

Lebanon Express.

CITY OFFICIALS.

MAYOR M. A. MILLER.
RECORDER F. M. MILLER.
TREASURER E. W. ROBERTS.
MARSHAL J. W. MORGAN.

ED. KELLENBERGER,
J. G. BOLES,
G. W. CRUMEN,
N. S. DALGLEISH,
COUNCILMEN

City Council meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

CITY ORDINANCE No. 32.

AN ORDINANCE to amend Section 7 of Ordinance No. 16, entitled "An Ordinance relating to City Elections and the City Organization, and the manner of conducting Elections within the corporate limits of the City of Lebanon."

THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF LEBANON DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1. That Section 7 of Ordinance No. 16, entitled "An Ordinance relating to City Elections and the City Organization, and the manner of conducting Elections within the corporate limits of the City of Lebanon," be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows: "Hereafter there shall be chosen at the annual election, one Mayor, one Recorder, one Marshal and one Treasurer, to serve for the term of one year; and also six Councilmen, to serve for the term of one year each. Every officer, besides possessing the qualifications of an elector within the City of Lebanon, must have resided in said City of Lebanon three months next preceding the day of election."

SEC. 2. All parts of Ordinances in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. This Ordinance shall be and remain in full force and effect, on, from and after its approval by the Mayor.

Approved by the Mayor this 21st day of November, 1883.

M. A. MILLER, Mayor.

Attest: F. M. MILLER, Recorder.

Preaching at the Baptist church every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

C. R. LAMAR, Pastor.

BARWELL'S MAID.

I used to have several customers in Silverado. It is only a pleasant ride out from here in the beautiful summer morning, long before the sun begins to peep above the Sierras and when the dawn is just beginning to break bright and fair, as dawn never does show anywhere except in this semitropical climate.

The road to Silverado is bordered on both sides with long rows of pepper trees. Now, other fellows may have a different taste in trees, but for me there never was anything in trees so pretty as a row of peppers, with branches looking down like the eyes of a modest girl when she sees her lover coming along the road, and the first glint of day creeping through them and making little gold paths in them till you don't know whether the trees itself is green or yellow, and the morning breezes blowing through them till they ripple and shine all over as if they were laughing.

There never was anything else so like a pretty woman with a smile on her face as those pepper trees in the morning with the wind blowing over them—that kind of a smile that creeps over the face in a soft, lazy way and laughs in the eyes and hides away in the waves of hair.

I used to think that the pepper trees were what made me like to drive my milk wagon out to Silverado. But that was before I had seen the little maid at Barwell's.

Barwell's was a boarding house. Silverado was a kind of health resort, and people used to come from the east and go out there winters and board at Barwell's. Maybe it did their health good, but I don't think Barwell's ever improved the health of the little maid very much. If it did, she must have been a sight to behold before she came.

The first time I saw her she came out with the milk can. Usually it stood on the stoop waiting to be filled, and I would pour in the milk and leave it standing there for the first servant who was up to come out and get it. But this time it seemed to have been forgotten, and the little maid had crept out in the early dawn to bring it and stood shivering in the morning chill, for the dawn of a semitropical morning near the sea is not warm, however the mind may tend to romance concerning its balminess. And she was such a very little maid I could scarcely see her on the other side of the milk can and thought at first that the can had just taken a notion to walk out alone and get itself filled.

"Hello!" I said.

"Yes," she replied, quite as a matter of course. And then I saw what a very thin and white little maid it was.

"Where did you come from?"

"If you please, I'm Mrs. Barwell's girl. I work for my keep."

Now, I did not please in the least. I should have preferred, if she must be anybody's girl, that it should be any one else in the world whom I had ever seen. And as for the "keep," if there is any proof in looks, it must have been very small.

