

LEXINGTON WEEKLY BUDGET.

VOL. 2.

LEXINGTON, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY JULY 24, 1890.

NO. 43.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

BY
SNOW & WHITSON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, \$1.00

Six Months,50 cents

Invariably in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (ten lines or less), first insertion

\$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

Special rates with regular advertisers.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.

L. F. SHIPLEY, M. D.,

PRACTITIONER OF

Medicine, Surgery & Midwifery.

Registered.

HEPPNER, OREGON.

E. P. SINE,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
LEXINGTON, OREGON.

Attorney for the No. 10 American Association
and Tradesmen's Protective Union of Con-
necticut.

FRANK KELLOGG,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

Money to loan on improved farms. Office in
First National Bank.

J. N. BROWN,

JAS. D. HAMILTON,

BROWN & HAMILTON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Opposite "Gazette" Office, Heppner, Or.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of the State. In
insurance, Real Estate, collection and Loan
Agents. Prompt attention given to all business
entrusted to them.

MRS. KATE PARSELL,

Notary Public and Conveyancer,
ALPINE, OREGON.

Deeds, Mortgages and all other Legal Instru-
ments carefully drawn. Applications for State
and school Lands made, and Pensions obtained.

FRANK H. SNOW,

Land Agent and Notary Public,
LEXINGTON, OREGON.

Filices taken on government land. Real
estate advertised and sold on commission. New
owners are invited to call and be filled full of
solid facts about the advantages of Morrow
country. Office hours from 7 A. M. to midnight.
BUDGET building

R. LIEUALLEN,

General Blacksmith
And Horseshoer,

IS ALWAYS ON DECK AND PREPARED TO
do anything in his line in a neat and work-
manlike 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.

Duck-Legged Dudes.

A couple of duck-legged dudes got
into a Brook street car the other day
and broke the rules of the company
and insulted ladies in the car by billing
it with the filthy fumes of cigarette
smoke. An old negro woman carrying
a bundle got into the car at Second
street and was about to take her seat,
when she looked around and, eyeing
the dudes for a minute, fanned the
smoke away from in front of her face
with her open hand and said: "Say,
little boys, if you'll 'fro' dem ar weeds
away yer suckin' I'll gin yer er dime
ter buy seegars wid; dey makes me feel
sick at de stomach, an' I'd fudder
ride than walk. The 'little boys'
didn't take the dime, but they took the
hint, pulled the strap, stop, and the car
and out. "Smile, little boys, and
you'll know an' dere's de
old woman, as she tossed the wad-
dow, and a exclaimed: "Oh!"

The Swiss Army.

Switzerland has called out all her
armed force for campaign exercise this
year. Some of the troops will be as
much as two months in the field. The
little country does not propose to be
caught napping by Germany.

The Little White Hearse.

Somebody's baby was buried to-day—
The empty white hearse from the grave
rumbled back,
And the morning, somehow, seemed less
and long and gay,
As it purred on the walk while it crossed on
its way,
And a shadow seemed drawn o'er the sun's
golden track.

Somebody's baby was laid out to rest,
White as a snow-drip and fair to behold,
And the soft little hands were crossed over
the breast,
And the hands and the lips and the eyelids
were pressed,
With kisses as hot as the eyelids were cold.

Somebody saw it go out of her sight,
Under the coffin-lid, out of the door,
Somebody finds only darkness and light
All thro' the glory of summer sunlight—
Some one whose baby will waken no more.

Somebody's sorrow is making me weep,
I know not her name, but I echo her cry
For the dearly-bought baby she longs so to
keep,
The baby that rode to its long lasting sleep
To the little white hearse that went rumbering
by.

I know not her name, but her sorrow I know,
While I passed on the crossing I knew it
once more,
And back to my heart surged that river of
sorrow,
That but in the breast of a mother can flow—
For the little white hearse has been, too, at
my door.
—Ella Wheeler Wileox.

THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTIST.

Last January, on the first evening
that a light snow carpeted the roofs of
Paris, a closed carriage rolled along
the boulevards, spinning like a zebra.
It was so loaded with trunks that you
would have thought an actress was
starting out on a journey.

