

**BY MUTUAL CONSENT.**

Mr. and Mrs. Messenger were simple, unaffected people, devoted to their children and to Nancy, Mr. Messenger's young step-sister.

One sunny afternoon in early summer Mrs. Messenger sat at the open bay window of the drawing-room reading. The door opened presently and Nancy came in rather slowly. She came over to the window and seated herself in a low basket chair with an air of constraint.

"I have a letter from Jim," she said. "Does he say when he is coming?"

"Yes; he came by the same steamer as the letter. He will be here tomorrow, I suppose."

"Nancy!" really asked Mary, looking almost excited. "Are you not delighted?"

"I—I—have a confession to make," said Nancy, nervously, looking out over the sea. "I thought I loved Jim when he went out to India five years ago, but I was only seventeen then, and did not realize what love meant. We had known each other all our lives, and I mistook our friendship for love."

"I have felt it dimly for a year or two, but what made it all clear to me was Jim's last letter, saying that he was coming home. It filled me with dismay and fear. I felt that I simply could not meet him as his betrothed wife, so I wrote last mail and asked him to release me from my engagement."

"And what does he say?" Mary asked, anxiously.

"He is delighted," said Nancy, brightening. "He says that his feelings have changed too."

"You never hinted at any change before," said Mary, a little reproachfully.

"I only knew it dimly or I might have done so," replied Nancy, gently. "And since I wrote to him I have been silent to spare you any anxiety. My letters have never been from the present Nancy, but from the Nancy as I could remember her at seventeen. In fact, I have been writing down all the time to the level of his intelligence as shown in his letters, and that level is painfully low."

"He would be much more likely to object if he once saw you," said Mary, frankly, "for these five years have done wonders with you in every way."

"Oh, he's so boyish that he will think me strong-minded, and therefore dislike me," said Nancy, laughing. "And I did send him my last photograph, you know."

"Did you send that hideous thing?" asked Mary in surprise.

"Well," confessed Nancy, rather reluctantly, "I believe I had some secret, unconfessed hope that he would offer to break off the engagement if he once saw that hideous caricature."

A day or two later Nancy started for her usual afternoon walk along the cliffs. Walking quickly along, she did not hear footsteps behind her, and was surprised at hearing herself suddenly addressed. Looking up with startled eyes, she found a young man gazing at her with a puzzled, intent expression in his handsome face.

"You are Nancy, are you not?" he said, doubtfully, holding out his hand.

"Why, Jim, is it really you?" asked Nancy, regarding him with surprise.

"How you have grown! When did you come? and how did you find me?"

"I came two days ago," he said, reddening slightly in irritation at her first words, "but I called at the Ness this afternoon and Mrs. Messenger told me where I should find you."

"Let us go home now, and then you can see them all," she said, turning back. "You will hardly know the children; they were such mites when you left."

"I certainly shall not, if they have altered as much as you have done. I scarcely knew you," he said, looking down at her with intent gray eyes, and inwardly comparing this beautiful, graceful girl with the gauche schoolgirl of five years since.

"I am older," she said, her heart sinking strangely. "He might disguise the fact that he finds me a disappointing failure," she thought, rather bitterly.

"Of course we are no longer boy and girl," he said. "But I hope we shall always be friends, Nancy! We have been that all our lives, haven't we?"

"Yes, let us be friends," she said. And, thinking that he was eager to impress upon her that they were to be nothing more, she added: "And it was very wise to break off that childish engagement before you came home, wasn't it?"

"Yes—yes," he said, doubtfully. "Those boy and girl engagements never answer, do they? People develop so differently from what one would expect. Judging from your letters, I should have thought you utterly different from what I find you."

"You are equally different from what I should have expected you to be," she answered. "But let us put up with each other as we are; we need not see much of one another, you know."

They had just reached the gate leading into the garden of the Ness as she said this, and unconsciously she paused outside.

Jim took this, coupled with her last words, as a hint that he should go, and was more hurt than he cared to own.

"Good afternoon," he said, stiffly, raising his hat. "Your suggestion is a brilliant one, and you need not fear that I shall trouble you with my presence more often than is necessary."

"Good-by," she said, turning in at the open gate in order that he should not see the rising tears.

"Good-by," he said, freezing, thinking her absolutely cruel in not shaking hands.

If Mrs. Messenger had been given to distrust reflections she might have asked herself how Jim and Nancy could possibly avoid each other, according to the compact, when he was always coming to the Ness?

For he came every day and at all hours of the day, as he had been wont to do five years ago.

Nancy lost all her gentle brightness when speaking to Jim, and was sadly discontented to him. *Continued on next page.*

knew that her love for him was strengthening day by day, and that no power of hers could prevent it.

