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The Blessing of To-day.
Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown;
Strange that she should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed of such beauty
As adorns her cheek, to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweater accents
Through the portals of the tomb

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around the path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

Io and Jupiter.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

Io was the daughter of Inachus, King of Argos. She was a lithesome girl of sixteen, graceful as the budding larch; sparkling, lively, bright and fresh as the spring. Mischievous was she, but equally conciliatory. She would tease her father and all about him until they trolled again. When he had cast his steps of divine creation behind the royal chair, and, taking a long hair from her hand, she slowly wound it round the old gentleman's nose. He roused himself to curse the flies, and discovered the royal culprit; but before he could scold her, but was nestled beside him, and there she lay, quiet and still as a brooding bird, with wide-opened eyes fixed lovingly upon her father's face, until his *siesta* was ended. Io exercised perfect freedom. She went whither she chose, and did what pleased her, and no more. The king's advisers, prompted by their wives, represented to Inachus the advisability of putting Io under some kind of restraint; but the king shook his head, and thought with fearful foreboding, of the possibility of hearing Io's joyous laughter no more. "May her mirth live after me, rather than I should live longer than her mirth" he said.

Io was not wise, but she was extremely pretty. She was partial to admiration, as, indeed, are those who profess wisdom without claiming to be pretty. She was admired by all men; and, in consequence of her beauty, Inachus had erected a temple to Juno not far from his palace, and hither Io went with commendable regularity, dressed in spotless white. White was becoming to her, for she had long chestnut hair, which, braided to her waist. Her offerings were large-eyed fawns or fragrant flowers, and she walked slowly and with downcast eyes. Her eyelashes were long and curled. And yet, for all this innocence and simplicity, when she raised her eyes to the priest at the altar, they so roguishly twinkled that the holy men and the youths who had come to the temple with the most devout intentions, were perverted to a profound forgetfulness of anything more divine than Io's beauty.

Ah, from what trifling causes do the greatest calamities arise! Io never knew a guilty thought, and her flirtation with Jupiter was of the most childlike and innocent kind. He alone was guilty. He saw her at the temple, and followed her home; pausing to look in shop-windows, and passing her sweet time in the shop itself. Sleep, dreams, and long, was his only comfort; then he could not think of the cheerful voice, the sweet heart and loving eyes of his lost daughter.

He woke one morning, and it was as if he had felt moist lips upon his cheek. He looked around; nothing came within his vision. He put this hand to his cheek; upon it was a drop of moisture. Had he been weeping in his sleep? His hand was spread for the lonely meal, and he walked to his chair and sank into it with a sigh. "Another day," he moaned.

The handmaid who came to wait on him was thin, pale, her face disfigured by time and sorrow.

"Why do they send old women to wait on me?" said Inachus, peevishly. "I want young, pretty creatures, to make me forget what I am." The woman, however, called after her a nice old dame—she had a very old joke even in those days—and speaking of her otherwise irreverently, to I thought it best to add the subject.

"What a dear eagle that is! Does he peck?"

"Juno," said Jove, and laughed.

"How wicked you are! Do you think he would come on my hand?"

"He would never come back to me. Do you like thunder?"

"Not at all."

"I have a few bolts here if you would like to throw one."

"Oh, dear no!" said Io, shrinking with fear, and looking with terror on the apparatus. "They won't go off, will they?"

Jove threw one on a stone like a cracker; there followed a brilliant flash and a terrible roar. "To scare me."

You don't like fireworks!" said Jove, inquiringly.

"Not those with a bang in 'em."

"Oh, I know the sort you like. You should come with me and see brother Pluto; he's the fellow for pyrotechnics."

"Where does he live?"

"We never mention his place of residence," he said; "but it's down there, underneath the primary formation. He's mad about fire, Pluto is. It must cost him a fortune for colored lights, and however, he manages to consume all his own smoke is a puzzle. Will you go with me one evening to—What'sitsname?" To declined and as they were within sight of her home they parted.

When husbands for stated reason go to bed in curl papers, and take little

strolls" in which they are with regularity detained by a series of remarkable adventures, their wives will become suspicious. Juno suspected. For, though Jupiter accounted for his repeated absence at the tea-table in a manner highly creditable to his ingenuity, he was too agreeable and amiable to appear quite natural. One day Juno followed her spouse. Jove was seated beside Io in the agreeable shadow of a beeche-tree. The little maiden was plating his beard into a *queue*, and listening to whispered compliments.

