNE.

On the Nehalem.

Whatever drawbacks there may be to the enjoyment of life here, ill health is not likely to be one of them. Some men are never contented anywhere, while others are "always at home" and satisfied. I believe I am one of the latter. Here, in this isolated valley, six miles from a neighbor, twelve from a post office and thirty from a store, hemmed in by the everlasting hills, living in a log hut chinked with moss, I am well contented. I have good health and a good appetite to enjoy the rough fare, and am surrounded by some of God's loveliest works. A little prairie, surrounded by an evergreen forest, on three sides of which runs the very beautiful North Nehalem, softly murmuring over its rocky bed and passing in its course in full view of our door. On the opposite side, and also in full view from our door, a lovely cascade falls over a rocky bluff and is scattered into spray ere it reaches the river, forty feet below, filling the air with its music night and day. And, too, for those who delight in procuring a goodly portion of their food from wood or stream, we have in the woods a plenty of meat in the shape of elk, deer, bear and pheasant; or fruit, salmon berries, blackberries, thimbleberries, and huckleberries of four varieties; in the water we have plenty of fish of various kinds. Then we can add to all this plenty of hard work, and the most particular ought to be contented, "but men are so queer."

Several have asked me the question: "What is the chance of getting good government claims on the Nehalem?" Through your kindness, I wish to answer all at once. I do not wish to have any come and say I raised hopes not anticipated; so I will speak plainly: There are only a few desirable claims yet vacant, and they are unsurveyed. There are also a few few good railroad claims.

The second day after I located on my claim, a neighbor came up and asked me if I did not want some elk meat. I told him that elk meat would go well about now. "Well," says he, "we will get it." So off we started, and in a short time we had a fine specimen of that noble animal at our feet. We had fine sport and got about 400 pounds of stripped meat, together with horns, tallow and hide—in all worth about \$40.—Corr. Register.

When you don't know what ails you, when you feel aches and pains all over; when you feel tired and faint, use Brown's Iron Bitters. A wonderful reviver.

Company Manners.

Good manners do not consist in obedience to any set of rules, and the absolute uselessness of manuals of etiquette in forming even their rudiments is due to the fact that their very essence is adaptability, what we call "company manners" suggests the unpleasant vision of a thin veneer of conventional politeness, through which ignorance and vulgarity are plainly visible. The reason of this, however, is not that there is any innate impropriety in modifying one's behavior in accordance with one's surroundings but that, unfortunately, the assumption of ceremonious courtesy is with many people so rare an effort that it has all the awkward stiffness of an infrequent and unfamiliar impersonation. The general notion that a perfectly polite person is exactly the same in all companies is not tenable for a moment, as there are occasions which would be the height of ill-breeding in one place, and the very essence of good breeding in another. Indeed, the difference between good manners and "company manners" is that one is the natural expression of ordinary courtesy, self-control, and knowledge of the world, while the other is an effort made for some temporary purpose, or to bring one's self into harmony with unusually difficult surroundings. Extra pains taken for this purpose is highly commendable in principle; but those who make the effort rarely are apt to do it awkwardly, and so have brought the endeavor itself into disrepute.

In one of Mrs. Gaskell's most charming stories there is an old lady who is a typical member of the ancienne noblesse, aristocratic, refined, and fastidious to the extreme point. Her perfect manners are founded on the true nobility of nature; and it happens, in the course of the story, that she sees occasion somewhat to relax her fastidious exclusiveness and to admit, as evening guests, a worthy couple whose birth and breeding are not equal to their merits. On tea being handed round one of these guests, who had never before partaken of the meal except when seated at a solid table, is embarrassed by having to hold her cup, and having, further, no plate for her bread and butter, she spreads a large handkerchief over her lap to catch the falling crumbs. The other, better born, if not better bred, visitors titter among themselves, but Lady Ludlow, the hostess silences them by drawing out her own handkerchief and spreading it over her knee to prevent her guest from discovering that her action is the cause of the mirth about her. It is such manners as Lady Ludlow's that Mr. Tennyson means when he calls them "not idle, but the fruit of noble minds," and he has given an example of such when Geraint, the chivalrous knight, saw his fair lady about to lead away and groom his horse. His instinct was, of course, to prevent her, but on her father's explaining the case, we are told that

Reverencing the custom of the house, Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

Now, while it will hardly be denied that the actions of Lady Ludlow and of Prince Geraint were the perfection of courtesy, it would be dangerous to lay upon the axiom that drinking tea with a lap protected by an outspread handkerchief, or sitting in a hall while a young lady groomed your horse, could possibly be consistent with conventional politeness. They are instances of company manners, dignified by that tenderness for the feelings of others which is the roof of good breeding, and that ready adaptability which is its flower. It is well known that Louis XIV., that martinet in all matters of etiquette, pointed out as the polite man in his dominions an Englishman who silently entered the royal carriage before the king in obedience to the "Apres vous, monsieur" of his majesty.—London Queen.

Eras of Pantaloon.

"Can you remember the styles of pantaloon that have prevailed in this country?"

