

# THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1889.

NO. 32.

## 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. ROSSIDE, 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. 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 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. R. 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, conveyancing 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.

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

—AND—

## Insure Property.

## NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

## FAIRY'S GOLDEN PROMISE.

### A Legend of Germany.

A thrifty farmer lay at length upon his dying bed, and called to him his boy and girl, and gently to them said:  
"You are so young, I can but dread to leave you all alone,  
But the farm will keep you without need when I am dead and gone."  
Then kissing them, he blessed them both, and closed his weary eyes,  
And never opened them again on this side Paradise.

Now Hans (he was but twenty-one, and Gretchen seventeen)  
Held pretty Frida Fridolin shined in his heart a queen;  
But the farm grew only thistles, that choked the tender wheat,  
While Hans, he sat a-sighing at pretty Frida's feet.  
She gravely shook her golden head, and to his love said: "No."  
While her busy little fingers flashed the needles to and fro.

One evening little Gretchen sat sighing at the door,  
A-mourning for the pretty things that she could buy no more,  
She envied Frida Fridolin her ribbons fresh and new,  
While her own flaxen ringlets were tied with faded blue.  
Up to the cottage door there came, with weak and faltering tread,  
A woman, bent and gray and old, and thus to Gretchen said:

"You envy Frida Fridolin her ribbons bright and new;  
She buys them with a fairy gift, like this I bring to you:  
And out from underneath her cloak she took a great white ball  
Of woolen yarn: 'You'll find the gem when you have knit it all;  
And here's a spade for Hans, who has no luck howe'er he tries,  
Yet in his land, one spade's length deep, a golden treasure lies.'"

And then the fairy turned away, and eager Gretchen flew  
To find her needles and begin the task she had to do;  
And Hans began before the dawn a-searching for his gold;  
From morn till noon, from noon till night, he returned the mold.  
"Since it is dug, I'll sow the seed," he said; "because I fear  
The neighbors may suspect that I've a treasure hidden here."

So all the days of summer-time he worked with all his might,  
And Gretchen's knitting-needles flew from early morn till night;  
And as the pile of stockings grew the big ball wore away,  
And she sold the stockings in the town and bought the ribbons gay.  
"Twas autumn when the ball of yarn was knitted all away,  
And Gretchen wept, for in its heart no gleaming jewel lay.

"The fairy told me false," she cried: "the yarn is knit, and see,  
O Hans, where is the treasure she promised you and me?"  
That night Hans came in laughing, and cried: "My wheat is sold,  
And out into her lap he poured a shining heap of gold.  
And to her mind there came a light—"O Hans! I understand;  
This is the gold—the fairy gold—you found it in the land!"

"And, yes, there was a jewel in the ball of yarn for me;  
I've bought all this, I can buy more, by thrift and industry."  
And when to Frida Fridolin Hans took the heart to go  
And ask her love again, she smiled, and did not tell him "No."  
"I would not wed an idle man," she said, "tho' I loved you."  
And so to all in happiness the fairy words came true.  
—Abbe Kinne, in N. Y. Ledger.

## TRAPPING ELEPHANTS.

### An African Sport Not Without an Element of Danger.

But the Profits More Than Counterbalance the Perils—How a Blood-Thirsty Enemy Was Converted Into a Devoted Servant.

Four days' march inland from Quilua, which is on the east coast of Africa and two hundred and fifty miles above Madagascar, we came into the elephant country and made a permanent camp. My orders from the Hamburg house were to secure at least five elephants alive and deliver them on board ship at Quilua. Our party consisted of three white men and forty-two natives, and we had seven horses and six teams of bullocks. Among the natives were several fellows who had hunted the big game with white men, and who were pretty thoroughly posted as to the creatures' habits. It would have been almost as easy to shoot an elephant as a buffalo, but to capture one alive and get him down to the coast was a different matter.

We had our camp in a thick grove about two miles from a forest through which we knew elephants ranged, and orders were given against firing guns or moving about more than was necessary. An elephant will take the alarm as quick as a deer, and when once frightened he may not cool down for hours. After a couple of days four or five of us made a scout to the forest, and we were delighted to find evidence that it was a favorite resort.

This forest was a strip about nine miles long and two miles wide, thrusting itself down into a great plain like a tongue. About opposite our camp it narrowed to a width of half a mile, and further down cut short off, though there were groves scattered all over the plain.

