

OREGONIAN RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

North. April 1, 1891. South.
Newberg, 7:55 a. m. to Portland, 9:30 a. m.
Portland, 9:30 a. m. to Newberg, 12:15 p. m.

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:
E. H. WOODWARD & OSM. C. EMERY.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1891.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon.

Will have an exhibit at the world's fair, it is said. Child's present exhibit to the world is about as big as she can stand, we should judge.

The good people of our neighboring town, Carlton, have been caught napping and have let a salmon crawl into town. The country around Carlton is too fine to be cursed by the blighting influences of a low dive.

Adversity makes philosophers. The editor of the Albion Courier was a candidate for city auditor on the republican ticket last week, and having been beautifully grooved under, consoles himself with the expression that "a man with a good business is a blamed fool to run for office anyhow."

The Whittier (Cal.) Pointer man claims to have invented a newspaper press that will revolutionize the whole country press business. The best proof that could be given of the superiority of the machine, would be a respectable job of press work on the Pointer. It has never had it yet.

COUNTY NEWS.

Gathered From our Exchanges.
Charles Link, a mill hand, was drowned in Jones' mill pond, near McMinnville, one day last week. This makes the third casualty for this mill. Two from drowning and one from being thrown upon the saw.

McMinnville will have a celebration on the 4th.
County Clerk Hobbs has a force of help busy at work getting the delinquent tax roll ready for the sheriff, and all who have not paid their taxes will find the costs piling up on them fast. The sheriff's tax sale will be some time in July.

Prof. W. C. Kautner and Prof. and Mrs. Bowman have been re-elected to positions in the faculty of the Lafayette University. This is a just recognition of their ability.

Mr. M. Lonsdale, of La Fayette, was very seriously injured by being thrown from his buggy one day last week.

A Women's Christian Temperance Union was organized at South Yamhill on the 14th, with eighteen members and nineteen honoraries. The officers elected are, president, Mrs. Sarah Cook; vice president, Mrs. Homstock and Mrs. Ross; recording secretary, Mrs. Emma Arthur; corresponding secretary, Miss Clara Skinner; treasurer, Mrs. Nannie Oliver.—Reporter.

Every owner of orchard or fruit garden should carefully examine his trees and bushes at least once a month, to see that no vermin have found a lodgment on them. Should they be found infested with any kind of pest, immediate and active aggressive warfare should be made on them. It is necessary that some positive action be taken in every case, for the protection both of our own and our neighbors' orchards. United and persistent efforts, persevering application of remedies, and steady watchfulness will materially check the mischief done by the pests to our fruit crops. Vigilance will have its sure reward.—Western Home.

SOIL FOR STRAWBERRIES.

Passing one day a piece of ground that a young man was covering four or five inches thick with an extraordinary article of manure I remarked, "getting ready for early cabbage?" "No," he replied, "for strawberries." "Is the land poor?" I inquired. "No, it is very rich," he answered. "Then why manure it that way?" I asked in surprise. "Do you want to get an immense growth of foliage and no fruit?" "Why, Mr. C.," quoting a strawberry authority, "says 'land can not be too rich for strawberries.'" "Yes," I replied, "I have seen that statement, but if you should see him and talk with him in reference to this ground you are preparing, I think he would hedge a little." As a general rule people are not apt to get ground too rich, but still it is possible to do so. What strawberries need is the fertility that nearest approaches a virgin soil; a soil that contains the remains of plant life after it has been prepared in nature's laboratory. Such soil as you find in the corners of old Virginia rail fences, in blackberry thickets, in old stump clearings, anywhere, in fact, where cropping has ceased and nature has had her own way for a time. The nearest approach to this in cultivated farms is a heavy soil of grass or clover plowed under, and sown by growing one or two crops of potatoes or wheat.—The Oregonian for June.

OREGON'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Development of Our Fruit Industry The Canning Business to be Increased.
An Oregonian reporter in a recent interview with Mr. Sam J. Gorman, president of the Gorman Commission Company, of Chicago, learned something of this gentleman's motives in returning to Portland after an absence of five years in the "world's fair city."

