

THE LEBANON EXPRESS

TOA III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1889.

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. CHALTON, N. G.
HONOR LODGE NO. 38, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.
F. H. BOSCOE, 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

SCIO LADN 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

IN DREAMLAND.

Hush-a-by, baby, close thine eyes
Mother will sing sweet lullabies;
Softly the cradle will be rocked
Till pretty eyelids sleep has locked
And you are away in Dreamland,
In Dreamland.

Hush-a-by, little one, daylight dies
While I am singing lullabies
Where does it vanish, baby dear?
Into that land so far, so near,
The land of sleep called Dreamland,
Called Dreamland?

Hush-a-by, babe, What dims mine eyes
While I am singing lullabies?
What if the darkness knew no day?
What if my darling stayed away?
To evermore dwell in Dreamland,
In Dreamland!
—William S. Lord, in Good Housekeeping.

THE PRIZE PUMPKIN.

Rosa Proved Herself a Good Farmer's Wife, After All.

"So John is married! Sort of unexpected, ain't it?" said Deacon Parker, as, in his lay capacity of grocer, he weighed out fourteen pounds of crushed sugar for Mrs. Parmalee, who sat upon a tall stool on the customers' side of the counter. "John," continued the Deacon, as he carefully returned about a teaspoonful over-weight to the barrel—"John always seemed kinder still when he was amongst the gals, and I calculated he'd be one of our old bachelors; but there's never any telling."

Mrs. Parmalee gave a slight groan and shook her head.
"If you feel that way about it, how must I feel?" she said. "As for his pa, he's a changed man. And Aunt Abby took to her bed. And my daughters have cried till I thought they'd cry their eyes out. We're an afflicted family, Deacon."

"I want to know!" ejaculated the Deacon. "He aint married the hired gal, has he?"

"I wish he had," said Mrs. Parmalee. "She'd have helped about the house."
"I dunno," said the deacon. "My grandmother's youngest son—an uncle of mine, that wasn't much older'n me—he married his ma's hired gal, and she jest folded her hands and wouldn't fetch the water to wash 'em with arter the ring was on. 'Tisn't one of the Jorkinees you've had the famerly quarrel with fur so long a time?"

"I wish it was one of the Jorkins girls," said Mrs. Parmalee.
"I want to know!" said the Deacon, in italics. "Is it a widder with suthin agin her character, like Samuwell Penmelon married?"

"No, said, Mrs. Parmalee. "She's a set-up city thing, with all the airs you ever saw. She's fresh from boarding-school, and talks French, and sings Italian, and plays. I must say, like a professor. "She's all style, and despises us, and hates the house and the farm; and she'll wean John from us. He's said more hateful things since he was married than he ever said in his life before. We gave him the best bedroom, and she's got him to new furnish it. And I wish it had pleased the Lord to take me years ago, for I don't expect ever to be happy again while I live."

"Pretty bad; pretty bad," said the Deacon. "But perhaps she'll turn out better than you calkinate, as she grows older. Pr'aps it's childishness. My wife would begin by giving her a regular setting down, and settle her for good."

"My spirit is broken," said Mrs. Parmalee, with a sigh. "Did I say a pound of raisins, and a paper of all-spice, and— Oh, yes, I nearly forgot the tea—the same we always got; a pound. And put them in the carriage. I'm going next door to the milliner's to get my new bonnet. I saw my daughter-in-law looking sideways at my old one last Sunday;" and, with another groan, Mrs. Parmalee carried her budget of woes to Miss Trimmer, who was even more sympathetic than the Deacon.

Meanwhile, John's new wife was having rather a forlorn time of it at home. John was lecturing her.

"Don't you think you could take a little more interest in country life, dear?" he was saying. "It would please the family so much."

"I do John," said Rosa, with her big blue eyes full of candor. "I'm sure I've sketched every thing. The spring, the well, the locusts on the hill, and Bossie, the calf; and I've got great bunches of grass."

"Yes—but I don't mean an artistic interest," said John. "A real solid one. Couldn't you feel a little like a country girl if you tried, Rosa?"

"I have driven my own pony, and perhaps I could drive the roader," said

JOHN, plaintively. "AND I WOULD mind giving the pigs their gruel, whatever they eat; I'll churn."

"The hired men and the servants do all that, Rosa," said John, rather severely. "Don't pretend to misunderstand me. I'm a plain farmer, and my wife must not be too much above things I take an interest in."

"I'm not, John," cried Rosa. "What do I do?"

