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Secret Societies.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday evening at Odd Fellows Hall, at 7 o'clock p. m.
A. A. KEES, N. E.
W. C. PETERSON, Sec'y.

PEARL HERBACA LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. O. F.—Meets at I. O. O. F. Hall first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.
H. A. NICKERSON, N. E.
DOLLIE HAITMERSH, Sec'y.

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

HONOR LODGE, NO. 18, A. O. U. W.—Meets every Tuesday evening at G. A. R. Hall.
DR. J. S. COCHRAN, M. W.
C. A. ZARR, Sec.

GR. I. MASON CAMP, NO. 19, DIV. OF OREGON Sons of Vet.—Meets 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. MOYER, Camp.
A. CHADWICK, First Sgt.

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LEBANON, OREGON.

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Will practice in all the courts of the state.
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Clothopper at the Quill.

I'll just be blowed! Elder Wayback, an evolutionist! Well, he always was as cranky as a sign-board. Always talkin' to himself and a goin' on as if he had wheels in his head. He goes around makin' fun of his neighbors for plantin' potatoes accordin' to the signs of the moon and all sich. He says he aint superstitious but he is always tellin' of the rotatin' of the earth, and the moons of Jupiter but no one else around Camas Flat ever seen 'em. No wonder he is an evolutionist, but I never expected to see the day when the Elder would own up he was kin to a monkey. Next thing we know he will be denyin' the scriptures, and then we'll be havin' them salvationists right down upon us to convert Elder Wayback. Well, let 'em come, and may they stay as long as the Elder has a spud to his name. 'Twill serve him right for his outrageous impudence. I will put the writings of Moses against all his scientisms and I will prove them wrong by the Bible. To my way of thinkin' I'd just as leave have an atheist as an evolutionist. The one seeks to destroy government, the other religion. Take Christianity out of the world and we have barbarism. Are you a barbarian Elder? Answer me that now. There is another thing too. If Col. Jewpepper is a stiffer of dead things, I can put him on to a few church members who are ready for a taxidermist, anyway if they aren't dead they are not working at their profession much just now. One of them is pretty well preserved in alcohol now, all he needs is proper mountin'. Yours sincerely,
ERA CLODHOPPER,
His X mark.

\$50,000 Fire at Woodburn.

The pretty town of Woodburn was visited by a \$50,000 fire last Sunday night; the fire originated in Bruce Bros. store. Shortly after being discovered a sharp explosion took place and before the flames could be gotten under control the principal business block was in ashes. The following is a list of the losers:
Bruce Bros., general merchandise, K. J. Knight, paints and oils; C. Anderson, harness store; F. A. Ford, toys; express office; C. L. Ogle, shoe store; P. A. Cochran, building; W. L. Toozie, three buildings; J. A. Knight and L. S. Brown, barber shop; and also two barns burned.

For Mathematicians.

We offer a couple of problems for the entertainment of local mathematicians during holidays, given us by Prof. Meibener, and to the first one who will solve both or either of them, sending us the right answer, we will send the EXPRESS for one year free. The problems are as follows:

1. How many acres in a square field inclosed by a rail fence six rails high, the length of rails being 11 feet, six inches allowed for lap of rails; and the number of acres inclosed to be equal to the number of rails in the fence?
2. A man has a barn 40 feet square. To a ring in the middle of one side a horse is tied by a 90-foot rope. How much space can he graze over?

Come in for job work.

Jewpepper Still in the Ring.

"W-o-o-o-ho! dad gash your one-eyed liver!" This sudden outburst of oratory issued from the lips of a man dressed in brown overalls, a blue jumper jacket and an old slouch hat which rested upon a goodly quantity of shaggy unkempt hair. He was sitting on a rough board thrown across the box bed of a two-wheeled cart which was drawn by an old one-eyed horse long since passed the zenith of his earthly existence. In passing my house the man had mistaken the road leading to my pasture for the one he wished to travel consequently he came in contact with a clothes line which struck him in an offset just below his countenance. "What in the h—!"

"Hold on, stranger," says I, "I had rather you would not use such language in the presence of Tubs" Tubs is a nickname for our baby, who is scarcely in his teens and who was sitting on the stoop reading a bound volume of "A Startling Sensation."
"Excuse me Mr.," says the man, in a tone which would have assuaged the anger of an Oregon populist, "but will you give me specific directions to Lebanon?" he continued. "Certainly I will, Sir," I said, fully intending to invite him to dinner and family prayer. "Won't you alight?" says I, after the desired directions were given, but he did not hear me as he was plying a stick on the side of his hollow old horse. "That's equal to the bass drum used in the Sodaville band" says Tubs laughingly, but I did not laugh as I was feeling for the poor old horse as well as the soul behind him. "Your body may stop for a while at Lebanon" says I to myself, "but your soul is rapidly approaching a hotter place." "Do you know who that is, Pa?" asked Tubs as I advanced toward the house. "No, my son, do you?" "Yes that is Elder Wayback," says Tubs, knowingly. "I don't know him," he continued, "but I know the horse it used to belong to Eli Reddell and Mrs. Reddell told Ma yesterday that they had traded the horse to the 'Elder' for spuds, squashes and rutabagas." I was very sorry that I did not know this in time as I was so anxious to talk to the "Elder" as Moses talked to the great Jehovah face to face. As I entered the house to where Lucinda was sitting near the open door I could see at once that she had heard all; I could see the troubled expression upon her angelic brow partly hidden by the curly bangs, which always reminds me of the old song, "silver threads among the gold."

CAL JEWPEPPER.

OPEN LETTER BY GOV. PENNOYER.

