

COURTING IN COLORADO.

Some of the Difficulties an Ardent Sutor Encountered.

Such an awkward situation and inopportune time for a declaration of love—shaking about on the backs of burros which were plodding along up North Cheyenne canyon! Really, there was too much of the ridiculous about it for him to succeed. He should have known better.

To be sure the surroundings were picturesque enough, or grand would be a better word, perhaps. Those great masses of rock towering a thousand feet above them, those glimpses of higher hills in front, those solitary pines and firs, the mountain brook urging its tireless way along by the road which they were following—it was all sublime. All but the burros. Truly those laughable little beasts would spoil anything, and just as Fortescue had spoken, "crack" went the driver's whip behind them, with: "Get up, Johnny; get up, Stripes!" and the burros actually broke into a trot, and Miss Bacon and Fortescue went bobbing up and down on their backs until the natural laziness of the animals made them again subside into their slow walk. It was then that Gertrude remarked almost crossly:

"I would thank you, Mr. Fortescue, not to mention this subject again."

Poor Fortescue! but he deserved his rebuff. Why, on horseback would have been had enough, but burro back—!

The truth of it was Fortescue was desperate. Try as he would he had never succeeded in getting a better opportunity, and to-morrow would find them going their separate ways. Miss Bacon had too many admirers for him to trust to a future chance; he would let her know that he had fallen hopelessly in love with her during these few weeks of companionship, and he did, with the result we have just related.

Miss Bacon was one of a gay party stopping at Colorado Springs, and "going" all the objects of interest in the vicinity. Fortescue was staying at the same hotel and always made one of their party. Everything to him had taken on a new interest since viewing it with Gertrude. The Garden of the Gods, the caverns and passes of Manitou, the wonderful Cheyenne canyons, seemed altogether more awe-inspiring. Had he not sat by her side going and coming on that wonderful cog road up Pike's Peak, and, oh rapture, had she not shyly confessed to a sense of safety with him? Had they not peered over the summit down on to the clouds below them? and surely, she had clung to him just a moment at that dizzy height.

And when they stood together by the lonely grave of Helen Hunt, in that lofty, silent spot beneath the trees, and he was thinking of the noble woman who so loved that place in life, did not Gertrude, too, stand silent as if she shared the same thoughts, while the rest of the party were making exclamations or wonder and gathering memories? Indeed, he felt there was a bond of sympathy between them, and now, how cold, how rough, even, she had been; she might have softened her refusal a little. She might have known the pain it would cause him. Would he ever get over it, he wondered.

Fortescue had plenty of time to think of all these things, for Gertrude had managed to urge her burro forward until she caught up with some other members of the party, and he was left to the company of the guide. The party had planned to go up the North Canyon to the Silver Cascade Falls, then cross the Divide and come back by the South Canyon. They now reached the trail which led them from the road they had been traveling up the mountain to the falls, so the guide left his place at the rear of the procession and took the lead. The others followed him, single file, down steep pitches and then up-up the narrow path, the burros loth to go, until they reached a level place just below the falls. There they dismounted to rest. Some of the party descended to the H. H. Falls in the brook below them, while far above their heads, down over the broad masses of gray rock, leaped and shimmered the Cascades.

Fortescue threw himself upon the ground. Gertrude had gone down to the Falls, and Benson was assisting her. If there was a person whom Fortescue despised, it was this same Benson. And he was always stumbling in these rough places. Suppose he should stumble down that steep hillside and drag Gertrude with him. But there, he hardly thought he should care—much—he would be glad to have her see that she was safer with him than with anyone else. Fortescue was plainly in an unenviable state of mind, but Gertrude had been cruel. If she had only shown a little regret.

His reveries were interrupted by the party's preparing to mount the burros, and they were soon picking their way back down the mountain. There were some rather rough places climbing the Divide, but what a view from the top. Once or twice Gertrude's eyes sought Fortescue, as he sat silent amid their exclamations of wonder and delight, but he was not looking at her. She almost decided to speak to him, then she thought:

"No, who would have believed him so stupid!" referring to the love episode, and she again felt vexed.

Now, what did Fortescue do that evening early, but go up to the different members of the party and bid them good-by, explaining that, as they were going early the next morning, he would not see them again. Gertrude, standing near the piano with several others, gave him a timid glance as he carelessly put out his hand, but she received no look in return.

