Lebanon Express.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

Let All Pull Together, and the Future is Ours.

We publish in full the letter of Hon. C. B. Montague in response to the Oregonian's invitation to give his views on the future prosperity of the state. The letter has been widely read and universally complimented.

LEBANON, Or., April —,(Editor Oregonian.)—In reply to your letter of 27th ult., asking for an expression as to the most effective means of promoting industry throughout the state, I would say:

First—Encourage home manufactures. Let each and every Oregonian give the preference to the home manufactured article first, last and all the time. We have the raw material in great abundance; magnificent forests, iron, coal, wood, wool, plentiful water-power; cheap lands, labor at a moderate cost; the finest farming lands in the world capable of supplying abundant food for a host of employes. Why should not Oregon be the greatest manufacturing center in the United States? We should be large manufacturers and exporters of nearly everything that goes to make up the necessaries of life. Let the fact be heralded to the world that Oregonians are intensely loyal to Oregon and to Oregon products, and capital will soon be less timid about making investments; manufacturing industries will be inaugurated, the laboring classes will find steady and profitable employment, and the farmer, instead of seeking a market at Liverpool, sixteen thousand miles away, will sell his surplus products at his own door at remunerative prices.

Second—What is the gratest drawback of the state? And how can it be overcome? The timidity of capital, caused primarily by the demonetization of silver and the utter demoralization of all values, more especially of the products of the farm in consequence thereof. There can be no restoration of confidence until the question is settled. It is, I think, conceded by all that restored confidence must precede a prosperous condition of our people.

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How should agriculture be diversified or made more profitable? As the growing of wheat has become unprofitable, the farmers of this section of Oregon are very gravely considering this question, and we hope it will be fully and intelligently answered by some of the successful farmers who have tried experimental cultivation in that direction. Heretofore wheat was the principal cereal grown. Every third year the land was summer fallowed, thus being one-third of the time idle. This method of cultivation was, I think, condemned by the professor of agriculture at the United States experiment station at Corvallis, who holds that rotation of crops intelligently planted will never impoverish the soil, but will act rather as fertilizers, and that all agricultural land should produce some kind of crop continuously from year to year, as say, wheat, potatoes, clover, oats, root crops, etc., in rotation. The professor dwelt largely on the advantage of feeding cattle, sheep and swine on the farm, and on the fact that, with improved breeds of stock, farmers could even now at the present low prices of beef, mutton and pork, make good money on their investments. My own impression is that his ideas were worthy of a fair trial. Our farms in Linn county are too large for that careful cultivation which is the rule in England and on the continent of Europe. The state will be more prosperous when farms are cut down to from ten to fifty acres each. We have within a radius of six miles of Lebanon as fine fruit land as can be found anywhere. Root crops along the rich lands of the Santiam bottom yield so largely that I would be afraid to mention how many tons of carrots, beets, turnips and potatoes they produce to the acre, whil pumpkins and squash grow to enormous proportions. It takes but a few acres of such land to produce a supply of food for a number of animals. There is always a good market for fat cattle, sheep and hogs, and the products of a well conducted dairy have always found a ready sale in Oregon.

Are there in Oregon material and a market for manufactories? To the first part of the query I answer unhesitatingly, yes, and, if Oregonians will be true to their state, true to themselves, and true to each other I might safely answer yes to the latter part of the question. Portland on the Willamette should rival Glasgow on the Clyde in shipbuilding. Demonstrate that Oregon's forest can furnish at a moderate cost the best timber in the world; that your Oswego iron works and the mountains of iron in other accessible portions of the state have an unlimited supply of that valuable metal; that your water-power at Oregon City is entirely safe and practically inexhaustible. Let such men as Duncan Macfay or Captain George Pope, or three or four hundred others of your intelligent and broad-minded citizens reflect that it was through the indomitable pluck of the merchants of Glasgow that the little inland town of 1700 has become the second commercial city in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and I believe the greatest shipbuilding center in the world. Your merchants can, if they will, do a great deal in this direction for Portland, and thereby do a power of good to the entire state.

We need clothing manufacturers. Woolen mills we have. Their product is excellent, and Oregonians should wear Oregon goods. We need tanneries. Butchers and farmers realize but little from the sale of hides. Manufactories for boots and shoes should be established. Millions of dollars are spent annually by the people of Oregon for footwear. They can be made in Oregon as well and as cheaply as elsewhere, and by buying from Oregonians goods of Oregon manufacture we keep the money at home, to be returned to the farmer consumer when he sells the operatives the necessaries of life raised on the farm. We need sugar refineries, machine shops, wagon shops—in fact, we need to have everything we now import, manufactured in Oregon. Desirable immigrants will seek our prosperous state and genial climate. These, with the great influx of people from the less-favored states of the Union, will give us a permanent and contented population who will assist materially in developing a home market for our manufactured products, and create good homes for themselves on the five to forty acre tracts into which the large farms of the state will then be subdivided.

