THE DALLES, - - - - - OREGON

FRIDAY, - - - SEPTEMBER 18, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. R. O. Evans the Hood River ferry man was in the city Friday.

A tramp has been arrested in Baker City who threatened to burn the town.

Mrs. Mathew Thorburn of Kingsley was registered at the Umatilla house Friday.

R. B. Hood has placed the order for the lumber to rebuild his livery stable on the lot opposite the old stand.

Messrs. Robert Rand, Jack Rand, George Prather and J. N. Reynolds of Hood River were in the city Friday.

Hon. D. J. Cooper, who has been ordered by his department to Duluth, Minn., left for that place last Friday.

Messrs. Thompson, Henson and Gilmore, who lately suffered the loss of their saw and planning mill, near Kingsley, were in the city Friday.

The people of East Hood River have kindly contributed the sum of $20 which was handed to the relief committee today by Superintendent Shelly.

Mrs. S. L. Brooks received a letter Friday from the Unitarian church of Portland, enquiring as to the needs of those who have suffered by the late fire.

The editor of the CHRONICLE acknowledges the courtesy of a complimentary ticket to the third annual fair of the second Eastern Oregon district agricultural society.

The rolling stock of the Cascade Portage Railroad is now on the way from the east. The cars were shipped on the 27th inst. and are expected to arrive any moment. The locomotive was shipped on the 4th inst.

Mayor Mays received Friday a check, from A. J. Hamilton of Woodlawn for $10. This is a very pleasing instance of entirely spontanous kindness and Mr. Hamilton has the grateful thanks of this community.

L. J. Klinger of Dufur was in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Klinger intend in a few days making a four weeks trip to the hot soda springs near the head of Beaver creek, about 80 miles south east of Prineville.

The following persons were admitted to full citizenship during the present term of the county court: John Ryan, James Foley and Michael S. Manning, former subjects of Great Britain and Charles Berger a former subject of the German Empire.

Last Saturday, the decomposed body of a man, supposed to be Mr. Niles of the firm of Niles & Vinson of Walla Walla, was found in a box car, partially covered with coal, at La Grande, Or. The car was one of a train that had arrived three days before the discovery was made. The skull of the dead man was badly crushed.

Since the mass meeting of citizens, held after the fire, the hobo population of the town has very steadily diminished till it is now a rare thing to find one. The fact is the trains are watched carefully, and when any of them bring in these unwelcome gentry, he no sooner hits the ground, than he is arrested. The foreign hobo element hear of this and keeps away.

Pendleton's contributions to the sufferers by the great fire has been expended in a commendably judicious manner. Mr. Carrol has not wholly relied upon the statements of any one as to the needs of the people but has gone among them himself in a quiet unostentatious way and whereever need was discovered it has been supplied according to the extent of the contribution under his control.

There have been received since our last report for the relief of the sufferers by the fire; one crate of cabbage from Portland, appropriately marked "*pro bono publico*," a wagon-load of potatoes from J. C. Wingfield of Eight Mile creek, two dozen quilts from Mr. Heppner of Arlington, a box of clothing from Mrs. T. W. Sparks of Portland, and $1000 from Portland and $750 from Walla Walla.

The assessment roll of Crook county for the current years shows 115,980 acres of deeded land, at an average price of $3.09 and 251,333 acres of "Road land," at 96 cents an acre. The county has 9,940 horses, assessed to an average price of $22.65; 13345 head of cattle at $12.36, and 140,498 head of sheep at $175. The gross value of all property is $2,039,639, and the total taxable property is $1,350,-375. The net increase for the year over that of 1890 is $141,515.

Mayor Mays has received intimation from Portland that Mr. H. Heppner of Arlington has ordered shipped from a wholesale house in the former city, for the use of the sufferers by the late fire, two dozen quilts. This is very kind of Mr. Heppner and has the city's warmest gratitude. Mr. Heppner will be remembered as a former resident of The Dalles and a big hearted, generous fellow as ever lived.

The Union Pacific company has filed papers to restrain the Oregon railroad commission from enforcing the reduced freight rates. The company asks for a writ of review and the time set for the hearing is September 21, at Salem. The company sets up certain leases of lines of feeders upon which it is called to pay certain fixed charges of 5½ per cent. or $2,556,593.64 per annum; that the net earnings from the leased lines, the first year, were only $5,228,443.87, etc. Hence the company asks that the commission be restrained from enforcing the new rates.