"Let me see," said the tailor; "yes, they are all before me in my mind's eye. There were the breeches of the period immediately succeeding the revolution. They were short reaching only to the knees, mostly made of cloth, buttoning at the sides. The wealthy wore them of velvet, or corduroy, as the fancy seized them, or of doe cloth. The first long pantaloon, as I have told you, were merely comfortable bags, and this was principally due to the fact that they were homespun—made by willing, but unskillful hands. The first improvement was when they were so altered in construction as to button elsewhere than at the side. Suspenders were not used

until comparatively recent times, somewhere about 1840, I believe. Distinctive styles in breeches date from the close of the war. Then there came garments tight at the waist and to the knees, where they bagged enormously, giving the appearance of swollen joints. The pockets were called 'top pockets,' and could be reached only by pulling the vest up to the chin. Later they were cut high in the waist and medium in the legs. This was a return to first principles. The next trousers to achieve popularity were those miserable 'tights.' They fitted the nether extremities like caskins, and suddenly swelled to awful proportions at the bottom. They were the invention of a rody, and it was a shame decent people ever wore them. I'm glad they're gone. The hip pockets came into fashion along with the 'tights.' Young bloods fain would carry pistols, and it being found cumbersome to add another pocket to the coat, the inoffensive breeches were subject to the gross imposition. At first the buttons of these garments were made of bone, then of rubber, later of metal, and now of metal in the shape of rivets, that decay only when the breeches are deceased. The present styles are elegant, and a decided advance on any that have preceded. The trousers of to-day is as complete an institution as can be wished for. There are well-contrived recesses for the watch, the pistol, the whisky flask, keys, knife, comb, handkerchief, pocketbook; in short, everything that the most fastidious man could desire to have about him. The only thing left for man to do is to learn how to wear breeches. Tall, slim men, with spider legs, should wear close, but not tight-fitting, garments; fat men look best in tight pantaloons; swells wear stripes; gamblers, plaids; Quakers, quiet colors; ministers, plain black cloth. Reporters glory in broadcloth, much to the disgust of tailors.—Philadelphia Press.

Dogs' Instinctive Dislike.

Almost all dogs have an instinctive distrust of tramps, and this may possibly be understood upon the ground that these individuals have a hang-dog look about them, and seem to be intent upon some mysterious business which is provocative of suspicion at the first glance. Dogs are excellent judges of character and of the signs which indicate a person's intentions, and are quite able to distinguish a man who is intent upon his own business, and one who is inclined to meddle with what does not concern him. Another object of common attack by this race of quadrupeds is the leg of a breech-wearing footman; and it will be observed, that the most dignified and solemn of these ornamental gentlemen, are apt to lose their presence of mind as soon as they become aware that there is a spaniel, or even a pug, sniffing around their calves. In this instance it is probably the inviting look of the part attacked which proves too strong a temptation to the canine mind; and it would be hardly fair to include this among the cases of unexplained antipathy. It is believed that the snappiness of pet dogs, when their mistresses are touched or approached, proceeds from jealousy, and doubtless this cause will account for hundreds of ill-tempered acts indulged in not only by ugly poodles and toy terriers, but by parrots, monkeys and many other tame creatures. But why should a dog, walking along the street, pick out one cart or carriage rather than another to run behind and bark at? Why should he snarl and snap at some good-humored man who in vain attempts to conciliate him, while at the very first sight he will be reconciled to another of morose and surly character? In many of these cases the reason is to be found in some episode of the animal's life, unobserved or forgotten by other people. Dogs are quick observers, but bad at generalization, and it will often happen that one who has been once maltreated by a man wearing a particular costume, will bear malice all his life against others clad in the same garb.—London Globe.

When any druggist or dealer tries to sell you, or tells you that some other remedy is as good or better, when you ask for Ammen's Syrup, look him in the face, and you will see that God has stamped upon his countenance in unmistakable characters the word cupidity, and by investigation you will find he is recommending some decoction of his own that costs him only a few cents to prepare, or some patent remedy upon which he makes a large profit. Ask for Ammen's Cough Syrup. Take no other. Buy a 15-cent or 50-cent bottle. Test it yourself. It stands upon its merits.

"Do not put articles which have held milk into hot water," says a domestic receipt. Is this an admonition not to drop the baby into the wash boiler?

"Be You a Lady?"

We remember reading somewhere an anecdote of the ludicrous consternation of a poor emigrant laborer, who for the first time heard his employer spoken of as a "gentleman." He had been brought up in England, where his only notion of a gentleman was that of a consequential and peremptory being in good clothes, who swore at and kicked him. The New Haven Register tells the story of a poor boy in that city, whose idea of a "lady" was quite as unfortunate; and who came by a happy accident to conclude that there must be two kinds. Perhaps he was right in his conclusion. At any rate, the nice girl who gave him his first impression of what a true lady is, deserves all the credit of the story.

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State street upon a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her, carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk.

