

# THE LAFAYETTE COURIER.

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## LAFAYETTE COURIER.

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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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Office in the Court House.

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111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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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 & 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.

HOTEL, J. H. Olds, proprietor; cor 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,  
HUBS, SPOKES, RIMS, OAK, ASH

-AND-  
HICKORY PLANK,  
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## J. SIMON.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Doors, Sash, and Blinds, also German French, and American

### WINDOW GLASS.

Crystal sheet, enameled, stained and cut glass.  
Glazing done to order at San Francisco prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.  
56 Front Street, PORTLAND.

### Indian Life.

The life of an Indian maiden is blithe and merry for a few years, but when she becomes a wife she is soon broken down with the pains of motherhood and the heavy labors which fall to her lot, and she soon becomes wrinkled, garrulous, cross, scolding, in fact an old hag. Of course such hags are not pleasant in camp, and in the belief of the Numa such old hags grow uglier and meaner until they dry up and whirlwinds carry them away, when they are transformed into witches; and lest such a fate should befall old women they are taught that it is their duty to die when they are no longer needed, and if they do not die by natural means in 'reasonable' time, they must commit suicide. This they seem very willing to do rather than to meet that terrible fate of being transformed into snakes and being compelled to live in snake skins, and wiggle about among the rocks, their only delight being to repeat the words of passers by in mockery. I once saw three old women thus voluntarily starving themselves.

I rode up to what was almost a deserted camp, the three old women only remained, sitting by the fire and intently gazing into the embers. They seemed to heed not my approach, but sat there mumbling and groaning until they arose, each dragging up her weight with a staff, and then they joined in a sidewise shuffling, tottering, senile dance around the fire, propped up by their staffs, and singing a doleful song; having finished which they sat again on their heels and gazed into the fire, and I rode away. On coming to the new camp of the tribe the next day, and inquiring of Chui-at-an-un-peak, their chief, why these were left behind, and what they were doing, I was informed they had determined to commit suicide, fearing lest they should be transformed into witches.

A clerical gentleman from whom the Drawer is always pleased to hear sends the following:

As I was paying pastoral visits some years ago, in the state of Tennessee, a lady said to me, "I'm very glad you've come. I was reading in the Bible the other day about Moses marrying a nigger, and I wish you would explain the matter."

"It don't read that way in my Bible," I replied; "it reads Moses married an Ethiopian woman."

"Well does't that mean a nigger?"

"I will tell you how it was," I answered. "There was a terrible war waged by the Ethiopians against the Egyptians, and two great armies sent from Egypt against them had been destroyed. The Ethiopians were governed by a magnificent queen, something like Semiramis, who led out her own armies and knew how to gain a victory. But when Moses was sent with a third Egyptian army against her, he asked help of God, and managed so wisely that the queen agreed to surrender all her forces to him, and become tributary to Egypt, provided he would marry her."

"Well" said the old lady, "I was sure it wasn't any common nigger."

### How Vanderbilt Plays It.

The New York Financial Record tells this on Commodore Vanderbilt:

He does not hesitate to sell even his best friends woefully to pry into the secrets of his bureau. As an instance of his shrewdness, he gave the impression to all that at the meeting of yesterday a dividend on Lake Shore would be declared and paid. His friends purchased largely in view of this revival of dividends, and a possible consolidation of the road with the Central and Hudson, on the basis of the Harlem lease, and he probably furnished them with all the stock they wanted from his own portfolio. The stock under this impulse advanced one or two per cent, when suddenly it declined from 73 3/8 to 71 3/8 on a notice that the Commodore had changed his mind, and that no dividend would be declared. He has done this thing several times much to the discomfort of his friends.

A jury in Truckee, Cal., had been out four hours, when the Judge sent the Sheriff to learn whether they were going to agree. The Sheriff put an ear and then an eye to the key-hole of the room in which they were locked for deliberation. They brought the Judge and together they opened the door. On the table in the center of the room stood a big bottle of whiskey, around it the hilarious twelve were marching in single file. The foreman carried on his back a big bass-drum upon which the man behind him was pounding. Next came a juror playing a snare drum, then a shrill whistle imitating a fife, and the rest were singing. "We couldn't agree on a verdict, no-how," said the tipsy foreman, in reply to the Judge's reproof; "and we didn't think 'twas any hurt fur to have a social time along's we was a congen'l party."

