

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1889.

NO. 17.

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 Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. J. CHARLTON, N. G.

HONOR LODGE NO. 3, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon. Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.
F. H. ROSCOE, M. W.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

M. E. CHURCH.

Walton Shipworth, 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. K. Kirkpatrick, pastor—Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School each Sunday at 10 a. m.

R. L. McClure,

(Successor to C. H. Harmon.)

BARBER & HAIRDRESSER

LEBANON, OREGON.

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

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, Harness and

GOOD RELIABLE HORSES

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

All kinds of Teaming

DONE AT

REASONABLE RATES.

BURKHART & BILYEU,

"Say, policeman," he said, excitedly, "why don't you arrest those two men. They have been talking loudly and threaten to hammer each other into a jelly for the last half hour." "O, don't you worry about them," said the officer, "they won't do any thing but talk. They are professional prize fighters." "I never play at another man's game," said the president of a financially uncertain insurance company to a traveling man on the train. "What is natural?" "What makes you think so?" "Because it would take time from your business of inducing other men to play at your game."—Merchant Traveler.

—On a street car the other day the passengers included two young ladies, one of whom had returned within a few days from a trip abroad, and did not propose to have the fact known. Proud of the distinction of having visited foreign scenes, she regaled her companion with her experiences. The friend remarking the returned traveler's hoarseness, said: "You have a severe cold, haven't you?" "O, yes," responded the other, with the consciousness of enjoying a superior distinction, unlike the plebeian New England affliction. "I imported that from Germany."—Boston Budget.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

The Way a Western Man Sat Down on a Whaling Captain.

We had been in New Bedford ten or twelve days, and had selected our particular sea captain and listened to half a dozen of his yarns without betraying the slightest evidence of doubt of any statement, when a stranger from the far West arrived and rather forced his presence upon our coterie. We were on the back veranda of the hotel, five or six of us and the old whaler, and the latter had just started in on a story, when the Westerner came out of the smoking room and drew up a chair. "Now go ahead, Captain," he brusquely observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, gents," began the captain, after an uneasy look around. "I was going to tell you about a whale as—"

"What species of whale?" interrupted the stranger. "There are several species, you know, and you had better designate."

"A right whale, sir."

"Oh! That's all right; go ahead." "We were lying to and drifting while trying out a fish captured the day before, and the wind was from—"

"Was this on Lake Erie or the Atlantic Ocean?" put in the stranger. "On the Atlantic, of course."

"Then I am with you. I didn't know but you were whaling on the lakes. Better locate the spot a little closer, however."

"It was off the coast of Brazil," replied the captain, in an indignant voice. "That will do, but it is a long coast. Go ahead, and never mind which way the wind blew."

"We were drifting, as I said," continued the captain, as he swallowed a lump in his throat. "when the man at the masthead called—"

Excuse me, captain," interrupted the stranger. "but if all hands were trying out why did you have a lookout at the masthead?"

"Let him go on!" called two or three voices.

"O, certainly, but he must be sure of his facts. Go on, captain, you had a man at the masthead, where he didn't belong at the time, but perhaps you managed things that way. He suddenly sighted a whale, didn't he?"

The captain would have retired, but we looked at him so appealingly that he decided to make one more effort.

"The lookout hailed the deck and said that a large whale was bearing down on our starboard broadside," he said, after two or three swallows. "I at once leaped—"

"Say, Captain," softly inquired the stranger, "was the lookout a man of veracity?"

"Of course he was!"

"All right, then; but I have known lookouts who would lie like a trotting horse about whales. Go on. You were going to say that you leaped overboard. What happened then?"

"Gentlemen, I can't stand this," protested the captain, as he rose up. "What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"You seem to doubt my word, sir." "Lands alive! but how did you get that idea! On the contrary, I have the most entire faith in what you say. By the way, Captain, what year, month, and day of the week was this? What was the name of your ship? Are any of the crew willing to go before a magistrate and make affidavit? I should also like—"

But the captain had turned his back and walked away, and our pleasant old liar never returned to us. He had been smothered by the stranger, and we had to hunt up and listen to the yarns of a mate, who couldn't tell a yarn without his face giving him away every time he pulled a leg of truth out of joint.—N. Y. Sun.

Goethe and His Doppelgänger.

