

THE LEBANON EXPRESS

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1889.

NO. 30.

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 evenings in the month.
F. H. ROSSCOE, 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.
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 Seaside, third in Stayton, 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.

D. 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. HALSTON.

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. H. SHELTON.

SCIO LAND CO. SCIO, OREGON.

Buy and Sell Land,

LOAN MONEY

Insure Property.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

TWO DEADLY REPTILES.

The Kaireit Bite is Sure Death, and the Cobra's Almost Sure.

A friend of mine in Bengal, in the military service, who was a bachelor, one day invited a friend to dinner with him. The cook house was, as most cook houses are in India, about fifty yards from the house. The friend arrived and they talked. Dinner time came, but no request to come to dinner. Half an hour passed and my friend said: "Well, I wonder what's the matter with the beastly cook. He's quite late." They talked on until an hour had passed. Then my friend said: "Well, we'll just go out and see." And what do you think they saw? Why, above the door, with his head swinging from side to side through the transom and seesawing back and forth, was a gigantic cobra. The cooks inside were very much afraid and would not venture out of course. The guest raised a shotgun and killed the poisonous cobra, though it was hard on the house. They thought themselves lucky, though, as may be supposed.

Nobody ever recovers from a bite of the kaireit, and it is rare that any body ever gets over the bite of the cobra. A doctor in the army there had one that he had half tamed as a monstrous curiosity. He was exhibiting it one day to some friends when it bit him on the finger. He was an expert and his remedies were right at hand. He instantly applied them and got over it, but if he had had to walk up stairs even he would have been a dead man. Mind you, he was a doctor.

One of my editorial associates on the Pioneer, who belonged to the Naturalists' Club in Allahabad, one day brought in a kaireit in a bottle, and was exhibiting it to the members. "It is dead," said he, and he thought it was, for it was all broken to pieces. All at once the head began to wriggle and bounce around. It could bite them just as good as it could before. You may guess there was a scampering. That is a peculiarity of these snakes. When you think they are dead they are not. That is another reason why they are so much dreaded.

The cobra of which I have spoken is, as you may have read, famous for its ability to charm whatever it comes in contact with, but I never dreamed of the powers of the cobra until I went to India. It raises itself about one-third of its length from the ground, and, distending its great hood, waves itself back and forth. Its hood when open looks as if the snake was cut lengthwise in the breast, a little like an open coat. A side view of it gives a mottled appearance of the shape of an inverted pair of spectacles. It waves itself backward and forward, breathing and blowing in a mysterious way, and the sight is so awful you can't take your eyes off it. Its little eyes gleam like two balls of fire, and when it strikes there is nothing but a blur, it goes so fast.

The cobra in India is the serpent of romance. Despite the fact that it is deadly, the natives hesitate to kill it. There are few places where this snake will naturally live that haven't got cobras, the natives are so superstitious about them. They vary in length from four to eight feet. The king cobra, so called, is nothing but a big cobra. The famous snake charmers of India, of whom I have seen many, exercise a curious art with them. They are able to put them to sleep with the weird music of their bagpipes. The cobra, when about to spring, looks like the devil incarnate.

A strange thing in India is that every thing in the way of a serpent, a scorpion, tarantula or wild animal is the color of the background. It matches the soil where it is found. You see a royal Bengal tiger in America or England and you can tell it right off, but you see it there and somehow its stripes do not stand out and it springs upon you unawares.

The snakes of India are in Bengal and down south in Madras. These are the home of the snakes. Northwest India is not very snakey. In some places there are so many snakes that it is simply a hell on earth. There are many other snakes than the kinds I have told you of, and many of them are poisonous, but these are the worst. There are also centipedes five inches long, and poisonous lizards that drop their tails off and go right on, thinking thus to delude you, when you have seen them first and get the drop on them.—San Francisco Examiner.

His Opinion Infallible.

