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The above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

Roseburg mail—daily:

8:30 A. M.	Lv...Portland...Ar.	4:20 P. M.
12:45 P. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar.	12:30 P. M.
5:50 P. M.	Ar...Roseburg...Lv.	7:00 A. M.

Local passenger trains—daily (except Sunday).

1:20 P. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar.	10:21 A. M.
2:09 P. M.	Ar...Lebanon...Lv.	9:30 A. M.
8:10 A. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar.	3:25 P. M.
9:00 A. M.	Ar...Lebanon...Lv.	2:30 P. M.

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At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific railroad.

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4:40 P. M.	Lv...Portland...Ar.	8:25 A. M.
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Fresh & Salted Beef Pork, Mutton, Sausage Bologna, and Ham,

Bacon and Lard Always on Hand.
Main Street, Lebanon, Or.

Miscellaneous Items

Culled From Our Exchanges.

In proportion to their size spiders are seven times stronger than lions.

Americans are the best penmen in the world, and the British come next.

Greece has more public holidays than any other country in the world.

Some pessimist, who wants the earth, has dubbed San Francisco's great mid-winter exposition the "mud-winter imposition."

A woman well known in English society for her lovely neck and arms polishes them, so it is said, for half an hour each night with chamois leather.

Henceforth all Russian emigrants entering Germany, en route for the United States, must be healthy, and if over ten years of age be possessed of 400 marks in cash.

The southern states have formed a plan to solve the Negro question. A company has been formed in Alabama, with a capital stock of $100,000, to export Negroes to Liberia.

A speaker at a meeting of the unemployed, at London, said if the police struck the unemployed again the latter were determined to use chemicals and send the police to heaven by a chemical post.

The French Academy began work upon the first letter of its famous "Dictionaire Historique de la Langue Francaise" a little less than fifty years ago. A few years since it finished this exacting "A."

To guard against poisoning, a law has been passed in Germany that all drugs intended for internal use must be put in round bottles, and those which are only used externally must be placed in hexagonal bottles.

A "Commercial Museum" is about to be established at Tangiers, Morocco, in which manufacturers and merchants from all countries may exhibit samples of those of their wares which they think best adapted to the Moorish market.

The propsition to annex the Indian territory to Oklahoma and admit both territories as one state, is being opposed by some of the influential chiefs among the four civilized tribes, whose power would be lost should the annexation scheme be carried out.

Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "this night before I go to bed I'll surely pay the printer." If such there breathes go mark him well; for him no minstrel rapture swells, for when he'll die he'll go to—well, the place there is no winter.

A grocery clerk in New York city was arrested a few weeks ago for selling two loaves of bread on Sunday, and was held by Judge Voorhees in default of $100 bail. Dr. Parkhurst's agents thereupon investigated the same region and found on a following Sunday that 129 saloons sold about 2,000 gallons of beer, but no one was arrested.

L. B. Whorton, of Lakeview, has invented a contrivance for a wagon. It is virtually two bars crossed like an X beneath the vehicle and attached to both axles. When the front wheels are turned one way the hind wheels are turned the other way, the vehicle therefore turning in half the space it would otherwise. Mr. Whorton has applied for a patent.

S. Imahashi, a thieving Japanese, was considerably surprised and elated in the police court in Portland, because he was not beheaded in punishment for his crime. Some time ago Imahashi entered an Everett street lodgding house and purloined a gold watch and some money. He was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, and was exceedingly happy because his head was not chopped off.

The Oregon supreme court made a decision recently that owners of dogs should take note of. It was the case of Cameron vs O'Brien, to recover damages from the owner of a dog which barked and frightened the plaintiff's horse. The plaintiff was thrown and injured, and brought suit for $1500 damages. The jury gave him a verdict for that amount and the owner of the dog appealed to the supreme court. The supreme court confirmed the verdict and says in strong terms that the owners of barking dogs are responsible for all damages caused by such dogs, and that the owners keep them at their peril.

John F. Ryan, a submarine diver, claims to have located the ill-starred steamer, Brother Jonathan, which went down July 3, 1865, somewhere near Crescent City, Cal., together with 147 passengers, the crew and a large amount of treasure. Ryan says that G. W. Hill, who was assistant engineer and one of the nineteen survivors, assisted him to locate the vessel, which lies in several hundred feet of water, in apparent good condition. Ryan has a ship bucket bearing the name of Brother Jonathan which he found on the wreck. In the spring he will make preparation to raise the vessel and recover the treasure.

