

From Daily Rec rd Jan 8th. THE ARREST OF A MURDERER.

One day last week, we received a call from William M. Cherry, of Parsons, Lavette county, Kansas. Mr. C. made known his business at that time, but requested that we should remain silent for a few days as he was after a man by the name of

HENRY W. GRAYSON, Who murdered a man by the name of Allen G. Potelle, in Johnson county, Kansas, in the year 1887, and made his escape. No trace of Grayson could be found, although diligent search was made. About two years ago the case was given up to Mr. Cherry, a detective, to work up. For days, weeks and months nothing could be obtained whereby he could get even the slightest trace, and concluded that it was a bad job, but at last learned that the man Grayson had a sister

LIVING IN CALIFORNIA, And he immediately packed up his traps and went to California for the purpose of watching the sister, in order that he might find out if she knew anything of the sought for brother; he remained in California several months when the lady came to Oregon. Mr. C. taking the same steamer with her. On board the vessel he became very

INTIMATE WITH THE LADY, And even accompanied her to her sister's, living over in Polk county. One day, soon after their arrival, Mr. C. called at the house, and being fond of children soon succeeded in making friends with a little boy that proved to have an old head on young shoulders; the little fellow told him that he had an uncle living near Monroe, in Benton county, and that his name was not

WHAT IT "USE TO WAS." Mr. C. was pretty certain that he had at last found the hiding place of the fugitive, and went up to Monroe. He discovered his man and came back here and had the proper papers made out, and went to Corvallis, and together with the Sheriff of that county, went to Monroe, and

ARRESTED HIS MAN. Mr. King, the Sheriff, left the man in charge of Cherry, who allowed him to go into the pantry to get something to eat. He did not tarry in the pantry, but passed out the door and started on the run. Mr. C. summoned several men and immediately gave chase, and succeeded in overtaking him after running about

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE, And after a hard fight, in which Mr. C.'s face was badly bruised up, he succeeded in placing him in irons, and yesterday afternoon passed down the road with the man that had been evading the law for the last ten years. Mr. Cherry will take the out-going steamer for Frisco, and thence back to his old home, feeling well repaid for the long and tedious tramp that he has had in order to secure his bird.

A Near Picture. We have received a photograph 4 1/2 inches in size, taken by Mr. Johnson for Mr. W. H. T. of the Chamberlain Hotel dining room, which had the same date as it was on the night of the "Grand General's" ball. It is a beautiful picture and one that will serve to keep fresh in the memory of that most delightful occasion. Well, we shall have the picture framed.

The Luscious Birds of Eden have perched on the Powell's garden on C. D. B. Slough and will be seen in the Hood River.

"German Symp." No other nation in the world was ever given such a test of its civility, as the German people. In the year 1878, four hundred thousand small bottles of this medicine were distributed free of charge by Douglas & Co. this country to those afflicted with consumption, Asthma, Croup, coughs, Croup, Rheumatism and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, giving the American people indubitable proof that German Symp will cure them. The result has been that Douglas is in every town and village in the United States, and is recommended by all their physicians. Go to your Druggist, and ask what they know about it. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 25 cents. Three doses will cure any case.

Agent at Lebanon. Mr. S. Lutton, will be our agent for the WILLAMETTE FARMER at Lebanon.

DEPARTED. LEWIS, EDWARD - At the residence of E. K. German, Dec. 21, 1877, aged 70 years. He was born in New York, and was a member of the G. O. P. BAIRD - DAVID - At the residence of the late Mrs. J. B. Baird, Nov. 10, 1878, aged 82 years. He was born in Scotland, and was a member of the G. O. P. DIED. GIBSON - Of the firm of the Lanes, near Hamilton, Dec. 21, 1877, aged 70 years. He was born in Scotland, and was a member of the G. O. P.

P. C. ADVOCATE, \$2.60, WITH American Agriculturist, \$3.50, AND Splendid Microscope, \$4.00, One Year for Cash. All the best Millinery Agents. J. E. ACTON, Editor, PORTLAND, OR.

FOR SALE, A FEW DARK BRAHMS and BROWN LEG HORN CATTLE from the best stock in the United States. EGGS in season. C. E. WHEELER, Suedo, Ore. con. Dec. 12, 78.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNCIL.

[Synopsis of a lecture delivered by Rev. P. S. Knight at the Congregational Church, Salem, Ore., January 6th, 1878.]

It is always a difficult thing for one to convey to another his own "impressions" on any subject. And some subjects are more difficult than others—or rather an object is more so than a subject. It would be easier for me to give you my impressions on the silver question than to give my impressions of the scene witnessed when that question was being voted on in the lower house of Congress. It is easier to deal in opinions and abstractions subjectively, than to describe facts and experiences objectively.