Major G. W. Ingalls writes to the CHRONICLE asking us to urge on our readers from all quarters to bring in samples of grain, fruits vegesables and wool for the Portland exposition. Major Ingalls arrived in The Dalles last Tuesday night and he reports having obtained a fine disply for "Oregon on Wheels," from Baker, Union and Umatilla counties. He has 25-pound early cabbage, 22-pound beets, ten inch peaches and Clappi Favorite pears weighing nearly a pound each, besides minerals of great value. The major, a perfec enthusiast in his work, by the way, must have done some solid work up in Baker county for he writes us that he is bringing down with him, a whole tunnels, shaft, windlass, with the full staff of miners, including a Chinese cook, a water fall and a snow-capped mountain, with the inevitable lone prospector climbing its rugged sides—done in oil 5x6 feet and four feet high.

A. W. Whetstone brought to this office Friday a number of twigs cut from three-year-old silver prune trees, which were grown on his hill land between Five and Eight Mile creeks. These twigs are simply loaded down with fruit, and they afford another proof, if such were needed, of the adaptability of our driest hill lands to fruit culture. The soil in which the trees grow from which these slips were cut is fully as dry as any soil in Wasco county, and yet, so well pleased is Mr. Whetstone with his success that he intends increasing his orchard by every tree he can set out. Mr. Whetstone would like any one who doubts the adaptability of our driest hills for prunes, plums, apples and pears to come and see his orchard. He believes no country in the world can beat Wasco county for these fruits.

THE REGULATOR ALL RIGHT.

The Trial Trip a Complete Success—Turned Over to the Stockholders.

The trial trip of the Regulator Thursday was a complete success. Her contract called for a speed of fifteen miles an hour. At the end of the first hour, after leaving her dock at The Dalles, she had made 18¾ miles against a 20 mile dead wind. It is perfectly safe to say she is good for 20 miles down stream any time. The sixty invited guests, nearly all stockholders or their wives, were delighted with the trip. At every residence and hamlet alongside the river the people rushed out to get a glimpse of the boat as she passed and waved their handkerchiefs in salute. At the residence of Mr. S. R. Husbands an anvil was brought into requisition and a salute of three rounds was fired. From the Mt. Hood hotel the stars and stripes fluttered on the breeze. The boat left her landing at The Dalles at 9:37 a. m and arrived at Cascade Locks at 12:03 p. m., making the trip in 2:26, the distance being 45 miles. The Regulator got back to The Dalles a little before 5 o'clock p. m. This morning the directors of The Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation company held a meeting in the room back of the office of Contractor Hugh Glenn when the boat was formally turned over by Paquet & Smith to the directors of the navigation company.

County Court Proceedings.

The following are the proceedings of the September term of the county court. In the matter of the supply of fire wood for the county it was ordered that no bids be accepted and that the matter be left in the hands of the sheriff and county judge.

In the matter of the road petition of John Parker and others it was ordered that Surveyor Sharp, Geo. Herbert, C. R. Bone, Jos. H. Wilson be appointed to view and locate the proposed road on a day not named.

The report of the board of equalization on the debt between Wasco and Sherman counties was approved.

The county clerk was ordered to advertise for bids to keep the county poor for the coming year.

The clerk was ordered to procure necessary facilities in the way of booths, etc., for the next bi-ennial election.

In the matter of the road petition of Henry Ryan and others it was ordered that Mr. Norton, surveyor, Emil Schanno, Alex Anderson and George Liebe view and locate the road on a day not named.

The assessor was allowed to the 15th of October to complete his assessment.

$100 was allowed for repairing the "New bridge" road and $25 for the road to Eight Mile as petitioned for by Supervisor Koontz.

In the matter of Frankie Turnbow, a blind child. It was ordered that a sufficient sum be appropriated for necessary clothing and for transportation to the Salem institution for the blind.

Thos. T. Badder & Co., Cascade Locks was granted license to sell liquor a retail. Patrick McIlaney of the same place was also granted retail license.

It was ordered that the county road by way of Bettingens be opened.

Road supervisers were instructed to enforce the law touching the driving of stock over county roads.

County Court Proceedings.