A drummer is responsible for the following story: A minister once had a swearing parrot. He complained to a friend and the latter told him how to cure the bird of its profanity. He said as soon as the bird began to swear, to swing the cage around rapidly ten times and then douse a bucket of water on the parrot. The next time the parrot swore, the minister did as directed. Then after setting the cage down he glanced at the bird, half dazed and all of its feathers ruffled, and asked: "Well now, how do you feel?" "Oh!" said the parrot, looking out of one eye in a quizzical manner, "I'm all right, but where in the h—l were you when the cyclone struck us?"

The Land of Red Apples and Rain.

Oh, Oregon, beautiful Oregon,
The land of red apples and rain;
That is bordered on its western coast
By the great Pacific strain.

We can boast of our beautiful country,
Because we know 'tis true;
If Oregon was not the state for us,
What would we Web-foots do?

We are proud of our hills and mountains,
And think they are the best,
Because our state has beautifully been called
"The Garden of the West."

Rise up, oh stately country,
Do not sleep as others do;
For their sleeping will be wakened,
When it is too late, 'tis true.

Years ago our state was backward;
Now we all are proud to say,
At the world's great exhibition
Prizes were won by Oregon each day.

Let this grand and noble state
Try all others to excel,
Both in wealth and education;
Time alone is what will tell.

We are free and high born people,
Both in wealth and mental frame;
And we are proud to know we live
In the land of red apples and rain.

We have summers warm and sunny,
And our autumns are grand and gay;
But our winters, they are rainy,—
Spring at last does gain the day.

Hoping, trusting for the future,
That we all may ever be
Blessed with all our many blessings
In this country by the sea.

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.
The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia, No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

In the Quicksands.

Two young women who were driving on the beach above San Francisco, Cal., narrowly escaped a terrible death not long ago. Extreme low tide, south of the Cliff House, uncovers treacherous quicksands, and travel along the beach is hazardous. The young women, with the horse and buggy, did not know this, and were enjoying themselves hugely, when the horse began to struggle frantically to get out of the sand that reached almost to his knees. All his strong endeavors were vain, though, against the suction, and in a moment, as his whole frame shook and convulsed in an upward, onward impulse, he fell on his side and became more helpless; but he fell toward land. The wagon had, at this time, gone down so far that the tide, just in the beginning of the flood, washed over the hubs. Terrified were the women; but a leap from the vehicle would have only increased the danger. To scream for help was the only hope, but the shouts were lost in the thundering surf. At this critical moment Captain Bush, of the Ocean House, chanced to look along the shore and saw the victims. His horse was standing by and he dashed to the rescue, and when he got there the waves were breaking over the buggy box. But he pushed his way to the buggy and bidding the women, one at a time, jump into his arms, carried them to the shore in safety. They were drenched and badly frightened, but otherwise uninjured. The captain then cut the harness away from the poor horse, and he struggled until he reached firm footing. The buggy disappeared, but the young women were too happy over their own escape to care for that.—The West.

Chicago Streets.

"Great city," said the stranger reflectively. "Wonderful city! The buildings are magnificent, the boulevards are superb and the hotels are unsurpassed, but—but why don't you name your streets?"

"Name our streets!" exclaimed the Chicagoan. "We do. You can't find a street in the city without a name."

"Well, then," went on the stranger, "why not derive some benefit from it? Why should there be any secrecy about it? Why not treat all streets alike? Why put the name of one street on the corner lamppost and not the name of the next? And why not have some uniformity about it?" he continued, warming up to his subject. "Why tack the name of one street onto a building, put the next on a lamppost, the third half way up an electric light post, the fourth clear at the top of it and have no sign at all for the fifth?"—Chicago Post.

LEBANON PRODUCE MARKET.

[Changed Every Week.]

