

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1906.

STATE AND COAST.

Taken From Our Exchanges Through-out the Northwest.

The settlers on Illinois river have petitioned for a post-office.

The Albany creamery turned out its first butter last Friday, a prime article.

The machinery has been ordered for Eugene's new flouring mill, to be delivered June 15.

Assessor Zumwalt estimates the population of Curry county at 3,500, double what it was five years ago.

Emil Schanno has received a colony of Australian lady bugs at The Dalles from the California state board of horticulture.

The iron for two and a half miles more of the Pokegama mill company's track to be extended further into the timber belt, is being delivered along the route now.

Orders for 600,000 feet of lumber for use in improving the Oregon Central & Eastern railroad have been placed with the mills along the road. The road is doing a rushing business.

John Lock, a Chinaman, has just filed a claim of \$294 against Marion county, on account of damages by reason of the hop riot of September, '88. Took John a long time to get it through his head.

Levi Smith's residence on Coos river burned Monday of last week. Besides the house, the blacksmith shop, a milkhouse and all the farming implements were burned. The loss is more than \$3000, and there was no insurance.

While riding one evening last week on the bicycle track at Salem, Chester Murphy was run into by another bicyclist and was thrown to the ground, breaking one of his shoulders. Murphy is Salem's fastest rider and was entered for the races at Independence.

Cordwood dealers who float their wood to the boat landings in Astoria by water chutes, some of which extend four miles back into the hills, have completely knocked the small dealer, who have heretofore hauled their wood to the landings by team, out of the business.

John Stewart will make his third big shipment of cattle, consisting of 500 head, from Eugene in a few days, all to go to Idaho. Thus, while a good deal of money is going out, a good many thousand dollars is coming in. Stock raising in this valley should be increased.

The last sections of the gates have arrived at the Cascades, and these will be put into position as soon as the water will permit. The gates that have been erected keep the water out of the canal and permit work to be done and the contractors are pushing it forward as rapidly as possible.

Those who expect to get fine farms at little or no cost on the Siletz reservation are likely to be disappointed. The Tillamook Headlight says that after the allotment is made to the Indians, there will be no good land left, and as for what will be available for settlement it will cost \$1.50 an acre, and must be lived upon.

Jesse Brown was in Corvallis Saturday and reports that Robert Jones, living on Beaver creek, killed an elk recently that dressed 370 pounds. It was started back in the mountains by dogs which ran it down onto Pete Rickard's place, where it was shot. Mr. Brown claims this to be the first elk killed in his neighborhood for twenty years.

A pamphlet on Benton county geology, issued by John Ray two years ago, has attracted much attention. J. S. Diller, chief of the geological survey for the Pacific coast, writes Mr. Ray from Washington for the work, and will come to Corvallis during the season to consult Mr. Ray relative to a trip he will make into the coast range, west, where interesting fossils are found.

LET US BE QUIET.

Let us be quiet! What is there to gain by fret and worry in this fleeting life? Alas, for all the self-inflicted pain! Alas for all the self-inflicted grief!

Let us be quiet! Winds and waters wage in vain the fiercest conflict ever known. They cannot reach a star, however they rage. Nor touch the base of God's eternal throne.

Let us be quiet when our foes conspire To do us evil or to thwart our good; When friends charge ill to all our right desire And best of motives are misunderstood.

Let us be quiet when the ghosts arise— Those phantom creatures of night's fevered brain; They fly when morning's sun illumines the skies, And we behold the world in light again.

Let us be quiet! Passing years shall prove Purpose divine upon our welfare bent; True wisdom, hand in hand with deepest love, Works out for us the will omnipotent.

—R. M. Oxford, in N. Y. Observer.

LUCK OF THE ATKINES.

BY MARGARET B. YEATES.

