

THE GREAT DEED IS DONE.

With one stroke of his pen Mr. Cleveland has disrupted the democratic party. His veto of the seigniorage bill was not unexpected, although there was a lingering hope among democrats that he would have enough consideration for the party to permit the bill to become a law without his signature.

The reasons assigned for the veto are dishonest, absolutely dishonest. Mr. Cleveland is not such a nut-on-head chump as to believe that there is a rapid improvement in our financial conditions. He knows, as every one knows, that there is an impending crisis in the financial affairs of the whole world.

There wasn't much in the seigniorage bill of importance, except that it stood for a principle. We are not a sufficient believer in the one-man power to be brought to the conclusion that the president has a right to set up his individual judgment in opposition to the representatives of the people.

The effect of the veto will be disastrous to the democratic party, for it will high assure the defeat of all tariff legislation. And if this congress adjourns without having passed a tariff bill, then it will be a long farewell to democratic supremacy.

Coxey's army are Sabbath observers. Religious services in camp on Sunday is a part of the regular programme. Since their mission is to lift congress out of a hole, we advise them to stick to their prayers, for there is nobody on earth that needs more praying for than the American congress.

The democratic convention was very largely attended and was thoroughly unanimous. The ticket is very strong and will poll a large vote. The legislative ticket will give the g. o. p. and the p. p. some pretty hard knocks.

The chances for a civil war in Colorado are still brightening. Old man Waite is the biggest fool in the state except the fellows who are egging him on.

Coxey's commanders made a hit in Pennsylvania, and, as they say in stage parlance, caught the house at the first rise of the curtain. Their march to Pittsburg is a series of ovations. Down in the hearts of the people there is a spark of sympathy for these poor stragglers.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Council met last Tuesday evening in regular session with Mayor Montague in the chair.

S. M. Garland, city attorney, was requested to act as recorder. Roll call, all present but Councilman Reed.

Report of street commissioner advised the acquisition of the land on the South side of the academy for a street was approved.

The city treasurer made his report for the first quarter which showed that the city now has \$388.75 in unpaid warrants. Report was ordered placed on file.

A petition asking that A. F. Stowe be appointed recorder, was read and ordered placed on file.

By motion it was decided that those parties taking out liquor license be granted a rebate of \$50 on the \$300 required for six months' license, to be applied only on the first six months' license and a warrant drawn on the treasury for the \$50 when the license was issued.

On motion, ordinance 34, reducing liquor license, was taken from the table and by another motion was indefinitely postponed.

The mayor then advised that they elect a recorder to fill the unexpired term of Recorder Miller, deceased.

The names of A. F. Stowe, W. C. Peterson and John M. Somers were placed in nomination. Atty. Stowe receiving the majority he was on motion unanimously elected.

Mayor Montague read a communication from J. A. Roberts, ex-city treasurer. Mr. Montague stated that Mr. Roberts had forwarded to him \$16 to apply on the balance due the city from funds in the bank.

Motion was made to appoint a committee of three to draft resolutions in honor of Recorder Miller, deceased.

The marshal was instructed to enforce the ordinance regarding horses running at large after giving five days' notice.

Council then adjourned to meet Monday evening to approve bonds and grant license to the saloons.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes P. W. Morgan (\$20.00), Guan (7.00), Recorder's fees (20.00), S. M. Gar and (5.00), Crason & Meuzies (8.25), G. L. Alexander (1.25), Electric Light and Water Company (120.00).

For Sale.

- I will sell on easy terms very cheap the following property: 1. My residence property—a good house, new barn, and 19 acres of very best land, with fine orchard—within the corporate limits of Lebanon, Oregon.

When it comes to selling goods, Baker is strictly in it. He carries a large and well selected stock and has what the people want, and they always find the price to suit the times.

RALPH LEWISTON.

The Teacher of "No. 48."

A short silence ensued, but neither of the culprits moved a muscle. Ralph then said, "Before the whole school you stand convicted of this crime, self-condemned, and without further delay you are both suspended from the privileges of this school until the board shall see fit to reinstate you by permit founded on a solemn promise to behave yourselves ever after and obey all the rules as other pupils do."

This was the termination to the event entirely unexpected by these young ruffians, and they began to take their books out of the desk in a way that showed they were thinking about something else than the work which they were mechanically performing.

At length they arose and started down the aisle with their books under their arms, their countenances shaded with a cloud of guilt. They moved slowly and reluctantly as if a faint hope lingered in their minds that the teacher would, at the last moment, have pity on them and restore once more the privileges of school they had only a short time before been enjoying.

