

# THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

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### BUSINESS CARDS.

CHAS. A. BALL. R. STOTT

BALL & STOTT,

Attorneys at Law,

111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Jan 10/74

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. McCAIN.

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, confectioneries 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 hardware.

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.

HOTEL, J. H. Olds, proprietor; cor

of 4th and Depot streets. New house

good accommodations.

### DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. C. CALL, MANUFACTURER OF

Saddles and Harness. All work

warranted. Orders left with J. W. Cullen will

receive prompt attention.

CHRIS. TAYLOR, dealer in general

merchandise, 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 & RILEY; 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.

J. 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-

### The Man in the Moon.

The man in the moon has long had a singular fascination for earth dwelling mortals. Volumes have been written to prove or disprove his supposed existence, and fancy has ever been busy in fabricating imaginary voyages to his domain. The sort of literature of which Poe's "Adventures of Hans Pfaal" is a type, has had many votaries and admirers. Hans Pfaal was a wealthy Dutchman, who, for some misdeed, found it desirable to quit his native city, like the late lamented Genet, as unobtrusively as possible. So he secretly constructed a balloon, and, with better luck than Professor Wise, succeeded in getting off in it between two days. After an eventful voyage he arrives at last at the moon where he makes several wonderful discoveries, which are not set down in any lunar geography. M. Jules Verne, also, after exhausting all the plausible impossibilities of land and sea, has turned his attention in the direction of planetary exploration, and lately dispatched a party of happy voyagers moonward in an immense hollow ball fired from an enormous cannon. The idea, it may be remarked, was anticipated in a rather clever paper published in *Harper's Magazine* many years and is considered by the *Spectator* to fall short in point of ingenuity to Poe's invention.

These are samples of the efforts made by imaginative writers to get to the moon. Restless fancy, on the other hand has been not less earnest in its efforts to get the moon to us. The erection of the immense reflecting telescopes of Sir William Herschel and of Lord Rosse excited the wildest hopes in the bosoms of these visionaries who persisted in the belief that the man in the moon was something more than a myth. The first peep into the gigantic instruments, it was confidentially hoped, would reveal the whole domestic life of the neighbor planet. Many people still living will remember the excitement produced by Lock's celebrated moon hoax, perpetrated something less than a half century ago. It was published here in the form of a letter written by the astronomer Herschel to a scientific journal of Edinburgh, and purported to be a minute account of the animal and vegetable life which that philosopher had discovered in the moon. In spite of many palpable absurdities and numerous gross inaccuracies, the story found eager credence, until the next mail from Europe exploded it. The story now reappears, in a more plausible and quasi-scientific shape.

The fact is recognized that there is a limit to the power of telescopic penetration, which so far as the moon is concerned, denies to earthly vision the privilege of seeing objects on its surface, the size of which is less than sixty feet square. But these objects can be photographed, and it has been supposed that by an application of the microscope, the photograph could be so magnified that every square foot of the moon's surface would be as minutely visible to us as a like portion of the earth itself. The difficulty in the way of this desirable consumation has hitherto been that the irregularities of

the smoothest photographic medium were developed under the magnifier with such surprising luxuriance as altogether to efface the picture. It was necessary, therefore, to find a material so smooth and textureless that even the microscope could not persuade it into undue exaggeration. This, it is now reported the mysterious French savant, whose aid is always invoked on these occasions, has a length discovered in a sort of paper made of the fibers of the milk weed. Armed with this potent auxiliary, our savant has succeeded in taking photographs which powerfully magnified, prove beyond question the existence of animal life in the moon. Two apparently human inhabitants were even discovered walking, calmly about, head downward, like flies upon a ceiling—a circumstance which prevented the savant from securing more than an inaccurate view of the extreme summits of their craniums. For further details all terrestrial lunatics are now looking with breathless suspense. Such stories may serve to amuse the more serious labors of the astronomer, and have the merit, beyond most fictions of the kind, of doing no positive harm. The absurdities of the present one are obvious; not the least of them is the fact that the collodion film on which telescopic photographs are taken, probably comes as near an absolute textureless material as any that can be had for the purpose. Enthusiasm on this subject may as well make up their minds that the moon, at least, or so much as we can see of it, is untenanted by man or beast, and devote their romantic energies to colonize some more favorable planet.—*N. Y. Times.*