Nobody ever was poorer than the Atkinses, or, in common parlance, any more "shiftless." The family consisted of the old man, Bill by name, a half blind, decrepit creature, who yet possessed a share of quaint humor; his wife, Lou-ey, a lazy, ragged old woman, who had grown fat on nothing and who managed to keep her snuff-box full even when the coffee-pot was empty, and five or six lank, sallow boys and girls in various stages of age and dirtiness. They occupied a small log house on the outskirts of a town in the mountains of Arkansas, and their dwelling was remarkable only for its simplicity. It consisted of a single room which the entire family occupied without regard to age or sex; the fireplace furnished at once heat, light and the means of cooking their scanty food. Three wretched beds, a broken chair or two, a box which served as a table, a frying-pan, spider and coffee-pot, with a few broken dishes, composed the entire wealth of the Atkins family, for their house was the property of a well-to-do citizen who let them live there for very pittance. It was quite prosperous, this inland Arkansas town, though fifty rough and rocky miles from the nearest railroad; it was considered by the country folk around a dashing, stylish place. The ladies there never went barefooted, even in the hottest weather, and sun-bonnets were long since out of date. The men, too, wore store clothes, and some of them wore their coats to meeting during the summer; but this innovation was by no means popular. It was a gossip little community, as an isolated place must be, and its church and political factions managed to keep things from stagnating. But the whole town was united upon one thing—in heartily condemning the Atkinses. Even the Methodists and the Campbellites agreed on that, and they did not often agree upon anything, for the Campbellites had affirmed that they could sing louder and faster than the Methodists, and the host had caused considerable ill feeling.

The town had to support the Atkinses, so surely it had the right to disapprove of them, but the disapproval was rather out of proportion to the aid they furnished, and, had the position been reversed, the Atkinses would have had more to eat. One lady in the town had declared that she would never help "them Atkinses" again. She related to a circle of sympathizing friends that she had offered "Mis Atkins two bits a week an' all she could eat" if she would do her washing and cooking, but the offer had been refused. Mrs. Atkins said she had to stay at home and take care of her "man," as he was "mighty nigh blind," and the old man had jocosely remarked that he "loved Lou-ey'd been doin' nothin' so long she'd hate to quit."

Mr. Johnson was proprietor of the only grocery store in the town. He had come from New England years before, and had opened this store when lemons and oranges were practically unknown and white sugar well-nigh as hard to obtain. By dint of keeping these and similar luxuries and selling them at astonishingly high rates, and by introducing into the western market many high-priced novelties, such as sardines, canned fruits, oatmeal, A B C crackers, and other articles calculated to please the eye and palate of the village customer, he had managed to amass quite a tidy little sum. On this gentleman the burden of contributing to the support of the Atkinses fell with especial severity. Not that he gave more than anyone else—quite the contrary—but that his well-known stinginess made him feel it more. It is doubtful if he would have given anything at all, but from his desire to stand well in the eyes of the community, and especially of the gentleman on whose land the Atkinses lived. He was the rich man of the town, and his influence and importance were wonderful in a small way.

One evening a group of men had gathered in Mr. Johnson's store, as was the custom, solemnly gossiping about the events of the day. The proprietor stood behind the counter keeping an anxious eye on his boxes of crackers and fruit that stood invitingly open. He was a slender man, slightly stooped, with his face and upper lip shaven and an iron-gray beard adorning his chin. He had small eyes and a bland smile that was intended to be very pleasing. It was hard to keep the smile this evening, though, for a lank mountaineer was making fearful depredations upon a box of "animal crackers" that stood open on the counter. He dared not stop the man, for he was a possible customer, but as he saw his pantry crows and elephants disappearing his heart sank within him. It was not until he had safely maneuvered the box out of the man's reach that he was able to give his attention to the chat that was going on.

Abe Lewis had the floor, and he was telling something that was truly astounding. "Have you fellows heard that ole Bill Atkins is goin' to draw some money soon?" he asked. The sensation the news produced was fully

up to the speaker's expectation. "Yes, that man that was here awhile back looking out for pensions is goin' to git a pension fer Bill," he continued. "You all know Bill fit in the war, an' he's blind, you know, an' he's goin' to git his money now soon. I reckon his back pay'll be sev'ral thousand dollars. It'll be two or three months before he'll git it, but they say it's sure to come." Well, well! would wonders never cease? Bill Atkins a moneyed man! The news must be true, for the whole party remembered the pension examiner who had visited the town, and two or three men testified to seeing him go to Atkins' house.

