THE DALLES, - - - - - OREGON

FRIDAY, - - - - JULY 17, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. J. C. Confer of Wapinitia was in the city Friday.

Mr. C. P. Heald of Hood River was in the city Friday.

Mr. B. Kelsay, of Fossil, will ship his wool, consisting of 101,000 pounds, to Boston.

Mrs. McCollough and children, of Grants, are in the city visiting Mrs. Warner.

Messrs. Frank Laughlin and A. S. Macalister returned from Portland last Saturday.

Mrs. Griffin of Dufur passed through the city on her way home from a visit to her ranch in Yamhill county.

A few small clips of wool were sold in the market Thursday, at prices ranging from 14 to 16½ cents a pound.

A large barn is being erected back of The Dalles mercantile company's store, to accommodate their rapidly increasing business.

We understand that the Wasco *Observer* has removed its plant to Moro and and that a new paper will be started in Wasco in a few days.

Dr. L. L. Rowland, of Salem, brother of Mr. George Rowland, of this city, has been appointed to the superintendency of the Oregon Insane Asylum.

Messrs. J. N. Williams of Prineville, Angli Kalman of Bake Oven and E. C. Fitzpatrick of Tygh Valley were registered at the Umatilla house Saturday.

Mr. B. F. Swift, who has been stopping at South Bend for a few weeks, has returned to Wamic, where he will remain.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Congregational church will give a lawn and croquet social at Mr. McFarland's grounds on Friday night of this week. Admission free.

The thanks of the editor is tendered to Mr. F. A. Seufert for the present of an ever-so-many pound German carp, which was caught Friday last, in one of the wheels of Messrs, Seufert Bros.

From Mr. Wilbur Hendrix we learn that a fine rain fell on the Tygh Ridge country, commencing yesterday at 5 p. m, and continuing almost uninterruptedly till 12 o'clock.

Figures don't lie. The circulation of THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE in Wasco county, as shown before the county court, was 501; that of the *Times-Mountaineer*, submitted to the same court, was 515.

The Wasco *Observer* wants the people of Sherman county to purchase a sylvan retreat known as Kenneth and devote it to the purpose of a public park for the people of the county.

Mrs. W. D. Palmer, who is stopping at Salem, settling up the Gilbert estate, is expected back to this city on Thursday. She and her husband have decided to make The Dalles their permanent home.

Allen C. Mason, of Tacoma, has received his 4,000-year-old mummy from Egypt. It is now time for the Seattle papers to say something about the eternal fitness of things which sent the mummy to a nice, quiet, soothing place like Tacoma.

Considerable wool is now changing hands, but it is hard, in most cases, to find the exact price, owing, as we presume, to the fact that concession may have been made on both sides. It is rumored that 1500 bales were sold yesterday at 17 cents a pound.

Mr. A. J. Anderson has the thanks of the CHRONICLE for a fine box of peaches. They are large and finely flavored and are beauties in appearance. Some of these days the CHRONICLE will write up Mr. Anderson's fruit farm and tell how he raises such nice peaches.

The CHRONICLE, this morning had the pleasure of a visit from an old time friend, in the person of Mr. Jno. W. Farris who, in company with his children, is on his way back to his old home in Wapinitia where he intends to remain. Mr. C. C. Mauly accompanies him.

A United States custom house officer was here lastt Tuesday to inspect the "Regulator." On the same day were registered in the Portland custom house by The Dalles Portland and Astoria Navigation Company, the names of the two steamers, the "Regulator" and the "City of The Dalles."

If the irreverent and unpatriotic thief, who stole the flags, which were nailed on the frames around the shade trees, in front of the court house, will leave his address with Mr. Jno. FitzGerald, the court house janitor, he will hear of something that will interest him during the remainder of his natural life.

Miss Cora Boone, a young lady of Salem, Or., died the other day from the effects of swallowing a pin. The pin lodged in the stomach, penetrating the abdomen and producing serious inflamation. She was taken with terrible vomiting spells which lasted five days and nights and only ended with her death.

