

# THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

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## Lafayette Courier.

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	1W	2W	3W	3M	6M	1YR.
1 inch	75	1 25	1 75	6 00	9 00	15 00
2 inches	1 25	2 50	3 00	8 00	12 00	18 00
3 inches	2 50	3 50	4 50	9 00	13 00	22 00
4 inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	11 00	15 00	25 00
5 inches	4 00	5 00	6 00	12 00	17 00	28 00
6 inches	5 00	6 00	7 00	13 00	18 00	30 00
7 inches	6 00	7 00	8 00	14 00	19 00	32 00
8 inches	7 00	8 00	9 00	15 00	20 00	34 00
9 inches	8 00	9 00	10 00	16 00	21 00	36 00
10 inches	9 00	10 00	11 00	17 00	22 00	38 00

Business notices in the local columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.  
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Legal advertisements to be paid for upon making proof by the publisher.  
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Subscriptions Sent East, \$2 00 a Year.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

GILL & BALL, R. STOTT  
**BALL & STOTT,**

**Attorneys at Law,**  
111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

P. C. SULLIVAN,  
**Attorney at Law,**  
Dallas, Oregon.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS  
of Yamhill, Polk and other counties  
in Oregon.

W. M. RAMSEY,  
**Attorney at Law,**  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.  
JAS. M. CAIN,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE  
State Courts.

E. C. BRADSHAW,  
**Attorney at Law,**  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

### LAFAYETTE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FERGUSON & BIRD, corner of Jefferson  
and Main; dealers in produce and general  
merchandise.

KELTY & SIMPSON, north side Main  
street; dealers in drugs, confection-  
eries and family supplies.

JAS. McCAIN, attorney; office on south  
side Main street.

W. M. RAMSEY, County Judge and  
attorney at law; office in the  
Court House.

JOHN BIRD, west side Jefferson street,  
dealer in stoves and tinware.

E. C. BRADSHAW, attorney at law.

### ST. JOSEPH BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

KELTY & SIMPSON, cor. 4th and Elm;  
dealers in groceries, glassware, Queens  
ware and patent medicines.

BILLIARD SALOON, Powers & Stewart,  
proprietors. Best wines, liquors, &c.

HOTEL, J. H. Oida, proprietor; cor  
of 4th and Depot streets. New house  
good accommodations.

### DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. C. CALL, MANUFACTURER OF  
Saddles and Harness. All work war-  
ranted. Orders left with J. W. Cullen will  
receive prompt attention.

CHRIS. TAYLOR, dealer in general mer-  
chandise, Odd Fellows' building. The  
cheap cash store.

W. S. POWELL, Saw Mill. Dressed  
lumber of all kinds, doors and win-  
dow frames.

HOWARD & STEWART, blacksmiths.  
Wagons, hacks and buggies ironed.  
Gunsmithing and general job work done.

LEADBETTER & HILEY; pictures of all  
descriptions always on hand and frames  
of all descriptions made to order.

HARKER & CO., Ferry street; dry  
goods, groceries and general merchan-  
dise. Dayton flouring mills.

BEST livery stable Ferry street; bug-  
gies and horses to let at all times, at  
reasonable rates.

SNELL & CO., Ferry street; dealers in  
general merchandise. The NEW cheap  
cash store.

PAINTING. House, carriage and wagon  
painting and sign writing done to or-  
der by J. W. Carey.

### The Avon Mystery.

AN INQUEST EXPLODES THE THEORY  
OF THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT SHE  
COULD DIE AND COME TO LIFE  
AGAIN.

Eastern papers of recent date give lengthy accounts of the death of one Miss Bonny, at Canawaugus, N. Y., who was afflicted during her lifetime with the hallucination that she could throw herself into a trance which would last for a long period, at the end of which she would awaken again to life. She attempted to demonstrate this to the skeptical. The annexed excerpt from the Albany Journal gives the result of the experiment:

Coroner Bissell, of Geneseo, accompanied by Dr. Lauderdale and Sheriff Arnold, came here on the morning train, and proceeded to Canawaugus to investigate the case of Miss Bonny. They met with no resistance in gaining an entrance and making a full examination of the corpse, for such they pronounced it to be. They found no appearance of violent death or other circumstances which would warrant them in taking the body in charge, and say that the body is so far decomposed as to render dissection useless in reaching the cause of death. Externally, it presents a full and plump appearance and dark yellow color, and is of the same temperature as the room and does not differ from the appearance of any body which has been kept the same length of time. The stench in the room is fearful. The Coroner and party returned to Geneseo on the morning train. The faith of the believers is unshaken by their visit, and they will keep the remains unburied.

