FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 14, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. William Heisler of Dufur was on our streets Friday.

Mr. George Noland of Dufur came into town Friday morning.

A late census bulleton gives the total population of Oregon at 313,767.

Miss Annie, daughter of Colonel Fulton of Deschutes was in the city Saturday.

Hon. H. P. Isenberg of Hood River was registered at the Umatilla house Saturday.

Messrs. J. H. Mosier and Louis Devenport, of Mosier, were in the city Saturday.

Mr. H. C. Bateham of Hood River gave the CHRONICLE office a pleasant call last Friday.

We regret to hear that Mrs. H. Corum of Wapinitia has been quite sick for the past few days.

The shaft of the Regulator has arrived and has already been placed on the fantail of the boat.

Mr. Leon Rondeau, of Kingsley, who came in town Friday, left for home Saturday morning.

The Messrs. Ker and Buckley and Mr. Harvey Smith of Sherar's Bridge were in the city last Friday.

Mr. C. S. Miller of Deschutes arrived in the city last Friday from visiting his mines in Grant county.

Messrs R. A. Laughlin, John Porter and W. H. Davis of Wapinitia were in the city attending to some land office matters last week.

Mrs. R. A. Roscoe and daughter Miss Emma left Friday for Victoria, B. C., to remain with Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. Roscoe's sister, for a month or six weeks.

The gentle sephyrs zephed vigorously up the Columbia Friday. They also "zephed" a flat-boat, loaded with wood, on the sandy beach on the Oregon shore.

From Mr. S. E. Ferris who has just returned from the Wamic settlement we learn that the harvest is well under way and that the crops promise an abundant yield.

The merchants of Fossil gave the base ball club of that town a new outfit as a mark of esteem for the gallant manner in which they have downed all opponents.

From Mr. W. H. Davis of Wapinitia, we learn that hay and grain cutting is nearly closed in his neighborhood. He believes that crops on the whole, will be below the average.

Ben Southwell of Eight-mile creek brought in town Saturday some fine samples of Gravenstein apples and peach plums, but could not so much as sell a box or get an offer for one.

Mr. W. H. Dunn desired through the CHRONICLE to express his thanks and gratitude to his friends and neighbors for the kind attention they paid him during his severe and tedious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wentz and family will remove, in a few days to East Portland where they intend to make their future home. Their son Harry and Miss Wentz left last Thursday in advance.

Sixty-six head of horses, the property of Al Sutton of Portland, arrived here from Harney county Thursday. They and a car load that are being fed at the stock yards will be shipped to Portland.

The railing of the company's bridge, near where Mr. Skottowe was killed is in bad condition. The posts are loose and many of them are only held in place by one nail and are liable to break off on very slight pressure.

Dame rumor has it that two civil engineers and twelve men will start from The Dalles in the next ten days to survey a new line of railroad which will run through this city. The party will be absent about two months.

Isaac Joles brought into town last night two fine pair of elk horns which were found in the mountains near the Joles Camp, one pair by Senator Watkins and another by R. W. Crandall. Mr. Crandall's are a specially fine pair of seven pointers.

Mr. J. H. Rinehart, the banker, of Summerville, Grand Round Valley, and father of Dr. Rinehart of this city, came down from his home this morning. He is on his way to the valley with a band of horses which he brought from his stock ranch on the Malheur.

We learn that McD. Lewis of Wapinitia intends to commence work on the Wapinitia canal, which is to bring the waters of Clear creek on the Wapinitia flat, as soon as harvest is over. This is a very important work as it will be the source of irrigation for not less than 40,000 acres of as fine land as there is in Wasco county.

We have put yesterday's edition of the *Times-Mountaineer* in brine and if the weather continues cool it may keep till the dog days are over. But it has a rank odor. All the old stereotyped phrases, "fetid gas" included, were trotted out, with the one solitary exception of "congealed element," and that is never used except in cool weather.

Messrs. French & Co., have just received a new steel burglar and fire proof vault which they are having placed in position in their bank office. It has all the latest improvements and when placed in position will afford absolute immunity from safe crackers and fire. When closed at night it cannot be opened till the usual bank hour next morning.

