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BUSINESS CARDS.

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

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE
State Courts. mar11/87

CHAS. A. HALL, B. STOTT,
BALL & STOTT,
Attorneys at Law,
111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON. jan10/7

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. 20/7

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

WILL BEAT LAFAYETTE ON THE
First Monday of each Month and
Remain during Court Week. apr6/7

DR. ALFRED KINNEY,
Surgeon.

Room No. 7, DEKUM'S BUILDING,
N. W. Corner and Work-
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 CITI-
zens 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,

J. R. MAJORS'
SHAVING EMPORIUM LAFAYETTE,
OREGON.

Shave..... 2 Cents.
Shampooing..... 25 Cents.
Hair Cutting..... 25 Cents.
Bath, 25 Cents.

A Love confidence.

Some years ago, at one of Dr. Y.'s soirees at Paris, I met a gentleman whose name was not O'Sullivan, but whom, for the sake of concealment, I shall so designate, I had never seen him before, nor were we upon that occasion introduced to each other, but this ceremony was soon rendered needless by him introducing himself.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; if I am not greatly mistaken, your name is Fidkins." (I take the same privilege of concealment, under an assumed name, as I have allowed my friend.)

"Fidkins is my name."
"I beg ten thousand pardons again, sir; but if I am not greatly mistaken, you have just lately published a novel called 'The Scheming Lover.' (My novel, like my friend and myself, travels *icog*.)

"I have, sir."
"Why, then, sir, upon my honor and conscience, that is a mighty pretty thing to be able to say."
He smiled, bowed and withdrew and I was much amused at the oddity of the proceeding.

Late in the evening, at O'Sullivan's especial request, Dr. Y. "favored" him with a formal introduction to me.

On the following morning, at an hour much earlier than is usual for paying visits of ceremony, my servant brought in Mr. O'Sullivan's card, with Mr. O'Sullivan's most earnest request that I would grant him a quarter of an hour's interview.

The rule being granted, as a lawyer would say, the gentleman entered; and after exhausting no considerable portion of his time in preparatory "hems" and "haws" he thus began:

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir. I am the most unfortunate of existing creatures, and come to beg your kind assistance. I have the misfortune, sir, to be most miserably in—"

"Debt," I expected he would have added, and accordingly made the most amiable preparations for expressing "my regret at my utter inability," etc., but he continued—

"Love."
It is astonishing with what celerity the sluices of our sympathy are opened, and how copious is the stream when it is not required to flow bank-ward.

"Sir," said I, "I should be happy to be serviceable to you in any manner in the world; but it really seems to me that in a case of this nature—"

"Pardon me, sir, but that is the very thing; you are the very person of all others to assist me." As I said, sir, I am most awfully in love; but unluckily, sir, I—I am bashful!

"And so, sir, you come to borrow a little of my superfluous impudence? I am flattered by the compliment."

"Don't misunderstand me, sir, pray don't. No, sir; the case is this: your book is full of love schemes (and, upon my honor, and conscience, very clever they are), but it so happens there is not one among them that will suit my particular case."

"Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, have the kindness to state your case, and if I can be of any service to you, I will."

"Why, then, sir, in the first place the lady is a widow; she's thirty-five, or thereabouts, which is no great disparity between us, as I am thirty-two."

"Is the lady handsome?"
"Why that's a mere matter of taste; but—why, yes, in my eyes, she, I think is handsome. But now for the difficulty, she has eight hundred a year of her own."

"A difficulty perhaps, but surely no objection, Mr. O'Sullivan?"
"Why, yes, it is. If I propose to her, people will say it is for the dirty lucre; when if you could read my heart, Mr. Fidkins, you'd see that; besides, have I not eight

hundred a year of my own, in Ireland, setting aside for the last three years the rent that went come in; so as for her money you see—but to make an end, sir, I am cruelly in love with her, and if she won't marry me I'll die."

"But it seems you have not proposed to the lady. Now it strikes me, as a preliminary step, you should do so; at least you should sound her affections, for should she be engaged in another quarter—"

"Don't talk of that, sir; the very thought of it drives me mad. But I'll follow your advice; I'll see her to-day, and should she refuse me, let no one think I'll live any longer."

On the following day he came to me again; the upshot of his interview with the lady had been a flat rejection.

Upon many subsequent occasions he repeated his address, invariably with the same result; and upon each occasion I received the honor of his confidence, together with the alarming assurance that at length his heart was broken, and that for him the sun had risen the last time.

It was in vain I remonstrated with him on the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and that I endeavored to persuade him to try, by a change of scene, to forget the cruel fair one; to quit Paris and go to Rome or Nova Scotia, or to carry out a stock of pigs, papers and poultry and colonize some new discovered land. His parting phrase still: "Tis all of no use; she won't marry me; I'm the most miserable of earth's creatures, and now I'll die."