Thus it appears that Miss Bonny actually perpetrated a very severe joke upon herself. A large portion of the community will never believe she took poison. If she did not she worked her mind into such a condition of excitement that death resulted therefrom. To most people the latter theory will seem highly improbable, if, as has been stated, the deceased was at the time in a state of perfect physical health. It is to be regretted that the Coroner did not do his duty promptly, and by a thorough investigation, ascertain whether the girl was poisoned or not.

The examination of this late day reveals the fact that the remains have been steadily undergoing the process of decay, and are now but a putrid mass, emitting a fearful stench. This should be enough to satisfy the most ardent spiritualists that the body can never return to life. Still the family refuse to be convinced, and announce their purpose to keep the remains unburied for six months. This is one of the most remarkable cases of superstition of modern times. The thought of permitting the corpse of a member of a family to decay in the house is horrible to contemplate. It would seem as if there must or ought to be some law to prevent such an outrage and perversion of the common instincts of humanity.

If the people of Livingston county are satisfied with this disposition of the matter, they view it in a strange light. We think they have a right to demand a thorough post mortem examination.

### Willamette Valley and its Future.

The Willamette valley contains about four million acres of arable land, of which three-fourths or three million acres are susceptible of profitable cultivation. We probably have raised four million bushels of wheat; has averaged a good yield—we may confidentially say over twenty bushels per acre—we must conclude that not over two hundred thousand acres, or one acre in twenty of the Willamette valley, have been cultivated during the past year, in wheat. At the utmost, as much more ground has been occupied with meadows, orchards, gardens, and root crops, which would only show that one acre in ten is in actual cultivation.

This valley is capable of producing more grass than it now affords by proper care and cultivation of one fourth the acreage now used for grazing. It can also yield ten times the amount of wheat we have raised the present year, and that sort of cultivation would insure us population and wealth as great as that possessed by any equal space in the world, so used and cultivated. We shall probably have next year a surplus of 5,000,000 bushels of wheat from this valley, which will afford cargoes for thousand ton ships every other week day in the year. It will be no difficult matter for this valley to raise 25,000,000 bushels, which it can do by the proper cultivation of one fourth its soil in wheat, and that would bring to the Columbia river 740 large vessels a year for cargoes, and very likely wheat from the upper Columbia and Umpqua would be furnished to load 250 vessels more, making 1,000 ships which may find cargoes of the single article of wheat, when our land is anywhere near in efficient cultivation.

Some may say this is "speculation;" no more so than to judge that so much crude gold will coin into so many double eagles; no more than to count that iron beds will produce so much iron, or copper, or lead. We have the soil, which is almost going to waste in worn-out pastures, and we only need the men, and the teams, and the plows—with the added will and intelligence—to bring to our river a fleet as large as ever came to California—fleets which shall bear no visionary crews of Argonauts, but shall come here for bread to maintain the life of the old-world nations, and shall exchange the products of all the world for our staples.

This is but an imperfect glance at the future of Oregon, which many of us shall live to witness, and which all of us should labor to accomplish. The progress of the world demands wheat bread for nations and races who never ate it before, and our mission and destiny are to feed the world, and thrive upon the doing of it.—The Farmer.

A young gentleman in Augusta Me., lately made an evening call upon a young lady, and got rather shabbily treated. It was getting on toward nine o'clock when the young lady inquired the time of evening. "Five minutes to nine," was the reply. "How long will it take you to go home?" "Five minutes, I should judge." "Then," said the young lady, "if you start now you'll get home just at nine o'clock."

### Made to "See It."

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "No person reads all these little advertisements." It's preposterous to think it.

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?"

"Yes."

"And if there's anything which you particularly want you look for it?"

"Certainly."

"Well; among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Snicker as you please, I do assure you that printer's ink is the true open sesame to all business success. That is certain."

And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out-of-the-way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions, of only two lines. Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded under the head of "WANTS." And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

WANTED—A good House Dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 375 Towser street, between the hours of 8 and 9 p. m.

Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of items, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be so to others.

That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea; (Buffer was a plain, old-fashioned man, and took tea at six) when his door bell was rung, and the servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him that I don't want one."

