

WILLAMETTE FARMER

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Correspondence.

How to Trap the Skunk.

SALEM, Dec. 20, 1883.

Editor Willamette Farmer: The right way to trap a skunk is no easy way; but how many farmers know how to do it properly? I have an idea of my own, and although it bids fair to be a "hard winter," I'll not keep the idea. It is as follows:

Now, how to manage. Take any kind of a steel trap (Newhouse No. 1 is best), fasten it to the end of a pole, or narrow strip of board about 8 or 10 feet long, something light, that can be handled easily. Set the trap anywhere the intruder will be most likely to get in, say in the barn, or at the doorstep. Tie the opposite end of pole from which trap is fastened to something that will hold the skunk, or drive a stake, being careful not to set the trap where he will wind up, as among tools, near a bush, or such like. During the night he will be caught. Look at your trap early so as to spring it before chickens get in if you should fail to catch your skunk. If you have him, then don't go too near, and don't allow a dog around or anything that will frighten him, for a skunk never discharges his offensive odor at being caught in a steel trap. He does not like it himself. He wants to keep his coat clean, and will only use his weapon in defense. Unfasten your pole gently, then begin to draw him out of his trap; touch carefully; do not let any thing touch him. After you are started, say a rod, by dragging him after you then you may walk fast, or run; he will not discharge. Go to the nearest deep water and drown him, by leading him down in and rolling the chain round the pole so as to draw him under, being careful not to hit him. If managed right one will seldom discharge. Let him be under water fully five minutes after he ceases to struggle, then take him out and bury him. If you leave him in the sun he may still come to life. If you wish to save his skin or oil, I will tell you how.

Begin to cut and skin around the tail, being careful to cut only skin deep, as the two glands or sacks which hold all the perfume which are about the size of a wild plum, lie each side, and a little under the root of tail. If you cut through them it will spoil your knife and drive you off. As soon as you skin far enough, cut the sacks out; don't be saving of meat round them. Dig a hole and bury them a foot deep, then complete your work as carelessly as you wish, and no one will ever know or suspect you have been handling skunks, and the whole neighborhood will not howl "there's a skunk around."

ANTI-SKUNK.

Evergreen Millet—Crop Outlook, Etc.

AUMSVILLE, Dec. 20, 1883.

Editor Willamette Farmer: Having tried the much-advertised "Evergreen Millet," or Johnson grass, it may interest your readers to learn of my success, or failure. Last winter I endeavored to procure some seed for experiment from Portland, but was informed that the supply was exhausted. I afterwards obtained a handful from a neighbor, who had been more fortunate (or unfortunate) than myself. This I sowed carefully in drills, in March last—soil A No. 1 red-hill land. About one-half the seed came up in May and grew very slowly until the warm, growing weather set in, when it made a more rapid growth, and finally attained an average height of three feet. I must do this grass, or millet, the justice to say that this was during our extremely dry summer just past, and it was on dry hill land, and it would no doubt do better in a more favorable season, and, also, on lower and moister ground. It produced some seed, but the first white frost killed it to the ground. That settles it as winter pasture grass. The roots are yet alive in the ground, and it remains to be seen what a freeze will do for them. If the poor thing survives the winter I shall note what it does next spring and summer; but I conclude from present experience that it will make its appearance late in the spring, to be early killed in the fall, proving a summer plant only. Of its value as a hay plant, further experiment is necessary. If its roots prove perennial, and its summer growth can successfully compete with fern, sorrel, wild oats, etc., and it turns off a good crop of hay, it

may do us some good. But I am harassed with doubt. Some kind of grass that will succeed as a hay, and winter pasture grass, on the wheat lands of the red hills, is the grass now wanted in this section. Orchard grass is better for pasture than timothy, but is not as good for hay. Mesquite grass makes a heavy growth on low land, but is not good for hay, but is not so well relished by stock as a pasture grass; ne'er her will bear hard freezing. We have a native Blue grass which is becoming quite common in these hills, which makes a fair pasture, but is unproductive for hay. It is highly relished by stock; makes a strong sod; bears drouth, freezing and close cropping well; is tenacious of life, but we don't take kindly to it. It is too small a producer. But it grows all winter in sunny days, and under snow, in season and out of season, and once started in a field of Johnson grass, would probably gobble that evergreen while it was asleep in the ground.

