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THE COUNTY CANVASS.

The people's party county central committee held a meeting in Albany Friday and arranged for a county canvass by their candidates as follows:

Rock Creek	May 15, 7 p m
Lyons	" 16, 10 a m
Jordan	" " 3 p m
Shelburn	" 17 1 p m
Solo	" 18 1 p m
Santiam	" 19 1 p m
Syracuse	" 21 10 a m
Oakville	" 22 10 a m
Tangent	" 22 7 p m
Shedd	" 23 1 p m
Halsey	" 24 1 p m
Harrisburg	" 25 1 p m
Brownsville	" 26 1 p m
Crawfordsville	" 28 1 p m
Sweet Home	" 29 1 p m
Waterloo	" 30 1 p m
Sodaville	" 31 1 p m
Lebanon	June 1 1 p m
Albany	" 2 1 p m

A ratification will also be held at 7 P. M.
A cordial invitation is extended to all opposing political parties to join in the canvass and share equally in the discussion of the political issues of the day.

B. F. RAMP,
Chairman.

The democratic candidates of Lincoln county will speak on the political issues of the day at the following times and places:

Syracuse	May 18 10 a m
Tangent	" 18 2 p m
Shedd	" 19 1 p m
Harrisburg	" 21 1 p m
Halsey	" 22 1 p m
Brownsville	" 23 1 p m
Crawfordsville	" 24 10 a m
Sweet Home	" 24 2 p m
Waterloo	" 25 10 a m
Sodaville	" 25 2 p m
Lebanon	" 26 1 p m
Rock Creek	" 28 1 p m
Lyons	" 29 1 p m
Jordan	" 30 10 a m
Shelburn	" 31 3 p m
Solo	" 31 1 p m
Santiam	June 1 2 p m
Albany	" 2 1 p m

Opposing candidates are respectfully invited to be present and participate in the discussion.

E. E. DAVIS,
Chairman County Central Committee.
GEO. W. WRIGHT,
Secretary.

Drowned Near Junction City.
Richard Eaton, a young man about twenty years of age, was drowned in a slough near Junction City Wednesday evening. He had taken a kind of tub boat and was going to row down the slough a short distance and get another boat. He was alone and it is not known how he met his death, as the boat in which he was rowing was found right side up but his body was found at the bottom of the slough. It is supposed that owing to the unsteadiness of the boat he had tipped it and fell overboard and was unable to save himself, though the slough was not a very wide one nor very deep. The body was recovered that evening. The funeral services were conducted Thursday afternoon.

A Close Call.
Last Saturday evening about 7 o'clock Charley Meyer, son of Conrad Meyer, was playing on the bank of the Calapooin river, back of the ice works. In some manner he fell over the bank, striking the water 40 feet below. He was seen to fall by a gentleman who was working near by and he immediately raised the alarm. John Deakins, who was eating supper near by, rushed to the bank. He saw the boy floating helpless in the water 40 yards below where he fell in. Without a moment's hesitation he pulled off his coat and shoes and plunged in. Swimming to the lad he caught him by the arm and took him ashore. He was taken to his home near by and medical aid summoned, and soon was slowly recovering from the severe shock. He was knocked insensible by the fall and but for the prompt assistance rendered by Mr. Deakins he would soon have drowned.—Herald.

New goods at Read, Pencock & Co's.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by John F. Miller Post No. 42, G. A. R. Department of Oregon, at their hall at Lebanon, Oregon, April 21st, 1894.

Whereas it is with sincere sorrow and regret that we are called to record this our second death of the members of John F. Miller Post No. 42, G. A. R. Department of Oregon. By it we are called upon to mourn the loss of our late comrade, F. M. Miller. Who departed this life to join the silent unknown, March 27th, 1894. And

Whereas, while our late comrade has been called to a higher and better life. His grief is a sad loss to his family and to our noble order to which he was an active member.

Resolved that the members of the Post extend to the sorrowing wife and children our heartfelt sympathy in this their great affliction. And we pray that God in his infinite mercy and goodness will enable them to bear up under their sad bereavement.

Resolved that in respect of the memory of our deceased comrade. That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days. And that a copy of these resolutions be given to the bereaved family, and also be spread upon the records of this Post, and a copy be sent to the local papers for publication.

