

TO PALESTINE BY RAIL

From the Mediterranean by Way of Lake Galilee to Damascus.

If the Turkish Government consents it is probable that Palestine will be invaded by locomotives, and that before long the conductor will have an opportunity of calling out "Galilee, all out for Galilee," and in good Turkish, "Damascus passengers will please retain their seats until the train comes to a full stop." Application has been made by Joseph Elias, formerly Government engineer of the Lebanon, for a concession for a railway from Haifa on the Mediterranean, about midway between Tyre and Caesarea, by way of Lake Galilee, over the River Jordan to Damascus. Authority for the navigation of the lake and a priority of right for the extension of a line over any other applicant for three years is asked for. The line is to follow the river Kishon for six miles, going within three and three-quarter miles of Nazareth, and then ascending the valley to the water sheds of the Jordan. The line will proceed along the northwest of the lake, close to the plan of Genesaret, up the Jordan, crossing it two miles below Merim. From that point the line turns toward the east to Damascus, a distance of 105 miles from the coast. A branch line will go to Naoua, the capital of the Hauran, with an option to continue on to Bosra, the ancient capital of Bashan. Permission is also asked to go on with the Palmyra into Aleppo.

The practical part of Mr. Elias' application is interesting. He estimates the population to be served at half a million or about five thousand to the mile. Damascus has about two hundred thousand inhabitants, and there are ten towns with from one thousand to ten thousand inhabitants and about five thousand and forty villages. Although the district is very fertile, only one-sixth of the arable land is under cultivation. There is an abundance of streams, however, so that the country could be easily irrigated. Naturally cereals are the principal produce, but cotton can be grown and silk worms reared. The cultivation of sugar cane was undertaken there by the Crusaders. Indigo grows wild. Licorice is plentiful, fruits are largely exported, and olives are abundant. The country is rich in bitumen, coal, iron and sulphur, and it abounds in forests of oak, pine and poplar. Although it now costs at least half the value to bring the cereals to the sea, the export is fully 90,000 tons. If the concession is granted Mr. Elias will construct the 130 miles proposed to be built at first for £640,000 to £680,000. He calculates modestly on 48,000 through passengers a year at about three cents a mile, or 18¢. 70c., or about \$3 for 105 miles, and 30,000 local passengers at the same rate. Freight is expected to pay about four cents per ton per mile, or about five or six times what Western railroad commissioners consider a high rate. Even at this rate there will be a much larger profit to the farmer than at present, and the profit on the actual cost is figured at 17 1/2 to 18 1/2 per cent. A considerable amount of corroboratory information is given. More than ten years ago Major Conder advocated the construction of a railroad on this line. Lawrence Oliphant says that 4,000 or 5,000 camel loads of grain arrive at Acre and Haifa daily during the season. Flour ground at Damascus is of very superior quality. Even with this primitive method of communication 675,352 bushels of wheat and barley were exported from Acre and Haifa and 243,130 pounds of olive oil in 1877. The proposed line will also cross the pilgrim road to Mecca a little above Mezarib.

Mr. Julius V. Millington, of the Imperial Ottoman Bank of Constantinople, is interested in the scheme, and it is believed that the concession will soon be put up for sale, in which event it is not at all impossible that American capitalists may become interested. — N. Y. Mail and Express.

NOTHING LIKE PRAISE.

Many a Child is Heart-Hungry for a Word of Encouragement.

Parents are too often slow to see the motive of their children's kindest actions. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers, and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it; but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered, and the boy goes up to bed with a choking feeling in his throat, and says his prayers by the bedside with a sadness very real in his heart.

Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be; the fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored. All words of

approval are helpful and encouraging. In a large family there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that can not be concealed says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling." My friend do not be so chary of these words of encouragement. — Good Words.

SEEKING NOTORIETY.

People Who Write Their Names on Windows, Furniture and Trees.

What for does a man want to write his name everywhere he goes, and on every thing which offers a blank space large enough for his autograph?

Does anybody care to know that John Smith, of Hickory Creek, visited Niagara Falls, August 21, 1888, that he need to put himself to the trouble of recording that fact on every bench and blank wall and bridge-rail all around the Falls?

No matter what locality we visit we find the names of previous visitors recorded on every available spot. Sometimes a sentimental verse is appended, by way of illustration; and texts of Scripture and theological warnings are quite common.

Hotel windows suffer fearfully from this craze. Every body who owns a diamond seems possessed with a mania for writing with it on glass—we have even seen the abomination on plate-glass. The idea of scratching up and defacing windows which do not belong to you in that way! The man who will be guilty of such snobbery ought to be brought into court and fined, like any other criminal.

Railway car windows are peculiarly subject to this kind of disfigurement. Not long since we saw written on the window of a railway car this interesting and instructive legend:

"We all must die and go away
To either heaven or hell to stay.
This is writ with a diamond ring,
And James L. May be owns the thing."

And we hereby give notice that, in our opinion, the said James L. May is a jackass, and his mother must be proud that he lived through the whooping-cough, and measles, and mumps—lived to bless this world and the rest of creation with his presence. He is a credit to her and to all the family.

Now, what we want to know is what people indulge in this kind of thing for? What makes you want to have your name cut in uneven letters on a bench? Why do you want to see your autograph on somebody's window? Why do you want to scratch your initials on every rock from Maine to Florida?

What for?
We suppose it is none of our business, but we can not help asking the question.

