

THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

VOL. IX.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, JUNE 5, 1874.

NO. 15.

Lafayette Courier.

Published every Friday by

DORRIS & HEMBRER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, One Year, \$3 00
One Copy, Six Months, 1 75
One Copy, Three Months, 1 00

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	1W	2W	3W	3M	6M	1Y
1 inch,	75	1 25	1 75	5 00	9 00	15 00
2 inches,	1 75	2 50	3 00	8 00	12 00	18 00
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1 Col.,	7 00	8 00	9 00	25 00	30 00	40 00
1 Col.,	10 00	11 00	12 00	35 00	45 00	60 00

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For legal and transient advertisements, \$2.50 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and \$1.00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

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WE HAVE FOR SALE ONE OF THE Celebrated PARKER BROS. Breech Loading Shot Guns, at a bargain.

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Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

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WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE State Courts.

E. C. BRADSHAW.

Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

LAFAYETTE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FERGUSON & LIRD, 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.

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.

SNELL & CO., Ferry street; dealers in general merchandise. The NEW cheap cash store.

J. W. WEST, livery stable Ferry street; buggies and horses to let at all times, at reasonable rates.

HARKER & CO., Ferry street; dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. Dayton flouring mills.

Orange Sects Revealed.

HOW INITIATIONS ARE CONDUCTED.

On being brought into the ante-room of the lodge, Greengrocer Temple, No. 101, I was told that I was balloted for and accepted. My informant who was securely masked by what I afterward learned, was a large burdock leaf, perforated with holes for the eyes, told me that if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip. As I did consider that of considerable worth to me, and as he italicized his words by carelessly playing with a seven shooter, I withdrew from my garments with eagerness. My masked friend then presented me with the regalia of the first degree, called "The Festive Plow-boy," which consisted merely of one large cabbage-leaf attached to a waistband of potatoes. In this airy costume I was conducted to the door, where my companion gave three distinct raps. (I was securely blindfolded by binding a slice of rutabaga over each eye.) A sepulchral voice from within asked, "who comes?" My guide answered: "A youthful agriculturist who desires to become a Granger."

Sepulchral Voice—Have you looked him carefully over?"

G. The candidate has carroty hair, reddish whiskers, and a turn-up nose.

S. V. 'Tis well. Why do you wish to become a Granger?"

G. That I may be thereby the better enabled to harrow up the feelings of the rascally politicians.

S. V. You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripping, as you can see, I will cause you to feel that you are received at the door on the three points of a pitchfork, piercing the region of the stomach, which is to teach you the three great virtues—faith, hope and charity. Faith in yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, and charity for the lightning rod peddler. You will now be harnessed, and in representation of the horse Pegasus will be tested as to endurance and wind.

The candidate is here attached to a small imitation plow by means of a hempen harness. A dried pumpkin vine is put in his mouth for a bit and bridle—he is made to get down upon all fours, the guide seizes the bridle and urged on by a Granger, armed with a Canadian thistle which he vigorously applies at the terminus of the spine, the candidate is galloped three times around the room. While making the circuit the members arise and sing:

Get up and dust, you bully boy—
Who wouldn't be a Granger?
If the thistle's prick don't cause you joy,
To feeling you must be a estranged ah!

After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corn cobs, bees waxed where thistled, and brought standing up before the great chief The Most worshipful Pumpkin-Head.

M. W. P. H. Why do you wish to become a Granger?

Candidate. (Answering for himself) that I may learn to exterminate sewing machine agents.

M. W. P. H. Have your hands been hardened with toil?

C. Not extensively, but then I am not running for office.

M. W. P. H. 'Tis well, for our lodges contain several who are supposed to be ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their

constituents. Do you feel pretty smart this evening?

C. Yes, where the bustle goes on.

M. W. P. H. (Savagely) give me a chew of tobacco!

Candidate searches himself thoroughly, but as there is no place about him to stick a pocket, tries to explain, but is interrupted with:

Never mind, my dear young friend, I am well aware that in your present condition you can no more furnish your friends with the weed than Adam could be comfortable in a plug hat and tight boots. It is merely to teach you the great lesson of economy—doing to others as you'd like to have them do to you. You will now be conducted to the Most Eminent Squash Producer, who will teach you the grand hailing sign of distress. The sign, by worthy bro, will insure you against many of the ills of the agriculturist—among them, against drouths and being bit by ferocious grasshoppers.

