

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1899.

NO. 6.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE NO. 41, A. F. & A. M.: Meets at their new hall in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon.
J. WARRON, W. M.

LEBANON LODGE NO. 47, I. O. O. F.: Meets Saturday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. J. CHARLTON, N. G.

HONOR LODGE NO. 33, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.
F. H. ROBCOE, M. W.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

M. E. CHURCH.
Walton Skipworth, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. each Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
G. W. Gibony, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School each Sunday night.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
J. B. Kirkpatrick, pastor—Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School each Sunday at 10 a. m.

Oregonian Railway Co. (Limited) Line.
C. M. SCOTT, Receiver.

Take Effect February 18, 1899.
10'Clock, p. m.

Between Portland and Coburg 128 Miles.

11:30 a. m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	at 4:40 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	at Silverton	11:00 a. m.
6:24 p. m.	at West Scio	8:28 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	at Spinner	7:31 a. m.
8:37 p. m.	at Brownsville	6:15 a. m.
10:15 p. m.	at Coburg	4:30 a. m.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND ARLIE, 80 MILES.
Foot of Jefferson Street.

11:30 a. m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	at 4:40 p. m.
2:41 p. m.	at Lafayette	1:30 p. m.
4:56 p. m.	at Sheridan	10:42 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	at Dallas	8:30 a. m.
7:35 p. m.	at Monmouth	7:52 a. m.
8:30 p. m.	at Arlie	6:55 a. m.

Commutation tickets at two cents per mile on sale at stations having agents.
Connections between Ray's and Filizkrut Landings made with steamer "City of Salem."
Tickets for any point on this line for sale at the United Carriage and Baggage Transfer Company's office, Second and Pine streets, and P. & W. V. Ry. Office and depot, foot of Jefferson street, Portland, Oregon.

CHAS. N. SCOTT, Receiver O. Ry. Co. (Ld.)
Lane, Portland, Oregon.
E. D. McCAIN, Train Dispatcher, Dundee Junction, Oregon.
J. McGUIRE, Supt. O. Ry. Co. (Ld.) Line, Dundee Junction.
General Offices, N. W. Corner First and Pine Streets, Portland, Oregon.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Oregon Development Company's Steamship Line.
225 Shorter, 20 Hours Less Time Than by any other Route.
First-Class Through Passenger and Freight Line
From Portland and all points in the Willamette Valley to and from San Francisco, Cal.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD.
TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays.)

Lv Albany 1:00 p. m.	Lv Yaquina 6:40 a. m.
Lv Corvallis 1:40 p. m.	Lv Corvallis 10:35 a. m.
Ar Yaquina 5:30 p. m.	Ar Albany 11:10 a. m.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Company's line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES:

STEAMERS.	FROM S. F.	FOR YAQUINA.
Willamette Valley	December 6	December 12
Willamette Valley	December 17	December 24
Willamette Valley	December 30	

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.
Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connection with the trains of the Yaquina route at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before the date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest.

For information apply to:
C. H. HASWELL, Gen'l Fr't & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co. 304 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
C. C. HOGUE, Act'g Gen. F. & P. Agt. O. P. R. R. Co., Corvallis, Oregon.

Willamette River Line of Steamers,
The "W. M. HOAG," the "N. S. BENTLY," the "THREE SISTERS."
Are in service for both passenger and freight traffic between Corvallis and Portland and intermediate points, leaving Company's wharf, Corvallis, and Messrs. Hulman & Co.'s wharf, Nos. 200 and 202 Front street, Portland, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, making three round trips each week as follows:

NORTH BOUND.
Leave Corvallis Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6 a. m.; leave Albany 9:30 a. m.
Arrive Salem, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 3 p. m.; leave Salem, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 5 a. m.
Arrive Portland, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 3:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.
Leave Portland, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6 a. m.
Arrive Salem, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:15 p. m.; leave Salem, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 6 a. m. Leave Albany 1:30 p. m.
Arrive Corvallis Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 3:30 p. m.

W. L. CULBERTSON, NOTARY PUBLIC
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MONEY LOANED.
All kinds of legal papers drawn accurately and neatly. Any work entrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention. Collections a specialty. **Seize, Linn County, Oregon.**

SAW MILL FOR SALE.

A Double Circular Water Power Saw Mill,
Near Lebanon, Or.

Capacity about 500' feet per day. Also, 44 acres of land on which the sawmill is located.

PRICE, \$2,000
Also have a large stock of
FIRST QUALITY LUMBER
At low-st market rates for cash.
G. W. WHEELER, Lebanon, Or.

