

WOODBURN.

Its Location, People, Climate and Promising Future.

ITS LEADING INDUSTRIES.

A Chat With Its Merchants and Business Men.

Woodburn is one of the best located towns, from many points of view, in the Willamette valley. It is located on the O. & C. R. R., seventeen miles north of Salem, and thirty-five miles south of Portland, in the heart of what has been known for many years as French Prairie. From Father Quimby, an old resident of the place, we learned during a recent trip, that the Hudson Bay Company settled a number of families on this prairie in 1846, for the purpose of holding it for Great Britain. The company at that time had its headquarters for these parts at Champege. It is a remarkably fertile section, Woodburn being the center of one of the finest agricultural districts in Oregon, which all will allow is saying a great deal.

In a conversation with Dr. Byland, the healthfulness of the locality was pointed out.

It is situated at a point where prevailing winds can come laden with no taint of malaria, there being no swamps or standing water for miles to the south or west. It is sufficiently high for the most perfect drainage, the ground falling away on three sides.

The beauty of the place attracts the stranger immediately. Far to the west the Polk county hills are strongly outlined against the sky, while Mounts Hood, Jefferson and St. Helens are over in view.

Clustered about the outskirts of the town giant remnants of a once primeval forest linger as if loath to depart.

THE CHURCHES.

are well represented. The Cumberland Presbyterians hold service on the third Sabbath of each month; the Methodists every fourth; the Blue-Ribbon club meets every second. Prayer-meeting on the first of each month. The Seventh Day Adventists have a neat new church building. They hold services twice a month, and Sabbath school regularly.

WOODBURN GRANGE NO. 79.

have a fine new hall, which they meet in on the fourth Saturday of each month.

SCHOOLS.

There are two excellent schools, running nine months each year. Prof. Clark teaches in District No. 18, and has 35 pupils. J. B. Letherman teaches District No. 103, with 83 pupils. At the meeting of tax payers of this last named district, in March last, it was voted, with but one dissenting voice, to levy a six mill tax for the purpose of building an additional school building, which will double the present facilities. The city is

NOT INCORPORATED.

but a bill will be presented at the next legislature for a charter.

J. H. SETTLEMIER'S NURSERY.

It would be impossible for us to give on paper a full and comprehensive description of a nursery such as we were shown through on last Tuesday at Woodburn. Every body interested in the culture of fruit in Oregon knows that there is no one in the state who has been more deeply interested in or given more attention to fruit culture, than Mr. Settlemier. Coming here in 1849, he has from boyhood loved and followed his present calling, until he now owns probably the largest nursery in the northwest. He now has 80 acres under cultivation, in which

ONE AND-A-HALF MILLIONS.

of young trees are growing. Six hundred thousand young stocks are coming on to supply the immense demand. Every conceivable variety of fruit, nut, shade and ornamental trees, that are adapted to this climate, are here found in profusion. Among his specialties for ornamental trees we notice the Norway spruce, the Lawson cypress, several varieties of Japan cedars, arbor vitae, junipers, etc.

Nut trees in endless variety are found here, from one year old up to twenty-five. The California walnut struck us as being of surpassing beauty. Bitternut, in bearing, different varieties of chestnuts, hickory nuts, maples, poplars, etc.

For this fall's trade we found 25,

000 Bartlett stocks, 35,000 Royal Ann cherries, 30,000 Yellow Newtown Pippin, 35,000 Italian prunes, 25,000 Petite prunes, etc.

Mr. S. has just imported from France, at considerable expense, eleven varieties of the best winter apples, and twenty-one varieties of winter pears. He also has the famous Prunus Samone, a new variety which is neither prune nor peach. It is highly thought of by those who have seen the fruit.

Mr. S. is constantly adding to his stock everything that can in any way be of use as a shrub or tree. His nursery is a Lilliputian forest, where in every tree grows geometrically in order. A small army of men are kept busy, and the soil is kept in the best possible condition. We noticed the immense growth the young grafts are making, some of the prunes having grown four feet and over this season. As an item of interest we may say that over sixty sacks of peach seed were used during the past season.

