ROSEBURG REVIEW

FRIDAY MORNINGS -BY-

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Roseburg Review.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1886.

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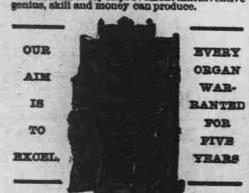
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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BY MRS. DR. S. HAMILTON.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DAM, the Temple of the Voice, of which Chr ist is the finished work, is measured into years from Eden to Calvary; Christ is the figure of the two witnesses of God. The generations of Wisdom are recalled as visions. Mystery is Spiritual night, to which the presence of God is the corresponding day. The image of the spoken word preserves a knowledge of the light while darkness reigns. In Adam the generations of knowledge are perpetual, who is of Wissiom the first, and last, the beginning and the end. May the conditions of man always meet the demand; of knowledge.

Again the little Book, by Mind is eaten That is sweet as honey, at its fountain's head, Ere the darkness from the light is taken

Or through disvision bitterness was bred. As when man stood beside the Living well And worshipped discerning Wisdom there, And that he should become a Living soul,

Was gladly received by him for hire. But darkness is born before the light, And Evil knowledge ministers to Good;

Though from the helpless victim of his fate, It hides the motive that glorifies the cloud. Thus the natures of Good and Evil strive, And make a battle ground of every soul,

As the plow and harrow till the soil. And at the end a shout of victory Proclaims that the battle has been won; That Wisdom taught by wrong and mystery

That the fruitful seed it may receive

Hath yielded a harvest of joy to man. When lo; a reed is in the prophet's hand To measure into years the temple's growth, And Adam's age is reckoned by the wand,

The Voice that gave the sons of Wisdom. From Eden to Calvary these numbers show The time Life's Temple grew upon the earth, They show the measure of its Altar too,

And of those born of its victim by their faith. But unmeasured leave the Temple's Court That is reserved for the Gentile's need; Three years and a half the figures set, The time they shall the Holy City tread.

While three years and a half in sorrow clad. God appoints that his two witnesses shall stand, That man may drink at the Fountain's Head Of the breath he breathed wno first was formed

Thus a new life is given to the dust. That to the garden doth a figure stand, Recalling the generations of the past, Who were swallowed by the treacherous sand

As the trees of Life and Light in Eden stood So on earth do Life and Knowledge dwell; And man drinks at the Fountain of the Word As when he drank at Eden's Living well.

Thus this glorious vision to the end Reflects the light of the Paternal Tree That in the garden's midst was seen to stand,

And furnished a Lamb at Calvary. Behold another vision from the garden rise, Another figure from the buried lost,

Clad in the robe in which it dies Comes forth again from Eden's dust. Tis the voice that in pity comes to man And as an humble Helpmeet seeks his side,

Pregnant with the word he would make known When an Helpmeet to Adam was denied, Behold again the knowledge of the Good To whom the Voice makes of Himself a son.

Beneath whose feet the earth is bowed For whose Head the sons of Wisdom form a crown. Ten times was the gate of Heaven open

That man might behold his Master's grace; Ten times from the light the man hath fallen And become a stranger to his father's face.

Seven of these were offsprings of the Law And drew their substance from the Rulers Voice; But these have now become Death's alies too Who would devour the Light of Jacob's House.

For the woman now brings forth her son And the first gleam of Adam's face appears, But the elder nature claims the throne

Nor to the Master's heir of hatred spares. And in vengeance wraps her arms around

The form that doth the Heaven and Earth unite. But the Angels protest the Holy Band Who made of Himself an help man's need to meet. Thus the powers of Good and Evil war;

The younger bids the elder cast his nature off. Man beholds the Good, and for love of her Upon the altar lays his Evil life.

Again the Law is taken in the snare Who now makes this compromise with death. And finds the children that his love would spare, Are those she is again pregnant with.

