

# THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

NO. 35.

## 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. ROSCOE, 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. Gilson, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. each Sunday.  
COMMUNION 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.

## 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. MYERS. R. SHELTON.

## SCIO LDN CO. SCIO, OREGON.

Buy and Sell Land,  
LOAN MONEY

## Insure Property.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

## HELEN OF TROY.

Long years ago he bore me to a land beyond the sea,  
To a city fair and stately that renowned must ever be,  
Through all ages yet to follow, for the light shed there by me.  
I am Helen; where is Troy?

They have told me that not a roof-tree nor a wall is standing now,  
That o'erthrown is the great altar where ten thousand once did bow,  
While on high to Aphrodite rose the solemn hymn and vow.  
I am Helen; where is Troy?

Do they deem that thus the story of my life will pass away?  
Troy betrayed, and all who loved me slain upon that fatal day,  
Shall but make the memory of me ever more with men to stay.  
I am Helen; where is Troy?

Fools! to dream that time can never make the tie of Troy grow old.  
Buried now is every hero, and the grass green over the mold;  
But of her they fought and died for every age shall yet be told.  
I am Helen; where is Troy?

—Florence Peacock in London Spectator.

## THE ALHAMBRA BY DAYLIGHT.

A Traveler Is Disappointed in the Appearance of the Old Moorish Palace.

But I must confess to a feeling of disappointment in the Alhambra. I had read so much about it that my imagination was doubtless too highly stimulated. The chambers and the halls and the courts seemed small and contracted, and there was nothing about them to be associated with any occupants, or to suggest that the palace had ever been really a home. I could not realize it as an abode of comfort and luxury. Everything was the precise reverse of what we know as snug and easy. I should as soon think of sleeping in a marble tomb as in one of those chambers. There were pretty little niches in which to put one's shoes on entering an apartment, but no place to deposit one's outer robes. When Zuleika and Fatima went to bed they must have shed their clothing on the floor, for there is not a closet in the palace, and it would have been a profanation to drive up a clothes-peg into those elaborate walls. The marble doors were hard and cold, and the richly ornamented porcelain and plaster work of the walls and ceilings seemed as cheerless as icicles.

Doubtless the entire absence of my furnishing had much to do with this. It was different in the old days. With thick rich rugs on the floor, and with hangings of silk and damask, gold drapery and luxurious cushions, and lounges, and divans, and beautiful languid women, and silent-footed attendants, and dusky slaves, and the odor of incense, and the soft glow-shaded lamp, and the rustle of leaves, and the murmuring of running water, and the splash of fountains, and the singing of birds, and the low notes of voluptuous music—all these things are needed to put the breath of life into this beautiful body.

Furthermore I had always cherished a vague sort of idea that the elaborate scroll and line work of the walls and the rich statuary pendants of the ceilings were done in marble or in bronze or maybe in gold and precious stones. It was, of course, a foolish notion, but still it is a disappointment to find that they are simple plaster and wood. My visions of the Alhambra were really derived, I fear, rather from the "Arabian Nights" than from any sober reading of reliable description.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

## Developments of "Rhinoplastic" Art.

Among the prominent people in Europe who are blessed with peculiar noses is the duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the late king of Hanover. The duke was born absolutely without any nose at all, and the one which is appended to his face at present is principally composed of flesh taken from the arm while the skin is furnished by a lapel cut from the forehead between the two eyes and drawn down over it. It doesn't look particularly well, having the appearance of being broken and one-sided; moreover, on windy days it trembles and oscillates.

Perhaps, however, he may be induced to visit the celebrated Berlin surgeon, Professor Konig, on the subject. The latter has been expounding some new developments of the "Rhinoplastic" art at a surgical conference in Berlin, and shows that he has a new method of repairing noses however broken, smashed or twisted. His noses are superimposed upon a foundation formed by a portion of the nasal bone and resist the strongest winds. They have the advantage also of having the correct classical turn. Indeed, it is to be feared that fashionable persons may think it worth their while to break their noses in order to have them remodelled.—Berlin Letter.

## The Automatic Style of Barkeeper.

"I see another style creeping in gradually however, a sort of barkeeper that I can not better characterize than as the automatic. A few of the toniest places have got them, and the fashion is sure to be followed. Your automatic barkeeper is not required to know anything but how to wait on his patrons in the most absolutely perfect manner, and to preserve the most impressive countenance possible and the largest possible amount of silence in a given space of time. He will be the proper coper in a few months more. After that, as things go in cycles, I suppose the old time jolly, hale fellow will meet sort of barkeeper will have his turn again if anybody can invent a way of having him and the contents of the till, both."—New York Sun.