Mr. William J. Sears, foreman for Mr. Settlemier, showed us over the entire grounds, and we very soon learned that that gentleman was no novice in the business. We always feel like taking off our hat in the presence of a man who is a thorough master of some one calling. We have in America so few of whom this can be said that we seldom find it necessary; but in the person of Mr. Sears we found such a man. Think of nearly 400 varieties of roses, each with a latin name, readily pointed out and known by sight. Then imagine shrubs without end, trees by the hundred acre, every thing with its correct name. All this Mr. Sears kept in mind as a child knows the alphabet, while he was foreman for the California Nursery Company of San Jose, which position he filled for six years.

Elsewhere may be found the views of Mr. Settlemier on matters all fruit culturists are interested in. But before leaving this subject we wish to say that the wholesale trade is receiving very careful attention. No one has better facilities for bringing trees to perfection, and it seems to us unwise to send away from home for young trees, which have been grown in a climate different from our own, when we can secure them here.

THE VALLEY NURSERY.

was started by F. M. Hicks three years ago. He graduated as a nursery man under the kindly eye of Mr. Settlemier, who still takes a fatherly interest in his welfare. He makes a specialty of the retail trade, handling only the leading varieties of fruit and shade trees, leaving the fancy sorts and wholesale trade for Mr. Settlemier. We took a stroll through his grounds, and found his young trees well cared for, and thrifty. We bespeak for him an increased trade.

THE WOODBURN PACKING COMPANY.

conducted by Hemlow & Hall, is located in the building formerly occupied by the Narrow Gauge machine shops. These gentlemen bring with them into the business ripe experience, and cannot fail to make a success of their enterprise. They have an extensive plant for making cans, and can turn out by aid of this improved machinery which is as good as can be found in the United States, several thousand cans per day.

They have just begun work, and are now busy canning gooseberries, strawberries and Royal Ann cherries. Fifty acres of peas and beans, and 100 acres of corn, have been planted, besides smaller lots from the various farmers which will naturally come in. This speaks well for a commencement, and in another year or two we expect to see the business assume very considerable proportions.

We noticed a number of girls employed handling the fruit, besides men and boys.

The foreman, Mr. W. Hemlow, a brother of the senior member of the firm, has heretofore been connected with the Winslow Packing Co. of Portland, Me. His experience has been such that success is assured. It is such industries as these that will yet make Oregon a great and rich commonwealth among the sisterhood of states.

Besides their cannery Messrs. Hemlow & Hall conduct a

GENERAL MERCHANDISE BUSINESS, carrying the heaviest stock of goods in the place. They keep a complete line of groceries, drygoods, boots and shoes, crockery, wall paper, etc. Produce from the surrounding farms is bought and shipped. They expect to handle large quantities of

wheat during the coming season. Both of these gentlemen are thorough business men, and have the capital to carry on extensive operations.

THE DRUG BUSINESS.

of Woodburn is in the hands of Mr. J. M. Poorman, whom we found to be a very pleasant gentleman, always surrounded by a host of friends. Because of this well deserved popularity, the JOURNAL is fortunate in having him as its agent in Woodburn. He does a general drug business, carefully prepares prescriptions, keeps a full line of prepared preparations, also pocket cutlery, fishing tackle, fancy candles, and school books. His place is kept as neat as a pin, and his goods are all first class. He has a specialty in the cigar line, the "Red Letter cigar" it is called, which is pronounced by every one the finest in the market. He also looks after

THE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

of Woodburn. By reference to our Woodburn page it will be seen that nine companies are represented as follows:

The Northwest Fire and Marine, of Portland, is one of the strongest companies on the coast, with some of the very best men in the state at its back. It has a capital stock of \$500,000.

The Columbia Fire and Marine, also of Portland, is recognized throughout the northwest, as being one of the most solid financial institutions in the state.

The east is well represented by the Phoenix and Home, of Hartford and New York with \$12,000,000 invested funds, and the Hartford Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. These are the leading Eastern companies, and are too well known and well established to need further mention.

California has made an excellent reputation for her fire insurance companies, and has done a large business in Oregon. Mr. Poorman represents the Home Mutual, the Commercial, and the California, all well and favorably known to our readers.

Foreign companies are also well represented, in the Northern Assurance of London and Aberdeen, and the London and Lancashire of Liverpool.

REAL ESTATE.

