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WE HAVE FOR SALE ONE OF THE Celebrated PARKER BROS. Breech Loading Shot Guns, at a bargain.

#### BUSINESS CARDS.

W. M. RAMSEY,

Attorney at Law,  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

MAR. A. BALL.

R. STOTT

BALL & STOTT,

Attorneys at Law,  
111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Jan 1874

P. C. SULLIVAN,

Attorney at Law,  
Dallas, Oregon.

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

JAS. McCAIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE State Courts.

C. BRADSHAW,

Attorney at Law,  
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

#### LAFAYETTE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FERGUSON & PIRD, 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 tinware.

E. C. BRADSHAW, attorney at law.

#### ST. JOSEPH BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

#### DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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.

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

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

Hardware, Iron, Steel,  
NAILS, SPOKES, RIMS, OAK, ASH

HICKORY PLANK,  
NORTHUP & THOMPSON

Portland, Oregon.

#### A BAD LIFE--A WICKED CLOSE.

How a Brilliant Dawn May be Succeeded by a Fiery Meridian and an Awful Evening, with the Blackest of Nights to End the Scene.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal we copy the following: In the Courier-Journal of a few days since the following telegram from Baltimore was published:

During a drunken brawl in the Sherwood House early this morning, Berry Amos, aged 35, a well known gambler, was fatally stabbed, as he alleged, by Sam McDonald who is supposed to be here, on a visit from Indiana. He formerly resided near Baltimore, and is the son of William McDonald, the millionaire, former owner of "Flora Temple."

The young man which stands charged with this atrocious crime was well known in the West, and has many friends in this city. Never did a career open more brightly than his, and never was the inevitable end of unbridled dissipation more clearly fulfilled than in the brief paragraph we have given above. His fall from a high estate, far beyond the common, has been so headlong and rapid, that a brief recital of its incidents will be of interest to the general reader, and will serve to point a sad moral that cannot be too often inculcated, and will not come amiss to some of our own jeunesse dorée.

The Baltimore papers, in chronicling the incidents of the crime, have but briefly alluded to the previous career of the alleged murderer. Some acquaintance with its salient features enables the writer to present the facts as given below. The murderer seems to have been the natural sequence of four years of the most extraordinary dissipation. Three men were drinking together in a Baltimore bar-room in the early hours of the morning, and after a night spent in debauch. One of them was a noted gambler of that city—Berry Amos whom a local paper describes as a fine looking man,—at least, so far as the animal part was concerned; tall, erect, broad-chested and muscular, with sturdy lower limbs, and brawny arms, and all well rounded, he presented to the eye the very personification of physical strength and manly vigor. Another was a boon companion, and the third was Sam McDonald. The two first were at the bar taking a drink together, and the third suddenly arose from his chair and stabbed the gambler to the heart. The murder is said to have been done out of mere wantonness. The murderer was bowled with liquor, and had a bowie knife in his pocket. Rising from his seat in alcoholic delirium, he singled his victim out simply because he was the taller man of the crowd before him. There is said to have been no cause for quarrel between the two, and that it is not probable the drunken man cherished any malice whatever toward his victim or any other person in the party. Such are the circumstances of one scene in this life drama of which we write; the next must be left to the record of the Courts to tell, and of that which preceded the bloody tragedy in its course, we may briefly allude to here.

Samuel McDonald was the son of a very wealthy man in Baltimore, whose family occupies the highest social position in that city. He himself was sent abroad to be educated, and spent several years at one of the schools in England. While still abroad his father died, leaving his immense fortune to be divided between his son and daughter, his only children. Young McDonald's portion was something over \$500,000, and, with proper management, would soon have advanced very greatly in value. Shortly after his father's death the young man attained his majority. The family residence, just out of Baltimore, was one of the most elegant in the country. Here, on the night of his twenty-first birthday, he gave a grand dinner to various friends in the city, and the celebration is said to have been carried on in a style of almost unparalleled magnificence. The spacious grounds were ablaze with light, and a fountain ran champagne in the yard. The night closed with an orgie of wine-drinking in which an amazing quantity was consumed. Thus he started out upon a career of dissipation which has hurried him in four years—he is now but 25—to the horrible tragedy of last Wednesday night.

