

LEXINGTON WEEKLY BUDGET.

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Of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.

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LEXINGTON, OREGON.

Graduate of the Royal College of Great Britain.
Office in City Drug Store.

L. F. SHIPLEY, M. D.,
FRACTURER OF
Medicine, Surgery & Midwifery,
HEPPNER, OREGON.
Country calls respectfully solicited.

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Filings taken on government land. Real estate advertised and sold on commission. New corners are invited to call and be filled full of solid facts about the advantages of Morrow county. Office hours from 7 A. M. to midnight, Hubbert building.

R. LIEUALLEN,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
And Horseshoer,
IS ALWAYS ON DECK AND PREPARED TO do anything in his line in a neat and workmanlike manner. Horses shod with care and accuracy.
Shop on C St., Lexington, Or.

G. W. BROCK,
Wagon and Carriage Maker,
REPAIRING DONE.
Arcade Street, bet. C and D,
Lexington, Oregon.

ELKHORN
Livery & Feed Stable
NELSE MAGNUSON, Proprietor.

LEXINGTON, OR.

HORSES BOARDED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

Outfits Furnished for Commercial Men at Reasonable Rates.

ALL KINDS OF TURNOUTS AND SADDLE HORSES at the disposal of patrons.

FIRST-CLASS

LUMBER

MAY BE FOUND AT

Willow Creek Mill,

W. G. SCOTT, Prop'r.

ALL KINDS OF

ROUGH LUMBER

Constantly on Hand.

SPECIAL SIZES

Sawed to Order.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL ORDERS.

The lumber this season is unusually clear and of the best quality. The mill is located at the head of Willow creek, 25 miles from Lexington.

A. M. SLOCUM,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

Rock Creek Sawmill,

—HAS—

Rough and Dressed Lumber

BE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

FLOORING, RUSTIC, ETC., FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

THE MILL IS LOCATED AT THE HEAD OF Rock Creek, 4 miles from Hardman and 24 miles from Lexington. Good roads lead to the Mill, and as I aim to have a constant supply of DAY LUMBER, buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with me.
A. M. SLOCUM.

The potato crop in the east is rotting badly.

J. M. & P. Scanlon's employes in their slaughter-house in New York have been on strike since last February. A few days ago a dynamite bomb was exploded in the works, but it failed to kill anybody.

J. H. Hamilton, a prominent citizen of Sanger, was thrown from his horse into a slough and drowned, Oct 3d, probably being rendered insensible by his fall.

Miss Abby, a sixty-year-old spinster, was murdered near Otay, presumably by parties who wished to secure a government land claim she was living on.

Not only the public buildings on which the grand jury stopped work at San Diego, but the two new schoolhouses just completed also, are declared faulty built and liable to tumble down.

MISSING LINKS.

Los Angeles is to build a sewer to the ocean at a cost of \$6,000,000.

William Lincoln, who lives near Grafton, W. Va., has a cat that plays with rats but is death to snakes.

Whittier, it is said, falls asleep in his chair when visitors begin to praise his poetry. Earthly honors grow less valuable to him as the years wane.

The French Council of Hygiene has just forbidden the use of blue paper in the public schools, claiming that it was making France a near-sighted nation.

M. J. Dorman, a Minersville, Pa., postoffice official, has received a very tempting offer to go to Japan as an instructor in one of the imperial schools.

Napoleon the Great's favorite writing table, from Malmaison, has just been sold in Paris. It is rather an unwieldy piece of mahogany, with choice copper ornaments.

A Nuremberg manufacturer has invented pencils in blue, black and brown for writing on the human skin. They are for use in anatomical and chemical demonstrations.

Senator Wade Hampton is one of the most popular story-tellers in congress. He has the reputation of being the only man who has had the tenacity to tell the president a risqué tale.

It has been judicially decided by Magistrate Robert Smith, of Philadelphia, that "a woman has a right to sass (sic) her husband." Now listen for shrill thunder in the Quaker city.

The scepter of an Egyptian king has been examined chemically by Professor Berthelot, and proves to be nearly pure copper, with only traces of lead. It is supposed to be about six thousand years old.

The Royal Meteorological Society of England is making a collection of photographs of lightning flashes. On each photograph is noted the time of the flash and the interval between it and the thunder.

A correspondent says that Jay Gould has been invited to take a look at the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, with a view of buying it, as it is for sale. Virgil and Gould! There is humor in this juxtaposition.

Tulare Lake, in California, which was formerly twenty by thirty miles in extent, is now only fifteen by twenty. Although the water is strongly impregnated with borax and alkali, the lake is full of fish.

