Lebanon Express.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1894.

Expressions.

☞Additional locals on first page.☜

Atty. Stowe is in Jacksonville this week.

Judge Miller is again quite sick with la grippe.

Great clearance sale at Read, Peacock & Co.'s.

Mrs. Rawlings is visiting her parents in Albany.

Buy your groceries at Peebler's, and save money.

Oats, hay, bran, chops and all kinds of feed, at Peebler's.

Mr. Gore is not expected to live but a very short time.

J. E. Adcox is now agent for the Albany Steam Laundry.

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

Editor Warnock, of Silverton, made us a fraternal visit last Saturday.

For gents' furnishing goods and groceries, go to Pugh & Wallace.

J. J. Dubruille and family spent Saturday and Sunday in Albany.

Every customer at Borum & Kirk's barber shop gets a clean towel.

Jas. Keelder, of Oakland, was in the city last Friday and Saturday.

For the choicest groceries at hard times prices, go to Pugh & Wallace.

Born, to the wife of Frank Pardieh, Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1894, a son.

Cruson & Menzies are doing a strictly cash business, and no use to talk.

Ed Kellenberger left yesterday for Oakland where he goes to buy cattle.

Mrs. W. E. Chandler spent Wednesday night with her parents in Albany.

J. S. Courtney M. D. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Lebanon, Or.

Take your cash or produce to Pugh & Wallace, and get its equivalent in groceries.

Prof. Michener spent last Saturday and Sunday in Albany, with the school teachers.

Have you tried Pugh & Wallace for gents' furnishing goods and groceries? If not, why not?

J. E. Adcox, agent for the Albany steam laundry, sends washings down on Thursdays only.

Agent Bennett informs us that hereafter he will not receive any perishable freight on Monday.

The confectioner's art, making cream candies and other confectionery, is taught at Zahn's store.

W. E. Chandler came over from Corvallis last Friday and spent several days with his better half.

CASH is the word. No use to say anything else to us.

CRUSON & MENZIES.

If you want to get value received for your hard-earned money, call at Baker's and buy your boots and shoes.

G. W. Cruson and wife were called to Halsey Tuesday, to attend the funeral of their cousin, Mr. Davidson.

I have a few second-hand books that I will close out at a bargain.

M. A. MILLER.

These hard times we want to save all we can, but of course we have to eat, still you will save some by getting your groceries at Bach's.

The jurymen drawn from this place, for the circuit court, are: J. K. Charlton, John Leedy, E. E. Keebler and J. W. Bland.

Bach is not selling his clothing at cost, but still you can get a better suit there for less money than anywhere else.

Mr. Crow, the engineer on the Lebanon branch, showed us a nice engine chair which was given him by a friend a short time ago.

Last week we stated that Mrs. Eaton had returned to Lebanon to stay, but in this we were mistaken. She came up to move their household goods down to California. They have traded their property at this place for property down there.

Keep your feet dry and warm and you will escape the grip and avoid further colds; and save money by having your old shoes and boots repaired. Remember I guarantee first-class work and reasonable charges. Shop opposite hotel. E. REINHOLD.

Messrs. J. R. Metzger and G. W. Whittier of Jefferson, were in Lebanon a couple of days the first of the week, looking around with a view of starting a butcher shop at this place. They seemed to think there was a good opening here and thought it very probable they would open a shop here in a few weeks.

The Ladies Aid Society, of this place have just finished a novel quilt. It is made of squares, each square being filled with names, each person whose name was on, paying ten cents. They received about $35 for the names, and have been offered $10 for the quilt. This makes a pretty good sum for one quilt.

Mrs. Isaac Benjamin arrived in Lebanon Tuesday.

Squire Elson is again able to attend to business.

A. Umphrey was in Albany two days this week.

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

It is reported tha. Rev. Joe Waldrop is dangerously ill at Scio.

Hereafter both barber shops will be closed at 12 o'clock, on Sunday.

Cash paid for produce at Peebler's grocery store; highest market price.

Pugh & Wallace will sell you groceries as cheap as any one in the city. Try them and see.

Rev. Bailey has accepted a call from the church at Sheridan, and he moved there, with his family, yesterday.

