Lebanon Express.

H. Y. KIRKPATRICK,
Editor - and - Proprietor

The public has seemed to forget that Grover Cleveland will be president of the United States for a few months longer.

The Oregonian is preparing for a bitter fight against Senator Mitchell's return to the U. S. senate. Joseph Simon is the papers choice.—Mercury.

It is to be hoped that the law will be lenient with the New York man who fled from the widow he had married because the ghosts of her three former husbands appeared to him.

The hobo question is one the next legislature should try and settle so far as Oregon is concerned. A state cannot have too strict a tramp law. Tramps are becoming a menace to public safety.

Nearly all the people of the state are in favor of a registration law. It is badly needed in Portland, and to a less extent in other cities, though it need not apply to the rural districts. The supreme court, by a two to one opinion, decided such a law unconstitutional some years ago, but might reverse that decision now, as some of the best lawyers consider the law unobnoxious to the constitution. If the next legislature heeds public opinion it will pass a registration law.

The mortgage tax law should be re-enacted by the coming legislature, and an honest exemption for indebtedness clause should, also, be a part of the new assessment law. The present system of assessing is the most iniquitous and unjust law that ever disgraced the statute books of any state, and was passed solely for the purpose of exempting from taxation the foreign loan companies, shifting from their shoulders to those of the debt oppressed, the burdens of government.

The growing of Angora goats as a means of profit is right now being agitated in many parts of Oregon. There is always a ready demand for mohair and at prices very satisfactory. At Independence an association was formed last week, which has as its object the improvement of the mohair industry in every way possible. The association is not intended to confine its work to any particular locality, but is ready to reach out with all information necessary to any part of the state where enthusiasm in the practically new industry is made manifest.

The next legislature will contain 62 republican members, not counting the three "Union bimetalic" members from Yamhill county. "Mitchell Republicans," two as candidates of the "Taxpayers' League" as well as of the republican party, and one was a candidate of the league and the Mitchell faction. The sound money republicans will be able to control the caucus, but a majority of them will probably support Mitchell as a reward for his party fealty, and in spite of his leaning toward free silver.—Portland Welcome.

The next legislature, if it can possibly resist the alluring "arguments" of the pilot trust, should abolish the system of compulsory pilotage on the Columbia river. The entrance to the river is now free from danger, and navigators and owners are the best judges of whether or not they need a pilot for every vessel. It is said that the seven licensed pilots at the mouth of the Columbia make a large amount each month, which is too much for even their valuable services. They should be able to retire now with a competency.—Ex.

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THE HOTEL DINING-ROOM.

Observations Made by a Man Who Knows How to Use His Eyes.

We are now in the dining-room of a Pretty Good Hotel, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*.

We can see seven-nine-ten-twelve-fifteen, about nineteen men, picking their teeth while they wait for dessert!

Who are these men!

They are the men who keep this hotel running. They are drummers.

Did you hear that distinguished-looking lady remark to her escort that this town seems to be pretty common!

While you are watching the waiter girls as they burst out of the kitchen one by one you might also glance from time to time at this distinguished-looking lady and see her eat.

Does she carry food to her mouth with her fork!

Yes, and with her knife, too; knife and fork alternately. Steak on fork, potato on knife; cucumber on fork, cold slaw on knife—doesn't she do it well!

And who is this lady!

She is a leading lady in a very small theatrical company playing in the town one night.

See that nice waiter girl over there leaning against the wall!

Does she see us!

No, not yet.

There! Now she sees us and comes to take our order.

We will have some soup 'n' fish.

When she had brought the soup and fish the nice waiter girl will give us some better and some crackers and some salt and pepper in a dainty, graceful manner; then she will slightly move our knife and fork and fix things all nice, and then she will stand quietly by our chair, clear her throat and say in a gentle, subdued tone, but very rapidly:

"Roas' muttin' *roas' beef* brown gravy roas' chicken *roas' lamb* lobnerval [illegible] lef lam tongue *queen fritters* col' [illegible]" The italics are hers. They indicate the dishes they really have. The others are called off really for effect—to make drummers say they have a good table. We know we shall be uncertain what she said, all except the italics, so we will just order those, and all will be well.

See how the beautiful leading lady drinks water, with her forefinger in the tumbler.

Did you see that nice-looking couple over there at the first table, this way from the second window but one!

Why do they sit there so serious and abstracted, speaking never a word to each other!

