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McCain & Sullivan,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE
State Courts.

CHAS. HALL, R. STOTT,
BALL & STOTT,

Attorneys at Law,
111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

W. J. 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,
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Dallas, Oregon.

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

DR. ALFRED KINNEY,
Surgeon.

Room No. 7, DEKUN'S BUILDING,
N. W. Corner and W. 2nd
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Office hours—9 to 11 a. m. till after 5 p. m.
in office at Night.

LAFAYETTE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FERGUSON & BIRD, corner of Jefferson
and Main; dealers in produce and general
merchandise.

KELTY & SIMPSON, north side Main
street; dealers in drugs, confection-
eries and family supplies.

JAS. McCAIN, attorney; office on south
side Main street.

BARBER SHOP, J. R. Majors, prop-
rietor; east side Jefferson street just
above the shop.

W. M. RAMSEY, County Judge and
attorney at law, office in the
Court House.

JOHN BIRD, west side Jefferson street,
dealer in stoves and tinware.

E. C. BRADSHAW, attorney at law.

DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CHRIS. TAYLOR, dealer in general mer-
chandise, Odd fellows' building. The
cheap cash store.

W. S. POWELL, Saw Mill, Dressed
in lumber of all kinds, doors and win-
dow frames.

HOWARD & STEWART, blacksmiths,
Wagons, hacks and buggies ironed.
Gunsmithing and general job work done.

LEADBETTER & RILEY: pictures of all
descriptions always on hand and frames
of all descriptions made to order.

HARKER & CO., Ferry street; dry
goods, groceries and general merchan-
dise. Dayton Flouring Mills.

J. BEST, livery stable Ferry street; bug-
gies and horses to let at all times, at
reasonable rates.

SHINGLES—GOOD QUALITY ON—
hand and to arrive at Ross' store
West Chehalis.

A Reformed Coquet.

BY F. MALCOLM.

"I have your name upon my tab-
let for this dance, Miss Haywood,"
said Philip Remington, bowing low
before the loveliest little blonde
that ever fluttered into a ball-
room.

"Ah, yes!" she said, lifting a pair
of brilliant sapphire eyes to his
eager face—"ah, yes! but I am so
very, very tired. You will excuse
me, Mr. Remington. Aside from
my weariness, I don't care to
dance."

He bowed again, and turned
silently away. He was chagrined
and mortified, but this was not ap-
parent in his fair, calm face. He
was too proud to allow his vexa-
tion to become known to the young
girl, who knew so well her power
to make him happy or miserable.
She was a thorough coquet, and
so, not being in the least tired (the
assertion was one of her graceful
little fibs), she turned to the com-
panion with whom Remington had
found her, and resumed her inter-
rupted conversation.

"What a pity we are going to
lose Phil Remington!" observed
the gentleman, after a time.

"Lose him!"
The words were spoken in a
slightly anxious voice.

"Yes; you know he starts west-
ward in a few days."

"I knew nothing of it."
Her face was pale now—pale
as the pearls clasping her throat,
and she trembled visibly.

"Phil has many friends," ob-
served the other; "none warmer
than myself. I regret his depart-
ure exceedingly."

"And I, too," said Ada Hay-
wood, recovering her self posses-
sion, and affecting a careless re-
gard; then she added: "Will you
promenade, Mr. Carlton?"

Around the heated ball-room
they sauntered slowly. There was
a hush in the music, and many
like themselves, were promenading.
Remington passed them, a brilliant
beauty leaning upon his arm.

He did not look toward Ada,
although conscious of her near
proximity.

"What a beautiful little crea-
ture Ada Haywood is!" remarked
the lady beside him.

"Very beautiful!" he said,
"He was thinking how for a year
that beauty had been his constant
thought by day and night."

The girl had never given his
love the slightest encouragement;
indeed she made it a point to
slight him whenever occasion pre-
sented itself; yet, in her heart, the
perverse little mortal loved the
man devotedly.