Now the Angels of Evil and of Good. Wrestle as when they fought in Jacob's House And when the army of the Haven a victor stood Man as a Conqueror is heard rejoice.

For the divider is cast down, and wrong Is banished from the House above, And those who through death were burdened long

A victory over their foe receive. By the blood of the Lamb they overcame

Through his Word to which they testified, Because life was not held dearer by them Than was the knowledge of their Parent God.

Thus the children born in bondage to the light Make of the creature soul a battle ground Until the Evil nature shrinks in night, As one who receives a mortal wound.

And the dust now becomes a battle field For the armies of the Evil and the Good. "And with violence the earth is filled." Where death pursues its rival with a flood,

But safely through the water, life is borne To where in a new home the garden blooms, Where God renews his covenant with man, And blood the Tree Forbidden there becomes The voice that was wedded to flesh and bone Thus points to blood which is "the life thereof," The tree that was adopted for his own As that by man not to be partaken of,

Here Canaan plays the serpent's part His brothers eat of the forbidden food And go backward till their lives repeat

And in this recalled light their souls are clad.

When they meet with their paternal source Where Canaan is of servants a servant made, And man the child of sorrow may rejoice

When the voice of Wisdom stoops to serve his need. When from the sands behold a phantom rise. A vision of the kingdom that was lost Spotted as the leopard's is the robe it wears,

Whose clawlike feet take hold upon the dust. Like the devouring lion's is the mouth That is fed by the divider's hand. And though the Law hath wounded it to death,

Upon its rival's breast it now doth stand. Forty-two months to bruise the serpent's Head, And on Earth to with the Holy City war Is measured by the Prophet's reed

As the figures of his appointed hour. The dread of death arms him with power That deprives man of his spirit's light, And overcomes even the saints with tear

Whose names are in Life's Book unwritten yet. "But he that taketh captive shall be-eaptive led, And he that slayeth with sword by it shall fall," Thus he that fenced the tree with dread

Shall be led captive by the serpent's will. Though discerning Light a lamb appears, She is an ally of the Evil one

Who for hire her Lord into his hands betrays, And beneath matter bows the spirit down. 'Twas she who made both small and great

To cast the firstborn of their nature off And wear the mark that brands a state, Where man was made to sacrifice his life. The snare that was laid by Jacob's cruel sons

In which to take the blinded Shekem in A crime o'er which the aged parent mourns, Though to gain discerning Light the deed was done. Entangled in the Holy David's snare,

Is the Voice that casts the Evil nature off Who covets the wisdom hidden there, And to gain discerning Light destroys a life.

An image of the light by evil taught, Is that which was graven upon Sinai, An alphabetic stone the parent wrought, To teach the child of its own nature by,

A child of hire he sank into the sand.

And in the vision he appears the same, Whose rule is measured by the Angel's wand, From Sinai until the Master came. Again the woman's Throne is reared And man bows to the sceptre of her son;

For as an hire the knowledge of the Good Dwells one added to the House of man. On Mount Zion the Lamb of God appears. Around him the brightness of the Heaven shone,

His wealth of glory to the earth he bears, Who now makes of himself a son to man. An Angelic host their Lord surround,

Who guileless as babes by nature are Who from among men had been redeemed Ere they were defiled by hate or hire.

Though subjects of death these blameless were found, The parent of man of his being the first: Pure as the breath that breathed in the ground When man was first made in a form of the dust.

Now bloodless battles are fought and won By him who wields the spiritual sword, By whom the foe to knowledge now is slain, Even the mystery that veils his word.

As bright as the sun the temple shone, Whose columns with gold refined was overlaid, Where the Master's spirit made its throne And from the silver cup its waters poured.

