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Wagons, hacks and buggies fitted.  
Gunsmithing and general job work done.

## Buggins' Pork Crop.

Farmer Buggins was a plain, staid, quiet man of the Old School, who lived on a little farm handed down to him by his father, and whose pride it was to cultivate his fields as generations before him had done. His naturally fertile soil had become impoverished by bad tillage, and lack of manures; long rows of thorns and briars marked the lines of his dilapidated fences; and the weather-beaten, rickety buildings that domiciled himself, family and "stock."

Of course, good Old Buggins was opposed to "book larnin' and all improved and scientific modes of farming; and books, newspapers and agricultural journals were about as scarce in his house as apple blossoms are in the month of January! He had no use for them—hence he did not have them. His ancestors, he knew, got along somehow without them, and he could certainly do as much as they did. Some things he could not, however fail to notice. His more enterprising neighbors tilled more productive fields, and their thrift and general comforts were immeasurably greater than his. He envied their fortunes, but from prejudice he stubbornly refused to employ the means that gave them the pre-eminence over him.

He clearly saw that their corn-fields yielded the yellow crop in much greater quantities than did his; their orchards produced better fruit and in more abundance; and their stock was of the finest in the country. All this he knew and the question would often force itself upon him—what is the reason for all this? Why should he eke out a beggarly living, and they be surrounded with comforts, and grow rich? That was the question that puzzled him; that was the problem that he smoked his clay pipe over for many a day, in trying to solve. But Buggins was blind—blind as a bat, and he would perish in his old boots, rather than see the light!

His farm grew less productive year by year, and his pocket book was empty, and there was the tax-collector, and that note in the bank, and Buggins junior would want a hundred dollars on his twenty-first birth day, and where was it to come from? That was just what he could not tell but what he would have given a slice off his farm to know! At last a happy thought struck him, and he imagined he saw his way entirely out of his financial troubles, and he could do it too, without sacrificing his principles or undermining his prejudices.

This is what he would do: He would raise hogs! Pork was money, and hogs were pork; and he could raise hogs without wasting his money on "stock journals." Book learning was not necessary in swine raising. Common-Buggins' sense, was all the capital that business required, and did not he have common sense? Who doubted that?

He would build a great rail pen inclosing about five acres (he had plenty of waste land) and would stock it with hogs, feed them for a few months, slaughter them, take them to market, and carry the "greenbacks" home in his pocket-book; and he was so elated at the

idea, that he took out his old leathern wallet, but quickly returned it to his pocket, being a little frightened perhaps, at its consumptive appearance and collapsed condition. His brilliant conception was to be put into practical shape at the earliest possible period. The rail pen was built, and farmer Buggins searched the country over for cheap hogs wherewith to fill it. Twenty odd farmers disposed of their refuse swine, and held notes, as pay, against the Buggins farm, which notes would become due three months hence.

If Noah's ark contained animals "clean and unclean," and in great numbers and variety Buggins' rail-pen could be likened to it. They were all hogs in there, of course—that is they were all four-footed beasts, with bristles and cloven feet, long snouts and the peculiar "squeal" that betokens the swinish race. Buggins was happy! Buggins was elated! But neighbor Simpson, who was a kind of thorn in Buggins' flesh, came by one morning and threw a "wet blanket" on the philosophy of hog raising according to the Buggins' theory. Said Simpson:

"Good morning, neighbor Buggins."

"The same to you," said Buggins, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"A collection of wild animals in that pen?"

"Them—them's hogs, sir."

"If you call them hogs, then I would like to know of what breed they are?"

"Breed? do you say? Why, they are of the same breed that hogs generally are."

"Well, are there any Berkshires among them, for instance?"

"I reckon not, Simpson; I bo't 'em all in this section of country. I didn't go to Berkshires for 'em, at any rate."

"Let us go down to the pen, neighbor B., and look at your swine."

