

FRIDAY, FEB. 10, 1894.

Expressions.

Additional locals on first page.
Wm. Gore is again very sick.
Great clearance sale at Read, Peacock & Co.'s.

Dr. Lamberson has again offered 15 cents for hops.

Oats, hay, bran, chops and all kinds of feed, at Peabier's.

S. O. Wallace was able to go to Albany this week.

J. E. Adeox is now agent for the Albany Steam Laundry.

Dr. Lamberson has received an order for 50 barrels of pitch.

Fresh pies, cakes and bread at Peabier's grocery store.

Mr. Hendricks and family left yesterday for Denver, Colorado.

For gent's furnishing goods and groceries, go to Pugh & Wallace.

W. R. Barrett and family will move back to Lebanon in a few days.

Every customer at Borum & Kirk's barber shop gets a clean towel.

Hereafter both barber shops will be closed at 12 o'clock, on Sunday.

For the choicest groceries at hard times prices, go to Pugh & Wallace.

Atty. Stowe was in Albany and Brownsville, this week, on business.

Croson & Menzies are doing a strictly cash business, and no use to talk.

J. S. Courtney, M. D. Physician, Surgeon and Acouchur, Lebanon, Or.

Mrs. Welch, of Woodburn, is in the city, and is a guest of Mrs. J. W. Menzies.

Boyd, the photographer, would like to trade photos for horse-feed—carrots, oats or hay.

Mr. Press Marshall, one of Albany's councilmen, was on our streets last Saturday.

Take your cash or produce to Pugh & Wallace, and get its equivalent in groceries.

License has been issued for the marriage of Minerva J. Connelley and Mary C. Amos.

Have you tried Pugh & Wallace for gent's furnishing goods and groceries? If not, why not?

J. E. Adeox, agent for the Albany steam laundry, sends washings down on Thursdays only.

Agent B. Smith informs us that hereafter he will not receive any perishable freight on Monday.

The confectioner's art, making cream candies and other confectionery, is taught at Zahn's store.

Eighty-two applicants are being examined for teacher's certificates at the court house in Albany.

The best quality drugs, and great care is used in compounding prescriptions, at Smith's drug store.

CASH is the word. No use to say anything else to us.

CROSON & MENZIES.

J. E. Adeox has just received the sad news of the death of his brother-in-law, I. T. Libby, at Minneapolis.

If you want to get value received for your hard-earned money, call at Baker's and buy your boots and shoes.

I have a few second-hand books that I will close out at a bargain.

M. A. MILLER.

Anyone having any second hand clothes to spare will please leave them at the post office for the Doreus Society.

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.

Misses Ada Miller and Maud Aldrich returned home last Saturday from a two weeks' visit to Portland. They report having had a fine time.

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.

Since the city marshal has left off taking up stray horses some of our citizens have been in the habit of turning their horses out regularly. This should be put a stop to.

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.

Preaching at the Baptist church, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sundry school at 10 a. m. Praying 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.

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.

COM.

Buy your groceries at Peabier's, and save money.

Dr. Hill, of Albany, was in our city last Friday.

A great reduction in prices of goods at Read, Peacock & Co.'s.

Dr. Clara M. Davidson left for her home in Salem, last Saturday.

Cash paid for produce at Peabier's grocery store; highest market price.

Dr. Courtney had a severe attack of la grippe last Saturday and Sunday.

Boyd guarantees the photos he makes for \$1.50 per doz. never to fade.

Pugh & Wallace will sell you groceries as cheap as any one in the city. Try them and see.

The Albany Daily Democrat is still running the inside of their paper under the date of January.

N. W. Smith has just started a circulating library, where you can find good reading very cheap.

Quite a number of Lebanon's young people are in Albany, being examined for teacher's certificates.

Bach is not selling his clothing at cost, but still you can get a better suit there for less money than anywhere else.

Prof. Wilkes has secured the South Brownsville school, the one from which Prof. Mayberry recently resigned.