Winter wheat looks well—better than usual at this season. Fall plowing is well advanced, although rain is needed to make it plow well, but the farmers are keeping at it, and more than the usual acreage of February and spring grain will be sown.

HENRY KEENE.

Letter from Illinois.

HARTSBURG, Ill., Dec. 28, 1883.

Editor Willamette Farmer: As I have not seen anything in the FARMER from our State I thought I would write a few lines and contribute a few items. After a fine dry fall we are having real winter weather, with about four inches of snow. Farmers are hauling in their corn pretty lively, and it is only worth 30 cents here, on account of the bad condition of corn this year, caused by a cold, wet, backward spring. There is but little dry, sound corn in this country, and it seems to be a pretty general thing throughout the States. We had but little corn in Illinois last year that would grow, and I think there will be less this year. The majority of the corn that was shipped in here for seed did not do well.

Our oat crop was good; wheat only about half a crop; grass good; vegetables fair, the potato crop being abundant; fruit scarce.

I like the description given of Oregon and Washington through your most excellent paper; I think the best means possible to learn all about a country is to take and read a good, reliable paper from the same. I believe that Oregon and Washington is destined to make a fine country in the near future. You seem to have all the resources that is necessary to make it rich, and a pleasant climate.

I will write again some time in the future. Yours fraternally,

ISAAC SHERWOOD.

GRANGE ELECTIONS.

SALEM, Dec. 27, 1883.

Editor Willamette Farmer: Marion County Pomona Grange has elected officers for 1884 as follows: Dan'l Clark, M.; E. H. Bellinger, O.; J. Voorhees, Lecturer; D. H. Lafolett, S.; W. M. Hilleary, A. S.; A. Stephens, Chap.; F. R. Smith, Treas.; E. Strong, Sec.; E. Kinsey, G. K.; Martha A. Minto, Pomona; Phemie Strong, Flora; Irene L. Hilleary, Ceres; J. M. Kinsey, L. A. S.; who will be installed on the 3rd of January.

The Salem Grange has also elected officers for 1884, to wit: E. Strong, M.; G. G. Glenn, O.; Dan'l Clark, L.; F. R. Smith, S.; M. Halbert, A. S.; J. P. Robertson, Chap.; L. Johnson, T.; A. Stephens, Sec.; S. G. Pugh, G. K.; Phemie Strong, P.; Mary J. Lousignont, Flora; Martha J. Miller, Ceres; Ellen Bagley, L. A. S. The officers elect of Salem Grange will be installed on the 5th of January. E. STRONG.

What Will Cure Warts on Horses.

PLEASANT HILL, Or., Dec. 24, 1883.

Editor Willamette Farmer: I have, friend—one of your subscribers—who is desirous to see a cure for warts on horses. In this case one is on the horses breast, and the other on the sheath. Should you, or any of your many readers, know a cure, please publish it in the FARMER and greatly oblige me. A SUBSCRIBER.

[NOTE.—We will endeavor to give a remedy for this case in our next issue. The practical experience of any reader will be cheerfully published.—EDITOR.]

The First Farmers' Club.

AUMSVILLE, Or., Dec. 24, 1883.

Editor Willamette Farmer.

A Farmers' Club has been organized here under favorable auspices. It holds its regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at one o'clock, P. M., at Kiene's school house.

We have also a regular old-fashioned debating club running at the same place and meeting on Tuesday evening of each week where all the boys—both old and young—take a hand.

HENRY KEENE.

[NOTE.—This is the first club we hear of as forming to carry out the suggestions of Prof. Grim, of the State Agricultural College, as published in the FARMER. These Farmers' clubs are accomplishing great good in the Eastern States and we feel sure they will be found to be not only pleasant reunions but profitable as an interchange of experiences and experiments.—EDITOR.]

