

Lebanon Express.

The regular subscription price of the Express is \$1.50 a year, and the regular subscription price of the Weekly Oregonian is \$1.50. Any one subscribing for the Express and paying one year in advance, can get both the Express and the Weekly Oregonian one year for \$2.00. All old subscribers paying their subscriptions for one year in advance will be entitled to the same offer.

THE BOY ORATOR.

"If the weather keeps up, I'm afraid Jack can't get here," said Albert Halstead. He was sitting in the window of his room in "Junior hall" and staring out on the campus, where the rain was pouring on the muddy pools and patches of sodden grass. "The ticket agent says trains can't cross if the Macoupin rises much more."

"Rise or no rise, Jack Ducky'll be here on hand when there's a debate on foot." Dick Arlington spoke from the bed. He was buried in pillows and a dog eared copy of Horace.

"He'd come through fire, to say nothing of water, to save our noble Philo from defeat at the hands of the base, craven Linophilian! The very mention of the hated name stirs me heart's blood!" and Dick sat up and looked oratorically warlike.

"Well, he'll have plenty of water to come through! Our chances are pretty slim without him. Gardiner can never hold up against Brooks and Guthridge, with all the Linos back of them. I don't see why Jack couldn't have put off going to St. Louis till next week."

"My child," said Dick, throwing the much abused Horace on the center table, where it bumped its venerable head against a solid geometry and fell to the floor, "how often must I tell you that business is business? Even a contest debate must stand aside where business—"

"Shut up! The thing is we don't want those fellows crowding over us. They're going to have a great spread if they do win, and Guthridge has promised to ride Gardiner around the campus if they don't, and you know how heavy Gardiner is. I saw Brooks—Come in. Hello, Gardiner, what's the news?"

Gardiner stood in the doorway, letting the rain drop from the ferrule of his umbrella in a pool on the carpet. "I've just been down to the station. The Macoupin is over the long bridge and is still rising—no more trains this evening."

"Jove! Dick was walking up and down, hands in pockets. "That looks bad for us Philo. I s'pose there is no news from Jack?"

"Yes—telegram. He says he'll leave St. Louis on the 4 o'clock train."

"Then he's at Macoupin station now," said Albert. "Two miles from school and no way to cross a miserable little brook that is dried up most of the year! Can't postpone the debate, can we?"

"No. Guthridge and Brooks have to leave tomorrow, and the fellows from Springfield are going home tonight."

"Well, perhaps Jack'll come. If he doesn't, we'll all stand by you, Gardiner, and do our best."

"It was raining when Jack left St. Louis, East St. Louis looked more forlorn than ever, and the country beyond was fairly drenched. He was deep in his speech for the evening's debate when the train reached Macoupin station. He finished the argument and looked up.

"What are you stopping so long for?" he asked of no one in particular.

"The conductor says the train is up over the bridge and the creek can't cross. He has wired for orders," answered a man who had just entered the car.

"All but the first few words fell on deaf ears, for Jack had dashed from the car, and was holding an excited parley with the conductor on the platform of the station.

"The water's high enough to put out the fires, and the bridge isn't safe," said the blue capped official.

Jack fairly danced with excitement.

"But I must cross! Why, I have to—oh, I just must get over to the college even if I have to swim! Can't you try to cross?"

"No. And here's orders to pull back to East St. Louis. And, young fellow, take my advice and don't try swimming when ole Macoupin is a-boomin'. All aboard!"

But Jack didn't go aboard. He watched the train out of sight down the long, wet perspective of the rails. Then he went into the station.

"See here," he said, "I'm going to try it. There's my card and—"

"Wait! Wait, now!" But Jack was gone.

The rain had slackened to a cold steady drizzle, and as he walked down the track Jack could hear the creek rushing and roaring along far beyond its banks, booming and eddying, nearly a mile wide. The water near the edge was comparatively calm, but out in the channel the current, marked by driftwood, was dashing and foaming furiously.

The trestle work of the bridge was out of sight.

Jack stopped. It was growing dark. Through a rift in the clouds the sun had set red, and the reflection made the creek more horrible. Here and there a tall squawm trampled in the water, white in an rapidly deepening dusk.

Of course to attempt to cross was folly. Suppose the Philo did lose—what then? What did it really matter? Then he seemed to hear the shouts of the victorious Linos—Guthridge's triumphant cheer—and to see his own society sitting crushed and silent.

