

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sole singer in the world of dreams. Whose voice, outstriking clear and far into the empty darkness, seems An echo from a distant star.

STORY OF SHELL ANNIE.

An Incident of Sherman's March to the Sea.

Nobody expected Gen. Sherman to come into Atlanta from the south.

Oh, no, in the natural course of events he must have certainly shouldered his way right straight on from the north, and accordingly the grim and grimy, frayed-out fragments of Hood's confederate army wallowed in the stifling trenches all along the vast semi-circular line of outworks that faced the valley of the Chattahoochee and commanded the approaches from the Atlanta hills beyond.

But he of the eagle eye was a strategist. He wanted to cut off and coop up the gray jackets in the city, and for that reason he quietly marched the larger part of his army up the western bank of the river eight or ten miles, flung them across the river, and with a mighty swing of that ponderous trip-hammer of war he struck them from the south, thus cutting off their lines of supplies by the Georgia railroad. Then followed those terrible days which wound up with the fierce onslaught of July 22, when the hopeless, half-starved southern men, the gallant men of the west, met in a mighty gladiatorial contest which resulted in the fall of Atlanta.

These are matters for the historian, but what I am going to recount is one of those wild, weird romances with which this terrible conflict was so fraught, and here is the strange story: "On to the sea," was the watchword of Sherman's armies, and the salient and dogged retreat of the confederates to Jonesboro was the first movement of the defeated and despairing confederates.

Jonesboro was a little inland town, nestled amid field and forest, interspersed with beautiful undulating hills and grassy valleys green with the hope of the harvest, but little suited as a defensive point for the bruised and battered legions who were receding slowly toward the southern sea.

Breastworks had been hastily thrown up flanking the line of the Central railroad, and in the ditches behind them the straggling remnants of obstinate confederates were entrenched.

It was a gloriously beautiful summer day when the skirmish line of the northern hosts debouched from the woods and took up position in front of these breastworks.

Taken by surprise after relying in vain on the ability of the southern troops to check the onflow of the legions of the conquering hosts, the women and children, led by the lame and the halt and the aged men of the country, were fleeing for life, panic-stricken and utterly demoralized.

As the sun rose over the swelling ridges the eyes of the soldiers of either army caught the gleam of a little white tent, half hidden in a wood just a little to the left of the line of attack, and above it fluttered a tiny white flag, no bigger than a man's hand.

It was a woman's handkerchief, and all the chivalrous feelings of the American soldier were aroused as the grim veterans caught sight of that little appealing bit of emerald floating there through the opening mists of war. The order was passed to respect that flag, and when the great guns began their work and shot and shell were hurled blazing and crashing across field and wood from either direction, never a gunner trained his piece toward a point near that little white house.

The battle was fiercely fought, but the combat was of short duration, and as the shadows lengthened eastward the southern troops were seen in full retreat, leaving the field to the triumphant victors.

As they swept forward a drummer boy, Otto Barden, of a Pennsylvania regiment, passed by the little white tent in the wood.

Guards in blue uniform surrounded it, and while the smoke of battle swirled above and around there was a plaintive cry from the tent, and the stalwart surgeon lifted the flap of the little tent and emerged followed by an old negro, bearing in her arms a tiny, white bundle.

"Please God, maran, is you gwinter take us off ter de north?" wailed she, with the big tears couring down her withered face. "It'll sho' kill Miss Annie ef yo' does."

"Not a bit of it, old lady, not a bit of it," replied the good-natured surgeon, with a smile.

"Hello, Otto, you're the very boy I want. This is your prize, as you are nearest her age, and we are going to detail you to take charge of this wee prisoner and see that the little reb don't escape."

The rough soldiers came crowding around for a peep at the prisoner, and many eyes filled with tears of tenderness as they gazed on the baby that had first seen the light in such gruesome surroundings.

"Isn't it a wonder that she and the mother were not blown to pieces?" said the surgeon.

"It is, indeed," replied the corporal, "for look there where a stray shall cut its way through the bushes as clean as a knife."

"Well, boys, she is our prize. Let us christen her, for time is up, and the Johnnies are waiting for us behind some bush heap down the road. Come, Otto, speak up. You shall have the honor of naming the little miss," said the surgeon.

"Call her Shell Annie," said the boy, as his mind reverted to his own orphaned days, "because she was saved from that shell."

"Good!" cried the surgeon. "Shell Annie," chorused the sergeant and the corporal in a breath.

"Here, give me your canteen, Otto," said the surgeon. "Hold her head up, auntie," and, sprinkling a few drops on the tiny head, he continued: "Shell Annie, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost and may They ever protect thee as hath the God of battle-to-day. Now, Otto, the sergeant will remain with a file of men until morning, and you may remain with them, for you look tired and worn out, my boy."

