

WILLAMETTE FARMER

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Correspondence.

The Most Suitable Lands for Sheep Ranges in Oregon.

SALEM, OR., JAN. 3, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
"Our mutual friend," R. W. Cary, of this county, recently received a letter of inquiry from a gentleman of Brockton, Mass., asking an answer to the following queries:

First—Is there any land suitable for sheep ranges between the coast range of mountains and the Pacific ocean?

Second—Is there any lands for sheep yet attainable between the Cascade and Coast ranges?

Third—Is there good opportunity for the sale of good thoroughbred Merino rams in Oregon?

Fourth—Is it profitable to raise sheep in Oregon?

The above is the substance of the questions asked by a gentleman, who is referred to Mr. Cary by Mr. Garland and who says he learned the management of sheep (I suppose Merinos) under Mr. Geo. Campbell, of Vermont, and has followed the business successfully in Texas, but does not like Texas climate. Mr. Cary sent the letter to me with a request that I answer it, and I have done so. But, it occurs to me, that amongst the 100,000 immigrants who are expected to arrive on the Northwest Coast this coming season there may be many who would gladly receive ever so little information which might aid them in deciding a line of investment and a location for a new home. In order to help in such a field the following is at your service:

Between the coast range and the sea along the Oregon coast there is no large tracts of open land. There are some localities, as at Clatsop Plains, at Tillamook Bay and many other points, limited areas of open lands, some of them sandy dunes thrown up by the sea and wind, and some of them rich alluvial or tide lands. These lands are good as far as they go for grazing stock of any kind, but are much more suitable for dairy and cattle farms than for sheep. Back a little distance from the beach and valleys of the many small streams (in which lands are very rich but generally covered with fine timber growth), there are at intervals all along the seaward side of the coast range districts over which fires have run in years past and killed the timber, on some of these the tops and south sides of ridges have grown up to grass, fern and wild pea, making excellent summer ranges for cattle, for which for many reasons they are better adapted than for sheep. Soil and climate combine to keep grasses green and growing nearly throughout the year wherever the timber and underbrush is got out of the way. In the southwest corner of the State these openings and bald hill districts are most frequent, and here sheep husbandry is taking hold, and increasing by the judicious use of the fire brand, the axe and grass seeds. It takes labor; in most places persistent and patient labor, but given that there is ample room for thousands of homes between the summit of the coast range and the ocean.

Between the Cascades and coast range lie the valleys of Willamette and Umpqua in which the pioneer settlers located. In both of them lands free from timber by nature are long ago the sites of homes. In the Willamette sheep husbandry is now mainly an accessory to wheat raising, and on account of the increase of dogs and other destructive agencies, is diminishing on wheat lands, but is perhaps extending into the foothills and into the bench lands of the mountains surrounding the valley. In these and the tops of spurs and ridges there are good summer ranges which are not yet all occupied, and in the vicinity of many of these partial openings land is cheap, affording opportunities for profitable investments. In Umpqua val-

ley where a larger proportion of the best lands are used for sheep, there are still more favorable opportunities to make safe investments covering these cheap partially open ranges. Taking the best of all tests—the market price—the Umpqua valley produces the best wool grown on the Pacific Coast. The Willamette valley until recently has rated next. The Merino is the prevailing breed used and will always be so; but, I presume there are local breeders there now sufficient to meet the local requirements, and the country is not favorably situated for the supply of that portion of the country where the greatest demand is.

JOHN MINTO.

[NOTE.—Mr. Minto has prepared another article upon this subject, which will be continued in our next issue.—EDITOR.]

Hop Picking in Sumner Valley.