Prince Bismarck's salary as chancellor of the German empire is only about \$13,000 a year. He is also entitled to occupy an official residence free of rent, though, and a great many brewers send him free beer.

Low Wallace says there is more happiness for him in a day's literary work than in a generation of politics. This marks the difference between the mere earthly man and the being who lives in the clouds amid the stars.

John Martin Crawford, the new consul general of the United States at St. Petersburg, is an Ohio man of literary aspirations. He is known in literature for the translation of the "Kalevala," the national epic of Finland.

The late Father John Carroll, of Chicago, was the oldest priest in holy orders in the United States and probably in the world. He was nearly 93 years old and for more than seventy years he had been in the service of the church.

Sir Edward Baines, of Leeds, is probably the senior European journalist. He represented his father's paper at the "Peterloo Massacre" in 1819, and is probably the only survivor of that scene. He is now more than 90 years old.

English curates have been the successful lovers in romantic tales since the institution of the church, but since three out of four of Archdeacon Farrer's daughters have married curates the character passes from the realm of fancy into that of fact.

D. K. Pearson, a Chicago millionaire, has adopted the sensible plan of disposing of his great fortune before his death. During the last few years he has given away nearly \$800,000 to western educational institutions. Mr. Pearson has no children.

There is a larger proportion of the boys and girls of New Jersey than of any other state in the union who go to Sunday-school. It appears by statistics recently taken that there are just about 280,000 children in the 1,997 Sunday-schools of New Jersey.

In the two years that he has been in office, Gov. Buckner, of Kentucky, has signed the death-warrants of seven criminals. In the last two cases he has followed Gov. Hill's example and fixed some other day than the traditional Friday for the execution.

"Put a penny in and you will have a surprise," says the legend on the latest form of automatic machine. When one has been unwise enough to comply with this invitation, one receives a card on which is printed: "You give me a penny and I give you nothing in return. You are surprised. Voila!"

A curious feature in ornithology is reported from Eckington, Yorkshire, England, where a hen has hatched two chickens from one egg, both chickens being in a perfect state except that they are joined together on one side of the membranes of the wing. Beyond this they walk about and feed in the usual manner.

A man at Allentown, Pa., has two tree frogs which dwell contentedly in a glass jar containing water and a tiny

fadder. When the weather is fair the little fellows crawl up the latter and gaze around, but when a rain is coming they dive to the bottom of the jar. These movements are made hours in advance of the change in the weather.

Nearly seven-eighths of the population of Zanzibar are slaves. Some owners have 1,000. A negro boy costs about twenty dollars, a strong workman about \$100 to \$120, a pretty young negress from \$50 to \$100, Abyssinian women from \$200 to \$500, while the women from Jeddah, in Arabia, bring fancy prices. Surias for the hiring come higher yet.

State Geologist George H. Cook, of New Brunswick, N. J., reports a number of interesting discoveries in fossils recently made. Besides numerous footprints, leaves and other remains of prehistoric days, several fossil fishes have been discovered at Bonton, and in a quarry at Belleville two skeletons of an animal resembling the horned toad of the western plains.

N. C. Curtis, a farmer on Grand Island, Cal., is using steam in his work with good success. He ran his plows attached to a traction engine, and working night and day plowed over fifty acres in twenty-four hours. He also has another smaller engine that draws eight-six-horse barrows, doing the work of a large number of men and horses in a short time and at a small expense.

A camel coach is to be tried in the Darling River district, New South Wales. The sultry climate tries horses so severely that the manager of a line of mail coaches thinks that a team of camels will answer far better, owing to their capacity for enduring heat and drought. Much curiosity is felt as to the result of this novel venture in coaching, considering the hasty temper of "the ship of the desert."

A great impetus has been given to Russian industries within the last ten or fifteen years. Thus, in 1875 all the cotton mills in that country contained about two million spindles, while there are now, according to the latest reports, 115,000,000 spindles, divided between sixty-seven mills. The number of cotton weaving establishments in Russia is said to be 488, giving employment to more than eighty thousand hands, the total annual production being estimated at 56,000,000 rubles.

A Cuban Kitchen.

To American eyes a Cuban kitchen looks very strange and unusual. In it one does not see the usual range and numerous shining tins, and in place of our portly Bridget one finds generally a colored man, or an almondy-eyed son of the Celestial Empire. The kitchen is the yard, generally tiled on its sides and floor. You will notice running from one side of the kitchen to the other, a flat platform, and at intervals of two feet, a grate about five inches wide and ten inches deep. These grates are built in the solid platform and have the draft underneath. There are usually eight or more of these grates. Each one is entirely independent of the other and has its own separate fire. Charcoal is the fuel used and the gas and smell of cooking all go up a large chimney built over the platform, so that one seldom gets the benefits of the odors.

