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BUSINESS CARDS.

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

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE STATE COURTS.

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

Office in the Court House.

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.

BALL & STOTT, Attorneys at Law, 11 West Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel, PORTLAND, OREGON.

REMOVAL.

DR. ALFRED KINNEY HAS REMOVED his office in residence to the Northwest corner of Alder and East Park Streets (double block), where he can be found at any time.

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

FRESH BEEF,

Delivered by JOHN BOSTON

I WILL DELIVER FRESH MEAT TO my patrons in Lafayette at 3 cents a pound.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, will be at Lafayette. JOHN BOSTON.

J. HANEY, BOOT & SHOE MAKER, LAFAYETTE OGN.

I AM PREPARED TO MAKE A No. 1 pair of Boots or Shoes on short notice.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. J. HANEY.

Improve YOUR Poultry.

It costs no more to keep good fowls than poor ones.

OAKLAND POULTRY YARDS.

Corner Sixteenth and Castro streets OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

SEASON OF 1875.

Eggs for Hatching

From the largest and best bred Fowls in the World.

Carefully packed and warranted to carry safely any distance. The varieties comprise

Dark and Light Brahmas, Buff and Part-Rize Cochins, White Leghorns, Hamburgs, Black Spanish, White Dorkings, Golden Pouter, Aylshury Ducks, and Game. Sebright and Black African Fantails, Blue Turkey, the finest collection on the Pacific Coast.

Send stamp for illustrated circular to GEO. B. BARLEY, Importer and dealer of Choice poultry, Box 854, San Francisco.

Please state what paper you saw this advertisement in.

SENT FREE

and post paid—THE BEVERLY BUDGET \$75 per week, CASH to all, at home or traveling. Something entirely new. Ad dress at once, THE BEVERLY CO., Chicago.

TELLGRAPHIC

(FROM THE PORTLAND DAILIES.)

Delano's Exhausting Labor.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—A Washington special says: Columbus Delano in his letter to the President assigns as one reason for his resignation, the exhausting labor which his fidelity to his duties has demanded. An examination of the official career of Delano shows he has furnished one of the most conspicuous illustrations of absentees ever known in the government service. A careful scrutiny of the record of time devoted by Secretary Delano to the government business in Washington during the 4 years he was Secretary, proves that in that time he was in Washington exactly two years, one month and seventeen days. It is 42 per cent. of the period of his administration—considerably less than half the time. The compensation paid Mr. Delano for the time he was absent aggregated \$16,933.

New Regulations to Prevent Smuggling.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—The secretary of the treasury while in New York, has been inspecting the operation of the new regulations for the examination of passenger's baggage. He has determined upon some minor changes which will doubtless be introduced at all the points. The difficulty is that inspections are made while passengers are on deck when steamers land. The delay incident to this waiting is often a great hardship, particularly to ladies. Bristow directed to erect a waiting house for this purpose, at which he will compel steamers to land. Supervising architect Potter has been summoned to New York to consult about a plan for the house.

Why Appraiser Ham was Removed.

Friends of Secretary Bristow, deny that late Appraiser Ham, of Chicago, was removed because of editorial attacks on the secretary, but in consequence of statements made to Bristow by numerous members of the last custom house commission that Ham was intimate with and defended the ring, which was speculating on the government in the custom house construction there.

Correct.

Postmaster General Jewell has written to the political managers in Alabama, that he must have good men for appointments to responsible places, and prefers good Democrats to bad Republicans.

Pinney's Grand Steer.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1. Speculations of G. M. Pinney, defaulting clerk of the Navy Paymaster, Spalding, promise to create a sensation second only to that caused by the suspension of the Bank of California. Later information indicates that his sealings will amount into the neighborhood of a million dollars. His victims are among the shrewdest and wealthiest citizens of San Francisco, bankers, brokers, and merchants. The only wonder will be when the facts are brought to light that such parties should have allowed themselves to be so imposed upon. In some case it is said losses are so great as to cause serious financial embarrassment. It is believed that the government will not be a loser by his operations, nor is it plain that suf-

fers by his swindling have any recourse either to the Paymaster or elsewhere, as Pinney's bondsmen are only accountable to the government. It is thought that most if not all of Pinney's victims are well able to bear their losses.

Castor Oil.

