

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

NO. 34.

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. WARRON, 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. ROBCOE, 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. Gilhoy, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School 10 A. M. Services each Sunday night.

CUMMELAND 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. 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. 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

DEVIL WORSHIPERS.

Strange Religion of Certain Communities in Western Asia.

According to Herr Gustav Pauli, who recently made a journey from Tabriz to Lake Van, the Nestorian Christians grace with the name of devil-worshippers a number of communities scattered through Russian and Turkish Armenia and in the Valley of the Tigris down to Mosul. Near Mosul, in the outspurs of Kurdistan, lies Ba-Hassani, the holy city of the Jesids or devil-worshippers, and containing the temple and mausoleum of their Sheik Adi, and not far thence the village of Bashiylka, the residence of their civil and religious head. According to tradition, their faith had its origin in certain apostate members of Armenian Church, and their name is variously derived from Jesu or Jesid, one of their chiefs, and from the town Jezd. Their faith has probably, however, a much earlier origin, derived from the influence of all those religions successfully holding sway in those regions, from Zoroastrianism to Islam.

They address prayers to the sun at his rising and kiss the place first touched by his beams. At certain festivals they warm the fingers of their right hand at the holy taper, then draw them over their right eyebrows and kiss them. The Supreme Being they name Allah, and reverence the founder of Islam as a prophet, while they reverence Christ as a great angel, naming Him Ben Isai Nuran (Jesus, Son of the Light), who one day will come to rule the world. They desire to live in good understanding with Shaitan (Satan?), the devil, and so great is their respect for him that they do not presume to pronounce his name, but call him "Melek-Taup," and pay honor to him symbolically as a light-giver (Lucifer), and in the figure of a bird. Our Thursday is their Sabbath. They fast forty days in the spring, but are not over strict in the observance of such fast, preferring rather to do it by proxy. One member of the family fasting will do for all the others as well as himself. Children are immediately after birth baptized with the water of the holy spring at the grave of the Sheik Adi. To this end that water is fetched to places very remote from the holy well by mendicant monks (Kawal), all belonging to one single family.

The Jesids have a horror of the color of blue (flame of sulphur?), and eschew all attire of that hue. They have the reputation of being strictly honest and moral. They show great respect to women, so that a woman may acquire the priestly dignity. Polygamy is allowed only with tribal chiefs. The common man may have but one wife, for whom he has often to pay the mother a rather high price. Priests and Kawal may not marry out of their caste. A widow dresses in white, and etiquette requires of her even to strew dust on her head and smear her face with clay. Corpses are first washed and then buried with the face toward the Polar star. In the killing of animals all the blood is drained off by cutting through the artery of the neck, as with the Jews and Mohammedans. They cling with great tenacity to their faith, but refuse the adoption of any proselytes into their ranks.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

The City Czar Peter Built on the Deadly Marshes of the Neva.

There was a sublime ruthlessness about the Czar Peter which reminds us at every step of the operation of the forces of nature. What recked he how many of 40,000 serfs, whom he impressed every year to build his city, perished in the marsh? As little as the earthquake which engulfs a city or the typhoon which desolates a province. He was an elemental force embodied in human form—and what a force! No one can properly appreciate the colossal energy of the man until he has had some acquaintance with the unconquerable inertia of the people whom Peter set himself to force into step with nations hundreds of years in advance of Muscovy. Even to this day his countrymen have not quite made up their minds whether he was a fiend or an archangel, antichrist, or a new avatar. But surely in all history there are few more pathetically tragic spectacles than this tremendous battle with and against the part of this modern Thor, a struggle constantly renewed by his unconquerable will, but constantly thwarted by that stupidity against which the gods themselves contend in vain. I suppose Mr. Auberon Herbert would see in the story of Peter's heroic attempt to

knout a nation into reform a telling object lesson as to the fatuity of all efforts to force the pace of nature. But Peter himself, with his fiery energy and unconquerable will, was at least as fundamental a piece of nature as the sluggishness and superstition with which he waged so sore a war. It is true he failed in much, and many things have not turned out as he hoped. Even St. Petersburg is now admitted to occupy by no means the most desirable site on the Russian seaboard. The mortality among the levies whose labor built the city was great, but the number who perish by the unhealthiness of the site year after year, even to this day, is still more appalling. The death rate of St. Petersburg is nearly double that of London, and, even if all allowance is made for the difference of sanitary science, the mortality due to the site selected by Peter can hardly be less than 10 per 1,000 per annum. As the population of the capital is 980,000, this is equivalent to an annual hecatomb of 9,800 victims sacrificed to the manes of the Despot-Reformer.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

Mr. B. Buys a Dog, and Mrs. B. Tells All About the Ugly Brute.

