THE DALLES, - - - - - OREGON

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 3, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Birds in their littles nests agree.
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When two "retired ministers"
Fall out and chide and fight.

Dr. Davenport, the dentist of Wamic was in town Friday.

C. P. Heald of Hood River gave us a pleasant call Saturday.

John Parker the Hood River saw mill man was in the city Friday.

Mrs. Thomas the milliner of Dufur was in the city Friday.

Fred Skibbe and N. Harris went to Portland Friday morning.

John Roth of Kingsley left Friday for Port Townsend with a car of beef cattle.

Walla Walla is afflicted with measles. There are said to be 160 cases in the city.

Five car loads of wheat were shipped from the Wasco Warehouse Saturday morning.

An immense amount of freight is now being handled at the freight depot and warehouses at the East End.

A freight team was being loaded today at the Wasco warehouse with supplies for the Baldwin Land and Live Stock Company.

Mr. C. P. Heald of Hood River informs us that he never saw a brighter prospect for fruit in his section than there is this year.

Milt Akin and Elizabeth MacPherson both of this city were married at the Cosmopolitan hotel Thursday of last week.

It is understood that Representative Carter of Montana will succeed L. A. Groff as commissioner of the general land office.

The court house is getting a nice new coat of red paint on the outside. When finished it will greatly add to the beauty of the structure.

During the last ten days 19,000 bushels of wheat were bought and shipped by the Wasco warehouse. The average price paid including storage was about 65 cents.

The Wasco *Observer* says: It is quite a relief to our waste basket that the disappointed politician (?) of Emigrant Springs now pours forth his woes in the *Mountaineer*.

The new granger store is now open and ready for business—all but the show windows, and Pap Chandler bid us say nothing about them till after he closes a treaty with China.

A telephone system, for the use of the fire department, has just arrived. One will be placed in the Umatilla House, one in the company's shops and one in the city engine house.

Mr. John Bonn of this city has purchased 20 acres of land in the Hood River valley, and we understand he intends going to reside there. Mr. Bonn is an excellent citizen and we shall be sorry to lose him.

A carrot of the white Beligan variety, is on exhibition in front of the store of Barnett & Rice of Clarence Barnett of Lower Fifteen Mile, and on high prairie land without irrigation. It weighs 7¼ pounds.

From Mrs. John Barnett, who returned Saturday from Huntington we learn that her sister Mrs. Monroe Grimes is still very low and very little hope is entertained of her recovery. Mr. L. Tirril is still living but may pass away at any moment.

From the Wasco *Observer* we learn that there is considerable sickness on the ranch of Messrs. Kerr and Buckley, in the Grass Valley section. Mrs. Buckley is sick and twelve hired hands are also under the weather. Dr. Beers made a trip out there last week.

The sheep-raising industry, with all its risks, has never before had such a promising future. But it is harder to go into it now, because of the high price of the animal. To procure a sufficient band would take a large sum but those who are in the business must be careful to stay in, for they have before them a rapid fortune by the certain increase of the price not only of the meat but also the wool of their animals.—*Grant County News.*

Mr Norton's surveying party have got as far as the ranch of Mrs. Dick Brookhouse, on Lower Fifteen Mile Creek. They have met with no difficulties, and report that the farmers, through whose lands the road is being surveyed, are so well pleased, that no trouble will be experienced in procuring right of way.

The Dalles dallies are engaged in telling the truth, so they say, about each other. Michell's latest is that Gourlay is an ex-pounder of the Gospel. It strikes us that both gentlemen used to preach a little, but this would never be suspected from their editorials. By the way, didn't the pot make some personal allusions to the kettle?—*Hood River Glacier.*

Marshal Gibons has got word two or three times of a crazy man who is out in the Kingsley neighborhood accompanied by a boy and who undoubtedly is the man Tegarden who registered at the Umatilla house last week. It is to be hoped he may be arrested and his state inquired into before he does any damage to himself or any one else.

