

# THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1889.

NO. 25.

## 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. WABSON, 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. 28, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.

F. H. BOBCOE, 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. Gibony, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School 10 A. M. Services each Sunday night.

### CUMMELAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

J. B. Kirkpatrick, pastor—Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School each Sunday at 10 A. M.

## K. WEATHERFORD,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over First National Bank.

ALBANY OREGON

## DR. FRANK R. BALLARD,

## PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at Residence,

LEBANON OREGON

## L. H. MONTANYE,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW

—AND—

## NOTARY PUBLIC

ALBANY, OREGON.

Will practice in all Courts of the State.

### W. R. BILYEU,

## Attorney at Law,

ALBANY, OREGON.

D. B. N. BLACKBURN. GEO. W. WRIGHT.

## BLACKBURN & WRIGHT,

## Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to our care.

Office Odd Fellow's Temple, Albany, Or.

## O. P. COSHOW & SONS,

## REAL ESTATE

—AND—

## INSURANCE AGENTS,

BROWNSVILLE, OREGON.

Collections made, conveying and all Notarial work done on short notice.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

## DR. W. C. NEGUS,

Graduate of the Royal College, of London, England, also of the Bellevue Medical College.

THE DOCTOR HAS SPENT A LIFETIME of study and practice, and makes a specialty of chronic diseases, removes cancers, scrofulous enlargements, tumors and wens, without pain or the knife. He also makes a specialty of treatment with electricity. Has practiced in the German, French and English hospitals. Calls promptly attended day or night. His motto is "Good Will to All."

Office and residence, Ferry street, between Third and Fourth, Albany, Oregon.

J. L. COWAN.

J. M. RALSTON.

## BANK OF LEBANON,

LEBANON, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business:

ACCOUNTS KEPT SUBJECT TO CHECK.

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## SCIO LAND CO.

SCIO, OREGON.

Buy and Sell Land,

## LOAN MONEY

—AND—

## Insure Property.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Any information in regard to the cheap Land in the garden of Oregon furnished

## NEIGHBORS.

Your name is Helen: are you dark or fair? Deep blue your eyes, or black as shadows are That lie in woods at midnight? Tell me, sweet, What form you wear—large, medium, or petite! I never saw you, nor you me, I ween, And yet our verses on the self-same sheet Are printed in the last new magazine.

I fain would know, fair neighbor, if your song Came from the woodlands, or the city's throng From mountain fastness, or beside the sea? Breathed it in chambered solitude, or free As birds on wing amidst some sylvan scene? I pray you grow acquainted, and let us be Neighbors in thought as in the magazine.

So may I ask if you are deeply blue (As to the nose, I mean), or just a true, Bright little woman—nothing Bostonese— Whose song is sung without a thought to please Aught but the singer? May I read between The lines, and ask such things as these, Hoping they'll print them in the magazine?

Did hope deferred—that is the weary time, Betwixt acceptance and the printed rhyme— Make your sweet heart, like my old battered soul.

Endure long agonies, and curse the whole Confounded tribe of editors whose keen, Cool, business sense would not once enroll Our burning thoughts in their next magazine!

And did you anxiously each month e'er track, From leading articles to Brio-a-Brac, Each page, lest haply they had hid your verse Between some dreary kind of prose?—or, worse, Lopped off a line to pad a page, and then Misspell your name, the tender poet's curse? Alas, for poets in a magazine!

I question idly, Chance, and chance alone, Upon one page my verse and yours has thrown. But, let me whisper e'er I drop my pen, I am the steadiest of all married men, And write these lines—oh, may they yet be seen By your bright eyes!—in hopes they'll bring me ten Or twenty dollars from some magazine.

—R. T. W. DUKE, JR., in Century.

## A PICKEREL STORY.

So Wonderful That Those Who Know It's True Don't Dare Tell It.

Of all the numerous guides and oarsmen at Greenwood lake, young Tom Garrison is one of the most industrious and the most patient under misfortunes and adverse circumstances. Tom never has been lucky for himself. He has had a "bad leg" for several years, and last summer his grandfather died and left \$5,000 to Tom's younger brother, locally known as "Snapper," since the jockey of that name became famous.