Business suddenly called me to England. I had neither seen nor heard of, and had almost forgotten "the most miserable of earth's creatures," when one day about two years and a half afterward, as I was going along Pall Mall, I met him. He came up to me, and shaking me violently by the hands, exclaimed:

"My dear sir—my dear friend, at last I see you again. 'Tis the happiest moment I have enjoyed for many a day! You remember that unhappy attachment of mine? I was the most miserable man alive then! I'm a million times more miserable now!"

"For shame, Mr. O'Sullivan," I said, "be a man, and forget her."

"Is it forget her you say? And how the devil will I forget her; when we've been married these two years and the devil a sixpence has she got any more than myself!"

THE TRAVELER'S ALPHABET.—This is a game to set juvenile wits to work. The players sit in a circle, or round a table. The first one starts by saying to his left-hand neighbor, "I am going to America," (or any place commencing with A). The one so addressed will turn to his or her left-hand neighbor, and ask, "What will you do there?" The reply must come prompt from the third one. "Ask for apples," or anything commencing with A. In every instance the verbs and nouns must commence with the letter the traveler is journeying to; for instance: "I am going to Bath." "What will you do there?" "Bathe baby." "I am going to China." "What will you do there?" "Chop chins." "I am going to Dover." "What will you do there?" "Dive deep." "I am going to Ealing." "What will you do there?" "Eat eggs." And so on throughout the alphabet. Should a player hesitate while five can be counted, a forfeit is the result; also if any mistake is made in following with the right letter.

A New York politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a deceased member of the Legislature, says: "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends; but now we shall never meet again."

Bull Beef.

An order was sent from Gettysburg, says the Lexington (Va.) Gazette, to a post commissary about Woodstock or Mt. Jackson, in the Valley, to collect rations for four or five thousand prisoners. A bright idea struck the "A. C. S." He had been refusing to buy the bulls offered by the farmers, though below the price of beef. He immediately sent runners to bring in the bulls—"good enough for Yankees to eat." In a few days his sergeant had bought one hundred and fifty bulls, assorted sizes.

He had never thought how such a collection of cattle could be driven to Winchester, the point of delivery. Now, one big bull with a halter on, and a deep bass voice, walking with slow and solemn dignity in front of the side of his keeper, never fails to bring up the drove of steers, cows and heifers in regular order; in fact, is a necessity to every "cattle man" in the country. But one hundred and fifty bulls and no plain stock behind them was entirely "unprofessional"—a disgrace to the cattle trade.

Now the bulls had been gathered and penned in twos and threes. These scuffled a little during the night in their primary "meetings," but got used to "each other" by daylight. Early in the morning they were all driven into the turnpike at once and an effort made to "start" them. Instead of moving out not a bull budged. Every one squared himself in the road with his horns lowered and his hoofs basily defining his position. Each covered himself with a cloud of dust, and no one knew where he stood, until some member accidentally trampled on his toes which was followed by a lunge, the signal for a general fight. The hundred and fifty announced with a loud snort that they had "accepted the issue." One hundred and fifty tails flashed in the air. Three hundred horns—long and short—met in fierce collision. The dust rose in vast fogs, as from an army in motion with cannon and cavalry. The mountains on either hand belloyed back the deep and deafening roar of the combat. Fences were splintered. Trees torn up. Crops perished. The earth shook.

The sun rose as they joined in battle, and reached its zenith when the fight was fiercest. Night settled down upon a few battered bulls staggering along—the last of the living "rations." Hoofs, tails, hair, horns and hide marked the distance of that day's "drive"—just half a mile.

As the sun set and the "detailed men" returned with only the stumps of their whips left, the commissary opened his mouth in a wise saying: "There were too many bulls for a safe trip, boys."

That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a certain famous statesman, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters of introduction to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonder and surprise. "Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, and endeavored to press it upon him. "No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that, a poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady! "No," said the noble young man—and his voice trembled a little and his cheeks flushed—"I never drink wine; but"—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer—"if you've got a little good old Irish whisky, I don't mind trying a glass."

At the Limerick Sessions recently, the jury, after a quarter of an hour's absence, returned into court, "We find him not guilty."

Chairman.—Are you unanimous in your verdict?
Foreman.—We are, your Worship; we are nine to three. [Great laughter.]

Chairman.—This is not a proper verdict.
Foreman.—We first decided, your Worship, that the minority should be ruled by the majority before going into the merits of the case. We then became all unanimous in the end. [Laughter.]

Chairman.—But how could you be unanimous when you say you are nine to three?
Foreman.—Your Worship, I took down those who were for finding him guilty, and those who were for acquitting him, and the minority agreed to the verdict of the majority.

Chairman.—O, go inside; each of the three men who were in the minority are they of the opinion that this man is guilty? Go inside and let them agree about it. I don't want to hear any more of your deliberations; go inside and let them find that this man did not strike the prosecutor.

