

STATE AND COAST.

Taken From Our Exchanges Through-out the Northwest.

People attracted to Globe by the railroad boom complain that town lots are held too high.

Clams and crabs are being hauled from Bandon to Roseburg, where they go off like hot cakes.

Only two deeds are said to be lacking in Columbia county right-of-way for the Astoria railroad.

Rainier's last step in metropolitan pretensions is to file a plat of its boundary lines with the county clerk.

The treasurer of Marion county has so far this year received for tax money to the amount of \$45,667.80.

Fruit Commissioner Minto is shaking up the Linn county orchardists and nurserymen on the pest matter.

The annual session of the Umatilla County Pioneer Association will be held this year at Weston, June 6 and 7.

Company C. of Eugene, is in a prosperous condition. Ten men have been recruited within the last three weeks, and eight more applications are in. This will run the roll up to about forty-five.

Amos Wilkins of Coburg, has a short horn and polled Angus bull calf, born March 29, 1895, that beats the record about this way: Weight at birth, 125 pounds; at two weeks, 150 pounds; three weeks, 184, four weeks, 184, five weeks, 204 pounds.

Mr. Boardman's Montana buyer is in the Harney valley, receiving several hundred cattle he has just bought. The kind purchased was young steers, one, two and three year-olds. Prices paid were \$10, \$16 and \$20.

David West's house at Westport, burned Wednesday, with a loss of \$3000. It was the finest building in the little town, and the dwellers of all sizes and both sexes, turned out and did noble but vain service fighting the flames and trying to save household effects.

The Gold Hill Miner has examined the Black Gold Channel company's property on Foote's creek, and calculates that the ore in sight is worth \$2,983,680. The odd cents are omitted, but until the ore is at least mined these round numbers ought to be sufficiently accurate.

A train of sixteen stock cars has arrived at Pendleton over the Oregon Railway & Navigation company from Millersburg, Or. The cars were loaded with 700 head of steers, purchased by J. L. Burke, manager of the Burke Land & Cattle company of Southern Idaho. The steers will be fed on Montana rangelands.

Dan Kelly's 7-year-old boy was drowned at Westport last Thursday. The boy was playing in a skiff with his dog, and when the dog jumped out of the boat it threw the boy overboard. His mother saw him as he was going down the last time. She sprang into the water, but too late, and had a hard struggle to get out.

The reported earthquake at Entorprise is confirmed by the local paper. It was severe enough to rattle the windows and dishes and shake buildings as if they would fall. Nearly everybody in town, whether awake or asleep, felt the shock distinctly, and bounded out of bed in terror, thinking the buildings would fall. The shock lasted about five seconds.

Circuit Judge H. H. Hewitt rendered a decision at Salem, Saturday, in the Silverton mill case. The plaintiff owners of the wheat are given the decision, and its provisions division to them is ordered, as a resolver deducting from each a share of the costs and expenses date. The defendants, J. W. J. E. Cochran and Harry S. Barrett, are enjoined from interfering.

STORY OF AN OLD MAID.

BY IFA ALLEN FELNER.

I am now an old woman of eighty. I heard some one speak of me the other day as "that old, old maid, Miss Lacey," and I could hardly believe they meant me, for I had not thought of myself as an "old, old maid," and yet I know that I, Marie Lacey, am the only living soul in Belmont who remembers the great storm of 1833 and the wreck of the fishing boat that was blown against our rocky coast one night, and the loss of the noble young men who went out to the rescue.

Yes, I, the old maid, "old Miss Lacey," as I am called, was once as young and pretty as the group of merry schoolgirls who go laughing by my lonely old house at twilight, and who, if they see me, look at each other and seem to say: "There is that old Miss Lacey! I wonder if she ever had a lover? Poor thing!"

Ah, girls, laugh on and be happy, but leave me alone in my own home. While I sit by the window, gazing out upon the village street and listening for the evening chimes in the old church tower to ring out their dear old melody, I muse and dream of sixty years ago. I am no longer an old maid, alone in an old, old house, but I am Marie Lacey, the pet and pride of Belmont, a village belle, the only daughter of the village parson and the happiest girl in all the world, for I am Ralph Gordon's sweetheart, and he loves me.

