

Expressions.

Additional locals on first page. W. J. Gore is again ill. Great clearance sale at Read, Peacock & Co.'s. Atty. Garland was in Albany two days this week. Oats, hay, bran, chops and all kinds of feed, at Peobler's. A couple of fights occurred in Lebanon, Tuesday night. J. E. Adcox is now agent for the Albany Steam Laundry. The Salem Democrat has suspended publication. Fresh pies, cakes and bread at Peobler's grocery store. We are glad to report Mrs. Carman much better at this writing. For gents' furnishing goods and groceries, go to Pugh & Wallace. Rev. Waldrop left Lebanon Wednesday, for his home in Portland. For the choicest groceries at hard times prices, go to Pugh & Wallace. Judge J. N. Duncan and little son were in the city the first of the week. J. S. Courtney, M. D. Physician, Surgeon and Accouchour, Lebanon, Or. Boyd, the photographer, would like to trade photos for horse-feed—carrots, oats or hay. All persons knowing themselves indebted to M. A. Miller will please call and settle at once. Mrs. Foley and daughter Winnie returned home Wednesday from a visit to Albany. Take your cash or produce to Pugh & Wallace, and get its equivalent in groceries. The A. O. U. W. Lodge of this place has taken new members in since the first of January. Pugh & Wallace will sell you groceries as cheap as any one in the city. Try them and see. J. E. Adcox, agent for the Albany steam laundry, sends washings down on Thursdays only. The confectioner's art, making cream candies and other confectionery, is taught at Zahn's store. Agent Bennett informs us that hereafter he will not receive any perishable freight on Monday. The best quality drugs, and great care is used in compounding prescriptions, at Smith's drug store. Atty. Somers and Wm. Wallace made a horse-back trip to Foster, the first of the week, on business. CASH is the word. No use to say anything else to us. CRUSON & MENZIES. If you want to get value received for your hard-earned money, call at Baker's and buy your boots and shoes. Anyone having any second hand clothes to spare will please leave them at the portmanteau for the Darcas Society. The name of A. Jack Adams, of this city, is mentioned as a candidate for county recorder, on the populist ticket. Bach is not selling his clothing at cost, but still you can get a better suit there for less money than anywhere else. Dr. Maston, of Albany, was in town last Saturday, called out in consultation with Dr. Foley, in Mrs. Carman's case. These hard times we want to save all we can, but of course we have to eat, still you will save some by getting your groceries at Bach's. It is said by old settlers that never in the history of this county have the roads around Lebanon been in as bad condition as they are now. Send your name and address to Read Peacock & Co., Albany, Oregon, and mention the EXPRESS, they will mail you a fashion sheet free each month. C. A. Zahn has just received a supply of orange elder, from California, part of which is from blood oranges. Try the blood orange elder—a delicious drink. The bridge near the slaughter pen was completed last week, and is a substantial structure. It will be a great convenience to the people across the river, during high water. Preaching at the Baptist church every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prays meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. C. R. LAMAR, Pastor. There will be services in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church on the second and fourth Sundays in each month, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. W. V. MCGEE, Pastor. Owing to the extreme hard times we have decided to cut the size of the Express down, for the present. We hope, however, it will be this size only for a short time, and we will endeavor to give our readers a better local paper, and what we lack in quantity make up in quality.

