

OAK HILL FARM.

One who has not lived in the Willamette valley and enjoyed the mildness of her climate can not appreciate the meaning of a trip in old Yamhill on a bright June day, when all nature and every creature seems blended in one grand effort to magnify the God of their existence, and cause man, the lord of creation, to rejoice that he lives in the sunlight that exhilarates, and withal a pervading mellowness that has an effect both tonic and soothing.

It was on such a day, the 11th of June, that we, in company with others, boarded the train in Portland for a trip to the famous Oak Hill Farm. The view of the city, the Willamette, the surrounding farms and the majestic Cascades with their snow-crowned peaks in the background, is a pleasing one. The farms of Washington county, with their onion beds and hop yards, their orchards, their fine fields of waving grain and their luxuriant meadows, are now presenting their best appearance. A short run brings us to the depot at North Yamhill, and a ride of about four miles behind Frank Brown's spanking team of trotters, over hill and dale, along the northern boundary of what many are pleased to style the garden spot of the valley, is the nicest part of the trip, and in a few minutes brings us to the farm, whose fields and meadows and oak hill pastures are so cozily nestled away at the foot of the higher ridges that stretch away into the Coast Range mountains.

Hill and glen alike are bestudded with gigantic oaks, whose spreading branches and leafy foliage invite the songsters of the air, and protect from the warm rays of the sun the newly-shorn flock, while their innocent lambs are scampering over the green sward, bounding o'er rocky brook and mossy bog, and far away to the farthest corner of the pasture, till finally, wearied by a long chase, they return to slake their thirst at the clear brook that comes trickling down from the hills above, and after partaking of a free lunch at the breast of mother ewe, lie down to sweet repose amid the rich clover and blooming daisies; while just across the way the stately Shorthorn that through all the dewy morn has been regaling himself upon the sweet, luxuriant grass until it could hold no more, has lain down to chew his cud in content, and enjoy the scent of the new-mown clover that is to supply his wants during the dark December days.

Who would not enjoy such a scene! Who would not enjoy living in such a place!

But the sun does not always shine. It rains sometimes. Yes, it rains several times, but after one week of this lovely weather you almost forget that the clouds ever did darken your horizon and the mists descend days never ending.

Were it not for this liberal filling of nature's sponge, these bountiful conditions were not possible. Were it not for these annual replenishings, these sparkling springs and babbling brooks would be but parched places in a desert land, and instead of the green grass and the golden harvest would be the withered leaf and the weary famine. So we think again and say it is well.

* * *

In such a place, with a master hand to guide, with means unstinted with

which to buy the best foundation stock that Britain and America offers, with every facility afforded for their greatest comfort, is there any reason why the herds and flocks of Oak Hill Farm should not attain the highest possible physical development? It is strange they are so popular, and that so many resort thither for foundation stock and fresh blood?

Oregon is fast making history in the improvement of her stock. In the dim vista of the future, when that history shall be written, Oak Hill Farm shall occupy a conspicuous part. Many of her animals will be honored with an engraving in that history. The qualities they have transmitted, the influence they have exerted on posterity, will be chronicled. The proprietors will be lauded as benefactors. "The man behind the gun," the faithful one, the boys who have dished out the rations, who early and late, day and night, have with unswerving hand and never-ending fidelity looked after every little detail of their charge, doing the thousand little things that no one knows of but himself, will come in for their share of the credit, and an honorable discharge.

In this connection we would not pass without paying a short tribute to the memory of one who did more for the improvement of stock in Oregon than did any other man. A man magnanimous in all laudable enterprises, but especially interested in the betterment of the condition of the agriculturist. A man interested in the improvement of all kinds of stock, and who loved a good Shorthorn almost as himself. Who spent large sums of money improving his farms, flocks and herds, for the pleasure he could derive from it and the benefit it would be to others. In whose death the city of Portland, the church, the state and especially the stock interests of the coast, sustained a great loss. We refer to the lamented W. S. Ladd, upon whose son, Charles E. Ladd, we are glad to know his mantle has fallen.