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JEWELRY,
BROWNVILLE, - - - OREGON

BURKHART & BILYEU,

Proprietors of the
Livery, Sale and Feed Stables
LEBANON, OR.
Southeast Corner of Main and Sherman.

Fine Buggies, Hacks, Harness and

GOOD RELIABLE HORSES

For parties going to Brownsville, Warterloo, Sweet Home, Scio, and all parts of Linn County.

All kinds of Teaming

DONE AT
REASONABLE RATES.

BURKHART & BILYEU,

Don't forget to close your iron shutters at night.
Don't allow steam pipes to be in contact with wood or inflammable material.
Don't allow electric lights or wires on your premises which are not properly protected.
Don't fail to have your fire buckets filled, and test hose and fire appliances from time to time.
Don't allow smoking on your premises where any combustible goods or materials are used.
Don't allow any kerosene oil lamps to be filled after dark. Filling lamps near a fire is dangerous.

President Newell, of the Lake Shore road, in his cell in St. Louis the other day, asked him if it were true that he smoked seventy or eighty cigarettes a day. "No, indeed," he responded blandly, "I am a very moderate smoker. I smoke only once a day—from 7:30 in the morning until 9:30 at night." Brooks spends a great deal of his time reading Homer, Virgil and Cicero in the original.

HOMELY COUNSEL.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse.
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse;
And the time you spend complaining
And groaning about the load
Would better be given to going on,
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear—
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach,
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,
As oft, there is grace in speech—
And I see, from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wears the back and dims the eye
And writes the lines on the face

There are vexing cares enough, dear,
And to spare, when all is told;
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster,
That will presently pass away,
And believe a bright to-morrow
Will follow the dark today.
There's nothing gained by fretting;
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be gray or blue.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

AURORA.

"Capt. Dupin" called Murat, who, in one of the most beautiful halls of the Prince de la Paix's palace, at Madrid, was occupied in drawing up some military documents. As no one answered Murat, the prince, as they called him since his recent entombment, raised his head, glanced over the group of officers who, a few paces off from him, were awaiting his commands; and, not perceiving among them him whom he wanted, repeated with irritation: "Well, then, Capt. Dupin is not there?" Then, in the same way as an article passes from hand to hand when a line is formed, the name of the side-de-camp went flying from mouth to mouth, from room to room, through the vast abode—all its doors being open, because of the temperature, which is so warm in May in Spain—was off on its way to find the absentee. Because Murat did not trifle with the negligent. He again applied himself to his writing in silence, consenting, doubtless, to wait a few minutes; but the contraction of his eyebrows into a wrinkle on his forehead indicated his bad humor.

This happened in 1808, when Napoleon's envoy, who had easily entered Madrid, thanks to the disturbances in the kingdom, was awaiting the progress of events with the secret hope of being named king of the conquered country, and hardly suspecting that in the hands of his master he was only a pawn left there, on one of the squares of the European chess-board, to keep the place for the emperor's brother Joseph.

Soon was seen running, thanks to the obliging call of his comrades, the culprit, a charming young man of about 28, much beloved, an excellent soldier, but who, however, for nearly a week had appeared restless, troubled; in a word, quite different from what he usually was.

"Where were you, then, captain?" said the prince, severely, on seeing him come, agitated and slightly out of breath.

"In the palace, marshal."

"That is not enough. You must be here, near to me. Nevertheless, I have been taking notice of you for some days. You are entirely changed. Your animation is gone, you have extraordinary distractions. What, then, has happened?"

"Nothing, marshal, I assure you."

"Indeed! You are no longer master of yourself."

"Excuse me. That is true. I have some anxieties, for family reasons."

"And these family reasons live under the palace roof, it appears, because people have met you up yonder, gliding furtively along the corridors. I do not like mysteries, captain; do you understand?"

The poor officer blushed and turned pale. Then, alarmed at the increasing severity of the chief's tone, fearing some suspicion more serious than the truth, decided to make a confession.

"I have my child, a boy of four years, with me," he stammered, lowering his head.

The prince flew into a passion.

"A child of that age! Why not have a nurse at once? A brat of a boy in the midst of war, when at any moment an insurrection may burst out against the French!"

"If necessary, I will send him away," murmured the young man, in a sad voice.

"No; keep him, since he is here. He could not be sent back through a country ready for revolt. Let him remain, but on condition that I never see him, understand; and, above all, on condition that his presence shall not be the cause of the slightest breach of your duty. That would be very pretty! Discipline would go on finely if each one of us dragged about his progeny through a campaign!"

