

# Lebanon Express.

H. Y. KIRKPATRICK,  
Editor - and - Proprietor.

## STATE AND COAST.

Taken From Our Exchanges Throughout the Northwest.

Of Lincoln county's taxes, \$11,400 goes delinquent.

Klamath county is calling in its warrants issued prior to May, 1889.

Nestucca bay put up 1,500,000 pounds of fish during the season just closed.

A meteor fell near Toledo Thursday night, and the people are out looking for it.

There are 315 Siletz Indians to participate in the present disbursement of \$24,000.

The Klamath Falls brewery burned last Tuesday morning. Loss, \$5,500; insurance, \$2,500.

The preliminary ordinance has been passed enabling Dayton to go ahead with waterworks and electric lights.

Ninety sheep were crushed to death in a stampede near Union one day last week. They belonged to E. Draper.

A carload of hops, a part of the California express train, caught fire at Madford Thursday and destroyed the hops.

The lively little 2-year-old town of Scott's Mills has just completed a system of electric lighting, run by its own water power.

A Milton widow threatens to sue the Eagle for libel because in writing her husband's obituary it said he had gone to a happier home.

Junction City wants the blue ribbon for two big things; an 86-pound pumpkin and its city recorder, who stands 6 feet 6 in his stockings.

R. D. Hume, the canneryman, is said to have subscribed \$1,000 toward the construction of a telephone line from Crescent City to Gold Beach.

I. L. Campbell of the Eugene Guard, has been granted judgment for \$1,250 and 8 per cent interest, as the result of a suit against J. E. Noland, ex-sheriff of Lane county.

State Superintendent McElroy has been appointed to the chair of English literature in the State University, an appointment that will add strength to the institution.

Jack Reef, a young Salem scapegrace, has been bound over to the grand jury for the ruin of a 15-year-old girl. She is the only child of poor, hard-working parents, who are almost frantic with grief.

When circuit court meets at Toledo November 26 one of the cases which will come on for something to be done with it is the familiar one of the State of Oregon against the Job Brothers and M. M. Davis.

Charles Campbell and Ira Sprout took to Baker City last week their latest cleanup of nuggets from the Humboldt placer mine near Canyon City, which aggregated over 280 ounces, the value of which was over \$5,000.

Mrs. A. Root, of Mohawk, Lane county, during the past year, besides tending to chores and housework and looking after her children, has made and sold 200 pairs of gloves, which netted quite a handsome profit.

The Bullen Bridge Company, having just completed the Monument bridge, moved their outfit over to John Day last week and will commence the construction of bridges for which they have contracts in that part of Grant county.

The Bank of Milton declared its regular semi-annual dividend to stockholders last week. This institution, so the Eagle says, is in a prosperous condition, notwithstanding the rather severe financial storm through which we have been passing.

It is not thought improbable that Circuit Judge Gilmore will

now holding court in Baker City, may send a mandamus order for Professor J. L. Carter to turn over the office of superintendent of schools for Union county to Miss Nellie Stevens.

William Davis, of Royston, Klamath county, says he has made 3,400 pounds of butter this season, which netted him 22 1/2 cents a pound after deducting the cost of freighting to Ashland. "My cows," said he, "have paid me \$22.50 each this year, after taking out every possible expense attached to keeping them."

Four quartz mills can be heard pounding rock at the junction of Williams and Applegate creeks these days. Each mill with adjacent mine employs from 10 to 25 men, so that corner of Josephine is one of the liveliest in the county. With one exception, the Bone of Contention, those mills are run by water power.

A highwayman demanded a colored barber's money or life one night recently in Baker City, but the knight of the razor ran, when the robber fired. The ball struck the barber on the head, and rebounding, seriously wounded his assailant. At least this is the story the Baker City jokers are telling on the gentleman of color.

Reports of a shooting scrape on the Illinois river Sunday have reached Grant's Pass. It appears that James McGuire was shot in the breast, though not dangerously, by Joe Connor. Several shots were exchanged. Connor gave himself up to the authorities at Kerby. The justice of the peace dismissed Connor, as it was established that he acted in self-defense.

