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Swami Jewelry.

There is, says *Vanity Fair*, a history attached to one of the wedding gifts accepted by the prince of Wales on behalf of Princess Louise that is so characteristic of the keen interest felt by the queen in anything connected with India that it deserves to be recorded. Southern India has long been known for its Swami jewelry, but the forms and figures of the typical Swamies are so outrageous as frequently to offend western notions of propriety. To bridge over the difficulty an energetic Parsee—Framjee Pestonjee Bhimgara—determined to refine Swami carving so that, while retaining its really distinctive features, it should vie in chasteness with the best efforts of the London goldsmith. To this end he visited England, carefully took heed of Western establishments, and returning to India set to work to carry out his ideas. There was one thing that Mr. Framjee learned here in addition to acquiring ideas of carving, and that was that to make anything "go" it must become the fashion, and that the surest way of becoming fashionable was to win a royal smile of approval. Accordingly Mr. Framjee, having gained entrance to Windsor, told his tale to the queen, who at once caught up the idea and appointed him her special jeweler for Indian art jewelry. Thus powerfully encouraged Mr. Framjee returned to his own land full of the news of the kindness of the empress, and raised great enthusiasm for the person of the sovereign among his fellow-workers. Now comes the pretty part of the story. No sooner is the intelligence of the Princess Louise's wedding flashed to India than these workers in precious metals agree to show their appreciation of the deep obligation they owe the queen, arranging that Mr. Framjee, as their representative, should present a magnificent carved casket to the happy bride. Mr. Framjee hastens to London with the casket and appeals to the queen for guidance. The queen remembers his former visit, and intimates her desire to Marlborough house that the gift be accepted, with the result that the casket formed one of the most attractive of the many gifts that charmed the delighted guests of the prince of Wales.

The Fascination of Niagara.

"Never," said an old resident of the village, "have I known of so many people going over the falls as during the past six months." During that time some eight or nine persons have been known to pass over, three of which have been deliberate suicides. It is a source of wonder to many people living here why persons will come from a distance to Niagara apparently to commit suicide.

The press dispatch sent out from Binghamton under the impression that the last suicide was a Miss Meade, of that place, says that the young lady visited this place a short time ago and has been "strangely fascinated with Niagara ever since." It is a well-known fact that scarcely any two persons have the same impression when first looking upon the rapids or falls. Only a few evenings since your correspondent heard a clergyman in a neighboring city make this remark: "I never look upon Niagara above the falls but that there is a strong desire to get into the water. lie down and go with it. I have no thought of suicide, but it always seems to me as if it would be pleasant to go with the water."

A lady from Rhode Island was making her first visit to Niagara and was standing on one of the Sister Island bridges looking into the rapids underneath. She hurriedly took the arm of her companion and asked to leave the spot. Upon reaching the centre of Goat Island she sank upon a seat, seemingly exhausted and nervous. When asked the cause, she said: "I don't know what came over me, but if I had stood on the bridge another moment nothing could have prevented me jumping into the rapids."

"Why," said her friend, "do you wish to commit suicide?"
"God forbid!" said she, "It was the furthest thought, but there was an impulse which I could not control, and I do not think I would dare live at Niagara."

Others have experienced a similar sensation.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Red Man's Rejoinder.

Around camp the Cheyenne scouts wear a combination of blanket and army uniform. They are little fellows, and better than they look. The correspondent of an eastern newspaper who had been out there long enough to say "damnum" like a native and to hold these children of nature in sovereign contempt, was walking through Fort Keogh a few days ago. A Cheyenne scout crossed the parade grounds with an old blanket enveloping him from head to knees and wellworn army pantaloons showing below.

"Look at that damnum," said the New Yorker to his companion. "Isn't he the dirtiest animal that walks on two legs?"

The Cheyenne stopped, turned, and with the native dignity which the white man has never achieved, said slowly and distinctly in excellent English:

"Look here, young man. If you are not more careful I'll report you to the commanding officer and have you put in the guardhouse."—*Montana Letter.*

She (at the piano)—"Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much! The more you refrain the better I like it."—*Musical Courier.*

Slumber Pillow.

The ideal slumber pillow is filled with pulverized orris root and may be bought for \$30.

MISSING LINKS.

The average age of the twelve English bishops is 76 years.

Mrs. Georgie Runyan edits the *Woman's News*, of Springfield, Ohio.

The nightmare is going out. At least that is the opinion of the Bombay surgeon general.

It is calculated that during a London season the average amount spent in flowers daily is £5,000.

