

Mechanics Institute

THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

VOL. 8. LAFAYETTE, OREGON, AUGUST 8, 1873. NO. 24.

Lafayette Courier.

Published every Friday by
J. H. UPTON

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

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Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.
For legal and transient advertisements \$2.40 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.
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WATCHES,
CLOCKS, & SEWING MACHINES
CLEANED AND REPAIRED BY
W. C. REDWELL, LAFAYETTE

E. C. BRADSHAW,
Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.
Office in the Court House.

W. M. RAMSEY,
Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.
Office in the Court House.

A. G. PHILIPS, D.D.S.,
dentist
WILL BE AT LAFAYETTE ON THE
First Monday of each Month and
Remain during Court Week. apr15

P. C. SULLIVAN,
Attorney at Law,
Dallas, Oregon.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS
of Yamhill, Polk and other counties
in Oregon. 20ly

W. A. FENTON,
Fashionable Boot Maker,
SHERIDAN, OGN.
Challenges the State for STYLE, FASHION,
and DURABILITY. n17m3

JAMES MC CAIN. EUGENE SULLIVAN.
McCain & Sullivan,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE
State Courts. mar15v15t

CHAS. A. HALL. B. SPOTE
HALL & STOTT,
Attorneys at Law,
111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.
PORTLAND, OREGON. jan10t

JUST LOOK HERE!
Cheaper Than Ever. 4 for \$1.
Photographic.

E. W. SAWYER DESIRES TO INFORM
the people of Lafayette and vicinity
that he has located at McMinnville, with
saw instruments, and is prepared to take
the finest picture in all kinds of weather.
Particular attention paid to
TAKING CHILDREN'S PICTURES.
N. B.—Children should be brought between
the hours of 10 and 2.
E. W. SAWYER.

PORTLAND HACK LINE!
I. H. OLDS - PROPRIETOR.

ON AND AFTER MAY 16, THERE
will be a regular stage running be-
tween Lafayette and Portland, making
weekly trips, leaving Lafayette every Fri-
day morning at 8 o'clock, returning Satur-
day. FARE, EACH WAY, \$1 50.

A NEW HACK
Will be placed upon this line in a short
time.
EXPRESS and other business attended to
promptly. n12t

The Way Mark Twain Tells It.

As a satire upon one of the most frequent modes of acquiring wealth, and what some call "respectability," in these immoral times, the following will serve its purpose:

"Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the President, Cashier and Board of Directors glared at him through their spectacles and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses. Let alone lavishing one dollar on such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed, sad, and the haughty scorn of the President and Cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go out into the side yard and bow his venerable 24-inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be worthy of the President's and Cashier's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon him, and gazing down the dim vista of years with his eyes all blinded by joyous tears, he saw himself rich and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a cold chisel, a drill, and a ton of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine and such things. Then, in the dead of night he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it for awhile, burst the door and brick into an immortal smash, with such a perfect success that there was not enough left of that safe to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then began to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to nail all the odd change that was lying anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with more than a million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him the next day with a soothing note from the Cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the President, Cashier, and Board of Directors. At last the bank officers gave a magnificent private supper, to which McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he pondered well over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was fixed that McFadden was to keep a half a million of that money and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused with haughty disdain the offer of the Cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best of society; he browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first rate. And he often takes his infant son on his knee and tells him of his early life and instills holy principles into the child's mind and shows him how, by honesty and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-glycerine, and cross-cut saws, and monkey-wrenches, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to respectability and affluence.

A popular doctor in Oswego gave a prescription, with directions to take a tea-spoonful every three years. The patient recovered.

Extraordinary Statements by Bismarck.

A correspondent of the New York World, under date of Berlin, June 10, makes public a most remarkable conversation with Prince Bismarck, in which the Prince, after giving expression to his weariness of spirits, is made to say: "The truth is there are not half a dozen men in Germany on our side—I mean who really comprehend the real meaning of the conflict in which we are engaged, and in which, notwithstanding our success thus far, I now believe we shall be beaten. The Emperor does not understand it. If he did he would change sides in a moment. The Crown Prince perhaps does understand it; but he will put himself on the other side; if he is not already there. The fight is the Empire against the Church. It is a fight of the State for the Empire, and the Monarchy, or a Republic against God; and the State will get the worst of it, unless it succeeds in destroying the idea of God and placing itself in His place. Men say they must have something to worship, well, then let them worship the State. Let it take the place of the family as well as of the Deity. Let it be the Deity. In two generations, if we had the field wholly to ourselves, we could so obliterate the idea of God and of the imaginary rights bestowed on man by Him as their Creator, that the substitution of the State in His place would be effected, and the State, as in Pagan Rome, be all in all." He also said: "Nothing has amused me more than the praises which I have received from Protestant Churchmen of England and America. I have wished to crush Rome that I might crush Christianity. They praised me for my services in the cause of what they called reformed Christianity. If anything could console for the chagrin which I force I am to endure for some time to come, it would be to witness the amazement of the good friends of mine when they understand the truth, but understand it they never will."