"The depression now felt in all business circles, is due entirely to the asinine conduct of the city council (of The Dalles) contrary to the warnings of the *Times-Mountaineer* and the mayor? *Times-Mountaineer.* Now all ye bold, bad democrats who have been constantly telling us that it is the McKinley bill that is making the hard times, take notice what this great, learned man says and reform from your evil ways.

Mr. James A. Varney returned Friday from a trip to the Willamette valley. He has made arrangements to superintend the planting of an orchard of 2700 acres in Oakland, Douglas county and will leave this city for his new charge by the end of the present month. We are sorry indeed to lose Mr. Varney and commend him to his new neighbors as a office a pleasant call Friday afternoon.

A car load of pumps has arrived at the store of Mays & Crowe. They are of every kind you could think of—force pumps, spray pumps, pitcher spout pumps, cistern pumps, and etc.

Last Saturday night while Taylor Green and his wife, who reside near Union, were attending a lecture in that city, some miscreant put poison among Mr. Taylor's fine heard of merino bucks which resulted in the death of forty-nine head, valued at $25 each—a loss of $1225. Hanging is too good for a man who would commit a crime like that.

A correspondent of the *Eugene Guard* who has a ranch on the Sinslaw, in describing his big hay crop, says: "I cut some red clover the other day that was 75 feet long, in fact I looked for the end of it for about two hours and then did not get there: so I am guessing under rather than over." The *Guard* vouches that the writer used to be a truthful man.

There is not a doubt in the world that when Portland wants an open river we will get it and not before. So long as that city is more enamored of the chains of the Union Pacific than of the millions of dollars worth of trade that naturally belongs to her but which will go to the cities on the Sound unless there are lower rates on the river, so long the river will remain closed.

Mr. R. W. Crandall returned to town Friday from a three week's camping on the west fork of Hood River. He says the Joles camp are putting up their winter supply of dried trout. Isaac Joles had caught 1350 trout, up to date. Senator Watkins comes next with something like a thousand and the rest of the camp in proportion. The fish are, in size, all the way from eight to thirteen inches.

As the west-bound passenger train came in sight Friday night, there also appeared a freight train bound east, just rounding the curve at the west end of the trestle, which was signalled down by one of the yard men, who happened to be on the scene. It appears that the freight had the right of way, as it was running on passenger time, having on a private car containing U. P. officials. An accident was avoided, however, by the stoppage of both trains, and switching the passenger on the side track, thus letting the other train by. Had the passenger train been ten minutes earlier, a collision would surely have occurred, as the freight was under very strong headway.

A Stranger's Opinion.

Mr. Ingalls, who is visiting this section for the purpose of writing it up for the *Mining and Scientific Journal*, of San Francisco, the *Pacific Rural Press* and two eastern papers, has just returned from an extended trip in Klickitat county, Washington, and our reporter gathered from him some items of interest to all who have regard for the future welfare of our city.

Mr. Ingalls visited many of the large grain fields of the Klickitat valley, which valley covers an area fifteen miles in width by fifty miles in length. The farmers were in the midst of their harvest, quite a number were through. The crop this year is a good one and the opinion expressed by many farmers was the crop of wheat would be larger than usual, averaging twenty-five bushels per acre. The oat crop is heavier than for many years. Corn is about an average crop. There will be quite a supply of Irish potatoes and these of good size. Of timothy and alfalfa hay there will be a large yield.

At Goldendale the merchants are very hopeful for a fall trade, provided the promised rates for transportation on the river are realized. All classes feel the importance of the early completion of a railroad connecting The Dalles with Goldendale and an extension of the same into the fine timber belt which extends for fifty miles north of their town.

The character of most of the lumber of this section is of a superior quality of pine, free from sap and resin, and specially adapted for the manufacture of sash, doors, blinds and interior wood work. It being so much lighter than the pine in other sections is better suited for fruit boxes and in fact this pine is peculiar to this section of the northwest. Mr. Ingalls brought a sample with him and left it at this office. The planing mill at Goldendale is now engaged in filling a very large order for fruit boxes for California and a large and steady business may be expected in this lumber as soon as the transportation question is settled. Most all this business of grain and lumber can be made tributary to this point, provided the business men and capitalists of The Dalles will do their part in securing the early completion of the portage railway and a free ferry or bridge across the Columbia.