Belmont was a pretty little village situated upon the rocky shores of the great Atlantic ocean. Unlike most seaside villages, Belmont had on one side mountainous lands, with hills, woods and meadows; but on the east was the ever raging sea, with its white-capped waves always chasing each other far out into the ocean.

Our coast was very rocky and was seldom used, for it was treacherous. Only in pleasant summer weather did anyone venture out from Belmont in a boat. Often in winter and sometimes in summer after a squall piece of a fishing boat and tackle would be washed upon the rocks and sometimes the bodies of unknown fishermen would be found dead upon the beach.

Now in 1835 the coast is dotted with lighthouses, but never can I forget the first life-saving station that was built by our own boys sixty years ago, and the noble crew, with its brave young captain, my lover, Ralph Gordon.

Belmont is a fashionable summer resort now, but in 1833 it was a quiet little place, where every one lived like the Acadian farmers of old, dwelling in the love of God and man, in the homes of peace and contentment. My father, the village minister, was much loved and respected. Our family belonged to Belmont, and my father built his house almost in the churchyard.

Our nearest neighbors were the Gordons, and they were our dearest friends. The Gordon family was one of the first families in town. Old Mr. Gordon, or "the squire," as he was always called, was the wealthiest man in the village. The family consisted of himself and wife and only son, Ralph, the handsomest and best young man in Belmont.

Ralph Gordon was always a hero in my eyes, and I do not remember the time when I did not love him. When we were children together he was always my playmate, and he taught me many a childish game. He was so strong and brave, and I used to watch him with such pride and pleasure, as he rode through the village on horseback or mingled with the other boys in their sports.

At school he was the teacher's favorite, and a thrill of pleasure ran through my heart whenever I heard strangers praising his manly beauty, his graceful ways or his sunny nature. As we grew older he was my constant companion and my escort from church and all our parties and little social gatherings, for we were very gay in those old days. The autumn that Ralph was nineteen and I seventeen he left home for college. How everyone missed him, for no one could sing as he could sing, no one could talk as he could talk, but I missed him more than anyone, for he was all the world to me.

The evening before he went away he walked home with me from a friend's house, and as we were waiting in the churchyard to say good-by he took me in his arms and kissed me. Just then the chimes rang out, and somehow, after he had gone away, I loved those chimes and would listen in the hush of evening for them to ring, and when I heard their melodious peal I remembered that loving kiss and he seemed to be nearer to me.

When he came home for the holidays he looked both well and happy. Of course he came at once to see me, but not with quite the old-time freedom, for we were grown up people then, and I called him Mr. Gordon and he called me Miss Lacey.

Three years went quickly by and Ralph left college and came home to us. "Such a fine young man," the people all said, and "proud might be the girl who could win his love," and I was happy then, for I believed that he loved me.

Then the life-saving station was built, the crew organized and Ralph was chosen captain. All the young men in town were eager to join the crew as volunteers, and the girls were not far behind in their enthusiasm. Everybody was interested and wanted to do something, for the coast had long needed a lighthouse and a life-saving station. Fairs and socials were held and the money needed was soon raised. All summer the carpenters and boys worked to build the station, for it was to be a club house also, and a big room was built for parties and social entertainments.

A watchman was to live there and be in charge day and night, and an immense alarm bell was hung on the top of the boat house, which was to be rung when necessary to call the captain and his crew from their homes in the village. Two beautiful boats were

built for the crew and early in September 1833 the station with its outfit was completed.

A ball and a party was to be held in the club house, and everybody in Belmont was in joyful anticipation of that brilliant event.

Young ladies with their manly escorts trooped the hillsides in search of autumn leaves and evergreens for the decorations and the boys who were members of the crew trimmed the club house with many bright colors. The evening before the day of the party I had been to the boat house with Ralph to see the decorations. We were looking forward to the party with so much pleasure. As we wended our way homeward from the station that beautiful, calm September evening I felt in my heart that he loved me and I was blissfully happy.

As we entered the parsonage gate and stood together in the moonlight he put his arms around me and asked me to become his wife.

My darling Ralph, how much I loved him; but I told him to wait for his answer until we met at the party the next evening.

How happy I was that night! Ah, too happy. I went to my wardrobe and looked at my dresses. There was the lovely white one I had made for the party. I would wear that dress when I gave him my answer, which should be: "Yes, my love, I accept the most sacred gift a man can bestow upon a woman—the gift of his love, his name and his honor."