The state of Washington has passed one good law which escaped the veto power of governor Laughton. It is a law "giving any person who may do any labor upon any farm or land, in tilling or sowing, harvesting or threashing any grain, as laborer, contractor or otherwise, a lien upon such crops for his work or labor, and every landlord shall have a lien upon the crops grown or growing upon demised lands, for rents during the year; the liens shall be preferred liens."

Again it becomes our duty to record a very sad death that occurred at a happy home in Klickatat valley, about fifteen miles from this city last night at about 10:30 o'clock, when the wife of Larsen O'Brien passed away with only about fifteen minutes, warning, in her 48th year. At eight o'clock yesterday evening she appeared to be in as good health as she ever was in her life. Two hours and a half later she was dead. The trouble was heart disease. She leaves a husband and one girl of ten years to whom when the warning came she had barely time to say good bye. She will be buried next Sunday at 4 o'clock in the Catholic cemetery at this place beside an infant child already laid there.

EDITOR CHRONICLE.—A man and boy answering the discription of the missing ones from the Umatilla House were here Tuesday going towards Prineville, and went as far as Mutton mountain and seeing snow on the high points turned back, fearing they might perish in the snow. They were seen the same day going towards Tygh valley. The man is evidently off. Not heard from them since.

Steve Kertner and Miss Nettie Confer, of this place, were married yesterday. Their many friends gathered together at the home of the bride's parents. In the evening a splendid supper was spread, after which the dancing was kept up until the wee' small hours. They expect to make Portland their future home. Your humble servant got in on all the good things and hopes that Steve will be as happy as he deserves.

A larger amount of grain has been sown here than ever before. Prospects are fine. Every one says good for the CHRONICLE, it is shouting for a road up the Tygh hill. S. E. F.

Looking out a New Road.

Emil Shanno and Charley Schmidt returned last night from Hood River. They and Jim Hamilton of the Cascade Locks were appointed by the last county court to survey and locate a new county road in the mountains south of Parker's Mill. They did so, but under such difficulties as one may imagine when he is informed that three to four feet of snow lay over the route, and Emil says it snowed like—well like Sam Hill during the time they were at work and had it not been for the service of a guide they would have been lost. Mr. Shanno says the new road will tap as fine a body of timber as he has ever seen.

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles Oregon, March 28, 1891. Persons calling for same will please say "Advertised."

Bagley Mrs L (2)	Burr C E
Frazer Walters	Carlson Charles
Harris Mrs W G	Harper Mrs C
Hartman Rosena	Harmon Miss Nina
Hinman Henry	Kaidera Miss Mary
Kernell John	Ludwig Miss Emma
Moore Fred	Pewrser Joseph
Ramsey Herbert	Smith Mr
Smith Dick	Stone D A
Wone Bosh	Wallich Geo E
Walter Mrs Lusie	Weiler Mrs Clara A
Tourtillott Thomas L	
Richardson Mrs Mary A	
Turner Albert	

M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

A Queer Find.

Salem Statesman.

Mr. Van Man, a farmer near Zena, in Polk county, was engaged in cutting cordwood on his place. He chopped down an oak tree of about three feet in diameter at the butt, and after sawing it into proper lengths, proceeded to split it in the usual manner. In the section about five feet from the ground he stuck his ax into what he supposed was a bunch of knots, but as the chips immediately crumbled he made closer examination and discovered a great curiosity—one that will put the Eugene petrified dwarf away down in the lower class of museum specimens. The curiosity consists of the right side of a pair of deer horns imbedded into the very heart of the oak tree. There are evidences that it had five prongs, and, from the growth "rings" of the tree, has been in that position for at least a century and a half. The tree is thought to be a least 200 years old. How the horns got there is a query, but different conjectures are numerous. One is that the quadruped who first possessed them might have been scratching his head against said tree and just at that particular time shed them where they remained and were drawn into the embraces of the oaken shrub. Another is that Mr. Deer may have become enraged over the idea that the legislature would not vote an appropriation for Oregon's display at the world's fair at Chicago, and attempted to scrape tho moss off his skull ornaments, thereby becoming entangled, and finally grew fast.

