

The Lebanon Express.
(ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.)

J. H. STINE & CO., Publishers

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(LOCAL.)
One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, \$1.25
Three Months, \$0.75
(Payable in advance.)

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
(LOCAL.)
One square, first insertion, 25¢
Each additional insertion, 15¢
Local Notices, per line, 15¢
Regular advertisements inserted upon liberal terms.

JOB PRINTING.
All descriptions of Job Printing done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Posters, etc., executed in good style and at lowest living prices.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE NO. 44, A. F. & M. S. Meets at their new hall in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon.
LEBANON LODGE NO. 48, I. O. O. F. Meets Saturday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
HONOR LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W. Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evening in the month. F. H. ROSCOE, W. M.

J. S. COURTNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LEBANON, OREGON.
Office in Dr. Powell's Residence.

F. M. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Notary Public and General Insurance Agent.
LEBANON, OREGON.
Collections and other business promptly attended to. Office on Main street.

DR. A. H. PETERSON,
SURGICAL DENTIST,
Filling and Extracting Teeth a Specialty.
LEBANON, OREGON.
Office in residence, on Main street, next door north of C. B. Montague's new residence. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.

C. H. HARMON,
BARBER & HAIRDRESSER,
LEBANON, OREGON.
Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing in the latest and BEST STYLES.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

Exchange Hotel,
J. NIXON, Prop'r.
LEBANON, OREGON.
MEALS, 25c. LODGING, 25c.
Tables Supplied with the Best of the Market Affords.
\$2.00 extra charge for men with white shirts and grip-sacks.

J. O. ROLAND,
Lebanon, Oregon.
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs,
AND ALL
Goods in the Saddlery Line.

Harness and Saddles Repaired Promptly and at
LOW PRICES.

LEBANON

Meat Market
W. WERTH, Prop'r.

Fresh and Salted Beef and Pork,
MUTTON,
PORK, SAUSAGE,
BOLOCHNA and HAM.

Bacon and Lard always on Hand.
Main Street, Lebanon, Or.

MEAD'S
Harness Shop!

Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESSES,
SADDLES,
WHIPS,
SPURS,
And a full line of...
Saddlery Goods.
All work warranted Hand-made and California Leather.

Agents for STAVEE & WALKER
Agricultural Implements
And the Celebrated
STUDEBAKER WAGON.
Main Street, LEBANON, OREGON.

G. W. SMITH,

Lebanon, Oregon,
—DEALER IN—

Stoves and Tinware, Iron, Pumps, &c.

Tin, Copper, Sheet-Iron Ware,

EVE SPOUT, Etc.

All kinds of Repairing Done at Short Notice.

Also keep in stock

The WOVEN WIRE BED.

T. S. PILLSBURY,

Brownsville, Oregon.

Practical Watchmaker.

Watches, Jewelry, Optical Goods.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' and Gents'

JEWELRY,

Rings, Bracelets,

ROYAL ALLOY THIMBLES, LADIES' Cuff and Collar SETS, Chain, Pins, Etc.

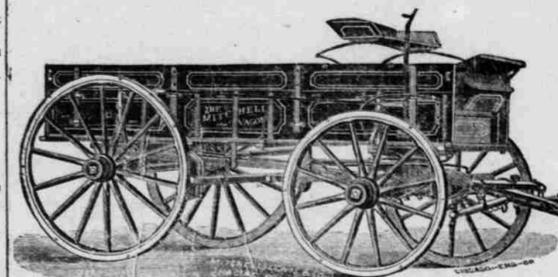
ROGERS & BROS.' SILVERWARE.
All Goods Guaranteed. All Work Warranted.

First Door North of the City Hall, Main Street, Brownsville, Or.

MITCHELL & LEWIS CO., Limited.

Factory: Racine, Wis. Branch: Portland, Or.

THE MITCHELL FARM AND SPRING WAGONS.



THE MITCHELL WAGON.

Log, Header and Trucks; Dump, Hand and Road Carts; Open and Top Buggies, Phaetons, Carriages, Buckboards, and

HARNESSES.

General Agents for Canton Clipper Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Road Scrapers, Gale Chilled Plows, Ideal Feed Mills and Wind Mills, Knowlton Hay Rakes, Horse Powers, Wood Saws, Feed Cutters, etc. We carry the largest and best assorted stock of Vehicles on the Northwest Coast. All our work is built especially for this trade and fully warranted. Send for new 1887 catalogue.

Mitchell & Lewis Co., Limited, 188, 190, 192 and 194 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

Our goods are sold by F. H. ROSCOE & CO., Hardware Dealers, Lebanon, Or.

