

# The Dalles Chronicle

## THE CORNERIB OF EGYPT.

NO ADMITTANCE TO GOD'S BOUNTY UNLESS CHRIST GO WITH YOU.

**The Famine That Was Sore in All Lands**  
—The Condition Imposed That Benjamin Should Go Into Egypt with His Brethren—Benjamin a Type of Christ.

BROOKLYN, AUG. 30.—The cabled reports of meager harvests in Europe, and the memory of the vast crops of ripening grain which Dr. Talmage saw during his recent tour in the west, have combined to turn his thoughts back to that patriarchal time when all the world went to Egypt to buy corn and to suggest a Gospel lesson. His text is Genesis XLIII, 8, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you."

Well, my friends, this world is famine struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger bitten. The fact that it does not, can not, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat that did not rot, and I never wore a coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moments he has a friend to come and sit-down by him and read, the most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstasy. But one day, after that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great cornerib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it is our phrase that cornerib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad, and fifteen hundred high, and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment, for from the keeper of that cornerib comes this word, saying, "You shall not see my face, except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the cornerib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the king and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables, he will not forget us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power."

never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. "One day is a year without them, and ten years is a time of eternity. What you want is sympathy now—present help—come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet and every book and every picture and every room calls out their name.

Amelle Rives and Her Husband.  
I must mention a curious resemblance between the wooing of Chandler and the strange relationship which existed between Barbara and Jock. While at Castle Hill, and while Mr. Chandler was in New York awaiting the decision of his fate, Miss Rives did read in a newspaper a paragraph about an Archie Chandler being hurt in a runaway accident on the streets of New York. She did ride several miles across country, in a pelting rainstorm, through mud and over ditches and fences, to get to a telegraph office and place herself in communication with Mr. Chandler. This incident was afterward worked in the story of Barbara and Jock. It turned out to be a Chandler and not a Chandler who was hurt, and the wild ride was in vain; not in vain, for it had its influence in opening the eyes of Miss Rives to the hold her affection for Mr. Chandler had upon her heart, and it strengthened Chandler's courage, which had begun to droop, and led him to think he might after all win the prize which he was seeking. A month or two later he returned to Castle Hill, and before he left this time Miss Rives had put her hand in his and let it rest there.

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end, we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★  
four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

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

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.  
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

JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.  
We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY,  
sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.  
Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second. Sts

**Dynamite Experiments.**  
A departure in firing dynamite or other high explosives in a shell and from an ordinary gun has met with great success in Manchester, England. Mr. J. E. Bott is the inventor. Instead of the cumbersome machinery necessary to furnish the compressed air to drive the projectile, Mr. Bott supplies a shell containing highly compressed air in its rear portion. The gun used is a breechloading smoothbore.

**How an Actress Showed Her Loyalty.**  
How many women of today would be clever enough to show in their costumes exactly their political feelings? Miss Rauson, the great French actress, remained loyal to the Bourbon as long as she lived, and her costume was a material protest against those who were in power.

**One Way Out of It.**  
"The lawyers will not get rich fighting over my will," remarked old Mr. Scaddis. "Ah!" "No, sir; I won't make any."—New York Epoch.

## CON STIPATION.

Alfies half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. Write for permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Corner, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S. I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

**Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla**  
Most modern, most effective, largest bottle. Name price, \$1.00, six for \$5.00.  
For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

## A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the window is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

## Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over exertion of the brain, self abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

## S. B.

CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891.)  
S. B. Medicine Co., GENTLEMEN—Your kind favor received, and in reply would say that I am more than pleased with the terms offered me on the last shipment of your medicines. There is nothing like them ever introduced in this country, especially for La-grippe and kindred complaints. I have had no complaints so far, and everyone is ready with a word of praise for their virtues. Yours, etc., M. E. HACKLEY.

**Phil Willig,**  
124 UNION ST., THE DALLES, OR.  
Keeps on hand a full line of MEN'S AND YOUTH'S Ready-Made Clothing. Pants and Suits. MADE TO ORDER. On Reasonable Terms. Call and see my Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

**The Dalles Cigar Factory**  
FIRST STREET. FACTORY NO. 105.  
CIGARS of the Best Brand manufactured, and orders from all parts of the country filled on the shortest notice. The reputation of THE DALLES CIGAR has become firmly established, and the demand for the home manufactured article is increasing every day. A. ULRICH & SON.

**BEECH'S TEA**  
"Pure As Childhood"  
If your guests does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully with hunger. The falling of one crop for one summer, but the falling of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven: the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle—bread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is gone, and he says to his sons, "Boys, look up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us something to eat."

**THE SORROW OF JACOB.**  
The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the cornerib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin."

Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart break. The keeper of this cornerib, nevertheless, says to these elder sons, "There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now, Jacob and his family very much needed bread, but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as the elder sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Benjamin."

The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more preciously to the father for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle and wider open cracked the earth and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said, "We have stored arms and a stone heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "Farewell!" said the old man, for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party—the bread embassy—drives up in front of the cornerib of Egypt. These corneribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for those who have traveled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzzah! the journey is ended. The lord of the cornerib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these arrived travelers, and says, "Dine with me today. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother, whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way, and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast.

The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there, and are filling plates and platters. Now is the time for this prime minister if he has a grudge against Benjamin to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no! This lord of the cornerib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests, and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

**THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY IS WEAK.**  
My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong cornerib or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted the way to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart.

I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of the bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the cornerib of heavenly supply, and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless you bring Benjamin, the Lord Jesus, with you." Oh, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him we are accepted. Coming without him, we are rejected.

Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O anxious sinner! O dying sinner! O lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the storehouses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes! Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of My Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of Pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers was nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. The omnipotent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand"? Did not Stephen look into heaven and see Jesus standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pain! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows and his death. If you refuse to do it all the corneribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

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My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong cornerib or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted the way to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart.

I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say, "In heaven you never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. "One day is a year without them, and ten years is a time of eternity. What you want is sympathy now—present help—come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet and every book and every picture and every room calls out their name.