LEBAN 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.

LEBANON, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

VOL. IV.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Route.

THE MOUNT SHASTA ROUTE.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

0 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	9:35 A. M.
23 P.M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	6:15 A. M.
15 A.M.	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	9:00 P. M.

bove trains stop only at the following stations rth of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, odburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene,

Roseburg Mail—Daily.

8:00 A. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:00 P. M.
12:20 P. M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	12:00 M.
5:40 P. M.	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	6:20 A. M.

Albany Local Daily (Except Sunday.)

5:00 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	9:00 A. M.
9:00 P. M.	Ar	Albany	Lv	5:00 A. M

Local Passenger Trains—Daily Except Sunday.

2:35 P. M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	9:25 A. M.
2:25 P. M.	Ar	Lebanon	Lv	8:40 A. M.
7:20 A. M.	Lv	Albany	Ar	4:26 P. M.
8:22 A. M.	Ar	Lebanon	Lv	3:40 P. M.

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BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday.)

7:30 A. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:30 P. M.
12:10 P. M.	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	12:55 P. M.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

(Express Train Daily Except Sunday.)

:40 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:20 A. M.
:25 P. M.	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:45 A. M.

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CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

An Australian Poem.

The loneliest night of all the year!"
The sick man murmured with a weary moan:
"And I shall spend, without a creature near,
Another dreary Christmas-tide alone!"

A wooden shanty, common, rough, and bare,
Rude shelter offered to a suffering man:
Its door flung open to the warm night air,
Courting, in vain, a breeze his cheek to fan.

A man well on in years: deep-lined and gray
His brow, and those scant locks which o'er it hung:
One who had lost, he had been heard to say,
All that he had lived for while he still was young.

A world-worn wand'rer on the face of earth,
Whom Death and Sorrow, in an evil time,
Had driven from the country of his birth
To lonely labor in an Austral clime.

Where, toiling without heart, to keep alive
A life he did not cherish, he had failed,
As hopeless toilers fail 'mid those who strive;
For sorry life alone his gains availed.

Half-dressed, and flung upon his restless bed,
He, burning-eyed, gazed out upon the night;
Gazed from the glowing darkness overhead
To where the distant township's lamps shone bright.

"Full many kindly souls," he muttered low,
"Feasting and laughing on this Christmas Eve,
Did they my dire extremity but know
Would gladly seek my suff'rings to relieve.

"And who am I, to wrap me in my pride,
Scorning to ask what would be freely given?
Yet, no! I cannot beg!" he feebly cried,
"Help, to be help for me, must come from Heav'n!"

E'en as he spoke, high in the vast dark blue,
A meteor, loosened from its viewless ties,
Across the star-flow'red fields of ether flew,
Like some grand fire-winged bird of paradise.

Its trailing lustre shed a transient gleam
Upon two figures at the open door,
Whose faces brightened with a tender beam
The lonely hut that was so dim before.

A woman and a child! Was he distraught,
That neither fear nor wonder held him bound
To welcome beings who, his reason taught,
Had slept for twenty years in English ground?

Why should he fear them? Were they not his own—
The wife, the child—with whom his heart had died?
What wonder if, when he was sick and lone,
They left their Heaven for service at his side?

Hand clasped in hand they crossed his threshold now,
Smiling upon their loved one as they came;
They spoke no word, but kissed his pain-dewed brow,
And coolness fell upon his frame.

How 'twas he knew not—but within a space
That seemed no longer than a moment's flight—
A happy change had come upon the place,
And all around him streamed a soft, clear light.

The child was hanging garlands ev'rywhere
Familiar wreaths of holly's glossy green,
Of laurel and of bay; while here and there
Gleamed marv'lous unknown blooms of snowy sheen.

The mother spread the table for a feast,
As though resuming old, sweet household care;
And he, in whom all sense of pain had ceas'd,
Was gently led this wondrous meal to share

What was his fare, that Eve of Christmas morn?
He cannot tell us, and he only could;
But, if 'twere not a dream of weakness born,
He, for the first time, tasted angels' food!

Then, smiling still, they held his feeble hands,
And sweetly raised that old, old hymn of praise,
That echoes on through widest-sundered lands,
In Christian hearts all earthly Christmas Days.

"Come all ye faithful!" Were they calling him?
Bidding him seek a heavenly Bethlehem?
He smiled in answer as his eyes grew dim,
And strove to rise that he might follow them.

"Joyful and triumphant!" Ah! such harmonies
Thrilled through the humble hut, as human ear,
Unhelp'd by angel-teachers from the skies,
Has never heard, may never hope to hear.