G. E. HARDY,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware and Optical Goods.

Repairing

Specialty.



ROCKFORD
Quick-Train
WATCHES
Unequaled in EXACTING SERVICE
All Work Guaranteed

The New Noble Sewing Machine and Machine Supplies.

LEBANON OREGON.

A VALENTINE.

If I could bring the brightest gems
From Nature's richest treasure mine—
Diamond, ruby and emerald,
Shining jewels that the waves have kissed—
I'd string them in one radiant twist
To make my love a Valentine.

If I could find the rarest flowers
That over all the wide world bloom—
The columbine, with true love power,
Excelsior and the red flower tree,
I'd pluck them all in one glad hour
To make my love a Valentine.

If I could catch the feeble beams
Of bright Aurora's rays divine,
And keep the gleam of sunset skies,
And hold the rainbow's wondrous dyes,
I'd take the glow that in them lies
To make my love a Valentine.

If I could chain the lightning's flash
And spin it in a golden line,
And keep the story of snow,
I'd bind them with the lightning's glow
To make my love a Valentine.

But since these wishes may not be,
And nothing rich or rare is mine,
Except my heart and love divine,
This pointed flower of stately blue
Shall bear them, with the wish that you
Will always be my Valentine.

WOMEN FENCERS.

Why They Use the Foils and How They Do It.

An Effective Aid to Beauty and Health—Popularity of Fencing in Europe—Mrs. Langtry an Expert in the Art.

"Ah, madam, you will never make a fencer until you abandon those abominable heels." So saying the polite fencing-master laid aside his mask and pointed his foil, half scornfully, half sadly, at the little blocks which projected from a point near the middle of the sole of his pupil's slippers, and which had just tripped her up in a huge. Even in her humiliating position—for she had completely lost her balance—the little actress whose fencing lesson was thus unseasonably interrupted, presented an uncommonly pleasing picture. Her cheek was flushed and her eyes were bright with the exhilaration of the exercise; the violence of the 1st lunge and its disastrous result had set a few locks of golden hair free, and the close-fitting costume displayed a figure every line of which told of health and harmonious muscular development.

The costume was certainly one which would have gained the young woman applause on the stage. It consisted of a white flannel jacket, double-breasted and padded across the chest to deaden the force of her assailant's thrusts. A short skirt, with blue and white stripe, reaching just to the knees allowed the fullest freedom of movement. A pair of silk stockings, gloves with long gauntlets that protected the wrists, and the slippers with the offending heels completed the costume.

As may be supposed the pupil did not have much difficulty in planting the offending master, and the lesson went on. But in future the high heels were discarded and in their place came slippers without any heels at all, which are the only proper foot-gear for either man or woman while fencing. Soon the master was able to say with triumph of his pupil: "She handles the foil as naturally as if it were a needle. There are not many of my male pupils against whom I would not match her, if she had their strength. It's a pity that my women don't fence. I like to teach them. Their movements are naturally more graceful than those of men, and it is easier to train them to execute thrusts with delicacy, but when it comes to an actual bout with the foils they lose their heads. Coolness and judgment are the essential characteristics of a good swordsman, and my experience in teaching women is that these are qualities which women do not possess in any high degree."

The number of women who handle the foils is larger than is generally supposed. Even in New York where fencing has become a popular amusement only within the last few years, fencing-masters find plenty of female pupils, although these are generally actresses. Actresses are credited—probably justly—with taking more care of their beauty than any other class of women. Now, women who are really careful of their beauty should not neglect their health, and no exercise is more healthful than fencing. It makes the carriage erect and graceful; it gives suppleness and elasticity to the muscles, it has the exhilaration that makes exercise palatable—in fact, if a woman prizes a clear skin and a well-rounded figure, a foil and mask will prove her most effective aids; and this the young women of the stage have not been slow to discover.

Then again it not infrequently happens that an actress is assigned to some part that requires her to make a display of swordsmanship on the stage. Then she goes to a fencing-master and after a few lessons she is able to make a graceful exhibition out of what would otherwise have been a bungling and unaccountable scene.

In Continental Europe the women are more fully awake to the advantages of fencing than they are in this country. The Empress of Austria, whose daring sportsmanlike love for dogs, and general sporting proclivities are so well known, adds an admirable proficiency with the foils to her other accomplishments. All the fencing teachers of Paris have their genuine pupils, who are by no means restricted to the actresses. Young women of the highest classes in society fence as regularly as they ride or dance. In fact, if it were not for a fencing lesson the morning many of them would feel less inclination to dance in the evening. No actual duel between women is on record, notwithstanding the notorious painting of "An Affair of Honor," which ornamented the Paris Salon a couple of years ago. Nevertheless no one who knows the vagaries in which the women of the French Capital sometimes indulge

would be surprised to read of a sanguinary encounter between a pair of them at Vincennes or in the forest of St. Germain.

