

TWO TITLED AFRICANS.

Christianized and Come to America to Be Educated.

Married Range from Their Studies They Return to Their Native Land and Engage in Battle with the Enemies of Their People.

Two African rulers called on the Governor of Louisiana recently for their native land. One went to recover a province wrongly taken from him; the other to reassert his province, now wrested by a long and bitter war. The two are cousins, says the New York Sun.

Freedom in rank is taken by the younger of the two, Prince Momolu. He is a man who has already ruled for nearly two years, whereas his cousin, Prince Bessow, has never mounted the throne that is rightfully his. Prince Momolu has had an adventurous history. First trained in the mysteries of the Grigribush, a sort of black-art school of the Vai people, in proof of which he can show a hundred scars of the torture knives, he afterward became Christianized and came to this country. His mother was then queen regent of the province of Jabasa, in the Vai territory, northeast of Liberia. While the young prince was pursuing a college course in an institution in Tennessee he received word of his mother's death.

The Pansa, a warlike neighboring tribe, had attacked the queen's village and she had been forced to flee to the woods. The Jabasans, who are ordinarily a peaceful people, are very brave when aroused, and when they found their queen fleeing they beat back the invaders. For ten days they searched the woods for her, and on the eleventh she was found, speechless from hunger and privation. Two days later she died. Prince Momolu's eighteen-year-old nephew, who assumed the throne in his absence, sent word to him to come back at once.

"The Pansa are threatening our upper border," he wrote. "A famine is in the land. The people are crying out for the king to return. Come back and avenge the death of your mother, the queen."

The prince returned, collected his fighting forces and in a fierce battle equally defeated the Pansa. That was eighteen months ago, but still wandering detachments of the Pansa kept up a guerrilla warfare. Meanwhile the new ruler instructed his people in agriculture and succeeded in relieving the famine. He returned to this country last year, and is now going back to endeavor to conclude definitely the Pansa war. His first business on reaching his native land will be to meet in convention the other native kings, princes and chiefs, the representatives of Great Britain and the Liberian government and the Pansa leaders to effect a treaty of peace. Prince Momolu believes there is a great future before his country. Not only is the soil fitted for cultivation, but it is said that rich gold deposits are there. Some day the prince hopes to establish government gold mines. The great curse of the country, however, is the liquor trade, most of the wars arising from drunken quarrels between chiefs. The prince is about twenty-eight years old. He has dark negroish hair, a high forehead and an intelligent face. In speech and manner he is like any well-bred young American.

His cousin, Prince Bessow, is thirty-five years old. He has been a student in Williams college, and was summoned a short time ago to assume the throne, which should have been his fifteen years ago. His father was king over a tribe of one hundred and fifty thousand Vais, and his mother was the favorite among two hundred and fifty wives. Like his cousin, Prince Bessow is a graduate of the Grigribush, or Lovemby, as his tribe calls it. In 1879 his father died and his uncle, Duffa Saw, became his guardian. Duffa usurped the throne, and after fifteen years of rule has become tired of it. The Pansa have been very bothersome and have carried away in raids not only his wives, but even his cattle. He wants peace and quiet now, and some time ago he wrote to his nephew to return and assume a throne as a matter of course. So the prince is on his way to his principal village of Mendoo. His first efforts will be to foster agricultural pursuits and simple manufactures. Then he will endeavor to educate his people.

Both the princes have ambitions to Christianize the Vais. They realize, however, that it cannot be done at once. The doctrines of the Grigribush have taken too deep root. The rulers hope to accomplish their end by Christianizing and educating the children.

Not Down on the Bill. A French conjurer received an immense advertisement at Nantes a few days ago. His next trick, he announced, would be to cut off the head of some one present, and he invited volunteers to come up and submit themselves to the operation. A young man who was known to have quarreled recently with his fiancée presented himself with the resolution of despair, and everything was ready for his decapitation, when the lady, who was also present, broke into piercing screams, rushed onto the platform, seized her intended by the arm and dragged him from the hall. The operation ceased among the audience as described as thrilling.

