

STATE AND COAST.

From Our Exchanges Through-out the Northwest.

Malden has ordered an 800 pound fire bell.

A Eugene draughtsman is getting up a map of Douglas county.

Grant's Pass owes \$15,000 and has paid a property worth \$11,000.

Captain O. C. Applegate will deliver the address today at Klamath Falls.

The Klamath county court is receiving bids for a bridge over Lost river, near Merrill.

A scheme is on foot at Jacksonville to utilize Walker creek for a water supply to the town.

The Salem flouring mills are receiving 10,000 bushels of wheat from Harrisburg via the Southern Pacific.

Jackson county is calling in warrants up to October 1888. Democratic deficits are an old story there.

The sheepmen in Union county report an unusually good lambing season, ninety per cent having been saved.

Some Montana mining capitalists are looking at the Union and Companion properties in the Cornucopia district.

Sixty-five horses came into Pendleton last week, hauling wool from the John Dny country, Bitter Creek and Bear Creek.

Eugene merchants have subscribed about \$3000 towards a light-draft steamer, to be built at and ply from that ambitious seaport.

Prof. L. Barzee, for some years at the head of the Jefferson public schools has just been elected president of the state normal school at Drain.

A hard freeze is reported to have visit Dufur Monday night. The grain is so far along to be hurt, but berries and potatoes are damaged, to what extent is not yet ascertained.

Owing to the indisposition of the leading characters, Salem's rose show has been declared off for the present. It will be given later, when the effects of the storms have passed.

The latest official to feel the effects of Kincaid's stand on the hold-over salary matter, and to squirm under it, is the state boatman, E. P. Bradford, of Astoria. The secretary of the state will do nothing till the courts have settled the Eddy case.

Hood River shipped 277 crates of strawberries to the Eastern markets Monday night. They went to Helena, Salt Lake, Kansas City and the Colorado markets. The cold weather has reduced the shipments, and when the sun comes out again there will be from 800 to 1000 crates leave Hood River.

W. D. Humbert, of Coos county, was at Ashland last week, with a view of making arrangements to start the woolen mills there. He is interested in mills at Bandon, and has had practical experience in this line. With co-operation and the making of an extra quality of goods, the mills could be made to pay, he thinks.

The Corvallis Times says that Miss Ollie Thompson has returned home from a ten months' tour of various states with the Amold concert company. Herr Amold has gone to Seaside, Clatsop county, for a rest, but in three weeks he will again take up his fiddle and bow, and, accompanied by Miss Thompson, will resume the circuit.

Pendleton is highly pleased at being elevated to the rank of a second-class postoffice, its last year's receipts from the sale of stamps, stamped envelopes and box rents having amounted to \$8045.67, which was sufficient to cause promotion. The only other second-class offices in the state are Salem and Astoria, Eugene having fallen back to third-class.

MANDANY'S FOOL.

BY MARY LOUISE FOOL.

"Ye ain't got hungry for tomatoes, be ye?"

Some one had knoeled at the wercen door, and, as there was no response, a man's strident, good-humored voice put the above question concerning tomatoes.

But somebody had heard. A woman had been sitting in the kitchen with a pan of seck-no further apples in her lap. She was paring and quartering these, and then stabbng the quarters through and stringing them on yards of white twine, preparatory to festooning them on the clothes horse which stood in the yard. This horse was already decorated profusely in this way. A cloud of wasps had flown from the drying fruit as the man walked up the path. He swung off his hat and waved the insects away.

"I say, have ye got hungry again for tomatoes?" he repeated. Then he rattled the screen, but it was hooked on the inside. He turned and surveyed the three windows that were visible in the bit of a house.

"They wouldn't both be gone, 'n' left them apples out," he said to himself. "I'm 'bout sure Ann's to home, 'n' she's the one I want to see."

A woman in the bedroom which opened from the kitchen was hurriedly smoothing her hair and peering into the glass. She was speaking aloud with the air of one who constantly talks to herself.

"Jest as sure as I don't comb my hair the first thing somebody comes." She gave a last pat and went to the door. There was a faint smirk on her lips and a flush on her face.