Wheat	36c.
Oats	24c
Hay	$9 per ton.
Flour	$0 75 per sack.
Chop	$1 00 per cwt.
Bran	75c per cwt.
Middlings	$1 00 per cwt.
Potatoes	35c.
Apples—Dried	6c per lb.
Plums—Dried	5c.
Onions	2c.
Beef—Dressed	4c.
Veal	4@5c.
Pork—Dressed	5.
Lard	14¼.
Hams	12@14 per lb.
Shoulders	10c.
Sides	11c per lb.
Geese	$7 per doz.
Ducks	$4 00 per doz.
Chickens	$2 75@3 50.
Turkeys	10c per lb.
Eggs	12½c per doz.
Butter	20c per lb.
Hides—Green, 1c; dry, 2c.	

The Populist Millennium.

No more toil and no more worry,
When his bill becomes a law;
All may get rich in a hurry
Out of money made of straw.

Uncle Sam is kind and cunning,
He has heard his people call;
When he gets his presses running
There'll be millions for us all.

—Nebraska State Journal.

A hobo came in on top of the last Pullman coach on Saturday morning's train. It was bitter cold and he could hardly limber himself up sufficiently to descend in safety. He tried to shake the snow off his garments but it was frozen too stiff. He beat his hat against the end of the depot, but the snow refused to budge. He then struck out in the direction of the round house and disappeared.—Grants Pass Courier.

Definitions of a Kiss.

Some time ago London Tid-Bits offered a 2-guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received. The prize was awarded to Benjamin J. Greenwood, of Tulse Hill, London, whose definition is here given:

"An inspired and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love."

The following are selections from some of the best definitions:

What the chimney-sweeper imprints on the rosy lips of the scullery maid when she tells him she favors his suit.

The sweetest fruit of the tree of love.

The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

Nothing, divided between two.

A rock on the sea of life on which the good ship Bachelor was wrecked.

The lover's privilege and the pug dog's right.

Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

An Important Decision.

It will be remembered that the question as to whether the money deposited with Hamilton, Job & Co. was a trust fund or not, was argued several days ago before Judge Fullerton, who took the matter under advisement. A decision was sent, sustaining the plaintiff's demurrer to the several separate defenses set up by the assignee of H. J. & Co., thereby holding the county money a trust fund and giving the county a priority over the general depositors. The College case stands on the same ground and this decision in effect gives the College the same priority. In the set off cases the court made a decision sustaining the objections to the set offs, holding that no set offs could be alleged. The cases will be taken to the supreme court, and if the former is there sustained there will be $20,000 less to be distributed among the general depositors, which will be a hard blow.—News.

Like a French Duel.

[Roseburg Review.]

Funny war
In Brazil!
Pop—bang
Never kill;
Cocked hat,
Gold braid;
One scar't,
T'other 'fraid;
Fire away,
Once a week,
Then play
Hide and seek;
Shoot high;
Don't hit;
Oh, my!
Let's quit!
Settle up,
Pay the bill;
Funny war
In Brazil!

A bold train robbery occurred near Los Angeles last Friday night. The train was wrecked, and two men, one a tramp, were killed. The robbers secured the Wells Fargo treasury, a good many thousand dollars.

School Supt. Newell, of Morrow county, who was put off the Union Pacific east bound passenger train the night of December 5, has sued the company at Pendleton for $20,000.

Another attempt was recently made to burglarize the store of Weir & Son, at Jordan. Mr. Weir fired in the dark at the point where he supposed the burglar was, but the man was elsewhere and escaped.

The Heppner Gazette says: There is an item afloat to the effect that in a neighboring town is a lodge of Farmers Alliance, which meets Monday nights. There is only one lodge room in the town, and Tuesday nights it is occupied by Knights of Pythias. The president of one of the sub-alliances came to town Tuesday, and seeing a light in the lodge room concluded he would go over there. He gave the proper knock at the outer door. The wicket was raised and an ear placed to hear the password. "I plow, I hoe, I spade," whispered the alliance man. The ear was replaced with an eye, and in turn it gave place for a mouth, which whispered in reply, "The h—— you do," and the wicket was dropped with a bang. The indignant farmer shortly after met a "brother," to whom he told his tale of woe. "Why, dod durn it," was the sharp reply of the brother, "them's Knights of Pythias and you've give 'em our password." "Dogged if I ain't," was the response, "but, (brightening up) durn 'em, I've got theirs."