Shows Shasta for Horses. They do a queer but very sensible thing to the car horses in New York in hot weather. The horses are kept outside, not in the heated stables, and are put in a row, face to the sidewalk. One of the stablemen has a hose which he turns on the horses every little while. The streams of water is sent first on their backs, then on the head, and as it comes down the row the horses that have not been wet look up to see when their turn is coming. They appear to like it, and so wonder. Probably many a boy or girl, walking along in the heat, would like it, too.

A MODEL STATE CAMP.

New York's National Guard Quarters at Peekskill on the Hudson.

The great state of New York, as befitting her rank among her sister commonwealths and, profiting by the experiences of the railroad riots of 1877, was among the first to undertake the placing of her militia forces on a basis of efficiency and to hold the troops in preparation for the sterner duties of the soldier, says Harper's Weekly. The establishment some years ago of the state camp at Peekskill has proved the main factor in the surprising improvement in soldierly qualities and the high state of discipline which are now characteristic of the national guard of the state. It would be hard, indeed, to find a more picturesque site or one better adapted for the purpose than the plateau on which the camp is pitched.

Situated right at the entrance to the gorge of the Hudson highlands, on a flat-topped promontory jutting out from the high hills surrounding it on three sides, the canvas of the tents, creamy white in the bright sunshine, gleams in contrast with the dark verdure beyond, while, stretching in lake-like expanse to the heights on the opposite shore, the broad river curves, disappearing around the rocky bluffs to the north. On two sides smooth paradises stretch to the edge of the grassy plain—ideal drill grounds for any branch of the service, horse, foot or dragoon, and the surrounding country, wooded and hilly, crossed by winding roads and dotted with clearings, offers opportunities for maneuvers and exercises in minor tactics.

Hard work is done at the camp. There is but little leisure and the militia's time is fully occupied. At five o'clock, with the boom of the morning gun and the sonorous rolling of the drums beating reveille, the camp awakens to the work of the day and the long streets of tents swarm with men, as at the call for assembly the companies spring into ranks and the monotonous tones of the sergeants' voices are heard calling the roll. Then, as the ranks are broken, the reports are made and the soldiers scatter to make the rough camp toilet and prepare for the morning drill soon to follow. At half-past seven the drums over at the guard tent rattle "Pense upon a trencher" and the companies swing off with measured tread to breakfast in the mess hall, from which they return to police the quarters and place everything in order for the daily recurring inspection. All over the camp the men are busy as bees, sweeping, rolling up tent walls, making up the beds, removing rubbish, scouring cups and basins, raising tent floors and placing everything in apple-pie order.

RULER OF THE NAVY.

Secretary Herbert Has Powers Which Cannot Be Gained.

"There is one man in the United States who has more power than the president and all the federal courts combined," said a naval officer recently. "The secretary of the navy is the man. His power over officers of the navy is autocratic. He can without the aid of a court fine an officer all the way from four hundred to four thousand a year, according to his rank, and simply to it the whim of the secretary. Unlike officers of the army, officers in the navy are not paid a uniform and fixed compensation. In the army the salary of an officer is fixed by law, and no one, not even the president, can deduct a cent from that pay without a court-martial. In the navy there are three regular grades of pay. In the case of a rear admiral, which is the highest rank in the navy, the pay at sea is six thousand dollars. On shore duty this is reduced to five thousand dollars, while if the officer is on leave of absence or 'waiting orders' this is reduced to four thousand dollars.

"Now suppose a rear admiral is ordered to the command of the fleet in the North Atlantic. The secretary of the navy proposes to visit the fleet. He is received on board the flagship with all the honors due his station, and the admiral does his best in the way of entertainment. Suppose again, when the secretary sits down to dine at the admiral's table he finds that a cheap brand of American wine is served instead of his accustomed Chateau Yquem. The secretary determines to resent this indignity. He goes ashore and decides to relieve an admiral who knows nothing of the first principles of hospitality. He issues an order detaching the admiral and placing him on waiting orders. Then on the following day he determines to punish him still further. He calls in the chief of the bureau of navigation and directs that Admiral Bowline be given an indefinite furlough. That means that instead of drawing six thousand dollars a year as he was yesterday, the late admiral of the North Atlantic finds his income suddenly reduced to two thousand dollars, and all because he has offended the ruler of the navy in some slight matter.

