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TERMS IN ADVANCE. THE FIFTY ONE YEAR... THE FIFTY ONE YEAR... THE FIFTY ONE YEAR...

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1889

The New Jerusalem! What does it represent?—The Church Militant or the Church Triumphant? In The Pacific of December 31, Dr. Jones, in his notes on the Sabbath-school lesson, Rev. xxi: 27, etc., maintains that this picture of surpassing beauty—the New Jerusalem—is a "description of the church still in the world and surrounded with enemies, shall have been removed forever."

1st. If the New Jerusalem is not a picture of heaven, where else in all the Bible can we find one? Collect them all together from Genesis to Revelation, and they will not equal this final closing picture of the Bible, in bright and glowing portrayal of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." And if we discard this, it will not be difficult to throw overboard all the rest.

2d. The location of this scene in the Apocalyptic-panorama indicates strongly that it is the heavenly state. In that panorama, as unfolded by John, there passes before us Pagan Rome, Papal Rome, the Mohammedan power, their successive overthrow, followed by the millennium in which Christianity is triumphant for a thousand years; then a fearful apostasy in which an attempt is made by the wicked to extirpate Christianity from the face of the earth.

3d. There are characteristic features of life in the New Jerusalem utterly irreconcilable with the idea that it belongs to the human and probationary period. It is absolute freedom from sin. "There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth nor that worketh abomination or maketh a lie." This, too, is indicated by the transparent purity which belongs to the very pavement of its streets, and everything else. Stronger language expressive of entire sinlessness could not be. Such sinlessness belongs not to earth, as any man's conscience testifies. It belongs only to the heavenly state. Even in the millennium there will be sin and defilement in every house. True, the Gospel will then pervade the whole earth, and be generally accepted by men. But conversions will be going on as now, and I know not that the world as a whole will in the millennium be farther advanced in piety than some towns and districts are now. Surely the absolute moral purity of the New Jerusalem is far beyond that of earth in the millennium.

4th. The lofty exaltation of the church in New Jerusalem is far above that of earth, even in the millennium. That city is 875 miles high! Its inhabitants have all that heart can wish. "They hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither does the sun light on them or any heat." They "reign as kings with Christ forever and ever!" Does that describe an earthly state? Far from it. Here they serve, following in the steps of him "who took upon him the form of a servant." And even

in the Millennium the souls of the martyrs or the spirits of the confessors will only enjoy a quasi ring of a thousand years. There "they reign forever and ever." 3d. In the New Jerusalem "there shall be no more curse." This, too, is true only of heaven. Here in our sinful state the curse is everywhere—"Cursed is he that continueth not," etc., etc. Sin and the curse are ever united. If there is sin in the millennium the curse will be there too. What but an awful curse from God is that fire falling on men at the close of 1000 year? 4th. The freedom from earthly necessities also bespeaks it heaven.

"The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it for the glory of God did lighten it. And saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof." Here all these minor and temporary aids are needed. The Bible, the Church, the prayermeeting, the temples of worship, and the daily exhortation, etc., etc., are necessary and almost indispensable to our growth in grace and salvation. It is only in heaven that we can dispense with all these things. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

5th. What, too, means that wondrous passage—"And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads?" Surely it refers to the day when we shall "be like him, for we shall see him as he is." It points forward to "the manifestation of the sons of God," when clothed in new bodies, "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." It is not a picture of the Christian here, but of the heaven of heavens.

It is fit that I should notice the objections Dr. Jones gives to this view: 1. The walls indicate enemies around I reply: Those massive walls, those angel guards, and the lofty height of the city—are the strongest possible figurative representative of the absolute and eternal security of the saints in heaven. I know of no language which could express it more truly. Besides, the ever-open gates, never closed by day or night, shows that no danger as here may be lurking nigh and enter unawares.

2. "The leaves for the healing of the nations," it is said, show that there are sinners around needing to be healed of sin. I reply: 1. The heaven here described may possibly not be on the earth, but in a "new heaven and earth," where the sun does not shine on it—in some distant part of creation. And what if around that distant place of glory there should be worlds where men have sinned as we have, and need these healing leaves (whatever they may represent)—may it not be a part of our divine employment to do for them as angels have done for us? 2. If the scene be on this earth in its purified state, may not those "healing leaves" refer to something which will effect the gradual effacement in our nature and development of the weaknesses and wounds, the scars and bruises, which sin had made? Not implying present sin, but effects left in its wake. May not "the healing" refer to a gradual process of restoring that harmonious development of the faculties of the soul, so sadly disturbed by sin?