Grandly it rose and swelled, that Christmas song!
Surely all the choirs of Heaven joined the strain—
That mighty stream of praise that bore along
Upon its flood a being freed from pain!

* * * * * *

When his next neighbors, on the Christmas-Day,
Some friendly impulse to his shanty led,
Calm, placid, still, upon his bed he lay,
A smile was on his face—and he was dead!

—Lindsay Duncan.

A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS.

"Only two days until Christmas! How different this will be from the one I looked forward to this year!" thought Mr. Romain, as he restlessly paced the wide porch of his handsome home.

"How pleasant the air is—as warm and balmy as spring! Exquisite, if one had some one to enjoy it with; but I'm lonesome. Poor Tom! How I hoped to see you again, to tell you that the fault was mine in that quarrel; and you are dead—buried only last week, they tell me—and I am back in Old Virginia, with never a child or a chick to bid me welcome."

"Dood-mornin', Mister Man; will you please tum to ye nauction?"

As these words fell on his ear, Mr. Romain turned and saw two little children standing on the steps, a chicken held tightly under the arm of one of them.

They were pretty children, too—a boy and a girl, exactly the same size. Blonde curls crowned each shining head; brown eyes, with long, curling lashes, looked frankly out from under straight, clear-cut eyebrows, and two little pug noses turned up merrily from the little rosy mouths that were always smiling beneath. No, not always; for there was a frightened little quiver about them now, as their owner looked up timidly at the stern, handsome man who was so earnestly regarding them.

"Come to your what?" repeated Mr. Romain.

"To our nauction," the boy explained. "Papa's gone to heaven, and we's goin' to have a nauction; it's to det money, you see; we's goin' to sell all our sings. Mamma says ye more ye folkes come ye more we'll det money; and if dere's enough, we's not going to sell my wockin-horse. I'se dot Pickle, dis here chickie, safe—me and Rosy take turns holdin' her—but we tan't hole ye horse. I dess we'll go now."

"Did your mamma send you?" asked Mr. Romain.

"Oh, no! she's cryin', an' we dus fought we'd help ask folks. Please tum, Mr. Man."

And smiling in a friendly, but half-frightened fashion, the children trotted down the walk. As their little figures vanished, Uncle Peter came around the house.

"Who are those children, uncle?" questioned Mr. Romain, gazing after them.

"DOOD MORNIN' MISTER MAN."

"Dey's po' Massa Blake's chillun, sah. Yo' 'members I tole you how Massa Tom done die las' week; well, dey's his twins. Dey do say it's scan'-lous how Miss' Blake's bein' treated. Massa Tom done sign a note fur a genneman, an' he can't pay an' dey is ter be an auction dere to morrow, an' Massa Tom not dead a week yet sesaely. Po' Miss' Blake!"

That night Mr. Romain sat up late in his library, reading over letters and papers he had not seen in ten years.—not since the day he had that quarrel with Tom Blake, for it was that same morning he had received a cablegram calling him to Europe to take possession of a large estate left him, and yesterday he had reached home for the first time since his departure.

"I was just beginning my battle with the world then," he mused; "now I feel like a warrior, battle-scarred and lonely. How enthusiastic Tom and I were then! how close our friendship was!"

And taking up an old letter, a low laugh burst from his lips as he read its witty allusion to an almost forgotten college scrape.

A very different look came into his face as he glanced down the page of the next letter which met his eye, and read:

> "My Dear Fellow:—After all, I find I can lend you that money. I have seen old Brown, and he is willing to give it if I mortgage the Meadow Farm. I don't like mortgages, but we must save your home. Brown imagines that there is coal under that land. I think not. I'll tell you a secret, though. I know there is under the field adjoining.
>
> "In ten years I hope to have money to open my mining land; meantime I'll use my Meadow Farm to save your home, and you can repay me before the mortgage falls due. I had intended to settle both farms on Nellie as soon as we were married; so if anything happens to me, my dear boy, you may consider Nellie and her interests your legacy from
>
> "Yours as ever,
>
> "TOM."

"To think I threw away a friendship like that!" almost groaned Mr. Romain, as he laid down the paper. Then a sudden thought struck him, and he hastily rang the bell.

"Uncle Peter," he said, "who owns what used to be Mr. Tom Blake's Meadow Farm?"

"Old Mr. Brown, sah; he got powerful rich on dat farm. Yo' see, sah, hit's got a coal-mine in it. Oh, yes, sah, he's rich."

"And Tom mortgaged that land to save my old home," thought Mr. Romain, sorrowfully. "I wonder if it could be that the check I sent from England did not get to him in time? In any case he's dead, and Nellie and the children penniless, and"—glancing at the letter again—"a legacy to me!"

