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Office in the Court House.

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Office in the Court House.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

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

Photographic.

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 pictures 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.

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 Sat-
urday, EARLY, EACH WAY, \$1.50.

A NEW HACK
Will be placed upon this line in a short
time.

EXPRESS and other business attended to
promptly.

Not Good Enough for Her.

A TRUE STORY.

The ancestors of the good people of these United States came to this country ostensibly to escape the persecutions of aristocratic England, but, alas for the inconsistency of human nature, they were very far from abandoning aristocracy when they left the mother country. They brought it with them, together with all its accompanying notions and absurdities, and have left it to their children as an inalienable legacy which we seem to be trying to increase every day.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia, the distinctions between rich and poor were based upon laws, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter, living in what was known as the Northern Neck. He was in all other respects, a frank, open-hearted, manly gentleman, but his estimate of his fellow-men was founded upon the principle that governed his selection of horses—blood. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and like all of us was influenced more than he ever believed by pounds, shillings and pence.

This Mr. G— had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing toast of the country. She was just eighteen, and budding into a lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, but her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was in the country at this time, a young man who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of a good family, but was as yet, a poor surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and had spent much of his manhood traversing forests with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty and excelled in all the varied feats of strength in which the old-time Americans took such a pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G— seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G— a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence; so frequently, indeed, Mrs. G— felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter. The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position too well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her to her duty to her family.

Nevertheless, Mary G— was not so fully impressed with this same conviction of duty as was her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than in all her wealthy and aristocratic suitors, and, almost before she knew it, her heart passed out of her keeping, and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart, and she would have thought

it a happiness to go out with him in the wilderness and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they brought her.

Nor did she love him in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so thorough, had not been learned to consider as binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of the lady. He knew that in all that makes a man, in integrity and honesty of purpose, he was the equal of any one. He believed that except in wealth, he stood upon a perfect equality with Mary G—, and loved her honestly and manfully, and no sooner had he satisfied himself of the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion, simply and truthfully, and received from his lady's lips the assurance that she loved him very dearly.

Seemingly to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the lady to conceal aught from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G— for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and insolent scoundrel.

"My daughter has always been accustomed to riding in her own carriage," he thundered. "Who are you, sir?"

"A gentleman, sir," replied the young man quietly, and raising, he left the house.

The lovers were parted. The lady married soon after a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world to battle with his heart, and conquer his unhappy passion. He subdued it, but although he afterwards married a woman whom he loved honestly and truthfully, and who was worthy of his love, he was never wholly dead to his first love.

The time passed on, and the young man began to reap the reward of his labors. He had never been to the house of Mr. G— since his cruel repulse by the planter, but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginian household. Higher and higher he rose every year, until he had gained a position from which he could look down upon the planter. Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for independence dawned, he was in his prime, a happy husband, and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on, and soon the "poor surveyor" held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding at the head of the column, chanced to glance up at one of the neighboring balconies which was crowded with ladies. Recognizing one of them, he raised his hat and bowed profoundly. There was a commotion in the balcony, and some one called for water, saying Mrs. Lee had fainted. Turning to a young man who rode near him, the officer said, gravely: "Henry, I fear your mother has fainted; you had better go to her."

The speaker was George Washington, once the poor surveyor, but then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The young man was Colonel Henry Lee, the commander of the famous "Light Cavalry Legion," and the lady his mother, and formerly Miss G—, the belle of the Northern Neck.

A man with a long head is not very apt to be headlong.
This weather is hot enough to melt the most obdurate.
A miser has died in Burlington, Iowa, leaving \$160,000.
Can a man be said to pay as he goes if he sleeps on tick?

A Noble Woman.

"She is a saint, she is a heroine!" This exclamation, says the Nashville Bulletin, was made respecting a lady—a Mrs. —, resident in Nashville during the gloomy days of June, when large numbers of persons a little way beyond her residence were sick and dying of cholera.

This woman, moved by the goodness and sustained by the heroism of her noble heart, devoted her days and nights to the sick, the dying and the dead. She went, in the darkness of the night, in the rain and mud, when the air was loaded with pestilence, to the houses of the sick. And she went not only to speak words of cheer, but to do with her own hands whatever could be done to stay the progress of the disease, to relieve the distressed, and to prepare the dead for decent interment.

When told that she ought not to leave her comfortable home and family and expose her health, especially in going into the hovels of the poor, her reply was, "I think it would be wrong to neglect the sick and dead at such a time as this."

On the night after the day when so many deaths occurred in this city we saw this heroic woman at midnight preparing a corpse for burial. She did the hard work thoroughly. She washed and dressed the dead; carried out the infected bedding and clothing, disinfected the room, and quieted the bereaved children.

Heroism like this deserves the highest eulogium. The world lauds the courage of brave men who risk their lives on the battlefield, but do not those Nashville ladies, who, like the one to whom we now refer, braved the perils of the pestilence in the performance of duties to the sick, dying and dead, deserve even a higher meed of praise?

How to MAKE TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water on the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After a third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes with fine white sugar between each layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

Matthew Browne tells the Englishmen what is the matter with them. He says: "While we have been turning our eyes on the more obvious and vulgar evils attendant upon the free use of alcohol, we have been overlooking the insidious action of a bland and peaceful liquid which has been sapping the foundations of manhood and honesty. Alcohol sends many to the jail and mad house. But tea acts through the nervous system upon the conscience and turns us into a nation of sneaks."

