

THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

VOL. IX.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, DECEMBER 4, 1874.

NO. 41.

Lafayette Courier.

Published every Friday by

DORRIS & HEMBREE

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1W	2W	3W	3M	6M	1YR
1 Inch	75	1 25	1 75	6 00	9 00	15 00
2 Inches	175	3 50	3 00	8 00	12 00	18 00
3 Inches	250	5 50	4 50	9 00	13 00	22 00
4 Inches	300	6 00	5 00	11 00	16 00	26 00
1 Col.	450	8 50	6 00	12 00	18 00	32 00
1 Col.	500	7 00	9 00	20 00	25 00	35 00
1 Col.	700	9 00	12 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
1 Col.	1 10	15 00	1 30	50 00	90 00	

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, One Year	\$3 00
One Copy, Six Months	1 75
One Copy, Three Months	1 00

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each 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.

The Oregon State Agricultural Society—Summary of Proceedings of Board, November, 1874.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY,
SALEM, Nov. 20, 1874.

In accordance with the instructions of the Board of Managers, at the meeting just closed, I give the following summary of the proceedings, including the receipts and expenditures of the Fair of 1875, as also the indebtedness of 1873, and that of 1874.

The attendance was larger and the business of the meeting was prosecuted with an eagerness never before known in the history of the Society. The accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer were subjected to a most rigid examination by the Finance Committee, consisting of Messrs. S. G. Reed, of Portland, W. P. Watson, Wasco county, and A. Luelling, of Washington county. The report of the committee as received and adopted, shows that the sum of \$101 95 is due the Secretary for the year 1874, over and above all receipts, as money paid out by him in excess of that received. The Treasurer's account was also approved.

RECEIPTS OF FAIR, 1874.

Gate money	\$9,817 10
Entrance fees	1,003 25
Rent	120 00
Licenses	2,127 50
Grand Stand	273 59
Sundries	428 52

Gross receipts

\$13,769 96

DISBURSEMENTS.

Expenses of the Fair, including improvements over \$1,000

\$3,257 57

Paid on premiums and orders 1872, 1873, 1874

5,304 81

Paid on premiums 1874

3,775 58

Paid on Swegle note

600 00

Paid on Webber note

600 00

Paid interest on orders 1873

282 00

Total

\$13,769 96

INDEBTEDNESS NOV. 1873.

Ladd & Bush note (money borrowed) and interest

\$3,360 00

Note of P. O. Riley for 70 acres land purchased in 1871, and interest

3,300 00

Interest orders drawn for premiums due and unpaid at fair 1873

3,661 82

Note of Chas. Swegle (money borrowed) and interest

600 00

Webber note (money borrowed) and interest

550 00

Total indebtedness

\$11,471 82

INDEBTEDNESS NOV. 1874.

Ladd & Bush note and interest

\$2,085 00

Note of P. O. Riley and interest

3,300 00

Orders drawn at fairs of 1873 and 1874, unpaid

1,363 87

Total indebtedness

\$7,748 85

Reduction of indebtedness

\$4,344 97

Messrs. Ladd & Bush, bankers, Salem, were elected Treasurer, in place of Mr. J. H. Moores, who declined longer to serve.

The President, Secretary, and General Superintendent were elected Executive Committee, with instructions to give notice in April, 1874, for the removal of all buildings within the enclosure belonging to other parties than the Society, and for the erection of new booths, a suitable building for offices for President, Secretary, Treasurer, Chief Marshal, and General Superintendent; also instructed to make the needed changes and improvements for beautifying the grounds, and adding to the comfort of the patrons of the fair. They were also instructed to thoroughly revise the list of licenses.

The list of premiums was revised though not materially changed from last year, except by adding a list for graded cattle and sheep.

Geo. Downing of Marion was elected Chief Marshal; E. M. Wilkins, of Lane county, was elected Marshal of Pavilion.

Lewis Savage, of Marion, elected General Superintendent.

The time of commencing the fair of 1875, was fixed on Oct. 12.

Several special premiums were offered, among them two by T. Cunningham & Co., Salem, of two fine plows, and several by W. C. Myres, of Jackson county.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board are hereby tendered to the O. & C. R. R. Co., and the O. I. S. N. Co., for favors extended.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board are hereby tendered to the Agent of the Alden Patent Fruit Dryer, for favors, and that we heartily endorse the invention, and wish the enterprise now commenced in Salem, and others in contemplation, complete success.

Resolved, That in view of the long and efficient services of J. H. Moores, as Treasurer of this Society (now resigned), we tender to him the heartfelt thanks of this Board.

Resolved, That the Fair grounds and buildings of the Oregon State Agricultural Society, are hereby tendered to the Oregon Pioneer Association for their annual reunion of 1875; provided, that the property and grounds of the Society are protected from injury by the Association.

