Lebanon Express.

WILL AND L

I had been sitting at my deak for a full hour, engaged in the laudable occupation of doing nothing. In spite of my trouble, what wonder then that I drifted off into reverie, and my thoughts reverted to sailly pleasant retrospect?

Once more it was winter-the sunny New Orleans winter—and Will and I were together. I recalled the hours passed in reading and writing and mu-sic; the drives and walks and theaters. The most minute and trivial incidents recurred to my mind, and I found my-self smiling at the recollection of a cerself smiling at the recollection of a cer-tain long, narrow, phenomenally dark passage or alleyway on Boyal street, up-which we glanced one night, and which Will, with his bright and quick sense of humor, immediately christened "Jack the Ripper's court."

This is not a sensational story that I am about to tell. I warn my readers in advance that there is nothing star-tling or wildly romantic in it. From start to finish it is a simple "o'ertrue

thing or wildly romantic in it. From start to finish it is a simple "o'ertrue tale." And yet it was romantic too. There was a tinge of romance, after all, when Will asked me to become his wife, to marry him in secret. We had been betrothed for a year, and he was far from strong. His health was undermined, and a horrible fear oppressed him that he would be taken away. In the prime of his manhood, with life and hope and happiness all his, it was an awhope and happiness all his, it was an awful thought.

"Constance," he said one night as we "Constance," he said one night as we stood on the moonlit gallery, with its luxuriant rose vines and the great yellow roses chambering up to shake down their showers of fragrance in our faces, "my darling, he my wife now! Why should we wait, dear one? There is nothing between any lives and harmen her. ing between our lives and happiness but the bugbear of poverty, and I shall have a fortune when I am 30. I shall be 30

a fortune when I am 30. I shall be 30 next September, Constance, if—if I live."

Something in the aweet, tender voice made me glance up swiftly into the brave, dark eyes. Beautiful, tender eyes, where are you now? Where are you today, O Will? Hidden away forever from the sight of my eyes, from beyond the clasp of my arms—gone, gone—I feel it, believe it—to that

Beautiful, which bright would

Beautiful, veiled, bright world, Where the glad ghosts most.

thing in his voice made my heart

"Why do you speak so sadly?" I asked m. "Never mind the fortune, Will. I care nothing for that, if you are only spared to me."

epared to me."
"I know it dear, tender little heart,"
he answered softly. "You are the only
true woman in the world, Constance.

But I wanted to tell you (I am supersti-tions, I admit it) it was prophested that I shall die before I am 20."

"Nonsense" I cried sturdily, "that is sheer superstition, and it is very wrong to believe in it. dear. No one knows the future. I would never think of that again if I wees you." future. I would never think of that again if I were you." I tried to smile as I spoke—to shake off

the strange feeling that would oppress me, try as I might—but all in vain. Die me, try as I might—but all in vain. Die before 20! My true hearted, noble Will, with his sunny smile and tender dark eyest I would not believe it. It was absurd. So I laughed at his fears as foolishness and tried to make him for-get. But he was far from strong, and that one glimpee of what might be in store for us—the awful parting that might come—made me decide. So I promised that night to become his wife at once and "in secret and allence," as st once and "in secret and silence," as he old song says.

Everything was made ready, and on the following night—the night before his departure—we were quietly married in a quaint little old church in one of the retired streets of New Orleans. And Will and I belonged to each other for and eternity.

time and eternity.

The sad parting came next day—and he went back to his northern home, while I returned to my work, brightened only by the hope of meeting in the summer at quiet Long Beach.

I am not a superstitious woman. I had laughed at Will for his own dread of the supernatural and his belief in a prophecy, but we had not been parted a whole month when something very curious happened. Will had written to me every day, such dear, sweet letters that ry day, such dear, sweet letters that

But for those letters I would have given up my hold upon hope and would have succumbed to despair. But one day no letter came. I felt a strange sinking at the heart—an awful

strange sinking at the heart—an awful sense of depression; darkness gathered over my life. Suspense—hope deferred; these are the two emotions which serve to kill the human heart, to darken and blight existence. That night I wentout on the little gallery where we had passed so many happy hours. The moon was bright, and one star shone in the hipe walls above my head, one tay Will.

was bright, and one star shone in the hine vault above my head—one that Will-had long ago designated "our star." My heart was crushed and heavy.

