# THE FARM AND GARDEN

D. W. Coolidge in Rural Northwest.

It is remarkable that to this day a great many Oregonians and others insist that Oregon is not suitable for grape culture.

Six years ago, when I announced my intention of devoting one of the choicest plats of my limited area to a vineyard, my neighbors all about me took pains to predict, in the hearing of one another, that the "young town chap" would soon learn that because grapes were grown in California it was no reason that they could be grown in Oregon where—as they all knew—there was not enough heat in summer to ripen the fruit.

One of my neighbors assured me that if I would plant by some old tree one of his Isabel vines and let it run all over the tree, that in some seasons I would get good grapes. (I pity his taste.) Not being able to find any one who had carefully experimented with early varieties planted in proper locations and given careful culture—I considered it worth my while to try it. I state it mildly when I say that none of my neighbors were half so astonished at the results as your humble correspondent.

While good grapes of certain varieties can be grown on most any good land, my experience and observation lead me to believe that a hillside with a southeast exposure is the best, especially for the European sorts. The American grapes grown by me on the southeast hillside are fine flavored and from ten days to two weeks earlier than in the valley. One of the finest vineyards in the state that I have seen is that of Dr. Loveridge, located in the river bottom not far from Eugene. His Concords are the admiration of all—yet my grapes of the same varieties were ripe at least two weeks before his.

While it is true that in the past four years I have not had a single total failure in an ordinary season, the early varieties are the most sure to ripen and the best to plant. The Violet Rose—a delicious medium-sized oval-shaped berry, borne in medium to large sized clusters, began ripening this year as early as the 16th of August, and by September 15 the whole crop was ripe. This I consider one of the choicest of my early grapes. It is a very light cropper, however, and might not prove profitable as a market sort. For a white grape, early, productive, large berry and bunch, I have never seen anything that quite equals the Chasselas Neuchatel, a variety originating near Neuchatel, Switzerland. The Black July, a small berry and compact cluster, is an early black grape, but too small for profit. I have an early black grape—earlier than the former—borne in medium to large clusters—that is a reasonable good grade and sure to ripen every year. The only name I have for it is "California Early Black." The Black Malvoise, a very large berry and bunch, handsome and juicy as the grapes of old, ripened perfectly this year and are now in their prime. This grape, however, is too late for some seasons. The Black Hamburg, the Muscat and the Mission have all ripened nicely this year, but are too late for an ordinary season. Tokays would also have ripened this year, but we all know that we do not have every fall like this.

These varieties that I have named are all of the foreign or Vinifera type, and in order to succeed with them it is necessary to use powdered sulphur quite freely—the first time just as the blossoms have fallen and one more through sulphuring about the time the grapes begin ripening is sufficient to prevent mildew.

While to my taste the foreign grapes are far preferable to American varieties, yet I find that most consumers prefer the blue American grapes to any others. The old Concord, most all of us know, is to-day a very good grape, but the Worden is much better, some larger, sweeter and later—a serious objection, however, is its tendency to shell from the stem. If this could be overcome we would have the acme of perfection in an American grape. The Moore's Early is an early black grape, no earlier with me than the Worden and not so good.

Moore's Diamond, Niagara, and Lady are reasonably early and very good white grapes.

The Diana, Poughkeepsie, Agawam, Brighton and Salem are all truly delicious red grapes, but my experience is that red grapes do not sell well and I would not advise any one to plant them.

In a later paper I may give some observations on pruning and the care of grapes.

### Oleomargarine in Denmark.

Country Gentleman.

No sketch of Danish dairying would be complete without a reference to the manner in which the oleo problem has been solved. In a country where butter export is the most important revenue, it is evident that serious thought must have been given to it.

The sale of oleomargarine, or "margarine," is free from any taxation, but under strict control. Thus it must only be colored very light yellow and always be packed in packages which have an oval shape, besides having a large stencil mark. I consider this part of the Danish law the most practical ever adopted by any country where the desire is not to prohibit, but to restrict it, so as to secure its being sold under its own name. Dealers must have a license, and inspectors have the right to enter any place of manufacture as well as sale.

