

# THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1890.

NO. 45.

## 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. O'HARLTON, N. G.  
HONOR LODGE NO. 34, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.  
F. H. BOBBOE, 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. Gibney, 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, between G. T. Cotton and Peterson & Wallace.

LEBANON, OREGON.

## J. K. WEATHERFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over First National Bank.

ALBANY OREGON.

J. M. Keene, D. D. S.

## Dental Parlors

Office: Breyman Bros. Building, SALEM, OREGON.

Hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

W. R. BILYEU,

## Attorney at Law,

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.

E. J. M'CAUSTLAND,

## CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,

Draughting and Blue Prints.

Office with Oregon Land Company, Albany.

Sewerage System and Water Supplies a specialty. Estimates subdivided. Maps made or copied 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 tumors, careful 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.

## T. S. PILLSBURY,



JEWELRY,  
BROWNSVILLE, OREGON.

## SPECIAL BARGAINS.

We have now for sale in the town of

# LEBANON

Over 100 Lots, which will more than double in value in less than six months. We offer them from \$60 to \$150 a Lot, some of which we will sell on the

—\$15—  
DOWN. INSTALLMENT PLAN \$5 PER MONTH.

We also have some choice city property, and improved farms, which we offer at a bargain. We don't ask you to take our word for it, but come and let us show you the property, and be convinced. NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME. Call and examine before you are too late.

## T. C. PEEBLER & CO.

IN BRUIN'S EMBRACE.

### A Locomotive Engineer's Experience While En Route to a Convention.

J. W. Cutter is a trusty guardian of the cab on the Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore. He commenced his experience in 1863 as a fireman, and has vivid recollections of the days of the civil war. In 1865 he was one of a number of citizens of Chillicothe, O., who burned the bridge over Payne's creek to prevent the threatened raid of Johnny Morgan's band of marauders. The creek was in a shallow state, and had Morgan's men been so disposed could have easily waded the stream. The citizens of the quiet Ohio town, however, were crazy with excitement and applied the torch to the only bridge in the vicinity. Morgan changed his plans and did not bother them, but pushed further north. Mr. Cutter attended the last Richmond convention and posed as a star actor in a laughable act from life in which a bear and linen duster won him considerable fame as a joker.

It was near Sistersville, W. Va., and the cinders from the locomotive of the train upon which Cutter was a passenger flew thick and fast. It was a detriment to white collars and a menace to light clothing. At one of the stations a stop was made, and Cutter rushed into a neighboring store, threw down a dollar and seized the first linen duster within reach, regardless of size or beauty of artistic finish. Now, Mr. Cutter is a short man, and, as luck would have it, he secured a duster that was intended for a man of giraffe like proportions. Nothing daunted, and amid the shouts of the other delegates, he donned the duster. His thirty-six inch breast was lost in the forty-four duster, while its folds draped loosely about his hips and dangled just above his heels. The circumstances of purchase nerved him to supreme indifference, and he cared not for conventionalities and laughed mockingly at tailors' signs.

At Sistersville the train stopped for an hour, waiting for connections. The gay throng of engineers and their wives left the cars and roamed about the picturesque West Virginia hamlet. In one street a wandering son of Italy was grinding a hand organ and directing the mazy waltzes of a huge cinnamon bear. The bear became very much enamored of Mr. Cutter's duster. The color was the same as the shaggy hair of the bear, and the latter imagined that a long lost brother had been found. At once, the large, affectionate heart of the forest terror thumped joyfully beneath his fifth rib, and he made a wild rush for the unsuspecting engineer and the cinnamon colored duster.

Protestations were in vain, escape was impossible. The huge arms of the dancing bear firmly grasped Mr. Cutter's, and he was compelled to finish the waltz with a very uncoincidental partner. The friends of the engineer roared with laughter and even the Italian smiled. At last the embrace of the bear became uncomfortably close, and, after a desperate struggle, Cutter broke loose with the remnants of a fully demoralized duster and his face quivering with fright.

The Ohio engineers indorsed this bear story, and it is cheerfully given as one of the incidents of the Richmond convention.—Denver News.

Purchase of Shum Jewelry.

Appropos of the sham jewelry business, says a writer in a London journal. I have inquired who are the large

est patrons of it. Americans are the customers here," said the salesman. "Those big heavy bracelets you see there are bought chiefly by publicans' wives. We sell plenty of wedding rings at 1s. 3d. each." "But marriages don't occur often; surely people can afford a few shillings once in a lifetime to buy a real gold ring?" "Ah, you don't understand. These wedding rings are bought by poor people and slipped on when the real thing is at the pawnbrokers. It is not before the marriage, but after, when the rainy day comes, that these rings are bought. We sell grosses of them." "Who are your best customers?" "Well, there are rich women who have their own jewel sets imitated, Americans, the 'profession' and mashers, the people who have come down in the world. When these latter go away for their holidays to see their friends, they don't like to show their poverty. For a few shillings they can get such a stock of jewelry that in their own towns and villages they are kings and queens. Then we sell a good deal to mashers on bank holidays and during the holiday season. Here are some pins, now, that cost a shilling each. They can have their choice of pearls, corals and diamonds. A pin like that would gain any young man the respectful admiration of the bank holiday crowds at Margate or Brighton. The masher's favorite jewel, however, is the one and three penny ring, set with rubies and diamonds."