I stood leaving against one of the col-ums which supported the gallery, the scont of the roses that he loved floating all around me. And as I stood there, something—a light touch—fell upon my shoulder. A cold braces cross was not A cold breeze crept over my

The next day—no letter, and the next,

The time had come now for me to go The time had come now for me to go to Long Beach, as I had promised him. I would keep my word—no matter how hard it might be, I would go there. If he—if that hideous prophecy had really come true—at all events, I would keep my promise—my last promise to hav. So I went. Oh, the long, dreary, in erminable days, with only the monate nous waters before me, the blue, hime s', y and golden sunshine always the se.me. It golden sunshine always the st.me. It made my heart faint and sic's. I had written and written letter after letter.
Still no response. I felt that he was
dead. And no one could tell me, because how could his friends in the far
distant north know aught of the southdetails form about the had secretly wed-ded? And so the dreary, endless hay dragged by and I still lived, heartbroken and helpless. I will never more laugh

ie down to the beach in the moonlight and walked slowly and sadly up and down the white stretch of sand at the water's edge. All at once I saw another shadow mingle with toy own upon the moonlit beach. I came to a halt and saw at my side-Will.

With a wild cry I attempted to grasp ds arm, but there was no one there. I went back to the house and passed

the night in pacing up and down the floor like a mad woman.

Today is his thirtieth birthday, or would have been, but I feel that my darling is no more; that the visions I have seen were warnings sent me of his fate. Would Will have ceased to write me-me-his beloved one-if he were alive? I believe that I shall see the phantom once again, and them—them—I shall go, too, for I feel that it is his spirit that has come back for me.

So I have been sitting here in the morning smallight thinking of the past. Can one wonder greatly that my pea lies idle and utterly refuses to produce the love tales of others? Is not my own love story as sad a one as I can ever write?

I hear the sound of wheels and glance I tent the sound of wheels and games istlessly from the open window at my side. A carriage has stopped before the gate. Two men are assisting a third to alight. They are bringing him slowly the walk to the house. He is evion the walk to the nouse. He is evi-dently very ill. Why does my heart throb so weakly? I am too weak to stand—to take a step forward. Oh, I will not allow myself to be deceived by

ad, vain hopes!

They reach the house at last and assist the feeble form up the steps of the broad gallery into my presence. Oh, pitying heaven! It is Will-Will, pale and spectral, a weak frail invalid, but Will all the same. It is some time before Ifully recover from this trance of happi-ness, and then the truth is made known. He had been very ill with brain fever. No one could write to me because they knew nothing of me or my address, and bewas raving in delirium. As soon as he was able to attempt the journey he had set

out to return to me.
It was all ended now—that dreary separation. Upon his thirtieth birth-day, oh, so happy and hopeful, my Will had come back to me, never to leave me

'I shall never more laugh at any on "I shall never more langs at any one for being superstitions," I said the next day, gazing into the deep, dark eyes of the loved one so happily restored to me. "Thank heaven that my superstitions feurs were not realized."

Thave never been able to account for that strange illusion. To this day I cannot make up my mind what it was that

But it was not Will's ghost, and that is all I care to know, after all.—Toronto Mail.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

During the middle ages the country now called Belgium was known by the name of Flanders, or perhaps it would be better to say that Flanders was the he before of the several fendal provinces included in that territory. Latterly, how-ever, Flanders comprised not only what is known as modern Belgium, but also a large part of Holland and northern France. The ruler of the country was called an earl, and in the latter part of the fourtsenth century Louis de Malatin wore the coronet, which he had inherited sey did my heart good—kept it alive, in Blandigni.

