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First-Class Artists in attendance. Hot and Cold Baths with Shower at all times.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

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An Elegant Display
of MILLINERY of all
Kinds.

Hats in the
LATEST

Sodaville.

The recent winds have sadly demoralized considerable fencing in this vicinity.

The Sodaville Literary society held its third regular meeting last Friday night, and elected the following officers: Benjamin Bashor, president; W. L. Jackson, vice president; Miss Eva Shankland, secretary; Miss Minnie Peery, assistant secretary; Miss Alda Parish, treasurer; J. R. Pound marshal.

The annual election of officers on Monday resulted as follows in this city. Trustees: Wm. Smith, H. A. McCarty, H. W. Peery, H. M. Perry and A. Parish. Recorder, Charles Elchler; Treasurer, George Werts and Marshal, J. R. Pound.

General health of the community is good.

The literary society will give an entertainment and basket dinner December 30th. The funds raised are to be applied on buying an organ for the new church.

Several new buildings are on the tapis for the coming spring. Sodaville will yet be one of the finest little cities on the coast.

Mrs. H. A. McCarty is still unable to get out to church.

The Original New Orleans Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., with a head, orchestra, and many other features, will be at the Band Hall, Saturday, Dec. 19.

Dahl & Pugh have settled down to business in earnest, and will doubtless command their share of the trade.

HOLIDAY HEADQUARTERS.

You should see the wonderful array of Holiday Goods at Julius Gradwohl's Bazaar.

While in Albany this week our attention was attracted to the wonderful stock of holiday goods which was found in Gradwohl's bazaar. To try and describe what we saw in there would be beyond the question, for fine lamps (hanging or stand), bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes and toys of every description and style. His shelves, counters and every available space are filled with the choicest and most varied stock of holiday goods ever seen in this valley, which consists of a beautiful assortment of albums, plush goods, books and rolled gold jewelry which will do the same service as gold and costing one-tenth as much money, diamond cut pins, rings, fine umbrellas for holiday presents and novelties. His stock is now in and holiday shoppers should lose no time in seeing his wonderful array which is not surpassed by any on the coast either in elegance or prices.

One Dollar Weekly.

Buy a good Gold Watch by our Club System. Our 14-karat gold-filled cases are warranted for 20 years. Fine Elgin or Waltham movement. Stem wind and set. Lady's or Gent's size. Equal to any \$50 watch. To secure agents where we have none, we sell one of the Hunting Case Watches for the Club price \$25 and send C. O. D. by express with privilege of examination before paying for same.

Our agent at Durham, N. C., writes: "Our jewelers have confessed they don't know how you can make such work for the money." Our Agent at Heath Springs, S. C., writes:

"Your watches take at sight. The gentleman who got the best watch and that he examined and found a genuine's quality in Louisiana. That watch was in the store going out the door and he bought it."

Our Agent at Pennington, Tex., writes:

"An in receipt of the watch of an excellent quality without money. All were very good and he was very pleased."

One good reliable, solid

HAPPY HOME.

Nov. 29, 1891.

Only two weeks more of school. "Mamma, what a good dinner Aunt Mollie had."

Mr. Isaac Coleman came out to Spring Farm last Sunday, from Lebanon.

There was a social party at E. Sylvester's last Saturday evening. A very enjoyable affair, so say the old boys and girls there present.

Mr. Chas. Cummings went to Cedar Flat Monday, on business.

Messrs. Gee and Morris butchered hogs Tuesday.

Mrs. Grant Lindley, who has been sick with erysipelas, we are glad to learn is much improved in health.

Grandpa Cummings is quite poorly.

J. A. Morgan dined at Mountain View Wednesday.

A beautiful deer was seen one day this week, leisurely feeding along the hill-side on Spring Farm.

Quilting on hand just through the trap.

Our roads are in sad need of repair, there being several bad places almost impassable.

Mrs. Mollie Gee has had an addition of two fine bedrooms to her rustic cottage, and is at present quite busy repapering the cozy sitting-room.