The historical facts are: That whereas the Danish farmers used to eat poor American and Russian butter, selling their own fancy make, they now, to a great extent eat oleomargarine; they accept the competition and only demand that it be sold under its own name.

The government watches exports closely, and what is more, has a special dairy agent in London (H. Faber) who is constantly on the alert prosecuting dealers who sell other butter or oleomargarine under the name of Danish butter, advises the Danish manufacturer on the condition of the market, on the demands of the English consumers, and in every was promotes the interest of the Danish farmers in England.

The law is practical and gives satisfaction, but yet it seems to me that further protection might be given by extending the oval package clause to the serving of oleomargarine in hotels and restaurants in oval pats. In this particular the law does not protect, as I observed, when in Copenhagen some seven years ago, a sign, "Oleomargarine for Sale Here," also small bottles of butter color, or something like that. Evidently some buyers were not satisfied with the pale straw color allowed by law. I presume, however, that the Danes are loath to interfere too much.

### Most Popular Kinds of Cheese.

Dairy World.

Mr. James Cheesman, one of the most experienced dairymen in the United States and best posted on all matters relating to the production and marketing of dairy goods, writes as follows:

Never was there a time when the housekeeper has choice of so many kinds and such excellent forms of cheese as at the present day. In New York and Philadelphia markets we see Neuchatel, in many of the better groceries a number of very fine cream cheese and high grade factories may be found.

Young America, pineapple, cheddar, sage, Gouda, Stilton, dairy, Swiss, brick and many others which might be mentioned, appeal to the housekeeper's taste for variety and enjoyment. Perhaps the most satisfactory to the average American palate is a well-cured, but not too dry, cheddar. The cheddar when freshly cut is in its best form, but dries quickly owing to its size and the rate of consumption. Dyspeptics cannot endure the Rochefort or the Stilton; then, too, there is great waste from the drying from the large exposure of these cheese, no matter how carefully wrapped up in tin foil and napkin. The pineapple forms are all hard and dry and do not easily digest.

One of the reasons why the moist cheeses like the Neuchatel, cream and factory cheddars, at about three and four months old, are so agreeable is because they digest and assimilate easily. About one-third to one-half their weight it water. They are cured down nicely and yield their flavor to the palate quickly. To housekeepers who desire to keep a large supply in the house the moderate sizes of Young America offer the best form. As soon as received these cheeses, which weigh from eight to eleven pounds, should be coated with a dressing of beeswax and salad oil made about the same consistency as butter, and be kept in an earthen jar in a cool cellar whose temperature is never above 60 degrees.

The many forms of stoneware jars now used to pack two pounds of cheese in contain the same raw material as the Young America and the large cheddar. The only difference is that the article in the white jars has been taken from well made cheese, cut up and pressed into the jars by machine and moistened with fine salad oil to make it smooth. The treatment of cheese in this way is for the sole purpose of retaining its moisture and also to exclude the air whose action tends to make the cheese rancid. The more this form of packing cheese can be extended the greater will be the consumption. Preserved thus, it retains its mellowness and softens under the action of heat. For the Welsh rarebit, it is in the finest possible condition to use. For maccaroni cheese no better sort than a full-cream cheddar can be found.

If the epicure said that a man's dining-room was an indication of the degree of his civilization surely the gastronomic historian will say of our age that he who finds the best form of cheese and the largest nutritive result and the highest possible result is a rare bud of refinement.

### Packing Apples.

Rural Northwest.

The purpose of the recent apple-packing contest on Hood river, November 9, was an object lesson to all spectators as well as contestants. The number of packers was not nearly as large as it should have been, but nearly all the largest fruit-growers were present as spectators.

The following are some of the lessons learned by those present:

A red apple is far more marketable than a yellow one, as a rule.

Better leave space than "chink up" with small ones.

Boxes must not be packed so full that the cover has to bow to be nailed down.

Cleats over the covers are essential.

Neatness of package is everything.