Buy your groceries at Peobler's, and save money. H. Bryan, of Albany, was in the city Tuesday. If you want to get nice fresh bread go to Peobler's. M. A. Miller now has a complete line of drugs and stationery. R. Hull has moved into the back part of his store building. A great reduction in prices of goods at Read, Peacock & Co.'s. The revival meetings at the Baptist church have been discontinued. Every customer at Borum & Kirk's barber shop gets a clean towel. Cruson & Menzies are doing a strictly cash business, and no use to talk. License has been issued for the marriage of Burt Norwood and Lillie Hyde. N. W. Smith has just started a circulating library, where you can find good reading very cheap. Have you tried Pugh & Wallace for gents' furnishing goods and groceries? If not, why not? Baker is yet in the lead in low prices and good goods. Prices must correspond with what farmers have to sell. Prof. Wilkes has secured the South Brownsville school, the one from which Prof. Mayberry recently resigned. Dr. Clara M. Davidson and little son Charlie, now of Salem, are in Lebanon this week, visiting relatives and friends. The circuit court at Corvallis adjourned last Friday until March 2, when the date of the O. P. sale will probably be set again. Pay us the cash and get your money's worth, and don't ask for time—we have none in stock. CRUSON & MENZIES. The manner in which Rev. Summer-ville is managing the revival meetings, at the M. E. church, is a very considerable improvement, both sides of the matter being freely discussed. We have accommodated you in the past and will do so in the future, by selling you hardware at reduced prices for cash only. CRUSON & MENZIES. The Oregon Cave company, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars, has been incorporated with headquarters in San Francisco, to develop the Oregon cave in Josephine county. Burglars entered the store of A. J. Huston, in charge of W. H. Ramsey and D. Meyers, at Seio, last night, and captured quite a stock of shoes and other articles. There is no clue to the thieves. Park McDonald killed a large swan while coming down the river in his boat last evening. It is a beautiful bird, and can be seen at Wheeler's grocery store. It weighs 15 pounds.—Corvallis News. You should remember that the best place to buy pianos or organs is at Will's music store, Albany, Or. He does not take advantage of people's ignorance and sell a cheap made piano at the price of a good one. The store of E. P. Weir & Son at Jordan was burglarized Tuesday night of last week. Two boxes of tobacco, smoking tobacco, 12 or 15 papers of coffee, 5 pairs of shoes and a pair of gum boots were stolen. A dime social will be given by the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, at the residence of Mr. C. B. Montague, on Thursday evening, Feb. 15. A cordial invitation is extended to all, to come and have a good time. It's hard times. Better get your old boots and shoes fixed up and save the price of a new pair. I will do your work well and make charges very reasonable. (Shop opposite the hotel) E. REINHOLD. The special city election held at Albany last Monday, for the purpose of voting on the question of placing a toll upon the bridge, resulted in a vote of 157 for the toll and 206 against—a majority of 49 in favor of the free bridge. Eleven newspaper men from the east passed through Albany Tuesday morning, on their way home from the Midwinter fair. Most of them were from Chicago. J. F. J. Archibald, of the San Francisco Chronicle, was with them. There will be a George and Martha Washington entertainment given by the ladies of the Relief Corps, at the G. A. R. Hall (over post-office) on the eve of Feb. 22nd—Washington's birthday. Admission 15 cts., including supper. The Oregon City Courier says that Mr. McMahan dropped \$6,500 in the vain endeavor to rapidly reform our state officials and the people of Salem by means of the Daily Independent. He indulged in the fond delusion of hope until his stuff was gone. Where did he get the \$6,500 to start on? N. S. Delgleish returned to Lebanon last Saturday, after several months absence. He has visited several eastern states, the world's fair and other points of interest, but the most of his time has been spent in Ontario, Canada, with relatives and friends. He reports a fine time. We are glad to see him back.