The news spread like wildfire through the little town, and created a variety of emotions. A few skeptical souls pretended not to believe it, but they were in a hopeless minority, and the subject was discussed in all its bearings. The Atkinses had suddenly, and by no effort of their own, become very important citizens. Mrs. Smith, the wife of one of the ministers, told the ladies in the sewing society that she thought it a shame that none of them ever went to see the Atkinses. "They're got souls to save if they air pore," she added, judiciously overlooking the fact that report said they were no longer beggars. Mrs. Kelly, the lady who had avowed her intention of never helping them again, looked quite abashed, and secretly resolved to send Mrs. Atkins a pitcher of buttermilk that very evening.

Next morning Mrs. Atkins herself set forth for a visit to Johnson's store, entirely unaware of the rumor that was abroad. She entered the place rather timidly and in a very apologetic tone asked for a pound of bacon, a little coffee and a box of snuff, adding, as was her invariable rule, that she would pay for the things as soon as "berries gits ripe." As Mrs. Atkins had made this same promise every time she had entered the store, there was no reason why it should have particularly impressed Mr. Johnson; yet he seemed delighted, and hastily produced the things she wished, but in much more generous quantities. "How would you like a nice ham?" he asked, holding up the article in question. Mrs. Atkins hesitated. She was as honest as her limited means would permit, so she shook her head, saying he would get tired of waiting for his pay. "No, indeed," he insisted; "take your own time to pay for it. I don't mind waiting a bit on a good customer." Thus urged, Mrs. Atkins took the ham, and added several unaccustomed luxuries to her list. He would not allow her to carry the things, but sent them in his delivery wagon, and gave her at parting a polite "call again." Mrs. Atkins went home in a truly astonished state of mind, related her remarkable adventure to the old man and the children, and wound up by declaring that "Jim Johnson's been converted, and I know it, else he never would have did it." The Atkinses enjoyed a square meal that morning, the first in many a weary day.

The two churches—there were only two in the town—seemed to vie with each other in paying delicate attentions to the hitherto neglected family. To be just, the two ministers and their wives had endeavored to induce the Atkinses to "join the church," but their efforts had not been crowned with success, largely, it seemed, because Mrs. Atkins and Mandy, the oldest girl, had "nothin' to wear." But now the other ladies of the church developed a sudden interest in the matter, and upon receiving the usual reply one of them boldly asked: "Well, why don't you git a dress at Boothby's?" He'll wait till you git the money." Mrs. Atkins, who was getting a little accustomed to her unexpected turn of good luck, plucked up heart to go to Boothby's, the largest "dry goods and general merchandise" store in the place, and, though somewhat uncertain of her reception, managed to express a desire for a certain purple calico toward which her heart had inclined, but which she had never dreamed of possessing. Mr. Boothby was most affable; certainly she could have the goods, and anything else she wished. A pink calico for Mandy was added, and the enterprising merchant succeeded in pressing upon the bewildered woman various articles of adornment entirely unsuitable to her, but of which he had found some trouble in disposing.

Thus it went on. Mandy and her mother became regular church goers, arrayed in their elegant new calicoes, and even the old man had a new suit of "store clothes" sold him on time and somewhat against his will by an accommodating merchant of the town.

In vain the Atkinses protested that they did not know when they could pay for all these luxuries; these generous friends smilingly waved such all such scruples and protested that they were perfectly willing to wait.

Thus the winter passed, the Atkinses daily growing in favor. It had been a hard season, but, thanks to the indulgence of their now numerous friends, they fared well, and the oldest boy had a position that enabled him to earn a little.

Spring came, and with it the pension officer came to the town again. He stopped at Johnson's store one day to purchase some cigars, and that smiling merchant took occasion to question him a little. "When is ole Bill Atkins goin' to get his pension?" he asked.

"Atkins—Bill Atkins? I don't remember anyone of that name. Oh, yes, you mean that old half-blind fellow that lives at the end of the town. Why, he won't have any pension at all. He applied, and I examined the case when I was here before. His blindness has nothing to do with his war service. There is no reason in the world why he should have a pension. He has known ever since I was here last fall that he wouldn't be allowed anything."