Pay us the cash and get your money's worth, and don't ask for time—we have none in stock.

CROSON & MENZIES.

We have accommodated you in the past and will do so in the future, by selling you hardware at reduced prices for cash only. CROSON & MENZIES.

Mrs. J. G. Eaton returned to Lebanon yesterday. She reports Mr. Eaton's health improved. He and the children will return to Oregon in the spring.

There is a Bible-reading over, Friday evening at 7:30, at the Baptist church, conducted by the pastor. All are invited to come and bring their Bibles.

T. L. Wallace, of Frisco, arrived in Portland, Wednesday, and will make this city his home. He represents the firm of Schilling & Co., wholesale grocers.—Mercury.

Ruff Hiatt and Chas. Smith have bought a long named horse of the Oregon Beauty stock. They will take it to the Midwinter fair about March 1st, and place it on exhibition.

Isaac Benjamin has rented Ed Carr's property, near the M. E. church, and has moved his household goods there. He expects his wife up from Portland this week, and they will go to house-keeping.

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 cheap made piano at the price of a good one.

A dime social will be given by the ladies of the First Pre-bysterian Church, at the residence of Mr. C. B. Montague, this evening (Thursday). A cordial invitation is extended to all, to come and have a good time.

Ruff Hiatt recently showed us a patent fastener for trousers, which he intends to have on exhibition at the Midwinter fair. The patent is simple and can be manufactured cheaply, and we predict Ruff will do well with it.

Bernard Hendricks, aged 17 years, died at the home of his parents in this city, last Friday, February 9, of obstruction of the bowels. The funeral service was preached by Rev. Summerville. The body was interred in the Lebanon cemetery.

While Mrs. Zahn, of this place, was in Halsey some time ago, teaching candy making, Mr. H. Walker became impressed with the value of knowing this art. He came to Lebanon Saturday and is now taking a course in Zahn's candy manufacturing establishment.

In last week's issue we stated that Mrs. G. F. Eglin was a daughter of W. W. Parrish, of Sodaville, as to which we were misinformed. She is a daughter of Mrs. Andrew Hite, of Albany. Mr. Eglin and family returned to Corvallis the first of the week.

Mr. O. A. Krieg and Miss Lucia Dow, both of Santiam, Or., were joined in wedlock, Feb. 11, 1894, at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. J. Schneider, pastor of the F. I. E. Church, of Sweet Home, officiated. Both are well known and have the best wishes of many friends.

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 lame back with great success. For sale by N. W. Smith, druggist.

Mrs. A. Cohen to-day was handed a check for \$2,000 from the A. O. U. W. on the beneficiary on the life of her husband, recently deceased. This is a very prompt payment, and Mrs. Cohen feels very grateful to the A. O. U. W. for the manner in which the matter has been attended to, and extends to them her thanks for the same.—Albany Democrat, Feb. 9.

COM.

Ex-school Supt. Russell Caught.

As soon as it was learned that G. F. Russell, the school superintendent, had fled, Sheriff Jackson began working up the case and since then has expended over \$10 in telegraphing to eastern points, among which was Bushnell, Ill., where Russell once resided for awhile. Thursday night, about 10 o'clock, the Sheriff received the following dispatch: "I have your man in charge. What shall I do with him? Answer quick." Signed by J. H. Weaver, City Marshall.

Sheriff Jackson went at once to Salem, got requisition papers, and left for Illinois. He was expected to arrive at Bushnell yesterday.

Russell employed an attorney at Bushnell, who attempted to get him out of jail on a writ of habeas corpus, but failed.

Every one here will be glad to know of the arrest of Russell, and if he is guilty as charged, hope to see him get his just punishment.

Sheriff Jackson certainly deserves much credit for his promptness in securing Russell.