Goethe, when a young man, was resting by the roadside on one occasion when he observed the figure of a middle-aged gentleman approaching him on horseback. There was something in the features and general appearance of the stranger that attracted his attention to a marked degree, for the face and figure seemed to be his own, although older and more developed. In their costume, however, there was no similarity whatever, for while the stranger wore the robes of a councillor of state, the young poet wore the ordinary dress of civil life. In the course of years afterward and when the circumstance had been nearly forgotten it was brought before him again in a most startling manner, for one day while passing the very spot where he had long since encountered

no stranger he found himself similarly mounted and riding along leisurely and perceived that in form and feature he was now the very counterpart of the mysterious horseman and, to crown the miracle, his costume was the same to the minutest detail, as he was himself now a councillor of state also.—Bellevue's Magazine.

George's Suggestion.

"George," said the beautiful girl, as the blushes chased each other over her eloquent face, "papa has ordered just the loveliest floral decorations for our wedding next week! There will be one piece representing a wedding party of six persons, the figures all life-size. The florist says they will be perfect, but he thinks the bride ought to be holding an emblem of some kind—an anchor, or a motto, or a book. Can you think of something appropriate, George?"

"An emblem to go with the wax figures?"

"Yes."

"How would a dollar mark do?" suggested George, with a respectful cough.—Chicago Tribune.

—Some men "live and learn." Others devote their time exclusively to forgetting all that they ever knew.—Gloucester Advertiser.

—When an orator becomes a great gun in his own estimation he is apt to be a good deal of a smooth-bore in the estimation of others.—Harper's Bazar.

—Dandykin (who has tried on a new suit and found it satisfactory): "Aw—excuse me; I'll just step over to the bank and cash a check." His tailor: "Quite so; and if you'll excuse me I'll follow suit."

A LARGE PENDULUM.

Its Swinging Proves Beyond a Doubt That "The Earth Do Move."

The longest pendulum on this continent swings in the technological school at Atlanta, Ga. It is a heavy, pear-shaped piece of iron, attached to a brass wire forty-two feet long. The upper end of the wire is pivoted in a steel point, which rests on the centre of a steel plate, so as to cause the least possible friction. The swinging of the pendulum gradually describes a circle on the floor in a direction following the sun, showing in this that "the earth do move." Directly under the pendulum is a large circle divided into twenty-four parts, of fifteen degrees each, to correspond with the hours of the day. The north pole is placed directly under the pendulum, and the meridians of longitude meet there. The parallels of latitude make smaller circles inside the first. Dr. J. S. Hopkins, president of the school, who made and put up the pendulum, performs the experiment as follows: The iron is brought to the edge of the circle in the meridian of Atlanta and let swing across. Apparently it goes straight across, but gradually it traverses the circle in the direction taken by the sun and opposite to the revolution of the earth. The pendulum, not being directly over the axis of the earth, does not move in exactly the same time as the sun, but falls behind some hours a day. It is said that if it were at the north pole, where it would be immediately over the axis, it would traverse the circle in exactly twenty-four hours, and at the equator it would not traverse it at all, for gravity would operate to prevent.—Jeweler's Review

THE LITERARY MANIA.

A Man Who Was Ruined by Writing a Reply to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A fellow may get over general debility, renew exhausted vitality, and come out in a very astonishing way after a case of small-pox, but if he has the literary craze, in nine out of ten cases his case is hopeless. The victim of this disease will waste enough time and labor to make him a fortune, if expended in a business-like way, and have nothing to show for it.

I recall an instance as I write. Some years ago I met a gray-haired Professor, who informed me, confidentially, that he was writing "A Reply to Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"It will vindicate the South," he said, "and paralyze the North. The book will be a sensation, sir."

The Professor wrote industriously. He gave up his school and devoted himself to his book. Finally he finished it.

"I know it is good," he said, "because my wife read it and praised it highly."

The poor man spent his savings and had to sell his home, but the book never came out. Disappointed, and almost heart-broken, the author died, leaving a helpless family, and no property except his "Reply to Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Atlantic Constitution.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Progressive Journal Whose Motto Is "Live and Let Live."

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following interesting items: CAN'T DO IT.—We have been offered twenty-five dollars in cash and a barrel of wild plum vinegar to publish the record of the man who runs the weekly further down the street. While there is no doubt in our mind that he is a bigamist, horse thief, barn-burner and anarchist sympathizer, we know what belongs to decency and we positively refuse the bribe. There is too much mud-throwing among the editors of the West, any how. They seem to have forgotten what is due to the position. If one of our doctors bills a patient by some mistake, the rest are always ready to swear him clear. If one of the editorial fraternity makes a trip, the rest are eager to pitch into him. It shouldn't be so. There should be more of the fraternal spirit—more of the pride of profession. Therefore, while we are perfectly satisfied that the bald-headed, bow-legged, squint-eyed old coyote who calls himself the editor of the moribund dish-rag, eleven doors below, ought to be in State prison for life, we are not going to forget what belongs to the amenities of editorial life.

