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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.,



WILL BEAT LAFAYETTE ON THE
First Monday of each Month and
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Cheaper Than Ever. 4 for \$1.

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F. W. SAWYER DESIRES TO INFORM
the people of Lafayette and vicinity
that he has located at McMinnville, with
new 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
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PORTLAND HACK LINE!

J. 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.

The Bridal Tour.

"My dearest," said Fred, as we neared a little wayside station, "what do you say to some lunch? I can step out here and get you anything you fancy. It may seem a delightful thing for a bridegroom to confess, but I begin to feel quite sharp after our early dinner. If you don't mind my leaving you for five minutes."

I signified that an absence of that duration might be supported, and Fred started for the refreshment room.

We had been married just three days, and the glamour of the honeymoon was upon everything—the atmosphere was rarefied beyond that breathed by every day mortals—the earth glorified with a new light. We ate not bread and beefsteak, but some ambrosial dish untasted before, and drank golden nectar, etherealized from hotel coffee pots.

I watched Fred from the car window until he disappeared in the refreshment room. What a splendid fellow he was! Such eyes—such a mind—such teeth—such a heart—such a general combination of perfections! How charming—how delightful—how altogether inexpressible it was to belong to him forever, never separated more!—when, whiz! clang! Horrors! The train was off again—off, with Fred still discussing boned turkey in the eating saloon, and his faithful wife hopelessly quiescent in the ladies' car—off, thundering at the rate of thirty miles an hour, those whom law and gospel both declared only death should part.

"What's the matter, mum?" asked the conductor, noticing my excitement.

"There—there's a gentleman left behind!" I gasped.

"Is there, mum?" was the stoical reply. "Bless your soul, that's nothing new!"

"But—but he's my husband!" blushing to my finger-tips, as I felt the fact was something new.

Three ladies turned to stare at me, and there was an unmistakable titter beneath the moustache of a gentleman opposite.

"Sorry, mum, but it can't be helped. If gents will stop at bar-rooms to wet their whistles, we can't stop for 'em."

A bar-room! Fred in a bar-room, wetting his whistle! What did the odious man mean? I tried to crush him with a look, but I wasn't equal to it. Fred—my Fred—in a bar-room!

"You needn't be alarmed," said an old gentleman, kindly; there will be another accommodation at eight."

"Eight!" and it was now just half-past four. I sank back upon the cushion in quiet desperation. What was to become of me?

With the entire abnegation peculiar to the early phases of the honeymoon, I had put my little velvet portmanteau, handkerchief, and vinaigrette in Fred's vest pocket—not that I hadn't a pocket of my own, but there was such a delightful novelty in feeling that I had a right to his.

Was there ever a confiding bride left in such a plight? Without a husband and without a cent, and—not the least misfortune to one inclined to the feminine weakness of tears—without even a pocket handkerchief.

"Ticket, mum."

The conductor was again making his rounds.

"I—I haven't any ticket," I stammered, in bewilderment.

"Two-thirty, then, if you please, mum, as far as Philadelphia."

"Ticket, sir—"

"Two-thirty, as quick as you can, mum—time's short."

"But my—my husband has my ticket," I faltered. "He was left at B—station, you know!"

"Beg pardon, mum, but our orders are strict. That sort of dodge has played out on this line

entirely! Will refund at the office when ticket is presented."

The man suspected me, actually suspected my—Fred's wife! Oh, dear, dear, how utterly lonely and unprotected I felt, after the strong trust and sweet reliance that had been mine!

"I haven't any money," I said, in a faint voice. "You'll have to put me out, somewhere, I suppose."

I added, with determined resignation.

"Allow me, Madam—" the moustached gentleman was up, pocket-book in hand—"let me arrange this matter for you until we reach Philadelphia. Your husband can settle with me afterwards," he said, giving me his card, with a smile.

If I hadn't been married, I should have fallen in love with that delightful man on the spot. As it was, I only murmured some unintelligible thanks and slipped his card into my pocket as a memento of a modern knight.

We were to have stopped all night in Philadelphia. As the train neared the city a new perplexity seized upon me. Where could I go? If it were daylight I might remain in the ladies' waiting room, but Fred would not arrive until nearly ten at night. I had no money to pay a hackman, go to a hotel, or even get my supper.

A sudden thought flashed into my mind—Aunt Tabby lived in Philadelphia! I had directed a letter to her only a few weeks before, announcing my approaching marriage. True, the reply was rather discouraging—dismally prophetic of all sorts of evils that awaited me, and darkly suggestive of the snares and pitfalls in that broad road that leads to matrimony and destruction.

But Aunt Tabby took a vinegary view of everything. She never had felt the mellowing influence of a honeymoon.