SUMNER, W. T., JAN. 3, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
The first Monday in September arrives. This is a momentous one to the hop-grower, and he is as soon as it is light. He has already engaged his overseer, who must be a man of experience, firmness and good natured withal, for he has a peculiar class to deal with. He has carefully chosen a man to take charge of the hop kilns. He, too, must be experienced, faithful, and must possess good judgment as to the condition of the hops, the heating apparatus and every thing which pertains to the drying process. There must be two or more assistants in this work; besides, must be several other men to drive the teams, unload the boxes, and haul away the cured hops to the store houses. Such are the white workers. We find them busy this morning in finding the kilns and nailing down new sackings on the floors. It is scarcely dawn, but through the gray fog, grotesque figures are dimly seen moving along to the fields. These are the workers that make two boxes a day and are anxious to improve every moment; they are generally "klutchmen." The men rarely make their appearance so early, for in this respect they are the proverbial "red men" and prefer laziness to work every time. Should you stroll down to the camps, you would find an unwonted bustle and hurry. Fires are blazing, the squaws cooking, packing water, or scolding, at the last of which they are adapted, for in this art they rival any white woman we ever met. Hastily improvised meals of dough cakes, baked on the coals, dried salmon or clams are disposed of. The crying papooses are either left in charge of some of the children too small to pick hops, or they are strapped in the Indian cradles and borne to the hop yards. But time flies and the camp is deserted and almost all are at work, for "new brooms sweep clean."

The Klickitat, Sound Indians and British Columbia Indians rarely pick together, but divide into groups. Each division has two or more pole pullers. These are men generally selected for their strength and their ability to talk English or Jargon. Their duty is to cut the vines, pull the poles and convey them to the pickers whenever they call for them. They sometimes assist in removing the boxes to the wagons. They receive about \$2.50 per day for their services, they endeavor to impress the beholder with the dignity of their office. In that respect, they would make good politicians.

In some yards, as many as four hundred workers are employed, but usually there are not more than a hundred. These choose their boxes very carefully, although it would take an observant eye to find an eighth of an inch difference in size. Generally, two or more go "shoot" (to use the Jargon), and pick together as it is necessary to fill the boxes as fast as possible to avoid the hops sinking, the boxes are paid for by size and not by weight. Great care is taken in filling them. Each picker has a method of his own. Some never put a hop into the boxes until they have gathered enough to fill them. They bring large baskets of their own workmanship, into which they throw the hops or else spread shawls upon the ground and heap the hops upon them. The favorite plan is to put the hops first in the corners of the boxes and fill the centre at the last moment. The majority fill one box per day. The experts, however, by working early and late, manage to fill two boxes. These are always women, and here is once that the

"weaker sex" excel. In fact, after a few days roll by, the "klutchmen" do the most of the work, while their liege lords gamble, trade horses, and drink bad whisky whenever they can obtain it. So eager are they for stimulants, that we have heard instances of their drinking bottle after bottle of Jamaica ginger, we have heard it privately hinted, however, that said bottles were "doctored." Many of the men use up, in this way, the hard earned cash of the women, and sometimes leave them with scarcely anything to eat. They have learned the lesson of submission and do not grumble, but expect this as a matter of course.

Let us visit the groups. All are in good humor this morning and call out "clahyah," or ask if the white "tillcumms" are going to pick hops to-day. The Klickitat men are more morose than the other Indians, as a general rule, the women more shy. The whole set love flattery; should you chance to remark that such a one was a fast picker, or that one was good looking, a smile lights up the features showing they comprehend. They understand English better than they speak it, and one has to be careful what he says before them. The Klickitat women are the best pickers, they attend strictly to work and cast a half-timid look at you which changes partly to fear and perhaps to impatience as you approach their papooses. Here under the shade of the vines, you find them, packed securely in their queer cradles. They have a sphinx like look, relieved only by their great black eyes which roll at you in a wondering way. One is stood up against a hop pole like a stick of wood. Another suspended to a swaying branch fastened in the ground. Here we come to a group and there swung between two sticks, is a cradle with a wee baby ensconced within it. It is actually clean; bright blue beads are around its neck; a gay colored shell is fastened at the top of the cradle; a string leads from the branches to where the mother is picking, when the baby grows restless the string is pulled, the cradle swings and baby finds its way to dream land once more, for the mother, heart of the dusky native is as warm and affectionate toward her offspring as that of the white woman. But here is a sight! A year old baby emancipated from its chrysalis state, has a string tied around its arm and fastened to it is a bit of fat pork; that baby coos, chokes over the pork, dabs it in the dust, smiles under its fringe of hair and is evidently a source of delight to its admiring relatives. Next is a cross papoose; the mother, in despair, straps it to her back and goes on with her work. Time is too precious to be spent in soothing its cries. Covered over with shawls and old rags, lies a sick child; it feebly opens its eyes and gazes languidly around. Poor little bit of humanity! The lamp of life will soon flicker out. Better so. Perhaps a tiny toy, an apple or a cracker lies beside it, a token of somebody's love.