There are a number of choice pieces of property offered for sale by Messrs. Todd & Hayes, Woodburn's enterprising real estate agents. Over forty excellent bargains are listed, which will appear in these columns in a week or two. They consist of town lots, improved farms, and unbroken tracts, and we were privately assured that some very desirable properties were in the lot. Mr. Todd is also an attorney, notary public and collector.

MR. J. L. LEONARD.

does a general grocery business, carrying a fine lot of groceries, tobacco and cigars. He came to Woodburn three years ago, and is forging ahead as fast as industry and honorable dealing will allow of. He is very ably assisted by his good wife, and between them they have just finished a very desirable store building, occupied in part by Hall & Wilson.

WATERBURY & FASH.

can supply you with harness, saddles, boots and shoes at Portland prices. They manufacture their own goods, and you may be sure that every piece of leather used is just what is claimed for it.

PROFESSIONAL.

The card of Dr. Byland appears among our Woodburn advertisers in this issue. His selection by the people of Marion county for coroner, shows in what high estimation he is held.

W. H. GOULET.

does a general livery business, having a very complete outfit in every particular. He has some very nice teams and single horses, which are let out at reasonable rates. He also buys and sells as occasion offers.

GENTLE READER.

Did you ever plod over every square yard of an 80 acre nursery, that had been kept cultivated until your feet sunk into the soft loose earth at every step? If so you know the unfeigned joy with which we drew up to the generous table spread by mine host of the Woodburn hotel. For the tired and hungry we know of no place on earth we would recommend more readily than this quiet retreat. It is kept by F. M. Cammack, who employs only white cooks. The hotel has recently been refitted.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

Hermann's Majority 7,000.

The last reports from the state swell Hermann's majority to 7,000, and the republican majority in the legislature to 50, making only 20 democrats in that body.

WOODBURN ITEMS.

Gleaned at Home by our Resident Reporters.

Mrs. Layman, wife of Hon. S. Layman, is able to be about again after her sickness.

J. H. Mosier, Silverton's new postmaster was in town this week. John bears his honors easy and will make a good officer.

The republicans have a broad smile on their faces since the election.

Mrs. E. L. Smith, of Silverton, passed through town on her way to Ellensburg, W. T. to visit her brother, Will McGinn of that place.

Dr. Byland and S. Layman both feel proud over their election.

The many friends of W. L. Ray feel very sorry over his defeat, but are proud of the race he made.

Cherries are coming in so fast that the cannery has to run night and day to care for them.

R. Burch, conductor on the Oregon railway, is laid up with one of Job's comforts.

Judge Todd feels highly elated over his election and says Woodburn is equal to Portland—both got a democratic justice.

Crops never looked better. The recent rains will insure big yields of wheat, oats and spuds.

D. L. Remington is having his dwelling remodeled and painted in good style.

Look out for 4th of July posters from Woodburn.

Mrs. F. A. Ford who has been visiting friends in Portland and East Portland for several weeks past returned home last night and Frank smiles again.

The excitement over the election has died out; and the Salt river craft will sail with the defeated candidates, for the Salt river cemetery sometime this month.

Miss Alice Hicks, daughter of M. Hicks, of this place, is lying seriously ill, with consumption.

It is now reported that the democrats who were so badly defeated last Monday, in this county, have concluded to give up their trip to Salt river, and all come to Woodburn on the 4th of July, and help celebrate. If so, we extend our right hand of fellowship, and say to one and all, come ahead. And we will all meet where there is but one party, and that a party of patriotic American citizens.

The Woodburn base ball boys are having some nice suits made for the new club. The boys have fixed up their grounds and are beginning to practice in earnest.

Mr. D. L. Remington, of this place, who went to California with his new traction engine, has been heard from. His engine is doing more than he claimed for it, and he feels confident that it is an entire success.

Walter Tooze and wife both have the mumps; and there are several other cases in town. Wait is able to whisper so as to be heard.

Dr. Slatten the dentist is kept quite busy lately.

Our base ball boys are practicing daily and some of the crack clubs had better look a "letic out."

Saint Paul's and Indians on the 4th for \$50. Come and see the best game ever played in the county.

