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PERSONS WISHING TO INVEST IN Real Estate will do well to call on me before purchasing elsewhere.
I have land of all varieties, and in quantities to suit purchasers.
Terms reasonable.
Residence and office in Chehalis Valley.

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I HAVE TWO GOOD FARMS FOR SALE at very reasonable terms—each containing 250 acres.
One is situated one mile and a half north of Lafayette; is well improved. Has a good

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And all kinds of shrubbery of the best variety. The other is in Chehalis Valley near the Willamette river. There is a good

MILL-SITE
On this place, plenty of good timber; about 50 acres cleared.

Either of these farms can be secured at a bargain. Terms easy.
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How He got a Free Pass.

"Is the superintendent in?"
The clerks at the Boston and Providence railroad office, in Boston, looked up from their books and accounts and saw a genuine specimen of the genus New England Yankee—since the days of enterprise yearly getting scarcer—an old man of sixty-seven or seventy years of age, whose face by continued exposure to the sun, had browned to a mahogany color whose thin, iron-gray hair struggled out from under a felt hat a little the worse for wear; whose "store clothes" were a dozen years old in fashion; whose expanded, bony hands and vast extent of wrist projected far beyond the coat-cuff and broad, square brogans, tied with leather strings and guiltless of blacking, stuck far thro the ends of his pantaloons.

"That, sir, is Mr. Folsom."
"Harnsome!" said the old fellow; "yes, so, so; but praise ter the face is open disgrace, as aunt Jerusha used to say."

"What can I do for you to-day?" asked the superintendent, curiously eyeing the visitor who stood before him, in the midst of a subdued snicker from the clerks.

"Day? Yes, very fine day. Don't s'pose you remember me, do ye?"

"Your name I must have forgotten."

"Mustapha Cotton? Thunder, no! Cotton was the fellow that did the grindin'; I only furnished the sleepers."

"What grinding do you mean?" asked the superintendent.

"Grindin' done mean? Gosh, all hemlock! I should think it it was. Bottom copped right out on it!"

"What contract are you talking about, sir, and what do you want of me?" inquired the official, a little nettled.

"What do I want to see? Why, yew, if yew are the superintendent. Yew are, ain't ye?"

"Yes," responded the railroad official with a nod, "I am."

"Wall, ye see, I am a leetle deaf, and I used to furnish sleepers for the road—I did. Sold nigh six hundred and only forty thrown out."

"You must be mistaken," replied the railroad man shouting into his visitor's ear. "We haven't made any contracts for sleepers for some years."

"Seven years! Wall darn it, all, 'twas longer ago than that. I made the trip with Raynund Lee. D'ye remember Raynund Lee? A leetle feller, not ser tall as yew—smart as a steel trap."

"Yes, I remember him. He was superintendent of the road twenty years ago."

"Twenty years ago! Yes, yes, Wall, I moved east more'n ten years ago. I was farmin' on it, then, up back of Attleberry; owned a piece of land up there, on sheers with Josh Fairbanks—him as broke his leg in a harrow, in the widdler Burt's field; darned fool told him the steers would start, as he might hev known—"

"Well, well," interrupted the railroad officer impatiently, "what is your business?"

"Wall, I hev been runnin' a thrashin'-machine last fall, down to Agusty, Maine, and tendin' a

saw-mill, till last week. Lumber ain't movin' so quick as it used to and—"

"What is your business here, I mean?" brawled out the superintendent. "What do you want?"

"Want? Why I want to go to Attleberry."

"Well, why don't you go? There is the station, and the train starts in ten minutes."

"Wall, I haven't got any ticket, and if you could give me a free pass—"

"Why should I pass you free? I can see no reason."

"Why, you know, I sold them sleepers to Raynund Lee a cussed sight too low, and he said—"

"What!" shouted the exasperated officer—"do you mean to come to me for a free pass over the road because twenty years ago you sold Mr. Lee fifty dollars' worth of sleepers? This too much."