Mr. Chas. Scott is at present enjoying the pleasures of home.

LATE.

The owner of the lost umbrella thanks the finder most graciously, and will call at the Express office for the same (the umbrella was found).

Mrs. J. N. Gee went to Lebanon Saturday, as did also Mrs. Jennie Caldwell.

Messrs. Gee and Morris had some wood clearing to do on their way to Lebanon, a huge tree having fallen across the same near the residence of Mr. John Crab, during the late wind storm.

A wild-cat killed a fine goose at Mountain View, Saturday night.

Chas. Cummings sold a horse to Mr. Roe Lindley last week.

Monday C. M. Coffin left for the county-seat, where he has entered business. Give 'em a clean shave and close cut Charlie.

Tuesday Grandpa Cummings dined at Mountain View, and Bright Eyes was happy thereby.

Kelly Gay had the misfortune to cut his left hand quite badly, while sawing wood last Monday.

The ex-patrons as well as ex-pupils of Mr. Calahan will regret to learn of his severe sickness at the home of Mr. John Bilyeu.

Mr. C. taught our school a year or two ago.

J. A. Morgan and wife visited at Spring Farm Sunday, with the latter's parents.

B. Burtenshaw, formerly of this place, now of Lebanon, has sold his Happy Home farm, so we are informed.

Mr. Fred Brampton, who has been at work for M. Ryland, is at home once more.

J. S. Caldwell went to Doc South's Wednesday. He's one of the brothers, you know.

Pen.

We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. True croup never appears without a warning. The first symptom is hoarseness; then the child appears to have taken a cold or a cold may have accompanied the hoarseness from the start. After that a peculiar rough cough is developed, which is followed by the croup. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse; a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Even after a rough cough has appeared the disease may be prevented by using this remedy as directed. It has never been known to fail. 50 cent and \$1 bottles for sale by M. A. Miller, the druggist.

In making the rounds of the town we notice the drug store of

HAMILTON CREEK.

Farming has been greatly retarded in this vicinity on account of almost incessant rain. Mr. W. A. Gleason has been on the sick list, but we are glad to say that he has recuperated.

Mr. O. Jennings has erected a new dwelling where the old one was burned. We would be glad to see his children in school again.

Our school is small now owing to the number of pupils who have moved out of the district, but the cheerfulness of the teacher and pupils is an indication of harmony in school, and we hear no complaint.

Arthur and Bartie Burrell are cutting brush for B. W. Swink. Our motto is, "Make hay when the sun shines and cut brush when it rains."

One of our aspirant "country Jakes" would have been the recipient of an authentic "larapen" (?) had it not been for the profound respect his antagonist had for his (own) sister. That's right boys, respect your sisters, and be careful that you don't "bite off more than you can chew."

Hamilton Creek can boast of as many business men as any other creek in Oregon. If men who acknowledge deeds and afterwards lose them are not business men, then we appeal to the wisdom of this people to tell us what they are. But so the world wags. What is one man's loss is another man's gain, and the winner is entitled to sugar in his coffee. Another one of our business men moved away. So much talent leaving and yet talent left. But this man had read of perhaps his sagacious father had told him about the antique story of the man who built his house upon a rock, &c. So in imitating the ancients he built his house upon a rock too. The house may be seen standing there yet, booming up like a light-house in the fog. But as there can be seen no blue smoke curling over the chimney, we infer that the occupant has deserted the standard in water signal. We wish him a long lucrative and safe journey—never to return.

"NOT CUD."

SCHOLL'S FERRY.

EDITOR EXPRESS:

Again kind editor, I will give you a few items from our "country store" as "Jesse Rice" calls it. But friend "Jesse" your item was in vain if you thought to have it read by Mr. Grimes, for the paper is not read by any of our worthy citizens, and it was only through the kindness of a friend that I learned of the "big blow" you gave the enterprising firm of Latta & Grimes. Please friend "Jesse," with some of your missing "surplus," please send us a copy of that paper the next time you give our town a "boom," and I'll show the item to "Mr. G." Running a country store is pretty near as profitable business as going to the mines and investing all your surplus cash in buying plain engagement rings and giving them to girls you have been engaged to three or four times.

