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For I Know That My Redeemer

call the beasts from the day-dream to flight. Shall the owl charge the birds: "I am wise. Go to! Seek the shadows with me!" Shall a man blind his eyes and exclaim: "It is vain that men weary to see?"

Let him walk in the gloom, who so will. Peace be with him! But whence his right? To assert that the world is in darkness, he cause he has turned from the light? Or to seek to overshadow my day with the pall of his self-chosen night?

I have listened, like David's great son, to the voice of the beast and the bird; To the voice of the trees and the grass; yea, a voice from the stones I have heard; And the sun and the moon, and the stars in their courses, re-echo the word!

And one would speak the bird and the beast, and the hyssop that springs in the wall, And the cedar that lifts its proud head upon Lebanon, stately and tall, And the rocks, and the sea, and the stars, and "Know!" is the message of all.

For the answer has ever been nigh unto him who would question and learn. How to bring the stars near to his gaze, in what orbits the planets must turn; Why the apple must fall from the bough; what the fuel that sun-fires burn.

Whence came life? In the rocks is it writ, and no finger hath graven it there? Whence came light? Did its motion arise with out bidding? Will science declare That the law ruling all hath appearing from Nominid, that abideth Nowhere?

"Yea, I know!" cried the true man of old And whose'er wills it may know. "My Redeemer existeth!" I seek for a sign of his presence, and lo, As he spoke to the light, and it was so he speaks to my soul, and I know!

—Solomon Solis Cohen, in the Century

DICK'S PROPOSAL.

Dick Nash paced slowly forward and backward on the river bank in front of the boat-house.

"What the dickens do I want to go abroad for," soliloquized he, "unless on a wedding trip? I'd better marry at once, and, as the saying is, kill two birds with one stone. But there is only one girl for me—Millie Denton; and I might just as well ask for the moon."

Dick had just come to this conclusion when, on looking up, he beheld the object of his thoughts coming toward him.

"A good time to begin," thought he. Millie came tripping along, her golden hair tossed about by the wind; her cheeks were rosy and her blue eyes sparkling.

Dick appeared not to recognize her at first; then, looking up and favoring her with a little stare, he exclaimed: "Why, it's Millie!"

"None other," laughed she. "What brought you here?"

"Oh, I am looking for some one." "Some one who belongs to the club, I suppose?"

"Not exactly, though he is here a great deal."

"Well, you won't find him."

"Why?"

"Because there has been no one here for the past hour but myself."

"Why don't you ask for whom I am looking?"

"Perhaps I don't care," lazily.

"Oh, but he is just splendid!"

"Who is splendid?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Millie. "I thought you wanted to know all the time; so—"

"But I don't!"

"Do not interrupt me! If you insist upon knowing—"

"I don't—"

"It is my black dog, Towser."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, Dick Nash!"

"What is the matter Millie Denton?"

"Isn't deuce a swear word?"

"A mild one."

"Don't you know that you oughtn't to swear in the presence of a lady?"

"Yes; I suppose I must beg your pardon?"

"Yes, I think you ought to, if only to teach you better manners."

"Well, do you insist upon it?"

"Oh, no! But—"

"Then you do insist; so here goes."

Taking a large handkerchief from his pocket, he spread it carefully on the grass at her feet, then assuming a most comical position and expression as he knelt upon it, he began:

"Oh, fairest of thy sex!"

"You silly goose!" laughed Millie. "If you don't keep still I won't apologize at all! Once more, then—Oh, fairest of thy sex, I have committed an unpardonable—"

"Hear—hear—hear!"

The voice came from the direction of the boat-house. The speaker was Ned Morgan, and he and Fred Bailey were greatly enjoying the free scene.

"Well, old fellow," continued Ned, "this sort of thing usually takes place in the conservatory, if we are to believe the novelist, but I see that you are trying to improve on the old plan. With the blue dome of heaven overhead and the Mississippi throbbing at your feet—with the birds hushing their songs and the trees whispering lowly, you—"

"I say, now, I don't think this quite the fair thing. Here was Miss Millie just ready to bless me with a sweet yes, when—"

"But," interrupted Millie, enjoying the joke in spite of herself, "you know I had not made up my mind."

