

Lebanon Express.

H. Y. KIRKPATRICK,
Editor and Proprietor.

The constant advertiser—Governor Penneyer.

The state democratic convention will be held in Astoria April 17.

This country has lost one of its best men in the death of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

\$30,000 for the support of the National Guards and \$20,000 for uniforms, for 1894, is simply ridiculous these hard times.

A young man in Portland has been sandbagged three times within the past two years. It must be getting rather monotonous to him.

Anybody can see through people who make spectacles of themselves. —Dallas News.

That's the reason we can see through our governor so readily.

At Louisville Mollie Roach's life was insured for \$2,000. Being out of employment and having a mother to support, she hanged herself so that her mother would get the insurance money.

If our congressmen were all strictly honest and would do their best to promote the interests of the people, it would matter little whether they were republicans, democrats or populists.

Boston has been seized with the suburb annexation fever again. A bill has been introduced in the legislature to allow the "Hub" to gather to itself all towns within ten miles of the gilded State House dome.

A Waldo Hills, Marion county, man has been bunched by lightning rod sharpers. People down there get their education by reading the Salem Statesman's "Jim Crow" editorials and it is a paradise for confidence men. —Roseburg Review.

We wish the business men of this town were all as good advertisers as Gov. Penneyer. Penneyer never lets a chance go by. It makes no difference what the occasion is. —Thanksgiving, Christmas or any other time—it is all the same to him.

A whole lot of Oregon justices of the peace and city recorders should be sent to the reform school, there to be compelled to study the reform school law and learn that the only committing powers are judges of the circuit and county courts. —Salem Statesman.

A populist paper says: "We want more money and we want it bad." Our friend should be patient. Wait, little popgun, until the populists get into power and start up the printing presses—it will not take long then to run off all the bad money you want. —Statesman.

A Lebanon preacher has invented an apparatus for lowering a coffin into the grave. He expects to have his contrivance completed in time to assist in the demo-pop obsequies in Oregon next June. —Statesman.

Don't be too sure, brother Statesman. You don't know it all, if you do think you know everything.

The Albany Telescope has recently copied articles from this paper and credited them to the Advance. We wouldn't care if they stole them outright, but would much prefer not to have them credited to a populist paper, anyhow. We always supposed that the editor of the Telescope "indulged" quite frequently, but not till lately did we consider him so depraved as the above mentioned editorial practice of his would indicate.

These are dark days for orthodox theology. On every hand there are defections from the ranks of the straight-lined believers, and liberalism is taking the place of dogmatic theology among laymen in colleges and in the pulpits. Professor Howison, of the University of California, recently has denied his belief in the immaculate conception and expressly asserted that "no intelligent man believes doctrines because they are in the bible." Now President Harper of the great Baptist university in Chicago is said to have expressed his disbelief in certain bible stories accepted as true by the orthodox, and trouble is likely to grow out of it. There is a growing tendency to treat the bible as a book to be judged by the same standard that other books are judged by; valuable from a historical standpoint but by no means infallible in its record of events or teachings of faith. —Salem Democrat.

Hurray for America's pugilist, James J. Corbett.—Long Creek Eagle.

How does that sound, in this enlightened age? The editor of the Eagle should be thoroughly ashamed of himself for expressing such sentiments as the above.

A correspondent in an exchange is right in saying the discussion of public affairs through the columns of the press by all parties interested is desirable and beneficial, though personalities should not be indulged in. The people should be heard through the press, and these columns are open to all for the discussion of public questions. It is our aim to make the Express the paper of the people, and we invite them to express their views on all subjects through the medium of its columns.

The New York Sun defines an anarchist as a person who hates the rich, in which class he includes all who have more money than he has. Theoretical "anarchism" is a "state of society in which men may live together in harmony without laws." Practically, anarchism is discontent with things as they are, without any suggestion of changes to improve matters. Theoretical anarchism is about the same as theoretical nihilism; practically the two isms are the same. Socialism is a positive creed; it proclaims the equal right of all to the material conditions of existence, and the equal duty of all to labor for the maintenance of these conditions. The average socialist, however, thinks that you should divide with him, not that he should divide with you.

