

# THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1889.

NO. 11.

## SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 44, A. F. & A. M.: Meets at their new hall, in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon.  
J. WASSON, W. M.

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

HONOR LODGE NO. 38, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.  
F. H. ROSCOE, W. M.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
G. W. Gibson, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. Services each Sunday night.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
J. R. 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, 1890.  
10 o'clock, p. m.

Between Portland and Coburg 123 Miles.

11:30 a. m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	at 4:40 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	Silverton	11:30 a. m.
6:24 p. m.	West Seaf.	8:28 a. m.
7:20 p. m.	Spicer	7:31 a. m.
8:07 p. m.	Brownsville	6:13 a. m.
10:15 p. m.	at Coburg	lv 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.	Lafayette	1:05 p. m.
4:56 p. m.	Sheridan	10:42 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	Dallas	8:20 a. m.
7:35 p. m.	Monmouth	7:52 a. m.
8:30 p. m.	at Arlie	lv 6:55 a. m.

Commutation tickets at two cents per mile on sale at stations having agents.  
Connection between Ray's and Pulquartz 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. (L.) Line, Portland, Oregon.

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

J. McGUIRE, Supt. O. Ry. Co. (L.) 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 6:45 a. m.
lv Corvallis 1:40 p. m.	lv Corvallis 10:25 a. m.
Ar Yaquina 5:30 p. m.	Ar Albany 11:30 a. m.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect Yaquina with the Oregon Development Company's line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

### RAILROAD DATES:

STEAMERS	FROM S. F.	TO YAQUINA
Willamette Valley	May 19	May 25
Willamette Valley	May 25	June 1
Willamette Valley	June 1	June 8

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 Frt. & 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.
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## Willamette River Line of Steamers.

The "WM. M. HOAG," the "N. S. BENTLEY," 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, 6 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 5:30 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. **Scio, Linn Counties, Oregon.**

## R. L. McClure,

(Successor to C. H. HARMON.)

## BARBER & HAIRDRESSER

LEBANON, OREGON.

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPING in the latest and best style. Special attention paid to dressing Ladies' hair. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

## T. S. PILLSBURY.



## 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, Wapato, Sweet Home, Scio, and all parts of Linn County.

## All kinds of Teaming

DONE AT

### REASONABLE RATES.

## BURKHART & BILYEU.

A road have been drawn, it is said, for a bridge nearly twenty-three miles long, across the English channel, from Cape Grinez to Falkestone. The cost is estimated at \$180,000,000, which does not seem extravagant, but the net profit to be realized from freight and traffic is estimated at \$26,000,000.

A Chinese farmer at Kinkiang was robbed on his wedding night by a clever burglar who had concealed himself in the nuptial chamber, and removed every thing so completely and conscientiously that the unhappy pair had to send and borrow some clothes from the neighbors before they could make their appearance the next day.

Two men in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, who had jointly bought a cow, quarreled about dividing the milk, one claiming that the other owned only the "front half" of the animal. Subsequently the owner of the rear half was lifted by the cow's horns, and he wanted damages of the "front" partner.

In Evansville, Ind., recently, during the progress of a divorce suit, in which a woman was trying to gain possession of her children, her little girl recognized her and sprang crying into her arms. The court granted a recess for the mother to see her child in an ante-room, but when the recess was over neither could be found.

In order that we may distinctly understand the cause and nature of the trade-winds, it is necessary to bear in mind that the earth in the center of its circumference, at an equal distance from the poles, is divided by a line called the equator into two hemispheres—the northern and the southern. Across the equator, cutting it obliquely, there passes another great circle called the ecliptic, which describes the path the sun traverses. It extends 23½ degrees north and 23½ degrees south of the equator, which is the utmost limit the sun traverses; for, when arrived at either of these boundaries, he again seems to return towards the equator. It must be very evident that this region of the earth included within a circle drawn 23½ degrees north and 23½ south of the equator—which will comprehend the greatest portion of Africa, a considerable part of Asia and America, and many large, fertile and populous islands in the East and West Indies—will receive constantly the solar rays in a direction so little oblique as to cause the most intolerable heat. It is, therefore, called the torrid zone; and the limits at which the sun stops, and appears to retrace his course, have received the name of tropics, or circles of return. This being premised, and it being also remembered that the earth revolves daily, "her silent course advancing," round the sun from west to east, the cause of the trade-winds will be readily understood.

