

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY

The society of Patrons of Husbandry was founded at Washington, D. C., in December, 1873, to advance the interests of husbandry. The chief founder of the society was O. H. Kelley, a clerk in the department of agriculture, deputed by the government in 1883 to make a tour or inspection through the southern states, and to report upon their agricultural conditions and the best means of improving them.

The widespread demoralization of the farming population there convinced Kelley that organization was vitally necessary, as well as for the farmers' self protection as for their advancement by the use of scientific methods of cultivation and the enactment of laws favorable to them. Upon his return to Washington, therefore, he, with six others, established the "National Grange of Patrons of Husbandry." The other founders were: William Saunders, J. R. Thompson, A. B. Grash, F. M. McDowell, L. M. Trimble and William M. Ireland.

The organization was secret, and membership was limited to those actually engaged in agriculture. Women were admitted on an equality with men; and the feature, novel at that time, had much to do with the society's rapid growth. The constitution provided for local district, state and national organizations, for the conferring of degrees, and for the election of women to office.

Aided by the efforts of Kelley, who was a zealous promoter, the society, after a few years, gained rapidly in numbers and influence. In 1873 there were 13,000 members; in 1875 it reached 1,000,000. At about this time the grange had become prominently identified with legislative measures, both state and national, intended to curb railroad and trusts, to prevent discrimination in rates and prices, and in other ways to advance the farmers' interests. Although supposedly a nonpartisan and nonpolitical order, a good deal of immature legislation was laid at the grange's door, and it materially declined in membership. In the meantime, however, it has been largely instrumental in securing the passage of the interstate commerce act, the oleomargarine law, the Hatch act, founding experiment stations, and the law making the head of the department of agriculture a cabinet officer. Of late years the social aspect of the grange has been more largely developed and it has every promise of becoming a growing and important factor in the great agricultural interests.

To Irrigate 150,000 Acres.

A member of the state land board stated the other day there seems to be no doubt but that the board will grant the petition of the Idaho Irrigation company, Limited, for the segregation of about 150,000 acres in Blaine and Lincoln counties under the Carey act, says the Boise Statesman. This is the proposition which has been under consideration for some time and which is being promoted by S. D. Boone, Charles Herne and P. F. Horne and others of Halliey. The scheme is backed by New York capital, Mr. Boone being the only Idahoan on the board of directors. The officers of the company are W. P. O'Connor, president; Charles Hernshein, vice president and general manager; Theodore L. Peters, secretary and treasurer, all of New York. Messrs. Horne, Hernshein and Horne are now in Boise, perfecting the final arrangements.

"The gentle men who are gathering this enterprise," said the member of the state land board, "have been able to make a very satisfactory showing. All that remains is for the state engineer to look over the ground and make his report. Governor Gooding is well acquainted with the territory and he feels satisfied that the showings made by the promoters are correct." The irrigation project is a reservoir plan, the intention being to build a dam on the lower Wood River 110 feet high. This will back the water up about 10 miles and furnish a reservoir containing 15,000 acre-feet of water. Meld river is also taken into consideration and by a little more expenditure nearly twice the amount of water can be stored. The plans call for the expenditure of approximately \$2,400,000. Of the land to be irrigated there are 45,122 acres lying to the east of Big Wood river and about 110,000 acres lying west and north of that river. Most of the land is in Lincoln county, but the reservoir is to be in Blaine county.

Prune Prices Drop.

A friend from the Oregonian from Salem, Ore., says: Step by step, the prune market in Oregon has dropped down from a 2½ cent basis early in the season to a 1½ cent basis now.

Whether the bottom price has been reached is questionable upon which opinions differ and which will probably be determined chiefly by the cause growers pursue in selling. Eastern jobbers are confident that the price will be no higher, and some of them assert that it will go lower before the crop is marketed. The prices quoted are those paid to growers. Packers get one-half cent more.

Early sales of the Willamette Valley Prune association were made at as high as 2½ cents, or 2½ cents for the grower and at this price a quarter of a cent less, about 40 cars were disposed of by the association for October and November shipment. Between this figure and the present price about half the Oregon crop has been sold and the market seems now to be rather inactive. Some sales are being made, but growers who did not sell at the higher prices seem disposed to wait now for further developments.

The Tomato Blight.

A friend of the writer had a fine prospect only a few days ago with 2,000 vigorous tomato plants, and now not only are the plants blighted, but his hopes of anything like a crop have followed.

I heard of one man in Yakima valley who had four acres of tomatoes, and nearly all are gone with blight and the complaint is general, with few exceptions. Now, the few exceptions, we venture to say, are where the ground has been well manured and with some shade. It is now conceded that nothing will so overcome the tomato blight as to have rich ground with a little shade. Then, if well cultivated and irrigated where irrigation is necessary, thus forcing a rapid growth, the vigor of the plant will outgrow the enemy.