"She meant to be kind to him
some time," so she would say to
herself; but then, as she meant to
coquet with others awhile, Philip
could wait.

You will acknowledge with me
that she was volatile and heart-
less; but her faults seemed only to
endear her the more to her lover.

That night, after the ball was
over, he sought her as she was
coming from the dressing-room.

His anger had passed away, and
there was a look of passionate en-
treaty upon his face, which touched
the girl more than any words could
have done.

Her coquetish impulses were
stilled for an instant.

"Well, Philip?" she said, inter-
rogatingly.

He drew her aside from the
stream of ladies pouring out of the
dressing-room, and in a quick, im-
petuous whisper he said:

"You have long known of my
love—give me some hope."

The girl's eyes sparkled mis-
chievously.

"Hope, hope!" she said; "indeed
I cannot give you one iota."

"You can—you will!" he said,
for he saw that, despite her railery
the blushes flamed upon her cheek
and her lips quivered. "I am go-
ing away, and may be absent for
a long while," he continued. "I
will not see twice for any woman's
love. Speak, now or never."

"Never be it then," she said
with a tantalizing little laugh.

"Do not jest, Ada," he exclaim-
ed. "Give me an earnest and sol-
emn answer."

"Earnest! I will not be solemn
—I could not be."

"It is your last chance."
"With you, perhaps, Mr. Rem-
ington. I may have other admir-
ers than yourself, who will allow
me a chance, as you so elegantly
express it!"

He looked at her silently, but
without anger; he saw that her
mischievous nature was now at its
worst.

"Some time you may repent of
this," he said after a moment. "If
that time ever comes, write to me.
Here is my future address."

"So, I have another 'chance'
with the august Mr. Remington?"

He bit his lip; it was hard to
endure those laughing taunts.

"Your carriage is waiting," he
said: "shall I escort you to it?"

She was engaged in tearing the
card, which he had given her, into
minute pieces. She waited until
she had scattered them upon the
floor, and then took his proffered
arm.

Secretly, she was disappointed
at the careless manner in which he
bade her good night as he handed
her into the carriage; but then
she argued:

"I shall see him again before he
leaves for the West, and I will
tell him the truth, that I do ear-
nestly love him, and that fickle as
I have been to others, to him at least
I will be constant and true."

But she was doomed to be mis-
taken. Philip, with simply a
formal note of farewell, well know-
ing that if the girl really loved
him, she would do as he said.

Contemptuously as she had torn
up the card he had given her, one
bright, quick glance had sufficed
her well, and the address thereon
was implanted upon her memory.

Philip's non-coming filled her
with passionate anger, mingled
with the keenest grief her gay life
had ever known.

"I will never forgive him!" she
cried, bitterly. "I will live to be
the most crabbed and detestable of
old maids before I will humble
myself to Philip Remington! write
him indeed! I despise him!"

Fine words for my little lady;
and she imagined at the moment
that she really meant them.

But ere the month had passed
away, the roses paled upon her
pretty cheeks, and her bright eyes
took a trick of drooping, which
gave a most sorrowful expression
to the little face.

Another month, and Miss Ada

ceased to frequent balls and par-
ties, and become quite dejected
and melancholy.

A third month, and life became
unendurable; the little coquet was
now fully punished for her past
folly. She was the most unhappy
of mortals.

Pride now gave way entirely,
and at last, one day, a sorrowful
face might have been seen bending
over a sheet of paper and trem-
blingly inditing these words:

"DEAR PHILIP:—I love you! Forgive the
past, and return to your penitent—ADA."

Two weeks afterward, and he
was once more by her side; and
those three sorrowful months must
have taught her a good lesson, for
her demeanor toward him was
most loving and gentle; and in af-
tertime, when she became his wife
she seemed another being than the
little ball-room coquet.—Saturday
Night.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.—
The following is the experience of
a mechanic concerning the benefit
of a newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in a town
in Indiana. On returning home
one night, for I'm a carpenter by
trade, I saw a little girl leave my
door, and I asked my wife who she
was. She said Mrs. Harris had
sent after her newspaper, which
my wife had borrowed. As we
set down to tea my wife said to
me, by name:

"I wish you would subscribe for
the newspaper; it is so much com-
fort to me when you are away from
home."