Ever since our marriage Mr. Bowser has been looking after a house dog, and a good share of our troubles have arisen over this fact. On a hundred different occasions I have asked him what we wanted of a dog, and on a hundred different occasions he has raised his voice and replied:

"What do we want of a dog? Did you ever see a family which amounted to shucks which didn't keep a dog? Nature gave us the dog to protect us—to be a sort of companion. There are people who can strike terror to a dog's heart by one look, but I am not one of those, Mrs. Bowser—no, thank Heaven!"

"Can't you protect us, Mr. Bowser?"

"Certainly I can and do, but suppose I am off my guard some night and a burglar enters our house?"

"And burglars the dog?"

"That's it! Sneer at the poor dumb brute because Nature made him a dog! Under the circumstances I have stated we should probably owe our lives to the faithful guardian."

He brought home a dog. It was a dog with a certificate of character from his last owner. He was guaranteed to be vigilant, true, tidy, kind, and to have a special hankering after the life-blood of house-breakers. He carried his head to the left as if trying to see his left hind foot, and there was a suspicious squint in his eyes. He had been badly knocked about from all appearances, but the boys who brought him explained that this was the result of tackling an elephant and coming off second best. The beast growled at me and snapped at the baby as Mr. Bowser brought him in, and when I protested against the invasion I was answered with:

"No wonder he growls! A dog knows an enemy on sight. He feels that you'd like to murder him, and he properly resents it. Come here, Rambo."

That night the dog had the run of the lower part of the house. We had no sooner got to bed than he began to howl. Mr. Bowser threatened him from the head of the stairs, and then he barked at intervals of five minutes for an hour. Mr. Bowser silenced him after awhile, and I was just getting asleep when I heard the beast gurgling and growling and worrying something. I wanted Mr. Bowser to go down stairs, but he utterly refused, saying:

"He has probably got hold of a burglar, and I don't want to be appealed to to call him off. Just go to sleep and let Rambo alone. We haven't been as safe for years."

Next morning the beast bit the cook in the leg as she went down, and the minute the door was opened he lit out for parts unknown. We soon discovered what he had been worrying. It was Mr. Bowser's new winter overcoat, and it was reduced to a roll of strings and tatters.

"You brought him home!" I exclaimed as I pointed to the ruins.

"I did, eh?" said Mr. Bowser, as he surveyed the heap. "And you lay right there and knew what he was at and never said a word."

"You said he was chewing up a burglar."

"Then I was talking in my sleep, and you knew it! Mrs. Bowser, you don't get a new dud for a year!"

The next dog was a hound. The owner told Mr. Bowser that he was a good deer dog, and ten dollars changed

HAUS ON THIS ACCOUNT.

"But what good is a deer dog?" I asked, when Mr. Bowser explained this fact.

"To run deer, of course."

"But where are the deer?"

"That's just like you! You expect to look out of the back door and see a dozen! I propose to go where the deer are. Did you ever see a kinder face on a dog?"

"He looks very simple-minded."

"Does he? Well, don't you fool yourself. You may owe your life to him yet. He's better than forty burglar-alarm."

The canine deserved credit for one thing. He slept soundly on the parlor sofa all night. On the second afternoon he got out, and a little terrier weighing eleven ounces ran him three times around the house and finally drove him into a barrel partly filled with plaster.

"Did I buy him for a fighter?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as I related the occurrence. "He run, of course. I bought him for a runner."

He whistled for Archimedes, as he had named him, and the animal came creeping in and hid under the lounge. When routed out of that he made a dive for Mr. Bowser's feet, just in time to trip him up and let him down with a jar that made the roof shake. The scared brute then jumped into the crib and lay down on baby's head, from which position he was lifted to be flung over the alley fence.

"Is that the way they run deer?" I asked Mr. Bowser.

"Whose fault is it?" he demanded. "You had that dog terrified as soon as he struck the house. It was his mortal fear of you which made him act so. If you don't have something awful happen to you I'll miss my guess."

It wasn't a week before he came home with another canine. The beast was under-sized, out at the elbows and down-hearted. When I asked what he was good for, Mr. Bowser replied:

"If you knew any thing about dogs you could see at a glance. He's a rat terrier."

"Does he terrify rats?"

"Does he? In one week there won't be a rat on this whole square!"

"Wouldn't it be as well to stand the rats as the dog?"

"That's you, exactly! That's a specimen of your mercy! It's a wonder to me that such murderous feelings as you carry in your heart don't meet with fitting punishment."

The terrier didn't do any thing remarkable for the first three days except to fill up and sleep. On the fourth day, as we were eating dinner, we heard a row in the back yard, and as we got to the door we saw the terrier penned up in a corner of the yard, tail down and eyes rolling, and a small rat was keeping him there and having lots of fun. The rodent skipped at sight of us and the dog crawled under the barn. I laughed till I fell down, but Mr. Bowser was very stern and dignified. After he had pulled the terrier out and flung him over the fence he came back to me and said:

"Are you satisfied now?"

