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LAFAYETTE COURIER.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1W	3W	3M	6M	1YR
1 Inch.	\$1 25	1 75	6 00	10 00	15 00
2 Inches.	1 75	2 50	8 00	12 00	20 00
3 Inches.	2 50	3 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
4 Inches.	3 00	4 00	12 00	18 00	30 00
1 Col.	4 50	6 50	18 00	28 00	45 00
1 Col.	6 00	7 00	20 00	35 00	50 00
1 Col.	7 00	9 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 Col.	10 00	15 00	30 00	60 00	100 00

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

M. E. Church South.
Religious services will be held by the M. E. Church South, as follows:
First Sunday Happy Valley, 11 A. M.
McMinnville, 6 P. M.
Third " West Chehalis, 11 A. M.
Fourth " Armstrong's Chapel, 11 A. M.
Lafayette, 6 P. M.
E. G. MICHAEL, P. C.

Dr. J. W. Watts will preach at this place the second Sunday in every month at 11 A. M., and in the evening at early candle-light.

M. E. Church.
Religious services will be held by the M. E. Church, as follows:
First Sabbath Lafayette at 11 A. M., and Unity School House at 3 P. M.
Second Sabbath Smiths' Church at 11 A. M. West Chehalis 7 P. M.
Third Sabbath, North Yamhill 11 A. M., Lafayette 7 P. M.
Fourth Sabbath at McMinnville 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.
W. BURT, P. C.

L. SAMUEL, is our duly authorized Agent at Portland, Oregon.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.
Mails bound South will close at 5 o'clock P. M. each day.
Mails bound North will close at 6 P. M. each day.
Postoffice will close at 7 P. M. until further notice.
Office open from five to six P. M. Sundays.
Aug. 18. J. W. WATTS, P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. M. HURLEY,
Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

JAS. McCAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE State Courts.

E. C. BRADSHAW,
Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

P. C. SULLIVAN,
Attorney-at-Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL hereafter be found at the south east corner room of Reed's Opera House, up stairs, Salem, Oregon.

W. M. RAMSEY,
Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

JAS. A. DALL, R. STOTT,
BALL & STOTT,
Attorneys at Law,
111 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Jan 10th

DR. ALFRED KINNEY,
Surgeon.

Room No. 7, DEKINS'S BUILDING, N. W. Corner First and Washington. PORTLAND, OREGON.
Office Hours—9 to 11 A. M. till after 5 P. M. in Office at Night.

HAIR DRESSING SALOON.
ED. PERKINS,
HAVING BOUGHT THE SHOP owned by J. R. Majors, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to do any and all kinds of work in his line in the latest style.
Shaving,.....25 cents
Shampooing,.....25 cents
Hair cutting,.....25 cents

HAVE THOROUGHLY OVER-hauled and repaired my BATH ROOM, those in need of a good
BATH,
Can be accommodated reasonable.
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The great silver plater, cleaner, and polisher. Indispensable to every family. A fortune for agents. Sells at sight. Sample free. Send for it. Address at once, KENDALL & CO., Chicago, Ill.

TELEGRAPHIC

(FROM THE PORTLAND DAILIES.)

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The Secretary of the Treasury is still engaged in prosecuting the raid against all parties engaged in illicit whiskey distillation. Treasury agents are requested, in cases where U. S. attorneys and revenue officials fail to give their full support to the investigations in progress, to report their names to the department.

The agent at Milwaukee telegraphs that he has discovered a subterranean tank of the capacity of 2,500 gallons, belonging to one of the Milwaukee distilleries.

TOLEDO, May 13.—The Blade publishes an elaborate wheat report compiled from statements from fifteen points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, indicating that there has been a quarter to a third of the winter wheat crop killed, but which is nearly offset by the increased number of acres sown, and that the quantity of spring wheat put in if everything keeps favorable, brings the whole production up to the average crop. One fourth of last year's crop remains in farmer's hands. The amount of corn put in this year greatly exceeds last year.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 13.—In the races to-day the first rare, mile heats, was won by Searcher who distanced the other two entries, Light Coin and Lost Fortune, in first mile, making it in 1:41 3/4, the fastest time on record. Last year Gray Planet ran a mile at Saratoga against time in 1:42 1/2.