"I remember when I was a young provost in one of the big fencing schools in Paris," said the same teacher quoted before, what a sensation it used to cause when the hour for the ladies' lessons came. All the men except the master and myself were put out, but how they did beg to be allowed to stay! But the master was inexorable. He was an old soldier and believed in discipline. But they used to hang about the doors and look through the keyholes. One young fellow hid in a closet once, but he was found out and ejected in great disgrace."

Regis Senae, the genial fencing-master of the New York Athletic Club, said the other day that he never had so many applications from women who wanted to take lessons as he has since Mrs. Langtry became his pupil. M. Senae is not her first master; she has taken lessons in London, and is now more expert in the use of the foil than a woman often becomes. The writer was allowed to be present at one of her lessons not long ago. M. Senae comes to her house in West Twenty-third street every morning while she is in town. He is due at ten o'clock. "And I," said Mrs. Langtry, "often don't rise until he is announced; for you can imagine that sometimes it is a struggle to get up for a lesson, after having worked hard the evening before. But I find that I am the better all day for the exercise; so I summon up my courage and tumble into my costume."

Mrs. Langtry's costume consists of a close-fitting waistcoat of white buckskin, large baggy trousers of white flannel that descend to the knees, and white stockings. She is too experienced a swordsman to think of indulging in any extravagance in the way of heels. She wears buckskin gloves, but if her master were not an extremely careful man she would be obliged to wear a heavily-padded glove, at least on her right hand; for one sometimes gets a rap with the foil over the knuckles that makes the whole arm tingle.

The first half of the lesson was just over when the writer was admitted the other morning. Mrs. Langtry had thrown a wrap over her shoulders as a protection after the heat of exercise, while Senae was pacing the floor in all the glory of a black velvet costume. After a few minutes of rest work was resumed and the famous beauty rubbed the resin on her soles, put on her mask, and fell into position with the left arm gracefully extended—all as naturally as if she had been brought up in fencing schools. Her motions had none of the wildness and looseness which characterize the efforts of a beginner. Every maneuver was clean-cut and precise. The play of her foil was so small that, to use M. Senae's favorite simile, it could have been executed within the ring of a young girl. After about ten minutes of this exercise Mrs. Langtry claimed the right to another rest. When she had recovered breath she was eloquent in praise of fencing, and told what it did for her.

"Not only do I feel the good effects of my morning lesson all through the day," she said, "in a general character of the whole system, but I find that my fencing is particularly valuable to me in my profession. It gives me a command over my muscles and a suppleness that are invaluable on the stage." M. Senae is as proud as a peacock of his pupil. He gives her lessons in single-stick as well, and an extremely pretty picture she makes, twirling her light cane about her head. She calls it the art of defending one's self with an umbrella. Senae wants her to give a public exhibition with the foils when she comes back to New York. Mrs. Langtry does not absolutely refuse, but she says that if she gives an exhibition only ladies will be admitted. Probably a good many men will feel inclined to put on petticoats for the occasion.—N. Y. Tribune.

BLEACHED DIAMONDS.

A Clever Method of Increasing the Value of Inferior Stones.

Every one, of course, knows something about paste diamonds and Paris diamonds and the thousand-and-one imitations of this gem of great price. And most people, we imagine, know the various tests by which the genuineness of a stone is established; but the revelations made at the Marylebone police court the other day will probably be news to some of us. As to the case itself, we need say no more than that the prisoners were committed for trial; but certain facts came out during the inquiry which possess considerable interest for the public, or at least for those of the public who are the happy owners of diamonds. That there should be any means whereby yellow diamonds, which are worth about one-seventh of white diamonds of the same size, can be bleached—for that is what the manipulation amounts to—so as to deceive an expert is enough to cause very serious disquietude in many a fair bosom. But Mr. Streeter went even further than this; he gratuitously informed the magistrate that about two years ago a Frenchman succeeded in foisting upon the London market some £4,000 worth of diamonds which had thus been chemically improved. It would be interesting to know what has become of those diamonds. What has become of their doubtless numerous successors. So valuable an invention has certainly not been permitted to lie idle.—St. James' Gazette.

Spain has a torpedo cruiser, compared with which the grayhounds of the sea are but as waddling ocean poodles. This remarkable vessel is the Destructor recently launched at Glasgow, which on her trial trip developed the speed of about 27½ miles an hour.

QUEER OCCUPATIONS.