The Ex-President's Eldest Son.  
Mr. Alan Arthur, the eldest son of the ex-president, is a striking contrast to his

genial, well-mannered father. He seems to be a good-natured young chap, but nobody would ever suspect that he has had such a model as his comely father, for young Arthur is round-shouldered, shambling, open-mouthed, and awkward. His features are rough, he has been no noisy about town of late as to attract universal attention, and he bears his six feet four inches of height with such an ambling and jerky carriage that he might be mistaken for a farmer's lad come to town clad in an expensive but ill-fitting raiment and endowed with extraordinary assurance.—New York Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

## How One Man Made a Dead Failure of His Existence.

I have heard of two brothers, whose father died, leaving them five hundred dollars apiece. "I will take this money, and make myself a rich man," said Henry, the younger brother. "I will take this money and make myself a good man," said George, the elder. Henry, who knew little beyond the multiplication table, abandoned all the thought of going to school, and began by peddling, in a small way, over the country. He was shrewd, and quick to learn whatever he gave his attention to; and he gave all his attention to making money. He succeeded. In one year his five hundred dollars had become a thousand. In five years it had grown to be twenty thousand; and, at the age of fifty he was worth a million. George remembered the words of the wise man: "With all thy getting, get understanding." He spent two-thirds of his money in going to school, and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge. He then spent the remainder of his patrimony in purchasing a few acres of land in the neighborhood of a thriving city. He resolved on being a farmer.

After a lapse of thirty-five years the two brothers met. It was at George's house. A bright, vigorous, alert man was George, though upwards of fifty-five years old. Henry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept in his counting-room long after the doctors had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But that was not the worst. He was out of his element when not making money. George took him into the library and showed him a fine collection of books. Poor Henry had never cultivated a taste for reading. He looked upon the books with no more interest than he would have looked on so many bricks. George took him into his garden, but Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. When George pointed out to him a beautiful elm, he only cried: "Pshaw!" George took him into his green-house and talked with enthusiasm of some flowers which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure. Henry shrugged his shoulders and yawned, saying: "Ah! I don't care for these things." George asked him if he was fond of paintings and engravings. "No, no! Don't trouble yourself," said Henry; "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you shall hear my daughter Edith play upon the piano; she is no ordinary performer, I assure you." "Now, don't, brother—don't, if you love me!" said Henry, beseechingly; "I never could endure music." "But what can I do to amuse you? Will you take a ride?" "I am afraid of a horse. But if you will drive me carefully down to your village bank, I will stop and have a chat with the president." Poor Henry! Money was uppermost in his mind. To it he had sacrificed every other good thing. When, a few days afterward, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and said: "George, you can just support yourself comfortably on the interest of your money, and I have got enough to buy up the whole of your town, bank and all, and yet your life has been a success, and mine a dead failure!" Sad, but true words.—N. Y. Ledger.

## Origin of the Square.

Pliny says that Theodorus, a Greek of Samos, invented the square and level, but the square figure is seen in the represented designs of the tower of Babel, one of the earliest important known structures. The city of Babylon was a perfect square, and the bricks used in its buildings and walls were square; so, probably, were those in Babel. Now to form small squares correctly and to introduce them in endless combination into buildings, it needed a guiding instrument of some kind. So the square as a constructive tool came into use. Among the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh and Petra it is said to have been represented. There are pictures and sculptures from the ruins of Thebes in Egypt showing the square in the hands of the artisan.

## LUNACY AND POETRY.

A Washington Editor Wants to Know Which Malady Comes First.

If we were vice-president of the toothpick trust we couldn't feel bigger than we felt last evening when a well-dressed opulent-looking man came in and said he understood we had great influence with capital, and that he had a scheme which he would put in against our capital, and which would make every body connected with it so rich that Croesus would go to history as a miserable pauper. With the air of one who, standing with his back to the treasury building, feels that he has millions behind him, we asked what the scheme was.

"Well," said he, "I am the Messiah, and—"

We felt that our attitude toward him had not been sufficiently reverential, so we got right up and gave our chair to him and stood where we could reach his neck with one hand, and a paper weight with the other.

"I am the Messiah, and I can do any thing. I could blow upon you and you would be gone. I can turn you into gold by just looking at you. You see that building across there?"

"Yes."

"F-f-f-t!" said he. "There, now you see there is no building there."

"Your scheme, then, is one of house-moving?"

"No, sir. Bah! there's no money in house-moving."

"Going to start a cyclone factory, may be?"

"Now. I can make a cyclone come along and blow the world away, but—"

"There wouldn't be any money in that," we dared to suggest.

"Not a cent."

"May be you intend to manufacture time. Time, you know, is money."

"That's so," he said, joyously. "I appoint you an apostle for thinking of that. You're a smart man, and I won't have any but smart men for my apostles."