A. O. U. W.

The A. O. U. W. have a fine lodge at this place. Its membership is rapidly increasing and its ranks are filled with our best citizens. The order is benevolent and social. It provides an insurance of \$2,000 on the death of each member, thus providing handsomely for the widows and orphans of its members. It is peculiarly social in its working. Members have a good time and their gatherings are beneficial, spiritually and mentally. The principles, practices and teachings of the order are thoroughly christian-like, and no minister in the city can preach a purer and better sermon than is heard regularly at the meetings of this order—not a prayer, sleep inspiring discourse, but a beautifully illustrated discourse, appealing with equal force to the heart and intellect of its participants.

Last Tuesday night, the wives of the members gave them a genuine surprise by bringing a sumptuous repast, which was thoroughly enjoyed. After supper, short addresses were made in a happy strain and the company dispersed well pleased with the evening.

A Human Eye Found.

A human eye, freshly torn from its socket, with bits of flesh hanging to it and a drop or two of undried blood marking the place where it lay, was found by the brakeman of the Southern Pacific north-bound overland passenger train on the front platform of the mail car, just after she left Oregon City. An examination showed it to be a perfect human eye, and that it had been lost by its owner but a short time before, but there was nothing to show how it was lost nor who was its owner.

The brakeman notified the conductor and other trainmen, who examined the eye, and united in pronouncing it that of a human being, and at the L street depot, on the East Side, a number of passengers from the train inspected it.

No one could furnish any explanation of its peculiar location. The theory was suggested that the engine might have struck some person, crushing his head, forcing the eye from its socket, and throwing it onto the platform. The mail car was one car removed from the engine, a fruit car being between it and the tender. Several hobos were riding the blind baggage last night, and there are some who find an explanation of the eye being there from the not improbability of the hobos engaging in a fight and one gouging out an eye of another.—Telegram.

Mr. F. C. Stuard writing to the Brownsville Times in a manly letter, tells of the immoral condition of society in that city. He says, among other things: "We heard it said, not long since, by a man who had lived in sixteen different towns, that the moral standard of the young people of Brownsville was at a lower ebb than in any other town in which he had lived. But, in my opinion, the young people are not to blame, for when the minds of their fathers and grandfathers—those to whom they look for example—run in channels of immorality, we can't expect anything better from the boys." The correspondent then refers to the "Oriental degree of humility," which he took, believing it to be all right, but found, though prominent men of the town had taken the degree, that there was not the least principle of virtue or morality in their ceremonies, but which are mingled throughout with vulgar and indecent thought. Mr. Stuard pleads for purity of thought, word and deed. Good for Mr. Stuard. The above mentioned degree was introduced in a society in this town, some time since, but the members of the society considered such a degree altogether too degrading for them to have anything to do with.

If you want to get nice fresh bread go to Peabier's.

Drugs and chemicals of every description, at Smith's new drug store.

Please come in and pay up, as I need my money.

N. W. SMITH.

Subscribe for the Express now.

MIDWINTER FAIR LETTER.

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.—DEPARTMENT OF PROMOTION AND PROTECTION. (Weekly Circular Letter—No. 14.) SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8, 1894.

Nearly 300,000 people have passed the turnstiles of the California Midwinter Exposition during the first two weeks of its existence. This fact establishes the sure success of the Exposition from the standpoint of attendance, and the verdict of the thousands who make up this grand total has been unanimous in favor of the success of the Exposition from every point of view.

Since the opening day, Jan. 27, no special effort has been made to draw the crowds. It has been the aim of the Exposition management to let the many features of the Exposition speak for themselves, and exclamations of surprise and satisfaction have been heard on every hand. The exhibits are now practically all in position. There are no holes in the floor, so to speak, and it is noticeable by those who visited the great Columbian Exposition that even the exhibits which were seen there appear to have taken on new form here in San Francisco, and the exhibitors have undoubtedly profited by the experience gained on the shore of Lake Michigan. The largest spaces in the center of the great floor of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts building are occupied by France, Germany, Russia and Italy. Each of these countries is represented by a display of artistic and useful manufactures which has never before been seen outside of the great Columbian Exposition, and in most instances the displays brought from there have been augmented by new supplies brought across the Atlantic and across the continent especially for this display.

