

Lebanon Express.

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Secret Societies.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. G. F.—Meets every Saturday evening at Odd Fellows Hall, at 8 o'clock p. m.
 A. A. KEES, S. G.
 W. C. PETERSON, Sec'y.

PEARL-REBECCA LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. G. F.—Meets at I. O. G. F. Hall first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.
 H. A. NICKERSON, S. G.
 DOLLIE BALTMAHSH, Sec'y.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 44 A. F. & A. M.—Meets Saturday evening, on or before the full moon in each month.
 E. E. HANNAK, W. M.
 F. J. MILLER, Sec.

HONOR LODGE, NO. 36, A. O. U. W.—Meets every Tuesday evening at G. A. R. Hall.
 Dr. J. S. COURTNEY, M. W.
 C. A. EARL, Rec.

GRAND MENOR CAMP, NO. 19, DIV. OF OREGON Sons of Vets.—Meet in G. A. R. Hall, Lebanon, Or., every Saturday evening, except the third Saturday of each month, meeting the third Friday instead. All brothers of the Sons of Veterans and comrades of the G. A. R. are cordially invited to meet with the Camp.
 C. D. MOY, Capt.
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Cal Jewepper's Opinion of Elder Wayback and "Proxy."

I had just returned from Waterloo, where I had been for the double purpose of attending the revival meeting and in answer to a summons from Mr. C. Rank, who wanted some work done in my line—I am a taxidermist by trade. (A taxidermist is one who stuffs skins of dead animals, birds and fowls. I make this explanation because I don't want to be accused of using big words that no one can understand.) I want to say right here that Mr. C. Rank has got the right name. He only wanted me to make a bid on materializing the Waterloo Improvement and Milling Co., by stuffing the skin of the dead concern. Of course it was only a joke, but such jokes go a long way with me.

As I was going to say, I had just returned and was backing my cart under the shed, when my wife met me at the barn with one of my old coats over her head and a paper under her arm, and looking so excited I was really uneasy.

"Why, what in the world ails you, Lucinda?" I asked.

"You just read this, Cal, and you will see," she replied, while the fire fairly flew out of her snapping brown eyes.

We stepped inside the barn, out of the rain, and I sat down on a sack of bran. I tried to look cool and collected although I was so awfully agitated, having passed over a road from my house to Waterloo that would make any other than a Christian swear worse than a pet parrot on a whaling vessel, and having been the victim of a practical joke. I asked my wife to read for me as I was cold and wet, which was true—I never lie, not even to her. My wife commenced reading the article under the caption of "Elder Wayback and Latin." As she proceeded in her clear, soprano voice and gradually pulling out the tremolo stop, so to speak, my Waterloo trouble began to vanish, and when she got down to where Clodhopper's daughter translated the first Latin phrase, I said, mentally, "Bless the child!" because she had explained what I could not understand. I could then see that "A Salvationist" was right. Then comes the confession of Elder Wayback, where the old layseed confessed that he did hate theologians. My heart almost sank within me, and I said "Let us pray for him!" but my wife suggested that I wait until I knew all. Now I had formed a good opinion of "A Salvationist," but I was not stuck on his proxy because the proxy had mentioned my name in connection with that infidelly inclined Elder Wayback, but as I did not understand the French and Latin used by "Proxy," I tried to take his remarks as a compliment, but when I found that he had put me down on a level with that mutter-headed blabber-mouthed atheist, Elder Wayback, I got mad—mad all over—and I used the worst words I ever used in my life. I said, "He is a god-darn phool!"

"Hush! Hush!" said Lucinda. "I know," she continued, "that you are superior to that old ignorant Wayback, or 'Proxy' either, as to that, both morally, religiously and intellectually, but you must not use harsh language."

"I beg your pardon, Cindy," said I. "You are excusable," said she, "but—"

Here she hesitated, as our minds were moving together—we had gone back to the good old days when the dear old tuitsters, who were really called to preach the gospel, had predicted that a great calamity would be sent upon us because of the wickedness in the country. Even Uncle Halaam—who we called Prince Duke—had often said, when he was standing in his rube pulpit shining like a glazed ginger cake in the sunshine, that the country would be purged of its wickedness. Wasn't it, though? I should say it was, in 1886, when Charleston and the surrounding country experienced a shake-up that will never be forgotten; and we will have like visitations here unless

some press are is brought to bear on Elder Wayback and his ilk. Now, Christian friends, let's do all we can to bring him over to our way of thinking. If we get him, he will follow as he is a leader in the lower classes. He needs no property qualifications to entitle him to a ticket which will pass him through St. Peter's gate.