J. F. HYDE,
Z. T. BRYANT,
Committee.

Kicked By A Horse.
F. C. Standard, proprietor of the depot warehouse, and a prominent citizen of this place, is now lying in a serious condition at the residence of his parents, three miles north of this city. While in the field with a team he went around in front of the horses to fix the halter, when one of the animals reared up and struck him in the forehead. He rode a horse to the house, walked in and fell in an unconscious condition to the floor. A doctor was summoned and an examination of his wounds made. The marks of the hoof cover his eye, which is swollen shut this morning; his skull is also thought to be crushed. However, he will probably recover in a short time. Had the horse been shod it is said he would undoubtedly have been killed instantly, but fortunately the animal was barefooted.—Brownsville Times.

Neglecting Their Orchards.
Mr. P. W. Tenneson, manager of the Northwest Horticulturist, of Tacoma, Wash., has recently spent two weeks in looking over the nurseries and orchards of the Willamette valley. He says that the one fact, which has mostly impressed itself upon him during his trip is that a very large number of fruit growers are doomed to disappointment, simply from the fact that they are not giving their trees proper care. Those growers who cannot keep their trees in a clean, healthy and vigorous condition, had better grub out their orchards at once for they will not be able to compete with their neighbors who take care of their trees. The neglect to spray and the lack of drainage are among the leading causes of the lack of thrift among orchards. Even if the trees are free from insect pests, if any moss is growing upon them they should be sprayed in the winter with a solution of concentrated lye or washed with lime to destroy the moss. Whenever the moss establishes itself upon a tree it makes the conditions favorable for an attack of insect pests.

A joint stock company is being organized in Hillsboro for a vegetable and fruit cannery.

Notice of Dissolution.
Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between C. E. Pugh and S. O. Wallace, under the firm name of Pugh & Wallace, is hereby dissolved by mutual agreement, S. O. Wallace retiring, C. E. Pugh retaining the entire business. All accounts due said firm are payable to said C. E. Pugh, he becoming responsible also for the indebtedness of said firm. Done at the office of C. E. Pugh, Lebanon, Or., Feb. 24th, 1894.

C. E. PUGH,
S. O. WALLACE.

A DAY'S JAUNT.

On learning of the success of Waterloo at the prohi' convention, the "dig guns" of our little, but awful village, resolved that it was a duty they owed the would-be officers or candidates that they should be allowed to spend one Sabbath in prayer, fasting or in any way they desired, in peace, preparing for the trust which would be forced upon them.

Loading themselves with the fat of the land (including the infant Waterlooites) and led by the notorious police judge and Fred Gross, one of our rising young business men, with schoolmasters and undergraduates, et cetera, the devoted band looked the genuine Coxey's army (the only difference being they carried their supplies with them) and leaving their friends to care for the stranger, on the calm and silent Sunday, April 22, set their face Zionward, or in other language, "Seda".

By recruits along the way we numbered, on reaching Pizgah's Mount that overlooks Sodaville, 27 souls, not counting 54 souls that seemed to be the largest part of our party.

At this point a spy-glass or opera-glass was brought into requisition and one of the party did claim they saw a man on the streets, but the writer said, no. On reaching a point where we could stop a council was held and our band dissolved and, a greater party, he it said to their credit, went en masse and on foot to hear Rev. Plowman and the Bass Viol discourse on theological subjects, while the roughs of the gang tried to find a place six feet square to rest their weary bones. Failing to find this they amused themselves with the view from the spring. Right here let us add that it is a splendid view and the only fault we found was that after drinking a gill of the mineral water our brain seemed to reel by looking down from that awful height.

The sermon came to a close earlier than we had supposed, but a gentleman explained the reason, said the clocks could not run the land was so much on the edgewise order and everything was done by guess. We guess that is the reason there are so few males in the village. They were out having a "time," as we only saw some half a dozen and they seemed to be hayseeds or populists; we can't distinguish the sex, or they may be taking one of those all-curing baths we have read of. One thing we did note, they all have weak eyes and have to wear smoked glass spectacles. But a little imp who accompanied us spied out the reason by watching a young lady who, as soon as had come down from the Mount, handed her glasses to another who immediately went up the hill. He says it is done to prevent the dizziness we have spoken of.

Our party of outers adjourned to the public school grounds to dine that the children of the poor could feast the next day on the crumbs and chicken bones that fell from the cloth of the rich. The place is in a deplorable state of barbarity, as it seems a famine will soon overtake the town, judging from the schoolhouse yards we have been forced to enter in our girlhood days. The reason of our deductions is this: We saw no ants, and where an ant can't exist how do the people grow fat.