A New Band Stand.

The elder Mr. Crandall has drawn a very neat design for a band stand which the citizens of The Dalles intend to build for the use of the band boys during the summer evenings just as soon as they are able to procure the right to a suitable location for it. It is an octagon figure fourteeu feet in diameter, with wainscoting on the outside reaching six feet from the ground and eight feet from the top of the wainscoting to the eve, or fourteen feet in full height. The enterance will be from a door in the side reaching to the center from whence steps will lead to the stand proper. The roof will be in form of a minaret surmounted by a handsome flag pole. It is intended to be lighted by electricity and will be an ornament to the place on which it happens to find a location. We know not what the powers that be may think about it but there is one place above all others where it ought to be located and that is on the open space on the east side of the court house building, and we hope the county officials may see the matter in the same light and grant permission, if it be so desired, to place it there.

Real Estate Transactions.

T. J. Keenan and wife to Rosa Perry, lot F in block 29, Fort Dalles Military Reserve Addition to Dalles City. Consideration $900.

Hood River Town Site Company to trustees of Riverside Congregational church, Hood River, east half of lot F, in Hood River proper. Consideration $87.50.

To stop the bleeding of a horse or other stock from a snag or wound, says a correspondent make an application of dry manure, and it will stop the bleeding of a wound every time. This information may be worth a good deal to many. While away from home recently, a weanling colt of mine broke through a barbed wire fence and cut his fore leg badly. It had been bleeding for eight hours when I got home. I took dry horse manure and held it on the wound for one minute and the blood stopped at once.

He is Now a Good Indian.

COLFAX, Wash., March 30.—"Hush Hush," a pawnee chief of the Snake river Indians died last night at his home on Snake river. A runner was sent this morning to call the tribe together to participate in the funeral.

The Beautiful Geraldine Married.

LONDON, March 30.—Miss Geraldine Ulmar, an American actress until recentl prima dona in "Lagigale" was married this morning to Ivan Carill a young Belgian musical composer at St. George's church.

Jno. Woods shipped two cars of cattle from the stock yards to Portland this morning.

Filoon Brothers have just received a car load of Baker barbed wire from Chicago.

Brief History of a Leading Drug House of The Dalles.

It is the intention of the CHRONICLE to write up a short discription of the different business houses of this city, and of its various manufactories and thus spread that information to the world. As fast as time and space will permit this object will be pursued until all are reached. In pursuance of such course we today have looked over the drug house of

SNIPES & KINERSLY

And give a few facts in regard to that extensive concern. The firm is composed of Ben E. Snipes and O. Kinersly. Ben is one of the well-known characters of Eastern Oregon, a man full of pluck and daring, who was one of the early stock men of this part of the country and with whose deeds of bravery and various escapades all the old settlers are familiar, and many of Ben's doings have passed into legends. He has won a fair share of this world's goods and is yet in active life and bids fair to largely augment them. He is now a resident of Seattle, but will always retain a warm spot in his heart for The Dalles.

Mr. O. Kinersly is the resident partner and has the entire management of what has grown to be a fine business. He is a young man with a level head and full of pluck and resource, and every year the business is growing in volume under his skillful handling.

THE BUSINESS

Was established in 1864 by H. J. Waldron, who ran it until January 15, 1879, when it was purchased by Snipes & Kinersly. Their store is 30x100 feet and three floors are constantly packed full of goods. They are in the heart of the city on Second street between Washington and Court streets, and their location could not be improved. The storeroom is a very handsome one and is filled with everything that can be thought of in the line of drugs and patent medicines, as well as artist materials, toilet and fancy goods. Their trade in cigars is a large one. They carry Key West, imported goods and many favorite brands of choice cigars, and many of our smokers drop in there for the fragrant weed.

