

Lebanon Express

H. Y. KIRKPATRICK,
Editor and Proprietor

This nation is great enough to legislature for its own people on all subjects and cannot afford to surrender its people to the legislative control of any other government on earth. Therefore, let us have both gold and silver at the legal ratio of 16 to 1.

The council at its meeting last Tuesday evening sanctioned the action of Marshal Morgan in refusing to issue a license to the Salem Lumber company. They said he done right, and ordered him to proceed in all such cases to enforce the law. While the EXPRESS does not agree with the council in this special case, we give our marshal credit for following their orders in that respect.

Julius Lowenburg has signed a contract with Governor Lord whereby the state will supply convicts, and he employ them for ten years. One hundred convicts will be supplied to begin with, and twenty-five will be added every six months, until all available prisoners in the penitentiary are employed. The convicts will be employed in making shoes and similar work. The foundry plant at the penitentiary has been leased to Mr. Lowenburg for ten years at an annual rental of \$2000.

The electrical industry in this country is but seventeen years old, yet there are over \$1,000,000,000 of capital invested in it. The greater part of this immense investment has been made since 1888, when the electric motor was proved to be a success. Within the last five years Oregon City has grown to be one of the great electric centers of the United States, and there is now invested in this city nearly \$1,000,000 in this great industry. With the present growth this immense sum will be doubled within the next five years, making Oregon City one of the greatest electric centers in the world.—Oregon City Enterprise.

The outlook for Oregon is indeed promising. The wheat crop promises a large yield, the hop crop is already assured, and the supply bountiful. The fruit crop is immense, and of every variety. The potato crop will be immense if there comes a good rain. The haying is about finished and the yield satisfactory. The stock is in good condition and with a little rain to assist the grass, the ranges will supply feed to fatten all the stock on them. Immigration is already coming this way. Men with money are seeking locations in the land "where the crops never fail," and the capitalists of the East are coming hither to invest where the returns will be quick and safe. All in all Oregon has much to be thankful for. Our people are prosperous, our crops good and stock are fat. We have plenty of room for more, and invite all good people to come hither.

A presbyterian minister of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, thinks he has made a new discovery, namely, that Chinese cannot be converted to christianity. This may be new to the Eastern divine, but to the ordinary mortal on the Pacific coast, this fact is well established. These creatures are shrewd, cunning, and discerning. They will become christians, in order to learn the language of the country, and have pretty white girls teach them the way to salvation. But they never become christians to such an extent as to cut off their queues; when they do, then you can generally count on their sincerity, otherwise, they will bear watching. Thousands of dollars are spent annually to christianize the Chinese, but to our idea of thinking it is like pouring water in a rat hole, to drown the rat out. Show us the Chinamen with queues off, and we will judge that he is sincere.

William J. Bryans, of Nebraska, one of the ablest champions of bimetalism in the United States, said in a speech the other day in Texas, there were in the United States according to the secretary of treasury's report, June 1894, \$1,675,667,401, in June 1895, there were only \$1,606,179,556, a decrease of \$69,000,000 in one year. Business and population are constantly increasing; the volume of money should increase correspondingly; but, owing to the fact that we have a single gold standard, it does not. Where is the man, on the face of God's green earth, who can in the face of these facts advocate a single gold standard? If there is such a man, his interest is in England, not America.

Mayer & Kimbrough wants you produce.

Just received at M. A. Miller's a new line of tablets.

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LACE, LACE, lace. Just received a new and large supply of dress laces—coarse and fine—linen lace. Ladies shoes, coarse and fine; also outing flannels and shirtings at such prices that competition is not in it, at the Backet store.

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Middlings—\$0 75 per cwt.
Potatoes—40c.
Apples—Dried, 6c per lb
Plums—Dried, 5c.
Onions—2c.
Beef—Dressed, 4 1/2c.
Veal—3 1/2 @ 4c.
Pork—Dressed, 4.
Lard—10.
Hams—10 per lb.
Shoulders—8c.
Sides—10c per lb.
Geece—\$4 @ \$5 per doz.
Ducks—\$2 @ \$3 per doz.
Chickens—\$2 00 @ \$3 00.
Turkeys—8c per lb.
Eggs—8c per doz.
Butter—10 @ 15c per lb.
Hides—Green, 5c; dry, 10c.

