"ME 'N' MAJE."

The Two Found a Resting Place Together at Last.

"Mebby you don't take dorgs here, anyway?"

The woman was holding the door so that her figure might just fill the opening, and as she had a very thin figure the door had an inhospitable appearance. Before she gave any answer she craned her head forward and examined space for a few yards about the man.

"I don't see no dorg," she remarked.

"O, you can't see him, he's out to the corner of the house, settin' down. I told him to se' down 'n' wait for me."

Having said this, the man adjusted his crutches so that he might rest on them more comfortably while he waited. He was used to waiting.

He was watching the woman's face. She had pressed her thin lips together while she was considering, and when Mrs. Darte's lips were pressed together it was as if she had only a sort of a cut in her face through which she might take her food.

"I don't expect we're called upon to support no dorgs," she said, at last; "the town don't provide nothin' for dorgs, anyway. Besides—" here she paused, but added, almost immediately—"our cat's dretful 'fraid of dorgs. She brustles all up horrid. She'd likely 's not run away, 'n' I d' know what we should do. She's a reg'lar ratter, 'n' the rats we her here are jest beyond words. I don't see why the town don't do sumthin' 'bout 'em. I tell Abram if he tended to things 's he'd say sumthin' 'bout them rats to town meetin'. I tell him I wish the selectmen could see our hog pail 'most any time when it's settin' out there by the pen. It's jest a sight with them rats' tails in a ring right round the top of it, 'n' they with their heads down in the swill."

This seemed irrelevant, but the man did not interrupt. His faded old blue eyes were fixed on the woman's face. Somehow those eyes made her uneasy. She wished they were not so mild and so gentle.

When she stopped speaking he said that he knew "some folks didn't like dorgs; they were afraid they'd run mad in the summer 'cause 'twas hot, 'n' in the winter 'cause 'twas cold. But I ain't 'fraid to risk that," he concluded.

There was silence for a moment during which a Baltimore oriole in the cherry tree close by tuted out his song and then flew off, making a swift line of brilliant color as he went. The old man turned and gazed after the flying beauty. He smiled slightly as he gazed.

"Them birds are lot of company for me this time of year," he said. "I guess they've built up in the top branch—though mostly they like elums for their nests."

As he still continued to stand there Mrs. Darte could not quite make up her mind to shut the door on him. Presently he turned toward her again.

"This is the almshouse where I b'long," he began, hesitatingly. "I'm towned here, anyway, 'n I've 'bout made up my mind I can't take care of myself no more. I'm gittin' old."

Mrs. Darte just now heard a hissing sound that told her the dried apple stewing on the kitchen stove was boiling over. She felt sure that the half-witted pauper inmate that she had left to watch would spill the apple when she tried to move the kettle back.

But here was old Lemmy Little, who didn't seem to know enough to go away. Of course they couldn't seize his dog. It was ridiculous, just like him to think they could. And her mother had always said that a good-sized dog cost as much to keep as a pig. She told herself that she hadn't any right to use the town's money to provide for a useless animal like that.

"I don't see how I can, no way," she said.

"I tell you what," exclaimed Mr. Little, brightening, "you jest come out'n see Maje, 'n' p'r'aps you'll change your mind. He's such a good feller. You can't help likin' him, nobody can't."

"I guess I've seen him," was the response, the speaker showing no enthusiasm at the prospect of making acquaintance with Maje. "I've seen him goin' along with you."

"But you must come out"—the old eyes were still bright—"'n' speak to him. He's the best feller you ever seen. Why"—here the stubbly, weak chin quivered slightly—"I ain't be'n 'thout him day nor night for ten year, 'n' ten year ago this spring he was a pup. They was goin' ter drown him. I saved his life. I got him 'way from them two cusses of boys. I took off the rope 'n' the rock they'd tied to his neck. 'Twas the best job I ever done—saved that pup. He's [illegible] since. My wife [illegible] when I fin'ly died [illegible] on mine ever the [illegible] of that wound he got when [illegible] factory blowed up, you know. 'N' I ain't be'n fit for nothin' for I d'know how long. I've got ter give up peddlin' on 'count of my back and legs. I knew this was the poorhouse where I b'longed. I'd come here 'fore only I kep' thinkin' how 'twould er made my wife feel if she'd known it. She was real high strung, Abby was, one of them Kimberlys over to North Bixby, you know."

As he said this the old man drew himself up on his crutches and flung up his head. But he could not remain in that attitude, so he immediately sagged again between the supports.

"But you come out 'n' see Maje," cheerfully.