Tom struggled through last season with his bad leg encased in six yards of elastic rubber, and did not make much money because the season was short and the fishing rather unsatisfactory, for what reason nobody knows. In previous years Tom was enabled to make considerable money by piloting unsuspecting anglers to a little lake on top of the mountain, inducing them to tramp there with him by means of the alluring story that the lake was so full of bass that another could not be put in without two being crowded out on shore. The crop of strangers was not large last year, and the story had become too threadbare for the frequent visitors.

Late last fall Tom and Frank Hazen went out after rabbits. A single shot from Hazen's gun glanced from a stone and put out Tom's right eye. This was the worst luck Tom ever had, worse even than missing a share of his grandfather's inheritance; but it did not prevent him being one of the most skilful oarsmen and anglers at the lake. He procured a perfect counterpart of his good eye in glass, and while it was a hollow sham for all practical optical use, it certainly served the outward purposes of the eye he lost in the woods, and if it had not been for the fact that the glass eye was prone to weep at all times and was constantly suffused, Tom would not have minded it much. It was a hollow shell of cunningly blown and colored glass, and behaved well, inasmuch as it stayed straight in its socket and did not make him appear ridiculous by trying to turn into the corners. Tom, while out fishing a few weeks ago, took his eye out to wash it in the lake, and as he was rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger it popped out of his hand and fell in twelve feet of water. Tom spent two hours looking for it, and was finally compelled to sadly turn away and contemplate the necessity of spending a large sum for a new eye.

A day or two later he took Charles Mockridge, of Soho, out after pickerel, and they caught 115 fair sized-fish before turning the bow of the boat toward the Lakeside Hotel. When they landed at the wharf Tom called Mr. De Graw's attention to the fact that he had recovered his eye and was wearing it. "How did you get it?" asked De Graw, and right there Tom became silent. Since then he has said rather than lose the respect of his patrons, who have always believed what he said, he would never tell how he recovered the eye.

Among the fish which he displayed was the largest pickerel which has been caught in Greenwood Lake in several years. It was a six-pounder and had

only one eye, the other having evidently been eaten out by the deadly "eyepincher" as the guides call a sort of water beetle which attacks the eyes of all fishes in the lake. Mr. Mockridge was almost as reticent as Tom, but he admitted that the recovery of the eye was so singular that he would not have believed it if he had not witnessed it. He finally and reluctantly said—it was as much as he dared say at the time—that the eye was disgorged in the fish well of the boat by the big pickerel. Afterward, however, in a moment of confidence, he told a Newark friend that when the big pickerel was pulled in it wore in its vacant eye socket the glass which Garrison dropped overboard a day or two before. He now absolutely refuses to say any thing about the matter, but he has the dried head of the pickerel and Tom Garrison has the glass eye.—Cor. N. Y. Sun.

## THE LADY OF LYONS.

To Deceive Hostile Critics the Play Was First Produced Anonymously.

I am not old enough to remember the publication of the early novels of Edward Lytton Bulwer, and consequently am unable to speak of their reception by the public press; but when that gifted gentleman took to writing for the stage I perfectly recollect the savage attacks that were made upon his dramatic attempts.

There is no doubt that Bulwer had, in some way or other, made himself personally offensive to the critics; but, whether or no, he became fully persuaded that no play written by him, however good it might be, would be allowed to succeed upon the stage.

Acting upon this conviction he, in counsel with Macready, who always played the hero in his pieces, determined to produce his next dramatic attempt anonymously. Happy thought! The subject fixed upon was "The Lady of Lyons," and when the play was produced—about the year 1842, I think—the authorship was known to two persons only—Macready and Bulwer. Dickens was the intimate friend of both actor and writer and on invitation of Macready he took his place among the audience on the first night, in total ignorance of any thing and every thing connected with the play. The curtain fell to a storm of applause. Dickens went delightedly behind the scenes to congratulate the great actor on a well-deserved success.

In Macready's dressing-room Dickens found Bulwer, looking, as he thought, a little disturbed.

"A capital play! good idea—well and dramatically worked out. The author, a young fellow, I suppose, has been looking a little at our friend here," indicating Bulwer. "If this is his first work I predict a fine future for him; as for you, my dear Macready, you are in for a long run, depend upon it." Then, turning to Bulwer, Dickens said: "Did you see the play from the front? I did not notice you among the audience."