The Secretary was authorized to secure a loan sufficient to pay all outstanding orders and interest on notes. Also, to give notice that as soon as money was received on the premiums of Mr. Vick, parties entitled to them would receive the same. Also, that the diplomas would be forwarded as soon as received.

The Board adjourned at 11 p. m., Wednesday, Nov. 19.

E. M. WATTS, Secretary.

A Mourning Sight.

While the deep-mouthed cannon in its continuous roar in our city, sought to resurrect the sleeping Democracy, very much as people will strive to raise the drowned, and a brass band and bonfires made merry, a mournful procession was being organized under the clouds near the White House, to move out and give decent burial to the late Republican party upon the shores of Salt River.

The party deceased was laid out in a casket made of the best and well-protected pig-iron, and was decently clad in greenbacks, gold-bearing bonds, certificates of stock from the Credit Mobilier and the Seneca Sandstone. The countenance of the party, although composed in death, had yet a painful expression, as if it had died without any resignation.

The part of undertaker was done by old General Spinner, assisted by the ladies of the Treasury, and the painful duties were well performed, barring some giggling from the Treasury girls who hated the late party, and a little hard swearing by Father Spinner, who said he had acted as accoucher at the birth of the party deceased, and he'd be something awful if he did not have it decently interred.

The pall-bearers were composed of Messrs. Blaine, Conkling, Morton and other late candidates of said party for the Presidency too numerous to mention. Father Spinner had much trouble in managing his pall bearers, from a singular way each had, when in procession, of kicking the pall bearer directly in front of him.

The music, the most fearful ever heard at a funeral, was made by Mr. Architect Mullett blowing his own horn. It was dismal. The mournful music of the mighty Mullett made the mourners "almost wish they were dead."

The chief mourner, was of course the President, and of course he smoked a cigar. He had craped on his arms, legs, and about his waist and he carried a carpet sack, on which was inscribed "GIFTS."

He was followed by THE FAMILY of brothers-in-law, cousins, uncles and nephews, all howling and carrying a banner draped in mourning, on which was inscribed two words—"THE DYNASTY."

After, walked sadly and solemnly to the Cabinet.

Majestically, with arms folded, and head erect, appeared the Great Seal of the State Department. Behind him came Sidney Webster, hired for the occasion, carrying the banner of the Hon. Fish, on which was depicted, VACANT ROOMS FOR RENT. On the reverse could be read, "Dust thou shalt, to dust thou shalt return," and a quotation from the divine Watts, which read:

Rattle his bones over the stones
He is a very old pauper that every one owns.
And for further particulars apply to Spanish legation.

There marched on with no less majesty, the stalwart form of Col. Bristow. In his hands was an empty cash box and above his head waved a saken banner, on which was inscribed, "de bonis non" of the estate of the late Boutwell, and the touching lines

"So soon was I done for,
I don't know what I was begun for."
Then we saw the bary figure of General Belknap, upon his manly

breast hung a placard which read: "Stanton said no. He organized victory and a negative. I am Stanton's successor."

Close upon Belknap's heels was the Rotund Robeson, that jolly sea-dog of the Navy Department. Under each arm he carried an iron-clad. His shining countenance illumined the procession. His banner had these significant words: "Claims favorably considered and promptly paid." For further particulars see cords of them.

In that famous landulet loaned for the occasion by Judge Wright who also consented to drive, and pulled by Government horses, sat the tall, cadaverous form of the Attorney-General. His whapper jaw was more whappered than ever. His flag had upon it the sad words: "Alas, twas my necessity. Necessity knows no law."

As the procession headed toward Salt River, it necessarily took a Southern direction, and as it did so the Attorney-General turned an ashy tint and trembled so violently that he shook the landulet, and Judge Wright turned to him and said:

"You tremble, do you, eh? You are scared are you, eh?"

At this Williams started up, and pointing to the South, cried:

Shake not thy gory locks at me
Thou canst not say I did it."
"Damned if they can't, eh," answered the venerable Jack.

Again he cried:

"The time has been
That when the brains were out the man
would die,
And yet Tombs lives."

"That wasn't in your time, eh?" quoth Jack.

But the Attorney-General grew so ill that the procession had to be stopped to allow the unhappy man to descend. As the ranks closed up without him, and the cortege moved on, the rumor ran along the line that he had the cholera, and the general verdict was, "Served him right."

Delano, supported by Cowen and Dave Cox, and followed by Baker and Joe Dwyer, moved on his knees knocked together, while his putty-like countenance was spotted with blue, so great was his terror. In vain Cowen and Dave tried to cheer him. They kept assuring him that Salt River was not the penitentiary. But behind followed a fearful crowd of Indian agents, thieving pension agents, thieving land agents, thieving patent agents, and they all howled dismay. At every extra howl, Delano would sink upon his knees and cry out: "Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me!" Then Dave and Cowen would hold him up again. At last they ran a stick through between his legs, and with one at each end succeeded in keeping the interior in line.

