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## LAFAYETTE COURIER.

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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.  
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**FARMS FOR SALE**  
I HAVE TWO GOOD FARMS FOR SALE at very reasonable terms—each containing 200 acres.  
One is situated one mile and a half north of Lafayette; is well improved. Has a good

**ORCHARD**  
And all kinds of subsoil of the best variety. The other is in Chesham Valley near the Willamette river. There is a good

**MILL-SITE**  
On this place, plenty of good timber; about 80 acres cleared.  
Either of these farms can be secured at a bargain. Terms easy.  
For further particulars enquire of S. SMITH, at this office.

### A Row in a Ladies' Car.

The Montgomery Advertiser of August 14th, contains the following: As the train on the Western Railroad was about leaving Selma for Montgomery, a number of delegates to the Radical Congressional Nominating Convention entered the first class coach and took passage for Montgomery. Among them was Judge Busted and a negro, Sam, Busted's servant. Sam seated himself in the ladies' car. There were with this delegation, I suppose, twenty negroes and about the same number of whites. No other negro offered to enter this car, or claimed the privilege, until the conductor ordered Sam into the next coach. He did it without any indication of passion. He did it in a gentlemanly, dignified, courteous manner. Sam refused to leave, claimed the right to his seat, and would not move until forced, and resisted the conductor when he attempted to lead him from the coach.

Two gentlemen from Lowndes, in the same coach, seeing that a difficulty would likely ensue, offered their services to the conductor, when Sam began to abuse one of them in an impudent manner. Some words passed between them when Sam disputed emphatically three several times a statement that the gentlemen had made. The third time this was done he struck Sam a blow in the mouth, which settled his impudence and decided the question of his privilege to a seat in the ladies' coach, until Busted, eye, Judge Busted of the United States District Court ran up in the rear of the gentleman who dealt the blow, and was still facing the negro, drew and leveled a repeater, evidently with the intention of bravely shooting a man in the back. He was prevented from his murderous design by the friend who offered to assist the conductor in putting the negro where he belonged, coloring and hauling him back to his seat.

With two exceptions the white Radicals denounced Busted's actions bitterly, stating that he was unpardonably wrong, and would not hesitate to make the statement in a court of justice or anywhere else. In fact but for the efforts of these gentlemen a bloody scene would have followed the entrance of the negroes into the ladies' car. Remonstrance was in vain. Busted was determined to see that the negro occupied the seat in the ladies' coach, and there is no doubt, left Selma armed for the purpose of backing Sam in resisting the attempt of the conductor to put him out, and when his cowardly attempt to shoot from the rear was thwarted, he used his influence over the negroes to instigate a mob, perpetrate violence, and take by force a coach set apart by the railroad corporation for the benefit of a certain class of people.

A small boy, telling his "pals" how he came to be detected stealing apples in a grocery store, proceeded thus: "Well, I didn't care so darned much about being seen, but the clerk was cross-eyed, and I thought he was watching a dog fight 'cross the street, but he was looking square unto me, and he helped me clean into the gutter."

### Mules and Women.

Some unknown party writes me as follows:

"Mr. M. would please advise me in your column what to do with a kicking mule—shell I pound him or not."

"My wife is also treacherous as the mule I believe her tongue is hugging on the middle and flies at both ends. L. L. P."

No, sir, don't pound your mule. I know it is customary for owners of mules, to commence on the animal at sunrise with a crowbar and pound him until bed time, but I always found kindness more successful. Seek to gain the friendship of your mule, and as soon as you succeed you can do anything with him. When you go into the barn in the morning, have a kind word for him instead of knocking him down with a neckyoke. Ask after the health of his family—show him that you are interested in his welfare—be civil and yet firm, and as soon as that mule finds out that some one in this cold world loves him he will be a different mule.

All mules kick, my dear sir, just as all men love to hold a fat office but there's a remedy for it. Get an old stove boiler, fill it with bricks, and hang it by a rope so that it will just swing against the animal's heels, and he won't raise a hoof.

Feed your mule well. I know of farmers who throw a keg of nails or an old sashpan into the manger, and expect a mule to grow fat on such forage, but it embitters their feelings and makes 'em more set in their ways. Of course I don't say that you must feed a mule on fried eggs, currant jelly, resin cake, and the like of that, but don't expect he can feed on rails and feel enthusiastic all the time.