The rays of the sun, in its apparent motion from east to west, rarely the air beneath, and the air so rarified rises into the higher regions of the atmosphere. While this takes place, the colder air from the adjoining temperate zones rushes in to supply its place. But it is from the polar regions north and south that these colder currents originally come; and did the earth remain at rest, such would be their obvious direction. Instead of this, however, north of the equator the direction of the trade-winds is from the northeast; south of the equator, from the southeast; the cause of which is thus explained:

The velocity with which the earth revolves is inconsiderable at the poles, but increases as we advance, and is at its maximum at the equator; the winds, in sweeping from the poles, do not acquire a corresponding velocity with the motion of the earth as they advance towards the equator; therefore, moving more slowly than the earth, they are left behind; so that, to the observer who imagines himself at rest, the air appears to move in a direction contrary to the rotation of the earth, viz., from east to west.

The external limits of the trade-winds are thirty degrees north and thirty degrees south of the equator; but each limit diminishes as the sun advances to the opposite tropic. The larger the expanse of ocean over which they sweep, the more steadily do they blow; accordingly, they are more steady in the Pacific than in the Atlantic, and in the South than in the North Atlantic Ocean. Within the region of the constant trade-winds rain seldom occurs, but it falls abundantly in the adjoining latitudes. The reason is, that rain is produced by the sudden mixture of air of different temperatures charged with moisture; but the constant circulation and intermixture of the air from the upper strata of the atmosphere maintains so equal a temperature in these latitudes as not to occasion the condensation of vapor which is necessary for the production of rain.

Within the limits of the trade-winds, contrary to what might have been supposed from the latitude, the atmosphere is peculiarly cool and refreshing. The climate of the Sandwich Islands is far more cool than might be supposed, judging from their latitude. To the trade-winds must this alone be attributed; and thus has Nature rendered a region, which would otherwise have been parched, arid and uninhabitable, exuberant in beauty and magnificence.—N. Y. Ledger.

A peculiar fact about American literary women is that many of them are domestic in their tastes and have great ability as housekeepers. Lucy Stone is a noted home-maker. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's domestic propensities are well known. Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, the lecturer and advocate of dress reform, has a husband who worships her. Mrs. Livermore, the lecturer, is another good housekeeper, and in addition to her public and private duties takes care of an invalid daughter.

## How Old Tim Beasley Finishes His Education in Chicago.

Old Tim Beasley, of Coffee County, Tenn., came to Chicago the other day, for the purpose, as he declared, of finishing his education. "You see," he said to a hotel clerk, in answer to a facetious remark made by that resplendent gentleman, "I fit through the war, had the break-bone fever in Texas in '85, was flung down an' mauled into a loblolly by a feller that was a-runnin' for the Legislature, passed through a season uv hog cholera, come putty nigh sneezin' my head off with a new-fangled bad cold that the doctor called hay fever—went through all that, an' then 'lowed that my education was about finished, an' I reckon I woulder stopped right dar ef our county judge hadn' ter told me that I'd hatter see this yere town before I could make my books balance with any sort uv credit ter myse'f; so wife she stuffed a few uv my duds inter a carpetbag, baked me up a few pones uv co'n bread, put a tract—'The Ugly Grin of Iniquity'—in my side-pocket, kissed me an' turned me over ter the especial care uv the Lord."

"You'll need especial care of supernatural powers if you stay in this city," the clerk replied.

"Yas, I reckon so, an' wife she 'lowed so, too."

"You must look out for sharpers."

"Yas, that's what I'm goin' to do the very first thing."

When Beasley had gone out, the clerk, speaking to an acquaintance, said:

"We can have some fun with that old fellow."

"How?"

"You noticed his big silver watch, didn't you? Well, suppose you follow him around to-night, and if he happens to get out of the crowd, go up to him and ask the time. Then, when he takes out his watch snatch it away from him and bring it here."

"That would be a good idea, but I'd rather you'd do it."

"There's no danger," said the clerk. "Why, before he could recover from his surprise we would have his watch in the drawer here. You stand watch for me after awhile and I will work the old fellow. I would like to have a photograph of the expression that will come over his face when he realizes the loss of his watch. Such a picture could be sold for a large amount of money."

The hour was growing late. Old Beasley stood on a street corner. There were no saloons in the neighborhood, and consequently there were no policemen. A man wearing a slouch hat approached Beasley and said:

"Mister, will you please tell me what time it is?"

"Oh, yas, do that. Time is a mighty cheap article with me."

Beasley took out his watch with one hand, but with the other hand he took out a pistol. "Hold on, now, don't git skeered. Don't try ter run away, fur if ye do I'll shoot you sho. Now, let me see. Podner, it is now fifteen minutes ter twelve. Does the time suit you?"

"Yas, sir."

"Bout ez good time ez you ever seed, I reckon."

"Yas, sir."

"Like to own this watch, wouldn't you?"

"Sir?"

Beasley repeated the question. "Yas, sir," said the man.

"Well, you shall have it. You shall trade yourn fur it."