At the word of command the other soldiers took up the line of march, and faint and fainter grew the roar and rumble of departing legions, rolling on irresistibly to match their blue billows with the blue waves of the distant sea.

Twenty years after the furling of the flag the battlefield of Jonesboro was a corn field, and the rustling rows of the crested corn hid from view the almost obliterated traces of strife. Peace and plenty reigned, and the one-armed veteran of the north was hobnobbing with the peg-legged veteran of the south as they laughingly recounted the experiences of the war.

Asherville has become a great resort for summer visitors from all sections on account of its quietude, its healthful air and water and its splendid scenic surroundings.

As the train slowed up at the little station a man, apparently blessed with all the activity of youth, but bearing about him that unmistakable air of maturity that indicates intimate knowledge of and rough experience with life, stepped on the platform and strolled up the hill toward the hotel.

The dusky twilight of the dying summer day softened the rugged outlines of the gloomy mountains, and the tinkle of a crystal stream made music in the thickets below.

Suddenly the stranger was startled by a wild cry, and around a turn of the road came a horse at full speed, and in the buggy, swaying to and fro at his heels, there was a flutter of white.

Springing forward and dropping his belongings, the stranger clutched the reins of the frightened animal and arrested his mad career, but the shock was so sudden that the occupant of the buggy was tossed into the bushes by the roadside.

Releasing the horse, which stood trembling with fear and excitement, the stranger lifted the prostrate form, and as the crowd from the hotel came rushing to the spot she opened her eyes in a dazed and startled way.

"Are you hurt much?" asked the stranger.

"No, thank you; I was only frightened. I had just gotten into the buggy and was going for a ride when he became frightened and ran away. Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"Best by not mentioning it again," said the stranger, brusquely, handing her his card as he resigned her to her friends and walked away.

On the following morning the stranger arose late after his fatiguing journey, and when he went down to breakfast beside his plate was a little perfumed note, and he opened it and read it, half amused and half in wonder.

"OTTO BARDEN: Permit me to thank you and to convey to you the grateful feelings of my friends for your brave action in rescuing me from my perilous position yesterday. As a partial recognition of your kindness, I wish to extend to you an invitation to enjoy a picnic excursion with us to-day. It is my birthday. Please do not fail to come. Gratefully,

"ANNIE FONTAINE."

On a blank leaf from his notebook Barden wrote a line accepting the invitation, and then leisurely finished his breakfast.

The day was perfect, and, as the special guest of the heroine of the day, he thought he had never felt quite so near at peace with himself and all mankind as he did while lounging on the green grass beneath the shadow of the tall hemlocks at the foot of the mountain with pretty Annie Fontaine.

Chatting in a desultory way, Barden suddenly recalled the day and the drama of twenty years ago.

"Do you know," said he, "that I was one of those Yanks that marched with Sherman to the sea?"

"Indeed? Why, you must have been a very youthful soldier."

"I was a drummer boy, and this day twenty years ago I was in the battle of Jonesboro."

"And so was I," said she with a saucy smile, "for that was my birthday and the place of my nativity."

"What?" he cried, springing to his feet excitedly. "Then you are, you must be—"

"Shell Annie," she replied.

There are some stories that ought to be concluded before they are begun, but this, which is as true—yes, truer than most history—reached its natural conclusion then and there, and the Pennsylvania drummer boy now owns one of the finest fruit farms around Jonesboro, and the mistress of that southern home is "Shell Annie."

—Atlanta Journal.

A Cure for Diphtheria.

A modest and comparatively unknown physician of Paris, Prof. Roux, has, in almost a moment, achieved great notoriety and been credited with one of the most scientific discoveries of the present age, by announcing that serum separated from the blood of horses which had been previously vaccinated against diphtheria is an effective remedy for diphtheria in humanity.

Although there has been no trial of this new remedy on the Pacific coast, a supply of the serum has been received in San Francisco, and will be at the first opportunity. In the larger cities of Europe great interest is being taken in the subject, and large sums of money have been subscribed to pay the expense attending the production and application of serum to people affected with diphtheria or croup. During the week ending October 20th there were 141 cases of diphtheria in the city of New York, of which number 41 resulted fatally. Reports from Berlin, where the serum is being used, are to the effect that patients who received three hypodermic injections, and who were afflicted with a most malignant type of diphtheria recovered entirely while others who were injected with the serum, but were entirely free from the disease, although confined in the room with diphtheria patients, failed to contract the disease. It is stated upon reliable authority that serum is now a standard remedy, and may be prescribed by any physician with as much certainty and safety as a dose of calomel or any other ordinary remedy.

The new remedy is imported in little vials, containing about seventy-five drops, a sufficient quantity for five hypodermic injections.

Lost \$20,000.