A Clubbing Offer.

A great many of our readers Linn county like to take the weekly Oregonian. We have made arrangements whereby we will furnish that a reduction in 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. These 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 8th day of April 1906, the first publication 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. Garoutte, 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, 1906.
Phil Ritter,
Administrator.
W. M. Brown,
Attorney for Administrator.



LIVERINE

THE GREAT
LIVER, KIDNEY AND CONSTIPATION
CURE.

Pleasant to take by old or young. No griping.

The root of the Liverine plant is extensively used in Norway for the cure of Piles.

Sold by all first class druggists.

Wholesale Manufacturers.
ANCHOR & CHEMICAL CO.
Lebanon, Oregon.

BARBER SHOP

Best Shaves, Hair Cut or Shampoo at

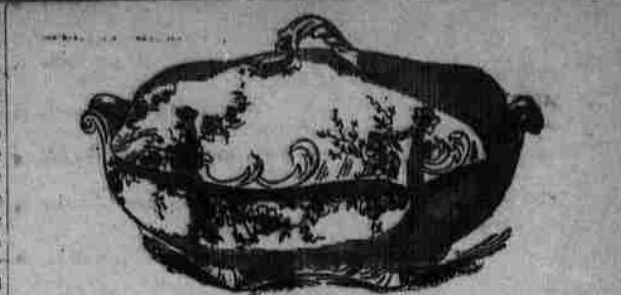
B. F. KIRK,
Shaving Parlor.

NEXT DOOR TO ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

Elegant Baths.

Children Kindly Treated.

Ladies Hair Dressing a Specialty.



AYER & KIMBROUGH

Have just received the finest line of CROCKERY and GLASS WARE ever brought to Lebanon, which they invite you to call and inspect.

Their price are as low, if not lower than anywhere else, in the valley.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce.

To Advertisers.

If you wish to obtain the best returns from your advertisements, don't forget the important fact that The Lebanon Express will give the desired results, as it is the Best Advertising Medium in Linn County.

The Unenterprising Business Man . . .

Uses a small amount of Printed Stationery and other Advertising matter, and as a consequence his business dies away and he is then like the man whose picture appears above.



The Enterprising Business Man . . .

Uses a great amount of Advertising matter of all kinds. Consequently his Business Increases and he becomes as happy as the individual who is represented by the picture just above.



East and South

—VIA—

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—OF THE—

Southern Pacific Co.

Express trains leave Portland daily:

6:15 P. M.	Lv. Portland	Ar. 8:30 A. M.
10:30 P. M.	Lv. Albany	Ar. 4:25 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	Ar. San Francisco	7:00 P. M.

The above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also Tugent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irwin, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

Roseburg mail—daily:

8:30 A. M.	Lv. Portland	Ar. 4:20 P. M.
12:45 P. M.	Lv. Albany	Ar. 12:30 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	Ar. Roseburg	7:00 A. M.

Local passenger trains—daily (except Sunday):

8:30 A. M.	Lv. Albany	Ar. 10:40 A. M.
9:10 A. M.	Ar. Lebanon	Ar. 9:40 A. M.
4:30 P. M.	Ar. Albany	Ar. 6:45 P. M.
5:20 P. M.	Ar. Lebanon	Ar. 5:50 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. 6:30 A. M.
12:15 P. M.	Ar. Corvallis	Ar. 1:00 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.
7:35 P. M.	Ar. McMinnville	Ar. 5:00 A. M.

THROUGH TICKETS

To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from L. A. Bennett, agent, Lebanon.

R. KOEHLER, Manager.

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & Pass. Agt.

Albany Steam Laundry

RICHARDS & PHILLIPS, Props.

Albany, Oregon

—30—

All Orders Receive Prompt

Attention.

Special Rates for

Family Washings.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

J. F. HYDE, Agent,

Lebanon, Oregon.

Job Printing of All Kinds

Is done at this Office in a Workmanlike Manner, and at Prices to Compare with the Times. Your Business will be Increased by having Your Job Printing done at this Office.

THE LEBANON EXPRESS.