

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

He who thinks to please the world is dullest of his kind; for let him face which way he will, one-half is yet behind.

VOL. IV.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1890.

NO. 1.

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. CHAMBERLAIN, N. G.
HONOR LODGE NO. 28, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.
F. H. ROBOCK, 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. H. 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 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 BARCAINS.

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 residences, 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.

JAMAICA'S GALLOWS POINT.

A Reminiscence of Pirates and Poor, Persecuted Negroes.

Kingston is an old town according to our New World manner of computing age. In the year 1692 an earthquake entirely destroyed the greater part of Port Royal, and the panic-stricken folk fleeing thence to the main island from the plague that followed, gathered together upon the shores of Liguanea, where a little settlement of thatched huts marked the spot on which Kingston was afterward to arise in her glory. It has no such wild history as the mother town; its romance is mostly that of the luxurious prosperity of merchant prince and sugar king; Yet, thanks to the pirate and slaver, it is not altogether devoid of another sort of story.

Nowadays we read in the crumbling docks and hoary warehouses a voiceless history of the busy, prosperous times of which "Tom Cringle" tells, when Mr. L— and his brother merchants traded sugar and rum and log-wood and pimento for the gold and silver of the Spanish Main and the flour and corn of America. We read in the rickety tumble-down houses that helplessly crumble to decay in the heart of the town the same silent history of the days when those merchants entertained their guests with princely hospitality—everything in good style, wine superb, turtle, etc., magnificent, and the company exceedingly companionable. There we read of the time when rich Jews lived in Oriental luxury, and romance tells a story of a party of wild roisterers rambling in their cups through the streets at night and trying to peep into the Hebrew's house at the private doings within, and of how one was caught by a bevy of beautiful Jewesses, bound hand and foot with embroidered silken scarfs, and beaten, by way of punishment, with pearl-handled fans scented with musk and rose-water.

All this was very fine and pretty and romantic, but there was a reverse to the picture, dark, stern, terrible. The rich people lived merrily and luxuriously, but underneath the surface two hundred and fifty thousand wretches groaned and writhed in one of the most merciless servitudes that the world ever saw. There are other things to be seen in Kingston that speak a different history than that told by once noble houses now crumbling to ruin—things that speak of sullen cruelty and mortal agony.

In the museum of the town there hangs in one corner an iron frame now rusting into decay. The frame is exactly the shape of a human figure, and the iron bars open upon hinges and close with a padlock. In the band that arches over the head is a ring, and in either heel a long, sharp-pointed spike. It is the terrible "cage" of which now and then we catch a mention in the records of the slave courts, where we hear tell of hapless condemned wretches inclosed in its iron grasp, and hung by its iron ring from some gallows in the sight of all. Not only in tradition, but in actual records, we hear tell of such a miserable creature hanging in the "cage," dying for days in the shriveling glare of the sun, starved and tortured and buffeted by the wings of the filthy vultures that he'dly waited for the eyes to glaze before they were at work. I was told that the frame had been dug up out of the sand, and that when it was discovered a female skeleton was still within its grasp.

Midway in the harbor between Kings-

ton and Port Royal a tongue of land juts out from the peninsula toward the reefs that bound the crooked ship channel to the northward. Once this tongue of land was bounded by a strip of white coral beach, and covered with a growth of wiry grass; now it is nearly smothered under a thick growth of mangrove thickets, pierced by narrow canals that run here and there through the tangle, and dotted by little lagoons, in the lonely waters of which herons and pelicans and frigate-birds live an almost undisturbed life.

The name by which that point of land is known indicates its history with a terrible brevity; it is "Gallows Point." There in the old days of seventy-five or a hundred years ago a gaunt, hideous framework stood in the sight of all, and almost always between the upright posts one or more dead pirates hung in chains, swaying slowly to and fro in the breeze, with hollow, sightless eyes turned now toward the white-winged ships, and now toward the long neck of Cagawaya, while buzzards, the "John Crows" of Jamaica, sailed solemnly round and round in the air above, their silent following shadow now and then flitting across the gray stony brow beneath.

Every one quotes Tom Cringle's Log in Jamaica, and it is, perhaps, with all its exaggeration, the best guide-book that can be found of the island. The author lived in those days, and saw most that he describes with his own eyes. In one part of his story he describes twenty-five Cuban pirates strung up at Gallows Point in one morning.—Howard Pyle, in Harper's Magazine.

The Capital of Brazil.