Almost any sized apple can be packed so as to come out level at the top of the box by tilting or placing the middle tiers at different angles.

The top course should have the larger apples in the middle and the smaller ones at edges and corners.

If any apple is found to move or rattle after being packed the job is not well done.

The first prize of $10 was awarded on a box of Baldwins packed by George McIntosh, Paradise farm. The second was on a box of Vandevere from W. A. Slingerland.

Many are desirous of having a packing contest where all the packers should do the packing from one pile, the prize to go to the one who should pack the best box in the shortest time. By this means we could learn the best methods of packing.

### About Eggs.

Farmers' Voice.

The shell of an egg is porous and any filth on it will taint the meat. A good reason for cleaning eggs as soon as gathered. Sometimes dirty-looking eggs are fresher than some that are clean, but buyers will not believe it, and, as they must judge an egg by its outward appearance only, eggs should be made as attractive looking as possible before being sent to market. Eggs are preserved in two ways: By cold storage in a dry atmosphere, at a temperature of 36 to 40 degrees, and by immersing in a pickle of lime and salt in clean oak barrels. The pickle is made by slacking two pounds of lime in hot water, and adding one pint of salt and four gallons of water. Twenty gallons will cover 150 dozen. Put fresh eggs in the clear pickle until the vessel is nearly full, spread a clean cloth over them and cover this with the settlings of the lime. Ice-house eggs and pickled eggs are edible if put in fresh and properly kept, but are greatly inferior to fresh stock. If sold for what they are it is all right, but it is all wrong and a fraud on consumers to palm them off as newly-laid eggs.

### Making Butter.

Indiana Farmer.

In manipulating butter, never allow the hands to come in contact with it, as their warmth melts and injures the grain.

Break a piece of cold butter, and if the grain is perfect, the broken parts will resemble the broken parts of cast iron or steel, also the same of some rock formations.

The impression that seems to be current to a great extent that better butter can be made in factories, or, as they are properly called, public creameries, than in private dairies, is an erroneous one. It is true that better butter is made in factories than is in many instances made in private dairies, but there is no reason why just as good butter cannot be made at home on the farm as at any factory or public creamery.

The art of butter making is a simple one, care and cleanliness entering largely into it. Churning is an important factor in the art. There is nothing in the entire system of butter making, but can be tested by any intelligent and painstaking man or woman.

### Exhibiting Poultry.

An exchange says: If you are going to exhibit any birds at the poultry shows this winter, now is the time to begin preparations. Select the most promising specimens and pen them apart from the others and give them an extra chance. In making selections get your standard, if you have one, if you do not own one it will pay you to get one, and look each bird over carefully to see if it has any disqualifying marks and discard all that do not come up to the standard requirements unless it be Asiatics that are short in weight. This difficulty may by good care and feed be overcome before show time. Now feed them the best food you can get and see that it is varied, that is, give them a variety of food. Be sure to give them some sunflower seed, or oil meal, once or twice a week. You may increase it to three to five times a week as the show season approaches.

### Dangers of In-Breeding.

California Cultivator.

There are some poultry-keepers who inbreed their flock from year to year, and say it is not injurious. Why should it not be dangerous in fowls when it is in the human race and in stock of all kinds? Why is it that a new breed generally claims that it is unusually hard? Is it not from the fact that new blood has been infused to make it? Are not new breeds the results of experiments in crossing? And is not crossing the uniting of two distinct bloods? All these matters need serious consideration. And when we are told by men who have made the matter a study that inbreeding is a constitutional danger, is it not time to be on the lookout? If we breed from strictly hardy parents, and if we change blood in the males every year or two, we can get up a strain of fowls that will replace the stock we so often get from the yards of the noted fanciers. We are becoming better acquainted with this fact each season.

### Bees in Winter.

North Pacific Farmer.

