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FARMS IN WESTERN OREGON AND WASHINGTON

The southwestern winds from the Pacific come laden with vapor, strike the coast range 2,000 to 3,000 feet high, which condense large amounts of moisture, and again strike the Cascades 2,000 feet higher and deposit other large amounts over all the valleys and hills. The results are seen in the dense, vast evergreen forests, which cover valleys, hills and mountains to their summits. Their rank growth indicate the strength, and in many cases the depth of the food supply of plants.

Rains aid the decomposition of the basalts, west of the coast range—as at Astoria; ten, twenty, and even thirty feet of these volcanic rocks are wholly or partly decomposed, and the roots of those majestic firs, hemlock, spruce and cedar interlace and cover the ground and absorb its richness, while they form a water sponge, which aids the more thorough decomposition. Naturally this soil is cold, and fit only for the more hardy plants. Clear an acre of forest; let in the sunlight; sow clover—a vigorous voracious plant—and it will cover every inch of ground, and give at first a double crop for the scythes, or a constant pasture. It is an enormous succulent, being when green about 80 per cent water. Add manures or ashes to the land and they will double its product of clover, hay or vegetables.

A gentleman reported the following products from a single acre, three-fourths of which has been in clover for three years and one-fourth in vegetables. He applies twenty to thirty wagon loads of manure per year. Last year he cut and put in his barn five tons of clover hay, which feed five or six cows and heifers all winter. He supplied his family of five persons with vegetables and sold several dollars' worth besides. He buys eight and a half tons of bran and shorts per year for his cows, costing ninety-five dollars, and ten dollars worth of wheat for his chickens. His two pigs shared in the supply of food from the bran box and garden waste bucket. His rule was to feed the soil and feed every animal to full measure of appetite.

The milk product from each cow per year delivered to families was \$106, viz: two cows, one year, \$200; one cow, six months, \$50; one cow sold for \$50; pork salted for family use, 550 pounds, at \$8 per cwt., \$44; eggs sold, about \$35; vegetables and milk for family use, per year, estimated at \$50.

Whole amount of income from one acre of land, thus well filled and fertilized, \$429. Outgo in cash, \$105; net gain in cash and food, \$324. The expense in labor is not estimated, but is offset by board, by growth of young stock and increased value of land.

That acre is no better than thousands of acres in sight. Its income is no greater than any neighbor can make from his land. Multiply the net income by ten acres and we have \$3,240. Count \$1,000 for one man and one or two children on ten acres, and he will have \$2,240 net for his year's labor on his land.

Results of this kind can be gained on hundreds of ten-acre farms in western Oregon and western Washington. When men scratch over one or two hundred acres of these best lands to raise fifteen to thirty bushels of wheat per acre, and exhaust the soil but never enrich it, they are not model farmers. When they aim to keep stock, herds or flocks, but fail to raise a

supply of food, trusting to native grasses, they are not model farmers. When they allow cattle, horses and sheep to live out in winter's chilly storms and icy rains without shelter or sufficient food, they must expect poor animals. They forget that food is both the material of growth and heat also, and that exposure to chilly storms subtracts heat and wastes both food and fat, while warm shelter saves food and increases fat. In a word, good farming demands good sheds and barns filled with hay and grain, and cellars filled with root crops. Good lands must also be fed with the fertilizers which have been withdrawn from them. Lands are like well-filled purses; deposits can be drawn out by crops of all kind, but they must be returned in kind. As well spend your money and think you have it, as to spend your rich soils and think you have them.—*Western Shore.*

A Good Joke on the President.

When dinner giving was at its height just after Easter, Secretary Hunt, of the navy, gave a number of elegant entertainments of that character, to his friends. One of them happened to fall on an exceedingly dark and disagreeable evening. The hospitable Secretary lives on Rhode Island avenue, an exceedingly broad street that is lost three squares away in the bewildering intersection of numerous intersections of Scott and Iowa circles. For some cause Albert, the President's coachman, could not go out that night, so one of the Cabinet sent their turnout to take the President to dine with the Chief of the Navy. In due time he was set down before a house on that avenue, and as he alighted told the coachman to come for him at eleven o'clock. That worthy, being anxious to be at home, drove away, and was out of earshot when the President's tug at the bell brought a servant, who informed him that no secretary lived there—neither did he know where one did live, as the family were strangers in the neighborhood. The night was dark as Erebos, the rain fell in spurts, and the wind fairly pinned pedestrians to the earth at intervals. The President had an umbrella, but it was useless in such a tempest. As houses wear their numbers on the transoms of the outer doors and the vestibule is in a gloomy half light, it is impossible to see the numbers at night. The President began to search for his dinner, up, down, and across streets. No one knew where the Secretary lived, and cared less, on such a night. There was no policeman encountered, and the only guide was the name of the streets on the gas lamps. After walking around for an hour he found he was in that maze of interesting streets and avenues called Iowa circle, a very short distance from the locality that bears the fragrant name of "Hell's bottom."