While in favor of granting all reasonable concessions towards the promoting of manufacturing industries, I doubt that the wisdom of granting subsidies to them, although that question might very properly be left to the communities affected. Industries already established should most certainly be encouraged; but this encouragement should not prevent us from inviting all the capital into our state state which our great resources, almost wholly undeveloped, warrant us in believing could be more profitably employed in legitimate enterprises than in any other state in the Union.

Lack of a fellow feeling between city and country, fostered largely by the professional politician, but without any real foundation, has been the bane of Oregon. The press of the state should inculcate the fact that the interests of town and country are identical, although working on different lines. All are interested in getting out of the present rut. In union there is strength. Let us all, as loyal citizens of Oregon, pull together to accommplish this most desirable end.

CHARLES B. MONTAGUE.

STATE AND COAST.

Taken From Our Exchanges Throughout the Northwest.

The Seal Rock school district is raising $800 for a school house on bonds.

Marshfield expect a good many horses from the valley at its summer race meeting, which begins July 3.

The Forest Grove rockcrusher has started up work at Dilley. A good coating is to be given the Gales creek road.

Peter Runey, the proprietor of Foley Springs, Lane county, is at last convalescing from a protracted illness.

The coming municipal campaign in Grants Pass promises to be cluttered up with an independent reform ticket.

Mrs. Josepn Dixon died at her home on Oak creek, near Corvallis, last week. She was born in Missouri in 1830, and came to Oregon in 1853.

Parrett & Co.'s store at Dundee was entered by burglars last week, and their safe was broken open and rifled. The thieves succeeded in getting only about $50.

The Lincoln County Record starts in this week at Newport. With commendable self control, it denies itself a salutatory, and prints an exhaustive statistical article on Lincoln county.

George Bartley is building a road around the summit of Tillamook head, where he has, with infinite labor and enterprise, made a comfortable home out of an unpromising claim.

William Leuens, who is working a claim on Tennessee gulch, has, it is thought, one of the best paying mines in Southern Oregon. He was in Canyonville recently with $700 or $800 in gold dust taken out of two or three flume-fulls.

LANGUAGE OF THE HEN.

Notes of Warning, Calls to Dinner and Other Methods of Communication.

The ordinary domestic fowl affords the most positive evidence of the possession of a language that is understood, says a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. There are many decidedly different calls, which if taken down in a phonograph and repeated in a henhouse or yard would produce interesting results. I need but mention a few calls to illustrate the range of sounds in the domestic fowls. On a warm day, when hens are released from their coop, when their minds are undisturbed and all nature looks bright and inviting, they sing as they feed—a continuous repetition of kerr-kerr-kerr, with various modulations. The rooster never utters it, nor the mother hen; it is the song of the happy-go-lucky of hen creation. Now let a hawk appear in the sky or any disturbing element; an entirely different sound is heard. The hen stops, stretches her head upward, and, with the cock, utters a decided note of warning in a high falsetto, k-a-r-r-r-e! And if the enemy still comes on it is repeated, and every bird in the vicinity lowers its head and runs to cover. The sound says in the gallus language: "An enemy is coming, run!" and run they do, the kerr-kerr-kerr being discontinued only when all danger is past. Note the joyous call of the hen that has laid an egg. Cut-cut, ca-dac-cut! comes oft repeated from the henhouse, and other envious hens are informed beyond any question or mistake that Mrs. Gallus has laid an egg.

Now, when the eggs are hatched we have other and maternal notes. There is a deep, monotonous cluck! cluck! that is a warning to others and a general admonition of the chicks to remain near, but it is not a call. Note the difference when the mother or proud cock finds a worm. The cock appears to be greatly excited, and he pretends to peck at it, make the guileless hens believe that he is about to devour the bonne bouche himself; all the time he is saying cut, cut, cut—come, come, come—rapidly, which causes the hens to rush pell-mell in his direction, to find in many instances nothing, being merely a device to call the flock away from some rival. But in the case of the mother the little ones always find some tidbit which she has discovered.

I will not attempt to produce the baby talk of the old hen to her chicks, but it exists in great variety and is suggestive of tenderness, affection and solicitude. When the hen has her brood beneath her ample fold she often utters a sound like c-r-a-w-z-z-e of half warning and contentment. And when an intruder enters the coop after dark she utters a high, prolonged whistling note like w-h-o-o-e, softly repeated, indicative of wonder and slight alarm.

