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Horticultural.

A SYSTEM OF ORCHARD PRUNING.

Your note at the end of L. U. McCann's article on orchard pruning in the issue of January 26th, shows so plainly the good results of rightly training a fruit tree, that I am inclined to prolong the discussion so appropriate at this season of the year, by giving an account of my system of pruning peach and apricot trees. A little orchard of 450 trees planted about six years has been my teacher, and the author of my system. The trees of this orchard, as is often the case with trees planted now were shortened a little in their branches and tops to balance the loss of roots in transplanting, and in after years, as the stem shot upwards, the branches, fruit-laden, shot outward and downward, so as to get constantly in the way of the team, and I was obliged to lop them off, for I could not, as Mr. McCann says, afford to do hand work about my trees.

By way of contrast, in the same orchard, a few trees happened to branch low, two or three feet from the ground; and some that I had grafted, I had sawn off at that height and the scions becoming branches, had taken the oblique directions, you speak of, as also did the branches of all those which started near the ground, and that without any special training. From these trees, I do not have to remove large branches nearly every year, because they hang down in the way, and I can plow as close to them as one could wish.

Having made these observations, of course I could not be blind to the advantages for cultivation only of lower branches, oblique-lined trees. Although my orchards are in the southern part of the State, where the sun shines, scarce dimmed by cloud or fog the whole summer long, and almost the whole winter too, yet low pruning is not necessary here to shade the trunk; what is necessary, however, is proper irrigation, succeeded by sufficient cultivation, and then the most exposed stem will not blister in the sun to be afterwards injured by borers.

Now, whenever I plant a new orchard, I pursue this plan: I train the stem to a single cane and cut them all off uniformly, knee high, i. e., somewhat less than two feet from the ground. When the young growth is two inches long I rub off every shoot from the stem, except from three to five at the top, preferably three. I repeat this several times during the season of growth, and it is a very rapid operation. The following spring I cut back these three shoots to a stub three to six inches long, for the double object of making these limbs stocky, to bear their future burdens of fruit, and to enable me to control the shape of the tree more perfectly. Shortly a great quantity of young growth will cluster about these stubs, which, by a few minutes' work with your unaided fingers, you can thin out to a few shoots tending obliquely upward from inside buds mostly. These will make a lusty growth, which you must shorten in the next season. Indeed, every season you should shorten in at least one-half of the fruit-bearing growth of the preceding season, as well as thin out branches that impair the symmetry of the tree, and overburden it with fruit, and likewise those with branchlets that may start to grow on the outside of the three main branches and their prongs.

This simple plan, which a novice can understand, if not from my description, at any rate from a brief practical lesson, constitutes a uniform method of pruning so regular that it may merit the name of a system.

In the third year the tree has attained shape it is ever after to keep; a short trunk about two feet high, having no central stem beyond, and its summit, divergent branches, strong to support their weight of fruit and ever keeping out of your way, and yet ready to yield their bounty to your outstretched hand (if you stand five feet ten in your boots and have kept the tops properly shortened each season). This kind of an open top, too, is best adapted to let in all those influences of the sun needed to mature the fruit. These desirable results are, it seems to me, secured by a method of pruning so simple and so easily followed from year to year that your boy or your Chinaman can do it.—Chas. R. Paine, in Rural Press.

"Overton's Leap."

The following story of the fate of John Overton, who sold the land on which the city of Portland, Oregon, now stands, has been handed down by the Indians: "After Overton left Oregon he next appeared as a trader between the Mexicans and Indians on the frontier of Mexico. But having outrageously cheated both parties, the Indians 'shook' him, and the Mexican government, for some crime not recorded, set a price upon his head. He disappeared for a long time, but one day a party of Comanches came across him in Texas and immediately gave chase. Overton was mounted on a powerful mustang, and for a time distanced his pursuers; but coming to a deep chasm, which was about twenty-five feet wide, was suddenly checked in his escape. His horse was now too exhausted to make the leap, and the Indians being out of sight behind a hill, he resolved to resort to strategy. Dismounting, he pricked his horse with his knife, causing the animal to leap over the precipice. A large hollow log lay a short distance from the edge of the chasm, into which he crept, unperceived, as he thought, by his enemies. The Indians, however, had reached the top of the hill and saw his last movements. They rode up to the log and commenced, for his benefit, a narration of the tortures which they intended to inflict when they should catch him, and one of the party proposed having dinner on the spot. Overton's feelings may be imagined when they proceeded to light a fire within a few inches of him, beside the log. His position, of course, became untenable, and he slid out, preferring to be shot rather than be roasted to death. His persecutors opened fire on him, and, desperate as the chance was, he made a dash for the chasm. To the amazement of the Indians he cleared it by a foot. Unfortunately for him, however, one foot alighted on a loose stone; he lost his balance, staggered backward, and rolled to the bottom of the chasm, where his mangled body was found beside that of his horse. The chasm bears the name to this day of 'Overton's Leap.'"

