Lebanon Express.

H. Y. KIRKPATRICK,
Editor - and - Proprietor

Printers' Ink, a journal the business man should not be without, gives the following sensible advice: "Plain words in your ads and plain dealing in your store will make plain sailing in your business.

The way the valley papers are gushing over football games, is very tiresome. The appropriation of $30,000 of the people's money has enabled the state university to import a California coacher, and the agricultural college, backed by a similar pull at the treasury, has followed suit. The people like to be humbugged.—Roseburg Review.

The jury in the Hannah murder case came to an illogical and illegal verdict. They say the defendant was guilty of murder in the second degree. She was guilty of murder in the first degree or not guilty at all. Such sentimental gallantry to women murderers is out of place in a jury. The woman is universally believed to have killed her victims and should hang for it.

The Waterloo tragedy adds another tragedy to Linn county's mysterious deaths. Waterloo citizens naturally think the man's death was accidental. The fair name of their thriving town demands it, but the real interests of Waterloo require that the matter be thoroughly investigated. Waterloo should not start upon its new life with a mysterious death hanging over it. Investigate it fully. Albaville's recent robbery is not half so important.

The united christians of Canada are offering up prayers for Bob Ingersoll, the blatant infidel. This man has conspicuous talents and uses them for the money they bring him. He has already reaped a golden harvest from his words of blasphemy, and no efforts, by prayers or otherwise, should be made to prevent his reaping the full reward, in the hereafter, for his misdeeds. He is fair meat for the devil's grid-iron, and the scent of his frying fat would be sweet incense to even the christians whom he has so mercilessly ridiculed.

Amid all the noise of wrangling which has been going on during these past few months in New York over the question of Sabbath observance, no thought is more quieting, no picture more peaceable, no example more conducive to wholesome respect than that which the South at present offers to the entire country. As restful a picture, and suggestive of the true art of living, as the South always offers to those who can look at it and its people with a broad-minded spirit and with discerning eyes, that garden-spot of American life has never presented a more delightful aspect than at this moment. And it should command our national respect, admiration and thankfulness. Just now the Southern people are enjoying a Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta, and at no time, thus far, in the history of their celebration and merry-making has the thought occurred to either the managers of the exposition, or to the people of the South, to question the propriety of Sabbath observance. There has been no repetition of the World's Fair wrangle, nor even a suggestion of it. Quietly have the gates of the exhibition grounds been closed each Saturday night, and opened again each Monday morning. The American Sunday has been kept inviolate, and it has been done without ostentation, without even a thought of aught else. It has been done as a matter of course. And a more forcible illustration of the wholesome strength of an older civilization to the restless and upsetting theories of a younger community is not possible of memory than this example set by the South to New York and to all [illegible]—Sentinel.

REPTILIAN GRATITUDE.

A Snake That Believed That One Good Turn Deserves Another.

A professor of entomology in the state university was searching the Berkeley hills for rare insects when he heard the blood-curdling rattle of a snake and found a big diamond-backed pinioned beneath a large stone. He got a stick to kill the snake, says a veracious Californian, and then decided to release it first to see what it would do. He approached cautiously, and the snake watched him closely, but manifested no hostility. He rolled the stone off it, and instead of coiling and striking at him, as he expected, it stretched itself, twisted its tail a few times and crawled slowly toward him. He put out the stick he carried, but the snake rubbed against it and twisted around it tenderly. The professor decided not to kill it, and started on up the trail. He was surprised to see the snake following along, and when he stuck one of his heavy cowhide boots out it rubbed gently against it. After considerable trouble he gave the snake the slip and returned with his bugs.

The next year the professor was up on the hills after some more specimens when he heard a great rattling, and just ahead of him in the trail he saw a big rattler. It was not coiled and evidently was not angry. He looked at it closely and noticed a scar on its back. Then he counted its rattles and decided that it was the snake he had rescued the year before. It seemed overjoyed to see him and wagged its tail like a dog, making a terrific rattling. The snake followed the professor about so closely that he could not get rid of it, and it became a pet in his bachelor apartments. It used to coil itself at the foot of his bed and sleep there.