Dr. Bolus (at a consultation)—Well, gentlemen, my opinion is that the patient can not live a week.

[Dr. Sawbones, Dr. Squills, Dr. Occiput and Dr. Pancreas coincide.]

Dr. Shingle (a recent accession to the local medical talent)—Gentlemen, I beg leave to differ. The patient will recover. His ailment is imaginary. There is nothing really the matter with him.

Dr. Bolus (arrogantly)—You certainly do not expect to convince us of the correctness of your opinion, sir!

Dr. Shingle—No, sir, probably not. Yet you will pardon me for saying that I was a pension agent for twenty years before I became a doctor, and —

Dr. Bolus (with deep conviction)—Gentlemen, if he can't see any disease in the patient it isn't there!

[Dr. Sawbones, Dr. Squills, Dr. Occiput and Dr. Pancreas again coincide.]—Chicago Tribune.

A KLEPTOMANIAC'S RUSE.

How She Got a Valuable Ring at the Price Set by Herself.

"See that old lady at the other end of the store? Well, she is one of the most confirmed kleptomaniacs in New York. It is hardly possible that you would believe me if I were to tell you her name. She belongs to one of the best families in Brooklyn and is well known in this city. Every one connected with this store is cognizant of her falling and acts accordingly. Notwithstanding our precautions, however, a few months ago she managed to deceive us in a very ingenious way. She had been here several times and appeared to take a great fancy to a valuable diamond and ruby ring. One day she asked my employer what its price was and he told her that it was the best he had in the store and was worth \$300. She laughed and offered to give \$250 for it, and on this being refused said: 'Well, will you let me have it at that price if I can steal it?' 'Certainly,' he replied, and nothing more was thought about the matter.

"Several times after that she came here and had the proprietor take out the tray and exhibit the ring, on each occasion renewing her previous offer. 'About two months ago the old lady showed a ring to my employer and asked what he thought it was worth. After examining the article critically he said that it was worth about \$250. 'I have several,' he continued, 'much better than that which I will sell for that price.'

"At this the old lady gave a cunning little laugh, and proceeded to count out \$250 from her pocketbook. Something in the kleptomaniac's manner aroused his suspicions and hastening to the case he discovered that the \$300 ring was missing. During one of her visits the old lady had managed to abstract it from the tray and insert in its place one of very small value. To say that my employer was angry when he discovered how he had been duped but feebly expresses his emotions. He was furious, and when he was reminded of his promise to sell the ornament for \$250 if the lady managed to steal it, he kept his word, but begged that the story should not be told to any of his friends."—Jewelers' Weekly.

"Jinks"—I called at your boarding house to-day and saw the table nearly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter table-cloth in my life." Blinks—"No; she doesn't make her tea, coffee or soups strong enough to stain."

"A woman, considered to be half-witted, was being teased by her neighbors on being an old maid. "How is it ye never got married?" asked one. "O, ye see," she replied, "if I had been as easily pleased wif a man as your man's been wif a wife, I might have been marrit fifty times ower."

"Farmer Greene (from Wayback)—"I always was accounted remarkably long-headed in money matters, do you notice it, professor?" Phrenologist (who has had his pay in advance)—"No I don't notice any such developments, but if your head only was as long as it is thick it would be a daisy."

—Time.
—An AKRON painter was at work on a business block when he discovered a last year's bird's nest in a niche in the ornamental woodwork. There was nothing attractive or particularly interesting in the make-up of this nest as the painter glanced at it, but he thoughtlessly picked it up and began to tear it apart. His eyes nearly bulged from their sockets in his surprise as, among the bits of string and hay and other odds and ends, he beheld a \$10 bill.

"Tis the accounts of a side-door saloon that are kept up by a double-entry system.—Hotel Man.

—The most dictatorial man times has to mind the baby.

LOVE IS LIGHT.