SAY "FLY POISON" TO SAM.—The Laport, Indiana *Herald* gets off the following:

Some time ago a Mrs. Buckley, who lives over in Berrien Co. directed her son Samuel, a lad of fourteen years, to take a turn at the churn. Now, as Samuel had set his heart on going a fishing at that very time he got his back up and flatly refused to agitate the cream. The curvatore was promptly taken out of his spine by a slipper and with tears in his eyes, he went on duty with the dasher, in about half an hour, and during the brief absence of his mother, his eyes fell upon a plate of fly poison and a bright smart thought struck him. Just before Mrs. B. came in, Samuel lifted the fatal platter to his face, and as she entered he put the poison from his lips with the dramatic exclamation: "There mother, I guess you won't lick me no more!" Now, what did this Spartan dame do? Did she shriek for a doctor and fall into hysterics? Not much. She simply took Samuel by the nape of the neck, lifted him deftly into the pantry, beat the white of six eggs together and told him to eggull the same instant; he refusing, she called the hired girl, and in a twinkling Sam found himself outside the al-bumen. Then Mrs. B. began preparing a mustard emetic. Seeing this, Sam's pluck dissolved, and he commenced begging, crying "I was only trying to skeer ye." But the stern mother was not to be softened, and Samuel had to swal-

low the mustard. He was then forced to take a dose of painkiller, and had his back rubbed with the "Vigor of Life," and his stomach with the "Oil of Gladness." Then he vomited up everything but his boots and socks. This being over he took seven of Ayer's pills, two spoonful of castor oil, a teaspoonful of salts and a blue pill. And now, if you want to see the maddest boy in Michigan, just say "fly poison to Sam Buckley."

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.—Information has just been received here of a terrible tragedy which occurred at Dutch Flat yesterday morning, says the *Sacramento* papers of the 1st inst., intelligence of which strenuous efforts have been made to keep from the public ear. As the facts have reached this place it appears that one Charles Calhoun, a resident of Dutch Flat, became acquainted with a young widow of the town about four months ago, and immediately began paying his addresses to her with a view to marriage. His attentions were not acceptable to their object, and she discouraged them in every possible way, and gave him a decided refusal when at length he made a formal offer of his hand. But the lover was persistent, and having a firm belief in the adage that "faint heart never won fair lady," he set himself at work with success to procure the intercession of parents of the lady in his favor. The persistence of the lover and the influence of the parents overcome her opposition to his suit though not her repugnance to himself, and two weeks ago the two were married. A marriage under such inauspicious circumstances could hardly be otherwise than an entirely unhappy one, and very soon the husband exhibited jealousy toward his unwilling bride. This jealousy culminated in the tragedy of Saturday morning when the husband, goaded to frenzy by the green-eyed monster, shot his wife before she had arisen from her bed, his shot taking effect in her right eye, which if not mortal, is certainly very serious. Having as he supposed, killed his wife, the desperate man then placed his pistol to his own head and fired, killing himself instantly. His remains were deposited in the grave this morning. The tragedy has appalled the people of the town where it occurred, and a deep gloom seems to have settled upon it.

Charming is that faculty of the human mind which enables one to drop into poetry like Mr. Wegg upon any occasion, no matter how prosaic, which throws a soft light of romance around bread and cheese, and irradiates the commonplace soul with beauty. Such is the faculty possessed by a noble poet in Chicago, who was recently informed that Madame Nilsson had thoughtfully built a shelter for her cows on her land at Peoria. Mindful of the catastrophe which led to the destruction of his native city, he immediately burst into this wild and beautiful frenzy of verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim, religious light of the sifful kerosene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire fend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pall!"

### CLIPPINGS.

A certain man has a watch which he says has gained enough to pay for itself in six months.

