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Communication.

PORTLAND, Oct. 9, 1886.
ED. COURIER:—In casting about in the mind for a subject upon which to write, an abundant stock of material is found, but the question of what will be most interesting and instructive to the readers of the COURIER is not so easily determined. It should be the aim of every writer proposing to treat upon subjects of interest and real importance to the public, or to man in his individual or corporate capacity—to prepare such mental pap as shall be, not only palatable, but also of real lasting benefit to his fellow man. In short, the purpose of every writer wishing to lift mankind up to a higher and purer plain than that on which the world now moves, should be to bring to the light—Truth—Truth is Light. Truth makes the possessor thereof free! In what sense? Free from all error, then are we happy.

In thus presenting truth, the order of the bitter and sweet, as found in the case of eating of the little book by John the revelator (Rev. x, 10,) must, in many cases, be reversed; for, because of the long imbibition of error by the many, both teachers and laity, truth will at the first be quite bitter to the mental palate of such, but it can safely be predicted, that in the end it will become sweet and very desirable if partaken of freely, and be instrumental in producing great and lasting happiness.

As I am but "a pilgrim and a stranger here," and feel greatly more interested in man's spiritual and future welfare than in his temporal and physical, I may be excused for treating more largely upon such topics as pertain to man's future state, and such as indicate the proper course of life here, in order that the future shall be all that we can wish for. Our future state, however, is so largely shaped by what we believe, say, and do in this life, that the one cannot be lengthily treated without consideration of the other.

Some may think such articles out of place in the secular press, and ask why your "religious effusions" are not sent to a religious paper, where those inclined to feed upon such mental pap may do so without disturbing the placid current of affairs in our channel? Ah why indeed? Suppose I answer that one painful fact—truth—to be brought to light, is, that too much religion, and not enough truth, is found in the columns of the religious press, and the writer who has the temerity to intimate such a thing sees at once the bristles rise all along the spinal column of said religious press, and his "effusion" finds ready quarters in the waste basket.

The religions press—as a rule—is more denominational than religious, as religion is defined by the Apostle James (Ja's. i, 27,) hence, all communications, to find favor and publicity through such a channel must be careful not to tread on the corns of the particular denomination to who's press the communication is sent. This makes it exceedingly difficult to bring out the truth in all cases, in that clear, bold and forcible manner which will make it effectual in the displacing of error. To this rule there are noble exceptions to be found among religious papers, for we have in our country undenominational publication houses; yet the writer confesses that he has never yet read the publications from any house in the country wherein there seemed to be a total absence of bias or prejudice as against all denominations.

Another may say, very well, but we have no interest whatever in the subject of which you speak. Our interests are all centered in things of to-day and of this present age; and we are willing that the future shall be left to take care of itself. True, my dear sir, that the future will take care of the things thereof, but no man can truthfully assert that he is not interested (whether he so feels and thinks or not) in the discovery and promotion of "truth" in every department of life. To this, it may be replied, that he is a bold man indeed, or one full of presumption and egotism, who claims to have discovered that, for which the ages have sought in vain, that for which giant intellects have looked and fell short of, in the past, "truth," pure, unadulterated truth! Not too fast, please. I do not claim to be the fortunate discoverer of this hidden mine, but only to have discovered "leaders" thereto.

A farmer wishes to find water on his place for his stock, and he wishes to get it as cheaply—that is with as little digging as possible. He selects the place and begins sinking his well. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet and no water. Now he is sure that he was in error in making the selection of locality which he did, but, he does not yet know where the water that runs nearest the surface on his place is.

finding the latter also. So it is with the writer.

Much of error has been discovered in both the religious and social world, together with some truth, and it is proposed to knock off all the tumors, scabs, bariacles and blisters, which so generally afflict society, regardless of whos corns are hurt, regardless of whos head is ensconced under a beautifully polished but artificial head of hair, which must be knocked off in order to the discovery of the fact that baldness exists. Our motto is, "Let truth be told though the heavens fall." In the diagnosis and treatment of all these society afflictions, whether religious, political, social or economic, no pains will be spared; the only object being to do good. "Short sermons, brief lectures, general epistles, and moral essays on various subjects may follow should the COURIER deem such worthy of space in its columns. Quacks, slysters, hobbyists, demagogues, selfish and cranky pretenders of every class and nature are warned to stand from under. ODYLIC.

Disastrous Cattle Drive.