Is Water Power Disappearing in New England?

There has not been a time in many years when the water in the various streams and rivers has been so low as at this season. Streams which have never given out before have been so low that they were practically worthless, and this emphasizes the fact that the steam engine is the coming power, for the long vaunted water power of New England is giving out. Various causes have appeared to make the water power less, and even less than it was supposed to be, and these causes have been working all the time and increasing in practical effect, so that now it is giving out in almost every place of any account, with some very few exceptions, where the timber has not yet been cut off back in the sources of supply on the hills or mountains. The effect upon the goods trade upon this account is already appreciable, and there is a demand for the best kinds of cotton, which was not expected so early in the season, if we are to take all the views which are expressed upon this matter and put them together. The curtailment of production on account of drought will work, in the present state of the market, a very great advantage, and really it will be out of the reach of buyers to make a very large break in prices of manufactured cottons, for the reason that the supply is very much cut down at present. In this way it will make a brighter fall trade, more especially if we have such a winter as we have had in two or three instances where the water has not been in its usual quantity until almost spring, instead of in the early fall, as usual, and it will be another instance of exceptional conditions to prevent the market from breaking down under the head of accumulated goods. One thing is beyond question now, and that is that the water power of the Eastern States is fast fading away, and that it is less than it was a few years ago, and is growing less each and every year. Let us look, therefore, to steam with a clearer eye, and learn more of it, and how to handle it, so we can keep up the busy wheels of a million cotton spindles and thousands of sets of woolen machinery. Water power in the Eastern States is doomed, and it will not be long until we are a steam spinning section of country.—Cotton, Wool and Iron.

Digging Wells.

The old way of digging a well and stoning it up so as to leave it about

three feet in diameter, says the Massachusetts Plowman, is a very good one if the water is to be drawn up with buckets, but if only with a pump it is a very poor way; for if, as is the usual custom, the well be covered at the top, it leaves a very large space for dead air, which often becomes so bad that it affects the quality of the water, and also makes it unsafe to enter the well. When a well thus stoned has only a pump in it the covering should be under water, or very near it; but if it is known that only a pump is to be used the expense of stoning may be saved and the water kept in a much better condition. This is done by digging the well in dry time, and when dug as low as possible a cement pipe, some two feet in diameter and two or three feet long, is sunk at the bottom and worked down as low as possible by digging out the inside. The pipe should be covered over with a flat stone, through the middle of which a two-inch hole has been drilled; directly over this hole stand up drain pipe, then begin to fill in the hole. When filled as high as the top of the first piece of drain pipe put on another, being careful to have it straight with the other and the line perpendicular. Continue filling and adding drain pipe until it is as high as the surrounding ground, or, if the pump is not to stand directly over the well, then when it is filled within four feet of the surface put in the pump pipe and lead it off in a trench to where the pump is to stand. When it is found that the pipe is all right finish filling the well, leaving some durable mark that the position of the well may be known.

A well of this kind is reliable and permanent, requiring no repairs; the water is cool and free from impurities that open wells are subject to; no insects or animals can find their way into it, and the cost is not more than one half that of a well that is stoned. If dug, as it should be, when the springs are low, a constant supply of water that is as pure as the underground springs is secured. As the well is always full, there is no chance for bad air to injure the water, and in fact, but little danger of being polluted by surrounding cesspools compared to that of open wells.

A New Food.