Not in the midst of all this that is not new to everybody, there is so much in the Midwinter Exposition that is universally unique and novel that there is nothing of the "old story" about it. The American section is particularly prolific in novelty, and it occupies the largest space assigned to any one country, so that the international character of the Exposition by no means shuts out the glorification of home industries in this beautiful industrial fair.

The Palace of Fine Arts has already proved to be a revelation. Such a display of pictures has never before been seen in this part of the world. This department did not depend on Chicago for its pictures, though it got a great many of the best that were shown there. On the walls of this building are hung later pictures by well-known American, French and German artists, and prominent among them are something like a hundred of the works of the best artists of the Pacific Coast. Connoisseurs say that the Midwinter Art Palace is the best arranged picture gallery that the world has ever seen, and it certainly is well adapted for the purpose to which it is put.

In the eyes of Eastern visitors the citrus display naturally attracts the most attention. It seems to be good for Eastern eyes to encounter a pear as big as a baby's head and peaches almost as large, to say nothing of so many oranges in heaps and piles and buildings that there is a great gleam of yellow before them all the while. The rivalry between the Northern and the Southern Citrus Fairs, both of which are held in the Exposition grounds, has been happily productive of the best displays in this line that have ever been made, even in California. The Northern Citrus Fair awarded its premiums during the past week. The Southern Citrus Fair does not open until Feb. 20. The buildings devoted to this class of displays are proving quite as popular as some of the main Exposition buildings, and California citrus fruits are getting the best advertisement they have ever had.

One feature of the Exposition which has emphasized itself since the opening day is the excellence of the electric illuminations. The system of arc lighting is as complete as anyone could wish, and the incandescent system is well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the most latent soul. In these beautiful midwinter evenings, whether the moon shines or not, the entire Exposition grounds are as light as day. Long lines of incandescent lights stretch the entire length of each of the main buildings and outline all their architectural points. The dome of the Administration building is outlined against the deep blue sky, the straight lines of the Mechanic Arts building are clear cut against the background of the night, the classic outlines of the Fine Arts palace enhance the effect that structure always has, and the peculiarly effective architecture of the great palace of Manufacturers and Liberal Arts seems never to be seen at better advantage than when its thousands of incandescent electric lights are lighted.

The Horticulture and Agriculture building, however, is the one that seems to attract most attention in this particular. This is perhaps due to the fact that its lines contain more curves and more architectural eccentricities than any other, but it is undoubtedly due in a larger degree to the great flood of light which pours through the big glass dome that surmounts the building. Visitors seen at a loss to decide whether the prettier picture is presented by day, when the deep green of California's midwinter foliage lends its aid, or at night when artificial light plays so prominent a part. All are agreed, however, that the California Midwinter International Exposition is the prettiest World's Fair that has ever been held upon God's foot-stool, and the concessionaires, many of whom have staked their all to cross the continent and share the success of this industrial venture, and who may be considered to be good judges of the promise of such an exposition, are united in the opinion that this fair will be an immense success, and that that success will be readily recognized without cavil and without the local jealousies that have too often surrounded similar enterprises.

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WE'VE MET BEFORE.

When we met before? Peabier's we have. Who knows? In my little space, where happy spirits stray, Can I have in love, whose taleless river flows From fountains eternal, where there's no rest—ing. For glances of joy by debts of doubled woes. We've met before! I knew your voice, and something in the rose And went straight out to meet and greet you, saying "I've missed you long." Such welcome almost above. We've met before! And now my life, which hitherto was poor, Seems cast where poet saints are gone a-May-ing. For us each twin stemmed bud of thought that blows Expands beneath the truth that o'er it glows. The truth I feel in sleeping, waking, praying— We've met before! —London Gentleman.