We were rejoiced to find that this strip of forest was a veritable highway for the elephants passing back and forth, while the foliage was their choicest food. We spent two whole days getting the lay of the forest for several miles, and we finally selected a particular spot to work on. It was in the narrowest portion of the strip, and here we dug two pits and concealed them so nicely that the sharpest native would have mistrusted nothing. When all was ready we retired from the forest and posted a native in the nearest grove to act as sentinel for the remainder of the day. This grove was about an acre in extent, with the trees standing very thick, and we were about moving off, after instructing the native, when we heard a trumpet blast and a mighty

rush. The blast of a mad elephant in his native wilds is a sound never to be forgotten. Each one of us instantly realized that we had come upon an old "rogue," and that we were in deadly peril. An elephant who has become a crank and deserted his troop or been driven away is more dangerous than any other living thing. His sole thought is to destroy, and he loses all sense of fear. Had we been mounted we could have scattered and outrun him, but we were all on foot, and our only safety was in sticking to the grove. When we heard him coming we dodged right and left and hurried deep into the grove. The old fellow had the eyes of a lynx, and, wheeling from his first charge, he seemed determined to hunt us all down. Each one of us dodged on our own account, thus distracting his attention, but he finally pursued one of the natives so closely that the man had to take to a tree. He didn't have his choice, either, and was unfortunately driven to shelter in a tree about as large around as a man's body. He was barely out of reach when the mad brute arrived at the trunk. I was in a much larger tree about forty feet away, and could plainly see the movements of the beast. He was an old bull, carrying a large pair of tusks, and he was mad all over. He tried hard to push the tree over, and though he could not succeed, he shook the native around so as to give him a bad fright.

In order to call the brute off I fired at him several times with a revolver. Each bullet hit him, but of course did no damage. He, however, refused to leave the tree, and after standing for a moment in thought he put his shoulder against it, surged forward, and, after swaying back and forth half a dozen times, the tree broke short off about ten feet from the ground. The native was expecting it, and as the top crashed through the trees he caught at a limb and pulled himself into a large tree. The elephant soon became aware of his escape, and likewise recognized the fact that all of us were out of his reach, and, after trumpeting his disappointment, he slowly retired and gave us opportunity to come down. We left the grove as quietly as possible, and made haste back to camp. We must move at once. The "rogue" elephant does not travel about much, and his being in the grove was a menace to us. Should he discover our camp he would attack us offhand. We at once hitched up our teams, struck our tents, and removed to a grove four miles away. While not entirely safe here, we might escape observation. On two sides of us the approach was marshy, while on the others it was rather broken. Next day after our removal it rained, and none of us left the grove.

On the morning of the second day, just as we were rolling out of our blankets, a cry from half a dozen natives alarmed the camp. As I rose up and saw them looking to the west, I turned my eyes in that direction, and beheld a sight which made my hair stand on end. That "rogue" elephant was on the plain about half a mile away and making a bee line for our camp. He was swinging his trunk in an angry way, and his speed was something terrific. Three or four of us sprang to our rifles, but he would have been among us before we could have fired a shot had not an accident happened. He charged at us over the marshy ground, and two hundred feet from the wagons the ground grew so soft that he

sank to his knees, floundered ahead a few feet and then rolled over on his left side. He was out of breath with his run and his fall, and then was the time to take him. As he lay there roaring his dismay and anger, we got out the ropes and chains and dashed for his legs. We got nooses over both hind legs and carried the free ends to the nearest tree, and then we had the old fellow for sure. He was so mad that he actually shed tears, and he trumpeted until he tired his machine out. After we had him fast every man cut a stick, and for two hours we beat every part of the beast we could reach. Moreover, we walked on him, kicked him, called him names, and degraded him in every possible way. This was by the advice of the natives, who said it would soon break his spirit and cause him to give up. All day long the monster lay on his side in the muck, boiling over with rage, but helpless. He put in the night there, too, and next morning his spirit was broken. We cast the noose free from one leg, got a pry under his hip, and after an hour's hard work put him on his feet and got him to solid land. The fight had all been taken out of him, and he would cower whenever any one shook a club at him. When the natives washed him up a dozen great scars were revealed on his shoulders and flanks as proofs that he was a fighter, and my head man, who had lived in the elephant country all his days, computed the beast's age at one hundred and ten years.

No animal becomes docile and tractable as quick as the elephant. He must first be conquered by fear, and when once he gives in you have only an occasional tantrum to look out for. We kept right at our captive, flogging and bulldozing and giving him to understand that we were boss, and at the end of three days he was as humble as pie. We could make no use of him as a hunter, as we had no rig, and as none of the men had had experience in driving an elephant; but we should have no trouble in getting him to the coast, and he was worth several thousand dollars.

