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BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES McCAIN. EUGENE SULLIVAN.

McCAIN & SULLIVAN,

ATTONTEYS AT LAW,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE State Courts. mar1v8tf

CHAS. A. BALL. R. STOTT

BALL & STOTT,

Attorneys at Law,

111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

jan10tf

W. M. RAMSEY,

Attorney at Law,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

E. C. BRADSHAW,

Attorney at Law,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

P. C. SULLIVAN.

Attorney at Law,

Dallas, Oregon.

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

A. G. PHILIPS, D.D.S.,

DENTIST.

WILL BE AT LAFAYETTE ON THE First Monday of each Month and Remain during Court Week. apr6tf

DR. ALFRED KINNEY,

Surgeon.

Room No. 7, Dekum's Building, N. W. C First and Worse. PORTLAND, OREGON.

Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m till after 5 p. m In Office at Night.

J. N. MILLER,

Wagon Maker!

LAFAYETTE, OGN,

WOULD ANNOUNCE TO THE CITIzens of this place and vicinity that he has returned to his old stand and is prepared to do all work in his line, such as manufacturing WAGONS, BUGGIES, HACKS, &c.

☞ Repairing done on short notice. n26m3

Hair Dressing Saloon.

FOR A SHAVE, YOUR HAIR CUT IN THE LATEST STYLE, FOR A GOOD BATH AND YOUR WHISKERS DYED THE BLACKEST,

—GO TO—

J. R. MAJORS'

SHAVING EMPORIUM LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Shave	25 Cents.
Shampooing	25 Cents.
Hair Cutting	25 Cents.
Bath, 25 Cents.	

OREGON - MADE STOVES.

Go to Lake's Emigrant Stove and Tin Store, 138 Front street, Portland, and see the stoves manufactured at the

OREGON IRON WORK!

They can be had at no other place, as

LAKE

Is the sole Agent for all the Stoves manufactured.

You can now buy a Stove of thicker plate, and if any plate fails it can be replaced at a small expense. We have the

Driving Flue and Elevated Oven

COOK STOVES,

AND DIFFERENT KINDS OF

Parlor and Box Stoves.

All manufactured in this city.

The other dealers will tell you they don't keep them. The reason is, they can't buy them.

Please remember that I also have a

PATENT CHURN.

Don't forget to look at the

PATENT WINDOW BLIND,

Which is made of Spruce Wood, and is a Lighter, Cheaper, More Cleanly,

More Durable

And is the handsomest Window Blind in use.

It gives the best satisfaction to all who try it, and I only ask you to enquire of any one who has used them, to convince you that the Wooden Blind is the very best that you can buy. JOHN R. LAKE.

june1no14

"Advertising is the Oil which wise men put in their lamps." Modern Prov.

L. P. FISHER,

ADVERTISING AGENT.

ROOMS 20 AND 21,

Merchants' Exchange,

California Street, San Francisco.

Solicits Advertisements and Subscriptons for the LAFAYETTE COURIER and for papers published in California, Oregon and Nevada; Washington, Utah, Idaho, Montanah, Colorado, Arizona, and adjacent Territories; Sandwich Islands, the British Possessions, China; New Zealand and the Australian Colonies; Mexican Ports, Nicaragua, Panama Valparaiso and Japan; the Atlantic States and Europe.

ADVERTISING.

Has created many a new business;
Has enlarged many an old business;
Has revived many a dull business;
Has rescued many a lost business;
Has saved many a large business;
And insures a success in any business.

GIRARD'S SECTION.—Stephen Girrad used to say in his old days: "I have always considered advertising literally and long to be the great medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule to advertise in the dullest times as well as the busiest, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out, and by continually keeping my business before the public it has secured many sales that I otherwisse would have lost."

Advertise Your Business.

Keep Your Name before the Public.

Judicious Advertising will Insure a Fortune.

If Business is Dull, Advertise.

If Business is Brisk, Advertise.

The man who didn't believe in advertising has gone into partnership with the Sheriff, and that official does the advertising.