He would try it.

He looked back for a moment at the station and the light dying in the west behind it. Then he tightened his grasp on his cane, the pride of his Juniors' heart, and stepping upon the stringers at the side of the track he began.

This water was an inch, then ankle deep and icy cold. He could scarcely see the ties, but he felt with his cane along the edge of the beam.

Further on the track sloped and the water deepened. Jack could not see the stringer, but he felt for each step carefully. It was growing so dark he could not see the farther shore. He did not dare look up or down the creek, and the whirl of the water made him dizzy.

Suddenly the water became knee deep with the sagging of the old bridge, and he entered the channel. The current nearly swept him off his feet. He stood still, heartily repenting the foolhardy undertaking. To return was impossible.

Two steps more. The rear of the black water grow deafening; took possession of him. Jack looked up stream. A huge dim mass was floating swiftly down the creek. It was a section of a covered bridge. It swayed toward one shore, then toward the other, with a horrible drunken reel. The boy reeled, too, stumbled, and the cane was swept beneath his reach instantly. He fell on his hands and knees, and there clung to the beam, the water surging to his neck.

He got his head up presently. He caught a glimpse of a few lights here and there in the town. The roar of the river dashing on into the night drowned his voice. He closed his eyes and waited. The floating section of the bridge seemed hours coming. He thought of the warm dining room at home and his mother's face above the telegraph. He could see the debating hall through a luminous mist. He wondered if Halstead would speak in his place.

He was growing numb with the chill of the water. The river seemed to whirl and rock about him. Then there was a noise like thunder. The bridge had struck the trestle. A wave swept over him. The trestle trembled, swayed, the bridge floated broadside, then struck again. The trestle tottered, wavered, then the bridge settled against it and was stationary, and as Jack mechanically crawled on again he knew that the trestle would hold.

Meantime in the debating hall the debate on "Resolved, That strikes are justifiable," had begun. Guthridge had mounted the rostrum amid the cheers of his society, while the Philo were giving Gardiner advice enough to have driven 10 men mad.

Guthridge had demolished one by one the hopes of the opposition. Every Philo was silent. Gardiner went hot, then cold, by turns. It was in vain for him to answer Guthridge.

The brilliant speech drew to a close.

"Strike till the last armed foe expires," shouted Guthridge, waving his arms madly. "Strike for your altars and your fires. Strike for the green graves of your sires! There are strikes!"

He broke off silently. Every Philo was on his feet cheering like mad. Four times the college yell rang out like a battlecry. Four times, and then the crowd parted. There in their midst, panting with the quick run from the bridge, his eyes ablaze with excitement and his figure disguised in a suit of Halstead's old clothes, stood Jack.

Of course the Philo won, and everybody remembers how all the class cheered when the class historian on class day, a fortnight later, told what Jack dared and did for the glory of the Philo—Ruth Prescott in Washington News.

"And what became of Marie?" I asked.

"She married, did she not? Or did she now? I remember there was some excitement."

Madame sighed. "It is a very long story."

"Tell me, madame," I begged. I give the story in her own words. I would that I could give her accent. Her English was almost perfect, though rather studied and occasionally confused as to tense. But her singularly pure, clear voice and a faint foreign softening of each syllable made her charming to listen to.

"I do not want those things, and she must marry a lad that I shall choose for her. Then she dance away, throwing the roses at me, and the ribbons fluttering everywhere, always ribbons and flowers with my Marie, and when she pass, the curling hair all tumbling around her, there is always a sweet perfume in the air. You remember her when she came from the convent?"

I nod. Who wouldn't remember that wild rose of a girl, with the daintiest foot post ever raved over, with a slender, lithe, ever dancing, little figure, with her pretty gown following every movement, with her glorious merry black eyes and the seashell pink on her cheeks. Remember Marie? I who had followed her floating ribbons, had picked up the roses she let fall, had been as erasay about her as ever was a village lad! Remember her? Yes, as one remembers a sprite, a fairy, a delicious dream. I sigh as one sighs for departing youth.

Those mad, happy days had nothing to do with me now. A moment ago—a day ago—I was bored, cynical, blasé, and now I would give my life to be dancing once more through the woods after Marie—after flowers and streamers and a floating gown catching on the wild rose bushes—after Marie! If once more the woods could seem as green, the sky as blue, a girl as fair as Marie!