A SPINSTER.

She became a spinster 27 years ago. Thus fate decreed it.

Young men had become afflicted with a passion for Caroline—wartime gallants, three decades back. But before their mouths had caught courage from their eyes or their arms had acted out the convictions of their silences, they had received her unspoken "No." Her proud bearing was part of nature's gift, and if in part it was a screen for her timidity, the mask was too deceptive, had Caroline but known it. Her lovers fell away one by one, from a fortress that only seemed invulnerable.

When this troop of cowards had yielded, there had stepped forward a man of courage, of broad mental compass. Though young, he had served his country—not alone passively, but actively, in battle, a private at first. He had fought bravely, and when graduated from the school of war had an ugly scar on his left arm to show for it. He was almost ashamed of it—so slight. The same bullet had killed a comrade near-by. He had ambitions noble, strong. He had a will of iron, energies unflagging. He possessed, besides a fine physique, the sufficient physical backing to uphold him in his exploits. He was persistent in love as in elbowing his way forward among his fellowmen. He loved Caroline.

She had often analyzed her feelings toward him. She knew his love was honest. She approved his perseverance, and yet, when he demanded an answer, she had said "no." Later she had repeated it—"No." Still he was obstinate. Then had come that farewell moment when he was about departing for broader fields to give his ambitions play.

"Answer me! Answer me finally!" he had demanded.

At that critical moment she had admired his manner. He had given no indication of a lack of hope. She had hesitated an instant. A deuser film had overspread her eyes. And then, controlling her nerves, she had answered: "Forever, Mr. Hadon, no!"

Her eyes had looked into his an instant, and then upon the ground. The agony that they suffered on the porch there together had been of brief moment.

"I go now," he had said, and left her.

She had never called him by his given name, but, as he passed through the gateway these words had almost escaped her:

"I do love you, John! Come back!"

The words were never spoken. That was the instant in which Caroline became a spinster.

When she reflected upon what she had done, she was half regretful. After all, that which had deterred her from accepting him was only a whim of her own. He was handsome? Yes. He was manly. Without a doubt? He possessed for her a certain fascination, but—with a leap, that to the whole world except herself was unaccountable, her thoughts went back to the ugly nurse she had had in her infancy. She shuddered as she beheld then, as clearly as 20 years previous, the aged hag lowering at her, ogling her through those wary spectacles. How she had wondered if she appeared distorted in the distorted eyes of Hannah!

But those were tiny cares, childish compared to the worries of the present moment to which her mind returned. Undoubtedly another man would love her exactly like him, except—Caroline had rested her elbows upon her knees, her face in her hands and was weeping. Her reverie had presently taken a more practical turn. How could she tell her father and mother that he had gone, gone forever; that neither they nor she should see him again? She dared not give the real reason, the paltry objection that had offset his words of manliness.

Ten years ago Caroline found a white hair in the midst of that cascade of black. She drew it over in front of her face, looked upward at it with a slight cast of the eyes and petulantly pulled it out. She was not old. Forty is not old. The following day she discovered another. It had root near the right temple. Yesterday's gray hair had been upon the left. If she must grow old a virgin Providence at least intended that she should grow old symmetrically, in perfect form till the end. Then, as she swept the long wisps of black around in front of her, she discerned another. This nettled her. She carefully separated it from the wealth of surrounding black and fingered it to its source at the top—just at the very top of her well shaped head. She pulled it out, exclaiming as she did so, "Weeds!"

But she was now growing old. She would not have minded these tokens had they been reasonable gifts from Father Time. But 40 is not old.

The following day Caroline penned a letter to a distant apothecary.

"I have a friend whose hair is becoming gray," she wrote. "Please send me"—the pen tilted a moment. She was writing for what in her younger days she had called "that horrid stuff." And yet it was only a dye, and for a friend. She finished the epistle and posted it herself.