W. F. Read, of Albany, is in the city this week, assisting in taking account of stock at their store at this place.

Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the delight of Boyd the photographer.

Hiram Baker has just received a large invoice of boots and shoes. Call and examine before buying else where.

Anyone having any second hand clothes to spare will please leave them at the postoffice for the Dorcas Society.

Ed Kellenberger has been serving his customers with bear meat this week, having killed the bear that was owned by Joe Grubb.

A. H. Cruson returned to Lebanon Monday from a visit to his sister, at Roseburg. Al has suffered a great deal with a sprained ankle, while gone.

J. D. Moore, the electrician who wired Lebanon, is in the city, on his way to the Midwinter fair. There seems to be some attraction here for Jack.

Sheriff Jackson returned to Albany Wednesday night, with the defaulting school superintendent. The examination will take place to-day (Thursday) at 1.30 p. m. Russell says he thinks he can establish his innocence.

Mr. Wilson, of near Albany, and Miss Nora Duckett, of this place, were married in Albany Thursday, Feb. 15, 1894, Judge Duncan officiating. Mr. Wilson is a well-to-do farmer, and is said to be three times as old as his bride.

In an interview with residents of the Santiam, and of Mill City, a representative of this paper has ascertained the true state of affairs in that section of the country. It is quite true that the residents up there are somewhat short of provisions just at present, but they are not asking charity from any one, or from any source. They are all American citizens; are honest and willing to work, and are not under obligations to any one. But what the people of Salem should do, and which would be received by them, is a loan from different sources which would be returned as soon as they could realize upon their property. They will not under any conditions accept anything from a charitable source, for they are not paupers, therefore they are independent.—Salem Independent.

Died.

Joseph Leonard, of the firm of J. Leonard & Son, of this city, died Wednesday morning at 6:45.

He was born in Bath, Maine, July 24, 1810, where in early life he learned his trade as a boot and shoe-maker, after which he went to sea and followed the life of a sailor for some fifteen years. In the year 1834 he married a young lady with whom he lived until about eight years ago when death called her away, after fifty-two years of married life. About twenty years ago he removed from his native place to Pennsylvania where he spent eleven years, most of which was in Philadelphia, in the boot and shoe business. Nine years ago he removed to Nevada where he lived about four years, after which he came to Oregon and settled in Coos county, from which, after a residence of six months he came to Lebanon, where he has lived with his son for about five years. He was the father of eight children, all of whom, except one, are living—one daughter in Rhode Island, two sons in Philadelphia, a son in Nevada, a son and daughter in California and the other son is well and favorably known in Lebanon.

Mr. Leonard was an honest and industrious man, and a faithful husband and father.

The funeral will be at the Methodist Episcopal church, this (Friday) afternoon at 2:30.

D. T. S.

Council Proceedings.

Council met Tuesday night in regular session, with all the members present but Councilmen Cotton and Andrews.

Several small bills were read and referred to proper committees. Several old bills were reported upon favorably and warrants ordered drawn.

The committee on ordinances was instructed to prepare an ordinance reducing the liquor license for the present.

Council adjourned to meet to-night (Friday).

Evans Again in Jail.

VISALIA, Cal., Feb. 19.—Evans and Morrell have been in Evans' house since daylight, since which time the house has been completely surrounded.

At 9:15 a. m. a messenger was sent into the house, with a note advising them to surrender to save life, as their capture was certain. The outlaws detained the messenger as a hostage.

After an exchange of several notes between Evans and Sheriff Kay, they finally agreed to come out if the officers would be instructed not to shoot and the large crowd of people who had gathered were sent back.

At 10:40 the door of Evans' cabin opened and Morell appeared and held up his hands, followed immediately after by Evans without arms. They were immediately covered by 20 rifles and Sheriff Kay and Marshal Gard advanced and shook hands with Evans. A delivery wagon was pressed into service, and they were driven rapidly to jail.

The man captured with Evans is not Morell. He says he is a man who worked in the dining-room with him. Several citizens now claim that the man's name is Enlow. The young man was raised eight miles east of this city, in what was called the Swamp.

