

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1889.

NO. 26.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 4, 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. 4, 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. 38, 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.
Walter 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. Gibbons, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday school 10 A. M. Services each Sunday night.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
J. E. Kirkpatrick, pastor—Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school each Sunday at 10 A. M.

There was to be a balloon ascension in a Connecticut town, and the professor had offered to let any one accompany him on his trip to the clouds who had the nerve to go. A young farmer about 20 years old stepped forward as a candidate, but while the crowd was cheering him a voice called out:

"Hey, Bill! I want to speak to you a minute." It was his father, and leading him to the outskirts of the crowd he halted and asked:

"Bill, d'ye know what ye ar' doin'?" "I'm a-goin' up in that balloon, dad."

"Expect to git down alive?" "I dea."

"Wall, ye never will!" "Why?"

"When ye left home this mornin' you had sixty cents in cash. I wanted ye to leave it home, but you wouldn't."

"I've got it yet, dad, a lackin' three cents gone fur peanuts."

"Yes, I s'pose so, and that purfessor knows it. That's why he's encouragin' you to go. When you git up thar' among the clouds he's goin' to rob ye."

"Shoo! dad! I'd have him took up when I got down."

"Not much, Bill. Arter he robs ye he'll throw ye overboard, and us who ar' lookin' up will see ye come sailin' down like an old gander swimmin' over a hess pond. Ye'll strike somewhar' over in Sheppard's pasture lot, and ye'll go into the sile about eighteen feet afore ye bring up."

"Honest Injun, dad?" "Bill, did I ever lie to ye? I may be able to fish up one o' yer shank bones to take home, and when I hand it to mother and tell her that's all that's left of William Ackford Moses Schemerhorn, what's she goin' to say and how she's goin' to feel?"

"Shall I back water, dad?" "I would, Bill—I sartainly would. I know it would be sunthin' to brag of if ye got down alive, but ye never would."

"If I back water kin I spend them fifty-seven cents?"

"Wall, mostly, but not quite all. S'posen ye buy a cockernut and a cigar, and I'll kinder help eat and smoke as we jog along home, and save the rest for a rainy day. Times is goin' to be awful hard this fall, Bill."

"Yes, I guess. Wall, it's a go, dad, and you jist don't worry no more. You kin go back and watch the balloon, and I'll kinder aige around to'rds a grocery. I've bin tastin' cockernut for the last five minits."—New York Sun.

How Appearances Deceive:
A portly citizen left a Woodward avenue car at High street between showers yesterday, but was hardly on the sidewalk before he began yelling and beckoning at the car.

"It's agin orders to stop except at crossings," observed a passenger on the rear platform, as the conductor reached up to the bell rope.

"Yes, but he has probably forgotten something."

"Well, let him get it when the car comes down. I have no patience with forgetful men."

"I guess I'll stop, anyhow."

"It's a shame to do it."

The car was stopped and the man came running and puffing to call out:

"Left my \$5 silk umbrella in the car."

"Yes, and here it is. I was keeping it for you!" replied the individual who had opposed a stop.

"Thanks. You are an honest man. If there were more men like you this would be a better world to live in. Here—have a cigar."—Detroit Free Press.

He Had the Qualifications
Father—Well, my son, you are graduated, and are now prepared to go west and fight the Indians. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications?

West Pointer—Well, I should think so. I am the champion long distance runner of our class.—Life.

A Scheme for the Poulterer.
I see it stated that one female salmon will produce 20,000,000 eggs in a season. See here; is there no way known to science of crossing the land locked salmon with the common hen of commerce? The stupidity, or laziness, or malicious obstinacy of the hen is a weakness to the flesh. Now, I have one of the best plants for a good egg factory you ever saw, on a small scale; I have all the raw material for producing eggs, but the mills are not running on half time; no, not on quarter time. And this right at a time when the demand is something unprecedented; when, according to all the wise writers on industrial matters, the market is just booming and every right thinking hen would run away past her contract and work over hours to meet the demand and keep up the boom. But no, she deliberately limits the production, as though she had no more a conscience than a coal baron. But this salmon business has a cheering sound. If something in the way of an and in breeding could only be accomplished, giving us an improved hen with web feet, so that she couldn't scratch, and a running capacity of say two dozen eggs a day with a pleasant Lenten flavor—say, that would be better than Standard oil.—

AN ENGLISH REPORTER.