To describe fully the Council which met at Detroit on the 17th of October, one would need to paint accurate pictures of two hundred ministers and one hundred lay delegates; to carry those pictures through all the variations caused by restful enjoyment, earnest work, and the excitement of high debate; to make them laugh, and speak, and sing, and weep; to make them display all the delicate shades of emotion that can be produced by impassioned eloquence or fervent religious feeling; to do, in fact, a thousand things that no painter's brush, or reporter's pen, or orator's tongue can ever do. The stranger who went there from the sparsely settled West, unfamiliar with such gatherings, was doubtless impressed in a different way from those to whom such experiences are more common. To be brief, then, let him give you such of his impressions as he finds it possible now for his tongue to give expression to. One of the first things he noticed was the prevailing air of

FREEDOM AND GOOD HUMOR.

The smallest pebble of wit was sufficient to send ripples of laughter all over the assembly. The traditional long-faced puritan, who groans and sighs, but never laughs, is either a myth, or for some reason did not attend the Council. It was noted, too, that a large share of the laughter came from New England—from Massachusetts and Connecticut—and the query arose, where are the Blue Laws? The probability is that those old-mentioned Blue Laws never existed, except in the imagination of certain high church Tories from England, who failed to induce the people of the sturdy commonwealth of Connecticut to accept Episcopacy. At least, I know that there are men in Connecticut who can laugh. Another thing the stranger noticed was the perfect boldness and freedom with which all shades and varieties of opinion were declared. The men were not afraid of each other. Yet they were tolerant of each other's views, and there was no sign of a disposition to confine to any narrow standard. There was a total absence of discussion concerning points of creed or doctrine. All the questions brought forward were questions of practical importance in the daily work of the church. How to bring pastorless churches and churchless pastors together, was a question ably dealt with by Dr. Dexter, of Boston. Dr. Goodell, of St. Louis, read an essay, full of telling bits on woman's work in the church—taking broad and strong ground in favor of giving the largest liberty to woman. If the ship of Zion is going to tip over, said the essayist, because an earnest Christian woman steps to the guard to beckon to a drowning sinner, why

LET IT TIP.

The way this sentiment was applauded showed the sympathy of the Council to be with the speaker. Earnest papers were presented in schools, seminaries, and the benevolent societies. The statistical secretary reported 3,509 churches in forty-two States and Territories, with a membership of 359,658—a gain in three years of 184 churches and 23,979 members. Number in Sunday Schools, 495,092—a gain in three years of 32,538. Benevolent contributions for the past three years, \$1,278,252—a gain over the previous three years of \$24,433. Of these churches, 465 are in New England, 73 in the South, 34 in the interior, and 87 on the Pacific coast. In three years the increase has been, in New England, 14; west to the Mississippi, 41; in the South, 19; west of the Mississippi, 28; Pacific coast, 12; showing the rate of increase to be greater by a very large percentage, in both the South and West, than in New England.

These figures have an instructive and hopeful look to any one interested in the churches of the Pilgrim order. Two hundred and fifty years have passed since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth—about one hundred persons in all. Now more than seven hundred thousand church members and Sunday School scholars, besides a much larger number indirectly reached, spread over a continent of whose vastness they little dreamed, reap the benefits of the free polity which they brought to these shores. A fleet of

SEVEN THOUSAND MAYFLOWERS!

Would hardly be sufficient to-day to carry away from our land the spiritual descendants of the Pilgrims. This Council did not impress one as an ecclesiastical body, in the usual sense of the word. Its presiding officer, its business manager, and many of its chief committee-men were laymen. There were many saintly and scholarly faces in the assembly, many that bore the traces of earnest thought and anxious care for the churches of the Redeemer. But not one man in that three hundred bore himself with the assuming air of a pompous ecclesiastic. They seemed to be, as they were, earnest workers from life's harvest field, turning aside for a few hours to take counsel together over the matter and methods of their work. There was discussion and earnest inquiry; but controversy for opinion's sake there was none.