The Woman's National Press Association intends to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hayes, in Washington.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the novelist, now devotes more attention to his market-garden than to his pen.

John W. Mackay, in behalf also of Mrs. Mackay, has denied emphatically that his wife has ever helped Boulanger.

The heat has been so intense in Foochow, China, that the authorities, in the hope of bringing rain, ordered the killing of pigs to be stopped.

Wagner's only son, Siegfried, now grown, is studying to be an engineer. He looks like his father, but shows no marked musical talent.

W. R. Shadman, of Glynn County, Georgia, has three acres of olives. His is believed to be the only olive grove East of the Rocky Mountains.

A London journal states shirts of chain armor, which cost about £100, are now worn by more than one distinguished person on the continent.

M. de Freycinet has issued a commission to inquire into the feasibility of employing swallows to carry war messages in lieu of carrier-pigeons.

France's production and consumption of milk amounts every year to 1,350,000,000 gallons which is three times in excess of the production of wine.

The International Congress of Short-hand, lately sitting in Paris, has passed a resolution commending the introduction of shorthand into primary schools.

A clever Buffalo woman who has been to England, traveled all around London, seen everything worth seeing in a two-months trip, and all it cost her was \$200.

A Philadelphia woman who was executed for poisoning her husband and two children left a will bequeathing her estate, valued at \$3,000, to the two lawyers who defended her.

Miss Helen Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, is said to have always believed she had a mission to teach, and even now instructs four music pupils, members of her church, at her home.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, is the oldest Catholic prelate in the United States. He was consecrated in 1841, and now at the age of 80, presides over his diocese without an assistant.

Among the inscriptions in her album most prized by Mme. Patti-Nicolini is this, by the elder Dumas: "Being a man and a Christian, I love to listen to your singing; but if I were a bird I should die of envy."

Observations of the stars were made in Babylon from remote antiquity and careful records kept of eclipses. Some of the Babylonian astronomical statements refer to a period earlier than 7,000 years B. C.

The Sultan, which lately ran on some Mediterranean rocks and sunk, has been raised at a cost of £50,000. She cost £485,000 originally, £250,000 more for alteration and maintenance, and will cost £50,000 more for repairs; total, \$4,000,000.

There is a new Count of Monte Cristo. The Marquis Carlo Ginari, of Florence has bought the island and title. He intends to construct a residence there whose splendor will outdo those of the grottoes of the late Mr. Edmond Dantes.

George W. Cable, who had such an aversion to the theater that he could not be induced to visit one, is understood to have not only dramatized one of his own novels, but to have placed the work in the hands of a Boston manager for production.

Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, says that "of the 1,200 inhabitants of Block Island fully 1,000 of them have only four different family names." This is the result of intermarriage, but no deterioration is noticed on that account.

The London *Times*, in discussing General Sheridan's memoirs, remarks that "he saw an amount of service and experienced a number of exciting adventures such as cannot, probably, be matched by the oldest and most adventurous veteran now living in any European army."

"General" Booth in opening a new salvation hall in Liverpool, defied any one to point out any authorized doing of the Salvation Army not justified from the Bible. They had 2,700 societies and 8,000 officers, for the most part self-supported, and the annual income was not less than \$4,000,000.

The old brig which carried Napoleon from the island of Elba to France in 1815 was wrecked in Monterey Bay in 1834, where she was employed as a coast-guard vessel by the Mexican government, and she is now being fished up by speculators for her copper. Many relics of this historical craft have been sold.

The N. Y. *World* building will be thirteen feet higher than the *Times* building. Above this main structure of stone, brick, and terra cotta will be raised a dome of five stories high, and surmounted with a lantern which will be 300 feet above the sidewalk. The editors and reporters will have quarters in the dome.

Says an English verbal critic "Americans are generally falling into the habit of using the word 'affirm' for 'confirm.' For instance, when an official is questioned as to the truthfulness of a certain rumor, the answer is apt to be, 'I will neither affirm nor deny the report.' Of course he ought to say 'confirm.'"

The Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, which was sent out a year ago, has already made successful explorations, and has secured about three thousand tablets bearing inscriptions more or less important. The party of explorers will continue another year at their work and will bring back all their trophies to the University of Pennsylvania.

Maine girls are proverbially smart, and one of them who is summing up at Squirrel Island, has handsomely sustained the record. An Augusta young lady, Miss Maude Stanwood, while out yachting, accidentally fell overboard. The yacht passed completely over her, but she came up to the surface and coolly cried out: "Luff her up, captain, and I'll climb aboard."