The Peculiar Ways in Which Some New Yorkers Make a Good Living.

New York has not attained the unique distinction recently boasted by Paris of maintaining a beggar factory for maimed little children, so as to render them objects of pity. Neither has it yet reached up to London in the possession of "necessary stores," wherein every earthly thing in use by man is kept on sale. There is an audacious Tauton near Clatham Square who keeps hand-organs in mischief by repairing them. He assumes to replenish them with new tunes, but, of course, that is a fiction, for no hand-organ was ever heard to play any but bald-headed and middle-aged music.

Two courageous New Yorkers follow the useful but unpoetic business of hanging their fellow-citizens. They are not prejudiced in favor of New Yorkers, but are easily persuaded to hang men elsewhere throughout the Union. It is always pretended that no one knows their names, and that only the sheriff of this county has their addresses. One is a Hebrew, dubbed "Isaac," and the other is a German, called "Minzshelmer;" but the city always lumps them both under the one name of Joseph B. Atkinson, and under that name they draw their pay. They rig the gallows and finally cut the rope.

Four prosperous citizens earn their livelihoods as doctors for the lap-dogs of rich women. As a rule the only medicine they use is starvation. They flag the dear pets into barred boxes and deprive them of food for four days, having found out that the usual trouble with pet dogs is that they are fed extravagantly and improperly. Just east of the Bowery in a tenement house resides a man whose business is to rent himself and his Punch and Judy show to children's parties in the brown-stone wards. A person on the Bowery keeps six or eight girls busy framing wreaths and pictures of tombstones, whereon are set forth the virtues of deceased New Yorkers. He follows where the death notices in the papers lead him and works upon the feelings of the grief-stricken families.

Another man is making a fortune by carrying off all the waste and refuse the city will not remove, such as builders' leavings, dirt from cellar diggings and so on. The builders pay him to take it, and then he sells it in the suburbs for filling in sunken lands. Only one man in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable persons in the world. There is not room for two in the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them, at five cents a clipping added to a subscription fee each year. Yet another citizen hunts up coats-of-arms and pedigrees for all who think theirs have been overlooked, or that they may get them from families of the same, or nearly the same, names as their own. This is quite English and therefore popular. It is said that the carriage-makers are giving away coats-of-arms like chromos.

The trade in painting black eyes with a mixture of six parts white paint and one part red, now boasts several establishments. It is not popularizing the black eye, because it only covers up the scandal without producing forgetfulness. One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in Christendom, and thus profits by a weakness more general than most folks imagine.

Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening. A woman near the City Hall takes care of the babies whose widowed mothers have to go out to work, and who check them, like umbrellas, in the morning and call for them in the evening. Many women in the East Side tenements take care of a baby or two for their neighbors, but this down-town one is, I think, the only regular safe baby safe deposit company or storage warehouse in town. There is no matrimonial agency or husbands' exchange newspaper here just now. There have been many, but all have failed. That scheme is not as profitable as that of a man I met the other day, who told me he trained valuable dogs to come straight back to him as often as he sold them.—Julian Ralph, in Philadelphia Press.

DECORATIVE ART.

Designs Which Might Give a Sober Man a Case of Jintama.

A pair of old castaway boots veneered with gilt make a pretty wall ornament. To add to the effect put patches of cotton wool on the logs, to imitate snow. An old pair of carpets ornamented with creeping vines and pretty designs in leaf, make a very elegant ornament to hang over a bed-room door. An old coal scuttle tinted with delicate shades of scarlet and cerulean blue furnishes a unique relief for a dining-room wall. To brighten the effect place several selected vegetables in the scuttle, allowing the tops to be seen at a distance of half way across the room.

As an ornamental design for a front hall take a dozen tomato cans and paint each one a different color. Tie a bow of pretty satin ribbon of various shades about each. Run a gaudy string through the lot and hang them on the wall close to the ceiling. One can hardly imagine the divine effect of this exquisite collection.

An old tin water sprinkler covered with a halo of gilt stars and pulverized glass diamonds and suspended from a parlor chandelier is very attractive. A large pink satin bow arranged over the spout adds very materially to the effect.—Whitell Times.

THE TLAXCALANS.

The Thrifty Inhabitants of the Oldest Republic in the New World.

