

LAFAYETTE COURIER.

VOL. XI.—NO. 46.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, JANUARY 5, 1877.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Table with columns for One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen, Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty, Twenty-one, Twenty-two, Twenty-three, Twenty-four, Twenty-five, Twenty-six, Twenty-seven, Twenty-eight, Twenty-nine, Thirty.

BUSINESS NOTICES

In the Local Columns, 25 cts. per Line

MADE IN AMERICA.

At Her Feet.

Take me, darling, as I am, With all my faults, nor few, nor small; Though thy sweet eyes should chide and chide, I would not seek my sins to hide.

On the Shore.

The wild winds over the foam sweep Up with a swell to the shining strand, With the breath of mists that the ocean keeps

Old Tom Allen—A Christmas Story.

Tom Allen was a miserable old miser. Nobody doubted that, for everybody said so, and what everybody says must be so; and then everybody called him Old Tom.

French Military Fun.

This military story is going around in French circles: An officer, Verdier, was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet.

Eggs as Food.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily food? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment, which is more than can be obtained from any other food.

Origin of the Turkish War.

The origin of the Turkish insurrection and the present war in the Turkish provinces has been represented by Turkish sympathizers to have been in Russian intrigue.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Toast.

The Edinburgh Weekly Review has the following account of a recent sale of cattle, and of a speech made on the occasion.

Presidents.

The following table, prepared for reference, shows the political sentiments and the date of the inauguration of each president.

Washing-ton Pie.

Three fresh eggs, well beaten, one and a-half teaspoons of sugar added, and well beaten, one teaspoonful of flour, with one teaspoonful of cream tartar rubbed in, half teaspoonful of cold water, with half teaspoonful of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of lemon-flavoring.

Rice Croquettes.

Boil half a cupful of rice, when cold add one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, melted, half teaspoonful of salt, flour, one egg, and hands and make into oval balls, dip in beaten egg and then in rolled cracker-flour in lard. Eat hot as a vegetable.

Prosted Lemon Pie.

One cup of white sugar, the yolk of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water; beat all together and bake with nice crust.

Climate and Clothes.

Owing to the sudden changes of our climate, says the New Century for Women, it is of the greatest importance for American women to understand the nature of the body and limbs nine months out of the year.

Physician's Advice.

A physician says that sweet oil is not only an antidote to the bite of the rat-snake, but will cure poison of any kind, both in man and beast. The patient must take a teaspoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound, for a cure.

Swedish Rice.

One quart of milk and one teaspoon of rice; boil until the rice is very soft and thickened; add the beaten yolk of two eggs, half teaspoonful of salt, one and a-half teaspoonfuls of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon-flavoring.

Philadelphia Carpet Manufacturing.

The Philadelphia carpet manufacturing business amounts to \$20,000,000 annually, or nearly as much as the whole United States manufactured in 1870.

George Sand.

A writer in the Gardeners' Gazette describes George Sand: "She was thickset, somewhat bald by age, yet in her movements there was not the least faltering."

The Last of the Centennial.

The Centennial building is rapidly coming down. Should the Centennial not be sold by next week, Corlies will then have it dismantled and removed to Providence.

Some Little White Ago.

Some little white ago, at a bar conclave at a Southern hotel, generals, majors, and lieutenants were gathered.

Two Interesting Inventions.

Two interesting inventions have just patented an apparatus for preserving food. To our thinking, the best of all ways to keep provisions from spoiling is to turn a pair of good healthy children loose in the pantry three times a day.

Uncle Tom.

and call him "Uncle Tom," and even the girls in the street making friends with you, to whom you are giving, you who might make thousands happy, and be happy yourself; you, who when you were young hung up a little stocking to you, which I always filled and made you happy; you, whose old mother wore her life out providing for you; you who would think dear old mother on her death-bed to be kind to, and provide for, your little brothers and sister; you, who now, will not even speak to those same brothers or sister; you, who have no good word, thought or feeling for your kind at this blessed season; you, who even the dumb brutes have learned to fear—your miserable miser, look at those stockings, read them, and bewail it!

Tom's Miserable Condition.

Here St. Nick, as if fearing to trust himself longer with Old Allen, gave a whistle, and up he chimedly vanished goblin reinder and St. Nick after them. Old Allen rubbed his eyes. Surely he heard bells jingle, rubbed his eyes again, and this time really awakened in his miserable bed, in his own miserable room, and in his own miserable condition.

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It was Christmas morning, and truly the joyous bells were ringing. Old Allen got out of his miserable bed and put on his miserable clothes, all the time thinking of his wonderful dream. It made him feel old in fact, so he concluded to go down to his iron safe, and look over his gold; that was his sovereign remedy for all trouble, but for a wonder his gold did not look one-half so bright and charming as usual, nor did it keep from his mind that horrible dream, and besides, the walls were dark, dank, gloomy, and chilly, and in truth Old Allen felt more uncomfortable than before, as he stood there gazing, and he thought how good a great coat would feel on his miserable back. "I've a mind to buy one," thought Old Allen; "it's worth cost and join the bargain." So he carefully locking his vaults, he started down the streets solitary and alone, as cold and miserable as could well be imagined.

Tom's Miserable Condition.

It was a long time before Old Allen could find a coat. This cost too much; that was too thin, and somehow—why knows he could not tell—but the pocket in all seemed somehow remarkably small. Such a thing had never happened before; in fact he discontinued his search, and returned home, and purchased a coat that the reverse was the case.

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At last he bought one, however, and acknowledged to himself that he did feel better in his comfortable folds, or at least he would have felt better could he only get out of that wonderful dream, but it seemed impossible.

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