THEIR WHOLESALE TRADE

Is a large one. Snipes & Kinersly buy direct from the patent medicine and drug manufacturers and as they have capital to buy extensively, have built up a large wholesale trade. They have a number of customers at Prineville and on up the country for 250 miles, and their customers are constantly increasing. The firm carries a stock of about $40,000 and all doing a business of some $50,000 per year with a fair prospect of greatly increasing that amount in the near future.

THE EMPLOYES.

Mr. F. J. Clark is the book-keeper, while Mr. R. L. Simmons and Mr. Donnell are salesmen. All are popular and obliging, and draw much trade to the concern. They are all good fellows and have the CHRONICLE'S consent to hold their positions till The Dalles has 50,000 inhabitants or they grow rich enough to set up large establishments in North and West Dalles.

It is with pleasure that we can point to the growth and success of as fine an establishment as that of Snipes & Kinersly's and we hope from time to time to chronicle their increase of trade and popularity. The trade of the country around us make such establishments a necessity and it speaks well for all that they are so successful.

Is Disease a Punishment?

The following advertisement, published by a prominent western patent medicine house would indicate that they regard disease as a punishment for sin:

"Do you wish to know the quickest way to cure a sever cold? We will tell you. To cure a cold qickly, it must be treated before the cold has become settled in the system. This can always be done if you choose to, as nature in her kindness to man gives timely warning and plainly tells you in nature's way, that as a punishment for some indiscretion, you are to be afflicted with a cold unless you choose to ward it off by prompt action. The first symptoms of a cold, in most cases, is a dry, loud cough and sneezing. The cough is soon followed by a profuse watery expectoration and the sneezing by a prosuse watery discharge from the nose. In severe cases there is a thin white coating on the tongue. What to do? It is only necessary to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in double doses every hour. That will greatly lessen the severity of the cold and in most cases will effectually counteract it, and cure what would have been a severe cold within one or two days time. Try it and be convinced." Fifty cent bottles for sale by Snipes & Kinersley, druggists. *

Notice to tax Payers.

All state and county taxes, become delinquent April 1st. Taxpayers are hereby requested to pay the same before that date in order to avoid going on the delinquent list. The county court has ordered the sale of all property in which the taxes have not been paid. Please call and settle before the time mentioned and save costs. D. L. CATES,
Sheriff of Wasco County.

FOR SALE.

A choice lot of brood mares; also a number of geldings and fillies by "Rockwood Jr.," "Planter," "Oregon Wilkes," and "Idaho Chief," same standard bred. Also three fine young stallions by "Rockwood Jr." out of first class mares.

For prices and terms call on or address either J. W. Condon, or J. H. Larsen, The Dalles, Oregon.

On Hand.

J. M. Huntington & Co. announce that they are prepared to make out the necessary papers for parties wishing to file on so called railroad land. Applicants should have their papers all ready before going to the land office so as to avoid the rush and save time. Their office is in Opera House Block next to main entrance.

Merino Sheep for Sale.

I have a fine band of thorough bred Merino sheep consisting of 67 bucks, about 340 ewes and about 200 young lambs, which I will sell at a low price and upon easy terms. Address,

D. M. FRENCH,
The Dalles, Or.

Stock Strayed.

Three 3-year-old fillies—(2 sorrels and one bay,) two 2-year-olds (both bays) all branded I on the left shoulder. I will give $5 apiece for the recovery of the same. J. W. ROGERS.
Boyd, Or.

Improve Your Poultry.

If you want chickens that will lay eggs the year round without having to pen them up to keep them from setting, get the *pure bred Brown Leghorn*. Mrs. D. J. Cooper on the bluff, near the academy, has the eggs for 75 cents per setting.

New Addition.

For one week I will sell shade trees, elm, maple, ash and box elder, also surplus fruit trees at half price.

J. A. VARNEY.

THE SECOND SERMON IN DR. TALMAGE'S PRESENT SERIES.

Drunkenness Is the Topic and This Is the Text, "Noah Planted a Vineyard, and He Drank of the Wine and Was Drunken."