Young McDonald at this age was an extraordinary specimen of manly beauty. He was over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, broad-chested and muscular, yet as graceful and agile as an athlete. A wealth of flaxen hair, and a broad, fair forehead; deep blue eyes and a noble mouth, with features perfectly classic in their outline—he was a perfect type of the Anglo-Saxon. Add to this the exuberant spirits which always attend good health, and that nameless magnetism which so few men possess, and the possession of which may be the best or the worst of God's gifts, he was a most enjoyable companion—the life of the social circle, and as much admired by men as he was adored by women. Shortly after he attained his majority he came out to Terra Haute, Indiana, on a visit. He returned to that pleasant city a few months afterward, bought him a farm in the vicinity, stocked it with the finest horses and cattle, and then inaugurated a series of dissipations which shocked the city to its centre. He was soon ostracised from the society of the town, and direful stories are told of the excesses into which he then plunged. There were two gamblers from the East, whom he had brought West with him, and it is said that there were still more disreputable companions of another sex who lived in the same house with him. From this rendezvous he would take frequent hunting excursions into the neighboring prairies of Indiana and Illinois, the return to be always celebrated by a debauch. Wine flowed like water in this hunting lodge, as he called it, and cards followed the wine on the table.

It is said by those who professed to know that young McDonald spent over \$150,000 the first year he lived in Terra Haute. Here he has since lived, and we are told that most, if not all, of his original patrimony has been squandered. It was on a visit to Baltimore that his last fatal tragedy was enacted.

#### The Value of Pedigree.

From The Working Farmer.

The novice will find in the following from Bell's Messenger a reason why length of pedigree increases the value of an animal. True, each ancestor will not have an influence on the animal exactly proportionate to the quantity of blood which it furnishes him; but the greater the number of known thoroughbred ancestors, the smaller the chances of a characteristic cropping out which is widely different from those of pure breed. The snipped ears in this case were of course no detriment, but in an animal with only four known crosses, the fifth dam might transmit some objectionable quality of greater moment, such as a narrow chest, sway back, short quarter, deficient crops, &c.

Thirty-two or thirty-three years ago, a North Lancashire farmer who bred short-horns of good quality, but mostly without known pedigree, bought a useful cow of unknown descent, whose ears seemed as if long strips had been cut out of them, from the tip toward the root, at an early age. The supposition was that she had been marked as a calf or "stirk," to distinguish her from her companions. Among her calves, however, were two or three with ears snipped like her own. They in turn produced offspring, and in each generation, from that time to the present, the snipped ears have been constantly transmitted, in the direct and continuous female line alone, not in the case of every calf, but in one or two instances in each generation. Whenever the peculiarity is inherited, it is without modification. The snipped ears of 1874 are as deeply snipped as those of 1844, although six or seven generations of bulls with ordinary ears have intervened, and the proportion of the bought dam's blood in her descendants is reduced to one sixty-fourth or one one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part, according to the law of geometrical progression, unquestionably applicable to pedigrees, if we credit to each parent one-half the blood of the immediate offspring. The formation described has never been known to skip a generation and reappear. When a heifer of the "jump-eared sort," as their owner calls them, comes with plain ears, she invariably breeds plain-eared calves. The snips, possibly, first appeared in the cow purchased thirty three years ago; perhaps they are transmitted from remote antiquity; but when we consider that each "cross" or generation doubles the number of so-called chances against recurrence, and while there is no abatement whatever in the examples, there is but little diminution in their proportionate number, we must conclude that the probabilities belonging to proportion of blood may be powerfully overruled.

A New Castle, Delaware, woman has been tolerably thrifty since her marriage. During the twenty-four years of her connubial joys she has added a darling hopeful, yearly, to her blossoming household. She has now twenty-three, and don't expect to do better than she has done in the years to come.

