

FARM AND GARDEN.

Gleanings from the Agricultural Press.

About 15,000 acres is said to constitute a fair Texas ranch.

The cranberry crop in 1885 was 900,000 bushels, the largest crop ever grown.

Farmers in some closely farmed districts are questioning the economy of chance help.

A flock of sheep in Kentucky soaked by rain froze together in the succeeding blizzard.

Three creameries in Madison county, Iowa, pay \$125,000 to \$150,000 annually for milk and cream.

The Texas Stockman thinks steer yearlings will open at not less than \$8 and will go to \$10 before the season is over.

An elm transplanted is said to make no more wood in twelve or fifteen years than one in mother soil will in ten years.

Many of the diseases among hogs are caused by keeping them in dark, unventilated cellars, where the gases from the manure poison the air.

The manager of the Dwight farm in Dakota attributes the quality of grain grown in that territory to the large quantity of alkali found in that soil.

In buying feed stuffs always have due regard to the amount and value of the manure their consumption will leave available for use upon the farm.

The wisdom of shortening the distance for immature racers is being discussed. Speed alone, without thought of endurance, seems to be the sole object of breeder and trainer.

H. C. Burleigh, before the New England Farmer's Club, advised beginners who enter into neat production, not to expect too much from blood, neither expect to succeed without it. Both are indispensable to insure success.

The Poultry World says that the great success attained in developing the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte breeds has greatly encouraged the making of new varieties. Dozens of men are quietly at work building up new breeds.

A successful dairyman in Illinois says that he is now feeding one hundred cows, and that none of them get a pound of hay. He feeds altogether on corn fodder, cut when in blossom, then bound and set up till cured. He harvests about seven tons of this feed from an acre, and maintains that it is far preferable to hay or other rough food.

The cultivation of sumac is exciting increased attention every year, owing to the increased importation from Italy and the higher price the imported product obtains over our native growth (about \$50 per ton), as well as to the now ascertained fact that the industry of gathering and preparing the leaves in this country does not keep pace with the demand for the product.

The American Cultivator says: "Many persons are prevented from using petroleum on woodwork by fear that it will make the wood more inflammable. This is not the case. The oil enters the pores and so fills them that the wood is harder and less likely to ignite than before. Coal oil or crude petroleum, with something to give it body, makes a cheap paint for all wooden implements, and to coat over the iron work of plows and cultivators to prevent them from rusting in the winter."

Every bee master should take special pains in spring to ascertain constantly the amount of store each hive contains. If he has unceasing most of the honey, and this has resulted in a larger supply being required to maintain the increasing number of bees, it is evident the hive will starve unless syrup is applied to it, or honey in considerable quantity is being gathered. A stimulated hive requires additional care in this respect, and its wants must be supplied artificially if they are not satisfied naturally.

Cream cheese is made in England as follows: Take a quart of cream, or, if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk. Warm it in hot water till about 98 deg., add a tablespoonful of rennet, let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon and place it in a frame in which you have previously put a fine canvas cloth, press it slightly with a weight, let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame; a little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

There is no way to make good cheese except by using the whole milk. Skimming the milk at night, and adding the skim milk to the morning's milk, will not answer. It makes a fair quality of cheese, but the difference in price of the better article will be more than the value of the cream taken off. Our Canadian neighbors, knowing this fact, have secured the English markets, where American cheese was once in demand. It does not pay to make a poor article. There is a small gain at first, but a heavy loss in the end.

The Farmers' Advocate, Can., specifies the following winter food for the stallion: Oats, with a mixture of clean, early cut timothy and clover, should be the basis of the ration, but as all animals delight in a change of diet, other foods should be used to make a variety. Wheat bran is not only a food rich in bone and muscle forming material, but is the medicine for the bowels—also the safest and cheapest. Corn and barley should also be given for a change, and when a greater variety

is desired, small quantities of wheat and oil cake may be given.

