

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1889.

NO. 13.

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. W. HARRIS, 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. KOSKOW, 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. 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, 1889.
10 o'clock, p. m.

Between Portland and Coburg 123 Miles.

11:30 a.m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	4:40 p.m.
4:15 p.m.	Silverton	11:30 a.m.
6:24 p.m.	West Seta	8:28 a.m.
7:20 p.m.	Spicer	7:53 a.m.
8:37 p.m.	Brownsville	6:15 a.m.
10:15 p.m.	at Coburg	lv 4:30 a.m.

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

11:30 a.m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	4:40 p.m.
2:41 p.m.	Lafayette	1:35 p.m.
4:56 p.m.	Sheridan	10:42 a.m.
7:00 p.m.	Dallas	8:20 a.m.
7:55 p.m.	Monmouth	7:52 a.m.
8:30 p.m.	at Aileen	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. (Ld.) Line, Portland, Oregon.

F. 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 1:30 p.m.	lv. Yaquina 6:40 a.m.
lv. Corvallis 1:40 p.m.	lv. Corvallis 10:35 a.m.
Ar. Yaquina 3:30 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 K. F.	TO YAQUINA
Willamette Valley	May 19	May 25
Willamette Valley	May 25	June 1
Willamette Valley	June 5	June 9

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.
384 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. 300 and 302 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, 8 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, 7:10 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.

Collections-Conveyancing MONEY LOANED.

All kinds of legal papers drawn accurately and neatly. Any work intrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention. Collections a specialty. **Seio, Linn County, Oregon.**

R. L. McClure,

(Successor to C. H. HARRIS.)

BARBER & HAIRDRESSER

LEBANON, OREGON.

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING 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, Waterloo, Sweet Home, Seio, and all parts of Linn County.

All kinds of Teaming

DONE AT

REASONABLE RATES.

BURKHART & BILYEU,

—The intelligence of shepherd dogs is one of the well-known facts of canine history, and many stories are told of the manner in which they distinguish sheep by the different marks. A shepherd dog without sheep feels that his occupation is gone, especially if he has been trained to herd a flock. Not long ago the people of a small village were in great distress. Not a child could be found. After a long search there was a great outcry. All the small children of the village were found in a deserted yard watched over by a shepherd dog. Not having any sheep he had followed his instinct by collecting all the children of the place into one fold.

—It is always a bad sign as to one's real character when the more you know of him the less you think of him. The fact shows that he seemed to have excellences which disappear on a more intimate acquaintance, and has faults and defects that did not appear upon a limited and partial acquaintance. One regrets in this way to change and recall a good opinion which he had of another.—Independent

—Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellences which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavor to supply them with artificial excellences

ESSAY BY A KING.

A Pretty Bit of Sentiment by the King of Norway and Sweden.

One autumn morning, as the sun had just lifted its golden orb above the horizon, without, however, its rays having as yet warmed the cold air, I beheld standing by the roadside some birch trees, already covered with yellow leaves. Their day was drawing to a close, their life of bloom, though brief, had been a lovely one; a life passed in the glorious nature of the North.

When the rays of the vernal sun had melted snow and ice, when unchained rivulets prattled pleasantly, and the lark struck its notes in the azure sky, tender buds had come forth from the cold branches and twigs, the buds became leaves; they thrived in the balmy spring breeze. The young trees clad themselves in the green color of hope. So long as summer, the golden-tressed goddess, ruled in the North, they enjoyed their own blooming loveliness. In innocence and simplicity they caressed each other, and offered a delicious shade to the wanderer fatigued by the fierce sun. Now, when the summer—the too brief one in the North—has fled, behold! with what humility they bear their fate and shed the treasures of their crown. In their decadence, in their misfortune, they stand yonder as if none the less admiring the silent morning hour. They seem as if speaking to the traveler, who hastens by to his daily calling after his Sunday rest. And they awaken in him wonder, and call forth thoughts that are less of this world.

Brother! Man has also his spring, his summer and his autumn. Spring is his youth, summer his manhood and autumn his old age. But in the heyday of man's springtime there may be autumn; in his autumntide a gleam of dawning spring. Sorrow may change morn into eve, spring into autumn. The tree of life struck by the storm, raises itself again with difficulty, or requires, at all events, time to do so. It might, indeed, be an impossibility but for Samaritans ready to give a helping hand. Even the solitary desert palm may be shaken by the sirocco till it falls, be it ever so tall and strong.