The cooking utensils are few and simple and are generally of glazed earthen ware. No bread or cake is ever made in any Cuban family; it all comes from the baker's and is of excellent quality. The cooking is as different from American cookery as is the kitchen. Garlic and other odd spices are used, and many will, merely from the fact of garlic being used, condemn it at once. I am positive that the most bigoted would be won over after partaking of one of Mameroto's faultless dinners.—Good House-keeping.

The Uses of Electricity.

The uses of electricity are ever multiplying. Who could ever have dreamed that the electrical current manufactured by the public lighting companies conveyed along the streets would be switched off on special wires to go into the very mouths of the people. It is a fact. A man sits down in a dentist's chair nowadays and has his teeth repaired by the huge dynamos that are located out at Twenty-second and Chestnut streets. The patient lays back in a darkened room (if it is a dull day), an incandescent light illuminating the caverns of his mouth. The tooth is washed with water heated by electricity. It is dried and kept dry during the filling by air heated in the bulb of a little blow-pipe by two platinum points. It is gouged and scraped and scoured and hammered and sawed by little instruments that wriggle around on the end of the same electric current.

"Yes," says a dentist, laughing, "and if you fall asleep during the operation we can just give you a little shock to wake you up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Blow at Freedom.

"Who is at the head of this conspiracy?" shouted the country editor, as he did a war-dance among the exchanges on the floor. "Who is it that has struck this blow at American freedom? Who is guilty of this dastardly attempt to grind the people and keep them in ignorance of their rights by muzzling the press? Who is it?" "What's the matter, anyhow?" asked the foreman, as he came out of the composing-room. "Somebody has stolen my scissors."—Merchant Traveler.

KING FREDERICK'S RUSE

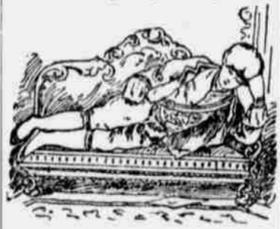
A CHARMING STORY OF THREE MIS-TERIOUS GOLD PIECES.

The Reward of a Dutiful Son—How the Dear Old Mother's Letter Touched the Heart of Her Sovereign.

One Summer morning, a great many years ago, a boy was lying sound asleep on a bench in one of the rooms at Sans-Souci (the country palace of the King of Prussia) with all his clothes on. Very gay clothes they were, from the trim blue jacket, with its embroidered cuffs and shining brass buttons, down to the smart shoes, with their well polished steel buckles. But the poor little fellow's face was not as gay as his dress by any means. It looked sadly pale, and as worn and tired as if he had been up all night.

So indeed he had, for tough old King Frederick, who would work from 4 in the morning till 10 at night without seeming a bit the worse, sometimes forgot that his poor little page-boy was not as strong as himself, and would often keep him on duty till Karl fell asleep from sheer fatigue, just as he appeared to have done now.

All at once a bell rang sharply in the next room. At that signal the page ought to have jumped up and gone in to receive his orders for the day, as he had to the first thing every morning, no mat-



THE PAGE ASLEEP.

ter at what hour he had gone to bed. But he was so fast asleep that he never heard it; and the bell rang again still more sharply without any answer. Then the door of the inner room opened, and out came a very strange figure indeed.

It was a small, lean, gray-haired old man in a shabby uniform coat and a pair of long riding boots, which looked as though they had not been cleaned for a month; and as if he were not untidy enough already, he had smeared the whole front of his coat with snuff, which fell off in flakes whenever he moved.

His face might have been carved in stone, so cold and hard did it look; but in the midst of it there gleamed an eye so large and bright and piercing that it seemed to go right through every one upon whom it rested. But for this commanding glance one would most likely have taken him for a beggar, and have wondered what business such a slovenly old fellow could have in the palace at all.

But in reality this queer, shabby little old man was none other than King Frederick of Prussia himself, the greatest and famous throughout all Europe under the name of "Frederick the Great."

One could see by the flash of his eye and the set of his hard old mouth, as he came striding out, that he was very angry at being kept waiting, and that a terrible scolding awaited the poor little page, who lay sleeping there so peacefully, knowing nothing at all about it. But as the king's eyes fell upon the lad's unconscious face his mood seemed to change.

"Hum!" muttered he, with the very ghost of a smile flickering over his iron face. "How famously the young dog sleeps! I only wish I could have such a nap now and then. One can see that he hasn't got to worry himself about governing five millions of men, or carrying on this war against five nations at once. Ha! what's this?"



