

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION... KIRKPATRICK & DUGLIER... PUBLISHERS

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. II. LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1888. NO. 4.

Legal Blanks, Business Cards, Letter Heads, Bill Headers, Circulars, Posters, Stencils

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE NO. 41, A. F. & M. S. Meets at their new hall in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the first of WASSON, W. M.

LEBANON LODGE NO. 47, I. O. O. F. Meets Saturday evening of each week, at Odd Fellows Hall, Main Street, Lebanon, Oregon. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

HONOR LODGE NO. 2, A. O. U. W. Lebanon, Oregon. Meets every Wednesday evening in the month. F. H. ROSCOE, M. W.

DR. A. H. PETERSON, SURGICAL DENTIST. Filling and Extracting Teeth a Specialty. LEBANON, OREGON.

C. H. HARMON, BARBER & HAIRDRESSER. LEBANON, OREGON.

St. Charles Hotel, LEBANON, Oregon.

H. E. PARRISH, Proprietor.

I. F. CONN, Contractor, Carpenter and Builder.

G. T. COTTON, DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions, TOBACCO & CIGARS, SMOKERS' ARTICLES, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, CONFECTIONERY, Queensware and Glassware, Lamps and Lamp Fixtures.

LEBANON Meat Market. BULL & KELLEBERGER, Proprietors.

Bacon and Lard always on Hand.

BANK OF LEBANON, Lebanon, Oregon.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Accounts Kept Subject to Check.

EXCHANGE SOLD ON New York, San Francisco, Portland and Albany, Oregon.

Collections Made on Favorable Terms.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Tramps in Roseburg are put to work grading streets.

Milton is already arranging for a Fourth of July celebration.

The O. R. & N. Co.'s taxes in Union county amounted to \$7,554.68.

In Douglas county, Volney Oden killed a large eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip.

The census taken by the city authorities shows that Portland to contain over 1,000 inhabitants.

Crump, convicted at Heppner of manslaughter, was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$5,000.

Patents have been granted to Patrick F. McGee, Oregon City, for heater, Frank J. Crough, Eugene City, apparatus for heating cast iron.

A man named Sawyer dropped dead on the Sandy road about a mile and a half from East Portland. The cause of death was heart disease.

Wm. E. Pinkston was found dead in his room in a hotel in East Portland. The jury returned a verdict of death from an overdose of morphine, accidentally taken.

The State Board of Immigration has issued a public appeal for subscriptions to aid in advertising the resources of Oregon. They desire to expend \$2,500 monthly for that purpose.

The Stockmen's Association of Long Creek, Grant county, elected the following officers: S. Reynolds, president; J. C. Allen, vice-president; J. W. Keedy, secretary; G. S. L. Smith, treasurer.

James Branley, convicted of firing the town of Lexington, was sentenced to five years imprisonment. James Cannon's case was postponed. He was indicted for complicity in the burning of Lexington.

All the registers and receivers of the various land offices in Oregon have sent a petition to the Secretary of the Interior, requesting him to urge Congress to make an ample appropriation for survey of public lands in Oregon.

George Barker, a Portland painter, lost all the fingers of one hand by the explosion of a fulminating cap. Not knowing the dangerous nature of the explosive he began to pick at it with a pocket knife, with the above result.

Nat. McEwin met with a fearful death near Fossil. He was leading a fractious horse attached to the plow. His wrist, when the animal became frightened and ran away, dragging McEwin until he was fatally injured.

Congress has appropriated \$5,000 with which to replace the cable between Astoria and Fort Canby. For a time it was thought the cable could be repaired, but it was found to be impracticable, as in places the cable was found to be covered with sand to a depth of ten feet or more.

Articles of Incorporation of the Northwest Industrial Association have been filed in the office of the clerk of Multnomah county. The association has a capital stock of \$100,000, and its object is to purchase land and erect buildings in Portland in which to hold farms for the display of mechanical, agricultural, mineral and other products of the State.

The little 6-year-old daughter of Geo. Will, a farmer living near Aurora, was fatally burned. Accompanied by neighboring children, the little girl went out in the field where the farm hands were burning up old stumps. The flames spread to other buildings, and notwithstanding the great exertions of the citizens and many people from the surrounding country who had been attracted by the fire, the hotel, furniture store, machine shop and grocery store near by burned to the ground. With great difficulty the remainder of the town was saved.

The lepers confined at the poor farm near Portland, some ten or twelve, frequently leave the farm in a body, visit Portland and demand money of their countrymen. These are not modest in their demands, generally asking for \$200 or \$300. This is usually paid, but the last time the Chinese merchants refused the demand and the Chief of Police herded the lepers in the S. house and induced them to return to the poor farm by promising to send them a supply of food and luxuries.

