

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1889.

NO. 33.

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

DR. C. H. DUCKETT, DENTIST.

Office over C. C. Hackelman's store.
LEBANON, OREGON.

K. WEATHERFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over First National Bank.
ALBANY, OREGON.

DR. J. M. TAYLOR, DENTIST.

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. 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. 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. MEERS. 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 or Land in the garden of Oregon furnished

HOW A WOMAN TELLS A STORY.

The Fanny Man from Kalamazoo Who Had No Change.

"Oh, Lil, I have the funniest story to tell you; you'll just die. Mr. Bates—you know Mr. Bates—well, he is just too cute for anything. He called last night, and he and me got to telling stories. I laughed till I was just tired, and you must hear this story."

"Do tell me, Jul; I'm dead to hear a good story."

"Well—Oh, it was too rich, Lil. Of course I can't tell it like Mr. Bates—he's so awfully clever—but I'll—"

"Do go on."

"Well, Mr. Bates said—but my, you ought to have seen his face. He can just draw his face down and his eyes—"

"Oh, pshaw! Jul, let's have the story."

"Well, then—now don't you make me laugh—there was a man out in Illinois—no, now was it Illinois? Why, dear me—let's see—yes, it must have been Illinois, for Kalamazoo is the place—"

"Why, Jul, Kalamazoo is in Ohio."

"Oh, how stupid; of course it is. Well, it doesn't matter anyway what state it was. Well, this man from Kalamazoo—now, was it a man? Yes, it must have been a man, for Mr. Bates told about how he got his cards—let's see, was it cards or poker chips? Now that is funny I can't remember. Well, anyway, this man from Kalamazoo was on a train going to—Oh, dear, how I got things mixed—to Os—Oh—Oh, yes, Oshkosh; that's it. Well, he was going to Oshkosh on a train when another man stepped up and said—and said—now, what did that man say? I'm certain this one was a man, and he said something to the man from Kalamazoo—what on earth was it?"

"Never mind, Jul; go on with the story."

"Of course it really doesn't matter what the man said; but, anyway, those two men played and played and played. Then the man from—now, let me be sure—yes, it was the man on the train, he was—let me see; didn't Mr. Bates say he was a senator? Yes, I'm sure he was a senator from Ohio."

"Never mind, Jul; what's that got to do with the story?"

"Now, Lil, you put me out."

"I don't, either; but I do want to hear the end."

"Well, the senator and the man from Kalamazoo played and played, till finally—now, how was that? Oh, yes; the senator bet on the game, and the other man said—he said—oh, Scott, how provoking! Well, anyway, the man from Kalamazoo had no change for—yes, I believe it was a hundred dollar bill, and—"

"Do go on, Jul."

"Why, oh, yes—well, anyway, Lil, it is not quite as Mr. Bates told it. I said the Kalamazoo man had no change, didn't I?"

"Yes, yes, and the other man?"

"Well, he—oh, yes, now I remember—well, he had."—Washington Post.

Appreciative.



(The young lady has just finished playing a selection from "Faust.")

Old Lady—How nice! I always did like "Home, Sweet Home."

Young Lady (with a start)—"Home, Sweet Home!"

Old Lady—Yes; Min plays it. I can always tell it when she crosses her hands.—Harper's Bazar.

He Was Mistaken.

A man with fire in his eyes and his fists doubled up was prancing around on Monroe avenue yesterday when a policeman hailed him with:

"Are you looking for anybody in particular?"

"I should remark that I was. I'm going to smash a fellow's head the minute I find him!"

"What for?"

"He called me a crank, and I don't take that from anybody."

"I suppose you know the definition of the term?"

"You bet I do! It means a fellow who will walk into a saloon where five or six of his friends are and drink alone. I have never done it in my life, and I'll allow no man to impeach my honor."

The officer explained the term as generally understood, and the man replied:

"Is that possible? Well, then, I won't smash him. I must post up on some of those things before I get into trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

So Artless.

He stood in a doorway on Woodward avenue the other rainy day with an umbrella in his hand and he seemed to be waiting for an opportunity. One soon came tripping along. She had no umbrella, and he stepped out, raised his own and began:

"Excuse me, but—"

"Oh, certainly," she laughingly exclaimed. "You are very, very kind. I shall always remember it. Good-by."

And she took the umbrella from his grasp and tripped away without ever once looking back, and he returned to the shelter of the doorway to exclaim:

"There goes a \$5 umbrella and here stands an idiot who has been sold for a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

An Explanation of the Marvelous Process of Skin Grafting.

When large areas of skin are destroyed, as happens in the case of severe burns or extensive injuries, it is sometimes months before the surface is again covered with epidermis. Repair may have gone on till the surface is on a level with the surrounding parts, and all that remains is for the skin to creep in from the edges; but this process, especially in persons weakened by long confinement in bed, is very slow, and the constant discharge of matter from the open surface causes irritation, as well as weakness.