Mrs. Darte reluctantly stepped down from the door. She flung her apron over her head. She glanced back into the passage that led to the kitchen. She could now distinctly smell the dried apple that was burning on the stove, and this fact did not make her any more amiable.

"Why don't you call him here?" she asked.

"'Cause when I tell him to se' down 'n' wait for me he expects me to come. I've brought him up that way. I ain't goin' to begin confusin' of him with new ways."

Mr. Little swung forward on his crutches, and Mrs. Darte followed him. There was a proud and tremulous eagerness in his voice and manner as he reached the corner of the house and cried:

"Here he is! Come, Maje, 'n' give yer paw to a lady."

A large yellow, smooth dog with a square, black muzzle and light hazel eyes rose from his haunches and came forward wagging his tail, not wagging effusively, but with a polite welcome. He held up his paw, but as Mrs. Darte did not take it he put it down again. He glanced at his master, advanced his head, gave one lick of his tongue upon his master's dingy hand, then stood waiting, smiling a little, slobbering somewhat, and having a very pleasant look in his eyes. Yet these eyes had the appearance of possessing other powers of expression.

A half peck basket with a cover which was tied down with a string stood on the ground near where the dog had been sitting. The woolen handle of this basket showed unmistakable evidence of having been much carried in the dog's mouth.

"What's in that?"

As Mrs. Darte made this inquiry she pointed one finger at the basket.

"It's my sweet flagroot, you know," was the answer. "It's what I peddle a good deal this time er year. Folks don't care much about it, though, but it don't cost me nothin' to git it if I dig it myself. But it always did most kill me to dig it, 'n' my back's so now I can't do it no more. I told Maje I couldn't when I dug that mess. Sometimes I have pins 'n' thread 'n' needles in there. Maje he carries the baskit—I couldn't with my two crutches, you see. But 'taint so much 'cause he carries the barskit either, 't I couldn't git 'long 'thout him. It's jest 'cause—"

The man paused. His poor face worked. "It's 'cause I love him. I tell you what 'tis, Mrs. Darte. I don't want ter live 'thout Maje. I don't want ter live much, anyway, but I do hope I sh'll stan' it's long's Maje does." The high voice cracked on the last few words. The dog moved closer to his friend and looked up at him.

"What is it?" his eyes asked.

Mrs. Darte did not speak. Her face was not precisely as it was when she opened the door to Lemmy Little. And she had forgotten the burned apple on the cook stove.

"I 'spose he eats as much as a man," she finally remarked.

"No, he don't, he don't," eagerly; "he's a real small eater, he is. You're a real small eater, ain't you, Maje?"

The dog flapped his tail on the ground, then he yawned. He might have been intimating that there were the best of reasons why he eats so little. He had ranged up by his master's side and sat down as if to indicate that he and the man belonged to one party and the woman to another.

"I'll tell ye what le's do," said Mr. Little, suddenly. "You let us in, Maje 'n' me. You jes' lemme have my share of victuals, 'n' I'll share with Maje. You c'n jes' measure my victuals if you want to, 'n' I won't take nothin' more, honest, I won't. 'N' I'll feed Maje outer my share. He c'n sleep 'long of me. He always does. You see, 'twon't cost town er cent. Now, will ye do it? If you don't I d' know what'll become of us. I b'long to this poorhouse, but I swow I won't stay where they won't take my dorg. I'll jes' lay down 'n' die 'n' be glad to, if they won't take my dorg."

As the quivering voice ceased, the owner of it leaned his crutches against the house and sat down on the ground beside Maje, who immediately put his head on the man's ragged knee.

These moves were not made dramatically, but as if this were the way the two warfarers rested when they became weary on their journeys from town to town. Mr. Little looked up at the woman. His eyes were bleared and pale in the vivid sunshine. He had his hand on the dog's head, and the fingers of the hand were moving restlessly up and down.

His toothless mouth hung open as he turned his head upward. Some sort of a pitiable attempt at an assumption of cheerfulness made him smile, and he said:

"Guess if you'd ever had er dorg, 'n nothin' else, you'd know 'bout me 'n Maje. 'N' he's be'n wuss off nor me, 'cause he ain't had only me, 'n' I've had him."

The man now gazed down at the dog again, and all the blurred lines of his face trembled.

"Wall," said Mrs. Darte, and resolutely, "I've made [illegible]se, suddenly the [illegible]ell you what 'tis, [illegible]y mind to take you 'n' [illegible]ong. 'N' if the town don't like it they may jest turn me 'n' Abram out. That's all there is about that."

Mr. Little glanced up at the speaker with a pathetic brightness. Then he quickly clasped the dog's head between his hands.