A process of engraving on glass and crystal by electricity has been communicated to the French Academy of Science. The plate to be engraved is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash and put in connection with one of the poles of the battery, and the design is traced out with a fine platinum point connected with the other pole. Results of a marvelous delicacy are obtained.

The explanation of the queen's apparently inexhaustible supply of Indian shawls, one of which is her regular wedding present, is that early in her majesty's reign one of the Indian princes, in consideration of his having a large and valuable territory ceded to him, bound himself to pay an annual tribute, which included three pairs of the finest Cashmere shawls and twelve perfect shawl goats.

Emperor William has but recently honored himself with any high military rank. Though as kaiser he is the "war lord" of the German army, he remained but a brigadier until a short while ago, when he rose to be a major general. Since Queen Victoria made him an admiral and the Austrian emperor made him a general, Moltke has urged him to come up to the first rank, and he now is a commanding general.

He Proved His Case.

"Human nature is mighty queer, isn't it?" he observed to the other man on the rear platform of the street-car. "Yes, I suppose so," replied the other. "People are too sensitive—altogether too sensitive." "I don't know about that," "Well, I do. For instance, now, you have a red nose. You are not too blame for it, perhaps, but you are so sensitive that if I should offer you a remedy for it you—" "You old loafer, I've a good mind to knock your head off," hissed the red-nosed man as he squared off. "Told you so!" replied the other as he dropped off. "Human nature is the queerest darned thing on earth, and some folks are so sensitive that they'd swallow their false teeth rather than let one know they had 'em."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Genial to the Last.

"I visited him on Sunday," says the doctor, "and advised him that it was of the utmost importance he should remain perfectly quiet, and, above all, not to talk. 'Just fancy yourself a vegetable,' I said, 'without the power of conveying your thoughts or communicating your wishes.' Mr. Cox at this time was fully aware of his condition; he could barely speak above his breath and was extremely feeble. He smiled just perceptibly and drew me down that I might hear him the better. 'Have you any choice, doctor, as to the kind of vegetable you wish me to be?'"

"I suggested that a turnip was about as lifeless a vegetable as I knew of and as little liable to nervous excitement. 'Very well,' replied Mr. Cox a turnip it shall be."

"This is a good example of the man's indomitable pluck."—*N. Y. Times.*

A Russian Comparison.

A Russian gentleman who has an American wife met some friends of the latter who were traveling in Europe recently, says the *Boston Courier*, and among other things which he told them concerning her was the fact that she had been bitten by one of the bloodhounds that had started out and run amuck, so to say, one day upon his estate. The Americans were filled with horror and were eager in their inquiries in regard to what was done and if there were any evil results from the wound. The Russian, who is of high rank, hastened to reassure them.

"There were no bad consequences at all," he assured them. "I took a hot iron and burned out the wound. It smelled a little like mutton-chops cooking, but I didn't mind that."

There was perhaps no reason why an affectionate husband should not compare the burning of his wife's flesh to the cooking of a mutton-chop, and yet so much did it offend the tastes of the people to whom he spoke that they henceforth and forever avoided and will avoid him.

The Eucalyptus.

California still continues to have faith in the health-giving properties of the eucalyptus. The state board of horticulture is just now distributing seeds which have been received from Australia of a large number of varieties of the famous tree.

THE CURSE OF THIRST.

There is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called the "Beggars' Fountain," and this is its story: Once upon a time there lived, so says the legend, a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who were not as wealthy and well dressed as himself, and his want of charity was so great that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking him for all his fortune.

However, there was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and as it was the only one for miles many a wayfarer paused to drink at it, but never was permitted to do so. A servant, well-armed, was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away.

Now, there never had been known before any one so avaricious as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellow-man, and the angels, talking amongst each other, could not believe it; and one of them said to the rest:

"It is impossible for any but Satan himself! I will go to earth and prove that it is not true."
And so this fair and holy angel disguised herself as a beggar-woman, covered her golden hair with a black hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, walking over the stones with bare feet, and to pause beside the fountain and humbly ask for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot interposed the pike he carried, but the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven turned to the master himself.

"Sir," she said, "I am, as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor my garments are, how stained with travel. It is not surely at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink. And even if it is, I pray you bid him let me alone, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes and laughed contemptuously.

"This is not a public fountain," he said. "You will find one in the next village."

"The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman, and but weak."
"Drive her away," said the rich man, and as he spoke, the beggar turned; but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly rags fell to the ground—and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then, with a gust of music and a flood of perfume, she vanished.

