FRIDAY, - - - - - JUNE 26, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. C. H. Southern of Boyd was in the city Saturday.

Mr. P. Uren of the firm of Uren & Son of Prineville was in town last week.

Christian Weis and Mrs. Mary Nicholsen both of this city were united in marriage Friday.

Mrs. Dr. Fulton of Monte Vista, Col., mother of Mrs. G. J. Farley is visiting her daughter in this city.

Mr. Alex McLeod of Kingsley and Mr. W. McLeod and Thomas Hunter of Rutledge were in the city Saturday.

The Third regiment are preparing their grounds for the encampment on the 28th and have named it Camp Chenoworth.

The new boat is to be christened "The Regulator." It is a defiant and suggestive title. May she long wear it proudly and honorably.

Southern California's prune crop will be a failure this year. This will be a big year for Oregon prunes, cultivated in a country where crops never fail.

Two car loads of beef cattle were shipped Thursday by M. C. Butler to the Sound. They were bought from Messrs. Kelly Brothers of this county.

Report has it that a water spout struck the grade on the Sherman side of the "free" bridge and damaged it to the amount of $1000. It is now impassable for wagons.

Mr. R. H. Guthrie, one of Sherman county's prominent and successful wool growers, was in the city. Mr. Guthrie reports the grain prospects as being more encouraging than in any former year.

Hon. D. J. Cooper, who has been engaged for some time in adjusting some swamp land matters in the neighborhood of Prineville, Crooked River and Black Butte, returned to The Dalles Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Walthers, the parents of Mr. W. E. Walthers of this city, have arrived here from San Diego and intend making The Dalles their future home. The CHRONICLE gives them a hearty welcome.

The Goldendale *Sentinel* says that letters have been received by parties in Goldendale stating that grain buyers are offering to contract for the growing crop of wheat at 70 to 75 cents a bushel at points further from the seaboard than Goldendale.

A fine rain commenced to fall at this place at 7:30 o'clock Friday morning and has continued at intervals up to the hour of going to press. From all quarters comes the report that abundant rains have fallen. Several farmers have begun to break sod.

There has been fifty-one-hundredths of an inch of rainfall at this place since last Monday morning and south and east as well as north of this city, more rain has fallen than here. Our farmers are happy over the anticipation of a bountiful harvest this season.

A private letter to the editor of the CHRONICLE from an old resident of Wasco county now living in Yakima City says: "Times are dull here. The soil is very productive, where there is water to irrigate and the country is full of go-ahead people but it is boomed to death. For a home give me old Wasco."

Mr. George Smith, doing business on the corner of Eighth and Union streets, has sold out to Mr. Charles Cooper, who will move to the building next door to the Wool Exchange saloon, and open out a grocery and provision store. Mr. Cooper is well and favorably known and well qualified to carry on a successful business.

Mr. Aud. Winans, of Winans Brothers presented the CHRONICLE Saturday with a Chinook salmon of last night's catch. Visions of salmon grilled and salmon boiled and salmon baked and salmon broiled float over our vision as we write the words. Many thanks to Mr. Aud. Winans. May his shadow never grow less.

From Mr. David Creighton we learn that a small water-spout fell on his ranch and on that of Mr. Frank Creighton adjoining, Friday afternoon between two and three o'clock. The water rushed for a short time down the hill west of his barn, between two and three feet deep. Beyond washing gullies in the road and hillsides, no other damage was done.

Judge Thornbury, Captain Lewis and Messrs Kloster, Haight, Burgett and E. Schanno and son, who are at Trout Lake near Mount Adams, have sent to the city a basket of trout numbering 300, whereof the editor of the CHRONICLE was presented with a sample lot. They are beauties and the very sight of them makes an old disciple of Walton long to be with the fishermen.

Mr. W. Lord returned Friday from his ranch at Centerville. He says that the rain has assured a big crop in the Klickitat county. It came just in time to save the wheat, for had it been delayed a few days the crops would have been a total loss. As it is the ground has been wet to such a depth that a full crop will be had, even if no more moisture falls. Hurrah for Klickitat county.