Gold was discovered yesterday in a tunnel beneath the Sutro monument on Clarendon heights, San Francisco. The tunnel is for a main of the Spring Valley Water Company. The quartz, which is pronounced rich in gold, was discovered by blasting rock in the way of the tunnel. Great excitement prevails in the neighborhood over the find.

Jeese Foster, of Corvallis, expects this week to dehorn 125 head of his cattle. He feeds them from a rack, and finds that a dozen dehorned cattle will feed peaceably in a space that would be monopolized by a single horned animal with predilections for fighting. His cattle show no falling off in flesh from the dehorning process.

The whistling buoy which went adrift from off the mouth of the bay a few days ago has drifted ashore just south of Otter rock. Bids have been received for the contract of hauling it back to Newport. This will be considerable of a job, as it must be hauled along the beach and up over two hills. The buoy is 30 feet in length and the weight is enormous.—Toledo Ledger.

A Portland firm has bought, at Eugene, the dried prunes belonging to Norris Humphrey and the Eugene Canning Company. The prices were 35,000 pounds Italians at 6 1/2 cents; and 15,000 pounds French at 5 cents, and 3,000 pounds of Silver at 6 cents. As will be seen, the 53,000 pounds of fruit brought \$3,295.50. The entire lot will probably be shipped next Saturday.

James Watkins, of Philomath, has 1,000 bushels of Burbank potatoes, raised on summer fallow, that yielded 50 bushels per acre. It cost 2 1/2 cents per bushel to dig them, and 30 cents per bushel has been offered for spuds in his neighborhood. At this figure the crop will net him \$275, many times as much as he could have netted from the same acreage of wheat. It pays, on a farm, to have several irons in the fire.

It seems a sad commentary on the prosperity of the greatest country in the West that freight for Eugene merchants still arrives by freight wagons as if no railroad ran through our large and productive valley. Another batch of freight arrived in wagons this morning from Corvallis. Will the time never come when we can have our freight handled cheaper by railroad than in the good old days of freighting wagons?—Union

## HEAVEN ON TRIAL.

CHAPTER II.—In Heaven.

"Thought you never was e-comin' Abe, what's bin the matter?"  
"Well, I had a sorter hankerin' after the old place, Nancy, and somehow I couldn't shuffle off the mortal train any sooner."

"I've bin worryin' about you a good deal, Abe. I was afraid you wasn't goin' to git in."  
"Thought people didn't worry up here, Nancy."  
"Well, they don't if they've—"  
"Got all they want, I reckon. Why that's just the way it used to be down in old California."

"But we mustn't grumble up here, Abe. Come on, let's look around a little."  
And off they strolled, hand in hand, down the sunny paths of Paradise, old Abraham Fife and his good wife, Nancy. They had reached the eternal dream-land of the human race, and found themselves treading the holiest ground in the universe. It was the heaven of man in all the ages where the sum of all the good he has known on earth has been extracted from all the evil by some mysterious alchemy of his God. And this was the land that these two old pioneers of earth had entered to begin their stroll together down the joyous highways of eternity. After they had enjoyed the sweet associations of the redeemed of God for a thousand years, and had been constantly ministered unto by the sweet-voiced angels of heaven, Abe called Nancy apart one day to one of the quiet nooks of that happy land for a good, old time, earthly chat.

"I tell you, Nancy, this thing o' comin' to heaven ain't what it's cracked up to be."  
"Don't go on that way, Abe. Jest be patient an' the good time'll come by and by."  
"That's what the blamed fools used to say down on earth, an' it's all an infernal humbug."  
"Why, ain't you havin' a good time, Abe? You don't hev none but the very goodest of men and things about you, no evil nor tryin' things at all."  
"That's just what I'm tired of, Nancy. I've ben pottarin' round here for a thousand years, an' I ain't run up agin nothin' yet, an' I'll be blamed if it ain't gittin' kind o' monotonous. My doctrine is 'at you kin hev things too much your own way."