"Here that, Maje?" he asked. "What's mine's yourn, anyway." He raised his eyes again and said, firmly: "But you'll see 't the town won't be out er cent by my poor Maje."—The Chap Book.

Another Pleasure Gone.

"I don't know that these here scientific inventions do so much for the happiness of man as they air cracked up to," said the farmer-looking man, setting down his soda water glass with a sigh.

"No," ventured the drug clerk.

"No. F'instance, we used to pass the time away in the grocery every winter arguin' which was the mother of the chicken, the hen that laid the egg or the hen that hatched it. Nip an' tuck right along, sometimes one side gett'n' the best of it an' sometimes the other. Then Sam Hyer, he gits one of them incubators and that busted the debatin' society. No man could argue fer a machine bein' a chicken's mother, of course, an' now we ain't got nothin' to argue on no more."—Indianapolis Journal.

LEBANON ENGINE CO. NO. ONE.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF LEBANON ENGINE COMPANY NUMBER ONE, OF LEBANON, COUNTY OF LINN, STATE OF OREGON.

WHEREAS, Lebanon Engine Company No. 1 is a part and portion of the Lebanon Fire Department, and is a society now existing for the charitable purpose of extinguishing fire and for the physical development of its members, and

WHEREAS, The undersigned Allen B. Nickerson, Chief Engineer; Jas. G. Boyle, president; Wm. E. Lewis, recording secretary; Clark Kimbrough, financial secretary; and Joel C. Mayer, treasurer, are each elected and chosen as such officers of said society, respectively, under the rules and regulations thereof. Now, therefore, we the above-named Allen B. Nickerson, Chief Engineer, Jas. G. Boyle, president; Wm. E. Lewis, recording secretary; Clark Kimbrough, financial secretary; and Joel C. Mayer, treasurer, as such officers of said society and for and in behalf of the same, do hereby make, publish, declare and adopt the following articles of incorporation, to-wit:

ARTICLE I.

The name assumed by this corporation, and by which it shall be known is Lebanon Engine Company No. 1, and its duration shall be perpetual and unlimited.

ARTICLE II.

The object, business and pursuit of the the corporation is and shall be to conduct and carry on a fire company for the charitable purpose of extinguishing fires and saving property from destruction by fire, and for the development of the physical capacities of it members.

ARTICLE III.

The estimated value of property and money now owned by said society is Six Hundred Dollars, ($600), and the sources of revenue are and shall be from fines, dues, and assessments, and contributions from its members and others, allowances from the city of Lebanon, and interest on money notes, bonds and rent from property, real or personal, which it may now have or hereafter acquire.

ARTICLE IV.

The title of the officers making the articles of incorporation are the chief engineer, of the Lebanon Fire Department, and the president, recording secretary, financial secretary, and treasurer of Lebanon Engine Co. No. 1. They were, and their successors shall be, elected by ballot by the members of Lebanon Engine Co. No. 1, on the first Friday evening in March of each year, and they shall assume the duties of their respective offices on the first Friday evening in April of each year, provided they qualify or give acceptable bonds as the case may be.

ARTICLE V.

The location of said society shall be in Lebanon, County of Linn, State of Oregon.

In witness whereof we have herewith set our hands and seals in triplicate this 1st day of June, 1894.

In the presence of	ALLEN B. NICKERSON,
FRANK NICKERSON,	JAS. G. BOYLE,
AMOS TENNEY,	W. E. LEWIS,
FRANK TIVEY.	C. H. KIMBROUGH,
	J. C. MAYER.

On the 1st day of June, 1894, personally came before me, A. B. Nickerson, J. G. Boyle, W. E. Lewis, C. H. Kimbrough, and J. C. Mayer, to me personally known to be the identical persons described in, and who executed the foregoing articles of incorporation, and each acknowledged to me that they executed the same freely for the uses and purposes therein named.

Witness my hand and notarial seal, this 1st day of June, 1894.

W. C. PETERSON,
Notary public.

[SEAL]

COUNTY COURT.

In the matter of bounties it was ordered that hereafter no bounties be paid on any scalps except coyotes, which will be $2.50.

The plans for repairing the Santiam bridge at Sweet Home were received and placed on file.

Continued, bill of J B Tillotson, bridge, $87.50; Oregon vs Anderson and Sharf, $39.30; J M Wiley, $12.05.