We arrived at the depot; my moustached friend had left the car some time before, so I was unprotected again. An army of hackmen besieged the door of the depot, and I immediately became the subject of a struggle. Oaths and whips resounded about my ears, until I was finally seized upon and carried off by the most energetic of the party.

Having secured me in a very dirty vehicle, he regarded me with a triumphant grin.

"If you will get my trunk, now, please," I suggested.

"Your trunk is it? Where's the bit of tin?"

"The—what?" I asked, in perplexity.

"The tin—the bit of tin, to be sure. How am I to get it without the tin?"

My check! I had forgotten that Fred had the checks also. Alas for the powerlessness of men! I saw my new Saratoga filled with the daintiest of trosses, bundled off with a lot of hotel baggage, and couldn't raise a finger to claim it. It was the last straw on the camel's back, and I drove in tears to Aunt Tabby's, using my tissue veil as a pocket handkerchief, and thereby unconsciously tattooing my face with streaks of blue.

Even Aunt Tabby's monumental rigidity was overcome by my appearance, when she met me at her immaculate doorstep.

"Left you and only married three days! Pay that hackman, Mary Jane, and send him off before he sees any more of this family disgrace! Only three days! The Lord have mercy on us! That I should have lived to see my brother Henry's child brought to this. Taken all your money and clothes, too! Well! well! it's nothing more nor less than I expected. Only an accident? Don't talk to me of accidents! If you ever lay your eyes on that man again my name is not Tabitha Tinstich! The mean-spirited

soundrel! to leave you without a rag to your back! You poor deluded innocent! Put on the kettle, Mary Jane, and hurry up the tea; this poor child is trembling like a leaf, and well she may!"

I was too dispirited and miserable to attempt to stem the torrent of Aunt Tabby's indignation. I let her talk on.

"O, ain't it dreadful, mum?" I heard the sympathetic Mary Jane murmur aside to her mistress; "such a sweet young creature as she be! And only look at her face; I expect he's been banging her."

Aunt Tabby pursed up her mouth, and shook her head expressively.

"Let this be a warning to you, Mary Jane."

"O, I am sure it will, mum," was the feeble reply.

"She'll never lay eyes on him again," repeated Aunt Tabby, solemnly; "never! Lord bless my soul! Who's that?"

There was a knock at the door that fairly shook the prim little house.

"Is my wife here?" asked a quick, anxious voice, and the next moment Fred's wife was there, clasped in the strong, brave arms, crying and laughing together on his broad, loving breast.

"How did you get here so soon? How did you find me? O, Fred! Fred! I have been so frightened and miserable!"

Fred's answer was a shower of kisses.

"How did I come? In a coal car. There was a train of them just behind. It was not the pleasantest ride in the world, but it brought it to you the soonest—poor little frightened birdie!"

And as I met the glance of those loving eyes, I nestled closely to his heart, and felt, in spite of Aunt Tabby's expectations, I was at home again.

Women's Legs.

Here is something from the *Book of Beauty* that is strictly local here or anywhere else:

"A handsome leg is a rarity, we had almost said an impossibility among American women. The reason of this is the place where they wear their garters. No French woman, no English woman of cultivation, now-a-days wears her garter below the knee. It is ruinous to the shape of the calf. More than this it has serious consequences of another kind. The principal vein of the leg, *vena saphrenacris*, runs just beneath the skin until it nearly reaches the knee, when it skins beneath the muscles. Now, if this is constricted at its largest point by a tight garter, the blood is checked in its return to the heart, the feet are easily chilled and more liable to disease; the other veins of the legs are swollen into hard blue knots; become varicose, as it is called, and often break, forming obstinate ulcers. This is a picture which a physician sees nearly every day. With the garter fastened above the knee all the pain and deformity is avoided, but it is still better to wear no garter at all, and to suspend the stockings by tapes around the waist. In this case however a well-fitting stocking is needed.

A Galena girl at a circus, not long since, was looking at a clown whirling a hat with a stick, and remarked to her young man, that she "used to do that." The young man was looking at a contortionist in another part of the arena who had his legs tied around his neck, and an explanation was necessary.

The revolt of Caballero against Brazilian influence in Paraguay has been so successful that the Brazilians and Argentines have been obliged to assume the defence of the capital. The republic is in a state of helpless anarchy, which may result in a severe and protracted war.

Honesty in a Tight Place.

A gentleman who now occupies a seat in the upper branch of the Albany (N. Y.) Legislature, but who at the time was a member of the Assembly, relates the following:

Perkins was as honest a man as ever set foot in Albany. Money wouldn't buy him and I knew it, but I thought I would have a little fun with him; so I went down to his room one evening and said:

"Perkins, what do you think of that underground railroad bill? Are you going to vote for it?"

