

Lebanon Express.

H. Y. KIRKPATRICK,
Editor and Proprietor.

The woods are full of candidates.

Already "the political pot has begun to boil."

Wonder if Penoyer sent Grover a comic valentine?

Owing to the hard times the coming June election promises to be the most interesting one this state has ever witnessed.

The Oregon colony of office-seekers in Washington is breaking up. They concluded that it wouldn't be good walking in the spring and had better come home while the roads are dry.

A church society down in Kentucky raised some money to buy coal for a poor family. The money was given to the family, who, instead of buying coal, had their photographs taken.

The Oregon City Herald, the populist organ, gives it out straight that the populists are not in for fusion this year. They propose to keep in the middle of the road between the democrats and republicans.

Bland is making better progress with his silver agitation than he did in the special session. The last few months has been a great object lesson in finance. A great many statesmen have learned how much they didn't know.

Fifty of the sixty members who compose Chicago's city council, are charged with selling out to a new gas company. The council has granted a franchise to the company without any conditions that will provide against their tearing up the streets, overcharging, etc. The Chicago papers, regardless of politics, denounce the council as a corrupt body.

A dispatch from Washington says that Representative Hermann announces that he would not be a candidate for governor of Oregon, but would be a candidate for congress again. A seat in congress with a salary of \$5,000 a year is a good deal richer plum than to be governor of Oregon on a salary of \$1,500. Binger Hermann knows which side of his bread is buttered.

Hon. C. B. Montague's numerous friends are urging him to come out as candidate for the office of Secretary of State, on the populist ticket. Mr. Montague is by far the strongest man that the party has, in this part of the state, and we believe if they have a man that can reach Salem he is the person. He will carry more votes with him, from the democratic party, than any other two men in Linn county.

An editor declares that the world needs a religion to-day that will make a man's word as good as his note; that will make its professor pay 100 cents on the dollar, sell 16 ounces to the pound, 36 inches to the yard, 4 pecks to the bushel and 128 cubic feet to the cord; that will make a workman do a full day's work for a full day's pay, whether the eye of his employer is on him or not; that will make capital disgorge the lion's share of the profits and divide them equally and justly with labor; that will cause the manufacturer to cease from adulterating his goods, the clerk from robbing his employer, the official from embezzling the funds committed to his trust; a religion that will make men upright, honest, pure and trustworthy in all the walks of life; a religion that not only makes men happy but righteous. This is what christianity teaches; but the trouble lies in the number of black sheep in the wrong colored liveries. Sabbath religion is of no avail if it does not go with a man through the week, as it does with the genuine christian.

WHEAT AND SILVER.

May wheat touched the lowest point in the history of the trade at Chicago yesterday. This is not exactly the "change" many farmers voted for last November.—Oregonian.

No, it is not the change they voted for. Owing to the Cleveland-Sherman combine against silver, the change that the farmers voted for has come to grief. They voted for the Chicago platform, which declared for low taxes and free coinage. If the Chicago platform had been adhered to, the chances are that the change the farmers voted for would have been realized.

Wheat and silver are inseparable companions. They are the Siamese twins of commerce. When one is sick the other is sick. When one prospers the other prospers. We can furnish statistics showing that during the last 100 years wheat and silver have never parted ways. Nor will they in the next 100 years. It is no wonder then that when silver dropped yesterday to the lowest point in the history of the London market Chicago wheat should drop to the lowest notch in the history of that market. It is the operation of an unerring, unalterable law of commerce that cannot be ignored.

The responsibility for this state of things does not rest with the farmers who voted for a change. It rests upon those who failed to bring about the change that the farmers voted for. When congress, under the direction of John Sherman and Grover Cleveland, struck down silver, the way was opened for the drop in the wheat market. It had to come, for there was nothing to check its downward progress. Nor will there be any revival until the change that the farmers voted for is brought about and silver is restored to its place as money on an equality with gold.—Telegram.

The death of a few members has enabled the lower house of congress to take a day's rest. It would be a good thing if all of them would die and give the country a rest.

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

How to make the "mighty dollar" go a long way—Go to Baker's and buy your boots and shoes, that have been cut down to hard times prices.

I have just received my spring and summer samples, and will be glad to have every one call and examine them before going elsewhere, for I am prepared to make clothes to order cheaper than ever before. Genuine Black Clay Worsteds suits, from \$25 up; business suits, from \$20 up; pants, from \$6 up. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Don't forget the address, G. LOVELL, Merchant Tailor, Lebanon, Or.

THE CABECILLA.

The good father was finishing his mass when they brought him the prisoners. It was a wild spot among the Arichnigui mountains. A fallen rock in which a fig tree had plunged its twisted trunk formed a sort of altar, covered in guise of a cloth with a silver fringed Carlist standard. Two cracked water coolers took the place of vases, and when the sacristan Miguel, who was assisting the priest at the mass, arose in order to change the position of the holy books, the cartridges were heard jingling in his cartridge box. All around the soldiers of Carlos were silently ranged, their guns slung across their backs and one knee on the ground upon the white bare.

The bright sun was concentrating its dazzling heat in this burning and sonorous rocky hollow, where the flight of a blackbird alone, from time to time, disturbed the psalmody of the priest and the servant. Higher up on the jagged peak sentinels were standing, forming motionless silhouettes against the sky.