The Cabinet part of the procession closed up with a carriage containing the Postmaster-General. He seemed the only happy individual present. His elevation was so astounding that he had not yet recovered from the hysteria into which it threw him; and then he has not been in long enough to steal much, so his conscience is, comparatively speaking, at ease.

At intervals Jewell would swing his hat and cry:

"Rah for Grant; let's follow him to h—ll or China."

The tall, commanding form of

Governor Shepherd appeared, keeping in step to Mullett's music, and his banner that waved proudly aloft, read: "Courage my friends, the devil is not yet dead."

Of course, immediately in his rear came Father George Gideon, our beloved friend, faithful in death as he had been loyal in life. The handsome Hallett Kilbourn, with his massive brow and now useless deeds of trust, marched with easy nonchalance along. He had no banner, but his face and manner said, "I don't care a damn." Then came Colonel Magruder grasping his stubs. He seemed lost in the study of the multiplication table. He would get to the line of six and break down again. Ruf. Ingalls, walking at his side, kept saying, "bother your arithmetic; the only one I care for has but one part and teaches the rule of three—that is subtraction, division and silence."

Following the above was a vast concourse of politicians and office-holders. It was so long that little Babcock, mounted on the President's horse Cincinnati, stolen from Jeff Davis, and acting as Marshal, could not ride from end to end, and he kept swearing to himself, "Damn them, had they stopped stealing long enough to vote, we could have won the polls."

And so on they marched, never to return. The dim, barren, melancholy shores of Salt River never before reached such a multitude at once, and never so disreputable a one. The old residents there swore they would not remain to associate with such a lot, and went busily to work packing carpet-bags brought there by carpet-baggers, and found to be no longer of any use, preparatory to a return to the sunshine of life to be found in official existence. The lot that is to return will amaze the people as much as those have disgusted us. But we are prepared for both.

Capital

Did you ever see a woman throw a stone? This perspicacious member of the human family is up in the garret sorting over paper fags. She receives, by intuition, information that a hen has somehow got into her verbierna bed. With characteristic agility she descends to the garden, and gracefully picks up a stone, dropping off her glasses and loses a spool of thread, a pair of scissors and a tape-line out of her pocket in the operation. She peaks around the corner of the house, and spies the animal. Cautiously she advances until near enough, then she elevates herself, throws back her neck, poises most gracefully her left hand and lets fly, and—strikes her next door neighbor, who happens to be in the garden weeding, plump on the nose. And then hen, oh, where is she? Readers, this is no fancy picture. You never knew a woman to hit anything with a stone she ever aimed at, even were it the broadside of a barn; but give them a child across their knee, and (we know by experience) they never miss the mark. And yet we love them.

The St. Louisian never dies suddenly. He walks around half a dozen years, telling people about his liver and chewing quinine, before crossing the river.—Boston Transcript.

CLIPPINGS.

Which times are the best? Meal times.

Ignorance is the wet nurse of prejudice.

One bad thing a' out gold—Not having it.

Domestic broils make unsatisfactory meals.

An Oregon blacksmith is a "horse jeweler."

Easy shaving. Taking the heard off an oyster.

A set of bad teeth, like a farm, has many achers.

"Arose" by any other name would be "got up."

A musician is an airy fellow; but he can't help it.

One way to get a roaring trade is to buy a managerie.

The best way to rise in a lady's estimation is not by stares.

Standing on the dentist's doorstep will often cure toothache.

A friend that sticks in prosperity and adversity—Mucilage.

Ten highwaymen cannot pull a shirt off a naked man's back.

A man cannot expect half a loaf when he loafs all of the time.

Never wait for anything to turn up, but go and turn it up yourself.

Skinner keeps a hotel in Chicago. It is a good name to keep a hotel with.

When is money damp? When it is dew in the morning and mist at night.

"A splendid ear, but a very poor voice," as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

The band played "Little Brown Jug" at the prohibitory ratification meeting in Worcester.

An Indiana father crawled under a corn-crib and wept when his daughter married an astronomer.

Josh Billings says that is the beds of many hotels "yu sleep som, but role over a good deal."

No man ever worshipped a brazen image who had once tussled with a life insurance agent.—Terror Hante Express.

There is no plural to Daddy Longlegs, as it's always been regarded as a singular creature.

The procurement of a clean paper collar for the groom delayed a high-toned Newark wedding an hour and a half the other day.

Daniel Webster has accepted a position on the New York police, and it is therefore inferred that his dictionary has not proved a success.

Short dresses are coming into fashion again, and young ladies are experiencing the old, old difficulty of getting a No. 6 foot into a No. 4 shoe.

Some of the students at Eastern colleges can board themselves for thirty-five cents per week; but they don't feel like tearing around much.

A Michigan man has hit upon a happy expedient for getting rid of the rheumatism. He crowded it down to his two fingers, and then had them amputated.

If you want to know whether your grandmother was crossed-eyed, or where your great unclesold in his arithmetic class, just run for office, and you'll know it all.