A LOVER'S RACE.

"But surely they left some address?"

"Not as I know on."

The caretaker at 19 Westphalia terrace leaned on the broom which she had brought up to help her to answer the door and looked at me with disfavor.

"Do you think the landlord knows?"

No answer.

I took out half a crown.

"Look here?" I said, "this coin shall be yours if you'll tell me how long you've been here, who the landlord is, and anything you may have heard from the tradespeople about the family."

"I never gossip with tradesfolk nor nobody," was her inspiring reply, but she gave me the address of a firm in Gray's Inn and shut the door with all possible speed, leaving me on the dusty doorstep.

Imagine the situation. A young man goes away to Switzerland to the bedside of a dying uncle and comes back on the wings of the wind to lay his newly acquired fortune at the feet of the dearest girl in the world and finds her gone—hopelessly, utterly gone—her house desolate, no flowers in the windows, no furniture in the place, "To Let" staring from every window.

I had only known Clara three months. I knew not a single one of her friends. I knew she had some few relations—her mother's family—and I did not even know their name. The Vane's knew no one in Kensington, and they only knew me through our cat having fortunately been killed by their dog.

But I was poor then, and poverty is proud. The Vane's house, dress and mode of life betokened wealth. I could not tell her I loved her, and now—

The charwoman opened the door again and put out her curl papered head to say:

"There was a funeral afore the sale; perhaps they'd tell you at the undertaker's."

A funeral! I hailed a passing hansom and drove straight to Gray's Inn.

"Yes, Mr. Vane unfortunately died at one of our houses—19 Westphalia terrace. Left no estate; had systematically overshot his income. Sorry I can't give you any further information."

Not a clue. The tradesmen knew nothing, the vicar knew nothing, the police of course knew nothing and did nothing but pocket my money and take down things in notebooks with blunt pencils. Advertisements failed absolutely.

And so Clara Vane was lost to me—passed out of my life completely—leaving me with a really respectable fortune, which it was entirely out of the question for me to enjoy.

I did see her again. I did, but not for four years—four long years.

I won't go so far as to say that an hour never passed in which I did not think of her, but I'll swear that two never did. And I loved her more than ever.

Well, after four years of this life—I had my own work to do and my other life to live, but that has nothing to do with this story—after four years business took me to Tunbridge.

I went by an express train. I bought the papers and got a comfortable corner in a first class carriage, where I let the papers lie on my knee and dreamed my usual dreams—Clara, Clara, Clara.

As we swept into Halstead station I looked out, with a torpid curiosity as to the gardens, and saw Clara!

Whizz—whirr! The train had shot past the station, the carriage windows rattled, the train vibrated and pulsed with the increasing speed, and every pulse and every vibration was carrying me away from my heart's heart.

In a flash I saw that if I went on to Sevenoaks and got a train back here, who was obviously waiting for the next up train, would have left the station long before I reached it. Probably she was only spending the day at Halstead, and any search for her there would be in vain.

I broke the glass and pulled the handle. The train slackened, and as it stopped the guard put his head in at my carriage window.

"Way, you're all right," he said, "be as if I didn't think you was dead when I heard that bell. It's a wonder it is connected. Just my luck, too, and us 10 minutes behind already. What did I do it for, eh?"

"I stopped the train because I am going to get out," I said firmly.

"Nothing wrong?"

"No, but I am going to get out."

He planted himself firmly in the doorway.

"No, you don't," he said.

I was desperate. I took out a £5 note, laid it on a seat and advanced toward him.

"And what about my trouble, sir?" he asked politely, raising at the note; "stopping the train and liable, sir, to get into trouble."