M. Moride has introduced a new kind of food to the French Academy. It is prepared by working into a pulp raw meat previously deprived of bone and tendon, and then mixing this with bread or farinaceous substances, which absorb the watery constituents of the meat and thus form a paste. This paste is dried in air or a mild stove and then ground and sifted. The powder is gray or yellowish, according to the material and proportions, and is said to have an agreeable flavor. By mixing this with albumen, fats or gummed water it is made into cakes or cylinders, to be afterward used for soups, sauces, etc. It will keep for an indefinite length of time when thus prepared, provided it is not moistened. M. Moride affirms that this is more assimilable than cooked meat. He gives it the name of "Nutricine," and proposes among other applications of his invention, to preserve the refuse of slaughter houses, the flesh of horses, blood, etc., for the feeding of hogs, pigs, ducks and fowls. In this he is anticipated by the English manufacturers of the "meat biscuits" that have long been used for feeding hogs, fowls, etc. If the materials could be guaranteed this mode of combining flour with meat to produce a portable, unchanging, nutritious food, requiring the minimum of cooking, would be of incalculable utility, especially if the act of union of the meat with the farinaceous matter effects an incipient decomposition or loosening of the original bonds of chemical union that renders the compound more easy of digestion and assimilation than were either of the original materials. M. Moride seems to suppose that something of this kind occurs, and there are good analogies in support of such a theory. The soldier, the sailor or the workman away from home might thus carry a penny cylinder which, merely moistened with a little hot water, would include all the material of soup, entree, joint, vegetables, bread and cheese.—Manufacturer and Builder.

A Saddle Found.

A valuable saddle was found on the night after the circus was at Salem. Full particulars can be had by addressing or calling upon Wm. A. Taylor, at Mackay Post Office, Marion county, Or.

Scenery of the Pacific Northwest.

The desire to possess artistic pictures of the scenery of the Pacific Northwest is a feeling shared in common by the residents of this region, and the thousands of tourists who annually travel great distances to behold it. To make a satisfactory collection of photographs is almost impossible, and is only accomplished at an expense far greater than the majority of people are willing or able to undergo. To meet this urgent want, a "Souvenir Album of the Pacific Northwest" has been issued, containing thirty-five art photographs of the most prominent and representative scenes of Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho and Montana. Among them are excellent pictures of Cascades, Willamette Falls, Crater Lake, Mt. Hood, Multnomah Falls, Yellowstone Park, etc. The album is neatly bound in cloth, embossed with gold, and makes a neat ornament for the center table. The price, seventy-five cents, only represents the cost of three ordinary photographs, and brings this collection of thirty-five beautiful scenes within the means of all. Sent postage paid upon the receipt of 75 cents. L. SAMUEL, Publisher, Portland, Oregon.

Sorghum Seed.

The real value of sorghum seed is not, as a rule, appreciated. A very small portion of the amount raised is utilized than to allow it to remain on the ground for hogs and chickens to run over and eat a part while they destroy the balance. Sorghum seed is equal to corn for feeding nearly all domestic animals, and when ground with oats is even better than corn. It is very rich, and when properly saved is said to be better than buckwheat for cakes, being a better flavor. In saving the seed great care should be used to prevent its heating. As soon as shelled it should be spread on sheets or a clean floor and allowed to lie until thoroughly dried, when it can be put in barrels or bins until needed for use. The usual way of allowing it to lie in a pile on the ground, where hogs can run to it, is dangerous, for when thoroughly heated it is liable to cause hogs to become diseased.—Nebraska Farmer.

Wasp Stings.

This being the season at which petty questions and grievances are most likely to be relieved or redressed by the publicity offered by the press, a considerable number of correspondents are expressing the burning interest they take in the treatment of "wasp stings." There can be no doubt that under certain conditions the sting of a wasp may prove very injurious, or even dangerous to life. We are unable to indorse the opinion that there is no danger unless there be fear. It is quite possible that the sting of any insect capable of generating a poison may be fatal without the intervention of panic. The nervous system is in some of its states exceedingly susceptible of sudden impressions, which, as it were, "stagger" the nerve centers by shock. The bites of small snakes probably act in this way, and the sting of a wasp may prove fatal in the same fashion. As to remedies, ammonia is, of course, the obvious recourse; but almost anything "strong," in a popular sense, will generally suffice to decompose and destroy an organic poison if instantly applied. This is why the juice of an onion answers the purpose. Anything equally pungent would do as well.—Lancet.