That night she cried herself to sleep, and if one had asked the reason she would have replied, in all probability: "Because."

After all, what better answer is there for some stupid questions?

The next afternoon they all met again at Cheyenne, and this is how it happened:

Starting for the east that morning, the train which carried our party met with an accident and could not proceed, so the passengers were brought back to the city.

"What shall we do with ourselves until to-morrow?" they asked each other.

"Oh, the Casino, by all means!" was the general answer.

So, out to Broadmoor Casino they drove, and had not been there long when they encountered Fortescue. He stared at them.

"How's this?" he asked. They explained.

"You can see by my dress that the Casino was not my chosen destination. I started for Cripple Creek this morning, but the stage broke down not far from here. There was to be a long delay and I lost my desire for Cripple Creek, and at last found myself here."

"It almost looks like a fatality," said one.

At this remark, Fortescue sent a quick glance toward Gertrude. She met it and a vivid blush shot up into her cheeks. She quickly turned aside, but Fortescue felt a sudden hope. He grew animated and quite like his old self. But he did not attempt to walk with Gertrude, as the party broke up in couples and strolled about the grounds. He walked along with Miss Ellison and they went toward the lake.

"Would you like to have a row?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I prefer to move about. I never had anything tire and cramp me so much as that burro yesterday."

"There isn't much poetry of motion about them," laughed he, "and we did some rather steep climbing and rough riding."

"Poetry connected with burros!" she cried, mockingly. "They make everything ridiculous. I am sure I felt awkward on mine, and I should be very careful to say only the commonest platitudes at such times."

Like a flash of lightning a possible solution of Miss Bacon's peevishness occurred to him.

"I was a fool," he muttered.

"I beg pardon," said Miss Ellison, politely.

"I was trying to think of some word to rhyme with burro," he answered.

"I believe I'll write some verses on the burro."

"They will be ugly," she replied.

"Now, how would this do?" he recited:

"Better than taking Lamy Kere, Is to go riding on a burro."

They were still laughing when they met Miss Bacon and her escort.

"Tell us," she urged.

"No," answered Fortescue, "not until I get a copyright, and then I will be only too glad to tell."

The four went back to the Casino together, and Fortescue sat down behind Gertrude.

The orchestra was playing "A Summer Night in Munich."

"What can be more beautiful than a summer night in Broadmoor?" asked Fortescue.

"We must stay out here this evening," replied Gertrude. "I would like to remember my last evening here."

"Are you sorry to leave the place?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes, yes, aren't you?"

"Perhaps we won't get away to-morrow," answered she, gravely.

"No doubt about that; we shall haste to go."

The night proved fine. The moon was full, making the grounds look like fairy land.

Late in the evening Fortescue laid his hand gently on Gertrude's arm.

"Come and take a last look at Cheyenne," he said earnestly.

He led her to the upper piazza, and for a few moments they stood silently gazing at the ideal mountain looming up between them and the western horizon, cutting off the world from that side. The moonlight softened its rugged clefts and rocks.

"The dancing and merriment seem frivolous," remarked Gertrude in a low tone. "I shall never forget this night."

Fortescue was silent.

"Surroundings are everything," went on Gertrude, innocently. "The people who live in continual sight of the mountains must have elevated thoughts at times, even the meanest of them."

"Too often, perhaps," answered Fortescue, sadly. "My thoughts are elevated now to something I may never attain."

She turned to him swiftly, her face illuminated.

"Strive," she said, earnestly. "Come as near your ideal as possible."

"It is you," he replied, simply.

"But I—I am such a poor ideal."

"You mean it makes you feel so to be sought by me?" and he bent down and looked wistfully at her.

Her eyes fell and the quick blush crimsoned her face.

"No," she faltered.

"I can't live without you," he whispered, and as her head sank lower he took her in his arms.

"What made you so cruel yesterday?" he asked later.

"Those horrid burros!" was the rather shamed-faced answer.

"O, woman!" murmured her lover, but tenderly.—Mary P. Harding, in Household Realms.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Love is the pictures in a book friendship is the reading matter. Glory is the food of fools.

A universal favorite is likely to die alone.

Whichever one loves most, the other is the tyrant.

Charity is the cream on the milk of human kindness.

Success is oftener commended than it is commendable.