The candidate is now conducted to the most Eminent Squash Producer, who says:

My brother, I will now invest you with the Order of the Festive Plow-Boy, which you have well won by your heroic achievements while harnessed—may you ever wear it with pleasure to yourself, and may it be a means of terror to your enemies!

The candidate is then invested with the regalia of the Festive Plow-boy, which consists of a long potato necklace.

The grand hailing sign of distress is made by gently closing the left eye, laying the right forefinger alongside the nose, and violently wagging the ears. It requires practice, but the advantages are immense. It also has an important signification, which you will do well to heed. The closing of the eye signifies that in all your dealings with mankind you are bound to have an eye to business. Laying the finger alongside the nose is emblematical of wisdom, and places you at once among the knowing ones. This is extremely handy in prognosticating new weather, and saves the wear and tear of almanacs. Wagging the ears signifies sublimity of purpose, and is thought to be emblematical of childhood's happy hours. It is also supposed by some profound scholars to have a distant reference to apple dumplings, but this fact is somewhat obscure by the dust of ages. The ceremony is very impressive, and consists of two brands. They are both applied while the iron is hot, and consist of one letter of the alphabet each. The first is the letter S, on which you will please sit, while the other letter is applied to the stomach. The letter S, my worthy chicken, signifies scooped, and refers to railroad monopolies.

The second letter is C, and is applied as I said before to the stomach. It has a double meaning. First, the application is an agricultural one, "corn-crib," and has reference to the stomach, as being the great receptacle for Bourbon whisky. But, brother, do not be diligent in finding a home market for your corn. The second application of the letter C, my distracted infant, is got hold of as follows: When one Granger desires to ascertain "for sure" if

there is another of the order in the room, he raises himself gently by the slack of his—of his unmentionables—scratches his off thigh with his near hoof, and remarks in a voice of thunder, "are there any Grangers about?" The answer is: "Jees wax." The inquirer then says, "Let us see," (letter C.) and the other party must immediately pull out his stomach and disclose the brand.

These brands are applied in such a manner that I am enabled to assure you they will wash.

I was here interrupted Mr. Editor, by a volley fired into the open window, evidently intended for me. Fortunately I escaped without a scratch, and which is of more consequence, succeeded in fetching off my precious manuscript. This is about all there is in the ceremony of any importance. I must leave the country at once. Armed men are at my heels—they know that I am writing to expose them.

You may hear from me again by mail, if I should deem it best to expose the other degrees. Until then adieu.

From your sacred friend,

B. POLE.

N. B. This ceremony of initiation is used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiation ceremonies are entirely different, being much simplified, as they should be.

"FAREWELL, EYES."—A Worcester, Massachusetts, oculist was called upon by a tough old customer of sixty, whose eyes showed plainly that brandy and water was no stranger to him, and his breath corroborated plainly the statement of his eyes. The doctor examined him, and suggested that ardent spirits might have something to do with his condition.

"Oh, no," said the old fellow, "I don't drink enough to hurt any body. I take something stimulative when I get up, and then again just before breakfast, then only once at eleven o'clock, and a little dose before and after dinner to help digestion—don't take anything more until four o'clock, and then a little more at six o'clock, and then a little more before and after supper, and just before I go to my bed."

"That all?" said the doctor.

"Never take anything more unless somebody asks me," said the man.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "I think I can cure your eyes, but it will be necessary for you to leave off drinking entirely."

"What," said he, in amazement, "can't I take just a little?"

"No, sir, not a drop; and if you do not leave off drinking you are liable to become blind."

"Then farewell, eyes," said the old toper, as he seized his hat and made for the door, evidently afraid the doctor would prescribe for him before he could get out.

An editor in Illinois, having engaged a new reporter, received the following as his first effort: "We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his head under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of bates druv on, shortly after found himself in China, perfectly naked and without a cent in his pocket."