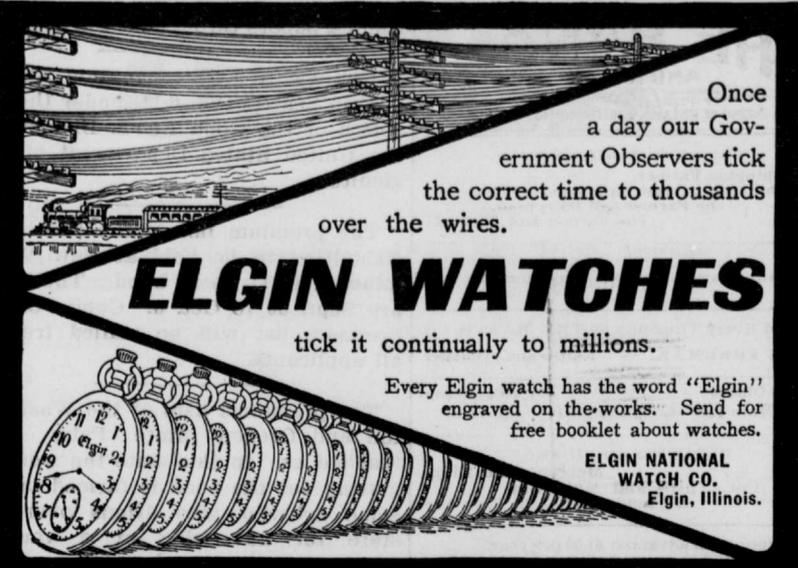
* * *

After the death of W. S. Ladd and the dispersion of part of the herd of Shorthorns, Charles E. Ladd, second son of the late W. S. Ladd, taking it upon himself to perpetuate the work of his father, bought the remnant of the herd and transplanted them to Oak Hill, placing that genial young Scotchman, Frank Brown, in full charge.

They have been breeding, buying, importing and showing ever since, till we find the herd in the prosperous and popular condition that it was on the day of our recent visit.

Individual merit, backed up by a good pedigree, has been Manager Brown's motto. The head of the herd has had his attention as the most important factor, closely followed by mating with the best females obtainable.

The first sire placed at the head of their herd was a son of Conqueror, that in his 2-year-old-form, won the championship at the Oregon State Fair, defeating his sire. Next followed the great show bull, Baron Linwood 10th, bred by that veteran breeder, I. M. Forbes, of Illinois. He was of his Pearlette family and had for sire the great old bull, Baron Gloster. He started on his show-yard career by winning first in calf class at Illinois State Fair, and kept it up by never failing to draw the blue in any ring he entered. He was assisted in the herd by



Once a day our Government Observers tick the correct time to thousands over the wires.

ELGIN WATCHES

tick it continually to millions.

Every Elgin watch has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works. Send for free booklet about watches.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois.



"Edison says that no experiment he has tried at night has ever failed."

"Did he ever try to walk a baby asleep?"

the beautiful, massive roan, Commander, a Canadian-bred son of Moneyfuffel Lad. While he cannot boast of the show-yard record of his colleague, some who know no more than the writer consider him as good a bull. He is getting some grand calves.

Not to be overlooked among them is the junior champion winner the past two years—Marquis of Lorne—and his full sister, Lovely Lady, that was a strong candidate for first honors in calf class last year.

The chief stock bull now in service is old Topman, bred by J. and W. Russell, Richmond, Ont., a Nonpariel,

sired by that great getter, Stanley. "Old Toppy" is a bull of great constitution, substance and quality, carrying his great carcass very close to the ground, and, as might be expected of a bull with his head and horn, is a very impressive sire. The gravest criticism we have heard hurled at him is against his heavy, high horn, to which Jim Hendry very aptly retorted: "You can't eat horns." The style of horn, like color, is merely a matter of fancy, and to turn down an excellent individual because, perchance, it be a little heavy horned, or they do not quite set to your fancy, would certainly be a