

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

The rule of the flat improvements on the river front was fortunately overestimated. It is doubtful indeed that the work has been injured at all. The property damage done in and about the city by the flood is almost limited to the embankment of the Chesapeake and the Ohio canal, which are completely wrecked in many places. The canal will be abandoned, as the repairs would cost several million dollars more than the company is worth. The old bed will probably share the fate of the Pennsylvania canal way, which was filled in and utilized for a railroad. The Baltimore and Ohio railway will make an attempt to obtain possession.

The canal has chiefly been used for the past twenty years in the shipment of coal, and its abandonment is a great blow to the business of the sleepy old city of Georgetown. The canal was one of the oldest in the country. When Washington was President he conceived the scheme of a canal following the general direction that was afterwards adopted, and it became a hobby with him. Public interest was not easily excited in favor of the project however and it was not until John Adams was President that the first ground was broken. President Adams went out to Georgetown through the villainous road of those days, with a brass band and a crowd of several thousand people and a spade. With all the people looking on and the band severely lacinating the air, Mr. Adams tried to strike the spade in the earth. It struck a root, but the President's blood being up, he flung aside his coat and struck again and again until he had successfully landed in a wheelbarrow a pile of earth. Thereupon the people cheered wildly and the President went home and wrote the whole story, including a synopsis of his speech, in his diary. The people of Washington were sorely disappointed that the canal did not go through the city and it was predicted that Washington would forever remain a puny village, while Georgetown would go on to greater and greater glories, time without end. Alexandria was also a proud commercial city at that time. To-day the commerce of both towns is a meagre force and only crazy ghosts of great store-houses stand, gaunt and deserted along the river fronts for cranes to point out and bewail the past.

The local subscription to the Johnstown sufferers fund pour in from all classes of people. Politicians and merchants vie with each other in giving. Amid all this graceful and grateful evidence of human sympathy, there are however instances of pretty meanness and niggardliness that are surprising. I saw a subscription list yesterday that had been through the Peniston Bureau. There were two endowments together that were in striking contrast, the former being for a contribution of twenty five cents, and the latter for five dollars. I happen to know about both. The man who subscribed 25 cents has been ten years at the public crib, draws \$1800 a year salary for work that would disgrace a school boy and has a pension of \$50 per month. He is accredited curious to record, to the State of Pennsylvania. The woman who gave \$5.00 is a bright, cheerful little widow who is struggling along on \$20, per month with two children to support, one a cripple. I saw on the same list dozens of 25 cents subscription from men whose salary should make the sum the merest trifle to them. The most miserly class of people I know are mean Government clerks. When a Government employee begins to be over-economical he becomes an expert at it. He smokes villainous tobacco in his office and begs cigarettes of his fellows to smoke on the street, Congress should give this sort of people a chance to be generous by returning to the issuing of half pence. A cent is too large a coin for them to give away.

Many wagons are going about town collecting clothing and other supplies for the devastated region of Pennsylvania. Wednesday night a train of thirteen freight cars left this city with orders to run to Johnstown on passenger time. The cars were packed with supplies from this place, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. A second train of nine cars left Thursday night. This train load was made up entirely here.

The President had a busy time Wednesday yesterday between the office seekers and the needs of the Johnstown sufferers. All day long the War department officials were consulting him as to what actions to take and he was in constant wire communication with General Beaver. The number of Congressmen who called on Wednesday were larger than on any former day for a month.

The Pride of Woman.

A clear, pearly and transparent skin is always a sign of pure blood, and all persons troubled with dark, greasy, or blotched skin can rest assured that their blood is out of order. A few doses of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER & BLOOD MAKER will remove the cause and the skin will become clear and transparent. Try it, and if satisfaction is not given it will cost you nothing. M. A. Miller, Druggist.

EDITOR OF THE EXPRESS:—Please announce in the columns of your paper that we are sole agents for St. Patrick's Pills, the most perfect cathartic and liver pills in the market. They not only physic, but cleanse the whole system; purify the blood and regulate the liver and bowels; they are vigorous but gentle in their action and can always be depended upon. For sale by M. A. Miller.

THE SLAYER OF KING.