His position in regard to Nancy was much worse than that of any mere acquaintance. Every other man could tell her of his love, while it seemed to Jim that he had lost right by gladly agreeing to cancel their engagement.

One afternoon he found her alone, a very rare occurrence indeed, for she was careful to avoid a tete-a-tete with him.

"Shall we go into the garden?" she asked, thinking that anything was preferable to sitting stiffly in the drawing-room.

"I should like it immensely," he answered, rising and opening the door with alacrity. "Will you take me to your old favorite seat? I have so often thought of those days when I was feeling homesick, Nancy."

"I thought you were very happy in India," she said, unresponsively.

"So I was, but I was homesick sometimes, especially when I first went out."

"Mr. Penstone and I always quarrel over this view," said Nancy, anxious to prevent any embarrassing pause.

"Who is Mr. Penstone?" asked Jim, knitting his brows.

"He is our curate," she answered. "I always say that this is the finest view in town, but Mr. Penstone maintains that the view from—"

"He must be an idiot, then," burst in Jim, hotly; "the views are not to be compared!"

"You might have waited until I had mentioned the other," said Nancy, raising her eyebrows.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, in utter confusion. "I thought you must mean—in fact, I understood you to say—that—that the view from Beacon was finer than this."

"Yes, that is what Mr. Penstone declares," she said.

"What a hideous name the man has!" said Jim, irritably. "Of course you are devoted to him, Nancy?"

"Yes, he is so very good and clever and pleasant," she said, surprised at his vehemence.

"You are going to marry him, I suppose?" he said, with ill-concealed anger.

"You forget yourself, I think," she answered, with gentle dignity. "And whom I may marry can be no possible concern of yours."

"O, none, of course," he said, furiously. "Only you might have told me the truth when you broke off our engagement. It would have been just as easy to say that you were engaged to some one else at once."

"You are entirely mistaken in thinking that I am engaged to anyone," said Nancy, calmly. "Mr. Penstone is married and old enough to be my father. Shall we go in now, or have you any other interesting accusations to make?"

"Forgive me, Nancy, I was a fool!" pleaded Jim, earnestly. "I forget sometimes that I have not still the right to speak to you on such matters. For five years I have thought of you as my promised wife, and now that I am with you I cannot always realize that you are mine no longer. Say, that you forgive me, Nancy, for my roughness and presumption."

After this quarrel Jim found it impossible to be on the same footing of friendship with Nancy. She was colder and more constrained than ever in her manner toward him, and he was too proud and too manly to force his love on her, believing that she disliked him; and at last, after a bitter struggle with himself, he determined to return to India at once.

He had never been to the Ness lately without some valid reason, and this new decision was so good an excuse for calling that he was not slow in taking advantage of it. He found Nancy in the garden, arrayed in a large white sun bonnet, busy gathering strawberries for tea.

"I am going back to India; I have had enough of England."

"To India? At once? O, why?" she asked piteously, growing very white and looking at him with frightened eyes.

"Do you care, Nancy?" he asked eagerly. "Would you rather I stayed?"

"My wishes have nothing to do with the matter," she said, rather bitterly. "Indeed, they have," he said, very earnestly. "Nancy, tell me, would you rather I stayed?"

"If I say yes, would you stay?" she asked, quietly.

"Only if you loved me," he said. "I cannot stay on and see you day after day, and feel that you will never care for me. May I stay, Nancy?"

"If you like," she answered shyly.

"There is one thing I want to know," he said, presently, looking down into her eyes; "when did you begin to love me, dear?"

"When did you begin to love me?" she replied, blushing under his gaze.

"I don't know; I have loved you all my life," he answered.

"I don't know, either," she said; "when I was about four or five, I think."

"But, my darling, you broke off our engagement," he said, wondering.

"Yes, from your letters I thought I did not love you. They were so stupid—I mean—"

"Yes; they were stupid, but yours were silly, too, and I thought that was the kind of things you liked," he said, intelligence dawning in his eyes.

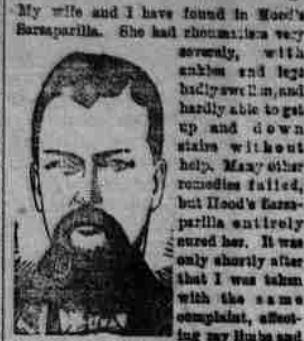
"I thought you were terribly boyish, so wrote very 'young' letters, thinking they would interest you," she said, beginning to laugh.

"We both fell into the same mistake, then," he said, laughing, too. *Warrior Magazine.*

—The first law that ever God gave to man was a law of obedience; it was a commandment pure and simple, wherein man had nothing to inquire after or to dispute, for as much as to obey is the proper office of a rational soul acknowledging a heavenly superior and benefactor.—Montaigne.