Six times was Mr. Buffer interrupted while taking tea, by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in and he must take it out manfully. The 23d applicant was a small boy, with a girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle for sale. Buffer bought the dog of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off.

To the next applicant he was enabled truthfully to answer: "Don't want any more; I've bought one."

The stream of callers continued till near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas.

### On the following evening, as

Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. There were about thirty men and boys, each of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size and color, and dogs of every quality of whine, yelp, bark, growl and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertise for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home.

Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he called on his friend the editor, and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and pasted upon his door: "Gone into the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property; and then he locked up and went away with his family.

From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts as to the efficiency of printer's ink; nor has he asked, "Who reads the advertisements in a paper?"

### Round Dances.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in his advice to "Our Girls" in his book of that name, says a timely word against the immodest and impure "German" waltz, etc., for two reasons the first being a sanitary one, and the second a moral one. For the first he says that the rotary motion is injurious to the brain and spinal marrow, and that the peculiar contact between man and woman is very apt to suggest impure thoughts. We can forgive Byron for many things he wrote when we remember his manly and indignant protest against the waltz:

"Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck  
Displayed so much of leg or more of neck,  
Than thou, ambrosial waltz, when first  
The moon beheld thee whirling to a Saxon tune."  
He wrote in his finest strain of sarcasm. The Doctor says, "Let a couple stand in the presence of a company, with their arms about each other, and their persons in contact for the 'German'—let them stand thus intertwined, what should we think? The dance is made the excuse for what, without it, would be gross indelicacy." He says that he has many times asked the men what they thought of it, and after saying it was jolly, that they liked it first-rate, they have generally, when urged to tell him seriously their conviction, confessed that knowing how men feel and some times talk about it, if they were women they would not indulge.

A toper the other night got at the yeast jug and took a swig. Putting it down he called to his wife, "say, Jane, I wish you would not mix that chicken feed over the cider jug, it's 'nuff to make a hog sick." And it did make one hop.

We must have this too, but as yet can't vouch for its truthfulness: "A Boston court has decided that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back. The decision will not be new to many wives.

### CLIPPINGS

An imaginary quantity—A lady's age.

Now is the time to look the gift-horse in the mouth.

He that would walk uprightly must beware of cool-hole covers.

American literature is about to be enriched by the addition of a history of Oshkosh.

Do not run in debt to the shoemaker; it is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is your own.

A Georgia convict was hanged recently for killing the wrong man. The right one witnessed the ceremony.

A minister walked six miles to marry a couple lately. He said he felt sort of fee-bill like. The groom saw it.

The English are sorry that the Spaniards are killing each other in civil war—it makes oranges so scarce in England.

A circus elephant, wintering at Louisville, is on the watch for the man who tossed him an apple full of catarrh snuff.

A chiropodist announces on his business cards that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe."

A hatter in Terre Haute, Wis., has a bundle of old unpaid bills hung up in his store labelled, "The reason why I don't give credit."

A rural editor, describing an assault, said: "Liscum was knocked sensible." The editor was evidently never struck that way.

Jones, being told that he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied, "The hard ware business—look at my wardrobe."

A Maine justice vindicated the dignity of the law by sending a newspaper editor to prison for calling him a "muddle-headed mannikin."

It is reported that Father Brazil, of Des Moines, recently treated "thirteen gentlemen and two newspaper reporters" to the oysters. Such is fame.

Where is "parts unknown?" asks a correspondent of the Danbury News. To which, Bailey answers, very truthfully, "Where they don't advertise."

"Owing to the absence of the editor, this week's issue will be found unusually spicy," says the office devil of the Creston Times, who was left in charge for a week.

The Washington grave-robbler rejoices in the name of Christian. If he had only affixed a sign to his sur-name the public wouldn't have been so surprised.

Somebody in a Georgia court "applauded," whereupon, the judge (we quote from the Griffin News) indignantly remarked, "Now dry up; I will let you know that this is no camp-meeting."

Through troubles and trials we must all pass on our way to the grave. Mr. Perfect, the colored man who was hung at Joliet, Ill., had an unusual share of trials—three in two years, and conviction every time.

A Southwestern editor whose orthography has been somewhat neglected, or else whose compositors use him ill, remarks that "ex-President Johnson argues well." The a fusion to Argus is delicate and appreciative.