Worse, within was a valetudinarian,
large and fat, one of those whom a
trifle disturbs, and who think their
final day of reckoning is near when
they have a cold in the head. This
one imagined he had weak lungs. So
at the approach of cold weather he
bundled himself with furs and fled to
Nice.

He was a bachelor. Although he
could have married at any time, for he
had 100,000 francs in stocks, and there-
fore suited many young ladies, he had
been unwilling to dispose of his right
hand. Next to himself, the one he
loved best was the cook—not for her-
self, but for her cooking. No one took
better care of No. 1. Under no cir-
cumstances would he have disturbed
himself to do a favor. He would not
have lent 5 sous to his father in the
street, for it would have been necessary
to unbutton his overcoat to take out
his purse.

He was indeed the most extravagant
crank to be met with. His most in-
significant acts were on system; he
slept, rose, ate, smoked, and took
medicine with his watch in hand.
Many curious stories were told at his
expense. For instance, he was so
nervous, so irritable, that he detested
the songsters in the court-yards. The
porter had to drive them away with a
broom. To persons who persisted
in singing in the street he quickly
threw a half-franc on condition that
they would leave. Now every time the
porter lacked the price of a drink he
put on a false beard and went under
the window, tapping on a pan as a pre-
lude to a dance. Immediately a half-
franc was forthcoming.

The neighbors had to hold their sides,
for there are people who cannot help
laughing.

At Nice he always put up at the
great United States hotel, where for
fifteen years the same magnificent
room, well exposed to the sun, had
been reserved for his use. It was the
only one he fancied, and he occupied it
until April 2 at noon precisely, the
hour at which he set out for Paris.

His name excited mirth. I will not
attempt an explanation, but everybody
smiled whenever he was introduced.
He was known as M. Jaune.

Now M. Jaune arrived at Nice the
day after leaving Paris at 6 o'clock in
the evening. He partook of an excel-
lent dinner—a bouillabaisse aux
langoustes, a fillet marine, a quail,
asparagus, and a bottle of Chateau de
Roses. With this he hoped not to die
with hunger. Then, after having
smoked a good cigar to settle his coffee
and champagne, he retired to rest.

It was nine o'clock when he awoke
himself in bed. He extinguished the
light, and stretched himself out, anti-
cipating sleep like a drowsy man.
But scarcely had he dropped into a
doze when a flute was heard in the next
apartment playing the air from Faust:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"
The tone was sweet and silvery, so
the first impression was charming; but
the flutist cut short the melody at the
fourth measure and repeated it several
times and then rested for five minutes
and resumed in like manner, stopping
at the same point.

"What is the matter with him?" said
M. Jaune to himself.

The other continued without a sign
of trouble.

At the fifth rehearsal, as there is nothing
so agreeable as not to weary at the
end, M. Jaune tapped on the parti-
tion wall. The flute was silent.
Satisfied he took a potato from his
night-table and closed his eyes. It was
10 o'clock. The hotel was almost
empty, the greater part of the guests
not having yet come in. Suddenly the
peaceful silence was broken by the
flute.

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"
M. Jaune grew excited.

"Whew! He is getting to be a nuisance.
If this is for an extra attraction
I will dispense with it."

He tapped loudly and cried out:
"Will you stop? If you don't I'll
gaze upon your face pretty soon!"

When M. Jaune got angry he forgot
the dictates of politeness. There was
silence again, and he began to get
drowsy.

Suddenly:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Fie! The mean scamp!"

He rang for the chambermaid.

"Who is this idiot of a flutist whom I
have for a neighbor?" he asked.

"A flutist!" she exclaimed with a
vacant air. "Why, M. Jaune, you are
dreaming. The chamber is empty."

M. Jaune dared not reply. The sur-
mise obliterated itself that, perhaps he
was beginning to have delusions. Be-
sides, so long as the chambermaid was
at hand the flutist could not be heard.
But scarcely was she gone, crack!

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

And so on about once a minute. M.
Jaune floundered about and sank under
the bed-coverings exhausted.

