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# LAFAYETTE, COUR

VOL. X .-- NO. 35.

LAFAYETTE,

OREGON; OCTOBER 22, 1875.

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NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER: Having made a tour of Rogue River Valley, I proceed to write you concerning such matters of importance as came under my limited observation.

First and foremost, shall speak of the country, the appearance of which is gloomy and lifeless in the extreme. The health in Jackson county, speaking in general, is never good, taking good health in old Yamhill as a standard by which to judge, and owing to the long continued hard times, the improvements are fast going down.

No rain has fallen since early summer and the weather now is hot and dry which is not much improved by a dense, blinding smoke which has prevailed ever since I arrived here, nearly a month ago, and the people are praying lustily for rain and less dust. I have witnessed as hot weather since Attorneys at Law, caue here as I did in Yamhill

The Galice creek mines according to the best information I can get are no humbug as many suppose, but on the contrary, only require a change of ownership and capital to work them judiciously to make them of the utmost importance to Southern Oregon. In addition, some new and promising developments have recently been made, and much prospecting going

The cinnabar mines of Stron, Mullen & Co. are exciting considerable interest in these parts. The above firm is now building smelting works and will soon test their claims. This mine is situated near eighteen miles south of Jackson-

Grape and peach culture wil ere long be leading industries here excellence.

Every flouring mill in this county is filled with weavil, which do incalculable damage every year both to flour and wheat.

The roads are lined with immi grants hunting that paradise which singularly enough is always a little ahead, and thus it has been for years, some person traveling the road several times.

A pitiful sight is the Johnson boy whom Dan Doty shot full of holes. His age is about four teen POULTRY years; he lies now a mere skeleton on the brink of the grave. Doty is a howling christian class-leader, and the day of the shooting had just returned from religious service SEASON of 1875. and considering that the Johnson family intended to move away the next day, in raising a fight with them and shooting them in the cruel manner he did, he committed a crime criminal in the ex-

> Four of us have just returned from a nine days hunt, killing 27 deer, some of them measuring one and one-fourth inches of tallow, and weighing, dressed, 140 pounds. Jacob Wimer, formerly of your county, being one of the party, saw thirteen deer and killed eight of them, shooting nine times, which is pretty good for a man nearly three score years.

Jack rabbits do a vast amount of damage and no good here and partisan are of no effect .- Sun.

are spreading into Umpona valley and promise the Willamette a visit before the days of their extermina-FOX ARABIAS.

MURPHY, Oct 13. Striped Stockings in Georgia.

He was sitting in the wagon in front of a Whitehall street dry goods store, holding the horses, while she made her purchases. She had just come out to consult him, and she was standing on the curbstone

What's that? he exclaimed. W'y, I say them striped stockings is a dollar a pa'r, in thar, she explained.

Striped snakes and green lizzords! What in' thunder d'ye want with striped stockin's?

I wants 'em fur Mary, an' the clerk says they're the fashin' now tetotally. Want 'em fur Mary, do yo? Like blazes! I know ye, ole woman! Ye'd tell Mary she shouldn't war 'em only store and office in Detroit has one on Sunday, and ye'd be up two hours of these. They've saved lots o' fore day and have 'em on your own shanks every Sunday the Lord sent ez long as they lasted, and never take em off till the moon was four hours

gin, ye'll hush, I warrant ye! she sed, followed on and asked: and she looked stormy.

Oh, yes, but ye'll her yer striped socks on fust, wont yel Yer'd look purty, woodn't ye, with them post rammers of yourn all striped up like a zebry's in a cirkus?

John of that p'leecman warn't over vander I'd get up that and take the peelin off'n that biled beet nose

Of kearse ye wud! an do it just to show all these Atlanty folks what sort of a cotton seed smashers them is that yer want to rig up in stripes tell they'd look like barber shop poles made inter wooden legs, yer would

Oh, ye jist whit--I'me bound to wait, case I'me ankious to see yer flounce around uyar with them striped socks on, aholdin' yer ole black gownd up two feet high ville by 10 miles west of the stage to step over whar some man hez spit, road and with little work easy of jist to show off yer dollar a pair striped leggins! It 'mind me of that dollar vardin that yer bought two or three years ago, and I hain't seen nary a show since-I'me 'obustin' ter see yer kavortin round agin like a young kaff at a bumble-bees' massas they grow to the finest point of meeting! Here is yer dollar-go git yer stripes!