Her tall figure was swayed by a slight, eager tremor as she saw who was standing there. She exclaimed: "Goodness me! Tain't ye, Mr. Baker, is it? Won't ye talk right in? But I don't want no tomatoes; they always go against me. Aunt Mandany ain't to home."

"Oh, ain't she?" was the brisk response. "Then I guess I will come in." The speaker pushed open the now unfastened door and entered. He set his basket of tomatoes with a thump on the rug, and wiped his broad, red face.

"Fact is," he said with a grin, "I know she was gone. I seen her goin' east the 'pastur'. That's why I come now. I ain't got no longin' to see Aunt Mandany—no, sirc, not a grain of longin' to see her. But I thought 't wuld agreeable to me to clap my eyes on to you."

The woman simpered, made an inarticulate sound, and hurriedly resumed her seat and her apple paring.

"Won't you see 'down, Mr. Baker?" she asked. Her fingers trembled as she took the daring needle and jabbed it through an apple quarter. The needle went into her flesh also. She gave a little cry and thrust her finger into her mouth. Her large, pale eyes turned wistfully toward her companion. The faded, already elderly mouth quivered.

"I'm jest as scar't I c'n be if I see blood," she whispered. Mr. Baker's heavy underlip twitched; his face softened. But he spoke roughly.

"You needn't mind that bit of blood," he said; "that won't hurt nothin'. I don't care if I do see 'down; I ain't drove any this mornin'. I c'n jest as well as not take hold 'n' help ye. I s'pose Mandany left a thunderin' lot for ye to do while she's gone?"

"Two bushels," was the answer. "The old cat! That's too much. But 'twon't be for both of us, will it, Ann?" The woman said: "No."

She looked for an instant wistfully at the man who had drawn his chair directly opposite her. He was already paring an apple.

"I'd know what to make of it," she said, still in a whisper. "To make of what?" briskly.

"Why, when folks are so good to me's you be."

"Oh, sho', now! Everybody ain't like your Aunt Mandany?"

"Sh! Don't speak so loud! Mebbe she'll be comin' back."

"No, she won't. No matter if she is." The loud, confident tone rang cheerily in the room.

During the silence that followed Mr. Baker watched Ann's deft fingers. "Everybody says you're real capable," he remarked.

A joyous red covered Ann's face. "I jest about do all the work here," she said.

She looked at the man again. There was something curiously sweet in the simple face. The patient line at each side of the close, pale mouth had a strange effect upon Mr. Baker.

He had been known to say violently in conversation at the store that he never seen Ann Tracy 'bout wantin' to thrash her Aunt Mandany."

"What in time he you dry'n' seekin' futhers for?" he now exclaimed with some fierceness. "They're the flattest kind of apples I know of."

"That's what aunt says," was the reply; "she says they're most as flat's I be, 'n' that's flat 'nough."

These words were pronounced as though the speaker were merely stating a well-known fact.

"Then what she do um for?" persisted Mr. Baker.

"She says they're good 'nough to swap for groceries in the spring."

Mr. Baker made a deep gash in an apple and held his tongue. Ann continued her work, but she took a good deal of seck-no further with the skin in a way that would have shocked Aunt Mandany.

Suddenly she raised her eyes to the sturdy face opposite her and said: "I guess your wife had a real good time, didn't she, Mr. Baker, when she was livin'?"

"I hope so," he said, gently. "I do declare I tried to make her have a good time."

"How long's she be'n dead?"

"Most ten years. We was livin' down to Nurgis Corners then."

The man picked up his knife and absently tried the edge of it on the ball of his thumb.

"I s'pose," said Ann, "that folks are sorry when their wives die?"

Mr. Baker gave a short laugh. "Well, that depends."

"Oh, does it? I thought folks had to love their wives 'n' be sorry when they died."

Mr. Baker laughed again. He made no other answer for several minutes. At last he said:

"I was sorry enough when my wife died."

A great pile of quartered apples was heaped up in the wooden bowl before either spoke again.