At 11 o'clock he heard some one
enter. Under the partition door he
saw a gleam of light. He heard the
rustling of garments and preparations
for bed. Afterward quiet reigned, and
he slept, as usual, until the next noon.

On this second day, after having
taken a walk on the Promenade Des
Anglais for a sun bath, passed a little
time at the club and dined composedly,
he went up to retire at 10 o'clock.

He commenced undressing. Sudden-
ly—just so—you have it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

Forgetting his grotesque appearance
in his night-cap, half undressed, he
rushed down to complain to the master
of the house.

"M. Favioli, why do you furnish
lodgings to musical artists in a house
which I thought so commendable?"

"Truly, M. Jaune, I do not know
what you mean. I beg you to believe
that I have regard enough for my in-
terests to refuse those people."

"Then you have one without know-
ing—a flutist—at No. 10, next me."

"I beg your pardon, M. Jaune, at
No. 10 is a most sedate lady, Mme.
Kissimicouik of the United States, and
at No. 6 is Miss Whitehouse of London."

"I repeat that there is a flutist at No.
10. Perhaps the lady thrusts him into
the wardrobe when any one goes in."

"I beg your pardon again M. Jaune.
Mme. Kissimicouik enjoys an irre-
proachable reputation. No landlord in
Nice would be willing to receive a
doubtful character. Mme. Kissimicouik
is a mature widow. If she flirted it
would be seriously, and as she weighs
some 200 pounds it would not be with
a flute. She would take at least a
clarinet. This lady goes every even-
ing into the best society, and returns
at 11 o'clock."

M. Jaune, disconcerted went back to
his room. However, his head was
scarcely on the pillow—crack! you have
it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Flute again!" exclaimed M. Jaune.

He rang for the chambermaid.

"Ask your master to come here."

M. Favioli hurried up.

"Listen, pray," said M. Jaune.

M. Favioli endeavored to hold his
breath. Of a sudden two phylandering
cats set up a caterwauling on the bal-
cony.

"I hear only two cats talking love to
each other," said M. Favioli.

"I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed
in. "Be patient! The flute will be
gin again."

M. Favioli held his breath.

Suddenly, crack, the flute!

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune, in agitation, struck against
the wall, while W. Favioli burst into
loud laughter.

"I have it, M. Jaune—I have it. I
present you to the artist. Please follow
me."

He took a light, and opening Mme.
Kissimicouik's door with his pass-key,
he pointed to a cage on the table in
which a bird similar to our blackbirds
was moving his head about and sing-
ing without a semblance of fear.

"That is Mme. Kissimicouik's flute,
M. Jaune—an Australian nightingale.
These birds learn an air perfectly and
in the night charm the neighbors."

Somewhat calmer, for it was folly to
get angry with a bird, M. Jaune said:

"Propose to the lady to sell it to me.
Go as high as 500 francs, that I may
have the satisfaction of wringing it
neck."

"Well, M. Jaune, I will speak to her
this evening."

M. Favioli complied with his
promise, but Mme. Kissimicouik sent
him walking.

"Five hundred francs!" she cried.

"I think as much of it as a Chinaman
of his pigtail. Say to that fellow that
I will not sell my bird for \$500, for it
is a souvenir of my husband."

The word "fellow" touched M.
Jaune's sensibility; he grew red in the
face and threatened retaliation.

As Mme. Kissimicouik was ac-
customed to sleep from 2 to 5 o'clock
in the afternoon he scraped on a violin,
200 times in succession, the first four
measures of "Returning from the Re-
view."

Unfortunately for his plan Mme.
Kissimicouik was deaf of one ear. She
lay on the other and slept with the
serenity of a marmot.

In the evening, still in a perspiration,
delighted with having silenced the bird,
if not the mistress, he promised him-
self a fine sleep.

But hark! Suddenly in the silence,
crack! you have it. No, you don't have
it.

The bird, which had it appeared, a
prodigious memory, began to sing.

"Returning from the Review," without
prejudice. Instead of one annoyance
M. Jaune had two.

