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and Main; dealers in produce and general
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eries and family supplies.
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attorney at law; office in the
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dealer in stoves and tinware.
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ST. JOSEPH BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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and good accommodations.

DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CHRIS. TAYLOR, dealer in general mer-
chandise, Old Fellows' building. The
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W. S. POWELL, Saw Mill. Dressed
lumber of all kinds, doors and win-
dow frames.
HOWARD & STEWART, blacksmiths,
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LEDBETTER & 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.
SNELL & CO., Ferry street; dealers in
general merchandise. The NEW cheap
cash store.
PAINTING. House, carriage and wagon
painting and sign writing done to or-
der by J. W. Carey.

An Arabian Fable.

An Arabian fable narrates that an evil genius became enamored of the beautiful daughter of a bashaw of Bagdad. Finding her affections engaged, and that she would not listen to another wooer, the genius resolved to revenge himself upon the maiden by mastering the soul of her lover. Having done so, he told her he would remove the malignant possession only on condition that she would give him her heart. She promised. The lover was restored, and the spirit demanded the fulfillment of her word. She answered, "I would yield you my heart, if I had it, but I have it not. One cannot give what one does not have. It is in another's keeping; it belongs to the man I adore. Ask him for it. If he will surrender it, my compact shall be preserved. If he refuse redress, for you cannot twice possess the same soul, and your allegiance to Amaimon compels you to abide by any covenant you may make with mortals."

The genius saw that he was foiled, and, roaring with impotent rage, disappeared.

The daughter of the bashaw was a very woman. She was a tactician. Woman, by her tact, has always been able to control her brother, and exorcise the spirit of evil. The eastern tale is as true to-day as when it was written. Give woman half a chance with the devil, say the Spaniards, and the devil will be outwitted. The argument of Eden does not disprove the aphorism. It was Eve's curiosity, not Satan's cunning, which undid her. Her most dangerous foe was within. Relieved of that, she would have cajoled the Prince of Darkness out of his gloom, and turned his mockery and sarcasm to the tune of tenderness.—Galaxy.

A very prudent man in Danbury provides himself with an extra hat for the month of November. He carries it in his coat tail pocket, and when the wind lifts the one from his head he straightway jams on the other, and then puts after the first, and thus not only saves much chaffing from the unregenerate, but actually gets credit as a philanthropist, the general impression being that he is in pursuit of somebody else's hat.

An absent-minded man entered a Troy shoe store the other day and wanted his boy measured for a pair of shoes. "But where's the boy?" asked the dealer. "Thunder!" said the man, "I've left the boy at home. I'll go and get him;" and off he started for his house, six blocks away.

"It is a large church, but they can hear distinctly in the back pews," said a friend, speaking of a sanctuary "So is my church very large," replied Dr. S.; "but the trouble is I don't talk to the back pews, as there is never any body in them."

Irascible old party.—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station." Conductor, "I did try sir, but all I could get out of you was 'all right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

How to Fasten Stockings.

A Missouri paper gives the following on a much vexed question. How shall a woman fasten her stockings so as not to interfere with the circulation of blood or spoil the shape of the leg—let us see—of the *Honi soit qui mat y pense?* After the most careful research, as far as our limited facilities would allow, we arise from explorations, and humbly tender the following suggestions:

Wear them short and let the tops bubble over the shoe in the form of face, a la beer-mug.

If you will have them long, put mucilage inside and stick 'em to you.

Have them long enough to tie about the waist, using the knot for a panier.

Edge the tops with steel and fasten a load-stone to your corset.

Fasten a strap to each stocking, extend them gracefully up each side of the body, and attach, with blue ribbons, to the earrings.

Pin them to some other article of clothing in their immediate vicinity.

[Hold still, now; we are doing this for your own good.]

Fasten them to a nail and go barefooted.

Attach a small balloon to each stocking.

If you are thirty-five and unmarried, make a hole near the top of each stocking and button it to your knee-cap.