The man stepped back. "Hold on, now (Beasley held up the pistol). Don't try ter git away, fur if you do I'll hurt you, sho. Take off your watch. (The man obeyed.) Now, here, take mine."

When Beasley went into the office of the hotel he found a clerk with a solemn face. "Wall, I'm gittin' along putty well," said the man from Tennessee. "Cleverest folks up here I ever seed in my life. I thought the folks down in Nashville was good, but these people lay over any I ever seed. W'y, I tell you, what one of 'em done. Found out somehow that I had a ole bull-eye silver watch, an' dinged ef he didn't give me a gold one fur it. Best folks I ever seed."

The clerk did not reply. His countenance was sad, and his nervousness bespoke great anxiety.

"Here," said old Beasley, taking out a gold watch and putting it on the counter. "Gimme my sun regulator. Oh, I knowed you."—Arkansaw Traveller.

## How She Played John.

Mrs. Stebbins—I don't see why Chicago shouldn't have a beauty show for

men as well as Vienna. If it should have one, John, you could easily take first prize.

Mr. S.—No; really?

"To be sure you could."

Mr. S. (stroking his beard, and smiling conceitedly)—Well, dear, I don't know but you're right.

"Of course I am. By the way, John, I want fifty dollars for a little shopping this morning."

"Certainly, my darling. There it is. Is that enough?"—Chicago Herald.

## THE HAPPY OPTIMIST.

A Man to Whom Every Cloud Is Sphered in Purest Silver.

The optimist is the jewel of society. He is not born; he is made. The optimist is the pure metal that glistens at the bottom of the world's crucible after it has been freed from all deleterious matter by the fire of adversity.

He is, as it were, a sheaf of experience clarified and tintured till nothing but the pure, fragrant attar remains. It is not impossible that he may have been, in his younger days, so ill-contained as to rant himself hoarse as a mosquito. The father of American optimists, whose soul, in his later years, was as calm and translucent as one of our mountain-girt lakes, was irascible in his youth.

When one has been beneath the triphammer of real affliction, has felt the hand of calamity clutching at his heart, the little every-day annoyances seem to him like the tickling of a straw wielded by a filiputan, and the cries of pain and disappointment that winnow the air, as the tinkling babble of toy lives. Who shall say that the optimist has not caught a glimpse of the infinite? Is it not very like, for is he not ever tip-toeing on the skirt of the limitless?

The faith of the optimist is as boundless as space itself, even though you grant it the much-haggled-over fourth dimension, and by this faith he becomes almost a prophet, for the knowledge of what ought to be, and the faith that it will be brought to pass. A Delphic oracle, or a seer of Ercildoum is not more intuitive than your perfect optimist. He can catch the outlines of the ideal flower even while Nature vigorously wields the pruning knife of adversity, cutting back the young plant and fitting it for a better growth.

To the optimist every cloud not only has a silver lining, but is sphered in silver, with every drop of rain a pearl. The mission of the optimist is to find good in every thing, and nobly he fulfills it. He is an oasis hid in the great social desert, a fountain of peace and content, undisturbed by the typhoon of restlessness and dissatisfaction that swirls ceaselessly about him. His presence is as soothing as the low hum of an aeolian siring fingered by the zephyr, and as healthful as the wind which Egypt's natives call the "doctor," is to the burring cheek and parched lip of the fever-stricken African tradesman.

Where gets the optimist this peace which pusseth all understanding? It comes from his conviction that around the waist of nature, cestus-like, is bound the saving and inexorable law.

He thought it was mean.

In a home on Commonwealth avenue, not many evenings since, the father, unwonted to such duties, thought it incumbent upon him at a certain period during the evening's exercises to take his youngest son upstairs for a short outing, based upon the child's disobedience to its mother. The echoes from the interview penetrated to the parlor, and while there was great sympathy for the afflicted heir-apparent, a laugh could not well be restrained when, in the midst of the "boobies," was heard the shrill, treble voice: "Pa, I think it's real mean for you to spank me. Why don't you let mamma do her own work?"—Boston Record.

## A Timely Table.

A Canadian crank wants to annex the New England states, and has introduced a proposal to that effect in the Dominion parliament. The "annexation" will resemble the capture of a prisoner told of in war literature, somewhat as follows:

Soldier—I've caught a prisoner.  
Officer—Bring him along, thou.  
Soldier—He won't come.  
Officer—Then come yourself.  
Soldier—He won't let me.

## His Weary Return.

"When did you get back from Washington, Sammy?"

"Last week."

"Come back on the limited?"

"No. That was the state of my finances. I worked my way back on the freight."

Chicago Herald.

## Unexpected.

Bella—Don't I look like a perfect fright in my new saque, though?

Clara (unbent mindedly)—Yes.

Bella—You mean thing! I'll never speak to you again so long as I live!—Burlington Free Press.