"I would like to do so," said I,
"but you know I owe a payment
on the house and lot. It will be
all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take
this paper I will sew for the tailor
to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper; it
came in due time to the shop.
While resting one noon and look-
ing over it, I saw an advertisement of
the County Commissioners to let
a bridge that was to be built. I
put in a bid for the bridge, and
the job was awarded to me, on
which I cleared \$300, which en-
abled me to pay for my house and
lot easily, and for the newspaper.

If I had not subscribed for the
newspaper I should not have
known anything about the con-
tract, and could not have met my
payment on my house and lot. A
mechanic never loses anything by
taking a newspaper.

A TURBULENT TURNKEY.—One
of the jailors at the toms is said
to have expressed great indigna-
tion at the Stokes verdict. "Why,
before now," exclaimed the wrathy
official, "I have seen a man taken
from this place and sentenced to
five years' imprisonment for steal-
ing money to keep his family from
starving! Yet here is a delibera-
te assassin, he would have added,
who is condemned to only four
years' imprisonment at Sing Sing,
with an easy time before him, no
doubt, and of an executive pardon.
Ah, but, Mr. Simple-minded-Turn-
key, don't you know that the as-
sassin is well connected and that
his friends are rich, while the man
who 'steals money to keep his
family from starving' must neces-
sarily be a poor devil? No band-
age closes the eyes of Justice, so
effectually as a band of gold.—N.
Y. Herald.

Taking in a Deacon's Dinner.

When you are carrying several
articles and one of them slips, it is
best not to try to recover it. An
Essex street man, named Roberts,
was helping his wife to prepare the
dinner table on Sunday, as one of
the Deacons was to take dinner
with them. Roberts took a plate
of steak in one hand, and the coffee
pot in the other, and had a dish of
peas on one arm, with the steak-
knife in the dining room
door partly to as he approached it,
and putting out his foot to push it
back, the arm with the peas moved
out of plum and that dish commenc-
ed to slide. A cold streak flew up
Roberts' spine and his hair began
to rise, and he felt a sudden sick-
ness at the stomach but he dodged
ahead to save the peas, partly
caught them, made a wrong move,
lost them again, jabbed at them
again with the coffee pot, and up-
set the steak dish and in springing
back to avoid the gravy, stepped
on the cats tail that belonged to
the family down stairs, and come
to the floor in a heap, with the
steak and peas and a terrible mad
cat under him, and an overflowing
pot of scalding coffee on top of him.
Then he bounded up, and stamped
on the steak dish, and threw it out
of the window, and finished that
performance in time to hurl the
coffee pot and the remaining
contents after the cat, which was
making the very best time down
the front stair way. The Deacon
didn't stay to dinner. Roberts
retired to the bedroom with a bottle
of sweet oil and a roll of cotton
batting, and Mrs. Roberts went
over to her mother's to cry.—Dan-
bury News.

WORTH KNOWING.—One pound
of green copperas, costing seven
cents, dissolved in one quart of
water, and poured down a water-
closet, will effectually concentrate
and destroy the foulest stenches.
On board ships and steamboats,
about hotels and other public
places, there is nothing so nice to
purify the air. Simple green cop-
peras, dissolved in anything under
the bed, will render a hospital, or
other places for the sick free from
unpleasant smells. In fish-markets,
slaughter-houses, sinks, and where-
ever there are offensive gases, dis-
solve copperas and sprinkle it
about, and in a few days it will
pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse
dies about the house, and sends
forth an offensive gas, place some
dissolved copperas in an open ves-
sel near the place where the nu-
isance is, and it will purify the at-
mosphere.