It is reported on good authority that M. E. Fulsome, democratic treasurer of Umatilla county, has been found short in his account in the sum of \$40,000. The discovery was made on the demand of the county court for a statement. Fulsome's bondsmen are said to be able to make the amount of the shortage good. Rufus Hiatt, as chairman, and A. A. Kees and John Donaca with the proxies of J. J. Reed and Frank Hardman, composed the delegation from the republican club of Lebanon to the state convention of republican clubs that convened in Portland the 6th inst. These gentlemen took last Monday's train for Portland. Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lumbago with great success. For sale by N. W. Smith, druggist. The circuit court of Benton county has entered an order directing the assignee of the Corvallis carriage and wagon company to proceed to sell the personal and real property at assignee's public sale, to satisfy an \$18,000 mortgage held by the London and San Francisco bank, and that the sale be made on or before the 1st day of April.—Herald. Rev. Joe Waldrop, state evangelist for the Baptist Church, delivered an address in Mr. Montague's store building, last Tuesday afternoon, in the interests of the people's party. There were probably five hundred people present. Rev. Waldrop is a fine talker and a good reasoner. He advanced some good ideas, but we thought in most cases he overdid the matter somewhat. Corvallis is liable to be without a river. The Gazette says: About two more seasons of high water like those already experienced this winter will result in the cutting of a new channel through the Willbanks farm and this leave Corvallis on a comparative island, as it were. Nothing but a small bed of gravel two or three feet thick and perhaps 100 feet in length, prevents the water from pursuing that which is almost a natural channel through this farm to the lake, then into its natural course. A Letter to the East. W. G. Bartley, of Lebanon, writes the Olvia, Minn., Times, as follows: "When we see the reports of the cold weather in Minnesota and Dakota, it makes us think of the many cold winters we have spent in Minnesota, and when we compare the winters so far spent in Oregon with those in Minnesota, we think we have made a good exchange in trading Minnesota winters for those in Oregon. At this writing, January 7th, there is no frost in the ground nor snow at our place. We can see snow, for you must remember that in Oregon you can find many different temperatures the same day, in different locations. To show you that we think our part of Oregon is a good place to live, we will enumerate some of the vegetables we had for dinner this 7th day of January, 1894 (and they were pulled from our garden that day): beets, green onions, radishes, turnips, parsnips, salady and celery, and we might have had cabbage and carrots added to the list if we had wanted them. Now, when we can do this in January it looks and seems to us that this is a good country to live in. But Minnesota is a grand state, and we shall never forget her, as we spent over twenty years on her soil; but now, being on the shady side of fifty, this climate seems to suit me better than the cold in Minnesota." Baptist Church Report. The following is a summary report of three years' pastoral work, beginning Jan. 1, 1890. Membership at commencement, 25 Meeting-houses built, 1 Baptism, 74 Present membership, 125 Funerals officiated at, 23 Weddings officiated at, 19 We wish to thank the people of Lebanon for their kindness and encouragement during the past three years. No doubt we have made many mistakes, and many a frown may have rested upon our brow, yet it has been our aim to do all the good we could. Forgetting the mistakes and forgiving the frowns, will you help us to improve upon the above record during our fourth year's pastorate. May God's blessing rest upon all. Respectfully, C. R. LAMAR. Buy boots and shoes of Read, Peacock & Co. H. Baker is now agent for the celebrated Douglas shoe. M. A. Miller carries a complete line of paints and oils. Cash paid for produce at Peobler's grocery store; highest market price. Drugs and chemicals of every description, at Smith's new drug store. Please come in and pay up, as I need my mopey. N. W. SMITH.