It has been known for many years that a flap of skin might be lifted from its place and made to adhere in an adjoining spot, provided its connection with the surrounding skin were not cut off. But now we can go farther than this. In 1860 a French physician discovered that small bits of sound skin might be snipped off and applied to the surface of the sore, and that under certain conditions they would adhere and form new centers from which the process of healing might go on.

In order to have a graft "take" well, the surface of the ulcer must be in a suitable condition. If it is rough, or discharges too freely, or projects too far above the surrounding level, there is danger that the small bits of skin will fall off.

The process is as follows: The surface of the ulcer, as well as that of the sound skin from which the grafts are to be taken, having been carefully cleansed with carbolic acid, or other solution that serves the same purpose, the bit of skin is picked up in a small pair of forceps or on the point of a needle, and is snipped off with a pair of sharp scissors or a small knife. Only the superficial layer of skin is taken, and if this is properly done there is no bleeding.

The bit of skin, which is generally not larger than the head of a pin, is then placed firmly upon the ulcer, with the cut side down, and preferably about a quarter of an inch from the free border. A line of grafts may be placed at equal distances completely across the denuded surface, and thus a bridge of skin is soon formed, for the grafts spread and unite, and thus convert the original ulcer into two smaller ones. By a similar process these two parts may be again divided, and the process continued till the whole surface is covered.

In a few instances larger portions of skin have been made to grow to the ulcerated surface, but in general the smaller bits cause repair to go on as rapidly, and are more easily applied and cared for.—Youth's Companion.

TOWED BY A TARPON.

How Two Men and a Heavy Boat Were Carried Along by a Fish.

The other rod lay between me and my boatman, under his supervision. I was reeling in my line after a short abortive cast, when suddenly Piers made an exclamation, and I turned to see his line running out rapidly, so rapidly in fact that the handle of the reel knocked a piece out of his forefinger. He reached me the rod, and just after I had seized it, taking care to exert no pressure, a large silvery mass leaped out of the water straight into the water and fell back again.

"A tarpon, and a big fellow," cried Piers.

In considering any statement as to the height a fish jumps out of water, it is important to know whether the narrator has included the length of the fish in making up his figures. That is to say, if a fish is six feet long and jumps from its native element so that the tip of its tail is two feet clear of the surface, good story-tellers will claim that it has jumped eight feet out of water. Others will take oath to only two. It is sufficient to state that the tarpon in question jumped either two feet or eight, according to the individual preference of the reader. At that time he had taken out with velocity about fifty yards of line; the leap terminated his first rush, and I had an opportunity to reel in about a fourth of the amount before he started off again. Meantime my man had hauled up the anchor and we were in process of being towed by the big fish, whose frantic efforts to escape were making the reel revolve at a furious rate. From long experience with salmon, I knew enough to keep the point of my rod as high as possible consistent with the heavy strain, and the mo-

mentary rush diminished in intensity I clapped my finger on to the leather drag and resisted stoutly, reeling in every inch of line that I could recover. But before long he was off once more in mad career, and out of water viciously shaking his head in determined efforts to spit out the hook. His failure to do this after a series of endeavors showed that he had swallowed the bait, and that my chief concern now should be as to the strength of my tackle.—Scribner's Magazine.

Better Than a Safety Vault.

Highwayman (halting lady in carriage)—Stop, Madam! Your money or your life!

Lady—My money is in my pocket, sir, and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minutes, and there is a large party of brethren tourists coming up the hill, I would advise you to let me pass.

Highwayman—Thanks, madam, your advice is worth heeding. Good-day.—Burlington Free Press.

CHOOSING A CALLING.

The Most Momentous Earthly Question That is Set Before a Boy.

Twenty years ago Thomas Scott, of Pennsylvania, one of the shrewdest of railway men, spent a few days in a country village. An active, bright-faced boy in the house where he boarded attracted his notice. He asked the school-master what was the capacity of the lad.

"He is dull," was the reply. "Thick-headed and incapable, though willing enough to learn. His father wishes to make a chemist of him, but he can not master the first principles of the science."

Mr. Scott, watching the lad, observed that in the affairs of daily life his judgment was clear and just, and his observation keen. He showed, too, a singular faculty, for managing his school fellows. The boy's parents were induced to take him from school, and Mr. Scott gave him work in the yard of a railway.

"Now," he said, "you have no longer to deal with books, but with things and men. Make your own way. I believe you can do it."

It was the first time the boy had been told that he was not wholly a dolt. He proved to be energetic, intelligent and enthusiastic in his work. There was a certain firmness and cordiality in his manner which gave him control over his associates. He was soon sent out upon the road in charge of a gang of men. A few years later, when Mr. Scott came that way again, the young man was superintendent of a division. He afterward rose steadily to the front rank in his profession.

A boy is too apt to be influenced in the choice of his life-work by some accident or petty motive. His father and grandfather have been successful physicians, or manufacturers, or butchers, and it seems natural and right for him to follow in their footsteps. Or his intimate friend at college is going to study law, and he must do the same. Sometimes a pious father and mother cherish a fond hope that the boy will devote his life to preaching the gospel, and, rather than disappoint them, he does it, with no fitness or real zeal for the work.