Revival, their evil and danger, as well as their benefits, were freely and fully handled. None who heard it will soon forget the sermon

of Dr. Eldy on "The Dew of God upon Israel." A venerable man, whose ruddy face was surrounded by a halo of white hair and beard, he spoke "with authority"—the authority of ripe scholarship, experience, and deep piety. He dwelt upon the dew as distinguished from the rain, in its gentle, silent, and continuous work of refreshing, a type of the silent and progressive work of the Spirit in the heart and in the church. The spurious revival is like a pouring rain, accompanied by wind and lightning, that washes away the growing crops and even the soil, destroying even the prospects of future harvests. The genuine revival is like the gently falling shower that wets the scattered seed to growing life. And the daily work of the church, the ministry and the Spirit, is like that of the dew, which comes and goes unseen and unheard, yet leaves its refreshing influence on every plant and flower in the garden of the Lord. Few of the words of that sermon are remembered, but the impression it left, on the mind of at least one hearer, was that the slow and steady processes of church work, that go on patiently and unceasingly through the year and the years, are better than hasty and fitful efforts; and that the real work of the Spirit is a work of which no statistics can be made, a silent and constant work; a work that is like the building of the temple, without sound of hammer, without noise or outward demonstration; a work unnoted by the eyes and ears of men, yet felt by thousands of hearts that

GROW, AND RISE!

Under its gentle influence, as the grass and flowers grow under the influence of the dew that works while the world slumbers, wrung as by unseen hands from the clear sky, filtered through the shadows of the silent night, a gem for every grass blade and a pearl for every flower, that glistens for a moment in the early light, as though to answer with its smile the blush of the morning, then rises to its mysterious hiding place in the infinite azure.

One thing ought to be mentioned on which that great assembly was not clear: the meaning of the word West. There were men in that council who think Detroit is in the west. One man from Wisconsin in a speech claimed to represent the "West." Another from Kansas hailed from the "far West." Another from Colorado thought to complete the climax by denoting his region as the "extreme West." And what was the man from Oregon to do but to justly topple that fine climax over, by piling 2,000 miles on top of it? The fact is, that many of the representative men of this country do not know how large it is. Distance, under present modes of travel, is such an indefinite thing, and men are so absorbed by personal interests and immediate surroundings that there is not room enough in their brains for a distinct outline map of so vast a country. Yet this council showed at last a willing mind, the majority of its members seeming to understand the vastness of their field. The great indefinite West was often in their prayers and discussions, and it seemed to be realized that "the front" of the great army of conquest was there. Strong resolutions were adopted looking to a moving of the front line still further West, that not only the dwellers by the sunny lakes of Minnesota, on the rolling prairies of Iowa, and in the sod cabins of Kansas, and Nebraska, but also on the golden plains of California, among the spurs of the Sierras and by the mountain springs of the Columbia, might hear the word of life.

And such gatherings as this triennial council have a value that is outside of the mere questions of denominational unity and prosperity. They are truly

NATIONAL AND NATIONALIZING

In their influence. They bring men together from widely separated regions, lead to the correction of many false notions, to a wider view of the nation's greatness, and to a deeper sympathy between its different sections. Men come to feel that they are citizens of one great Nation rather than of widely separated States, when brought together thus in national assemblies and made to consider, in whatever light the nation's wants. He who looks upon such a gathering as the Detroit council, seen before him the nation in miniature—its various sections brought for the moment together, making each other's acquaintance, studying each other's wants, learning from the past, planning for the future, and separating at last with bonds woven between them that no distance can sever and no time obliterate. Conventions of a national character—whether of politicians, business men, benevolent societies or religious denominations—may all have this good tendency. The railroad and telegraph do much to unite widely separated regions, and to make it possible for those regions to communicate freely with each other. But, after all, the invisible bonds of a common nationality, a common history, and a common religion are the most enduring ties that can link State to State and heart to heart over this great continent.

Only a few weeks ago I stood looking at that wonderful, though yet uncompleted structure, the East river bridge between Brooklyn and New York. Two massive stone piers, one on each bank, rise up hundreds of feet in the air. Over the tops of these piers the workmen drew a small line at first, and then a larger one, then a wire cable, and another and another. Then plank were fastened on and the men could pass and repass on foot, away up in the dizzy heights where they looked to me no larger than crows. But cable after cable will be stretched there, and on these cables the long span of a mighty bridge will hang, street cars and carriages and trucks and drays will cross and recross, and

A LIVING STREAM

Of eager humanity will pulsate back and forth between the beating hearts of two great cities that by that strong link of stone and iron will be made one, and the Fulton ferry with its impatient jam will be a thing of the past. But mightier spaces than the East river channel are to be bridged over before a truly united and harmonious nation can call this continent its own. Back and forth between North and South, over the wide gulfs of bitter prejudice, daring workmen must pass on narrow walks that swing in the dizzy heights of danger, for years and years to come, before all the old trifles can be forgotten, and harmonious and fraternal feeling find a perfect highway. Back and forth from East to West and from center to circumference, over plains and mountains—travellers that come and go, and conventions that meet and separate, must weave and carry from the lakes to the gulf and from ocean to ocean, swinging them from the rocks of the mountains over wide deserts and fertile valleys, the cords of Christian sympathy and fraternal love, that this great continent may be recast by a harmonious nation whose ruler shall be peace, and her watchwords truth and righteousness.