Fire broke out in the Stables chair factory at Salem, and in a few moments the entire structure was in flames. Considerable difficulty was experienced by the fire department in securing water. The factory was burned entirely to the ground, except the engine and dry rooms, which were of brick, and the roof of which only was destroyed. The establishment and machinery were the property of the Stables chair factory and were valued at about \$15,000. There was no insurance upon them. Messrs. Mount & McMillan, lessees, had been operating the factory but a short time, and they have several thousand dollars worth of stock upon which there is insurance of \$1,500. This was the only factory of any importance in Salem, and about twenty-four hands—men and women—are thrown out of employment. It is stated the owner will make an offer to Mount & McMillan to turn over the property saved if they will rebuild the establishment.

The Use of Slang. Clergymen—Nothing better illustrates the degeneracy of the age than the extent to which slang is now used. "I should remark."

"People who claim refinement interlard their sentences with slang words."

"You bet."

"Even the ladies can not talk without slipping in a lot of sewer language."

"Yes, they get there just as well as the men."

"It makes me tired to think of it."

"Here too."—Lincoln Journal.

—Wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation in chains, but chains strengthen an inferior one. Through something also of an incubation, the power and glory of all creatures, and all consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty was come—with its corruption.—Boskin.

—To suffer through those we love is ten times worse than to suffer ourselves.—Somerville Journal.

DOWN IN ARKANSAS.

A Part of the Country Where the Native Protest Themselves Against Strangers.

James' Land, if of some change of the Mississippi has not carried the place away, as on the Arkansas shore three or four hours' run above Memphis. I started back into the country one summer day to see an old friend living about five miles from the Landing. The merchant at the river bank loaned me a mule, strapped on an old potato sack for a saddle, and the start was made in good shape. There isn't the least necessity for any other stage to go over that road. In order to save all trouble it may be stated that that strip of Arkansas is composed of swamps, ague, mosquitoes, rattlesnakes, watermelons and crows. It was in the driest season of the year and the people were praying for rain, and yet that mule couldn't be got off a walk on an account of the mud. Twice he got stuck fast on the very crest of what they call hills, and he didn't tear himself loose until I had to get on my hands and knees around us that terror came to inspire him.

Half the distance had been accomplished when a log cabin was discovered to the right, and a few minutes later a crowd of men were looking out from the hut. There were dogs of all shades and breeds and colors, except poodles and pug-dogs. I had time to notice a black dog with a great deal of white, and a bull-dog built something like a deer barrel, when the mule made a break over a field of sickly corn and into a thicket of high grass. He was across the field three or four of the dogs had bitten him on the legs, and the blood found had jumped clear over him as he made a grab at me. Right under the mule's feet a crowd of men were rushing the mule, and it was either to be swept off or to climb off. I seized a branch and let him pass from under me, and next moment was looking down upon a man's "peppin' howling" and "disappearing" ears. They seemed to feel something like a man does when the sub-office closes the circuit on him and he is left up to a great deal of delivering those goods. In about five minutes a woman in a poke bonnet and carrying a shot-gun on her shoulder came across the field, and as she came near enough to me to see the object in the tree she halted and exclaimed: "Shoo! but I thought it was a coon!" "Sorry to disappoint you, ma'am. Pleas' take your dogs."

"So I can come down."

"I shan't do nothing of the kind? You is need to these parts, and you don't come down here to call Jim."

"Where is he?"

"At the saw-mill, over on the branch."

"Well, please hurry up. I'm terribly thirsty, and these mosquitoes are enough to drive one crazy."

"Yes, I reckon, but I never knowed an honest man to ever 'treat' me. The lowest I ever got to was to come down afore I bring Jim."

It was just an hour and a half before he returned with her old man, and he had a fine club in his hand. During this interval the air around me was literally alive with mosquitoes. I killed some by the thousand, but where one laid down he left three or four more to me to the bone and escaped to brag of it. The dogs remained on guard, and by way of keeping up my spirits he blood-hound tried his jumping around me, and his wife was howling and jumping eleven feet and six inches. I tried it over and over again, but this was the best he could do. The "bull" was set in the scarf as a rule, and he gave up the idea after working fifteen minutes. The other sat and glared at me and smacked their chops and tasted quail and quail in his hand. Butting down to the tree they barked and said: "That's him, up thar."

"Now, Bets, describe him, for I'm too nighsighted to gab his pints. How's he?"

"Short."

"Is he taller completed?"