"So she will not marry, and by and by a girl from the convent wrote Marie to visit with her at her home, and I am tired, and I let Marie go. She stay one whole year, and I weary for her, and she come back. When I see her, the tears come in my eyes. She is pale and thin and so quiet. I feel dreadful. I ask her what the matter is, and she say, 'Nothing at all.' But I, her mother, know better, and I watch and wait."

"One day a letter come for her, and it is a man's handwriting on the envelope, Marie take it and say nothing at all. Then I feel led, very bad that my little girl have a lover, and that I, her mother, know not of it. After a long time she tell me his name. It is Jean Lefroy, and she knew him at the house of her friend, and he tell her he love her, and I ask her if she love him—although I think it not right that I do not choose for her—and she say she do not know. But one day Mons—Mr. Lefroy come and say:

"Why you not write me, Marie?" and she say to him that I am her mother, and he bow very low to me and say:

"Madame, I love your daughter, and I write and ask her when I may come and tell her mother that I wish to marry her, and she do not answer me at all, at all, and she stride very fierce about the room, and Marie put her head on my shoulder and say that she love me, her mother, only. And he ask very quick:

"Why you say you love me?" and Marie will not answer. She just put her hands to her ears and will not listen to him. I think she must be crazy and speak hard to her, but she just run out of the room. Then he go away and say he will come back again that evening. Then I speak to Marie, and she say there is another man, too, and she do not know which she like better—that when one of them is there that she like the other one better—and it is making her pale and thin. Then I am very severe with her and tell her it is very wrong; that she cannot love either of them, or she would know. But she say she think she will marry one of them, and I tell her that Mr. Lefroy is coming tonight and she must say either yes or no to him, and she say that I will break her heart."

"Well, in the evening a strange gentleman come—a very fair gentleman, with pretty curly hair—and he ask to see my Marie. She look over the stair, and she say to me:

"It is the other one."

"Then I am nearly crazy, but Marie say she will not go to see him till Mr. Lefroy come. 'Perhaps I can tell,' she say, 'when I see them both together.'

"When Mr. Lefroy come, we go down the stair and there they are, both together, and they look hard at each other. We talk a little while, and then I say, 'Gentlemen, what is it that you want?'

"And they both say quick, 'Marie! And Marie she say:

"But you cannot both have me. Is it not so? And the one that came last say, very angry:

"You must decide now which one you will have!"

"Then Marie look at him and frown, and say quick:

"Very well, then; I decide now that I will not have you!"

"Then Jean Lefroy he smile a little, and the other one walk out of the house quick, his face like a storm cloud, and then Marie sit down and cry. She will not speak to Jean Lefroy, although he coax her very hard. She only say that she will stay with me, her mother. Then Jean he bow and say to me that he hope my health will keep good, and Marie stop crying and make him a grimace, and he go away too. They both come back often. But she cannot tell which she like best ever, and I am very weary. Almost I would be glad that she leave me and marry. So one day she tell me that next week she will marry, and there is no time to get her the clothes, and she will not tell me which one. I like them both very well, and I feel bad, but she only say, 'You will see!'

"On Thursday she would marry, only quite like—only those who marry her and I, her mother, there—and we go to the church together. When we get to the church, I lead to when that gentleman, but I see no one. Marie is cool. She say: 'Let me wait. He may be late, and she smile to her. I think it is very strange, but at last I see Jean Lefroy come round the corner and Marie run to meet him. When he come near, I see that he look—oh, horrible! He have his arm tied up, and his coat is torn, and one of his eyes has a black mark, and he is lame. He wear no hat, and the collar and tie are gone. Oh, it is dreadful. But I say nothing. I fear Marie change her mind again. But it is not so. They are married, and I make Jean tell me why he look so dreadful."

"Well," he say, "Marie tell each of us, separately, that she will marry us today, and when I see him I smile, not knowing that he has her promise, too, and when he see me he hold the head high, not knowing that I shall marry her. So all the week we nearly have our fight, but I never touch him till—well, last night Marie write us both and say that she will marry the one that will get to the church first. We both get the note at the same time, and I see that he is getting ready early, and I hurry too. When he leave his house, I leave mine also, and all the way we try to keep each other back. It is very hard work, and two hours after we leave the homes we have not get farther than the first corner."

"Soon we start to run, but we cannot get past each other, and then he catch hold of me, and then we fight some more. But soon I tear his coat bad, and he cannot wear it, and then his vest, but Madame will pardon me that I cannot tell her all that happen. At all event, we have to go home to get the clothes, and I get here first!" Madame paused, and I knew her story was done.

