

THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

VOL. IX.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, MARCH 20, 1874.

NO. 4.

Lafayette Courier.

Published every Friday by
DORRIS & HEMBREE

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Copy, One Year, - \$3 00
One Copy, Six Months, - 1 75
One Copy, Three Months, - 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 W	2 W	3 W	1 M	6 M	1 YR
1 inch	75	1 25	1 75	3 00	5 00	15 00
2 inches	1 25	1 75	2 25	3 50	5 50	18 00
3 inches	1 75	2 25	2 75	4 00	6 00	22 00
4 inches	2 25	2 75	3 25	4 50	6 50	26 00
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1 Col.	6 00	7 00	7 50	13 00	20 00	36 00
1 Col.	6 50	7 50	8 00	13 50	21 00	38 00

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.
For legal and transient advertisements—\$2.50 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and \$1.00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

Legal Advertisements to be Paid for upon making Proof by the Publisher.
Personal Advs. 50 Cts. a Line. 25 Subscriptions Sent East, \$2 00 a Year.

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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 State attorney at law; office in the Court House.

JOHAN 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.

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 window 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 merchandise. Dayton flooring mills.

J. HEST, livery stable Ferry street; buggies and horses to let at all times, at reasonable rates.

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

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

Miracles in France.

A young girl living at Fontot, in the neighborhood of Bordeaux, is reported not only to receive visits from the Virgin, but also to be endowed with the power of curing sick persons by the laying on of hands. Surnamed "La Voyante," she is the wonder of the country round, and crowds flock to her cottage to be healed of their diseases. One man who had been stricken with paralysis for many years, repaired to Fontot a few weeks ago to be operated upon. The process is thus described by two witnesses, one of them a doctor, who are ready to attest the truth of their account:

A medal of St. Benedict was pressed against the patient's neck, and he was sprinkled with holy water. A terrible crisis then ensued, for he fell to the ground in convulsions, uttering loud cries. But in a few moments the Virgin appeared; the sufferer became immediately calm, and recited the litanies to her in a very devout tone. Although not quite cured on the spot, he was so much better that he was able to walk, and the Virgin assured "La Voyante" that he would be completely delivered from an evil spirit in a few days. In order that this evil spirit might not enter into the body of "La Voyante," it was deemed prudent to sprinkle her also with holy water, and as the writers of the account remarked, the devil has so great an objection to holy water, that he would have certainly testified to his presence in the chamber by some convulsions had he been lodged there.

Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, has forbidden his clergy to take any part in these manifestations, for which, however, the promoters of them console themselves by reflecting that the Blessed Virgin will place the truth beyond doubt when the proper time arrives.

A little boy named Bob lives not a thousand miles from Harrodsburg, is six years old and grows in stature if not in grace every day. His grandfather is devoted to him, and spoils him. Not long ago the old gentleman was walking up and down the back gallery, holding his half open hand behind him, as is the habit of many people. Bob looked at him reflectively for fully a minute. All at once he disappeared, entered the kitchen, and reappeared holding a small coal of fire between two sticks. Just then his grandfather was walking slowly toward the other end of the gallery.—Swiftly and cautiously Bob stole up behind and dropped the coal in the half closed palm, and then disappeared like a flash. The old gentleman's hand closed convulsively, and then he made a frantic effort to throw it away. He hopped about and capered like a two-year old colt, and finally discovering that he was burned, darted for the water bucket, into which he plunged his arm up to the elbow. But, alas for Bob, his mother had just arrived in time to see him do the naughty deed, and, despite his declaration that he didn't go to do it, she interviewed him so effectually with her slipper he found it inconvenient to sit down for sev-

eral days thereafter. During the interview Bob howled in his most melodious and heart-rending manner, but his victim only stood, by the water bucket and nodded approvingly as the sound of the conflict reached his ears.

