

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

VOL. III.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1890.

NO. 49.

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 Fellows' 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. RUSCOE, 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. Gibbons, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School 10 A. M. Services each Sunday night.
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
J. B. 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

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ALBANY, OREGON.

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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.

T. S. PILLSBURY,

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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.

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

Our Progress Toward a New Navy Pronounced Remarkable.

Englishmen can not help being interested in the remarkable strides which have been taken on the other side of the Atlantic, where the rehabilitation of the navy of the United States is being pushed ahead with the characteristic energy of our American cousins. If, perchance, there are any who have not taken note of what is there going on, the imminent advent of four new and important cruisers in our waters should direct their attention that way. It is not so much, however, that the United States have made a very good beginning toward building up a modern navy—this is but a trifle where "money is no object"—but there have also been developed in the country facilities of every kind for the creation of that navy without outside assistance. This can hardly yet be said of any other power except France and Great Britain. In 1885 it was not only the case that the United States had no vessel of war which could have kept the seas for one week as against any first-rate naval power, but they were absolutely dependent upon our manufacturing for forgings of guns, for armor, for machine and rapid-fire guns and the like. Now, four years later, not only has much been done in the way of constructing vessels, which are as good as any thing of similar type afloat, but arrangements have been made by which they will be able shortly to create entirely from their own resources every modern implement of war, including steel-clad battle-ships of the heaviest tonnage, with their guns and armor.

By the end of this year the Bethlehem Iron Company, of Bethlehem, Pa., one of the largest steel manufacturing in the States has guaranteed to have erected the plant for the production of armor and gun forging of the largest kinds. Other companies have taken in hand the supply of war materials and within the last month three or four firms have tendered bids for the construction of cruisers, and similar number for the provision of steel projectiles. Moreover, there is now nearly completed at Washington an ordnance factory for finishing heavy naval ordnance and all the necessary plant for handling gun forging up to the quantity required to make the very largest guns afloat. Nearly half a million sterling has been expended, or is in the course of expenditure, on this factory alone. Of developments which we may call by comparison minor, there is the opening of a new dock 400 feet by seventy-nine by twenty-seven and a half feet, at Mare Island, San Francisco, and another at Newport, Pa., within the last fortnight, which is 600 feet by ninety-three feet by twenty-five feet. The Americans have quite evidently realized that as they are obliged to spend money on a navy the disbursements may as well be for their own benefit as not.

It will be seen that the United States are in earnest in the intention of resuming their position as a naval power. It is, however, somewhat significant that at present all this construction seems to tend in the direction of vessels more fitted to run away from an antagonist of real weight than to sustain the glorious traditions of the American sea service. With but one or two exceptions, these ships are better prepared to destroy commerce than to protect it. There is no sign of a fleet fitted to cope with European armor-clads if they crossed the Atlantic, as they have done before.

After all, though, it is better to crawl before trying to run, and we may yet see designed, layed down, and built by native talent in a United States navy-yard, that crux of naval constructions, the "battleship of the future."—London Army and Navy Gazette.

NEATNESS WINS A MAN.

"Madge" Has Just Heard of a Pleasant Instance of the Kind.

Dearest Amy: A man we know has just proposed to and been accepted by a girl, and he came on to tell us all about being "the happiest man in the world," etc., etc. After some portion of his raptures had been exhausted I remarked that as is usual in such cases, the contracting parties were the very last we should have imagined likely to single each other out from the rest of the world for a life partnership. Whereupon our friend observed that the first thing that had attracted him to the girl was her exquisite neatness. Now, Amy, I had always been under the impression that neatness, like cleverness and a love of plain sewing, was one of those respectable qualities that are excellent for making cages after marriage, but not of the smallest use in the manufacture of nets in which to secure one's prey beforehand. You see, I was wrong, or else this case is exceptional.

Our friend proceeded to say that he was sick and tired of untidy girls, with nothing dainty about them, and no white lace, or linen or tape, or whatever it is called, round the necks of their dresses. "Tape!" Dead tired of girls whose gowns dipped into the mud or dust of the street at every step. Sick of girls with loose bags in the front of their bodices, which always reminded him of pelicans. Weary of girls with no neatness of finish either to themselves or their sleeves, and with hair like haystacks. Even if all wrists were white as snow, and rounded to perfection, he said, he could not admire them if they emerged from sleeves that ended in hard bands of stuff with no relief from the color of the gown itself.