Then Ann exclaimed with a piteous intensity:

"Oh, I'm awful tired of bein' Aunt Mandany's fool!"

Mr. Baker stamped his foot involuntarily.

"How jew know they call you that?" he cried, in a great voice.

"I heard Jane Littlefield tell Mis' Monk she hoped nobody'd ask Mandany's fool to the soeable. And Mr. Fletcher's boy told me that's what folks called me."

"Darn Jane Littlefield! Darn that little devil of a boy!"

These dreadful words burst out furiously.

Perhaps Ann did not look so shocked as she ought.

In a moment she smiled her immature, simple smile that had a touching appeal in it.

"Tain't no use denyin' it," she said; "I ain't jes' like other folks, 'n' that's a fact. I can't think stiddy more 'n' a minute. Things all run together, somehow. 'N' the back of my head 's odd 's it can be."

"Push! What of it? There can't any of us think stiddy; 'n' if we could what would it amount to, I should like to know? It woul'd amount to a row of pins."

Ann dropped her work and clasped her hands. Mr. Baker saw that her hands were hard, and stained almost black on fingers and thumbs by much cutting of apples.

"Ye see," she said in a tremulous voice, "sometimes I think if mother had lived she'd treated me so 't I could think stiddy. I s'pose mother 'd loved me. They say mothers do. But Aunt Mandany told me mother died the year I got my fall from the cherry tree. I was eight then. I don't remember nothin' 'bout it, nor 'bout anything much. Mr. Baker, do you remember your mother?"

Mr. Baker said "Yes," abruptly. Something made it impossible for him to say more.

"I'd know how 't is," went on the thin minor voice; "but it always did seem to me 's though if I could remember my mother, I could think stiddy, somehow. Do you think I could?"

Mr. Baker started to his feet. "I'd be awmed 'I c'n stan' it," he shouted. "No, nor I won't stan' it, neither!"

He walked noisily across the room. He came back and stood in front of Ann, who had patiently resumed work.

"Come," he said, "I think a lot of ye. Let's git married."

Ann looked up. She straightened herself.

"Then I should live with you?" she asked.

"Of course."

She laughed. "There was so much of confident happiness in that laugh that the man's heart glowed joyously."

"I shall be real glad to marry you, Mr. Baker," she said.

Then, with pride, "N' I can cook, 'n' I know first rate how to do house-work."

She rose to her feet and flung up her head.

Mr. Baker put his arm about her.

"Let's go right along now," he said, more quickly than he had yet spoken. "We'll call to the minister's 'n' engage him. You c'n stop there. We'll be married to-day!"

"Can't ye wait till I c'n put on my bumpit to show 't?" Ann asked.

She left the room. In a few moments she returned for a bottle. She had a sheet of note paper, a bottle of ink and a pen in her hands.

"I c'n write," she said confidently. "I c'n write, 'n' I c'n write to leave word for Aunt Mandany."

"All right," was the response; "go ahead."

A Clubbing Offer.

A great many of our readers Linu county like to take the weekly Oregonian. We have made arrangements whereby we can furnish it at a reduction in the regular price to those who will take the EXPRESS and the Oregonian. The regular price of the Oregonian is \$1.00 per year, and of the EXPRESS \$1.50 in advance. We will furnish both for \$2.00 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 \$2.00 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 Executor.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that by an order of the County Court for Linu County, State of Oregon, the undersigned has been duly appointed and is now the duly qualified and acting Executor of the last will and testament of Eugene H. Uln, 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 31st day of April 1895, 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. Uln, deceased. SAM'L M. GARLAND, Atty. for Executor.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linu county, Oregon, the administrator of the estate of A. V. Garotte, 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, Linu county, Oregon.

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



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Local passenger trains—daily (except Sunday): 8:20 A. M. Lv. Albany... 10:30 A. M. 9:30 A. M. Lv. Lebanon... 9:40 A. M. 4:20 P. M. Lv. Albany... 6:45 P. M. 6:20 P. M. Lv. Lebanon... 5:30 P. M.

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