This theory I can confirm by my own experience. Three years ago I had a splendid crop of tomatoes. The winter before I had a number of boxes I kept them in a small yard, and early in the spring cleaned and dried, putting the cleanings onto my tomato patch and plowing them under. There was some hen manure

mixed with it. A row of loons trees stretched along the south side, and good success was the result.

Where I have no trees to furnish shade I plant corn. If your rows run north and south plant corn on the west side to shade during the afternoon. If the rows run east and west plant corn on the tomatoes to cultivate between. This year I planted on new land thinking that would be strong enough, but the blight came and many of the plants are gone. Now, I am convinced that cannot be too rich with best fertilizers. Then a little shade and plenty of water and good cultivation and we can have all the tomatoes we want. —Dr. J. L. Roberts in Pacific Northwest.

CASCADE LOCKS.

On Monday last Mr. Mattoon's house caught fire and burned to the ground. Mrs. Mattoon was away when it took place. The neighbors turned out, not in time to save the house, but most of the furniture. They worked hard to save Mr. Swanson's house near. There was no insurance.

There was a big fire across the river last night which came near burning Mr. Arnold's mill on Smith creek. They had a large force of men working all night to save the mill.

Yesterday John Cates lost one of his hands by a circular saw at the Wind River company's mill. He has a family and it will be hard for him.

Mr. N. D. Sanford and wife, with Mr. Thorp, made a short visit to the coast.

Mr. Taylor has a force of men taking down the government building.

Mr. Fressell, our dry man, went to The Dalles on Friday.

Mrs. Rogers came up from the place with 16 boxes of apples.

Mr. Osborn has quit the hotel. Mrs. Hatch has taken his place and is doing well. He sets good table.

BELMONT.

Mrs. Anderson, accompanied by her daughter, Ivy, made a flying trip to Portland Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Quackenbush and their invalid son, of Portland, have taken up their residence Bess Isenberg's cottage for the summer.

People who saw the new delivery team from Rockford go through Belmont last week in his automobile, either ran out of gasoline or the machine balked, for we saw it tied up to a neighbor's fruit tree. In fact it is still there.

The Grange "scream" social last week was a grand success.

Will Rogers, while flying through Belmont last week in his automobile, either ran out of gasoline or the machine balked, for we saw it tied up to a neighbor's fruit tree. In fact it is still there.

Four girls who went to The Dalles last week successfully passed their examinations and received their certificates. How's that for Belmont?

Mr. Frank Jones spent Sunday at Wyeth visiting relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Nealeigh expects her mother from Nebraska.

Miss Mildred Metcalf was visiting in town last week. She returned home Sunday.

The Belmont people who were camped at the Iava Beds, came home Monday. They say they had a good time. There were 17 gathered around the camp fire one evening, and talk about fun! Well, we can just imagine.

UNDERWOOD.

Bear and snake tracks seem to be quite in evidence here.

Mr. Lutby is spending a week visiting at Carson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton were visitors at Cheuvon Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell drove over from Chemowen Tuesday.

Roy Davidson is the new assistant at Smith & Clarke's store, Fred Lutby having resigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent returned to their homestead near Goldendale.

The railroad camp on Knapp's flat received a new steam shovel this week.

Mr. Cash received his papers and is now Underwood's full fledged notary public.

Cal. Lusk was a visitor in Underwood last week.

Our merchant, Mr. Smith, was a visitor in Gilmer last week.

Mrs. Ed Underwood and party are spending the week on Huckleberry mountain.

Fred Lutby returned Sunday from Huckleberry mountain and reports the berries very scarce.

The Porter brothers have commenced a survey for the best grade to build a flume to run their ties out to the new railroad.

Mr. Eckles visited our Sunday school Sunday and held services in the evening at the school house.

Our Sunday school is to give an ice cream social at the school house Saturday evening for the purpose of making a payment on the new organ. Every one is cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Amos Underwood has succeeded in securing another saloon license. We understand there was a request for a license to run a bar in the hotel and the commissioners decided as Uncle Amos was an old pioneer that he should have the preference. Well enough, but the greater part of the community can not see as we needed either, and our commissioners will be remembered.

C. D. Moore and Mr. Lovejoy, of White Salmon, were looking at timber near Underwood last week.

The Peek-a-Boo Waist.

The St. John Review says: "The ministers of the East are making trouble for the wearers of the peek-a-boo waist. Will some kind soul tell us what a peek-a-boo waist is?" A peek-a-boo waist is made from the strands of cobweb and four of wind, and only slightly differs from the "shoo-fly" waist, which is created from four strands of cobweb and three of wind. The former is for summer wear and the latter for cold weather. —Optimist.