Portrait of Elizabeth Beecher, Who Refused to Be Discarded.

Following is the graphic account of the shooting at Omaha of H. W. King, Jr., given by Miss Elizabeth Beecher, the woman who killed him and with whom he had lived. She made the statement immediately after she had committed the murder. The portrait herewith presented is from The Chicago Tribune:

"I left Chicago yesterday," she said, "with the best of intentions in my heart. Arriving in Omaha, I inquired where Harry was living, and was told he was boarding at the Paxton. I had been told by a lady on the train whom I happened to meet that Harry was married, but supposed that I was the only wife. I then went to the hotel and registered as Mrs. Elizabeth M. King, and asked for Harry's room. The clerk told me that it was No. 63, and I went upstairs, I think to the third floor. In the meantime I had asked for a room adjoining Harry's, but was told that I could not have it until later in the day. I wanted to be close to them, or on the same floor at least, so I could watch their movements. I supposed that his wife was with him, but when I rapped at his door I did not hear any voices or talking on the inside. I rapped several times before there was a response. Finally Harry came to the door in his night clothes, and sticking his head out asked what was wanted. I said: 'Good morning, Harry; you were not expecting to see me, were you?' He replied: 'No, and I don't care to see you,' and shut the door in my face.

"My heart sank for a moment, and I did not know what to do. Again I said that I must see him, and he said: 'Go down in the parlor and wait until I get dressed.' I replied that I would wait there, and I did. In about twenty minutes he came out, and we walked to the elevator together. Getting in the elevator, we descended to the parlor floor, where we had a conversation. At first we were silent. I asked Harry to take me down to breakfast. He said he did not want any breakfast, and for me to go on down to the dining room alone, as he had to go to the store. I insisted on his going to breakfast with me, but he blantly refused and arose to his feet to go. I said: 'Harry, you are my lawful husband, and I have a right to demand your company to breakfast.' He said: 'Shut up! There's a girl and she'll hear you.' I said: 'I don't care who hears me.' At this he grasped at my throat and, grating his teeth, said: 'I could choke you off right here.' I then shoved him back and fired. The first shot I fired took effect in his side. I think, for he turned pale and clasped his hand on his hip. After that I was so excited that I hardly remember just what did take place. I shot several times more, but don't know exactly how many. After the first shot Harry ran around the corner of the elevator and started down stairs. At this time we were standing at the platform of the elevator. As Harry reached the head of the stairs I was close behind him, and shot repeatedly. When I saw him fall on the stairway and saw the blood oozing from his mouth, I rushed to him and laid his head in my arms, where he breathed his last. Just before leaving Chicago," continued Miss Beecher, "I telegraphed Miss Duffy's mother the situation her daughter was in. The telegram cost me \$2.50. The poor girl's mother will be heartbroken when she hears the sad news," and here the woman broke completely down in tears and sobbed.



ELIZABETH BEECHER.

A Climbing Maine Belle. Miss Belle Mendor came down to Skowhegan from Norridgewock county recently for the special purpose of climbing to the top of the water works stand pipe. The distance to the top is seventy-five feet, ascended by means of an iron ladder fixed perpendicularly on the side. The young lady safely accomplished the feat, which shows, when it is considered that she looked down to Water street, 175 feet below, that she possessed a remarkably cool and clear head.—Lawiston Journal.

Old Time Scotch Horrors.

In the reign of James I. of Scotland there was born in East Lothian, a village a few miles from Edinburgh, Sawney Beane, the son of poor but hard working people. Evincing from boyhood a hatred of all, and displaying every kind of vicious quality, he at an early age abandoned his home and fled to Galloway. He was accompanied by a fit companion for his crimes in the person of a young woman, a native of the same village. The home of this pair was in a cave of about a mile in length and of considerable breadth, the mouth of which was washed by the sea, the tide sometimes penetrating the cave a distance of 200 yards. The victims were waylaid under cover of night on their way from country fairs, or, in the case of isolated travelers across the country, were openly attacked in daylight. The same soul sickening mutilation was inflicted in each case; the abdomen was cut open and the entrails dragged out and the body carried to the cave. To prevent detection they murdered every traveler they robbed, and for years they continued their horrible calling. In this manner, the chronicler tells us, they lived until they had eight sons and six daughters, eighteen grandsons and four teen granddaughters—all the offspring of incest. After a long career of murder the gang were captured by King James, who, roused to action by the long immunity of the criminals from detection, headed a body of troops and succeeded with bloodhounds in searching from the cave the whole vile tribe, to whom was meted out a death agreeable with the life they had led. The men, says the historian, had their entrails thrown into the fire, their hands and legs were severed from their bodies, and they were permitted to bleed to death. The mother of the whole crew, the daughters and granddaughters, after being spectators of the death of the men, were cast into three separate fires and consumed to ashes.—Fall Mail Gazette.