Our town consists of: Drug store, dry goods and general merchandise store, city hall, blacksmith shop, saw mill, grist mill, post-office, two feed stables, several dwellings, and strong talk of electric lights. (How does that strike you for a country store?)

The "Mountain Side" literary society of this place elected the following officers last Saturday evening: W. J. Grimes, Pres.; D. B. Elrick, Vice Pres.; F. North, Sec.; Joe. Twig, Treas.; Mrs. Mollie Latta, Editor of Mountain Side Gazette, and Mrs. M. H. Hunt, ass't. Editor. The following was the question debated last Saturday evening: "Resolved, that the steam engine has been of more value to the people than the printing press." The question was decided in favor of the affirmative.

The wind storm of last week blew down a vast number of trees, and did slight damage to several dwellings. When Mr. G. sees this item he'll be more willing to let me down, so I guess I'll leave town.

W. W. Jopkins is teaching the public school at this place. Mr. J. has taught here for the last four years, with good prospects of securing another year.

TENNESSEE.

The other evening about ten o'clock the usually quiet residence of Mr. W. E. Wallace was awakened from peaceful slumber to the awful realization that Tenn.'s ever vigilant charivari regiment was outside paying its respects to Mr. and Mrs. John Fox, of Tenn., who had just returned from their wedding tour. The sly and sharp Fox tried to hide, and thinking he had found a safe retreat, fortified his position by surrounding wire around the house; but Tenn.'s famous spies succeeded in tracing the Fox, by operating their sight machines through the window. They also found and destroyed the wire. The rest may be summed up as follows:

We came clear as a whistle
Just under the window.
At the crack of the pistol
All quiet burst asunder.

The groom never spoke
And lay as if dead.
But the bride quickly awoke
And fired him out of bed.

The bride, she blushed,
And the groom, he faded.
His father-in-law laughed,
And the little children wailed.

But around the house we scouted
For to make a great noise.
The captain leaped and shouted
"Whoop 'em up, boys!"

The guns, they did roar,
And loud rang the tin.
Just by the bedroom door,
Until word came to let us in.

The door opened wide
And the groom he came in,
With his bride by his side,
Two feet below his chin.

As they stood before our band
With our captain at its head,
They were pale both face and hand,
As one just from the dead.

We were treated to cigars,
The only thing he had,
They had been riding on the cars,
I can prove it by his dad.

Our captain sang a song
And the music then we had,
(It didn't take us long)
And I think we scared the bride.

I had a jolly time,
(As we sat around the fire)
And built this jingling rhyme
While they joked about the wire.

We went out into the rain
And went directly home,
Right through that muddy lane,
That night no more to roam.

The report that the matrimonial fever was contagious is true. The terrible pestilence is spreading like wild-fire. Y. C. Guess is not expected to recover. Longfellow is dangerously ill and rapidly growing worse. He goes to Spicer for his health, takes a back-set, and is unable to return for a few days. It is rumored that two bachelors are afflicted, and the Tenn. charivari regiment think they will be called out again soon.

ORRICOA JIM.

The First Steam Whistle.

With all our boasted civilization there are still a few primitive corners of the great state of Oregon. The Ochoco Review says that on last Wednesday the women dropped their dish rags, the merchants left their customers, the gamblers quitted the gaming tables, the editors thought the millennium had come, business houses of all kinds were deserted, the street cars tucked their tails between their legs and started for pastures new, the fabled saddle animal of Jerusalem began to pray and all the town of Prineville was in such a commotion as will never again be witnessed until the judgment shall have arrived. W. McMeekin and his steam engine, the cause of all this commotion, having blown the whistle at the top of noon, it being the first steam whistle that was ever sounded in Prineville as a lady naively remarked "First whistle this!"