Individual independence is close kin to selfishness.

A woman loves to boss a man, but she doesn't love the man any better if he permits her to do it.

Nothing is absolute except nothing.—Theophile Gautier

When you want a new hat don't forget Fugh and Munsey. They have the latest styles.

HEAVEN ON TRIAL.

CHAPTER 1.—On Earth.

They were sitting beneath the spreading branches of a monster live oak one beautiful afternoon, old Abraham Fife and his good wife Nancy. Way back in the rosy days of youth, when life was all joy and hope, this now loving old couple had exchanged their little home 'mid the cornfields of old Indiana for one in the rough land of California. They were two of the thousands that braved the hard journey of the plains and settled in that new-found wonderland of the early '30's.

Hardy old pioneers they were, grown old and stooped in the rough grapple of that land of gold in its early days. Their children had married and left their place at the old home on the ranch of some thousands of acres, but 'twas a lonely spot to them when the children left, and some years afterward they moved to the quiet little village of Gold Hill, there to while away the evening time of life. Abraham was a rough old pioneer and usually sailed at the tender side of life, but as he sat beneath the live oak that afternoon with his good wife Nancy, his mind fell into reminiscences of the long years of his busy life, and his heart grew touchingly tender as he called up the sweet memories of those old days gone forever.

"Well, we've had a heap o' hard work in our time, haven't we, Nancy? And there's bin lots of dark days along with the bright ones."

"Yes, I think we've had our share, Abe, but they're all about over now, and I think if anybody needs a rest, we do, don't you?"

"Well, I have queer ideas about this restin' business, I guess, Nancy. My doctrine is, at well, work or ought to, just as long as there's a piece of us, and that'll be forever."

"I'd kind o' like to have a rest myself, Abe, and somehow I think the old Bible doctrine is best after all."

"I know the preachers twist the thing around and tell o' the good times comin', but you see they'd lose their job, Nancy, if they didn't bait their hooks with the heavenly worm. I don't believe none o' their goss' to heaven an' havin' a good time. It's all stuff. But who's that a-comin', Nancy?"

"That's the Rev. Mr. Janness, the new minister. Now don't be too hard on him, Abe."

"Wants a little money for the new church I reckon, but he can't get nothin' out o' me."

"Good Afternoon, Uncle Abe!"

"Good Afternoon, sir! Have a seat out here in the shade with me and Nancy."

"Thank you. I called to see if you could not help the Lord a little this afternoon, Uncle. Any amount would be a wonderful help."

"Won't give a cent."

"Why not, Uncle; wouldn't you like to see the cause of Christ advance in your town? It takes money to build churches and light the devil."

"Oh, we've got enough churches in town already. Can't support what we've got."

"Enough churches! Why, Uncle! You can't mean that! Don't you know that every church is a monument for righteousness?"

"Don't believe any such stuff. If we're goin' to have any church, might as well have one. That's a plenty."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all. While we are all working for the glory of our Master, we must do it in our own way. You couldn't mix up the churches, Uncle. It wouldn't work at all."

"If you can't mix 'em up now, how'll it be by and by?"

"Don't worry about that, Uncle. Let's fit it up on earth. I think if you will help us Methodists a little just now, the cause of our Saviour will take a mighty stride forward in Gold Hill. Now what can you do for us?"

"Nothin'. We're all pullin' for the same gate anyhow and I don't see the use in supportin' so many breeds."

"But wouldn't you like to meet your good wife and your friends over there? The churches are the only doors to heaven and the more the better."

"Well, this thing o' goin' to heaven's a pretty mixed up business, and I wialt I knowed a little more about it."

"It's really a simple matter after all, Uncle. You build the churches and we do the rest. Every new church increases the world's chances for heaven, and a chance for that is worth all the treasures of earth."

"Tell you what I've always thought about it, sir. I believe people are going to get fooled in the blamed thing. I don't think we'll have such an everlasting good time as you preachers make out."

"You will certainly agree that all these sorrows and cares of the troubles here will be forgotten in that glorious 'over there.' 'Tis the promise of our Father, and the glory of our race. Think of the days of universal joy and ease—the very ideal of our churches. Won't that be a happy time, Uncle?"