We understand that a Lane county capitalist, who has a large sum of money loaned in the Palouse, Wash. county, estimates his loss by depression in property during the past few months at \$20,000. This money was formerly loaned at ten per cent. in Lane county on first-class securities, but the inducement of from 15 to 18 per cent., paid in Washington, not only led this gentleman up to the slaughter, but also the farmers who foolishly borrowed it. It served both of them right.—Eugene Guard.

Wood Wanted.

All who have taken subscriptions on wood or farm produce are requested to haul it in as soon as possible, for the roads will soon be in bad condition if the rains continue. Tell your neighbors that they can have the EXPRESS sent to them for wood, fruit or potatoes. Sample copies will be sent free on application.

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.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT, the great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1. Sold by N. W. Smith.

Only an editor can comprehend the trials of a pencilpusher. How to make every man the most distinguished, every girl the prettiest, every swell the most popular, every business man the most successful, every candidate the most desirable, besides always remembering to call every old wester "colonel," all red-headed old maids "golden-headed," not to mention the blessings received for failing to puff a fellow who passed through town and did not even call around for fear he would be expected to pay his subscription, added to the mistakes in the initials in names and errors in the weight of new members of families, all this combined with the abuse from the editor's wife for praising some other man's wife, makes an editor's life anything but a paradise.—Es.

Two fellows, who found themselves going in the same direction, in the same manner and for the same purpose, have been pacing the inconveniently regulated ties for a week, in Umatilla county, sleeping together in apparent harmony and sharing each other's sorrows. This was very good until a night or so ago, when one of the tramps stole \$15 from his companion and vanished. The wronged man walked in from Weston to Pendleton to tell his tale of woe to the sheriff, who has been on the watch for the scoundrel.

Fine deer are very plentiful in Jackson county this season. William Gee, of Sams valley, was in Ashland Wednesday, selling 18 fine bucks. He and his men have marketed 100 deer so far this season, and Mr. Gee's hunters—Cal and Mark Winingham, Dave Pense and Sam Geary—leave again at once for the head of Elk creek to kill from 35 to 40 more, which Mr. Gee will have in Ashland in a few days for Thanksgiving.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LEON CROSBY.

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 9th day of December, A. D. 1890.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CURE THAT IS THE BEST COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

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. Douglass 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. HIRAM BAKER.

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.

Hiram Baker sells 16 yards of calico for \$1.

Hiram Baker is receiving a big invoice of calicoes and shirting and so forth direct from the East.

Hiram Baker has received his fall stock of ladies' cloaks, and invites the ladies to call and examine them.

If you have anything to sell or trade, call on Peterson, Ross & Co.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. Sold by N. W. Smith.

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.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75c. Sold by N. W. Smith.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster a Welshton, Florida, says he cured a case of diarrhoea of long standing in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy. What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the sufferer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. 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 the 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.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 9th day of December, A. D. 1890.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 9th day of December, A. D. 1890.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CURE THAT IS THE BEST COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

SAVE MONEY! By Buying Your Groceries, Crockery, Feed and Flour at PEBBLER'S CASH GROCERY AND BAKERY. Cash Paid For Produce.

1854. Santiam Academy 1894.

Fall Term Commences September 24th.

Normal, College, Preparatory, Business, Primary and Music Courses.

Circular Containing Full Information regarding Tuition, Courses of Study, Text-Books, Etc., Cheerfully Mailed on Application.

S. A. RANDLE, Principal, LEBANON, OREGON.

A. H. CRUSON. Paper Hanging and Graining. To Advertisers. East and South THE SHASTA ROUTE Southern Pacific Co.

Express trains leave Portland daily: 6:15 P. M. Lv. Portland... Ar. 8:20 A. M. 10:25 P. M. Lv. Albany... Ar. 4:20 A. M. 10:45 A. M. Ar. San Francisco Lv. 7:00 P. M.

Local passenger trains-daily (except Sunday): 1:30 P. M. Lv. Albany... Ar. 10:21 A. M. 2:40 P. M. Ar. Lebanon... Lv. 9:30 A. M. 6:10 A. M. Lv. Albany... Ar. 3:25 P. M. 9:00 A. M. Ar. Lebanon... Lv. 2:39 P. M.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route. PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS -AND- Second-Class Sleeping Cars Attached to all Through Trains. West Side Division. BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail train-daily (except Sunday): 7:30 A. M. Lv. Portland... Ar. 6:36 A. M. 12:35 P. M. Ar. Corvallis... Lv. 1:50 P. M. At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific railroad. Express train-daily (except Sunday): 4:40 P. M. Lv. Portland... Ar. 8:25 A. M. 7:30 P. M. Ar. McMinnville... Lv. 5:50 A. M. THROUGH-TICKETS To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from I. A. Bennett, agent, Lebanon. R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERE, Asst. G. F. & Pass. Agt. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma