

Lebanon Express.

VOL VII

LEBANON, OREGON, NOVEMBER 24, 1893.

NO 39.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	\$2 00
(If paid in advance, \$1.50 per year.)	
Six months.....	1 00
Three months.....	50
Single copies.....	5

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A Startling Sensation.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Lund had a widowed sister who was still living in her old home, and with some persuasion he induced her to return to Nebraska with him. Mr. Lund had a two-fold object in view, for in his sister he would have not only a good house-keeper but a loving guardian for his child, and with this arrangement he could also provide a good home for the daughter of Mr. Latimer.

It was with a joyful heart that Mr. Latimer received this good news. His emotions had betrayed him. It told too plainly of the terrible battle he was fighting. It was indeed a great sacrifice to be deprived of the society of his only child. But this he would undergo, for the love of woman, regardless of the future welfare of his daughter. No wonder Mr. Latimer rejoiced in the good fortune he had met with in finding a comfortable home for his child. Little did he think though when he underwent the agonies of parting with his beloved child, when he had to remove the little arms that were entwined about his neck, by force, and leave her weeping, with a broken heart—little did he think when he last heard those cries of agony that almost tore his heart strings asunder, that he was parting with her perhaps forever. If he could have seen what was in store for his child, in future, if he could have seen the great trouble that was to be hers, if he could have seen the still greater trouble that is yet to come to this once bright, innocent and lovable little Edna, his course might have been different, but probably not, as the love of woman is a great power,—she, with her great magnetic force, will draw man unto her regardless of the power of other ties, and as is too often the case only to spur advances of affection in after years.

It being just after the great financial panic of 1873, Mrs. Young, Mr. Lund's sister, was unable to dispose of her homestead, consequently Mr. Lund, with the additional expense on his hands, soon found that he would be unable to maintain his daughter at a boarding-school as was his desire. To add to his already troubled mind, he was forcibly reminded of Uncle Ned's predictions, when he said, "Mar's Jack, yo' sho' gwine ter hev ter shell out dem shaines. Missus Ader done got Mar's Mac tied hard ter her apron strin' an' little Edner won' never git er-nuff from her par ter buy er pet coon." While Mr. Latimer had, on condition, settled a small farm on his daughter, there was no available means. The farm would barely pay its own taxes, and has not until this day been of any benefit to Edna Latimer, and may never be, as the conditions stipulated in the conveyance from Mr. Latimer to his daughter were violated. I will hereafter give the conditions specified in the deed, and manner in which little Edna disobeyed its mandates.

While Mr. Lund owned considerable property in Kentucky, he was not able to realize on it, and to make matters worse the purchases of his Nebraska farm were not able to meet the payments, in consequence of which Mr. Lund was compelled to take the farm back. This left him in a bad fix,

financially. These conditions sorely troubled Mr. Lund, as his highest ambition was that his daughter should reach the highest accomplishments, both in literature, music and art. The revelation that had just dawned upon him was another thorn in his side; it was that the education and care of Edna Latimer was thrust upon him. But he, with his great, manly heart, grasped the situation manfully and resolved that his own daughter should not have any advantages over his protegee.

After Mr. Lund looked the situation thoroughly over and had discussed the pros and cons with his sister, it was decided to advertise for a competent tutor, and have the girls educated at home; so in a few days the following appeared in a Chicago paper:

WANTED—A competent teacher, to teach two little girls at home. One who understands music and art preferred. Address, J. LUND, Neb.

[NOTE.—I copied the above advertisement from the paper in which it was published. I told you at the commencement of this story that I would have to go into details. It may seem that the closing of the foregoing chapter would have no bearing on the case, but wait and see. I promised that I would boil this story down, and the shortness of the chapters prove that I am doing all I can to fulfill this promise. It is several years gathering these facts, but I propose to tell it in less time. If I seem tedious I will have to ask you to bear with me. If I fail to interest you, dear reader, it will be for lack of ability and not for the lack of an interesting subject. I am not a novelist and cannot draw on my imagination, consequently I have to confine myself to facts as they appear on my note-book.—EX-DETECTIVE.]