A Wonderful Collie.

The Prairie Farmer boys have often read of the remarkable performances of shepherd dogs in Scotland and England, but probably none of them exceed the "work" done by the prize collie Tweed H., owned by F. C. Phoebus, of Maryland. "This dog," Mr. Phoebus says, "has taken a flock of seventy-five sheep from the stock yard at Baltimore to a farm thirty-six miles away without losing one of them. His endurance equals his sagacity. He will cross a road sixty-five feet wide twice a minute, and travel all day without resting. With a wave of the hand he will fly from the rear to the front of the flock. At another signal he will divide a flock into two, and if I hold my hand up with five fingers extended, he will separate that number out of the flock. He will take a flock of eighteen and divide them into three groups of six each at a word, and never touch one with his teeth. He once took seventy through the streets of Baltimore, a

distance of four miles, without losing one. He will also separate chickens from hogs, and hens from roosters, at command."

[We have known a butcher to ride out on horseback five to ten miles or more, buy half a dozen to a dozen fat cattle, give them over to his dog, and take no further thought about them. Every one was invariably taken home and held near the yard until some one opened the gate for their admission. We have often seen this dog go by our farm, conducting half a dozen bullocks, and the owner would ride along an hour or two after. If this knowing animal wished to hurry on his charge, a gentle nip at the heel of the laggard sent him forward; before the kicking heel went up, the dog was treating the next animal in the same way. If approaching a cross-road he took good care that no straggler turned into it.—Ed. Prairie Farmer.]

Without Earnestness.

"Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life; yet even among the people whom we call men of culture but little earnestness is often to be found; in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreations, they plant themselves, if I may say so, in an attitude of self-defense; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to be done with them; they remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who told, with a contented air one evening in some company, that 'to-day he had dispatched six churches and two galleries.' They wish to know and learn a multitude of things, and seldom or never exactly those things with which they have the least concern; and they never see that hunger is not appeased by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man, my first inquiry is, with what does he occupy himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance? The answer regulates the interest I take in that man for life."—Goethe.

Negro baptisms are a Sunday morning feature at this season of the year, and each congregation, in succession, witnesses the immersion of the converts made during the past winter. Hymns are sung, and every one appears animated by religious zeal. On one occasion, so the story goes, a worthy colored woman with culinary tastes got so much interested that she unconsciously pushed up to the minister, and he, regarding her as one of his flock, seized her. She resisted, but the minister imagined that she was merely afraid of the coldness of the water, so before she could explain the situation he soused her. She came up spluttering, and exclaimed: "What you doin'? Lumme go, I tell you!" But he exerted his strength, and sent her "ker-chuck" below the surface again. She emerged, clawing the air wildly, and shouting: "G'way from here! Don't you chuck me under ag'in, you nigger!" But the clergyman was inexorable, and he plunged her under a third time, and held her there for a minute so as to let it soak in and do her good.

Then she came up and struck for the shore, and standing there, looking like a dragged mermaid cut in ebony, she shook her fist at the astonished pastor, and shrieked: "Oh, I'll fix you! I'll bust the head over you, you ornary trash! sounsin' me and nearly drowned me, when you knowed well 'nough all de time dat I se a Methodist, and bin christened by dem dat's your betters, and knows more about religion den all de Baptises dat ever shouted, you mis'able black scum! and me got the rheumatiz enough to set me crazy! Oh, I'll see what de law kin do for you! I'll have you 'rested dis very day, or my name's not Johanna Johnson, you woolly-headed herra! You hear me?" Then Johanna went home to re-dress, and the ceremony proceeded. It is asserted that Miss Johnson has since borne testimony that the Baptists are not any better than pagans.

The Palouse Indians have decided to take up land in severalty (160 acres homestead). This they agreed in pow-wow with Cyrus Beebe, U. S. special agent interior department. Beebe told them they would either have to do that or be put on their reservations by force if necessary. Indians are now figuring how to raise \$22 apiece, fees, with which to file on lands. There were about twenty five Indians at pow-wow, including Bones and other chiefs. This will probably save future trouble in the the Palouse country between whites and reds.—Lincoln Leader.

Oregon's standard remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia and loss of appetite, Dr. Henley's Dandelion Tonic.