The care of the barn must continue to be the most important work of the farmer. Whatever other work he may neglect he must not neglect the regular feeding of his stock, for at this season the farm animals are so dependent upon him that the least neglect will cause a loss. The milk cows demand the most careful attention or their flow of milk can not be kept up. The sheep that are to drop early lambs must not only receive regular attention, but they must be provided with good quarters, especially when they are about to drop their lambs.

The factory system has worked a revolution in cheese making in this country, but it has not done so much for butter making. The bulk of cow butter is still made on farms, and there is one reason why it probably will continue to be. The skim milk is of great value for feeding pigs and for other purposes, while the whey from cheese is worth little or nothing. The dairy system of butter making will probably insure a better and more uniform product, but there is another difficulty to be taken into account, which is the loss from churning the cream of a great number of cows together.

The Western Agriculturist says: "At many of the stock exchanges and livery stables where horses are kept for sale or trade, a part of the floors are nicely and purposely prepared for the improvement of the condition of horses that have been badly injured in the feet, limbs and shoulders. What is the remedy these men employ and rely on? The earth floor, that has stood the test of all ages. It acts as a preventive of the many evils that necessarily originate wherever the plank floor system is brought into use. It requires little more labor to keep an earth floor in good condition, than to keep the plank floor in repair."

In managing live stock a main thing is to look to the comfort of the animal. No animal thrives at the same time that it is cold and uneasy, while a quiet appearance is a sure indication of thrift. When the observing farmer sees a restless and uneasy animal he will know something is wrong; he will treat it to remove the cause if he studies his best interests. We do not maintain but that some animals are by their very natures restless under any treatment; such will usually be found unthrifty and unprofitable in the same degree, and had better be weeded out, unless, perhaps, there is some chance of reforming them.

The Country Gentleman says: "We have often had occasion to observe the benefit derived from laying down the most commonly cultivated grape vines on the approach of winter, even if such sorts as are reputed hardy, in localities where they are not winter-killed. The work has been easily done by holding them to their prostrate position with short sticks of wood, and without covering, and where they obtained some warmth from the earth and were out of the reach of severe winds. A vineyardist once informed us that if he had expended a week's work in laying down his vines, it would have saved him from a loss of \$1,200, but it was an unusual winter."

The Turf, Field and Fireside recommends the following scientific method of treating cider to preserve its sweetness. When the saccharine matters by fermentation are being converted into alcohol, if a bent tube be inserted airtight into the bung, with the other end into a pail of water, to allow the carbonic acid gas evolved to pass off without adulterating any air into the barrel, a beverage will be obtained that is fit nectar for the gods. A handy way is to fill your cask nearly up to the wooden faucet when the cask is rolled so the bung is down. Get a common rubber tube and slip it over the end of the plug in the faucet, with the other end in the pail. After the water ceases to bubble bottle or store away.

A Profitable Pass.
Three or four years ago a Michigan Central Railroad train ran into a farmer's rig at a crossing and killed the old man and both horses. The old woman was found a pretty easy customer to settle with. She took \$200 for the horses, \$2,000 for the old man and a life-pass in payment of her own shaking up. Within six weeks after getting the pass she went down to visit her daughter near Chicago, and two days afterward returned to her son's near Detroit. Since that date she has used the pass regularly four times per week, or a matter of 800 times. Travel seems to benefit her, and she expects to put in at least ten more years of life.—Wall Street News.

No Profit in Conversion.
"My dear friend," said a long-haired countryman to the biographical expounder of a dime museum, "is that unfortunate being really a cannibal?" and he indicated a South Sea islander from Cork who was sitting on a divan.
"Yes, sir, that great living curiosity was captured while in the act of roasting a Presbyterian missionary over a slow fire."
"Great heavens!" gasped the countryman, "can't you convert him?"
"Convert him!" said the biographer with disgust. "Do you suppose the great American public would pay 10 cents to see a Christian?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

French Railway Murders.