[To be Continued.]

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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In answer to a general demand from all parts of the United States, the Toledo Blade has published in one volume, cloth bound, all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written by the late D. R. LOCKE, omitting perhaps a few unimportant letters of local or forgotten topics. Only a few of these letters were ever published in book form. Everybody has read some of them, but who has read all of them? The book contains over 500 large pages, and all the Nasby Letters written during a period of twenty-five years; also a portrait of D. R. LOCKE from his last photograph. It would sell at one dollar or more, but will never be placed on sale. One hundred thousand copies are now being printed and bound, and one copy will be sent post-paid by mail free to every person who this winter remits one dollar for the Weekly Blade one year. Everybody invited to send for a specimen copy of the Weekly Blade, which will give a full description of the book "The Nasby Letters."

The Toledo Weekly Blade is the best and most popular weekly newspaper published in this country. It has the largest circulation of any weekly newspaper, and goes to every State, Territory and nearly every county of the Union. Only one dollar a year, including the above mentioned book free. Send postal to THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO, for a free specimen copy of the paper. Send the addresses of your friends also.

E. S. Roberts, agent for the Albany Steam Laundry, now sends clothes down twice a week—Mondays and Thursdays.

WATERLOO GARBAGE.

[This communication did not reach us till just as we were going to press last week.—Ed.]

Mumps.

Schools.

Circus.

Districts.

Political outlook.

Sensational poverty.

Development of the down town mystery.

Mumps have closed the jaws of a few—and we fear they are made on the "Alliance plan"—for the masses. The only jaws to escape are "the jaws of death" (and a few family jaws).

The birch or (s)with hazel is once more wielded by Prof. Jackson, M. D., in the new tabernacle erected last summer under the auspices of Elder Hutton.

The Hon. James Brown gave a free entertainment in the form of a magic lantern show, last week, to the elite of this place. He has many pictures that are easily recognized—one bears a strong resemblance to Lebanon's accommodating P. M.; another to the Waterloo Recorder at his duties.

There seems to be a strong feeling in Dist. 68 of burning a prominent county official in effigy. His arduous duties cause him to make four changes in said district in less than a year. Provided the other districts are favored with his aid in like manner, school teachers will be above par next year.

The judges and clerks of election have been appointed by the Town Council, and the first Monday of December for and votes will fly for official and honorary offices in Waterloo.

Waterloo is original if nothing else. One of our esteemed denizens wrote to prominent public servants throughout the state, informing them that 15 families in our town were in a starving condition, and praying for assistance. A gentleman of Salem responded by a Wells, Fargo order for \$15.00; but here the beautiful ends and the hog crops forth; instead of catering to the wants of said 15 families he spent it for purple and fine linen to grace his own long back.

The mystery deepens as regards the factory ghost. These posted claims to have seen a shadowy form fitting to and fro among the spindles, and vaguely hint at strange noises—groans and screeches (emanating from the jacks no doubt). Mr. H. performs his duties as night-watch, and a smile passes fleetingly over his countenance at mention of his ghostship.

Saturday night the "Consolidated Waterloo Ditch, Milling, Power, Electric, Gas, Motor, and Bankrupt Co." hold their first meeting, to elect a president and directors for the ensuing year. Work will commence next week (maybe). Mr. C. Bruce has been engaged to board the hands who cannot find lodging at the "Soup House."

Mr. C. Oakley is improving in health. Mr. Fairbanks is suffering with typhoid; while we learn as going to press, Miss R. A. Gross has contracted the same dread fever. It seems we are to be visited with all foreign and domestic diseases. Had we thought of this, we would not have joined the great army of correspondents, as the gifted are persecuted and prosecuted first.

There has been quite a rattling of dry (and green) bones since the new marshal (A. Shepherd) took the helm. An exodus occurred, one Hon. being among the first to go; he is supposed to be on "Camas Flat," digging spuds for Elder Waybuck. Our feather-weight is with him, while Sullivan once more is seen about town. The changes in real life here equal J. Brown's panorama of past events.