But in the depth of autumn there may, God be praised! also be spring. Behold the charming birch tree in the grove yonder! They are going to rest through the long winter night, contented with their summer life, for they hope that when winter has exhausted its fury, a still more balmy, and a still more glorious sun, and a more enchanting song than the howling autumn storms shall summon them to a new life, to fresh joys! And such is their existence, an unbroken chain of births and deaths.

And we? We, who are often ungrateful when the world goes against us—we, who grumble and rebel against the wise dictates of Providence and in self-conceit wish to build up a world ourselves; which we imagine would be a better one—what ought we to remember?

Is not the promise sown in our hearts of resurrection and spring, after the autumn of life and the grave of winter? Is it not surer and more blessed than that of any creature in the realm of nature? Have we not been endowed with the gift of living in sympathy here below and of walking together along the road of life in love and friendship? And is not this gift a greater treasure than all those which the man of pleasure deems priceless? Why do we, then, despair? The spring following upon our winter's grave will not depart from us, for it is eternal. Far more glorious is it than any earthly spring. The sun is God, and we are angels therein.

Should we believe that friendship formed here below shall also follow us thither? Why should we not believe that it shall become even stronger than here? Ay, friendship, which has united mankind throughout all ages, in which they have lived, labored and struggled to reach the same goal, although by different roads—that friendship will certainly remain with us when the heaven is reached, and it shall, on a brighter spring morn, and to a more glorious spring chant, follow us into the Eternal Spring, and be the most cherished and joyful recollection of our past life on earth—of a chilly autumn tide!—Oscar Fredrik, in Nineteenth Century.

A Cheery View of Life.

Our estimates of "good" and "bad" are largely influenced by our personal feelings, and by the effect on our individual comfort of that on which we pass judgment. When the farmers are

longing for the spring winds and rains, to do their work of preparing for a fruitful season, persons in the city are likely to speak of an appropriate March or April day as "very bad weather," or as a "wretched day," in a tone that would indicate the thought. "If I had the weather in charge, there should be neither wind nor rain from year's end to year's end." An author is pretty sure to count praise of his book as "a good review," and censure or criticism of it as "a bad review." The man who is spoken of as "a very disagreeable man" is ordinarily a man who is known not to deem the speaker as an agreeable man. And so all the way along in life. It rarely occurs to us that what we dislike may be the best thing in the world for the world. Yet the truth is, that there is nothing for which we have more reason to be grateful than the fact that things are not just as we would like to have them.—S. S. Times.

SENATOR VEST'S JOKE.

How the Missouri Statesman Came to Emigrate from Kentucky.

While Polk Laffoon was waiting for his train last evening he entertained a party of friends in the rotunda at Alexander's Hotel by relating several hits of unwritten history about some of the big guns as Washington. One story in particular will be of interest to the admirers of Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri. It illustrates how trifling things turn, at times, the whole course of a man's life. Mr. Laffoon said the story was told to him by Mr. Vest himself.

"Vest was raised in Owensboro," said Mr. Laffoon, "and when he was a young man he was far from being an angel. In fact he was very much of a rake, and ardently addicted to both cards and whisky. About the time Vest was indulging his taste for the paste-bor'ds most unrestrainedly, one of those spasmodic moral waves struck Owensboro, and all the gamblers and gambling places, then enjoying a heyday of prosperity, were banished. The boys were hard up for a place to satisfy their thirst for poker, and they looked about for some place to play, without running the risk of being seized by the dreaded hand of the law. An old fellow, who had some sort of nondescript craft anchored at the wharf, came to their relief, and the boys were in the habit of playing in the cabin of his boat every night. As happens everywhere where cards are played, there lived in Owensboro a shark. He played close and generally won, letting no chance escape him. Every time he got about \$25 or \$30 winner he would suddenly remember that his wife was sick and had sent him for medicine, or would have some other excuse for quitting. One night Vest and a friend, both of whom were broke and about half full of corn-juice, sauntered down toward the boat where their shackles had disappeared into the old shark's pocket. They saw from the light aboard that a game was in progress, and they knew the old shark was playing. Vest and his companion both 'blessed' the squeezer in the unstinted manner their condition would suggest, and finally Vest said: 'I'll fix him.' Taking out his knife he severed the cable which held the boat to the shore. Out into the river the craft drifted. When it had gone about five miles down 'Old Shark' made his usual excuse and rose to go. Out of the lighted room into the darkness he went. He made a step where he thought the gang plank was, but it was, of course, not in its place, and with a yell he went down into the river. The others heard his cry, and by means of ropes rescued him. The game had been so absorbing that no one had noticed the motion of the boat after its release from the wharf. When the shark reached shore, wet and mad, he secured a buggy and drove back to Owensboro. 'It was that fellow Vest that did this,' said he, 'and I'm going to kill him.' He secured a double-barreled shotgun and started to look for Vest. The old shark was a dangerous man, and Vest, being warned by his friends, concluded he had nothing to do but to go to Owensboro, so he left at once. He went to Missouri, where he had a cousin who was clerk of one of the local courts. Vest went into his office, there began to study law, and later commenced to practice. He became a leader in politics, was elected to one office after another, and to-day is one of the ablest men ever in the United States Senate. If he had stayed in Owensboro he would probably have gone on in the old rut and never amounted to a hill of beans. By the way, Senator Vest never drinks now."

