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WOULD ANNOUNCE TO THE CITI-
zens of this place and vicinity that
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Love and Music.

She was a music teacher. He played the piano fairly well. They lived next door. It was one of those wooden cities so common in this country, where each house stands alone in its little garden. It was summer time, and evening. All the windows were open, and from every side came scraps and bits of music from sundry pianos, voices and instruments. A flute wailed over the way where the "engaged man" lived. A voice and a piano duetted where the young married folks lived, and the young thing who was "paying attentions" to the First Baptist soprano, was trying the bass of certain touching Psalms. In the midst of it all she, the music teacher, began a slumber song. Then the others paused to listen. When she stopped there was a little pause, and then he played *Kinder lied*. Silence all around. Then she indulged in a waltz. She felt better. He galoped, musically speaking. She did not seem to be in that mood, and she replied in "a song without words." It was touching. Then he played a bit of the Moonlight Sonata. She took, and replied with "Five o'clock in the morning." The flute fellow, the young couple, and all the rest of the neighbors sat up in their beds or in their chairs, held their breaths and listened. It was becoming interesting. Every note could be heard. The moonlight fell through the trees, and it was very calm and still. The firefly roamed through the garden, and the doorbells boomed faintly. Then he played "Come, rest in this bosom," and some of them stuffed the sheets into their mouths to keep from laughing. Then there was a pause, as though she didn't know what to give next. Then she played "O fair dove, O fond love," or music to that effect. There was a suspicion of laughter in the air, but the two heard it not. When she finished, he too paused a moment, and then in a sweet, tender manner played, "I would that my love," It was too much. Some one laughed. Then somebody else laughed. Some more laughed. A baby woke up and cried horribly, and somebody "shooed" it. The laughter filled the light with din. A certain window came down with a slam, and a piano was heard to shut with a bang. For all that, they were married within a month.—*Vez Humana.*

A COLLECTOR.—It is not wise to be too minute always in inquiries, or too particular in explanations. A little vagueness is of service.

"And so you are married, Bridget?" said a lady to her former servant. "And, pray, what is your husband's business?"

"Business is it, ma'am?"

"Yes. What does he do for a living?"

"Sure, he's a collector."

"A collector! Why, Biddy," said madam, whose ideas of a collector were of a handsome Judge of her acquaintance, who "run" the custom house, "married a collector! You don't say so."

"Sure I do, ma'am, say that same."

"A collector! Where does he collect, Biddy?"

"All over the city, ma'am," said Bridget.

"All over the city!" replied she, beginning to wonder what Bridget was driving at; "and how much does he collect?"

"Fifty or sixty pounds, and some days a hundred."

"You mean fifty or sixty dollars not pounds, Bridget," said madam with great emphasis.

"No, ma'am, I don't mane dollars, I mane grease!"

To Young Men who Dance.

As the season of balls and dances is near at hand the following from the London *Society* may please or instruct some of the beaux:

Be very careful not to pull down your shirt-sleeves, or up your collar, or, in fact to do anything to your costume, as you enter the ball room. It implies nervousness or uneasiness with yourself to do so; and your own great endeavor in all societies should be to appear thoroughly at your ease, and satisfied, without vanity or coxcombry, with your dress and appearance. Do not stand idle, but do not dance overmuch.

The one implies a small number of friends, the other wastes valuable time and prevents your keeping that constant look-out around you which is essential to success. Be introduced to knowable people quietly; there is no necessity to advertise to bystanders that you did not know them before. Never talk much to a woman you have only just made the acquaintance of nor eagerly. She may be allowed to suppose you wished to know her, but not that her acquaintance is any particular acquisition to you.

Above all things, my dear boy, I entreat you not to stand in doorways, nor herd with other men upon the landing. It is simply advertising yourself a failure. Tie yourself to the varietal wall-flower, gossip with the dowdiest mother, dance with the most disappointed of the maidenhood, rather than sink to this. Sitting in the corners comprises a very large subject, or rather array of subjects.

To know how to sit in corners well and prudently requires a vast experience and a steady head; so until you have much extended your acquaintance and knowledge of humanity, I would recommend to you to avoid the most agreeable of ball going. It is not for a novice at once to penetrate to the inner depths of fashion's mysteries, and I shall therefore put off my advice on this subject until I come, in a future letter, to the great subject of flirting, which, of course, comprises the art of sitting in corners.

MARK TWAIN'S TURKISH LUNCH.—I never want another one. The cooking apparatus was in the lunch room near the bazaar, and it was all open to the street. The cook was dirty, and so was the table, and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mess of sausage-meat and coated it around a wire, and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done he laid it aside, and a dog walked sadly in and nipped it. He smelt it first, and probably recognized the remains of a friend. The cook took it away from him and laid it before us. Brown said, "I pass." He plays euchre sometimes, and we all passed in turn. Then the cook baked a broad, flat wheaten cake, greased it well with the sausage, and started to bring it to us; it dropped in the dirt, and he picked it up and polished it on the seat of his breeches, and laid it before us. Brown said, "I pass." We all passed, and called a new deal.