"You run away, boys, while she makes up her mind," said Dick.

"You go right along and don't mind us," said Ned, "for we mean to see it through."

"Come, Millie," said Dick, "hurry up and say yes."

"But suppose I say no?"

"Then I will never rise again; and I wish you would hurry, for my knees ache awfully."

"Dear me! then I say yes, for if I did not I should forever after be haunted by a vision of you in your very uncomfortable position."

"That settles it," said Dick, jumping up; "I think that if we don't hurry up

Towser will get away from us. Come Millie.

Leaving the others they started in pursuit of the favorite. As soon as they were out of sight of the others Dick said:

"Well, I'm glad it's all settled!"

"Why is settled?" asked Millie.

"Why, our engagement."

"Ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at?"

"You, of course. I don't see how you can keep your face so long when you joke."

"Then you think it is only a joke?"

"Why shouldn't I? Are you crazy?"

"Not I; but I had made up my mind to marry you, and as we were engaged all fair and solid, in the presence of two witnesses, I don't see how you are going to get out of it."

"I do."

"Well, how?"

"I shall have to put you in the asylum."

"Just because I want to marry you?"

"You don't want to marry me!"

"It is the dearest wish of my life, Millie, believe me."

"Then why didn't you ask me so decently, instead of joking about so seriously, instead of joking about so seriously, instead of joking about so seriously a matter?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Millie, I thought that I would essay something novel in the way of a proposal." Then in a few earnest words he told her how dear she was to him, and begged her to be his companion on the voyage which he was soon to take, as well as on the voyage through life.

"Why, Dick, you take my breath quite away!"

"Well, hurry up and breathe again, Millie, for my heart has stopped beating, and it will not resume its proper action until you have given me the answer I crave."

"Oh, Dick, you are too funny; but I suppose if you insist—"

"I certainly do insist!"

"Well, I—"

"Go on!"

"Well—your heart may beat again."

"My dearest Millie—"

"Oh, Dick! We are on the street, you know."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only I would not like to have it said I allowed young men to embrace me in public."

"Why; who was embracing you, I should like to know."

"You were!"

"I didn't touch you."

"But you were going to."

"No, I was not; but I suppose that you expected me to—"

"Dick Nash!"

"Never mind, Millie, we won't quarrel over it, anyway."

A month later Dick and his bride sailed for England, the happiest couple that ever stepped on board a ship.

English Bonnets.



Here are three sketches of two bonnets and a pretty hat. The latter would suit a girl with a good complexion well. It is a fancy straw in a recede shade, lined with aerophane of the same hue, and trimmed with delicately tinted ribbon and flowers. A hat saw trimmed with a bunch of colored lilac among its own foliage on a straw of the same tint looked as original as the real thing. Both bonnets would suit young faces. The first is made entirely of old rose fluted ribbon, with a bandeau of jet, and the top is veiled with black lace. The second is a transparent gold crochet straw, trimmed with ribbon and grass. Girls are now wearing dress shirts on the river, and we shall see a good many of them this year. They are made in white or striped cambric, just like the ordinary masculine garment. Only, as a girl could never consent to hide so much finery under a waist-coat, these shirts are worn with short, open jackets.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Parson Was Right.

Elder Thompson, the famous Universalist preacher who died some years ago, was once asked to marry a couple whose religious views were at variance with his own. After the ceremony the bridegroom expressed his entire satisfaction with the service. "I don't see," he said, "that you could have done any better if you'd believed in a hell." A little theological discussion followed, in which Elder Thompson advanced the idea that a man gets his hell in this world. "Two years after Father Thompson met the man again."

"You remember you married me?" the man said.

"Yes."

"And that I said I hoped it would be just as happy a marriage as if you believed in a hell?"