Winter weather will soon set in, and bees will go into winter quarters and cease operations. The ordinary life of the bee is about six weeks, but all that go into quarters for the winter, will live until spring—about five months. It is contended by some that this time is not to be estimated in the life of a bee, but is merely suspension of existence, or state of hibernation. The colder the season and the more complete this state the less the supplies required to take them through the winter. In either contingency, of mild or severe weather, it is prudent to see that there are ample supplies. In the early spring, when the hive has the minimum of honey, it should be weighed and a record made. Early in winter, it should be weighed again, and if there is not an increase of twenty or twenty-five pounds, the indication is, that feeding is necessary to take the colony safely through to the spring. The best artificial food is syrup made from the best granulated cane sugar, in the proportion of two pounds of sugar to one pint of water, heated until thoroughly dissolved.

### GOIN' HOME THANKSGIVIN'.

It all cum back ter me ternight while
walkin' home with Jones;
I felt it first about the heart, an' then it
touched my bones;
A sort er slumpy feelin' an' a little trace
of shake.
With a strong an' steady hanker fer a
piece of aunty's cake.

Them's the feelin's, an' I reckon that no
greasy table d'hote
Or a dinner a la carty could swell up an'
reach that note.
Table fixin's an' lead casters never ease
thet state of soul,
While electric lights an' curtains leave the
same old untilled hole.

I know: I am a country crank an' hate
the sight of bricks—
I never sunk so cussed low as lovin' city
tricks.
So when you call me "Hayseed" an' condemn my brain as fat
You're a-speaking true as Scripture, not
a-talkin' in your hat.

I've been in town now fifteen year, an'
caught onter your ways.
An' every summer gone back home fer
ten short, blessed days:
Ten days of God's dear sunshine 'gainst
a whole twelvemonth of dirt,
An' no livin' bein' near me seemed ter see
how that could hurt!

Well, I'm goin' back ter Bolton, jest ter
stay Thanksgivin' there.
To the old home an' the older farm an'
the room beside the stair.
Again I'll see the mornin' sun climb up
the winder-pane,
Or hear the leaden gutter sing its answer
to the rain.

An' if the day is bright an' fresh I'll pass
the garden-hedge
An' hurry through the upland fields an'
pace the highest ledge
That overhangs the Whiterose Brook,
long-windin' far below,
To breathe the purer upper air an' watch
the sunset glow.

Yes, yes; we all ain't built the same. You
see the heart's the spot,
An' nearly every heart I see is jest a pasture lot;
A mighty heap of stubble nearly covered
up with stones—
Which same when easin' of my mind I
frequent say to Jones.

Great Scott! things will have changed a
bit. I'll have ter hustle 'round
Ter get acquainted with the neighbors an'
the lavin's of the ground.
Seems yesterday, b'gosh! I see Ann Lawson home from school;
Yep, an' feel my throat get soggy like a
homesick, stupid fool.

No fish-horns Friday mornin's nor park
music summer nights;
Only cows an' dogs an' meaders, with the
fireflies fer lights;
Ordinary commonplaces which some geniuses 'ave sung.
Gettin' slumpy on the little things they
loved when they was young.

Guess what's good enough fer father
'twouldn't do fer me ter shake,
Seein' it can make me happy like a piece
of aunty's cake.
An' if Ann's livin' single, why—I'll show
her I ken speak;
An' I won't be home to Bolton jest to
spend Thanksgivin' week!

—De Witt Sterry.

### A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

We two are the last, my daughter;
To set the table for two,
Where once we had plates for twenty,
Is a lonesome thing to do.
But my boys and girls are scattered
To the East and the West afar,
And he who was dearer than children
Has passed through the gates ajar.

I'm wanting my bairns for Thanksgiving;
I thought last night as I lay
Awake in my bed and watching
For the breaking of the day,
How my heart would leap in gladness
If a letter should come this morn
To say that they could not leave us here
To keep the feast forlorn.

Oh! the happy time for a mother
Is when her bairns are small,
And into the nursery beds at night
She gathers her darlings all;
When the wee ones are about her,
With gleeful noise and cry,
And she hushes a tumult with a smile,
Her brood beneath her eye.

