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111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Jan 10/71

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Dallas, 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.

FRIGGUSON & HIRD, 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.

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A Polite Banker.

The great success of Coutt's banking-house is due almost to accident, as you will see. Burdett Coutts, one of the founders, was a modest banker on the Strand, London, in George III's reign, and he made it a practice, as his bank was situated some distance from the so-called "city," in order to keep himself "posted" on the financial movements going on there, to dine with some of the leading city bankers and bank managers as often as opportunity would permit. It was during one of these reunions that a bank official casually remarked his surprise that Lord had been refused a loan of £10,000 that day at his bank. The circumstance was noted by the West End banker, and the dinner over, he repaired at once to the house of the nobleman and left his card, requesting his lordship to call at his office the following morning on business of great importance.

The next morning was announced to Coutts, and, on his inquiring what business had necessitated his visit, the banker at once informed him that as a banker he had heard that his lordship desired a loan of £10,000 and he respectfully offered him his services.

"But I can give you no security Mr. Coutts," said his lordship, as the banker commenced counting a small package of crisp bank notes that were on the desk.

"Your lordship's note of hand will be quite sufficient," gallantly responded the West End banker, and he handed him a note to sign.

"But I do not think I shall now want so much as ten thousand pounds," hesitated the nobleman.

"That is immaterial, your lordship," replied the banker.

"On second thought I will take the ten thousand, and, as I shall only need five thousand, you will please place the balance to my credit as an opening of an account with you in my name."

The banker thanked his new customer, escorted him with much politeness to his carriage at the door, and then bade him "good day."

The action of the banker was a long-sighted one. It was a good investment. The balance was soon increased, the loan returned and the nobleman commenced to tell the story around at the Court of St. James of the wonderful accommodating spirit of the West End banker. Others deposited their funds in his hands, and the story was so well circulated at the palace that the King's curiosity was aroused, and he informed the banker's patron of his desire to meet the banker.

Coutts went finally. He was introduced to the King, and his quiet, modest manners won the favor of the court. His presence at the court created quite a sensation, for it was soon after reported that the King had given his private finances into the keeping of Burdett Coutts. The rest of the court soon followed the example of the King, and thus secured to the house the wealthy patronage of the aristocracy of England.

First law of gravity--Never laugh at your own jokes.

How They Finally got Married.

The Providence Journal tells the following story:

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled and odd. He hated old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance drew them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual care with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusually strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust and went out into the garden.

"The bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stopped to gather a flower that attracted her attention.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a burdock burr."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! us two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes or no, I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well; good-by, I shan't come again."

"Stop a bit--what a pucker you're in."

"Yes or no."

"I must consult--"

"All right; I thought you were of age. Good-by."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, I say. Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider."

"I don't want any considering; I'm going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance, Patty. All right; good-by."

"Jabez! Jabez! That stuck up Beck Hastings shan't have him! Jabez, yes! Do you hear--y-e-s!"

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.--

A good story is told in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person, dressed in a suit of homespun clothes stepped into a house in a city, on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked in a low tone that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to have some fun. The following dialogue ensued:

"You are from the country I suppose?"

"Yes I am from the country."

"Well, sir, what do you think of the city?"

"It has got a tarnel sight of houses in it."

"I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from?"

"Oh yes a woudy sight, jist for all the world like them," pointing to the ladies.

"And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?"

"Yes, I beaus 'em to meeting and about."

"Maybe the gentleman will take

a glass of wine," said one of the company.

"I thankee; I dont care if I do."

"But you must drink a toast." I eats the toast what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinking, never seed the like."

What was the surprize of the company to hear the stranger speak as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing earth can afford, and I advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me by dress for a country booby; I from the same cause, thought these men were gentlemen. The deception was mutual. I wish you good evening."

The Scandal.

In reference to Beecher's statement the leading New York dailies of August 14th are thus reported in the dispatches:

The Times thinks Beecher's statement discloses moral cowardice and irrational behavior, but that the impression will be general that his story is not consistent with innocence.

The World says Beecher has explained his letters, sparing neither Tilton, Moulton, nor himself; thus proving that he has nothing to conceal. Beecher dispels the only shadow of distrust which may have crept over his good name among fair, pure minded men.

The Herald says it cannot analyze Beecher's statement now. It is strong, and perhaps will be accepted by Beecher's friends as a vindication; but the Herald thinks the public will not accept it as a final dispositive of the case.

In olden days, if a counter-jumper took too much liquor and got into trouble, he was sure to figure in the police reports next morning as a medical student. Now it appears another class of men are to have a turn, for a gentleman who had a little difficulty with the police the other night, and was fined \$3 in the morning, described himself as a "journalist." This is too bad. Newspaper men have quite enough to bear from the jibes of an unkind world, without having this sort of stigma cast upon them.

A pious soul giving expression to his devotional feelings in a short speech in church, said: "I shall never cease to love and revere the name of my dear Saviour, nor can I forget how his name looks in the Bible, as it is there spelled J-e-a-s-u-s."