S. BRISTOL. San Buenaventura, Dec. 20, 1879. Infidel Agreeing with Paul. An admirable reply was once made by a careful reader of the Bible to an infidel who attacked him with such expressions as these: "To suppose that the blood of Christ can wash away sin, is foolishness; I don't understand or believe it."

The Bible student remarked, "You and Paul agree exactly." The infidel replied, with much surprise, "How is this that Paul and I agree?" "Oh," said the student, "turn to the first chapter of first Corinthians, and read the eighteenth verse."

The infidel read, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God." The infidel hung his head, and ever after studied the Bible with new feelings. Under the gracious teachings of the Holy Spirit, he was soon led to believe it to be the power of God unto salvation.—[The British Workman.

The Secretary of the Interior has made an agreement with the Pute Indians, represented at Washington by Winnemucca and his associates, who were heretofore entitled to live on the Mather Agency, by which they are to have lands allotted to them in severalty. Each head of family and adult male is to receive 160 acres, to be cultivated for their own use. This is probably the first instance in which land has been allotted in severalty to Indians, and the result will therefore be watched with interest.

The Old Oaken Bucket. Revised by a Sanitarian. With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood. Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained. The malaria farm, the wet, fungus-grown wildwood. The chill-fien contracted that since have remained. The sun-covered duck-pond, the pig-sty close by it. The ditch where the sour-smelling house-drainage fell. The damp, stunted dwelling, the foul barn-yard by it—But worse than all else was that terrible well. And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crust-ed bucket. The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted. The water I drank in the days called to mind. Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted. In the water of wells by analysis found. The rotting wood-fiber, the oxide of iron, The algae, the frog of unusual size. The water—impure as the verses of Byron. Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it— I considered that water uncommonly clear. And often at noon, when I went there to drink it. I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer. How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy! And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell! Then soon, with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy. With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them. The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught. I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them. With potassium permanganate ere I had quaffed! Or perchance I'd have boiled it and afterwards strained it. Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined. Or, after distilling, condensed and recondensed it. In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever. Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink! But since I've become a devoted believer in the teachings of science, I shudder to think. And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing. The story for warning to others I tell. As memory reverts to my youthful intubing. And I gaze at the thought of that horrible well. And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket. In fact, the stop-bucket—that hung in the well.

Feminine Superstitions. White specks on the nails are fudicative of good fortune. When a woman enters a room she should be obliged to sit down, if only for a moment, as she otherwise takes away the children's sleep with her. To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child. To eat while a bell is ringing for a funeral causes toothache. The crowing of a hen indicated approaching disaster. Drawing on a stocking inside out causes matters to go wrong during the day. By bending the head to the hollow of the arm the initial letter of one's future spouse is represented. If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes fearful. When children play soldier on the roadside it forebodes the approach of war. A child grows proud if suffered to look into the mirror while less than twelve months old. Before moving into a new house first send in bread and a new broom. Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

J. E. Reynolds has published a sugar test for determining the purity of water. Half a liter of water is put into a flask, and then a piece of white sugar about the size of a pea is introduced. The mouth of the flask is covered with a piece of paper. After the flask is exposed for eight or ten days to the sunlight, its contents will become muddier if the water held much organic matter. "Thou madest people say, 'How well he speaks!'" said Demosthenes to Cicero, in Fenelon's "Dialogues of the Dead." "But I made them say, 'Let us march against Philip!'"

That was true, but it required many passionate appeals from this prince of orators before the Athenians uttered that cry. A little girl passing the Washington statue lately asked a lady who was with her if Washington was buried there. "No," said the lady. "Where he is buried?" said the little girl. "I don't know," said the lady. "Then I guess you don't read the Bible much," said little innocence.

A stranger dropped a wallet containing \$5,000 on the streets of Fair Play, Col., and the citizens let it lie there until he came back for it. They thought it was some new feature introduced into the string-gang. Plants in relatively high latitudes have more aromatic fruits, foliage of a deeper green, and richer essential oils than similar plants growing in more southerly regions.

How a Top Climbed a String. The Japanese top-spinner walked to the side of the stage and untied a string, which as soon as it was loosed swung quickly to the middle of the stage, and then hung perpendicularly. After untying this string, the Japanese took a top from his assistant and twirling it in his hand until it revolved quickly enough, he took hold of the end of the string, and placing the stem of the top at right angles to it, let things to take care of themselves. The top spun a short time at the end of the string, but soon it began to move slowly upward, still spinning at right angles with the string. It continued in this way to move steadily upward until at length it had traversed the entire distance, and was lost to view behind the "flies" over the stage.