"You said something like that."

"And that you said some folks got all their hell in this world?"

"I might have said so."

"Parson, you was right."

UNCLE SILAS POWERSOX.

He Flushes a Couple of Late English Capitalists.

Uncle Silas Powersox, of Scrub Grass, who is the guest of a World reporter, has taken much interest in the collection of news, and occasionally helps us to a good item. He had an interesting experience yesterday with a couple of Englishmen.

"Can you direct us to a henn where we can obtain cheap lodgings, don't you know?"

"How cheap?" asked Uncle Silas.

"Say about half shilling for lodgings and breakfast."

"That's pretty cheap, but I guess they can accommodate you over there at the 'Crow's Nest.'"

Uncle Silas was attracted by the especially forlorn appearance of the two strangers, who still had about them a far-off air of better days, and following them to the "Crow's Nest" obtained their story.

"You see, my dear sir," said one of the wretched pair, "we're half that left of hay great English syndicate that came over to your blawsted country to buy hand hoperate some of your great business enterprises. We 'ad some \$50,000,000 had hour disposal, don't you know, hand we bought breweries hand things right hand left. The bloomin' newspapers received us kindly, I hassure you, 'and a cordial welcome was extended to us by business men all hower the country. Well, sir, we invested hour money liberally, hand for a time we cut hay large dog in two, don't you know. But we—ah—found that we could not pay the large dividends we 'oped to. We found—ah—competition very lively. American business men get hup very early hin the morning 'and stay hup very late. They don't give a fellow a chance, don't you know. We are now hon hour way 'ome. Some hof hour friends 'ave kindly sent money to pay hon expenses; not very much, hit's true, 'and he looked rufely about his six-by-eight apartment at the 'Crow's Nest.'"



THE ENGLISHMAN EXPLAINS.

"Then you don't regard the late investment of English capital in America as being in every case a howling success?"

"You can put hit that strong, sir, hand not hoverstate the case!"

"What has become of the breweries you bought?"

"They 'ave mostly gone back hinto the 'ands of the bloomin' Dutchmen from whow we bought 'em, don't you know."

Uncle Silas ventured the suggestion that our German fellow-citizens were usually frugal and successful.

"You are right, sir. Hand has near we can learn the Englishman whow comes hower here to teach 'em 'ow to brew lager is hay bloomin' huss, sir, hay bloomin' huss."

"Did you take much interest in the last prize fight?"

"We didn't 'ave henny money to bet, sir, but we placed what few valuable we 'ad left on Kilrain, the bloomin' duffer, hand that 'as't 'elped matters to speak hof, don't you know?"

And Uncle Silas left the late English capitalists to their own meditations.—*New York World.*

The Yellow Garter.

The latest and funniest whim is the wearing of the yellow garter. Just one garter, not two, you understand, and it must be worn just above the left knee. The other stocking may be wrinkled disconsolately over the shoe top or be fastened in place by any one or all of the mysterious devices known only to the initiated, but the left one is held firmly by a band of yellow silk elastic, with a ribbon rosette of the same shade, and the correct and proper thing is to wear it night and day for six months.

The yellow garter's origin is shrouded in murky uncertainty, but its significance is known to every girl who possesses it, and this is its claim: Any girl who wears a yellow garter above her left knee is surely to be engaged in less than six months. The garter must be given to her by a friend, and it has never been known to fail of its purpose but once, and then the owner was wearing it on the wrong extremity, or rather the right one instead of the left.—*New York Sun.*

A Deserved Fate.

Editor: "I'm sorry, Squaxgs, but you'll have to go." Foreman: "I'd like to know what I've done." Editor: "Well, I wrote about that gallant old war-horse, Col. B. H. Singer, and you set it up that gallant old saw-horse. It's your place or my life, and I want to live."

In the Woods.

Miss de Smythe: "I wonder why these mosquitoes never come to the hotel?" Choisy: "They can't afford it.—*Harpur's Bazar.*"

TROUBLES OF THE BOWSERS.