The Goldendale *Sentinel* publishes a letter from W. P. Gray stating that he is perfecting arrangements with the Northern Pacific railway company to secure the use of their steamers for the purpose of collecting and delivering freight at Pasco and running down the Columbia and up the Snake river, if there is any reasonable expectation of securing enough freight to make the business pay. Mr. Gray also inquires if the producers of Klickitat county would ship their products to market or prefer to sell them on the bank of the river.

Friday afternoon as the steam power presses of the CHRONICLE were grinding out their daily grist of news and job work over a score of persons were present, more or less interested in watching the operations. Among the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driver, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac D. Driver, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kennedy and Messrs. J. R. Woodcock, E. S. Pratt and Frank Woodcock, from Wamic, in this county, all of whom we are proud to reckon as staunch friends and supporters of the CHRONICLE.

Mr. Ben Allen, of the Prineville Land and Live Stock Co., is in the city.

Mr. William Quinn a prominent wool grower in Crook county is in town.

Mrs. Ben E. Snipes and son, Bennie, of Seattle, are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. George Herbert of the Mount Hood Hotel, of Hood River, is in the city.

Hon. G. W. Johnston and wife and Messrs. W. R. Menefee and C. P. Balch, of Dufur, were in town today.

Hon. A. R. Lyle of Crook county is stopping at the Umatilla House. He leaves this evening for a business trip to Portland.

Mr. Joseph McEachern has returned from a thousand mile trip extending through Washington from Idaho to the Sound.

The Prineville market is seldom so well supplied with butter as it is now. Only fifteen cents a pound was offered for it this week.—*News.*

The Dalles has had two good academies, the Wasco Academy and St. Mary's Academy. Pendleton also has two, the Pendleton Academy and St. Joseph's Academy, and we are proud of them both.—*East Oregonian.*

Mr. J. H. Middleton of Hood River came up on the noon train today. Owing to the poor condition of Mrs. Middleton's health, they intend in about six weeks to take a trip to the Sandwich islands and afterwards spend the winter in the neighborhood of San Diego, Cal. As soon after as the condition of Mrs. Middleton's health will permit they intend to return to Hood River where Mr. Middleton has large interests.

Kansas is having a hard time. Last Saturday the southeastern portion of the state was visited by a combination of cloud-burst cyclone and tornado that destroyed standing crops, in many cases just ready for the reaper, and swept away bridges and buildings, involving an estimate loss of half a million dollars. Kansas is a good country—to stay away from.

Make your home premises beautiful. Each citizen by his own labor and a little money expended can add greatly to the attractiveness of the town. Brush up, take down the unsightly old fences, sod the lawns, be unsparing with the paint brush and harmonious colors, see that the alleys are cared for and the streets in front of home clean—these things done, each wtll not only be healthier and happier, but will add his part toward making the town handsome as well us healthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams have returned from a camping-out trip to Yakima City and the Ellensburg country, whither they went two weeks ago for the benefit of Mrs. Williams' health, which is much improved in consequence. Mr. Williams returns satisfied that there is no place like Wasco county. He says he would not give The Dalles for all the country north of the Columbia river. Ellensburg is as pretty a town as he ever saw but he never saw a town with as many empty houses. He counted eight empty dwelling houses in one short street, and the remark will apply to the whole city. There is more life in The Dalles today than in all that country. They can raise nothing without irrigation and when it comes to raising wheat by irrigation it is an uphill business. Along the borders of the ditches wheat was up six to eight inches while s.x feet back it had never appeared above ground. The Klickitat valley is by far the best country he saw on the trip and the farmers there have every prospect of a splendid crop.

CROP-WEATHER BULLETIN NO. 20.

Report for the Week Ending Saturday, June 20, 1891.

OREGON WEATHER BUREAU,
CENTRAL OFFICE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

EASTERN OREGON WEATHER.

The temperature was generally below the average. There was a light rain about Walla Walla, on Tuesday, and general rains in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Morrow, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa, and Walla Walla (Wash.) counties and south of the Blue mountains. Rainfall was above the average throughout Eastern Oregon. Light frosts in Baker county on the 19th. Snow in mountains in Baker, Grant and adjoining counties on 18th, 19th and 20th.

CROPS.