* * * * * *

"An auction almost on Christmas Eve! Why, it seems fairly barbarous!" thought Mr. Romain, indignantly, as he entered what had been the pleasant home of his friend Tom, and was so soon to be left desolate under the hands of the auctioneer.

It was early in the day, but already the house was filled with neighbors who had come from miles around to attend the sale; and as Mr. Romain moved among them his ears were constantly greeted with remarks on the foolishness of "signin' for people."

Sick at heart he entered the little kitchen back of the house, which was as yet unoccupied, save by Mrs. Blake's faithful colored cook, Aunt Nancy. She was sitting on a split-bottom chair, rocking herself to and fro, and occasionally wiping her eyes with her blue-check apron.

"Where is your mistress, auntie?" Mr. Romain asked.

There was a kindly ring in his voice that unlocked the old woman's burdened heart, and she sobbed aloud as she answered:

"Oh, massa, she done took de chilluns, an' gon' to her cousin's, Miss Rachel. It jest broke my po' ole heart to see 'em go! But Miss' Blake say she couldn't stand it here, an' dey have to go soon sure. Po' things! only de good Lord know what's to come of dem, she say.

"Oh, massa, hit awful hard on missis, dis is. She went all over de house dis mornin' tryin' to say good-bye to it. De little ones a clingin' to her kep' a pickin' up things. 'Mamma, dey won't take my wockin'-horse, will dey?' "Mammy, will de nauction man det my little chair?' dey ask. Missis tried to hol' back de tears an' speak chirk to dem chilluns, but when she come to her own room she say: 'You stay out here, darlings; mammy wants to go in here alone.' I took de chilluns, but pres'ntly I peek in de room, 'nd dere my po' missis, a kneelin' 'fore massa's big arm-chair, wid her head a lyin' on de big fambly Bible dat she'd put on de chair; she had her arms around dat, and she was cryin' softly.

"'Oh, my husband!' she whispered over and over, and den she say:

"'A fader to de faderless, a husband to de widow.' 'Dear Lord, let dis cup pass from me.'

"I shut de door den. By 'm by she come out, all white and tremblin', but she tried to smile on de chilluns as she led dem down de walk.

"Dose po' little things! Rosy was huggin' her rag doll an' tryin' to hide it under her rag aprun, an' Romain was totin' Pickie, de chicken, clost in he arms. 'De nauction man can't take mamma's chilluns, and so he can't take ours,' dey'd keep sayin'."

"Romain?" repeated her visitor.

"Yes, sah, Romain: dat's for a fren' of Massa Tom's. Massa not see him for years, but he talk a heap o' Mr. Romain."

"Thank God! Tom forgave me," whispered Mr. Romain, as he left the kitchen in response to the business-like tone of the auctioneer that now rang out clear and cold as he began offering the parlor furniture.

Great was the indiguation of one spinster when the first bid of a tall, handsome stranger, carried the price far beyond the sum she had mentally decided on, and he secured it without opposition.

Her feelings were soon shared by most of those present, for a similar scene took place over almost every article offered for sale, from Mrs. Blake's piano to Romain's rocking-horse. The stranger outbid every one, and was soon sole possessor.


"THANK GOD, WE'VE A HOME ONCE MORE."

He even became the owner of the farm and stock, the only active bidder against him being the representative of Mr Brown for the field adjoining his coal-mine.

Mr. Brown had not expected to meet with any opposition, and so had set the limit his representative was to pay at a very moderate figure. This Mr. Romain instantly outbid, and soon secured the whole.

As soon as the auctioneer announced the close of the sale, Mr. Romain asked the astonished and disappointed crowd to please vacate the premises as soon as possible, as he had bought everything for a lady who would take possession of her property that night.

The people filed slowly out and Mr. Romain was at last left alone with a lawyer he had brought, the auctioneer and the holder of Mr. Blake's unfortunate obligation. All the claims against the property were very soon met, and then, after seeing the gentlemen depart, Mr. Romain hastened to the little kitchen.

"Go for your mistress, auntie," he said, "and ask her to please bring the children and come back at once. There is a paper she must read."

When Aunt Nancy delivered this message, a few minutes later, to Mrs. Blake, she was greatly surprised; but, with the patience born of great suffering, she at once called the children to accompany her, and went home, wondering, as she walked along, how she was to endure the agony of seeing her home despoiled of its treasures.

She had dreaded the sight of wagons and people moving her goods, and, as she entered the gate, was astonished to see no one. Only Rollo, the old dog, lay basking in the last rays of the setting sun, and bounded up to meet them. The children ran joyfully up the walk, and at the sight of the rooms, when they entered, cried gleefully. "Why, mamma, maybe dere wasn't no nauction!"

