

THE LEBANON EXPRESS

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

VOL. IV.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1890.

NO. 3.

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.

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.

HONOR LODGE NO. 28, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

M. E. CHURCH: Walton Skypworth, 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. 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.

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A TIMELY LESSON.

It was all McAllister's fault. In his extreme anxiety to serve Maud he had neglected to consider Godfrey's interests.

Maud was a young lady whom he worshiped rather humbly from afar—she being rich, beautiful, and of a formidably aristocratic family, while he was a lone Bohemian—but with whom he could claim artistic kinship, since he and she had studied in the same building. She was an amateur, it happened, and he a breadwinner; they both managed to turn out some very good work, and each was often of assistance to the other.

One fine morning in early summer Miss Maud—whose surname was Satterlee—entered her studio with a slight shadow on her high bred, rose fair face. Her companion, a charming brunette girl a little her senior, followed, looking amused. Miss Fortescue was a happy compromise between chaperon and confidante. She was a girl of excellent sense and judgment and brimful of humor, which was fortunate for Maud had only a father, who was in Europe, and an aunt, who was in

Paris. "My dear Maud," said Miss Fortescue, reproachfully, "at half laughing, 'you know very well you go out and hunt you up a model if you wish it.'"

Miss Maud brightened. "I wish you would, Carrie. I'm just in a splendid mood to begin a portrait. Get me something rugged, uncouth, if you like."

She tossed herself down on the studio sofa and looked inquiringly at her companion. Miss Fortescue reflected.

"There's the banana man—the Italian—down on the street corner."

"Oh, I don't want him," said Maud, contemptuously.

Just then a tap at the door. It was Harry McAllister. After the usual polite "good morning," he requested permission to bring in a friend to see Miss Satterlee's handsome "den" and examples. "A friend from my old home in Tennessee," he exclaimed, "going to spend the summer in town. A little provincial, you know, but of good family."

Maud assented languidly. But when the young stranger entered with McAllister she sat up suddenly like one revived.

Mr. Godfrey Waring was large and tall. He was sunburned and had longish, light brown hair and pale blue eyes. A nose of good size and a long, clean shaven upper lip were facial peculiarities. And Mr. Godfrey Waring was blessed with an abundance of confidence. He gazed about him with a smile of approval, shook hands twice with the ladies, commented in a clear, high, nasal voice on Maud's work, and finally departed in a state of self-complacency.

"Fine girls," he remarked to McAllister, when back in that gentleman's sanctum.

"Eh?" queried McAllister, a little startled at the irreverence.

"I say they're fine girls. She's an heiress, ain't she? Think I made an impression on her?"

McAllister gasped. Then his sense of the humorous prevailed. He answered dryly: "Ahem! I shouldn't wonder. Miss Satterlee had her eyes off you all the time."

"Wouldn't mind having her if my family didn't object," remarked Godfrey, with a reflective little click of the tongue against his teeth.

As for the young ladies, they had preserved alliance until their callers were out of hearing range.

Then Miss Satterlee exclaimed: "Eh—eh—what's that word, Carrie, beginning with a 'u'?"

"Eucure, euphony, European, eupepsy"—"Nonsense! I mean Eureka. I have got a model."

"You mean the Tennesseean, my dear?"

"Yes. I could sketch him already. Take his face just as it is; crown it with a ragged straw hat; put a flannel shirt on him opening carelessly from the neck; plenty of red and tan."

"But how will you get him to sit?"

"Oh, Mr. McAllister will manage it all for me."

And sure enough Mr. McAllister did. That is to say, he brought Mr. Waring frequently to Miss Satterlee's studio, and the young artist began to surreptitiously appropriate the features of the Tennesseean—as best she could from recollection after he departed on each occasion.

Meantime Godfrey began to look very self-satisfied and to throw out certain little hints about the conquest of an heiress, and such a talented one at that.

McAllister took his cue thereat and drew a serious face.

"Yes," he said with great gravity, "there's no denying it, God, old fellow. You are making fine headway. But what about a certain little girl down home that you were telling me of?"

Godfrey replied in a practical tone. He was sorry, but he could break off the affair with Mabel. Poor Mabel, alas! whose voluminous correspondence was no longer carried about next his heart. Poor Mabel, who crossed and recrossed her footsies in flowing schoolgirl hand to such little purpose.

At length the acquaintance had gone so pleasantly that Miss Satterlee thought she might venture to ask the young man to sit for her.

"I can work in the costume afterward, you know," she said to Miss Fortescue.