She had had her mind made up for two or three days that the boy needed some castor oil, but she knew she must approach him gently. She placed the bottle where he could not see it and when he turned up his nose she said: "It's just like honey, my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued: "If you'll take some I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful, just one spoonful," she replied as she uncorked the bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then he asked:

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no ile," he said as he drew back.

"Well I'll buy you a kite," she said, filling the spoon clear up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor ile down me," he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease farther to, and I know he will. Come now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right—no dog, no ile."

"Well, ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will!" he said as he clasped on his cap.

"You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket, a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to top that castor ile down my throat."

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the dead fall he set for her.

A certain Whitehall is in the habit of using the common expression. By the way, to a considerable extent. Some time ago, during a religious awakening, he experienced a change of heart, and began attendance at protracted meetings. Finally, one evening, he gained courage enough to rise and offer prayer. He did well until the closing up, when he abruptly sat down without the usual Amen. As he dropped into his seat the omission occurred to him, when he arose quickly, and with the index finger of his right hand extended toward the presiding pastor, ejaculated, "Oh, by the way—Amen, and immediately resumed his seat.

Unloading Under Fire.

Radical officials are beginning to recognize the fact that the tidal wave of public opinion against their corrupt administration of the affairs of the Government cannot be longer stayed. The people have determined upon a change and that unworthy servants who waste their masters substance in riotous living shall give place to others more worthy of the trusts reposed in them. Coming events are casting their shadows athwart the threshold of Radicalism. The public press is keeping up an incessant fire upon corrupt, dishonest and incompetent officials, until, notwithstanding their oft repeated boasts, they are being forced to begin the process of unloading while "under fire." A short time since the New York World announced the fact that Orville Grant, brother of the President, who has had a monopoly of the Indian trade of the northwest, under which the most flagrant trading and swindling has been practiced upon the government and Indians, has resigned his permits and retired from business. The telegraph has been singularly reticent upon the matter of his resignation. The rumor has been rife for months past that Delano was about to resign, but that he would not do so while under fire. But the day of the assembling of a Democratic House of Representatives draws near, and it becoming apparent that the Committee of Investigation upon the charges of fraud practiced by him and his confederates upon the Indians, as well as the Government, would not be unambiguously in favor of bringing in a whitewashing report; he too has considered that "discretion is the better part of valor," and has stepped down" and off the "ragged edge" of anxiety by handing in his resignation. "Thus one by one" the corrupt Radical officials are fading from public view. The places which they have used for selfish gain at the expense of the taxpayers, it is to be hoped will be filled by better men, and if not so filled for the present, the time is drawing nigh when the Democracy, aided by the people, will effectually restore the public service to its former standard of efficiency by placing its official stations in the hands of men of honor and integrity. Good by, Delano! Good by Orville! Next?—Mercury.

Here is something wonderful.

It is about some Indians who are honest and not lazy. About ten miles from the mouth of Cataract creek, a tributary of the Big Colorado, in Arizona, is the Sapia Indian village, numbering three hundred persons, who have a language of their own, and are very thrifty farmers, keeping some two hundred acres of land under cultivation. They do not associate with other Indians, and, never having been consigned to a reservation, they are singularly free from laziness and dissipation of the modern red man.

Mr. Beecher has done the wisest possible thing in declining the proposed reception at the Academy of Music. His friends will be equally wise if they now cease to compel public attention afresh to the late scandals.

Subscribe for the COURIER.

A Source of Congratulations.

Democrats may well consider it a subject of congratulation that the different aspirants for Congressional honors are stamping the State in a body. The superiority of Mr. Lane over all his competitors alone is sufficient to foretell the Democratic triumph. Those people who are undecided in their opinions, thinking, perhaps, each platform equally good, but who are determined to vote only for a man of whom they may be proud, for a man who will be alive to the best interests of Oregon and will be at all times on the alert for her defense; those people, in a word, who prefer the man to party principles, now that the candidates speak together, can form but one opinion, and can make none other than Mr. Lane their choice.