The wife of one of our merchants went to bear Gov. Woods at Gervais on the tariff question, and when she came home at midnight she woke her husband and they began to discuss the tariff question, and have kept it up ever since and were still at it up to the hour of going to press.

THE FOLLOWING LOGICAL REASONING.

we find in several of our exchanges:—"A Walla Walla court has sentenced a woman to be hanged. This is consistent. A woman, in Washington territory, has just as much right to kill a human being as a man has, and if she sees fit to exercise that right, she has the same privilege to be hanged for it as any man would have. That's fair enough. Hang the lady by all means. It will be a lesson to her."

SCORN FOR SCORN.

A CONTINUED STORY.

"Take care what you are about, Kenrick! We must all be very kind to her, poor child—she is so utterly dependent upon us; but too much kindness from you will be the greatest cruelty."

I had been dreaming about the Queen and the Prince of Wales out in the garden, in the shade between the laurel-bushes and the corner of the house. The drawing-room windows were open to the ground, for it was a drowsy summer afternoon. I had felt sleepy and stupid in the house, so I had come out into the garden and made myself luxuriously comfortable in the shade, with a sofa cushion for my elbow and for a prop for the big sheet of the Times, settling myself to an uninterrupted half hour of enjoyment over the account of the previous day's drawing room. Every girl's name in the list of presentations was a story to me; I did not envy them in their glory from the depths of my poverty and dependence. The radiant light in which they lived shed its beams into my dull life when I read their names and pictured their faces from the bare and quite untrustworthy material before me. I pictured my own name in the list—"Miss Violet Luce, by her cousin, Lady Tredennick."

There was not the very smallest chance in the world of my being presented by Lady Tredennick, or any one else; but, if I had been a rich orphaned relative instead of a very poor one, of course Lady Tredennick would have presented me. As it was, she gave me food and shelter and a place in her household infinitely less comfortable than a housemaid's. Lady Tredennick and Helen barely noticed my existence, so I could hardly call them friends; and, because I was so poor and so proud in my extremely doubtful position, I could not have social inferiors for friends.

Just one friend I had made, and that a few days before—another cousin—Kenrick Tredennick, who had come down with Lady Tredennick and Helen for two or three days' rest and "setting up" to carry them on to the end of the season. I was never taken to London, of course; my mourning was the reason at first, and then common sense was the reason—for what should I do in London—a poor dependant who ought to have been working for my living, but that my grand relatives would not allow it? They felt themselves bound to give me shelter and clothing, but not to present me at court and introduce me into society; and I myself was grateful for their kindness in taking me in and shielding me from the hardships of the world outside. It was a spiritless sort of gratitude perhaps, but then I had Tredennick blood in my veins, and I had not been educated in the modern independent style, or taught that women were sent into the world to fight for themselves like men; and it seemed to me a simple impossibility that a girl born as I was should become a paid governess or companion, and, unpleasant as my life at Crix Knowsley was, it had to be submitted to as the only possible life for me.

They did not take me to parties even in the country. They told me at first that it was because of my mourning, and then because the parties were stupid, and that I was not quite strong enough for the long night drives or the violent tennis by day. They also agreed that I was too young for the home dinner parties. Mrs. Berdell, the rector's wife, who did make an attempt at intimacy with me, said they would not let me go out with Helen because I was so much younger and prettier; but I disliked Mrs. Berdell and her proffered friendship, and would not be pitted or flattered by her, or admit that there was any need for consolation in my lot. Even in my loneliness I would not have a friend whom I thought beneath my standard; and Mrs. Berdell's friendliness consisted of flattery and patronage, and endless demands for information about my cousin's doings, and sympathetic remarks on their supposed unkindness to me. I despised the flattery of a woman who, as I considered, inflated pride and was too vulgar and ignorant to know what was really worth praise; and wild horses would not have drawn from me an acknowledgment that even a Tredennick would dare to despise or be unkind to a Tredennick-Luce; and I would not profane the sacred secrets of the Tredennick household by revealing them to the vulgar inquisitive eyes of Mrs. Berdell, who was not "born" at all as the Germans say.