MIDWINTER FAIR BITTER. CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.—DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICATION AND PROMOTION. (Weekly Circular Letter—No. 13.) SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31, 1894. Nothing was lacking to make the official opening of the California Midwinter International Exposition a success in every sense of the word. In the first place, the sun came up gloriously, in a sky as clear as a bell, and all day long it shone down upon happy San Francisco. Happy was she in the thought that it was her lot to be cradled in the lap of a land where such weather is a midwinter possibility, and proud was she that she had to place before the thousands of people who visited her fair, on that day a program of such incontrovertible excellence and of such unimpeachable attractiveness. The opening exercises took place on a grand stand especially erected for this occasion, with a seating capacity of 7,000. The seats were all taken and tens of thousands of visitors gathered on the greenward in front of the speakers' platform. The total number of people who passed through the turnstiles was 72,324. Nearly ten thousand of these were in the procession which marched in triumph to the exposition grounds. There were more hands in this street panting than were ever before seen in San Francisco. Half a dozen of these musical organizations, occupying a place on the grand stand, joined in mission in the patriotic features of the musical program. When the opening overtures had been played, James D. Phelan, the president of the day, made his address, introducing at its close the Rt. Rev. Bishop Nichols, who offered up the invocation. The assemblage stood with uncovered heads in the warm midwinter sun, with the green hills towering above them, and not a harsh element in the air blew across their brows. People from the East took off their top coats, on this 27th of January, and made of them cushions for their seats. As the bishop called upon the Almighty to make glad the heart of everyone present in this land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, each visitor from the snowbound districts undoubtedly said "Amen." The scene was one that no stranger could fail to be impressed with, and so it was also when the governor of California, Hon. H. H. Markham, came to extol the managers of the exposition for the wonderful things they had accomplished within the five short months which had passed since the original conception of the idea. On every hand were material evidences of the beauty and power of this great Empire State of the Pacific, and when Director General M. H. de Young, to whose fertile brain and untiring energy California owes this exposition—when he arose to deliver his address a mighty shout went up and honor was there accorded to whom was due. Mr. de Young bore his honors modestly. Best of all, his speech was short, and when Mrs. de Young was asked to press the button which should set the machinery in motion, she did so gracefully, and this was all there was to the formal ceremonies of the opening of the great Midwinter Fair. The act of starting the machinery was signalled by the shriek of every whistle in the exposition grounds, by the blast and fanfare of artillery within full sight of the assembled multitudes. On the same spot, when evening fell, there was a grand display of fireworks, but in the interim the recreation ground was deserted, for everybody made a grand rush as soon as the opening exercises were over to visit the main buildings of the exposition and to patronize the concessional features. It mattered not that some of the exhibits were incomplete as yet, for there was enough to keep all eyes and all thoughts busy during what was left of that short afternoon, and everything, finished or unfinished, was novel and unique to everybody. It was in the concessions, however, that the holiday spirit of the crowd was made more prominently manifest. The 49 Mining camp immediately established itself as one of the most popular institutions in the exposition. Seven thousand people paid their way into this concession on opening day. The Fifth wheel carried nearly six thousand, the scenic railway was loaded down all day and far into the night; the Wild Animal Arena, the Ostrich Farm, the Indian Encampments, the Hawaiian Village, the Vienna Prater, Heidelberg Castle, the Aquarium, the Sea Lions, the Colorado Gold Mine, and the scores of other concessions did a big business, and everybody seemed satisfied with the patronage they received. All this established beyond a doubt the popularity of the Midwinter Exposition. Since the opening day there has been an average daily attendance of 8,600 people, or as many as paid admission so the great World's Columbian Exposition during the first few days after the official opening. Visitors are loud in their praise of what they have seen and are freely predicting that the exposition will be an immense success. The exposition management begin to feel as if they could take time for a good night's rest now and again, for their undertaking has now been fairly launched, and they are willing to trust its drawing powers to prove sufficient for its satisfactory continuance for the entire term of six months. The great glory of a California winter is just now at its height. People riding in the open street cars read of the buzzards and snow blockades that harass their eastern friends, and once more the word of welcome passes along every line of eastern railroad: "Come to California, see the great Midwinter Fair, and get warm." Sewing Machines From \$20 to \$40, guaranteed for 5 years. For further information call on or write to E. U. Will's music store, Albany, Or.