A Mother's Tact.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.
"It would litter the carpet," so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this; but she knew, too, that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.
All went well till the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.
"Mamma, see!" and half crying, he held it up.
"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.
"Do real horses, mamma?"
"Oh, yes, sometimes."
"I will," and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.
It was a little thing, the mother's answer, but the quick sympathy, the ready tact made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed quietly, with no jar of nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.
"I'm tired of cutting pieces, mamma," said Josie, after a while.
"Well, get your horse-wagon, and play these bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load." Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them and put them into the kindling box; play that's the wood house." Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking he was doing anything but play.

Astounding Report.

The Boston Post says: A most horrible and almost incredible condition of affairs in the Vermont Insane Asylum is described in the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to investigate the management of that institution. The Committee's first discovery was that the asylum, which is controlled by a private corporation, was greatly overcrowded, 480 patients being packed into a space intended to accommodate but 300 at the most. This, however, is but a trifling matter in comparison to other revelations. Seventy-five of these unfortunates were thrust away in subterranean dungeons, dark, damp, foul and pervaded with unendurable stenches. Some were confined in apartments nine feet by four in size, with air and ventilation only through auger holes bored in the doors. The active as well as the passive infictions put upon these poor people equally inhuman. Among them was the punishment of the bath, in which the patient, securely bound, is placed in the bathing tub and a continuous stream of cold water allowed to fall upon his head. This torture, it may be remarked in passing, was one of the most excruciating known in the dark ages, resulting usually in insanity or death. To this asylum of horrors the Committee also state that sane men have been consigned through fraud and bribery. The picture is as complete as Charles Reade could make it, but without the romance of fiction. The reality is something for the Legislature of Vermont to deal with promptly and severely; for it is too disgraceful for belief, except as attested by an official investigation such as has produced this astounding report.

The Fort Scott (Kan.) Monitor of a recent date, says a strange and remarkable phenomenon was observed at sunrise on Friday last. The sky was clear and the sun rose entirely unobscured. "When the disc of the sun was about half way above the horizon, the form of a huge serpent, apparently perfect in form, was plainly seen encircling it, and was visible for some moments. The editor has the statement from two reliable witnesses, who are willing to make affidavit to the above. The same serpent has been in Texas, as will be seen by the following from the Bonham Enterprise: "A few days ago a Mr. Hardin, residing some five or six miles east of this place, saw something that resembled an enormous serpent floating in a cloud over his farm. Several parties of men and boys, at work in the fields, observed the same thing, and were seriously frightened. It seemed to be as large and as long as a telegraph pole, was of a yellow, striped color and seemed to float along without any effort. They could see it coil itself up, turn over, and thrust forward its huge head as if striking at something, displaying the maneuvers of a genuine snake. The cloud and serpent moved in an easterly direction, and were seen by persons a few miles this side of Honey Grove. The question is, what is it, and where did it come from?"

A Joke on a Bishop.

A good story is told of a well known Episcopal Bishop of a neighboring diocese. We refrain from giving the name from appreciable motives of delicacy. The Bishop is a very staid, glum sort of a good man, and the last one in the world to enjoy a joke, especially one on himself. A wagging friend, meeting him the other day in a car, astonished him by exclaiming, after a reference to his high church principles: "Why, Bishop, I hear that on Easter you appeared in your pulpit with a crown and a palm!" "What!" exclaimed the Bishop, in astonishment. "Nonsense! You know better."
"Yes," replied the other, "with a crown on your head and a palm in your hand."
"It is a libel! Who could have started such a story?" responded the distinguished prelate, warmly. "But, pshaw! it is too idle to talk about; it is so absurd."
The conversation was changed, but the Bishop did not forget his friend's words; they preyed on his mind and worried him; he was afraid the libelous, atrocious report would get into the papers, and then it would become a popularly accepted fact, which there would be no denying.
He sought his friend the next day at his office, for the purpose of learning the origin of the outrageous story, but the other, who is considerable of a wag, sorely vexed the spirit of the accomplished prelate before he would give any satisfactory explanation, and then, with a laugh and a twinkle of the eyes, he exclaimed: "Why, Bishop, haven't you a crown on your head and a palm in your hand? See?"
The Bishop was so much pleased with the explanation that he succeeded in raising a laugh, though the expression of fierce solemnity that settled on his features as he left shortly after, leads his friends to believe that he did not thoroughly enjoy the joke.

