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Attorneys at Law,

111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

JANUARY

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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.

E. C. BRADSHAW,

Attorney at Law,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

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, confectioneries and family supplies.

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

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.

ST. JOSEPH BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

KELTY & SIMPSON, cor. 4th and Elm; dealers in groceries, glassware, Queens ware and patent medicines.

BILLIARD SALOON, Powers & Stewart, proprietors. Best wines, liquors, &c.

HOTEL, J. H. Olds, proprietor; cor of 4th and Depot streets. New house good accommodations.

DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. C. CALL, MANUFACTURER OF Saddles and Harness. All work warranted. Orders left with J. W. Cullen will receive prompt attention.

CHRIS. TAYLOR, dealer in general merchandise, Odd Fellows' building. The cheap cash store.

W. S. POWELL, Saw Mill. Dressed lumber of all kinds, doors and window 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 merchandise. Dayton flouring mills.

J. BEST, livery stable Ferry street; buggies 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 order by J. W. Carey.

COMMUNICATION.

LAFAYETTE, Jan. 14, 1874.

Possibly there is nothing connected with the financial interests of the farmer that attracts his attention so quick, or appeals to his sensitiveness quite so forcibly as an increase in taxation. While we are ready and willing to pay a certain amount of taxes, we are very tender about our taxes assuming proportions beyond what we had previously been accustomed to paying.

From 16 to 21 mills on the dollar is enough, then why do we pay more? surely, I am not prepared to say why we do so, but I am well satisfied that we are annually paying from 40 to 45 mills on the dollar as taxes. For instance: we pay State, county, school and poll taxes, amounting in the aggregate to from 16 to 21 mills annually. In addition to this we pay squirrel taxes amounting to at least 25 mills on the dollar annually. Farmers do you believe it? Canvass your own vicinity and see for yourself.

The farmer who raises one thousand dollars worth of grain and loses no more than twenty-five dollars of that (paid to squirrels as taxes) may well consider himself fortunate in that direction. I have known cases where more than double this proportion was lost, and doubtless some localities occasionally incur the loss of fully one half the entire crop; the loss among the major portion of the farmers being much under this figure. In forming a sum total in the premises, I feel that I am placing the estimate low enough in all reason when I say that we lose 25 mills on the dollar upon all the grain raised throughout the length and breadth of the State; understand me, I mean that we pay to the squirrels \$25 upon every \$1,000 worth of grain that our farms produce. It is this branch of taxation that I propose to get off. We should not pay it, and need not pay it if we take steps in the right direction. If we must pay 45 mills as taxes each year, I propose that through our legislature we bring about the extermination of the squirrels, and with the money so saved put in operation free schools in every school district in the State. This can be done, and the funds so introduced into our treasury would be amply sufficient to provide each and every school district in the State an unceasing free school.

When we come to consider the fact that squirrels do not inhabit the mountains, but on the other hand inhabit the valleys exclusively—the greater proportion of them “staying with us” on and about our farms, getting into traps whenever we set them—we are already favorably impressed with the idea of extermination. Listen to what one of our enterprising county officials has to say about it. He believes that the Legislature should pass a law creating a premium or reward for squirrel scalps of ten cents per scalp, for the first year, and twenty cents per scalp for the next year, and if necessary an increase for the third year. That gentleman believes, that should the Legislature take action in the matter, that offering these figures as a reward would not only be indispensable to the good effects of the law, but that to offer a less sum as a reward, would quite defeat the intention of the law so passed. For says he: “if ten cents were offered, men would buy fifty or one hundred squirrel traps, and with them would canvass the county, catching thousands upon thousands of this disgusting pest.”

The business would pay, and farmers' boys, farmers—to a certain extent—in fact, everybody would “take a hand.” Then as a result of the first year's operations, the squirrels would be a scarce article, and in order to bring about their utter extermination an increased reward should be offered for the second year. This course, he thinks, would result in the complete extermination of the squirrel family. That these steps properly followed up would bring

about the results anticipated, I have no doubt; and that the benefits derived would greatly overbalance the incidental costs we cannot question. This is a question that demands our careful and earnest consideration; we should remember that while we are paying taxes to the county, State, and the United States, we are getting something in return. Our land titles are protected, we as citizens are protected, poor-houses, asylums, State prisons, and revenue officers are constantly provided for us. In short, we are protected for something about paying our taxes, yet we pay the squirrels more taxes than we pay otherwise, get no protection nor anything else in return, and having become accustomed to it we grin and bear it.