The Weekly Sun

ONLY $1 00 A YEAR, 8 PAGES.

The Best Family Paper,
The Best Agricultural Paper.
The Best Political Paper.
The Best Story Paper.
The Best Fashion Reports.
The Best Cattle Market Reports.
The Best General Market Reports.
The Best Paper Every Way.

THE WEEKLY NEW YORK SUN.

Eight Pages, 56 columns. $1 a year, or less than 2 cents a number. Send Your Dollar.

Address THE SUN, New York City.

WOOL CARDING.

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES THIS of informing the public that he has set up his

CARDING MACHINE

IN MCMINNVILLE.

and is now ready to do all kinds of work in his line of business.

Give me a call and I promite you satisfaction. HENRY BEASONER. 23m2

The Devil in the Cup.

It was a forlorn sight.

A drunken father, blear-eyed and bloated, to whose hand a child of five years old clung with a tenacious grasp.

"What's this man in for?" asked the Chief of Police.

"Disorderly conduct, throwing stones at people, and cursing and swearing."

"Very well, put him into the cell. But stop; there's the child!"

The little fellow was an exceptionally beautiful boy. He had grave blue eyes, so large and so pitiful that their glance appealed to the Chief's stout heart. His complexion, where it was not discolored by dirt and tears, was the finest and fairest. His lips were like cherries; his yellow hair curled over a nobly shaped head.

"That man has seen better days," said the Chief to himself. "Come bub, your father must go to the cell. We'll find a place for you somewhere."

"No, no sir; oh, no!" cried the boy in a terrified voice. "I'll go with papa. Oh, please don't take me from my papa."

"But child, you must. See here Colbert, you must take the child away."

Easier said than done. The little fellow caught his father's hands and clung to his body, which staggered at his touch, all the time screaming in heart-breaking tones that he must, he would go with his papa.

"L'm alone," said the man at last, seeming to come out of his stupor for a moment. "Don't you see he's got nobody but me? L'm lone."

"I can't allow the child to go to the cell," said the Chief, "but I can't bear to hear his cries. I suppose there's nothing else to do. Put them in together, Colbert."

So they were put together in the dark, stifling den, and the door was shut. The little fellow cuddled himself against the half insensible form, and laid his head upon his father's bosom. So they slept together.

The faint light looked in through the grimmy bars when, on the following morning, the father awoke and bestirred himself. Of course, as is usually the case, he wondered where he was and how he came there. The last thing he remembered, he had gone into a saloon and drank a few glasses, and then reccollection ceased. Where was his hat? where was his coat? And looking round, he cried out in agony:

"God of Heaven! there's my little Bennie!"

Yes; there was little Bennie, the pure, fair child, the idol of a broken-hearted mother. There was little Bennie, and he had spent the night in this hole.

The man fairly beat his breast as he looked down on that bright, curly head.

"Husband and child both," he muttered bitterly. "Too bad, too bad."

At that moment the blue eyes of the boy opened. He raised himself in wonder, but as he met his father's gaze he smiled like an angel.

"The bad man would put you here, papa, but I wouldn't let him take me. You didn't know anything, papa, when I found you in the street. You lost your hat—I guess the wind took it—and the boys were laughing. You were sick; weren't you papa? And when the man took you off, I came too. Now, lets go home and tell mamma all about it, let's tell her we were stolen," and the dear unconscious little fellow laughed merrily over the brilliant idea.

But that father! God help him! His heart was touched as it had never been before. He could not speak—could scarcely think. What was the mother suffering that moment? And this awful sin that had led him into its toils—it never had looked as it looked to him now; within the unsightly cell, the faint light lying on the curls of his innocent boy.

And when they went out, there stood the mother, who half-distracted had been wandering and searching all night. Oh! what a sight for her gentle, loving eyes. With a wild cry, she fell upon the neck of the child, and, drawing him away, sank to the floor with him, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Think of the bitter anguish so many good and gentle women are called to endure, on account of the pernicious practice of habitual drunkenness. That husband and father never drank any more.—*Selected.*

The *Danbury News* is responsible for the following sharp shooting:

An afflicted Brookfield woman borrowed a marble-top bureau to use at a funeral.