FACTS ABOUT SALT.

Many Interesting Points for Seekers After Reliable Information.

There are many interesting facts connected with salt which it is well sometimes to remember. To begin with the name itself, a curious fact is to be noted. Salt was formerly regarded as a compound resulting from the union of hydrochloric (or, as it used to be called, muriatic) acid and soda, and hence the generic term of salt was applied to all substances produced by the combination of a base with an acid. Sir Humphrey Davy, however, showed that during their action on each other both the acid and the alkali underwent decomposition, and that while water is formed by the union of the oxygen of the alkali and the hydrogen of the acid, the sodium of the former combines with the chlorine of the latter to form a chloride of sodium, and this term is the scientific designation of salt, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not a salt. Chloride of sodium must be considered economically under two heads, relating respectively to sea or bay salt, and to rock or mineral salt. The one is probably derived from the other, most rock-salt deposits bearing evidence of having been formed at remote geological periods by evaporation from the sea. At one time nearly the whole of the salt used as food and for industrial purposes was obtained from the sea, and in many countries where the climate is dry and warm, and which have a convenient seaboard, a great quantity of salt is still so obtained. In Portugal more than two hundred and fifty thousand tons are annually produced, and the same quantity approximately is obtained on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of France. Spain has salt works in the Balearic Islands, the Bay of Cadiz and elsewhere, which turn out annually three hundred thousand tons, and even the small seaboard of Austria produces every year from seventy thousand to one hundred thousand tons.—London Standard.

The Mail Service in 1775.

When Benjamin Franklin was appointed Postmaster General of the Colonies in 1775 he went down to the office in Philadelphia, hung his coat on a peg behind the only door of the one room which constituted the department, and went to work. He procured a small book of fifty-three pages, in which he opened an account with each postmaster for the forty odd post-offices in the thirteen colonies, and kept it himself. Unlike the present Postmaster-General, the old Pennsylvanian was not bothered to appoint assistants, and as for clerks, he did not have any. At odd times, and when he was feeling lonesome because some of the neighbors did not come in to bore him to appoint John Smith postmaster at Juniperville, Franklin would go down to the city post-office and assist to make up the mail, which left by stage coach every week. In a glass case in the Post-office Department the curiosity seeker can see the old leather-bound book in which Franklin kept the accounts of the Government. The transactions for three years—from 1775 to 1778, inclusive—are included in its fifty-three pages, and the mail transactions seem to have cut but an insignificant figure. You can also see the record of the uncalled for or misdirected letters that were returned for the eleven years from 1777 to 1788. The book covers forty-four pages, and during that time 365 letters were received. The number of letters returned to the Dead Letter Office daily now averages 18,000.—Washington Post.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

—During the last year the sum total of educational gifts in this country was nearly \$5,000,000.

—Amusements are to religion like breezes of air to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.—Dr. Thomas.

—The Sudan has been almost totally neglected by Protestants as a field for missionary effort. It has a population of about 60,000,000 people.

—A grant of \$600 a year was recently made out of the appropriation for the Indian Bureau to aid the industrial school carried on in Dakota, near the Crow Creek Agency, by Miss Howard, a daughter of Joseph Howard, Jr., the journalist.

—Rev. Norman La Marsh, an eloquent preacher in charge of the Methodist church at Searsport, Me., is totally blind. A feature of the services at this church is the singing of the pastor.