ARTEMUS A. PRINGLE.

Street Car Romance.

A QUER MISTAKE—STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A LOVELY AND LOVING WEST SIDE DAMESEL.

[From the Cleveland Herald, Dec. 23d.]

As very few if any of the passengers in the Detroit-street car, bound for the East side at 9 o'clock Thursday evening understood the matter, we will “rise to explain.”

The girl was to blame; there can be no doubt about that. No fellow, much less our hero who stopped upon the rear platform of the car in which she was sitting, at the Courtland-street crossing on the evening in question, could have withstood the temptation to do just what he did. She sat in one corner, endeavoring to read a public library book by the faint light of the lamp above, when the young man entered. She raised her eyes—such eyes—from the volume, and, before the gentleman could take a seat, precipitated herself forward with both arms extended, and hugged and kissed him, shouting, “Oh! cousin John!”

It is perhaps needless for us to say that the youth was not the fair maiden's cousin, and had never seen her before in his life, but he did not deem it polite to contradict her, and, therefore, recovering from the surprise and emotion into which the suddenness of the assault had thrown him, he gained courage and imprudently a couple of smacks upon her damask cheek in return. She did not scream, but smiled lovingly upon him a smile that smote the youth to the inmost depths of his soul. “Why, when did you arrive in the city?” said she, at length, releasing her hold and seating herself, the stranger doing the same.

“To-night,” answered the bogus John, at random.

“Then you must come down and see me right off; we will get out of the car at Franklin street.”

Such an invitation from such lips, was too much for the supposed John, and, although he quaked to the bottom of his fashionably made No. 10 gaiters, it was impossible for him to resist the beauty's urgent entreaties, and when the place was reached he stopped the car, and assisting her out, followed her to her home, which he discovered to be one of the most imposing residences in that portion of the city. He was immediately ushered into the parlor, and the girl departed in search of her mother, whom our hero inwardly wished in Texas. Fortunately, however, she was not at home, and he was permitted an hour's unalloyed happiness, only marred by the fact that some of the lady's relatives would enter the apartment and detect the imposture. But at the end of that period he found himself setting very close to the maiden on the sofa, and some way or other, how, the youthful reader can best tell, he explained very gently that he was not John at all, but that the short hour in which he had been acquainted with her had inspired an intense feeling of love within his soul which could be only gratified at the altar. Our tale would not be truthful did we not record that she at first loudly screamed and became very red in the face, etc., especially on learning of her mistake, but she at last subsided, and when

the gentleman left the house it was with great joy depicted upon his countenance, inasmuch as the wicked feminine had given him some encouragement at least, by inviting him to call again.

A Dignified Man and a Postoffice Clerk.

The human heart, in all its expansive, limitless capacity for enjoyment, takes greater pleasure in nothing more than witnessing a portly, solemn-visaged man, the embodiment of natural dignity, importance in clothes, administer a scathing rebuke to some “smart” petty official. This morning just such a personification of innate dignity loomed up at the stamp window of the postoffice, and glared in gloomy and majestic displeasure at the busy clerk registering a letter before he sprang to the window and asked the stately customer what he wished. The great man did not answer for several moments. He gazed steadily and impressively over the clerk's head, and then assented, in ponderous tones:

“Is there any one hear-r-re—who attends to business?”

The embarrassed clerk blushed, faltered for a moment, then recovering himself, said with characteristic and national cheerfulness, becoming an official of the Republic: “I will see, sir.”

And he disappeared. He went into the other departments, tortured a carrier with an original conundrum, and heard a good story in the mailing room, and came back.

“Yes, sir,” he said to the great one, “there are, in addition to myself, three clerks in the letter department, one in the mailing room, four carriers, three route agents, the mail driver, and a janitor.”

“Ah-h-h! I am glad there are so many. I may in all that number find one who is at his post.”

And then he looked as impressive as a special agent, and was silent for some minutes, while the impassive clerk awaited his orders, and impatient men behind him fidgeted and grumbled. Finally the great man said with deep solemnity:

“I wish one three-cent stamp.”

The clerk tore off the stamp and held it, waiting for the consideration. The great man made a somewhat longer pause than usual, he felt in his various vest pockets, he gradually lost his look of impressive rebuke, his chest caved in, and he assumed the aspect of an ordinary frail mortal, and he said:

“Ah—the fact is—I'm sure—ah—in short, I find that I have carelessly left my purse at home—can you kindly—”

The impassive clerk, with the faintest suggestion of triumph in his eye, waved the great man aside with:

“Sorry for you, sir, but the clerk who sells on credit is not in. What does the next man want?”