The two farmers walked over to the rail pen, the proprietor wondering in his mind what would be the opinion of his companion relative to the collection of animals to pass in review before him. On arriving there, Simpson broke the silence:

"All B., you have some rare specimens in there!"

"Yes, I would say they are rare! That rail fence five feet high, as it is, hardly holds them. They are right over it when they get the least bit excited."

"And what a variety of breeds, I must say, neighbor B.," continued Simpson. "There's the real 'hazel splitter' over there with his nose through the fence; the 'lean shank' is propped against the fence and the 'lightning racer,' is making a bee-line there to the furthest corner of the pen."

"The lightning—what did you say?"

"Why, B.," continued Simpson, without noticing his last remark, "you have the meanest lot of hogs in there I ever saw! I wouldn't give you \$3 per head and take them as they run. No, not by a great deal, I wouldn't."

"You are always a findin' fault with my arrangements, always, Simpson."

"Well, I'll make amends by giving you some good advice."

"Go on, and I'll listen."

"Well, sir, steel point hazel-splitter's nose, and get a patent oat on him for a prairie plow, and you will make your fortune."

Buggins opened his eyes and mouth too.

"And 'lean shank,' just tie a knot in his tail, and save yourself a world of trouble."

"How's that?"

"The knot will keep him from slipping through the fence and you will not be pestered trying to get him every day."

"Come, Simpson," said farmer B., "you are disposed to make fun at my expense. When the time comes for me to kill those hogs for the market, you will then acknowledge that I can raise pork without the aid of your books, and your journal, and other humbug appliances—just wait till then."

"I will," said Simpson, as he walked away, "and I'll be on hand with my hired men, hounds and fleetest horses, to help you catch those fat porkers of yours; they cannot be caught and killed in the ordinary way!"

Buggins felt chagrined at the turn his neighbor's remarks had taken; and he began to feel uneasy, too, with regard to the amount of money his hog speculations would be likely to yield him.

But he would wait, and stuff corn into them, and perhaps all would be well.

\* \* \*

Before the usual slaughtering time had come, Buggins had exhausted his corn. Then he tried "swills" for a week, and came to the conclusion that he might as well attempt to turn the Mississippi into a stream of lard, as to fatten his "hazel splitters" and other choice breeds (on a "swill basis")

What little his hogs had gained on the corn, they seemed to lose on the new diet; and as he expressed it: "Them lank hogs when they begin to go down hill, there's no tellin' where they will stop."

It was determined, therefore, to prepare the hogs for market a little in advance of the usual time, and preparations were made for the "slaughter of the innocents."

There was an unusual amount of hallooing and hurrahing, and of "running to and fro," in the vicinity of Buggins' rail-pen on that memorable day. Those hogs were fleet of foot, and "scarry," and the smell of blood excited them fearfully. "Lean shank" jumped the highest fence on the farm, which was quite a feat for a fat hog to do. And "lightning racer"—did you ever see a frightened deer on an open prairie with a pack of hounds at his heels? Buggins, in despair, brought out his grandfather's rifle and opened fire on his porkers, and, by dint of powder and ball, succeeded, at last, in bringing them to terms. But it was a great day for the boys of the neighborhood, and even Simpson seemed to enjoy it! In the calendar of that people the event is known to this day as "Buggins' Great Hunt."

But the poor hog-raiser's troubles were not all over yet. When his pork reached the market, there seemed to be no special demand for it. A few buyers offered to

take it, but at such a falling-off from the regular prices, that Buggins' heart and hopes both fell below zero; and then Simpson came up and made a suggestion—

"I tell you, Buggins, you don't seem to know how to sell your pork!"

"Well, I acknowledge I do not know how to dispose of this lot!"

"Have you any lard with you, Buggins?"

"Lard—no—why?"

"Well, sir, a little lard would help to sell that pork. There not being lard enough in your hogs to fry them, people don't want them unless they can get a little lard with them!"

"Simpson, you are too hard on a fellow—especially when he is in distress."