If now the fox or coyote or other enemy seize her how quickly comes an entirely different cry—a scream of terror and alarm, c-a-a-a-a-o-a, repeated again and again, and so full of meaning that the owner, some distance away, reaches for his shotgun and answers the signal of distress.

NEW USE FOR AN ALARM CLOCK.

Employed by the Old Man to Send His Daughter's Beau Home.

A young man stood in the portico of an apartment house in Washington park, Brooklyn, the other evening, and on the step above him stood a pretty girl, says the New York Sun. It was late and the street was deserted. Despite the darkness it was apparent to the occasional passer-by that the young man had the daintily gloved right hand of the young woman within his own, while his left hand rested over it like a cover to keep it guarded. The young man was apparently trying to say good night and the young woman evidently could not hear him, for she was bending her head close to his. They stood in that attitude for nearly fifteen minutes and might have been discovered in the same pose by the gray dawn of the morning had not something intervened. That something was round and bright, and it came out of a sixth-story window. It descended slowly, the moonlight shimmering on its silvery surface and making it conspicuous. Soon it could be seen that it was on a string and was being lowered by an elderly woman. When it dangled over the portico there was a sudden bur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ring and the young man and young woman parted like an overstrained hawser. The young man seized the round and bright object, which was still ringing, and held its face to the electric light. The hands on the alarm clock were clasped at midnight. He raised his hat to the young woman, murmured two words in a low tone and disappeared. The alarm clock was hoisted up, but the young woman was upstairs before it finally reached the open window.

National Hatreds.

King Joseph, in one of his letters, tells his imperial brother of France that the people of Naples have begun to love their new sovereign and that they hate the old queen. To this Napoleon replies by cynically advising his brother not to believe any of the nonsense talked by courtiers as regards popular likes or dislikes for particular individuals. They are mere evanescent expressions of feeling, upon which it is quite unsafe to depend. "What," he adds, "one nation really hates is another nation." We fear there is a profound truth in this saying. National hatreds are never obliterated, though they are sometimes temporarily concealed by the personal popularity which a particular man or woman may gain in a foreign country.

Cannon of James II.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, there is an exhibition an ancient cannon, known as Mons Meg. It was constructed to order for James II. of long bars of iron, hooped together. The balls fired from it were of granite. Meg has seen much service. It was first used at the capture of Thrieve castle, when the Douglases surrendered at the second shot. James IV. employed this weapon in 1489, and again in 1497. In 1682 it became unfit for siege work, having burst during the firing of a salute.

BABY-SAVING MACHINE.

A Cradle in a Miniature Hot Room That Has Had Wonderful Results.

There is now being exhibited in Lyons, France, a queer machine that has been adopted by the government in the Public Maternity hospital in that city. It is an apparatus for saving the life of young babies, and the success it has attained there recommends it strongly here.

Over two hundred and fifty thousand babies, aged less than one year each, die annually in the United States, says the New York Press.

The mortal enemy of babyhood is cold. To that all children are more or less susceptible, and the irregularity of temperature for these little beings while their organs are in process of formation or strengthening is the principal cause of the loss sustained by the thousands of families in this country.

The machine is merely a large box made from galvanized zinc and standing on iron legs. The construction provides for perfect ventilation and absolute purity of air. There are no angles or interstices inside where poisonous germs might find lodgment, and a thermometer is suspended inside the glass front, so the actual temperature is regular and always high, generally one hundred and twenty degrees, or even more for very young babies, and so graduated down, as the infant becomes older and stronger. The required degree is obtained automatically, and the heated air is created by gas, petroleum or electricity.

The babies lie or sit in a cradle, suspended like a hammock inside the machine, and the most scrupulous attention is given the cradle and its surroundings, so it is as neat as anything can be. Dr. Lion, the inventor, says the oldest child treated by this apparatus was six and one-half months, and had been brought up from birth in this way. The doctor claims the child was nearly dead when born, and had it not been for this treatment it would not have survived at all.

The appearance of the babies is said to be exceedingly interesting and charming. They look so perfectly fresh and rosy and seem to enjoy thoroughly the warm climate in which they find themselves.

Dr. Lion claims that during the three years he has been perfecting this machine he has saved three hundred babies that would otherwise have died, and this is eighty per cent. of the entire number brought to him. He believes that had these infants been left to the ordinary treatment, not one would have survived.

THE PERIDOT.

A Precious Stone Which Is Just Now the Fad of the Fashionable.

A precious stone on which the decree of fashion has, at the present moment, set a fancy value is the peridot, or "evening emerald," as it has been called. It is certainly a lovely stone, with its exquisite shades of transparent green, the best suggestion of whose hue is the effect produced by looking at the light through a delicate leaf.