Because they are just married.

Though they're quite still they love each other dearly.

That freckled young man has just had a finger-bowl put before him and he doesn't know what to do with it. Perhaps he thinks: Can this be soup come again!

The nice waiter girl has just kicked open the kitchen door and there she comes bearing down on us with a heavy tray. We will stop looking around and see what she has forgotten to bring us.

EDUCATION NEEDED.

Pressing Need of the Immediate Presence of the Schoolmaster.

Here is an actual conversation which occurred in a Philadelphia restaurant between an American and an Englishman, both of full age, and one a voter, says the Standard:

American—How long have you been in this country?

Englishman—About two years and a half.

American—How far from London did you live?

Englishman—Right in London; that is, they call it London. Old London was surrounded by a wall, and was no bigger than Philadelphia. The wall was built by the Romans when they occupied that part of England.

American—Is that so? How long ago was that?

Englishman—Oh, about eight hundred years or so, in the time of William the Conqueror.

American—I didn't know the Romans ever lived in England. Was that wall all around the city?

Englishman—Yes, with several gates in it, which were shut at night.

American—What was that about? Wasn't there a king named George III, who tried to conquer America and didn't succeed? That was the time of the revolution. They had trouble, the English and Americans, up to 1812 or 1814.

Englishman—Yes, I believe there was something of that kind.

American—Isn't London on a river?

Englishman—Yes, on the Thames. Some people pronounce it the way it is spelled, but it is wrong.

The Weight of a "Grain."

The smallest measure of weight in use, the grain, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266 ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear, or head, and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twenty of which should make an ounce, while twelve ounces were to make a pound. The pound, therefore consisted of 7,680 grains. Some centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which make the troy pound, as now used, 5,760 grains. The pennyweight was the exact weight of the old silver penny.

A Sad Flatterer.

"Do you think, Mr. Featherly," said Mrs. Hendricks, "that Miss Hobson is a very beautiful girl?"

"She is not half as pretty as your daughter, Mrs. Hendricks."

"I am afraid you are a sad flatterer, Mr. Featherly," laughed Mrs. Hendricks, touching him lightly with her fan. "I am told that my daughter looks very much like me."

"Well, even admitting that," said Featherly, gallantly, "I still think she is prettier than Miss Hobson."

The Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis has announced a short course in horticulture and dairying. This important addition to the college will begin January 11, and will close February 8. The tuition is free. The object, which is to give practical scientific instruction in these industries, is most praiseworthy. The work will include illustrated lectures, practical operations, cultivation, treatment of trees for fruit pests, and study of adaptability of fruits to our soil and climate, also tests and practical instructions in butter making. The course promises to be of great value to agriculturalists.

WAY OUT IN ALASKA.

How a Tenderfoot Sought Gold in Our Arctic Territory.

Romantic Romance of Boundless Wealth and Magnificent Scenery and the Stern Reality of Bacon and Beans —An Hospitable Indian.

A writer in the Juneau City *Mining Record* gives a graphic description of experiences while in the recent prospecting tour in Alaska: On the morning of July 9, he says, we left Douglas City on the favorite and fast-sailing canoe Hiak, Captain Jim (both well and favorably known in Alaskan waters) for a prospecting trip in Lynn Canal. As the day was fine and the wind fair the sail through Gastineaux, Stephens' passage and Lynn Canal was delightful, as each one is dotted with little islands, rising from the water's edge to a height of a thousand feet or more, whilst the mountains on the mainland are thousands of feet high, with ragged peaks not unlike the teeth of an old-fashioned cross-cut saw, the spaces between the peaks being filled with glaciers and the peaks themselves are covered with perpetual snow. As I am a chee-chaco in the country (that's what my chums call me), every thing appeared wild and picturesque, and as I burst out in exclamations of admiration every once in a while at the scenery, they would say: "Oh, shucks! that ain't nothing; you had ought to see the scenery on the Yukon."

The first night we camped on a creek about thirty miles from Juneau, where our native told us there was some quartz. We stayed and examined it, but did not think enough of it to locate it. The next day we arrived at our native's illahee (as he called it), situated at Lynn Canal, and distant about forty miles from Juneau. It is a beautiful bay, filled with many islands and teeming with fish, from the mighty whale to the tiny herring, while the woods and mountains are full of game—the small and harmless ground-hog and the large and fierce brown bear.