Tan Bark, Tanning, and Tanneries.

The Curry county Post says:

A correspondent writes to the WILLAMETTE FARMER asking if there are any trees in Oregon that will produce tan bark. Of course, there is any quantity of them. There are vast forests of Sarehen Oak in Curry county that will yield tan bark inferior to none in the world. And further, a large portion of these forests are situated on vacant lands that can be had under the homestead and pre-emption laws, and when cleared of its timber, will make excellent farms or pastures.

The Astorian not long since told of the amount of hemlock and other trees that were about the mouth of the Columbia which have bark necessary for this business. It has been a wonder to us that while there has been such an excess of cattle in times past, that there has not been more tanning done in this country. We believe there are fewer tanneries in operation now than there were twenty years ago. Of two sets of vats we knew of in Salem that did a flourishing business many years ago none remain; they are now useless and gone to decay. In those times California used our leather and found it first-class in every respect. Tanning in its various details, necessary to the manufacturer, is a very hard and dirty business, but is a good paying business, and leather is necessary to civilization, and always commands cash, it is an article that is not dependent upon fashion, therefore is without fluctuations in market. Newer ways of tanning may have taken the place of the old, to some degree, and the process does not require as great a length of time, since ingredients have been found that hasten the curing of hides, yet nothing, we believe, has been found that will allow the disuse of tan barks for perfect finishing.

The Red Scale Bug.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Oregon Sentinel, from Applegate, says:

"More fruit trees are being planted this fall than ever before, and my opinion is that most people that bought of the California fruit trees, will wear long faces another year, for the fruit trees I have seen from there are not to be compared with those grown on Applegate, both in roots and beauty and smoothness of stalks, and further how do they know but what they have imported that terrible pest, the 'Red Scale Bug' and perhaps other diseases that time will never efface from our fair country. So in the future patronize 'home industry' and let their fruit agents alone."

Not only will the Red Scale Bug get among our trees, but every other noxious insect that is mentioned in that climate as favorable to insect life. We have seen the real codling moth, in several localities in the Willamette valley, which came from infected fruit that was shipped to Portland from California—gradually this fearful pest has worked its way to Marion county. The FARMER gave warning of this years ago, and urged that a bill should be passed in our Legislature to prevent the introduction of diseased fruit and trees to Oregon.

Scarlet fever and typhoid fever have disappeared from Astoria, also from Salem.

Commencement at Willamette University.

An endeavor will be made to get Dr. F. S. Hoyt to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at the close of the school year. Dr. Hoyt was connected with the old "Oregon Institute" as early as 1853, and was much beloved and respected by the students. We believe the idea will meet with hearty approbation, and will draw together many of the old scholars, thus making it an event for a happy reunion of old timers. We have no doubt but Dr. Hoyt will be glad to visit us, as we have heard that he retains a warm memory of his early life in Oregon, and has regretted that he did not remain among us.

A Talking Dog—How a Bad Boy got away with the Old Man's Money.

Away among the Waldo Hills lives a family by the name of Smith. There is nothing singular about the name, though a single member of that vast family has succeeded in making it famous. This is how he did it. There was a strong supply of juvenile Smiths, the atmosphere of the Hills naturally tending that way; the "first parties" being noways backward in coming forward. The eldest son was Tommy—a promising boy of ten years. (We were going to say summers, or spring, but he was too "tough" for a spring chicken.) But to get at the dog. One day Tommy brought home a mangy looking canine, whose only recommendation to the consideration of superior humanity was the sparsity of its coat and its extreme youth. When Tommy brought that dog home the old man bucked like thunder. Said he, "I guess we have plenty of children to feed without adopting pups." But Tommy had received a first-class public school education, and had never failed to observe as he traveled. He knew his daddy to a bean. "Papa," said he, "you're apt to get fooled on that dog; he don't look much, but he comes of a breed that talks." The word "talks," and in his mind's eye laid out a beautiful future for that pup. Tommy, seeing his advantage, lost no time in following up the game. "I know a man," said he, "who lives near Sublimity, who says he can train this dog to talk in six weeks. However, he charges like thunder for lessons; but to tell you, Dad, talking dogs is as scarce as Christmas presents on the Fourth of July." This caught the old man between wind and water, and at Tommy's advice he put up a cool \$20 for the first two weeks' lessons. The two weeks passed, and Tommy came around for the next assessment. The boy had interviewed the dog, and reported the progress. He came back with the sad news that \$30 more was required before the brute could be turned out as perfect. Forty dollars had already been spent, and it seemed a pity to let the thing go by default for the extra \$30, so the old man put up once more.