CHICAGO, May 14.—Reports from portions of Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska state that grasshoppers are already devastating the country of every green thing, and that farmers are greatly discouraged. The pests seem to be young; at least they are very small, ranging from the size of a flea to that of the common housefly, but their destructive powers appear quite as great as those of the full grown insect. Gentlemen who have recently been a tour throughout southwest Missouri says that grasshoppers are devouring everything green in that section. The people are panic-stricken. Cattle and horses are dying by hundreds of starvation. They can find nothing to eat, not even in the woods, as the grasshoppers have eaten the leaves off the trees. In Minnesota the investigation by the reporter of the St. Paul Press, sent out specially for the purpose, shows, so far, only a portion of four counties are troubled with the pests, but the deposits of eggs are found in other sections, and serious damage to crops is feared.

JACKSONVILLE, May 14.—To-day the body of Mrs. Ruch, the widow of Frederick Ruch, who committed suicide a short time since, together with that of her youngest child, a boy about four years of age, were discovered in a mining reservoir on Applegate creek. It is supposed that she deliberately committed suicide, having been very despondent since her husband's death. She leaves four children, the oldest of whom is about sixteen.

BOSTON, May 15.—As a result of the investigation into liquor es-

tablishments here, about 500 packages of liquor, valued at \$200,000, the property of 30 firms, were seized to-night.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—The Postmaster General, under authority of the act of Congress of June 8th, 1872, has ordered that the rate of United States postage on letters sent or received from foreign countries with which different rates have not been established by postal convention or other arrangement, when forwarded by vessels regularly employed in transporting the mail, be reduced from ten to five cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof, to take effect July 1st, 1875.

The select committee of the Senate appointed to examine into the condition of the executive departments, in order to report at next session of Congress what reforms are necessary, have nearly completed their work.

Judge Pierrpont, the new Attorney General, took charge of the office to-day, and was called on by heads of bureaus and others.

Congressman Pratt took charge of the internal revenue office to-day.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just made a call for five millions coupon bonds upon which interest ceases after August 15th. Securities for redemption should be addressed to the Loan Division of the Secretary's Office.

NEW YORK, May 17.—The Presbytery of the Reformed Presbyterian church, which met in this city last week, returned a verdict of acquittal in the case of Rev. Nevyn Woodside, of Brooklyn. The charge was improper intimacy with a young woman before the Miami session at Northwood, Ohio. The evidence proves his entire innocence.

CHICAGO, May 17.—Extraordinary cold weather prevails through out the Northwest for the past week. In Livingstone county, Ill., yesterday morning, ice formed an eighth of an inch thick. All vegetables are very backward, the trees not even having put out leaves.

ST. LOUIS, May 17.—A special to the *Evening Dispatch* from Jefferson City says the Governor this morning issued a proclamation to observe Thursday, June 3d, as a day of humiliation and fasting. Information is received that the State is threatened with the grasshopper pestilence.

BOSTON, May 17.—Gov. Weston, of New Hampshire, and four of his council decide that the votes for National Head, Republican candidate for State Senator from the second district, are to be treated as blanks, claiming that his name is Nathaniel. They also threw out the vote for the prohibition candidate for Senator, declaring him ineligible not having been a resident of the State as long as the law prescribed. This gives the two disputed seats in the Senate to the Democrats.

A Council Bluffs, Iowa, young man asked a young woman in marriage of her peculiar parent, and received instead a pounding with a swill pail. The suit for assault and battery with intent to kill was brought to a premature close by a compromise—namely, the marriage of the lovers.

"Sancho Pedro."

A New game at cards called "Sancho Pedro" has lately sprung into existence and is becoming very popular among those who play for money and those who play for "fun." We are not aware that it has been introduced here, and a brief description of it may therefore be of interest to our local players, presuming that old "Pedro" is already understood. The principal difference between the new and old is: The number of points that can be made in one hand and the term "Sancho" which is unknown in the game of Pedro. The regular number of points in the new game is 100, but by consent of players may be reduced to 50, the lowest in custom. The highest number of points that can be made in any hand is 18 counting as follows: High, 1; Low, 1; Jack, 1; Game, 1; Sancho, 9; Pedro, 5.

"Game" is always the ten spot of trumps only, and if this card is not dealt no game can be counted. "Sancho" is the nine of trumps. "Pedro" is the five of trumps as in the old game.

"Six cards are dealt to each player, any one of which can bid as many points as he chooses, but, if he doesn't make them, he is "set back" an equivalent number.

None are sure cards except high and low.

