

THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

VOL. IX.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, AUGUST 7, 1874.

NO. 24.

Lafayette Courier.

Published every Friday by
DORRIS & HEMBREE

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

| | 1W | 2W | 3W | 1M | 6M | 1Y |
|----------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|--------|
| 1 inch, 75 | 1 25 | 1 75 | 2 00 | 3 00 | 5 00 | 10 00 |
| 2 inches, 1 25 | 2 50 | 3 00 | 3 50 | 5 00 | 8 00 | 15 00 |
| 3 inches, 1 50 | 3 50 | 4 50 | 5 00 | 7 00 | 10 00 | 20 00 |
| 4 inches, 2 00 | 5 00 | 6 00 | 7 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 30 00 |
| 1 Col., 4 50 | 10 00 | 12 00 | 15 00 | 25 00 | 40 00 | 80 00 |
| 2 Col., 7 00 | 15 00 | 18 00 | 22 00 | 40 00 | 70 00 | 140 00 |
| 3 Col., 9 00 | 20 00 | 24 00 | 30 00 | 50 00 | 90 00 | 180 00 |
| 4 Col., 10 00 | 25 00 | 30 00 | 35 00 | 60 00 | 100 00 | 200 00 |

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.
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.

Legal advertisements to be paid for upon making proof by the publisher.
No Personal Ads. 50 Cts. a Line. 60a
Subscriptions Sent East, \$2 00 a Year.

FOR SALE.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. M. RAMSEY,

Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

JAS. A. BALL, R. STOTT,
BALL & STOTT,

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

PORTLAND, OREGON.

P. C. SULLIVAN,

Attorney at Law
Dallas, Oregon.

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

JAS. McCAIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

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.

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

DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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.

J. BEST, 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.

Hardware, Iron, Steel,
RUBS, SPOKES, RIMS, OAK, ASH

—AND—
HICKORY PLANK,
NORTHUP & THOMPSON

Portland, Oregon.
ma29-3m

The Angel of Reconciliation.

Since leaving Salem, we have been among the Southern people, have rested in their desolate households, have beheld the long, rank grass waving over their multitudinous dead, and listened to their dismal miseries in that once beautiful and haughty, then heart-broken and ghostly land of graves. While standing at a watering place in Missouri, we saw the rebel widows drooping about in their weeds accompanied by their forlorn little ones with their childish semblance of woe; and it was very pitiful. One little thing, some four or five years old and as beautiful as the spirit of the day, was conspicuous. With her we contrived to make friends under the spreading walnut trees of Missouri, and at last she came and laid her snow-white little hands upon the stranger's knees, and looked up into his face with her great, wide, desolate eyes, with an inarticulate reproachfulness, as though we had slain her father at Pea Ridge and buried him in the bloody trenches.

We are not ashamed to confess that this was more than human sympathy could endure; and for the time unmindful that there were many such scenes in our own Northern land, and seeing only American beauty and sinless childhood in bereavement and desolation, we turned away from that stern and pathetic judgment bar with swelling heart and clouded eyes. It may have been only a sentimental fancy; a fever-dream under whose brazen, sultry mid-summer skies, but the sad impression still lingers, and the sweet, accusatory face of that little one stands out in relief upon the walls of memory, prophesying against cruel, curseful, inhuman war.

Since then, we have done with denouncing the unfortunate and mistaken people with whom we have been in bloody and exterminating conflict. We are cured of our patriotic inhumanity and vindictive uncharity. Henceforth, when provoked to bitterness of recollection we shall call to mind the dead rebel's child, with her great, wondering eyes and airs of unspeakable desolation. May God keep the sweet little preacher of peace and forgiveness, and crown her in her young womanhood with that imperial beauty, that spotless innocence, which almost hallowed her childish face, as she wandered about in melancholy solitude amid the groves of Arcadia, beside the lordly Father of Waters. And if she shall ever be found drooping upon the blood-stained slopes of Pea Ridge, searching in affection among the nameless graves for one of the unrecorded dead, may she look up from her weeping to behold the friendly and benignant standard of her country unfolding its splendor in the sun and fling its protecting shadow all around her, and say to herself: "It was but the event of a heroic war; it was long, long ago; the horrid storm birds have flown far away, and no longer the charging trumpets blow."—*Salem Statesman.*

An unsophisticated person once declined a plate of macaroni soup with the remark that they "could not palm of any biled pipe-stems on him."

Making Shot.