About your wife. Don't try to stop her from talking unless you want to kill her. It's natural for a woman to talk, sir. My first wife used to nearly kill me, but I now remember with grief how I deliberately planned her death. I bet \$10 that she could keep right on talking for three weeks, and she commenced. I had to go away from home, but she was a woman that wouldn't lie, and I trusted to her honor. I returned home at the end of three weeks. There was no one around the house, but on a chair where I had left my dear wife sitting, was a corset, a dress a dozen buttons and back comb—the last sad relics of my loving partner. She had talked herself to death, and as I began to weep the corset spoke up and said: "Come down with that little ten dollars, if you please."

Prof. Baum is a man whose name is frequently mentioned in the Southern newspapers with such personal remarks as the following: "He is an undersized German teacher of languages, distinguished by his unparalleled cheek and his remarkable unfamiliarity with the truth as an abstract principle; indeed, it may be said that with him truth is stranger than fiction."

"I want you to retract what you said in this morning's Herald, or I will cut your bloody heart out," is a specimen of the notes received by the enterprising local editor of the Duquoy Herald.

### "Scandalets."

The Beecher affair has necessitated the establishment of a "new department" in several Eastern papers, under the above heading. Here is a specimen from a prominent journal:

Gaynor parts his hair in the middle. That settles him.

It is easier for a camel to skip through the eye of a needle than for a "nest-hunter" to walk into Heaven.

We find Mr. Tilton at one time saying that his wife is as pure as an angel; at another that she is as false as Lucifer.

The prevalent sentiment in the Southern press is that the gunning season in Brooklyn ought to have set in long ago.

Miss Anthony is rummaging through the wilds of Otsego county gathering wild flowers and all sorts of strange herbs.

Let us remember that neither religion, sects, nor virtue are touched by the scandal and infirmities involved in the Brooklyn exposition.

Susan B. Anthony was interviewed the other day concerning that about Beecher. Nothing was elicited except that Susan's age is fifty-five.

A "cataclysm" is what they call it in the intellectual department of the New York Tribune. We should think it was at least that if not more.

Suppose it should turn out simply that the man found the woman unduly attached to him, and cursed himself in that way for having been the cause of such a passion?

Miss Anthony, who was present when Nathan put it to David about Mrs. Uriah, says she cannot remember anything that has so deeply affected her since that time as the present troubles in Brooklyn.

It is rumored that the Rev. H. W. Beecher has become involved in a rather awkward scrape with some women or other in Brooklyn.

"Is there nothing," exclaims a Brooklyn journal, "to redeem Plymouth Church from this body of death?" Unless the case will yield to the marvelous influence of Helmholtz's buch, it may be regarded as hopeless.

See here, where is George Francis Train? This is the first fight that he hasn't had a hand in, and he hasn't fired a single pistol shot into the air or made a speech. Come to the front, George, and wake snakes. Speak for Ireland, for Woodhull, the devil, or anybody. Otherwise there is a good chance for an unprofitable sleep.

It is said that Barnum has offered Weston \$600 to walk against time. "Why can't somebody offer him \$3,000 to walk against a stone wall or a buzz saw?" asks the Boston Globe.

The Buffalo Express cannot understand how so large a paper as the Providence Press can be printed in Rhode Island, and asks where the boys stand to fold it. The folding is probably done on the mail trains where there is plenty of room.

Support your county paper.

### Letting a Man Down Easy with an Ace Full.

It was Simmon's deal. I was the oldest man, and the blind was three, calls seven. Ike Raggles saw it; then it was risen by Jones to fifteen for the play. Brown came in, and also the dealer stayed.

Then it took me twelve to make it good, which I put up, and I remarked to the society that it would cost only twenty-five more to draw. Every last gentleman stayed, but it was not raised any higher.

Then the dealer says to me: "How many will you take?" Says I, "A card." I had aces and kings, and got an ace in the draw, like a three and Jones two, but Brown had enough, and told the dealer to help himself, when he only took five.

