

[Written for THE EXPRESS.]

It was during the earlier days of California. I had returned to San Francisco, after successfully terminating important business in the mines, and now being possessed of plenty of "dust," awaited the departure of the first steamer for the Eastern States.

In those days the ocean steamer arrived and departed but once a month, the event being one of considerable importance not only to business men, but also the entire population who, at the sound of the cannon, which every steamer discharged on nearing the city, would flock to the landing, impatient to hear the news and welcome newly arrived friends.

A few days passed, and one morning on entering the hotel office I was informed that the most welcome steamer had arrived the previous night. First to the post office for letters from home, then to purchase a ticket and secure a berth on the outward bound steamer, and all arrangements would be completed for me, I hoped, a speedy and safe return home.

The day was bright and clear, and as I, in a lazy mood, sauntered along the busy streets, the thoughts of the many changes that year had wrought, that were passing through my mind, were suddenly dispelled by a smart slap on the shoulder, and I turned to grasp the outstretched hand of my old schoolmate, Harry Keen.

"Well, old man, I've found you at last. Hear you've got rich and return home by the next boat. Glad to see you anyhow, want some points on the mines." We returned to the hotel, Harry received the "points," and the balance of the day was consumed purchasing his outfit for the mines, for which he intended starting the next day.

Supper was over; we had smoked our cigars; the twinkling stars had put in an appearance, and the many sounds peculiar to night in San Francisco began to be heard. "Let's take a stroll and see the sights," said Harry, and so lighting a fresh cigar, we walked down Kearney street, past gambling houses, saloons, "cheap Johns," beer cellars where the so-called "Hurdy Gurdys" and "Beer Slingers," mostly German and Swedish girls imported for that purpose, either danced or served their patrons with beer.

Now we reach Jackson street and a pandemonium of sound breaks upon the ear, the discordant sounds of squeaky violins, bag pipes, horns, drums, an indescribable din of so-called music coming from the many open doors of closely ranged "dives," lining both sides of the street from Kearney to Dupont streets, Spanish dance houses, German dance houses; negro dance houses, beer halls, bar rooms, notorious places kept by the lowest class of humanity, equally notorious for their lewd and brutal conduct; quickly we pass these uninviting haunts of vice and turning enter Murderer's Alley, where, closely packed in small dirty shanties, are found the lowest and most filthy portion of the Chinese population; the doors of the hovels are wide open and in each can be seen a table upon which is placed a Chinese idol, surrounded by the various offerings and burning lamp, never allowed to go out; passing through the alley we enter Washington street and breathe more pure air.

New Hampshire, in a tiny cottage, a gentle, patient, grey haired mother awaits the coming of her boy, and daily prays that God will restore the wanderer to his home, but let us hope an all wise Providence will pardon the boy's last rash act, and that mother and son may meet in Heaven.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We would be glad indeed to see more visitors come to our school.

Now is your chance, girls; be up and in the fields while birds are plentiful.

We are expecting Mr. M. A. Miller here on Friday to give us a talk on "Reading."

Jay Bird Graduate is absent from school this week, so his partner has to take his place.

School is getting slack now, as some of the scholars have been falling off since Christmas.

The scholars who attended the Institute at Albany last week report having a favorable time.

Rev. G. W. Giboney, formerly of Lebanon, paid this school a pleasant visit on Tuesday morning.

The editor seems to hold that "woman excels man in pure intellectual force," and draws conclusions. While we shall try to abate nothing from the mental worth of the ladies we will defend the cause of right for this is a personal matter. Yes, we really think the girls are willing to accept the matter as final. There is a reason for this; we have been challenging them for another debate and they won't agree to it because they are afraid there will not be so much partiality shown next time. The thing is, they are afraid to attack us again.

We are very much obliged to the editor of THE EXPRESS for not failing to overlook us in mentioning those who attended the Institute last week, for we really did have the pleasure of being with that honorable body a day and a half, and we think that were we to live to be as old as Methuselah we would not forget this eventful day in our career. Long before the peep of day we crawled out and hurried to the train only to get there too early, and we were obliged to sit around on the railing until the palace car was opened for our reception. We arrived in Albany soon after dawn, and after skimming over the city—but we did not get lost—we brought up at the school house where the Institute was to be held. After sitting around until we were afraid our pants would be worn out, we remember of writing our name on a slip of paper, in all the attitude of a school teacher, and cramming it into the hat as it passed, in order to get reduced fare over the railroad.

As our dinner sadly disagreed with us, we do not retain much of the discussion of the afternoon session. But one point impressed itself very forcibly, which we must mention. When the tellers took up the questions the only one of any importance, there being but two, was as follows, addressed to Bro. Bell, the fat man of Roseburg: "If a child should, by some means get some black ink on his nose would you rub it off with your finger?"

With some remarks about bugs, snakes, and dancing in the public school, the afternoon session closed. The entertainment at the opera house in the evening was pronounced to be good by everybody. But we saw no special occasion for the applause in some cases, although we had company we were not in the best of spirits, for the lady was more than eighty years old and not very garrulous, hence we were not so well entertained as we might have been under other circumstances. After the entertainment was over we were in a worse perplexity, for we did not have enough money to pay our way at the hotel, but fortunately it turned out that we did not have to sleep in a box car or police station.