Johnny assures us that a railroad conductor punches a hole in your ticket to let you pass through.

An English wag asserts that machinery is the most modest of all things, since it almost always travels in cog.

Hallo, Bill, where have you been for a week back? "I haven't been anywhere for it, ain't got a weak back either."

When a bit of ostrich feather is found by a wife in her husband's beard no one can blame her for being down on him.

A western paper is dead. In its last gasp it faintly whispered, "Two hundred subscribers, and only thirty-one of them paid up."

A Detroit female of just twenty-five was married to her fifth husband lately. All the gentlemen are alive, and the first four are doing well.

An embryo poet, who is certainly a close observer of human nature, remarks: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

Judge Jeffreys, pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, observed, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end, my lord?"

An Iowa editor wrote: "During the past week we have been visiting the Solons of the country;" and his constant subscribers think that is a funny way to spell "saloons."

Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool that could not spell words more ways than one."

A good brother in Deckertown, N. J., advertises in the local paper that he didn't set out his trees for hitching-posts for those who attend the Methodist meeting-house.

A Boston man was cursing an editor the other day when he fell dead. Several similar instances have been lately reported. Men should be careful in speaking of anything sacred.

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as its tendency is to kill off all the foolish girls, and leave the wise ones to grow into women.

The impulsive clerk who accidentally deposits a shovelful of snow down the back of the rural pedestrian, was in the drug store, Saturday evening, negotiating for a bottle of liniment.

An exchange says a number of young men in this city are attending a night school, where latin is taught. At least we judge so, as we saw a crowd the other evening who had got as far as "Hic."

Domestic young lady (making pie).—Frank, the kitchen is no place for boys. Has dough such an attraction for you? Clever youth.—"It isn't the dough, cousin; it's the dear."

A sophomore says he cannot understand how any one possessing what is generally known as a conscience can counterfeit a five-cent

piece, and put on the back of it "In God we trust."

"Building castles in Spain, Mr. S.," said the landlady to Spicer, who was thoughtfully regarding his breakfast cup. "No, ma'am," said Spicer, "only looking over my grounds in Java."

The "world" never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.

In a California obituary it is stated that "the deceased was a person of romantic nature. He placed the breech of his gun in the fire, and looking down the muzzle departed hence instantaneously."

It is pronounced an ominous sign when a man, who has been married scarcely twelve months, begins to betray an abnormal interest in the causes of lock-jaw.

"If this jury convicts my client," said a Missouri lawyer, rolling up his sleeves and displaying his ponderous fists, "I shall feel compelled to meet each one and hammer justice into his soul through his head."

Of course London is ringing with stories of the adventures which happened during the fog, one of which is worth quoting: An old gentleman who had some business at Charing Cross made his way as far as the Strand, but there completely lost himself. He crept slowly on and on, without the least idea of where he was going, until he found himself descending some steps. On these steps he plumped against a man who was coming up them. "Hallo," said the old gentleman. "Ha lo," said the man. "Can you tell me where I am going to?" said the old gentleman. "Yes," said the man; "if you go straight on you will walk into the river; for I've just come out of it."

A "runner" for a Milwaukee house, was, a few days ago, in La Brosse, anxious to get across the river on the ice, but was told it was dangerous, so he got on his hands and knees and started to crawl across, hauling a skiff on the ice to get into in case the ice broke. After he had crawled half way across, and was all tired and discouraged, he heard a noise behind him, and, thinking the ice was breaking he got on his knees, just as a load of wood came up behind him. The ice was a foot thick, and some other runners had played it on him. He is searching for the fellow who told him the ice was thin.

A veteran observer says that "Old friends are like old boots. We never realize how perfectly they were fitted to us till they are cast aside, and others, finer and more stylish perhaps, but cramping and pinching in every corner, are substituted."

The Indians have got a new dodge. When they are thirsty, which is said to be quite frequently, they go into a saloon in De-per, Wis., and ask "Schnapps haben?" This always brings the drink, as the saloon-keeper is bound to believe they are Germans.