THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 44, A. F. & A. M.: Meets at their new hall in Masonic Block, on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon.
J WASSON, W. M.

LEBANON LODGE, NO. 47, I. O. O. F.: Meets Saturday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's Hall, Main street; visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. J. J. CHARLTON, N. G.

HONOR LODGE NO. 38, A. O. U. W., Lebanon, Oregon: Meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month. F. H. ROSCOE. M. W.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

M. E. CHURCH.

Walton Skipworth, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. each Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

G. W. Gibony, pastor—Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School 10 A. M. Services each Sunday night.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

J. R. Kirkpatrick, pastor—Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School each Sunday at 10 A. M.

It Was Better That They Should Find It Out in Time.

They had been engaged a week. Together they had been to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and were returning to Brooklyn on a Bridge train. When the train stopped Angelina got up and walked to the front of the car, thinking that Algernon was close behind. Algernon walked to the rear door, thinking Angelina was tripping along at his elbow. Two blank faces, a hasty search and a meeting on the platform.

"I thought, Algernon, that of course you would follow me!"

"And I thought, Angelina, that of course you would follow me!"

Both fell to meditating as they walked down the passageway and took a Kings County elevated train. When Vanderbilt avenue was passed Angelina at last broke the silence.

"Perhaps — Algernon — we — we— might not—agree. Don't you think you had better take it back?" and she pulled a dainty little ring from her finger.

Algernon hesitated. The train began to slacken speed for Franklin avenue. Then he took the ring in an absent-minded way as they both arose. "It's so much better," Angelina added, softly, "that we should find out in time," and they disappeared through the door.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE RINGS OF SATURN.

Prof. Darwin Explains How They Are Viewed by Science To-day.

It has been shown by several lines of investigation that Saturn's rings consist of independent meteorites, moving, each in its orbit, about the planet, and this conclusion may be safely accepted as correct. But every field of thought is now seething with the evolutionary ferment, and as we can not rest satisfied with any conclusion as a finality, we here merely find ourselves at the starting point of new speculations.

What, then, is the history of these rings, and what their future fate? They are clearly intimately related to the planet, and their history would be complete if we could with the mind's eye watch their birth from the planet and follow their subsequent changes. Now although the details of such a history are obscure, yet at least a shadowy outline of it may be confidently accepted as known.

In the remote past all the matter which now forms the Saturnian system of planet, satellites and rings was far more diffused than at present. There was probably a nucleus of denser matter round which slowly revolved a mass of rarefied gases and meteorites. The central portion was intensely hot, with heat derived by condensation from a state of still greater dispersion.

As this nebula cooled it contracted, and therefore revolved more quickly. If you watch the water emptying itself from a common wash-hand basin when the plug at the bottom is removed, you will see an example of such quickened rotation. When the basin is full, the water is commonly revolving slowly in one or the other direction, but as the level falls and the water approaches the hole, it spins more quickly, and the last drops are seen to whirl around with violence.

The revolving nebula is flattened at the poles like an orange, and the amount of flattening increases as it contracts and spins quicker. At a certain stage it can no longer subsist in a continuous mass, and an annular portion is detached from the equator, leaving the central ball to continue its contraction.

We are pretty safe in saying that the rings of Saturn took their origin in some such mode as this. But it can not be maintained that we understand it all, for we have not more than a vague picture of the primitive nebula, and the mode in which the matter aggregated itself into a ring and detached itself is obscure. M. Roche has done perhaps more than any one else to impart mathematical precision to these ideas, but even he has not been wholly successful.

This theory, commonly called the nebular hypothesis, was advanced independently both by the philosopher Kant and by Laplace. Various modifications have been suggested by others, but the theory, in whatever form, is replete with difficulties, and must at present be only regarded as an approximation to the truth.