EMPEROR FREDERICK READS THE LETTER.

A crumpled sheet of coarse paper, which seemed to have dropped from Karl's hand, was lying on the floor beside him. The king picked it up, and these were the first words that caught his eye, written in the shaky straggling hand of a very feeble old woman:

"I thank you much, my dear child, for the money that you have so kindly sent me, which has been of great help. Take your mother's blessing for it, and see that you always do your best to be a worthy and faithful servant to our master, the King, whom God bless and preserve."

As he read that simple message the soldier-king's grim face softened as no one had ever seen it soften before. Perhaps the memory of his own mother, dead years ago, rose up in his mind once more; perhaps he was touched by the old woman's prayer for himself, or by the discovery that this had been the boy's last thought before he fell asleep. "Were all my subjects like that," he murmured "I should be the luckiest

king in Europe. And so he has been saving money from his wages (and poor enough wages they are, I am sure) to send to his mother! Well done, my boy; thou'rt a true Prussian!"

At that moment Karl moved slightly, as if about to awake.

The king noticed it, and a new idea appeared to strike him, which must have been a droll one, judging from the momentary twinkle that lighted up his stern eyes.

"Yes, that will be the best way," said he to himself, "and a fine surprise it will be to him."

Stepping back into the room whence he had issued (which certainly had very little "royal luxury" about it, for it was almost as bare as a cattle-shed, with no furniture save a battered old deal table and a broken chair), Frederick hunted in the table drawer till he rummaged out a well-worn writing-case, from one of the pockets which he took three gold coins.

These he slipped into the page's pocket along with the letter, taking great care not to awake him in doing so. Then he rang his bell violently and called out:

"Karl, come here!"

The sharp, stern voice effectually roused our hero, who started up at once, and drew back in dismay as he saw Frederick's keen eyes fixed upon him.

"Pardon, your majesty, pardon!" stammered he. "I was—"

"Never mind about that just now," interrupted the king. "Come in here and get your orders."

As Karl sprang eagerly forward to obey, the money, which had been put loosely into his pocket, rolled out again, and fell ringing and clinking upon the floor.



THE MONEY FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

"Hello, young man!" cried Frederick. "You ought to be a good deal richer than I am if you can afford to fling your money about like that."

"O, sire!" cried the boy, imploringly. "I don't know anything about this money. I don't intend anybody must have meant to ruin me by putting it into my pocket, and then saying that I had stolen it."

"No," said the King, gravely, "that money is God's gift to you, to help you in assisting your mother. Write and tell her that I know all about her, and that I'll take care of her, and you too." And King Frederick kept his word.

A Royal Stage Prompter.

A delicious story is "going around" about Mr. Irving's and Miss Ellen Terry's visit to Sandringham. It appears that all was going on beautifully with "The Merchant of Venice"—her majesty seated in front, stick in hand and all attention—until Miss Terry's time came as Portia to deliver her great speech about "mercy." We all know how she does it, advancing toward the Jew and making a marked and peculiar pause before delivering her oration. The kind queen, who was all attention, had had probably been carefully instructed in her own youth by the duchess of Kent or her good governess in Shakespeare's "tid-bits"—was eagerly following the gifted actress, but quite mistook the pause for some sudden failure of memory. Fancy Ellen being overawed by her majesty in forgetting her part! So the queen began prompting her quite low. "The quality of mercy," etc., but Miss Terry did not take the cue, and her majesty then repeated more loudly and encouragingly, "The quality of mercy is not strained." This was almost too much for Miss Terry, but with a violent effort to suppress her twinkling merriment she controlled herself and gracefully accepted her cue from the gracious sovereign. Good Queen Bess, we know used to about at the prompters and correct them openly in theology when they preached before her, but this is probably the first time that an actress has ever been honored by having a queen and empress as stage prompter.

Where the Seat of Thirst Is.

Professor Hartigan, of the West Virginia University, is conducting two interesting experiments in vivisection. In one he made an incision into the stomach of a dog, in which he placed a fistula tube from the outside. When a vessel of milk is placed before the dog and the animal drinks, the fluid runs out through the tube as fast as it is lapped up, and the dog's thirst is not quenched. When the tube is stopped so that the milk is retained in the stomach, the animal becomes satiated "showing that the seat of thirst is not in the throat, but is a demand of the entire system." The food may thus be taken by the tube from the stomach at any time, and the process of digestion studied under the microscope. The other operation consists of the removal of a portion of another dog's skull and the substitution of a nicely fitting plate of glass. Through the window the professor successfully studied the action of the brain while the animal is asleep.

A citizen of Tarpon, Fla., has a tame otter which follows him about the streets like a dog.