Shakespeare a Californian.

The New York letter to the Boston Times tells the following: Senator Nye, of Nevada, says he went to the little town of San Juan, California, in 1863, where the Northern and Southern feeling regarding the war ran high. He attended the theatre one evening, and "Othello" was the play. The acting, as may be supposed, was wretched enough. But the fact that the leading character in the play had his face blackened, was sufficient to enlist the liveliest interest of the audience, largely made up of very rough fellows. As the catastrophe drew nigh there was intense excitement. Just as "Othello" was on the point of smothering "Desdemonia," a tall, lank Georgian jumped upon the stage and drawing a navy revolver, pointed it at the actor's head, with these menacing words: "Don't lay a finger on that ere white woman, yer G—d— nigger. If yer do, I'll riddle yer like a pepper box. If yer want to do anything of this sort yer can take one of yer own color, d— yer! But don't touch that white gal, or I'll make a case for the Coroner, d— quick!"
All the Southerners in the house rose and cheered the Georgian, while the Northerners hissed. A great uproar followed; revolvers and bowie knives were generally drawn, and for a time a terrible scene of bloodshed was threatened. The play was interrupted, the curtain descended, and the manager appeared before the footlights and explained that the tragedy was not designed to give offense to anybody; that "Othello" was not a "nigger" but a Moor; that Bill Shakespeare, who was an old Californian, had written the piece, and was "sound on the goose."
This brilliant speech restored peace. The weapons were put up; the curtain rose, and the "Moor" went on with his slaying. At the end of the drama three cheers were given for Bill Shakespeare, the old Californian, and the excitable crowd dispersed to the nearest grog shops.

Clippings.

Vancouver is now deeply interested to know how near and when the railroad will come to it.
The India widows don't burn themselves any more. They find it more agreeable to marry again.
The ladies do their hair up so high now that they have to stand on something to put on their hats.
When may a man be said to be literally immersed in his business? When giving a swimming lesson.
A paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice-house 20,000 tons of ice were reduced to ashes.
When a naughty little boy breaks a window, he should be punished on the principle that panes and penalties go together.
What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, and the other his profits from the law.
Blocks of cut stone have been piled up around the pedestal of the Lincoln statue in Union square, suggesting the idea that the figure above represent an auctioneer engaged in selling bales of goods.
A grocer asked an artist, "Is sculpture difficult?" The artist replied: "Why, bless you, no. You have only to take a block of marble, a mallet and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want."
In a Pittsburg hotel recently, the Hutchinson family were refused entertainment on account of their temperance principles and songs. Only a short time previous, a temperance meeting was broken up there by the ram power.
An old lady at the Waterbury postoffice the other day, and asked, "Is there a letter for John—, if ye please, sur?" There being several persons of that name in town, and a letter for one of them, the clerk asked if this John— was in business? The innocent answered, "No sur; he's in jail."

Clippings.

While there are about 10,000 men who think they know all about the perpetual motion principle, it is safe to say that there is not a solitary soul in this universe who can explain why a railroad engineer blows his whistle as he shoots by a passenger train. People who have popped up from their seats and clutched their scalps on these occasions are somewhat interested in an explanation.
The Columbus, Ohio, Journal says: Mr. Iscariot may have been a gentleman who was much misunderstood by the people of the period. Some scribe probably placed the thirty pieces of silver where he thought they would do the most good; and when poor Judas found that he had been brought into a lawsuit (the Hon. P. Pilate, Chief Justice), he went and hung himself. That was where he made a mistake. He ought to have sent the money down to a Capernium female seminary, and then appealed to the generous confidence of a constituency with whose feelings and interests every throeb of his heart beat in unison. The editor of the Galilean Telegram would have made a very nice thing of that, and the Hon. J. Iscariot would have been one of the most prominent candidates at the next election.
A noted horse-jockey down East was awakened one morning by a violent thunder-storm. Being somewhat timid, he awoke his wife with: "Wife! wife! do you suppose the Day of Judgement has come?" "Shut up, you fool!" was the affectionate reply; "how can the day of Judgement come in the night?"
A Terre Haute editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says the way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other peoples business.