Mrs. Blake gave herself no time to think, but hastened from one room to another, seeking the lawyers, until she came to her own room.

How pretty and homelike it still looked! There was her husband's big arm chair, still drawn up to the table, just as she had left it; the family Bible still lay on its seat, but on it lay something she had not left there, and as she picked it up she read her own name on the big envelope. With fingers trembling so she could hardly use them, she tore it open and read:

"My Dear Mrs. Blake—When you read the enclosed letter, written twelve years ago, by my friend and your husband, I think you will not deny it is my right to give you the enclosed deeds, etc., securing to you your home. He gave me mine.

"I find Mr. Brown hurried the sale to secure the land adjacent to his coal-mine. It is very valuable, and in a few years will make you rich.

"And now, my dear friend, to-morrow cannot be to you a Merry Christmas, but with brave cheerfulness I hope you will make it to your children not an unhappy one. I am

"Very sincerely your friend, as I was your husband's friend,

"John Romain."

"A father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow." Once again the words fell from the lips of the weeping woman, who for the second time that day knelt by the old arm-chair.

Then, clasping her children in her arms, she cried:

"Thank God with me, my darlings; we have a home one more!"

"And is de nauction clear gone away, mamma?" Romain asked, anxiously.

"All gone, my treasure; every bit gone, thank God!"

"Then," said little Romain, carefully pulling out Susanna Louise from under his apron, "set down, Pickie, and tum on, folkses, an' less have Chrismus!"—*Anna Pierpont Siviter.*

Out of His Head.

Guzzleton (about to depart after a Christmas dinner at his club)—Shay, are you sure thish ish my hat?

Waiter—Yes, sir, there's your name in it.

Guzzleton (looking in the mirror)—Well, then, I wonder 'f I hain't borrowed some other feller's (hic) head!

A Scientific Diagnosis.

Van Doodenbocker (in front of monkey's cage at Central Park)—"Say, Chawppie, I don't take any stock in this twash some of those beastly old scientists invented about these cwetaws being our gwandfathaws, do you?"

Chappie (gazing vacantly at the intense faces of their monkeyships)—"Naw, thawt I don't; too dem'd much expwession for a gentleman's gwandfathaw, don't chew knaw."—*Judge.*

Current News.

COAST DEFENSES.

The Out-of-Date Works at the Golden Gate to be Modernized.

Since the abandonment of Fort Scott the artillery at the Presidio has been greatly in need of a suitable place for testing heavy ordnance and for practice. Some months ago the construction of earthworks was begun under the supervision of Lieutenant Hamilton for the reception of a battery for practice, which are rapidly nearing completion. The works have a front of 170 feet and a depth of 80 feet, and are sixteen feet high, except the western traverse, which is over twenty feet high, being raised in order to deaden the concussion and sharpness of the firing, the hospital being in that vicinity.

The battery consists of four eight-inch converted muzzle-loading rifles, which are the best firing guns so far issued to the service. They are mounted on improved barbette carriages, which are furnished with a hydraulic cylinder or bumper for recoil check and are strengthened by transoms or crosspieces which have not been in use hitherto. The charge consists of thirty-five pounds of powder and a conical projectile weighing 180 pounds. The guns were formerly smooth-bore and were converted by inserting a steel tube which serves the double purpose of contracting the caliber and reinforcing the gun. They had been mounted on casemate carriages which would not admit of the use of a full charge of powder, hence the change. The earthwork is a simple parapet and not built as a permanent feature of the post, yet could be turned to good account if needed as a defense. In the center of the works is located the magazine, fully protected by a thickness of nearly forty feet of earth.

Congress has appropriated $260,000 for enplacements for 128 twelve-inch breech-loading rifle mortars and for several eight-inch high power steel rifles, which are to be placed as a portion of the defenses of this harbor. The emplacements will be so constructed as to accommodate sixteen of these mortars in a group and will be made of solid concrete.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Summary of the Platform Adopted at the Ocala Session.

The national Farmers' Alliance at Ocala Fla., on its closing day adopted a platform demanding the abolition of national banks and the establishment of sub-treasuries in the several states to loan money on land and farm products at 2 per cent, the prohibition by Congress of dealings in futures on farm and mechanical products, free coinage of silver, prohibition of alien ownership of land and the acquisition by the government of all land owned by foreigners or by railroad or other corporations in excess of what they actually use, "the removal of the present heavy tariff on the necessities of life that the poor must have," a graduated income tax and government control or ownership of railroads and telegraphs.