When school opened the boys were in their usual places, but there was an earnestness in their faces that had never been seen there before.

As he went to the desk he saw that the present teacher would punish them by the means that his predecessor had used—commonly known among the boys as "rattle with the hick'ry."

The boys had prepared the messages for their fathers before they separated, so when their complaints were compared they agreed very nicely.

The two fathers coming together held a spirited conversation, in which they denounced the teacher as entirely unfit for the position he held.

Having passed judgment on the teacher, they concluded to go and get the other directors and proceed to depose him at once.

After meeting Judge Tuffton and rehearsing the "shameful" treatment of their "truthful and obedient" boys at the hands of the teacher and receiving his assent to their conclusion that he should be put out immediately, they all repaired to the residence of Mr. Rigdon, where they met the object of their wrath—Ralph Lewiston.

Ralph had told Mr. Rigdon the particulars of the event just as it had happened, wherefore he was cognizant of the facts in the case when the three men arrived.

The board was duly organized and the plaintiff entered his plea for the defendants. He said this was the first time they had been sent out of school in ten years and he was therefore certain the teacher had done wrong and ought to be "poloized" and take them back into school without any further trouble.

Ralph was then called upon to state his defense of the suspensions. He did so in such a calm, straightforward manner that even Tom Bangford found himself in that state of mind which made him exclaim "that boy Zeke has lied to me!"

Both boys guiltily hung their heads in silence. They were conquered by the fell instrument of fearless, outspoken truth.

He then said, "your silence verifies the statements just made in regard to your cowardly conduct in the school-room. And since it has become my duty to depose this case, I will make your punishment as easy as possible. You have forfeited your privileges in school by premeditated disorderly conduct. Now, before you can be reinstated and granted the enjoyment of your former freedom as scholars, you must go before the school and publicly confess that you have willfully and wickedly disobeyed your teacher and disturbed the school. Then you shall solemnly promise to be kind, studious and obedient pupils, ever mindful of the rights of others."

indeed to have them again take their places under the conditions named, and be world willingly forget all the rude conduct of the past in the manly bearing that would naturally result from such a determination to do what is right.

The sentence pronounced and all the requirements made known, the culprits had only one alternative, return and fulfill the conditions that would place them in fellowship with their schoolmates, or be branded as criminals, expelled from the company of their kind and orderly associates.

After remaining silent for some time Zep said, "It's a pretty rough job to be compelled to get up before the whole school and tell 'em all about what they know I did do, and how mean I feel about it. I must go to school now or never, so I'll go right back and tell 'em the straight of it."

Zeke had listened very attentively to this little speech and as soon as it was concluded, he instantly announced his intention to do likewise.

Mr. Rigdon kindly shook hand with the boys and told them they would never regret the decision they had just made, and he was also very certain they would never again be guilty of such an unmanly conduct.

The next morning the boys appeared on the school grounds together, but with a very different air from that which they were wont to come before the occurrence of the incident just related.

Ralph met them with a pleasant good morning and they seemed to be somewhat relieved by his cordial greeting.

When school opened the boys were in their usual places, but there was an earnestness in their faces that had never been seen there before.

As Zep was the first to speak in court he was given the leading opportunity in this case. He walked out manfully, faced the school and said, "schoolmates you all saw how ugly I acted in school the other day. Well, I want to tell you now, I am ashamed of myself and wish I hadn't been such a fool. I want you to forgive me this time and I'll never do it again. No, Never!!"

When Zep reached this point, he could say no more—the tears were chasing each other down his cheeks in rapid succession and his feelings were so intense that a few more words would have brought the sovereign relief for grief or pain—crying.

As Zep took his seat, the teacher quietly nodded to Zeke who came forward and said, "I too have been a very bad boy in school, but I'm just as sorry as I can be and I want you all to forgive me, the teacher too—Boo—ho!"

Zeke's feelings were touched by what Zep had said and he could not express his thoughts in words as easily as Zep could so when he came to the floor his speech was cut short by feelings of remorse and shame overcoming his self-control and he gave vent to grief by ending his confession in the manner just described.

A short period of silence elapsed, the teacher said, "scholars, I think you will all agree with me when I say we are all happy indeed to have those of our number, who have just confessed the wrong they did a few days ago, take their places among us once more with a firm determination to do right. And I also wish to know how many of you will promise, with me, to assist Zep and Zeke by all honorable means in their work with us?"

A unanimous vote of raised hands was the prompt response.

This action on the part of scholars and teacher gave the boys new courage and they went to work in good earnest and so harmoniously did all labor that had a stranger entered the room a few days later he would never have suspected that there was stamie villainy enough in the whole school to disturb the tranquility of the happy group that worked so faithfully and studiously in the little schoolhouse of district "No. 48."