The six weeks passed, and the pater dispatched Tommy to bring home the now educated dog. Tommy started early in the day, and the whole of the Smith family was naturally on the qui vive for the result. The hands of the old Dutch clock were watched with an amount of anxiety that they never had been before. At last the boy's footstep was heard on the stoop, and Tommy entered. "Alas! there was no dog. The old man went for him bald-headed. 'What's that dog?' said he. But Tommy, with a peculiar motion of his right finger and nose drew his father from the family circle, and thus explained: "I got the dog, father, and was walking him along the railroad track towards home, when he pulled up and said, just as natural as life, 'Well, how's things?' At first I was sort of astonished, but when I began to think how he'd been trained, his talk seemed to come natural. 'How's the old man?' he said. At this familiar use of your identity I bristled up and asked, 'Do you mean my dad?' Of course I mean him," replied the canine; "and does he still kiss that red-headed servant girl like he used to do?" This was too much for me father, and I up with a piece of an iron rail and knocked his brains out." "You did quite right, my son," said the old man, as he quietly slid a five-dollar piece into his son's hand. "In future we won't bother with talking dogs; so keep mum on the subject."

A Hidden Treasure—A Scrap of Mining History Heretofore Unpublished.

As yet few people have an idea of the extensiveness of the new discoveries in the Cour d'Alene mountains. From what information we can obtain, says the Walla Walla Union, of old miners the mineral district is much more extended than reports make it. The mines are located in the Cour d'Alene mountains, but they are outside of the Pritchard district. The first assay showed \$9.41 in silver and a trace of gold. The second assay showed \$63 in silver and \$1.84 in gold. The third \$188.91 silver and \$7.20 in gold. The rock is free milling ore and the mines are 30 miles this side of the "new diggings."

The Cour d'Alene mines now known as Pritchard and Eagle creek, were discovered by a man named Mulligan over five years ago. After discovering the mines Mulligan enlisted with himself a California miner named Irwin. Mulligan claimed to have discovered a silver mine of famous wealth, and also 100 acres of placer diggings that would pay \$25 per day to the man. Mulligan went to Lewiston and had a district recorded known as the Mulligan district. When Mulligan came to this city he indulged in quite a spree and suddenly departed for Wallula. He was lost track of then and was not heard of again until he reached Chicago, where he tried to interest capital to come to his aid in developing his discoveries. He suddenly dropped from sight there and has never been heard of since. When Mr. McCoy first went to the mines he remembered Mulligan's description, which he had written in a book. Taking these along he found them to tally exactly with the topography of the country and land marks, even as to projecting boulders, broken trees, stumps, etc. Mr. McCoy and others intend going on a search for the "Hidden Treasure Silvery Mine," of which they have a minute description as to location, etc. During Mr. McCoy's last visit to the mines he followed the directions as laid down by Mulligan and as far as he went he found them correct excepting that the mine was not there, although the surroundings were minutely described. Mr. McCoy left for the mine yesterday and during his present stay there he will further prosecute his search. It remains to be seen whether Mulligan told half a lie or not.

The N. P. Refrigerator Car Co.