Rolling, untamed children fly across the fields in merry play; regular little savages, half-dressed, wild-eyed, they torment each other and get into mischief generally. The "klutchmen" scold them, send them back to the tents, or in a fit of desperation, call them up and strap a papoose on their backs. It looks odd to see the little "braves" struggling along, bent nearly double by their live burden. Some times one forgets, and starts off on a wild run, until recalled to duty by frantic cries from the brown baby and sharp words from its mother.

But we should not do justice to the picture should we omit mention of the dogs. Dogs to the right of us; dogs to the left of us, big, little, lean, fat, black, white, any color, snapping, running, tumbling over the children. You stumble over one unawares, and are only saved from being eaten up by the appearance of its master. Nothing could induce us to admire them, they are a pest and nuisance, and sometimes to be feared as well.

We witnessed a scene last summer, not soon to be forgotten. An Indian at the camps, was trying to break an untamed cayuse. In some way, the horse angered the dogs laying near and they turned on him like untamed wolves. The man, to save him, jumped on his back and rode for dear life with a dozen of the curs close at his heels. It was a thrilling sight; the Indians screamed, the dogs barked, the rider and his horse flew like the wind seemingly in great danger, and what would have happened we do not know, had not a half dozen Indians on horse back started to the rescue and with blows from their riding whips, turned the dogs from the pursuit.

Of course, all sorts of grotesque habits are seen. They are fearfully and wonderfully made. Now and then your eyes are agreeably surprised with some attempt at neatness and ornament. Here are two Indians almost as old as

Mt. Hood, picking hops by faith and not by sight, for they are nearly blind. Next, a man and wife aided by their dusky progeny. Here are several girls chattering away merry as crickets over their tasks. The heart of an Indian "brave" is susceptible as well as that of other classes. Half hidden by a box, is the belle of the hop yard; a dusky maiden ornamented with gay colored handkerchiefs, presumably gifts from her lovers; a red one adorns her brow, a blue one is tied around her neck, and a purple one encircling her waist. She casts coquettish glances at her admirers as they slyly slip handfuls of hops into her box or bring her well filled poles to pick. Human nature is the same everywhere. Should you inquire names, you would find Old Blue, clad in the same from head to foot; Duke William, the possessor of an enormous nose; Jim Wesley, a Methodist like his namesake, but alas! he dances, gambles, and is a first-class Klickitat dandy; Loolish, a staid chief carries the insignia of his office in the shape of a crimson handkerchief around his brow; LaHash, Muck-iashute Joe, Jim, and Mala are devout Catholics; Indian George, Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Jackson, U. S. Grant are all here and proud of their names too.

But it is noon, a signal for a hasty meal, it is eaten in the field and then work is resumed. As the day lengthens frequent calls are heard for the overseer to "charco" and pay the dollar for the filled boxes. They hasten the flying fingers so as to finish the work before night falls. And then, in groups of two and three, wend their way back to camp. But it grows dark before the most faithful desist from their tasks. Indians are considered to be better pickers than Chinamen as they clean the vines well and do not trample them down so much. As to white pickers we know little, they are said to be good. As far as our own experience is concerned, for we tried it one day, we find it pleasant work, though tedious. We also realized that the "knack" of picking hops was not to be learned in a day for it was after sunset before the box was filled. The hops would sink and the fingers grow tired. Many were the laughs at our expense. The pole-puller was very compassionate and brought us the heaviest vines. Even some of the "klutchmen" kindly threw in a few handfuls, but we were the last in the field, despite it all. Of one thing we are certain, it is a healthful employment. The balmy air, redolent with the sleepy perfume of the vines, subtly invigorates the system, brings the color to the cheeks, and gives an appetite that is surprising, but the evening dew is falling and we will leave the weary pickers to an hours repose before we visit them around their camp fire.