PASSED AWAY.—"Injun Joe," as he was familiarly called, has finally passed in his checks, although he hung on for a year longer than any one thought he could. After a spree, lasting four weeks, he crept into one of the A. & T. stage coaches and surrendered to the grim destroyer. We always looked upon Joe as half-witted, but we beg to acknowledge our mistake. In his last hours he wrote down the fact on a bit of paper that we owed him seven dollars borrowed money and that bit of paper was left where it could not help but be seen. The first we knew of his death was when the coroner brought in the note. We borrowed the money a year ago, and as Joe had never dunned us we supposed it had slipped his mind. We shall probably have to pay it, but whether we shall do so before appealing to the law remains to be seen.

DESERVING OF PATRONAGE.—It is over seven months since the A. & T. coaches were put on to connect our town with the outside world. The Kicker has not before mentioned the fact, for the reason that no pass was sent to us. If a stage coach or a railroad company starts out with the idea that it can paddle its canoe without the aid of the press, the best way is to give them rope. We have been giving the A. & T. Line rope. Yesterday it threw up its hands and sent us a beautiful annual pass. The Kicker now takes pleasure in calling public attention to the fact that the A. & T. Stage-Line Company, Limited, has three roomy and comfortable vehicles running from the post-office to Topknot Station, on the U. P. Road, nine miles away. The fare is very low, the drivers safe men, and the speed satisfactory. It is an enterprise which deserves patronage, and we hope the company will have the support and good wishes of every citizen of the town.

DON'T BLAME US.—If Major Jones, he of the tawny hair and purple nose, will let us alone we shall never cross his path. If he persists in lying about us—if he continues to scandalize our private character and throw mud at our earnest efforts to build up the town, he will hear something drop with an awful thud some day.

We want no quarrel with Major Jones or any other citizen. We want to live in peace, publish the Kicker at \$2 per year, strictly in advance, and feel that we are welcome whenever we drop into a saloon to recuperate our strength after exhaustive editorial work.

CALL US "GENERAL."—We understand that there is considerable dissatisfaction around town with a certain class because the general public has dubbed us with the title of "General." We refer to those "Captains," "Majors," "Colonels" and "Judges" who spend four-fifths of their time in the grog shops and poker rooms, and the other fifth in abusing decent citizens. If the public desires to call us "General," so be it; and the class referred to can take it out in biting their noses. We have hunted up the records of twenty-two of them, and not one mother's son of the gang is entitled to any thing except the very plainest and cheapest and meanest "Bill" or "Tom." They want to let our title of "General" alone or something will occur to pain their feelings.—Detroit Free Press.

—The fleece of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a cashmere shawl a yard and a half wide.

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.)	ar. 4:40 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	Silverton	11:50 a. m.
6:34 p. m.	West Seta	8:28 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	Spicer	7:31 a. m.
8:27 p. m.	Brownsville	6:13 a. m.
10:15 p. m.	Coburg	4:30 a. m.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND AIRLIE, 50 MILES.

Foot of Jefferson Street.

11:30 a. m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	ar. 4:40 p. m.
2:41 p. m.	Lafayette	1:05 p. m.
4:56 p. m.	Sheridan	10:42 a. m.
7:00 p. m.	Dallas	8:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Monmouth	7:52 a. m.
8:30 p. m.	Airlie	6:55 a. m.

Commutation tickets at two cents per mile on sale at stations having agents.

Connection between Kay's and Fuquartz 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 Office, N. W. Corner First and Pine

Streets, Portland, Oregon.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Oregon Development Company's Steamship Line.

223 Shorter, 24 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 10:25 a. m.
Ar. Yaquina 5:20 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.

SAILING DATES.

STEAMERS	FROM S. F.	FR. YAQUINA
Willamette Valley	May 19.	May 21.
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 Sailing 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

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Oregon Devel'g Co. O. P. R. R. Co.,
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Willamette River Line of Steamers.

The "WM. M. HOAG," "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, 2 p. m.; leave Salem, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 8 a. m.

Arrive Portland, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 5:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

Leave Portland, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6 a. m.

Arrive Salem, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:45 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,

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