A motion to reconsider the protest against the Lodge election bill was defeated, 56 to 32. Illinois, Texas, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania and North and South Dakota and a portion of the delegations from Arkansas, Missouri, West Virginia, Florida and Kansas voted for the motion.

A memorial approving the Paddock pure food bill and protesting against the Conger lard bill as discriminating against the cotton oil of the south and the beef fat of the west was adopted unanimously.

The next meeting will be in Washington, D. C., the third Tuesday in next November.

This arrangement does not compel the support of alliance measures or the advocacy of alliance demands on the part of these newspapers in their editorial columns, but does compel a certain degree of friendliness on their part, and amounts to an absolute boycott of all newspapers which do not come up to the terms of the resolution.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

Parnell and the Popular Majority Against the Priests and Leaders.

The split in the Irish party is complete and Parnell on one side and Davitt on the other are appealing to the people of Ireland for support. The bishops having decided against Parnell, the majority of the priests naturally go with them, but in most of the towns visited by the two leaders of the campaign Parnell has had the support of a majority of the people and Davitt and Healy in many places have not been permitted to speak. In some instances Davitt was the favorite and Parnell could not get a hearing.

United Ireland, the recognized organ of the Irish party, under the editorship of men placed in charge by William O'Brien while he was in America, opposed Parnell. When Parnell was in Dublin he took legal measures to seize it, claiming to own seven-tenths of the stock, and the sheriff ejected O'Brien's editors. These latter recaptured the office and destroyed several columns of type set under Parnell's direction, but Parnell and a posse broke open the door with crowbars, again ejected the opposition, and published the paper. The Anti-Parnellites then began the publication of a paper called Suppressed United Ireland and the followers of the two factions amused themselves by destroying wagon loads of the two sheets as they left the offices to be mailed

Koch's Tuberculosis Cure.

Success continues to attend the use of Koch's lymph for the destruction of the tubercles which, when they make progress on the lungs, produce consumption, when on the skin lupus, etc. The injection of the lymph, as has been stated before in these columns, causes the affected tissue to slough off, carrying with it the bacilli.

A quantity of the lymph has been secured in New York and is being used with success in the polyclintic hospital, and, on the request of Koch's assistants, an agent—an expert chemist, Richard Benzinger—has been recommended as agent in San Francisco to receive a supply.

The lymph, injected into a person supposed to be healthy, reveals the presence of tubercles if they exist, and removes them. It is reported also to have favorably affected a victim of leprosy.

The French government has analyzed a specimen of the lymph and reports that it "is composed of ptomaines of tubercle bacilli, glycerine and one of the cyanogen compounds of gold."

NO. 42.

Women's World.

Women's Wages.

San Francisco, Dec. 10.

One of the black chapters of outrage and wrong in the history of civilization is that pertaining to the proper field for women's work. The opposition which has been made to the efforts of women to work their way into institutions of learning, and into the various trades and professions, is answerable for the downfall of many a woman who has turned, in despair, from virtue to vice for the means to appease her hunger and clothe her nakedness. The means of education, until recent years, have been kept beyond woman's reach. She might not enter a college nor an academy, she might only study the more common branches in the common schools. She could not fit herself for any profession nor enter upon it even if she were fitted. Gradually the places of learning have been forced, for very shame, to open their doors to the sex, though there are many colleges and higher schools yet where woman may not enter.

But when fitted for a profession there has been a most ungenerous opposition from persons of both sexes to her practicing any profession. In the trades the same selfish meanness is manifested. No person working at any of the indoor manual trades in which females are employed can long remain ignorant of the extent to which the prejudice against employing girls prevails. And when employed they seldom get the same pay that a man gets for the same work. There are printing offices which pay a regular, stated price for composition—40 cents per thousand ems to men and 30 cents to girls; the same practice prevails in other trades. It is no defense of this crying and cruel wrong to say that girls have less expense than men, that some of the latter have families to support. The employer is not a benevolent institution to furnish means of support to his employes according to their need, and he does not act in that character. He simply hires his help at the lowest price for which he can get satisfactory work, and takes advantage of the girl's necessity to compel her to work cheaper than the man.

In every field that has been opened to women seeking employment this unjust discrimination prevails, and it is answerable for much of the crime and vice to which so many are driven who were once sweet, pure little girls. This distinction in wages between the sexes is a relic of the ages when women were deemed property to be bought and sold. What is the logical interpretation of the system? It is this: The workman who opposes giving women an equal chance with him to earn a living virtually says to the woman, "I want to keep you in need of money. You must not receive generous wages. I must receive enough for my work to pay my own expenses and have some left over with which to tempt you in your penury to step aside from the path of virtue." That is what it amounts to in actual, every-day practice, and hundreds of poor girls, willing and anxious to work and honorably earn their way in the world, are crowded out of employment by the selfish prejudices of workmen or compelled to work for inadequate pay, until, driven to despair, they yield to the temptation placed before them by better-paid workmen and take the first and irretracable step toward the most terrible hell known to mortals.