She didn't take the money, but gathered up her bundles and slung them under the seat, climbed in after Mitchell street she was a working her mouth in an agony of rage, and feeling around in the straw to find where he had hidden the whip. For further particulars see small bills-funeral

### A Historic Parallel.

King Knud of England, commonly sea and commanded the tide stop rising; but had to quit the shore to escape being drenched by the disobedient flood.

A parallel to this memorable incident is found in the attempt of the lum. Grant party to stop the rising of the threatens upon the sea of pepular indignation. They are about to be overwhelmed by it on account of their corruptions, their frauds, and their incapacity; and in order to avoid this, they command the people to turn all their attention to an abstract problem of finance on . which no practical action can be had—the problem whether greenbacks are not better without

redemption than they are with. This endeavors will be as futile as that of King Canute. The just indignation of the people is going to efface all traces of Grantism; and when that is done they will be prepared to deal with any other subject that may require their attention.

In times of revolution, ordinary

A Detroit Man Tries It.

Mr. Warner, a respectable and law-abiding citizen of Baker street, rode home in an express wagon the other day, having a hand fire extinguisher and the driver for company.

What's that thing? asked his wife in contemptuous tones as sh opened the hall door.

What's that? Why that's a fire ago, original trad willial at

Jacob, you are always making a fool of yourself, she continued as she shut the door. Every paten right man gets around you as a ca lays for a mouse.

Does, eli? If you know anything at all you'd know that every gentleman, said I. And Ann Lunn, buildings, and may save ours.

you? she asked in sarcastic tones.

He carried it up stairs into a John, ef I get up that in that wag- closet without replying, and she

Don't it shoot the fire out? If you don't know anything, I'll learn you something! It is full of chemicals; you strike on this knob on top and she's all ready to open this faucet and play on the fire.

She grinned as she went around it, and finally asked:

around? No, I don't get a horse to draw it around. You see these strap? Well, I back up, and put my arms through them, and here it is on my

I see it is, she sneered.

And can't I run to any part of the house with it? he demanded. See -- see --?

And he cantered along the hall, into the bed rooms and out, and was turning the head of the stairs when his fi ot caught in the carpet. He threw up his arms and she grabbed at him, and both rolled down stairs. He yelled and she yelled. Sometimes he was ahead, and then she took the lead, and neiter of them had passed under them, and as the wagon went out the string when the extinguisher, bumping and jamming, began to shoot off its charge of chemicals.

You old -! she started to say when a stream from the nose struck her between the eyes, and she did not finish.

What in -- o e c hi roared War-

Everybody remembers the story of uer, as he got a dose in the car. They brought up in a heap at called Canute, who issued his order to the bottom of the stairs, the stream playing into the parlor, against the hall door, and up stairs by turns, and she gasped:

I'll have you sent to a fool asy-

Who's a fool? he roared, darcpolitical tide, which now swells and ing around with his eyes full of chemicals.

I'm fainting! she squeaked. And I have broken my back! he

two highly respectable old people got so that they could use their eyes and discuss matters calmly. She doubled up her fist and hoarsely said:

Take that investigator, or distinguisher, or whatever you call it, back down town, and tell everybody that you are a lunatic.

And he said: Dummit, I know more than all your family put together.

The Post-Office.

We kept the post-office at the fair You know what that is. People come and ask for letters, and of course we direct any envelope that happens to turn fip and hand it out, and they pay postage. We had all sorts of things at the fair -- fish-ponds and grab-bags. It was mean to put so many tracts in those, I do say; and, as I told you, w kept the post-office, and I den't know how it came into my head to write two letters just alike: "Meet me at extinguisher-best thing you ever the oak tree if you have not forgotten saw-meant to have got one a year the past,' and put them into pink envelopes; but we wrote trash of all kinds of course.

The oak tree was just outside the room where we held the fair, the big room of the academy; and there was a nice bench there; so it struck me to write these notes.

Give one to a lady and one to a who delivered the letters, laughed

Whoever gets them will be sure to go to the tree, she said; and almost as You throw it at the fire, don't she spoke, up came Dr. Steelwaggon, the oldest bachelor in Bluehill, and putting his head in at the window, said slowly:

Young ladies -are there any letters

Yes, sir; one for Dr. Steelwagen cried Ann, tossing me a pink envelope, and I addressed it. He paid a liberal postage, he was sure to do that, and away he went.