"No."

"Kind of between."

"Chaw plug or fine cut?"

"Can't say."

"Skeeters takin' to him?"

"No."

"And he was ridin' Davie's old mule, eh?"

"He was."

"Hanging, who be you, what you ain't at who do you know in these here parts?" asked Jim, as he came a little closer.

I made him a stump speech two minutes long, and he turned to his wife and said:

"Well, Bets, he talks squar'."

"But he may be lyin'," she protested.

"Y, that's so. Reckon I'd better 'git the kurnel."

"Look here, but I want to get down!" I shouted. "If these mosquitoes don't eat me up in another half hour I shan't be here to see you."

"The matter with you, any way? Do you take me for a wild animal?"

"Stranger, there's bin carryings on in this here country, and I've lost a hog, 'oe Smith has lost a mule; Pete Collins' wife has run away; the old man Williams took a drink of buttermilk and fell dead, and Bets has bin dreamin' 'bout you, and she don't blame me fur wantin' to know who's who. Have you got any gun?"

"No."

"Any knife?"

"No."

"Well, I think we'll take the chances. We'll stand on that knoll and call off the dogs, and you kin come down and go your way. Bets will keep the gun kinder pinched your way, but it won't go off unless you stop too long."

They retreated to the spot designated and dropped down. The bull-dog made a jump, but the woman rolled 'em over with a kick, and as I reached the highway and waved the pair a farewell she cried out:

"Mebbe we was too skeary, stranger, but these are awful me for lone win'ain.—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

—The fact that fifteen to twenty-five neuters a month are now arriving in the Gulf of Mexico illustrates the growth of commerce in that region since Stanley showed the importance of the great river. One ocean steamer has already ascended the river to Boma, fifty miles from the sea, and he best channels are being marked by the boys, so that deep-draught vessels may safely navigate the lower river. Little hotels for the entertainment of travelers have been built at Banana and Boma.

BENNIE AND NANNIE.

The First Ripple on the Smooth Surface of Their Young Love.

"Ben Harker, I don't care, you're just as mean as you can be."

"O, now, Nan, you're joking."

"No, I ain't, no such thing."

"Yes, you are."

"I ain't! And if you think you can lead me around by the nose, you're very much mistaken."

"Pshaw, Nan, what have I—"

"Don't play second fiddle to no one, Mr. Ben Harker."

"O, you don't?"

"No, I don't, and I'll let you know if you think I care any thing for you? Pooh!"

"Of course you do."

"Don't nigh over my left shoulder!"

"You're sure you know you think I'm sweet as sorghum."

"Now, you think that's smart?"

"Well, isn't it?"

"I'd ask if I was you? You think you're dreadful sharp anyhow."

"O, of course I do."

"Better look out or you might fall down and cut yourself—smartly?"

"O, say, let's kiss and make up."

"Yes, I think I see myself! Go and kiss your dear, sweet, beautiful, lovely, vivy Jackson if you want to kiss any body."

"O-o-o, so it's vivy that's put your nose out of joint! As if I feared the wrappings of my finger for Vivy Jackson or you either. Ben Harker! You're no more to me, I can assure you, than the dirt under my feet!"

"Ain't he?"

"You're not! Thought you could twist me around your little finger as you do her, eh?"

"Now, Nan, you know that I no more care for Vivy than nothing, and—"

"Aw, no—of course not; tagging at her heels all the time like you was her shadow itself!"

"You're, Nan, I—"

"You are, too? You are, you are, you are! I've been watching you, you are! I thought you didn't care."

"Care? I care? Pooh! It's nothing to me. Be her shadow if you're a mind to."

"Well, what you kicking up such a row for, then? Come, Nan, you know I love you like all fury."

"Yes, you do."

"In a horn."

"No, sir, honest injun!"

"Well, what you tag Vivy so for, then?"

"O, just for—for—green."

"You're dead in love with her."

"With Vivy? No, you're grannys' nightcap! You must think I'm bad off for something to love."

"Well, you shan't come to see me any more, you night and shine up to Vivy Jackson all the rest of the week. Good night!"

"All right, Nan; now we're made up, hey?"

"I—I—I—guess so—what you do say?"

"Folks like when they make up, I guess. I's p'ose that's the reason you got up this fuss."

"O-o-o—you—mean thing! Tee, hee, hee!"—Zenas Dane in Tid-Bits.

The Bell of Justice.

Here is a beautiful story which may or may not be true, but ought to be read, and it is an interesting thing to look them over.—Cincinnati Gazette.

QUEER BIOGRAPHIES.

The Result of Permitting Each Congress man to Write His Own History.

