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Elder Wayback and Theology.

I am almost inclined to think "Proxy" and my "noble frater," "Cal Jewpepper," have joined forces, in anticipation of an assault from Camas Flat, but I recognize the truth of the Japanese proverb, "Every dog has the right to bark before his own door," and am content to hear them at a distance. I had intended to hurl a diatribe at "Proxy," but the price of "spuds" will not warrant my wasting words on such a learned ass. My temperament is not Quixotic enough for me to engage in battles with a windmill, so I forbear, and leave him to the tender mercies of my humorous friend "Clodhopper."

As to my "odium theologorum," I do not deny it. As Dr. Charles Briggs well says, in the November Forum, "We are living in the ebb-time of the church." "The church is ruled by dogmatists, ecclesiastics and traditionalists." It has persecuted all who have dared to depart from its beaten paths. To hold an idea concerning the authenticity of the Bible, at variance with those of a medieval theologian, is rank heresy; and few these are within the pale of the church who are bold enough to throw off the chains of superstition and preach a gospel in accordance with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

Why is it there are such multitudes in our great cities and throughout the length and breadth of the land, who no longer attend church services, not because they are not Christians or inclined toward a religious life, but because they cannot conscientiously subscribe to the teachings and practices of the church of to-day. There is a dissatisfaction with the present state of things, a longing for higher things, an anxious search for better things, that finds expression in the creation of societies for moral and ethical culture without the confines of any church. As evidence that the church is not filling its proper sphere, we have Ethical Societies in the higher ranks of life, and the Salvation Army in the lower.

The trouble with the church is, we have too much theology and too little Christianity in it; too much dogma and too little truth. And the worst of it is, the people have lost confidence in the ability of the church to teach them the truth. The church should be a leader in the pursuit of knowledge, but it is not. She has not kept pace with modern progress. She has thundered against the spirit of modern historical methods of investigation, against science and philosophy, and has been defeated again and again. "Science and philosophy have gone on and left the church two hundred years in the rear," says Dr. Briggs, and he is right. The official teachings of the church are in conflict with the learning of the present age. We are standing on the threshold of the twentieth century, but the church is lingering along in the seventeenth. Theology shrinks from a close acquaintance with science, philosophy, and historical criticism. The theologian says to the scholar, "Hands off of the Scriptures. You cannot apply to it the test you apply to any other ancient production." Is the theologian afraid it will not bear the test of historical criticism? Thank God, there are men in some of our pulpits who are not afraid to winnow the stubble and the chaff from its precious grains of truth, to strip from it the rubbish of traditionalism and leave it clothed in perfect parity.

How can any man trained in the thought of the age have any patience with the doctrine of creation, and the theories of miracles and prophecy, commonly taught from the pulpit. How can any man, trained in modern metaphysics and philosophy, dishonor the intellect and reason that God has given him, with such theories concerning the doctrine of original sin, of transubstantiation, of the divinity of the Savior, commonly expounded from the pulpit.

The church denounces the present drift of modern intellectual life, just as it denounced the teachings of Bruno in 1562; yet the teachings of Huxley, Tyndal and Her-

bert Spencer are no less true than his, and at his time will come when the church will be forced to acknowledge their truth.

If believing in the doctrine of evolution is infidelity, then am I an infidel. Let the earth quake, and "noble frater," "Cal Jewpepper," lie himself back to the teachings of Prince Duke Alexis and the association of his noble congregation, still I will maintain that the earth "do move." At least it does around Camas Flat.

ELDER WAYBACK.

A Curiosity.