"That the dog is a ratter?"

"No, ma'am! Satisfied that you have once more, out of pure malice toward a helpless animal, driven him from home to a life of misery! It's a wonder to me that you don't murder our child!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—*Nothing has been recommended as a means of relief from sorrow by a writer, who mentions a woman whose sorrows seemed piled mountain high through the loss by death within a few months of her husband and child and of property as well. Trained to no work as a girl she seemed helpless. But her little garden demanded attention and her very losses compelled her to work with her hands. Here, too, the soothing balm of pure air, exercise and occupation worked its marvels in recovering health, contentment and a spirit of self-helpfulness.*

—An Ohio girl, nineteen years of age, has become baldheaded.

—A Californian named John Fessler has a quartz mine that has paid him \$30,000 in two years. He does his own work, and his only mill is a hand mortar.

—The oldest Admiral in England is Sir Provo Wallace, aged ninety-eight. He was in the fight in 1812 between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, but he never commanded a steam vessel.

—Colored women in New York City have organized "The Woman's Charity and Industrial Club" for the help of their sisters, and have leased a four-story house as a "home for friendless colored girls."

THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

St. Petersburg's Extraordinary Side-Walks and Capricious Climate.

One of the most extraordinary things about St. Petersburg is the unevenness of the sidewalks. It must surely be accounted for by a reaction against the prevailing flatness of Russia. Even in leading thoroughfares the sidewalks, instead of being made, as with us, as level as possible, abound in the most treacherous ups and downs. How drunken men survive a walk through the streets is to me an unsolved mystery. In Middlesborough it used to be profanely said that the Quakers, who had laid out the town, purposely elevated the sidewalk a couple of feet above the roadway in some of the streets in order to break the necks of drunkards. Possibly a similar benevolent motive prompted the construction of the trottoirs of the Russian capital. People get used to any thing, and after a week in the city you become so accustomed to the sudden shiftings of gradient as hardly to notice their existence. In the same way you become accustomed to the dvornik, who sits dozing outside the door of every public building or tenemented house. At first nothing seems more monstrous than the presence of this sheep-skin clad mortal at the door of your hotel, motionless and somnolent all through the night, but after awhile you cease to notice him. He is supposed to be a substitute for police, and, as he survives the winter, he may be supposed not to feel the frosty nights of a Russian spring. The weather was extremely capricious during the early part of May. A bright warm sun in the morning might be followed with piercing winds, with sleet and snow in the afternoon. It was never safe to stir abroad without an overcoat. Natives admonished me solemnly, as if I had been manifestly bent on suicide, because I left mine at home whenever the sun shone. Every one wore a top-coat in St. Petersburg till well into June. The ice in Lake Ladoga, I was told, was the great refrigerator of St. Petersburg. It was not till past midsummer that summer could be said to have set in on the Neva. Never in any city have I seen so many men and women with faces swollen as if from toothache as in St. Petersburg.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE USEFUL SKUNK.

Why Farmers Make a Mistake in Destroying the Little Animal.

The much despised skunk is a good entomologist, and the farmer and gardener make a great mistake in persecuting and destroying this humble little animal. The few eggs he purloins from the farmer's hen yard very poorly compensate for the great number of noxious insects he destroys. In May, he is sometimes seen about sundown, on some elevated spot, watching for the May beetle as he wheels his droning flight, and he saves him, too, not in the sense spoken of in the immortal elegy, but between his teeth. He will sit an hour at a time gathering in the destructive beetles. He is a persistent hunter, and in his nocturnal rambles moves along with nose close to the ground; his sense of smell is so acute not an insect, not a larva, above ground or below, can escape him; his eyes now glow with unusual brilliancy as he scans every leaf and branch for the hidden prey. About tobacco plantations his services are considered valuable.

Several years ago tobacco was cultivated to some extent in the adjoining town of Brighton. The writer, wishing to get some of the worms to rear moths from, called on a gentleman owning a plantation in the town, and made known his object. The reply was, "Take all you can find; we want to get rid of them." In going through the rows I noticed many holes in the in the ground, five or six inches deep, but could not make out the object, as they did not seem to have any thing to do with the tobacco. I mentioned the fact to the gentleman, who smiled as he told me that it was done by skunks to obtain the tobacco worms that had left the plants and buried themselves to undergo their transformations, but were forestalled by the keen-scented animal and made to serve as food.—*Vick's Magazine.*

—*Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's musicale)—"Mercy! What are all these wash boilers, and flat irons, and things in the parlor for?" Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—"I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished these things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection from the conversation."*