ECONOMY.—One of the brightest of our lady writers has a neat hit at the ostentatious economies advocated by some of our great and good men at Washington. She says that "there is on the Ohio river, near Pittsburgh, a prosperous town named Economy, occupied by a German community call 'Economites.' They neither marry nor are given in marriage, yet are not religious zealots or ascetics. They have hard hands, hard faces, drive hard bargains, and believe in hard money. The member who saves, shaves, and skimps most is the best fellow and the chief saint;" and these she compares to the Congressional "Economites" who arrest important public enterprises, and discharge faithful old public servants. There is no work so fitting and necessary that they will not dispute the cost even after it is done by their own act, and cannot be undone. They remind one of that well to do but penurious Irish widow who had, on being apprized of the death of her husband in a distant city, telegraphed, in the first flush of her grief and good feeling, to have the mortal remains of the dear departed embalmed and sent home. She bore up well until the undertaker's bill came to hand. Then her countenance fell; and when she reached the charge for embalming, she indignantly exclaimed, "Sixty-five dollars for stooftin' Dan."—Harper's Magazine.

### Philosophy of Milking.

The udder is divided into four parts, entirely different, distinct from each other, except as they are held together by a membranous ligament. The milk in each is held in confluent tubes, which, like the roots of a tree, are all contracted into one, just above the teat; the milk entering the funnel shaped organ by a single channel. Just at the upper end of the teat the walls of this channel are contracted, and the contraction is surrounded by a band of muscular fibers. The will of the cow can operate on this band, contracting or expanding it at pleasure, making it operate like a valve. At the junction of each smaller tube with a large one, is a similar contraction and band, also under the control of the will. Ordinarily these bands are contracted (as in the neck of the bladder) so that the milk has to crowd its way through them to get from the smaller into the larger tubes.

This is an admirable arrangement for sustaining the weight of the milk equally in all parts of the udder, and preventing it from pressing heavily upon the teats.

When the udder is full, if the milk is drawn out of the teats, relieving the pressure in them, it requires a vigorous effort of the will of the cow to prevent the pressure above from crowding the milk down to fill the vacancy. If the udder is only part filled, she can hold the milk back more easily; and the less there is in it, the more easily she can maintain the tension of the muscular bands necessary to prevent entirely the milk from flowing through them. When the milker first takes hold of the teats and begins to milk, the excitement causes the cow to contract the bands so firmly as to hold back the milk perfectly for a time. But presently this vigorous contraction will begin to slacken, and the milk will begin to pour through, and as all is quiet, she will relax the bands fully; then the milk all settles down upon the teats, and it can be all milked out to the very last drop.

But the perfect relaxation will only last for a short time. If the milk is not soon extracted, she will begin to tighten up the muscular bands again, and the fast part of her mess will be held back and permanently retained, when the milker probably thinks he has got it all, because it stops coming. A cow should, therefore, be milked quickly as well as quietly. It is natural for her to part with her milk in a few minutes, and a milker should come as near that time as possible. If the time of milking is much prolonged, she will become impatient and be sure not to "give down" perfectly. The quickest milker gets the best and most milk, because he gets the "strippings" which are the richest part.

The more quiet and peaceable the cows can be kept while being milked, the more perfect will be the relaxation of the udders and the longer will it last. If anything occurs to disturb, or excite, or attract their attention, the relaxation will cease in a moment, and if it occurs near the close of milking, some of the best milk will be held back till the next milking

when it will have become the poor blue milk that is first drawn. A double loss ensues from every such occurrence, because leaving milk in a cow's bag always tends to diminish secretion.—Canada Farmer.