The proud and wealthy burghers chafed under the sovereignty of the feudal lords, and in Ghent particularly this feeling of independence was very strong. The earl, who noted the popular disaffection, made haste therefore to depart from Ghent and removed his residence to the city of Bruges, where he

had a strong castle. Now, Earl Louis was neither a wise statesman nor a brave general, and he foolishly augmented the public ill will by endeavoring to rob Ghent of its superior advantages. Four noble rivers supplied the city with its commercial and manufacturing facilities. Bruges had no river, and so a body of dikers were sent to construct a canal by which the waters of Ghent might be conveyed to Broges. But the men of Ghent fell upon them and put them to death.

Earl Louis then dispatched another company, which met with the same fate. company which met with the same rate. I turned my eyes, and there before me in the cold moonlight stood Will—my husband.

With a wild incredulous cry of delight and ratture. I finne my arms about him and ratture. I finne my arms about him.

in the conmassand.

With a wild incredulous cry of delight
and rapture, I flung my arms about him
—only to grasp empty air! No one was
there! Will was gone!

I fell to the gallery floor and lay there
the a dead woman.

The earl of Flanders was very analy
with the men of Ghent, and he summoned an army by which he hoped to
conquer his rebellious subjects. He
overcame them in one battle, but in the
overcame them in one battle, but in the overcame the battle, but in the When I opened my syes, the moon was shining down upon me, just as calm and cold and imperial as ever. I struggled to extreme them in one leattle, but in the extreme back into his hands. "Thou are back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands." "When I have my rights again, the widow of Dolph the Diker will not return to have been an are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands. "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands are leave back into his hands are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his hands." "Thou are leave back into his

at the success of the many, for the strong walls of Bruges seemed to laugh to score at of fittings seemed to laugh the service the service strong within, and one night that of the service seemed from sleep with the taker of the seemed from sleep with the taker of the seemed from sleep with the seemed from sleep sl

his race:
"Flunders for the lion! Flunders for the earl?"

the earl."

He was preceded by torchbearers and trumpeters, and a man bearing a banner on which was the famous Fiemish lion wrought in gold.

And now up the strests marched the men of Ghent, shouting: "Death to the earl! Down with feudal tyranny?"

"My tord," said Robert de Mareschant, a near and loyal friend, "march not against them—they outnumber us 10 to 1."

"Flanders for the lion!" cried the earl.

But when he saw the numerous and well appointed host and heard the mur-derous cries his heart misgave him. "What shall I do, Sir Roberts" he

"Order your torches out, then ex-change clothes with me and get out of the city if you can," replied the faithful

the city if you can," replied the faithful officer.
So the torches were extinguished, and hurrying to a darkened stable the earl and the esquire exchanged clothing.
While this was occurring the rebels, who had seen the flash of the golden coronet on the earl's helmet and the sheen of his velvet mantle under the glow of the torches were varieties.

"Hasten for your life!" whispered Sir Robert, "I am the earl and you De Mareschant."

But this deceit was quickly discov-ered, and wishing for no man's life save the carl's the rebels hastened in all di-rections after the illustrious fugitive.

rections after the illustrious fugitive.
Hard pressed, for he saw his enomical before and behind him, he rapped at the door of a low cottage. His knock was responded to by a poorly dressed woman, who held a babe in her arms.
"I am Louis, thy sovereign, and evil men seek my life," cried the earl. "Give me shelter and refuge, and St. Mary will reward you."
"I am only a poor widow, but such as I have I give you. My lord, enter."

I have I give you. My lord, enter."

It was a poor, thatched roofed hut with only one room. The loft above was

reached by a ladder. Never before had the powerful Earl of Flanders entered so miscrable an abode. The woman conducted him to the loft and showed him six children asleep on a bed of straw.
"Conceal thyself, and quickly, for I

hear thy pursuers already at the door," she said, pointing to the straw.