Minnesota is the only State in the Union worth a continental dam. It is situated at Chenganatana.

We are not going to Europe, as has been reported. We shall never leave our post again—unless we can get a pass.

Sunday is a poor day to raise funds. Devotional paints look nice, but secular breeches are the things that count.

The women pretend that they are in need of suffrage, but they would be content with an eye in the back of their head.

It looked like rain all day Sunday, but people went to church without umbrellas in hopes to tempt providence. Their trust was beautiful, but it didn't work.

At the depot Monday evening an eager looking man jumped from the train and clasped a waiting woman in his arms. "Heaven! my wife!" said he. "Mercy! my ruffles?" said she. Which showed what both were thinking of.

The dashing style of dress in which a Nelson street woman appeared at a dance the other evening created no more attention than the agile motions of her husband on the floor, which were remarkable, in view of the fact that one of his suspenders was held by a match.

A rather amusing incident occurred on the Cheshire railroad the other day. One of the passengers considerably annoyed the conductor by repeatedly asking him to tell him when he got to W——. The conductor told him if he would keep still he would tell him when he got there. The conductor having so much to attend to, or from some other cause, forgot it until they were two miles past the station, when, suddenly remembering it, he rung the bell and the train was run back to the station. He then informed the gentleman that he was at W——. "All right," said he, "I was not very well this morning and my wife told me to take a pill when I got as far as here."

A horrible murder was committed at Watsonville on the evening of the 20th. Mr. Rosenbaum, a butcher, was shot through the temple by Frank Callahan. Callahan had taken supper at the hotel. On settling his bill he accused the proprietor of not treating him properly, and attempted to pick a quarrel with him. He drew a pistol, cocked and raised it to his eye. A son of Rosenbaum, who was at the supper table, on hearing a noise, entered the bar-room. As he did so Callahan said: "There is Rosenbaum; what has he to say about it?" and then fired, killing him instantly. Callahan made his escape through the rear of the house during the excitement that ensued. The murderer did not give his victim time to say a word. Rosenbaum leaves a wife and three children.

Gold Discoveries in British America.

The Victoria papers of the 17th, are filled with reports of discoveries of rich gold diggings in the Cassair country, of which the following is a synopsis:

The steamer Otter arrived yesterday from the North, bringing from $8,000 to $10,000 in dust, and a number of miners who were compelled to leave on account of the scarceity of provisions. All who arrived recently will return early in the Spring.

The following is a brief account of these mines, taken from the *Colonist:* On May 1st gold was discovered by Henry Thibert, Xavier Lovyon and T. Talfair, on a creek now known as Thibert Creek. They got a few colors at first, but nineteen days afterwards, on the 20th of May, the ice broke up and they got ten dollars to a prospect. On the 23d of May they commenced work with rockers and made from an ounce to twenty dollars a day to the man, in coarse gold. On the 1st of July they set steadily to work with rockers, and made ever afterwards from eleven dollars to five ounces to the hand per day.

The main diggings are on a bar of the Creek. They also worked on the bench, ten feet above high water mark, the frost being still in the ground. On the bench they made from one to three ounces a day to the hand. They got the pay on the bedrock. The pay gravel is from six to twelve inches in thickness. They built a wing dam and made from two to five ounces a day to the hand on the bar. This creek is from thirty to fifty feet in width. It runs from west to east and empties into Dease Lake, but where it heads is not known. It runs through a range of low hills, and the banks are well clothed with spruce timber, while fish abound in the lakes. Arctic trout are caught in the creeks. Dease creek, fifteen miles to the south of Thiber's creek, running in the same direction and about the same size, was discovered by Moore & Co., who got good prospects of from $10 to $20 to a pan when these informants left they were working a bar with rockers and making $2 50 per day to the hand. Mr. Thibert has great confidence in the richness of these diggings. Their extent, of course, is not yet known. W. Waldron is entitled to the honor of taking out the largest nugget yet found in the new diggings; he found a perfect beauty, weighing three and a quarter ounces, which is now in town. H. Thibert took out the next largest, weighing $22.