What a singular sight it was—this priestly commander officiating in the midst of his soldiers! And how plainly the double existence of the Cabecilla showed itself upon his countenance—the ecstatic air, the hard features, further accentuated by the bronzed complexion of the soldier in the field, and asceticism without pallor, in which was lacking the shadow of the cloister; small black, very brilliant eyes, the forehead traversed by enormous veins which seemed to bind the thought as with ropes, to fix it in an inextricable obstinacy.

Every time he turned toward the spectators with open arms to read the Dominus Vobiscum, one saw the uniform beneath the stole, and the butt of a pistol, the haft of a Catalonian knife up-lifting the ruffled surplice. "What is he going to do with us?" the prisoners asked themselves in terror, and while awaiting the end of the mass they recalled all the acts of ferocity which had been related of the Cabecilla and which

had won him a special renown in the 19th century.

By a miracle that morning the father was in a clement mood. The mass in the open air, his masses of the previous day, and also the cheerfulness of Easter, yet felt by this strange priest, cast upon his face a ray of joy and kindness. As soon as the service was over, while the sacristan cleared off the altar, fastening up the sacred vases in a huge box, which was borne on the back of a mule in the rear of the expedition, the cure advanced toward the prisoners. They were a dozen of republican carbiniers, exhausted by a day of battle and a night of anguish in the straw of the sheepfold, where they had been penned up after the action. Yellow with fear, wan with hunger, thirst and fatigue, they clustered together like a flock of sheep in the courtyard of an abattoir.

Their uniforms full of hay, their belts in disorder, pushed up in the flight and in sleep, the dust which wholly covered them from the tufts of their caps to the points of their yellow shoes, all contributed well to give them that sinister look of the vanquished in which moral discouragement is betrayed by physical dejection.

The Cabecilla glanced at them for an instant with a little laugh of triumph. He was not sorry to see the soldiers of the republic humble, wan and ragged and well fed, well equipped Carlists, Navarro and Basque mountaineers as brown and hard as carob beans.

"Viva Dios! my children!" said he to them with a good natured air. "The republic nourishes her defenders very ill. Why, you are all as thin as the wolves of the Pyrenees, when the mountains are covered with snow and they come into the plain to sniff the odor of the table by the lights which shine under the doors of the houses. One is treated otherwise in the service of the good cause. Would you like to make a trial of it, hermanos? Cast off those infamous caps and put on the white beret. As truly as this is the holy day of Easter, to those who will shout, 'Long live the king!' I will give their lives and the same campaign food I give my other soldiers!"

Before the good father had finished all the caps were in the air, and shouts of "Long live King Carlos!" "Long live the Cabecilla!" resounded on the mountain. Poor devils! They had been in such great fear of death, and so tempting were all those good victuals which they smelled close to them, about to be broiled in the shelter of rocks before the bivouac fires, pink and faint in the bright sunlight, I believe that never was the pretender acclaimed with such good will.

"Give them something to eat at once," said the cure, laughing. "When wolves yelp with that strength, it's because they have sharp teeth!"

The carbiniers went off. But one among them, the youngest, remained standing in front of the chief in a proud and reserved attitude, which contrasted with his juvenile features and the fine dark, scarcely colored, enveloping his cheeks with a blond powder. His capote, which was too large for him, was wrinkled at the back and on the arms, was turned up at the sleeves over two slight wrists, and by its fullness made him look still younger and more slender. There was excitement in his long, brilliant eyes—Arab eyes, intensified by Spanish flame. And this fixed flame annoyed the Cabecilla.

"What do you want?" he asked of him.

"Nothing, I am waiting for you to decide on my fate."

"Your fate will be that of the others. I named no one. The parison was for all."

"The others are traitors and cowards! I alone did not shout anything!"

The Cabecilla gave a start and looked him full in the face.

"What's your name?"

"Tonio Vidal."

"Whence come you?"

"From Puycedra."

"What age?"

"Seventeen."

"The republic, then, has no more men, since she is reduced to enrolling children?"

"I was not enrolled, padre. I am a volunteer."

"You know, fellow, that I have more than one means of making you shout 'Long live the king!'"

The youth assumed a superb look.

"I defy you to do so!" retorted he.

"So you would rather die?"

"A hundred times!"

"Very well, you shall die!"

Then the cure made a sign, and the execution platoon came and ranged itself around the condemned, who did not wince.

This sublime courage touched the chief with pity. He demanded:

"Have you nothing to ask of me first? Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want something to drink?"

"No," answered the youth; "but I am a good Catholic, and I don't want to go before God without confession."

The Cabecilla still wore his surplice and his stole.

"Kneel," said he, seating himself upon a rock, and the soldiers having withdrawn a short distance, the condemned began in a low voice:

"Bless me, my father, because I have sinned!"

But in the midst of the confession a terrible fusillade burst forth at the entrance of the defile.

"To arms!" cried the sentinels.

The Cabecilla gave a bound, issued his orders, distributed the posts and scattered his soldiers. He himself had seized a carbine without taking the time to remove his surplice, when, happening to turn around, he perceived the youth still on his knees.

"What are you doing there?" he thundered.

"I am awaiting absolution," was the reply.

"That's true," said the priest. "I had forgotten you."

Gravely he raised his hand and blessed that bowed young head. Then, before going away, after glancing around him for the platoon of execution, dispersed in the disorder of the attack, he drew off a step, took aim at his penitent and shot him.—*Alphonse Daudet.*

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.

O. W. G. Harsiman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by N. W. Smith, druggist.

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