In Central Mexico not very far from the capital lies the oldest republic of the New World. It is Tlaxcala, the proudest city of all Mexico. It is purely Indian in origin and government. This strange people remained unconquered until the Spaniards forced their entrance in 1519, and then Cortes treated them as national allies rather than enemies. He turned their indomitable courage and wonderful skill in his favor and against their hereditary foes, the Aztecs, and was thus enabled to finally subdue the Montezumas. The friendship of the Tlaxcalans once pledged is inviolable, and the Spanish relied on their promise to convey timber for his ships over the mountains to Texcoco Lake, and thence he built the fleet that gave to Spain her great American possessions. Tlaxcala is perched up among the high mountains and rendered impregnable by nature on three sides and fortified by an enormous wall on the fourth, which defied the attacks of the Aztecs in many wars. The people have the air and manner of freemen and are inordinately proud of their ancient and honorable lineage.

For the prominent part taken in the conquest by the Tlaxcalans Spain conferred on them exclusive privileges, and to this day they maintain them. None but full-blooded Indians sit in their Senate, and their Government is tempered by wisdom and moderation. In 1522 Spanish priests went over to Mexico, and soon the caciques or chiefs of the Tlaxcalans became Christians and were baptized under Christian names, and that is why so many Indians have European cognomens. The Tlaxcalans are very exclusive and rarely mingle with the outside world, and that is why we were surprised to see one among the Indian artisans at the Aztec fair. His name is Ramon Huerta, and probably is the only full-blooded Tlaxcalan who ever left his native land voluntarily. He was born in the capital city, and in early life served in their little army of defense, but so seldom did the waves of revolution roll up among their crags that he became tired of inactive military duty and adopted the trade of silversmith. His phlegmatic perseverance soon mastered his calling, and he began to elaborate, and so skilful was his work that it was sent to Mexico City for sale and this brought him to the notice of the Aztec fair management. The Tlaxcalans are extremely phlegmatic and Huerta is no exception. Since leaving his native city he has seen all the wonders of our progressive land, and yet nothing calls from him an expression of wonder or admiration. Only one man in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable persons in the world. There is not room for two in the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them, at five cents a clipping added to a subscription fee each year.

Yet another citizen hunts up coats-of-arms and pedigrees for all who think theirs have been overlooked, or that they may get them from families of the same, or nearly the same, names as their own. This is quite English and therefore popular. It is said that the carriage-makers are giving away coats-of-arms like chromos. The trade in painting black eyes with a mixture of six parts white paint and one part red, now boasts several establishments. It is not popularizing the black eye, because it only covers up the scandal without producing forgetfulness. One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in Christendom, and thus profits by a weakness more general than most folks imagine. Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening. A woman near the City Hall takes care of the babies whose widowed mothers have to go out to work, and who check them, like umbrellas, in the morning and call for them in the evening. Many women in the East Side tenements take care of a baby or two for their neighbors, but this down-town one is, I think, the only regular safe baby safe deposit company or storage warehouse in town.

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TIPS AND FEES.

An Un-American Practice Which Should Receive No Encouragement.

In his recent novel, "The Minister's Charge," Mr. Howells incidentally treats the matter of "tips" and fees to hotel waiters and others occupying similar positions. Evans, the editor, offers the customary fee to young Barker, a hotel waiter, but the latter refuses it with rustic dignity, saying that "he doesn't know as he wants any money which he has not earned." This suggests the inquiry to Evans whether he is not quite as mean for offering the fee as Barker would have been had he accepted it.

This nuisance has grown to be abominable and unendurable in the old countries of Europe and is making rapid headway in the United States. Twenty years ago it was not known in this country. To-day its practice is scandalously prevalent. It is one of those vices of European monarchy which have been introduced into America by the victims of Angliomania. It is a thoroughly contemptible, pernicious and un-American practice which should receive no encouragement or toleration by any self-respecting citizen. The American idea always has been that one should pay current prices for what he gets, whether it be a yard of cloth, a ticket on a steamboat or railway car, a meal at a hotel, or whatever else, and that that should be the end of it. Also that whoever hires any one should pay him fair wages for his labor.

But of late this theory has been crowded to the wall, and a system of perquisites, tips and fees has grown up which in some lines of service has attained such proportions that persons can afford to pay for the privilege of serving employers instead of being paid by them for the service they render.

There is one way, and only one way, to break it up. Let every offerer of a "tip" or gratuity feel that he is doing a mean and humiliating thing, and that his honesty and self-respect command him to withhold the proffered alms. Let him make a matter of principle of it and stand out stoutly against the practice. A public sentiment can thus be created which will nip the vicious custom with a killing frost.—Chicago Journal.

The string of pearls worn at the opera in New York by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt attracts more attention than the singers and ballet. It consists of 346 oriental pearls, set in a golden chain, which belonged to the Empress Eugenie and which was recently purchased for \$180,000. It was worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt over the top of her head, thence down the back of her corset to her neck, which it encircled, with enough left to hang down on her bosom.—N. Y. Post.