So when Mr. Godfrey called again the following morning at the studio Miss Fortescue stepped back into the little adjoining room according to a previous agreement with Maud. And Maud—her easel being carefully covered—sat back in her chair, and with most charming naive gesture to speak as follows:

"I hope you are not very hard hearted, Mr. Waring, because I have a confession to make." She cast down her beautiful eyes and a lovely smile played about her beautiful lips. "I hope you will consent to pardon me," she said.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't pardon in you," said Godfrey, impressively.

Miss Satterlee fancied she heard a subdued merriment in the room adjoining. Could Miss Fortescue be undignified enough to giggle?

Then Maud went on: "Well, then, would you be very much offended if I should ask you to—to permit me to make a sketch of your face? You know we art students are constantly on the watch for countenances that are not insipid, and common. A face indicative of strength of character and—ambition—is not common."

Godfrey began to smile and look conscious. "You don't know how complimented I'd feel," he said.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Will you sit for me today? To tell you the truth, I've begun already; but, of course, it don't resemble you a bit as yet." And she uncovered the canvas. And Godfrey posed for an hour to the great satisfaction of both.

After that he sat every morning nearly for a week or more. Mr. McAllister was amused to discover that the Tennesseean was quite in earnest in his idea of laying siege to the artist's heart and gave up trying to impress upon him the absurdity of his aspirations. Godfrey evidently believed himself irresistible.

Miss Fortescue was always present at the sittings, but sometimes found it necessary to retire to the adjoining room to repress her laughter, the model's ingenious remarks were so highly amusing. Occasionally she gave Maud some advice, as follows: "If he becomes too talkative, my dear, you must snub him. Snub him gorgeously, you know."

"What I can't understand," said Godfrey one morning, "is how you can paint so well. I guess you ain't more than 20, are you?"

"Not much more," said Maud.

"Then I guess I'll be about two years older than you in September."

Maud—indeed! Godfrey—a fact.

Maud—Well, that's a nice age. I suppose you'll go into business and succeed finely.

Godfrey—Own fault if I don't. (Clicking his tongue on his teeth.) Guess I've got money enough to back me.

Maud—Yes! * * * There, how am I getting on with the picture?

Godfrey—Well, I guess I'd be lucky to get as good a one again. What do you mean to do with it any way?

Maud—Do you wish it? Oh—ah—why, exhibit it, perhaps.

Godfrey—You wouldn't sell it, I suppose to me?

Maud (slowly)—Well, frankly, I would rather keep it myself.

Godfrey (suddenly)—I wish I had one of you!

Maud (raising her voice)—Carrie, please come and criticize.

Godfrey was certainly very determined. When the sittings were over he requested permission to call at Miss Satterlee's home. Maud was very pleasant.

"To call?" she repeated, smilingly. "Really, I should like to ask you, but, you see, the house is closed, as we go to the seaside very soon. Our receptions are over for the season."

Godfrey bore his disappointment like a hero. Had she not painted his portrait and refused to sell it—even to him!

"My dear," said Miss Fortescue, "I'm afraid your beautiful eyes have worked mischief to that susceptible young southerner."

"You think so? Dear me, I'd be sorry for him. But he'd suffer in a noble cause—the cause of art."

Godfrey continued to call at the studio. "I'll have to lock the door," said Maud, "or I'll never have a chance to work up the costume. I must finish it this week. Aunt Sarah is complaining because I don't arrange about my wardrobe."

"You'll never want any wardrobe," replied Miss Fortescue, "if you close the door such weather as this. You'll melt or stiffen in short order."

"Then I'll risk his coming and leave it open." And she did.

When the young ladies arrived at the studio quite early, one or two mornings later, Miss Satterlee found a letter awaiting her. She sat down to read it, and was so long at the task that Miss Fortescue began to wonder and inquired as to the artist's perplexity.

"It's a proposal I'm considering," replied Maud.

"Indeed! That's diversion. How funny the portrait looks. Ah, if he should see it!"

Maud frowned.

"I'd like to burn the old thing!"

"But you couldn't, my love; there's no fire, thank fortune!"

"Listen to this impudence!" cried Maud, and began to read aloud:

"MY DEAR MISS MAUD—Though I have known you so short a time, I do not believe you will be wholly surprised to learn that I have come to regard you as more than a friend. In fact I have grown to care for you more than I ever cared for any girl. I almost believe I can never be happy without you. I know you know that I am a gentleman; I even think you like me a little and will soon like me more. I can offer you a name upon whose honor no stain has ever fallen. Of course we are both too young for an immediate marriage, but I hope that some day we may become all in all to each other. I will call to see you this afternoon at 2, and hope for an a me happy. Till then and always Your own

"GODFREY."