Railroad Work at Stevenson.

Work on the railroad is beginning to show up nicely in and around Stevenson. There remains only three blocks on Cascade avenue undisturbed. The little grove west of Seymour street has been cut down and regading commenced. Residents living between Seymour and Russell streets have been notified to vacate these premises. On the east a crew of men are working on the square just east of the business portion.

This theory I can confirm by my own experience. Three years ago I had a splendid crop of tomatoes. The winter before I had a number of boxes I kept them in a small yard, and early in the spring cleaned and dried, putting the cleanings onto my tomato patch and plowing them under. There was some hen manure

PENNILESS SWEDE WORTH MILLIONS

From being penniless and destitute three years ago to a fortune and an interest in a mine that is now providing him and his partners—three in number—with an income of \$5,000 a day is the story of Sam Samson, a Swede, who arrived at his home in Hood River recently. Three years ago Samson, who operated a shingle mill near here, of which he was owner, went bankrupt and was without the price of meat. Now he is here for the purpose of paying his debts. In his sudden affluence he has not forgotten those who were friends to him in his hour of need and is repaying them from the rich earnings of a mine of which he is now part owner at Nome, Alaska.

Samson went broke and worked his way to the gold fields of Alaska, where, after many hardships, he amassing a fortune. A large nugget taken from his mine and attached to a stickpin adorns his shirtfront and he has given several a similar ones to intimate friends as evidences of his regard. Photographs of the mine exhibited by Samson show a complete mining outfit in operation, including a pumping plant. These are not carried by him for the purpose of selling stock, as the Cyrus Noble mine, the name by which it is known, is a close corporation and has no stock for sale.

Unlike most of the goldseekers at Nome who satisfied themselves with trying to gain toads by shooting, Samson and his partners sunk a shaft and prospected for gold-bearing quartz. At a depth of 100 feet they struck a vein that was paid them as high as \$6,000 a day and bids fair to make him a millionaire.—Journal.

Fin Prospects for the Gold Run.

S. H. Cox reports that the shaft in the Gold Run mine has been sunk 50 feet, and that now they will drift along that level, to ascertain the thickness of the vein. The ore is getting richer as they go down, and indications are very good. It has all the indications of being a valuable mine and will no doubt make a fortune for the owners.

An indication of the value of the country in the vicinity of the Gold Run mine, the following article in the Portland Journal will be interesting:

F. A. Mabee, president of the Washougal Gold & Copper Mining company, is from St. Louis, but located the mines which his company owns near Cape Horn, Washington, and is one of the old-time miners in the country, being at Pike's Peak in 1859, when there were only two houses in Denver. In speaking of his mine at Cape Horn he said:

"We have already invested more than \$200,000 in the mines and have been taking out as much ore as we can handle. I am in Portland at present to buy mining machinery with which to further open up the mine. This new machinery will cost about \$75,000 and will enable us to work through to a 600-foot level. At present we are working at 300 feet. This, in spite of the fact that we have to bore through solid ledge rock.

"People told me that it would cost \$500,000 to build the 16 miles of road between Cape Horn and the mines, but we have the road and will build an electric road before next spring.

"The mines are exceptionally wealthy ones and when men who have made millions in Alaska tell me of the difficulties in getting out the gold, the last part of this joke is that I have never had to get out a prospectus of the property wanted and when some eastern capitalists wanted to buy it they sent to a mercantile agency for a report on the mine. This is the only report that has ever been made of the property, but it was so good that the easterners knew they would never be able to purchase the property and they had to pay for the report themselves.

"The smelter will have a capacity of 50 tons of ore a day. We will use the plant as rapidly as we can, which will not take long, because we have the minerals and at a place that makes transportation easy. When I tell you that we have free milling gold and silver nine feet wide, you may know the resources of the place. The reason we want the smelter near Portland is because of the fact that fuel and labor can be secured much cheaper here than any place near the mines."

Lumber Advancing.

Los Angeles, August 14.—Local lumber dealers announce an advance of one dollar per thousand.

This will make a base price of \$26 per thousand.

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What a Boy Did in One Week.

Monday—Had to dig bait for Dad to go fishing. He fished all day, and two men brought him home 'bout supper time.

Tuesday—Chum a tree to get a bird's nest an' fell out the tree onto the back of a mule that was grazin' under it. The mule didn't like that and threw me up in the tree again.

Wednesday—Proposed to Jimmie Johnson's sister. Asked her to marry me. Her mother heard me an' "I'm not such a pickin' with a single girl." Told me my an' she didn't feel tired enough to set down yet.

Thursday—Fell into a melon patch that was only half full. Though we have our troubles an' sorrows I must say that life was sweet to me that day.

Friday—A barbecue was given to the Sunday school children. We had more than we could eat, caraway seed, etc.

Saturday—