FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 7, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

About forty men are now employed in various ways at the company's shop.

Deputy Sheriff J. H. Phirman has gone on a business trip to Harney County.

Frank Peabody of Nansene and Henry Peterson of Wapinitia were in the city Thursday.

Mr. J. M. Cummins, the editor of the Wasco *News* gave the CHRONICLE office a pleasant call Saturday.

Mr. W. B. Hayden a prominent merchant of Centerville, Wash., was in the city Friday of last week.

Messrs P. P. Underwood and J. R. Underhill of Boyd, paid the CHRONICLE office a welcome visit last Friday.

It is estimated that the late hot spell injured grain in Sherman county as much as twenty to twenty-five per cent.

License to commit matrimony was granted on Friday to William Widekind aged 28 and Mrs. Annie Schroeder aged 29.

Hon. O. M. Scott has resigned the county judgeship of Sherman county. The governor has not yet appointed his successor.

Mike Adnet, a citizen of the Republic of Switzerland, declared his intention, on Friday to become a citizen of the United States.

The wife and daughter of Mr. William Alexander of Wapinitia arrived in this city last Thursday from Missouri and left Saturday morning for Wapinitia.

The house and contents of Griffith Brothers, on the east bank of the John Day, at the Clarno ferry, were burned last week. The cause was a defective flue.

The state fair prizes have been increased all 'round, and $15,000 in premiums will be offered. The fair opens September 14th and continues one week.

It is expected that the 2nd regiment O. N. G. will go into camp for three days at the state fair. It is said the boys are anxious for it and want further instruction.

We are sorry to hear that the fine colt that Mr. Andy Swift of Wamic was raining for the races has met with an accident by which it is severely if not permanently, crippled.

Hon. D. J. Cooper came up Saturday from Oregon City where he has been engaged examining swamp land selections in the Oregon City land district. He will return to his work Monday morning.

The first number of the Wasco *News* has come to hand. It is a bright, clean, newsy sheet and we heartily wish it success. There is plenty of room for us all, and some of us have come to stay, whether or no.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sherar are now on the way to Boston. A private communication to the editor informs us that they were at Billings, Mont., on the 28th inst., where they were delayed on account of a wash out.

A body of anarchists are said to exist in the neighborhood of Glenwood, Wash. Lately a settler refused to join their secret order and a few days ago he discovered that his newly stacked hay had been profusely sprinkled with Paris green.

The Wasco *News* announces that Sherman county is going to have a railroad from some point on the Columbia river (Biggs is suggested) up Spanish Hollow, through the town of Wasco thence south through Grass Valley and thence to the Fossil coal fields.

Mrs. G. B. Simpson, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Beezeley of this city, left on Saturday for her new home in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Simpson will stop at Newbridge, in this state, to visit her brother and will be met at Denver by her husband.

Mr. H. O'Neil of Nansene was in the city. Mr. O'Neil thinks that the crops on Tygh Ridge were not greatly injured by the late hot spell, and believes that that region will yet produce a fine crop. He says late grain looks much better since it has become cooler.

Mr. G. W. Ingalls brought up to this city on Friday, from the fruit ranch of Mr. Absten on the Columbia river, near Hood River, a few samples of the handsomest apples we have ever looked on. They are of the "Belle of the Season" variety and were raised by Mr. Absten whose ranch is offered for sale in another column.

Salem has a curiosity in the shape of a man who does not want office. His name is T. B. Wait and having been appointed as gate keeper for the state fair, without his knowledge, here is what he has to say about it: "It having been published that I was appointed a gate keeper for the state fair, I wish to say that I was never an applicant, and now most respectfully decline in favor of Governor Pennoyer or ex-Governor Moody."

The Normal Institute which meets in The Dalles, August 24th, will be an excellent training school for teachers. Most of our teachers in this county have never attended a normal school. Now is your time. Young teachers here may learn more in a week, of new methods and applications, than in five years' ordinary teaching. If the schools of Wasco are to keep abreast of of the times some forward steps must be made. Will the teachers and parents respond with their presence and help. J. H. Ackerman and W. A. Wetzell are employed as assistants.