He put some eggs into a frying-pan, and stood pensively prying slabs of meat from between his teeth with a fork. Then he used the fork to turn the eggs with, and brought them along. Brown said: "I pass." All followed suit. We did not know what to do, so we ordered a new ration of sausage. The cook got out his wire, apportioned a proper amount of sausage meat, spit on his hands, and fell to work. This time, with one accord, we all passed out. We paid and left. That is all I learned about Turkish lunches. A Turkish lunch is good, no doubt, but it has its weak points.

A New Bedford man has been fined \$10 for watching some men play ball on Sunday.

Great Men.

We always think of great men as in the act of performing the deeds which give them renown, or else in stately repose, grand, gloomy and majestic. And yet this is hardly fair, because even the most gorgeous and magnificent of human beings have to bother themselves with the little things of life which engage the attention of us smaller people. No doubt Moses snuffed and got angry when he had a severe cold in his head, and if a fly bit his leg while he was sitting in the desert, why should we suppose he did not jump and use violent language and rub the sore place? And Caesar—isn't it tolerably certain that he used to get the slippers from the dark and found that Calphurnia had shoved them back under the bed so that he had to sweep around wildly for them with the broom-handle? And when Solomon cracked his crazy bone, it is unreasonable to suppose that he hopped around the room and looked mad and felt as if he wanted to cry? Imagine George Washington sitting on the edge of the bed putting on a clean shirt, and growling at Martha because the buttons were off; or St. Augustine with an apron around his neck having his hair cut; or Joan of Arc holding her front hair in her mouth, as women do, while she fixed up her back hair; or Napoleon jumping out of bed in a frenzy to chase a mosquito around the room with a pillow; or Martin Luther in his night shirt trying to put the baby to sleep at two o'clock in the morning; or Alexander the Great with the hic-cups; or Thomas Jefferson getting suddenly over a fence to avoid a dog; or the Duke of Wellington lying in bed with the mumps; or Daniel Webster abusing his wife because she hadn't tucked the covers in at the foot of the bed; or Benjamin Franklin paring his corn with a razor; or Jonathan Edwards at the dinner table wanting to sneeze just as he gets his mouth full of hot beef; or Noah standing at his window at night throwing bricks at a cat.—*Max Adler.*

Autumn-transplanted trees have the advantage over those planted in the spring, in the better setting of the earth about the roots, so that they are ready for an early start. But there are two things to look to, or they will be likely to be worse off than spring-set trees. The wind often whips them about, and makes a hole around the stem, greatly to their injury. In such cases dig the earth away from them with a spade, down to the roots, and replace good mellow earth—not hard lumps—about them, pressing it well about the tree with the foot. The other difficulties is the hardening of the surface of earth into crust. This must be dug up and made mellow, if you would have the trees do well through the summer. Trees set out in spring often have the advantage of fall-transplanted trees because the earth is left mellow after setting, instead of hardening into a stiff crust by winter and spring rains. But if the care is taken here pointed out, the fall-set trees will do the best.

An Evansville spoony was the victim of a heartless joke recently. His companions counterfeited a letter from a young heiress, which said that his manly bearing had captivated her heart, and hoped he reciprocated. He threw away his tools, invested his money in new clothes, and presented himself to the lady, who indignantly told him that she didn't want a husband who looked like a crooked-necked squash, and if he didn't leave she'd remove his hair. He retired.

A woman named Kate Parker is astonishing Knoxville, Tenn., with her skill in using the pistol. She drives a nail at ten paces, and the young gallants don't write her any love letters.

The Virginias.

The New York *Times* of recent date contains the following on the capture of the steamer *Virginias*:

The capture by a foreign power on the high seas of a merchant vessel bearing our flag, and forcibly carrying off that vessel to the port of the captor, is a question, whether explained or not, calculated to deeply offend our National honor. The arrest on the ocean from under our flag of persons, whether our fellow citizens or not, the trial of them and the summary punishment for alleged offenses against the seizing power, are acts calculated to stir the emotions of the people of this country. At first sight the actions manifest best and indifference to the rights of the United States, as the vessel, it appears, carried the flag of this nation. The proper officers of the United States declared within a short time previous to her capture that she was entitled to carry it. Every one will admit that the *Virginias* rightfully bore our flag at the time of her capture. By the colors of this Nation she was a portion of our territory, and then as sacred from detention as is the State of New York from invasion.