And for Wisdom as a pearl divine The Inspired Voice bids man to seek. Above rubies doth its treasures shine

The only enduring crown that man can make, Plenteous as the stones that pave the streets Becomes the gold men sought and labored for,

Till need no longer a want creates And man is satisfied nor seeks for more. The law that clad the tree in mystery. Beneath the sword of the spirit falls;

And the Mighty Babylon is shrunk away, But vengeance within her bosom dwells, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,"

' Saith the Spirit, "they are blessed," Whose works do tollow and with their light reward The faith that in his promises shall trust. Upon a sea of glass mingled with fire,

Behold the victors in the Heaven stand, Even as cyrstal the Holy Light is clear That Wisdom's brightest halo doth surround,

And his works are now made manifest To those who have gained the victory, That he in war and judgment both is just, Who gives to the mind its birth through mystery,

But to man the Maker wills to show That no abiding Heaven can be built Upon these transient changing things below, Whose shiftings sands are sure to swallow it.

For of this bright day Evil a captive makes, And with darkness envelops David's gifted son, As blindness man's brightest light overtakes When the good is left to dwell alone.

With its nature the knowledge of it is cast off, Till Evil, hid in darkness, aims a blow At Him who was added to the creature's hie. Till man loses the light and its parent too.

For upon those who wore the brand of death, And to the image of the Evil worship gave, Were poured vials the of Maker's wrath, Till the River of the Light became a grave.

List to the voice, a Prophet false appears, And as a thing unclean his spoken word; While they who their Parent nature's sold for hire As things that are unclean and naked stood.

These are gathered at the Fatal Tree Where the convulsive threes of a new birth, Are visions of the repeated tragedy, And a mortal basis received by death.

Upon justice again the fate of nature hangs, When the deceived woman presents her plea And to the remembrance of the Master brings The mysterious nature of his foe.

ad is he who keeps his garments bright" That Wisdom for his soul hath made; Lett mked he should come into the light And tand without even a cause to plead.

And "My God why hast thou forsaken me?" Backward from Calvary to Eden points, Even as the deceived woman's plea To the Maker's ear her cause presents.

For to a mighty city Babylon hath grown And planted her throne upon the word, Save the creating Voice brings forth again,

Bidding its creature die that it from guile be freed. Downward each drop of blood a milistone falls Filling the figure of the serpents carse, When it on earth a loathsome reptile crawls,

Wedding dust with spirit at the cross. "It is done" comes from the Temple's Throne, "It is finished" comes from Calvary; Thus each bears witness that a work is done, That was designed from Eternity.

When downward the self-convicted Judah goes, Seeking for the victim he betrayed As when the Elder Judah in Egypt rose, And himself a ransomed for his brother made,

The betrayer found his victim in the grave, But the keys of Hell and Death were in his hands, And as of old in forgiving love The tale of Nature's division ends.

The form of Judas satisfies the worm, And that of his brother from the grave is freed, That still scarred and careworn to his home Is taken by its resurrected Head.

Over all the nations of the earth, Mystery now sits and reigns a queen, In nature's confusion she had birth,

And vengeance placed her on its throne. And they whose names written in Life's book are not Yet to be found in Living characters. Shall wonder at the word which strangely taught

Of a death that was, is not, and yet it is. Again the word is a thing that is forbidden, By the sword of the Law the victim bleeds, For the light that in his breast is hidden Like Rachel for the images she hides.

Drunk with the blood of martyrs and of saints, The woman in purple and scarlet is arrayed Who in this cruel guise her duty paints, And to Wisdom yields a harvest reapt with blood,

But lo, the marriage of the Lamb has come, When the mother of all the living Eve, From the universal Father hears the name That rewards her faithfulness and love.

Again as scales from her eyes the blindness falls Before the light of that uncovered face, While fond memory to her mind recalls The lost tones of the unforrgotten voice.