Gen. Pryor Tells a Story Which Explains Him Exactly.

Gen. Pryor tells an amusing story. When he was in England defending the Irish patriots he was quite desirous of spreading his views before the British public. It is much harder to get at an English editor than an American, but finally communications were established, and one evening there was a subdued knock at the door of his room in his hotel. "Come in," said Gen. Pryor. The door opened about six inches, and through the aperture sidled a dilapidated specimen of humanity. Softly closing the door the dilapidated specimen put his dilapidated hat on the floor, and, bowing humbly, uttered: "Gen. Pryor, I believe." "Yes, I am Gen. Pryor; what can I do for you?" "I am a reporter, sir, and I was sent to ask you if you would give your views on the American aspect of the Irish question?"

Everybody who knows Gen. Pryor well knows that he is one of the most affable of men, and in this case he meant to be particularly pleasant, for he wanted to be interviewed. But forgetting that he was not in New York, he followed the usual practice of statesmen in this country, and began with, "My dear fellow, I really haven't anything to say," intending this, of course, as a prelude to a long conversation. What was his astonishment when the specimen grabbed his hat, genuflected still more humbly than before, ejaculated, "Thank you, sir; thank you, sir," and disappeared. To have a reporter give up the struggle so quickly so surprised the general that he really sat in his chair paralyzed for the moment, and before he could recover the Englishman had gone, and the interview was lost.—New York Sun.

Where He Drew the Line.

"Your name, I believe, is Flubson?" The frank, unembarrassed, yet respectful manner of the young man impressed the merchant favorably, and he replied, as he motioned the caller to a seat:

"That is my name."

"I beg pardon for obtruding upon you in business hours. I presume you do not remember me."

"No, sir."

"I dare say I was too young when you saw me last to make it possible that my face would strike you as familiar now. My name is Chugg."

"Chugg?" echoed the merchant. "Why, I once had a relative of that name—Mrs. Nancy Chugg."

"Yes, sir. She is alive yet. She is my mother. I have often heard her speak of you."

"And your first name is"—

"Jenkinson."

"I am glad to see you. Where is your home now?"

"We live in Nebraska."

"Well, how has the world used you?"

"I can't explain. I travel for a New York house at a fair salary. At this moment, however, I find myself temporarily embarrassed on account of not having received expected remittances from the firm. In fact, I have taken the liberty, as a relative, to call upon you partly for the purpose of asking for a loan of, say, \$25 to tide me over this wee."

"Why, as to that, Jenkinson, I am sorry to say—"

"Make it \$5, Mr. Flubson, and I'll try to get along."

"Your mother, Mr. Chugg, is my second cousin. You are my third cousin. For purposes of acquaintance I recognize the relationship, but in the matter of lending money I am compelled to draw the line somewhere, and my rule is to draw it at third cousins. Good morning, Mr. Chugg."—Chicago Tribune.

An Application.



Parson White—How'd yo' like de sermon on "Charity" dis mornin', deacon?

Dacon, Hardseraple—Dat was v' werry touchin' sermon, parson. Kin yo' lend me v' dollar?—Life.

WILKIE COLLINS' WONDROUS TALENT.

Dining one evening with Wilkie Collins, he spoke of the difficulty of imagining a place or character which had not its original in real life. After he had described the house in "Armada," a gentleman called upon him and upbraided him for putting his residence into print. The description was exact, although Wilkie Collins had never seen the place. He invented a man who was so careful about his food that he weighed it in little scales at table. A gentleman was introduced to Mr. Collins and said: "You had no right, sir, to caricature me. I weigh my food in little scales, sir! Here they are, sir! I always carry them about with me, by advice of my physicians. But is that any reason why I should be held up to ridicule, sir?" In vain Mr. Collins protested that he had never before heard of such a habit.—New York Metropolis.