When desired the necessary arrangements have been made for the purchase of sixty acres of land near the mouth of Three Mile for the erection of the works of the Refrigerator Car Co., which will be erected in the early spring. These will consist of stock pens, slaughter houses and other buildings. It is expected that about 200 men will be given constant employment, and as their base of supplies will be The Dalles, it will add materially to our growth. There will be no necessity for any other slaughter houses to be anywhere around the city, as the company expect to purchase all the beef cattle in this section. By means of a cold current of air, the meat will be kept in a nice state of preservation, and the dealer can procure his side or quarter of beef or mutton as he may have occasion to require. Even in the hot days of summer, animal food is kept in such a cool atmosphere in the refrigerating cars that it can be carried hundreds of miles, and appear as fresh as when first put in. The same can be stated of fish, poultry, and vegetables; and when it is taken into consideration, the large number of salmon which could be shipped to Eastern markets from this section, it will be understood what a great advantage they will be to this city.

Lane County Agricultural Society.

From the Eugene State Journal we learn that this society held a meeting recently and appointed committees from different localities to ascertain and report what inducements could be offered in the way of providing the free use of grounds for track, pavillion, camping ground, etc., for holding the Third Annual County Fair. Following are the committees: Eugene—S. H. Friendly, L. D. Smith, John Stuart, F. M. Wilkins and Robt. Hayes. Cottage Grove—J. C. Wallace, E. W. Whipple and O. Knox. Springfield—A. D. Burton, M. H. Harlow and B. F. Powers. Cresswell—Roscoe Knox, W. J. J. Scott and Steve Martin. Junction—J. N. Edwards, I. S. Swearington and Jas. Milliron. Irving—L. D. Gibson, J. C. Jennings and Sam Howard. Siuslaw—J. A. J. Crow, Geo. Landreth and W. I. Coleman. Pleasant Hill—J. R. Sellers and Josiah Callison.

CONGRESS is evidently studying the all-important question how not to do it? There is a barrel full of bills on hand and among the thousands introduced it will be rather difficult to decide which shall be taken hold of and pushed through. The political measures will all be handled with extreme care and touched lightly. The presidential election is too near for comfort. Elastic consciences and slim purses at times exist in Congress even. The ruling principle will be to do nothing that can react and hurt the party that dares to meddle with it. There is the tariff, but all have conservative views on tariffs just now and will not meddle with anything, except it be to comfort the wool growers a little by restoring the wool duty. Farmers have votes and it wont do to trifle with the wool growers. Then there are the National banks, and Congressmen own more or less bank stock. So it is dubious if the banks suffer this winter. We have a superabundant revenue, also, and how to cut it down is the difficulty. There are so many sides to the revenue question that wise as Congressmen are they cannot decide where to begin to take off taxes. So we go on collecting a hundred millions more revenue than we have actual use for. The public land question is of much actual importance; especially as to reclaiming the land grants that are forfeited where the companies have no intention of doing the work. There may be some that present claims for continuance but these cases should be carefully examined to see if the object of the grant is still worth what it will cost. It will be better to have the grants revert to the government, of course, but take the case of the Oregon and California road, that is a public necessity and very costly. That company has issued bonds on the strength of the grant and so has got the credit to continue the work. But there is more danger that Congress will continue grants that are undeserving than they will revoke any that are deserving. The nation has not much faith in Congressional action in favor of public interests and there are lobbyists always on hand to place bonds and stocks "where they will do the most good"—to the corporations.

Now that O'Donnell is dead and gone, another "martyr to Irish liberty," we must concede that the best thing we know of him was that he died in a manful way. His career is not especially noteworthy or praiseworthy. He claimed American citizenship and it was intimated that he had been a Union soldier. It was proved that he was traveling at sea with a woman who passed as his wife, but who went off with another man as soon as O'Donnell was in limbo. He drank whiskey and was an Irish patriot, who drank and talked Irish politics with Carey, the informer, and one day, when whiskey and patriotism were both in excess, he accused Carey of being the man he was and pretended not to be, and shot him dead. It was not O'Donnell's credit that he filled the role we described. As to killing Carey, that is nothing creditable either; although he will go down to posterity as an Irish martyr, while in fact he was only an Irish murderer. Carey informed as to the murderers of Burke and Crandish, which were horrible affairs, and always will be blots on the Irish character. So far he did good work, but the world despises an informer, and the Irish world, especially, is sure to hate such a one.

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