"They say this is the happiest place of anywhere, Abe, an' I reckon it must be."  
"Well, I reckon it's not. Don't you recollect, Nancy, how happy we was when I found you chirpin' around on the old farm down in old Indiana, when we was young. And how we was more happier still when we come out to California an' dug gold, an' raised what an' picked fruit, while the children was growin' up. Course we had some rainy days, but ah, them was what I call happy times, Nancy. I've ben talkin' 'bout that now, Abe. It's past forever an' we've got to enjoy this place."

"Well, I reckon we kep never hev them good times agin for ourselves, Nancy, but I wish I could git back a minute an' whisper in the ears o' them blamed fools on earth, an' tell 'em how glad they ought be, 'cause they're a livin'! They're all the time prayin' to git up here or some other good place, an' the fact is, Nancy, they're jest as happy as they can be, an' I wish they knowed it, too."  
"The preachers'll git 'em around all right after awhile, I reckon, if they haven't already."  
"No, they haven't, yet. I was told the other day they was still a prayin' to get their flocks up here, an' if they couldn't do that they wanted to turn the old earth into a paradise, an' let people wade around in good up to their necks down there, so you see, Nancy, there ain't no more sense in their empty skulls 'an they used to be."

"Then I suppose you'd like to whisper a word in the ears o' the preachers, too?"  
"No, you can't tell 'em nothin', Nancy. They think they're inspired, an' when a man gits that way, might as well let him go."  
"Ah, here comes our old friend, Jeese, this mornin'. You recollect him don't you, Abe? He's the one that wanted to build one o' them churches down 't Jold Hill once."  
"Yes, I recollect that chap."  
"Now don't raise a racket with him, Abe, up here. It'll be the first on record, an' it won't do."  
"Good Morning, Uncle Abe. I see you and Aunt Nancy got in alright. Took you a long to find it appears to me."  
"Now, Abe, be careful. Recollect you're in—"  
"And are you not going around to the meeting this mornin', uncle?"  
"What meeting?"  
"Why, the meeting of the redeemed ones."  
"What they go in to do?"  
"And haven't you heard, uncle? They meet to appoint some one—the holiest of heaven, if possible—to offer himself up for a sacrifice unto the children of Mays in order that the poor sinners may be saved."  
"Can't work that racket on me. I've been saved once, an' I know how it

goes. One world's enough to play that game on. Yes, I'm goin' to the meetin' but I'll vote no in sendin' anybody."  
"I'm astonished at your flippant remark on a subject so holy. You evidently do not appreciate the privilege of taking part so directly in the plans of our father for the betterment of his creatures in all the world of space. You forget, sir, that you are now a vital part of that force that directs the handiwork of the universe."  
"Same old song. You was born for a preacher, I reckon, but you can't fool me again. As I was jest a-sayin' to Nancy, this thing o' loggin' an' workin' for heaven or anything like it, is a waste of time, and you preachers are fools—"  
"Abe—"  
"To be roothin round forever tryin' to find some good place to put people in. Why don't you teach 'em to enjoy the old world jest as they find it. It's a mighty good place after all—'bout as good as you'd find anywhere I spect."  
"Oh, Uncle, those sweet associations and high occupations in heaven of the blessed ones of God so far transcends one's experience on—"  
"Dreamin' again, an' a mighty slurrin' dream it is, but when it comes to the scratch there's nothin' in it. Comin' to heaven makes me feel 'bout like them eastern folks used to 'at come out to California 'speculatin' to find gold growin' on the trees."  
"But 'tis a glorious thing to sit triumphantly at the right hand o'—"  
"You're a liar, Git!"  
"Abe, Abe, you're in heaven now."  
"Lord! I know it, Nancy, but I'd rather be a sinner on earth than a saint in heaven any day. Wish I was back in old California." W. H. C.

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LUCAS COUNTY.  
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FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

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