There was now about 190 chips on the board. Ike bet one, Jones went ten better, and Brown raised it to twenty because he stood pat. The dealer said his'n was valuable at twenty more. I said: "How many does it take me?" Some one said "forty chips," which I invested likewise, with 60 better. Then all passed up to Brown, and I wanted him bad to stay with his steal, but his sand gave out and he passed. Says the dealer to me, "How many did you draw?" Says I, "A card. Well," says he, "I don't want to lay down this hand; I will bet sixty more than you!" Now the dealer was a stranger like to our party. He was from the country and didn't know much about d. p. So I thought it my duty to let him down easy, and I only called him.

"What have you got?" said I. "Two pairs!" said Simmons. Then it was my time to be sorry that I had an ace full on kings. "But," says the genial Simmons, "mine is two pairs of Jacks!" Then I said, "Oh!" and put on my hat, and went down the street to look for Christmas. As I went out the door, Brown asked me "how many I took?" But Brown always was a person which will kick a man when he is down.—Louisville Courier Journal.

A NEW KIND OF DRUG.—The Bennington, Vt., correspondent of the Troy Press tells the following joke on an apothecary there, who is said to sell it under the name of laudanum: "A sort of simple fellow from Woodford was sitting in the drug store, the other day, when a man came in and said he did not feel well, and would like some prepared laudanum. The apothecary went into the back room and prepared a good-sized glass, and the man drank it. Woodford remarked that the fellow wouldn't live long after taking so much laudanum. Presently another man came in and got a drink of laudanum. The chap followed him to the door and watched him for a long time as he went down the street, and remarked, as he came and sat down: 'That fellow stands it well; he must be used to taking it.' By and by a third man came in and took a large dose of laudanum and went out. This rubbed up the dull intellect of the Woodford man, and stepping up to the counter, he said: 'See here, boss, I'll take a dose of that lodium; it don't seem to kill anybody, and folks seem to like it.'

For the very best Photographs, go to Bradley & Rolofson's Gallery with an ELEVATOR, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Support your county paper.

### CLIPPINGS.

About women—Men.

A paper containing many fine points—a paper of needles.

Child's play—starting a new daily paper in Baltimore.

Gild a big knave and little honest men will worship him.

Pottsville rats twirl their forelegs against their noses sarcastically at rat-traps.

A long-winded orator is said to have a sleeping car attached to his train of thought.

It is a strange fact that wise men learn more from fools than fools do from wise men.

Note shavers succeed financially because they "take so much interest" in their business.

Somebody has noticed that nineteen out of every twenty newspaper men have straight noses.

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man letteth out the job to the lowest bidder.

Memphis husbands punish their wives by making them sit on chunks of ice while they knit the heel of a stocking.

"Can't they train Chinamen to eat grasshoppers?" is the counter-drum propounded by interested parties in the West.

A Chicago paper thinks that a recent published ballad, "O, speak no more," should have been dedicated to Anna Dickenson.

Where is George Francis Train? He ought to be in the Beecher-Tilton scandal. Get in, George, there is room for one more.

"I wouldn't have left, but the people kinder egged me on," said a man who was asked why he quit his Kansas home in a hurry.

The Milwaukee man who tied his dog to a wagon-wheel to learn him to be a coach dog, is disgusted with the whole business.

A stout old woman in Detroit got mad lately, because a photographer wouldn't let her fan herself while she had her picture taken.

A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice house there, twenty thousand tons of ice were "reduced to ashes."

An old phrase has been altered to suit the age. An account of Petrarch in a morning journal says "he was born of a rich but honest father."

A chap who spent \$1,500 to graduate from Harvard, is Postmaster in Iowa at \$24 per year. Where would he have been but for his Latin and Greek?

Rector's daughter to Sunday-school—"Oh, you have an elder brother; well, how old is he?" Schoolboy—"dunno, miss, but he has just started to swearing."

The log cabin which Mr. Lincoln made when sixteen years old, stands in seven different counties in Illinois, and they haven't got through counting yet.

The first mosquito of the season was captured near Newark, N. J., recently, after killing two dogs and biting off nine inches of his captor's ear.

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and tell him to lay up treasures in Heaven?" "What is de use of him laying up treasures up dar? He never see 'em again."