Clad in the Word, a vesture dipped in blood, The Paternal Tree mantains its purity, For true to the woman was the Voice that said "For God doth know, thou shalt not surely die." The Heavens were opened, and on the Throne,

Sat one who is called Faithful and True. Both armies of nature are his own, Who is righteous in war, and in judgment too. And the divider was caught and bound, That he should deceive the world no more,

For the Maker's presence had conquered fear. Though for a season to be loosed again, Even as a cloud comes over the Earth, That brings with it the refreshing rain,

But the dread of death was no longer found,

To nourish and preserve the soul from death. Of the first Resurrection these visions are, And blessed are they who in it have part; On them the second death is without power

A tower whose top will reach to Heaven, On Earth the man by wisdom tries to build. To whom the Voice is as a servant given By whose Godly wisdom man is skilled.

Through pain and wrong to do their spirits hurt.

"Behold the man becomes as one of us" To know Evil and Good the gods declare Now nothing shall be restrained from one who thus Becomes, as the gods in wisdom are.

"Let us go down and confound their speech," Behold the divider loosed again; Who through the Voice now seeks to reach. The Power that giveth Life and Light to man.

At his call a thousand voices drowned. That still small voice, Wisdom's Paternal Tree. Till mystery is in confusion thronged, And man's neglected monitor is left to die.

Although Wisdom's God is no longer heard, And the mind's Paternal Tree on earth is lost, But in its Ark the Image of the Word,

Its light still safely rides though tempest tossed. Till a prevailing faith recalls its God, Who through his Angel speaks and on his child Bestows the light from all the ages stored.

And thus for its inheritance preserved. Thus the waters from the silver cup That rode with the infant Moses on the Nile, Is still by faith supplied to Wisdom's lip

In portions as appointed by his will. Hard as the granite rock the prophet smote, To furnish drink for thirsty Israel Was the forgotten past of which he wrote,

And drew from the lost source a living well. Bitter as Narah's waters was the tale That taught man of his past and fallen state Ere he was pointed to the Tree to fell,

And make the knowledge of his nature sweet Till in the garden's midst the Tree was placed Of which he that eateth thereof shall surely die, And in discerning Light the Word is dressed Who is an offspring of the Heavenly Tree.

As when before Jacob's rods the flock conceives Till none in its primeval state is found, So of Heavenly Light the soul of man receives Till all the Earth becomes a hallowed Ground.

Where millions now upon Life's pathway wait To be named by their Paternal Tree Whose spirits have partaken of its fruit, And stand as when Jacob halted on his thigh. Again the Maker's face is hid from view.

And God's Covenant with man renewed,

But it rests upon the Blood of Adam now,

The Bow that God established in the cloud. For when man delayed as man to die The Maker died as God, and was born a man Who rooted the Tree of Knowlege in Eternity A sun that shall forever wax and wane.

Here the eye of man hath seen its Maker's face. And for centuries his ear hath heard The echoes of the paternal voice. And of Wisdom's sons awaits the third.

Again the natures of Good and Evil war,
The younger bids the elder cast his nature of Man views the good, accepts the hire, And on the altar lays his parent life. -Again the Law is taken in the snare

That was for the Evil nature laid, For thus the children that the rod would spare Are victims of death and darkness made. The children born in bondage to the Light,

Make of the creature soul a battle ground,

Until the Evil nature hides in night, As one who receives a mortal wound. Again the woman's throne is reared, And Earth bows to the scepter of her son.

For as an fifre the knowledge of the Good. Dwells one added to the House of man. And as the beams of the coming day, Pierce the gloom of a starless night,

The Light first paved the conquerors way, And man beheld his coming with delight. But in the dim twilight Evil hides, The revolting features of his reign,

Till man no longer conscious of his needs, From the neglected word is seen to turn, Thus the children lose relish for the food For which their fathers dared to die, And lifeless find the embalmed word,

As the form, in the grave of Machpelah. The hungry soul must for conviction fly, To where a knowledge of his nature can be found, And robe in it to meet the Master's eye,

Where penitence and pardon heal the wound. Still beyond the gate the unfading Eden shines, And for each pilgrim, there is welcome Home, Where cruel mystery no longer reigns, For where God is man's perfect day has come.