As Related by the Feminine Member of that Interesting Firm.

"What did that man want?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came up to dinner the other day, just as a strange man left the door.

"He was a tramp," I replied.

"And you turned him away without even a crust?"

"Haven't you often told me to look out for those gentry? He looked like a hard case."

"He didn't look anything of the sort! The man appeared in ill-health, and it was a mean thing to turn him off in that way. Mrs. Bowser, you've got a heart like a stone."

"Well, he is standing on the corner, and if you feel for him you can give him something."

"O, I can! How liberal you are! Well, I'm going to hand him a quarter, anyhow. No one knows what the poor fellow may have suffered. I'll let him wheel those ashes out of the yard and give him a dollar for the job."

He beckoned the man into the alley and asked him if he wanted a job.

"What is it?" was the cautious reply.

"Wheeling out those ashes. You can do it in an hour, and I'll give you a dollar."

"I haven't come down to that yet, old man!"

"But don't you want work?"

"Not that sort. I want a quarter to get a square meal."

"But you ought to be willing to work for it."

"Would you wheel out anybody's ashes for any price? Not much, you old bloke! There's a ring of my fellows who have got us poor chaps by the neck, and you want to treat us in to the earth. Don't try to step on me old man!"

"I did feel for you at first, but now—"

"O, yes, you felt for me the same as a tiger does for an orphan boy. You wanted to get \$5 worth of work for 50 cents. Go to grass, you old bond-holder!"

"Do you know who you are talking to?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"No, and I don't care. Don't you give me any lip or I'll punch your head!"

Mr. Bowser started to pull off his coat, but the man hit him in the eye and knocked him against the fence, and then went off saying that it was lucky for Mr. Bowser it didn't happen to be his well day.

"He couldn't have been a hard case, could he?" I queried as I went out to Mr. Bowser.

He was holding his hand to his eye, and didn't reply.

"He appeared to me to be in ill-health," I softly continued. "Mr. Bowser, you have a heart of stone!"

He didn't say a word until he had washed his eye in salt water and eaten his dinner. Then as he took his hat to go, he turned on me with:

"It was the way you treated his request that drove him to desperation, and it will be singular if he doesn't, return and burn our barn. Mrs. Bowser, I've got to have a plain talk with you! This thing can't go much farther!"

But it did. He got half the police force after the tramp, secured his arrest, and then had him sent up for three months.

One day a woman called and asked for aid and told a pitiful story of distress. I was asking for her street and number when Mr. Bowser came in.

"Do you mean to insult the woman?" he brusquely demanded as I wrote down the information.

"I am going to help her if she has told me a straight story."

"Straight! Do you think she has sat here and lied to you?"

"Heaven forfidd!" exclaimed the woman as she rolled her eyes to the ceiling.

"My good woman," said Mr. Bowser, as he turned to her, "you have no doubt spoken the truth. Any one can see you are frail and delicate and greatly worried. Expect no sympathy from my wife. She'd demand a certificate of character from an angel. Here are a couple of dollars, and if you will call again I'll do something further."

"Heaven bless you, sir! You have a heart, indeed."

When she had gone Mr. Bowser said to me:

"You'll get your pay for such conduct, old lady! No wonder you are in such mortal terror of thunder storms."

"I'll bet the woman is a fraud!" I hotly replied.

"That's a poor way to sneak out of it. I haven't a doubt every word she has spoken has been the solemn truth."

That afternoon I rode over to the street and number she had given me, but could find nothing of her. I made persistent inquiry for blocks around, but she was not to be heard of. I had just returned home when she came along and sat down on the front steps to wait for Mr. Bowser. I thought she acted rather singular, and when Mr. Bowser came up the suspicion was verified.

"Whoop! Hoopay!" she shouted as he came near. "Shay, old man you're a daisy!"

"W-what's this?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he stopped short.

"Oie gal's zhrunk again—zhat's all!" she replied as she tried to throw her arms about him.