These are all the methods that suggest themselves to us at present and of the number some or more may be deemed worthy of adoption. We have taken a sudden and lively interest in this matter, and shall not rest until the needed reform is brought about. Woman's limbs shall not be hampered and knotted and deformed if we have inventive genius to bring to light new and healthful ways of wearing the stocking, and we think we have. We shall continue our investigation into this subject, even at the hazard of getting our neck into the matrimonial noose. What the women of this country most need is not suffrage, but symmetry; not rights, rationality; not a place in our legislative hall, but a place to fasten their stockings.

RYAN'S BROTHER JOHN GEORGE.

—The following is from the Memphis *Avant*:

The Cuban insurgent, General Ryan who was recently executed by the Spaniards at Santiago de Cuba, was a brother of a young man now a resident of Arkansas, and well known to journalists in this portion of the southwest as John George Ryan. A few months after Lincoln's assassination, this young man was pounced upon by some idiotic detective as John H. Surratt, then a fugitive, from justice, and carried to Washington in irons. The papers spoke of him as the "mysterious prisoner," and the arrest gave John George a notoriety that for several years he turned to the best account, in the way of telling the stories of his woes, whenever a patient or sympathetic audience could be found. The detective's blunder was a god send to young Ryan, but finally, the exciting adventures he so thrillingly recounted, became a bore to his auditors, and then he subsided. We believe he is now sticking type in a Pine Bluff newspaper office.

Camphor.

The camphor of commerce comes from Formosa, Sumatra, Borneo, Japan and China. It is obtained in crystalline masses already formed, and also in grains of distillation. The tree which produces the former kind is a near relative of our basswood, which we know as a charming tree, perfuming the air, and yielding the finest honey in the world. It grows on the Diri Mountains in Sumatra, and in Borneo. It towers upward more than a hundred feet, and has been known to attain a girth of fifty feet. The spirited perspiration of the axe draws from this monster of the forest the white treasures secreted in its white wood; sometimes, though rarely, in a layer as large as a man's arm, but more frequent in fragments to be carefully extracted by some sharp instrument. It is not an abundant bearer. 20 pounds is a rare yield for a great tree; 10 pounds is a good harvest for one of medium size, and many are felled and split that furnish no camphor. This is not an entire waste, however, as camphor wood is useful. Cotten camphor is obtained by distillation from the root stem and leaves of certain species of *lauraceae*, but more especially from the *laurus camphora*. Of this also, there are two varieties. The Chinese or Formosa camphor is prepared in junks to Canton, and there packed in square chests lined with lead; whence it is sent to the different Eastern ports where we procure it. It is of a grayish color, with a grain like sugar, and usually unattractive appearance. The Dutch or Japan camphor is prepared in Batavia, is pinkish in hue, and coarser than the Chinese. Both kinds need purification before using.

Mistress (at kitchen stairs).—"Susan, a little less noise, if you please."—Susan (from below stairs).—"Law, Missus, I was only singing psalms."—Mistress.—"I have no objections, Susan, if you have no hymns."

Upon the "outer wall" of a neighboring female college the other morning, was discovered, conspicuously displayed, the sign "Domestic Sewing Machines." Some of those specimens of total depravity known as college students did it.

A bunch of shingles fell from a wagon on the Troy ferry-boat recently, and struck fairly on the head of a colored woman, who said, "Y' oughter b'shame to muss a cullud woman's har dat way. I wish de shingles fell ovah board."

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night?—for no good, I'll warrant!" "I was going for you, sir."

"Our fellow-townsmen John Knox went galloping out of Centerville on a pale horse last night," is the gist of a feeling obituary notice in a Louisiana paper.

They have found gold in Alaska, and the San Francisco people are excited about it. We always knew there was gold there. The Russians got seven millions of it.

Diogenes hunted in the day time for an honest man, with a lantern; if he had lived in these times, he would have needed the bed lite or a locomotiff.

How They Died.