Here mystery still rides her dreadful beast. The confusion born of Babel's troubled tongue, Nor have her cruel machinations ceased, To mystify the line, twixt right and wrong.

And the clouds from the word shall clear away, The Son of Righteousness cannot be full, Or the Living soul behold its perfect day. Here a remnant of the woman's house still sits. Clad in hereditary unbelief.

And till this mighty Babylon shall fall

Thus from the generations of the past, The Lord preserves a monument to Israel, Whose generations are written in the dust. That of the gods is allegorical.

Casting the parent of their nature off,

Who are still by their mysterious rites,

Again to Eve there is appointed seed, When the Parent shall rule upon the earth, "Mine hour is not yet come," the Master said, Giving a promise to his mother's faith,

"A sword to pierce the woman's faithful soul,

That the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed,

Were his reproachful words that on her nature fell, Though each bitter rind promise concealed There was no sword with edge sufficiently keen To separate the mother from her child,

Save that which the marriage feast was drawn, And from the mother's side her son exiled. Though woman ministered oft to his needs. While he was a lonely wanderer. As one without a home on earth he treads,

Nor seems to have permitted care from her. When he had nowhere to lay his head Would not that mother's arm have pillowed it; Had not the divider thus division bred, That the good might with the evil nature wed?

Woman is entitled to the care, That a dumb brute may from its master claim, But with the child the mother may not share. He said "Must not the children first be filled." To the woman who accepted crumbs,

Though as a daughter of Abraham,

And through bitter reproach her promise comes, Man was first formed, nor was deceived, As was the woman by the serpent's tale, But when man's full measure is received,

Thus she in her grave through faith conceived,

To the husband woman's reverence is due, And father twin natures added to the man, Of the Heavenly Tree the lowliest bough, The vine that drapes the Universal Throne.

There is promise for the house that fell.

Himself her shield in Danger front is cast, Thus clad in honor bright the records shine Of the protecting Angel of the past. After the woman's fall her nature slept,

His hand hath torn the Evil nature down.

Until the offspring of her faith was born, As first fruits of the harvest that she reapt, The wisdom of the gods became her son, For at last the ties of birth the Master owns, He proclaims a universal brotherhood.

He crowned a universal motherhood But here let him that is fifthy and unjust remain And he that is righteous and the holy too, But spare him who as neither returns again To the native image of which he grew.

And by calling his mother, the Beloved John's,

For he who bade the Good and Evil be. Still for their sake assumes life's humblest garb, And in the helpless babe provides a tree, Wnere Knowledge can weave her many colored robe, Blest before all its fellows is the sense,

And walks with angels in the vast expanse, Where the Maker's glory is unfurled. But sight is lifeless as the vacant stare With which the brute regards the Heaven, Except the ear provides an open door,

That to the creature of

By which its light into the soul is given. The senses of touch and taste and smell Are but the eye that upon matter feeds, And convey knowledge to the creature's soul,

Of what in the gloom of darkness hides.

Thus life drinks a knowledge of its nature in

And a new tree is in discerning Wisdom clad,

Till in number as the stars of Heaven shine, Becomes the offspring of the Parent God. And two trees stand in the garden of Earth. That on the same paternal stem was born Where the same mother gave to each their birth,

And unites them in the same Head again,

May the Word traverse earth's utmost bound And draw men into its captivity, That the tree of life may be no longer found A babe that doth chained in a dungeon lie.

The Angel of the Covenant appears, Wisdom is the creation of his hand, Who of the Heaven and Earth its temple rears. And of Wisdom's treasures dug from chaos,

A tower high as the Heaven is found,

The pillar of the night unto this day.

First and last, the beginning and the end,

No gigantic ruin to dismay us, But a ladder that rests upon the ground. Eastward cherubim with their swords of flame. Of Wisdom's living tree, still keep the way, While they rear upon Rachel's earthly temb,

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30, 1886.