I never thought that men noticed these little things much, but I suppose they do. The lady of his choice is certainly one of the neatest of human beings. Some people are born neat; others achieve neatness. Lucy belongs to the first category, and with constant practice she has achieved perfection in the art. She wears her hair coiled in the glossiest brown folds, with a little babyish fluff or fringe in front, each individual curl of which has its brilliant gleam. We have often asked her how she manages to keep her hair so beautifully, and she always laughs and says, "Yolk of egg once a fortnight, and a good brushing every night." Hers is one of those delicate tinted skins that convey the idea of purity to the mind, but she is not otherwise pretty. We often call her Jane Eyre, because she makes us think of Charlotte Bronte's heroine. I do not know what Jane wore around her neck, but I am sure that, whatever the arrangement was, it was neat almost to primness. Lucy's collars and cuffs are always immaculate, glittering with the glassy gloss of ironed starch. I never saw a button missing from her gloves.—Madge, in London Truth.

One for John L.

Teacher—Can any boy tell me who is the grand lamer of Thibet?
New Boy (an adorer of the manly art)—Please, sir, I dunno. But I know who is the grand lamer of these United States. It's Mr. Sullivan.

WHERE MAN THRIVES.

A Maryland Town in Which Nearly All Are Giants and Methuselahs.

"Back in Montgomery County, eleven miles from Laurel, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, is the little village of Sandy Spring, a Quaker settlement, whose population is but seventy-five persons, yet which is noted for the length of time its inhabitants live and the stature they attain," said Robert H. Moran a day or two ago.

"Now, I am not what you would call a little or a young man. I am 77 years old, six feet tall, and weigh 200 pounds, yet I can not hold a candle to some of the chaps who live there. The old people there are dying off, though. Now, there was the Penn family. Mary lived to be 109 years old. Edward died at 104. Lizzie was 103 when she died, and Joseph was 101. Joshua lived to be 99 and 10 months. Mary No. 2 was 98, and another Mary was 89. William Thompson was one of the oldest men in town. He died at 113 years. The Bell boys were triplets. They were Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Every one of them was over 100 years old, and the smallest of them was 6 feet 4 inches high. Both the others were 6 feet 5. Then there were two men, one named Davis and the other Thatcher, both of whom were over 100. Isaac Moore lived to be 102. Mrs. Russell died at 104. Mrs. Kirk was 101. Billy Matthews and Will McCormick were each 101 when they died. Billy Simpson was 100, and Mahlon Chandlee is now living at 100. Cornelius Sullivan was 94, William Brown was 92 when he left us, and Jimmy Whiteside is still living, hale and hearty, at 86. Now there is a raft of men over 80 years. Among those who are dead are William Thompson, Randall Thompson and Joe Thompson, Joshua Lewis, Ephraim Murphy, Henry Stabler and Edward Stabler. Caleb Stabler, Richard Tucker, Perry Lizear, and Jeff Higgins are still living. There is such a raft of boys over 80 that it isn't worth while to mention them.

"Now for the big fellows: Ed Penn was 6 feet 4, and Josh was 6 feet 2. Robert Sullivan was 6 feet 5. He had two sons, Will and George, who were 6 feet 4 and 6 feet 3 respectively. Mahlon and Nelson were brothers, and each was 6 feet 4 inches high. There was Richard Sullivan, whom we used to call Long Dick. He was 6 feet 4. He had two sons, Ed and Perry, who are still living, both 6 feet 2. Dr. Artemas Riggs was a daisy. He was 6 feet 5 inches tall, weighing 200 pounds, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and was one of the best men in the county. There were three men who were named William Brown, and we had to nickname them to distinguish them. There was Big Bill Brown, 6 feet 3. Long Bill Brown was 6 feet 5, and Little Bill Brown was 6 feet 2½. Isaac Moore was 6 feet 2, but his son Nathan went him one better and was 6 feet 3. Perry Lizear is still living. He is over 80 years old, is 6 feet 2 in his stockings, weighs 220 pounds, is straight as an arrow, and one of the best men in the county. I tell you what, if you have any children and want them to live long and grow big, just send them to Sandy Springs."—Baltimore Sun.

A KINGLY EXAMPLE.

How Two American Boys Made the Acquaintance of Denmark's King.

An exchange relates a pleasing anecdote about two American boys traveling in Europe. They were skylarking in the streets of Copenhagen, and one boy tossed the other's hat into a tree. While the victim was trying to dislodge it, there came along an old gentleman, with umbrella under his arm and his head buried in his book.

"Please, sir," said the hatless boy, "will you get my hat?" The old gentleman fished around with his umbrella for about five minutes, and failing to dislodge the hat, allowed the boy to mount his shoulders; and, with the umbrella, he finally captured the hat. As the boy dismounted and thanked the old gentleman, another gentleman came along, who saluted and called the one with the umbrella, "Your Majesty." The boys were astonished to find that they had in this unceremonious fashion made the acquaintance of the King of Denmark, and they think the King deserves the kingdom. In fact he is a capital fellow. He loves to mingle with the people in their amusements, and there is no fol-de-rol of royalty about him.