It was ten days after his capture that one of our scouts brought word that a troop of elephants had appeared in the forest. We had suspected this by the uneasy movements of our captive. It did not seem possible that he could scent his kind four or five miles away, but his actions went to prove that such was the case. We had him securely fastened by one hind leg, but he did not try to break away. On the contrary, he acted vexed and out of sorts, and now and then uttered a blast of defiance. It was easy to see that he would have a hostile greeting for any elephant that came our way.

The troop of elephants reported by the scout numbered thirteen, and were five or six miles above us. Mr. Williams, my assistant, took a portion of the men and made a detour so as to strike in behind the troop and drive them down, and five or six of us stationed ourselves at the southern limit of the forest. It was hoped that in driving the beasts back and forth along the narrow neck at least one of them might get a tumble into a pit, and it was with great anxiety that we waited their coming. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we caught sight of them. After they had crossed the neck we closed up and sought to drive them back, but they had become frightened, and the job was too great for us. They broke off to the right and left the cover of the woods for the open plain, and we felt some anxiety as we saw that they held a straight course for our camp. The three of us who were mounted pursued at a gallop, and we were witnesses of a curious incident. The troop were headed for the grove in which we had encamped, and were about half a mile away, when our captive "rogue" uttered three or four shrill blasts and suddenly appeared in sight, having broken the rope which held him to a tree. He made straight for the troop, challenging as he came, and the beasts no sooner saw him than they exhibited fear and confusion. They halted, turned to the right and the left, and were all mixed up when the old chap came down upon them like a landslide. The first one he struck was a half-grown elephant, and he knocked him flat on the grass and rolled him over and over. Then he sailed in to clean out the shanty, and the blows from his trunk could be heard a mile away.

Such a cloud of dust was kicked up that we soon lost sight of our

but in a few minutes the troop bolted off at right angles and soon entered a grove, and we drew near to find the old "rogue" standing over the one he had rolled over. He seemed to be waiting for us to come up, and after a little the native who had most to do with him ventured close up. I rode off and got a rope, and this was made fast to the captive's legs and he was encouraged to get on his feet. Then the old chap steered him straight for camp while we followed, holding to the ropes. Once or twice the kid showed a disposition to bolt, but the big one gave him a resounding whack with his trunk and curbed his ambition. We made him fast to a tree, and the "rogue" then took his old place without a hint being given him and was refastened.

It was next morning before we could examine our pits, and then we found another captive. A big bull elephant was lying on his side in one of them, while the other had been avoided. We got him out of the pit by digging around him, and then using a block and tackle to lift him to his feet. He had been three days without food or drink when we got him out, and his spirit was pretty well broken. Our three captives were got down to the coast without the least trouble, and our luck in making three such captures in the short space of twenty days has never been equaled by menagerie men in any land. The old "rogue" who set out to annihilate us brought all our good luck.—N. Y. Sun.

## MAPS BY TELEGRAPH.

One Can Now Send Manuscripts or Pictures by Electricity.

The fac-simile telegraph, by which manuscript, maps or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic methods already described, in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum, which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of the cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface in a spiral path. The electric circuit will be broken by every ink mark on the cylinder which is in this path and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent demand for fac-simile transmission, particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters. The pantelegraph is an interesting type of the fac-simile method. In this form the movements of a pen in the writer's hand produces corresponding movements of the pen at the distant station and thereby a fac-simile record.—Scribner's Magazine.

## WHILE TO SACRIFICE.

As we rode along the highway out of Goldsboro the owner of the team pointed to a half finished church building alongside the road and said:

"The colored people have been building that for the last ten years."

"One struck me in town last night for a dollar to help finish some edifice, and this must be the one," answered the colonel.

"No doubt of it, and that may be the one just coming out."

"So it is. Hold on, and let's see what he has done with my dollar."

The man approached, bowing and smiling, and the colonel said:

"Is this where you are going to put that dollar I gave you last night?"

"Oh! Hui! Den you ar' de gam'len who gin me de big dollar!"

"I am. What are you going to do with it?"

"Ize already dun gone dun wid it, sah. See dem shingles ober dar?"

"Why, there isn't two bits worth in that pile."

"Jist exactly two bits, sah."

"And the rest of the money?"

"De rest jist settles my charges for bringin' de shingles up, sah, an' Ize obleeged to walk home fur nothin'—Detroit Free Press.

Dashley—Queer things people discover when they are living in boarding houses. At dinner at my boarding house yesterday I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a collar button that I lost a week ago.

Snaggs—That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?"

Dashley—I give it up. A silk umbrella, perhaps.

Snaggs—No, sir; strawberries.

Dashley (incredulously)—Aw, what are you giving me?—Boston Beacon.