PECULIARITIES OF BABY.

All Sorts of Funny Things Found in Infant Humanity.

In the course of a lecture delivered in New York the other day, a distinguished female physician said that the inability of a baby to hold up its head was not due to the weakness of the neck, but to the lack of development of its will power. The act of standing was instinctive and initiative, while facial expressions and gesture were due almost wholly to imitation.

A baby's smile, she said, was the most misunderstood thing in infancy. A real smile means an idea behind it, but the expression resembling a smile, which is so often seen on a very young baby's face, was without an idea and was due to the easy condition of the stomach or to some other physical satisfaction. The smile with an idea does not appear earlier than the fourth week. So, too, with the crying of a baby. The contortion of the features is due to physical causes. The baby sheds no tears, because the lachrymal glands are not developed for several weeks after birth. The chief pleasure of all children is to change from one position to another by their own efforts. This is the beginning of the development of the will power, and is often attested in what has been called the "imperative intention of tears." This is not disclosed until after the second or third month.

A baby tests every thing by its mouth, its sense of taste being the surest and most reliable guide it has. The attention of all young children is difficult to attract, and they must attain considerable age before they begin to notice. Then colors and sounds are most potential. Fear is known to be manifested by a baby only three weeks old, and in all cases the sensation is produced by sound more than by sight. Children of luxurious and carefully guarded homes are most wholly without fear, but the children of poor and exposed parents always manifest it. Jealousy and sympathy begin to manifest themselves in the second year.

Curiosity also begins to develop here, and proves to be a self-feeder throughout childhood. A little later the ego begins to appear, and the baby has the first consciousness of itself. The ego first appears as a muscular sense, and the infant gradually learns to distinguish itself from surrounding objects. It is first the hand that is distinguished and then the foot, and finally the whole body. Memory does not appear before the child is two years of age. All the reasoning of children is primitive and elementary and develops slowly. Darwin noticed an association of ideas in the mind of his child when it was only five months of age. The lecturer related experiences of babies with the first view of mirrors, and showed that their actions under the new conditions were similar to those of anthropoid apes and dogs under like conditions.—St. Louis Republic.

A Fellow Feeling.

"Is it another applicant for charity?" asked the father of the family impatiently, looking up from his newspaper. "Send her away."

"It's a poor woman," said the servant, "whose little boy has got lost or been stolen. She has spent all she had in trying to find him."

"Don't send her away, Williams," said the eldest daughter reprovingly. "Don't you remember, papa, how we felt when darling little Fido here was lost for a whole day, and how gladly we gave \$50 to have him brought back? Here's twenty-five cents, Williams. Give it to the poor woman."—Chicago Tribune.

Why His Paper Was "Stopped."

I happened to be in the office of The Mercantile Review and Live Stock Journal on Wednesday last in time to hear one of the best reasons ever given for stopping a newspaper. A German boy entered, removed his hat and asked: "Is Mr. Vepser in?" "He is," replied Charles H. Webster, looking up from a mass of tissue live stock reports which he was winnowing. "Vell, Mister Bitters don't want to take dot paper no more. He vos dedt last side alretty." The name of the late Mr. Bitters, a cattle dealer, was duly erased from the delivery sheet.—Buffalo Truth.

That Settled It.

"That settles it," said a prisoner whom his honor sentenced to the workhouse for sixty days the other morning.

"Settles what?" asked the officer to whom the remark was addressed.

"I have been troubled in my mind whether to go down to Long Branch or up to Mackinac this summer. Now I won't have to go to either."—Detroit Free Press.

Seasonable Information.

First Omahan—One must look out for hydrophobia this hot weather. Do you know how to tell a mad dog?

Second Omahan—If I had anything to tell a mad dog I should do it by telephone.—

Not That Way.



The Good Man (sadly)—Ah, my son, you have been to the circus; it pains me greatly to think that one so young should have crossed the threshold of iniquity.