The rain was of great benefit to wheat. Hay has been injured to some extent. The acreage of wheat in Union, Umatilla and Walla Walla counties has been increased twenty per cent and the yield per acre will be equal to or greater than last year. In some localities, especially in the west and north of Pendleton and Walla Walla the wheat has been burnt some. Some few fields will not be cut. On the foot hills and high lands the wheat was never better. The quality of the wheat will be even better than last year. The out-put from eastern Oregon and Washington from present indications will be from one to two million or more bushels than that of last year.

B. S. PAGUE.
Observer U. S. Weather Bureau.

Tygh Valley Items.

TYGH VALLEY, June 19, 1891.

ED. CHRONICLE: In response to your kind invitation for items I send a few with the hope of interesting at least some of your many readers.

A fifty thousand dollar rain visited these parts on the 17th; result, everybody has a pleasant smile; also a fine shower this morning, bountiful crops assured.

Mrs. J. M. Vanduyne of Independence, is visiting here with her parents and brothers after an absence of three years.

Tell Brother Sam Brooks that his weekly market report fills a long felt want in Eastern Oregon. Long may he wave.

The miller at Tygh Flour Mills says "If the sneak thief who stole his watch will come back and get the key, he will (perhaps not very kindly) show him how to make the watch run"

Fine prospects for fruit and berries of all kinds in Tygh Valley. More when occur. Yours Truly, M.

We shall never again doubt any fish story reaching us from a reliable source, since the arrival of that Columbia river salmon from S. L. Brooks, of The Dalles Oregon. It measured three feet two inches in length, and tipped the beam at 25 pounds, and such another luxurious treat one seldom gets. Mr. Brooks' friends here are not likely soon to forget him, if he has been absent more than forty years, for we sliced the fish and distributed to the nearest and best, all of whom pronounce it luscious and rare.—*Beardstown Illinoian.*

[illegible] July 22, 23 and 24. The programme is very complete and extensive and covers a great variety of interesting and profitable studies. To those specially interested in the subject of education in our public schools, the privilege of attendance will be worth a whole session of normal instruction. Arrangements have been made with the Union Pacific to make a rate of one and one-fifth fare for the round trip from rail stations in Oregon to Portland, to all members of the State Teachers' association; this special rate to extend to July 6th inclusive. Round-trip tickets from Portland to Newport can also be purchased on favorable terms. The local committee have arranged for board and lodging to all members of the association at one dollar per day. Those who prefer camping will have ample opportunities to do so. The best recitative and musical talent in the state will be present and take part in the exercises. Members of the association from Eastern Oregon are advised to secure certificates from the agent from whom they purchase their tickets in order to secure the benefit of the reduced return rates.

Real Estate Transactions.

Sarah M. Nicholas to Geo. Walter Henderson, the NW¼ of section 32, township 2 south, range 13 east; consideration, $1.

William Michell to Sarah Michell, lot A, corner of Fourth and Washington streets 50x100 feet; consideration $1.

Joseph Beezley to Alma C. Simpson, lots 7, 8 and 9 in block 2, Fulton's addition to Dalles City; consideration, $1.

John Rankin to E. A. Rankin, part of section 35, township 3 north, range 10 east; consideration, $5.00.

John P. Buskirk to J. E. Lombard S½ of NE¼ of section 26, township 3 N, R 10 E; consideration, $1000.

John E. Lombard and wife to John P. Buskirk, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 in block 4 in Erwin & Watson's addition to Hood River; consideration, $1.

John E. Lombard and wife to John P. Buskirk, S½ of NE¼ of Sec. 36, Tp. 2 N, R 9 E; consideration, $1.

Jaffles K. Kelly and wife to John W. Johnson, lot 9 in block 8 in Biglow's addition to Dalles City; consideration, $5.

Give the Military Boys a Chance.

We learn that some of our merchants are not willing to let their employes off during the coming incampment, so that they can participate with their respective companies A and C. We hope such will not be the case. The Dalles should take pride in having their companies appear well and every man belonging to either of the organizations should be allowed to participate. A feeling of patriotism should make employers let their clerks go with their companies. Numerically, A and C are smaller than any of the companies that will be present at the encampment and if a dozen or so of the boys are compelled to remain at work in the stores The Dalles will make a poor showing. We hope to be able to report that every employer in this city will make arrangments to let the boys be in the ranks during encampment week. Let's all join together to bring about a result so much to be desired.

Letters Advertised.