The so-called "free bridge" is reported still unfit for travel, and it is estimated that it will take 70 days labor before wagons can pass over it with safety and comfort. The lessee of the road is doing his utmost to hurry up the work, but in all fairness Sherman county should help him.

Mr. H. S. Hannah killed, this morning on Chenoweth creek, one of the largest rattlesnakes that he ever saw in his life. The snake measured 44 inches in length and was fully as thick as Mr. Hamlin's arm, which is by no means a small one. It had fifteen rattles and a button, and Mr. Hannah would like to see the color of the man's hair that can beat it.

Saturday night a jolly party of K. of P. members went down to Hood River on the evening's train to assist at the installation of offices of Wacoma Lodge No. 30. Thes report having had a good time, as the home members there have a reputation for hospitality to sustain and they never disappoint any of the friends that come. Among those who attended from here were Dell Cates and wife, W. H. Wilson and wife, C. L. Phillis and wife, and Messrs L. Rordon, Mr. P. Blasen, N. B. Whyers, J. H. Larsen, Ad. Keller, I. N. Campbell and William Bergfeld.

The regular term at the county court of this county met at the court house last Monday and adjourned this forenoon. There was a full attendance of members and the business transacted is as follows:

Report of road district No 15 read and approved and bill allowed.

The mortgage tax of Fred Krusow was ordered remitted on the ground of over assessment. The same action was taken in the case of G. W. Crocker.

In the matter of the petition of Anna Frost, a pauper, it was ordered that "We have a good county home where applicants can be taken care of."

In the matter of the road dispute in district No. 180 the change in the road was confirmed.

In the matter of road district No. 94 it was ordered that Ed Sharp, surveyor, and T. F. Grey, Ed Harriman, and Frank Johns as viewers be appointed to survey and view the road and to meet at the place of commencement on a day not named.

Road No. 200 was ordered opened when the petitioners settle the damages awarded by the commissioners for that purpose.

A remittance of $750 was ordered to A. Crum for error in assessment.

In the matter of the petition of ward 188 for supply of powder, a quantity not to exceed $10 worth was allowed.

The bill of Johnston Bros. for $34, for the transportation of a pauper who has been drawing $15 a month from the county for several years was allowed and the county released from further expense.

In the matter of the publications authorized by the act of the legislature of Oregon approved February 21, 1891, it appearing from the affidavits of the publishers and copies of their mailing lists that the *Times-Mountaineer* has the greatest number of yearly subscribers residing within the county of Wasco, the printing contemplated by said act of the legislature is awarded to the said *Times-Mountaineer* from the present time until the next January session of this court.

BILLS ALLOWED.

Wm McCoy for jurors fees (Jan. term)	$10 20

SUPPLIES.

Abbott Machine company for perforater and canceller	55 00
M T Nolan, two boxes envelopes	1 40
Gibons, Macalister & Co.	8 50
E Jacobensen & Co.	3 30
Columbia Ice Co.	3 55
I C Nichelsen	38 37
Rosco & Gibons	10 00
Crandall & Burgett	14 50
Dalles City Water Works, water rent for May	5 00
For Jan. and Feb. (not paid)	3 00

JURORS FEES, FEB. TERM.

Frank Vogt	2 20
C W Whetstone	2 00
Thos Grey	4 30

GRAND JURY WITNESSES.

W Wilson	2 20
A R Thompson	2 20
T S Knapp	2 20
C E Miller	11 00
A Fleischner	13 00
G W Fligg	4 20
J C Meines	6 60
T F Grey	4 60

TO JURORS, MAY TERM.