If the past history of the ring is not wholly clear, it is at least more ascertainable than its future development. It is nearly certain that the ring now presents a markedly different appearance from that which was seen by its discoverers. Indeed the only doubt lies in the uncertainty as to the amount of allowance which must be made for difference of observers and of instruments. Huygens described the interval between the bright ring and the planet as rather exceeding the width of the ring, but this is now flagrantly incorrect. It is improbable that Huygens was incorrect, although, on the other hand, by the most delicate micrometric measurements Struve has been unable to detect any change in an interval of thirty years of this century.

We may call to mind that Maxwell showed that a spreading of the rings both outward and inward was a thoretical result of the inevitable impacts between the constituent meteorites, which he used to describe as a shower of brickbats. Thus, whether or not the immense changes suspected since 1659 are true, it remains almost certain that changes of this kind are in progress.

I venture, then, to hazard a few words of speculation as to the future of the rings. The outward spreading will in time carry many meteorites beyond Roche's limit; here there will no longer be an obstacle to aggregation into a celestial body, such aggregation will probably ensue, and a ninth satellite will be formed. The inward spreading will in time carry the meteorites to the limits of Saturn's atmosphere, where, heated by friction as they rush through the air, they will disintregate and fall on to the planet as dust. After a time, of which no estimate can be formed, the ring will have vanished, leaving the ninth satellite as its descendant. But it must be admitted that all this is highly speculative, and we can only hope that further investigations will give us firmer grounds for a forecast.—Prof. George Howard Darwin, in Harper's Magazine.

INDUSTRIOUS MEXICANS.

An American's Visit to a Co-operative Village Near Orizaba.

While stopping at Orizaba, Mexico, I heard that there was a village near the city which was run on the co-operative plan, and I visited it to ascertain the effects of co-operation in practice instead of theory. Tenango, the co-operative village, is located in a little "V" shaped niche in the angle where two mountains join. It faces the south and is as pretty a spot as could have been found in Mexico for a co-operative colony. The population of the village consists of a small tribe of Indians, probably four or five hundred in number, who annually choose an Alcalde and Ayuntamiento, or chief magistrate and council to receive and disburse all moneys received from the products of the village and look after the general welfare of the place. These officials, like the more common members of the community, wear cotton suits, which are made by their wives, and probably cost about one dollar, leather sandals, and cheap sombreros, and work the same as those who hold no office. A small church is located in the center of the village, and a jolly, round-faced padre or priest, who is supported out of the funds of the community, ministers to the spiritual wants of the villagers. The village was in a fair sanitary condition, considered from a Mexican point of view, and the people appeared contented and happy. The principal products of the village are coffee, lemons, oranges, bananas and vegetables, and these, along with corn, furnish a good portion of the provisions on which the people subsist. The coffee raised is far in excess of the amount necessary for home consumption, and the surplus when sold brings in much more than enough money to clothe the people, thus leaving a snug amount in the treasury. There appeared to be no drones in the village, and during the time when the help of all was not required in the village those who had idle time improved it by going up on the mountains and burning charcoal and hewing out boards or planks and taking them to Orizaba to sell. This industrious disposition on the part of the co-operators caused enough money to flow into the treasury to enable the Alcade to deal out a liberal portion to each one and still keep an emergency fund in the treasury. The only thing which I saw to give me a bad impression of the village was the condition in which every one who had been to market, returned. An ordinary Mexican can get pretty drunk and enjoy himself, but when a Tenango co-operator comes home from market it can be safely calculated that he is drunker than anybody, can yell louder than anybody, and can lick anybody between the ages of eight and eighty, and will get satisfaction by pounding his poor burro if he can find no cause to pound one of his neighbors.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

MADE OF A SKULL.

A New York Country Editor's Unique But Ghastly Pipe.