If you have occasion to mention the capital of Brazil and wish to be exact you must say Rio de Janeiro and pronounce it Reo day Hay-nay-ray-oh. That is pan-American. It means river of January. Tradition says that when the Portuguese mariners who discovered the Brazilian coast passed through the narrow gateway to the harbor, and saw the beautiful bay in the amphitheater of mountains surrounded by eternal verdure, they thought they were entering the mouth of a river that would lead them to the enchanted land. When they discovered their mistake they were so disgusted that instead of naming the river after our Saviour or one of the saints, they simply christened it the river discovered in January. However the city has a street called "Street of Good Jesus," and others called St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, etc.—Indianapolis Journal.

Powdered Camphor for Colds.

Camphor in various forms is frequently recommended for cold in the head, although Dr. George Johnson and others long since indicated the dangers attending the use of concentrated alcoholic solutions. The following method of application is suggested by a Swiss pharmaceutical journal, and certainly has the merit of simplicity: A jug is half filled with boiling water, into which a teaspoonful of well-powdered camphor is thrown. A funnel-shaped paper cap is then placed on top of the jug, and a hole torn in it just fitting the nose. The camphorated steam is inhaled through the nose for ten or fifteen minutes, the inhalation being repeated, if required, every four or five hours. If the patient resolutely persists with the inhalation, in spite of its unpleasantness, it is said that three repetitions will always effect a cure, however severe the coryza may be.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

How Uncle Sam Protects the Interests of His Inventors.

Next April the Patent Office will be one hundred years old. It was the work of Thomas Jefferson, who was an inventor himself. The English, to their credit, did not destroy the Patent Office when they captured Washington during the war of 1812. Before 1836 it was in embryo, and there was but little system, but in that year the first commissioner was appointed, but a fire unfortunately destroyed over 2,000 models and many valuable papers. Many of the models were replaced in after years. There was another fire in 1877, which made sad havoc in the model-room, where there was an accumulation of over 200,000, made of wood as dry as tinder, and only needing a spark. This loss awakened the authorities to the benefit to be derived from photolithography, which has grown to be an immense business, as nearly 25,000 patents are granted every year. The applications come in to the commissioner by the scores every day. The financial clerk then collects \$15 for the entrance fee, and then puts the model on its course through the office, and complaints are many that this process is rather slow. If the drawing is defective, the inventor is notified. After examination, if the device is found patentable, the examiner forwards the papers to the issue division, where they are arranged and sent to their respective divisions. There are thirty subjects of invention, divided into eighty-eight classes, and assigned for examination to the thirty examining divisions of the office. The patent is then allowed, and the inventor notified of its allowance upon receipt of \$20, the final fee. The drawings are then lithographed, and the specifications printed. The voyage is a long and tedious one, sometimes requiring years. Over 3,500 patents have been granted to ladies. Of these the novelist, Blanche Willis Howard, has patented a bath shoe.—Shoe and Leather Review.

A UNIQUE WREATH.

The Widow of a Connecticut Man Perpetuates His Memory.

A unique piece of handiwork has just been completed by Mrs. Sophia Larimore of this city, who is now approaching her seventieth year. It is a mortuary wreath in memory of her husband, who was dead nearly five years before the curious symbol was begun. She made it of relics of her late husband, and of the articles which were the property of the wives who preceded her. The frame is of putty, into which, while soft, the widow placed, among others, the following articles: In the center of the top cross-piece are the spectacles of her late lamented and a small vial containing the pills which were left over from his last illness. Besides these, there many small stones which he had treasured during life, his jack-knife, a piece of candy which she says he had left uneaten, buttons of all kinds from his old clothing, and a small bottle containing cheese made by his first wife. All of this collection is labeled, as, for instance: "The smelling-bottle used by the wife before me." Inclosed in the frame is a picture of him whose memory the wreath is supposed to perpetuate. The wreath above the portrait is composed almost entirely of flowers and leaves, each of these made either of some portion of his coat, waistcoat, trousers, neckties, or suspenders, and worked together artistically. The shirt in which he died is honored by having made from it a showy bird, too wonderful and strange for description. Just outside the wreath are placed suspender buckles and watch-chains entwined with the hair of the mother of his first wife. Some of the hair from his own head has been made into tendrils and the stamens of one of the flowers is of the material that lined his coffin. On another side of the wreath is a bunch of raisins he bought her the winter before he died, saying: "Now, don't cook any of these, but eat every one." Balancing the raisins are three wires, each supporting one of his teeth, and behind them is the last toothpick he ever used.—Waterbury (Conn.) Letter.