Now this little incident teaches a lesson that perhaps some of the Trovers haven't learned: The King of Denmark is not the only "royal good fellow" among the foreign nobility; there are, in fact, a number of Dukes and Earls who have really a more democratic spirit than some of our untitled Americans. There are plenty of people in this country, who haven't the rag of a title, nor much else to distinguish them—except their manners, and the fact that their fathers have managed to scrape together a few dollars ahead of their neighbors—yet who imagine that they belong to "the aristocracy," and

put on all the airs of a superior being. Yet we are willing to forgive them because they are Americans; but really it is easier to forgive any other kind of a snob than an American snob, one who has had all the advantages of being born in this country.

When we compare a fellow of this sort with a scion of some titled European family, who is at the same time a gentleman—treating all whom he meets when we make this comparison we see that calling a man an aristocrat doesn't make him one.

The Trove boys and girls, in their anxiety to be strong Americans, must remember that a man may be rich or titled under some foreign social system, and still be a simple-minded, democratic gentleman—a citizen creditable to any country; and another may spend most of his time preaching about the "rights of the poor," yet not be half so much a friend to them as the first man, but a low-bred, contemptible fellow. Whatever a man's surroundings, "a man's a man for a' that."—Treasure-Trove.

A TOOTH EPISODE.

The Gas Was Low But It Deadened the Patient's Pain.

It was about two o'clock of a chill morning when Mr. X. presented himself at the door of a doctor in the village of W., after a series of thundering knocks at the door with a good deal of vigorous exercise upon the bell handle, succeeded in bringing that gentleman to the window overhead.

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Do you pull teeth?" Mr. X. demanded.

"Yes, when I have to," was the reply.

"Then I want a tooth pulled."

"All right. Come back in the morning and I'll take it out for you."

"Come back in the morning?" ejaculated Mr. X. "What do you take me for. Here I've been in torment for these two days, and for the last two hours I've been hunting all over this confounded town after a dentist, and now I'd like to have the job done at once if there is any way to fix it."

The dentist at first demurred, but at last he consented to come down and get the tooth out at once; and after a due interval in which he made his hasty toilet, Mr. X. was admitted to the house. The chill of the night was everywhere but X. was too intent upon getting rid of the troublesome molar to mind that, and he was duly installed in the operating chair and an examination made.

"Hold on there," X. said, as the dentist, having satisfied himself which was the troublesome tooth, took up his forceps and prepared for work. "I want to take gas. This tooth has given me about all the pain I can stand from it."

"Well," the dentist answered, "the gas is a little low, but if you insist I will give you what there is. It will deaden the pain, though very likely you will feel it some."

The conventional breathing tube of black rubber was produced, and X. proceeded to inhale for dear life. For a moment the dentist allowed him to pump his lungs full from the gas reservoir, and then, taking the breathing-tube away, he quickly whipped in his forceps and whipped out the tooth.

"I did feel it some," X. observed, when he was able to get his mouth in a condition which allowed him to speak.

"Did you?" the dentist asked, sympathetically. "Not much, I hope?"

"Not so very much," X. replied. "Still, I knew when it came."

When, a moment later, X. prepared to pay his bill, and asked the price, he was surprised to be told a sum which was so small that it seemed that a mistake must have been made.

"But is that all you ask for administering gas?" he asked.

"Oh, bless you," was the smiling answer, "there wasn't any gas there. I only let you breathe into the tube a little to satisfy your imagination."

X. did not at first know whether to be vexed or amused, but wisely concluding that the latter was the better policy, he wended his way home, chuckling, and got himself to bed as the first streaks of the coming dawn began to show in the sky.—Boston Courier.

Death of the Dinner Bell.

The dinner bell has long since suffered a decalence, and it is rarely now that it sends its merry tinkle through the corridors of aristocratic houses. It has been the custom to have meals announced by the butler, or by bent aproned and capped "Phyllises." But the latest is the Japanese gong. It is a succession of three bronze hemispheres, graduated sizes, connected by chains. The gong is suspended usually in a convenient curve of the stairway; and, when dinner is served, the family is musically summoned to the banquet hall by strokes upon the gong with a small hammer. One artistic wife I know of has succeeded in teaching her maid the notes of the sister's call from "Die Walkure," and three times daily do the Wagnerian tones echo through the house.—Table Talk.