O woman! it is thou that causeth the temptations that agitate mankind.—J. J. Rousseau.

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SWEET HOME NOTES.

June 17.

Sweet Home presents a healthy condition in business. Our blacksmith shops seem to have considerable work to do, although the travel is not large as yet. Both hotels seem to prosper and each their share of patronage.

Real estate transactions seem to continue. Mr. Ely Royer sold his farm to Mr. John Mayfield; consideration \$2,700. We welcome him to Sweet Home and extend him our best wishes for success. He has a fine farm for fruit, especially blackberries. Some of our readers will remember the Ben Marks farm where we used to go blackberrying.

Mr. Phelps has bought a lot and commenced building. He is just from Kansas, and his family consists of wife and son. He is well pleased with Oregon.

Mr. Ely Royer and family started for Humboldt, Kansas, this morning. John remains; says he may go this fall, rather thinks not; there are more attractions in Sweet Home than Kansas for John.

Miss Olie Rowell is getting better so as to make a few short calls on her many friends. Olie has had a very serious case of blood poison, but through the skillful management of Dr. Lamberson she is now convalescent. The doctor has many warm friends in the vicinity of Sweet Home.

Messrs. Moran & Morris bought of Mr. Calvin Cooper one lot of Mr. Finley's. They are among Sweet Home's enterprising business men, and mean business. If you want to find beef-tattle call on them.

Mrs. Letsinger is much better; she was very sick for a few days. Dave is still hammering away; will make a point if he holds on.

Mr. Rickard Watkins, better known as Dick, has built a neat little house, and, it is thought by some, is going to take a neat little woman in it soon; so rumor has it. Time will tell all things.

Sweet Home has about \$400 raised in cash to build a church, besides \$200 in labor. They will try to commence building about July or August. This is the right move in the right direction.

Rev. Kirkpatrick was in our town last Friday looking after the interest of THE EXPRESS. He got five or six subscribers. He was also desirous of getting a music class for his daughter. Her terms are \$5 a month for a class of eight, or \$4 a month for a class of ten. Any person desiring to attend can call on A. F. Hamilton for full particulars.

Mr. John Donaca is still confident he will some day find a good coal mine or even something better.

Two prospectors report finding a good quartz ledge. They are out at the present and will give their report next week.

Mr. David Watkins, one of the old pioneers of this coast, died a few weeks ago. He was 80 or more years old.

If you want to make money or health, buy property in Sweet Home or vicinity.

Messrs. Amos Kanable, Lowell Ames and Carl Morris started for the hot springs on the McKenzie river yesterday morning.

Mrs. John Davis has been up to the springs, and received much help in her rheumatic trouble. She is so as to attend to the household duties, while before she went she was unable to do much of anything.

Mr. R. H. Britt and company are stopping at the St. John hotel. They are classifying the Willamette valley wagon road land. They are a jolly set of boys, giving us some splendid vocal and instrumental music in the cool of the evening after their days work is done.

Geo. Rowell keeps the variety store where everything needed can be found at bottom prices.

Mrs. Moran & Hamilton, our enterprising milliners, have sold out their stock of goods. Business must be good, give them a call.

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Local Passenger Trains Daily (except Sunday)

3:45 A. M.	Lebanon	At	1:30 P. M.
6:30 A. M.	Albany	At	12:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	Lebanon	At	9:00 P. M.
2:45 P. M.	Albany	At	8:30 P. M.

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