Zep Wezenberry and Zeke Bangford are both diligent young farmers now, with homes of their own and are highly respected by the community in which they live, for their honesty and rectitude in all things, yet they never fail to say, had it not been for the "grit" of Ralph Lewiston we would never have been the happy men we are to-day."

CYRUS BLACKBURN, The End.

A severe rheumatic pain in the left shoulder had troubled Mr. J. H. Loper, a well known druggist of Des Moines, Iowa, for over six months. At times the pain was so severe that he could not lift anything. With all he could do he could not get rid of it until he applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

TRANSFORMATION.

The morning came as strange and white and still as death's drath came. Almost as though the earth had slept and woke to find herself a ghost.

Close, oh, so close, to her changed face The sky drew down! How could she know herself as she lay shrouded there? In the white wonder of the snow?—Mary N. Bradford in Donohoe's Magazine.

The Elder Dumas.

Of his Sheridan-like dealings with tradesmen an anecdote is told. During a scarcity of ice a neighbor of Dumas sent to a dealer for some and was told that the limited stock on hand was kept for the use of the famous author. Then the gentleman went again and bade his servant ask for the ice in the name of M. Dumas. The plan succeeded.

"My father," said M. Dumas, "once told me that if he could portion out a new life he would be a handsome woman till 30, a victorious general from 30 to 50 and a cardinal in his old age." Dumas, as he related this parental desire, glanced toward Rossini and added: "I should prefer to close my life as an illustrious composer. Mon cher Rossini, when you enter a room, the very laquerer pronounces your name with pride as he announces you."

Then turning to the company he continued: "Announce, for instance, M. le Duc d'Angame and Signor Rossini at the same moment and see on which side all heads and all hearts will incline first. All eyes would be on the great musician who created 'Il Barbiere de Seviglia.'" And then we all filled our glasses with armagnac of the vintage of 1811 and drank the health of Rossini. The old composer did not rise, but his face broke out into voluminous smiles as he shook the hand of the author of "La Dame Aux Camellias."—Philadelphia Times.

Pompeian Business Notes.

A number of business announcements are to be found at Pompeii, that brisk little city to whose daily life the energy of Vesuvius has lent a kind of immortality. Here we get a large number of miscellaneous inscriptions dealing with matters of daily life, announcements of forthcoming gladiatorial games, edicts of magistrates, wine sellers' attempts to captivate customers, rewards for lost or stolen property, houses for sale or to be let and other things of that sort.

We learn from one announcement that a glass of wine could be got for 1 as—about 3 farthings—while for 4 asses one could drink real Falernian. Another inscription informs us that a denarius—about 7 1/2 pence—was paid for washing a tunic, and the date, the 13th of April, is carefully recorded by the writer. Whether she was the laundress or the owner of the tunic must be left undecided, but it seems at least that she was in the habit of marking up her washing account on the walls of her house.

There are several such inscriptions on the same wall of this particular house, all dated—the 20th of April, a tunic and pallium; on the 7th of May, an article which need not be particularized, while on the day following two tunics are scored.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Dishes and Platters of Gold.

Queen Victoria's wonderful set of table furniture is kept in two fireproof chambers and is said to represent a cash value of £20,000,000. Among it is the golden table service made for George VI, calculated for 130 guests and containing the famous crystal champagne cooler which is large enough for a bathtub. There are many pieces in it that formerly belonged to Queen Elizabeth, besides splendid solid gold vessels from India, Siam and China. The pride of the collection is a tureen once owned by Charles XII and a gold peacock made for George III at a cost of £40,000.—St. Louis Republic.

A Difficult Feat.

A member of a Houston volunteer fire company did not appear at the scene of the conflagration until after the fire was under control. The chief of the fire department reproached him bitterly for his neglect of duty.

"It's not my fault," replied the fireman. "I live quite a distance from the fire."

"That's no excuse. You must move nearer to the next fire."—Texas Siftings.

Very Delicate.

"So you proposed to Miss Jingleblit?" "Yes."

"And she refused you?" "Yes."

"Perhaps it was a hasty answer?" "No. She took care that it shouldn't be. She sent it by a messenger boy."—Washington Star.

It is seldom that wood which has grown more than 4,000 years before the Christian era is used in the construction of a present day residence, and yet this really happened recently in Edinburgh, where a mantelpiece was fashioned from wood said to be 6,000 years old.

The old fashion of using the candied petals of the orange blossom in tea seems to be almost forgotten. If a few of the candied petals be put into the tea before it is steeped, they give it a flavor noticeably peculiar, but once esteemed very fine.