Cleopatra gasped.
Able was cained.
Achilles was badly heeled.
Actaon was dogged to death.
Nigbe leaked out of her eye.
Nero got a boy to do it for him.
Desdemona took a bitter pill.
Parthas died of too many rocks.
Jezequel tumbled out of a window.

Du Barry shrieked on the scaffold.
Jack fell down and broke his crown.

Absalom died of too much back hair.

Polyphemus got something in his eye.

Undine's husband was kissed to death.

Francisca de Rimini went out on a kiss.

Hugh Miller fossilized himself with a pistol.

Eli, of the bad sons, struck an unfortunate gate.

Pheton got run away with by his father's team.

Castlereag, having killed Napoleon, killed himself.

Patent reversible insides were too much for Iscariot.

As for Bonaparte, Europe could not, but cancer could, sir.

Socrates died of indigestion, after supping on swamp hemlock.

Brutus, Cassius and Marc Anthony did it with their little swords.

The Robans laid their necks under the guillotine, and died as the axe fell.

Cato, the younger, stabbed himself, and tore the wound open, because it wasn't big enough.

Everlasting Fence Posts.

I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple and inexpensive that it was not worth while making any stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood or quaking ash, as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years, which were as sound when taken up as when they were first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rotten.

We have never tried the plan recommended above, but give it for the benefit of our readers. If it shall prove true that posts so treated will last so much longer, it is certainly worth knowing; for fencing material, in many localities, is becoming very scarce where once it was plenty. The process is not an expensive one, and we hope some of our readers will be led to try it.

A gentleman, in search of a man to do some work, met on his way a lady not as young as she once was, and asked her: "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

CLIPPINGS.

Virginius was a Roman, and the Virginius was a roamer.

A panic conundrum—"How many mills make a dollar?"

Katoff, editor of the Moscow *Gazette*, admits an income of two millions.

The same engine at Spencer, Mass., grinds sausage and prints the village paper.

Uncle.—"Now, how did the mother of Moses hide him?"
Niece.—"with a stick."

An accomplished bar-keeper in New Orleans mixes drinks in six different languages.

"Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?" "The chill of wedlock, mademoiselle."

Two Oil City bloods club their money and buy a good suit, and take turns in wearing it.

A San Francisco paper heads an account of the fall of a trestle-work, "Sancelio's Sad Sensation."

A lazy editor in Ohio reads all his exchanges in bed. He finds it the easiest way to fill up his sheet.

Quiet but firm. "Wanted, by a strong German, a situation in an eating house. He understands the business."

An Indiana lady held a burglar by the whiskers until her husband came home. Burglars should shave often.

While witnessing a game of base-ball out West, a boy was struck on the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

A lady reporter, sent to an agricultural fair, wrote of a lot of young pigs: "They look too sweet to live a minute."

A Burlington, Iowa, man bought a light axe because his wife was sick, and couldn't chop very well with a heavy one.

Since the new-fangled buckles came in vogue, it is extraordinary how door-plates in the rural districts have disappeared.

Mrs. Partington will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when he was a child, and it nearly killed him.

A Western woman complains that since her husband joined the Patrons of Husbandry he has sown nothing but wild oats.

"A lass, a lass!" exclaimed an old bachelor, who wanted to marry. "Alas! alas!" he cried, after he had been married awhile.

A physician writes, asking the renewal of a note and says: "We are in a horrible crisis; there is not a sick man in the district."

Ask a St. Louis man about Chicago, and he will admit there is such a place in Illinois, but will add, "It is all mortgaged to Boston."

Taking advantage of it. A "Royalist" advertises in the Paris papers for a loan of 3,000 francs and offers the security of his "word of honor."

A missing man with a Roman nose is advertised, but the *National Baptist* thinks that he will never be found, as "such a nose will never turn up."

When they told Jim Oxford of Virginia, that he was dying, he replied, "Wall, don't forget to put them shingles on the mule pen afore it rains again."