Under such provocation he stole with
the tread of a wolf to Mme. Kissimicouik's
door. By chance she had not
locked it. He hurried to the cage,
and with a heart full of bitterness
threw into it a biscuit dipped in arseni-
ate of potash and tripped back again to
his room.

But, far from making away with it,
as the cruel landlord hoped, the

bird sang twice a minute instead of
once, and then as though it had two
throats, it warbled the two airs to-
gether, "Let Me," and "The Review."

Furious M. Jaune ran again to the
door of the American lady. She had
now come in and locked it, but it gave
way under the impact of his shoulder.

"Madame," cried he, "your con-
ditions, no matter what they are."

"Indeed, sir," she replied, her face
suffused with blushes, "you have
broken into my domicile with a high
hand. Save my honor! Marry me!"

"Beezle-bub may take you first!" ex-
claimed M. Jaune, without any French
courtesy.

"Then I shall appeal to the law."

Pestered by the endless troubles
which pursued him M. Jaune was finally
brought to say:

"I consent if you let me kill that
miserable parrot."

"I will hand him over to you will-
ingly on the day of the nuptials, dear
M. John." She thought that his name
was John instead of Jaune.

M. Jaune led Mme. Kissimicouik to
the altar in a few days afterward.

"I will be so disagreeable," said he
to himself, "that she can not endure
me and will hurry off to her own
country."

Now, on returning from the review
—excuse me, I mean from the church
—he promised himself the inhuman
satisfaction of having the nightingale
fricasseed and served with his dinner.
Nevertheless Mme. Jaune-Kissimicouik
graciously handed him the cage.

"Zounds! What a surprise! It was a
stuffed bird which a Paris artisan had
mounted as a singing-bird. In order
to keep the wheels from rusting the
lady would put it up every evening be-
fore going out."

The other nightingale, which M.
Jaune had taught to sing the "Review,"
was that of Miss Whitehouse at No. 6.

In face of such contempt M. Jaune
has entered a complaint to annul the
marriage for error of person—or rather
for error of bird.—Translated from the
French for the San Francisco Call.

ABOUT YOUR FALSE TEETH.

Durability of Artificial Molars and Old
Gossip About Teeth.

"How long do false teeth wear?" an
experienced dentist was asked the other
day by a reporter of the Boston Her-
ald.

"You might as well say 'How long
does a suit of clothes wear?' was the
reply. 'It all depends upon the qual-
ity of the teeth and the care of the per-
son who uses them. If a woman bites
thirdly with her artificial molars they
are likely to be ruined in a week. On
the other hand, I know persons who
have worn the same sets for twenty
years, and have never been com-
pelled to have them repaired. Sets
made of the best material and in the
best manner should last a lifetime with
proper care."

"What is the proper care of false
teeth?"

"Both the plates and the crowns
should be removed from the mouth and
cleansed every night and morning."

"Do artificial teeth decay?"

"No; they are all made of porcelain,
which is not subject to decay as the
natural bone is. But at the same time
porcelain is more brittle than bone,
and hence an artificial tooth will not
stand many hard knocks."

"What is the difference in the dura-
bility of high-priced and cheap teeth?"

"That is a difficult question. Cheap
teeth are made of a material that bears
the same relation to that of the best
teeth that a common stone china plate
does to a Sevres vase. Cheap teeth
look like glazed china, and that is
about all that some of them are. Now,
so long as the glaze lasts the teeth are
as strong as those made of the costliest
material, and I have known sets costing
next to nothing to perform service for
many years. They are not so brittle,
in fact, as those made of the finest por-
celain. But the chief superiority of the
latter lies in their shape and appear-
ance and in the exactitude with
which they are fitted to the gums."

"What is the best sort of plate?"

"One made of gold. But black rub-
ber is just about as durable, only it is
harder to keep perfectly clean."

"Are complete sets of artificial teeth
not uncommon?"

"Partial sets are more frequently
seen but complete sets are by no
means unusual."

"Who wear the most false teeth—
men or women?"