J A Gulliford	5 00
F A Young	16 20
C E Haight	8 40
A J Dufur	11 00
J S Schenck	8 20
Grant Bolton	10 40
F C Clausen	12 20
D L Bolton	10 40
G B Welch	8 20
R Rand	15 00
J R Rankn	28 80
S G Blackerby	37 00
T M Bradley	30 40
T G Hodgson	8 20
N W Wallace	82 20
Chas Davis	33 60
A Bunnell	2 20
H Wentz	22 20
A M McLeod	39 60
Ben Foreman	43 00
A P Jones	14 50
W G Odell	10 50
M J Sluchinger	8 20
W K Corson	24 20
Aaron Fraser	21 50
G W Reno	14 20
J S Schooling	30 20
Thos McCoy	6 20
C S Schmidt	8 20
C E Chrisman	6 20
T H Stewart	6 20
J F Staniels	16 20
H C Coe	15 00
C J Phillips	4 20
S R Husbands	7 20
E W Trout	10 20
J C Wingfield	10 40
G W Runyan	8 20
L J Norman	8 20
W A Kirby	8 20
A Bauer	8 20
D G Hill	27 80
J J Gibons	27 80
W L Vanderpool	25 00
G W Miller	16 20
S F Wood	16 20
T M Denton	30 20
W Killibrew	30 20
Geo A Leibe	8 20
W E Sylvester	8 20
J E Remington	8 20
J C Meins	30 20

MISCELLANEOUS.

Meston Dygert Book Co. record book	15 00
Dr W E Rineheart, medical services	37 50
John Irving, Wimer's state case	3 20
For work on bridge, W Newton	25 00
J McElana	15 00
Jno McCormick	5 40
Troy Shelly, teachers' examination	3 45
P P Underwood	12 00
and C L Gilbert	12 00
Chan Wah, washing for jail	14 50
Dalles City Water Works, water for June	5 00
D E Fisher, work on Deschutes bridge	20 00
Chas E Haight, feeding jury (May term)	27 00
Glenn & Handley, lights	30 50
Columbia Ice Co. for June	10 10
Dalles Publishing Co. teachers' notice	1 50
Delinquent tax list	75 20
Dockets and blanks	26 00
W S Graham meals for jury	7 00
William Michell for coffin and hearse	37 00
Unknown	10 00
A R Thompson, legal services	30 00
H H Campbell hauling	50
M M Cushing keeping poor	71 44

C. N. THORNBURY.
County Judge.

FRANK KINCAID, H. LEAVENS, } Co. Commissioners.

Born.

In this city, July 7, to the wife of J. M. Huntington, a ten-pound boy.

A large quantity of wool came into the city Sunday last. The feed yards of The Dalles Mercantile Company was filled up completely with the loaded teams, and Monday both warehouses were kept busy unloading and storing.

An application to the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Oregon will be made this week by about thirty residents of Hood River for a lodge of Odd Fellows to be instituted at that place. The charter is being filled by George Herbert who is taking much interest in the work.

There are days when it is a delight to live.

About two hundred persons assembled in the court house last evening to listen to an informal address by Senator J. N. Dolph on matters of general interest to the people of this section. The senator commenced his remarks by referring to the evidences of prosperity and growth and development he had observed everywhere, on his trip from Portland to La Grand, as well as in Portland and the cities of the Willamette valley. Twenty-nine years ago he had passed the place where Baker City now stands, when it had not an inhabitant and camped on the site of La Grand, when it had only two shanties in the whole of that lovely valley. Portland had only about 4500 inhabitants when he first came to reside there, now it is a great teeming, prosperous city of 70,000 persons. He thought this northwest country and he saw no reason to doubt that the next few years would see a great influx of population. This country is practically the last place in the United States for settlement and cultivation. The best parts of the Mississippi valley have been already settled, and the country between there and Eastern Oregon is not adapted to a large population. A hundred years ago there was not a white man on the Pacific coast from the Gulf of California to the regions of eternal ice.