The Bad Small Boy—I didn't cross no threshold; I crawled in under the tent.—Munsey's Weekly.

He Was an Old Man, but a Lively One.

We were sitting in front of Davidson's grocery one summer afternoon, when some one observed that "Old Taylor" was coming. He was a dried up, little old man, who might have been anywhere from 50 to 100 years old, and he had a voice to remind you of broken glass rattling in a tin pan.

"Now, boys," said the village shoemaker, who was about 45 years old, and weighed 175 pounds, "I'll show you some fun. I'm going to scare old Taylor half to death."

The old man drove up before any explanations could be sought, and after hitching his old plug he stood for a minute to wipe the dust off his ancient plug hat with his elbow. The shoemaker took advantage of this to advance and say:

"Uncle Taylor, it is over twenty years ago that I sold you a pair of boots on tick. They have never been paid for yet."

"They didn't fit, and they never will be paid for!" hotly replied the old man.

"I have waited and waited," continued the cobbler, "but my patience is finally exhausted. You must now pay me or I'll take it out of your hide."

"Goin' to lick me, hey?" shouted Uncle Taylor, as he drew back a step.

"I'll have to," answered the creditor.

"Then pitch right in!"

"Will you pay?"

"No, sir!"

"Uncle Taylor, I hate to break you in two, but if you don't pay that old debt I'll—"

"Then come on!" squealed the old man, and with that beswung and caught the shoemaker on the jaw and laid him out. He followed it up by piling on, and he kicked, bit, scratched and pounded so vigorously that inside of three minutes the cobbler was shouting to us to take him off. He was a licked man. Instead of having fun with the old man, the old man had made a circus of him. We hauled him into the shade of a sugar hogshead and fanned him with a hat, and after about ten minutes he faintly remarked:

"Boys, was I licked?"

"Right from the mark," we answered.

"And by Old Taylor alone?"

"Yes."

"Well, that shows how a man can be mistaken," he sighed. "For over twenty years I have fondly figured that I could lick that old cuss with my eyes shut and both hands tied behind me, and now he does me up in a fight of my own picking and with all my tackle clear! Please leave me alone for a while, boys. My head swims and my body aches, and I want to reason it out and find some excuse for making a fool of myself."—New York Sun.

An Ingenious Scheme.

We once asked a St. Louis bookseller whether he ever got hold of any first editions.

"Oh, yes. I've got a lot of them stored away in my Chestnut street lodgings," said he, "but nobody seems to want them. When I used to offer them for sale customers would say: 'No, you can't ring in any old truck on us; we must have the latest editions with all the modern improvements.'"

If, at the big second hand book store in Milwaukee, you inquire for first editions, the proprietor gives you a canille and sends you down into the cellar to tumble over a great heap of books. "There's no demand for them here," he says, ruefully, "and I'll be glad to get set of 'em at almost any price."

A funny experience was that which we once had in Boston. Going into the catacomb like book shop under the Old South church, we asked the venerable proprietor if he had any cheap books.

"Yes," says he, "we've got a thousand or fifteen hundred of 'em, but they're all boxed up and stowed away."

"Boxed up and stowed away?" we cried in astonishment. "What under the sun did you box 'em up and stow 'em away for?"

"Why," said the venerable old man, guilelessly, "we're goin' to hold 'em till they get valuable!"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A Real Helpmeet.

"There's nothing like having a wife who is a real helpmeet," said Mr. Stowaway.

"You're right," said Mr. Sassyety. "Look at Simpkins, now. What would he be without his wife? He's just as dependent on her as he can be."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, just as dependent as he can be. They say that when he takes a pill she always swallows a glass of water to help him get it down."—Lewiston Journal.

Poor Fire Department in India.

Returned Tourist—You wouldn't believe half the wonderful things that I could tell you about India. Why, in some of the temples of the Brahmans they have fires that have been burning 2,000 years.

Chicago Man—Great Scott! they ought to have our fire department there for a few minutes.—New York Truth.

K. WEATHERFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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