The following is a partial list of the bills allowed by the last meeting of the county court:

Maier & Benton, supplies	$ 3 35
Hood River Glacier, printing	2 50
Wm. Tackman, repairs lawn mower	2 50
J. W. Simenson, witness	5 80
C. R. Mains, witness	3 50
J. E. Pagh, witness	3 60
John Howe, witness	1 70
D. Osborne, witness	1 70
Frank Chinman, witness	1 70
H. H. Learned, witness	1 70
J. Doherty, justice fees	12 45
J. Doherty, justice fees	3 60
Al Varney, witness	1 70
J. N. Varney, witness	1 70
J. Stadleman, witness	1 70
J. H. Jackson, witness	1 70
John Crate, witness	1 70
Emil Schutz, witness	1 70
J. M. Martin, witness	1 70
Wm. Tackman, witness	1 20
Hugh Chrisman, witness	1 20
A. W. Fargher witness	1 20
John Cates, witness	1 20
L. C. Nickelsen, witness	1 20
J. H. Blakeney, witness	1 20
Chronicle Pub. Co., printing	4 50
E. Clanton, witness	2 50
Union Lithograph Co., warrants	47 00
E. Jacobsen & Co., supplies	6 00
Maier & Benton, supplies	1 35
Hugh Glenn, repairs	1 60
Columbia Ice Co., ice	12 70
Wong Shoo,	6 60
Geo. D. Barnard & Co., supplies	17 00
J. Doherty, justice fees	7 30
Hugh Logan, medical services	15 00
Ben Wilson, juror	1 20
Chas. Adams, juror	1 20
Frank Irvine, juror	1 20

Advertised Letters.

The following is the list of letters remaining in The Dalles postoffice uncalled for Friday, Sept. 11, 1891. Persons calling for these letters will please give the date on which they were advertised:

Blair, Frank	Bell, H E
Copple, Miss Bertha	Dimmick, Zible
Dunaway, J E	Grayson, W J
Hunter Dick	Jackson, F P
Joseph, Henry	Loy, Miss Lillie M
Lylle, Mrs Lizzie	Manver, Mr Wm
Monish, O W (3)	Moore, Mr & Mrs Can
McClarg, Mr	McCanley, C H (2)
Price, W E Jr	Phillips, M J
Pool, Wm	Smith, C L
McCartney, Jack	Smith, Capt H C
Smith, Mrs A A	Tate, Worth A
Taylor, Sarah	Wenig, W A (3)
Weir, Clifford	Weaver, S

M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

Hurrah! for Portland.

The following telegran was received this afternoon:

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 12.

Hon. Robert Mays, Mayor:

We send you today by telegraphic transfer $1000 for the benefit of the needy. W. S. MASON, Mayor.

Junction City is to have a bank.

The Fox valley mines in Grant county are attracting the attention of capitalists.

T. J. Cozard, living on a ranch six miles east of Burns, had a horse and mule killed by lightning on the night of the 2d inst.

The dam across Rogue river will be completed within a week, after which a large force of men will be put to work sluicing the river bed for three miles.

Fifty wagon loads of immigrants have passed through Prineville during the past week. They are on the way to the Willamette vally, from Kansas and the Dakotas.

The residence of C. P. Zumwalt, near Perrydale, Polk county, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday last. A portion of the household goods was saved by the family.

The Siuslaw country is settling rapidly. The hill locations of Lane county are numerous and the land is rich and profitable for fruit, vegetables, and every product of the soil.

The plat of township 1, north range 6 east, has been received at the Oregon City land office, and will be filed and open for settlement under the homestead law on and after October 19, 1891.

W. Wampole, a farmer near Gervils, while driving to that town with a load of wheat, was thrown under his horses' feet by several sacks of grain slipping off and was trampled and kicked severely.

J. D. Wilcox, of Portland, and Mr. Jeffrey, from Canada, have purchased the Todd quicksilver mine, near Oakland and are operating the same with very satisfactory results both as to ore and metal.

The distillery at Medford will commence business as soon as the bonds of Frank Galloway and J. A. Whiteside, the storekeeper and gauger, are approved at Washington and their commissions received here.

The appointment of J. W. Blackburn as judge of Sherman county by Governor Pennoyer, appears to be satisfactory to the people of that county. He is spoken of as one well capable of filling such an important office.

Calvin Neal, a pioneer of '44 died near Stayton last week, and fourteen hours after his supposed death revived and lived several hours longer, and then relapsed and the final disolution of body and soul took place.