The Wife as a Chattel.

Four thousand pounds were awarded last week to a husband for the loss of his wife. That any damages can be obtained by husband against a "Co." is regarded on the continent of Europe as being on a par with the rights of a husband to sell a wife. It is considered that it reduces the wife to a chattel. In this continental opinion is right. If the "Co." merits a pecuniary punishment, then the fine ought to go to the State. In these matters it is generally as much the fault of the wife as of the "Co."—six of one and half a dozen of the other—so that, strictly and logically speaking, if the chattel theory be correct, and the husband has a right to claim damages of the "Co.," then the "Co." ought to have a right to claim damages of the husband and as responsible for an act of his wife that has caused the "Co." pecuniary loss.—London Truth.

AN ANTE-WAR STORY.

How a Bright Young Slave Escaped Being Sold to a Dealer.

A little while ago a colored man from an adjoining county came over into this county, his former home, and met many old friends. To one he related a remarkable episode of the days "befo' the wah." He says he was as tough a mulatto as the country ever produced, and his young master resolved to "send him down the river," as the slave owners used to express it. One day the young master told him to have the horses ready, and they would depart early the next morning for Knoxville. The young master had received information that a certain slave buyer from the cotton fields would visit the city mentioned in quest of "likely negro men."

The early dawn found the young farmer and his valuable human property speeding away over the smooth road south. After they had gone a little way, "Rich," for that was the cognomen by which the "likely boy" was known, inquired of his master if he was going to Knoxville to put into execution a threat he had often heard him make—to sell him to a cotton planter. The master told him it was his mission. Rich became much affected by the announcement and shed tears. He recalled the hours of their boyhood, and dwelt upon the pathetic in general. The young master's heart was touched, but his resolve was not.

Night came on, as it always did when travelers by the "Old Wilderness Road" got well into the mountains. A jug of fine old Bourbon steadied their nerves and brought balmy sleep to the restoration of their strained energies.

Next morning they were up with the lark, and all day they talked about the endless separation soon to follow, pausing occasionally to admire the rugged scenery and take a drink. The rabbit hunts by day, the coon hunts by night, the romps, the fights they had, the floggings they had caught from "the old man" were all lived over again.

Another night and another day and their journey had ended. But the raid on the big jug had not. They "hit it purty lively" that "last night on earth together forever and evermore." They were comfortably full long before midnight. At least the young master was full of old liquor and the slave was full of pretense. He had dropped upon a scheme.

With dawn, Rich was up moving about the city. A shave, clean clothes, a cigar, a cane, and many extras were added. Finally he sought the slave buyer and introduced himself as Mr. — of Madison County, Kentucky, stated that he was in the city with the "splendid young nigger" of which he had written him, and was now ready for a trade. The boy was described in glowing terms, and the price fixed at \$1,500, which the trader said he would give, provided the description was accurate. So they proceeded to the tavern and into a little back room, where the young master was found snoring away on a pallet beside the bed where Rich had taken the precaution to tumble him before going out. His beard of several days' growth, dusty and soiled attire, unkempt hair, and general appearance was any thing but attractive.

"Fifteen hundred!" gruffly remarked the old dealer as he glanced at the pitiful-looking object. "Fifteen hundred dollars for that thing! I wouldn't give you a cent more than half that much," and he walked out on the street. It is useless to say they didn't get their prices near enough for a trade.

About noon the young master awoke, not feeling the best in the world. He was compelled to borrow a shoe horn to put on his hat, and there was a mighty bad taste in his mouth, to say nothing of considerable red in his eye and a feeling of a sort of goneness in general about his stomach. Rich told him that he had been out to see the buyer, and the old fellow wanted to know the price, as all depended on that—the least he'd take was the question, and to be in a hurry, as he, the buyer, had made about all the purchases he wanted and was ready to leave town. The young master called for paper and envelope and wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir: You have seen the boy. My lowest price is \$1,900. He is worth every cent of it." The note was duly conveyed and was soon returned with an answer on the back, saying: "We can't trade."

The following day the well-rested horses, the happy mulatto and a disappointed white man "might have been seen wending their solitary way through the woods" toward Kentucky.—Richmond (Va.) Climax.

Then He Presumed.

She—Have you ever heard, Mr. Slow-pace, that it is better to return a kiss for a blow?

He (failing to catch her meaning)—Why, yes; but I don't quite understand.

She (coolly)—Don't you remember that I slapped your face yesterday?—Lawrence American.