Mr. Gorman, since leaving Portland,

has been extensively engaged in the distribution of Pacific coast products, handling annually a great many thousand cases of salmon, but he says that while Oregon and Washington practically control the salmon trade of the world they did not appear to have the requisite energy or push to open up a trade for the fine fruits that for the last few years have been permitted to rot in our orchards for lack of proper handling. Mr. Gorman's object in establishing a branch of his house in Portland is that he may cooperate with the grocers and packers of fruits and vegetables in the North-west and assist them in bringing their products to the attention of Eastern buyers. After a careful comparison of Oregon's canned goods with the best brands of our sister state, Mr. Gorman has no hesitancy in saying that he will soon place them upon the Eastern market upon their merits, and under a distinctive Oregon label instead of under the sheltering wing of some California canner, who has heretofore been only too glad to lend their name for the glory and profit which it brought them. What Oregon most needs, according to Mr. Gorman's idea, is that her products be introduced into the Eastern markets under a brand distinctive of where grown, so that California may not continue to "absorb" all the glory due in common to the entire Pacific coast as a fruit raising country. He says it is but a few years since all the canned salmon sold in the royal Chinook from our own Columbia river, was familiarly known in the Eastern markets as "California salmon," just the same as all the luscious Oregon pears, prunes, plums, cherries, etc., upon the thousands of Eastern tables last year were improperly credited to California.

Just how long this state of affairs will be permitted to continue, at a cost to the Northwest in immigration alone, of several thousand desirable home-seekers each year, depends altogether upon the action of those who from self-interest, if not any more patriotic motive, should emulate the California fruit growers, who, by their combined efforts, and working in unison, have established a demand for their products almost beyond their capacity to supply. As to whether this state is ready for a trade of this kind yet, is an open question with Mr. Gorman, as the question may not have been sufficiently agitated; but sooner or later they will have to come to it, and by their united action open up an avenue of trade, the importance of which they cannot now appreciate.—Oregonian.

A NORTHERN APPLE ORCHARD.

Summer waned, Autumn, with its brilliant tints of early October, found my wife and I in the Province of Quebec, wandering by steamer or rail or carriage through the quaint, delightful valley of the St. Lawrence.

It seemed a land of quiet contentment, the French Canadian sitting at their looms through the sunny mid-day hours, in no heavier employment than smoking a pipe of peace—obony or bronze "frites" that "toil not." But by the presence of the old-fashioned wheel discovered that their wives do "spin. Up a winding river we went at last, glowing with autumn foliage, and past trees heavy with ripening nuts. But it was apples we wanted—that is a sight of an orchard we were told was to be found here that would repay us for our travel. Everybody was ready to show us the way; all the rural population turned out to smile on us as we landed one bright morning on the wharf, near where we hoped to find the fruit farm we sought, and after a few minutes' walk we at length found ourselves on a rough and stony road, in a curious old French village of small cottages that skirted the banks of the river, where the overhanging trees threw shadows into the waters. At the gate that led to our destination, a flat boat, named "Psyche," and a pair of little oars, were very suggestive and excited the curiosity of "Pomme" (that's my wife). But the turnstile was before us, and we slowly walked up the long lane leading to the old stone house that seemed to stand sentry in front of this ideal orchard. But the house was deserted and silent; some fine Dorking fowls were plainly monarchs of all they surveyed and roamed unmolested over the fancy beds, and through the avenue of trees that skirted the well-kept lawn. There was a distant tapping, as if some wood-peckers were at work, and as far away as the eye could see, amid the density of green and crimson was a row of endless barrels, and a youth with a hammer driving in the last nails. As we walked on to where ladders were standing and figures could be seen up in the crimson and green trees, we found ourselves confronted by a pair of soft, grey eyes, under a hat that reminded us of Dr. Helmes' story of the boy who told another that two of the most respectable deacons of the town were having a horse-race, and when questioned "Where?" facetiously remarked, "Round the brim of your hat." Under the wide straw hat of our orchard deity was the face of a young girl, whom I instantly and mentally named "September," so rich was she in all that was beautiful of health and bloom.

Pomme had stopped to question a five-year-old fairy, who, with brown, wide open eyes and soft brown hair, stood eating a Flemish Beauty pear near by. The rust of her cheeks and the soft, plump brown hands well suited the fruit her sharp, white teeth were biting, and I thought she well suited the name of the fruit that was brought to her in half bushel baskets by a medley crowd of boys and girls, with one or two old withered dames. These rows of barrels, chairs, seconds and thirds, or "scalawags," she said, with a quiet smile, in answer to my questions, and then, as if to bid of my company, she pointed to the upper orchard where father and mother were sorting some superior fruit for shipment. Through the long aftermath of crispness clover we went, past a field of raspberry and black-berry canes that gave promise of a rich