It is well known that the Senators and Congressmen write their own biographies that appear in the Congressional directory. This fact makes them all the more interesting. The statesmen are allowed in a general way to say what they please, but there are plenty of instances where the compiler of the directory has to do some pretty thorough pruning in the way of quantity, and correction in the way of the grammar and orthography.

One Arkansas Congressman wrote an answer to the usual request that would have filled a dozen pages of the directory. He gave the full history of his own and his wife's families, the character of his children, the names of the husbands and wives and children of those married, and introduced several illustrated sketches in bear and bob and soon sprung. He introduced a poem on writing written by his second child, gave the names of two young fellows, rivals for the hand of one of his daughters named "Pink," and described the distress he was suffering over the question of which she would choose. The compiler cut the "biography" down to eighty lines.

Another member from Georgia described among other things an inflection he had endured in the form of a skin disease, and named the patent medicine manufactured in his State by which he was cured, and advised all his prospective brother Congressmen to use the same medicine if they become similarly affected.

This advertisement was cut out, of course, a performance that cut the Congressman out of his own history, sum, probably, which he would have received from the enterprising firm of manufacturers of the "blood purifier."

A Kentucky Congressman once in his biography described a stock farm owned by him, named the horses, gave their pedigree, records and prices.

Another Kentucky mentioned, among other events of his eventful life, the number of fights he had been in, and gave descriptions of two in each of which he had killed a man, and gave the names of the men he had slaughtered.

One Ohio man gave the number of sheep he owned, the fluctuations in the price of wool in an elaborate table and introduced a strong protest against the reduction of the duty on wool, all of which was sacrificed.

A Congressman from Iowa sent in his biography in verse, and very bad verse, too.

Another from the same State stated that he was living separate from his wife, but in a detailed statement laid all the blame upon her and appealed to his brother Congressmen to overlook the matter, and to the Speaker not to allow himself to be influenced by it; assigning him to committees.

You can make a pretty fair estimate of the men in Congress by their biographies, and it is an interesting thing to look them over.—Cincinnati Gazette.

—Lady (to fond mamma)—"O, the little boy will improve as he grows older." Fond Mamma—"His papa tends to educate him, as he will be good for nothing else."—Judge.

—The Red river froze over at Winipit one year earlier than at any time within seventeen years.

TARTAR BOYCOTTERS.

How Mongolian Laborers in the Crimea Drive Out German Farmers.

I should not for a moment imagine that the Crim Tartars have learned much of the Irish agrarian science of boycotting through the channels of the Russian press, as the Russian vernacular is only very imperfectly understood among them. Yet they have developed during recent years a system of boycotting the German proprietors in the Crimea, which appears to have been highly successful. The lands formerly apportioned by the crown to thirty thousand Tartars in the Crimean peninsula have through the nomadic habits and ignorance of these people been gradually and easily acquired by the princely and other large proprietors for what may, in these instances, be very appropriately termed old songs. These lands have been subleased, in most cases to the ubiquitous and enterprising Germans. All these estates are worked by Tartar labor, and so long as the proprietor was there or a descendant of one of the old Tartar chieftain families things went smoothly. A German agriculturist with capital a few years ago discovered in these broad tracts and cheap bargains a promising field for enterprise, with the prospect never absent from the Russian-German's visions of gradually ousting and supplanting the native. This, however, required time, but the German reckoned on the long-suffering patience of the industrious, sober, ignorant and stolid-looking Mongolian laborer. The result has proved the German proprietor to have been a long way out of his sanguine reckoning. In many cases he acquired estates covering areas of from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand acres, but the entry of the German into possession of his estates was the signal for a rapid migration of every Tartar laborer and herdsmen. The Tartar proprietors, who were his neighbors, refused the services of their horses, oxen and camels at any price, no matter how tempting. The stores-keepers in the neighboring towns and fairs would not supply the German's wants. This Tartar boycotting has now succeeded in driving the greater number of the German proprietors to abandon their estates and holdings at ruinous losses. The Governor of the district has now submitted a project to the imperial Government for the redemption of the estates and their division among the Tartars. It is further proposed that in addition to these crown grants of small holdings to some twenty-five thousand Tartars the Government shall in all necessary cases supply each Tartar family with a few necessary agricultural implements and a yoke of oxen. There is little doubt that this project will not be accepted by the Government.—London Daily News.

—That the lack of will power is the cause of dire misfortunes in some men is evident by the story of a resident of Louisville, who after losing his last dollar in a bucket shop, wrote a piteous letter to the proprietor begging him to refund twenty dollars, and promising to pay the balance in installments. The money was sent, and the next day the man's body was found in the river. He had lost the sum in another bucket shop, and, driven to desperation, had taken his life.—Chicago Times.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner's Conservative Ecology on a Deceased Brother.

