LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

The city is full of insurance men adjusting losses.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cradlebaugh were in the city Thursday.

Charley Stubbling has rented the store west of the old Germania saloon.

The first car load of new wheat was shipped from the Wasco Warehouse Saturday.

A. T. Thayer representing Webbs Safe & Lock company of Portland was in town Friday.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Thursday Fish & Bardon sold twenty-one stoves, all to persons who had lost theirs in the fire.

By a mistake of the types we were made to say Thursday that the loss of Joles Brothers was $75,000. The amount ought to have been $7,500.

Some facetious person has remarked that the burned portion of the city has completely got rid of the San Jose scale which infested the shade and fruit trees.

Even if we have had a fire we are going to have a fair and all indications tend to show that it will be supported by the country better than any ever yet held.

Jack Daley of Grass Valley was noticed Saturday nosing around among the old scrap iron remains of the fire, with the intention probably of starting a new foundry, now that scrap is cheap and plenty. We hope so at least.

Up till Saturday, Port Townsend and Baker City have the honor of being the only cities in the country to telegraph to The Dalles that they were ready to contribute to the needs of those who have been left destitute by the fire.

An Indian woman named "Old Sally" a tillicum of the squaw Caroline was found dead Thursday morning, near the Company's ice house, west of the city. So far as is known "Old Sally" had been imbibing too much fire water and fell off the bluff and broke her neck.

The parties arrested on suspicion of having robbed the United States mail at Sherar's Bridge August 19, had an examination Saturday before Commissioner Huntington and were promptly discharged as there was not the slightest evidence to show any connection of theirs with the robbery.

Crandall & Burgett are slightly disfigured but still in the ring. Their furniture was somewhat damaged by water and moving but they bent all their energies to save their undertaking goods and were fortunate enough to succeed. Their establishment is again open and they are ready for business at the old stand.

Very great credit is due to the following express men and others for having worked their teams hard all the day of the fire, moving goods, and never charged a cent for their labor: Bert Campbell, A. S. Cathcart, Matshal Hill, R. B. Hood, Geo. Snipes, Bert Williams, Jim Ferghson, Fred Williams, Joles Brtohers. Others doubtless did the same of whom we have not heard.

While Mr. C. Clarke, of Snipes & Kinersly's, was trying to save his household goods from the fire he came upon a ham that he found he would be unable to remove. The happy thought struck him of putting it in a bucket of water and setting the bucket out in the yard. So when the fire had subsided sufficiently to allow him to approach the ruins he found a nice boiled ham cooked to a turn.

The velocity of the wind during part of the time when the fire was raging may be gathered from the fact that the children of Mike Doyle, who lives seven and one-half miles from The Dalles, picked up, last Wednesday afternoon, pieces of half burned printed paper which the wind had carried there from The Dalles. The children thought the pieces of paper had been blown from some neighboring ranch.

From Mr. Farley who came up from the Cascades to look after his property, we learn that the cars for the portage road were shipped on the 27th ult., and are expected to arrive by tomorrow or Monday. The locomotive is to be shipped today or tomorrow and ought to be here by the 14th. Everything will be ready for the locomotive when it arrives and Mr. Farley expects the portage to be ready for business by the 15th.

Miss Selma G. Kribbel, preceptress of the academy, came on Friday morning's train. Miss Kribbel is a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and a graduate of Cleveland Normal school, and later of Boston University. Since graduating she has been teacher of mathematics in the leading private school of her native town; teacher of languages in an academy at Weeping Water, Nebraska, and principal of the high school at Syracuse, Neb. Her high scholarship and successful experience will be of the greatest value to pupils of the academy.

While the teachers who were certainly heroic in their efforts to save the brick school, did all in their power yet they desire it to be understood that Mr. Glasius who imperiled his life deserves the main credit, without him the brick would have been lost. While the heat was so intense as to set fire to the roof of the building and actually did burn the shoes from off his feet he was let down from the ridge to the eve by a rope tied round his body and thus with a wet sponge wiped out the fire. About twenty school children also did very effecient service and deserve very great credit.

Very great credit is due to our special police force for their efficient and untiring services in preserving the peace of the city and protecting the scattered property of its homeless inhabitants from the depradations of the thieves and tramps. Without desiring to make any invidious distinctions we mention with special pleasure the name of Mr. W. O. Bentley, a comparative stranger, who has been on duty in some form or other, ever since the fire began. We learn that Mr. Bentley telegraphed east to his father, when he found that many of our citizens were rendered homeless and almost clothesless, and in response received intimation that a box of clothing

Mr. Cooper, the sole owner of the Forepaugh circus, when in town yesterday, generously contributed $50 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire.