"And were they happy together, madame?" I asked. "It is hard to imagine Marie settling down quietly."

Madame sighed. "It is a long story," she said.—Madge Robertson in Romance.

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

1. My residence property—a good house on barn, and 19 acres of very best land, with the orchard—within the corporate limits of Lebanon, Oregon.

2. A farm, with good improvements, 10 acres, one and one-half miles from Lebanon. Finest boy land in the county.

3. One house and home site in Lebanon, suitable for a factory, fruit house, or good location.

4. Four head of good horses—Two work horses and two heavy horses. Two sets of harness and farming implements. Ten head of cattle.

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

J. W. SWANLAND, Lebanon, Or.

Assignee's Notice. Notice is hereby given that on the 19th day of January, 1894, E. C. Ayers made her 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 verified, 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, Assignee.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, as administrator of the estate of Mary Gallagher, dec'd, late of Linn county, Oregon. All 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 office of Samuel M. Garland, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon.

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

Ten days loss of time on account of sickness 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. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, 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 but for the use of this remedy." It should be borne in mind that the grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 50 cent bottles for sale by N. W. Smith, druggist.

Preaching at the Epiphany church every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer 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. MCKER, Pastor.

Why worry to any suit of clothing you will save money by getting Chamberlain's.

Water is yet in the lead in low prices and good goods. Prices must increase and with them our business will be ruined.

Sewing Machines. For sale on easy terms. For further information call on or write to E. W. Will's application, Albany, Or.

The Yaquina Route.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD, E. W. Hadley, Receiver.

Direct Line—Quick Dispatch—Low Freight Rates.

Between Willamette Valley Points and San Francisco.

Ocean Steamer Sailings. S. S. WILLAMETTE VALLEY. Leaves San Francisco, March 14 and 21. Yaquina, " 19 and 26.

This Company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

RIVER STEAMERS. Steamer "Hoag" leaves Portland, Wednesday and Saturday at 6 A. M.

H. C. DAY, Gen. Ag't, Salmon St. Wharf, Portland.

D. R. VAUGHN, Gen. Ag't, San Francisco, Cal.

C. C. HOOPER, G. F. & P. A., Corvallis, Oregon.

Albany Steam Laundry

RICHARDS & PHILLIPS, Props, Albany, Oregon

All Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

Special Rates for Family Washings.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

J. E. ADCOX, Agent, [In Smith's Drug Store.] Lebanon, Oregon.

Albany Collegiate Institute

Fall Term Began September 13.

A Full Corps of Experienced Teachers.

STATE DIPLOMAS TO NORMAL GRADUATES.

Four Departments of Study—Collegiate, Normal, Business, Primary.

Type-Writing and Shorthand are Taught. For catalogue address

Rev. ELBERT N. CONDIT, A. M., President.

44 VICKS

The Best Remedy for the Cough, Cold, and Sore Throat.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

\$5, \$4 and \$3.50 Dress Shoe. \$3.50 Police Shoe, 3 Soles. \$2.50, \$2 for Workingmen. \$2 and \$1.75 for Boys.

LADIES AND MISSES. \$3, \$2.50 \$2, \$1.75

CAUTION—If any dealer offers you W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them with the same stamp on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes are stylish, easy fitting, and give better satisfaction at the prices advertised than any other make. Try one pair and be convinced. The stamping of W. L. Douglas' name and price on the bottom, which guarantees their value, saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear them. Dealers who push the sale of W. L. Douglas Shoes gain customers, which helps increase the sales on their full line of goods. They can afford to sell at a less price and we believe you can save money by buying all your footwear of the dealer advertised below. Catalogue free upon application. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WIRAM BAKER - LEBANON, OR.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS

SAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 311 Broadway, New York. Please Bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Scientific illustrations, no intelligent man should be without it. Weekly \$5.00 a year \$10.00 six months. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 311 Broadway, New York City.

DALGLEISH & EVERETT,

—DEALERS IN—

Furniture & Hardware,

Carpets, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Floor Matting, &c.

—ALSO—

Windows, Doors, Builders' Hardware, &c. &c.

LEBANON, OREGON.

\$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home overnight. You get your whole time to the work, or only your spare time. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work falls to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

M. HALLETT & CO., Box 889, PORTLAND, MAINE.