

SUNSET ON THE MARSH.

Willows and willows in two gust worn rows. The fading sunset and the marsh between: A road beneath where little pools lie keen...

PARADISE FOUND.

We had endured life in all its varied phases of housekeeping, boarding, restauranting and co-operative dining, and now as the summer season drew near my wife and I resolved on spending our vacation in a novel manner.

After many vexatious delays we were at last ready to start. Our electric road cart was all that could be desired. It was of the latest invention, and was provided with the necessary conveniences for light house-keeping.

Early in the morning of a bright June day we took our seats in the roomy bamboo chairs, bade our friends goodbye and closed the door of our new home. My wife was somewhat excited at first, owing to the novel situation, but she soon grew calm.

We had no definite plan as to our destination other than this: We would start out on the street that ran directly north from our native village, and follow every branch road that led to the right.

We rolled along at a rapid rate. The indicator over the door marked the miles with a regular click, click, like the ticking of a clock. A continuous line of green spun out along each side of the road dotted with telegraph poles, that really appeared to be only a few inches apart, so swiftly were we moving.

As the hours passed by we began congratulating ourselves. By following the general right hand roads we were, as we had hoped, decidedly lost. Everything about us was new and strange.

"How delightful," my wife exclaimed, as she drew the tea table near my chair. "The very air we breathe is filled with a primitive newness that is charming. It is as if one had been suddenly transported to another planet."

When night settled down and the dusky road made it unsafe to proceed farther we followed a broad path that led from the highway into a grove of low spreading trees, and fastening the doors and windows securely, retired for the night.

The second day's journey brought us into a strange country, unlike anything we had ever seen or imagined. For a long distance the road followed the bank of a broad river, from which the land arose on either side to a great height, in a succession of natural terraces.

We rode slowly along, admiring the beautiful scenery. A few houses, exceedingly all and tall apparently built from the same plan, were seen in some of the most sheltered spots.

and acetous, besides many other names, that were entirely new to us.

We saw them stop at each house where boxes of the same style they carried were hanging from the front door knobs. Our curiosity was excited, and forgetting for the moment our hunger, we hastened our speed, determined to investigate.

"We are strangers, sir, and are hungry," I said. "Will you kindly direct us to a provision store?"

"It is a surprise to me," he replied, "to meet with the people who are so very far behind the times. From what distant planet do you come that you enter a civilized city and ask for a provision store? Why, my dear friends, there has been nothing of the sort in this part of the world for many years."

"How, then, do you manage to live?" I asked. He tapped the box with his pump forefinger, and nodded his head significantly.

"Here, sir, is my provision store," and without more ado he lifted the lid. It was divided into several compartments, in each of which was a small quantity of pellets of different shapes and colors.

"You surely don't mean to say that you eat nothing but these nasty pills," said my wife in rather a sarcastic tone. "And why not, my dear madame?" said he, holding a brown pellet between his thumb and forefinger, and eyeing it fondly.

"Of course we were very much interested, and asked for some further information concerning this wonderful country with its condensed diet.

"After swallowing half a dozen pellets with evident relish, he continued: "It was many years ago that a party of chronic dyspeptics, who were traveling in search of health, discovered this beautiful valley and decided on making it their future home.

"Our latest achievement is a generation of toothless children. As we have no use for teeth with this diet we are well satisfied with this improved condition of our race. There is only one drawback to our perfect happiness. We are beginning to fear that we shall never die, but continue to multiply until we are crowded off into space."

"Oh, Tom," my wife exclaimed, "what a delightful existence we have stumbled upon! I understand now why the houses are built without kitchens. It settles the whole vexatious servant problem at one stroke."

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

IT SEEMS AT PRESENT TO PERVADE THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Attack of Father Ignatius on Rev. Heber Newton—Controversy Between Two Catholic Bishops—Why Dr. Bridgman Resigned His Charge.

A strange spirit of unrest seems to have taken possession of the religious world of late. Eminent pastors are questioning the inspiration of Holy Writ, denying the doctrine of eternal punishment and casting doubt upon the resurrection of Christ.



FATHER IGNATIUS.

Dr. Newton's offense, as formulated by Father Ignatius, consists in his alleged denial of the incarnation and resurrection of Christ. He is also said to have expressed the opinion that there is no need for the miraculous conception of the divine word.

Dr. Newton has conducted himself with dignity during the hubbub. In a sermon he said the massacre of St. Bartholomew was one of the atrocities committed through faith, which has also burned in the church, was dubbed an infidel, and his letter on the subject characterized as a "piece of slippery Jesuitism."

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There is also warfare in a certain section of the Catholic church. This, however, is not a dispute as to doctrine, but what appears to be a personal quarrel between two bishops openly carried on by the Rochester Catholic Journal and the Buffalo Catholic Union.

Baptist circles have been stirred to their depths by the defection of one of their leading pastors on the all absorbing topic of eternal punishment for sinners.

The Rev. Dr. C. DeW. Bridgman recently resigned the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Baptist church, New York, because his views thereon were in conflict with the general belief of the church in a recent sermon he expressed his firm conviction that the doctrine of hell is directly opposed to Christ's teaching.

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Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

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The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be

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ITS PRODUCTS.

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ITS WEALTH

It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon.

Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.