A. S. McAlister, president of The Dalles board of trade, received a telegram today from T. F. Osborne, president of the Portland chamber of commerce, asking if The Dalles needed help and offering assistance, if needed.

A rumor was quite prevalent yesterday to the effect that on account of the fire the circus would not show here according to the bills. There is no foundation whatever for the story. Mr. Cooper assured the writer that the circus will be here on the date named in the bill and carry out everything according to program.

Additional Losses.

The following are the continued list of losses by the great fire:

C. M. Brown $600, no insurance; Sam Stroud $2000, insurance $900; Geo. A. Liebe $4000, insurance $2300; George Anderson $3000, insurance $1800; Mr. Farrely $4000, no insurance; J. H. Larsen $1300, insurance $500; Ward & Kerns $1500, no insurance; H. L. Kuck $3000, insurance $1600; W. E. Walther $1000 no insurance; Filloon Bros. $15000, well insured; Dr. D. Siddall $5000, insurance $2500; McAlister & Siddall $7000, insurance $3000; John Filloon $1000, insurance $500; Geo. W. Filloon $1500, insurance 800; Chas. Stubbling $7000, insurance $700; Joseph Beezley $1000, no insurance; S. W. Davis $1000, no insurance; Frank Huott $1000, no insurance; Columbia Packing Co. $7000, $4200; George Gibons $200, no insurance; R. F. Gibons $800, insured; C. F. Stephens $1000, insurance $400; D. W. Edwards $7000, insurance $3000; F. J. Clarke $200, no insurance; L. W. Heppner $2000, insurance $500; Mrs. Heppner $2000, insurance $1000; James Carnaby $1000, no insurance; Wm. Stewart $500, no insurance; Mrs. Kelly $500, no insurance; Mrs. Frisby $500, no insurance; Emil Schanno $6000, insurance $5000; John Sieber $2000, no insurance; W. N. Wiley $5000, insurance $1700; A. R. Thompson $250, no insurance; Frank Egan $2000, insurance $500; Thomas McGrath $1500, insured; J. P. FitzGerald $800, insurance not known; Mrs. Jno. Baldwin $2500, insurance $1500; Mrs. Gray $2000, insurance $1500; Mrs. Kiss $2500, insurance $1500; Smith French $2500, insurance $1500; Mrs. Knaggs $2500, insurance $1500; Robert Mays $9000, insured; Geo. P. Morgan $1000, insurance $450.

Another Victim of the Fire.

Yesterday it was commonly noted that Mike Dimond was missing and it was feared he had succumed to the flames. Today the worst fears of our citizens were realized when all that was left of him—a few charred bones and a portion of the viscera were found at the southwest corner of E. P. FitzGerald's store, corner of Federal and Second streets. The coroner was duly notified, the remains were gathered together and a jury summoned which met at two o'clock. There was little to tell beyond the fact that Dimond was seen by L. S. Davis on the roof of the building before it fell in. The remains were easily identified by the human teeth, spectacle frame, pocket knife, known to belong to the deceased, the frame of a two foot rule which he always carried, portions of two trusses which, it was known, he always wore, and portions of charred clothes. A verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts.

Advertised Letters.

The following is the list of letters remaining in The Dalles postoffice uncalled for Friday, Sept. 4, 1891. Persons calling for these letters will please give the date on which they were advertised:

Aderson A G	Allen Geo
Crouch James	Cory Mrs Jenny
Elkins Mrs Mary	Hagey A J
Heryog Mrs E	McDaniel Hibbard
Stanley Guss	Staples Adelbert
Stewart Mrs Joanna	Thomas Mrs Belle 2
Thomas A S	Turner Albert W.

M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

The Funeral of Joseph P. FitzGerald.

The funeral of the late Joseph P. FitzGerald took place this morning from the Catholic Church, and was very largely attended. At the head of the procession was the band of which he was the drum major, followed by the city members of the third regiment and the firemen. Funeral services were rendered by the Rev. Father Brongeist and thus was laid to rest, at the age of twenty two, a generous hearted, noble boy of whom it may be said, we shall not soon see his like again.

Another Messiah Craze.

GUTHRIE, I. T., Sept. 6.—Old Crow, a Cheyenne chief, who went to Pine Ridge agency a few weeks ago in search of the Messiah, returned yesterday, and is now engaged in detailing to his brethren the wonderful things he saw. Old Crow also visired Walker Lake, Nev. He reports all Indians in this region dancing, and declares he will return in a week or two and persuade Christ to come with him. His influence with the Indians is rapidly increasing here, and he now has a large number of followers.