The senator gave some interesting figures showing the amount of appropriations made for the improvements of our rivers and harbors, since the year 1822. From that date to 1890 no less than $205, 753,330 had been expended, and nearly half of this sum had been appropriated since he took his seat in congress in 1883. Of this sum Oregon had succeeded in obtaining $5,779,816. The appropriations secured last season for work in this state amounted to $1,495,500; and this sum exceeded any general appropriation made by the government up to the year 1868. These figures proved that congress had treated Oregon kindly. The jetty at the mouth of the Columbia was a complete success. There was now a depth of twenty-seven feet at mean low tide. Another small appropriation will suffice to finish the work when the bar at the mouth of the Columbia will be practically a thing of the past and we shall have a safe entrance for the largest vessels in the world. Speaking of the works at the Cascades the senator regreted that it will take nearly as much to finish them as has already been appropriated. He characterized the manner in which the appropriations are made as unbusinesslike, wasteful and criminal. Unless something unusual occurred he hoped to secure, next session of congress, enough to complete, at least, one of the great works of the state and perhaps both. He had never opposed the building of a portage road by the state, but he did not believe that congress would consent to build a portage road around the obstructions at The Dalles. The United States had never built a portage road. A railroad is not strictly a river improvement. To build such would be a new departure and would be considered the entering wedge for others, like the camel in the tailor's shop, once he got his head in it was easy to get the rest. He was not in favor of a camel. It would cost more than ten million dollars and could not be built for many year. A boat railroad was perfectly practicable and could be finished in one or two years at farthest; large boats can be transported overland without injury. This fact is beyond question. A boat railroad, seventeen miles in length is now in course of constrnction and will soon be finished across the bay of Chignesto. By its means large vessels will be lifted out of the Bay of Fundy and transported to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The estimated cost of such a road around The Dalles is $2,900,000. Referring to the matter that was uppermost in all minds, namely, that of urging the completion of the works at the Cascades by the contract system. The senator read extracts from a letter of Major Handbury to the chief of engineers wherein the major deprecates the idea on the ground that a dishonest contractor would have too many opportunities for using cheap material and doing poor work and that, as the government has every needed appliance and a well organized force for doing the work and is doing it honestly, economically and with all possible dispatch, consistent with the amount of money at its disposal, its officers should not be set aside to give way to an individual, whose only merit might be that he thinks he can do it cheaper than the government and is willing to give bonds. The senator referred to the difficulty likely to be encountered through the opposition of the war department officers to any change in the manner of completing the works, but promised to give the proposal his earnest and hearty support. All other government works are conducted by the war department and it is difficult to secure a ruling not applicable to all. In conclusion the senator hoped that when his term in congress was over he might be able to take a boat at Pasco and sail down the river uninteruptedly to Portland. At the close of the address, which occupied over an hour, a few questions were asked the senator by gentlemen in the audience and politely answered, or, as some of them were of a delicate nature, politely evaded, the meeting separated.

The foreman of the Wasco warehouse has one of the softest snaps in town, if he were only disposed to take advantage of it. In the cars furnished the warehouse for the shipment of its stores are usually found a miscellaneous lot of products, some of them useful and valuable and some of them otherwise. This morning the writer saw as much as three or four wagon loads of straw, hay, and sawdust which had to be dumped out of a car, by the employes of the warehouse, before the car could be used. In a conversation with the foreman, that gentleman informed the writer that he has often dumped out of a car as much as half a ton of coal. We advised him to buy a coal stove and lay by the coal for winter use, or start a hay, straw, sawdust and coal warehouse in connection with his other business.

Our hunters should be made aware of the fact that the last lesislature made the close season for grouse and pheasants from July 15th to to September 1st and it is unlawful to shoot or have grouse or pheasants in a person's possession during that time. On September 1st these birds can be shot until November 15th after which time it is again unlawful to kill or capture them until the following September 1st.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON VARIOUS KINDS OF PRODIGALS.

The Crew That Was Almost Saved—The Pardoned Criminal—The Godly Sorrow That Leadeth to Repentance.

BROOKLYN, June 21.—Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning was an appeal to young men. Numbers of these come to the Tabernacle services, many of them from country homes, where they received Christian training, which, in the temptations of city life, has been cast off. Dr. Talmage called his sermon "The Homesick Soul," and his text was from the parable of the prodigal son, Luke xv. 18. "I will arise and go to my father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen, nor hand, nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab.

Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine. I'll go home, I'll go home: I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of perdition. Satan comes to us today and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh, the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Mary the Persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk, and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass, and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word today would that instead of seeing the prodigal son of the text we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition—so that we might be as wise as this young man was, and say "I will arise and go to my father."

IN SORROW ONE LONGS FOR A FATHER.

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers or training vines over an arbor or keeping account of the pork market or overseeing other laborers he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to my father's house? do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the gospel until he realizes he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you get tired, and you would say "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor."

But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on that medicine; bring on that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness; oh, then you say: "Bring me that balm of the gospel; bring me that divine medicament; bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entereth into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose? This is the reason, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason, "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved."

Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say, "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

THE ABOUNDING MERCY OF GOD.

"Oh!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh!" says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost, is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it. You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving his hand toward the mountains, he said, "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains. I hear him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thy iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger, if he had forsaken us, if he had flagellated us, if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but he is a Father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still farther that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I don't know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house; but there is something in the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said, "I would give the world to be home tonight." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now, perhaps, father may not be living."

WAS THE PRODIGAL'S MOTHER DEAD?

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here today homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home. Don't go away; we don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage, but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: O Lord! what a wretch I have been, what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage today there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying, "I will arise and go to my father."

ILLUSTRATION OF THE RESCUED BOY.

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child.

They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door, and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back, will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God today. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark concerning this resolution, it was immediately put into execution. The context says, "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian tomorrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service tonight to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home today to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! If this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well today—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago, "If I could live to the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

The year 1891 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June—almost half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow? "Oh," says some man: "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up. When I can get over my evil habits. I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse, until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous: sinners, Jesus came to call."

DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

Oh! but you say, "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at East Hampton and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved.

The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed up on the beach. Oh, what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service! They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore—yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is not to be saved at all.

I will tell you of two prodigals, the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Virginia there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and the children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house. Away with these children; I will dash their brains out. Out into the storm!"

The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning the brother, the young man who had stayed at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was, and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said, "You are my brother." "No, I am not; I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said, "Brother, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. Oh! my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

TWO RAN AWAY, BUT ONE RETURNED.

In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No you won't," said the prodigal; "No you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on, and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him, "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said; "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home, and he wouldn't go?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin. "Are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder, and I must die, but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend, and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock, and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son, under a disguised name, had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on the ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh!" said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

Today I offer you the pardon of the gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your sin has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellowman, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon your heavenly father throws his arms around about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." Oh! there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the father's embrace?

THE MANIAC, THE CRIMINAL AND THE BRIDE.

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

The Great Sun Dragon.

It is the belief among both the ignorant and the educated classes of China that eclipses of the sun are caused by a great dragon which attempts to devour the center of our solar system. An eclipse which was visible in the Celestial empire occurred at a time when the people were celebrating the birthday of the emperor. Now, it is the custom to celebrate such an event clad in the best raiment that can be afforded; it is also customary to wear sackcloth and go into mourning at the time of an eclipse, at least until the sun has been rescued from the great dragon which seeks to devour it. Here, indeed, was a dilemma. At last the emperor was petitioned. He being as superstitious as his people, ordered his birthday ignored and commanded the people to go into mourning until the sun shall be "rescued."—St. Louis Republic.

Jenkins Breaks Loose.

Miss Fenderson is one of those lovely, nymphlike maidens who seem the incarnation of some poet's dream of beauty. She is somewhat above medium height, with a lithe, graceful figure, exquisite in its proportions, and a bearing of mingled ease and dignity. The clustering locks of her bright, golden brown hair contrast strikingly with her large, velvety lashes overarched by strongly marked eyebrows. In moments of animation or excitement the pale tea rose tint of her cheeks deepens and flushes like "a rosy dawn," and her brilliant eyes glow with redoubled luster. Hers is not the beauty of coloring alone, for her features have a cameolike delicacy and regularity.—New Orleans Picayune.

There are spiders no bigger than a grain of sand which spin threads so fine that it takes 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

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