### New Distress Signal.

A new shell, to take the place of all distress signals now used in marine signaling, such as rockets and firing of minute guns, which involve the loss of much valuable time, has lately appeared. It is intended that the shells shall be distributed about a ship, but particularly kept on the bridge within easy reach of the captain. When he desires to give a signal of distress, instead of losing time in loading and firing a cannon, or touching off a rocket, he seizes a shell, pulls the cap off the detonator, scratches the fulminate with the rough end of the cap, and throws the shell overboard. In twenty-five seconds there is an explosion, and a loud booming report is heard, while a column of water, flame and smoke shoots up at least 100 feet in the air. An extra appliance of a rocket is attached to the shell used at night, and this is thrown to a great height by the explosion, and itself explodes in the air. The tin cylinders of the shell then float about on the water, and as they have the name of the ship stamped on them, they serve in time of disaster to tell of the ship they came from.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

—A Madison (Me.) man, getting caught in a bear-trap one night recently was held a prisoner until released by persons attracted to the spot by his cries.

—The Lancaster, Pa., police, unable to fix any crime on a suspicious character arrested there, bought a railroad ticket with the money found on him and shipped him out of town.

—Examining physicians say that alcohol and tobacco are largely responsible for the color blindness with which large numbers of applicants for positions on railways are affected.

—We are not apt to think of the French as an agricultural nation, and yet with only about half the population of the United States, the number of farms is about the same. More than half of the population are cultivators of the soil. And they are thrifty cultivators. 192.

## TOWARD THE MORNING.

The hours may drag their sluggish length along  
Beneath a leaden sky.  
While dead and sodden leaves drenched par-  
terres throng  
From the lorn maples nigh,  
Yet still the earth revolves in its own way  
To the dawning of a fresh new day.  
Fire, flood and cyclone may resistless rage,  
And wreck all else beside—  
The mightiest enginery that moved the age  
On its career of pride—  
But through the direst shock since earth was  
born,  
It never failed to bring the promised morn!  
A glorious sunset we may loath let go,  
When noon was wet and dun,  
And wistful watch its fading afterglow  
Till stars come one by one;  
But of these lights, from greatest to the least,  
We worship only one—Star of the East!  
The vision of life's radiant eventides—  
Serene unto the close,  
Hearts pulsing warmly as their dear firesides—  
Despite their mantling snows—  
Such reaping after sowing of good seed,  
Such entering port, is beautiful indeed!  
Now from yon westerling sun, O pilgrim! turn,  
And for the day-spring wait,  
Till on the hills of God a dawn shall burn  
That lights to Heaven's gate!  
Lo, night is spent and mists have cleared away—  
'Tis the rare morning of celestial day!  
—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## FRENCH SECRET AGENTS.

The Character and Methods of the Spies Employed by the Government.  
The secret agents of police in Paris are provided with cards which, in cases of danger, will insure them the protection of the regular police. They frequent clubs and other meetings, the wine-shops of the exterior boulevards, and also attend at the Senate and Chamber of Deputies during the Parliamentary session. In the morning they prepare their reports, generally speaking, at the Prefecture, in the archives of which are to be found detailed accounts of the career and character of hundreds of thousands of individuals in France. These records form colossal pyramids in the lumber rooms, and are alphabetically arranged according to the names of the persons whose histories they chronicle, so that when any one comes suddenly to the front, or is compromised in any criminal affair, the librarians can have no difficulty in laying their hands on the official summary of his or her antecedents. So complete is the collection that the name of the most obscure rag-picker of Paris has its chronicle as well as that of the President of the Republic. Paris detectives are divided into two classes. The Agents de la Surete, who are the detectives as we know them in England, a very plucky, respectable and self-sacrificing body of chosen policemen in plain clothing; and the Agents de la Police Secrete, a mean and contemptible, but fearfully clever lot. The Parisian nick-name for the second-class is Mouchard, from which there is no more odious epithet in the French language. The mouchard may be a poor beggar with not more than £60 a year, or be a man or woman of high rank, frequenting and receiving the best society. Sardou's "Dora" was a female mouchard. The business of the mouchard high or low is to listen to conversations on the Government's doings and sayings, and report them to the Prefect of Police, who communicates them to the Minister of the Interior. They are, in fact, political spies, and frequently great impostors and liars.—Philadelphia Times.