Here the President inquired of a man who did not know where the Secretary lived, but he pointed to a house on the corner and said: "Congressman H. lives there, and perhaps he can tell you." So welcome a suggestion was instantly adopted. The member was at home. Without giving his name, the President asked the servant to "inquire where the Secretary of the Navy lived." Showing the visitor into the parlor the man went up-stairs and returned in a moment, saying, "the member did not know." Thereupon he inquired if Mrs. H. was at home, and if so, would she be kind enough to give him the desired information? The lady was in the back parlor

with her children, and as reporters had been besieging the house, she supposed the visitor was one of that brotherhood of the pencil and her husband was too much engaged to see him. So, bracing herself for the intrusion, she bade the servant show the gentleman in. As she turned to receive him, judge of her amazement to see the President of the United States standing hat in hand in the doorway. The kneeling she attempted to place on the table, in her confusion, fell on the carpet, and the children hushed their merriment in the general surprise party. The President told his story; he was lost, a tramp in fact, for he was both tired and hungry, and he begged the lady to consult her visiting book and help him to find his dinner. But the visiting book even behaved indecorously, and was not in its place. However, all is well that ends well. The President was set right, the dinner was eaten, but that Cabinet officer's coachman did not take the President home that night.

One View of It.

The Cascade canal has cost, so far, in the neighborhood of \$500,000, and this year an additional \$250,000 is anxiously expected. Before it is completed an expenditure of \$2,000,000 more will be required. Then comes the canal at The Dalles, which will cost more than \$2,000,000. At the present rate of progress these canals will not be completed and river communication established between Wallula and Portland for twenty years. By that time there will be two or three competing lines of railroad built along the Columbia, materially reducing the rates of transportation, so that the farmer will have little or no use for the river. The completion of the O. R. & N. Co.'s railway will create so great a revolution on the Northwest coast the people will travel no more by water, besides freight rates will be reduced to figures so reasonable that producers will have no cause for complaint and will not think of shipping grain by water to Portland or Astoria. For fifteen miles, that is from the Cascades to The Dalles, the mountains on both sides of the river are insecure and glide along on their foundations little by little. No engineering in the world can arrest their onward course. In time these mountains, especially those on the Oregon side where the canal is being excavated, will crowd into the river and block the canal effectually. Even now the railroad company experience great annoyance from the almost imperceptible movement of the giant hills, which continue to cumber the track with huge boulders and crowd it towards the river. The crowding of the mountain is so palpable that a new route for the railway will have to be hewn out of the solid rock, some distance above, and in the future be repeated again. The question next arises, would it not be as well to discontinue the work on the canal and transfer the appropriations to a point where they could do the most good, for instance, to the improvement of the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river? The construction of a canal from some point below Astoria, through the hills to deep water on the coast is practicable, and would not require more than half the money required for the completion of the canals at the Cascades. Ships could readily enter such a canal as we have referred to, at all seasons, at any stage of water and in any kind of weather. There would be no danger of a sandbar at the mouth of this ca-

nal, since it would be filled with water and used only when required for the passage of ships. For several months in the year the Cascades canal cannot be utilized, so that, during that time it would be just the same as if there were none at all. After the completion of the railroad the O. R. & N. Co. intends to run its boats as usual, affording their patrons the choice between river and rail.—*Portland Mercury.*

The Clerk Who Knew Everything.

A newly arrived and singularly-assorted couple at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, consisting of a Londoner and an out-and-out American Western man, stood watching the throng of people coming and going at the marble counter the other evening, and listening with surprise to the endless number of quick questions made to the hotel clerk about trains, and individuals, and his instantaneous replies, when the Englishman broke out with: "Most extraordinary man, seems to know everybody and everything—wonder if there is any question about a railway train or any person he can't answer?" "I'll bet a dozen champagne I'll put him a question about a train he can't answer," said the Westerner.

"Done! I'll stand six to see him go to grass," said her Majesty's subject.

"Well, here goes, then," and Westerner stepped up to the marble counter.

"Say! You appear to know everything and everybody; who is there that's going to be, and when'll the train start?"

"Charles J. Gaiterson," starts June 30, sir," replied the clerk, looking the queerest right in the eye without moving a muscle.

"Well, I reckon you're about right, but you can't tell me where I can go and get a ticket, can you?"

"Go to the devil!" said the clerk, turning away.

"Mister," said the Westerner, looking over to the blonde book-keeper, after the laughter had subsided, "you can charge six bottles of 'Fiz' in my bill for the use of them gentlemen, for I must weaken on this—it's again me." He withdrew, and the clerk kept answering questions about more familiar routes with perfect equanimity.—*Hotel Gazette.*

Carrying Dead Chinamen's Remains Home.

A committee of Chinamen from the Chinese six companies in San Francisco came up on the last steamer, and are now located in Chinatown. These men have an important project in hand, which is nothing more nor less than removing the bones of every Chinaman in Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho, who shall have been dead five years. According to the rites of the Chinese religion, the bones of every true Mongolian should rest in the soil of the Flower Kingdom. To this end it is that the members of the companies' committee will visit every grave yard in the two territories and Oregon, and disinter the bones. These will be shipped in large boxes to this city, and sent thence by steamer or sailing vessel to China. There are supposed to be over 1,500 dead Celestials in the region above mentioned, and it will take some time before all their bones can be recovered. This morning a gang of men started in to uncover certain graves in Lone Fir cemetery, where the bodies of nearly 150 are buried. On the macadamized road burying ground the bodies of about 75 Chinamen

have been interred. Considerable money will be expended in the work of recovering the osseous remains of the dead Mongolians.—*The Oregonian.*

Bite It Off.

Journalists, have you an article to prepare? Make it short. Ministers, have you a sermon to preach? Make it short. Lawyers, have you an argument to present? Make it short. Fanny man have you a joke to tell? Make it short. Ladies, have you a pie crust or dresses to make? Make them short. Tailors, have you a coat to build? Make it short. Subornists, do you keep a slate? Keep it short. Young men have you a marriage engagement on hand? Make it short.

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