The Toledo coal mine tunnel is ninety-four feet into the mountain, and has just passed through a strata of large clam shells. The men are now working through some black slate, and the indications are that they will soon strike the coal bed.

George W. Atchison, of Baker City, aged seventy-five years and possessed of considerable wealth, has been adjudged insane. He has been gradually losing his mind for some time and the other day, after having attacked his housekeeper with a knife, he was taken into custody.

Barbed wire on the farm is a fruitful source of accidents. At Jesse Porter's farm in Benton county some horses became frightened while grazing in the pasture, and in their wild rush ran against the fence. One of them was killed almost instantly and two others badly crippled.

The cable and fixtures for the proposed new free ferry across Rogue river were last Tuesday taken out to the ferry site by A. Betz. The cable is 1¾ inches in diameter, the largess ever used in the county, and will be perfectly safe for three times the strain to which it is contemplated it will ever be subjected.

Three men living on Johnson Freeman's farm near Glencoe, went to Hillsboro Tuesday last to secure medical treatment. All were suffering with poisoned fingers, and none of them could give any idea of how the poisoning occurred or what caused it. The flesh seemed to rot as in blood poisoning.

A son of Mr. Faulkenberg, living two miles from Holbrook, Washington county, was thrown from a mowing machine on Tuesday last, falling in front of the sicklebar, the bar passing over him cutting his left ear nearly off, and inflicted a bad scalp wound, also a bad wound on the right side of the head and injuring the bones of the skull.

Mr. J. R. Crosby, who resides on Upper Crooked river, Crook county, lost his barn and about twenty tons of hay by fire a few days ago. The fire was set by a little child who "wanted to see it burn." Mr. Crosby's loss is a severe one to him as it would be to any poor man. A horse escaped from the barn after being somewhat scorched.

An incident worthy of mention, and one probably without a parallel in this state, happened in Astoria last Friday morning, says the *Dispatch*. Thirteen editors, representing different sections of Oregon, walked into the Parker House, and after registering, the proprietor said, "Gentlemen, if any of you are thirsty, follow me, and I think your thirst will be quenched." Strange as it may seem, not a man moved.

The news from the Roseburg-Coos Bay railroad is encouraging. During the present month the tracklaying from Marshfield to Coquille City, a distance of twenty miles, will doudtless be completed and the cars running regularly that distance. This will be a great step in the onward progress of the road, and every indication is that the road will be pushed on to Myrtle Point—ten miles from Coquille—before the rainy season sets in.

B. M. Huston, who has the contract of taking the machinery into the Santiam mines for the Albany Mining and Milling company, has five yoke of oxen and eight horses now at work hauling in the company's new ten-stamp mill. Nearly a month will be required to take all the machinery into the mines. Two shifts of men are at work in the tunnel. The lower level is 215 feet and the upper one 280 feet. The character of the ore grows constantly better as the work proceeds.

There is likely to be litigation at Ashland over the water in Ashland creek. The fruit growers use so much of it as to subject the mills in town to serious inconvenience. The peach growers argue that the peach crops bring in from $50,-000 to $75,000 a year to that place, an amount far exceeding that realized from any other one source, and they have made up their minds that they will encourage peach culture to the utmost extent, even if it takes every drop of water in Ashland creek to give it the necessary fostering care.

Robert Albee, a well-known stockman of Butler creek, Umatilla county, was seriously injured in a runaway accident the other day. In the wagon with him were Mrs. Nelson and her son. When the horses started to run Mrs. Nelson clasped her boy in her arms and jumped out, escaping without injury. After an ineffectual attempt to hold the horses Mr. Albee was thrown out. The brake handle caught his left leg and he was dragged with his head on the ground some eighty or 100 yards, until the horses turned into a barb wire fence. The brake had penetrated six inches into Mr. Albee's leg, making a jagged and fearful wound. He was also badly bruised about the head.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Powerful Sermon on the Insanity of Borrowing Trouble—It Has Wrecked Many a Life. The Lord Will Look Out for You.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 16.—Dr. Talmage has returned from his western tour reinvigorated in health and cheered by the hearty and enthusiastic greetings he has received in the numerous cities he has visited. Thousands of persons who have read his sermons in their local newspapers have struggled to get within sound of his voice wherever he has spoken. His sermon this week is on the very common and foolish habit of borrowing trouble, and his text is Matthew vi, 34, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he hath done to make thee happy; his sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble.