It has always been done, and it always will be, probably; but, in the name of railway companies and hotel-keepers, we ask you to let the windows and the looking-glasses alone. You have no more right to thus disfigure them than you have to paint your business card on the frescoes, and thus announce that "Tom Brown Sells Empire Soap!"

If you want to leave your name in a conspicuous place, have some signboards painted, and pay a man to patrol the streets with them; or have them displayed on the telegraph poles, and the traveling public will be pleased and interested to read them as they flash by.

No living man wants his windows or doors or settees defaced by the efforts of his visitors to secure a cheap notoriety. You do not buy your landlord's house and grounds when you enter your name on his hotel register, or when you settle your weekly bill. You have no more right to scratch up his windows and walls than you have to do the same thing in the house of the friend where you are visiting. If you must try your diamonds on glass, why not take a small window along with you and experiment to your heart's content? It will afford you amusement, and every body who sees you at work will know that you have diamonds, and so your end will be attained. — Kate Thorne, in N. Y. Weekly.

—An amusing story comes from Japan of a native doctor who had so far assimilated his practice to European methods that an English resident, being ill, sent for him in the absence of the only European doctor of the district. The Englishman having elaborately described his symptoms, the Jap doctor in his turn made a long and very vague statement, from which it was impossible to gather any thing really definite. "But come, doctor," exclaimed the patient at last, naturally anxious to know the nature of his complaint, "you have not told me what it is?" "Ah! you ask what it is?" returned the native medico, in what he intended to be his best European manner. "Well, I will tell you, sir; it is five shillings."

DUMAS ON THE HAND.

The French Novelist Gives an Interesting Chapter on Chiromancy.

A new and distinguished professor of palmistry has arisen in the person of M. Alexandre Dumas, who contributes to Art and Letters an interesting paper on "The Hand," or rather chiromancy, for he discusses the said member in relation to character. Even were this article not signed it would be easy to see that it is written by a man, for it treats solely of feminine hands—just as the fair authoress of the numerous "palmistry" pamphlets now so much in vogue deal mainly with those of men. But M. Dumas brings fresh interest to the subject, investing it with all his well-known verve and originality.

He has "restricted" himself, he tells us, to five types of hands and has studied, by observation and investigation, a science which he holds to be "exact and positive." The worst of it is that in the outset this science is calculated to inspire gloomy feelings. There is apparently only one "really happy hand for a woman," and that is according to M. Dumas, an ugly hand—large, red and knotty; "a dreadful hand, like a man's." With this "happy hand" the wife will be always busy, exemplary and capable; she will so henpeck and domineer over her husband that after her death he will not retain even energy enough to survive her! No one can doubt that to possess such a hand would indeed be happiness such as is seldom vouchsafed to mortals. As for the other four types, they have certainly more beauty to boast of, but, as they are alternately expressive of a "mere animal," a "Messalina," a "Charlotte Corday" or a "Montespan," they can not be said to be exactly enviable.

But "the hand is the ideal of the human soul," says M. Dumas, and though people "whom we have an interest in knowing can, by their countenance and skill, often mislead us, their hands betray their real selves." The hand can not deceive.

"From no one who is willing to take pains to be attentive, can man or woman, however reticent they try to be with their eyes, their mouth, with their features, whatever mastery they may have over their physiognomy, hide any longer even the profoundest, the most mysterious, part of their inner being."

A woman must be careful to observe the thumbs of the man she marries, M. Dumas insists. "Concern yourself above all, with the thumbs; one always has to come back to the science of the hand to the study of the thumb. Upon its length depends a man's reasoning faculty and will; upon the protuberance from which it springs depend his power and energy. Fits of enthusiasm, of discouragement, impulses, regrets, mighty resolutions not to give way, sudden relapses, such is the character of little thumbs. Notice, then, very attentively, mademoiselle, the hands of those who aspire to yours. When the wooer is dining at your house, or in the evening after dinner, do not move your eyes from that ambitious hand, and make your prognostications accordingly."

Type No. 2 is the "happy hand" before mentioned—the ugly, healthy hand, denoting a well-balanced mind and an iron digestion. It is "a rather large hand, white in warm weather, red in cold, whose fingers, longer than the palm, have very plainly marked knots at the joints and short nails. The little is almost as long as the ring finger. The palm is broad, and the whole hand is somewhat hard, although the skin is soft and always cool. With a hand like that, madame, whatever the hand of your husband might be, it is you who would be the man, because you would add to the influence of your sex, even if you were not very pretty, the power of reflection, will and invincible perseverance. May God give a hand like yours to our mothers, our sisters, our daughters, our wives, our housekeepers, our servants!"

Type No. 3.—This is "a short hand, with a highly developed palm, the size of which will be altogether out of proportion with the other parts; this hand will be, so to speak, square, the fingers being nearly all of the same length. With gloves it seems quite small. A child's hand—only when it is bare, and you squeeze it, it warns you, by its resistance and hardness, of the danger you may incur, if you are one of those who can take a warning. This hand, a kind of vice, denotes brute instinct, egotism, cruelty, even in the midst of pleasure. Let men with little thumbs avoid this hand; let men with big thumbs try and exterminate it! It is the hand of Messalina of Phædra, of Sappho." — Glasgow Herald.

Something That Wouldn't Make Much. Managing Editor—Did you prepare that article on "The Intellectual Attainment of the Four Hundred?" Reporter—Yes, sir. Managing Editor—About how much space will it occupy? Reporter—About six lines.

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