The Farmers' Alliance Wins.

PUYALLUP, Wash., Sept. 6.—The first farmers' victory west of the Cascades was scored here today in the election of Chauncey Potter, school director of district No. 3, for a three year term. There were four tickets in the field for the office, and the result was as follows: Chauncey Potter, 96; S. B. Dusenberre, 77; William Shuman, 35; Charles Ross, 3. William Shuman, who was on all the tickets, was re-elected district clerk.

Bernhardt Failed to Appear.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—Sarah Bernhardt disappointed a large audience tonight by not arriving in time for the performance. She was expected to arrive this afternoon from Australia on the Mariposa, but up to 8 o'clock this evening the steamer had not been sighted, and the performance was declared off.

More Sufferers.

The following names must be added to the list of sufferers by the fire: Emory Campbell, $1,000, no insurance; A. A. Brown, $4,000, insurance, $1,000; Geo. W. Beers, $900, insurance, $600; Henry Taylor, $1,200, no insurance.

Hundreds of other losses are not published simply because we have been unable to find them.

Information Wanted.

DUBLIN, Ireland, Aug. 10. 1891.

Editor of the Chronicle:

Please cable me where I can procure 5000 copies of Michell's essay on The Hessian Fly. I am going back to farming. Yours,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Apply to the editor of the *Times-Mountaineer*. EDITOR CHRONICLE.

on the point of a table-knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight quarts of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

The saloon is the enemy of the home, of the school, of the state, of the church, of everything that is good.

It paralyzes industry and thrift, makes politics a dirty pool, debauches all parties, corrupts elections, defiles everyone who enters therein, brings reproach upon the American name, while good people fold their hands, hoping that it will become satisfied and drop away like a gorged leech.

The United States annually spends $600,000,000 on tobacco. Internal revenue reports this increase in the use of tobacco in 1891 over 1890, in cigars, $220,504,949; in cigarettes, $81,799,528; in smoking and chewing tobacco $15,677,208.

The educational influence of the universal habit of newspaper reading of the people of the United States cannot be over-estimated.

The newspaper of today is a tremendous power for good; for the perpetuation of our free institutions; for the betterment of republican governments; for the improvements of social conditions.

The press has reformed many things and it is able to do more good than any other one agency.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "Grape-juice has killed more men than grape-shot.

Don't kill the dude, just give him lots of cigarettes and let him do it himself.

Gibbetted in a Living Death.

In a recent sermon Dr. Talmage told the pathetic story of Rizpah, the mother of two of the dead boys, who from her tent on the rock close by the gibbets, kept up a continuous, tireless watch, by day and by night during all these months, to guard the seven corpses from the vultures, wolves and lions. He then said:

Right here, in these three cities by the American sea-coast, there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o,clock at night for the ruined boy to come home and give it up; he may say: "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed.

It is one o'clock in the morning. It is half past one. It is two o'clock. It is half past two when he comes staggering through the hall. Do you say that young man is yet alive? No: he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp.

His father is asleep; his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep, but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep, his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!,, she said, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain."

And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feeling of the jackal and the buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog-shops, and hoot above the head.

In Memoriam.

CASTLE HALL OF FRIENDSHIP LODGE, No. 9, K. OF P.
THE DALLES, OR., Aug. 31, 1891.

To the C. C., R. C., officers and members of Friendship Lodge No. 9, K. of P.:

WHEREAS: It has pleased the Ruler of the universe to call from our midst Bro. Ward S. Stevens, G. K. of R. & S. of the grand lodge of Oregon, K. of P., therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of brother knight Ward S. Stevens, the grand lodge has lost one of its most earnest workers, whose years of faithful service as G. K. of R. & S. has endeared him to every knight in the jurisdiction;

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Stevens the order has lost one whose example of Pythian virtues was a standard, and while living we loved and respected him, and now, being dead, we will ever keep fresh and green the remembrances of his many excellent traits of character; that though he lies silent in the tomb the memory of his chivalric conduct will always have a stimulating effect upon our lives and actions, and cause us to emulate his integrity of purpose, honesty in dealings, and charity and benevolence towards the erring and distressed;

Resolved, That we hereby tender his family our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, and that the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and spread upon the minutes of this lodge, and be published in each of the city papers.