Lebanon Warehouse.

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THE BOOMING OF ROME.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

July, 1887; and the midsummer madness of the great boom prevailed in southern California.

Three men stood on the top of a low, flat hill and examined a map.

"Name it—Rome," suggested one of them.

"Rome?" said another, doubtfully. "It wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Rome, Italy, was not," said the first speaker, "but Rome, California, shall be."

Those who played the part of Romulus, Remus and Celer were the president, the president and treasurer of the Glorious Climate Land and Water company.

Their names are not mentioned conveniently to distinguish them from another we shall make later, respectively general, major, and colonel.

The general was in the field of business, pushing her enemies and the honor of her flag. That secure distinction and a somewhat simpler life provided occasional drinks for the gentlemen of the pen is mightier than the sword.

He had been a citizen of Los Angeles for a month—he still sometimes said "you" when he spoke of the city.

The colonel had two months longer to live, and intended to run for the office of county supervisor at the next election.

The general was a veritable old-timer. He had been living in Los Angeles now nearly a year.

Nobody knew whence they came. There they were; that's all. In this matter they were no worse off (or shall we say no better) than many others at that same time and place.

The general, for example, when he was introduced to strangers had a way of saying in a loud voice: "Yes, sir! My name is Bangs, sir. And that was my name before I came here." Then he would look aggressively around, and it happened not infrequently that of them that heard him one or two would turn a little pale and cast down their eyes.

Alas, whither have they gone, those judges, commodores and generals who for a brief time seemed to own the town, can it be that they are all in Oklahoma?

The capital stock of the Glorious Climate company was five millions of dollars, of which sum four hundred and fifty dollars had been subscribed and paid in. It was well known, however, that the company was backed by a powerful English syndicate. In those days, when a man desired to enter upon any large enterprise, such as building a railroad, constructing a deep-water harbor, or founding a large manufacturing center, he would always take care first to secure the backing of some powerful English syndicate. They were always powerful; nobody ever heard of a weak one.

The only other assets of the Glorious Climate company was a document bearing the signature of a degenerate scion of a once illustrious Castilian house—an option on a piece of land favorably located for a town-site.

The general, for all that the seams of his coat were shiny and his cuffs somewhat frayed, carried about with him, nevertheless, a secret talisman. He had a "pull" with the railroad. The information had come to him "from the inside" that the California or Bust railroad (projected) was to pass directly through the tract covered by their option.

Believe in this railroad? Well, they knew the public did, anyhow—the dear, trustful public that always believes in things.

The colonel had been a newspaper man in his early days, and understood the gentle art of "working the press." In a surprisingly short time, everybody in southern California knew that great things were in store for the new city of Rome—there could be no doubt of it, because the newspapers said so.

On a certain day in August the tract was to be thrown open to the public in a grand auction. In the meantime a few lots were disposed of at private sale—principally to newspaper men, public officials of high standing, railway magnates, famous writers and actors.

The major was to act as auctioneer. He admitted to his partners that he had never sold lots in his life, his greatest efforts heretofore in the line of misrepresentation having been limited to the trading of horses.

"The principle seems to be about the same, however," he said. "Ask five times what it is worth, and then take whatever is offered."

He was a cool and easy speaker. The crowd, the music and the enthusiastic cheering of the coppers moved him to extraordinary effort. Many of those who came to scoff remained to buy.

No one was more astonished at the result of the sale than the conspirators themselves. There was money enough to transform the option into a deed, pay all the debts of the company, establish a handsome bank account, and fill the pockets of all three with coin.

So much prosperity terrified the major, who anxiously inquired whether they had not better divide up and bolt. The others laughed at his fears. They had accomplished thus much with no money at all. There was no limit to what they could do now with reestablished credit and a full locker.

"But we must change our tactics," the general admitted. "Heretofore it has been faith and not works that we have offered the public. We must show them that we mean business, that we are laying the foundation of a great city."

The next day fifty men went to work in Rome, and the dirt began to fly in all directions. They were laying out a system of wonderful streets, parks and boulevards. The officers of the Glorious Climate Land and Water company went about buying back a few of the lots already sold, thereby increasing

the market. Several thousand street railway ties, rented for a short time, were scattered through the tract to foreshadow the coming tramways.