Judge Field tells an amusing story of Mrs. Pierce Butler (Fanny Kemble) during her visit to Stockbridge, Mass., a few years since. She was talking to the Rev. Dr. Parker, and the Rev. Justin Field, both clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and her subject was horses, of which she was passionately fond. The conversation soon passed to war, or cavalry horses. "By-the-by," she went on to say, "this reminds me that the last time I was in England I met Sir Harry Smith. He told me that he was a captain of horse at Waterloo, but that his command was not called into action during the day. In the afternoon, the Duke of Wellington, at the head of his staff, rode up to where he was, and called to Sir Harry to move his command. Now, the Colonel knew nothing of the fortunes of the day, so saluting the Iron Duke, he asked, 'In which direction?' 'Forward,' by God! thundered Wellington." And as she spoke, Fanny Kemble arose with the air of a tragedy queen, and electrified her reverend listeners by her words and action, then seated herself again and resumed the conversation.

A story is told of Governor Chittendon who was one of the early Governors of Vermont. He was quite an extensive farmer, and in those days to be a Governor did not greatly interfere with the incumbent's ordinary vocation. He had two sons. One of them was a boy of bright intellect, and the other decidedly dull. The old gentleman thought Nature had done enough for the youngest and that he would make his way in the world without more than a common school education, but that the elder one would need all the aid of a liberal education to make up the natural deficiency, and he was accordingly sent to college while his brother was kept on the farm.

It happened one Spring that among the fruit of the Governor's herd was a very stupid calf. It would not suck or drink, and no amount of effort on the part of the father, son, or "hired man" could induce him to take his sustenance. After repeated trials the good man's patience gave out, and he said to his son, "Freemason, what on earth shall we do with this stupid fool?" "I don't know, father, unless we send him to college with Martin!" was the ready response.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yourself, minister?" "Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," said John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

A German divine is spending ten days in this country to write a book on it.

Injury to Horses from Dry Feeding.

It is well known that horses kept in stables for a long time exclusively on dry food, and generally when fully fed on grain, become gaunt, hard and dry-fleshed, the hair becomes harsh, and the skin loses that peculiar mellow feeling, especially when kept in city stables, indicative of the healthy animal. In the end it is sold for little or nothing, or else descends down, through all the gradations of horse poverty, to the street peddler's or scavenger's cart. Finally, the animal wastes away altogether and dies, or else is carried off by the first epidemic that occurs.

One of the most serious effects of this course of feeding is undoubtedly indigestion, which being aggravated, from time to time, at last becomes chronic. This is one of the chief sources of the loss of horses in our large cities. Especially is this the case with that class of horses that, under the care of ignorant grooms and doing but little work except to the family carriage, are especially susceptible to this infirmity. Hard fare and more work may assist them to partially recover, but they never come back to real health unless they can run for a summer on very short pasture; if they can have the first half of the winter, with a warm shed for shelter, with rather short commons of good hay and a few carrots until February, so much the better. They may then gradually be fed grain and carrots, and, by spring, their coats will again be blooming, and they will have regained their old life and mettle.

The cause is that the animals have suffered from continued dry feeding, or stuffing with grain at the hands of ignorant drivers, and have become grain foundered, or grain-killed, as this disability is sometimes called. In fact, however, they are confirmed dyspeptics. The effects of this course of feeding is observable in many farm horses when fully fed upon grain for a considerable length of time, whether at work or not, particularly, as is often the case in the West, if they are not pastured in the summer. The remedy is plain and simple: When horses are idle in the winter, the grain should be taken from them in a great degree, and if it be observed that they have inordinate appetites, without due condition, the remedy should be applied as before stated. In the absence of carrots, they should be fed light bran mashies, or other similar food, and be allowed the run of a yard until the dejected appearance and staring coat is removed, and the skin again becomes soft to the touch. There are individuals near all our large cities who make a business of buying such horses, and treating them as we have shown, re-selling them in from eight to twelve months.

The livery stable men, and those keeping large stables of horses, well understand the effects of constant feeding on dry food, and consequently buy carrots at high prices, from the well known effect that the feeding of these roots has on the digestive organs of farm animals, and especially on horses, to which they seem particularly adapted and grateful.

