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NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER: Before going further I will review the country from Roseburg this way. The city of ROSEBURG

Is a lively little place of considerable importance. Hasty traveling prevents my giving the population and general matters concerning the towns along my route; but to the subject. Roseburg having secured a depot has secured her existence, and if the railroad here proves a success, she has nothing to fear.

MYRTLE CREEK Is a small town and of little importance, though beautifully shaded presents no other feature of great promise.

CANYONVILLE Is a small town in the mouth of the great canyon, so troublesome to emigrants a few years ago. It is shaded by overhanging mountains and paved with gravel, together with a clear pure stream of water, piercing its center, gives it the air of a mountain head center—a few cases of ague not mentioned.

TOLL ROAD. The toll road through the canyon commences here and is ten miles in length, and what is more remarkable, it is a good road. To pass through which you have to pay 75 cents per two horse team, whereas former rates were \$2 for a two horse team.

MAST. From Lafayette to the Oregon line there is an abundance of oak mast—Southern Oregon in point of quantity being ahead.

WALDO. I now turn toward Waldo, via Kerbyville, thirty-five miles travel from Murphy brings you to Waldo a defunct mining town, once of great energy and bustle, but now dead as a hammer. Property has declined in value nine-tenths and still is not salable either. Neat, cozy residences, whose walks are paved with roses and walls shrouded with vines are occupied by moon-eyed celestials, whose red lettered "ads," on the door casing, bespeak their line of business. Even the national pride so conspicuous in America has fallen, and the stars and stripes torn in shreds hangs from poles in a grape patch to warn jack rabbits and digger squirrels that any insult to our colors will be met by customary demands for redress, which as usual, will end in a little honor to the power and greatness of our nation.

KERBYVILLE Is small enough, and with the spirit of the people far below par, is so dead that you can scarcely pass a few hours in it with ease. Noticing the old wooden jail across the way, I walked over, the door standing half open, appeared to invite me to its inner walls, but noticing a bushel or two of carefully done up packages of medicine I concluded criminals and authorities being hungry for something new, I might engage business, so placing my whip stalk against the door I gave it a vigorous push which sent it screeching and groaning to the wall no sooner had it started than out of a back room popped a tall, keen eyed, brown visage looking fellow who scanned me with a vengeance

not over friendly. I stated my mission briefly, whereupon he invited me in.

Several large streams in Illinois valley have no fish in them, they and their spawn having been killed by the use of giant powder years ago.

ILLINOIS VALLEY. Illinois Valley is an uninviting portion of the world, possessing few advantages as an agricultural country, little land fit for cultivation and enough gravel to pave the thoroughfares of all the leading cities of the world without noticing from whence it was taken. One mill running nine months in the year does the grinding, though most of the flour for the mines is shipped from Rogue river valley.

Five miles southwest from Kerbyville lives Geo. E. Briggs, whose family is in trouble over the killing of Delamater.

FOX ARABIAS. MURPHY, Oregon, Oct. 2, 1875. "Wasn't There."

There is one fat man in Detroit who didn't attend the convention at Put-in-Bay. He got an idea into his head the other day that his "wind" was giving out, and he made haste to consult a friend. He was advised to get some Indian clubs and dumb-bells and commence practice, and a city expressman landed an outfit in his woodshed within an hour thereafter. The fat man had no one to tell him how to wield the clubs, but had seen other folks whirling them around and he knew that he could do it. He grabbed at the heaviest, postured in the center of the shed, and shot the club out, up, down, over, and—came so near knocking the side of his head loose that he reeled up against the side of the door and crawled around and couldn't see daylight for two or three minutes. For fifteen minutes after recovering sufficiently to use the club again he contented himself with balancing it on his hand, gazing at the workmanship, and wondering why in Texas they didn't knock base ball with a club of the kind. His wife came to the door, saw him fooling around, and stuck up her nose and remarked: "You'll fool around with those things 'till you break your back."

"I will, eh?" he replied, "I don't know anything about Indian clubs, eh?"

"Look out!" she warned, as he began whirling the clubs around to show off his proficiency.