The following letter was mailed to the president on Christmas day:
SALEM, Or., Christmas, 1893.

To the President, Washington, D. C.—
Sir: The extraordinary circumstances which greet the return of the holiday must be my excuse for writing you. Today is the first Christmas in the history of Oregon when more than two-thirds of the people are without employment and more than one-third are without sufficient means of support. Business is almost completely stagnated, money is not to be obtained, and the debtors are powerless to avoid the seizure of their property and their homes, to satisfy, at a small percentage of their value, the claims of the creditor. Repeated appeals have been made to me as governor of Oregon to assemble the legislature, in order to alleviate the condition of affairs and avert the impending calamity. The redress is, however, not in our hands, but in yours, and hence my earnest appeal to you. The laws of congress, which have discriminated against silver and made gold alone full legal tender money, giving to the money-lender the privilege of refusing both the silver dollar and the silver certificate, thus rendering unavailable more than one-half of the national currency as absolute debt-paying money, are the sole causes of the decline of values, the paralysis of business, and the consequent impoverishment of the great army of wage-earners and of the impending starvation of their wives and children. If, when you stood upon the eastern portico of the capitol on the 4th of last March, you had announced to the people that you would speedily convene congress in extra session to carry out the pledges of the platform to which you gave your assent and upon which you were elected, which declared for the "use of both gold and silver as standard money without discrimination against either metal," this widespread revolution of business, which has diminished the value of the property of the nation by fully one half, would never have occurred. And, if now you would give such advice to congress, the future

and forever secrete the "skeleton in the closet" consequently they had to adopt creeds, revise the Bible and the confession of faith and maintain at a high salary a pop-like dude to do what they call preaching. This is the class you would have us follow; we won't do it—at least Cindy, Tubs and I will not. Thank God there are thousands of others who do not rank among the lower class and who still cling to the Holy Bible from where all truth emanates. I don't believe in such religion as is dealt out by the two-for-a-quarter salvationists who are traveling from town to town and forcing the weak minded to confess that they caught religion on the "fly" or were converted at the first clatter out of the box. I don't know how you would like to have me pitch the ball, "Elder," since you doubt the inspiration of the Bible. Come, tune up and let's try another piece in the key of B-flat then if harmony ensues we may advance to something classical. Notwithstanding your insinuating remarks against the preachers of old, I shall forever maintain that Prince Duke Alexis knew as much about an existence beyond the grave as any one else (and so will Cindy), even if his skin was the color of New Orleans molasses.

Now, Mr. C. Rank, a word to you. You have been guilty of patting Elder Wayback on the shoulder, thus encouraging the aggressive atheist to hurl missiles at the meek and lowly and he jumps upon the back of his antagonist as a ferocious dog would pounce upon a harmless kitten. Let us sing. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing our Redeemer's praise.

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downward tendency would be checked, and, with favorable congressional legislation, business would again renew and prosperity would again visit our land.

And why would you not do so? It is honorable to carry out the pledges of a party to the people, and is it not most dishonorable not to do so? This responsibility lies entirely with you. The complete obedience of the lower house of congress to your wishes has been observed throughout the wide world. It would obey your behest, and in this the senate would give you support. The burden therefore rests entirely upon your shoulders. The power lies with you, by carrying out the pledges upon which you were elected, to restore business to its accustomed activity, and again to give employment to the unemployed, thus imparting comfort and hope to many a cheerless home, or by a continued refusal to do so to indefinitely prolong and intensify the present most disastrous condition of affairs.

You are a father, and you no doubt feel grateful to God when you, upon retiring to rest, look upon your sleeping babies, the picture of health, consequent upon their having a sufficiency of food and clothing. I pray you, however, to enlarge the scope of your vision, and behold, as you can, in many and many a cot, children, loved as much by their parents as yours are by you, weak and sickly from insufficient food and clothing, the innocent victims of a most vicious financial policy, whose sleeping forms are bathed by the scalding tears of mothers bending over them in sorrow and despair, and then resolve, as you should, faithfully to carry out the pledges your party gave to a confiding people. If you will do so, God will bless you and a grateful nation will applaud you. Very respectfully,
SYLVESTER PENNOYER.

M. A. Miller carries a complete line of paints and oils.

H. Baker is now agent for the celebrated Douglas shoe.

Preaching at the Baptist church every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sundry school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

C. R. LAMAR, Pastor.

On Dec. 19th, the executive committee of the Pacific Insurance Union passed the following resolutions: "Resolved:—That the rule published by "Circular No. 179, Second Series," levying a tax of 10 per cent on the premiums on buildings located in the state of Oregon is hereby suspended until March 1st, 1895, and members are permitted to refund to the insured such tax as may have been collected." All who paid insurance on the 10 per cent raise should call on agents for the excess.

There is a cave in Josephine county which is more wonderful than many are aware of. 600 chambers have already been explored, the largest being 300 feet in diameter. In the "Lord's Supper chamber" there is an almost perfect fac-simile in limestone of the famous painting, "The fairy chamber" is in a strata of California diamonds. The "tornado chamber" is visited by a wind storm every 24 hours. In the "rain chamber" there is a perpetual drizzle, and the "steam chamber" is constantly filled with steam from an undiscovered source. A coffin resting on stalagmites is the feature of the "death chamber," and the "bridal chamber" is ornamented with a noble stone four-post bedstead—unoccupied. Then there is "Sullivan's chamber," so called because of a mighty arm and fat pendant from the ceiling, (this chamber is quite near the mysterious wind orifice,) and others to numerous to mention, much less to describe. An effort is being made to have one of the chambers reproduced at the midwinter fair.—Ex.

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