The improvement of the wagon road a few miles from the river opposite The Dalles ought to enlist the eary attention of the merchants of this city who profit by trade that now comes to the city over that road.

The general sentiment expressed by lumbermen, farmers and others of Klickitat valley was that The Dalles business men were not disposed to help them as they might in way of better communication with their city, although always quite ready to profit by the fruits of their labor. If this condition of affairs is not soon changed the people of Klickitat county feel they will have to look for relief elsewhere and for more direct transportation to Portland or Tacoma than by The Dalles or the Columbia river.

Horse Races at Wamic.

A number of horse races came off last Tuesday at the race track in Wamic. The principal race was that between Tom Strickland's chestnut mare, Mamie S., and Joe Trippier's sorrel gelding, Pay Day. The race was a quarter mile dash for $50 a side, and was won by the Strickland mare; time, not given. There were half a dozen scrub races besides, and everything passed off pleasantly. A match race was made between Joe Trippier's Pay Day and A. J. Swift's colt, Ready, to come off the the first day of the fair in this city. The race is to be a half mile dash for $100 a side. Another match was made between William Alexander's mare, Matty Mullen, and the Strickland mare; quarter mile heats for fifty dollars a side, the race to come off next Thursday.

condition of my wife's health. We started at last on July 29th. The company consisted of myself and wife, Mr. G. W. Johnston and wife and A. Woodcock. Noon found us at Tygh where we caught a nice lot of trout. At night we camped at Barlow's Gate. Second day noon we arrived at Boulder creek where we caught sixty trout in forty minutes. At night we camped at Barlow creek and caught a nice mess of fish. Third day we reached the Summit house where we caught 200 fish and A. Woodcock went hunting and killed three bear, one cinnamon and two black. The fourth day we moved to Salmon river where we now are. Here we found a number of Portland campers and some of our Dufurites, Mr. C. P. Balch and wife and Mrs. A. J. Dufur, besides Mr. C. W. Rice and family of The Dalles, and Mr. Underwood and family from East Portland. All are catching thousands of fish. We are getting some fine, large ones. As to the berries, I looked for huckle-berries and found but very few. We are getting some blackberries. It is raining here today. It rained all day yesterday. We are bound to have a good time, rain or shine.

Yours truly,

L. J. KLINGER.

Mosier Notes.

MOSIER, August 6, 1891.

Editor of the Chronicle:

Everything is very quiet at present in Mosier and news items for the week are scarce.

Several visitors are here from distant localities.

Mrs. L. Coulpin of Portland is a guest of Mr. L. Phillips.

Our old friend Mr. J. Welberg came up from Bridal Vail on Tuesday for a short visit at his home, returning on Thursday. Mrs. Halfpap and family of The Dalles are enjoying for a season the pleasures of the "Fern Leaf" farm.

Mr. Will Husbands and family are visiting at the residence of his parents.

Mr. R. Sellinger who has been disabled for some time, owing to a broken limb is now able to be about by the aid of his crutches.

Mr. and Mrs. F. La Pier have rented their boarding house at Mosier station and moved out on their farm.

The weather is cool and pleasant.

There are still some very fine Early Hale peaches to be had at the Rose Dale farm. More anon. M. G.

A Voice From Hood River.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Aug. 4, 1891.

Editor of the Chronicle:

Being a member of the alliance and also opposed to national banks as I understand the principle on which they are anthorized by the government, I would like to ask you a few questions:

First—Do the national banks make five per cent. on any amount of interest on their bonds deposited with the government, besides the interest on circulating bank notes?

Second—How much, on an average, do the different banks deposit in bonds with the government for security of circulation?

Third—Do the national banks pay taxes to the government, of any kind?

Fourth—It is said they make five per cent. off of the bonds, and say ten per cent. on the money loaned, which is fifteen per cent. Is this true?

ALLIANCE.

Governor Pennoyer has appointed thirty delegates from Eastern Oregon to represent the state at a convention to be held at Salt Lake, on the 15th to the 17th of September. The convention is called to consider matters pertaining to the reclamation of the arid lands of the west and petition congress to cede to each state and territory all such lands for the purpose of reclamation and for the support of the public schools. The appointees from this section are Hugh Gourlay and George P. Morgan, The Dalles: J. H. Cradlebaugh, Hood River; V. H. Brock, Wasco; C. M. Cartwright, and George Barnes, Prineville; H. H. Hendricks, Fossil; and H. C. Oondon, Arlington.