"Well," said Perkins, "I haven't made up my mind yet exactly. I am inclined to think that it is a good bill; but why do you ask?"

"I thought you were in favor of it," said I; "and as long as you have concluded to vote for it I just wanted to say to you that men interested in it are paying five hundred dollars for votes, and as it is coming up to-morrow on its final passage you can just as well have the money as not; you'll vote for the bill anyway."

"Vote for the bill! I'll be hanged first!" cried the irate Perkins. "No, sir. If improper means are being taken to pass this thing, as you say, I for one will vote against it every time; you can put me down 'No.'"

"Oh, I don't care anything about the bill," said I; "I was only trying to do you a favor, and I think I can yet; for to tell the truth, the rival companies are here in full force and are moving heaven and earth to defeat it. They are paying the same amount for 'noes,' and as long as you are bound to vote that way, I will get you the five hundred dollars all the same."

"Can such things be!" exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat and tearing up and down the room in a whirlwind of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation.

"What a state of things is this! A plague on both your Houses! I won't vote at all."

"All right," said I, as I laid my hand on the door; "I'll get you five hundred dollars for being absent."

Beauty From Thought.

Beautiful belles might care more for books and hard study if they thought to preserve their good looks in this way to old age. An exchange says:

We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which he was so famous five years ago. "O, it is because he never did anything," said he. "He never worked, thought or suffered. You must have the mind chiselling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since hearing that remark I have been on the watch to see if it is generally true, and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

Somebody, whether in pursuit of knowledge, or out of mere love of mischief, tried a chemical experiment in the St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Cemetery last week. He bathed 9 granite monuments with muriatic acid. The effect of this acid upon granite is to give it the color of rusty sheet iron.

A Baptist paper in Ohio was sent for nine years to a subscriber who never paid a cent for it. The other day the newspaper was returned to the patient and long-suffering publisher with the affecting pencil note on its margin, "Gone to a better world." The editor is a very pious man; but it is reported that his faith is terribly shaken in regard to accuracy of the information.

CLIPPINGS.

Wild horses are abundant in southern Kansas, and several parties of hunters are after them.

Teresa Carrero, the American pianist, has just been married in London to the young violinist, Emile Laurent.

One M. McClure, of Jamesville, Minn., having been "severely beaten by his wife," according to a local paper, "he was fined \$50 and costs."

"Stealing money is a very serious business out here," said a Colorado paper, "but you can kill a man and all they ask is that you don't leave him in the way."

A gardener in England claims to have discovered a method of varying the colors of flowers by means of chemical applications to the earth in which they grow.

An Indiana county fair offers prizes of \$5 for the two handsomest babies of each sex, to be placed on exhibition, and prizes of \$10 for the fattest pigs and calves.

A man sentenced in the New Haven Police Court for intoxication claims, the right of trial by jury, and his case has accordingly gone to the Supreme Court of Errors.

The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, don't pay. He says: "We stood it all day in the river last week, but caught nothing—until we got home."

Someone tells the story of a steamboat passenger watching the revolving light of a light house on the coast and exclaiming, "Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can strike it."

The Duke of Edinburgh is described by Miss Kate Field as a bullying London swell, selfish, surly, ungenerous, and mean, but with the best of cooks, the best of wines and the best of tailors. His complexion is very red.

Several passengers on the Lower Mississippi were attracted by the alligators basking in the sunshine. "Are they amphibious, Captain?" asked a looker on. "Amphibious, h—! they'll eat a hog in a minute."

Two men disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, and the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman who confounded both by declaring, "it's nayther, for its ay-ther."

Butler's son-in-law, Ames, has avowed his intention to run for Governor of Mississippi. He said that if nominated he would obtain a residence in the State. This is a genuine carpet-bag arowal. Next season will see the Butler family bottled, both South and North.

Marshal Bazaine's trial will be commenced on Oct. 5. The well-known French advocate, Maitre Lochaud, has been selected by the Marshal to conduct his defense. The trial, it is thought, will last for two months. The prosecution will call 300 witnesses.

When to Sell Grain.

A correspondent of an Illinois agricultural journal says the one great mistake of the farming community is the practice of contracting debt to be paid in the Fall of the year instead of having them come due in the Spring. If the latter policy were adopted the farmer would have the benefit of the Spring markets. Thus they often loose the profits. The writer adds: "I have noticed that middlemen are fully aware of your obligations; or, if not, the first thing you do is to inform them, by saying, 'I must raise some money to pay debt; what can you give me a bushel for my grain?' That gives them to understand that you are obliged to sell, no matter what you get, and they take the advantage of you."