"No," said Bulwer, "I saw quite enough of it from the wings."

"Well," exclaimed Dickens, "you are not satisfied with it?"

"Not a bit of it," said Bulwer. "It was capitally acted, fortunately for the author. Without our friend here it might have been a hideous failure."

"My dear Bulwer, if I did not believe you to be free from the slightest tinge of jealousy of other writers, what you have just said would make me uneasy. The fellow has written a bright, capital play, and you should be the first to acknowledge such."

"Not if I don't think so, I suppose," said Bulwer with a smile.

In telling this anecdote, as well as I can remember, I have used Dickens' expressions as I heard them from his own lips.

The morning following the production of "The Lady of Lyons" was a triumph for Bulwer, who was requested by the papers to take a lesson from his rival, who had shown by his admirable play that he had dramatic powers which were conspicuous by their absence in such works as had hitherto proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bulwer.—Frith's Reminiscences.

The complexion is improved by giving the face a hot bath each night. Wash it thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. A rough towel is never commended for the face, which really requires soft, fine napery, if one wishes the skin to be smooth.

Vanity Griddle Cakes.—One quart of flour, sifted, one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, about the same of salt, mix with sour cream or buttermilk, to a thin batter. Beat thoroughly for eight minutes and bake immediately in a hot and well-greased griddle.

## OUR DARLING BABIES.

How They Should be Dressed During the Hottest Term.

One can not walk a half mile in any part of town at this time of year without meeting babies, and babies of all kinds. Poor little three-week-olds smothered in flannels until they can hardly breathe, and little toddlers pale with the effort to cut their eye-teeth and breathe city air at the same time.

A baby of any age needs air at this time of year. The long cashmere cloaks that strain the necks of babies under four months are barbarous, and yet half the mothers in town use them. From sunrise until sunset, while the thermometer is up to seventy-six, a baby just born or under three months old needs only a little flannel skirt, high in the neck and long in the sleeves, a flannel band, knitted and put on loosely; a napkin, soft woolen socks, one long flannel petticoat and one muslin slip.

Do not put any thing else on the poor little helpless thing. A knitted jacket and a white muslin cap are sufficient for outdoors, except when walking in the wind or driving; then a soft shawl or cape is best.

The cloaks with sleeves should not be used until a baby is old enough to put out his hand for his rattle. Then he is old enough to hold up his head without support from the hand and can better bear the weight of the cloak.

Don't keep the baby bundled up all day. After his mid-day nap and meal place him flat on his back in the center of your bed, turn his long frock up and let him kick and crow. It will help him to grow and will strengthen his back and legs.

If it is very warm and the baby is fretful give him a mid-day bath in tepid water, and another one at sundown if he needs it. Very little babies should not be put in the water but once a day, but are easily sponged off, and are generally quiet and sleep well after a bath. A little vinegar added to the water will allay the itching from prickly heat.

Chafing often comes with June weather, and it is very painful to the baby. To prevent it baby should be sponged off and powdered a half dozen times a day. Fuller's earth is used when powder is not sufficient. The former is a very fine dust-colored powder and can be obtained at any drug-store.

Don't put the baby to sleep on a feather bed, and use a very thin little feather pillow for his head. One of the best summer cradles has a bottom of wire-screen, and on this is placed a four-fold quilt lined with cotton, and a small soft hair pillow. A single eider-down spread is used.

Hammocks are being used in town houses by many mothers; a quilt being put in before the baby. They keep up a gentle swaying motion for a long time, are inexpensive and can be changed from one room to the other with but little trouble.—N. Y. Journal.

## THE AUTOCRAT TALKS.

O. W. Holmes' View of a Phase or Two of Literature.

"The question is, will this country ever see another such group of remarkable men as Boston has produced. In history there are Prescott, Motley and Parkman. In theology, Theodore Parker and Dr. Bartol; in oratory, Wendell Phillips; in philosophy, Emerson; in poetry, Longfellow and Whittier, for the latter, if not an actual resident of Boston, must be regarded, nevertheless, as belonging to the Boston literary guild.