Murat, in a state of fury, turned his back, leaving the captain greatly excited, because he, Maurice Dupin, had not told all. Not only was he hiding the child in the upper part of the house, but the mother, too—poor woman—come from France, after risking a thousand dangers, suffering a thousand deaths, during a journey in a carriage under a burning sky in an enemy's country; because she had wished at any cost again to see and embrace her husband, and had been unable to resist the mad, brainied desire for this reunion. "Think, now, if I were to die far from thee!" she had said, with the unceasing cry of a poor creature on the eve of a crisis, real or imaginary, in

which she may be overwhelmed. The young husband did not feel himself strong enough to turn her away. He had settled her on the third floor of the palace, the room was not missed, and she had since lived in a constant fright, due to Murat.

A week rolled by after the explanation. The general spoke no more on any subject. He continued, however, to give his orders in short, sharp style—a sign that his dissatisfaction was not yet dispelled. But one fine morning, under the influence of an unknown good humor, he suddenly took it into his head to ask his aide-de-camp:

"Well; about this child? Cannot he be seen?"

"Yes, indeed, marshal. I will go and find him if you wish it."

In a few minutes after the young father brought a love of a little soldier in full parade uniform. A tiny sword bent against his legs, which were enclosed in red morocco boots, with gold spurs, and on his shoulders the hussar's pelisse, trimmed with fur in the Hungarian style, completed the rich army costume of the time. The captain, foreseeing that, sooner or later, by chance or voluntarily, the prince might see the child, had conceived the idea of presenting the little fellow in the uniform most likely to flatter his superior. The little rascal, in gray,

had only to appear haughty and swaggering—pretty enough to eat under this equipment—to conquer the redoubtable chief. The marshal took him astraddle across his knee, called him "my jolly dog," and made glorious promises to him for his future life.

"When you shall be grown up I will attach you to my personal staff. You shall fight at my side."

"Yes, Prince Fanfarinet," warmly answered the future aide-de-camp.

But Murat's face turned dark. "Prince Fanfarinet? Might it be by chance a sobriquet brought in by this innocent mouth?"

"Why do you call me so?" he asked.

"Because in the fairy stories Prince Fanfarinet is the handsomest of all, and you resemble him."

"Ha! ha! Then I am greatly flattered. And you, how do they call you?"

"Aurora."

"The Princess Aurora? That is also a name from the fairy stories. A little boy is not called by that name."

"But I am not a little boy; I am a little girl, disguised. Ask mamma."

Then, despite the father's despairing signs and to Murat's great delight and amusement, the little girl, with all the frolicsomeness and ingenueness of her age, went on to relate that she had come from Paris in a big carriage; that they had encountered bears in the Pyrenees, and also the Spanish queen, who was making her escape; and furthermore, that they had been greatly frightened in an urn, where the innkeeper was killing hogs, because she and her mamma had believed that they were assassinating men; that now they were living up stairs in beautiful rooms, with silk draperies, gilt everywhere, but very villainous pictures; that among the things there that she liked was a large mirror in which she could see herself all over, and also some playthings which were doubtless abandoned by the royal children in their flight.

"Captain," said Murat, charmed with this delightful chatter, "it only remains for you to present me to Mme. Dupin. I have already met her in France in society. I have retained the best memories of her beauty and grace. When a man has such a family he is not allowed to conceal it. As to this little one," he added, caressing Aurora's cheek, "she is full of wit, she tells a story with imagination and an extraordinary charm. I shall miss my little orderly, who showed such a blustering desire to follow Prince Fanfarinet, but I shall not be greatly surprised if France finds in his place a second Mme. de Stael."

Aurora Dupin, become Mme. Dudevant, was destined to be still greater than De Stael, for it was she whom the world knows as George Sand.—Translated from the French for Boston Transcript.

"Frenchmen are beginning to talk about abridging the employment of children in mines and theatres."

The Italian laborer is making considerable trouble for the French laborer in France. There are said to be not less than 250,000 Italians at work there now.

Three physicians have left Paris for Australia, taking with them germs of chicken cholera. The Australians are about to adopt Pasteur's plan of destroying their rabbits, in the face of very strong opposition.

There is a newspaper museum at Aix-la-Chapelle containing files or specimens of more than 17,000 newspapers, half the full press of the world. Among them is the forty-sixth number of The Texas Democrat, published at Houston in 1854 on wall paper.