The servant fell to the earth like one dead. The rich man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost instantly, also, a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherbets, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire, now experienced the torture of an ever-unassisted longing; but through this misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Alms were given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung ever a cup ready for any one who chose to use it. But the curse—if curse it were—was never lifted.

The rich man—young when the angel visited him—grew middle-aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had given away his substance; he had himself broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And at 80 years of age, bowed with infirmity and weary of his life, he sat one day beside the fountain weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar-woman, hooded in black, wearing sordid rags, and walking over the stones in her bare feet. Slowly she came on and paused beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked.
"There are none to forbid thee," said the old man trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink and pray for one athirst. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her own lips she presented it to those of the old man.

"Drink, then," she cried, "and thirst no more!"

The old man took the cup and emptied it. Oh, blessed draught! With it the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he praised heaven. And lifting his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall to pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as in blessing, and then, rising on purple pinions, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring still gushes, and it, with the splendid mansion beyond it, now a hospital, has been given to the poor forever.

The Modern Marriage.

A writer in the *Astoria (Oregon) Transcript*, in commenting on the recent divorce of a young couple at The Dalles, who were both under the age of twenty-one years, showed conclusively that he has never been there himself when he adapted the following from the pen of a well-known humorous writer:

"Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures without any yoke on them. They marry and have children before they are mustaches. They are fathers of twins before they are the proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gossamer marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galsot's sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way. But there ought to be a sentiment against it."

"It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of lath to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there are not going to be enough to go around and they begin to spark real spry, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they have got a cook stove or bedstead they have got to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too. And when the doctor gets there, there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up the baby."

THE STRAWSONIZER.

A Novel Agricultural Implement at the Paris Exposition.

Perhaps no single implement at the Paris exposition is attracting so much attention as the Strawsonizer, says the *American Agriculturist*. In shape it appears something like a two-wheeled cart, with some apparatus near the axle and a hopper above. It is an automatic distributor, and will distribute in a minute spray either liquid or powdered fertilizers and insecticides in the form of a dry powder. The claim is made that it will broadcast all kind of fine grain in any quantity and with absolute evenness. The broadcasting of seeds, insecticides, fertilizers, can be done at the rate from four to eight acres per hour. It distributes these various articles in the form of a spray, spreading them more evenly in a subdivided condition than was ever before attained. This can be inferred from the fact that the Strawsonizer will distribute as small a quantity as fifty pounds of nitrate of soda per acre with great evenness, or one gallon of petroleum can be sprayed like fine dew over an acre. With the proper attachments the sprays can be thrown over the trees, hop-vines, grape-vines, etc., and will doubtless come into general use for applying paris green and other insecticides to orchards, vineyards, and potatoes, and all other crops. For distributing small quantities of liquid poisons or offensive matter it is especially valuable. The machine is worked with one horse and a boy to drive. The practicality of the machine seems to have been thoroughly demonstrated by repeated tests last year, and this season several Strawsonizers are at work in England and France. It is probable that the Strawsonizer will be on the American market in 1890.

It Was On Wheels.

Undoubtedly the biggest fool seen in New York for a long time was a man down from New Hampshire, who was looking for 195 Broadway, the Western Union Building. He had been told of the wonderful things to be seen there, including the telegraph wires and Jay Gould. He had "195" written on a card and was walking around the street looking for a corresponding number. Catching sight of a Broadway car with the number 195 painted conspicuously on the side, he exclaimed: "B'gosh, the thing's on wheels!" and, with a look of superior wisdom and delight on his face, piled on board.

He shuffled cautiously inside, and, taking a seat, said to a man beside him: "Wall, I'm a guinea if this don't take the cake. The folks up in New Hampshire never believe it when I go home and I tell 'em 'bout this. Curious? Wall, I should say!"

The ringing of the register bell interested him.

"That's all done by electricity, I'll bet a dollar. Better not get too close to it, I reckon," and he slid away. "All you folks in here to see the elephant, too? Wall, it's a corker, an' make no mistake."

The conductor came around for the fare.

"Didn't know there wuz anything to pay."

"Five cents," said the conductor.

As country went down into his pocket he said:

"I've heard of you afore, Jay, but I didn't know you would tackle a fellow for five cents. But here goes. I'm in town to see the sights, an' I'm goin' to play her for all she's worth."—*N. Y. World.*

"I suppose your office has a poet's corner?" asked the pale young man. "No, sir," replied the business manager; "there is no poet's corner, and never will be. It is impossible to corner an article the natural supply of which is so much in excess of the demand."—*Terre Haute Express.*