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Notice to Subscribers.

We publish only a sufficient number of the FARMER to supply actual prepaid subscribers and we cannot supply back numbers.

If it is desired by subscribers to secure all issues they set arrange to send in their renewals in ample time reach this office before expiration.

All subscribers can tell by the printed tag on each issue their paper exactly when their time will expire.

Another important point: ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE "WILLAMETTE FARMER."

ANYONE RECEIVING A COPY OF THIS PAPER WILL CONSIDER IT AN INVITATION TO SUBSCRIBE.

THE PRINTERS picnic and Cole's great circus will make things lively in and around Salem next week. All who can do so should go to see Cole's colossal shows and stay over until after the Fourth.

THE WEATHER during the past week has been showery and at times heavy rains prevailed, and some cause for fear was felt that much wheat would go down, but information to hand shows that such was not the case. Some fell on the prairie, whilst in the hills no damage was done.

JOHN BAKER, near Salem, has blackberry vines that have stood for twenty years and he thinks their long continuance is due to their not being killed but that the ground is kept level about them. In our climate, where the summers are generally dry, it is not advisable to hill up any growing plants on account of the tendency of the soil to dry out more easily when hilled; but cultivation as a rule is to be preferred to any other, as it keeps the ground moist.

THE RAVAGES of cut worms are unprecedented and cover almost all the growths of the farm. We have always known that they damaged gardens but this year they go outside of corn and cabbage and cut down potato vines, injure wheat somewhat and take large fields of oats. Even hop yards are injured; great damage is done to them by the cut worms eating off the growing shoots that will bear hops this season. Mr. Settlemeier, of Woodburn, one of the most successful nurserymen in Oregon, has suffered great injury from them as they eat out the germs of the grafts and so prevent their growth. Some are killed. He estimates his losses at \$2,000 from them. While they prevail generally to some extent they exist in particular localities in multitudes and fairly become a scourge. Various surmises are made as to their origin in such numbers but none we have heard seems to meet the case. It is said that they are more than commonly numerous, also, east of the Cascades.

THE OREGON STATE FAIR will begin on Monday, September 15, and continue one week. We hope to see the State Fair meet with a grand success this year. Indications at present are that it will do so. The society offers liberal premiums in all divisions. The sum of three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars is offered in the speed department. The races advertised are already filled. Some fine trotting will take place this year as the society are now in a position to assure the public of trials for blood as well as speed, having secured membership in the National Trotting Association. The county exhibits will doubtless prove a fine feature of the Fair this year. We hope the farmers of Marion county will take hold of this feature of the Fair and see to it that a good showing is made of grains, fruits, vegetables and grasses. The decisive action of the Board in prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors and all gamblings, lotteries, and gambling devices, we are pleased to note. We feel confident that the Board of managers will carry out to the letter, the prohibition of these evils of our fairs. Our citizens should do all they can to sustain the State Fair.

SANTIAM FARMING AND STOCK RAISING.

To the north of Salem, for a day's ride, the country is level prairie, only varied by groves of fir forest and occasional groups of oaks. On the east Marion county has the Waldo Hills, rich, rolling upland that finally grows into foot hills of the Cascade range. This hill region

throws out a spur that is pierced by Mill creek at Herren's gap and runs west to the Willamette; the rise of land to the south of the bridge, on Commercial street, Salem, being part of this spur. It looks very much as if the great river had torn down this wall, in its course, and that the hills of Polk county that run north, parallel with the Willamette, must have been a continuation of this spur sent out from the Cascade range.

One of the most beautiful of the many charming drives out of Salem is that out Commercial street across the long, covered bridge, through the Sleepy Hollow that is called South Salem, and then for ten miles south through the red hills and ever varying uplands that occupy the interval to the Santiam valley. This hill country is generally good farming land, especially for winter wheat, and is the natural home for orchards. The way is marked by good farms and comfortable homes. The higher points give views of the distant mountains and snowy peaks and look off upon the prairies. Leaving the hills we come down upon the undulating bottom lands that for several miles in width occupy between the red hills and the Santiam river. The Ankeny farm of 4,000 acres is approached by the middle road, the Beuna Vista ferry road is still further west, and the Jefferson road passes through the hills to the Eastward. All offer very beautiful drives and the two first named give a grand outlook over the Santiam and Willamette bottoms, with their wealth of hop fields, and the broad prairies of Linn and Benton counties.