"No, it won't! This thing of just settin' around forever and doin' nothin', against your will, an' havin' a timber, good time, is the biggest humbug I ever heard about. It won't do here or anywhere else, in my opinion. But I'll know some day."

"Uncle! I'm astonished! What do you mean?"

"Well, it's just this way. This horrible evil you preachers snort around about, is the work of the Big Bein' and a tolerable good thing after all, I guess. If your churches can't do no better'n try to tempt it out, an' prepare men for Heaven, here or somewhere else, they'd better jell up stakes an' move on."

"We do think this world, as well as the next, would be a happier place without evil and to make it a place of good is indeed the ideal of the churches."

"Then you can't get nothin' out o' me. When you git the world on a joy forever basis, let me know an' I'll move out. Don't want none of it in mist. Come on, Nancy, we'll let the blamed fool scratch it out himself, Good day, Mr. Goodword."

W. M. C.

Chapter 2 next week.

When you want a new hat don't forget Fugh and Munsey. They have the latest styles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A town hall is to be built at Detroit by subscription.

Woodburn is inclined to think it has outgrown its charter and needs a new one.

Jack McCulloch's house burned at Pendleton Thursday night, the occupants barely escaping with their lives. It was insured for \$2,500.

Every cash purchaser of \$10 worth of goods at S. P. Bachs store gets a crayon portrait of themselves or friend free. See sample of work in his window.

The Dallas Henschler says hundreds of bushels of apples are rotting on the ground in these parts, which ought to be utilized by dryers or into vinegar.

The ladies of Lebanon and vicinity are cordially invited to call at the Ladies' Bazaar, when in Albany, and examine their elegant fall stock. Everything new and of the very latest styles.

Samuel Klein, father of one of The Dallas burglars, has made up the \$500 which they spent, so the entire amount is replaced. Klein and Savage are kept apart.

Good potato sacks 50 pieces at Lebanon Warehouse in any quantity. Parties desiring to do so can ship potatoes or hops through the house for 50 cts. per ton.

William Wade used a revolver on William Blain in an Elgin saloon, putting one bullet through the fleshy part of Blain's leg. The wound is not dangerous. Wade is held under \$500 bonds.

Music lessons at the academy have been reduced from \$2.50 to \$2 per month. Harmony free to students taking lessons in any other of the music courses.

A man by the name of Peter Gilbert was killed at the Nyssa bridge last Thursday. The guy rope of the derrick broke, letting the mast fall on and crush him. He lived but a short time, and his body was taken to Boise.

A man who gave the name of Davis left Springfield a few days ago with a team he hired at a livery stable. He has been traced over the McKenzie bridge on his way to Eastern Oregon, and officers have been warned to arrest him.

For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm bound on over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumonia. This same treatment is a sure cure for lame back. For sale by N. W. Smith, druggist.

W. A. McGuire, a well-known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing as good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's cough remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best result and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having la grippe he was himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and concluded to try the children's medicine and to his delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 50 cent bottles for sale by N. W. Smith, druggist.

A Clubbing Offer.

A great many of our readers Linn county like to take the weekly Oregonian. We have made arrangements whereby we can furnish it at a reduction from the regular price to those who want both the Express and the Oregonian. The regular price of the Oregonian is \$1.50 per year, and of the Express \$1.50 when in advance. We will furnish both for \$2 per year in advance a saving of one dollar to the subscriber. The Oregonian gives all the general news of the country once a week, and the Express gives all the local news once a week, which will make a most excellent news service for the moderate sum of \$2. per year. Those who are at present subscribers of the Express must pay in all arrears and one year in advance to obtain this special price.

To The Public.

Those that never have tried a good house or a cheap house, can learn where to buy a good article cheap. The celebrated W. L. Douglas shoe, and the Barton Bros' boots and shoes are known by our Eastern friends to be the very best. We have a line of the Brown shoe company, of St. Louis, as well as many other lines, which are sold down to the hardest time prices. Our expenses are light and we are prepared to sell cheap. We carry nearly every thing from a toothpick to a locomotive. MIHAM BAKER.

Ladies' Coats and Jackets.

I am now receiving my fall and winter stock of ladies, misses and children's garments. These goods were bought for cash and include novelties and staples of the latest patterns. Call and see them.

SAMUEL E. YOUNG, Albany, Oregon.

Bargains in school supplies and stationery at Smith's drug store.

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