A Boston correspondent of the True South writes that Boston may be built on seven hills, but the streets are so mixed up that you can't tell which hill you are on.

A New York paper, gravely observes that the suicide of a farmer, which it notices, "it is singularly strange, inasmuch as he has not been in the habit of doing such things."

A painter being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth a pencil and paper, and made the following calculation: "A nought is a nought; three into five twice you can't--I will paint your house for fifty dollars."

Another Water Spout in Nevada.

AUSTIN, August 18.--A heavy rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, set in at this place shortly after five o'clock this evening, and in a few minutes after the commencement of the storm a foot of water was running through the streets. At half past 5 some persons camped on the hills on the other side of the canyon, in which the town is built, rushed in a body to a hill overlooking the town, making frantic gestures indicating impending danger. A moment afterward a horseman galloped through the canyon, crying, "The water! the water! To the hills! to the hills!" and immediately behind him followed a wall of turbid water, eight feet in height, which swept through the town like an avalanche, carrying destruction with it. For a few minutes nothing could be heard but the crash of timbers, falling awnings, crash of buildings and the deafening roar of the torrent. People fled to the hills, and there in crowds witnessed the awful scene of destruction. Fortunately no lives were lost, as far as known.

It is impossible to accurately estimate the amount of losses at present, but it is immense, and cannot fall far short of \$100,000.

At this hour--9 p. m.--a furious body of water is rushing through the streets, and the rain is falling in torrents. The cause of the disaster appears to have been the bursting of a cloud in the vicinity of the summit.

PLAYING DRAW POKER WITH THREE HANDS.--Officer Joe Norris arrested two men named John Reed and William J. Doyle who engaged in a game of "draw poker in company with a third party named David May, at a saloon on forth street. On investigating the antecedents of the gentleman he found that they had just beaten May out of the round sum of \$1,000. They were brought to the Four Courts and searched. On the person of Davis, sewed in the lining of his coat, on the left hand side, was found a mysterious machine, connecting by means of a string running down the leg on the inside of the pants with the left foot. Attached to the boot was a hook as a fastening for the string, made of hollow spring wire, another small string of the ordinary hempen kind being received in the hollow of the wire, and acting upon the inner portion of the machine according to the movement of the foot. The machine itself is of the most ingenious device. It consists of two thin steel plates, with work resembling the internal organism of a clock. It acts nearly on the principle of an ordinary paper fastener. The mouth fronts on the outer edge of the coat. The coat is thrown half open, so that the right hand, in holding up the cards, is brought in close proximity with its mouth. When the player desires to secure an ace he brings both hands close to the breast, and, by extending the left leg, the action of the cord opens the mouth of the machine. The card is then slipped in, and a receiver on the inside is drawn forward and drags or sucks it in still further. So on until the best hand is secured. By winding the thing up it is made to eject the cards thus brought in, thereby enabling the player to execute his motions almost imperceptibly.

CLIPPINGS.

"The living link"--Dog.
A bad habit to get into--A coat that is not paid for.

Colorado calls for more women.
It has scarcely a single one.

The girls of an Illinois seminary amuse themselves by spitting at a mark.

Overstrained--Mrs. Mary Strain of Pittsburg, who married three brothers.

It is asserted that had the comet hit Chicago 1:06 divorces would have been blasted in the bud.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture man; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

Pittsburg typographical error: "The Legislature passed the bill over the Governor's head."

There is nothing more calculated to weaken a boy's moral character than to get his fishing-hook fastened on rubbish in the river.

Why did he hate it so? A certain member of Congress has given a New England college no less than 1840 patent office reports.

While an Indianapolis journalist was writing an account of a burglary, his own room was broken into and ransacked by thieves.

A New York man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix nitro if her temper resembles her mother's.

A Detroit paper says that Bayard Taylor has concluded not to explore the heart of Africa, and those obituary notices may as well be distributed.

The Newburyport Herald knows a bachelor who says he always looks to the hymenial department of that paper for the news of the weak.

A Detroit father keeps his boy in of night by varnishing a chair and sitting him down. It's a novel plan, but awful tough on the trousers.

A Chicago editor, who went out for a day's sport with the gun and rod, shot a forty-five dollar cow, and caught an old hat with a stone in it.

When the wife is detected showing unusual affection for her husband, it may fairly be expected that she will appear before long in a new bonnet.

A Tennessee man wrote his will on a paper collar, and it passed through the Probate Court as well as any other will, though a little unhandy about filing.

"Yes, sir," said a Michigan 4th of July orator, "Putnam went right into the wolf's den, dragged her out, and the independence of America was secured."

There are no boquets about a newspaper office, but sometimes the contents of the paste cup acquire a maturity which by any other name would smell as sweet.

A San Francisco reporter blushed at some remarks of Victoria Woodhull, and was promptly discharged by his employers for "conduct unbecoming a journalist."

There is a mule in East Wheeling, W. Va., who has kicked the roof off his stable every night for the past week, in addition to knocking the squeal out of a family of pigs.