

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1889.

NO. 29.

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. 38, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evening in the month.
F. H. ROSCOE, M. W.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

M. K. 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.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
J. R. 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. J. M. TAYLOR, DENTIST.

Will be in Lebanon the first week of every month, second week in Scio; third in Dayton, and the fourth week in Jefferson to perform all operations appertaining to Dentistry in a skillful manner.

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.

J. E. 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. BALSTON.

BANK OF LEBANON, LEBANON, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business

ACCOUNTS KEPT SUBJECT TO CHECK.

Exchange sold on New York, San Francisco, Portland and Albany, Oregon.
Collections made on favorable terms.

J. MYERS. R. SHELTON.

SCIO LAND CO. SCIO, OREGON.

Buy and Sell Land,

LOAN MONEY

Insure Property.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

MRS. DRUMMUP'S LIST.

It Covered Considerable Ground, But One of Her Victims Didn't Know It.

It seems that the business of collecting subscriptions is no exception to the rule that there are tricks in every trade. A man or woman with a gift for the business may collect of the same men at least twice as much as another would. A little incident will illustrate.

They were getting up a subscription a little while ago for the Home for Decayed Apple Women. There is no more deserving institution, as every body knows, than the Home for Decayed Apple Women; and moreover, an influential coterie of Back Bay women, headed by Mrs. Charity Drummup, had become interested in the home, and were pushing the subscription. When Mrs. Charity Drummup sails into a counting-room with a subscription paper in her hand, the bankers and men of business know perfectly well that it is of no possible avail for them to turn her a cold shoulder, unless they are anxious to lose caste or custom among the wealthy circle which revolves around her.

Down town there are two solid men, in business, one as a retailer in a large way, and the other as a financier, who are very good friends. The financier is mercurial, excitable, and passes for a free-handed, generous sort of person. The merchant is phlegmatic and slow, and has the reputation of being very shrewd and close in money matters.

Well, when Mrs. Charity Drummup came down in behalf of the Home for Decayed Apple Women, she made one of her calls upon the financier and promptly showed him a paper, already signed by at least a dozen bankers, merchants and other wealthy men; and upon this paper there was not a single subscription for a less amount than \$50.

"You see what they're all doing," said Mrs. Charity Drummup, with an engaging smile.

The financier gave a low whistle. "Nothing but fifty dollar subscriptions, eh?" he said. "Well, I'm afraid this is a little too steep for me. You are quite right, Mrs. Drummup, in assuming that I should not care to lead the break-off into smaller figures; but, see here, is this the only paper you have got, Mrs. Drummup?"

"The only one," said the lady, with a little confusion. "Why, this is the subscription paper, sir."

"But is it the only one you have got?"

Pressed for an answer, Mrs. Drummup produced from her reticule a paper, upon which there were several \$25, \$10 and even \$5 subscriptions.

"Ah! this looks more like it," said the financier. "You may put me down there, if you please, for \$25." And he went down there, high up on the list.

That night the financier and the merchant met at the club.

"Well," said the merchant, "did you have a call from Mrs. Drummup to-day?"

"Yes."

"Stuck you for \$50, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; I only gave \$25."

"What? Why, there wasn't a single subscription on her list for less than \$50?"

"Not on the list she showed you, my friend; but you should have called for her other paper."

He explained the scheme to the close-fisted merchant, who became fairly black in the face with chagrin. He felt that he had been overreached; and the financier, who seemed to have come in for a share of his wrath, is of the opinion that he did not sleep that night, and that it was, indeed, several days before he regained his usual calm.—Boston Transcript.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S BITE.

No Sure Cure for the Venom Known to the Medical Fraternity.

Speaking of people bitten by rattlesnakes, Mr. J. H. Estill, of the Savannah News, says: "Out of a thousand people bitten by rattlesnakes I do not think a dozen recover. There is no known cure, in spite of the fact that many people have said that they were cured by whisky. You may depend on it when a man says he was cured of a rattlesnake bite, though necessarily not a liar, he is at least laboring under a misapprehension of the facts. There is a small snake similar to a rattlesnake in appearance, whose poison is not so venomous, and negroes bitten by it place like upon the spot or less drink enough whisky to counteract the poison. Whisky if taken in a large quantity, goes directly into the blood and counteracts the poison of the snake. But the regular Georgia rattler, from five to seven feet in length, is a deadly customer to meet. It does not give any warning but strikes the moment it is disturbed, and it can strike an object as far distant as it is long. A friend of mine was riding along in the saddle one day and a big rattler lying in the road leaped at him as he passed. It closed to his boot-leg, driving one of its frangs clear through the thick leather of his boot and through his trousers, just escaping the flesh. It required considerable kicking to shake that snake off, and when he was finally got rid of he started in pursuit. My friend faced bullets in the army with nonchalance, but his hair stood on end when he saw that snake coming, and he jammed spurs to his nag and didn't stop until he had gone a quarter-stretch. My plantation is full of rattlesnakes, and only last week my hands killed twenty-six in a field of twenty acres."

BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.
Some of the Wise Sayings of the Lamented Josh.

The way to git ennything iz to aekit just az tho yu didnt care whether yu got it or not.

It iz az diffikult to define a sickness az it iz to aekount for the measles.

It iz dredful eazy for a man to dispipe ritches who haz got about two hundred and 50 thousand dollars well invested.

If fortune haz enny favorites, it iz not the indifrent, but it iz thoz whom we hav to pay to git rid ov their teazing.

Luv iz like the measles; if we hav really got them, they are sure to sho.

When a man iz puffed up with a harmless kind ov pride that dont do any hurt, it iz a krewel piece of bizness to take the konsait ov him; it iz az krewel az to pull the feathers out ov a pekoks tale.

Every one who trades with the devil expects to git the best ov him, but I never hav seen it did yet.

One reason why advise costs so little iz because every one haz sum of it to spare.

We are so avarishus that even when we trade with ourselfs we go for gitting the best end ov the bargain.

My philosophical kreed iz—"Giv a bear the whole of the road if he will take it."

[The harte iz a misterious thing; we kan almost allways find out what iz in a mans hed, but the things that sleep in the heart are often unknown even to the possessor.

My sentimental kreed iz—"Strawberries and kream if they are handy; if not, kream anyhow."

It may be diffikult to decide which men persew the most eagerly, interest or fame.

Yu kan find men who will sumtimes repent ov a sin, but seldum ov a blunder.

There iz nothing so natral az to lie, and then dodge behind it.

Mankind kan be divided into two heaps, and not wrong them mutch—a heap ov geese and a heap ov ganders.

I observe more phools among the old men than I do among the old wimmim.

I think I am honest when I say there iz no man who luv to be praised more than I do, or who hates to be flattered worse.

I would rather watch two raskals than one phool.

To kno how to talk iz a grate art, but to kno when iz a grater.

The only sure way to keep a skeret iz to forget it.—N. Y. Weekly.

—A scientist has discovered the advantage of a dark skin as a veil against the heat in hot climates. The carbon layer in the skin of the negro, being opaque, like other forms of carbon, must form an effectual veil, and thus protect that most important organ below the true skin, a bodily envelope or tissue presenting a vast surface of circulating blood, which is certainly subject to brilliant illumination when only protected from sunlight by the thin translucent cuticle.

—Old potatoes are wonderfully improved in flavor and appearance by having them pared and thrown into cold water several hours before cooking. Then, if they are put into boiling water and kept boiling till just "done," and then drained immediately, they will be as white and "mealy" as when first dug in the autumn.—Rural New Yorker.

SPEED OF GAME-BIRDS.

What an Old Sportsman Related to an Inquisitive Reporter.

"I have held my watch on several kinds of ducks and geese, but the main part of what I am going to tell you comes from several old hunters who have favored me with their experience, and one of these old-timers in a letter says: 'I can tell you just about to the sixty-third part of a dot how much space any one of them can get over in an hour. There is not a railroad train that can hold a candle to the side of the slowest duck that flies.'

"The canvas-back can distance the whole duck family, if it lays itself out to do it. When this duck is taking things easy, enjoying a little run around the block, as it were, it goes through the air at the rate of about eighty miles an hour. If it has business somewhere and has to get there, it puts two miles back of it every minute, and does it easily. If you don't believe this, just fire square at the leader in a string of canvas-backs that are out on a business cruise some time. Duck shot travels pretty fast, but if you happen to hit one, you see if it is not the fifth or sixth one back of the drake or leader. A drake does not always lead, but it generally does if there is one in the flock; if there are more they will seldom take the lead. If you wish to bring down the leader you must aim at a space of at least eight feet ahead of him, and if he falls you will find him a long distance, probably two or three squares off.

"The mallard is a slow one; it is all he can do to make a mile a minute, but he can do it if he wants to. His regular rate is about forty-five miles an hour.