Woman's proper sphere, if all men were in theirs, would be, in the majority of instances, the circle of home; but she has a right wherever there is work to be done that she is capable of doing, and she is entitled, in simple justice, to fair pay for good work. Until she receives it—until the discrimination between the sexes in wages for the same work is abolished—the employers and the workmen who crowd women out of work as they would not crowd men are partners with the direct actors in the hideous wrong of leading girls into the hell of immorality whose doors stand open to receive them.

Mattie Norris.

To Clean a Sink Spout.

"If you want a point or two about cleaning waste pipes without sending for a plumber," said a retired member of that fraternity to a New York Telegram reporter, who was complaining of the trials of house ownership, "just listen to me. If I were still in the business I would not give away what I am going to tell you now, but as I am out of it I do not see why I may not help a friend. One of the most frequent and trying annoyances," he continued, "is the obstruction to the free, quick outlet of the waste water of the washbasin, bathtub and kitchen sink. This is caused by a gradual accumulation of small bits of refuse material, paper, rags, meat, bones or grease, which check and finally stop the outflow of waste, and then the plumber is called in to remove the stoppage with his force pump. Sometimes this is accomplished, but often the pipe has to be cut, and there is great inconvenience and expense. Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the "trap," as it is called, or outlet. Be sure that no water runs into it until the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away and leave the pipe as clean as new. See? This is practical chemistry, yet few chemists would ever think of it."

The Women Suffragists.

Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon psided at a meeting of the California State Women's Suffrage society at San Francisco, Dec. 12. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Jennie Phelps of Modesto, Mrs. Emily Pitt Stevens, Mrs. Addie M. Ballou, Mrs. E. G. Edholm and Mrs. Maria Farrington. The report of the committee on the revision of the constitution and by-laws was received and adopted. A resolution was adopted empowering President Gordon to telegraph the American Federation of Labor in session at Detroit, urging the delegates to adopt the resolution favoring women suffrage before the convention.

Mrs. Gordon was authorized to represent the society before the legislature and to obtain what aid she could to advance the cause of women suffrage in this state.

The Federation of labor adopted the desired resolution.

Smokers should be smart enough to know [illegible] the genuine "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut" costs them no more than [illegible] Tobacco, which some dealers try to force on them.

Coast News.

Apaches are raiding in Arizona.

Watsonville is to have a savings bank.

Burglars are having a boom in Oakland.

William Skaggs of Skaggs' springs is dead.

Vaca valley took in $1,000,000 for fruit this year.

Five victims of the lake Labish disaster are dead.

A navy yard will surely be located on Puget sound.

Burglars and footpads are active at Sierra City.

Fresno has shipped 1286 carloads of green and dried fruit, raisins and wine this year.

Shasta county is exporting raisins by the carload.

The Fresno canal has been declared a nuisance.

Footpads are numerons and bold at Sacramento.

The Union Pacific switchmen at Ogden struck Dec 8.

John Deutsch committed suicide at San Rafael Dec 11.

Portland, East Portland and Albina are to be consolidated.

Constable Pearson killed Alfred Hourse near San Diego Dec. 6.

Delano marketed 9865 pounds of turkeys for Thanksgiving.

Oroville shipped a carload of oranges east Dec. 10.

An army of workmen are employed on the new stockyards at Baden.

The Jesuit fathers will build a training-school for novices at San Jose.

Mr. Hagle has got a divorce at Sacramento after a suit lasting ten years.

There is 20,000,000 acres of forest open to settlement in Washington.

Entry of land containing the big trees of California has been suspended.

Port Orchard will probably be selected for the Puget sound navy yard.

Work has been stopped on the Union Pacific's extension from Milford to Pioche, Nev.

Cho Chung. imprisoned at Portland for insanity, hanged himself by his queue Dec. 10.

Henry Chappell was killed by powder fumes from a blast in the Chollar mine Dec. 10.

Mrs. Langrez of Portland, whose daughter was accused of poisoning her, died of alcoholism.

Spokane Falls is to have a million-bushel grain elevator and a warehouse of equal capacity.

D. R. Fredericks, convicted of arson at Fresno, has been sentenced to ten years at San Quentin.

John Hayes has been arrested for arson at Madison and is believed to be one of a gang of firebugs.