The Indian who accompanied us is a fine specimen of his race; he stands over six feet in his bare feet, and weighs over two hundred pounds. He is a Mormon in proclivities, for he has a number of wives, who appear well satisfied with him as their lord and master, and I could see no sign of the green-eyed monster. He is a bear hunter by occupation, and an enthusiast in that line, and many were the stories and hair-breadth escapes he related. I can well believe he is a good hunter, as his larder is well stocked with fish, flesh and fowl; his wives were brown, fat and greasy; his dogs, of which he had seven, were all in splendid condition, and that is more than can be said of most Indian dogs. He told us the peculiarities of each, and showed us the many wounds they had received in their encounters with bruin. He also showed us the hole where he buried the bears' heads, and there must have been twenty skulls in it. I inquired of him why he did so, and he told me: "Bear all same Indian; by and by he go to the happy rooting ground."

As a host he is a prince, and right royally he treated us to all kinds of game put up in Indian style. We had smoked porcupine put up in seal oil, and one of our crowd who pretends to be an epicure said it was delicious; there were seal's flippers cooked in grease, which were not dissimilar to pig's feet; baked ground hog stuffed with mussels, which gave the hog a fishy taste and improved the flavor of the mussels. His bear's head cheese was actually immense, and there were many more dishes too numerous to mention. He showed many kinds of roots and herbs good for food and medicine. He also showed his canned halibut, hooks and all of his dancing outfit. His headgear and mask cost him fifty dollars; it was wild and uncouth, and was carved out of yellow cedar. It had a large nose like a parrot's beak, eyes made of mother-of-pearl, a mouth which contained the teeth of the only siwash doctor on Noah's ark, ears made from the hide of the ichthyosaurus, hair made from the sea lion's whiskers. His hunting knife had some unique carving on the handle that represented some Indian myth the bears were afraid of. As a prospector, like many more following that vocation, I do not consider him a success, as we examined many places that he showed us but could see nothing except white and barren quartz.

He had other places he wanted to show us, and we would have gone with him, but one of the party had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. The native told us the extent of his territory, and said he expected white men prospecting on his domain to pay him $2.50 per day for his knowledge and services. He said the land and water belonged to his ancestors from time immemorial, and he inquired if white men owning a similar amount of land would allow every body on it. His argument brought forcibly to our mind the "bloated bondholders" of America and the land question that is now agitating the British Empire, where Lords, Dukes and Earls are holding hundreds of miles square that their ancestors acquired by might, while he claims his by right. The only difference I see between them and this Indian is that he will be glad to see you hunt or fish on his supposed country, while if you caught a trout in their waters or shot a pheasant in their woods you would get about five years.

The next day we traveled against a head wind and a terrible rain, and after getting drenched to the skin we camped. It would be very pleasant prospecting in Alaska were it not for the rain, head wind and flies, thick brush and mosquitoes, and a few other little inconveniences. Then, again, if I was looking through a tourist's eyes from the deck of an ocean steamer, how romantic the majestic mountains and givers, hundreds of miles of pine-clad shores, and every now and then a vast glacier! Then in smooth, narrow channels can be seen the mammoth whale, forging his way along nearly as fast as the steamer, and every few feet can be seen the shining silvery sides of a beautiful salmon, disporting, or trying to escape from some finny monster who is trying to catch him for a meal. I saw a seal gobble one in less than two seconds. To me the animals on such a trip remind one of a great menagerie, without having to pay at the door, while the waters are a grand aquarium; and take it altogether, were it not for the stern reality of beans and bacon, a prospecting tour in Alaska is like visiting an ever-changing panorama.

The True Man Hidden.

Love sees the virtues that are of the soul, hatred only the diseases of the skin. "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado, shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the jail-breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rare moods of kindliness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world, free from the mortal vestures of decay which clogs their souls here, the first thought of each will be: "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"

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Onions—1½c.
Beef—Dressed, 4½ to 5c.
Veal—3½@4c.
Pork—Dressed, 5½.
Lard—9.
Hams—12 per lb.
Shoulders—8c.
Sides—8c per lb
Geese—$3 50 @ $5 per doz.
Ducks—$4 @ $5 per doz.
Chickens—$1 50@2 50.
Turkeys—8c per lb.
Eggs—22c per doz.
Butter—12 @ 15c per lb.
Hides—Green, 3c; dry, 5c.

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