"At eventide it shall be light."
My little girl, so brave by day,
Grows timid as the shadows fall.
I can not charm her fears away;
My reasons have no force at all.
She pleads, with all her childish might,
That she may have a light.

I calm her fears, and stroke her hair;
I tell her of the angels near—
Of God, whose love is everywhere,
And Christ, to whom each child is dear.
She hears, but only clasps me tight,
And begs me for a light.

But when I say it can not be,
And strive to make her understand
Just why, she makes another plea—
That I will stay and hold her hand.
She whispers, as we kiss good-night:
'That's better than a light.'

And thus, content, she falls asleep.
My clasps grow closer on her hand;
Musing: God doth His wisdom keep
In childish lips, I understand
That in that other, darker night,
'Tis love that makes it light.

I, too, have shrunk in childish dread
From that dumb darkness that doth creep
And thicken round the dying bed,
And, fearful, felt I could not sleep
Without a light, I understand,
'Tis light to hold Love's hand."
—E. G. Cheverton, in S. S. Times.

A ROMAN ANTIQUE.

One of Julius Caesar's Body Servants Discovered in New York.

It was a warm day in summer, and I seated myself for a moment on one of the benches in Washington Square. A few minutes later an old, white-haired negro came hobbling along with the aid of a stick, and seated himself at the other end of the bench, lifting his battered hat to me deferentially as he did so.

I was both surprised and flattered at such a manifestation of politeness in New York, and remarked to the old man in a friendly tone:

"A fine day, Uncle."
"Yas, suh, it is a fine day, boss, sho' nuff. Dish year weathah min's me er de kin' er weathah we uster hab in Rome."

"So you have lived in Rome, have you? I came from Rome myself."

"Lawd, boss, you doan' look ne talk lack no Roman. Any body 'ud take yer ter be'n bawn en raise' in dis country."

"Certainly I was," I replied. "I was born in Rome, New York."

The old man made no rejoinder, and struck by his apparent great age, I asked:

"How old are you, Uncle?"
"Lawd, chile," he answered with a silent chuckle, which exposed his toothless gums, "I doan' know—I done los' track on it. I wuz fifteen year ole w'en de wah broke out."

"That's impossible," I replied; "that wouldn't make you over forty, and you can't be less than seventy-five."

"I reckon I's 'bout nineteen hundred," said the old man reflectively, after a short pause. "I useter be Mars Julius Caesar's fav'rite body-sarven', en I reckon you knows 'bout how long he's be'n dead. I wuz fifteen years ole w'en de las' wah wid Gaul broke out. I kin' member de battle ob Alesia des ez well ez ef it wuz yistiday. De arrers wuz flyin' throo de aiah thick ez flies 'roun' a merlissas jug, de jav' lins wuz w'izzin', en I wuz lookin' on fum de rare, w'en I seed a archer aim a arrer at Mars Julius. I grab' up a shiel', en rush inter de thick er de fight, en wuz des in time ter ketch 'im ez he fell fum his hoss. I got a arrer throo my side ez I wuz totin' 'im off, en wuz laid up fer two or th'ee mont's atterwuds. W'en I got well, Mars Julius gun me a quartah, en w'en he died, he lef' directions in his will fer me ter be gradu'ly 'maucipated, so I 'ud be free w'en I wuz a hund'ed years ole. Ah, but dem wuz good ole times!" he added, with a sigh of regret.

"I's done spent de quartah Mars Julius gun me," he remarked, giving me a sidelong look, "en I needs erudder fer ter git some liniment fer my rheumatiz. Is yer got any small change 'bout yo' clo's, boss?"
A vision of imperial Rome rose up before me, with all its glory and magnificence and power. In a fit of abstraction I handed the old man a twenty-dollar gold piece, and when I started from my reverie, he had disappeared behind a clump of shrubbery in the direction of Sixth avenue.—Puck.

"THE FORTY WINKS."