One of the secrets of making shot is the mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of mineral substances called "temper." The "temper" is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop. If it were not for the "temper" the lead would be molded by the sieve, and would form little pencils instead of round shot. When "BB" shot for instance are to be made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their descent of 200 feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussions make the water foam and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall into the water, for if they should strike any firm substance they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the "well" is the most difficult and troublesome process of the whole manufacture. An elevator with small buckets (very much like those used in flour mill) carries the shot up as fast as they reach the bottom of the well, and deposits them in a box sixty feet from the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up, and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a dry pan which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the wet shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet iron.—*Miners' Reporter.*

In a Southwestern town recently, a man fell into a ditch on the outskirts. A pedestrian helped him to his feet, and after the thing had been accomplished, our hero said: "All right, hic—I'll vote for you." The stranger looked at him doubtfully, and wished to know what for. "What office ye runnin' for?" "I? None at all," was the answer. "Not a candidate?" "No; why?" "Why—hic—why?" "Cause I don't know as any man'd—hic—help 'nother man as you did, 'bout bein' a candidate."

The observations of a married man have led to the conclusion that money put into mirrors is a good investment, as it affords a marvelous amount of comfort and gratification to a woman. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting her glass when she ties on her apron as when she ties on her bonnet, and while he goes to the door at once when there is a rap, she exclaims, "Mercy! Joseph, who is that?" and dashes for the looking-glass.

There is going to be trouble in the editorial rooms of the Chicago Tribune. That paper recently mentioned the Illinois editorial excursionists as dead beats, and it transpires that an editor of the Tribune is one of the excursionists.

Curious Norwegian Dishes.

Still, in most countries there is something to be learned—some peculiar dish (not unfrequently the queerest looking), which will reward investigation. Occasionally indeed, the inquirer will meet with a rebuff; but is not this the case in all original researches? Never shall we forget our first and last acquaintance with the northwest and the nastiest of food called stockfish. We had arrived at a sater's hut far away in the Arctic regions of Norway, hungry as starved wolves, and lo! one set before us what looked and felt like a large splinter of pine wood. As we raised it to our lips, however, we became fully aware by the perfume, which can only be described as noisome, that it consisted of animal matter; still, undaunted we managed to bite off a portion. At first it seemed tasteless, but as it became slowly reduced by actively working the jaws, such a sickening flavor unfolded itself that in horror and amazement we fled from the food and the hut that could harbor it. Our feeling on first tasting the plain soup of Norway, served at the commencement of dinner, was one of indignant surprise, not much inferior to that of the bucolic gentleman who bit into an olive under the impression that it was a preserved green gage; and though it is not in itself absolutely nauseous, we confess we could never abide it. There is, however, one excellent dish which the Norwegian traveler meets with at every little inn. It is called "carbonado," and consists of minced meat, eggs, and fine herbs made up into a kind of cake, and then fried or baked. The meat if cooked in the ordinary way, would defy mastication, but thus treated it is really a dainty *plat*. Equally common at the post stations is salmon, dried and prepared in some sublime manner, far superior to the kippered salmon, and eaten raw in the thinnest possible slices.—*Frasers' Magazine.*

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said a stranger, blandly smiling as he entered the door of a dealer. "Well, thank you," stily rejoined Mr. Jones. "You don't seem to know me; I am Brown, used to live here," said the visitor. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Brown," said Jones, relaxing and shaking hands cordially, "excuse me, I thought you were a drummer." "So I am," said Brown. Relapse of Jones.

The only man in Chicago who really appreciates the power of the press is that member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church who, at a meeting of the congregation last night, remarked that "L would as soon see my name in the bottomless pit as in the public prints of Chicago." What a terribly wicked man must he be who would rather have his tombstone in hell than his biography in a Chicago paper.

The achme has been reached in the paths of titles by a music publisher, who has produced a touching piece of mew-sick under the pathetic name of "Mother Bring My Little Kitten." We propose getting out as a companion piece, "Daddy Have you Drowned the Puppies?"

MODERN NONSENSE VERSES.

Said a certain notorious woman
To her charmer: "Your pastor is human;
For he leads a gay life,
And he visits your wife;"
And thus did she ruin the two men.

Said Tilton to Henry C. Bowen:
"My reaping shall follow your sowing;
I will print every word
That from you I have heard;
But seven thousand will stop me from blowing."

Said a preacher: "Tis hard to determine
What to do with this pestilent vermin;
If the devil's to pay
Let him help me, I say."
So he sent for Thomas G. S*****.