The following is the list of letters remaining in The Dalles postoffice uncalled for Friday, June 19, 1891. Persons calling for these letters will please give the date on which they were advertised:

Allen Mrs R	Barnes D J
Ban Mr O W	Cram A J
Darneill J M	Fellon W L
Finch C N	Floyd W W
Gradus James	Hill Cal
Hunt Mrs Jane	Iverson Valdemar
Johnson Arthur	Kely S
Kincaide Frank	Lewis Noble
Miller E	Miller Wm
Nicholson Mr	Sawtelle Geo W
Summerville Rev P	Taylor Mr Jas
Trooper Elmer	Warner Will
Wheat N P	Williamson James
Williams A H.	

M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

The Sentinel's View.

We believe an open river to The Dalles will be a benefit to the farmers living within reach of that place and we further believe that the owners of the new boat expect and should receive the patronage of such farmers, but when we consider that Klickitat county extends nearly one hundred miles above The Dalles we can see at a glance that it is impossible for all farmers living in this country to haul their grain there. What we are working for is to procure boats to haul wheat from Columbus and stations above the river to Pasco, where (provided reasonable terms cannot be made with the U. P.,) it can be shipped by way of the N. P. to market. The management of the N. P. is at present taking steps to reduce rates on these lines so that shippers and farmers can ship to market and have something left, but the U. P. is holding on like grim death as if determined to squeeze the last bit of life out of the country adjacent to it.—*Geldendale Sentinel.*

Consult the Boat Company First.

We agree with The Dalles CHRONICLE in regard to the new boat being built at that place, and believe that before the farmers of Klickitat make definite arrangements with the Northern Pacific or any other railroad they should interview the gentlemen who are spending their money for the express purpose of benefitting the settlers of this and adjofning counties. Of course it will be farther for a great many of the farmers to haul, but if the difference in price is as great as it was last year it will pay to haul it to the new boat.—*Klickitat Leader.*

You Forget The Dalles.

The Baker city *Democrat* says there is going to be a city in Eastern Oregon within ten years, with 20,000 population, and that city will be Baker City. The *Democrat* is modest. We had an idea that Pendleton stood a small chance in the race, but probably she does not, and will have to content herself with her victorious baseball nine, and struggle along the best she can, with hope in place of gall.—*East Oregonian.*

A catfish three years old will weigh fifty pounds, and will daily destroy what if allowed to grow would represent its own weight in salmon. These voracious fish are now established in the Columbia river, and unless measures are taken for their extermination they are likely to do more toward exterminating the salmon than all the wheels, traps, nets and seines from Cape Hancock to the Snake river.—*Astorian.*

There will be no Fourth of July celebration in Fossil this year. Most of our young men will be at The Dalles encampmeut on July 4th, and the American eagle will take pity and forbear to scream in the ears of the many forlorn damsels who will be in Fossil that day. —*Journal.*

The literature of the American newspaper is much better than the literature of the American magazine.—*Eugene Field.*

HEAVY BURDENS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches an Eloquent Sermon That Appeals to the Business Man, the Invalid, the Mourner and to All Humanity.

BROOKLYN, June 7.—It is no new thing to the members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle church to have their pastor's eminence acknowledged by the outside world. But even they must have been gratified by the distinction conferred upon him since last Sunday. In listening to Dr. Talmage today, they were listening to the chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, in which office he was formally installed with due ceremony on June 1. The organization, which is two hundred and fifty years old, and the lineal descendant of an English organization dating back to the beginning of the Sixteenth century, has had many distinguished divines as chaplains, and the honor has always been highly appreciated. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning was "The Burden Bearer," and his text Psalm lv, 22—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

THE SERMON.

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden bearing. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text does not fit the occasion: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." In the far east wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water; but there is one well that every man owns—a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for mysel, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him.

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me; help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant; if you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour."

My friend cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where whichever way a captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be here this morning, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

THE BUSINESS MAN'S BURDEN.

First—There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all! When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek, and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all the severities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it.

The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California, it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers.

Some of them got off into lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down that man shouted to a comrade in the boat, "Here, John, catch this gold; there are $3,000; take it home to my old mother; it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world. Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; he knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; he knows what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; he knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

THE LORD SUSTAINED HIM.