In each case the lad's life is a failure for the want of a little deliberation and a careful examination of his natural abilities.

Among the readers of the Companion there are tens of thousands of boys who must soon make choice of their profession or trade, one of the most momentous earthly questions which will be set before them.

Don't be in a hurry, boys. Do not let an accident decide for you. Do not choose an occupation because it is more "genteel" than others. It is the man who gives character and dignity to his occupation, as to his clothes.

Do not think, because you are rated dull at school, that there is no honorable place for you in the world. There are talents and powers which do not deal with books. God sends no man into the world without providing an occupation for him in which he may earn respect. You have yours.

But take care that the work is that for which the tool is fitted. The mere fact that the work seems pleasant and attractive to you does not prove that it is fitted to your faculties. You may be ambitious, but you can not climb a ladder without feet and hands.

Learn the strength of your feet and hands, and the right ladder, and then trust only in God and to yourself to make your way up it.—Youth's Companion.

Matters of Importance.

They were in the conservatory at an evening party, and there, amid the perfume of the roses and posies, he had fervently declared his passion.

"Mr. Sampson, George," she responded, with womanly tenderness, "my heart has been wholly yours for months, and now," she went on, shyly taking his arm, "you may take me in to supper; I heard it announced when you first began those words of love which have so blissfully changed all the colors of my life."—Harper's Bazar.

Blood Will Tell.



Phyllis (softly)—Why don't you acknowledge his courtly salutation, Dorothy? Is it because his father was in soap?

Dorothy (in whispered warmth)—Yes, my family traditions are against cultivating such an acquaintance.

Phyllis (soothingly)—Pardon me, dearest, I did not mean to wound you. But were all your ancestors tramps?—Munsey's Weekly.

HISTORY DONE OVER.

A Newly Discovered Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.

The March wind was swirling and soughing drearily as Sir Walter Raleigh ascended the steps to the palace and inquired of the Grand Duke of the Vestibule if her majesty was at home. That individual, turning to the Goldstick in Waiting, repeated the question to him, and he in turn interrogated the First Lady of the Front Staircase, who promptly communicated Sir Walter's request for information to the proper authorities, the result being that the courtier was informed that her majesty was in and would be pleased to have him call again next week. This Sir Walter, concealing his discomfort, proceeded to do, remarking to the queen when next he met her that she had treated him in a very wintry manner the last time he called.

"No, my dear Sir Walter," replied her majesty; "the treatment accorded you was not wintry; it was summary."

"Ha!" smiled the courtier. "You were feeling coolly that morning."

"Wrong again, Sir Walter," was her majesty's quick retort. "I was not coolly disposed. Indeed I was much less Rawly disposed than usual."

"Were I your enemy, madame," quoth the courtier, "I should inform your majesty that the jest was good when first 'twas uttered by the third assistant game-keeper on my great-grandfather's estates, some two hundred years ago, but as one of your majesty's devoted slaves I remember what is due your highness, and observe, 'Ha! ha!' Thy wit well nigh drives me to the verge of lunacy. Again your majesty will permit me to observe, 'Ha! ha!'"

"Laugh away, my dear Sir Walter," replied the queen, somewhat piqued; "but do not laugh too hard. Men have been known to laugh their heads off."

This story is interesting as showing Elizabeth's extraordinary ability in the art of repartee.—Harper's Magazine.

It Is All Right.

"I think I dropped a letter into the mail the other day without stamping it," said a man at the postoffice as he called for the chief clerk.

"If you did it has gone to the dead letter office."

"Has, eh? You must have known that it was a mistake."

"Yes."

"And you ought to have held it for inquiry?"

"We have our rules."

"And they are mighty impudent rules, let me tell you! The postoffice department needs overhauling, and I'll help to see it done!"

The next day the man returned, this time with a smile on his face, and said:

"You remember I was speaking about an unstamped letter?"

"Yes."

"I was much put out."

"Yes."

"Well, I want to apologize. That letter was directed to an acquaintance. In it I called him a liar and a horse thief. Last night I found out that I was mistaken. He hasn't got the letter and won't get it, and so won't know anything about it. The postoffice department is all right. Rules are all right. Clerks are all right. Have a cigar and press on to promotion and increased salary."—Detroit Free Press.

Family Loyalty.

A Stevens avenue young lady was much pained and shocked as she walked down street yesterday to see her young brook sitting astride the prostrate body of another boy, and raining down blows upon his struggling victim.

"Johnny!" she almost screamed, "what are you doing? Come here this minute. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, fighting this way in the street?"

The boy reluctantly arose from his vanquished antagonist and faced his indignant sister. Then he explained:

"Well, I don't care. He said you wasn't good looking. I don't think you are either, but it ain't none of my funeral. So I licked him."—Mississippi Journal.