Tommy heard his mother call an insect that was flying around them the darned needle. The next day he said, "Mamma, were those funny things we saw yesterday safety pins?"

The title mayor comes from the French and originally signified "one who keeps guard." He was the head steward of a city, administering its affairs in the name of the king.

Statistics show that mild winters are much more conducive to health than severe ones.

AN OLD PRESCRIPTION.

On This Particular Occasion It Falls On Its Work. The crowd had gathered about a horse and buggy in the middle of the street. The horse had balked.

"Tie a string around his ear," said one of the bystanders. "It gives him something else to think of. I never knew it to fail."

A string was produced and wound tightly round one of the animal's ears. It had no effect.

"Blindfold him," suggested another. A bandage was tied over his eyes and an effort made to start him.

Same result. "Back him."

"He won't back," said the exasperated owner. "I tried that."

"Try him with an ear of corn."

The ear of corn failed to move the obstinate horse.

"I'll see if I can't persuade him some other way," said the exasperated owner of the animal.

He took a whip and belabored the beast with it till somebody threatened to have him arrested.

Then he kicked him awhile. All in vain.

Finally a benevolent looking old gentleman forced his way through the crowd and said:

"I have seen a great many balky horses started by building a fire under them. Can you get some straw or shavings?"

A boy was sent to a neighboring furniture store for some excelsior. He came back presently with a huge armful. It was placed on the ground under the horse and a lighted mat touched to it.

As the first feeble flame rose from the mat, the smoke began to curl about the horse's head. He turned his head, took a calm survey of the situation, and when the combustible stuff burst into a big blaze moved forward about six feet, in full possession of his faculties and without any unnecessary haste, and stopped again.

And the elegant buggy was damaged \$25 worth by the flames before it occurred to anybody to scatter the blazing stuff.

And then an old colored man in a faded suit of secondhand clothes and a hat with half the brim gone went out and spoke kindly to the high spirited animal, rubbed his nose, patted him on the neck, climbed into the damaged buggy and said, "Git along, sonny."

And the horse moved off at a brisk trot, with head high in the air.—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted a Good Foot.

Models are an important part of a sculptor's need. I doubt whether in this particular we differ from our Greek predecessors, for we read of choice presents, such as peacocks, given by Phidias to his models, showing how much he valued them, presumably because it was as difficult then as now to get good ones. To be a model is a business of itself, and when we remember the number of art schools there are, even in London alone, and the many artists who are entirely dependent upon them, it may be realized that a large body they must be.

The men are mostly Italians, chiefly, I am told, from the neighborhood of Naples. The women are, as a rule, English and have often sat for babies. To find a well formed foot is almost an impossibility among the best of them, owing to the long cramping in boots, but a friend once told me that he had a cast of the foot of an Indian woman that was as beautiful as the foot of a Greek statue.

Our English models lack often the suppleness of figure that distinguishes more southern races, such as the Italian, which is partly accounted for by the heavy, cumbersome clothes our climate necessitates. But such as they are we have to make the best of them, and really good one is eagerly sought after.—Good Words.

The "Tomb of Cain."

The early traditions concerning the city of Damascus are curious and interesting, even though untrustworthy and contradictory. By some of the ancient writers it was maintained that the city stands on or near the site of the garden of Eden, and just outside there is a beautiful meadow of red earth from which, it is said, God took the material from which he created Adam. This field is called Ager Damascenus, and near its center there formerly stood a pillar which was said to mark the precise spot where our first parent was created. A few miles out there is an eminence called the Mountain of Abel, supposed by some to be the place where the first two brothers offered their sacrifices, also the spot where the first murder was committed. The most interesting spot pointed out, however, is about three leagues from the city, where an old ruin is shown which all the orient believe to be the tomb of Cain. The traditions respecting this famous spot are known to antedate the Christian era by several hundred years. Up to the time of Vespasian the interior of the tomb is said to have been lighted and warmed by one of the "ever burning" lamps so commonly used by the ancients.—St. Louis Republic.

A New Kind of Insurance.

Agent—Ah, good morning, Mr. Talked-to-death. I've called to see you about insuring you in my company. I want to—

Mr. Talked-to-death—Oh, go away! I don't want any insurance. I'm already—

"But, sir, you don't understand. This—"

"No, I tell you! I've been nearly talked into my grave by insurance agents, and—"

"Ah, now we're talking business! That's just why you ought to take a policy in my company."

"What is your company?"

"Why, it insures you against being talked to death by insurance agents."

—Boston Traveller.