ST. GABELLE'S INN. My Uncle Bayle was a man whom every one loved and welcomed as a visitor. His home was not as ours was, in the little city of Mirapolis, but in a grand chateau, with crimson roof and shutters, in the environs of Folx. A lawyer by profession and pressed with business, he never let a fortnight pass without coming to see our mother, and there were many of us to greet him, for Uncle Bayle was the eldest of 13 children, all of them, with one or two exceptions, living with their own or their children's children in the neighborhood of the family home, my sister and myself in the homestead itself, with our infirm but pious and courageous mother, whom, as I told you while ago, Uncle Bayle came to see. "Uncle," said Dorothy one evening, the prettiest as well as the bravest of all our cousins, "tell us a ghost story, please. We have heard all the others." "One cold autumn evening," said he, "some 40 years ago, I was returning from Toulouse, where I had been called on business. I was traveling fast and had already passed Auterive, where some friends had urged me to stay the night, but I was in a hurry to reach Savertun, three leagues farther on, and continued my route. Just in front of the monastery of Bolbonne, in the forest of Secourin, one of those furious tempests which spring up in the heart of the mountains without a moment's warning fell upon me. In less than no time it was as black as midnight and the road invisible. There was nothing for it but to turn about and ask for shelter at Bolbonne. In a little while my horse stopped, and I saw that we were before the door of an inn. I entered. The company was numerous and composed of merchants, Spanish students and the sportsmen of the neighborhood, surprised like myself by the storm. "Truly," said one of the hunters, "the weather's devilish—a regular witches' sabbat." "Pardon me," cried a voice in a distant corner, "witches and goblins hold sabbats on moonlight nights and not in storms." "We all turned to see who had spoken and saw that it was a Spanish merchant. None of us seemed disposed at first to answer a remark made with such solemn gravity. In fact, we were as silent as owls until suddenly my neighbor on the right, a young man of frank and pleasing appearance, burst into a fit of laughter. "Really," said he, indicating the merchant who had spoken last, "it seems as if the gentleman understood the habits of goblins. Perhaps they've told you, turning to him scornfully, 'how much they delight to be wet and muddy!'" "The Spaniard gave him a terrible look. "You speak too lightly, young man," said he, "far too lightly of things you know nothing about." "And you would have me believe that ghosts exist?" "Perhaps," said the other, "if you are brave enough to look and see. Here's a purse," he continued, rising and approaching the table, "containing 80 golden quadruples. I wager them all that in an hour's time I call before you the face of any one of your friends, even if he has been dead a dozen years, whom you may recognize him, he shall approach, embrace and salute you with a kiss. Do you agree? And as he asked the question the manner of the man was so impressive and stern that we involuntarily trembled. My neighbor only remained unmoved. "And you can do all that?" he cried. "Yes," answered the Spaniard, "and willingly part with my 80 quadruples beside, if I do not, provided you will lose a similar amount if I hold to my promise and force you to believe! The offer was at once accepted. "To guard against trickery and deception, we decided to use a little pavilion situated in the outer garden, perfectly isolated and bare of everything but a chair and a table. After assuring ourselves that there were no other issues than a door and a window, the student entered and, we left him to his fate, not, however, without placing beside him all the necessary writing materials and extinguishing the lights. "When everything was ready and we had arranged ourselves in a circle around the door, the Spaniard, who had waited in absolute silence till all was done, began to sing in a low, sweet voice, a verse, as near as I can remember, running thus: With a creaking noise the coffin bursts In the tomb, deep, dark and profound, And the phantom white places his foot On the soil of the cold, damp ground! "Then, elevating his voice, he called to the student shut up within the pavilion: "You have told me," said he, "that you desire to have a visit from the spirit of your friend, Francis Vialat, drowned three years ago while crossing the ferry of Pensagnoles. Now, what do you see?" "I see nothing," replied the student; "but stay! a white light begins to lift itself yonder by the window, formless, shifting and like a floating cloud." "After a moment's silence the Spaniard begins to sing again, his voice deeper and gloomier than before: "And the phantom white, whom the rushing rains Had fasted to a tint so fair, Wiped with his shroud and his skeleton hand The drops from his face and hair." "What do you see now," he cries, "you who wish to sound the mysteries of the tomb; what do you see now?" "Nothing," replies the voice of the student, calm and cool as ever. "And you are not afraid?" cries the Spaniard, his manner more scornful and insulting still. "I am not afraid," comes back the clear, brave voice of the prisoner within, while we, standing on the outside and in sight of the infernal sorcerer's incantations, scarcely dare to look at each other, so great is our dismay and surprise. "And the phantom said," cries the Spaniard furiously:

And the phantom said, coming out from the tomb. "In truth, that he may know me in truth, I will go to my friend's tomb, mine and yours, as in the days of our first early youth!" "And again, ceasing his song, he puts his terrible question: "What do you see now?" "The phantom advancing—he raises the veil—it is Francis—Francis Vialat—he approaches the table—he writes—he has written his name!" "But before he can say more the Spaniard resumes, his voice wild and howling: And the phantom said to this mocking man, "Come thou at once and give to me Thy hand to my hand, thy heart to my heart, And thy lips where I can kiss thee?" "Are you afraid now? Are you afraid now?" he repeats, almost with frenzy. A shuddering cry, dying away in a moan, is the student's only answer. "I warned him," said the Spaniard harshly; "I warned him how it would be. You see, monsieur, turning to address us, 'that I have gained the wager. But let him keep the money. I am content with the lesson given him. He will be wiser in future.' And with a grave inclination he walked away, leaving us thunderstruck at the door of the pavilion, behind which the sound of moccas still continued. "At last we opened it to find the student writing upon the floor, a paper signed with the name of Francis Vialat on the table beside him. It was at least an hour before he had recovered sufficiently to be about again. Then, furious with rage at the treatment he had received from the sorcerer, he insisted upon having him brought before him. "But the merchant was not to be found, either in or out of the inn. "But I will find him," cried the student, "and I will kill him on the spot for the impious performance in which he has made me assist." "And soon after, learning from the stable boy that the merchant had saddled his horse himself and departed some time ago, he followed him, still swearing instant vengeance. "We never saw him—in fact, we never saw either of them again." "And yet, Uncle Bayle," said Dorothy breathlessly, "you can say there are no such things as ghosts or goblins?" "More positively than ever," he replied. "Neither the Spanish merchant nor the Toulouse student were ever seen again, as I tell you. No more were the 80 beautiful quadruples which I and the other guests of the inn had put together to make up the sum of the Spaniard's wager. The two rascals had carried them off between them, after playing before us a comedy which we were simpletons enough to believe, but which I found very dear at the time, when I had considerably less money to spare than at present."—From the French. C. G. Rawlings and wife are in Albany this week. Mrs. B. F. Kirk is in Albany, visiting relatives. J. W. Menzies and family are visiting in Albany. J. V. Neff and grandson left Monday for Emmetsburg, Iowa. Louis Viereck, the barber, of Albany, has made an assignment. Mrs. J. B. Horner left Thursday for Latona, Wash., to visit relatives. Mr. Jos. Leonard is still dangerously ill, and is not expected to live. Boyd guarantees the photos he makes for \$1.50 per doz. never to fade. Sheriff Jackson has offered a reward of \$100 for the arrest of Supt. Russell. "Kid" Umphlette, the typo who has been ordered Lebanon for some time, left yesterday. J. E. Adcox, the jeweler, is now nicely located in his new quarters at Smith's new drug store. W. S. Wallace informs us that he has 250 first-class Petite prime trees, 1 year old, that he will sell for 2 cents apiece. Mrs. Ida L. Taylor, who has been visiting her father, Rev. Lamar of this city, for the past two months, left yesterday for her home in St. John, Kan. How to make the "mighty dollar" go a long ways—Go to Baker's and buy your boots and shoes, that have been cut down to hard times prices. Mr. Jeff Isom, who lives near Brownsville, has raised the largest hog in Oregon. He recently killed and dressed a porker which dressed 710 pounds. There is a Bible-reading every Friday evening at 7:30, at the Baptist church, conducted by the pastor. All are invited to come and bring their Bibles. G. F. Eglin and family passed through Lebanon yesterday, on their way from Ashland to Sodusville. Mrs. Eglin is a daughter of W. W. Parrist, of Sodusville. They are thinking of locating in Lebanon. Mr. John McCoy died at his home in this city, Sunday, Feb. 4, 1894, aged 79 years. He was born in Ky., Oct. 5, 1815, and crossed the plains in 1847 in company with R. C. Miller and J. Halston. He located in this county, near Albany, when he first came to this country, and has lived in this county the greater part of the time since then. He was the father of ten children, five of whom are still living. He also leaves a wife and many friends to mourn his departure. The funeral service was preached Monday, by Rev. Lamar, in the Baptist church. The remains were interred in the Masonic cemetery.