John could not say. He only knew that his home, which had been a place of peace and comfort in the days when, as the bachelor brother of five-and-thirty, he had been the adored of the homestead, the idol of his mother, and the Admirable Chrichton of his younger sisters, had turned into a sort of cabinet of torture; that the little beauty who had left boarding-school to marry him—and whom he had thought perfect—was spoken of as a "stuck-up," as a thing of airs and graces, as one who "put on airs." The family wore the air of having been through a frightful trial. Sharp things were said—bitter ones, also; and his amiable parents, his cheerful old aunt, and his lively little sisters were changed into beings as solemn as grand Druids.

The change had been brought about by him giving them what he supposed would be a pleasant surprise—in marrying Rosa. He had quarreled with them, now he was lecturing his wife. She was wiping away a tear when Jane the servant, knocked at the door, and brought in a batch of letters.

"Speer's folks fetched them from the office," she said, as she dumped them on her master's desk, and showed by her glances that she plainly saw that his wife had been crying, and that he was the cause, and he bent over the letters, pretending to examine them.

Rosa, however, was forgiving. She bent to the table.

"Two for me," she cried. This is my mamma, and this is from Lilly Gray. I know. And what a pretty envelope you have there, John—the goddess Pomona, is it not, amongst her fruits?"

"A notice from the managers of the Agricultural Fair," said John. "Father got the prize for pears last year. We generally get prizes."

He handed the document to his wife, who perused it carefully, and the little tiff was over.

Still life was not what it used to be in the old farm-house. You can imagine it all. The detail of days of chilly coldness, of evenings once spent in the general sitting-room passed in up-stairs bed-rooms, of formal meals and haughty politeness. John often thought that a regular quarrel, like those that took place in the cabin of Mike Granburg, on the railroad borders, where plates and glasses and chair-legs flew about, would be preferable. He went out as much as possible. And Rosa had asked him for a little piece of ground for a garden of her own. He had given it to her, of course, and she spent much time there, but she never asked him to look at it. His sisters avoided it carefully. The spot chosen was an out-of-the-way one beyond the corn-field. They worked in their own as usual; and even over flowers these girls did not meet on friendly terms.

His mother rather ostentatiously read the more severe of the religious works in the library in her arm-chair on the porch. His father talked of his time being nearly over. His aunt knitted as sternly as though she were one of the Fates in charge of the web of destiny; and nobody called him Jack any more.

He was aware that the ladies spoke of Rosa's remote little garden as the open air "conservatory," or the "Garden of Eden," and once when he asked them why they did not go and look at it, Edna replied:

"Oh, our glances might blight it."

And Ruth added:

"It is too, too utterly, I presume. We country girls could not appreciate it."

Whereupon he called them "ill-natured idiots," and they began to sob violently, and alluded to him as "a brute." And really Rosa did carry herself in stately fashion, and met their Roland with an Oliver, as far as coldness went.

It was not a pleasant August, and it was a more unpleasant September. His only comfort was in his grape-vine. He hoped to get the prize for grapes at the Agricultural Fair. His father was doing all he could with his pears for the same purpose. They would have other exhibits, also, and the Parmalees had never failed to get

a prize of some sort yet.

The evening of the third day of the fair came at last. The Parmalees were all going—the family in the carriage, John and his wife in the little vehicle of his own. She looked very beautiful, and her dress was perfect. Her sisters-in-law had not disdained to make a sort of rival toilet, and Mrs. Parmalee was very grand, but John felt that he was left out in the cold, and Rosa was rather pale and silent; but they all warmed up a little when they entered the hall.

A sort of proscenium surrounded the stage at the end of the great room. Vines clambered over it, water played amongst rock work, and pots and tubs of rare plants filled in the foreground. A miracle of the scene painters' art arose at the back of the stage, where the sun was setting over distant mountains, and in the midst stood Pomona amidst a wealth of the fruits of all countries, while at her feet lay a Yankee pumpkin—a veritable miracle—so large, so flawless, so golden, so perfect, that it was the object on which all eyes lingered. It dwarfed every other pumpkin ever seen by the oldest farmer present.

All the tables were loaded down, however, and the Parmalee exhibit looked well. People walked and talked, and the band played, and at last appeared upon the stage the figures of three sages who were to bestow the prizes.

Smiths and Joneses, Williamses and Browns, in turn grew happy. The Widow Watkins almost fainted when she received the first prize for onions, and the new member, who was a widower, whispered words of comfort. Farmer Pagindarm thought the committee unjust because they overlooked the merits of his "Jackson-whites," but Mr. Parmalee received honors for his Katharine pears with calmness—he was used to it.

John's grapes were only third best. His mother felt it to be a judgment and was proud that her tea roses were successful.

One after another the names of the successful were called, but as yet no mention was made of the great pumpkin. Whose was it? There was a pause; the band played "Yankee Doodle"; a calcium light was turned on the pumpkin; the orator waved his hand toward it; all were attentive.