"The black duck is a slow coach. He is about as good as the mallard, and the faint widgeon and wood duck can not do much better. The red head can go easily, and make ninety miles an hour as long as he likes, all day if necessary. The blue-winged teal, and its beautiful cousin, the green-winged teal, can fly side by side for one hundred miles in an hour and take it easy.

"The gadwale, you see them here very seldom, though well known further West on the Allegheny river and at Kishammock, though looking like the mallard is a smarter duck and harder to shoot. It can make ninety miles in an hour and not try hard.

"May be you may think a goose can't fly. Why, it can double the speed of the fastest trains on any of our railroads. Of course I mean a wild goose. Well, it has a big corporation, but it can get from feeding ground to feeding ground so suddenly that it fools our best wing shots.

"If you see a flock of honkers moving along so high up that they seem to be scraping the sky with their backs, you would not think that they are making close on a hundred miles an hour, but they are. The wild goose is not much on foot, but it means business every time.

"The broad-bill goose comes next to the canvas back duck in speed. Put the two together and in an hour the broad-bill would not be more than ten miles behind."—Wilmington (Del.) News.

THE AGE OF MEOCURITY.

Reflections and Reveries of a Wise Foot-Philosopher.

The age of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is beginning. The century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual leveling and division of labor, society will become every thing and man nothing. As the floor of valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains, what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts and without oppositions—such will be the aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand, a progress of things; on the other, a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful, industry of art, political economy of religion, and arithmetic of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of a leveling age. Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? The creative force which in the beginning we see forever tending to produce and multiply differences, will it afterward retrace its steps and obliterate them?

...equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather, above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it top often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise a new kingdom of mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of the "I," of the temporal and of Mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the laborer of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is something different and higher. But the animal in us must be satisfied first; we must first banish from among us all suffering which has its origin in social arrangements, before we can return to spiritual goods.—From Amiel's Journal.

WRITERS OF INFLUENCE.

The Newspaper Man as the Unrivaled Molder of Public Opinion.

The famous writers of our time are not those who have made speeches in Congress; or supplied "squared and compassed" articles for the great monthlies. The potent writer of today, and he who governs and directs the thinking and thus the law-making of the country as molded by popular opinion, is the newspaper man. No magazine writer or editor has ever wielded the power of Greeley, of Dana, William Cullen Bryant, or Waterson, or Curtis, or Halstead. The restraint put upon a fecund newspaper writer by rules of essayists and of the magazines constrains invention, suppresses vital force. A writer who thinks rapidly and earnestly finds the fires of genius burning low when he begins the tedious task of filling ten or twenty pages of a magazine. Thirty years ago the admirable literature of the country was only in the magazines. For the tasteful and beautiful and ornate, cultured taste then sought books and periodicals, like the Orion and the Southern Literary Messenger. To-day one may find as admirable specimens of faultless rhetoric in daily papers, and especially in their special editions, as in choicest books and most ornate monthly publications.

In fact the purely literary and philosophical monthlies are giving way before the pressure and power of the great newspapers, whose best editions are veritable magazines of choicest literature. The restraint put upon articles of genius, full of force and inspiration, and ready at moment's notice to discuss any conceivable subject wisely and tastefully, by the straight-laced editors of magazines, warps intellect, restrains its forces and stills fancy to tremulous repose. No wonder that the fierce, earnest logic and vigorous sentences of Horace Greeley refused to air themselves in the covered vehicle of thought and eloquence in which the neat and tidy and scholarly "literateurs" of Boston aired the delicate children of their genius. The writer of the soft, sweet history of the Dutch Republic could never have figured in that partisan prize-ring in which Dana is a "slugger" and Waterson a most graceful and dangerous acrobat. But the men governing the thinking of mankind to-day are the great journalists, and not the magazinists of the age and century.

There is no American Macaulay or Jeffries or Christopher North, and there will never be. The newspaper has supplanted the magazine.—I. T. Dupre, in Birmingham (Ala.) News.

A waiter at the Metropolitan Hotel on Washington street says there is a rat of unusual intelligence which haunts the hotel kitchen, and, when occasion offers, steals food from the cook. He says this rat ought to be caught and exhibited as a marvel at the dime museums. Several stories of precocity are told about this rodent, of which the following is one: "A few evenings ago," said the waiter, "I had occasion to go down into the kitchen. It was dusky when I arrived, and as soon as my eyes would permit me to get used to the light I saw a large rat walk deliberately up to a dish of doughnuts and begin to take them out one by one and string them on to his tail, as you would string beads. When he had put on five and loaded his tail all up, he turned around, took a bite between his teeth as he was