W. C. Fry has sued the sheriff of Fresno county for $10,000 for arresting him without a warrant.

As much fresh fruit has been shipped from Sacramento in 1890 as from the entire state in 1889.

Charles Danielson and T. P. Carr are in jail awaiting trial for stealing corn from a box car at Lathrop.

H. M. Mitchell and William E. Dunn of Los Angeles went hunting and Dunn killed Mitchell for a deer.

Two lepers confined in the San Francisco smallpox pest-house for want of a leper hospital have contracted smallpox.

Foulke Lewis got drunk and set fire to his cabin and was burned up in it at Yreka Dec. 13.

Skagit, Nooksack and Snohomish rivers, in Washington, are likely to be improved by the federal government.

A strike of union miners against the employment of non-union men is in progress in the Cœur d'Alene mines.

After a bad run of luck, in which they lost $30,000 in two weeks, all the Portland gambling houses closed Dec. 10.

Superior Judge Mount at Sprague, Wn., has decided that a woman is not eligible to the office of school superintendent.

One man was killed and two seriously injured in a collision which wrecked two freight trains near Coyote, Wn., Dec. 12.

The Sacramento Bee boycotters have been fined for contempt of the court which enjoined them from boycotting the Bee.

Albert Dillwood and John Hern made several bullet wounds in each other at Fresno Dec. 8, but neither was dangerously wounded.

Burnette G. Haskell has been arrested for embezzling $72 50 which a member of the Kaweah colony trusted him to collect in San Francisco.

Sylvester Novella, who killed Robert Higuera at Cayucos and was discharged by a justice of the peace, has been indicted by the grand jury.

A passenger train ran into a freight train near Needles Dec. 11 and killed M. A. Thompson of Iowa City and a fireman and wrecked the train.

The eschscholtzia has been chosen by the state floral society of California as the state flower and the spelling of the name changed to "escholsia."

Mrs. Eckerson of Pleasant Home, Or., fell into a log fire and a log rolled on her and she was burned to death before her husband could rescue her.

Benito Solarsono was shot and killed by accident by one of the shooters at a Thanksgiving turkey-shoot at Madera Solarsono was placing the turkeys to be shot at and did not make allowance enough for bad marksmanship.

Shag rock, which the San Francisco supervisors bought, against the protest of the board of health, for $15,000, is one-tenth of a tract of tide land assessed at $275.

A gang of street graders under E. C. Burlingame of Tacoma have struck against a reduction of wages and compulsory boarding at their employer's eating-house.

Steelhead salmon, which run in the Columbia in winter but have been considered of little value, have come into such favor in the east that they bring more than Chinook.

John de Mars, while hunting on Sarvis island, near Portland, hid his gun under a barn. Seeing that the muzzle was visible he pushed it farther, when it was discharged, filling his leg and thigh with shot.

Three men concealed themselves in the Wigwam, a cheap San Francisco theater, Dec. 8, and after the audience was gone bound and gagged the night watchman, broke open the safe and made off with $1900 in money and $1000 worth (?) of diamonds (?) and other jewelry.

Castle Frothers of Stockton hired sixteen Chinese at Columbia the other day to work in their mine at Pine Log, near Copperopolis, discharging their white miners, but the next night a posse of Copperopolis miners drove the Chinese back to Columbia like a drove of sheep.

The Del Norte county grand jury has submitted its report. It charges that the treasurer's books are in a bad condition; that there is a shortage of $851 30 in the accounts of the county clerk, and of $751 65 in those of the recorder. The board of supervisors of the county and the district attorney are censured for neglect of duty.

The high Brazilian officials have changed their minds and will not let ex-Emperor Pedro return to die in the republic. So many signatures were obtained to the petition for permission for the exiled monarch to return that the officials became afraid he was too popular for the safety of the republic.

William Joplin eloped with Miss Miller of Jenny Lind, Ark., Dec. 10, but her father overtook them before they could be married and took the girl. Joplin got a shotgun and started back to Jenny Lind on foot. A man on horseback overtook him. Joplin shot and killed him, rode the horse as far as it could go, took possession of another team and hurried to Jenny Lind, where he killed Dr. Stewart, who he thought had something to do with fustrating his marriage, and then killed Miss Miller, her father and mother and himself.

Farm Notes.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

The annual report of the bureau of animal industry states that the bureau has succeeded in producing a drug inoculation with which makes swine impervious to hog cholera. This, if true, is one of the most important discoveries of the age and a pretty even offset, in point of usefulness, to Koch's discovery of a tuberculosis remedy, for if we can thus fortify the American hog he will probably be admitted to European markets again, and while consumption disappears in the human race cases of death from eating cholera-infected pork, as well as those of poverty from our inability to sell our hogs to the Europeans, will disappear, and we can all be happy together. Seriously, the statements of the United States bureau of animal industry are worthy of respect, and it seems probable that the greatest enemy of the hograiser has met its match. The report claims that a substance has been produced which not only resembles the bacteral product of the hog cholera germ in composition, but which has quite the same power of conferring immunity from disease.