The Oregon Bridge company which has the contract for laying the supply pipe from the new reservoir to Mesplie's has now thirty six men engaged in making the excavation. The company commenced at the receiving bason and has now completed as far as the flume, a distance of nearly a mile. Possibly the deepest excavation on the whole route has already been made. Some of that completed is eleven feet below the surface. This depth was necessary to secure a suitable grade for the pipe. It is perhaps well known that the company doing the work brought no men with them, and all of the thirty-six employes were picked up in The Dalles. For this in Crook county. Two children of John Savage, who lives two miles from Prineville, have died, and another was dangerously ill, at last accounts.

The portage railway commission consisting of Governor Pennoyer, Secretary of State McBride and State Treasurer Meteham paid a visit of inspection to the Cascade Locks last week.

The Milton *Eagle* says that there is no word in the English language to rhyme with music. The *Eagle* is away off. We have a man in this county whose name is Busic. And for anything we know he's fond of music. How is that for a starter?

The number of sheep in Eastern Oregon is estimated at a million and a half and the wool clip for the season of 1890 is estimated at 8,978,123. The general average price was 14 cents which amounts to $1,214,937.23. The sheep themselves represent an estimated value of $3,750,000,

The Walla Walla *Journal* lately said of a visiting base ball nine that they played like Chinamen," and some of the papers up that way are real mad about it, and yet we presume not a man of them except the *Journal* man, ever saw a Chinaman play base ball.

Henry Clews of New York estimates the value of the present wheat crop of the United States at 540 million dollars. That sum would give the six million persons engaged in agricultural pursuits a *per capita* of $90 for each man, woman and child and that is a kind of *per capita* that beats the inflation scheme out of sight.

It is estimated that Sherman county will raise a million bushels of wheat this year. If we had railroad connection with Sherman county every pound of their surplus would come this way for shipment to Portland and Astoria. A road on this side too, would mean the handling of this surplus one time less than if it had to be ferried across the river to Columbus.

Dealers in cigars would do well to remember that according to a law passed by the last congress any persson who sells cigars to a customer, in any other way than from a properly stamped box, leaves himself liable to a fine of $100. Handing cigars to a customer in a glass or on a plate or tray or laying a handful before him, from which to make his selection, is a breach of section 2602 of the revised statutes of the United States.

Mr. G. J. Farley came up from the Locks last Friday and returned Saturday evening. He informs us that the portage is so far finished that freight could be hauled over it if the boats were running, and the "donkey" locomotives had not been destroyed. What work remains to be done is at the west end of the track and will not be finished till a lower stage of water is reached.

Nineteen persons were arrested in Milton last Monday charged with criminal trespass, alleged to have been committed on the property of J. B. Mahana. In 1889 the plaintiff constructed a dam in the Walla Walla river which the defendants, a short time ago destroyed, claiming that they had a prior right to the water and that they were damaged by the obstruction which turned an overplus of water away from the main channel of the stream.

Mr. Zene Moody has been appointed by the United States government to a situation in the Portland custom house. Mr. W. H. Moody has been appointed by the same authority, fish reporter for the Columbia river at a salary of $3.50 per day, and ex-Governor Moody, we are informed, will be appointed, within the next sixty days to a government office, in connection with swamp land matters. The CHRONICLE extends congratulations. Now let us have peace.

According to the statement of Colonel Houghton in another place the third regiment is out of pocket seventeen dollars for the rent of the camp ground at The Dalles. He received from the Fourth of July committee $105, and from the third regiment committee $178, making a total of $283, and paid for rent $300, leaving a deficit of $17 which the regiment had to pay. The Col. makes the statement merely to correct the impression that the rent of the camp ground was paid by the Fourth of July committee, whereas $105 was all the cash he received. The Colonel makes this statement not to find fault with anybody or anything but to present the naked facts.

Mr. Joe Trippier of Wapinitia came into the city last Friday and left for home Saturday. He informs us that by the last of next week he intends to start by the Barlow road for Portland with four head of thoroughbred running horses and twelve head of thoroughbred Devon cattle. He intends to make the circuit of the different fairs and races and return here in time to exhibit at our district fair. Mr. Trippier makes a business of raising thoroughbred horses and cattle. He has a herd of thirty-eight Devons that would be hard to beat anywhere, and a band of thoroughbred horses. Mr. Trippier brought all his original stock from Missouri, his former state, and we are pleased to learn is making the business of raising fine stock here a success.