C. L. PHILLIPS,
D. W. VAUSE,
W. BIRGFELD,
Committee.

W. BIRGFELD,
K. of R. & S.

VERY COLDLY RECEIVED.

The American Champion Slogger Not a Success in Australia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—The John L. Sullivan combination has been a dismal failure in Australia. Night after night John has had to play to an array of empty benches, and when the Mariposa left the members of the troops were longing for San Francisco, On the opening night all the toughs in Sydney filled cheap seats, but in the dress circle was not a lady to be seen. Everywhere that Sullivan played it was the same—respectable people would not go to the play. When the steamer left Sydney Sullivan's combination were about to proceed to Melbourne. A number of Americans greeted Sullivan on his arrival in the colonies, but no reception of note was given him. Sullivan proceeded to indulge in liquor on his arrival in Sydney, but did not create any disturbance. Captain Haywood stated the stories of Sullivan's conduct on shipboard are much exaggerated. A party of five roughs attacked Sullivan while in Her Majesty's saloon, but the latter and a companion promptly knocked them down, after which the roughs escaped.

Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—Close, wheat cash, 96⅞; December, 1.00⅝@1.00¾.

Dr. Talmage Shows How the Foolish Sale Is Made and How It May Be Remedied—Christ's Blood Will Buy You Back.

TOPEKA, KAN., Aug. 9.—Dr. Talmage reached this city yesterday in the course of his western trip. He was warmly welcomed by the citizens, who came in large numbers to hear the famous Brooklyn divine. The subject of the sermon for this week is, "A Poor Investment," and the text, Isaiah lii, 3, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

The Lord's people had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

SOLD FOR NAUGHT.

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long time expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught."

THE WORLD IS A LIAR.

I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has ever put his trust in it.

NOT TRUE HAPPINESS.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia. Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy! "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a condemned spirit."

A WORLDLING'S DEATH.

I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his death-bed, and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers were secure, and there were forty three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor two per cent., nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap, that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs and groans and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it.

writ from the courts sells a man out the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind and soul—going! gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

ONCE LOST IT IS GONE FOREVER.

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short lived, and that, panting, you would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefingers on its eternal pulses? Have you not felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you; and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you in the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in this matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no, it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king?

I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes 12, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and he descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

NO RELIGION OF BRAINS.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancet into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

I think that God intended to impress us with a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. This is blood. It is the blood of my Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who, in courts of law, has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands or blood found in his room, and what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have recrucified the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel and iron and wood so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this deicide, confess your guilt today. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty! Prepare to die or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

HEAVEN WANTS YOU.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on his temple, the blood on his cheek, the blood on his chin, the blood on his hand, the blood on his side, the blood on his knee, the blood on his foot—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross; the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the faces of his enemies."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is bought back. Take it. "You have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for thee he shed it—for thee the hard hearted, for thee the lost?

"No," says some one; "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the enemies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and cry, 'His blood be on us and on our children!'" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat him upon whom everything depends.

BEWARE! BEWARE!

I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you today—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the triune God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rescue. This is the alternative divinely put, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you.

O Lord God of the judgment day! avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimeter that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal sea! with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul and make it tremble. Oh, the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

ALL MAY BE SAVED.

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boathook put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another; but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!"

The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier heads and on the beach wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!"

So may it be today. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

BRIEF STATE NEWS.

The name of Springfield station, on the Southern Pacific road, has been changed to Henderson.

Fire destroyed 300 bushels of grain on the farm of J. H. McClung, two and a half miles north of Eugene.

H. L. Bowmer, formerly editor of the Milton *Eagle*, succeeds D. U. Hendricks as editor of the Weston *Leader*.

Nearly $35,000 has been raised in stock for a hosiery and underwear factory to be built at Waterloo, Linn county.

Henry Roberts, an honored citizen of Tillamook county, died Aug 24. He was a veteran of the civil war, and bore five wounds.

William M. Carnahan was arrested Friday at Ashland on complaint of H. S. Simon, of Salem, for getting $5 of the latter on a worthless check.

Mr. Ferris, who cut his knee a few weeks since, in Curry county, is suffering from blood poisoning, and there is but little hope of his recovery.

Linn county was named in honor of United States Senator Lewis F. Linn, of Missouri, who introduced the memorial in congress in 1840 to have Oregon declared a territory.

The wheat crop in the vicinity of Dufur, Wasco county, is a dissappointment. The grain is shrunken and it is feared that very little in that neighborhood will be found in a different condition.