The Patrons of Husbandry are working all over the land for both the Conger lard bill and the Paddock pure food bill. The Farmers' Alliance, which is strong in the south, approves the latter, but the former touches the pockets of southern members, forbidding the sale as pure lard of compounds of lard and cottonseed oil, and the alliance is pledged against it.

Apple Maggot Fly.

We have not heard of the importation into California as yet of the apple maggot, which is so destructive in Maine and other eastern states; but there is a probability of its importation at any time, in a similar way to that in which the codlin moth was brought into the state. The apple maggot (Trypeta pomonella) is one of the meanest of fruit pests as it completely ruins the fruit attacked and every precaution should be taken to prevent its introduction, and no pains should be spared to eradicate it should it be found. The following description by Prof. Harvey will give some idea of the pest.

"The female fly deposits her egg just beneath the skin of the apple by means of her sharp ovipositor, and the number she may thus dispose of are from 300 to 400. These are placed one in a place, though there may be half a dozen or more in different parts of the same apple. These hatch in four or five days into minute footless maggots, that at once begin to work on the pulp of the apple, or the part between the skin and core. In this they differ much from the common apple worm, for that works round the core, though sometimes going from there out through the pulp. As the larvæ grow and the fruit matures, the channels made by the larvæ become brown. They often cross each other, and in the last stages of the Trypeta work run together, producing large cavities. Finally they involve the whole fruit, rendering it a worthless mass of disgusting corruption, held together by the peel. From this picture any one can tell easily whether a wormy apple is made so by this insect or by the ordinary apple worm.

"The worms usually attain their full growth in from four to five weeks, when they are a little less than a quarter of an inch long, slender, footless, the greater part of the body cylindrical, tapering near the head. The color is of greenish white, with two minute black hooks on the under side of the head. They usually come out of the apple when full grown and go into the ground about an inch below the surface to pupate, but they may not be full grown till after the apples are gathered and stored, when like the other apple worm their pupæ will be found in the barrels or bins. In the field they may not go into the ground, but pupate beneath some rubbish on the surface. In Maine the perfect insect does not come out till July, but it is probable that if it is to be found in southern Illinois [illegible] appears as a winged insect earlier than this. There appears to be only one brood in a season, the flies not all coming out at the period mentioned, but hatching from that time all through the season. The perfect fly resembles somewhat a related fly that hatches from the galls that are found at this time of the year in the stems of the golden rods. The body is black, the head is red, and the two wings have four smoky bands across each."

The best and most practical means of getting rid of the post when once introduced is to destroy every windfall and carefully sort the stored apples from time to time, thus preventing its breeding.—California Fruit Grower.

Lime, Salt and Sulphur Wash.

The spraying of deciduous fruit trees for the San Jose scale will soon be in full blast, says the California Fruit Grower. It should be unnecessary to urge thoroughness in the spraying of trees, but some fruit was noticed the past summer, covered with scale, from trees which had been sprayed in a slovenly manner. If the work is not done in a thorough manner, it had better not be done at all, as both time and money are wasted. For the benefit of those who have new orchards or have occasion to spray for the first time, we give the formula of the lime, salt and sulphur wash, as recommended and most successfully used by the Sutter county board of horticultural commissioners:

Take 40 pounds unslacked lime [illegible] pounds sulphur; 15 pounds common stock salt; water to make 60 gallons. Boil ten pounds of lime and the twenty pounds of sulphur in twenty gallons of water for half an hour or more, or until both lime and sulphur are dissolved. The sulphur must be thoroughly dissolved and mixed with the lime; the mixture will then be of an amber color. Then slack in an empty half barrel forty pounds of lime with soft, hot water, using enough water to thoroughly slacken the lime and keep it in a liquid form. After the lime is slacked, add fifteen pounds of common stock salt while the material is still hot. When the salt is well dissolved mix the two lots together with sufficient water to make sixty gallons of spraying material, which will then be a thin whitewash. The material should be strained after being thoroughly mixed through a fine wire strainer. Apply the wash, milk warm or warmer, with a spray pump. Use either a "New Bean Nozzle" or a San Jose nozzle. If the latter is used, the usual brass disc accompanying it should be replaced with a rubber disc to prevent the material clogging the nozzle. Use only when foliage is off the tree.