A Paris correspondent of The New York World writes: The late murder of the prefect of Euro in a compartment of a railroad-car has again called the attention of the public to the disadvantages and dangers of the present system, and the advantages that would follow a change to forms of railway carriages more or less like the American. In answer to questions asked in the assembly the other day, the government replied that the attention of the railroad companies had often been called to the danger of the present form of carriage, and the desirability of having an aisle running through the car from end to end. To this reasonable suggestion the companies never vouchsafed a reply, nor does it appear that they have ever taken any steps to modify the old system, though it appears from official records that eighteen persons have been assassinated on railway trains in France alone since 1860. To change the cars now in use in this country, which number many thousands, by running an aisle through them, would so weaken them that they would have to be discarded, or at least render them dangerous. It might render necessary the taking out all the transverse partitions, which, as the cars are not so solidly built as in America, might also compel taking away the side walls or to discard everything except trucks, which would be in effect the entire rebuilding of the car. Still, something of the kind has been done in northern Italy, where, on some of the roads, carriages are found with the aisles suggested, the seats being arranged in unequal numbers alternately on either side.

The arrangements for giving an alarm in case of personal danger are ridiculous, and all of them presuppose the assassin has openly shown his intentions to his victim, who has thus been given an opportunity to leave his seat and touch the signal. On some lines there is a ring attached to a cord in a little recess in the partition between the compartments, covered on each side with glass, which must be broken before the ring can be reached. On other lines there is an electric button, very likely not to operate when most needed. Some other devices are equally absurd and equally unavailable to the surprised traveler who finds himself in the presence of a resolute and well-equipped murderer. The public and the press seem to be united in demanding a change in the present form of railroad-cars which shall not only render them safe, but add to them some of the comforts and conveniences to which Americans have been long accustomed, and which are now regarded as indispensable. La France even goes so far as to say that the style of American cars is implicitly to be followed.

King Umberto's Nephew.

The eldest son of the Duke of Aosta (King Umberto's brother) has just entered the Italian Army as a volunteer. This young Prince, who bears the title of the Duke of Puglia, is just turned seventeen, being some months older than his cousin, the heir apparent to the throne of Italy. A year's service as a volunteer dispenses the young soldier from the conscription, to which otherwise all Italian subjects are liable, high and low alike. But I don't suppose the young Duke wishes to avail himself of this immunity, for the profession of arms is traditional and hereditary in his family and it seems natural for the eldest son of each branch to be a soldier, not as a mere form but in earnest. I am reminded by this word of his illustrious grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, and of yet one more little incident which must be chronicled in reference to his lately deceased morganatic wife, the Countess Mirafiora. At the grand memorial mass held in the Pantheon on the 16th inst., among the innumerable wreaths laid around the dead King's tomb was one of fresh natural flowers veiled with crape. The ribbon with which it was tied bore the late Countess's monogram and the words "Sono con lui" (I am with him).—From a Late Rome Letter.

She Shocked the Divine.

A prominent divine was the invited guest of Mr. B. and family. Miss Alice, the charming daughter of the host, was gracing the festivity, and said impulsively:
"Oh, mother, I've been roasting up in my room all afternoon. It's hotter than—"
"Alice!" said the father, sternly.
"I say it's hotter than—"
"Alice!" said the mother, excitedly, and the divine looked at her in alarm.
"I say it's hotter than I ever saw it before," continued the young lady coolly, "and I just sat there without a thing on—"
"Oh, Alice!" said her father in alarm. This time the divine was thoroughly frightened.
"I just sat there without a thing on—"
"Oh, Alice!" said the mother, almost crying.
"I say I just sat there," continued the girl, not noticing the interruption, "I just sat there without a thing on except my very lightest summer clothing, and read my Bible all the afternoon. Will you have some more soup, doctor?"—Elmira Gazette.

A woman at Augusta, Me., has ordered a set of false teeth for her aged pet pony.

FERRIBLE TORTURES.

Treatment of Defenseless Prisoner by the Apaches.