If every farmer would raise fifteen or twenty bushels of carrots for every team kept, thereafter the feeder would never be without this invaluable and natural remedy for bringing back to health animals that have been injured from the over-feeding of grain. It is well known that a horse on full work will do better on twelve quarts of oats a day, with the addition of a peck of carrots and due proportion of good hay, than on three pecks of oats without the carrots. In the winter season, until the first of February, horses, unless worked, are altogether better without grain at all, if fed carrots and hay, than they would be with grain.

There is a feeling among farmers that it costs more to raise a bushel of carrots than a bushel of grain. This is the fact unless the soil be in high condition and the crop kept clean. If this be the case the cost is far less, but even if such were the fact it would pay to cultivate a due proportion of these valuable roots. And again, if enough were grown to give each mellow cow from a peck to a half-bushel daily we should hear less of white butter in the winter.—*Western Rural.*

Alfalfa seed may be sown at any time from this date to April. On dry, warm land, the sooner it is sown now the better, as a large crop will be secured the first season. It should also be sown on alkali soil, as in this soil it requires a good washing rain to make it sprout and get a start before the dry season sets in. On deep alluvial soil, that holds moisture well to the surface, it may be sown and will grow successfully in April. Not less than 20 pounds should be sown to the acre. The ground should be well pulverized before sowing, and the seed should be put in by a brush or board drawn over the land. A harrow will cover the seed too deep in mellow land.

A good deal has been said about reforming the drama. It is time to say something about reforming the patrons of the drama, many of whom, just as the curtain is ready to fall at the close of the last act, seize their hats and rush for the door as frantically as if they had just received the startling intelligence that the only saloon in the city would be closed for the night in two minutes and a half.

Some useful lessons or examples may be found in the most simple occurrences. At the Terre Haute depot recently, an old lady attempted to get off while the cars were in motion. A gentleman standing near the door prevented her. "Let her go," exclaimed a kind-hearted passenger; "if she gets killed, it will be a warning to somebody else."

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch. "Hullo, Mike, and sure what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer. "An' sure," said the watch-stealer, "I've no time-piece handy, but suppose it's about milking time."

Effects of the fog—Mr. Jollie was discovered by his anxious wife a long time after midnight vainly trying with his latch key to open the front door. He stated for excuse that the fog was so thick that he couldn't seekeyhole.

CLIPPINGS.

When is a young lady like a whale? When she's pouting. No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.

Breach of good manners—for ruin to stare you in the face.

A little girl in Des Moines wants to know why there are no *he dolls*.

Love is an egotism of two. The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.

There are over 24,000 idiots in this country, who are acknowledged as such.

If a saloon-keeper gets rich it is because he makes many good bargains.

Questionable—When a man marries a poetess, dogs life take her for better or for verse?

The Patrons of Husbandry in Wisconsin have started a newspaper entitled the *Moving Machine*.

Cardinal Antonelli is laid up with the gout, brought on by a life of abstinence and self-denial.

Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is no better.

A New Hampshire town defrayed the expenses of providing a municipal hearse, by giving a fancy dress ball.

The new Chief Justice is an Episcopalian. But, says the *Boston Globe*, it is too late to bring forward objections now.

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whisky? One husbands the corn, and the other corns the husband.

When a Milwaukee paper remarked recently "That lilac bushes are budding," a reader said excitedly, "You lilac Satan."

A Western paper announces the coming of a star actor who will show "our benighted citizens how Shakespeare ought to be sung."

Dr. David Livingstone was born in a suburb of Glasgow in the year of 1815, his father being a weaver in one of the cotton mills in that vicinity.

A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who know him say he didn't dare to.

Are blacksmiths, who make a living by forging or carpentering, who do a little counter fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

An old edition of Morse's geography says: "Albany has 400 houses, and 2,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."

An envious newspaper writer desires the School Committee to investigate the school-worm in that town, who allows a young man to sit with his arm around her in school hours.

When a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely the same before as behind, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

A well-dressed, able-bodied man astonished the people in State street, Boston, on New Year's day, by walking up and down with a large play-card on his hat bearing the inscription, "I want work."