"SAPPHIRE."

Taxation of Money.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
I have watched in the FARMER and other papers the discussion going on concerning taxation of money and the mortgage tax law. I have become involved and have borrowed money. I borrowed \$4,000 here in Oregon and \$2,000 from an uncle in the East. This money is all drawing interest. On one I pay ten per cent., and on the other six per cent. I can offset the money borrowed in Oregon from my taxable property. My property has cost me \$12,000, and the total assessment is \$450. So I pay taxes only on \$500. This is favorable enough to me, as I pay but little taxes, but I feel humiliated that such should be the case. Having good property and paying so small a tax places me in a poor light in some respects. What I wish to get at, however, is this: That this law exempting debt from taxation saves me from paying taxes, and therefore is favorable to me. I have all the benefit possible from it.

Now, I have read in the papers all that is said on this tax subject, and it is decidedly mixed. I have been to Portland to pay my interest and have talked with the money lender. He says he is willing to be assessed fairly, but complains that he is more than doubly taxed. He tells me to be sure and pay up as agreed, because he can loan money to better advantage in the territories—wherever that may be. Others tell me that if money was not taxed it would be plenty, and much cheaper, at least as cheap as in the States. As I have a loan of \$2,000 at 6 per cent from an uncle in Illinois I appreciate that fact. Having read and verbally discussed this question I am heartily in favor of the scheme I have seen suggested that money shall not be taxed at all, not from regard to the lender, but the borrower—myself I mean. If I can get money at six per cent. I can afford to

pay all the taxes and not offset the debt. As you say: There is a great deal of dishonesty practiced by money lenders and debtors to avoid paying just taxes, and money is—when assessed at its face—twice or thrice taxed. The assessment of my land proves it. I am honest in offsetting my debts, but I see where dishonesty is possible.

If all property that is visible pays taxes, that will secure a far greater income to the government than it receives now. If interest is low and money not taxed there will be no excuse to swear off debts. Adopt this system and all will be benefited and no one be loser. I have studied it long and carefully, and from my own standpoint as a debtor. With all the advantages that possibly can accrue from the mortgage tax law, with the taxation of money and exemption of debt in my favor, I am thoroughly converted to the belief that I shall be better off, so will the State (which includes the whole community) if the existing laws are repealed and money is not taxed. If I can stand it and be benefited by it everybody can. I have no doubt that bitterly prejudiced people will denounce me as "in league with money and doing its dirty work."

The Tax Law.

COTTAGE GROVE, OR., JAN. 5, 1884.

I see that one of the correspondents of your excellent paper has struck it in regard to the tax law. I refer to A. C. Jennings, in the last number. The law is all right, let those who are aggrieved put it in force.
J. P. T.

Warts on Horses.

SALEM, JAN. 3, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
Warts may be removed by excisions or torsion; twisting or pulling by the hand being very often sufficient. If they are on the sheath of the penis, or on the prepuce surrounding the urethra, the animal has to be cast and the whole mass removed by cauterization or knife, and their seat cauterized. If this is not done they are apt to grow again. External or epidermic warts may be effectually removed by the following:

Acids arsen. 3 drachms, ung. petrolis 3 drachms, M. et sig. Apply to the wart every four hours until they drop off, then grease the part with lard.

C. W. JEFFREY, V. S.

The above recipe appeared in last week's issue, but as there were some flagrant errors in it we republish.—[ED.]

BUTTE CREEK, O., JAN. 6, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
You ask experience in taking warts off horses; I will give mine. I had a two-year-old filly with a wart on the inside of the fore leg, up close to the body, and as large as a small teacup, and about the same shape. I threw her to cut it off with a sharp knife, and took a handful of pulverized blue vitriol and held it on the place until it quit bleeding and that was the last of the wart. I also took one off a horse's ear by wetting and putting the same thing on two or three times a week.
R. THOMPSON.