Simpson, though fond of a joke, was generous hearted, and turning to the aid of Buggins, he assisted him to dispose of the pork to the best advantage under the circumstances—went home with Buggins and gave him some excellent advice. He kindly loaned him a sum of money to meet his liabilities, feeling certain that Buggins would turn a new leaf in farming.

Five years have passed since that hog speculation, and now Mr. Buggins' house is comfortable; there is a small, but well selected library in it; there are several good newspapers and agricultural works found on his table; his fields have improved, his stock is in fine condition, and he is out of debt. He and Simpson are warm friends. On each anniversary of "Buggins' Great Hunt," there is a feast at his house, and Simpson has the seat of honor at the table; and the host persists in saying to his guest—

"Simpson, them poor hogs was the making of me!"—*Illustrated Journal of Agriculture.*

They have a peculiar way of telling the news in some of the Western journals. For example: "The teller of the Ville Marie Bank of Montreal despises the way in which two Yankees got \$10,488 that he left on the counter of his establishment the other day. They were great lumber dealers on the Ottawa river, and they wanted to open an immense account with him, and 'You just look at that map on the wall, Mr. Teller, which shows you where we operate,' they said. He looked, and the men escaped with the money."

As the steamer was about leaving Brest, the Count de C., who is by this time shooting buffaloes on our Western plains, told his servant to go down into the cabin, and get him a glass of beer. "I dare not, Monsieur," replied the lackey; "I am afraid while I am down below after the beer the steamer will leave without me!"

A Texas editor, whose midnight oil must have failed him just as he was going to press, prints the following energetic opinion: "The man who would water petroleum and sell it, would sneak into the palace of the king of kings, and steal the gilding from the wings of angels."

When a negro down in Louisiana was hauled up for stealing bacon, he put in as a defense that he was told by his political teachers, that now, when he had the right to vote, he must take "sides" some where.

## CLIPPINGS.

What is to be?—A verb.  
Oregon has 252 postoffices.  
A fast friend—The telegraph.

Wilkie Collins is in Toronto.  
Small pox is at Salt Lake City.  
Clackamas county, has 8 Granges.

There are 22 grass widows in Truckee.  
The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

The shaft of the Emma mine is down 500 feet.  
Eureka, Nevada, is soon to have an evening paper.

The Stickeen gold-mine fever shows no abatement.  
The Utah Legislaturmen are all Mormons, save one.

Parties in Siskiyou propose to drain Goose Lake.  
How to raise beets—Take hold of the tops and pull.

The Oakland Library Association is in debt \$7,900.  
The Sacramento Bee has entered upon its thirty-fifth volume.

Cash on delivery is the custom adopted by popular lecturers.  
A post-mistress in Pennsylvania employs her husband as head clerk.

Montana has \$4,000 in her Territorial treasury, and owes \$158,000.  
A writer wishes to know why people always spell *finis* without an *n*.

The Vasquez gang were operating around Visalia on the 8th instant.  
Gen. Crooks, the great Indian slayer, has been confirmed as Brig. General.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoe-maker.  
Every other man is accused of horse stealing in Los Angeles Co. California.

A volcano has erupted in the mountains west of Yuma, in Lower California.  
A Havana newspaper office was robbed of \$28,000. You can safe-bet this is a lie.

"Money is very tight," said a thief who was trying to break open a bank vault.  
"Time cuts down all, both great and small." How about the provision and grocery bills?

"Transactions in Hair," is the heading by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.  
A Philadelphia paper has ascertained that Noah Webster used to play euchre and steal eggs.

Smirkins looked at a painting of a pig and pleasantly asked, "Who is that pigment for?"  
"Her Face Was Her Fortune," will soon be followed by "His Cheek Was What Made Him."

When a policeman finds a man full he takes him to the station house and his friends bail him out.  
The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower-pot on the portico roof.

Georgia item—"Bill Bridges, of Dooley county, attempted to knock down a pine tree with his horse, and killed the latter."  
It is suggested that in building railroads, the rails should be heated red-hot, so that the workmen would lay them down rapidly.