In coming out the party met three men from Nanaimo, half way between Buck's Bar and the diggings. They met six men at Packsaddle Creek, fifty miles above Buck's Bar, and saw twenty-five men at Wrangle who had come up. Several miners from Omineca arrived recently. Mr. Griffith, of this city, from Lost Creek, brought $2,000. A miner who left the diggings about three weeks ago, and came down by Frying-pan Pass, met no snow. There was no snow on the creek, and mining was going on as usual. On Lost Creek several claims were paying good wages. On Mason several companies were also taking out gold. Jim May and party have gone to prospect the Bear Lake country at the head waters of the Skeena. The news of gold discoveries at Cassair had reached Omineca, and men were leaving daily for the new gold fields. Very few will winter there.

A youth of Salisbury, four years old, and his younger sister, saw a rat hasten into a hole in the barn floor. Said he, "Sis, the Bible says, 'Watch and pray.' You pray while I watch the hole, and I'll swat him across the snoot when he comes out."

Rusticus in Urbe.

A dusty, sun-browned stranger stalked into one of the principal hotels early on last evening, laid a big black valise, which had perhaps made quite a smart appearance in its youth, carefully beside him, and with a hand unaccostomed to public writing, the name of Lorenzo Smith upon the register.

"Will you have some supper, Mr. Smith?" asked the clerk.

"Wall, no, I guess not," returned the rustic gentleman. "The folks at home put up a good bit of grub, and thar's enough left in this yer carpet-bag for a supper I reckon."

The clerk smiled and the countryman and his corpulent carpet-bag were shown to their room. Country was somewhat dazed at its magnificence, but he was hungry, and placing the satchel on the center table he drew forth a large chunk of boiled ham, numerous pieces of cold chicken, several enormous doughnuts, and half a dozen hard-boiled eggs. He was about to absorb the meagre repast into his starving system, when his eye caught sight of the "rules for guests" tacked upon the door. He got up and read them aloud. He came to the last one, and read, "meals in the room extra." He read it again, this time slowly. "Wall, I'll be danged," he ejaculated, and turning to the table, in an instant he had removed the ham, doughnuts, eggs, and all into the omniverous carpet-sack, and in another instant he was down in the office, where he accosted the clerk with, "I see, stranger, yer sign up thar in my room says meals in rooms charged extra."

"Yes," responded the clerk, who recognized the customer of a few moments ago, and could scarcely repress his risibles. "$1 extra." "Wall, I'll be concarned," yawped the verdant, "I guess the expense of a hot meal won't be much more," and, beckoning to a bell-boy, he called out "hy'ar boy, show me the way to yer dining-room," and a moment later he was in the hands of the waiters.—*Chicago Times.*

Controller Green, of New York City, has recently startled the taxpayers of that city and county, with a statement that financially, the city affairs are getting worse and worse. He shows that last year the receipts were $32 2?0,000, a very large return. But large as these figures may be, the expenditures far exceed them, being $52,390,000. The Controller shows that in the brief period of twelve months the indebtedness of the city of New York has been increased just $20,000,000. And Tweed is not in office, either.

Charles W. Lovett, who has filled the office of Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the last fifty years, has just retired into private life. His term of service has extended through the administration of Govs Eustis, Lincoln, Cavis, Everett, Morton, Briggs, Boutwell, Clifford, Washburn, Gardner, Banks, Andrew, Bullock and Claflin. Truly a notable record of a public officer.

Dispatches from Maricopa Wells (Arizona), October 15th, contain the following: "Two hundred and fifty miles of telegraph are completed. Four parties are working. Weather favorable; everything going well; will close up November 15th." The line will be completed from Prescott to here by the 22nd instant.

A reverend gentleman in the northern part of this State has suppressed the carnal vanity of dancing within his parish, by the severe measure of holding "seven prayer-meetings for each ball." The parishioners stood out bravely through fourteen protracted sessions, but finally abandoned the hopeless struggle, and now seek social recreation in adjoining villages.