Now, Elder, take heed, before it is ever too late. While I do not want to associate with you here below, I will gladly shake your hand in mine, when I meet you, clothed in an angel's garb, on the other side. We will all be equal there, and regardless of the shallowness of your intellect you will know just what to do when you are handed a harp of a thousand strings, tuned up to concert pitch. Will you come?

CAL JEWEPPEP.

LEBANON PRODUCE MARKET.

(Changed Every Week.)

Wheat—42c.
 Oats—24c.
 Hay—\$6 per ton.
 Flour—\$3 50 per sack.
 Chop—\$1 25 per cwt.
 Bran—80c per cwt.
 Middlings—\$1 00 per cwt.
 Potatoes—50c.
 Apples—Dried, 8c per lb.
 Plums—Dried, 7c.
 Onions—2c.
 Beef—Dressed, 4c.
 Veal—4@5c.
 Pork—Dressed, 6.
 Lard—17c.
 Hams—15@17 per lb.
 Shoulders—12c.
 Sides—16c per lb.
 Geese—\$6 per doz.
 Ducks—\$4 00 per doz.
 Chickens—\$3 00@4 00.
 Turkeys—10c per lb.
 Eggs—27c per doz.
 Butter—20c per lb.
 Hides—Green, 2@3c; dry, 6c.

13 Christmas Presents for \$4.00.

From now till Dec. 25, for \$4 cash I will make one doz. first-class cabinet photo's, and GIVE you a life-size Crayon Portrait of yourself or friend.

H. J. BOYD, Lebanon, Or.

For Lease.

My farm of 274 acres, which is located 5 miles west of Lebanon, is for lease for three years, provided the person will buy my stock and farming implements, which I offer at a bargain.

ALBERT UMPHREY, Lebanon, Or.

A Man Lost.

One day last week a man was passing down Main street, and all at once disappeared into Baker's Dry Goods, Boot and Shoe store, where he fell into Baker's low prices and was lost to all.

Send your name and address to Read Peacock & Co., Albany, Oregon, and mention the EXPRESS, they will mail you a fashion sheet free each month.

A great reduction in prices of goods at Read, Peacock & Co.'s.

Fresh pies, cakes and bread at Peebler's grocery store.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Nov. 24, 1893.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Linn County, at Albany, Oreg., on Jan. 15, 1894, viz:
 JACOB PETERSEN,
 Pre. D. S. No. 7967, for the W. 1/4 N. E. 1/4 and W. 1/4 S. E. 1/4 Sec. 21, T. 18 S., R. 5 E.
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. L. Berry, Neil McKee, John Daley, John Fogarty, all of Berry, Oreg.
 ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

A Remarkable Discovery.

(From Albany Herald.)

Frazier Wallace, a brother of T. L. Wallace of this city, recently leased a piece of hop land of the old Maxwell farm in the Santiam bottom, seven miles east of Albany. The land grew hops so well that he concluded to purchase a small tract in that vicinity, and found what he thought would suit him in an adjoining piece, but after diligent search could find no owner. He then began searching the records and discovered that it was government land, and contained 42 acres of the richest land in the Santiam bottom. He lost no time in going to Oregon City and filed a homestead upon it. The land is worth perhaps \$2000.

It seems remarkable that the land should have lain vacant so long, especially as it is between and adjoining two of the oldest farms in Linn county, the Lewis Cox farm on the west having been settled upon in 1819.

Mr. Wallace has built a house upon it and considers himself lucky in obtaining a fine little farm free of cost.

Council Proceedings.

Council met Monday evening, in an adjourned session. All members were present except Councilman Dalgleish.

Recorder Miller being absent, S. M. Garland acted as recorder.

The City Treasurer made his report for the last quarter, and by motion the report was accepted and ordered placed on file.

The Treasurer stated that there was \$22 of the city money in the bank when it closed, and asked if he would have to make it good or if the city would look to the bank for the money. After discussing the matter for awhile a motion was passed that the matter be referred to a committee of the whole for consideration.

The recorder handed in a written report of the vote at the city election, and by motion the report was accepted and the recorder was ordered to issue certificates of election to all the newly elected officers.

The following bills were read and warrants ordered drawn on the city treasurer for the same: J. A. Roberts, \$38.32; Ed Kellenberger, \$32.50; P. W. Morgan, \$21.75; Cruson & Menzies, \$5.90; LEBANON EXPRESS, \$3.19; J. G. Boyles, 50 cts.