Advertised Letters.

The following is the list of letters remaining in The Dalles postoffice uncalled for Friday, Aug. 7, 1891. Persons calling for these letters will please give the date on which they were advertised:

Baker, John B	Beker, Fred
Britt, J (4)	Brigham, Miss AT(2)
Denzer, F E (2)	Godfredsen, Peter
Hawkins, Squire	Hayzelton, John
Johnson, A J	Johnson, Mrs Jos
Johnson, Mrs Elayda	John, J W
Mason, J	McCully, C H (2)
Pointing, Henry	Stewart, Mr
Stevens, W L	Troope, Elmer (2)
White, Miss Laura	Williams, W G
Wilfong, John	

M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

Speaking of the Regulator the *Klickitat Leader* says: "The boat will be ready for use by the first or middle of September, and should be heavily patronized by every shipper of Klickitat county. This is the best chance we have ever had for breaking down the galling oppression of the Union Pacific and therefore should strike while the iron is hot and prove to this grasping company that they are not the only company in existence, and that 'we are the people, and must be respected.' Opposition is the life of trade, and now that we have an opposition it is our duty to help support it."

Died.

Last Friday evening the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Sayre of this city, aged 9 months and 2 days. The child has been suffering from a cold contracted about eight months ago, and the late hot weather brought on cholera infantum which the weak condition of its body was unable to overcome. It was burried on Sunday in the city graveyard. Services were held at Mr. Sayre's residence by Rev. H. Brown.

The farmers of this vicinity are now busily engaged in caring for their grain. The music of the header can be heard here and there and the yellow grain is being garnered ready for the threshing crew. The average yield is perhaps not quite up to the standard predicted by the most enthusiastic, yet the wheat is plump and hard as a general thing and all things considered the yield is satisfactory.—*Klickitat Leader.*

The Monumental Mill.

Charles Miller, owener of the Monumental mill was in Pendleton Tuesday evening on his way to Portland. He goes below to make arrangements for starting the mill in about a month. Mr. Miller thinks enough quartz will be received at the mill to keep it in operation night and day, when once started.

No Greater Influences Are in the Family Circle Than the Mute Appeals of Departed Ones—Vacant Places at the Fireside.

LAKESIDE, O., July 19.—For many years people have gathered in multitudes at this season of the year for a great outdoor assembly. The grounds are a short sail from Sandusky; the place beautiful beyond description. Dr. Talmage preached this morning in this delightful place to a vast multitude. His subject was the "Vacant Chair," and his text, I Samuel xx, 18, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner today. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly: "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet!" The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table.

Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams' vacant chair in the house of representatives, and at Henry Wilson's vacant chair in the vice presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor castle, and at Thiers' vacant chair in the councils of the French nation. But all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

FATHER'S CHAIR.

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room you jump up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an arm-chair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new fangled notions.

I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said, "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when, with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way.

Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poorhouse, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that old chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out! old armchair.

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back these three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh, man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out, old armchair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

MOTHER'S CHAIR.

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well; it was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. The chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you a prayerless pillow? Man! what is the matter?" This, You are too near your mother's rocking chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born. I'm three thousand miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that. That chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that. It is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

THE INVALID'S CHAIR.

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh! I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible! What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalids' chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years, trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward, "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh!" she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." I said, "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. Oh, these men and women who are always suffering but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage and the cataplasm and the prescription. That invalid's chair may be folded up or taken apart or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.

THAT EMPTY HIGH CHAIR.

I pass on and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age. If you have no child of your own adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy. Only about five hundred millions of them. The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you the high chair becomes a higher chair and there is desolation all about you.

In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over his every wayward step. Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you." With respect to your child the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

AN INVITATION UPWARD.

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning: "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth; come let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh! when we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshiping God in that place from which we shall go out no more forever.