The professor's friends warned him that the snake would kill him or some one else, but he had every confidence in it. One night he heard a terrible racket downstairs in the dining-room. He struck a light and his pet was missing. Then he ran downstairs and found the snake in the dining-room coiled around a burglar. It was holding him with a viselike grip, while it had its tail out the window rattling for a policeman.

EXPERIENCES OF PRISON LIFE.

Impressions Recorded by One Who Ought to Know.

The most important epochs in the life of a convict are the time of his arrival and the moment of his departure from prison, writes "Debsy," in the Stillwater Prison Mirror. Of the first I can speak intelligently, of the latter from fancy only. When the iron door of his six-by-four cell is shut and locked upon him and he is left free to explore his new home, the first sensation is one of relief. Now it is all over. He has found the end. He can fall no lower, and, as I say, there is a certain feeling of relief in that very thought.

Strange as it may seem, his mind is, to a certain extent, at rest. The long strain of the trial, the tedious days and weeks of uncertainty and waiting are ended, and he knows and can look forward to a definite life. He knows, too, that here he will be carefully watched and guarded, that "no thieves break in and steal," "that no moss will grow under his footsteps," and that he will be expected to "stir" about and make himself useful at whatever industry he may be employed. There are no drones in this hive; and if he does not do his "bit" at hard labor it will not be his fault. The first few days in his new environment are apt to pass quickly enough (providing he be a novice), for everything is so weird and strange in his new life, and the sounds and signals are so foreign to his other life that he has no time nor breath to spare in idle regrets and murmurs.

But then comes the reaction; he has settled down to his mutton, and now comes the strain. The deadly monotony and sameness of it all, day in and day out, drag and wear on the mind and body, and then, if the system be not in the finest physical condition, the defect shows itself, and, hastened by the rigid diet, the doctor will now enter his life. Passing this stage successfully, the days and weeks glide by, and the months literally turn to years, and soon he is beginning to count on his fingers the months to his discharge.

POWER OF A PIANIST.

Pounds of Strength Expended in Striking a Note Heavily.

It requires more force to sound a note gently on a piano than to lift the lid of a kettle. A German composer has figured that the minimum pressure of the finger playing pianissimo is equal to one hundred and ten grams—a quarter of a pound. Few kettle lids weigh more than two ounces, says the Musical Courier.

The German's calculations are easy to verify if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of the piano. When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound they may then be weighed and these figures will be found to be true.

If the pianist is playing fortissimo a much greater force is needed. At times a force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers so often commented on. A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it, as if upon a piano keyboard, and striking sharply with his middle finger.

Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from twelve to eighty-four tons.

Why We Have So Many Flies.

In one summer it is possible for the posterity of a single fly to [illegible]

LEBANON PRODUCE MARKET.

[Changed Every Week.]

Wheat—41c.
Oats—12 to 15c
Hay—$3 to $5 per ton.
Flour—$0 75@80. per sack.
Chop—$0 90 per cwt.
Bran— 65c per cwt.
Middlings—$0 75 per cwt.
Potatoes—20c.
Apples—Dried, 4c per lb
Plums—Dried, 2c.
Onions—1c.
Beef—Dressed, 3½ to 4c.
Veal—3½@4c.
Pork—Dressed, 3½.
Lard—10.
Hams—10 per lb.
Shoulders—7c.
Sides—10c per lb.
Geese—$4 @ $5 per doz.
Ducks—$2 @ $3 per doz.
Chickens—$1 50@2 25.
Turkeys—8c per lb.
Eggs—22½c per doz.
Butter—15 @ 20c per lb.
Hides—Green, 4c; dry, 8c.

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 John G. Eaton, deceased. All parties having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, properly verified, within six months from the 25th October 1895, the first publication hereof, to the undersigned, at the office of Sam'l M. Garland, Lebanon, Ore. B. BURTENSHAW,
Adm. Estate of
John G. Eaton,
deceased.

SAM'L M. GARLAND,
Atty for Admr.