Marshal Gard says Evans and Morell were not in the Roscoe robbery. He has known their whereabouts, he claims, for weeks.

VISALIA, Cal., Feb. 20.—This morning developes the fact that there was a well-organized vigilance committee last night who fully intended to take Evans and Morell out and hang them. The attempt on the jail was to have been made at 10 o'clock, but the officers got wind of it and spirited the prisoner away.

Evans was taken to the superior court at 10 o'clock this morning. Judge Harris asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. His attorney made the customary motion for a new trial, which was denied. He then, in behalf of his client, asked that Evans be sent to San Quentin instead of Folsom, but the judge disregarded the request and ordered him incarcerated at Folsom for life.

WATERLOO GARBAGE.

This time it is our intention to vary our writings from mud, snow and rain to modern writing like Mr. Three J. J. J.'s writings.

Firstly, our town is the home of the crank and literary aspirant. Slander runs riot on our streets, and chronic grumbling takes the lead in society circles. Men are chosen to govern and then a few who would not have accepted the office for any consideration get in and work their jaw at the rate of an electric car.

Our school board is in the midst of a muddle. At the time when the debt over which there is so much wrangle was contracted, a few stood out on the legality of the debt. Now the chickens come home to roost and they are finding that it takes more than brow-beating to run the affairs of the public.

There is a class here—in fact we are all of that class, at present—who have no occupation except gathering at the P. O. in anticipation of some foreign legacy being forwarded to our address.

"Satan still will find some work for idle hands to do," and almost the whole town has gone over to the people's party There are three democrats in town, viz: Rice, Crank, and Co. But what makes us smile is to see the way in which they elbow each other for the offices to be let next June to the highest bidder. Here we have a would be senator, sheriff, county school supt., constable, J. P. and representative, and if they average candidates over the county like this some one may be left. They reason that both of the old parties are corrupt, and from the timber the P. P. is composed of we begin to think they are, but if the weeding continues they stand a fair show to become perfection—for to our certain knowledge the democratic party lost nothing by the culling they are receiving. Re-publicans (Re—for, Publicans—sinners) may cheer up also, for should the democrats and P. P. fuse, we, for one, will vote the Bloody Shirt.

There is a sure way to tell a P. P. man in our town. They are all branded with a large O, caused by trying to head nail kegs,—and this party should be known as "The Nail Keg Delegation." Oh, how bitter they howl at the secretary for issuing bonds, and desert our ranks with a great blast of trumpets and open letters, but when they are personally interested how they will struggle and connive to have bonds laid across the taxpayers. If bonds will ruin a government they are not healthy diet for school districts.

The W. D. Co. are doing nothing to speak of and we fear the boom of a year ago was only speculation, and our little part at least was a failure. If it was done to sell lots, the perpetrators of this ghastly joke ought to be made to live here a month and hear the abuse that daily pours down on their heads. If it was done with a good intent, we, for one, feel very sorry, both financially and otherwise, for them.

This is rather a disjointed letter and written under trying circumstances; and yet, Mr. Three J. J. J.'s, Elder Jewpepper, Cal Wayback, Proxy Salvationist, our love salutes you all.

C. RANK.

MIDWINTER FAIR LETTER.

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.—DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION.

[Weekly Circular Letter—No. 13.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15, 1894.

The attendance at the Midwinter Exposition continues to average between 8,000 and 10,000 per day, and everybody is correspondingly encouraged in the belief that this fair will realize the most sanguine expectation in regard to its financial success. In proportion to the amount of money invested, the attendance thus far has greatly surpassed that accorded the Columbian Exposition during the first month of its existence, and at the same ratio of increase which was noticeable at Chicago, there will be an attendance at the Midwinter Exposition before its close which will surpass the fondest dreams of its most enthusiastic boomers.

The number of Eastern visitors to the Exposition is increasing day by day, and it is with a sigh of great relief that they come out of the snows and blizzards of of the East and the middle West, over the mountains into the midwinter splendor of the Pacific Coast. It has been what is called a "hard winter" in California, but that means only that it has rained a little more than usual, and that the warm midwinter days have not been so continuous as is generally the rule. But even this weather has been so welcome to people who are used to being snowbound in February that they call it "Paradise" in comparison, and they really revel in their experience.