"Tew much! No, sir, ye couldn't buy them air sleepers naww for double the money; and Raynund Tee he wasn't so close of his passes—far when I come down here and settled with him, and he got a takin' with me, he told me if I'd only go up to Attleberry, he'd give me a pass—"

"Good gracious!" said Folsom, sinking back into his chair, hoarse and exhausted with shouting, with great drops of perspiration on his forehead; "so will I, if you will only go. Mr. S...; buy him a ticket for the next train, and charge it to my account. I won't wont write him a pass—he might come back here on it."—Saturday Night.

A MOTHER'S HOLY LOVE.—Max Adeler gives the following: The excitement that existed in Philadelphia concerning the case of the kidnapped child, extended to all classes, and every mother in the city was for a time so wrought upon that she could hardly be induced to permit her children to go out of her sight. Gillespie lives on tenth street in the same row with Mrs. Maginnis. He moved in a few days ago, and Mrs. Maginnis had not had an opportunity to become acquainted with him. He is very near sighted, when he came home the other afternoon he thought he saw his boy playing in the gutter, and he approached the youngster with the intent of picking him up and carrying him into the house. The fact, however, was that it was Mrs. Maginnis' boy, and that estimable woman was watching him with one eye while the other one rested upon the second story window which she was washing. When she saw Gillespie seize the child she knew at once that the kidnapper had come, and as Gillespie walked off with the booty under his arm a red-haired woman, in a condition of frantic excitement, might have been seen shooting in down stairs and through the front door with the velocity of light. Gillespie discovered his mistake just as he caught sight of the infuriated Maginnis approaching him, and apprehending trouble he dropped the child and ran. By the time they had gone around the block twice, Gillespie had not only Mrs. Maginnis and six policemen at his heels, but 1800 other people and half a hundred dogs. At last he darted up an ally and en-

deavored to jump over his back fence, but just as he reached the top the avenging Maginnis arrived and caught him by the legs, and before he could explain himself the policemen had hammered him considerably, and four of the dogs had bitten chops out of his legs.

He is in bed yet, and will probably not be around until the bumps on his head subside and the dog-bites heal. When he does get out again he will wear specks.

KENO AMONG THE LADIES.

A lady in much distress of mind asked me how she could raise a certain sum of money. She had already tried to pawn some diamonds, and found that brokers were only advancing even on \$500 of security, insignificant sums ranging in the teens. Wouldn't I be good enough to talk some pecuniary liability of my own over before her husband? Then she could get a large sum from her husband afterward, ostensibly to loan me, and I asked what sort of difficulty she was in that she couldn't make full confession to the gentleman who had contracted according to the prayer book to pay her bills. Well, she had got in debt to Mrs., and must pay her. Then knowing Mrs. was neither milliner nor dressmaker, but a lady of like situation with herself, both boarding in a fashionable hotel, I asked if it was borrowed money.

"No. Lost! Lost at lottery."

Mrs. has a fine parlor in an up-town hotel, it seems, and the other ladies to the number of fifteen or twenty, get together in her room and play the game called "lottery," the pot sometimes being as big as \$20. This grew interesting, so with Mrs.'s permission I went up to play "lottery."

Eight ladies sat around a marble center table, while a ninth had a gentleman's soft hat in her lap, in which were ninety numbers on little wooden buttons. Each lady had put in fifty cents to the pot, and had three cards before her with numbers in squares. As Nos. 26, 41, 10, 38, were called, each little woman hungrily eyed her card, each moving up her glass chip triumphantly or dejectedly groaning as she failed to find the number called on her row of figures. "Lottery?" The precious dears were playing the simple game of keno, and getting as excited over an \$8 pot as if it were a thousand.

Mrs. kindly desired to teach me the game, but I thought I'd bring it up to perfection before I went in, so I showed 'em how when one had got her row complete she should say "Keno" (which was correct), instead of "Full," as they hitherto had done. Then I told them they should "verify" by the dealers stringing the buttons in 10s and 20s, and so on in lines on the table. Before that she had always dumped them from one hat to another. Then I fixed it that the winner take the pot and all the rest should come up again, and so on until the buttons were all out, instead of beginning a new game at the end of each call, as they always had done. Thus, you see, I tried to do these wretched gamblers all the good I could.