"Cannot the admiral appeal? Certainly not. There is none to whom he can cry out. The president has no power to review the decisions of the secretary of the navy in matters of this kind. This is an extreme case, of course, but it would not be difficult to point out where lieutenants have had their pay cut from two thousand six hundred dollars to nine hundred dollars by a secretary who had a grudge."

The Pigny Cattle of Samoa.

The Samoan islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus bos now known to the naturalist. The weight of the males of these lilliputian cattle seldom exceeds two hundred pounds, the average being not greater than one hundred and fifty pounds. The females usually average about one hundred pounds larger, are very "stocky" built, seldom being taller than a merino sheep. These dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color, marked with white. They have very large heads as compared with their bodies, and their horns are of exceptional length.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Web Flanagan's Own Story of How He Cleared the Famous Remark.

"Flanagan, of Texas," is the name that always brings up a famous question—"What are we here for?" Whether in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, that name on the hotel register always brings a crowd of people to see the man who originated one of the most famous phrases in American politics. The sentence has gone into history and become a part of it. It was one of the memorable incidents of one of the most memorable conventions that ever assembled in America, the Chicago national republican convention which defeated Grant and nominated Garfield. Ever since then somebody in every convention, large or small, has arisen to ask: "What are we here for?" Web Flanagan, of Henderson, Rusk county, Texas, is the man who said it first of all. To a writer for the Galveston News the other night Flanagan told the story of the phrase. This is the way he told it:

"It was in Chicago in 1880. I was a member from Texas in the national convention. When the committee on platform and resolutions reported Barker, of Massachusetts, offered to insert a plank pledging the party to civil service reform. I arose in my place and said: 'Mr. President, Texas has had quite enough of civil service reform. Out of thirteen hundred offices in that state one thousand of them are filled by democrats. We believe that to the victors belong the spoils. Every proposition of this sort comes from states that are threatened with a muck-rump invasion. Sir, the boys in the trenches are demanding recognition. Party service entitles them to something at the party's hands. They need the offices and, sir, what are we here for but for the offices?' Immediately the delegates and the galleries yelled. They shouted till they were hoarse, and it was several minutes before the chairman was finally able to restore order. The next day the incident was in all the papers, and from then till now it has been traveling around the earth. I have seen it in foreign papers and have heard it time and again in national conventions since then. It was simply a forcible way I had of expressing myself. I never had the slightest idea that my chief claim to fame should be a chance expression in the confusion of a great national body."

IDLE AND JOLLY HOBOES.

An American's Impressions of the Lazzaroni Who Swarm in Naples.

"This country is doubtless overrun with tramps," said A. L. Lightburne, of New York, to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "but if you wish to see that class of people in all their glory you should pay a visit to Italy. Three years ago a friend and myself determined to spend a two-months' vacation in that picturesque country. We landed at Naples, and, not being overburdened with cash, decided to depend on guide books, carry our own umbrellas and satchels and ignore the lazzaroni, who we had been told besieged every traveler, insisting on performing even the most trifling service for him, for which he was expected to pay. The lazzaroni, however, had no notion of ignoring us. The moment we set foot upon the wharf we were surrounded by them. As my friend stooped to pick up his cane, which he had dropped, several articles fell from his breast pocket, among which was a revolver. A ragged fellow snatched it up and handed it to a gendarme, who gave it up on the payment of one dollar. The craying of weapons was forbidden in Naples.

"We started off in search of lodgings. A dozen or more dilapidated lazzaroni dogged our steps, importuning us to allow them to carry our luggage or direct us to a hotel. In despair we rushed into a cafe and spent three hours over our breakfast, hoping in this way to escape our persecutors. We were mistaken. No sooner did we emerge from our place of refuge than they came forth from their lurking place around the corner, and we got rid of them only when, after a long tramp, we found rooms to our liking. One of the most amusing sights I witnessed during my stay there was the street that is most favored by the lazzaroni. A long array of small furnaces extend along each side. Over each is a stew pan, and behind it a cook with an enormous ladle, ready at all hours to serve macaroni to customers. At first we wondered how people could live in such poverty, but, after a day or two, we wondered how they could help living. Food can be had for almost nothing. A third of a pair of trousers and a woolen cap is all they need in the way of clothing, and they live for the most part in the open air. They struck me as being the dirtiest and jolliest set of human beings I ever saw."

