

# THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1889.

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. WARREN, 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. 28, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon:** Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.  
F. H. ROBCO, 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. Sunday School 10 a. m. Services 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, 1889.  
10 o'clock, p. m.

Between Portland and Coburg 128 Miles.

|             |                              |             |
|-------------|------------------------------|-------------|
| 11:30 a. m. | lv. Portland (P. & W. V.) ar | 4:40 p. m.  |
| 4:16 p. m.  | ..... Silvertou.....         | 11:00 a. m. |
| 6:24 p. m.  | ..... West Seia.....         | 8:28 a. m.  |
| 7:20 p. m.  | ..... Spiner.....            | 7:31 a. m.  |
| 8:37 p. m.  | ..... Brownsville.....       | 6:15 a. m.  |
| 10:15 p. m. | ar Coburg.....               | 4:30 a. m.  |

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

|             |                              |             |
|-------------|------------------------------|-------------|
| 11:30 a. m. | lv. Portland (P. & W. V.) ar | 4:40 p. m.  |
| 2:41 p. m.  | ..... Lafayette.....         | 1:00 p. m.  |
| 4:56 p. m.  | ..... Sheridan.....          | 10:42 a. m. |
| 7:00 p. m.  | ..... Dallas.....            | 8:20 a. m.  |
| 7:35 p. m.  | ..... Mouth.....             | 7:52 a. m.  |
| 8:50 p. m.  | ar Abbie.....                | 6:55 a. m.  |

Commutation tickets at two cents per mile on sale at stations having agents.  
Connections between Ray's and Finlay's 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.

F. D. McCAIN, Train Dispatcher, Dundee  
Junction, Oregon.

J. MCGUIRE, Supt. O. Ry. Co. (Ld.) Lane,  
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 steam-  
ships 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, C. C. HOGUE,  
Gen'l Frt & Pass. Agt. Act'g Gen. F. & P. Agt.  
Oregon Development Co. O. P. R. Co.,  
304 Montgomery St., Corvallis,  
San Francisco, Cal. 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 in-  
termediate points, leaving Company's wharf,  
Corvallis, and Messrs. Hulman & Co.'s wharf,  
Nos. 200 and 202 Front street, Portland, Mon-  
days, 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, Satur-  
day, 7 a. m.  
Arrive Portland, Tuesday, Thursday, Satur-  
day, 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, Sat-  
urday, 6 a. m. Leave Albany 1:30 p. m.  
Arrive Corvallis Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday  
3:30 p. m.

## W. L. CULBERTSON, NOTARY PUBLIC

Collections-Conveyancing  
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. **Seio, Linn Coun-  
ty, Oregon.**

## SAW MILL

FOR SALE.

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

Capacity about 500' feet per day. Also, 4  
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.

## T. S. PILLSBURY,



JEWELRY,

BROWNSVILLE, - - - OREGON

## BURKHART & BILYEU,

Proprietors of the

Livery, Sale and Feed Stables

LEBANON, OR.

Southeast Corner of Main and Sherman.

## Fine Buggies, Hacks, Har-

ness and

GOOD RELIABLE HORSES

For parties going to Brownsville, Wa-  
terloo, Sweet Home, Seio, 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  
light.

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  
lagorous.

President Newell, of the Lake Shore road,  
is related, was a little tardy in providing  
himself with ISSS credentials, and, being ac-  
companied with "Tickets, please," by the con-  
ductor, fished out a last year's pass and at-  
tempted to slide through on that. The con-  
ductor knew his business, though, and Mr.  
Newell had to pay his fare for the first time  
in many years.

A visitor who saw Hugh Maxwell Brooks  
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 read-  
ing Homer, Virgil and Cicero in the origi-  
nal.

## 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 ar-  
ticle passes from hand to hand when a  
line is formed, the name of the aide-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, consent-  
ing, 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 king-  
dom, 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 mas-  
ter 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 cul-  
prit, a charming young man of about 28,  
much beloved, an excellent soldier, but  
who, however, for nearly a week had ap-  
peared 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 anima-  
tion is gone, you have extraordinary dis-  
tractions. 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 mys-  
teries, 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 in-  
surrection 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, under-  
stand; 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 un-  
able to resist the mad brained 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 set-  
tled 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 dis-  
satisfaction 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 beat  
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 con-  
ceived 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 swagger-  
ing—pretty enough to eat under this  
equipment—to conquer the redoubtable  
chieftain. The marshal took him astrad-  
dle 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 an-  
swered 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  
bogs, 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 pic-  
tures; 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 aban-  
doned 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 ex-  
traordinary 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  
reducing the employment of children in  
circuses 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 1844 on wall paper.

—Have you ever noticed what a pro-  
fusion 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 de-  
cide when he is great. And great men  
are always in demand; places are wait-  
ing for them on every side.—S. S.  
Times.

## LIGHT AND AIRY.

### A Modern Cressus.

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—leap 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 Cit-  
izen.

### Honor from No Condition Rises.

"The young man who remembers that  
there is always room at the top and struggles  
untiringly 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, 'Excel-  
sior,' and persevered until today!"

"Well, today?"  
"One of the best brands of cigars in Amer-  
ica 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 nabob  
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 busi-  
ness?"

"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.  
—Davenport Breeze.

### Folly Talks.

Barber (to customer)—Do you want a bot-  
tle 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 wittiest 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 discov-  
ered Nero lying dead in the yard this morn-  
ing.

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.