Some months since Mr. Neidringhaus, of St. Louis, visited this city in the interest of the St. Louis cattle syndicate, of which he is a prominent member. His object was to collect cattle to be driven to a vast range which the syndicate had leased in British Columbia at a nominal rent. He sent out agents in different parts of the state and they collected a large number of cattle, finally reaching Montana with a band of 40,000, which were started along through that territory for the British possessions. The Walla Walla Union learns from a gentleman just arrived from Montana that the scheme has proved a disastrous failure. For a time the drive prospered finely, but as the unusually dry season in Montana progressed the grass became scarcer, streams of water fewer and farther between, the stock began to weaken and fall by the wayside, and as days passed by food became scarcer and the animals died by the hundreds. The herders even suffered great privations for water, and so desperate did the situation become when nearing the British line Mr. Neidringhaus ordered the drive abandoned and the herders to reach the Northern Pacific railroad as best they could.

The scene about the drive was a most pitiable one. The cattle were reduced to skin and bones and were so weak from fatigue and want of nourishment they would stand still until they fell in their tracks to die. Their moanings and howlings were fearful to hear. A cold, dry, piercing wind, which was sweeping over the country, did much to complicate the situation. Cattlemen are of the opinion that the syndicate will not have 200 head of stock next spring out of the immense band driven from this country. Their loss in that case will reach \$250,000. The situation throughout Montana for cattlemen is very gloomy. In his annual report to the interior department Gov. Hays reports the government to allow cattle to be driven on Indian reservations for the winter, as most of the living streams have dried up and not a spear of grass remains on the public domain, the result of an unusually dry season.—[Oregonian.

The C. & O. Will be Built.

A Portlander, who returned from San Francisco yesterday, says there is not the shadow of doubt that the California & Oregon Railroad will be built to a connection with the Oregon & California and at an early date. He also says that the Central Pacific Railroad has made a proposition to lease the Oregon & California, but the latter company would not lease its property, fearing it could not do so legally. The terms, however, were satisfactory to the O. & C. The gentleman had a long talk with C. P. Huntington, who confirmed the report that he was about to build a Rail Road through Klamath county and South-eastern Oregon to a junction with the Northern Pacific at Wallula.

Dutiable Goods.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in answer to a question propounded by the Collector of the Port of San Francisco, decided that certain fabrics, known as "Peking velours," which are composed of cotton ramie, and are similar in character, appearance, etc., to cotton velvets, are held to be dutiable at the rate of 40 per cent. ad valorem under the provisions in the schedule of cotton velvets.

Attention has been called to the fact that when the California & Oregon has been extended north through Eastern Oregon, as now proposed, there will practically be a new overland line. The road is to eventually connect with the Northern Pacific, which means the making of a traffic arrangement between that line and the Southern Pacific company, by which freight can be shipped to Montana, Dakota, and Minnesota points from this city in much less time than is now possible.

Geronimo's Pedigree.

By his prominence in one of the most remarkable Indian campaigns in our history, this chief's name is now not less familiar than was that of the Sioux Chief Sitting Bull, who was the leader in the Custer massacre, and who left a trail of blood through the Northwest. Now that the fiend Geronimo has been caged, a brief view of his blood-thirsty career will be read with interest. It is generally believed by those who know him personally, that he was not an Apache Indian, but a full-blooded Mexican, who was captured and carried into the mountains while a young boy. But the unwritten archives of Indian ancestry are so uncertain and unsatisfactory that we will forever remain in doubt as to his nativity. We do not care much whence this wild beast emanated; we only remember now that he has caused the murder of hundreds of men, women and children after the most horrible torturing process, and we hope that he will be wiped out of existence right speedily, and that his name will disappear forever from the newspaper columns. To those papers who are so much interested in the history of the fiend, we would suggest the hyena, the vulture, the shark and the rattlesnake as the possibilities of his ancestry, if the "evil one" himself was not directly responsible for the issue. The hundred thousand people of Arizona are thankful to the soldiers for having captured the thirty bucks, in which proceeding the thousands of cowboys, rustlers, gamblers and hardy frontiersmen took no part—a queer commentary upon border self-reliance.—[E.]

What Shall We Do With Our Boys.