"Women, by long odds. I don't
think the result is due alone to vanity,
however, although that may have
something to do with it. The chief
reason is that the natural teeth of wo-
men are not as good and strong as
those of men, and, therefore, have to
be more frequently replaced by arti-
ficial teeth."

The Kind of Tea we Wanted.

A St. Paul merchant gave the fol-
lowing to a Pioneer Press reporter as
the reason why he cut a piece of goods
in two and sold one portion at a high
and the other at a low price: "Twenty-
five years ago I was a sub-clerk in a
general store in Kalamazoo, Michigan.
The head salesman sent me down-
stairs into the grocery department to
do up a pound of tea for a prominent
social leader. In forty-five minutes it
came back from the house with an or-
der to change it. What does that
head salesman do but shake the tea out
of the brown paper, do it up in silk tea
paper, tie it with a colored cord, and
send it back to the lady. It staid this
time and she afterwards told me that
that was the kind of tea she always
wanted to fill her orders. That, my
boy, was a part of my early education.

A man, hearing that a raven would
live 200 years, bought one to try it.

MISSING LINKS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis will probably
complete her late husband's biography
before sailing for Europe.

A guide much patronized by Ameri-
can tourists in Amsterdam, Holland,
bears the name of Vanderbilt.

Miss Rebekah E. Roberts is the
second woman lawyer who has been
admitted to the bar in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Catherine Smitley, of Salt Creek
township, Muskingum County, Ohio, is
 hale and hearty at the age of one hun-
dred and two.

Two centenarians living in the neigh-
borhood of Alton, England, have been
great smokers and moderate drinkers
all their lives.

A Fremont, Mich., man owns a hen
which lays at night, a proceeding which
he claims is as phenomenal as though
she ate hay like a horse.

In China, when the rain is too abun-
dant, the officials set the images of the
native gods out in the rain to induce
them to stop the down-pour.

A dramatic representation of the ad-
ventures of Stanley is being prepared
for one of the English theaters, which
will present it in grand style.

Aunt Mary Flareity, of Jonesboro,
Me., aged ninety-one, has solved the
servant girl problem. She refuses to
have help and does her own work.

How are the mighty fallen! A heroic
figure of the British lion is to be
used to ornament the grave of a patent
medicine man in a Yankee graveyard.

J. A. Howells, recently appointed
Postmaster at Jefferson, Ohio, is a
brother of William D. Howells, the
novelist. They are now both men of
letters.

"Who will punish you if you tell a
lie?" London police magistrate of a
s. child the other day. "No-
body," answered the little girl, con-
fidently.

It is said that the Empress Augusta
left very full and carefully written
memoirs, in which a clear account is
given of her differences with Prince
Bismarck.

In Denmark most of the girls are
trained in agriculture, which is there
an important industry. The owners of
farms receive pupils, who undergo a
regular training.

Eight varieties of leprosy are recog-
nized in China, and the disease is re-
garded as contagious, infectious and
hereditary, but is said to disappear in
four generations.

Jules Ferry has returned to Paris
from the south of France very much
changed for the worse. His whiskers
are snow-white, and his face is marked
by lines of age and care.

One of the most beautiful women in
Paris, the marquise de Gallifet, is suf-
fering from a peculiar form of insanity.
She goes into convulsions whenever she
sees her face in a mirror.

In a Philadelphia cemetery there is
planted the lower limb of a prominent
Grand Army man, who visits the place
on each holiday to decorate the resting
place of his deceased member.

Count Wilhelm Bismarck, the second
son of the Prince, is pre-eminently the
favorite of his father. He is a man of
ability, and holds the position of
Governor of the Province of Hanover.

Christopher Columbus lives at Egg
Harbor City, N. J. He recently testif-
ied there in a murder case. Christo-
pher said that death, in his opinion, was
not too great a punishment for an ex-
travagant wife.

Ex-Minister Foster says that the for-
eign debt of Mexico now aggregates
\$120,000,000. He estimates the amount
of American capital invested in Mexican
railways, mining, and other enterprises
at \$100,000,000.

A practical joker at Stratton, Pa.,
circulated the report that a young man
of the place contemplating matrimony
wanted