Huntington is fast becoming one of the prominent stock-shipping points in Eastern Oregon. On Friday 1100 head of sheep were shipped to Chicago, and 300 head of beef cattle were shipped to Portland and the Sound markets.

At the Harrisburg saw mill during the past two weeks there have been delivered by loggers a drive of 2,000,000 feet of logs. At Coburg there were delivered at Goodale's mill 4,000,000 feet of logs, which were from the McKenzie river logging camps.

Snelling and Rogers, the two young men arrested at Ashland and wanted in Yamhill county to answer a charge of cattle stealing, have been taken back to McMinnvill. They had been indicted several monts ago, but jumped their bail, and up to the present time had escaped being apprehended.

A very destructive fire occurred at Lostine, Wallowa valley, on the night of the 29th of August, consuming a livery stable, five head of horses, harness, hay, etc., also burning the Keeler house and the houses of Frank Johnson and Mr. Masterson. This was the second fire within the last sixty day.

La Grande *Gazette:* Two more artesian wells have been sunk at Baker City for the purpose of increasing the city's water supply. One of the wells yields 500,000 gallons per day, or nearly double that of the former capacity. The cost of the additional supply has been less than $1,000, and the results are mort gratifying to the public in general.

The Baker City *Blade* says it had the pleasure of lifting and viewing a sack of pure gold, running up to the amount of $1000 or $1200, brought to the city by W. A. Weatherby from his Chicken creek mines, where he has been for four or five days in the interest of their mines, and the sack speaks for the mines as to their flourishing condition.

The Roseburg *Plaindealer* says one of the mines in the Bohemia district has been bonded to some capitalists for $189,000. We learn that two capitalists have been inspecting the Anna mine in that district and it is reported they have offered $36,000 cash for the mine. The Bohemia district may yet get into the hands of some big company that will bring forth the precious metals hidden there.

Miss Mollie E. Church, who has been at the head of the German department of the colored high school of Washington, D. C., for several years, has been offered the position of registrar of Oberlin College. Miss Church graduated from Oberlin in 1884 with distinguished honors, being specially mentioned for her excellent record in Greek. She traveled and studied abroad for three years, spending much of her time in Paris, Berlin and Florence. If she accepts the offer from Oberlin, she will be the first colored graduate, it is said, of the older universities to become a member of the faculty of her college.

Minnesota Chief Separators,
Giant & Stillwater Plain and Traction Engines,
"CHIEF" Farm Wagons,
Stationary Engines and Boilers of all sizes.
Saw Mills and Fixtures, Wood-Working Machinery, Wood Split Pulleys, Oils, Lace Belts and Belting.
Minnesota Thresher Mfg. Co.
Get our Prices before Purchasing.
267 Front Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

(4)

Crandall & Burget,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
Undertakers and Embalmers.
NO. 166 SECOND STREET.

WE ARE IN IT!
75 pair of Misses Shoes worth $2.25 for $1.00
100 Corsets worth $1.25 for 50 cents.
OUR ENTIRE LINE OF
DRESS GOODS AT ACTUAL COST.
A. M. WILLIAMS & CO.

New - Umatilla - House,
THE DALLES, OREGON.
HANDLEY & SINNOTT, PROP'S.
LARGEST : AND : FINEST : HOTEL : IN : OREGON.
Ticket and Baggage Office of the O. R. & N. Company, and office of the Wester Union Telegraph Office are in the Hotel.
Fire-Proof Safe for the Safety of all Valuables.

JOLES BROS.,
—: DEALERS IN :—
Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Hay, Grain and Feed.
Masonic Block, Corner Third and Court Streets, The Dalles, Oregon.

Washington North Dalles, Washington
SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION.
Destined to be the Best Manufacturing Center in the Inland Empire.
Best Selling Property of the Season in the Northwest.
For Further Information Call at the Office of
Interstate Investment Co.,
O. D. TAYLOR, THE DALLES. 72 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND

J. H. CROSS,
—DEALER IN—
Hay, Grain, Feed and Flour.
HEADQUARTERS FOR POTATOES.
Cash Paid for Eggs and Chickens. All Goods Delivered Free and Promptly
TERMS STRICTLY CASH.
Cor. Second & Union Sts.,
THE DALLES, OR.

Great Bargains!
Removal! Removal!
On account of Removal I will sell my entire stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Trunks and Valises, Shelvings, Counters, Desk, Safe, Fixtures, at a Great Bargain. Come and see my offer.
GREAT REDUCTION IN RETAIL.
J. FREIMAN,
125 Second Street, The Dalles.