#### Cultivator and Subsoil Plow vs. Sun

The moisture of the surface earth is quickly evaporated and drawn up into the clouds by the powerful heat of the sun, and in the absence of rain, drouth comes speedily and stays, it may be, as long as the summer solstice. This is especially the case where the land is not thoroughly underdrained; but even without underdrainage the effects of drouth on the growing crops may be largely counteracted by the untiring use of the subsoil plow and cultivator. During the heat of the day the surface is robbed of its moisture and becomes dry and parched. But the water of the subsoil rises to supply the place of this moisture which the hot air at the earth's surface is ever carrying upward, and the soil is always moist a few inches below the surface. The plow will deposit the hot earth below, and bring up the moist soil, and thus the crops will flourish despite the drouth. At night the dew which ladens the hot air will be deposited upon this cool surface, by the same chemical process which in a hot room causes the outside of a tumbler filled with cold water to be covered with drops of moisture. The amount of water thus distilled from the air is considerable, and during a succession of hot nights is equal to a shower of rain, in its favorable effect on the crops. To keep the subsoil cool and porous, so that the capillary action of the water may go on undisturbed, the subsoil plow is indispensable in all compact soils. Running ten to twelve inches beneath the surface, it rises and changes the position of every particle of soil above it, and leaves it in the condition of flour which has undergone the action of yeast.

We wish we could persuade every farmer to try the above simple mode of counteracting drouth. Most farmers are content with plowing the corn field two or three times in the month of May and June, and then turn to the engrossing labor of gathering the grass and grain crops. But the latter may be harvested by the use of improved machinery without monopolizing all the labor of the farm, and we are confident that if the will is not wanting, a way will be found to attend to these necessities of growing crops without interfering with other duties. Let the cultivator and subsoil plow, therefore, be kept going, and old Sol's beams need not be so much dreaded.

The editors of the Columbia, Miss., Press and the Index abused each other in type until patience ceased to be a virtue, and when they met in the street lately, they sought relief for wounded honor in cowhides, and for sore backs in liniment.

A Stotchman went to a lawyer once for advice and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh—aye, sir!" replied he; "I thought it best to tell ye the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it yourself."

For the very best Photographs, go to Bradley & Rulofson's Gallery with an ELEVATOR, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

#### CLIPPINGS.

Practical cremationists: The Mexican witch-burners.

"He handled his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is the latest Western obituary notice.

"Lilly Dale," of whom poets have so charmingly sung, languishes in a Chicago house of correction.

"We patronize those who patronize us," is the motto over the Zionsville, Ind., Times advertising columns.

Out in Montana when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his appearance in a new role.

These are the days when one hears the phancy pharmer philosophizing over his phosphates and phertilizers.

Captain Fry's widow has started a wood-yard in New Orleans. She numbers her friends in that city by the cords.

Balzac said any man can marry any woman, and we believe it since a pretty girl in Springfield, Ohio, married a man named Popcock.

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

The Washington Star denies the story that George Alfred rammed his umbrella down the throat of his antagonist and then opened it.

We cannot find room for the song sent us, beginning, "Fill up with wine your flowing bowels." The spelling is not correct.

"What kind of sausages is the young man of literature and peanuts, as he passed through the train selling bananas.

A fortune teller has predicted that Mark Twain will die this year—but he is only going to start a paper, which is pretty close for a fortune-teller.

"Have you Blasted Hopes?" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," said he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

Collins Graves, who rode so fast down the Mill River Valley to warn the people of approaching danger, is said to be the first milkman who ever ran away from water.

A well-known San Francisco dentist, is having a sign painted for his office door, giving his hours for business. It starts off with "Tooth-pulling soirees will beheld," etc.

In California, stylish young men are known by the length of the alligator boots which they wear at balls. A young man who really cares about his looks wears boots a yard long.

Among the candidates for admission to West Point is one named Sauermilch, from Pennsylvania. Should he graduate he may do for frontier service, but he can never represent the cream of the army.

Nothing encourages the local press so much as to see buzz-saws introduced. The first and last injunction of the local editor to the mill-owner is, like that of the patent medicine man, "Send for a circular."