The richly-dressed ladies(?) near by held back their silken skirts and whispered quite audibly: "How horrid!" while several passed by, amused by the boy's look of blank dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stopped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel, when in despair he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced stranger stepped to the boy's side and said, in a tone of thorough kindness—

"Let me hold the other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he held to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse torn paper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his sawn arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement, and said—

"I hope you haven't far to go." The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words; but looking at her with the same vacant stare, he asked—

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant like, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as thinks they's ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is."

Spreading Manure Broadcast.

"Manure from the yard or stable," says Prof. Johnson, "rarely contains such an amount of volatile fertilizing matter as should deter from spreading it broadcast on the surface when most convenient. Unless manure is very rich as from grain fed animals, and is in an active state of fermentation, hot and smoking, and exhales a distinct smell of hartshorn there can be no loss from exposure, and in any case the loss will be less by spreading over thinly than by dropping in small heaps, because spreading means cooling and a loss of fermentation. But manure, when properly handled, need not waste from evaporation. A moderate and regulated heating of fresh manure results in the formation of humic acid, which secures the ammonia from loss by evaporation. This moderate heating it should have before hauling out, or in cold weather before it heats at all. The advantages of spreading the manure from the wagon as it is drawn out are, a saving of labor and an even distribution of the soluble salts (ammonia, potash, phosphates, etc.) in the soil by rain. If the manure is heaped on the field and gets a heavy rain before spreading, the ground under the heaps receives an undue share of the best part of the manure. Independently, however, of loss by evaporation, there may be circumstances when it is best to get the manure into the ground before it has a chance to become dry, for it distributes much better when moist and swollen with water than when 'chippy' or 'snuffy' in texture, and is ready at once to act as manure, whereas dry manure must recover moisture before it can be of any use."

Heard in a boudoir: "Mercy on me! What are those horrible sounds up stairs?" "Oh, that's nothing but dear George; I suppose he has lost his collar button again."

Skagit Valley.

A Skagit farmer called at our office yesterday and left some information of interest about the doings of the people in that section. It has been a good season, take it altogether; farmers, loggers, townfolk and steamboat men having done well pecuniarily. The country has developed as never before, and though but little has been heard from it outside it has made a long stride forward. Hay turned out especially fine this year, the average yield being about three tons to the acre and the product of superior quality. A ready sale awaits the whole crop at \$16 a ton on the river bank. Considerable has already been sold and brought to Seattle on steamers and barges. Potatoes also did well this year, and, on account of the dry weather, are above the average in quality. Four hundred bushels to the acre is a common yield. As with hay, the price for potatoes is up this year, and the demand is greater than the supply. Oats did poorly on the tide flats, but up the valley averaged well. Taking good and bad yields together, it is thought sixty bushels an acre for the whole region is not out of the way. Oats are also very saleable and at high rates. The valley farmers practice mixed cultivation, all growing more or less hay, grain, vegetables, fruits, stock, poultry, etc.—Post-Intelligencer.

The Chehalis Mountain Land.

The Hillsboro Independent says: Mr. Brisbane of Yamhill county, a relative of Mr. Fleming of this place, brought us a fine specimen of millet this week. It is five feet high with strong stalks and large and well filled heads. It is the finest millet we have seen in this State. It grew on the farm of John Pitman on the Chehalis mountain. This mountain has a strong and productive soil, and produces fine vegetables, fruit and grain. When it is cleared up it will make one of the finest producing districts in the State. This season, which has been so bad for fruits in all parts of the State except Northern Oregon, the Chehalis mountain orchards are bearing good crops. It requires muscle, energy and perseverance to clear up this land and get it under cultivation, but after that is done this mountain land beats the valley for strength of soil, pasturage in the dry seasons, pure water and freedom from malarial diseases. The man affected with a cough in the valley who goes up there and stays a few days, quits coughing and gains strength and vigor.

Over the Cascades.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says: "A. O. Eckelson, a civil engineer, long in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has organized a party and will at once proceed to the Cascade Mountains to locate the tunnel for the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. J. G. Seury will work from the east side and Mr. Eckelson from the west. The Cascade branch is now building from both ends. A large force is now employed on this side, working from Seattle to Green river, by way of the Cedar river valley, and several miles of grading has already been completed. On the eastern side of the mountains Mr. Bennett, who was recently awarded the contract for a 125-mile section, extending from the Columbia river west as far as Yakima City, is pushing his work ahead as rapidly as possible."

From the Gold Fields.

Thos. Humphrey has just returned from an extended prospecting tour north of here. He reports that there is no doubt but what valuable mines have been discovered on the Coeur d'Alene. Parties, here in town, have received letters from their friends who have been for some time in the new mines, stating that they are making from \$15 to \$20 per day to the man, and that they will not be home until the winter drives them out of the mines. Is it possible that the good old days of '49 are returning?—Boomerang.

Taken.

A few years ago, not more than four or five, much of the land along the river from Prineville to its mouth, was yet vacant and open to pre-emption, but now nearly all of it that is arable at all is taken. In fact it was not then thought that men would be crazy enough to settle on a flat where the sagebrush grow from three to six feet high, and thickly set, at that. But such was the case, and those who have fortunately taken these tracts of land are making what in a few years will be valuable farms.—Prineville News.