"There it's done," said Io, holding the plated beard before Jupiter's eyes. He put his lips forward to kiss the pretty fingers, but she as quickly withdrew her hand, and with it gave a sharp smart smack upon the cheeking hand.

"Ah, ha!" said Juno. Jove's eagle, who had been slumbering on one leg for the last half hour, awoke and shrieked,

"Is that you, my love?" cried Jove, tottering to his legs, and smiling like an imbecile. Juno looked at him with calm superiority until he ceased to smile, and then, turning a momentary glance toward the trembling Io, asked with perfect composure, "And who is the young person?"

"Oh, a great admirer of you, my love—upon my word she is. Go to temple regularly. She was just saying how she would like to become a priestess, weren't you, miss?" What could poor Io do but faintly nod! She couldn't say yes, and doesn't tell the truth. Jove, by his counsel surely intended to save her, thought she.

"So you wish to become my priestess, do you?" asked Juno. Once more, the English suppose that longevity inheres in the descendants of George III., says the *Watchman and Reporter*, they are not so well acquainted with the history of their rulers as they might be. That monarch was the father of fifteen children—of whom Prince Alfred died in his second year, and Prince Octavius in his fifth year. The Princess Amelia died just after she had completed her twenty-seventh year. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and father of Queen Victoria, died in his eightieth year.

Prince Frederick, Duke of York, the oldest son and successor of George III., died some weeks before the completion of his sixty-eight year. Prince Augustus, Duke of Cambridge, died just after the completion of his sixtieth year. The Princess Amelia died just after the completion of his sixtieth year. The Princess Charlotte, wife of the Duke of York, died in his eighty-first year. Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, in his seventy-eighth year. The longest-lived of all George III.'s sons was, we think, Prince Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, who died in 1851 in his eighty-first year. Three of George III.'s children died young, and only three or four reached to old age.

England no man is held to be old who has not completed his seventieth year. The celebrated Princess Charlotte, oldest granddaughter of George III., died at the close of her twenty-second year. At one time it seemed as if the line of George III. would always continue except a few of his sons and daughters and children.

We should think the Prince of Wales' life would be considered a bad one to place in a lease, for it is a remarkable fact that only four of the English Princes of Wales ever reached to the age of sixty years. Two of these exceptions were the Princes who afterwards became Edward III. and George IV., neither of whom lived to be sixty-eight, Edward III. dying in his sixtieth year. The others were George II. and George III. Of almost a score of Princes of Wales, who had lived at various periods of the last six centuries, a dozen or so were the most unfortunate of mortals, some of them being murdered, either before they could reign or after having ascended the throne. Others died young, of natural deaths. Yet others died at middle life, without having reigned, though the title is borne only in being apparent. It is the shortest of lives that the most unlucky title that belongs to history.

George III. lived to be an old man, dying in his eighty-second year, whence the belief that his descendants must be long-lived. One of the shortest lived of kings has had some very aged descendants. Louis XIII., of France, died in his forty-second year, yet of his descendants were Louis XIV., who died at seventy-seven; Louis XVIII., who died at sixty-nine; Charles X., who died in his eightieth year; Charles III., of the Spain, who died at seventy-three; Ferdinand I., of the two Sicilies, who died at seventy-four; and Louis Philippe, King of the French, who died at seventy-seven.

All these were reigning monarchs, and two of them had about the longest reigns known to history, namely Louis XIV. and Ferdinand I. As he had other descendants who lived to great age, it is impossible to infer anything from the ages of parents. George III. for example, who lived till his eighty-second year was well advanced, was the son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died at forty-four; and his mother died in her sixtieth year.

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Birds Sacrificed to Fashion.