next summer harvest, and on to a slope of trees laden to the ground with rich, red fruit. And here stood Mr. and Mrs. October, indeed, sorting and packing the fruit beauties, rejecting any that had the slightest blemish. The soft, grey felt hat of the master of the orchard fell over a face at once shrewd and benign. "A Scotchman," was my first thought, which was verified by his tongue. "Ye're verra welcome if Mister Gibb sent you," was his salutation, while his wife, after a cordial bow, went on with her packing, and I found by watching that it required the closest attention to sort correctly as to size and quality. These apples were the "Famous," a staple Canadian fruit, too little known in the American market and something that will surprise us with its white, crisp flesh and ruddy beauty when we have free trade with our sister province. At present the duties preclude all possibility of marketing it in "the States," as the natives there call our mighty republic. "There is no fear but we could compete well with your American fruit," said the owner, with pardonable pride, "if it was not for the duty, because we have just the climate suitable for apple growing. I was at your Centennial in '76 and saw the apples opened up. But there wasn't any cold compare with Canada in color and flavor, except Michigan and our own Nova Scotia. We want free trade, sir, and none of this protection." Not being much interested in the national policy, Pomme had walked on, and soon motioned me to another part of the orchard where one of the daughters busily sorted St. Lawrence apples. "A lone packer," she said, as the young girl lifted her blue eyes to us, and quietly went on with her sorting as if such intrusions were of every-day occurrence. The sunlight shone on the white, smooth barrels and glistened on the striped beautiful fruit that was piled high above the chine as the "cruder" or press is put on to screw them finally in before nailing down the head. Before we left her the "lone packer" became quite friendly, and showed us the two rows of "setters" in the bottom of the barrel that have to be put in with the greatest care and firmness. "And do you work all day at this?" I asked, looking at her slim figure. "Oh, yes," she answered, brightly; "it isn't hard work, only one gets dizzy now and then if 'setting' too steadily." "I should think," said Pomme, "there would be a great deal of dizziness before these thousands of barrels were marketed." Yet we found them all cheerful and helpful, even little Flemish Beauty being able to pick up the fallen fruit and lay it in a heap when it is assorted separately. Near the stering sled a small shaver of ten stood with a tub of paint and a brush. He had just laid down his brand and a streak of black shone on his nose and chin and over his rosy cheek. "How do you do, and what do you do?" I asked; and he answered in rich, resonant tones, "I am the 'brander,' smearing his brush over the head of a barrel, which afterwards, as if by magic, reads: 'Choice Famous Apples, Grown and Packed by October and Sons, Charbonnet, Canada.'" "How many brothers and sisters have you?" asked Pomme. "Five of each," he answered "proudly, and they're all in the orchard here," with a nod of his sagacious head. Just then from church and convent pealed forth a cheerful bell, that vibrated on the clear air. We did not know that it was noon, but were soon informed that this daily summons served as clock to all the inhabitants of the valley, who instantly dropped their work at the last stroke, and trusted to its reminder at one to return to their labors. And a few minutes later a very amusing sight met our eyes, for we came upon a party of pickers enjoying their luncheon, which is always taken out of doors during the apple season. The balls of the party, in sailor hat, sat perched on a barrel eating a sandwich; the "lone packer" was social with one of the small boys over some shell oysters, and altogether they seemed as happy as a party of gipsies. Further along were "Pierre" and his mother, typical Canadian, resting after their lunch of pea soup and black bread. The boy excited our sympathy by a limp and one-sided gait, and we learned that he had been gored by a bull, but still persisted in living in spite of a sore that would not heal. "He can't climb much, but he picks low branches and works steady," said Jim, one of the sons, who proved himself the sportsman of the family by his enthusiasm about a flock of wild geese that passed over the orchard, their quacking cry plainly heard. "Oh, if I only had my gun!" he said, with real regret. Mr. October called Pierre to us and inquired how much he would ask to row us down to the village in the fat-bottom boat. After putting a thumb in each pocket and thinking profoundly for several moments, he said, very modestly, "five cents," if the time required was to be allowed from his morning, and not deducted from his wages—a bit of shrewdness that brought him a five-fold fee from Pomme. I remarked on the freedom from insects and diseases, when the owner told me that his boys and girls and the birds looked after that. "We put up boxes to protect the wrens and swallows and all insectivorous birds," he said, "and the children look after the greatest enemy, the tent caterpillar, that lays rings of five hundred eggs on the branches. These the youngsters search for on snow-shoes in winter, and I pay them a cent a dozen for the rings. They don't take long to earn a quarter at it some seasons." He told us Montreal was their chief market, and that the oldest orchard had been planted forty years, still bearing good crops, the only treatment it receives being the grass which is cut in June and left as a mulch. Here the trees are interlocked through and through in many places. Sometimes a giant falls and ends its life as fire-logs and lumber. We found the color of the wood peculiarly spicy when a kind hospitality led the way to the quiet dining-room and heaped us on creamy milk, home-made luns and luscious grapes. "We only lunch at noon," he said, "it saves the women folk trouble." We murmured our thanks as our pockets bulged out with red-checked apples, and followed the "brander" to the "Pomme" store, looking back now and then to the small orchard, silent just now in the noon-day rest.—N. American Standard.

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