One enthusiastic traveler came into the office of the Department of Publicity and Promotion the other day and told the following story: "I could hardly get to the railway station in my town for the snow drifts. The street cars were not running, and the horses of a hack on wheels could scarcely plunge along fast enough for me to make my train. Once on board the train I read in a daily paper, for this was Jan. 28, that the California Midwinter Exposition had been formally opened on the preceding day with thousands of people seated on a grand stand in the open air with heads uncovered under a broiling sun, and with the green foliage of a beautiful park forming a background to the scene. At different places along the railway where we stopped for a few moments, I noticed bulletins of 'Midwinter Exposition Weather,' and the thought struck me that this was about the most striking piece of advertising that could be done in connection with California's exposition. When one stands in an atmosphere in the neighborhood of zero, and reads that the thermometer registers 75 degrees in San Francisco, one wishes to be there, and as for myself I was glad to feel that I was on my way. At Chicago I was delayed several hours waiting for it to become possible for trains to start on westward, and we dragged along across the plains, but when we began to descend the slopes of the Sierras we left the snows behind us and found the green fields at our feet, for we were, indeed, in the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, and I intend to stay here just as long as I feel I can afford to."

This has been the experience of many westbound travelers during the present midwinter season, and every effort is being made on the part of the Exposition management to impress the Eastern visitors with the fact that, aside from the climatic advantages, it is good for them to be here. During the past week there has been a succession of interesting things at the fair. First came the unveiling of the Harriet Hosmer statue of Isabella, in which a host of ladies well known in social and literary circles on the Pacific Coast took an interesting part, and in which the Palace of Art was dedicated. The formal opening of the Vienna Prater introduced to San Francisco the Imperial Vienna orchestra, one of the finest musical organizations of the world.

A series of days which are to be celebrated under the auspices of the different fraternal organizations was inaugurated on Feb. 12 by the Independent Order of Good Templars. On this occasion Festival Hall was first brought into service, and a large audience assembled there to witness the exercises of the annual convention and anniversary of the organization of that body. A pleasing feature of the day was the parade through the grounds of the orphans from the Good Templars' Home for Orphans, and whose enjoyment of the concessional features to which they were made welcome was accepted as the forerunner of many similarly joyful occasions in the near feature. There is to be a general "Orphans' Day" before long, when every child from the charitable institutions in San Francisco and vicinity will be given the run of the Exposition. There is also to be a public school childrens' day, for which the people of San Francisco are now making great preparations, and such a day the school children of San Francisco have never seen before. This school children's day has been set for Feb. 22, and coming as it does between the national holiday and Saturday it is a school holiday of itself, but it will be made in this connection an Exposition holiday in which every person connected with the management or with the Exposition in any way will vie with every other amusement maker to add to the children's pleasure.

The Transmississippi Congress has been in session in San Francisco during the present week, and on Wednesday evening its delegates were made the guests of the Exposition. There was a grand display of fireworks and a general illumination of the buildings. Even the electric tower was illuminated, though this great structure is not quite complete, and there were band concerts at the fireworks and on the grand central court as well. The arrangements for Washington's birthday include more fireworks, more illuminations, the opening of the electric tower and the inauguration of the electric prismatic fountain.

Subscribe for the EXPRESS now.

DEATH THROUGH A KISS.

While Caressing His Grandchild the Old Man Inhaled a Hair Which Killed Him.

It was a joyous company of young, middle aged and aged people who congregated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Larkin in Susquehanna, Pa. They met in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of their host and hostess, who had passed their allotted threescore years and ten and were still in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Several sweet faced, laughing grandchildren were present to contribute their share of sunshine to the occasion. Little 5-year-old Mary Edwards, with her bright blue eyes and light tresses, was there. After kissing her grandmother affectionately she sprang upon her grandfather's lap, exclaiming, "Grandpa, I have lots of kisses and a bear hug for you."

Then the old man pressed the sweet face of his favorite grandchild to his, fervently remarking: "God bless you, Mary. No company would be complete without you. You are the embodiment of sunshine itself, and I trust you will grow to be a noble woman."