When the Apaches capture a white man, woman, or child, they first strip them of their apparel, tie their hands, and, if in a hurry, lead them with a rope at a rapid rate of speed over rough trails for long distances. Camping they lash their prisoner tight to a cactus for the night. On the march they will taunt you in your own language, asking you if you prefer a carriage to ride in. During the night, while you would be lashed naked to a prickly cactus, the boy Apaches would shoot their arrows at you, and approach and stick them into you; and then approach again and pull them out of your flesh. Some of these young fiends, better than the rest, would approach and cut off your ears.

When the time for your torturous death arrived, they would cause a rattlesnake to bite you in the face. Then they would place a quantity of burning coals beneath your feet, and with pinners tear off your finger-nails. This would be followed by skinning your arms and legs; then taking off your scalp and slapping it in your face.

During all this time the squaws would act like demons, committing nameless mutilations.

If such a method as the above should not be adopted, they would extend you on the ground and drive a pole or whiffle-tree through from end to end; or they would hang you up by the feet to the limb of a tree and build a fire under your head.

The entire variety of their torture is only known to themselves, and the tortures performed by the squaws are of such a description as to prevent their being published in any newspaper.

Another method of torture after mutilation is to bury the victim alive in the solid earth up to his neck, and beat the head off with clubs, or leave him thus helpless to die.

These are only a few of the many torturous deaths inflicted by the Apaches, and many persons who are exposed in their vicinity carry derringer pistols with which to blow out their own brains in case they are surprised and have time to do so before they are in the grasp of the fiends.—Tombstone (Arizona) Democrat.

Literary Mutual Admiration.

The true reason, we suspect, why no one who can be spoken of as a success or, at however long an interval, to Dickens, Thackeray, or Macaulay, has yet appeared, is to be found in the broad fact that, whereas during the first five-and-twenty years of the century, novelists, historians, and pamphleteers wrote before all things for the general public, and with a habitual eye to the effects of humor and humanity, which arrest and delight the attention of mankind en masse, those who have come after them are animated rather by a regard for the traditions of a particular school or a fear of the criticisms of the special coterie to which they are effected. Mutual admiration societies are fatal to the development of English novelists built on the lines of Thackeray and Dickens. The awe of cliques, and the slavish anticipations of the verdict which may be pronounced by the shallow aristocracy of a little knot of prigs and pedants are inconsistent with the free play of thought and the catholic exercise of fancy which give the world books that it would not willingly let die. Our literateurs appeal primarily not *en masse*, but *en petit*, and even so, less to the general public as the great city itself than to an insignificant and opinionated subsection of that public. When Lord Houghton died, last autumn, some of the newspapers dismissed him disparagingly as a second-rate poet, as if poets, like school-boys or cheap London houses, must be arranged in classes. But the fact remained that so long as Lord Houghton was with us English literature possessed one figure who most agreeably and not unworthily represented it on all public occasions, and who could be trusted to maintain its interests and reputation in any assembly, whether of Englishmen or foreigners. Does there exist to day within the four seas any substitute for Lord Houghton of whom the same can be said? Houghton was not a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Macaulay, or a Tennyson; but he was the best known and most popular symbol of the literary craft; and if he was only second rate is not the mediocrity of the professors of that craft whom he has left behind him rendered the more patent—a mediocrity explicable, as it would seem, only by reference to the considerations which have just been urged? In literature and art, as in statesmanship, the public looks for leaders who can form its taste, and round whom it can rally. It is destined apparently so to look for some time in vain. The retrospect, at any rate, of the death roll of 1885 goes far to justify the statement that we can reach the land of Lilliput without shaking the dust of Westminster on the Strand, of Pall Mall or Paternoster row, off our feet.—London World.

Upon an investigation which precluded the introduction of sewing in the public schools of a town containing more than ten thousand inhabitants, it was found that only six of the girls who crowded the schools knew how to sew. Many had never seen a thimble. Further inquiry discovered that many mothers of these children did not know how to sew, but bought "ready-made" clothing as they needed it.

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