But a mother must bear her burden
When her babes are bearded men,
On 'change and in the army,
Or scratching away with a pen
In some banker's dusty office,
As Martin is, no doubt—
A mother must bear her burden,
And learn to do without.

I know the Scripture teaching,
To keep the halt and blind
And the homesick and the desolate
At the festal hour in mind.
Of the fat and the sweet a portion
I'll send to the poor man's door,
But I'm wearying for my children
To sit at my board once more.

I tell you, Jessie, my darling,
This living for money and pelf,
It takes the heart from life, dear;
It robs a man of himself.
This old bleak hill-side hamlet,
That sends its boys away,
Has a right to claim them back, dear,
On the fair Thanksgiving day.

Samuel, my boy in Dakota,
Is a rich man, as I hear,
And he'll never let want approach us,
Save the wanting of him near;
While Jack is in San Francisco,
And Edward over the sea,
And only my little Jessie
Is biding at home with me.

And I feel like poor Naomi
When back to her own she went,
And they said, "Is this Naomi?"
She well knew what they meant.
I've staid, and the lads have wandered,
And the time that was swift to go
When I was brisk and busy
Is laggard and dull and slow.

Shame on my foolish fretting!
Here are letters, a perfect sheaf;
Open them quickly, dearest!
Ah me, 'tis beyond belief!
By ship and train they're hastening,
Rushing along the way.
Tell the neighbors all my children
Will be here Thanksgiving day.

—Harper's Bazar.

### THANKSGIVIN' TIME.

"Every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labor."—Eccl. iii:13.

When fields are full of fodder-shocks
An' all the shocks are full of corn,
An' when the frosted pum'kin mocks
The golden glories of the morn,
An' every night the farmer locks
His turkeys tighter in the barn,
An' when they all go up to roost
As high as ever they can climb,
Then we are ant to think it must
Be purty nigh Thanksgivin' time.

But when the corn has done been shucked
An' pum'kins made up into pies,
The farmers' turkeys likewise plucked,
An' both are dressed, but not likewise,
An' when the gobbler's done been cooked,
Whence many pleasant odors arise,
An' nothin' has been overlooked
That 'xhilerates and satisfies—
Why, then, I gues no one misdoubts
Thanksgivin's here or hereabouts.

An' when they bring the turkey in
All steamin' hot an' brown an' rich
With ev'ry kind of seasonin'—
Burnt brandy, pepper, sage and sich—
An' things 'at only wimmen would
know how to fix to make 'em good,
It's plumb astonishin' to see
How good we all feel inwardly,
As if we's made just thataway
A purpose for Thanksgivin' day.

Sence I wuz born bald-headed I
Have scarcely seen such pum'kin pie,
Nor mince nor apple nor sweet cake,
Nor nothin' as our folks kin make;
An' when I've thought of what I've e't
I'm glad I've let but little spile,
For I have thought, an' I think yet
When I've been dead a good long while
My jaws'll rattle with regret,
An' when Thanksgivin' comes I'll smile.

—Edwin S. Hopkins.

### HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is
bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the
night:
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of
our prime,
And blessings e'er marching the pathway
of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is
dear—
The sob of the tempest—the flow of the
tear:
For never in blindness and never in vain
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for
feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth
that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed Thy
child
But Thou, in Thy mercy, looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the
power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest
hour.
The generous heart and the bountiful
hand
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet
to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to
Thee:
That all our eternity may form, through
Thy love,
One Thanksgiving day in the mansion
above.

—Will Carleton.

### THANKSGIVING.

Ah, some give thanks for barns and garners heaped
Up to their raftered peaks with ripened
grain;
Wan sufferers from drouth give thanks
for rain:
Others—alas!—for passionate pleasures,
steeped
In wine of lotus bloom. Some who have
reaped
Their evil sowing in unbearable pain
Breathe thanks for one brief moment's
peace again:
The prisoner, for the ray of light that
leaped
Athwart the darkness of his lonely cell,
Like Hope's pale ghost. Beside her
chaste, white bed
The maiden kneels, her thanks—like beads
—to tell.
The old and poor give thanks for life
and bread;
And the young mother, for the lips now
pressed
To drain sweet strength from her glad,
throbbing breast.

