

CITY OFFICIALS.

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ED. KELLEBERGER, J. G. REED, J. C. COTTON, J. ANDREWS, S. H. MYERS, G. W. RICE.

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

The regular subscription price of the Express is \$1.50 a year, and the regular subscription price of the Weekly Express is \$1.50. Any one subscribing to the Express and paying one year in advance, can get both the Express and the Weekly Oregonian one year for \$2.00. All old subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions for one year will be entitled to the same price.

LITTLE HEROINE.

The spring sun was shining brightly on the peaks and slopes of the Andalusians and on the white hamlet that nestled in the fertile valley below. It was a pretty sight—this little town with its small whitewashed houses shining in the morning sun, surrounded on every side by the blue mountains and thick, green forest. The country is very picturesque and wild in this mountainous part of Andalusia, and it is very thinly populated, but the little village of Saldana nestled there contentedly, as if wishing to be shielded from the hot winds of Africa in August or the cold ones coming from the Pyrenees in January.

Saldana people were in general very cheerful, polite and sociable to any stranger who by chance strayed among their wilds, but now the village wears a mournful aspect. The streets are deserted, the houses clean and neat as "little silver cups," have their ever-hospitable doors closed. Once in awhile a woman is seen on the street going quickly on some errand, and returning immediately with all possible speed to her home.

The reason for this depression was that the Carlist war was raging hotly in Spain, and the day before news had reached Saldana that a Carlist detachment composed of the fierce northern Basques, followers of Don Carlos, was approaching the little town.

All the able men of Saldana had joined a small company of the royal army and were concealed about in the mountains, from whence they expected to surprise the Carlists, to whom this part of the country was unknown.

About noon of the day after the news was received, Petrona, wife of Juan Alvarez, the carpenter of the village, called Gloria, her eldest daughter, a pretty 15-year-old girl with dark curly hair and big, black eyes, and putting in her hands a large basket, said:

"Go, child, to La Quebrada and carry something to eat to your poor father and brother and take care that no reprobate Carlist sees you."

Gloria took the basket and briskly went on her way without misgivings, for no Carlist had as yet been seen near Saldana. She had walked about a mile from her home by a path cut into the rock when the song that came so merrily from her lips stopped suddenly, for on reaching a big rock which marked the half way between Saldana and La Quebrada an unseen person cried to her: "Halt!"

Mechanically Gloria paused on her way and looked around her. As if by magic she saw herself surrounded by many soldiers on horseback, and this was not the worst—she recognized by the uniforms and colors that they were followers of Don Carlos the Pretender. One of the men, who seemed to be their leader, approached her and asked:

"Where are you going?" The poor child was so frightened that she burst into tears.

The officer dismounted. "Let me see what you have in that basket," he said. "Ah, good. That is good. We have not had any good food for a long time—eggs, bread, fruit. Now, my dear, you were taking these provisions to some royalist concealed about these mountains, were you not? Now, tell me where they are."

Poor Gloria knew that if she told him the place of their concealment all the soldiers would be slain, including her father and brother, for the number of Carlists was so much larger than the royalists. In her fright she thought their number reached many thousands. On the other hand, if she refused to tell where the royalist soldiers were, she was sure those monsters would kill her.

The commanding officer took the basket from her arm and gave it to one of his officers, then said in his strong, stern accent:

"You were taking food here. I know

A desperate Carlist was forming a plan to Gloria's brain, the unshaken courage of her ancestors began to rise in her soul. She turned to the captain and said:

"Yes, I know where they are, but they are very far away. If you wish, I will take you to them."

"That is right." The captain ordered a soldier to give her one of the extra horses captured in the morning, and, tying a rope, which he kept in his hand, to the neck of the animal, he told her to lead on.

Everybody followed her. Across clear streams and roaring torrents she took them. They walked by dangerous paths beside deep precipices. Hero and there they crossed a picturesque valley. After nearly four hours of incessant marching, and when the sun was in his descent toward the horizon, Gloria stopped, and turning to the captain said:

"I am too tired and can go no farther."

The Basque eyed her suspiciously and asked: "Are we near their camp?"

"I do not know. I have lost my way."

"You lie, girl!" shouted the man furiously, shaking her roughly by the arm. "You have purposely misled us, and taken us miles from them. Now, for the last time I'll give you one more chance. Will you lead us to where the royalist soldiers are?"

Gloria raised her beautiful eyes to the man's face, eyes that at this moment were more angelic than human, and without faltering said in a low voice:

"No, señor."

"You little devil!" roared the man, now possessed of an uncontrollable fury. "I'll teach you to fool me like this. Pull her down from the horse, bring some strong rope and bind her hands and feet!" he shouted to his men.

There are no crueler or bloodier wars than those waged between brothers, and in this Carlist war both parties committed some acts that make those who hear of them wonder if the wretches who were guilty of those atrocities were human beings or wild beasts.

Pale as death and trembling lay poor Gloria at the feet of this human tiger. Her lips moved. Perhaps she was repeating the prayers taught her by her mother. Still not a tear dimmed the soft luster of her eyes.

"Do you see that precipice? It is very deep. If you do not tell me, I will throw you over there, tied hand and foot as you are now. You will die a horrible death. Only one thing will save you. Now tell me where the enemy is camped."

"I cannot, señor."

There was a wild cry that the Carlist officer would hear until the day of his death, and then, after a few minutes of complete silence, the captain gave the order to march forward to find a camp for the night. Not for the world would he have passed the night there.

Five hundred feet below the setting sun lighted a dark, motionless mass by the side of a little mountain stream flowing and murmuring over the smooth pebbles, as if singing a hymn in honor of the heroic Gloria.

In the little village church of Saldana there is a small marble stone with the name of Gloria Alvarez, on which is recorded the deed by which she saved the royalist detachment. And when the stranger exclaims, in admiration of her courage, "She was a wonderful child!" the old sexton, who delights to tell her story to the visitors, interrupts with conviction, "She was no child, señor; she was one of God's own angels!"—Atalia Solano in Short Stories.

Probate.

In estate of Mary Galloway, petition for sale of personal property was granted. In guardianship of Lemon, Iva and Oscar Gresham, bond of guardian for \$2000 filed. In estate of Frank Shedd, first hearing set for March 5, at 1 p. m. In guardianship of Leonard H. Jones, Horace Jones was appointed guardian; bond, \$600. In estate of Martha Hunter, L. L. Say was appointed administrator. Bond, \$600. Appraisers appointed. In estate of Wm. G. Montgomery, inventory filed. Real property, \$2200; personal property, \$1078.05. In estate of P. B. Tucker, final account filed. Petition to sell real estate filed. Hearing March 5.

For Sale.

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