To hear of these things through the newspapers did the public seriously incline. When the second sale took place, the crowd in attendance was enormous. People fought for places, and offered to pay such amazing prices that the major, hardened horse-dealer that he was, almost hesitated to accept the bids. When the day was done the city of Rome had passed completely out of the possession of the company.

Now it was the general who counseled immediate flight. He had received a little more "inside information"—the C. B. R. E. was not coming to California at all! "We must get out of the country before that is sprung," said he, "or we shall be tarred and feathered."

"And the many promises of the Glorious Climate company," said the colonel—"the boulevards we were to build, parks to lay out, public buildings to construct—how about them?"

The general smiled. "Let the English syndicate take care of all that," said he.

A few days later, the trio had disappeared. So had the laborers upon the foundation of Rome. As a matter of fact, the great boom in southern California was at an end. The impression began to leak into many people that somewhere they had heard something about "a fool and his money."

As for the three, they certainly were no fools. But—

The general went to New York and lost it all in Wall street.

The colonel went to Ohio and lost it all trying to found a newspaper.

The major went to Europe and lost it all at Monte Carlo.

Naturally each, when stranded, appealed to the others. Naturally, too, the reply in each case was depressing. It was seven years after the episode of Rome that the three men drifted together again in Chicago.

The general's coat was again shiny at the seams and his cuffs frayed as before. The colonel drank beer and smoked cheap cigars. The major had evidently taken to strong liquors.

Each confessed to discontent, though none of them was disposed to go into particulars. All lamented the halcyon days of the founding of Rome.

"There was no such combination as that at Monte Carlo," said the major.

"No such lumps in Wall street," sighed the general.

"No such suckers in Ohio," echoed the colonel.

"Why not go back there?" asked the general. "I don't mean to Rome, for the coyotes must have jumped that claim, but to southern California."

"Walk," said the colonel, briefly.

"I can get the transportation," said the general. "My pull with the road still holds good—one way."

"One way?" repeated the major.

"Yes—away from New York, where my swell relatives live. The return is not so easy."

"Shall we go by the California or Bust line?" asked the major, with a grin.

"You needn't laugh," said the general. "That road was built after all, and I intend to get passes over it."

Four days later, as the C. B. R. E. "Overland" was nearing the end of its run, the three comrades, upon in a poker game in the smoking car, were electrified to hear a passenger say:

"This station is Rome. Grow up, quite a city, hasn't it?"

"Wh-a-t!" cried the general, dropping his cards. "Is there a Rome on this line?"

"Is there?" echoed the passenger. "Just look out of the window and see!"

The three rushed to the platform just as the train drew up at a handsome station surrounded by a well-kept park. In plain letters over the door they read the name:

ROME

"Yes, it's the place," said the colonel. "Don't you see the hills covered with beautiful residences—just as I predicted they would be?"

The general led the way out into the main street. It was built up solidly with substantial-looking business blocks. The sidewalks were crowded with people moving briskly. Several street cars and omnibuses, packed well filled with arrivals from the train.

The officers of the one-time C. B. R. E. & W. C. walked on for some distance without speaking.

At length the major, turning to the general, broke out: "What do you suppose property is worth here in the business section?"

The general groaned, but did not speak.

"If we had only held on!" said the colonel. "If we had only believed a little bit of our own lies!"

"And these lots that we let go for a song," said the major, indignantly, "are now crowded with big buildings, and worth no end of money. We were robbed, gentlemen! I say robbed!"

"What are we doing here?" groined the general, sarcastically. "Think of taking an option on the city? Let's get out! I see no particular opening here for the piece that didn't save Rome. The walking is good. Come along out of this!"

And three figures moved down the track in solemn, silent, single file.—Land of Sunshine.

Slight Mistake.
Young Lady (at dinner, to deaf old gentleman)—Do you like bananas?
Old Gentleman—What did you say?
Young Lady (shouting, with all general conversation stopped that guests might listen)—I said, do you like bananas?
Old Gentleman—No, my dear, I don't like peajamas; the old-fashioned night-shirt is good enough for me.—Judge.

—The ease, the luxury and the abundance of the highest state of civilization are as productive of selfishness as the difficulties, the privations and the sterilities of the lowest.—Edison.



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