A party of seven persons, under the guidance of Mr. Will Langille of Hood River made the ascent of Mount Hood last Tuesday. The party consisted of a Portland man, a Yale student on his vacation, four gentlemen from the Hood River valley and a Miss Carrie Graham, a school teacher, from Chicago. They started from Cloud Cap Inn at 7 a. m., and crossed the Hood River glacier (not Mr. Cradlebaugh's *Glacier*) on the east of the mountain and from thence veering round to the south of the mountain they gained the top at 5:30 p. m. Miss Graham has the honor of being the first lady who has made the ascent by that route. The party had to slide down part of the mountain, on their return, on the side fornest their backs and arrived at camp with tattered clothes and skinned fingers at the late hour of 2 o'clock the next morning.

The burning of the round house at the Cascades and the destruction of the engines, demand investigation. If the fire originated in any unavoidable way, all right. What could not be prevented must be endured, but if it was the work of an incendiary the miscreant ought to be ferreted out and brought to judgment. The fire leaves the construction of the track is laid but there is yet much to be done that could be accomplished more cheaply and more expeditiously by a "donkey" locomotive than by wagons and teams. The people are too familiar with accidents (?) of this kind to rest satisfied with anything short of the arrest and punishment of the offender or the clearest proof that the fire was purely accidental.

Last week Ed. Mills, the gentlemanly bookkeeper of Filloon Bros., packed his valise for a trip to Collin's Landing and left it in the office, ready to take it with him on the boat next morning. During Mr. Mills' absence from the office, Jno. Filloon and A. C. Sanford managed to crowd into it a lot of old greasy castings, two old tobacco pipes without stems, a pair of superannuated shoes, a few cigar stubs, a dried out plug of tobacco that had been kicked around the office for the past two years, a lot of last year's almanacs, and a miscellaneous assortment of advertising cards, dodgers etc., the whole weighing about fifty pounds extra. Ed. innocently carried the valise to the boat and at the end of the trip packed it about a mile to the camp and never discovered the joke till he opened his valise in the presence of Geo. Filloon.

Engineer Jack Rochford, of the run between Ashland and Dunsmuir, on the Oregon and California railroad, lost his life last Wednesday in a rather unusual manner When about two-thirds through the 1200-foot tunnel, near the summit of the Siskiyou mountains, the train, a double header, broke in two. A temporary coupling was made of chains which broke almost immediately. Rochfor was on the first engine. There was very little draught in the tunnel and what wind there was blew the thick smoke of a fresh green fir wood fire into Rochford's cab. The result was that both he and his fireman were completely asphyxiated. They were not missed off the engine till the train backed out of the tunnel. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before they were found and by that time Rochford was dead. One of his arms had been severed from his body and he had bled to death. The fireman was dragged out unconscious but has since recovered.

Young Wah or Ah Ame—that is the Chinaman who was charged with the assault on the Earl of Taffe, had his examination before Justice Schutz Friday afternoon. Both Mr. Taffe and his foreman swore that the Chinaman had committed an assault, both with two rocks, which were produced in court, and with a large butcher knife. When the Chinaman was put on the stand he swore that he "never did nothing." The rocks he had never seen and the butcher knife he "no savied." This left the justice no other alternative but to believe, either the Chinamen or the united testimony of Mr. Taffe and his foreman. The Chinaman had evidently overdone the job. Had he owned up, like a man, that he used the rocks and knife to defend himself he might have been now free. Mr. Taffe acknowledged that he had used him roughly when he took the rocks from him: but the fatuity of all liars clung to the Chinaman, and Justice Schutz could do nothing less than bind him over to appear before the grand jury, in the sum of $250. The Chinaman was committed to the county jail in default of bail.

We are requested to call the attention of the people of The Dalles to the condition of the western approach to the new bridge between this and Sherman county. It is well known that a water-spout fell at that place which destroyed so much of the road that the lessee Mr. Harris, has spent, it is said, $500 of his own money, and Sherman county has given $200 to repair the damage. The most of the work has been done on the other side of the river but the approach on this side is still in a fearful condition. As Sherman county has contributed $200 Wasco cannot afford to do less and really ought to do more, if necessary. Something ought to be done immediately else a good deal of trade will be cut off from this city and the people of Sherman will be very greatly inconvenienced As a matter of fact the county judge is powerless to do anything before the next session of the county court. What the people ought to do is to get up a petition and have it ready for presentation when the court meets, asking for the sum required, and we have not a doubt that the commissioners will respond liberally.