After awhile I went to bed and fell asleep. It must have been near morning when I was awakened by a terrible crash of thunder and a vivid display of lightning.

The house itself seemed to rock to and fro, for the wind was blowing a tremendous gale. I got up immediately and ran downstairs to my parents' room. I found them both up and dressed.

"This is a fearful wind," my father exclaimed. "God grant that there are no fishermen near our coast to-night, for a boat could not be manned in a tempest like this."

"But we have a life-saving station and crew now, father," I cried, but then a shudder of fear ran through my heart when I remembered that my lover was the captain of that crew, and might have to go out in such a storm as this. My father and mother thought also of Ralph, and for awhile we were silent.

Harsh! What was that? The alarm from the boat house. Was there a fishing boat with life in danger, or why was the watchman calling for the crew? The alarm bell rang on.

"It must be the wind that is ringing the bell!" my dear mother said. "Our boys will not go out in a terrible storm like this."

"Oh, father," I cried, "let us go there and see, for Ralph I know will be there."

My father commanded me to be calm, and said: "It would do no good for us to go out in the storm even if Ralph and the crew were out."

Again the alarm bell sounded, and I cried out in despair. "Father, I must and I shall go!"

I rushed to my room and dressed, and going downstairs I entreated my father to hurry. As we opened our house door the wind blew in and extinguished the light of my mother's candle, as she stood near the door and begged us not to go.

Almost every moment the thunder would peal and the lightning would flash and light up the village and coast for miles, and the rain poured down in torrents. It was a fearful struggle, but clinging closely together we at last reached the boat house.

There was the old watchman and two or three members of the crew, but where were the captain and the others?

Over the water came the faint cries of two fishermen, whose boat had been shattered upon the rock, to which they were clinging, and the shouts of the brave boys could be heard, who had gone out in a small boat to save them.

Oh, why had they attempted such a dangerous thing in this awful storm? Would they succeed?

My father and I fell on our knees and prayed to God to guide that boat and bring them safely back, but the sea was too angry that night and the wind and the waves too high, and soon the cries of the perishing fishermen were hushed forever by the roar of the angry waters.

There on the shore we waited and prayed, while the waves dashed furiously on the rocky beach. The minutes seemed like days to us, until almost half an hour had passed away, while we watched there and prayed, but our boys did not return from their errand of mercy.

At last there was a momentary lull in the storm, and we went nearer to the water and peered out over the angry sea.

A flash of lightning revealed to us for a moment the beautiful new boat, tossing empty on the foam, and I sank upon the sand unconscious.

When I came to myself the sun was shining brightly and I was in my own room at home. My father, mother and many of my friends were with me, but they could not comfort me, for I knew that my lover had perished.

Ah! that was sixty years ago, and I have lived to bury all my friends, and all things have changed since then, and I am an old, old woman now.

People wonder why I do not sell this old house, for it does not compare with the modern architecture of the palatial homes that are now upon the street. They wonder, too, why I love to sit and listen to the old chimes in the old church tower. When I hear rumors that the people of Belmont are going to tear down the old church and build a fashionable new house of worship I grow pale to think that I may yet have to endure life without those dear old chimes.

Harsh! they are ringing now. I love them, for they have helped me to live for sixty years. The children are right. I am now an old woman of eighty—"that old, old maid, Miss Lacey."—True Times.

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.

Notice of Executrix.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that, by an order of the County Court for Linn County, State of Oregon, the undersigned has been duly appointed and is now the duly qualified and acting Executrix of the last will and testament of Eugene H. Ulm, deceased. All parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and all parties having claims against the estate are hereby required to present the same properly verified, within six months from the 5th day of this notice, to the undersigned at the office of Sam'l M. Garland, Lebanon, Ore.

E. J. Ulm,

Ex. of the last will and testament of Eugene H. Ulm, deceased.  
SAM'L M. GARLAND,  
Atty. for Executrix.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, the administrator of the estate of A. V. Gamutte, deceased; and has duly qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against the estate are hereby required to present them, with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned, at the office of W. M. Brown, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon.

Dated this 22nd day of January, 1895.  
Phil Ritter,  
Administrator.  
W. M. Brown,  
Attorney for Administrator.



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