The club flew out of his hand after getting a lively motion, and she was knocked over like a bag of sand. He ran for the washdish but she warned him away with a look, and he stood over her and said:

"Pon honor, Mary, I wouldn't have done it for fifty dollars."

"Oh—you villain!" she gasped as she got her breath.

"Don't Mary, I'm as innocent as a babe."

"Oh! I see your plot," she cried. "Mary, as true as you are lying on this woodshed floor, feet in the kitchen and head on that old carpet, I never meant to do it!"

"It's an infernal plot to keep me from going to the Fat Men's Convention!" she screamed.

"Plot? Why, Mary—"

"Yes, plot! I see right" through

it. You have been hinting 'round for a week that I'd better stay at home, and now you've went and clubbed me until I can't set up.

"I'll just tell you, Mary. But she crept in to the house on hands and knees to get the camphor bottle, but being repulsed in his efforts to aid her the fat man piled the clubs in a corner and took up a dumb-bell.

"There's health for you," he said as his eyes hung out; "there's breath enough for a locomotive."

He showed a contempt for the twenty-five pounds by tossing the weight from one hand to the other but in the midst of his proud triumph it missed his hand and dropped on the floor. His left foot was there to ease it down, and the bell was not even dented.

"George—gosh—Lordy—o-h-h-h-h!" His wife crept to the door, stuck her nose out, and asked:

"Want to club your dying wife, don't you?"

"No! Heavens! Injuns, ouch!" he groaned as he limped about.

"Playing off to get me out there again, I suppose? Oh! you'll hear from this."

"Shut up!" he yelled, sitting on the floor.

"I won't!" she shrieked, sticking her head out a little further.

"Mashed all to atoms!" he groaned.

"Crippled for life with a club," she moaned.

And for half an hour he nursed that foot and "jawed back" by turns, and with hands clasped over her body she sat ten feet away, alternately charging him with intent to kill and sticking her nose in the camphor bottle. Last night he was braced back in a chair, the left foot on a pillow, and she telling him that if she never saw the sun rise again, she wanted it distinctly understood that the children were instructed to look upon him as an utter stranger.

Soper's Fatal Error. Mr. Soper's wife has been very sick for some weeks, but, although extremely reduced in body and mind, there is still enough of the true woman remaining in her, which led her last Monday, in a faint whisper, to ask her husband, who had entered the sick room with a funeral cast of features, what was the news.

Well, answered Mr. Soper, sitting uneasily down on the extreme edge of a chair, and balancing his hat on his fingers by the brim, there ain't nothing to speak of 'n p'tickler. S'pos' you heard of Miss Cole's death; she was taken the same time you was.

I should think, James, said Mrs. Soper, with a feeble emphasis, that if you couldn't find somethin' more cheerful to say to your poor, sick wife, you'd hold your tongue.

Cert'nly, said Mr. Soper, meekly, only news is so scarce. Lemme see, he continued, looking thoughtfully into the crown of his hat, as if he had a reserved fund of gossip therein, you heard about Marthy Carter's breakin'-her leg.

A snappish nod of the head from the invalid signified to Mr. Soper that he was on dangerous ground, but after a moment's reflection he brightened visibly as he said:

You orter been to town meetin' a Mond'y. The town's voted to have a new hearse, an' I never was

so glad of anything in all my life. James Edward Soper, whispered his wife, with a painful intensity, be you a nat'ral born fool, or be you a lookin' forward to gettin' rid of me?

As the latter view had never presented itself to Mr. Soper in the light of his wife's inquiry, he looked very much suldued, and scratched his head with an air of painful abstraction as Mrs. Soper said again with tearful voice:

Oh, you can go. If you can't spare a few moments to set with me, and jes' giv' me some little interesting news—I don't want you to stay ag'in your inclination, she continued with the sigh of a martyr.

Mr. Soper hastily expressed his willingness to remain and desire to please, so after a brief interval of thought, continued reflectively:

Well, lemme think. I was over to the widow Stacy's last night to see if I couldn't make a trade for a Jersey heffer, an' I tell you, Myria, said Mr. Soper, enthusiastically, if she ain't a harnsum critter, I never see one.