T. A. Houghton's Report of Fourth of July Business.

Received from 4th of July committee:

June 15th, for 10,000 rounds blank cartridges	$300.00
June 15th, 3d Regt. camp ground	105.00
	$405.00
Returned by me to the committee, cash	300.00
Total amount recd. by 3d Regt. for expenses of encampment	$105.00
Received from 3d Regt. committee on subscriptions	178.00
Total amt. recd. from all sources to defray the expenses of encampment at The Dalles	$283.00
Amount paid Lorenzon Bros. for camp ground	$300.00
Balance	$ 17.00

Call at headquarters to find out who paid the balance.

T. A. HOUGHTON,
Colonel.

Total amt. collected by fourth of July committee as per published statement	$1301.26

Amount received from them being less than 10 per cent for the expenses of the encampment of the 3d regiment here.

Advertised Letters.

The following is the list of letters remaining in The Dalles postoffice uncalled for Friday, July 31, 1891. Persons calling for these letters will please give the date on which they were advertised:

Bowers, Oliver C	Campbell, J W
Cartney, W F	Depeau, C W
Donelan, M	Evick, A F
Fagg, James	Fisher, J L
George, C W	Hockett, Mrs John
Hendricks, H B	Jackson, W
James, Mrs Mollie	Jensen, Anders
Losch, Hans	Payne, J E
McCain, A O	Roveroft, Mrs Mary
Stevens, W H	Smith, S E
Smith, Miss Irene	Taylor, Jim
Thornbury, J H	Townsend, F M (2)
Todd, E	Woodward, Oliver
Williams, E A	

M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

POWER OF CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Dying Christian's Testimony—The Generous Action of Madame Sontag. The Missionaries and Their Reward. Ignorance of Unbelievers.

HIGH BRIDGE, Ky., July 12.—A vast concourse of people assembled this morning on the historic camp ground at High Bridge, Ky., to hear Dr. Talmage preach. They came from all the surrounding cities, towns and neighborhood. A large contingent from Louisville and another from Cincinnati were present. Many of the visitors have remained here since yesterday afternoon, when Dr. Talmage preached in the same place. The text of his sermon this morning was from Acts iii, 15, "We are witnesses."

Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky, and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement.

Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart, and the liver, and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice, and talked with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

FOLLY OF THE AGNOSTIC.

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this.

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of Baptists in Burmah today. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are many thousands of Christians in China today. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians today.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us. Angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture or at a burial or on horseback, a power seized us and made us get down and made us tremble and made us kneel and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

MILLIONS COMFORTED BY THE GOSPEL.

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul, but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here today who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with far more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart!

I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's symphony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this. Go out and breathe the fresh air. Plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right. She is better off. I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou has comforted my poor heart."

DIVINE HEALING FOR THE SICK SOUL.

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What enabled you to stand all the trial?

"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" And after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

IT IS NO HEARSAY EVIDENCE.

In our sermons and our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriett Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere heresay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now, and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed, perhaps, in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What made her so composed? Natural courage?

"No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF WITNESSES.

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged, "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses on earth and in heaven testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

LOOK FOR THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it? Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Deathstruck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her." said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Madam Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost; thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, he comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

CROP-WEATHER BULLETIN NO. 21.

Report for the Week Ending Saturday, August 1, 1891.

WESTERN OREGON—WEATHER.

The week has been warm, though there has been an absence of excessively warm days. The maximum temperature ranged from 80 to 90 degrees; the minimum temperature ranged from 55 to 65 degrees. The winds have been generally northerly and of light velocity. On the 30th a few drops of rain fell in sections sufficient to lay the dust. The weather has been generally cloudless with light smoke appearing.

CROPS.

Fall wheat is nearly all cut and shocked. Threshers will begin operations next week. Reports all indicate that the fall wheat was never better, both as to quality and quantity. Spring wheat is being cut in places. Rust in Douglas county has seriously affected spring wheat. Spring oats are being cut in places; some oats are being delivered and a report from Corvallis says that it weighs 100 pounds to the sack. Some young orchards were injured by the extreme heat of the 23d. All reports indicate that the 23d was the warmest day on record. Hop lice have developed rapidly in the past ten days add serious results are feared from them. The codlin moth's ravages continue. Southern Oregon fruit is better than that of the valley counties, i. e. more plentiful and more free from insects. In Curry county five and six tons of clover hay to the acre was secured; timothy hay averaged three tons ts the acre.