I chanced to have a big orange in my wagon that some one on my drive, who had an orange orchard, had given me. I threw it to her when I had filled the can. She caught it eagerly, and when I looked back as I drove off I saw her going up the walk with the orange pressed up close to her mouth. After that I never forgot to have an orange, or a nectarine, or some apricots in my wagon when I stopped at Barwell's. Sometimes the milk can would be on the stoop, and I would not see the little maid for several days, but when I did see her again I would give her all the good things that had accumulated in my wagon since the last time I saw her. And good things had a way of accumulating very rapidly at that time.

Once when Mrs. Barwell happened to be up early to get a picnic party successfully off her hands I saw her seize the little maid and drag her into the kitchen. And I thought she struck her just as the door was closing. I grow hot all over and thought savagely that if Mrs. Barwell had been a man I should have called her out. As it was, I had a fancy that it would do me good to get out and assault Mrs. Barwell's kitchen door and fling my opinion at her gratuitously and forcibly.

But neither course seemed quite feasible. I picked up my whip furiously and looked around for something to lay it onto. As I could see nothing available for that purpose but my patient, good tempered horse, who never gave me the slightest excuse for savagery, I put it down again with a resolution to make things more even some day, though it never entered my ridiculous head in what particular way I could accomplish the leveling process. But the little maid got a whole apronful of the nicest peaches and nectarines and pomegranates in the market the next morning when I stopped to deliver the milk.

So time went by until the little maid had grown into a slip of a girl and would have been a pretty one, too, if she had not been so thin and white as to the cheeks and staring as to the eyes. She had beautiful eyes, but they in company with her other features had grown so starved that it made anybody hungry only to look at them.

About the time that I began to notice these little things about her eyes and features generally, I thought she began to be a little shy. The milk can always stood in its place on the stoop, and I had nothing to do but pour in the milk and drive off, which you might say was a much more convenient way.

But as day after day and week after week passed and I did not see her it did not seem so very comfortable after all. I wondered if she were ill, or had gone away. I remembered how she used to look as she stood in the faint light of the morning, holding the big can in her arms. I wondered if her eyes were still so big and wan and hungry and half frightened looking. I wondered if her face was so pallid and pinched, and if she still shivered so in the morning wind that came up chill from the sea.

By that time quite a large pile of good things had gathered in my wagon, for I could not bear to throw them away and thought every morning that maybe the little maid would come out. I thought once of piling them up around the milk can and leaving them for her to find, but was afraid some one else might come and find them first.

So it went on till one morning just as I had filled the can and was going down the path the kitchen door was thrown open with a bang, and the little maid rushed out, Mrs. Barwell hard after her with some heavy thing in her hand, lifted up high to throw at the girl. Quick as a flash I caught the little maid in my arms, and put her into my cart, and jumped in after her, and drove off faster than I ever drove before in my life, Mrs. Barwell running after us down the street. But she soon gave up the chase.

Down the lane we dashed, under the low hanging branches of the pepper trees, that touched me softly in the face as we passed. The breeze blew softly over us, laden with the fragrance that drifted from the rose trees that bloom perennially in the dooryards along the way.

Presently the little maid looked up at me with a face so rosy that I should not have known her had I met her anywhere else. There was a look, half frightened, half confiding, in her eyes, and as I met that look I knew all of a sudden why it was that I had missed her so, and why I had wondered so much about her eyes and her face.

I bent over her and shouted: "Will you marry me?" for the horse was galloping, and the wheels were crunching, and the cans were rattling, and if I had whispered the question as men in stories and poetry do she would never have heard me. And when she slipped her hand into mine and looked at me with the fear gone out of her wide eyes and only the confidence left I thought it just as well as if I had done it according all the rules of propriety.

There was a chum of mine lived along the way that had just been made a justice of the peace, and I whistled up to the gate and lifted the little maid out and almost carried her into the house.

"How long will it take you to marry us, if you go at top speed?" I asked my astonished friend. He did not answer me, but went to work in his liveliest style, and by the time Mrs. Barwell rattled up in her old chaise the little maid had passed away from her care forever.

—M. E. Torrence in Pittsburg Leader.

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