An ominous light appeared in Mrs. Soper's sunken eyes, and if her husband had been observing closely he would have seen a restless motion of the hands, indicative of an apparent desire to make a personal attack upon some one or something, but he saw nothing, and continued:

She's jest about the right size, and her skin's as white as snow. She's got the poottiest legs, continued the unreflecting Mr. Soper, with a descriptive motion of the hand; an' when you come to talk about shape—why, Myria, said Mr. Soper, rising from his chair in his warmth, she'll measure two feet across her breast—

The scream which came from the afflicted invalid at this juncture was of such piercing shrillness that Mr. Soper placed his fingers in his ears, and Mrs. Soper's mamma, who was in the next room, appeared on the scene in a twinkling of an eye.

Oh, you awful brute! she exclaimed as she bathed her daughter's brow with hair oil in mistake for camphor, while the wretched man feebly endeavored to explain that he was only telling Mrs. Soper about a Jersey heffer that he was going to buy.

There, ma, said Mrs. Soper with a gasp, I'm better now.

You'd better leave the room, remarked the matron, with a world of significant wrath in her eye, and the unfortunate Soper departed, muttering, as he slammed the outside door behind him, that he'd be master in his own house some day; but he hasn't been yet, for Mrs. Soper has recovered, and her mother has taken up a permanent residence with them.

To this day they don't speak to the Widow Stacy, and Mr. Soper's reiterated expansion has been received in dignified and incredulous silence.

Oregon as a Future Wheat Country. Under the above heading the San Francisco Bulletin has the following article, which comes near doing justice to our State than most California papers. Coming from a rival wheat growing country it is certainly commendable to

say the least, and will pay you for reading the article. Part of it we reproduce.

The State of Oregon is this year coming prominently forward as an exporter of wheat. Her harvest season falls from a month or six weeks later than ours, and compares ponds with that of England, for her winters are milder than those of England. Compared, in agricultural lands, with Illinois, Iowa or California, Oregon is a small country. But no state has larger bodies of as good wheat land. The Willamette valley is about 110 by 30 miles, not including the high hills on each side of it. This gives an acreage of 2,112,000. The Umpqua valley, now penetrated by a railway, may contain 640,000 acres, all good for wheat. The acreage of the two valleys, fit for cultivation, is not less than 2,752,000. Allowing but a quarter of this for wheat—688,000 acres—and the low average of 25 bushels per acre, these two valleys have a capacity of 18,200,000 bushels a year, with three-fourths their area for other crops and other uses. 1,500,000 bushels would be a liberal allowance for home supply and seed; leaving for export 17,700,000 bushels. We are explaining not what the country now produces, but what it is capable of producing when the farmers shall come to an appreciation of the value of the staple, and shippers to an understanding of what they may rely upon and the amount of tonnage needed to convey it to market.

"Oregon has this great advantage of California—that its agricultural lands are subdivided into farms of 80, 160, 320 and 640 acres. There is no monopoly there. The two valleys above named are all settled and the good land generally under fence and cultivation. Hitherto they have had no facilities for marketing their crops and but little incentive to surplus production. Their swine have been as regularly fattened on wheat as those of Indiana on corn. Now they have one railroad, and are striving for others. The country is admirably adapted to railroads. It is level, and abounding in the best timbers for railway construction. When the proposed system for the two valleys is completed, Astoria will become a rival of Portland in the grain trade, and transportation will be considerably cheapened.

Besides these valleys the State embraces a large and excellent grain country above the Dalles, and east of the Cascade mountains, as also in the valley of the Rogue river. In future years when capital, engineering skill and competition, regulated by law, shall enable the tens of thousands of small farmers east and west of the mountains to convey their harvests to market as cheaply as the Tulare farmer now does his, that State must become a great rival of California in the wheat trade, and give a wonderful impulse to ship-building on Copas Bay and on the Puget Sound, for the soil of her valleys is as inexhaustible as the timber of her mountains on the coast.

Can the Reporter, Warren's mount-piece in this county, tell why Mr. Warren refused to answer the charges made against him in this county?