"My dear Miss Maud, your own Godfrey," repeated Miss Fortescue. "Ah, my child, did I not warn thee? Well, what to do?"

Maud covered the portrait with an impetuous movement.

"I'll give the presumptuous youth a little lesson," she answered. "Mr. McAllister says he has an exalted idea of his powers; that he's been virtually engaged to a little girl down at his home for some time past."

As 2 o'clock approached Mr. Godfrey's heart beat with confident exhilaration. He meant to show his friend McAllister a thing or

two. McAllister had undertaken to remind him of Mabel Clare. He tossed his head as he remembered this. "I guess there ain't many girls but would be glad of a chance at me," he said, as he set out for Miss Satterlee's studio. He expected that Maud would be shy at first. But gradually she would come around. He purchased a large bunch of roses as he proceeded on his way.

Maud was alone—apparently. She smiled and took the roses with many thanks.

"Pray sit down," she said. "You look quite warm."

"Mr. Godfrey drew up a chair. "You received my note?"

"Your note? Oh, yes, of course."

"And what did you think of the idea?" he queried, with delightful self-complacency.

"What did I think? Why, of course, I thought you meant it as a joke. I'm sure I hope you did, because you know, or rather you ought to know, though, perhaps, you don't know, and I'm sure I'd feel dreadful if I thought you'd been led to suppose—the truth is, Mr. Waring, I'm engaged—to a gentleman who is now in Europe!"

Godfrey turned pale.

"Engaged!" he cried, tragically. "Why, for that matter, so am I. But I'd break any engagement for you!"

Maud arose, looking very grave.

"I am sorry to hear you say so. I have heard so much about southern honor."

"But you won't decide at once," he stammered. "Promise me to think it over."

Miss Maud regarded him coldly.

"You must have misunderstood me. There is nothing further to be said, and—will you please excuse me? She turned toward the other room, and Godfrey had no choice but to leave. He was in such a state of mind between disappointment and chagrin that he left his hat upon the sofa and went bareheaded all the way down to the street.

He had gone half a block when he discovered why people were staring at him. Then—could he go back? Oh, no! And yet the hat was new, and Godfrey was just a little close about unnecessary expense. He therefore returned and climbed the stairs softly, hoping she might still be in the inner room and would not hear him enter.

But as he reached the threshold of the studio he was greeted with an astonishing sight. Not only Maud, but also Miss Fortescue had emerged from the inner room; they apparently were taking great pleasure in regarding a picture upon the easel, which had been moved from its customary position. They stood with their backs to the door.

"An excellent likeness," said Miss Fortescue, and the two young ladies laughed heartily.

"I might pity him," said Maud, "if he weren't so capable of pitying—no, adoring himself."

Just then they moved a little, and Godfrey caught a glimpse of his own portrait, ragged, hated, flannel garmented—plainly almost a caricature.

For a moment he was fairly stunned; then, turning, he fled, hatless as before and choking with gasps of rage and mortification, to the street. He ran thus for several blocks before he thought of a hatter.

He kept out of McAllister's sight that evening and for several days after. But gradually he came to himself and wrote to the long neglected Mabel—Lily Curry Tyner in New York Mercury.

Lilies for Culinary Purposes.

In a lecture to a girls' assemblage, not long ago, Prof. Ames, of Columbia College, said that in some parts of India the lily is actually used as an article of diet. It has been found by the botanists to be a highly nutritious article of food, being peculiarly rich in nitrogenous compounds. The poor Indian, who evidently "considers the lilies" from a gastronomical point of view, either eat them as a vegetable or kneads them with dough and makes them into cakes. In either form they are declared to afford a most substantial and nourishing repast, and the aesthetes of ten years ago, when accused of "living on lilies," would certainly have been enabled to return the laugh against their tormentors if they had known the culinary attributes of their cherished flower.

Mark the result of the professor's information: At a stylish luncheon recently given by an enterprising belle stewed lilies were one of the novel dishes. They tasted like an amalgam of spinach and cabbage and were not very dainty, but they are bound to have vogue for awhile, anyhow.—Chicago Herald.

Some men are so much in love with themselves that they never see their own mistakes. They display a sort of heroism in the hopeless struggle to justify their own errors, and when their faults are made so plain to them that a confession is extorted from them, they still manage to make some capital out of their infirmity by boasting that it only proves that they are human.—Christian Advocate.