On the farm of S. R. T. Jones, about three-fourths of a mile south of Hubbard and only a few rods from the stage road, is a curiosity which at present is attracting considerable attention. It has been noticed for the last fifteen years but never has aroused such interest as in the past few months. On a space of say 20 feet square, appears this "What is it?" It can be seen best just after a rain, or while the ground is filled or covered with water. There are numerous holes, about as large as common lead or slate pencils, from which gas or air is constantly escaping with a sound as of meat frying or the hissing of water on a hot stove or iron; sometimes the pressure may be stronger than at others, but it is there just the same. The pressure is so great that if these vents are closed they will in a few minutes send the mud flying as though a miniature blast had exploded. A large heavy iron pan was inverted over some of the strongest vents, the rim being buried in mud preventing any escape of gas; a man then sat down on the pan and awaited results, which were not long in coming, as pan and man were lifted bodily. The gas or air was forced through lime water, but no change was noticed. Was tested by fire but cannot say it burned. One peculiarity of the soil is that no matter how wet the surrounding ground may be, this spot plows up hard and dry. A well close by keeps up a constant hissing and the water reveals nothing out of common.

—Woodburn Independent.

LEBANON PRODUCE MARKET.

(Changed Every Week.)

Wheat—42c.
Oats—24c.
Hay—\$9 per ton.
Flour—\$9 80 per sack.
Chop—\$1 25 per cwt.
Brass—85c per cwt.
Middlings—\$1 00 per cwt.
Potatoes—35c.
Apples—Dried, 6c per lb.
Plums—Dried, 5c.
Onions—2c.
Beef—Dressed, 4c.
Veal—46c.
Pork—Dressed, 5c.
Lard—14c.
Hams—14@15 per lb.
Shoulders—10c.
Sides—13c per lb.
Geese—\$7 per doz.
Ducks—\$4 00 per doz.
Chickens—\$3 00@4 00.
Turkeys—10c per lb.
Eggs—25c per doz.
Butter—20c per lb.
Hides—Green, 2@3c; dry, 6c.

Xmas goods at Smith's new store.

The Independent Evangelical church of Sweet Home, Linn county, has been incorporated and the articles were filed Friday with the secretary of state. The estimated value of the property is \$500. The trustees are J. N. Galbraith, E. B. Wilson, T. A. Morris and A. H. Yost.

A Startling Sensation.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Mills had prospered in his new enterprise beyond all expectations. His son, Burt, proved to be a very bright fellow, and with James Willis attended commercial college for several years, in St. Louis.

In the year 1880, Mr. and Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Mills having died, James and Burt took charge of the business of Mr. Mills, and shortly after Mr. Mills died. From 1880 to 1884 the business was conducted under the firm name of Willis & Mills.

James and Burt had grown up to be fine looking men, and they could have had their choice of the many beauties that inhabited their little village, but there were none so lovely in their eyes as the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Lund, and his ward, Edna Latimer. Burt Mills was not long in asking for the hand of Emma Lund, which was freely given with a father's blessings. In the meantime James Willis had fallen in love with Edna Latimer. While his love was reciprocated it seemed that fate was working against their union. While James was a thorough business man and a gentleman, he had by some means incurred the enmity of Mr. Lund, and it was evident that he would have to wait until Edna became of age or else elope, and this Edna did not wish to do, as she was prone to disobey the one who had done so much for her. "I will not marry you, Jim, against Mr. Lund's wishes," said Edna, when James had made known to her his plans for an elopement. "I love you, Jim," she continued, "with all my heart, but my obligations to Mr. Lund are such that it would be impossible for me to disregard his wishes in the matter. He says that I can do as I please when I am of age, or should he die I would then be at liberty to wed who I choose; but as it is, Jim, you must wait. I shall never love another, and I shall never be happy until we can settle down in peace together."

How true these assertions were will be seen in the next chapter. Little did Mr. Lund think that his interference in the matter would cause such complications as followed.

Burt's and Emma's love affairs ran smoothly for some time, but as the old saying is, "the course of true love never runs smooth," and there was no exception to the rule in this case. Burt was sometimes seen with a young lady of the town, who took great delight in flirting with young men who she believed to be not heart-whole. These little flirtations greatly annoyed Emma and she frankly told Burt that his conduct was not pleasing to her. Now it was Burt's time to get angry and he forbade Emma's flirting with Prof. Humphrey. This was only a commencement of their little spats and quarrels, which finally ended in hasty spite-work. While Prof. Humphrey was often with his old pupils he never thought of making love to either of them, but he was, ignorantly, of course, the cause of all the trouble that followed. James, too, was jealous of the professor, which caused quarrels between him and Edna, and these quarrels, too, finally ended in rash steps, and all for spite. Revenge is sweet, but Oh! how bitter!

