

The Northern Pacific Farmer.

DEVOTED TO THE AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC COUNTRY.

Vol. III. No. 41.

WADENA, MINN., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1881.

Terms: \$1.50 Per Year.

Northern Pacific Farmer

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WHITNEY & WHIPPLE,
PROPRIETORS.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

AT
WADENA, WADENA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

RATES IN ADVANCE:
One copy one year, \$1.50
" " six months, 80

Neighborhood News.

SOUTHERN WADENA.

My corresponding for your paper, reminds me of the name given to a certain stage line in western Wisconsin. It was called a tri-weekly; go up one week and try to get back the next. But we will try in the future to be more prompt.

The boys are back from the camps. Monday was a very pleasant day, and made us think of spring.

Mrs. Samuel Annett, who has been very sick for some time, is slowly improving.

Mr. Fryar is building a new house near A. N. Peach's.

One of William Banta's horses received quite a severe kick from its mate, one night last week.

Samuel Caulerbury, is building a new barn on his farm.

Asa Howard has bought the boss yoke of oxen. They may not be as good as that yoke in Wrightstown, but they took the premium at the County Fair. Yes, and we have got a mate for that famous horse of Tuttle's. W.

ALDRICH.

We are glad to note that Mrs. J. J. Cameron, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now recovering.

Mrs. E. Handerson returned home on Saturday last, from a two week's visit to her daughter, Mrs. C. O. Lovejoy, of Thompson.

Ben Poisington, one of W. A. Bryant & Bro's accomplished clerks, left for his home in the south part of the State, on Saturday.

C. M. Coffin says he can break more ax handles, and chop more wood than any man in Wadena county. He cut in one day not long since, four cords. Who can beat that?

The winter term of school in district 7, will close in one week more.

We are not in the habit of making complaints, but we would like to see our P. M. take a little better care of our newspapers. We think they could just as well be put in our mail boxes, as to be left on the counter, where they are apt to get misplaced or lost.

Notwithstanding the recent heavy snow storm, wood and ties are being hauled to the track lively, but there will not be nearly as much put in at this point this winter as last.

Born, Feb. 15th, unto Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, a boy.

Mrs. W. A. Bryant, has gone to Rockford, on a visit to her parents.

MORE ANON.

COMPTON.

Norwegian runners are all the go. Tom Lightfoot cut his foot badly last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Goody returned from Fergus Falls Sunday.

Will Osborn is at home again, but as usual, he came alone. Nevertheless, we are glad to see him.

Our school had a vacation last week, while the teacher, Mr. French, was gone to Fergus on R. R. business.

A. M. Darling is the owner of a fine new instrument, the Verneir Transit. Wadena, which is eight miles distant, and N. 53 degrees E., is, by its use, plainly seen from Mr. Darling's east door.

That imposing structure on section 8, is said to be an embryo blacksmith shop. The upper story is for rent, we understand.

Married, on Thursday, the 24th

inst., by the Rev. T. E. Inman, Mr. George Mee and Miss Maggie Hayes. This is the item we have been waiting for. A large number of friends were invited to a reception in the evening, and a most enjoyable evening was passed, with music, vocal and instrumental, and dancing. At 11 o'clock a splendid wedding supper was served, to which the company did ample justice. One of the features of the occasion was the dancing of an Irish jig, by the parents of the bridegroom, both considerably past 60.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Miller, mother of Mrs. G. L. Ramsdell, is getting better. She has been confined to her bed several weeks. It begins to look as if hay would be a scarce article by spring.

MUGGINS.

LEAF RIVER.

Brother Maltby failed to preach for us last Sunday. We were disappointed, for we expected to hear some golden truths.

Who says our Minnesota women cannot shoot? Mrs. Williams shot the head off a partridge with a Winchester rifle.

Beggar vs. begging. Brother Reporter, I received a random shot last week. Your grape and canister came in from the rear, and wounded me slightly, but not mortally. I have recovered so I am able to sit up and write. Beggars sometimes go away empty, but drowning men catch at straws, and beggars bite at any bait that men throw in their way. But Mr. Reporter, please understand if you should have sent me a challenge, I would not accept it, for this reason: To exhaust my literary talent (as you term it) to reply to such an ignominious as you, would be too much like loading a cannon to shoot a mosquito, consequently a great wast of ammunition. Although I am like the boy when the donkey kicked him, I consider where it came from and let it pass.

I see a great many correspondents complain of hard winter. I think we have had quite a moderate winter. I get communications from different states, and it appears like they suffer from storms of snow, sleet and rain, worse than we do, our weather being uniform. I feel like saying: Who's afraid of a winter's day, Its cold, its ice or snow, What tho' we miss the sun's warm ray, What tho' the cold winds blow. Even the school boy bounds from the school room door, and shouts: Haste companions, haste away, The day is cold and still, We'll have some noble sport to-day, A sliding down the hill.

If you want to get the genuine concentrated lye, get Reporter's Oak Valley items; full strength and no humbug. LICK SKILLET.