I was happy enough between my pride and my powers of imagination and the boundless young hopefulness of eighteen. If I could not expect to be presented at court as Miss Violet Luce, were there not limitless possibilities that I might be presented as "Mrs. Somebody," if not "Lady," or even the "Duchess of Somewhere?" Picturing my future probable glories cost nothing to anybody, and I obtained an infinite amount of enjoyment from the task.

It was not until Kenrick Tredennick came down with them one Saturday in May, and I had met him smoking in the orchard, that I learned for the first time

how sweet it was to have a friend—a cousin who insisted upon being more cousinly, though he was only a cousin three or four times removed, and we had never met or even heard of each other's existence before. He asked me who I was; and, as I knew from the housekeeper who he was, I saw no occasion for ceremony, and I introduced myself as his cousin a few times removed—Violet Luce. He asked me if I was always buried down in Crix Knowsley, and why I did not come up to town with my cousins. He glanced sympathetically at my black frock, and said I ought to come up with them to have lessons, at any rate. I told him that I was eighteen, and had done with lessons long before; I did not tell him that I should have done with mourning too, since my father had been dead two years, but that I had to wear out my black frocks.

Kenrick and I became very friendly and intimate. He had the kindest face and manner I had ever known, besides being very handsome and noble looking. When the dressing bell rang, and we walked round to the front of the house and met Helen, I was quite surprised at seeing her look vexed, and could not imagine what I had done wrong, unless it was to let myself be caught in my very oldest frock.

"Violet, where have you been?" she asked. "Hudgell has been waiting tea for you. Go at once."

"Good-bye," I said regretfully, but still quite guiltlessly, to Kenrick.

"But why 'good-bye'?" he asked. "Don't you sit up to dinner at eighteen? Surely the days of nursery tea and pinafores are over!"

"Violet still has nursery tea," said Helen, laughing. "Where did you pick each other up?"

"In the orchard, I say, Helen—Violet—Miss Luce, I mean—nursery tea at eighteen, its preposterous! In Sir Humphrey's absence, as his only male relative and representative, I protest against it. Violet must dine with us to-night."

Of course he saw the delight in my face, and perhaps I only imagined the annoyance in Helen's, as he did not seem to see that too. However, he won the day. I dined with them that night and on every one of the four nights of his visit. On the day after that last dinner they all went back to town, and I was left to my dreams.

Although we two were great friends all the time, Kenrick always treated me somewhat like a little sister. That very morning he had taken me for a long ride, and we had been late for luncheon, and that was what had made me tired and sleepy in the afternoon. Helen could not ride, not being possessed of sufficient nerve; but I had been accustomed to ride all my life, and went out constantly with the coachman at Crix Knowsley on the horse that was kept for Helen, but which she never mounted. I rode him because he had to be exercised; and it never occurred to me to ask leave from Lady Tredennick or Helen. The horse was there, the coachman offered him to me, no one else wanted him, and riding came to me as naturally as walking; and, as they never troubled themselves to wonder where I was or how I amused myself, nor made any inquiries so long as I kept out of the way, I dare say they did not know about my riding till Kenrick came, and he insisted on taking me out every day.

We had been much farther than usual, and I was really tired. After luncheon he was taken by Helen to see something new in the conservatory, and I took the Times into the garden to read about the drawing room. The sunshine, the humming of bees, the drowsy swishing of scythes behind the laurels, and my bodily fatigue, all helped to send me to sleep. The drawing room became a vivid reality; I was curtsying before the queen, holding her white hand in my own, and the Princess of Wales was telling the queen to be kind to me because I was shy and very much afraid of her; and then I found that I was listening to real voices and just waking in time to hear Helen telling Kenrick that too much kindness from him to me would be the greatest of cruelty.

I was puzzled, for I was not fully awake; the drawing room was still very vivid in my mind, and I could hardly separate the funny unexpected things the princess had been saying to the ladies—waiting from this incomprehensible speech of Helen's. Listening was the very last thing I should have thought of; but, while I lay there in the delightful laziness of half waking, and amused myself by disentangling the real from the unreal, I found I was hearing a great deal more that was incomprehensible and unexpected.

"What nonsense, Helen!" Kenrick was saying. "As if one might not amuse oneself by petting a child like that! I have no sister, and cousins are doubly delightful to me. Surely one may talk to a little cousin, and even ride with her, with impunity!"

(Continued next week.)

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