"Next to pork and beans," began the speaker, "our National dish is pumpkin pie. I suppose nobody here can deny that this pumpkin now before us is the finest they ever saw. It is almost miraculous. It is the first exhibit of its exhibitor, and I am proud to announce that she is the wife of one of our most esteemed young residents. It is in the family to get prizes at our annual fairs, and she seems to have got hold of the secret. Mrs. John Parmalee, I have pleasure in offering to you the first prize for pumpkins. John, bring her up to get it. You've got a first-class farmer's wife, and no mistake."

The Parmalee family sat motionless, their faces slowly turning pink. That was the result of Rosa's sly gardening, then. Her "conservatory," her "Garden of Eden," had produced that mighty pumpkin. There she was on John's arm, with her beautiful little face all pale with excitement; and here she came back again with the medal in her hand, and she stood before her mother-in-law and looked into her eyes.

"You can't think I don't take an interest in farming after that, mamma," she whispered. "Tell me I am going to be a good farmer's wife."

And there and then the elder Mrs. Parmalee kissed her, and said:

"I'm proud of you, my dear."

As for John, he wanted to cry. He knew the miserable coldness of the past year was over.

So it was. The girls called him Jack again, his aunt petted him, his mother made him little turnover pies, and knitted wristlets for him. The girls appealed to him as authority in all things. The miraculous pumpkin had healed the family wounds. They adopted Rosa as a favorite sister and daughter. But this year the Parmalee family are not so much interested in the Agricultural Fair as usual. They wish, from the depths of their souls, that there was a baby fair in the county instead. For, assuredly, if there were, Rosa's boy, little Jack, though only four weeks old, would win the principal prize. He is more beautiful, more charming, larger for his age, and in every way more wonderful, than even the miraculous pumpkin.—M. Cady, in N. Y. Ledger.

MUSCLE

The Two Prime Heat

Gold-beating is a judgment. There is no way to strike the stone, muscle clock-like rise and fall is one of the wrist, elbow joint stiffens, the and rebounds nearly to point. So, actually, it physical effort, it seems, the hammers, one for each weigh eighteen, twelve, pounds.

Each beater receives fifty weight of gold, rolled from the form of a crinkly ribbon yards long and an inch in width into 180 pieces these go into "cutch." This consists of detached leaves of a vegetable fiber, between each of which is placed a piece of gold. Slipped into a tightly-fitting pad, package is laid on the stone, and hammer falls again and again, the being to drive the weight toward edges. From the "cutch" the sheets then leaves, are picked out with curious boxwood pincers. Handling with the fingers, especially at the later stages, would be most likely to break the leaf. Each leaf is then quartered by a section of bamboo cane, a little implement known as a "wagon" but in reality a tiny sled.

The second pad is the "shoder," has 720 leaves and is 4 1/2 inches square. The force of the blows here is great. The leaves are beaten out to the edge, as they were not before, and gold oozes out. These particles are carefully brushed off into an apron attached to the stone, for the work must account for every one of his fifty pennyweights.

In the third process there are the "molds" of 900 leaves each and five inches square. Each mold requires some four hours' work. The leaves are now so thin that the slightest judgment will produce disastrous results. In spite of the heat generated by the blows dampness creeps in between the edges. Dryness is positively essential here; so, whenever necessary the mold is placed in a box like an ordinary one, liberates the moisture.

When sufficiently beaten to go to girls, who with pincers "wagon" make up books of twenty leaves each, three and three-eighths inches square. Each workman's his beating of three molds eighty books. That is called a For it he receives \$5. The mold a total number of 2,700 leaves, books need but 2,000. For a book he can fill, perfect being used, 6 1/2 cents is paid. every leaf was perfect, he would \$1.75 extra.

As the "wagon" cuts the leaves into inches square there is a considerable waste. This, with the imp leaves, is put in with the shoder. It is all melted into a "butte" weighed. This must come to 3. weights. For the 80 books 17 weights is allowed, but they may whatever the workman can make. The thinner the leaf, so long as the better. Whatever the waste over 33 pennyweights \$1 a weight is paid the workman. every pennyweight under \$1, is paid. Thus, although the gold is used again, it takes 50 pennyweights out 17. And, again, a man though he turns out an over books, may have such short wastes as to bring his balance wrong way.

Three beatings a week is the number. The skilled workman make \$20, and perhaps a The actual number of men is small, there being only 175. Most are Englishmen. Gold is done principally in the E and Philadelphia furnish the other workmen. It is a city that the largest shop in States is located. A union wages and matters of the fitting out of a gold-beater's a number of men are rather expensive matter. personal outfit is worth some molds alone costing 70 ap Mail and Express.

—There were 516 or accessions in the museum served by students of Institute last year.

—The Massachusetts College at Amherst scholarships for 95 residents of the State