And we felt so good to see how that clerk was taken down by the dignified man that we went away and laughed for a week.—Peoria Review.

The eminent Physicians, Sir James Page and Sir William Gull daily visit Baron Mayer de Rothchild, who is seriously ill at his country seat, and receive 100 guineas (\$525) each for every visit.

Stratagem for a Dinner.

The following characteristic anecdote of Theodore Hook is given in Barham's life of that extraordinary man:

One of the streets near Soho Square either Dean street or Frith street, was the scene of action. Hook was lounging up one of those streets in company with Terry, the actor, when they saw through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner.

“What a feast!” said Terry. “Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them.”

“I'll take any bet,” returned Hook “that I do. Call for me here at ten o'clock and you'll find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison.”

So saying, he marched up the steps—gave an authoritative rap with the burnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course, he was immediately ushered by the servant as an unexpected guest, into the drawing-room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half a dozen people were laughing at his bon mots before the host discovered the “mistake.” Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding the opportunity for an explanation.

Hook rattled on until he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle near him, and some considerable time elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, contriving at last to get in a word; “but your name, sir—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect, and I am really at a loss—”

“Don't apologize, I beg,” graciously replied Theodore. “Smith—my name is Smith—and as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another. I remember a remarkable instance, etc.”

“But really, my dear sir,” continued the host at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants. “I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to; I certainly did not expect the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day.”

“No, I dare say not; you said four in your note I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast, by the way; but the fact is I have been detained in the city, and I was about to explain when—”

“Pray,” exclaimed the other as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, “whom, may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?”

“Whom? Why, Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father; I have not the pleasure, indeed, of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation on my arrival from Liverpool—Frith street, four o'clock, family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting.”

“No, no, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson—it is Jones and—”

“Jones!” repeated the self-styled Smith, in admirably assumed consternation: “Jones! Why, surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all. My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion? I am really at a loss for words in which to apologize. You will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—”

“Pray don't think of retiring,” exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman; “your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if as you say, it was the hour named; and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine.”

Hook, of course, could not think of such a thing—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; if too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at hand. The unfortunate part of the business was he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at 10 o'clock. The good natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to depart dinnerless; Mrs. Jones joined in the solicitation; the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly; and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed on to offer his arm to one of the ladies and take his place at the well furnished board.

In all probability the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter and make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when by way of a coup de grace, he seated himself at the piano forte, and struck into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had failed more critical judges than the Jones with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the extempory stanza:

I am very much pleased with your fair,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the actor,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook.

Merrivether—How he tried to Scare Mrs. Merrivether, and Failed.

Merrivether lives in one of a row of houses which, as is generally the case in Philadelphia, are uniform. He thought the other night he would scare Mrs. Merrivether while she was in bed, so he rose, and dressed in his night-shirt, went upon the roof while she slept. He tied a nail to a piece of string, lay down on the cornice, leaped over and tapped the bedroom window with the nail. Mrs. Merrivether, meanwhile, was not asleep, but as she followed him up, shut the trap door in the loft, and went back to bed. Merrivether concluded to give it up and turn in, but, to his dismay, the trap wouldn't open. To make matters worse, a policeman watching him, felt certain he was a burglar, and began to practice at him with his revolver. The manner in which that old man dodged about those chimneys, clad in that simple robe of white, would have done credit to a performer on the flying trapeze. At last he came to his trap door, and finding that it had been opened, he went down. On entering his bedroom, he saw a man turning down the gas. As soon as he shouted “thieves!” the man also shouted, and the woman in the room gave a wild and awful yell. Then the man turned up the gas and seized a pistol, and as Merrivether dashed down stairs he perceived that he had got into the wrong house. As he flew to the parlor and hid under the sofa, the other man woke the whole neighborhood with a rattle, and in ten minutes six policeman came in and after a search dragged Merrivether out and marched him to the station house. When he came out in the morning he walked home in a pair of the turnkey's pants and began to eat his breakfast without asking a blessing; and when Mrs. Merrivether inquired if his muttered ejaculations, “Fool!” and “Idiot!” referred to her, he said she might wear them if they fitted her. He will not play any fresh practical jokes on Mrs. Merrivether soon again.—Ex.