Never contract a friendship with anybody till you have first examined how he behaved himself to his former friends; for you'll have good reason to believe that he will be the same to you as he was to them. Take a sufficient time before you profess yourself a friend, but that once done, endeavor to be always such; for it is equally shameful to have no friends at all, as to change them often.

Anderson, Ind., has a lady dentist who panks and plugs teeth at low rates.

Balky Horse.

A correspondent asks how he shall treat a balky horse. I have a plan that seldom fails to start the unruly animal in a few minutes, and if persevered in, generally effects a permanent cure, but it is too difficult of application to become generally useful. Have with you a small quantity of oats or corn, and when a remedy is needed go gently to him with a handful, and coax him with caresses while he eats from the hand. Attempt to lead him, holding the grain a little way before him, and when he goes quietly and shows that his temper has subsided, leave him with his mouth full of grain, get in the vehicle and speak to him to go on, using quiet manners just as if nothing was wrong; and if he refuses try the same treatment again and again if necessary, until success attends. Perhaps it may not be clear to the reader what the difficulty is in applying this remedy. It is in the worst than balky disposition of the driver, who would rather succeed once in twenty times by passionately whipping, than nineteen times in twenty by gentleness. Only a gentleman can manage a balky horse, and while there are plenty of gentlemen in society, there are not so many gentlemen in the treatment of animals. A very little observation and reflection will show that gentleness is quite as commendable as gentility, and is followed by as good results, both upon our own characters, and upon our success in "getting along" comfortably with animals of all species, mankind and woman kind included.—Country Gentleman.

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night took refuge under the bed-clothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch he said, "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crathurs searching for us wid a lantern!"

The Democracy cannot be said to be selfish in their support of the Grangers' movement. In Georgia, where the Democratic party have a large majority, Gov. Smith has openly encouraged the farmers in their efforts to overthrow monopoly and secure honest government.

The people in Texas are quarreling about the subsidy to their Pacific Railroad. There is strong evidence that a Grant and carpet-bag Legislature was bribed to aid this railroad. The question agitating Texas is whether the subsidy should be paid notwithstanding the corrupt way in which it was lobbied through.

M. Couder, a French artist, who died recently at Paris at the age of 85, is known to all Americans who have visited the galleries at Versailles by a picture of the surrender of Cornwallis, in which Lafayette almost fills the foreground, while George Washington stands in an obscure corner in the background.

Scene in a Fort Wayne dry goods store: Lady—How much for this print? Gentlemanly and obliging clerk—Nine cents, mum. Lady—Nineteen cents! I'll give you eighteen. Clerk—Nine cents, mum; you misunderstood me. Lady—Oh! nine cents; I'll give you eight.

Bjornst, the novelist, is coming to live in America.

Ole Bull will soon hang up the fiddle and the bow.

Cutting a stick—Dropping a pro-logic acquaintance.

When is a woman as cold as ice? When she is a scold.

CLIPPINGS.

Josephine Mansfield is said to be dying of a cancer.

It is said that most of the children in the Oneida Community are red-haired.

Ben Butler has written a letter calling Gen. Hawley "the lying rascal." Nonsense.

The physicians of Beloit, Wis., have resolved not to give their professional services to delinquent patients until the latter pay up.

A new code goes into effect in Iowa on the 1st of September by which the pardoning power is taken from the Governor.

At a recent campmeeting on Onecrooke Island, N. C., 3,000 persons and ten ministers attended. Out of this crowd only five persons professed religion.

A young man named Brown has been found in Chicago who can read a man's thoughts. Colfax declines to address the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association.

A Kentucky wedding party waited fifteen minutes while the groom went out and stabbed his brother, who was annoying the bride by hanging around the house.

A local geologist of Terre Haute says that anyone having a taste for gold mining can clear from forty to sixty cents a day almost anywhere in Vigo county, Ind.

Texas received 120,000 immigrants last year—at least 60,000 from Europe and the Northern States. Texas and Georgia are the banner States of the South in wealth and progress.

A Canadian paper suggests that Whaley has been sent over here to counterbalance the sending of Train to England. Britain couldn't stand Whaley and Train at the same time.

The Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in Lancaster, Pa., has a copy of the first complete edition of the Swiss-German Bible published at Zurich by Christoffel Froeschner in 1531.

Just nine months after the great Boston fire a heap of burning leather, which had been smouldering ever since November, was found in the ground in the rear of the Post Office on Congress street.

Donn Piatt describes the British House of Peers as "a body of men exceedingly quiet and unpretending in manner, not remarkably striking in countenance, and so badly dressed that it seemed an affectation."

It is said that the atmosphere in the region between Big Trees and Yosemite, California, is often so full of electricity that electric sparks follow the hand when passed over a blanket at night in the open air.

A Wisconsin paper says: "Trouting this season is about over, nearly all the streams being fished out. Unless the fish are better protected but very few years will elapse before they will be numbered among the things that were."

Books in China are not dear, and all the standard school books and histories are very cheap. The whole of the Confucian class sell at from 30 cents to a dollar and a half, according to the quality of the paper. The Chinese never lay duty on books.

European journalists who speak of our Secretary of State as "Sir Hamilton Fish" display much more excusable ignorance than Fish himself when he addresses the President as "Your Excellency," a title as foreign to the Federal Constitution as "Your Majesty."

The honest Republicans of Virginia do not relish the nominations dictated by Mosby and Grant, Mr. William F. Hickey, heretofore an active member of the Republican party, has repudiated Hughes and Mosby, and declared for Kemper, the Conservative nominee.