Last Saturday we took the Jefferson road to spend Sunday with a daughter who lives in the Santiam valley, twelve miles from Salem and three from Jefferson, on the original claim taken by Jesse Looney over forty years ago, when his nearest neighbor was Dan Waldo, a dozen miles away in the Waldo Hills. Then Salem was a mission school and the native grasses of the rich bottoms grew up midway to a horse's side. At that time—1843—the primeval world on the Santiam must have been wonderfully attractive. The soil was as fertile as soil could be. The roll and swell of the prairie was varied by beautiful groves of fir and groups of grand old oaks. Hills of water wound through all and the hillsides abounded with springs. Out in the midst of this charming valley rose a butte covered with oaks and fir, with living springs on all its sides. Jesse Looney was in the prime of life and had crossed the plains that summer. All Western Oregon invited his attention but he made his home near the eastern Chehalupum, as the Looney Butte was called by the Indians, and his farm was on the natural meadows that lay to eastward of it. Those fields, after forty years of constant cropping, turn off good crops to-day and show the lasting character of Western Oregon soil.

David H. and Norris H. Looney have farms left them by Jesse Looney, their father; other and older brothers live near by, perpetuating the name their father made honorable by his life of steadfast probity. They also seem to inherit his capacity for maintaining a competency at farming and stock raising, for which their farms are well calculated. There is no finer grass land in Western Oregon than these Santiam bottoms afford. This was no doubt what induced Mr. David Looney to commence, a couple of years ago, purchasing Jersey stock. They have always had good stock of various kinds, but not as a specialty, until D. H. Looney brought seven head of full blood Jerseys, in 1883, from the best bred herds in California. He had two bulls and five heifers, all yearlings, and last year took the first prizes at the State Fair for best yearling bull and heifer and best Jersey bull of any age. His herd came off as good pasture as the country affords. A small stream flows through their farms; the two brothers have a famous pasture, made of a mixture of tame and native grasses, with pea-vines and rushes sometimes intermixed. On eighteen acres of this they have twenty head of cattle, ten horses, and as many sheep, with a dozen hogs, and yet, over a good part, grass can be mowed for a good crop of hay.

Norris H. Looney has not gone into the full blood Jersey stock but has seven heifers that are half and three-quarter bloods. A single cross with the Jersey secures generally a great improvement in the milking and butter making qualities. Half and three-quarter blood heifers usually calve at about eighteen months old. At David Looney's they milk four full blood and four half bloods, all young stock, and make fifty pounds of gilt-edged Jersey butter every week, after giving the calves a liberal supply. Several of them he is confident would make two pounds of butter a day

through the season. The price of rich yellow butter makes it profitable to milk this stock. It strikes us that calves can be raised on milk from common cows, some of which give a very great quantity. It is worth making such experiments to be able to sell golden hued Jersey butter.

A fact worth knowing is: that grade Jerseys are certain to become good dairy stock. It is easy to soon possess a Jersey dairy stocked from grades. In eight months from commencing to breed common stock you will have a half blood heifer to milk. The luck of the Looneys in getting heifer calves is rather remarkable. D. H. Looney has, from six heifers, five heifer calves and one bull calf. In 1883 he sold a heifer calf to G. W. Dimick, of French Prairie, for \$125. He does not really care to sell as he wants to work into a herd of some size before commencing to market them. All his stock, without exception, are solid color and black points, so are purely fashionable. D. H. will purchase a pure blood male of W. C. Myer, of Ashland, for next year's breeding. With ten full blood females he will soon have a good sized herd. He has at home a splendid bull, now two years old, solid fawn color, and another bull he hires out at one hundred dollars for the season. That is a famous section for wheat growing. The old pioneers are generally on their donation claims, or else their sons are running their farms. Besides five Looney brothers close around can be found Charley Miller, (who is such a popular farmer that Marion county sends a Democrat to the Legislature) John Harrison, James Anderson, G. G. Glenn, Wm. Cospier, F. Steiwer, Bellinger, Libby, Pate, Doty, H. A. Johnson. Many others of the old pioneers still have their land, while the sons of other worthy men perpetuate the name after father is gone to his long rest. Farming here means stock raising: the Looneys always have heavy crops on summer-fallows and have plenty of sheep to pasture it to advantage. They have a few mares to bring colts. Berkshire pigs to fatten in the fall, a fine lot of fowls to help make a living and also take an interest in bee culture. Mixed farming is practiced on the Santiam and is the only true system. Their rich pastures and heavy meadows are proof that stock raising pays. While farmers cannot speculate and be worth millions, farmers, such as we have named, command a success that is greater and a happiness purer than Wall street speculators ever know.