Why Richardson Sticks.

When the country stops and considers what kind of a man Grant is, it ceases to be confounded at his retention of Richardson as Secretary of the Treasury after the Sanborn exposures and the humiliating proofs of Richardson's utter incompetency for that office. There is a hardihood in the mental and moral character of Grant which served him a good turn under the pressure of bad fortune during the war, but which totally unfits him for a civil ruler. And in nothing has this trial been more stubbornly exhibited than in the kind of men he has selected for his Cabinet, and in the tenacity with which he has clung to them in spite of the remonstrances of the better portion of the Republicans, and in the face of the frowns of almost the whole country.

This is especially true of Richardson. We are passing through a transition epoch in finance which disturbs business almost beyond precedent, gives birth to novel and dangerous theories in political economy, and threatens the very existence of the party charged with the administration of the Government. In such a crisis Grant keeps at the head of the Treasury Department a man hardly fit to be a director of an insurance company, and who has barely escaped condemnation by a Congressional committee as a sly rogue by satisfying them that he is a pitiable simpleton. The outcry against Richardson is so sharp and universal that it must ultimately pierce the calous ear of the President. Indeed, some of his apologists assert that he is beginning to look around for another office where his disgraced Secretary may retire and recuperate. But, we think the country generally, including even those Republicans who hope to see their organization outlive a Cabinet which has brought it into contempt, will not admit the necessity of waiting till a fat pension can be bestowed upon this small ex-Judge of Probate before they are rid of him.

However, nobody feels sure that there will be any marked improvement if Richardson is turned out. So far all official changes made by Grant have gone from bad to worse, until he now has the weakest and rottenest Cabinet that ever surrounded a President. The fountain head of the evil is Grant himself. He takes naturally to small men, and seems not to be very particular whether they are knaves or fools, provided they will do his bidding and follow his fortunes. There is only one remedy for this, and that is to rid the White House of Grant at the earliest day which the Constitution permits.—N. Y. Sun.

The queerest object in nature is a Spanish beggar, for these beggars beg on horseback, and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to a poor foot passenger and asking alms. A gentleman in Valparaiso, being accosted by one of these mounted beggars, replied, "Why, sir, you come to beg of me, who have to go on foot, while you ride on horseback!" "Very true, sir," said the beggar, "and I have the more need to beg, as I have to support my horse as well as myself."

CLIPPINGS.

A great object in life—A giant. If your brain is on fire blow it out.

"Letting off sleep," is a little boy's definition of snoring.

Epitaph for a cannibal—"One who loved his fellow-men."

When is a match frivolous? When it makes light of things.

Why should a magistrate be very cold? Because he represents justice.

What nation is most likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise? Determination.

Why is a ship designated as "she"? Because she always keeps a man on the look-out.

Many of the daily papers say they are opposed to inflation, and yet they are constantly blowing up people.

Newspaper readers do not like to peruse indifferent poetry by little girls—unless the little girls are their own.

The Cincinnati elephant that swallowed two gallons of whisky at one gulp says that he took it for "a cold."

A man hangs himself and "no cause" is assigned, when every one must know that the rope was the cause.

There is laughter in Chicago because a St. Louis detective went there and had his pocket picked on a horse-car.

A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance. The old chap answered, "The Minnie, umm."

A country boy, having heard of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was seasickness that made them do it.

A Texas man recently declined to receive a telegraphic dispatch from a yellow fever locality lest he might catch the disease.

A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."

A watchmaker wants to know whether, if a man runs away from a scolding wife, his movements should not be called a lover escapement.

"Kind words are wonderful in their way," says an exchange, "but so far as children go, a boot-jack exerts a more powerful influence."

A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He now wishes he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

"This summer ladies are going to dress their hair as they did three hundred years ago," says an exchange. This makes some of the ladies pretty old.

A young lady will sail in the next steamer from Boston for Europe who doesn't expect to marry a nobleman; another one who isn't going to Italy to study music.

A paper at Elgin says that a man's social standing in that town is graded by whether he drops a ten penny nail or a quarter into the church contribution-box.

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in a cornfield. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says: 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"