At the present moment, perhaps, birds are the greatest sufferers from the vagaries of fashion. Swan skins are for sale in hundreds; but these are as nothing by the side of some twenty thousand geese. For ages the geese and the penguin had a fine time of it. In the fastnesses of the Arctic and Antarctic circles these singular birds were persecuted and slaughtered, and did not good much about them—they were not good eating—and confined his depredations to stealing a few eggs now and then. One fine day an enterprising hunter stuck the glittering breast of a geese in a pork-pie hat, and doomed the geese to indiscriminate slaughter. Fashion adopted the primitive decoration; no bird was complete without a geese's or a penguin's breast stuck in it. Fashion presently went farther, and prescribed geese trimming as your only wear. Black velvet mantles, trimmed with geese, became the rage; and the beautiful bird-breast was often used to trim jackets torn from the baby seal. Geese and penguins had a terrible time for a few years; but fashion has now turned from them, and urged her shikaris toward sunnier climes, still retaining her fancy for "natural" decorations—owl-heads, hawk-heads, fox-masks, and the like—but delighting most in the feather trimming, the latest craze of all. To provide the feathers to make these fashions, the *peacock*, of which she had heard, fell when a girl, but had never seen, and it was something bad, she believed, she was there to interrupt him if he didn't preach orthodoxy.

Prominent among the female portion of the throng was an aged sister, who enlightened the others by stating it was a regular saint until she was about ten years old, and no confounded niggard tumbler! But the saint's virtue was not quite so strong as the *peacock's*, of which she had heard, fell when a girl, but had never seen, and it was something bad, she believed, she was there to interrupt him if he didn't preach orthodoxy.

"Well, madam," he replied, "you won't interrupt me if I do preach orthodoxy?"

"Oh no! that I won't!" she earnestly exclaimed, "but if you don't, I'll interrupt and expose you for sure!"

Now, to make the exercise go off with some degree of Episcopal decorum, the congregation was liberally supplied with prayer-books, and the few communicants were instructed to circulate among the people, "had the places" for the uninitiated, and lead them to the front bench.

Seating herself on the front bench, she shamed the preacher closely; and just before leaving the service, and while arranging his robes, she beckoned him to her, and informed him that she was there to interrupt him if he didn't preach orthodoxy.

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Then rose the minister and with the prodigal's resolve, "I will arise and go to my father," etc., commenced the service and won the old lady's heart, for it was her favorite passage, read and prayed over often because of a wayward boy. Next in order was the "exhortation," in which she heard nothing objectionable, and then the opening of his *Scripture* book.

On the occasion of Gen. Washington's first visit to Newport, to confer with Count de Rochambeau, Christopher Ellyer was the chairman of the committee of arrangements appointed by the town to receive its distinguished guest. During the General's stay at Newport he took tea at the house of Mr. Ellery.

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Mr. Ellery was a widower, and his daughter, Miss Betsy Ellery, then a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, presided at the tea-table in question, and pour out tea to her patriotic guests.

Miss Ellery was all the time suffering from a severe sore throat, and could not speak above a whisper. Gen. Washington offered to take any remedy that she would take.

"Miss Ellery, you seem to be suffering very much; what is the matter?"

Miss Ellery told him the cause of her trouble, upon which the General said to her,

"I suffer myself very frequently from a sore throat, and take a remedy which I find very useful, and which I would recommend to you were I not sure that you would not take it."

"But I am sure," replied Miss Ellery, "that you would take any remedy that Gen. Washington would offer."

"Well, then," said the General, "it is this, *minims boilli in molasses*."

Miss Ellery took the remedy, and of course was cured.

The youthful hostess of this tea party died at Newport in 1857, a few days before the ninety-third anniversary of her birth. She was a woman of strong and cultured intellect, and delighted in telling the trials of the patriotic sons and daughters of Newport who were exiles during the British occupation of their town.

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.—Take half a bushel of good unslacked lime, and slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste, and stirred and boiled half a pound of powdered Spanish whitening, with a pint of clear lime juice which has been previously strained, by first soaking it in water, and then straining it over a fine mesh in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand for a few days, covered from dirt. The whitewash should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace.

It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. The wash retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls.

BY THE SKIN OF ONE'S TEETH.—When one makes a narrow escape, it is usual to say that he saved himself "by the skin of his teeth." In the most splendid of all compositions (see Book of Job, chapter xix, verse 20), it is written: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Thereafter there was domestic peace and quiet in that family, with never an alteration to the maternal cookery and comforts of the by-gone days.—*Brownsville (Mo.) Herald.*

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