ANOTHER ONE FROM LEAF RIVER.

I don't intend to challenge Mr. Lick Skillet, but will introduce a new subject, but don't pretend to put myself to give it a fair discussion, but probably the readers of the FARMER can understand what I am driving at; it is this: If a newspaper fails to come up to the standard that its readers think it should, who is to be blamed?

I see in reading an eastern county paper, where a farmer complains through the columns of his neighboring county paper, that his own county paper is getting to be very dry reading he thinks it will soon play out altogether, and closes up his article by subscribing for his neighboring county paper. Now it is my opinion that Mr. farmer was behind one or two years with his subscription on the very paper that he should have spent a week's work to build up, rather than left it to subscribe for another. Another says he will take out his advertisement, he don't think the paper has any circulation worth mentioning. And so it goes, till before the mass of the people are aware

of it, the paper is discontinued. Now if the first man had suggested the plan of each old subscriber getting, or using his influence to get one new one, and the second man using his influence to get his fellow business men to advertise more extensively, it would seem a little more like business, and it is my opinion that if the editor was a man worthy the name, that Mr. farmer would soon be satisfied with his own county paper, and the second man would conclude that his advertisement was in just the right paper, and the editor would have some spark of encouragement to try to edit a paper that its patrons would be proud of. The question is frequently asked why our paper is not all printed at home? I would give an off hand answer, that its subscription list isn't large enough to afford it. Now while it is generally conceded that in the N. P. FARMER, we have the best county paper in the north west. If we will use our best endeavors to double its subscription list, and succeed, it will be sure to knock the patent insides out of it, and then we will have a paper all printed at home. S.

BLUFFTON.

Bluffton, March 28th, 1881.

Our copy of last week's FARMER came to hand to-day, in fact, we have had no mail here from the east since Thursday of last week, till to-day, Monday.

At a special school meeting held last Saturday evening, it was decided to have another month's school in March, and one less in the summer term. It was also decided that our present teacher, Miss Blair, continue to teach through the next term.

The committee of the Lyceum club, provided an entertainment on Monday evening last, of more than usual interest, to which a charge was made of ten cents per head. The usual discussion took place, on the question: "Resolved, that the works of nature are more pleasing to the eye, than the works of art."—nature coming out ahead. Then a local company rendered a short comedy, entitled, "Arabella's Poor Relations," the parts being ably rendered by Miss Blair, Wm. Baker, W. J. Boss and Mr. Fred Helm. The piece was a complete success, and the audience showed their appreciation of the effort of the actors, by rounds of applause. Some excellent songs, duets, etc., were given at intervals during the evening.

Dr. Yates called here yesterday. He had been paying a professional visit to the family of John Barnhart, who has four children sick with Pneumonia, all at the same time, an incident of very unusual occurrence.

It is intended to move Eifort's saw-mill in about four weeks, down to the old ford on Leaf River, just south of the R. R. This is a good point, if the necessary logs can be secured.

There is to be a grand inaugural ball in the new depot here, on Friday evening, 4th inst. The management is in hands that will be a guarantee of its respectability, and as the proceeds are to go to purchase an organ for the school house in this town, we trust that all lovers of the dance will make a point of being there. Tickets including supper \$1.50, can be had at Wadena, New York Mills, or here.

Those young ladies who aspire to use snow shoes, had better wait till the Female Dress Reform association, establish a branch up this way.

FACT.

Editors FARMER:

As this is tax time, and the annual town meeting is at hand, perhaps a few ideas on the subject of taxes may be of interest. If the people would think more on the subject, they might have occasion to grumble less. The authorities have done pretty well this year, but they may get them higher yet. To attain this end, elect for your Supervisors and Clerk, men who don't pay any taxes, and then

they will be perfectly disinterested. If they haven't much business of their own, they will tend better to that of the town. It is astonishing how many times a town board of this kind of men will get together in a year, to discuss matters. Of course it is not for the sake of the pay, but a Simon pure article of public spirit. And then the school board, though debarred by law from contracting with themselves, can get a good job under the contractor, if it is understood beforehand. It is astonishing how nice the public crib is kept cleaned, speculators lands, all legitimate plunder; fifty or sixty mills all together of tax, and free stumping of ties and wood. Why! bless you, a man who owns anything has no soul. That seems to be the matter in many places. It is so in all new countries, and remains so until the settlers begin to accumulate property, and feel the gripe of unnecessary tax themselves. Money raised for roads, bridges and schools, is right if used for the purpose, but the ounces that break the camel's back, are to line the pockets of official incumbents, to pay exorbitant charges for fancy surveying parties, &c. Municipal indebtedness is increasing, and it would seem to be for the interest of everyone, who ever expects to pay a tax, to reflect. I think if the temperance of assessment and taxation be discussed a little at this time, it may be of interest. JACK.

A fine new dwelling will be built on the vacant lot between Mr. Heron's and the FARMER office, by Michael Cosgrove. Part of the lumber is now on the ground, and Mr. Peach, who has the contract, will soon commence its erection.