CHALK-MARK PARTITIONS.—A lady traveling in the "Far West" writes home as follows:

The hotels of these sections are built of logs, and are generally 15 feet in size. They have but one room which answers for hall, dining room, dressing-room and kitchen. It having been the first time I ever had the extreme felicity of registering my name on one of these metropolitan accommodations, I was much surprised by the arrangements. I observed a few men changing their clothes—or more properly performing their toilet—and I addressed the landlord with:

"Is this the only apartment this house has?"

"Yes, ma'am; isn't dat enough?"

"But haven't you got any other for ladies?"

"No."

"What a horrible arrangement! But, how do the ladies do?"

"They draw a chalk mark around their bed, and while dey take off clothes an' tings, no gen'leman is 'lowed to look ober de white mark!"

At Barnum's show, one day a young husband the happy father of a chubby, rosy-cheeked baby, was wandering about the concern and, after a while neared the headquarters of the "Wild Fiji Cannibals." Holding the aforesaid offspring in his arms he stopped to view these feeders on human flesh. Mr. Fiji accosted the papa thusly: "Fatter baby, White man; good eat; tender. Fiji man like him. How muchee price? Fiji man pay Mellicke man dollars." The horrified father drew back aghast but hastily, responded in this wise: "What will you give, noble savage?" "Fiji man give ten dollars." "Too cheap; worth more; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a nice old mother-in-law at home I'll sell you for five dollars. She's rater tough eating but good for a square meal."

An old man at Ivry, France, recently died of joy. He had been poor all his life, when he was suddenly informed that he had fallen heir to a large fortune. The old man was greatly agitated by the news, and was hastening to the Mayor's office to sign some necessary papers, when he fell dead in the street.

A cannon wouldn't be good for anything if it didn't go off, but they are calling John Cannon of Sioux City, Iowa, a good-for-nothing because he went off an hour before the marriage ceremony and can't be found since.

A Connecticut girl has gone insane from being kissed in the dark.

CLIPPINGS.

Seasonable habits—Beaver overcoats.

How to boil a tongue—Drink scalding coffee.

A goat is a good milker, but succeeds better as a butter.

Who is the first boy mentioned in the Bible? "Chap. 1."

Every cord of wood given to the poor is recorded above.

A Kangaroo is a curious chap; when it's wide awake it's leaping.

Last words of Jack—"I'll be hanged if I go up on that platform."

"You don't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.

Goethe says Christ is himself the one unanswerable proof of Christianity.

"Dod ding it all tew dingston!" is a mild expletive of enraged Yankees.

Why is a spanked boy like a locomotive? Because he has a tender behind.

When are skipping lambs like literary volumes? When they are boudin sheep.

To keep warm on a cold day, the women bumble the Cape and the men double the Horn.

Baltimore is building the most magnificent Catholic Cathedral in the United States.

The average yield of wheat in Eastern Oregon this year was 40 bushels per acre.

Becher wants to sell his Poolkall farm. All he gets from it is an annual crop of hay fever.

A justice of the peace at Kansas City puts it "Now let the gaul darned jade wince."

Many a man, who thought he had made a bargain buying silks, found that he had got worsted.

A Georgia firm will manufacture paper from banana skins, if they don't slip up before they get at it.

Booting extravagant suns on cock-fights is the vice which has brought Santa Anna to abject poverty.

A Fort Plain merchant advertises his goods at oxymun. That man has always steered clear of newspapers.

Basiliconthamaturgist is the title by which a conjuror of Harrisburg, Penn., chooses to advertise himself.

When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

China has abolished the kowtow. We don't know what it is, but we are glad that it is abolished, for we never liked it.

The editor of a Nevada newspaper gives notice that he cannot be bribed with a five-cent cigar to write a five-dollar puff.

A Brooklyn Judge gave a man ten days in jail for replying "None of yer business" to the question whether he was drunk the night before.

The creditors of an absconding banker found, on opening his safe, that the only thing he had laid up for a rainy day was an umbrella.

'Twas night. A warm couple stood in the pale, cold moonbeams. Their lips touched, and there was a sound like a cow hauling her hoof out of the mud.

A Scranton paper, in giving an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is expected to recover, as the pistol ball lodged in his diaphragm.

In passing through a dark tunnel on the Pennsylvania railroad, a woman's voice was heard exclaiming: "Don't you fool around! I carry a pistol in my panier!"

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on soap."

A Texas barber who ornamented his front door with a white door knob, is said to have had no peace until the last vestige of it had been shot away by his sprightly neighbors, who made use of it as a target.

The city carrier of a Missouri paper, on publication day, seats himself in the nearest saloon, and in the course of a few minutes delivers each subscriber his paper in person, thus saving time and shoe leather.

A Witty Compliment.—So witty a compliment is rarely made as that of Sidney Smith's to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe; "Ah there you are!—the cuff that every one would be glad to wear, and the tie that no one would loose."