I jumped out of the carriage. He made way for me deferentially. Our hands touched. Great is the currency, and it will prevail. The next minute I was speeding back along the down line toward Halstead station. My breath came fast and with difficulty. My knees ached furiously, but I ran on. I could hear distinctly the rattle of the train in the tunnel behind me.

If the main line up won, it would bear her away on its bosom. If I won, should I I pressed my failing legs forward; fought for freer breath; got it in a rapture of relief which by experts is called,

I believe, the second wind, and the main line up and I came in neck and neck.

But of course I landed on the down platform. I flew up the steps and over the bridge—I reached the up platform breathless, hatless, but radiant.

Clara was just getting into a first class carriage.

I stumbled in after her and sank panting in the corner. She, seated at the far window, did not turn her eyes on me till the slow throb of the train betokened departure.

Then she looked at her fellow traveler and blanched. We were alone in the carriage, and I felt I had a lunatic air. Then she recognized me. Her face flushed, and she said:

"Oh, you!" with a delightful lightening of eyes and brow and a dimpling at the corner of the mouth.

"I had," I exclaimed pantingly, "to run—to catch—the train!"

"I suppose so," she said, leaning back in her corner and smiling. "It wasn't very wise to give yourself so little time to do it in. Where have you sprung from? Have you friends down here?"

"I have sprung," I said, beginning to recover myself, "from the main line down, and am subject to a penalty not exceeding £5 for availing myself of the electric communication and stopping that train."

"Why did you stop it, if one may ask?" "You may ask, though the guard did not. I stopped the train because I have been looking for you for four years, and I saw you on that platform. I would have stopped a tiger or the march of civilization on the same grounds."

I mopped my forehead furtively before proceeding.

"I have been looking for you for four years," I said, "to ask you to marry me. Dear, I never have even thought of marrying any one else, and I have been looking for you all this time."

My sippancy, born of nervousness, was deserting me. I leaned forward earnestly.

"Oh, how good it is to see your dear face again!" I said. "This pays for all it is—"

"Stop!" she interrupted, still looking down. "I suppose you don't know I was married three years ago to General Peglar?"

"Married!" I sank back sick at heart. The train stopped and a copy of The Financial News got in, with a gentleman completely buried in it.

That was an awful journey. I sat up very straight and asked questions about roses and the prospects of the hope and many other things about which I did not want to hear, and Mrs. Peglar answered me.

And The Financial News and its occupant sat opposite to me.

At Charing Cross, as I handed her out, she said in a voice that was not very steady:

"Won't you come and see me sometimes? I live at the Red House, Halstead."

"No," I said, "that would be too much. I hope I shall never see you again. Goodbye," my sharp disappointment lending a vinegary flavor to my voice. "Your mother, I trust, is well?"

She did not answer, and I blundered on:

"I regret to see that you are in slight mourning. Not, I trust?"

"No, no, no!" she cried vehemently.

"Mamma, at least, is left to me. She doesn't hate me because I tried to do the best for her when she was left penniless. She knows I thought I ought to marry General Peglar. She knows how I cried and cried and wondered why you—where you?"

Clara stopped short.

"Goodbye," she said, and walked down the platform. "I'm not in mourning for my darling mamma, thank God! It's for General Peglar, of course."

We went down into Charing Cross garden, where the children and the sparrows play and sat there in the sunshine, hand in hand.—Philadelphia Call.

WHEN LIFE IS DONE.

When life is done a vain naught,
The pleasure that we dearly bought,
The wealth we risked our souls to gain,
The labor won through toll and pain,
The title coveted and sought,
No worldly fame awaits aught
No name, no marvel science taught,
When earth and earthly objects wane,
When life is done.

The kindly deed for others wrought,
The patient word, the generous thought,
The effort made by hand or brain,
Against might or right, though made in vain,
Shall be by God forgotten not
When life is done.
—The People's Magazine.

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