The precedence of the counting cards is: high, low, jack, game, sancho, pedro.

"Have you'n, eggs?" inquired a peaceful looking old man as he leaned over the counter of a hardware store recently. "No sir, this is a hardware store; we keep nails, stoves, etc." answered the clerk. "Well, I did want some eggs, drawled the old man, "but I hain't particular, and you may give me a pound of nails."

"Are you a going' after that sugar?" called a Marquette (Mich.) mother to her boy, who was in the street. "Am I going after that sugar?" drawled the youth in a saucy and impudent tone; but just then he happened to see his father coming up behind him, and he said so lovingly and respectfully: "Why, of course I am, ma; I didn't know you needed it right away."

There is a story of a certain Boston Doctor of Divinity, whose name they spell with a "P." A man of the same name died, and a zealous newspaper fellow, seeing the death in the paper and thinking only of Dr. P., wrote a most enthusiastic obituary. A wag met Dr. P. the next day. "What, are you not dead!" he said. "Well, then, you ought to be. No man can ever live up to that obituary."

"When I was traveling in Massachusetts, some twenty years ago," said a traveler, "I had a seat with the driver, who on stopping at the postoffice, saluted an ill looking fellow on the steps, 'Good morning, Judge Sander; I hope you're well, sir?' After leaving the office, I asked the driver if the man he spoke to was really a judge. 'Certainly, sir,' he replied. 'We had a cock fight last week, and he was made a judge on that occasion.'"

When horse-cars have good conductors they are never struck by lightning.

How Mr. Coffin Spelled It.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brush street, sat in their cozy back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, while the family cat, stretched out under the stove, sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down the newspaper and remarked:

I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling schools.

Well, it's good to know how to spell, remarked the wife. I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along.

I'll see about that, he laughed; come now, spell buggy.

Humph! that's nothing. B u g g y, buggy, she replied.

Missed the first time—ha! ha! he roared, slapping his leg.

Not much—that was right.

It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would.

But it is spelled with two g's, and any schoolboy will tell you so, she persisted.

Well, I know a darn sight better than that! he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.

I don't care what you know! she squeaked; I know there are two g's in buggy!

Do you mean to tell me that I have forgotten how to spell? he asked.

It looks that way.

It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle of you strung on a wire!

And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes you are!

Don't talk that way to me! he warned.

And don't shake your fist at me! she replied.

Who's a-shaking his fist?

You were!

That's a lie—a infernal lie!

Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with your meanness for forty years past; but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!

Do you want a divorce? he shouted, springing up; you can go now, this minute!

Don't spit in my face, don't you dare do it, or I'll make a dead man of you! she warned.

I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!

Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard?

That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the necktie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her off her feet, but she twisted up on the necktie until his tongue ran out.

Let go of me, you old fiend! she screamed.

Git down on your knees and beg my pardon, you old wild-cat! he replied.

They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table

and had her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs, she shouted:

You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?

He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court-plaster on her nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Western journal learns that "Theodore will restore Elizabeth to his affections on condition that she will hereafter wear a steel trap on each of her ankles." Does anybody suppose that Brother Beecher is so green a fox as to be caught in a steel trap arranged in that way? Why, he would spring those traps, throw them into the cistern, and have undisputed possession of those ankles so quickly as to make even a cast-iron Theodore's head swim.

A gentleman from beyond the suburbs of Fort Wayne thus describes Mme. Carreno-Saucet's performance on the piano, to a reporter of the *Sentinel*: "I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Genie couldn't hold a candle to her. When she first sit down she looked kind a wild, then with a howl dug her finger-nails into them ere rough notes, and shot 'em like lightning' up into the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right-hand side, went a rippin' down hand over fist, till she got clean down, making a noise like thunder. She then yanked a handful out of the center and planted them at the end, then wiggled around with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety hopety-scotch up and down, and I tell you that ere pianer howled. She then gave another snort, and when she went she busted in like mad, raised up of her chair, stuffed three fingersful there, caromed six more in the corner, gobbled up a few more tunes and settled their hash in about a minute. After that she tackled in with her left-hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that ere pianer went shiftin' around on his chair as though he had a carpet-tack under him. Good night, mister."

A Nevada woman recently knocked down seven burglars one after another. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight-year-old boy out of bed and "whaled" him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

It is related of a certain minister, who was noted for his long sermons with his many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among his teens, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "say 'Amen!'"