Watch him for half an hour, and you will see him go to the old oak, said Ann. And sure enough, in less time than that, we saw him make his Do you get a horse to draw it way out of the hall and sit down under the tree in the moonlight.

Men never lose their vanity, said

Do women? Let us discover, said I. And I saw old Miss Barnet coming toward the office, and I directed the other pink envelope to her.

In a moment up she came smiling, a pretty old lady in black silk, with the ricest little ruffles of real lace at

Have you any letters for me, my

dear? she said. One, Miss Barnet, said Ann. She handed out the pink envelope

number two, as she spoke. If I were a young lady, I should think this was a love-letter! she said as she walked away.

Will she go to the oak? I asked. We shall soon see, said Ann.

And though she did not go so soon, was not long before we saw her gliding out of the hall and walking very slowly indeed toward the bench where Dr. Steelwaggon sat.

He arose, she came near; he bowed She courtised. They sat down to-After awhile they arose and walked

way arm in arm. Didn't I tell you? said Ann. Of course when the met they had a

chat, said I. They are two old neigh-

sorts of things, of course.

Well, we were busy with the fair, and forgot all about that little incident soon, and when the fair was over there was still a good deal to do, until one day we all went up to the minister's house to count up what we had made, and talk things over, when as we were counting the gains of the post-office, the minister's wife suddenly cried out:

Oh, girls, we are to have a wedding here to-night. And the post-office It was a sad house when those brought it about. Miss Barnet is to marry Dr. Steelwaggon, and all because of two letters that they got at

"You see, long ago, when she was pretty young girl, and he a handsome young man, the two were engaged, and loved each other dearly. but they quarreled somehow, as lovers do, now and then, and separated. From that day to this they have never spoken to each other. But neither of them, as you know, have ever married, and lately Miss Barnet told me she had begun to think that the doc- lacks imagination.

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tor must have loved her more than she thought, else he would have had wife. Men can always marry if they please, you know." !!

And then she knew very well there had never been snyone to her like the

She thought as she walked about the fair how happy the old coupl looked arm in arm, and perhe thought so too. Indeed be her t so since. And when she walked to the office she was thinking how handsome he was yet, and when she opened the letter and read:

Meet me at the oak tree if you have not forgotten the past,

It gave her quite a nervous feeling and after a while she walked slowly to the door and looked out. The moon shone brightly over the lawn, and there, under the oak, in the middle sat the doctor by himself. He had written her letter? She walked or toward the tree, not meaning to see him unless he spoke; but he did speak and arising, bowed:

M ss Barnet, he said, I hope I see

Thank you, quite well, Dr. Steel And that was the first word they and spoken since thirty years ago.

She had said to him: It is perfectly certain that we have made a great mistake in thinking we liked each other, Dr. Steelwaggon,

And he had said: I never contradict a lady, Miss

Then she was twenty and he twonty-five. They were old people now, but when she shook hands with him under the old oak, she felt herself

We are both alone, said he. Let us keep each other company. Then he bowed her to the seat from which he had arisen and sat down beside her. After that, the first question he

asked her was: Have you been to the postoffice? She said yes. So have I he said. Will you read

He placed it in her hand. It was a duplicate of the note she had re-

She showed him hers. Those foolish children have been playing us a trick, said she. Well we can laugh at it. land nor li imi: I don't feel very much like laugh

ing, said he. You see I have not forgotten the past. Have you? Women don't forget very easily,

Miss Barnet, said he, we have been two very foolish people. I think a word on either side might have mended it years ago. I will say my word now. I love you yet. Will you forgiee me and be my wife?

People would laugh so, said she.

We will laugh too, said he. Come, Rose, say yes. When he called her Rosa, it suffdenly struck her how long it was since she had been called h Christian name, and she began to cry But Ann would joke, and say all Then he gave her his arm, and walked away into the shadows; she they are to be married this evening; and the Fair postoffice joke did, it

And they were married, and no body laughed but a few sillies, who minded them?

A Postmaster in Jacksonville Ala., who has been removed from office by the Postmaster-Generalfor incompetency, revenges himself by publishing his opinion that Bopublican principles are not appreciated in the Post Office department, and by calling Mr. Jewell a little blue-bellied Yankee. This epithet is not so effective by any means as that of a "little Lob-tail" clam Yankee," which was applied to the same member of Grant's Cabinet by Grant's intimate frier d; Boss Shepherd. As Mr. Willettsremarked to his son Joe, we fear that the Alabama ex Postmaster