The following bills were allowed:

G C Cooley, aid Mrs Clark	$ 6 00
W E Savage, aid Cox	15 [illegible]
B White aid Perrifil and Abernethy	10 00
R C Kemp, aid	5 00
Elizabeth Osborn, aid	6 00
Sarah Hines, aid	5 00
Mattie Taylor, aid	12 00
P M Smith, aid O Walson	[illegible]
H Baker, aid Vail family	[illegible]
Mrs G F Junkey, aid	8 00
T W Curran, [illegible]	5 00
Train & W[illegible]	45 90
[illegible]ads	2 80
[illegible]nitney, printing	2 20
[illegible] Ross, acct court house	2 20
T L Dugger, printing	2 00
E F Sox, miscellaneous	2 00
John Combs, sheriff Crook county	21 32
N P Payne, incidentals	46 98
Dr J F Wallace, acct insane	5 00
J M Wiley, roads	20 97
M Shackleford, acct insane	4 00
Z H Rudd, miscellaneous	4 00
Glass & Prudhomme, books	16 00
Work on Bear creek ditch	73 25
Bequest of J Backman	16 50
Harrisburg Water Company	50 61
Albany Iron Works, roads	6 75
Oregon vs Peter Chance	10 35
Joseph Kelso, bounty	12 50
W M Connor, roads	2 50
H B Moyer, roads	28 00
H C Harkness, roads	64 00
Matthews & Washburn, court house	30 75
Hart & Dannals, court house	14 90
Albany Electric Light Company	22 50
Trites & Miller, Incidentals	14 00
H J Jones, incidentals	5 80
J D Burkhart, aid J A Alber	11 25
James C Blount, bounty	5 00
C W Watts, printing	30 80
W H Sloper, roads	15 75
Mrs Mary Davis, acct poor	10 00
Oregon vs J M Moore	26 80
N Needham, postage	10 00
P W Spink, roads	54 64
P G Morris, postage	3 25
W C Miller & Co, roads	27 60
John Hutchins, acct roads	12 27
Martin Paulsen, janitor	40 25
W F Deakins, assessor	126 00
J A McFeron, salary	166 65
N Needham, salary	100 00
D F Hardman, salary	150 00
J N Duncan, salary	100 00
P G Morris, salary	83 35
A R Rutherford, salary	50 00
F M Redfield, salary	83 35
Q E Propst, salary	66 65
Albany Dressed Beef Company	6 35
Ben C Irwin Company, stationery	5 75
S W Moore, deputy sheriff	4 56
A R Rutherford	38 05
Oregon vs Morley	37 05
Stites & Nutting, printing	15 00
Wm Flickinger, acct poor	4 00
J B Tillotson, bridges	183 65
John Waters, roads	7 75
J M King, deputy sheriff	27 00
G V Standish, deputy sheriff	14 45
C G Morris, deputy sheriff	10 90
G W Burkhart, deputy sheriff	22 00
John Usher, acct poor	39 00
John Cox, and H Myers	5 00
D F Hardman, as deputy recorder	20 50
W E Savage, acct assessor	18 00
Sawyer Bros, roads	62 80
Train & Whitney, printing	20 00
Read, Peacock & Co, acct poor	9 00
J W Pugh, roads	7 50
Jennie Larew, acct poor	4 00
P Cohen, acct poor	14 00
Fortmiller & Irving, court house	90 76
Sawyer Bros	27 00
J M Waters	13 40
J W Pugh	12 00
Meston, Dygert & Company, books	94 60

PROBATE COURT.

Will and codicil of Olney Fry, Sr., admitted to probate; Olney Fry, Jr., appointed executor; undertaking to be $36,000; bond filed and appraisers, Jason Wheeler, S. P. Payne and James Hunter, appointed.

Henry Owen appointed administrator of Lewis Long; bond, $8,000; bond filed and appraisers appointed: inventory, personal property, $35.45; real, $49.40; petition to sell real property granted.

In estate of John Brown, inventory filed; real property, $11,954.56; personal, $837.80; total, $19,432.30; exempt personal property set aside for widow.

In estate of Nancy Marks, bond of $500 approved.

In estate of Lydia Morgan, J W Morgan appointed administrator; bond, $9,000, approved and appraisers appointed; inventory filed; real estate, $7,192.50; personal property $196.71.

In estate of Hugh Brown, inventory filed; real property, $500; personal, $14,446.76.

In estate of J Needham, final account set for December 8.

In estate of Pearl & Brandon, bond $3,000 approved.

Final account in estate of A Dodge set for December term; in estate of Chas. Cusick for December term.

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 subscriper. 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 arrearages and one year in advance to obtain this special price.

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SAMUEL E. YOUNG,
Albany, Oregon.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

[SEAL]

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9:00 A. M.	Ar...Lebanon...Lv.	2:39 P. M.

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