Said Storr: "This certainly sounds ill,
'Twill smash us from garret to ground sill."
Said Tudington: "Aye,
Then blow him sky-high
With a great Congregational Council!"

Said the grave and astute Moderator:
"Tis clear he's a rotten potato,
He's a dog and a knave;
We'll hang him and save
The Plymouth Jupiter Stator."

Of a free lover's long-haired biographer,
Said Bacon: "I think he's the dog of a
Magnanimous Launce;
So I'll give him no chance
I, the Council's great historiographer."

Said Tilton: "That rasher of Bacon
Is a blockhead and greatly mistaken;
Shall the side of a hog
Call thy servant a dog?
By my horns, the lion he'll waken!"

Said Tilton: "The man's pusillanimous—
And he thinks that I'll knuckle to any muss;
If he won't let me live
His confession I'll give,
And then they'll see who is magnanimous!"

"I humble myself before Theodore
As before the great God whom we adore;
I wish I were dead,
The great preacher said,
'And my bark the dark Styx had been steered o'er."

Said Beecher: "The voice of the nation
Is loud for an investigation;
So I'll find me six friends
Who are pledged to my ends,
And from them get a full vindication."

Said Tilton: "They think that her baffling
Denial will knock out my scaffolding;
But you know what my lady
Told Elizabeth Cady
And she told the Woodhull and Claflin."

The Magic Spittoon.

The Virginia City, Nevada, Enterprise says:

A night or two since, at an uptown saloon, hostilities suddenly opened between two men who were standing at the bar, when one of them caught up a large spittoon and let his antagonist have it right square on the top of the head. The man hit was not knocked down, whereas he seemed a little surprised. The man who struck the blow was also astonished. He dropped his weapon, and the pair stood looking inquiringly at one another. All traces of anger having disappeared from their countenances—they merely looked bewildered. The fellow who received the blow put his hand to his head and prospected, as it appeared to him that he felt it crush in like the shell of a rotten pumpkin, while on the other hand, the one who did the striking, was sure he saw the spittoon sink half way through his enemy's head. At last the latter said: "Well, I swear, either that thing or your head is made of leather, and d—d me if I know which it is!" The spittoon used happened to be an India rubber one painted in imitation of earthenware. The discovery of this fact so amused the pair, that they at once shook hands and settled their difficulty by getting outside of a couple of cocktails in company.

A Virginia sheriff asked a murderer if he wanted to make a speech on the gallows, and the man replied: "Guess not; it looks like rain, and I don't want to get wet; go on with the hanging."

CLIPPINGS.

A bad omen—To owe men money.

A cool request—Please pass the ice.

Paternal acres—The old man's corns.

Advertisements on eggs is the very latest.

A perfectly natural man is generally a perfectly honest one.

Now the green apple doubles the little boys into quarto form.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

An Ohio jockey furnishes horses with false teeth so as to conceal their age.

The old-fashioned women's crusade—A boy's head and a fine-toothed comb.

Second Adventists now say January 1, 1991. Thoughtful editors will put it in their diaries.

He went back on his own true love, because she ate onions, and the jury gave her \$3,200 damages.

Toast at a railway dinner: "Our Mothers, industrious tenders, tho' they often misplaced the switch."

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

A father in Wisconsin offered his son five dollars to take a dose of castor oil, and then got a counterfeit bill off on the boy.

Don Piatt says shrewdly: "Humor is to a newspaper what a tail is to a kite—very absurd, but very necessary to its ascension."

A Down East clergyman recently lost two pairs of rubbers wrapped up in a circus poster. He is careful to state that the poster was second hand.

The people of Toulouse must be a hard set. A writer speaking of the city says: "It is a large town, containing 60,000 inhabitants built entirely of brick."

A lady recently applied to a fire insurance company for a position as agent. When asked what her qualifications were, she touched her unblushing cheek.

A little boy was asked about the story of Joseph, and if he knew what wrong his brethren done in disposing of him, when he replied "I suppose they sold him too cheap."

A Delaware man arrested for murder, proved that on that night and at the hour of the murder he was at home mauling his wife, and this fact saved him. A word to the wise is, and so forth.

A greenhorn sat a long time very attentively musing on a cane-bottom chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes and put straws around 'em."

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, "Oh, Lord, don't let any one hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money."

We find the following item in an Illinois paper: "Mr. —, who has been in retirement for a few weeks after marrying and burying three sisters, came up smilingly to the altar again yesterday, having begun on a new family."