EASTERN OREGON—WEATHER.

Warm weather has continued and no rain is reported to have fallen. The maximum temperature ranged from 85 to 100 degrees; the minimum temperature ranged from 60 to 70 degrees. Few clouds have been seen, and smoke is appearing in the atmosphere.

CROPS.

The weather conditions have been favorable to the wheat harvest which is in full operation. As was expected the wheat has never been better, both as to quantity and quality. In sections of Wasco and Umatilla counties the wheat is generally poor and this year is no exception. Sherman county has an extra good crop, larger than ever before. Morrow, Gilliam, Sherman and Wasco counties will ship about 1,300,000 bushels of wheat. Last year these counties shipped 900,000 bushels. Umatilla county has a remarkably fine crop; to the north and east of Pendleton it is, as usual, the best. Union, Wallowa and Baker counties have fine prospects; in these counties harvest is later than in the previous mentioned counties. Throughout this section the hay crop is the largest on record.

B. S. PAGUE, Observer.

Mrs. Simon Mason of Wamic came into town last Saturday to obtain medical advice and was the guest of Mrs. A. M. Walker.

It is unlawful to kill or have in one's possession game of any kind, in this state, during the present month.

Monthly Meteorological Report.

Weather bureau, department of agriculture. Station, The Dalles, Oregon, for the month of July, 1891.

DATE	Mean Daily Temp.	Max. Daily Temp.	Min. Daily Temp.	Rainfall incl. snow, sleet.
1	74	87	62	
2	76	94	58	
3	75	86	64	
4	65	71	58	
5	57	67	48	
6	60	76	43	
7	63	71	56	
8	62	74	50	
9	65	75	54	
10	60	63	58	.24
11	64	73	54	
12	68	82	54	
13	74	91	57	
14	75	89	62	
15	75	88	62	
16	77	94	60	
17	79	92	66	
18	72	81	63	
19	66	74	58	
20	67	81	52	
21	69	84	54	
22	72	94	51	
23	78	98	58	
24	81	99½	63	
25	81	94	68	
26	77	90	63	
27	76	90	63	
28	74	90	58	
29	77	85	64	
30	70	79	62	
31	69	84	53	

Mean barometer, 30.030; highest barometer, 30.250, on 6th; lowest barometer 29.810, on 3d.

Mean temperature 70.8; highest temperature, 99½, on 24th; lowest temperature, 43, on the 4th.

Greatest daily range of temperature 43 on 21th.

Least daily range of temperature, 5, on 10th.

MEAN TEMPERATURE FOR THIS MONTH IN

1872		1877	71.50	1882	71.50
1873		1878	74.00	1883	67.50
1874		1879	66.00	1884	71.00
1875	70.00	1880	68.50	1885	67.00
1876	75.50	1881	66.50	1886	70.00
1887	68.00	1888	71.00	1889	74.30
1890	69.00	1891			

Total excess in temperature during the month, 00.8.

Total deficiency in temperature since January 1st, 00.3 deg.

Prevailing direction of wind, variable.

Total precipitation, .24; number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 1.

TOTAL PRECIPITATION (IN INCHES AND HUNDREDTHS) FOR THIS MONTH IN

1872		1877	0.28	1882	0.12
1873		1878	0.03	1883	0.00
1874		1879	0.31	1884	0.41
1875	0.14	1880	0.02	1885	0.10
1876	0.07	1881	0.11	1886	0.19
1887	0.07	1888	T	1889	T
1890	0.06	1891	0.24		

Total excess in precipitation during month, 0.10.

Total deficiency in precipitation since January 1st, 3.82.

Number of cloudless days, 28; partly cloudy days, 6; cloudy days, 2.

Dates of frosts, none.

Solar halos on the 6th. Sundogs on the evening of the 30th.

Light thunder and lightning in the mountains and east on the 16th, and north and eastern on the 30th.

NOTE.—Barometer reduced to sea level. T indicates trace of precipitation.

SAMUEL L. BROOKS,
Voluntary Signal Corps Observer.

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