"Tell me how much you love me, grandpa," said the child, "and then I will give you the kisses and the bear hug."

"I cannot tell you how much I love you, child," answered the old man, "but I can assure you it is a big lot."

Then Grandfather Larkin imprinted kiss after kiss upon the ruby cheeks, and the child, delighted at the manifestation of affection, returned the compliment, and then, throwing her little arms about the old man's neck, gave the promised "bear hug." She then crawled down from grandpa's lap and busied herself for a time among others of the company. An hour later, and just before the joyous party were about to partake of dinner, the same little Mary approached her grandfather, remarking, "Grandpa, I want to give you one more kiss before dinner, and then I want you to sit by me at the table."

The old man smiled and lifted the little girl in his arms. Two minutes later he felt a tickling sensation in his throat and realized that in returning the last kiss a hair had caught in his mouth and been sucked into his windpipe.

This immediately produced hard fits of coughing, and before relief could be obtained a blood vessel was ruptured, and death resulted instantly.

Consternation reigned for a time, and the aged partner of the unfortunate septuagenarian, overcome with grief, fell in a swoon. She rallied an hour later, but it is thought her great grief will cause her death in a short time.—New York Herald.

NOW A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Virginia City, Nev., Once Gay and Prosperous, Rapidly Falling to Ruins.

"A poet could write on 'The Deserted Village' with Virginia City as a subject and surpass Goldsmith's immortal production on the same topic," said E. L. Hearne of San Francisco to a Globe-Democrat man. "The first time that I was ever there the population of Virginia City was greater than that of the entire state now. Everything ran wide open. Magnificent hotels and opera halls, palatial residences, stores that would have done credit to New York, millionaires who spent money freely, maintaining a society that for brilliancy and gayety could not be equaled in the United States. I was there a short time ago. The hotels and opera houses are closed, the residences empty, the stores removed to other and more prosperous places. Dwellings that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars are given over to the bats, and the broken panes of glass, the shutters hanging upon a single hinge or flapping in the wind, give a growsome sense of loneliness. In years to come it will afford magnificent spectacles of ruins, and even now in some sections of the town there is a sense to the beholder of being in a city of the past. Millions were made and lost, and the history of Virginia City would be one of the most thrilling stories ever written."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Savages In Modern War.

It was curious to see the effect of the seven pounder and hotchkiss shells upon the Matabeles when they were retreating. On the shell bursting among them we could see through our glasses the Matebeles turn round and fire at the place where the shell had burst, thinking it was some diabolical agency of the white man. From information we received after this fight we learned that the enemy had intended attacking us at 10 o'clock the previous night, but owing to the rocket having been sent up to recall Captain Borrow they were afraid to do so, thinking that we were holding communion with our gods by shooting at the stars and bringing them down.—London Telegraph.

A Fatal Blunder.

Blunders that are literally worse than crimes are not uncommon. Such a one was committed in 1886 by a New York druggist, who, by putting up the wrong prescription, caused the death of two girls named Holtz by morphine poisoning. But the consequences of the terrible mistake did not end there. The betrothed of one of the girls, Dr. Lowenthal, whose prescription was misread, went insane. And now their father, Christian Holtz, has died abroad, where he retired, broken hearted, as soon as he could close up his large business interests in New York.—Rochester Herald.

Boston's Crowded Tenements.

In the most crowded precinct of Boston, the recent tenement house census found the average number of persons in a house to be 17.81, and the average number of persons in a room 1.63. In the most instances, the average number of persons to a room was 3.30, but in all Boston there were found but 656 persons occupy tenements in which the average number to a room was three or over.—Boston Commonwealth.

NIAGARA NOW IN HARNESS.

The Greatest Experiment Ever Made in Electricity Is Being Put to Test.

At last Niagara falls have been harnessed, and the dream of engineers for years has been realized. One of the greatest engineering enterprises ever undertaken in this country and by far the greatest experiment ever made in electricity has been put to the test to decide whether $4,000,000 have been poured into a hole in the ground or whether this sum has been planted in fruitful soil to bring forth a hundredfold.