S. A., we know the writer of that serial.

C. RANK.

An Unpleasant Search.

"What are you waiting for?" said one of our local lawyers the other day to an Indian who had paid him money. "A receipt! What do you know about a receipt?"

"S'pose maby me die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see 'Postle Peter; he say, 'Jem, what you want?' Me say, 'Want to get in.' 'You pay A. that money?' What me do? I has no receipt; hab to hunt all over hell to find you." He got his receipt.—Carson Appeal.

Gal Jewpepper gets Homesick.

Had I have stayed at home I would not be so miserable now. I have had sweet memories awakened in a most unexpected manner. Oh! if I only had the price of a ticket I would soon be rambling about over my old stamping grounds in South Carolina.

Oh! how I can see everything now. There is the mill-pond, shaded by weeping willows and maiden cane; there is the old log schoolhouse where I learned my "a-b, abs" and advanced on to "haker, horseback, banquet and publication;" there is the old church where, in my mother's arms, I first heard the gospel expounded; there is the old log church down at the quarters, where Prince Duke Alexis (called that because he wore long side-whiskers) often pictured out the great Celestial abode to his "Dear bredderin and sisterin."

I have been a pretty regular attendant at church ever since the earthquake at Charleston, and it was per force of habit that I recently attended the salvationist meeting, and it was then and there that I was so forcibly reminded of the past. That tambourine—Oh! it looked and sounded so natural; it reminded me of the many happy moonlight evenings I spent among the happy inhabitants of the quarters. There was Prince Duke Alexis, too, in all his glory, with his flowing side-whiskers, speaking at the top of his voluminous voice, saying, "Cum er-long, my circumvented sinnab; dar's room for yo' an' dar's room for me; brar de Lord!" and emphasizing his utterances with wild gestures.

Had I have left then I might have been able to dispel the sudden spell of homesickness which had come upon me; but I stayed, hoping for relief; but alas! when the curtain again rose the climax was almost reached. The grand walk around was commenced, and it did look so natural! My emotions were observed, and mistaken. I could plainly see the happy dusky forms keeping time with the tambourine, which was playing "chicken in a bread-tray." The song completed my misery. It reminded me so much of the favorite old song I heard so often in the old church down at the quarters. It ran like this, sung in 8-8 time, I believe.

Oh den cum-er-long de'r sinstab.
Den cum-er-long de'r sinstab.
Oh den cum-er-long de'r sinstab,
An' don't yo' want ter go.

An' don't yo' see dat stairy cre'n,
Wid er-gr' at long white robe hang down,
An' er-gol'en slipper 'pon yer feet
To walk o' Jordan street.

There is no question but what the salvationists have made many souls happy, many of whom who had never had the pleasure of a formal introduction to their Jesus; but they have made at least one very unhappy, but I am going to have relief if I have to take up a collection.

GAL JEWPEPPER.

Married.

Mr. W. E. Chaudier and Miss Clara B. Read were bound together in the holy bonds of wedlock, last Monday morning at 10 o'clock, at the residence of H. Y. Kirkpatrick, in this city, in the presence of a few invited guests, Rev. D. T. Summerville, of the M. E. Church, officiating. Mr. Chaudier is a plumber and tinner, and at present has charge of the mechanical department of this trade for the firm of Simpson, Houston & Co., of Corvallis. He worked several years for Hopkins Bros., of Albany. His native home is in Illinois, but he has lived in this valley for the past five years. Mr. Chaudier is a young man of more than ordinary ability and sterling qualities, and is sure to make his mark in life. The bride is a daughter of W. C. Read, of Albany, and a sister of W. F. Read, one of Albany's leading and richest citizens. She is also a member of the firm of Read, Pescok & Co. She is a level lady and makes friends wherever she goes, and Mr. Chaudier is certainly to be congratulated on winning the heart and hand of such an estimable lady for a help-meet through life. They left Monday evening on the train for Albany, where a carriage will meet them and take them direct to Corvallis. They both have many friends all over the country, who join in wishing their best wishes for their future happiness. The bridesmaids extend congratulations.