A few days later a small parcel came.

through the mail addressed to Caroline. She took it to her room, and although there was no one in the house but herself, looked the door. She pondered. If she should use this dye, would she be the only one deceived? Would the rest of the world pierce the deception at once? She sat there awhile pensively listless in her manner of thought, examining the label. Then a sudden revulsion against the deceit of the world overmastered her. She arose from her chair and drew in a long breath. She applied the spark of self condemnation and shook at the explosion.

"Never!"

There was no danger now that she would ever use the dye. She perused the list of testimonials. "Mrs." was the abbreviation that preluded each signature. It would be no disgrace to grow gray if she were married now. Surely not. Not so much of a disgrace if she were a widow now. So she thought. But an unmarried woman! A spinster! She drew the cork from the bottle and poured the contents out of the window. With a penknife she scraped off the label. She put those scrapings, the testimonials, the wrappers and inner wrappers into her pocket. She would burn them later.

Five years ago an oculist examined Caroline's eyes and told her she was near-sighted—a fact she had known for the previous decade. He prescribed glasses, and she purchased them. She concealed them in that drawer of the bureau that was always kept locked, except when it was necessary to take out or put away certain valuables and keepsakes. When nobody was about, she would wear them. She was reluctant to do so, but they added to her comfort. And the newspapers and Thackeray and Hawthorne and Balzac must be read, even at the expense of personal vanity.

An unmarried woman, with no father, no mother, an income of a pittance, a single servant, was excusable for doing almost anything. So she wore them. She did not dare to look at herself closely in the mirror when she first put them on. She stood about 10 feet back, at which distance she noticed that her hair had an iron gray appearance. She gained courage awhile later, and examined herself in the hand glass. That iron gray shade was her optical illusion. There were black hairs and white hairs—a slight predominance of white. Rarely thereafter did she wear them when gazing into the mirror. She turned her head away when walking past it. Every time she put them on she did it with a wry face. Once she cried and was about to throw them away, but restrained herself.

A few weeks ago Caroline plucked the last black hair from her snow white head. She did it with the same reluctance with which 10 years before she had drawn out the first thread of white, the one ray of light in the black darkness. She took from the bureau's secret drawer a small envelope, and from this abstracted that original curiosity. She placed it by the side of this latter day curio, the black hair, the last remnant of the cascade that had been the admiration of her school friends. She wound them about her fingers and tied them, then placed them in the envelope.

It was the spirit of the gambler in his moment of desperation with which she had done this. The world should know now that Caroline could grow old unflinchingly. She picked up a volume of "The Scarlet Letter," that was near at hand, to steady the envelope while she wrote simply:

"I am a spinster. John loved me and would have continued to love me. Now he is the statesman upon whose words depends the welfare of nations. I have discovered that I loved him, but I was prejudiced. He wore glasses."—

She locked it in the bureau and tried the drawer to make sure.—Irrving S. Underhill in Buffalo Illustrated.

AN AWFUL IMPOSSIBILITY.

The soaking rain is pouring down— How it would fill your cup With bitterness if some day it Should start to pouring up!

Umbrellas then would be no use. And men in rubber boots Would have to go, while all the girls Would put on bathing suits.

You'd have a fountain on your lawn Beside each blade of grass. To keep your cellar warm and dry You'd need a tear of glass.

If you were camping in a tent, You'd have to sleep on top. And all night you'd be praying that The cursed rain might stop.

In fact, great inconveniences Too numerous to state Would follow if the falling rain Should cease to gravitate.

So let us hope there'll be no change, At least in our town. And that instead of pouring up The rain will still pour down.

—Somerville Journal.

Buy boots and shoes of Read, Peacock & Co.

When you want to buy a suit of clothing you will save money by getting it at Bach's.

Baker is yet in the lead in low prices and good goods. Prices must correspond with what farmers have to sell.

Sewing Machines From \$20 to \$30, guaranteed for 5 years. For further information call on or write to E. U. Williams store, Albany, Or.

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