The object of the company which undertook the stupendous task is to catch the immense power of the fearful onrush of water of the great river and turn it to utilitarian purposes. If the water which rushes down the penstocks 140 feet turns the wheels below and sends back up to the surface 5,000 horsepower from each wheel, the day is not far distant when every wheel in New York west of the Hudson river shall be turned with power from the falls, and a mighty current shall be transmitted probably as far west as Chicago, and it may be as far south as Baltimore.

The tunnel, through which 500,000 cubic feet of water will flow each minute when it is used to its full capacity, is a gloomy place. It is 21 feet high and is horseshoe shaped, being 18 feet 10 inches wide at the widest part and 14 feet 5 inches at the bottom. Since Oct. 4, 1890, when N. B. Gaskell, who was then president of the Cataract Construction company, dug the first spadeful of earth for the tunnel, 17 men have been killed in the tunnel, 8 in the wheel pit and 2 in the work outside. While the tunnel was being dug some 1,500 men were kept busy, and the payrolls ran as high as $69,000 in one month.

Dr. Coleman Sellers of Philadelphia has had charge of the work during all the late years of its progress and supervised the great test, of which the telegraphic reports in the press have given ample account. The realization of what was once a scientific day dream will add new luster to the glowing achievements of the closing nineteenth century.—Philadelphia Press.

STATESMEN'S ECCENTRICITIES.

Kate Field Says Our Senators Would Be Lost Without Trousers Pockets.

"Do you prefer side or slant or top pockets in your trousers?"

"I don't care, I'm sure. All I want is pockets that I can get my hands into."

This was the conversation I overheard the other day between a tailor and his customer, and I was reminded of it an hour later as I looked down upon the floor of the senate chamber and watched our grave and reverend lawmakers going through their work. In the middle aisle, carrying on a triangular debate, were Senator Proctor and Senator Gorman, each with his left hand in his trousers pocket, and Senator Allison with both hands similarly incased. They were presently joined by Senator Brice, who had his right hand pocketed, while Senator Lindsay strode from the Democratic over to the Republican side, with both his hands in his pockets, almost running into Senator Lodge, who was carrying his in the same way.

I could not help thinking of the old story of Daniel Webster and the button on his jacket, which he always used to twirl while making his best recitations in school. It is said that a little girl who had long stood next to him in his spelling class, and who was ambitious to pass him, contrived one day to snip off this button, and at the next recitation, when Daniel felt for it and found it missing, he was so overcome that he missed the world put to him, and his clever rival went to the head of the class. Suppose some malicious person, bent on destroying the comfort and dignity of the senate, should contrive to have the trousers pockets of all the senators sewed up over night, what would become of American oratory and legislation the next day?—Kate Field's Washington.

Picture Owners Getting Tired.

The owners of works of art not only in England, but throughout Europe, complain of the injustice of the increasing demands for the loan of their treasures for international, national and local exhibitions, says a New York Sun correspondent. The pictures just returned from Chicago are wanted immediately for Vienna and then for Antwerp. English owners are openly talking of refusing. To refuse to lend seems churlish, however, and might prove damaging to the reputation, not merely of individual artists, but of the British school. On the other hand, if the owners lend whenever they are asked they never have possession of their own pictures. The Royal academy will probably soon consider the dilemma.

Buddhism In Paris.

A fresh propaganda of Buddhism is being undertaken in Paris, says a correspondent. It is asserted that 30,000 Parisians now profess the ancient religion. Many well known women describe themselves as eclectic Buddhists. A little volume gives a summary of the doctrines of the new creed. It has just been printed, and large numbers have been bought by wealthy neophytes and will be distributed next week among all classes. The converts are not expected to desert the churches of which they are members. The copies of the book have been bound in black morocco, gilded to resemble prayer books.

Her Faith Led to Death.

Mrs. William Seidentopf died Saturday from the effects of a dose of poison, which she spread on a piece of bread and then deliberately ate. Mrs. Seidentopf was a Christian science believer, and it is thought that she ate the poison to prove her faith. Even after the agony resultant from the action of the poison had begun, she refused to allow a doctor to be called and was beyond hope of saving when one was summoned.—Council Bluffs (Ia.) Dispatch.