England's Female "Drammer."

The "lady commercial" is fast becoming an institution in England as elsewhere. She is, generally speaking, quite as smart and resourceful as her male competitor, and her sex gives her an additional advantage. Apart altogether from the difficulty of saying "No" to a woman, especially if young and handsome, the more drastic methods of getting rid of unwelcome opportunities are obviously out of the question when the "traveler" is one of the gentler sex, and then, of course, the lady is bound to have the last word. An enterprising member of the fraternity (or should I rather say sisterhood?) called upon a local firm the other morning. She was assured that the stock in her special line was full up. "But I should like to show you my samples. I'm sure you'd like them." "Not to-day, thank you. Besides, we have no account with your firm." "I know you haven't, but you'll allow me to open one, won't you? Only a small line for a beginning." "No; we positively don't require anything in that way just now." "Really! Well, good morning. I'll call again in the afternoon. Gentlemen are more open to persuasion when they have done."

Terribly Burned.

Abram Jones, a homesteader living on his claim on the Breighton river near Detroit, was horribly burned Thursday night about 10 o'clock. He went to bed alone as usual and was awakened by his house burning. The flames had caught in his bed and had completely surrounded him. He attempted to effect an escape through the window and falling in this was compelled to rush through flames and break down a burning door which he succeeded in doing, although he burned his hands frightfully in the attempt. Clad only in his night clothes he walked 80 rods through the 8 inches of snow to his nearest neighbors where help was given and a doctor summoned. His finger nails are burned off, his back and thighs blistered and his face terribly disfigured. This is the second time within two years Mr. Jones' house has been destroyed by fire. He is an industrious and worthy citizen and his misfortune is greatly deplored.—Herald.

To The Public.

Those that never have tried a good house or a cheap house, can learn where to buy a good article cheap. The celebrated W. L. Douglass shoe, and the Barton Bros' boots and shoes are known by our Eastern friends to be the very best. We have a line of the Brown shoe company, of St. Louis, as well as many other lines, which are sold down to the hardest time prices. Our expenses are light and we are prepared to sell cheap. We carry nearly every thing from a toothpick to a locomotive. HIRAM BAKER.

An attempt to hold up the Southern Pacific bound New Orleans express train was frustrated by a quick witted fireman. After Engineer Pickett and Fireman Radcliffe were ordered to the ground the latter was sent to cut the train back of the baggage and express cars. Instead of doing this the fireman cut the airbrake hose, which immediately set every brake on the train. The robbers then tried to pull out, supposedly for a point where they had confederates. The engine did nothing except throw sparks from the rails. After sweating and swearing for over an hour in an effort to remedy the matter, the robbers became frightened and fled. The trainmen repaired the cut in the hose and went on.

Any one wishing blank books or envelopes should call and examine M. A. Miller's stock.

Hiram Baker has received his fall stock of ladies' cloaks, and invites the ladies to call and examine them.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75c. Sold by N. W. Smith.

The Brownsville Times says a foot race has been arranged between Ellsworth Cameron and Billy Hay, of Corvallis. Distance sixty-five yards.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT, the great blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1. Sold by N. W. Smith.

Wood Wanted.

All who have taken subscriptions on wood or farm produce are requested to haul it in as soon as possible, for the roads will soon be in bad condition if the rains continue. Tell your neighbors that they can have the Express sent to them for wood, fruit or potatoes. Sample copies will be sent free on application.

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I am now receiving my fall and winter stock of ladies' misses and children's garments. These goods were bought for cash and include novelties and staples of the latest patterns. Call and see them.

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As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

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A. H. CRUSON. Illustration of a man sitting at a desk with a sign that says 'SHILOH'S VITALIZER'.

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