First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. The one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

FORCE HAPPINESS TO COME.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McCheynes and the Summerfields of the church who did the most good, cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! they distill poison; they dig graves, and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin redbreasts and you will find robin redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle unused to the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls and the night hawks and the bats came a second time to the combat; now, the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

THERE ARE BLESSINGS A-PLENTY.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected assaults of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread tray; that a man fed by him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears!

Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

THANK GOD FOR WHAT YOU HAVE.

It is high time you began to thank God for your present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning, light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jackknife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is always a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens

WHY BRING NEW SORROWS?

The shadows of today are thick enough, why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful, why halloo to disasters far distant to come and wring out more gall into the bitterness? the left in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent, and meet their notes, and manage affairs as they now are, but what if there should come a panic? Go tomorrow and write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1891 as in 1881. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at his feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies and rheumatisms and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly today, and are expecting an attack of typoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take care of your health now and trust God for the future.

Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken salad at 11 o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present and let the future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

ROBS US OF WHAT STRENGTH WE HAVE.

Again, the habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities and mount a steep and be thorn pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulcher creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come, out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exhausted; and these long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your sickness will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great storm walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of the elders, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Hallelujah unto God for ever.

PLACE YOUR TRUST IN GOD.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling forever Sabbath and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn o'er long,
For this is heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus, their exalted king,
With joyful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

CROP-WEATHER BULLETIN NO. 27.

Report for the Week Ending Saturday, September 12, 1891.

WESTERN OREGON—WEATHER.

The temperature has been lower, yet above the average. The atmosphere has been clearer of smoke, the weather has been partly cloudy and local showers prevailed during the latter part of the week.

CROPS.

The showers have done no material damage, they have delayed some late threshing, and somewhat retarded hop picking in a few sections. The threshing of grain is practically over; only a few small lots yet remain to be threshed. The wheat is being delivered to warehouses and elevators. The wheat product was never better, the berry is of first grade; the yield has been heavy, generally more than was anticipated. Large yields are reported from every county. In Washington county for example, one farm yielded 46 bushels per acre, another 54 bushels per acre. Smut is more generally reported than usual, though it is not this year so very extensive; spring wheat is more affected than fall wheat. The oat crop has been good but not as proportionally good as the wheat crop. Hop-picking will be about finished next week, unless the present rains should delay the pickers more than is now expected. The hops of Douglas county were supposed to be free from lice and mould, but on picking some yards are found to be badly damaged. No lice are observable in Josephine county. It is estimated that lice and mould have damaged the hop crop to the extent of $300,000. In Jackson and Josephine counties corn is ripe, of good quality and yield. Summer fallowing is in progress in many of the Willamette valley counties.

EASTERN OREGON—WEATHER.

A few showers have occurred. The temperature has been cooler and about the average. There has been less smoke in the atmosphere. In the interior counties on the higher elevations frosts occurred.

CROPS.

The showers did no damage. Threshing is in progress in some sections and in some counties it is nearly done. In Wasco and in parts of Sherman county the wheat is more shrunken than in the other counties. Yields of 40 bushels and upwards are frequent in Morrow, Umatilla and Union counties; in the latter county, Baker, Wallowa and interior counties, harvesting and threshing is well along. Reports indicate yields above the average and above the expectations of the farmers in every county. The wheat has begun to move to seaboard. Fruit continues plentiful. Grapes are ripe in many localities.

B. S. PAGUE, Observer.

Some Interesting Gossip Gathered From Various Sources.

HOME IS BEST.

The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank.
Midst the cold, dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-light
Shines round the behaiman plunging through the night:
And still, with inward eyes, the traveler sees
In close, dark stranger-streets, his native trees.

—*John G. Whittier.*

"It is the duty of society to remove, not regulate, evil."—*Dr. Albert Barnes.*

The liquor traffic is crushing the fondest hopes of the mother heart of America.

The Presbyterian general assembly's permanent committee in behalf of temperance says: "After all, the present condition of things in relation to the liquor traffic is not at all discouraging. There is a mighty waking up of popular opinion. There are vastly more temperance men and women in the United States than ever before.

Joseph Cook said at Broadway Tabernacle, New York: "The churches should rise to the temperance level of the public schools.