In 1883 the community was startled by the announcement that Burt Mills and Edna Latimer were privately married on the evening before, and it was reported that James Willis and Emma Lund had eloped, which proved to be true. James and Emma soon returned man and wife, and settled down. Burt and Edna also went to house-keeping. This change in affairs troubled Mr. Lund very much, but it was done and he could but make the best of it.

While James and Burt continued in

business together the changes caused an estrangement between them. The girls, too, were not the same to each other, and Madam Rumor was not long in narrating the fact that these were two very unhappy families.

Emma found some consolation in confiding in the trusty old Uncle Ned, not dreaming that Edna sought the same source for consolation. "Now don't you breathe a word I tell you, Uncle Ned," Emma would say, and Edna would exact the same promise. It was only through the fear of the law, and believing that the law would compel him to divulge his secrets, especially to a detective, that Uncle Ned was induced to make known to me the secrets which he held as sacred, and which proved to be the most important threads by which I was able, after a lapse of four years, to unravel the great complicated mystery which will be made known in the next chapter.

(To be Continued.)

WATERLOO GARBAGE.

Cold.
Sold.
Jewpepper.
New Boom.
Real Estate.

Cool weather at last. The "Wiggins" of Waterloo predicts snow for Christmas. In our way of thinking 'twill be all there will be here (in reach of the Waterlooite).

The Hi-ne Ditch is a thing for buzzards to lunch on. The good "Friend" who has his eye on the gubernatorial chair (now held down by our namesake) failed to forward the necessary papers (or shekels) and now the President and officers are in the "soup." It was a big scheme but ably handled for electioneering purposes only. Let us weep.

"Cal," oh, friend, we feel for you in your afflictions, but if a fertile train and ink can pull a man through, your harp is assured. Your old on the esdaver has been rejected by the committee, as "Proxy" will stuff the skin for the offal; but come again, but not on Sunday, as that is supposed to be a day of rest (everywhere but Waterloo; we are so hard up we have to scratch all the week—no, not for itch, but for "stuffing").

Waterloo has taken another boom. A new store is to be built by Mr. Carey, of Tillamook, consequently all is expected on. Who will get work? Store buildings are plentiful here, but the goods and customers are few. Kind friends, who are contemplating moving to Waterloo, stay away. The few here may pull through but we have nothing to divide with strangers but debts.

Real estate transfers occur almost daily. Mr. Fred Gross, late of Brownsville, last week purchased the lot on which the dance hall is situated, consideration \$1,000.

Spelling school has superseded the dance—praise be to Allah!—and three times per week or oftener we proceed to "explicative" (Hog-Latin). Come all ye who think ye can spell a few, and let us now ye down. Wednesday night is the date thereof.

We could fill six columns with lot improvements and callers' names, but like the writer they may not like their names in print, and we will forbear. Who cares whether Sal has the gout, or Joe built some fence.

Wonder if "Coon Hunter" is dead. He used to "slash" some. Where is that charming serial, "A Startling Sensation," Mr. Ed.? It was the most winding story we ever perused (except possibly a few we may have told in youth—we have outgrown them now).

Well! Well! We have tried and racked our brain to find some one to make mad this week, but all have been so circumspect it is impossible to find one who has fallen from the paths of rectitude. Brethren, let us so continue to dwell in peace and unity, living upright lives, open to all inspection of the ungodly, and we will secure one of those golden harps and the good-will of mankind and especially woman-kind. We do not intend to make our space a chateausm, neither do we intend to enter the ministry unless we have one or two more weeks of quiet like the past and news remains scarce; then we may do anything rash. Look your smoke-houses.

C. RANK.

Come in for job work.

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