### The Scandal.

From our exchanges we take the following regarding the Tilton-Beecher scandal:

NEW YORK, August 10.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon Moulton will read his statement before the Investigating Committee. Beecher's friends now say openly that he was blackmailed in large amounts for some years, and that should Mr. Moulton tell all that he knows an entirely new phase will be assumed by the case. Several private conferences, at which prominent gentlemen of Brooklyn, not publicly connected with the inquiry, have been held recently, with a view of an adjustment of the whole matter. It was stated yesterday, by a member of the Committee, that Moulton's testimony would bear indirectly against Beecher. Tilton's counsel, and it is believed Tilton himself, was several times in communication with Moulton yesterday and Saturday. Moulton also had a talk with General Butler yesterday.

CHICAGO, August 10.—A New York correspondent of the Chicago Tribune sends an account of the interview he had Saturday and Saturday night, with Theodore Tilton. He is firmly confident that Tilton has foundation for all the statements he has made and believes Beecher was a serpent in the family of his parishioner. Tilton denied to him that there was a word of truth in the scandalous stories about his life. He published in the Golden Age a biography of Woodhull, which was written by Colonel Blood. He published it to keep her from giving to the world the story of his household shame. The correspondent also interviewed Judge Morris, and obtained copies of letters that passed between Tilton and his wife prior and after his discovery of the alleged improper relations between her and Beecher. They show the tenderest affection on his part and deep reverence for her husband, and contrition on her part. Mr. Moulton said Tilton was reliable, never having flinched or prevaricated during the investigation, while Beecher has misrepresented, betrayed and trampled Tilton into the mire. The correspondent says Moulton's statement will show by Mrs. Tilton's own letters that she was not averse to being misled; that Beecher's apology was the work of Moulton, his attorney, on whom he relied, and signed by himself.

A countryman with his bride stopped at a Troy hotel the other day. At dinner when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?" "that's a bill of fare," said the waiter. The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife, and then at the waiter, and finally dove down into his pocket and insinuatingly inquired, "How much is it?"

That was a bright little child who inquired "Ma, when cows die, do they go to the milky way?"

### CLIPPINGS.

"The great American obituary provoker," is the latest for kerosene.

Blaze! Tupper is not only coming over; but it is settled that he is to lecture.

The Indians complain at the prevalent fashion of short hair as a personal insult.

The feet that are covered with bunions may not be stylish, but they are certainly nobby.

An Iowa editor had branded his contemporary as a "mangy dog—a disgrace to his own fleas."

You can't eat enough in a week to do you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

The St. Louis papers satirize the metropolis of the Northwest by spelling its name Shecawgo.

"And John Champlain was lying cold and dead, writhing in his mortal agony," says a New Jersey paper.

Would-be contributor: "I wish you would tell me something to write about." Editor: "Well! Right about face."

Keokuk has been tossing pennies to a hand-organ man, who has a \$15,000 farm in Wisconsin, and feels bad about it.

Said a justice to an obstreperous prisoner, on the day of his trial, "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

A Kansas girl wouldn't be married without a yellow ribbon to go around her waist, and a boy rode eight miles to get it while the guests waited.

Types continue to cut up antics, even in well regulated offices, we infer from seeing John Brown announced as "a linseed preacher."

"I'm not much for shtump spakin'," declared a candidate at Dubuque, "but for honesty and capacity and integrity, I bate the devil—so I do."

A marine editor at Cincinnati dares to say that there is not a steambot man on the Western rivers who would not die rather than tell the truth.

A returning emigrant wagon passed through Cedar Falls, Iowa, last week, bearing the expressive and euphonious label, "D--n the grasshoppers."

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine—and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

It is said that a human being has seven millions of pores through which perspiration and exhausted particles of the system escape. We are all pore creatures.

It was a duet this time. Two servant girls, at Cleveland, Ohio, kindled a fire with gasoline, and then passed through glory's morning gate, just as slick as could be.

A breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages were laid at \$20,000, has been compromised with a present of five dollars and a new chignon. It was in Kentucky.

An Irish post boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about being very wet, but plaze yer honor, I'm very dry."