Gaetz & Brockhof are hauling lumber for the erection of two dwellings on Second street, to be occupied by them. Let the good work go on.

The frame of Wm. Rawson's residence is looming up and will soon be inclosed. Pretty rough weather for building.

Thomas Moore is hauling lumber to Wadena, and will probably put up a building this coming spring, although it is not certain.

Cooper & Migge have built a large addition to their ice house, to be used as a stable, we presume.

We are informed that C. H. Peake will build an addition to his residence as soon as spring opens.

Among the proceedings of the Northern convention, which met in Minneapolis last week, published in the Minneapolis Journal, we find the following in regard to Rev. E. S. Peake, who, it will be remembered, conducted Episcopal Services in Crookston, until Rev. Mr. Currie was regularly engaged:

"Rev. E. S. Peake, twenty-five years ago, was a missionary to the Chippewas at Gull lake, being driven out at the Indian outbreak of 1862.

He went as a chaplain for one of our regiments during the war, and after the war was over, settled parishes in California. Five years ago he returned to the diocese, and has been doing itinerant mission work along the Northern Pacific and in the Red River Valley.—Crookston Chronicle.

The Tribune is in error in stating Mr. Peake was driven out of the country at the Indian outbreak. On the contrary, he remained at his post of duty throughout the time of the disturbances, and did not accept of the chaplaincy until after all the trouble was over.—Detroit Record.

The Dakotians are objecting to Minnesota sending them a blizzard. They had better say anything, indeed! For years Dakota has sent little and big blizzards over her border into our State, and now because we are trying to pay only the interest on them they set up a hue and cry against it. Just wait, ye Dakotians, until we pay the principle and then you may howl to your heart's content. Minnesota never repudiates—not even a snow storm.—Mower Co. Mercury.

The Future Farmer.

The demand of agricultural information is constantly increasing. The farmer of to-day is far ahead of the last generation in everything that insures success and promotes happiness, yet only the first lesson has been learned—and the future is before us with all its undiscovered wealth of information and its resulting prosperity. We have only to toil and study, read and experiment, reflect and invent, to wring from the bosom of the earth new treasures and greater abundance of the old. These will add to the wealth, prosperity and happiness of the whole world, and place us in our proper position in the social scale.

The time is not far distant—it is even now close at hand—when an ignorant farmer will be a rare avis. He will be so far behind the times that he will lose cast among his fellows—he will be a black sheep in the flock and will gradually degenerate to a condition of serfdom.

The agriculturist is now rapidly coming to the front and taking rank with the intelligent and educated of our professions. He will soon be—yes even now—a power in the land. He holds the balance of political power, and the republic will rejoice when his rights are asserted. The clod-hopper of the past has become the honored and respected citizen of to-day. The future if rightly improved, will bring nothing but continued prosperity and happiness. The farmers duties are well defined—he has only to persevere in the attainment of that special knowledge which his profession requires, and his moral, social, political and pecuniary prosperity is assured.—Williamette Farmer.

The Oleander Poisonous.

It is stated that the oleander is a deadly poison, and may frequently prove a treacherous fondling if not carefully watched. It is one of our most beautiful window plants when covered with its large rose-like blossoms, but in these blossoms death resides.

A case is recorded of a child having eaten a few flowers and being poisoned by the same. The "Annals of the Peninsular War" state that a number of French soldiers went out foraging near Madrid, and returned laden with fruits of their search. One of the number, with a view of securing some wood to make skewers for the meat, cut a quantity of oleander boughs and having stripped them of the bark, used the wood in the meat. The result was that out of twelve who ate of the roast seven died, and the rest were dangerously ill. The poisonous principle is so subtle that its exhalations alone are sufficient to cause very serious illness, and even death, to those who sleep for any time under their influence. It exists equally in every part of the plant, but it is considerably weakened by cultivation.—Colmans Rural World.

The census shows us how much of a factor John Chinaman has actually become in the industry of our country, and where his influence is most felt. In 1870 there was 92,254 of him in the whole United States and now there is only a little rising of 100,000. California gets the great share or about two-thirds, having in San Francisco 21,000, in Sacramento less than 5,000 and in all its cities and towns together 75,025. This is only a third more than the state was troubled with ten years ago, but a frightful increase considering the length of time. Oregon has 9,506 Chinaman, three times as many as in 1870. Nevada has 5,420, Colorado 610, Washington territory 3,182, Wyoming 914, Dakota 238, Idaho 3,378, a decrease since 1870 of 896, and Montana 1,727, a decrease in the same time of 212.

Of the middle and eastern states, Missouri has less than 100, Louisiana 437, Massachusetts 237, Connecticut 124, New Jersey 176, New York city 747, Brooklyn 118, and Philadelphia 80. Among those sojourning in Chicago there are said to be twenty who have been naturalized. From these figures we discover that while Europe has sent us nearly 600,000 emigrants within the last year, China has increased our population only about 40,000 in the last ten years.