All denominations should declare, as the Methodist church has, that the liquor business cannot be legalized without sin.

Church members should support no political party dominated by the whisky ring. The churches should unitedly insist on the closing of saloons on Sundays and on election day, and the prohibition of the sale of liquor to drunkards and minors, to Indians, and during fires.

General Master Workman Powderly said in a recent address: "The politician is what you make him. So long as you bare your backs and hand the politician a cat o' nine tails don't be surprised if he scourges and skins you. If you walk up and open your pocket to the politician, saying, "rob me," why should he not rob you? If the power lies in you, damn in thunder tones the liquor power that debauches the voters. One hogshead of whisky in the city of New York judiciously placed may make or unmake a president. Give out enough glasses of gin in this city and state and you place the dispenser in the chair of Washington."

Edward Everett Hale says: "I am ready to acknowledge that the clergy are apt to be a little fanatical in this matter of temperance. Why not, indeed? They see the skeletons in the closet, which other people do not see. They receive the confidence, and they know why this lad never kept the fond promise with which he entered college. They know what is the hidden cause of ruin in this household, and the fond hopes of that young married pair. If you want to make an active temperance member out of any friend, set him to work in prisons, in charity organizations, in education; you will soon find that he says less about moderate drinking, that he looks less doubtfully on strong legal measures for keeping men out of temptation."

The wail of the worse than widow, the cry of the starved and suffering child goes up to heaven, but human fatuity has interposed the shield of "regulation," and no answer comes. Regulation, forsooth! Can the vitiated appetite of the boy be "regulated?" Is there any way to regulate the man or boy who has implanted within himself an appetite which has taken from him every particle of will-power? Can you save a man with a fever in any other way than to remove the cause of the fever? "Regulation!" Do you want to take a census to enumerate your children and say, "I will so regulate this evil that this child shall be mine and that one the saloon-keeper's?" In brief, do you want to perpetuate an evil, or do you want to kill it? If the rum power really owns the state and community, in God's name let it have its way in peace. If it does not, if humanity has any rights, if the state and the family have any claim to be considered, let the law assert itself and stamp it out.—*P. V. Nasby.*

Sir William Gordon and Lady Cumming's coming reception in New York is already a matter of anxiety to the fashionable few, and it is earnestly debated whether to give them the cold shoulder or to receive them with that studied warmth which would best emphasize the Four Hundred's opinion of English wickedness.

A Petrified Woman.

Among the merchandise brought to town on Saturday morning by the American Express company was a black box about seven feet long by two feet broad and a foot high, says the Butte *Miner*. It weighed about 600 pounds and its contents were valued at $5,000. It came from Helena and is the property of F. A. Ransem. The contents are the natural curiosity of Kate Carroll, the petrified woman of Arizona. She died there in 1862 and was buried, and in 1884, twenty-two years later, when there was occasion to remove the remains, they were found to be petrified. The form and features are said to be life-like, the entire remains being permanently preserved without any alteration to the contour.

The average cost of running a passenger train on the railroads of the United States is 83 cents per mile, and the train earns just $1.06 in doing it. The profit, therefore, is only 23 cents a mile, but it foots up $300,000,000 on all the roads in the course of a year. The roads get two cents and two mills per mile, multiplied by millions, that makes the vast sum of $300,000,000 profit. The roads get a little less than a cent for carrying a ton of freight one mile, and it costs them six-tenths of a cent to carry it. It costs more to run a freight train a mile than a passenger train, the figures for the former being $1.06, and the train earns $1.65 per mile.

A Peculiar Death.

John M. Peebles the 22-year-old son of a wealthy London banker was accidentally drowned in the Willamette river Saturday evening last. Young Peebles, in company with three other men, who had undressed on one of the slips, jumped into the river from the slip, which stood about six feet from the surface of the water. As he did not soon rise to the surface his companions became alarmed and as the water was only five or six feet deep they had no trouble finding him. He had not been in the water more than three minutes, yet every effort to bring him back to consciousness was unavailing. A careful examination of the body after it was taken to the morgue revealed the fact that his neck was broken between the fourth and fifth cervical vertebrae.

Spurgen was only 19 when he preached his first sermon. Even then his eloquence was remarkable, and within a few years he had gathered about him a large congregation. At that time he was a pale and tender stripling with a noticeably large head. His rotundity of body came many years later.

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