Byron wrote lines to a drinking-cup formed of a skull, but it remained for the original mind of a newspaper man to conceive the idea of making a dead skull breathe by turning the dome of thought into a tobacco-pipe. If you enter the private office of the assistant editor of a newspaper in a village not far from this city, you see a young man sitting at a desk, writing and smoking. This commonplace sight is made one of horror by the fact that the pipe is made of a human skull. It sits on the table a couple of feet from the editor, and is connected with his mouth by a rubber tube which enters the head through the cavity which once contained an eye. From the cracks in the skull smoke slowly issues and sometimes for a moment a vivid spark of fire gleams where the light of love or the fires of hate used to burn. Listen, and from the skull comes sounds that resemble gurgling of blood. The man who called the apparatus an 'infernal thing" spoke with more truth than he at first intended. Only the more intimate associates of the editor remain long in his sanctum, and few of them have any desire to form a closer acquaintance with the pipe, while only one or two persons have had the nerve to use it. A surgon borrowed the pipe one night and made the rounds of the hotels, smoking it, much to the horror of the guests and bar-room habitues. The mechanism of the pipe is simple, and precisely the same as that of the chemists, "wash-bottle." It is exposed by removing the top of the skull. The pipe-bowl is placed on one side of the place occupied in the natural state by the middle lobe of the brain. A rubber tube goes from it into a bottle containing water, which rests in the deepest part of the skull, by the side of the orifice through which the spinal cord enters the cranial cavity. Another rubber tube goes from the bottle to the mouth of the smoker.

The editor says he prefers smoking his skull to the best meerschaum. The smoke is cool and considerable nicotine is removed from it by the water in the bottle, through which the smoke passes and which has to be changed daily. The smoke also seems to be condensed and to produce an effect different from tobacco used in other pipes. The owner of the pipe is not yet twenty-two years old. He formed a taste for horrible things by reading medicine and making post-mortem examinations for several years. Although this pipe and the stories told of his grave-robbing exploits shock some of the people of the village in which he lives, he is highly esteemed and trusted by his townsmen, and is a consistent church member.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.

A SOLDIER'S DARING.

Running a Bridge in a Storm of Bullets to Save a Train.

Stories of the late war have been recited without number, but the following true incident, although told, has never been published:

It was, as near as I can remember, in the fall of 1863, while on night picket duty, the subject of this story, Thomas A. Smith, of company A, Forty-second regiment, was suspicious that the enemy was in closer proximity to his post than it was safe for all hands to have them, and he had scarcely made up his mind to reconnoiter when he heard a musket shot from the post next to him, and in a few moments an excited German ran up to him breathless, totally disregarding the command "Halt!" exclaiming: "I shot him, I shot him." After quieting the dismayed man, my grandfather told him to go back to his post immediately; but, subjecting himself to severe censure, and possibly the guardhouse, he left his own post, and proceeded to crawl through underbrush in the direction of a bridge over which ran a railroad, suspecting that the enemy might have made mischief there.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and objects could be discerned at some distance. He reached the left bank of the railroad, and, peering over into the woods, could distinctly see men, one after another, leaping over a log, and he knew that if discovered he would stand little chance of escape. He made his way on the bridge, dragging himself along by inches, and to his horror found that the rails had been misplaced about the center of the bridge, and not a mile from him came the train, thundering along "into the jaws of death." He had no time to lose, and, at the risk of his life, he arose to his feet and ran the other half of the bridge towards the train. His presence of mind and true heroism were further shown by his lighting a match, applying the flame to a newspaper which he happily had upon his person, and thus signaling the train. Bang! bang! came from the retreat of the miscreants, who were expecting to see a wholesale slaughter of Union soldiers. Fortunately none of their shots took effect.

The train, on which Rev. A. R. Miller, now of the Methodist Church, was a passenger, came to a stop, explanation was made, the boys in blue sent up many a hearty cheer and gave many a warm hand-grasp to their preserver. The bridge stretched a deep and rocky ravine, and the whole train, with its human freight, would have gone down to certain death.

A squad of men was hastily made up and chase given to the fiends, but they had made good their escape.

It would seem to me that all the qualities of a hero are embodied in an act as intrepid as this.—Edna M. Smith, in Philadelphia Press.