As soon as Elder Toots had ceased trying to cough up the vest-licker he swallowed in West Virginia the year the war broke out, and Whalbone Howker and Pickles Smith had settled on the date of the discovery of America as 1721, the windows were put down and Brother Gardner said:

"Dath has once more invaded our ranks, brother's stern gaze, a letter containin' de informashun dat Krokus Desplaines, an honorary member living at Griffin, Ga., had expired from airth away. Has any member any thin' to offer?"

Judge Calaver offered a resolution of sympathy for the bereaved widow and fatherless children.

Syntax Johnson moved that Paradise Hall be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days.

The Rev. Penstock moved that what was the Limekiln Club's loss was the deceased brother's stern gaze, a letter containin' de informashun dat Krokus Desplaines, an honorary member living at Griffin, Ga., had expired from airth away. Has any member any thin' to offer?"

"G'm'len," said the President as he waved them down, "I knew Krokus well. In fact, he am de only man who ever stole my dog. He has eaten at my house, an' I has slept in his 'an' took breakfast in de eighth second-class hotel. We shall adopt a skedule about as follows: 'We am grieved dat Krokus has passed away, but would he have amounted to shucks had he lived?'

"He was kind de poor, but be stole chickens from de rich."

"He was honest an' upright, but he never had a chance to trade horses or beat a street jury company."

"He had many virtues, but dey war offset by many vices. While he would have established an orphan asylum if he had de money to do it, he invariably tried to pay his dues wid trade dollars or counterfeit halves."

"While we hope he am better off, we shan't be over-anxious to inquire fur him when we reach de nex' world."

"G'm'len, Krokus Desplaines was an average man. He lived in de average way, mizin' de good an' de bad till you couldn't allus tell wheder to find him leasin' ober de front gate or lyin' on de grass behin' de barn. He had his good an' his bad streaks, an' we shan't praise de best an' condemn de last. If he am better off we am glad of it. If he has gone to any wuss kentry dan dis it am our solemn duty to feel as sorry as we know how. Any resolutions mensh'in his wife an' warior marches into battle, and like the warrior, she combines discretion with her courage, and knows when to advance or retreat."

Another from the same State stated that he was living separate from his wife, but in a detailed statement laid all the blame upon her and appealed to his brother Congressmen to overlook the matter, and to the Speaker not to allow himself to be influenced by it; assigning him to committees.

You can make a pretty fair estimate of the men in Congress by their biographies, and it is an interesting thing to look them over.—Cincinnati Gazette.

—Lady (to fond mamma)—"O, the little boy will improve as he grows older." Fond Mamma—"His papa tends to educate him, as he will be good for nothing else."—Judge.

—The Red river froze over at Winipit one year earlier than at any time within seventeen years.

NOT A BIT AFRAID.

The Adventurous and Almost Marvellous Deeds of the Gentlest Sex.

Whether or not any thing knows that it is an insult to the courage and good sense of womankind in general to insinuate in poor jokes that they are all mortally afraid of harmless mice and peaceful cows. Many women will march right up to the most ferocious cow as fearlessly and as grandly as a warrior marches into battle, and like the warrior, she combines discretion with her courage, and knows when to advance or retreat.

I saw such a woman the other day. Three or four female friends were with her. A cow crossed their path and the friends began to shriek.

"Bab!" cried the brave woman, who was afraid of an old bossy cow? I'm not one bit afraid."

Then she marched up to "old bossy," who was peacefully chewing; her cud w' h half-closed eyes.

"Go 'way," said fearless female, firmly, "go right away from here."

"Bossy" didn't move an inch. "Go 'way, I tell you; go right off from under that tree!"

"How had nothing to say to this, nor did she 'go 'way' firmly on the ground, a six-by-seven handkerchief was fluttered in the animal's face, and the woman said:

"You going now? Go 'way! go right straight off! Hurry off, you hard thing! I'm not one bit afraid."

"O, you'll be killed! Come away, run!" shrieked the four female friends, their heads appearing in a row at the top of a high board fence behind which the rest of them were concealed.

"Pooh, I'm not afraid!" retorted the one, vaunting spirit. "I'm looking the animal right in the eye—shoo! shoo! Go off you hard mel go 'long! you're not a nice bossy to act so! Put out!"

Then she opened her parasol and poked it back and forth.

"Now, go," she said, "or I'll—I'll hit you, indeed I will!"