It is remarkable but the government offices of the United States, here and elsewhere, with their 130,000 employes, are going on in their work with industry and regularity. This state of things is unparalleled. It has had no existence except in the dreams of enthusiasts. But to make the surprise more surprising, this reform has been brought about by the unredeemed and irredeemable, too utterly unspeakably bad democrats. Has the tongue of Radical haranger lost its lubricity? Have the fictions with which he was went to rally the rural republican become threadbare? Why is this thus? What mean these moss grown stumps, no longer pressed by the number nines of frontier Blaineties? Where is our once untamed and rampart for bread and butter republican oratorical mendacity? Come with me reader, and you shall see him. Here he sits in the Patent Office examining an application for a patent on a churn or bustle or an improved baby walker. There he is in the Pension Office hard at legitimate work under democratic commissioner Black, who with a smaller force passed many more pension cases than republican commissioner. and paid \$8,000,000 more in pensions than repub lican Dudley, his predecessor. You see him in the Treasury department, in the Land Office, the Indian Office, the Post Office department-everywhere hard at work. How tame he looks. He will not hurt you. His malign energy is scotched. There is a resless pent up-ness about him. It seems abnormal to him to be confined to honest work during a political campaign, but he will get used to it; it will not kill him. By and by the novel idea that he is paid to work for the United States and not for the republican party will take root in the worn soil of his moral sense. His inocuous political

desuctude will be a blessing to the country. What wonderful changes have taken place in twenty menths! They have overcome us like a summer cloud, not dark and portentious, but big with salubrious showers.

Twenty months ago, the property owners in Washington were despondent. It was predicted that a Demoaratic President would dismiss all the office holders, that five thousand owners of homes in Washington would have to sell at a loss, and that a fall in real estate would follow. The result has been the reverse of that predicted. Instead of wholesale dismissals, only the idle, the incompetent and the dissipated were cast out. The health, the moral tone and efficiency of the public service was greatly improved. An improvement in real estate and in general business followed as a natural result. The Government employe and his dependants, who compose fully one half the population of Washington, no longer feel that living depends upon political service, or upon the ms and outs of political parties. He has become a changed manmore respected by others, having more respect for

himself. His credit is better, and now instead of selling his home, he holds it at a higher price, Hundreds who have heretofore rented property or lived in boarding houses, are buying and building. One more term of honest Democratic Administration will place the National Capitol on the solid ground of assured prosperity. It will require another term to enable the tree of political life which Cleveland has planted and watered, to take root and bear fruit. Should Blaine or Logan or Sherman come in two years hence, it would

surely be uprooted. I believe that a large majority of office holders here are no longer republican. They enjoy a security under civil service reform that they have never known before, and they are compelled to see every day the improvements which the Cabinet officers and the heads of divisions under Cleveland have introduced. They are made to do more work for the government, but they are no longer required to do dirty and dishonest work for the republican party. They are not harrassed day and night with the reflection that unless they assist in the re-election of this member of Congress or

that Senator, they will lose their bread and butter.

UMPQUA ACADEMY. This is a great day for inventions and progress, but a very poor day for fools and ignoramuses. Men must know how to think and reason if they would prosper. The majority of farmers are not making a living these times. They strive to attain too great things in too short a time.

NORMAL SCHOOLS

give a professional course in one year's time. If you want to take that kind of a course do not come to Umpqua but go where the teachers took that kind of a course themselves. If you wish a practical thorough every day education come to Umpqua; Take a Teachers' Special Course, or the classical course which can be completed in 3 or 4 years according to the ability and advancement of the pupil.

The opportunity given to the minister to repair the bodily machine is a good investment for his parishioners. The more he reads the book of nature the more will his sermons have of that early gospel preaching which mirrored mountain and sea, and exhaled the fragrance of the hily of the field .-Christian Register.