I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven. There we shall meet again and talk over our earthly heartbreaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of empty cradle and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would today bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike in on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

It is reported by very good authority that there will be parties from Cleveland Ohio, with $75,000 to purchase wheat and build storerooms along the Klickitat side of the Columbia river where they will receive wheat and transport it over the portage road.—*Goldendale Courier.*

The operator and owner of the portage railroad will be in The Dalles the last of this week to confer with Sherman county in regard to building a road up Spanish Hollow to Wasco. They propose to build a bridge across the Columbia river below Columbus and connect that vast belt with Klickitat. A project of this kind would be of great benefit to Sherman as it would open their country to a good lumber country. Klickitat is noted for lumber and wheat.—*Goldendale Courier.*

Hold your grain against all liars, swindlers and thieves, if you possibly can. The grain crops in several parts of the world are poor ones this year, but the crop liars are thicker than hop-lice The lazy, loafing "middlemen," who never toil, and who spin nothing but falsehoods, will try hard to rob you of the harvest this year. What good purpose God made "middlemen" and bedbugs for we are unable to say, but hold your grain!—*Linkville Star*, edited by "Peter the Poet," formerly of the Long Creek *Eagle.*

The future history of the civil war will be a singular chronicle. Even now people who ought to know are a little hazy as to facts. The editor of the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, in a long article about the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue, says: "Abraham Lincoln committed a grievous blunder when he began the war by firing upon Fort Sumpter." Shades of Major Anderson! What sacrilege of history this is! Next we will be told that Johnston captured Sherman's army at Goldsboro, N. C.—*Astorian.*

The Toledo *Blade* says not a week rolls around that a new political society does not come to the front. The latest is an associaiion of farmers in Central Tennessee, with the title of "The Farmers' Reliance." This is the platform which possesses the merit of brevity: Work hard ten hours in the day; work 300 days in the year; never go to town without carrying something to sell, and do not buy anything without paying for it. The *Blade* further says: We submit it to those farmers of the west who seem to think a printing press can turn out the money that we need, and therefore it is superfluous to work.

A Rough Vallet de Chambre.

Mr. R. W. Crandall tells a story of a man he knew many years ago in Portland whose clothes got tangled on a line shaft, and who, after having been carried around the shaft ever so many times, found himself standing on the floor of the engine room, without a wound or scratch, clothed in a necktie and one boot.

We are reminded of this story by an event which occurred the other day on the stock ranch of Mayor Mays, near Salt Springs. In this case only a stocking and skirt of a dress were stripped off but the neat way it was done, when one takes into account the instrument that did it, gives it place among accidents, where a singular good fortune saved the victim from great danger. The wife of the foreman of Mr. Mays' ranch, referred to, for the sake of a little variety, more than necessity, thought she would drive the horse rake for a while, while the men were engaged cutting hay. By some means one of the shafts became detached from the rake and dropping to the ground frightened the horse so that he became unmangable and made a straight run for a four-strand barbed-wire fence, which he dashed through, bringing Mrs. Moore, who still clung to the seat, and the rake with him. The dash against the wire threw Mrs. Moore to the ground. When the horse became disentangled from the wire he continued on the run till the rake was completely ruined but himself received only a few trifling scratches. When Mrs. Moore picked herself up she found herself minus the skirt of her dress, one shoe and a stocking which was taken off as neatly as if she had done it herself, leaving her with only a few scratches on the naked foot. A barbed-wire fence is the last instrument one would think of for taking off a lady's stocking, but in this case it did its work well.

A Satisfactory Report.

We gladly publish the following apology from the last issue of the *Times-Mountaineer*:

"A cool day after the thermometer has been raging up in the nineties is truly enjoyable. The blood flows steadier, and adds strength and energy to the frame, and things are not viewed in the same pessimisstic light as when heat oppresses the functions of the body."

You see, gentle reader, the day he made the last periodical attack on everything and everybody in The Dalles—except the ex-mayor and himself, was hot. The "thermometer was raging up in the nineties," and his blood did not flow steadily, he viewed things in a "pessimistic light" and "the functions of his body were out of order," whatever that may mean. There now, say no more about it. We forgive you. You could not help it—but don't take that kind of a fit too often else we'll get real mad at you some time.

Mrs. Durbin, wife of the late C. B. Durbin of Billings, Mont., arrived in this city, in company with his father, Mr. G. A. Young of Bake Oven, last Saturday. She has gone out to the home of her parents, where she intends to reside for the present.

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