In the morning we rose bright and early and at the required time repaired to the school house where the Institute soon resumed session. Quite an interesting discussion was held about school libraries, but this, of course, being of little importance it was simmered into the very important question, "Whether or not the child should write or should print his first lessons." This discussion resulted in a victory for a lady who held that he should write.

After dinner we rolled into the baggage (or palace, if you please) car, and arrived in Lebanon with 87.9 cents in our pocket, and having incurred no stain on our moral character.

Now we deem it a thing that all should attend all such institutions as this, when they are given cut rates. At least we considered it a great treat as it was the first time we were out of civilization.

JAY BIRD GRADUATE & CO.

BARGAIN.

A choice farm of 137 acres, within a mile of town, for sale. Inquire of T. C. PEEBLER & Co.

Elder B. F. Kittinger of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, says he had been suffering with a cold and cough, also his wife, that they took to using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and received great benefit from it. Yet he says, "It was so pleasant to take." For sale by M. A. Miller.

When you visit Albany don't fail to visit the Photographic Parlors of Crawford & Paxton, next door to Masonic building, and look over their fine Portraits and Views, and if you wish any thing in their line, if they cannot please you, you need not try elsewhere.

Rev. Turner is assisting in the meetings now in progress at this place.

A Sample of Cheek. The professional "tramp" piles his calling with all the business acumen of a Gould or Vanderbilt; but, as in the following case, an unreasonable demand upsets the shrewdest calculations. A representative of the above-named class called at the residence of one of our citizens and demanded a dish of soup. The good lady of the house told him that she had none on hand; he again ordered his favorite dish prepared, but was told that the absence of beef rendered a compliance with his order impossible. With the imperative tone of a Napoleon Bonaparte, he ordered a fat steer killed and his favorite dish prepared. The beef was not slain. The above transpired in Lebanon and is fact.

First-class work at McClure's barber shop.



COLUMBIA BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES ARE THE MOST Stanch and Reliable ROADSTERS ON THE MARKET.

Do not fail to buy a Columbia. NORMAN SMITH, Agent, Lebanon, Oregon.

James Keyden, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Can be found at J. T. Harbin's Blacksmith Shop, Lebanon, Oregon.

All Diseases of Horses TREATED

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Advertisement for Smith & Wesson's .38 S&W revolver, featuring an illustration of the gun and descriptive text.

Advertisement for 'The Eye' medicine, featuring an illustration of an eye and text describing its benefits.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, February 15, 1880. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Linn County, at Albany, Oregon, on Monday, April 14, 1880, viz: ALLISON C. LISTER, Preemption D. S. No. 6500 for the lots 3, 4 and 5, and S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of section 6, Tp 12 S, R 1 East.

Advertisement for 'The Eye' medicine, featuring an illustration of an eye and text describing its benefits.

Seattle's

Mighty growth, last ten years, into one of the World's Great Cities is without a parallel. No pen can now portray her resources or the continued prosperity that the years of the future will pour into her.

World Renowned Harbor

And her SCENIC shore lines on Lakes and Sound! Never has the hand of Nature been so lavish in her gifts to make the WORLD'S LAST GREAT CITY! Rome on her seven hills was as nothing to Seattle's snow-crowned Olympias on the North and West; Cascades on the East and South, and from these mighty bulwarks of health—energy—inspiration-giving, there rises the mighty

Mount Ranier A - W - a - y

Above every competitor on the Pacific, reminding one of SEATTLE, the

Queen

City at her base, which in another score of years will pass in POPULATION every city on the Pacific, the world's biggest ocean!

THE WASSOM ADDITION to SEATTLE!

JUST PUT ON THE MARKET.

Lots \$200 Each and Upwards

TAKEN OFF IN 30 DAYS.

SOME OF ITS ADVANTAGES.

Every lot in full view of Mount Ranier and Lake Washington; on railroad; at depot; adjoining Ravenna Park; an electric railway as soon as can be completed to it; half dozen fine residences already under contract on Addition; \$25,000 Female College to be opened September, 1880.

Without Doubt THE WASSOM ADDITION

Is the place where men and women of Money and Sense and Refinement will make their homes—and why?

BECAUSE

The College, the Mineral Springs, Ravenna Park, the view of Mount Ranier (which is grander here than any where else on Puget Sound) which, if for no other reason, would make it most desirable.

In Seattle a mighty City is building. Take hold of the best while you have a chance at Lowest Prices.

TO THE PIONEER A WORD:—Why did you cross the plains? Why did you take your life and that of others in your hands to come to this Coast? What pen can write the history? You have conquered this land, made the growth of great cities imperative, and the amassing of great fortunes, almost in a day, possible. Now; by the investment of a few thousands, or hundreds, you may reap the harvest that belongs to you. Will you do it? The greatest corporations, the ablest financiers of Europe and America, are investing thousands—nay, millions, in Seattle. Will you not invest? Your chance is NOW. Seize it. I have a 60-acre tract, an 80 and two 40-acre tracts. Only a few left—cheap; ripe for plating, any one of which will make you your fortune in a short time. Buy quick, I can't duplicate them.

Rev. J. R. Kirkpatrick is among you and Sole Agent for

WASSOM'S ADDITION

In Oregon. Call on Him at Once.

I will be in Albany in a few days and will remain only a day. I would be glad to meet you personally and urge you to join us in the material upbuilding of Seattle, the Queen City of the Pacific. When in Seattle be sure and call at Room 348 Seattle Block, where I will take genuine pleasure in showing you the city.

W.W. BECK.