The jury then retired, and after a few minutes, re-entered and handed in a verdict of not guilty.
Chairman (to the jury).—Gentlemen, you have agreed to your verdict. You say that the prisoner is not guilty?

Foreman.—We do.
Chairman.—Is that the verdict of the whole of you?

Several jurors.—Yes, your Worship.
Chairman.—Discharge the prisoner now. (To the prisoner.) I hope if you ever come here again you will not get off so easy.

Prisoner.—It is my first offense, and it will be my last. [Loud laughter, in which the whole court joined.]

Chairman.—But the jury say you have done nothing at all. [Laughter.]

A STATE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—Pursuant to the call of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Syl. C. Simpson, a meeting was held at the office of the County Superintendent, Rev. P. S. Knight, in the Court House, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for holding a State Teachers' Institute. Mr. Knight being called to the chair, the following business was transacted:

On motion of Mr. Simpson, a State Teacher's Institute was appointed to be held in the city of Salem, to commence on the Monday next following Christmas, and to continue for a term of five days.

On motion of Professor L. J. Powell, the chairman was authorized to appoint an Executive Committee, to consist of five members. The following named persons were appointed to serve on said Committee: Professor L. J. Powell, Mrs. Wright, Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Thompson.

On motion of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Knight was elected Chairman of said committee.

On motion of Mr. Simpson, said committee was authorized to appoint sub-committees.

On motion of Mr. Simpson, said committee was required to report at an adjourned meeting.

On motion of Mr. Simpson, said committee are to meet at Superintendent Knight's office Monday evening next.

On motion of Mr. Simpson, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

Rev. P. S. KNIGHT, Chairman.
MR. THOMPSON, Secretary.

CLIPPINGS.

Debt is never dignified.
Epitaph for an aeronaut—"Gone up."

The early advertiser catches the worm.
A handsome store is a good advertisement.

Twins, like misfortunes, never come singly.
A paper "mill"—a fight between rival journals.

Cold snaps play much hob with the printers' rollers.
A flourishing business—ornamental penmanship.

Capital punishment—being kissed to death by a pretty girl.
The best printing this side of the ocean is done at Cambridge.

It is significant that "to advertise" rhymes with "to realize."
The Wilmington, N. C., Star prints a column entitled "Star-dust."

Truths lie scattered broadcast through the ages, waiting eyes to see them.
T. Nast is registered on the alphabetical list of arrivals at Boston as "Nast, T."

This is the time for sentimental girls to gather autumn leaves and hornets' nests.
When you hear a man say the world owes him a living, don't leave any hams laying around loose.

Writing about the "Sports of the Maumee," a chap tells about how he saw a female horse-thief hung.
They say the largest English settlement made in this country is in Kansas. We thought it was the Alabama.

There is said to be a man in New York so thin that he can keep cool at any time by standing in the shade of a lamp post.

In Wisconsin a man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary because the blasted book didn't have an index.

Nine-tenths of the ministers of the country are not as well paid as the base-ball professionals. But religion is not the "national game."

A contemporary says that "Stray leaves from soon-coming orange blossoms flutter around in prophecy of weddings to be." Let 'em flutter.

A Hartford lady got ready to hang herself twice the other day, when callers interrupted. Some people are always coming when not wanted.

Fuss works hard all day, and don't do any thing, goes to bed tired at night, then gets up next morning, and begins again where she left off.—Billings.

Marshall O'Donnell, when on his dying bed being asked by the priest if he forgave his enemies, faintly replied: "I haven't any; shot them all."

St. Paul Policemen recognize Minneapolis people by their having a less number of fingers than other people, owing to the prevalence of circular saws.

A Nebraska man, on his dying bed, remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said, "Now, Marietta, don't go to snuffing around and forget them hams."

A fellow after huckleberries the other day sat down on a yellow jacket's nest. He says the way those busy little bees improved the shining hours was a sight worth seeing.

A young man in Evansville coughed up a twenty-five cent guaranty note the other day, and he has gone right back to the boarding-house whose hash he formally complained of.

The story that a Leavenworth father had offered \$10,000 to any one who would marry his cross-eyed daughter brought about eight hundred strangers into that town in one week.

"I am, indeed, very much afraid of lightning," murmured a pretty young girl during a storm. "And well you may be," sighed the despairing lover, "for your heart is made of steel."

When a young farmer's wife made her first boys pants precisely as ample before as behind, the farmer exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

Did you ever hear the noise of a quartz-crushing machine when in full operation? Well, that is nothing compared to the clatter that would fill the world if good resolutions were made of glass or crockery ware.

At a juvenile party one little fellow, rejoicing in the splendor of his new clothes, went up to another with the triumphant remark: "You ain't dressed as well as I am." "Well," retorted the other, "I can lick you, anyhow."