The earl hastily crept in among the

slumbering children, taking the young-est one in his arms. There was no little

quarreling at first.

"How big brother Max has grown," said one little girl as she snuggled close beside the mighty potentate who had taken refuge in that rude bed. "Why can he not come to bed earlier and not awake us" grambled a flaxen

But they soon became quiet, and the earl lay still with Gretchen slumbering beside him and flaxen baired Hans snor-

ing fearlessly.

Meanwhile a loud pounding had sumoned the widow to the door again.
"Where is the man who has just en

tered thy but?' demanded a savage Gan-'Art thou not mistaken?' she answer-

ed. "I am a widow and live her alone with my children."
"Nay, but we saw the light upon the way as it glared forth from the open

"I did but open it to throw something into the street. If there be a man within, search and find him."

m, search and find him."

The man casts a quick glance within.

He saw the ladder leading to the loft, and taking the light from the widow's hands he hurriedly ascended. A row of children huddled together was all that he saw, and he descended again. "The woman is right," he muttered to the crowd. "There is only a nest of children sleeping together like pigs in a sty, and there isn't room enough for an ant to hide, much less the Earl of Flanders."

Uttering cries of balked vengeance, to-wit; January M the throng of White Hoods, as they were called, pushed on, while the earl, with a John M. Somes, thankful heart for his wonderful pres ervation, went to sleep in the company of the young children. Sorely wearied by fatigue, he slept as soundly in th mud hovel of the poor widow as though he had lain in one of his own palace

The next morning was the Sabbath. and the great earl was awakened by the wondering cries of the children.

"How funny! Brother Max has come to bed with his clothes on," cried the little girl, who had slept all night in the arms of her illustrious bedfellow. "Hush, Minne," cried Max himself.

"It is some friend of mother's. I heard him last night when he came in."

"Nay, but I am a friend to you all," said Earl Louis. "From this hour count the Earl of Flanders your protector." The children were hushed to allence at the mention of that great name, and the earl presently descended to the lower room, where he found the pious widow singing her Sunday morning hymn.

"And who art thou, to whom Louis of Flanders owes his life?" asked the earl. "I am the widow of Dolph the Diker, whom the wicked men of Ghent slew when he was at work for his lawful sov-

band," said the earl, "but I never shall forget thy generous kindness in risking your own life to shelter me. Here is a arse of gold crowns, all that I can give

He staid all that day with the widow and her family, is sping a better Sabbath, I dare say, than he had for a long time before, and the following night he succeeded in making his escape out of the city, diaguised in the jerkin and marsh boots in which poor Dolph used to work at the canals. He reached Lisle, one of his loyal towns, in safety, and an army soon gathered around him quite large enough to enable him to take the field against the rebellious White Hoods.

In a great battle he completely defeated the Gantois, and Philip of Arteveld, their leader, was slain. Ghent was delivered up to him, and Flanders once more passed under the sway of its rightful lord.

When Earl Louis returned to Bruges.

rightful lord.

When Earl Louis returned to Bruges, he richly rewarded his faithful preserver, the widow Mechie, who was enabled to pass her last days in comfort and luxury. Max became a page in the great castle, and all the other children, from Hans to the laughing prattler, Gretchea, became the proteges of the earl who owed his life to their mother's generous protection.—Clinton Montague in Philadelphia Times.

HAPPY HOME.

Mr French is still very poorly.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, of Waterloo pent Satu. day and Sunday with Mrs. Morgan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cum-

Mr. Bread had to give up his con tract of grubbing for Mr. Cummings on account of sickness. Mr. C. has re-let the job to Mr. Fred Smith, of Waterloo

A meeting was held a few evenings since, at James Fitzwater's, and while the services were progressing a couple of lawless individuals undertook to enter the smoke-house, but it being locked they failed. They took a beehive, but being likely to meet two or three others they abandoned the hive, which the pursoing party found and returned. Such characters better be a little careful, as people have firearms which might be used if those characters should be caught, as it is pretty well known who those individuals are.