When the applause that greeted this trick had subsided, the Japanese moved the doll-house to the center of the stage and placed it beside the table. He then set six tops, exactly alike in size and appearance, spinning upon the table, and taking a seventh in his hand, indicated to the spectators, by sighs, that he would send it on a journey through the doll-house. He then sat down on the floor, and circling up his legs, Turk fashion, started the seventh top spinning. It ran along the floor until it reached a sort of incline draw-bridge leading to the entrance of the little house, and then went up slowly, and through the open door. The juggler waited a moment, as if expecting some signal from the now invisible top. His suspense was relieved an instant later by the tinging of a silver bell, which indicated that the top had entered one of the tiny rooms. The Japanese held up one finger and waited, in a listening attitude, for a second signal. It came as before, in the tinkle of a bell, upon hearing which the man held up two fingers. Finally, when ten rooms had been visited, and ten bells rung in this way, had been counted on the performer's fingers, he arose and pointed towards the house, and towards the table, upon which the six tops were yet spinning. After a few moments during which he silently watched the door of the house, the top that had been ringing the bells came quickly out of the entrance, ran down the drawbridge and dropped noisily at the feet of the Japanese. That same moment the tops on the table stopped, and dropped over on their sides.—St. Nicholas.

One New Year's caller. A man clad in the habiliments of a tramp knocked briskly on the back door of a Cincinnati residence on New Year's day, and bowing low to the girl who made her appearance said: "The compliments of the season fair maid and may each recurring New Year— "Oh, go long!" said the girl, interrupting him. "I am not the only man that has run down at the heel." "No, there were seven here ahead of you this morning."

"Seeing you keep open house, I presume they were admitted at the front door. But the back door is good enough for me. I am very proud. You will observe that I did not come in a carriage; but no matter, I am hungry. I would like a bite to eat." "We haven't anything for you." "Don't be too sure of that until you know who I am. You probably never heard of people entertaining angels unawares." "Yes, I have; but I don't believe it." "Homer was a beggar." "He never got anything here, my good man."

"Everting died of hunger." "He ought to have gone to work." "Piffenbucker had 19 trades and starved to death with all of them. However, that is neither here nor there." "Try the front door over the way." "Spenser died in want." "I know it. He depended on this shabby for his vitamins." "Case, Italy's celebrated poet—" "Oh, I suppose he was shot." "He was not shot, but he was often hard pressed for a nickel. I mention these facts to prepare you for what is coming. I am the individual who first mentioned Grant for a third term." "We are all sold for John Sherman," said the girl.

The man walked slowly to the gate, paused, scratched his head, and turning once more to the female, said: "Wouldn't you give a future cabinet officer a cold potato?" "Couldn't think of it." "What if the next Minister to the court of St. James should ask for one?" "He couldn't get it." "Very well, I will not withdraw my general wishes for the new year. I presume you are acting according to instructions. A man who is just entering upon the primeval path of politics can afford to be magnanimous." And kissing his hand to the hard hearted housemaid, he took his leave.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

On Thursday of last week Mr. S. T. Northcut, living one and a half miles east of Wheatland, in Marion county, was way-laid when on his way home from the ferry landing, and under the cover of a double barrel shotgun robbed of \$3,800.75 about the hour of noon. Mr. Northcut was on his way home from Portland, having been down and sold his wheat to Messrs. Allen & Lewis, and started home on the steamer A. A. McCully which landed him on the east side of the river opposite Wheatland, from whence he had a mile and a half to walk home. Soon after leaving the river, he met some Chinamen going towards the river, and soon after passing them a masked man raised up from behind a fallen tree and covered him with a double barrel shotgun and demanded his money. Mr. Northcut seeing there was no chance to escape dropped his money and passed on. The robber gathered up the sack and disappeared in the woods. It is not known who the robber is but steps have been taken to capture him.

She said, "How well these rooms are lighted," and he said, "Yes, by the light of beauty's eyes, and you are lending your share, which is not a small one, to the general illumination, the brilliancy of which is almost to dazzling too a poor mortal like myself, to whom it is well that moments such as these are brief, else the reaction would be destructive to my peace of mind, if not altogether fatal to it."

If half of the charges against Indian Commissioner Hays are true, his removal by Secretary Schurz was an act of public necessity.

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