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His First Tumble. It was not, so to speak, a bonne bouche of a smile he got off, that friend of ours, when he came into the office yesterday morning, and quietly and ironically remarked: "There's lots of sleep around this morning, and I've had the first fall of the day." "Did you swear?" we asked. "Swear? Thunder no! I couldn't have done justice to the subject." "It made you feel cheap, didn't it?" remarked the office boy. "Cheap! I should say not; it cost me the drinks all round and a new pair of pants." Our friend, not getting the sympathy he expected, waited out on his left ear.

A Wrong Division of Buttons. How often, oh, how often, a man with only one solitary button on his shirt, and that one a crooked brass pin, looks with devouring envy upon his wife's new seven-button kid gloves and wishes all his shirts in his collection were just one glove. There does seem something wrong in this division of buttons.

Piano Tuning. Frank A. Owen, just from San Francisco, has come here to reside permanently. He is a first class piano and organ tuner and repairer, being highly recommended as such by two of the leading music houses of San Francisco, besides of the Gardner Brothers, of Salem. He guarantees satisfaction or no pay. His prices will be for one tuning, \$5 00. By the year, two tunings, \$8 00; three tunings, \$9 00. Leave orders at Gardner Bro's music store. del4td

From Hon. W. H. Johnson, of West Dover, Vt. "I have been troubled from my boyhood with chronic or hereditary lung complaint. Some years since, early in the winter, I took cold, which, as usual, settled into a severe cough, which continued to increase as the season advanced, although I made use of all the cough remedies I had knowledge of. My family physician also prescribed for me, but I experienced no relief. During all this time I was gradually running down, losing flesh and strength, until my friends as well as myself, became very much alarmed, thinking I should waste away in consumption. While in this state, during the spring, following, I was induced to try WIGG'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. After the day's trial I was sensible that it was relieving me; in ten days time my cough had entirely ceased, and I was soon restored to health and strength. I have ever since kept the BALSAM in my house, and whenever any member of my family has a cough or cold, it is immediately resorted to. No family should be without it," said by all druggists.

The Machine Was Worn Out. Why? Not because it was not well built, but it was wrongly run. Ten pounds of heat who have run down long before their three hundred ten yards are accomplished, might have been renewed into brightness and vim if they had tried the well known PERUVIAN SYRUP, which contains an agent's compounds the Proteus of iron, so combined that it is combined with the blood and invigorates the whole system. This syrup has proved efficacious in hundreds of cases, and will do every body good who uses it. All druggists keep it.

DR. SOUVILLE MATHIEU. T. J. eminent French Physician and Surgeon, and inventor of the PARISPPIROMETER, which has given relief to thousands of sufferers in Europe and the United States, has treated successfully several hundred cases in Oregon, the most remarkable of which was that of Mr. J. C. Adkins, a well known business citizen of Salem, who has been suffering for years with a partial paralysis of the right side, and was materially improved by a few days of Dr. Mathieu's treatment. The right side of the face and right shoulder, in which there has been a constant sensation of coldness, and the nerves partially paralyzed, have become warm and resumed their natural action and feeling. Mrs. Adkins, who has been afflicted with catarrh in the head, has been entirely cured by a few days of the Doctor's treatment. He has testimonials from a number of persons well known in Portland. DR. MATHIEU has permanently located at the corner of Third and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

JNO. CRAN & CO., FRONT ST., PORTLAND. Have Now Opened Their NEW FALL STOCK of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, Ladies' Dress Goods, An Immense Variety. EVERY DEPARTMENT Replete with NOVELTIES. Oct. 7.

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WHEAT AND OATS Choiced into Feed, For One-Tenth Toll. Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings. Turning, Stair work, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Stands, Tables, FANNING MILLS, And all kinds of furniture, AT WHOLE AND RETAIL. Ship and Agricultural Works, building, Salem. [19] O. F. DENNIS.

Flax-Seed. AS AN INDUCEMENT TO INCREASE THE PRODUCTION OF FLAX-SEED, the undersigned give notice that they will purchase at the Highest Market Price, or will contract for all that may be offered of next season's crop, through their agents Messrs. ALLEN & LEWIS, of Portland, from whom seed can be had upon application. JOHN K. RITTLE, Manager of the Pacific Oil and Lard Works, Nov. 23, 1878. SAN FRANCISCO.

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