Council then adjourned till the next regular session.

Oregon and Washington Editors Will Visit the Fair.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Oregon Press Association was held Saturday to decide upon a date for visiting the midwinter fair, and February 5 was agreed upon. Eighty applications have been received by Chairman White. The Washington association will join with the Oregon members and make their visit at the same time. To receive the courtesies extended the Oregon Press Association, one must be a member and have his dues paid up for 1894. Applications for membership must be made to E. L. E. White, 114 Grand avenue, Portland, who will forward them to the secretary. The object in selecting so early a date is to give all members an opportunity to be on hand during the coming campaign in this state. It is expected that at least 50 members of the Washington association will be in the excursion.

Many of the papers have "stolen" the following article from an exchange, each claiming that the incident happened in its own town. "A lady went to a grocery store a few days ago for a peck of apples, taking as she supposed a fresh laundered flour sack. She held the sack while the clerk poured in the apples. A singular thing then happened. The fruit went through the sack and rolled over the floor. On examination it was found that there were two holes in the bottom of the sack, both trimmed with embroidery. The young man fainted and the lady sent a small boy after the apples—with a basket."

WATERLOO GARBAGE.

Big Jaws.

Church notes.
 College items.
 Council proceedings.
 Cullings here and yonder.

Sixteen cases of mumps, and "still there's more to follow." Faces around here resemble the Climax Tobacco Co's advertisement.

Church closed before much good had been accomplished. Of course the excuse is the mumps, but we think it is on account of the light collection.

School operations are suspended until after the holidays. Prof. Irvine is making his mark here as an able teacher, and ere he leaves we trust he will make several marks, color blue and red, said stripes to be made with the celebrated "rod crayon," on subjects taken from life.

R. R. Humphrey is the mayor for the year 1894, decided by lot; and the Lord never forsakes his children. Sanford's friends stayed until the last ar fell with their face to the foe. "note it be!"

Country boys have been making Mayor H.'s pickets for walking out of late; at least so the town boys state, but J. and G., and J. and R., and others too numerous to mention, had a flinger in the pie, so to speak. Boys beware the dungeon and street work.

The Mayor issued an edict prohibiting dances for ten days, to give the sick a chance to recover. Now the little children are mad at the "Dads" for it. Of course children know best. They ought to have a dance every night in the week. Their playful yells are so amusing to a man with a head not larger than a beer keg—but, boys, you ought to pay the poor man who scrapes the strings for you, and not go on a stampede when the dance is over. Ta, ta.

Someone was mad last week, and perhaps next they will be more so and be thirsting for vengeance; but we care? We are here for fun, truth and justice, and as long as the long-suffering editor will print we will continue to reel it off and give you all three.

There are several things we feel inclined to write up, but will forbear for the present in hopes of a reform; and in the past we have incurred so much ill-will prudence whispers not to do it. Shall we sit idly down in the mud and see the town run by the Philistines or not? "To be or not to be," that is the query. But we will earnestly supplicate for grace to grin and bear it (when our mumps let up) until such a time arrives when we can make the best haul, then look out for breakers.

C. RANK.

P. S. The ones who were affected last week by our little "essay" intend to answer it. Dear Ed., please publish in full their account as it will be very interesting no doubt, and we hope for their own good they will make all things O. K. The idea of any one taking offense when they were of course "innocent" looks queer to the grindstone's friend.

C. RANK.

Resolutions.

Resolutions adopted by John F. Miller Post No. 42, G. A. R., Dept. of Oregon, in memory of Wm. Crosier, deceased, are as follows:

First, Be it Resolved, That we bow in submission to the Great and All-Wise Commander, Who has seen fit to muster out from our rank our worthy comrade William Crosier, on the 21st day of Oct., 1893.

Second, Be it Resolved, That we as a Post extend our heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved son and family; and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Third, Be it Resolved, That we find that Comrade Wm. Crosier was born in the state of Indiana, and entered into the service of the U. S. army on the 17th day of Dec., 1864, in Co. 1st Oregon Inf., and was discharged therefrom on the 16th day of Jan., 1893.

Be it Resolved, That these Resolutions be spread upon the records of the Post, and that a copy be presented to the Lebanon papers for publication, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved son and family of the deceased.

Fraternally submitted in F. C. and L.

C. B. MONTAGUE,
 G. W. CUTSON,
 F. M. MILLER, Com.

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