In this quadrilateral campaign, the voters are enabled to weigh and measure for themselves, and this we repeat to Democrats, should be a subject of general rejoicing. "Mr. Warren, without wit or words;" Mr. Whitney, without a part; Mr. Dimick, without hears; it is to be wondered that Mr. Lane has made for himself so many friends? The contrast between the two standard-bearers of the two leading parties is too great. The one conversant with all the issues of the day, dignified in diction and trenchant in attack; the other ignorant of the popular feeling concerning the North and South, unacquainted with the great topics that create and agitate adverse parties; unable to express himself either understandingly or grammatically; we reiterate it is not a subject of congratulation to Democrats that the different candidates for Congress are stamping the State in a body?—Enterprise.

A New Jersey granger heard a great noise among his chickens the other evening, and thinking thieves were despoiling his roost, he rushed out with vengeance in his eye and a shot gun in his hand, but discovered no one about. Then he counted his fowls, but instead of some being missing, he found six more than belonged to him. His eyesight being a little defective, he didn't discover until the next morning that he had counted six vigorous chickens of the New Jersey brand, which had accidentally been fastened in the coop with the hens. I thought they was rather too big for chickens when I counted 'em, he afterward remarked.

Hurrying down Jefferson avenue yesterday to the depot a man-truck a heap of peach skins and fell on his beam ends and rolled over twice before he stopped. A boy, standing in the centre of the street, anxiously inquired:

"Be you hunting for anything, mister?"

"Come here, bub, said the man as he sat up, come and get ten cents and some candy and plums and juba-pastel. That's a good boy, come and see me."

Your intentions may be good, replied the boy as he backed off, but I guess I'll wait till the other booting gets over aching before I get any nearer.

If as many hours labor were devoted to farming as there are to playing croquet, the largest farm in the county could be run without other assistance.

"In de Black Hills."

"Hellow Petel, where have you been this time of night?" said a policeman to a colored citizen.

"Is you a soger?"

"A soldier, no. I'm a policeman."

"Is dat so? An' you wants to know where I's been does you?"

"Yes; it's rather late for one of hour standing to be out on the street?"

"An' if I tell yer whar I's been you won't tell de sogers?"

"Of course not."

"Nor telegraf to Sheridan?"

"No."

"Well, den, Pl. tell you, marster."

"You know dat colored gal dat lives in de next block down yer?"

"You mean Susy. Oh, yes, I know her."

"Well, marster, I'se been sparking Susy, dat's all."

"Sparking Susy. Well that's all right enough, Pete, but whar in de duce have the soldiers and General Sheridan got to do with that?"

"Well, you see, marster, I read de papers. I read dem orders of General Sheridan to his sogers; Can't fool me on dem."

"What in de duce do you mean Pete? What's all that to do with you?"

"Well, its like dis, boss. When I was sparking Susy I done a little prospecting in de Black Hills and if Sheridan finds it out he'll be arter me, shuah. Can't fool me, marster."

Pete trudged on laughing, and the policeman scratched his head till he got the joke through his hair, and then laughed too and said he hoped he might never collar another "bum" if Pete wasn't the smartest nigger in Dubuque.—Harald.

It is a little singular that Northfield, the home of Mr. Moody, should be the scene of the first demonstration within the Church against the doctrinal basis of his method of evangelic work. The Unitarians, it seems, have taken offense at something that has been said or done in these Northfield meetings, and the pastor of the village church of that denomination, preached a sermon embodying a series of vigorous assaults on orthodoxy. There were four counts in his indictment, namely: That orthodoxy is anti-Christian, that it is unreasonable, that it is essentially immoral in its tendency of its creed, and that its present place in the church is a usurpation. Mr. Moody, without referring to the discourses of his Unitarian brother and without becoming controversial, promptly took up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and the sermon so elicited, presenting the Trinitarian view of Christ with bold and original illustrations, seems to have been one of his most effective efforts in revival work in Northfield. Each of the speakers has been studiously observant of the dictates of Christian courtesy, but the recent orators are very significant and may have a marked effect upon the work of the revivalists in New England.

A Tenth Warden, rather under the influence of liquor, approached an acquaintance the other day and remarked: See here, Bill, they say you called me a sheepthief. Yes, I did. Well, you've got to apologize or I'll lick you. I'll be happy to apologize. I called you a sheep thief—but I mis-spoke myself—I meant to say that you had been in jail for stealing a horse! That's manly, said the Tenth Warden. Less take a drink. I knew you didn't think I would pick up anything smaller'n a horse.