Some rather rough characters came to Happy Home schoolhouse the eve of last Thursday night, for the purpose of making some disturbance, as it appears, and after the services, outside of the house it became necessary for an individual to knock two of the fellows down. Such characters should be dealt with according to law, and sometimes forbearance ceases to be a

For Sale.

I will sell on easy terms very cheap the following property:

1. My residence property—a good house, new barn, and 19 acres of very best land. with fine orchard-within the corporate

2. A farm, with good improvements, o 120 acres, one and one-half miles from Leb anon. Finest hop land in the county. One house and house lots in J. M. Ralston's addition to Lebanon. Good house

and good location,
4. Four head of good horses—Two work horses and two buggy horses. Two wagon and usual farming implements. Ten hen-

All in good condition. Any man who wants a bargain can get it from me.

J. W. SCANLAND, Lebanon, Or.

Assignee's Notice

Notice is hereby given that on the 12th voluntary deed of assignment of all her property, both real and personal, to me, J. W. Menzies, in trust for the benefit of all her creditors, and said creditors are hereby required to present their claims, duly veri fied, as required by statute, to me, at my office, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon within three months from and after the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: January 19, 1894.

J. W. MENZIES,

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the under

signed has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, as administrator of the estate of Mary Gallo way, decit, late of Linn county, Oregon. persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same, with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned, at the of-fice of Samuel M. Garland, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon.

JACOB W. CRESSHITS, Adm'r.

S. M. GARLAND, Atty for Adm'r. Dated this 9th day of January, 1894

Ten days loss of time on account of dekness and a doctor bill to pay, is anything but pleasant for a man of a family to contemplate, whether he is a laborer, mechanic, merchant or publisher. Jan. O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas, was sick in bed for ten days with the grip during its prevalence a year or two ago. Later in the season he had a second attack. He says: "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with considerable success, I think, only being in bed a little over two days. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first Special Rates for our needest the gold more than I," intropied the woman as she out the is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a sold Refunded. quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 50 cent bottles for sale by W. W. Smith, druggist.

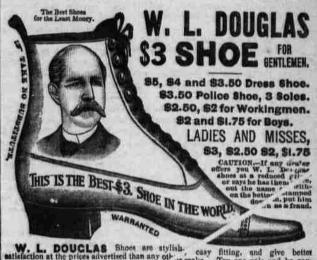
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The Tangent Prune Nursery HAS THE FOLLOWING Surplus Stock yet Unsold.

2000 Bartlett Pear, 2 years old, 4 to 6 feet high, 200 Burrie Easter Pear, 2 years, 4 to 6 100 Vicar of Wakefield Pear, 2 to 3 1500 Silver Prune, 4 to 8 feet, [Fine] 300 Hungarian Prune, 4 to 8 feet, [Fine] 300 Peach Plum, 3 to 5 feet, 360 Bradshaw Plum, 3 to 8 feet, 350 Columbia Plum, 3 to 8 feet, 350 Yellow Egg Plum, 4 to 8 feet, 1500 Cherry Trees, 1 year, 3 to 6 feet, [Fine] 5000 Peach Trees, 3 to 6 feet, (Fine) 7000 Italian Prune, 4 to 6 feet, 3000 " 3 to 4." 2000 Oregon Champion Gooseberries, 3000 Strawberry Plants, 1000 Raspberry Bushes, 500 Dew-Berry Bushes, 500 Summer Apple Trees. 600 Fall 1000 Winter 500 Currant Bushes, 500 Blackberry, 300 Roses, 150 Evergreen Trees.

Also a Fine Assortment of Shrubs and Grapevines. will be sold at very low prices until my trees are all sold out. Now is the time to buy trees cheap and got a big bargain. You can plant a 10-acre orchard cheaper than the trees can be raised. Send your orders to M. L. FORSTER, TANGENT, LINN CO., OREGON.

Bed-Rock Prices on Application. Send a list of your wants,



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