"Are you the—the woman who called here this forenoon?" he asked.

"You bet, I am!"

"And I gave you \$2."

"Sho you did, ole boy, and I've come

back for \$2 more. I'll bet on you every time, ole lily of the valley."

"Woman, did you spend any of that money for drink?" he demanded.

"Did I! Shertingly I did! Shay, ole man, zere ain't no flies on you! Let me kiss you for your muzzer."

"Go away, woman!"

"Who's away, woman! Don't talk zhat way to me! I'm muzzer of five lizzle children, I am, and they ain't got nothing to eat or wear."

"I believe you are an impostor!"

"Whaz zhat! Don't shass me you ole repubate, or I'll make it sad for you! I want \$2 right away!"

He got by her and got into the house, probably hoping I hadn't seen or heard anything. But I said:

"Mr. Bowser, do you want to insult the woman?"

He didn't reply.

"I called at the address she gave, but no one in the neighborhood ever heard of her. However, I don't want to prejudice you against—"

"Her troubles have made her lunny, I think," he interrupted.

"Poor thing! Then you will see about having her sent to the asylum?"

"Mrs. Bowser, will you keep still!" he exclaimed.

"But you said I was—"

"Or must I leave this house to find peace and comfort?"

But the next morning when I referred to the matter in an incidental way he put on an innocent look and replied:

"What woman do you refer to? You must be losing your mind, Mrs. Bowser. Perhaps it would be well for you to take a week in the country this summer. I have noticed for some time past that your memory seems to be gradually getting away from you?"

—*Deloit Press Free.*

MR. PFALSGRAFF AND THE ELIXIR.

Jacob Has a Chance to Purchase and Express a World's Fair Sealment.

He entered Jacob Pfalsgraff saloon and opening a satchel of many Summers, said:

"I am the accredited representative of Dr. Brown Sequard, and I have in this little vial the latest preparation of his world renowned Elixir of Life, made of condensed guinea pig and some other ingredients which you will not ask me to disclose."

"Ve tout vant no patent medicines some more. Ve haf enough patent medicines already to kill some horses."

"But this is Dr. Brown Sequard's famous Elixir of Life, the latest wonder in medical science, the marvel of the age, a simple liquid that will, as I may say, extend your existence indefinitely. The good old hymn, 'There Will Be No More Parting There,' will have to be changed. 'There Will Be No More Parting Here.'"

"What's dot?"

"A liquid, I say, that will prolong life, make you live to be a hundred years old, for instance."

"Vhell, better as you took some before I broke your neck for a swindler."

"Now, hold on, my good friend. I know that what I have said seems incredible, but it is absolutely true. This is an age of marvels. Suppose I had come into your place ten years ago and told you of the telephone or the electric railway. Would you have believed me?"

"Mebbe not."



MR. PFALSGRAFF AND THE ELIXIR.

"This is not a new idea. Police de Leon hunted for this secret. It was evidently known in Bible times. Look at Methuselah. Does not David, in the 103rd Psalm, speak of 'his youth having been renewed as an eagle's?'"

"D'd he done dot?"

"He did, and Paul suggested that his youth was 'renewed from day to day.'"

"Ish dot printed in der Bibles?"

"It is, my friend. And more than that, the newspapers of the day are full of it. I have a rap book here crammed with clippings describing this marvel of marvels."

"Anything from der Zeitung?"

"Yea, a whole column; and also from the Free Press."

Marriage in Madagascar.

When a father in Madagascar gets a notion that his daughter ought to marry he puts a rope around her neck, leads her forth, and the first young man he offers her to has got to take her or pay a forfeit. The father thus saves the expense of light and fuel incident to two years' courtship, and the young man also saves on opera tickets and ice-cream. But the spectacle of young men darning up alleys and climbing over barbed fences when a father starts out leading his daughter with a rope around her neck must be a very common one in Madagascar.—*Norwalk Herald.*

A whim is a fly that boozes in the empty chambers of an exhausted brain.—*Today.*