THE HOP CROP AND PROSPECTIVE MARKET.

The hop crop of Oregon is mostly in this valley, where new hop yards were set out in 1882-83, some of which will come into full bearing this year, so as to give at least twenty-five per cent. increase to the product. Much increase of acreage took place over on the Sound and in the Yakima country, in Washington, and some yards were planted south of Snake river and in the Palouse and Spokane regions. It is estimated that the Oregon crop will amount to 5,000 bales of 200 pounds each, or a million pounds of hops, while as many more will be shipped from the Sound ports. At a rough estimate, we should have a million pounds of hops in Oregon, and fully as many in Washington. The harvest may exceed that yield, but will not fall below it, unless some disaster happens to the crop we cannot foresee. The hop market is excited by reports from the English hop growing districts, which state that a blight is on the growing hops that renders it probable that the English crop will be a failure. On that supposition prices have advanced, and nothing can be done towards buying the growing crops. Some one said lately that he didn't believe hop growers would look at fifty cents a pound for their growing crops, but that would be unreasonable, for hops can hardly go at that figure with what we know of the world's needs and supplies. We learn from a buyer that he has offered twenty cents unavailingly. No doubt hops will mount up in price, but our people have learned something by experience two years ago. It is certain the hop crop will do its share to make the times improve, and may add a million dollars to the finances of this region. We shall watch the markets carefully to get the most reliable information obtainable for the benefit of our readers. It was considered hazardous to plant out heavy hop yards in 1882, as some did, but they acted wisely. The blight in the old country seems to be continuous, and sometimes is felt in New York State. The use of hops is also increasing, and the business of growing hops seems to be more a certainty than it has been for some decades back. Our country has proved to be well suited to

their cultivation, and climate and soil unite to perfect their growth. Appearances justify the confidence people have in making it a leading product. It is not possible to say definitely concerning prices, further than that hop growers will be well repaid.

Much Afflicted.

Having occasion to go to the farm of Mr. Wm. Townsend, six miles from Salem, last week, we found him recovering from typhoid fever, while his wife, two daughters and son, and a hired man were all down with it. They had then buried a son eleven years of age, and Wednesday of this week the son sixteen years old died. They are much afflicted and have the sympathy of many friends, but the loss of their sons is a cause for grief that the world can never compensate. One of the daughters was taken ill when attending school at Salem, and took the fever home to the rest, and all have had it. The situation of their home is high and dry, on a hillside, and seems to preclude the possibility of any local cause for this deadly disease. Mr. Townsend thinks it was caught by the rest from the daughter who was taken ill in Salem. Quite lately he lost a valuable mare that died when foaling; so he has had a deal of trouble.

Prophecied Decadence of New England.

The famous orator, Wendell Phillips, is said to have drawn this picture of New England and this one of the South in a recent lecture at Boston. What a contrast twixt his utterance of thirty-five years ago and now:
 The handwriting is so plain on the wall that none but a fool need mistake it. New England is doomed just as sure as natural laws will produce fixed results. New England has no soil worth mentioning, and her wealth has all been derived from her manufactures. These are gradually leaving her, and eventually they will all go: some to the West, but most to the South, where the advantages for profitable manufacturing are all located. The coal and iron in the South are easily gotten at and inexhaustible in amount, and the iron mills, foundries and machine shops can go to them better than they can be carried to the shops. Then the cotton and woolen mills must go there, for the raw materials are, and are to be produced there, most cheaply, uniformly and better. Then look at the advantages of the extra hours of daylight in a year's run. This, of itself, is no small matter. As the South grows stronger, the wealth, culture and power of the country will be centred there, until she will become, not alone the mistress of America, but the central empire of the world.

The ball to be given by the printers of Salem, July 4th, promises to be an unusually pleasant affair. Tickets, \$1.50. The gallery will be thrown open to spectators at 25 cents per ticket.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. J. C. Elder, of Waldo, Josephine county, Wednesday. He tarried only a short time with us and if ever we can we shall visit him in his southern home.



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