HOW TO IRON LINEN.—A *Hearth
and Home* correspondent says lin-
en that is placed immediately af-
ter being ironed near the stove or
in the hot sun, is stiffer when dry
than if it is permitted to dry slow.
It is a good plan to lay collars and
small articles on a waiter, and set
them on a kettle or other support
on the stove, till they are quite
dry. Sometimes the iron will stick
in a manner quite unaccountable;
if it is rubbed on a board on which
fine salt has been sprinkled, and
then passed over a brown paper
with wax in its folds, the sticking
propensities will be checked. A
bowl of clear water and clean old
linen cloth, are useful to remove
any specks the linen may acquire
before or while being ironed.

CLIPPINGS.

To live long it is necessary to live
slowly.

A paper mill—a fight between ri-
val journals.

What is justice?—To give every
man his own.

Twins, even from the birth, are
misery and man.

Humble wedlock is far better than
proud virginity.

I pray thee, O God, that I may be
beautiful within.

A Boston dry goods dealer advertises
"financial crash towels."

It is said that every editor on the
Boston Post wears spectacles.

Some people have their thinking,
like their washing, done out.

Before slates were used people mul-
tiple on the face of the earth.

In the meanest hut is a romance if
you only know the hearts there.

A bookseller advertises "oaf poets,
two dollars and fifty cents each."

When is a lawyer most like a mule?
When he draws up a conveyance.

"Good blood will show itself," as
the old lady with the red nose said.

The Reading Eagle is the only pa-
per in the interior that stereotypes.

Athens, Ga., has a paper named
Cat, with the motto "I can scratch."

The best remedy for mercantile
troubles—A liberal use of printer's
ink.

A man's reception depends upon his
coat; his dismissal upon the wit he
shows.

In this world, it is not what we
take up, but what we give up, that
makes us rich.

Education begins the gentleman,
but reading, good company and re-
finement must finish him.

The Baptist in the north of Ireland
is called a dipper, and in the High-
lands of Scotland a ducker.

"Print and prosper," says the wise
man at the "Times Printing House,"
Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

I've never any pity for conceited
ed people, because I think they carry
their comfort around with them.

He is a happy man that hath a
friend at his need; but he is more hap-
py that hath no need of a friend.

The Vermont, Ill., *Chronicle* announ-
ces that it will "exchange a few ten-
der-ribes for spare-ribs or sausage."

Out in Montana when they start a
man down hill in a barrel, they speak
of his "appearance in a new role."

"What is your name, little girl?"
"Minnie." "Minnie what?" "Min-
nie Don't; that's what mamma calls
me."

"Broom handles—two car loads
(\$2,000) just received, and for sale at
depot." Another warning to hus-
bands.

An Exchange wants to know what
made Lot's wife go back on the old
man? Was she discontented with her
Lot?

It is once more announced that ex-
Congressman Voorhes, the "tall syc-
amore of the Wash," will retire
from politics.

A California paper says: "Born—A
son, a regular fifteen pounder, to the
wife of Elder Manheim, the eloquent
expounder."

"How greedy you are!" said one lit-
tle girl to another, who had taken the
best apple in the dish; "I was going
to take that."

If it wasn't for the ten-cent stamp
occasionally found in a chew of toba-
cco a considerable portion of our citi-
zens would starve.

Since the postal cards were intro-
duced the postmistresses are not get-
ting an average of more than three
hours sleep a day.

A Rhode Island jury were five days
debating on a hog case involving \$7,
and then recommending both men to
the mercy of the court.

A Danbury boy wants to know if
it is right for his folks to pay \$500 for
a piano for his sister, and make him
pick berries for circus-money.

A Missouri clergyman's fees for
marrying fourteen couples amounted
to fifty pounds of dried apples and a
due bill for eighteen bushels of buck-
wheat.

Thackery has well compared Eng-
lish society to a ladder, which every
one tries to mount first, each holding
on by the heels of the one who pre-
ceeds him.