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me today—help me this morning!"

The young man arose and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes; God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; he hears the pickax of the miner down in the coal shaft; he knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at mastbead; he sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache; he sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Second—There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

INTEGRITY ALWAYS BRINGS ABUSE.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house, "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that he said, "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

BUDGE NOT ONE INCH.

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was he not hissed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Third—There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gantlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

THE BURDEN OF ILLNESS.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assidnous! "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross.

While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, and more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed? Alas me! for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas me! for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage."

What bitter Marahs in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let the soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

THE ONLY CURE FOR SIN.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all the centuries! Aye, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know he is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as he says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe, and the ring, and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

Circuit Court Notes.

In the circuit court Thursday both Judge Fee and Judge Bradshaw were engaged for a time hearing cases. The following judgments were rendered:

Agnes H. Hope vs. Ashland Barret. Case argued and taken under advisement, judgment to be rendered in vacation and then entered as if in court time.

Sarah McAtee vs. B. S. McAtee, administrator; the same.

O. D. Taylor vs. J. W. Coffin; the same.

Dalles lumbering company vs. C. W. Denton, the same.

Oregon Short Line vs. Agnes Hope and E. Schutz, justice of the peace; judgment of the justice court reversed.

O. S. L. & W. T. Railway Co. vs. D. L. Cates; suit for replevin; judgment for plaintiff.

J. J. Woollery vs. L. A. Woollery, suit for divorce; marriage contract annulled and custody of child granted to defendant.

W. Lair Hill vs. George Gardiner. Jury trial; verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of $268.33

J. T. Mullen, administraior, vs. O. S. L. & W. T. Railway Companies. Judgment denied.

Dalles lumbering company vs. T. M. Denton; demurrer sustained and defendant allowed to amend.

G. W. Reno vs. D. L. Cates. Replevin; judgment for defendant.

In the Skottowe cases a motion for a new trial was argued and denied. Fifty days were allowed for filing a bill of exceptions.

In the case of The Dalles Lumbering company vs C. W. Denton, the jury this morning, brought in a verdict for the company in the sum of $96.30.

The case of F. B. Murphy vs E. B. Dufur was dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

The case of Farris vs. Farris was continued for the term.

All jurymen were discharged and the court will adjourn this afternoon to meet on July 9th, in order to hear some equity cases which are not now ready but which it is desired to have disposed of during the term instead of having them go over to the fall term.

United Brethern Conference.

The Oregon annual conference of the United Brethren church has been in session at Hood River since Wednesday eve. Those in attendance to date are:

Bishop J. W. Hott and Mrs. Hott, Rev. I. G. Knotts and Mrs. Knotts, Rev. W. S, Gilbert, Rev. A. R. Olds and Mrs. Olds, Rev. J. W. Ingle and Mrs. Ingle, Rev. M. R. Shaver, J. L. Garrett, A. W. Snepp, J. H. Alexander, Geo. Sickafoose, J. R. Parker and Mrs. Parker, J. Bremster, C. B. Davis, W. Hurlburt and Mrs. Hurlburt.

Lay delegates: L. N. Price and Mrs. Price, W. R. Dillard, Mrs. O. H. Lance, A. A. Wiley and C. T. Zosel.

Visiting ministers: Rev. C. C. Bell and W. H. Bast.

Reports from the various fields show a marked increase of interest in all departments of church work.

The work of the conference is conducted by Bishop J. W. Hott, superintendent for the Pacific coast district.

The Meanness of It.

We do not think that there exists anywhere on earth a smaller-souled, more heartless corporation than the Union Pacific railway. In the matter of the coming encampment the managers of that corporation has had another chance to show their stinginess. The rates have been fixed at two cents per mile for companies to the encampment on the 4th of July. This will make the Baker City boys pay $10 for the privilege of coming here. In marked contrast to this is the fact that the Northern Pacific carries the militia to encampments anywhere on their line both ways for one cent per mile. The Lord may have made a meaner management than that of the Union Pacific, but we have never heard that he did, and we doubt if he ever will.

Two veins of coal have been discovered on the east bank of the Deschutes river, nearly opposite the Mutton mountains in Wasco county. The veins are about 12x30 feet and extend for nearly five miles along the Deschutes.—*Observer.*

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