"You write poetry, don't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, I see so many poets. I can tell one by the way he introduces himself."

By this time he had a bundle of manuscript out of his pocket and was about to read it to us when we resorted to a strategic movement which necessity has forced us to learn and which we do not propose to expose.

This experience, which we have reported as faithfully as memory permits us to, is by no means an extraordinary one. Within the few months that postscripts has been a department of the Post we have been more or less entertained by a pretty steady drizzle of this class of persons into the office and every one of them has ended by pulling out a bundle of poetry. Now what we should like to know is whether these people go crazy because they write poetry, or write poetry because they go crazy. We are in no special hurry for the answer. We are willing to wait until the vexed question as to whether it is the codfish that salt the ocean or the ocean that salts the codfish is settled, but when the public has nothing more important on its mind, we should like to have the matter considered.—Washington Post.

## House-Flies Carrying Contagion.

Since the recognition that in many diseases the infective principle is particulate, the possible means of conveyance of the virus from one to another individual have widened. Attention has lately been recalled to the part which may conceivably be played in this direction by the agency of the house-fly. The granular ophthalmia of the shores of the Nile—a true plague of Egypt—has been shown to be propagated through this medium, and, also, that the bacillus tuberculosis may exist in the intestines of flies which have been feeding on phthical sputa. Indeed, it would appear that there is hardly any direction, either in our mode of living, eating or environment, whereby we can avert the possibility of the transference to ourselves of this ubiquitous bacillus, and life would become intolerable were it not for the well-grounded belief that phthisis is not dependent for its development upon this microbe solely but upon the concurrence of many conditions of almost, if not quite, as much importance as its implantation in the body. Apropos of flies, however, it has been stated that the lamented Father Damien attributed his leprosy to the inoculation, through their agency, of an abrasion in the scalp.—Lancet.

## PITH AND POINT.

—When you introduce a moral lesson let it be brief.

—Fortune does not change the character, but it reveals it.

—It is not good that repels or evil that attracts, but the monotony of good and the variety in evil.—Atchison Globe.

—What a glorious world this would be if people lived up to the epitaphs on their tombstones!—Hutchinson (Kas.) News.

—Most men's experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed.

—The character of men placed in lower stations of life are more useful, as being imitable by great numbers.—Atterbury.

—Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and tighter to one man than to another. And he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

—Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

—In all that we do we have a right to consider the effect it will have upon our characters, or upon the upbuilding and development of our higher natures. No man is required to do what will belittle him.—United Presbyterian.

—A beggar was sitting in a New York street, holding out a battered hat. The following placard was hung about his neck: "Please, good people, help a poor blind man who was once rich, but who has been reduced from affluence to poverty. You will never regret it." Presently along came a pleasant-faced man with a sharp, shrewd eye. He looked at the poor old beggar curiously for a moment, and then suddenly drew back his arm as though to strike him a blow in the face. The movement was only a feint, but it served the purpose. The beggar jumped backward about a yard and started on a run up the avenue, winding his way in and out among the passing vehicles with wonderful skill for a blind man.

—One Way to Propose.—She—"What do you think? I actually went to the post-office and couldn't remember my own name." He—"You are quite welcome to the use of mine, if your own is so difficult to keep in mind."

## MODERN JERICHO.

According to Good Authority It Is the Nastiest Village in the World.

There are no exceptions to the law of evolution. The history or architecture in the East is an illustration. Modern Jericho, which is two miles southeast of Elisha's fountain, Charles Dudley Warner pronounces "the nastiest village in the world." He saw it, and I have no reason to dissent from his judgment. The few miserable huts swarm with Bedaween, and, I suppose, with vermin. Tourists familiar with the huts say that the natives frequently get up in the night and literally brush them from their bodies into the fire. An old, dilapidated tower, a desperate necessity, has been fixed upon as the house of Zaccubus, the publican. There are few buildings in modern style about Jericho—a Russian convent built of stone, a three-storied structure on which we were almost as much startled to read the label: "The Jordan Hotel," as we would be to find a bush of roses on the summit of Mount Matterhorn, and three modest villas built by Russians. The last are surrounded by gardens protected against molestation by fences of dead thorn bushes piled eight or ten feet high and filled with flowers and fruit trees flourishing in tropical luxuriance. Here we saw the banana, its fruit still green; orange, lemon and fig trees, the grape and oleanders in full bloom. These beautiful spots show beyond a peradventure what the plain might become under cultivation. At the beginning of our era the balsam of Jericho was famous. The plain was presented by Anthony to Cleopatra, who sold it to Herod. Industry and enterprise would turn this desolate and lonely region into fertile fields. But as long as the Bedaween are the only population it will remain as it is, a mournful picture of rich land going to waste.—N. Y. Mail and Express.