## England's Ancient Throne.

The English throne, used in the coronation ceremonies of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain, and which is so splendid in its covering of rich silks, velvets and gold, is, in fact, simply an old oak chair of antique pattern. It has been used on all state occasions for the last six hundred years, and perhaps even longer, many reputable writers claiming that they have discovered traces of its existence prior to the eleventh century. Ages of use have made the old oak frame work as hard and as tough as iron. The back and sides of this chair-throne were formerly painted in various colors, all of which are now hidden by heavy hangings of satin, silk and velvet. The magic power attributed to the old relic lies in the seat, which is made of a heavy rough-looking sand-stone, 26 inches in length, 17½ inches in width, and 19½ inches in thickness. Long before it was wrapped in velvet and trimmed in gold to be used by the Tudors and the Stuarts, this old stone of stones served as a seat during the coronations of the early Scottish Kings.—New Review.

## To Make Berlin a Sea Port.

It is rumored that serious attention is now being paid in official circles to the project of connecting the Baltic and Berlin by a sea-going ship canal. This was a favorite idea of Dr. Stroussberg in his later and bankrupt days, when he cast about for some means of turning to account his financial genius, and there is reason to believe that even Count von Moltke thought the idea worth serious consideration. Admiral Batsch, too, once wrote a magazine article entitled "First ship in Berlin," and discussed the question whether this phenomenon might best be brought about by deepening the Elbe or the Oder. He decided

in favor of the latter, and now it is said that a committee is actually being formed to give effect to his proposal, or at least examine it; but in any case, it will be a very long time yet before Berlin becomes a seaport.—Berlin Letter.

## Not So Tough as That.

Mrs. Youngwife—Well, Harry, our first dinner party will be a great success, I think. The dinner, I am sure, will be perfect.  
Harry—I hope so. What's the game?  
"Roast ducks with currant jelly."  
"Gracious, Eleanor, the one thing I can't carve. They'll be tough, too, I'll bet."  
"O, no, they won't. I took care not to get canvass-backs."—Utica Observer.

## What the Editor Said.

He was tall, thin and hungry looking, and when he told the editor he was a poet, the editor didn't say a disputatory word. But he didn't get his poetry in the paper, just the same, and the man with a blue pencil and the preoccupied air made several remarks.  
"Poets are born, sir!" he said, haughtily, as he rolled up his manuscript.  
"And I'm doggoned sorry for it," said the editor.—Merchant Traveler.

## The Growth of Modern Improvements in the Celestial Empire.

The news from Peking is that the Emperor of China has issued an edict which authorizes the building of the projected railroad between Peking and Hankow. A previous edict of recent date had given authority for the construction of another line, and there are a number of other railroad projects that are now awaiting the imperial sanction. It is reported that the well-known promoter, Chang Chi Tung, will carry out the Peking-Hankow scheme, and that the Marquis Tseng has been appointed General Director of all railroads in China. These edicts indicate the triumph of Viceroy Li and the other progressive leaders who, amid many discouragements, have striven to establish a policy by which the Chinese empire may be provided with a comprehensive railroad system, against the protests and confusions of the censors and astrologers. These powerful persons have carried on a desperate struggle against this policy, on the ground that its adoption would mark the beginning of an era in which the ancient institutions and customs of China must be wholly destroyed. It was reported from Peking last January that the conservative leader, the uncle of the young Emperor, Kwang Hsu, had obtained full control of the whole business, and the imperial action at that time appeared to give confirmation to this report. But the recent reversal of that action shows that by some means the great Viceroy Li has regained his former ascendancy in the palace. He has maintained for many years that the establishment of a railway system is necessary to the development of Chinese resources and the advancement of Chinese prosperity; and the victory he has won over the censors and astrologers gives evidence that practical statesmanship may yet overcome the greatest obstacles in China.

Not long ago Li overcame the conservative opposition to the introduction of the telegraph system, which is now growing so rapidly that many thousands of miles of wire are already radiating through the Chinese empire. The evils which, as the astrologers predicted, were to be created by the use of electricity, have not been realized, and the advantages it has conferred are palpable even to the official mind.

The aged Viceroy Li has always predicted the success of his railroad policy, and he has freely given his opinion that it would bring about an industrial transformation of importance to the whole world. Within half a decade the progress of China in the use of machinery and in the adoption of modern methods of manufacturing has added largely to the previous productive force of the 300,000,000 of her population; and now again, through the service of the telegraph and the railroad there is assurance of its further increase to an extent that can not be computed.—N. Y. Sun.

## Doubling Up.

Another bright little Chicago girl has been learning to spell, and she has experienced great trouble with the double letters. Her aunt, who is teaching her, insists upon her saying "double" when the same letters occur together, instead of repeating each one separately—for instance: In spelling "bubble" she must say "b-u-double-b-l-e," instead of b-u-b-b-l-e. This method annoyed the little one greatly. She could not get it fixed in her head, and when reading or spelling she became all mixed up with thinking of this "double" rule. The other day she was reading and spelling out the story of a little girl who was eating an apple, and she became mixed, as usual. She came to the sentence, "Up, little girl!" and she rendered it, "Double up, little girl!" It might have applied to the apple episode, but it shocked the little one's patient aunt immeasurably.