COTTAGE GROVE, OR., JAN. 5, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
Put a heavy plaster of yellow fir pitch on the wart and then cover it with a piece of brown paper and then grease around the edge of the plaster with lard to prevent the skin from being irritated unnecessarily. When the wart comes off grease the place with lard and it will heal smoothly and hair over naturally. This has been my experience with two very large warts.
J. P. TAYLOR.

A New Year's Wedding.

STAFFORD, OR., JAN. 3, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
The wedding on New Year's day at Hazella, the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Shipley, near Oswego, Clackamas county, of their daughter Miss Linnie, who was united in matrimonial bonds to Mr. Elmer E. Miller, of Forest Grove, Washington county, was an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable occasion. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. H. K. Hines, D.D., of Portland, a great uncle of the bride, who in his usual dignified and graceful manner impressed upon the minds of the

bridal pair the solemnity of the vows by which they pledged fidelity to each other. The attendants consisted of Mr. Charles W. Miller, brother of the groom, and wife, of Hood River, also Mr. Lester A. Shipley, of Hazella, brother of the bride, and wife. The dress of the bride was a handsome garnet silk and velvet, with veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

The congratulations of the eighty guests in attendance having been extended, refreshments were served consisting of a variety of meats, sandwiches, cakes and confectionery. Thus happily engaged in social converse, the hours flitted by until the newly wedded pair, and many guests were compelled to break away from the enjoyment of home and the associations of friends, that they might take passage by steamer at Oswego for Portland, thence by rail to Forest Grove.
MRS. H. E. H.

There was an extended list of presents which we are obliged to omit on account of a lack of space.—EDITOR.

Sowing Spring Grain—The Value of Rollers.

COTTAGE GROVE, JAN. 5, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
I wish to address a few words to your readers in regard to putting in spring crops. I have been running harvest machinery in the Willamette valley for some twenty-five years and find more crops spoiled by late plowing and neglect in pulverizing than by all other causes combined. I believe that I could have made \$200 last year by using a good roller on my crop after it was ready to begin jointing, and what is true of mine is true of many others, to the amount of hundreds of thousands of bushels. In my observations last harvest I did not see a field where the ground was properly cultivated and compressed but what had a good crop. And I ran over several fields with my machinery that had good crops that could not be properly gathered on account of the looseness of the ground, the grain having fallen down among the clods. Had the ground been properly compressed the stalks would have grown stronger and not have fallen so much, and then the harvester could have run lower and saved all.

I would suggest that it would be a good layout for some foundryman to cast a lot of iron rollers for the farmers. The rollers should be cast in sections three feet in diameter, with one foot face, 200 pounds weight each. With such weights the ground could be compressed after the grain was growing and thus avoid having to work when too wet. The worst thing to make clods is to wait until the ground is too dry before plowing. All ground should be plowed early in this country, if it is not sowed until late. I raised forty bushels per acre of club (white) wheat last year on early plowing, sowed just before the last spring rain, which was on the 16th of May, I believe.
Yours, etc., J. P. TAYLOR.

Weather Report for December, 1883.

EOLA, JANUARY 1, 1884.

Editor Willamette Farmer:
During December, 1883, there were 10 days during which rain and snow fell, and 5.63 inches of water; there were 6 clear and 15 cloudy days, other than those on which rain and snow fell.
The mean temperature for the month was 40.32 deg.
Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 50.02 deg., on the 26th.
Lowest daily mean temperature for the month, 26 deg., on the 31st.
Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock P. M., 44.16 deg.
Highest temperature for the month, 52 deg., at 2 P. M. on the 26th.
Lowest temperature for the month, 24 deg., at 7 A. M. on the 31st.
Frosts occurred on the 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 29, 30, 31.
The prevailing winds for the month were from the north during 17 days, southwest 14 days, south 4 days.
During December, 1882, there were 20 rainy days and 9.76 inches of water, 5 clear, and 6 cloudy days.
Mean temperature for the month, 43.24 deg.
Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 53 deg., on the 13th.
Lowest daily mean temperature for the month, 29 deg. on the 31st.
T. PEABOY.