—Have you ever noticed what a profusion of apple-blossoms there is every spring, and how few apples there are that come from them? There are a million blossoms to a bushel of apples. Just so it is with desires and choices. Among all the multitude of desires that men have there is only here and there one that amounts to a choice.—Beecher.

—It is not to a man's discredit that he wants to be great, but it is to a man's discredit to think he is greater than other persons suppose. If a man will simply seek to deserve greatness, he can simply leave it to others to decide when he is great. And great men are always in demand; places are waiting for them on every side.—S. S. Times.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

A Modern Crensis.
He pressed his suit with urgent zeal;
She heard with downcast eyes,
As if she feared they might reveal
The love she'd fain disguise.

At last she spoke, in accents low,
This wayward, winsome witch—
"There's just one thing I'd like to know—
Pray tell me, are you rich?"

His courage rose about a mile,
And gladness filled his soul;
"Rich!" answered he; "well, I should smile
My father deals in coal."
—Somerville Journal.

The Neatest Yet.
[Time—loop year. Scene—a tete-a-tete.]
Lady Angela—What, can you tell me, are these "trusts" one reads so much about lately?
Adolphus—A "trust" is a combination for mutual advantage, so to speak.
Angela (confusedly)—Adolphus—er—that is—Mr.—
Adolphus—Yes?
Angela—Why may we not form a "trust"? [They combine. Tableau.]—Lowell Citizen.

Honor from No Condition Rises.
"The young man who remembers that there is always room at the top and struggles unflinchingly upward is bound to win fame and fortune."
"Yes, sir. I believe it."
"Many a time I have grown faint and weary on the way, but I still cried, 'Excelsior,' and persevered until today."
"Well, today?"
"One of the best brands of cigars in America is named after me."
—Nebraska State Journal.

Up from the South.
Soon the birds will sweetly warble
'Neath the azure northern sky,
And the hammock swinging nobby
From their winter haunts will fly.

Then, though nature will be smiling,
Southern hosts will writhe in pain;
And with groans and perspiration
They will sigh for frost again.
—Hotel Mail.

In a Newspaper Office.
Telegraph Editor (to managing editor)—Big flood. Two thousand people drowned.
Managing Editor—Good. Give it a head that would frighten a saint. Where's the flood?
T. E.—In China.
M. E. (crestfallen)—How many did you say were drowned?
T. E.—Two thousand.
M. E.—Amounts to nothing. Throw it away.—Arkansas Traveler.

The Cause of the Failure.
"I understand that the firm you belonged to has failed in business?"
"Yes, I regret to say it has. My partner feels very bad about it, too."
"On what basis did you commence business?"
"He furnished the money and I furnished the brains."
"It's no wonder he feels bad. It wasn't his fault that the failure occurred."
—Omaha World.

We'll Need Them in Summer.
Let us gather up the billiards
As they howl around our door,
Let us pack away the snow drifts
That now dot the landscape o'er.

Let us bottle up the zero
That now cuts us like a blade,
For we'll need it all next summer
When it's ninety in the shade.
—Danville Breeze.

Folly Talks.
Barber (to customer)—Do you want a bottle of my Paradise Hair Elixir?
Customer—No. I see you've got a parrot in the window; can it talk?
Barber (proudly)—Oh, yes, sir; I wouldn't take big money for that bird. (To parrot)—Polly, brace up and say something.
Polly (bracing up with some dignity)—Shoot the Elixir.—New York Sun.

The Eternal Fitness of Things.
Police Judge—Young man, you are charged with vagrancy.
"Yes, and it's an outrage. I'm merely out of employment, after having worked on some of the best papers in the country."
"Oh, you're a newspaper man, eh?"
"No, sir; I'm a journalist."
—Nebraska State Journal.

Why We Refrain.
The brightest thoughts are those we never write,
The wistful words are those we never say,
Some other fellow has the copyright,
And so for us to use them wouldn't pay.
—Somerville Journal.

A Fatal Omission.
Old Man (to daughter)—Clara, I discovered Nero lying dead in the yard this morning.
Daughter—I am very sorry, papa, but I cannot help it. You know very well that young Mr. Harvard was coming to see me last night, and you should have tied the dog out of harm's way.—New York Sun.

An Easy Answer.
Editor—Anything from our correspondent in Newport?
Assistant—Two or three death notices only. What head shall I put to them?
Editor—The standing one, of course; "Life in Newport."
—The Epoch.

Good for Restaurants.
"What's the matter with dinner, Bridget?" demanded the head of the house as he came home hungry and tired; "isn't it ready?"
"No, sori," replied Bridget; "the mistress hasn't got back from the cookin' school yet."
—New York Sun.