Advantages to Be Derived by Old People from an Afternoon Nap.
Sleep is closely connected with the question of diet. "Good sleeping" was a noticeable feature in the large majority of Dr. Humphrey's cases. Sound, refreshing sleep is of the utmost consequence to the health of the body, and no substitute can be found for it as a restorer of vital energy. Sleeplessness is, however, often a source of great trouble to elderly people, and one

which is not easily relieved. Narcotic remedies are generally mischievous; their first effects may be pleasant, but the habit of depending upon them rapidly grows until they become indispensable. When this stage has been reached, the sufferer is in a far worse plight than before. In all cases the endeavor should be made to discover whether the sleeplessness be due to any removable cause, such as indigestion, cold, want of exercise, and the like. In regard to sleeping in the daytime, there is something to be said both for and against that practice. A nap of "forty winks" in the afternoon enables many aged people to get through the rest of the day in comfort, whereas they feel tired and weak when deprived of this refreshment. If they rest well at night there can be no objection to the afternoon nap, but if sleeplessness be complained of, the latter should be discontinued for a time. Most old people find that a reclining posture, with the feet and legs raised, is better than the horizontal position for the afternoon nap. Digestion proceeds with more ease than when the body is recumbent.—Dr. Robson Roose, in Fortnightly Review.

SHE ACTED PROMPTLY.

Rare Courage and Presence of Mind of a French Girl.

Some years ago four men, who were employed in cleaning a common sewer at a place called Noyon, in France, upon opening a drain were so affected by the fetid vapors that they were unable to ascend. The lateness of the hour (it was eleven o'clock at night) rendered it impossible to procure assistance, and the delay must have proved fatal had not a young girl, a servant in the family, with courage and humanity that would have done honor to the most elevated station, at the hazard of her own life, attempted their deliverance.

This generous girl, who was only seventeen years of age, was at her own request, let down several times to the poor men by a rope. She was so fortunate as to save two of them pretty easily, but in tying the third to the cord which was let down to her for the purpose, she found her breath failing, and was in great danger of suffocation. In this dreadful situation she had the presence of mind to tie herself by the hair to the rope and was thus drawn up, almost expiring, with the poor man in whose behalf she had so humanely exerted herself.

The instant she recovered she insisted upon being let down again, but her exertions this time failed of success, for the third unfortunate man was drawn up dead. The corporation of the town of Noyon, as a small token of their approbation, presented the heroine with six hundred livres and conferred on her the civic crown, with a medal engraved with the arms of the town, her name and a narrative of the action. The Duke of Orleans also sent her five hundred livres and settled two hundred yearly on her for life.—Philadelphia

—Statistics of sleep may not prove any thing of importance, but they are interesting. According to statistics prepared in Russia, the need of sleep is greater in women than in men, the duration of sleep being longer and the percentage of tired morning and evening and of not tired being 3 to 2 and 2 to 3 respectively as compared to the men. Students sleep longer and are less tired than other men. The time needed to fall asleep is about the same in all three classes—20.8 minutes for the men, 17.1 minutes for students and 21.2 minutes for women. In each case, however, it takes longer for those who are frequent dreamers and light sleepers to fall asleep than persons of opposite characteristic.

—A dainty little pudding is made of any stale sponge-cake, say about half a pound. Cut in slices and soak it in a little scalding milk; then beat up lightly, mixing in the juice and finely-grated rind of half a lemon or a teaspoonful of orange marmalade, a small piece of butter and an egg, well beaten; two ounces of sugar, if the lemon is used; bake half an hour in a quick oven. Roughly-chopped preserved ginger or pineapple can be used instead of the other fruit, adding some of the sirup instead of sugar.

Too Much of This Nonsense.

Sink (of the firm of Sink & Swim)—Well Mr. Gilhooly, we don't need a man just now; but if you will work for the salary we have spoken about I will hire you on one condition.

Gilhooly—I accept. Name it.
Sink—That you will not have "daily papers announce that you accepted a very