—Orange Basket's a - - - Party.—

Select the number required of nice, bright oranges and cut them, leaving half the peel whole for the basket and a half-inch strip for the handle. Keep the pulp and juice for making jelly by straining through a white strainer and using it for flavoring. Soak one box of gelatine in a pint of cold water half an hour; add a pint of boiling water and a pint of sugar; add sufficient orange juice to flavor it well and enough more water to make three pints of liquid. Strain it and, after placing the basket in a broken broken ice, to keep them upright, fill with the jelly. Put a spoonful of whipped cream on top and serve on a bed of pretty green leaves.

SHOES OF MONARCHS.

Foot-Gear Worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, Elizabeth and Henry VIII.

Mary Queen of Scotland's last shoes, taken from her feet after execution, are dainty little affairs of stamped leather, and made from a very peculiar pattern. The heel is very low. A narrow piece of leather reaches high up on the instep, covered with strange devices. The shoe is very small and beautifully made. When Ristori first essayed the part of Mary, she had a pair of shoes made exactly like these, but she found it so difficult to keep them on her feet, on account of the low heel, that she had the pattern changed slightly, thereby creating the style that is worn at present by actresses in that part.

Henry VIII. wore in battle a shoe of heavy crimson velvet, fastened with a huge silver buckle. The sole is entirely of iron, and it has hinges at the joints, so that the saying concerning this King, that he trampled his subjects under an iron heel, is not altogether figurative. It was one of the late comedian Bishop's ambitions to at some time have produced the play of Henry VIII., and he had gone so far as to procure a part of a costume. Among other things, he had some shoes made which were exactly like those in the Regent street collection of London last summer.

Queen Elizabeth left some very dainty slippers, made of white satin, with birds and flowers embroidered upon them in silk and gold. The heel is covered with satin, and the shoe is lined with red. Joseph F. Graham, of New York, has in his possession a shoe and a sandal which were worn by Queen Elizabeth more than three hundred years ago. The shoe is in a wonderful state of preservation. It is a No. 1 in length, but rather too broad to be considered shapely at the present time. It is made of yellow brocaded satin, lined with fine, stout linen canvas. The sole is of oak-tanned leather. The heel is exactly like the high French heel of modern times. It is placed well under the foot and is at least two inches high. The toe runs to a sharp point. Across the instep are two satin straps which evidently were once fastened with jeweled clasps. There is no stiffening in any part of the shoe. The edges are bound with yellow silk braid.—Shoe and Leather Review.

WELL-MADE BRICK.

It Is Without Question the Safest of Building Materials.

In spite of all that has been said of other building material brick is still and is likely to remain the favorite building material. There is nothing except a Wedgewood crucible that will withstand fire nearly as well, and the smoothness and sharpness with which good bricks for fronts can be produced with cheapness and dispatch, puts this material further in the lead of its competitors in their respective processes. Iron is confessedly unfit for building purposes where it may be exposed to the weather or fire, and is rapidly going out of use. Stone will always have its uses in combination with brick and terracotta, but stone will not weather any better in this climate than well-burned brick, nor does it begin to withstand fire as well; besides, even with every improvement in the manipulation of stone, it is so much dearer as to leave it out of competition with brick for the heavy portion of the walls. The use of various materials is wise and the effect upon the architecture of the city is handsome, but when enthusiasts in one of the other materials assert a supremacy of their favorite over brick, they reckon without their host. Egypt, the land of all others where stone was most available, dealt yet more heavily in brick. Along with her ruins of stone are yet to be seen imposing piles of brick, and sun-baked brick at that, not more time-worn than the massive stones around them. While the sun-baked brick of the cities of Assyria under the damp, hot climates becomes, in course of ages, shapeless mounds, the kiln-baked face bricks are as sharp and clean as ever, and testify to the indestructibility of a well-made brick. Parts of the walls of Rome built by Aurelian, of brick, still remain practically perfect in the ruins of those walls not utilized in the building of modern Rome. But it is hardly necessary to cite instances of the durability of brick. Its friends can not add to its durability, nor its enemies say more against it than that a brick wall or building is not artistic.—Clay-Worker.

How Silicate of Soda Is Obtained.

This salt is obtained by fusing one part of silica and two of dry carbonate of soda, mixed in powder, in an earthenware crucible, and pouring the fused mass on a stone slab to cool. This is then pulverized and treated with boiling water to dissolve the soluble part. The solution is filtered and concentrated by boiling, so as to form crystals on cooling. These are again purified by dissolving them in tepid water, filtering the solution and boiling, that it may re-crystallize. This form of soda is sometimes used in fine laundry work.—Christian at Work.