—A stray hair, by its continued irritation, may give more annoyance than a constant blow.—Le well

**A Great Blessing**



My wife and I have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had rheumatism very severely, with anhm and legg badly swollen, and hardly able to get up and down stairs without help. Many other remedies failed, but Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured her. It was only shortly after that I was taken with the same complaint, affecting my limbs and hips, so I just tried the same medicine with the same result. My wife and children take Hood's Sarsaparilla whenever they feel the need of a medicine and it immediately makes them feel better.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Saves me doctor's bills. I am an earl, and well known in this locality. W. W. WYATT, White Head Hill, Indian Ter.

**Hood's Pills** easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

**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.



**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.**

**Notice of Administration.**  
Notice is hereby given, that by order of the county court of Linn county, Oregon, the undersigned has been duly appointed and now is the duly qualified and acting administrator of the estate of Nancy Marks, deceased. All parties having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, properly verified, within six months from the 12th day of July 1896, the date of the first publication hereof, to the undersigned at the office of Sam'l M. Garland, Lebanon, Oregon.

JOHN H. MARKE,  
Administator.  
SAM'L M. GARLAND,  
Atty. for Admr. Estate of Nancy Marks, deceased.

**Oregon Central & Eastern R.R. Co.**

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE,  
Connect at Yaquina Bay with the San Francisco and Yaquina Bay Steamship Company

**Steamship "Farallon"**

A 1 and first class in every respect. Sails from Yaquina for San Francisco about every 8 days.  
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed. Shortest route between the Willamette Valley and California.  
Fare from Albany or points west to San Francisco:  
Cabin, \$12 00  
Steerage, 8 00  
Cabin, round trip, 60 ds. 18 00  
For sailing days apply to  
H. L. WALDEN, Agent,  
EDWIN STONE, M'gr., Albany,  
Corvallis, Oregon.  
CHAS. CLARK, Supt.,  
Corvallis, Oregon.

**WALSH'S GLOVER ROOT PURIFIER BLOOD**  
CURES CONSTIPATION  
INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS  
CRACKS OF THE SKIN  
RHEUMATISM COMES FROM  
THE BLOOD  
FOR A CURE IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable Laxative and Purifier. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c, 60c, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.

**KO NO** The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teething Infant, the Family, and the Traveler. For sale by N. W. Smith.

For sale by N. W. Smith.



**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 Manufactures.  
ANCHOR S 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.**

**Albany Steam Laundry**

RICHARDS & PHILLIPS, Props.,  
**Albany, Oregon.**

All Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

**Special Rates for Family Washings.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.  
J. F. HYDE, Agent,  
Lebanon, Oregon.

**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
COPYRIGHTS.

Can I obtain a Patent? For a new machine and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Confidentiality strictly guaranteed. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.  
Patents taken through Munn & Co. secure special notice in the Scientific American, and they are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This scientific paper, issued weekly, is the most influential, best read, and most valuable of any scientific work in the world. It is a new, simple, and sure method of securing a patent, and is the only one of its kind. Building Section, monthly, \$1.00 a year. Single copies, 15 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new patents, with plans, enabling inventors to show the details of their inventions. Address: MUNN & CO., New York, 611 Broadway.



**MAYER & 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 prices are as low, if not lower than anywhere else, in the valley.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce.

**Lumber Cheap**

AT THE  
**WATERLOO MILL**

(Two miles west of Waterloo)  
The nearest mill by eight miles to any point in the Valley.

Lumber at bottom prices, with liberal discount for cash. Will fill orders at once.

Save money, time, your wagon and team by buying of  
**WATERLOO MILL**

You can haul 1500 feet at a load as the road is good to this Mill.

**W. E. CHANDLER,**

Leading Plumber and Tinner.

**1,000,000 People Wear**

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**\$3 SHOE** FIT FOR A KING.

\$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25 For Men  
\$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75 For Boys  
Any Style, All Sizes, Every Width.  
CAN FIT ANY FOOT.

Wear W. L. Douglas shoes and save from \$1.00 to \$3.00 a pair. The inventor in leather has increased the price of other makes, but the quality and price of W. L. Douglas shoes remain the same.

**THIS IS THE BEST \$3 SHOE IN THE WORLD**  
HAND-SEWED PROCESS

For Sale by Hiram Baker, Lebanon, Or.

**THE Monarch**  
King of Bicycles.

LIGHT, STRONG, SPEEDY, HANDSOME. FINEST MATERIAL, SCIENTIFIC WORKMANSHIP.



Four Models—\$85 and \$100.  
EVERY MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SEND 2-CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

**MONARCH CYCLE CO.**  
Factory and Main Office—Lake and Halsted Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Branches—New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Boston, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, Salt Lake, Utah, Salt Lake, Utah.