"There is Lowell, also. Others might be mentioned in addition to those already named. For real intellectual force take the old Chestnut Street Club, or the Radical Club, as some choose to call it. Where will you find its equal? We have never had any thing like it in this country since. Indeed, the literary outlook seems hardly encouraging. I sometimes feel that poetry will become a lost art with us. To be sure we have a large number of writers of verse—I refer to the rising generation of writers—and it is very good verse, too, but very little—very little—of it rises to the scale of real poetry. It is not sufficiently striking to impress itself upon the world to endure. The disposition is to indulge in fanciful triolet and the rondeau, all pretty enough in their way; but very few poems of this character have ever become immortal.

"For example, the sonnet is one of the most mechanical and artificial forms of verse there is. To be sure, Shakespeare's sonnets are excellent, as they do not conform to the established rules governing the construction of the sonnet. If one is to succeed in poetry he must give free rein to his sentiment and imagination in the more simple and natural forms of verse. Take for instance, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'; the form is simple and easy. This is a great poem and will live. Still, from these observations, I would not seek to discourage any young man from seeking to be a poet if he really feels the divine instinct within him.

"But I would urge him by all means to adopt the most natural way of writing, and not by any means depend on poetry or literature, in any sense, for his bread and butter. Let him have something else for a staff; it is absolutely necessary, unless one be a genius, and even then it is far safer. Poe was a genius, yet his case ought to prove a warning to all who aspire in literature. I in my own case have had a professorship, the work of which has not always been congenial; nevertheless, it has proved a good staff."—From an interview in Boston Journal

## BEETLES AS CHARMS.

Queer Discovery Made by a Reporter in a Gotham Jewelry Store.

An industrious Mexican beetle in the window of a jeweler on upper Broadway furnishes amusement to large crowds almost every hour of the day. It is a curious looking insect, and even persons well versed in natural history are unable at first sight to tell exactly to what variety it belongs. It looks like a cross between a big black spider and a tumble bug.

The beetle has a velvety blue black, with the legs of a spider. Around the neck is a gold band attached to a thread that holds the insect to a miniature human skeleton. The beetle crawls up and down the skeleton with the regularity of clock work. So precise are the movements that nearly every one mistakes it for a mechanical toy.

The other afternoon Walter B. Price and Senator Stadler spent some time pondering over the beetle. "I don't believe a piece of mechanism could be as perfect as that," exclaimed the Senator.

Mr. Price, who is a great student of natural history, insisted that nature had never constructed such a looking insect, and as a result of the difference of opinion a wager was made. I accompanied the two gentlemen into the store to decide the wager. The jeweler said that it was a live Mexican beetle.

"It is a most curious insect," he said, "and it is as busy as a bee. We have put on a false back of blue velvet to give it a brilliant appearance. We do quite a trade in them. Ladies wear them as charms to their chains. The Baroness Blanc set the fashion to wearing them here in New York. I don't know just how long they will live, but I know of several that are over five years of age.

"I am at a loss to understand how they exist, for they never eat or drink. We keep them in a show case with our watches. Some of them are very intelligent, and one of the clerks trains them to do a number of cute things. If he whistles they will come and crawl up his arm. They are as cunning as 'possums. They turn on their backs and pretend to be dead when they scent danger. They sell for five dollars and upwards, according to their education."

Five dollars sounds rather cheap for a beetle trained like a circus animal and dressed up like a Haytian field marshal, doesn't it?—N. Y. Herald.

—There wouldn't have been any milk in the cocoanut if some dairymen had had the construction of it.—Texas Sittings.

—Mr. Frills—"What were you when I married you? Nobody!" Mrs. Frills (serenely)—"Well, that's a good point; you're nobody's fool."—Puck.

—A good many men who are talking very bitterly about the difficulty of getting into a church have never tried it.

—Mistress (to outer)—"Well, John, I hear you have come into quite a little legacy. I suppose you will be thinking of getting a wife now?" John—"Lor' bless yer, mum, not if I knows it! I've seen too much of married life with missuses, beggin' yer pardin, mum."—Life.

—The poorest memory on record is that of the fellow tried for burglary in Brooklyn the other day. He testified that he had never been arrested before, but when his memory was jogged by certain evidence admitted that he had a dim recollection of being convicted of murder once and given a twenty-year sentence.