—Ella Higginson.

### THANKSGIVING.

November! thou art fickle, quaint and
queer,
One day, thy chilly winds our marrows
freeze:
Another, summer mildness thaws our
knees:
Today, dark rain clouds gather moist and
drear;
Tomorrow, winter's snow seems drawing
near:
One moment in the grasp of grip we
sneeze,
The next in asthma's clutches choke
and wheeze:
One day we quaff the dog days' tipple
beer.
Another, only Tom gin fills the bill;
And then again to tope aught else than
rye
One's vitals doth with anguished panic
fill.
And gives to Tom gin's blandishments
the lie.
Thou hast, in short, but one redeeming
trait—
Thanksgiving, and the turkey's last estate.

—New York Evening Sun.

### ONCE MORE.

Once more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold.
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumphs told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

* * * *

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—John G. Whittier.

### Importance of Healthy Blood.

Every drop of blood that circulates through the veins eventually becomes a solid particle of the body. Flesh, bone and muscle are merely solidified blood, and upon the quality of the blood depends the condition of the whole physical system. Unless the liquid material by which the human substance is renewed and sustained is pure and nutritious, it is impossible that the body can be healthy and strong. One of the most important properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is that of improving the condition of the vital fluid, when infected or impoverished. Acting directly and powerfully upon the stomach, in which the manufacture of blood is commenced, and upon the liver, which secretes a fluid next in importance to the stream of life itself, this powerful vegetable tonic and depurent has an immense indirect influence upon the circulation. Hence the extraordinary cures wrought by the Bitters in cases of general debility, malarious fevers, rheumatism, biliousness, constipation, etc.


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TIME CARD IN EFFECT SEPT. 15, 1895.

| † No. 3. | ‡ No. 1. | Lv. Ar. | ‡ No. 2. | † No. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4:50pm | 9:00am | Seattle | 5:25pm | 10:40am |
| 6:04pm | 10:15am | Wood'ville | 4:19pm | 9:20am |
| ..... | 11:09am | Issaquah | 3:26pm | ..... |
| ..... | 12:04pm | Snoq'mie | 2:31pm | ..... |
| ..... | 12:15pm | N. Bend | 2:20pm | ..... |
| 6:47pm | 10:58am | Snohomish | 3:41pm | 8:35am |
| 8:45pm | 12:51pm | Woolley | 1:53pm | 6:30am |
| ..... | 4:00pm | Anacortes | 9:00am | ..... |
| ..... | ..... | Hamilton | 12:50pm | ..... |
| ..... | 1:24pm | Wick'ham | 1:24pm | ..... |
| ..... | 2:55pm | Sumas | 11:55am | ..... |
| .....Ar | 5:50pm | Vancouver | 9:00am | Lv..... |

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TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect November 10, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For St. Paul and East, 4:30 p. m.
For Portland, 12:30 and 10 p. m.
*For Gray's Harbor and South Bend, 12:30 p. m.
*For Olympia, 7:10 a. m.
For Tacoma, 7:10 and 9 a. m., 12:30, 2:45, 4:30 and 10 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From St. Paul and East, 2:35 p. m.
From Portland, 8:40 a. m. and 6:50 p. m.
*From Gray's Harbor and South Bend, 6:50 p. m.
*From Olympia, 6:50 p. m.
From Tacoma, 8:40 and 11:30 a. m., 2:35, 4:30, 6:50 and 9:30 p. m.

*Daily except Sunday. All others daily.

Trains leaving Seattle at 9 a. m. and 2:45 p. m. make no stop between Seattle and Tacoma.

Trains leaving Tacoma at 10:20 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. make no stops between Tacoma and Seattle.

This card subject to change without notice.

For rates, routes and other information call on or address

I. A. NADEAU, General Agent, Seattle.

City Ticket Office, corner Yesler avenue and Front street.

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