And as I wanted to help my little friend who was in debt heavily at the bank, I called off for an hour. It was certainly surprising how many big pots she won, especially as I instituted the buying of cards at fifty cents apiece, and some greedy ladies got five to watch at a time, and couldn't see half their numbers. As they all had their hands full with their own business, I could take a row on my friend's card and call 'em straight off, to poor Em's astonishment, who would excitedly shriek "keno," to my extreme terror, lest the captain of the precinct heard her, and instantly demanded a percentage on the game, or pulled us on the spot.

Thanks to my magnificent way of drawing them out of the old hat Em's nearly out of debt, and Mrs.'s room is in full blast till twelve and one every night—no limit, and it looked to me like a prosperous enterprise. Having looked up the gambling law, I find it refers entirely to men. Women are not amenable. Twenty-five cents is now deducted from each pot for the dealer, which proves remunerative, and I don't know of any better place to lose a few dollars than playing "Loto" at the strict church-going Mrs.'s.

There was an old couple at the central depot yesterday waiting to go through to the West, and they seemed loving enough until the old man went out and returned smoking a five-cent cigar and with his hat slanting over his left ear. The wife looked at him twice before she could recognize him, and then opened her mouth and said: "What'd I tell ye, Philetus Remington, before we left New Jersey? Didn't I say you'd go and make a fool of yourself the first chance you got?" He tried to pacify her by saying that the cigar only cost five cents, but she shouted: "You teased and teased till I let you git your boots blacked; then you wanted a glass of soda water; then you bo't apples on the train, and here's another five cents thrown away! It all counts up, and if you don't die in the poor-house then my name hain't Sary!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Worcester boy was engaged, in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy descending observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night "in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

An old clergyman spying a boy creeping through a fence exclaimed: "What! crawling through a fence! Pigs do that." "Yes," retorted the boy, "and old hogs go along the street."

CLIPPINGS.

Not a glee club—The policeman's.

An Oshkosh judge got four bars of soap for a marriage fee.

Chicago has sixty fortune tellers, but not one of them said, "Git them engines ready."

A western paper speaks of its contemporary as "the Boone organ of bottomless stupidity."

The man who went to sleep on a railroad track, found his rest was a good deal broken—and his leg too.

A country editor advises Queen Isabella to advertise if she wishes to find the throne she lost some time ago.

A Stark county, Ill., woman committed suicide the other day because no circus company had visited her vicinity for two years.

"Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a news-boy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy; "are you lonesome?"

Esther Shaw, of Davenport, Ia., worked thirteen years in one family before asking for a cent of pay. Needn't write for her; she's dead.

Modern improvements in Persia—The Shah has ordered a guillotine, a gallows, and a corps of ballet girls to be shipped him from Europe.

Foolish fathers who send boys into the country with fowling pieces and pistols are the best friends the undertakers have during vacation season.

An Iowa circus drew a big crowd by advertising that Schuyler Colfax would enter the ring on a bet of \$500 that he could ride the trick mule.

It is too bad that the Mayor of Grass City, Kansas, is dead; for the local paper says that "if he hadn't but one chew of tobacco he would divide it with a friend."

A Philadelphia paper thinks that if Mauch Chunk were in Europe, it would be celebrated in a song. The name would undoubtedly give a charm to verse.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

A London tradesman advertises himself as "breeches-maker to the queen." There must be some mistake about it. We don't believe the queen would do such a thing.

Success in life is apt to make us forget the time when we were not much. It is just so with a boy on a jump; he can't remember when he was a tadpole, but other folks can.

Sergeant Bates isn't dead. It seems to have been a put up job on the part of the telegraph operators to seduce the American people into getting up a celebration and fireworks.

Out in Wisconsin a horse kicked and killed a book agent, who cup on the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

"Sad thing to lose your wife," said a friend to a Vermontier who stood at the grave of his wife. "Well, tolerably," replied the mourner, "but then her clothes just fit my oldest girl."