After partaking of food such as Waterloo alone can produce, we bled ourselves to Bro. Etchler's in a body and were well repaid for all our hardships by a view of his beautiful greenhouse and flowers. Then the ladies, out of curiosity, took in the town from the spring to the livery stable and the most entrancing sight they saw was our future coroner, Dr. Frill.

The band of our sister town is good. Without flattering in the least we will say they do well for amateurs. The few pieces they played for our edification were well rendered and duly appreciated, and boys, note this, we will have you July 4 if no other more greely town gets you first.

Homeward we turn, but alas! on the summit we beheld a sight that took the wind out of our sails so quickly we collapsed like a wilted dish-cloth. The gentleman who wore the glasses will recognize our handiwork and will know the writer but under the circumstances we hardly think he will peach.

At last we reach our own busted boom and seek our downy couch, much pleased with ourselves, the community Sodaville and all mankind. But stick a pin here—when next we walk to Horeb's Rock, we won't go (that must be the neck) a man with a weak spine never could stand the trip.

Yours with many trials and corus,
AGONY.

J. E. Adeox, agent for the Albany steam laundry, sends washings down on Tuesdays only.

HAPPY HOME.

Weather still cold for this time of year.

Vegetation is very slow in growth and there is not sufficient grass for stock. To much cloudy weather and lack of sunshine.

Farmers are very busy seeding, and although the season is late they anticipate good crops.

Mr. Brampton started for Lebanon Friday, riding a colt. When near Mr. Cathers, his colt attempted to buck, and in trying to hold its head up the lines broke and Mr. B. went off backwards hurting his back.

Mr. Go is assisting Mr. Rollings in his plowing and seeding. Mr. Rollings being in very poor health.

Mr. John French is improving gradually, but will be able to do but light manual labor this summer.

We deeply sympathize with Mrs. Kinder and family in the loss of their father, Mr. Jacob Newman, who passed to the spirit land a few days since.

W. B. Comings and others will soon start for the gold mines up the Santiam, in search of the yellow metal. We wish them success.

BROOK.
A Fool And His Money.
E. M. Carpenter, who has cut quite a swath here the past year or more, got gloriously drunk Saturday night and was displaying several hundred dollars in bills, gold coin and notes. He was anxious to show his money, and on going in a saloon to get a drink would count over the whole amount each time and then draw from his pocket the small change necessary to pay for his drink. During the night he took occasion to snooze around the saloons, and at a late hour went out to an out building. When he came back he found his money was gone. Two parties were seen in company with him, and the next day he swore out a warrant for their arrest. He claimed they had relieved him of \$380. The evidence against the parties appeared quite strong, but Carpenter left for California Sunday night, and the only witness resided away from town and had gone home, so the case against the parties was dismissed. There is no sympathy expressed for Carpenter, but if such affairs are transpiring in our city the guilty parties should not be allowed to go unpunished.—Eugene Register.

Disappeared.
John Weber, who has been conducting a saloon near the Hotel Eugene, took French leave of his family and friends Monday afternoon and went away without telling where he was going, what he was going to do when he got there or when he was coming back. He has been having financial troubles of late and quite disheartened. It is thought he was seen near Springfield yesterday morning. His relatives have been quite worried over his strange actions.

Thos. Kay has shut down his tannery and will soon make an effort to organize a new company to run it. He says it pays even better than the wooden mills and the product in the market. It takes capital to run it. Thos. Kay says they have now \$10,000 in the tannery and money is so close that it takes all his capital to run the wooden mills. A meeting will be called after Mr. Kay returns from San Francisco to consider the matter. He goes next week.—Salem Journal.

We hear of a case of destitution a short ways in the country, where in the mother is sick and probably upon her death bed and in a pitiable condition. The husband is usually the one who is worthless as a support for his sick wife and five or six unfortunate little girls. Some of our good people have been going out and ministering to the sick woman's wants as well as to the little girls. What they object to is to have the great, stout, able-bodied husband devour the delicacies they carry to the sick woman.—Selo Press.

The work on the Soldiers' Home is rapidly nearing completion, and President Mullen expects to have the building ready for occupancy not later than May 5th. The water pipes are now being laid throughout the grounds, and workmen are busy in every direction putting on the finishing work. The electric light wires have been put up and the home is now connected with the power station in the city. The water company have a force of men putting in a main from West Roseburg to the home, and it will be but a few days until the water is turned on. Every thing will be in readiness for the dedication of the home, which is to take place on the 10th of next month.—Plaindealer.

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