NEW YORK, March 1.—Dr. Talmage continued today the series of sermons he commenced last Sunday on the "Ten Plagues of New York and the Adjacent Cities." The plague which he places second on the list is intemperance, and on that subject he discoursed this morning in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and this evening in New York. At the close of the service in the New York Academy of Music Dr. Talmage went over to the Union Square Theatre, where his son, Mr. Frank De Witt Talmage, was holding an overflow meeting, and briefly addressed the crowded house. Both the New York services are under the auspices of The Christian Herald, of which Dr. Talmage is editor. The text of the doctor's sermon was taken from Genesis ix. 20, 21: "Noah planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine and was drunken."

This Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world, when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine, and so familiar were people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of worlds, says, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

A WORLD WIDE TEMPTATION.

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet sirup, a peaceful soda water as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts, and jungles of hissing serpents, and perditions of blaspheming demons.

An arch fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the caldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldron capsicum and copperas and logwood and deadly nightshade and assault and battery and vitriol and opium and rum and murder and sulphuric acid and theft and potash and cochineal and red carrots and poverty and death and hops. But it was a dry compound and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch fiend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations.

And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave and rock and boil and sputter and hiss and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I! Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this caldron is emptied I'll fill it again and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke, the smoke of a torment that ascendeth for ever and ever. I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland, and the Skerries, and the Goodwins. I have ruined more senators than gather this winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than are now gathered in the house of peers The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson, because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven hundred voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

THE NATION'S GREATEST EVIL.

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked Otard, crooked Cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whisky—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour and day after day. Great host, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the community today the evil is increasing.

HEREDITARY APPETITE.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the [illegible] shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phenicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon.

Ay, he is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches today stand side by side, with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards. Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in ruining youth; but this evil may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds and souls of the human race.

THE POLITICIANS ARE DOING NOTHING.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomination. Resolutions—oh! yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness two thousand miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest.

I look in another direction. The Church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshaled? No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New York, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink on their tables and strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threatening speeches. They could not bear to give up their own lusts.

I tell this audience what many of you may never have thought of, that today—not in the millennium, but today—the church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic, were armed on this subject?

Young men of America, pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whisky, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

In the front door of our church in Brooklyn, a few summers ago, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said, "Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe; "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "Oh, Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too strong, and the twain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton. The young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed, tried to pass around from one seat to another and fell and was crushed.

Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade: "John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very bad business. You ought not to have done that, John. I want you to tell the boys to-morrow when you see them that rum and Sabbath breaking did this for me. And John, while you are telling them I will be in hell, and it will be your fault." Is it not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's word, with many banks of keys, the tremolo stop? "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

But this evil will be arrested. Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Pickton fallen. Sabers broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. Napoleon rubbed his hands together and said: "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day.

But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. The name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension, that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcoholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup on which to remount its foaming charger. "So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!"

Pholas, the Shell Miner.

The pholas, a small species of bivalve shell having the remarkable faculty of boring into the hardest rock, is one of the greatest wonders known to the conchologist. Great blocks of granite and marble that have fallen overboard or been sunk in foundered vessels have been found years afterward completely honeycombed by these curious little borers, they themselves being imprisoned in the cavity, obtaining their food from the water that flowed in and out. Many explanations have been given as to the method by which they bore into such extremely hard rocks. The shell is known to contain aragonite, and some suppose that constant friction enables the shell to subdue the rock.

Others, again, are of the opinion that the shell secretes some corrosive fluid which dissolves the rock and enables the creature to bore its hole. Some of the most interesting samples of its work known to the scientists may be seen in the pillars of the Temple of Serapis, Italy. There the land became submerged long enough for the shell to do its curious work. After a lapse of ages the land has now risen, and the holes with their empty shell are plainly to be seen, the marble pillars being completely permeated by them. These and other exhibitions of its work have caused pholas to be called "the shell miner," and, curiously enough, it is furnished with a lamp, a rich blue white light that shines over the entire body. Some remarkable experiments have been made with the shells of pholas.—St. Louis Republic.

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