Jewelers say that the peridot is a species of olivine, of the same class as the beryl, aquamarine and topaz—and that it is, in fact, the ancient "topazion," otherwise known as the chrysolite. It is found in Egypt, Ceylon and Brazil, good crystals being extremely rare. Of its various shades of green—olive, leaf, pistachio, or leek—the clear leaf green is the most admired as a rule.

At a recent fashionable wedding one of the most beautiful and costly of the presents was a set of earrings composed of peridots set to advantage, the blending of the soft mauve green was exquisitely artistic.

Of all the precious stones the peridot is the most difficult to polish, says the Philadelphia Times. The final touch is given on a copper wheel, moistened with sulphuric acid. This stone has the peculiarity of becoming adjusted, sometimes it is cut in rose form, or en cabochon, like the carbuncle, but it is better and more valuable when worked in small steps, as the brilliance is thereby increased.

MIXED THE POETS UP.

The High School Pupil's Error and the Confusion Which Followed.

Now that the "sweet little girl grads" of last year's normal class are being crystallized into the prim school marms of years to come, the never failing stories, true and otherwise, funny and supposed to be, of class bulls and blunders are cropping out and being added to the already great volume of "English as She Is Spoke." One of the latest comes from the high school and is fastened by the Washington Post on a sweet-voiced lisping youth, with an incipient mustache and a further chance that will wander toward the girls' side of the study hall. They were being called up the other day by the English literature teacher and examined as to their memory of last year's work, and the sweet-voiced youth was asked for a quotation from Scott. He started bravely enough, but mixed his authorities before he finished:

Oh, woman in thy hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The conclusion was entirely too much for the class, the red-headed corporal from D company exploded in a regular vacation laugh, the rest of the room, including the teacher, followed suit, and the sweet-voiced youth collapsed, vowing he would never memorize another quotation so long as he lived.

Metal and Earthenware Soldered.

A new electrolytic method of great use to plumbers is the joining of metal to earthenware. The earthenware should have an unglazed surface, but if otherwise the glaze is removed and the surface coated with plumbago and placed in an electrolytic bath, thus obtaining a metallic coating. To this coating the lead pipe can be soldered in the ordinary way by means of a plumber's "wiped" joint. This process, it is said, will probably supersede the use of rubber sleeves, washers and putty, with which imperfect joints have often been cemented.

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Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between P. M. Smith and G. M. Westfall, known as Smith & Westfall, and the partnership heretofore existing between P. M. Smith and G. M. Westfall and A. Umphrey, known as Smith, Westfall & Umphrey, both partnerships being engaged in the Livery & Feed business in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon, were on the 12th day of February 1895 dissolved, P. M. Smith with drawing from said firms.

G. M. Westfall and A. Umphrey will continue the same business at the same places, as Westfall & Umprey. All parties indebted to the old firms are earnestly requested to settle at once.

P. M. SMITH.
G. M. WESTFALL.
A. UMPHREY.

First publication, Feb. 22, 1895.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, the administrator of the estate of A. V. Garoutte, deceased; and has duly qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against the estate are hereby required to present them, with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned, at the office of W. M. Brown, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon.

Dated this 22nd. day of January, 1895.

Phil Ritter,
Administrator.

W. M. Brown,
Attorney for Administrator.

A Clubbing Offer.

A great many of our readers Linn county like to take the weekly Oregonian. We have made arrangements whereby we can furnish it at a reduction from the regular price to those who want both the EXPRESS and the Oregonian. The regular price of the Oregonian is $1.50 per year, and of the EXPRESS $1.50 when in advance. We will furnish both for $2. per year in advance a saving of one dollar to the subscriber. The Oregonian gives all the general news of the country once a week, and the EXPRESS gives all the local news once a week, which will make a most excellent news service for the moderate sum of $2. per year. Those who are at present subscribers of the EXPRESS must pay in all arrearages and one year in advance to obtain this special price.

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10:20 P. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar	4:25 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	Ar. San Francisco Lv	7:00 P. M.

The above train stops at all stations from Portland to Albany including Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

Roseburg mail—daily:

8:30 A. M.	Lv...Portland...Ar	4:20 P. M.
12:45 P. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar	12:30 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	Ar...Roseburg...Lv	7:00 A. M.

Local passenger trains—daily (except Sunday.

8:20 A. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar	10:00 A. M.
9:10 A. M.	Ar...Lebanon...Lv	9:00 A. M.
4:30 P. M.	Lv...Albany...Ar	6:45 P. M.
5:20 P. M.	Ar...Lebanon...Lv	5:50 P. M.

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At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific railroad.

Express train—daily (except Sunday):

4:40 P. M.	Lv...Portland...Ar	8:25 A. M.
7:35 P. M.	Ar. McMinnville Lv	5:50 A. M.

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