A correspondent asks to what trade we would recommend him to apprentice his son. Our answer is, to none. In the old days, when men went on foot and in stage-coaches, it would do to grind out a few years in the manifold drudgery of an imposed task, but in these days of quick communication—the news of the day at almost every hour, and the opportunity for boys to see and know what is going on around them a thousand-fold better than their fathers did twenty years ago—we say emphatically, give the boy a voice in the matter. Let him look and choose. If he have a mania for robbing bird's nests and littering up his room with them, put him in the way of becoming a naturalist. If he be forever experimenting and whittling, and trying to do something which he cannot do for lack of means, let him visit machine-shops of various kinds. If he wants to know how a thing can happen at midnight, and descriptions and pictures of the event and its surroundings be given to fifty millions of people before seven o'clock in the morning, let him visit a well organized printing-office. A few doses of this kind of stimulant will show what path of life the young man will be likely to travel with the best success. By all means give him the opportunity to select, and when he has made his choice, encourage his efforts, and do not grind him down by a servile apprenticeship in which he takes no interest, and where nine-tenths of his time is spent in making money for his "master" without benefit to himself.—[The Printing Press.

Recent events in this county have emphasized and given new force to the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." These same events have doubtless caused more than one thoughtful man to consider seriously the present state of commercial morals, and ask himself: whether are we drifting? We are not of that gloomy class who are mourning for a return of the days of the past, and who seem to think that our country, our institutions, our public and private morals are on a fearful down grade, which only ends at the precipice of complete annihilation; but we can see a crying need for a higher standard of commercial honor.

We want more of that homely, scrupulous, every day honesty, which makes a man as just to his fellowman as he is to himself. We believe the business man of to-day has a higher sense of honor than his predecessor, but the temptations to dishonesty have increased. The demands for higher education for his children, for better dress for his family, for all that goes to make up our modern life are constantly pressing upon him. We are not sure that reform ought not to begin at these things, but in any case there is abundant need for teachers and parents to give greater prominence to teachings on truthfulness, honor and honesty. Let the rising generations be schooled in these matters, that its effects may be visible in a higher standard of commercial honor.—[Drain Echo.

A formal call has been issued for the annual meeting of the national cattle grower's association of America, to be held in Chicago on Monday, November 11th.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Grant's Pass, so named after General Grant, is a county seat centrally located in Southern Oregon. It is a progressive railroad town of 600 inhabitants, and is the main supply point for a large portion of country devoted to mining, lumbering, agriculture and fruit-raising. Climate unexcelled.
The COURIER being the only paper published in Josephine county, with a good circulation in Jackson county, enables it to be one of the best advertising mediums in Southern Oregon. For rates, address THE COURIER, Grant's Pass, Oregon.

WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

Later Reports from Sabine Pass say Over 100 People Were Lost.
BEAUMONT, TEXAS, Oct. 15th.—First reports of the great disaster of Sabine Pass were not in the least exaggerated. In fact, they underestimated the number of deaths caused by the storm. The death roll now reaches ninety, with a large number still missing. It is thought fully 100 persons met their deaths on the night of the gale. A relief party went down on the railroad and are still there. The trains could not get within twelve miles of the ruined town.
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 15th.—The relief boat Lamar has returned from Sabine Pass. Only two houses are left in the latter place. One hundred and one persons are missing.

ANOTHER REPORT.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 15th.—The latest reports from Sabine Pass place the loss of life at over one hundred, and not one house is left standing. Even the light house is in a wrecked condition. Many vessels are ashore miles from the water. Relief parties are at work in all directions. The loss of life at Johnson bayou is also reported great. The effects of the storm is severely felt over a large section of Texas.

Blazes in His Eye.

STOCKTON, Oct. 15.—The Stockton Mail last night sent a reporter to investigate the phenomenal doings of Willie Brough, the boy with fire eyes, who is amazing the neighborhood of Turlock, and is being followed by mysterious blazes wherever he goes. The preliminary reports received from the reporter this morning verify the published stories. Leading business men of Turlock, and persons who have seen the phenomena, assert its truth.

Idle Men.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15.—It is estimated that fifteen hundred men are out of employment on the water front, which number will be increased to three thousand when the whaling vessels are all in. The cheap passenger rates East may cause many to leave the city, and the new railroad lines now contemplated will give many employment.

A Mink Farm.

"There are some mighty great men in this world," said the passenger from the West to a Chicago Herald man, "and I struck one of 'em a week or two ago. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now. I went out into Western Nebraska and homesteaded a quarter section. I hadn't seen the land, but took it supposing it was all right. But when I got there I found it already inhabited. About a hundred and fifty acres of the one hundred and sixty were covered with a prairie-dog town. Well, I concluded to settle down and see what I could do, and I am 'mighty glad now that I did. About two weeks ago I was up to the railroad station trying to get trusted for some bacon and flour and tberacker, an' feelin' right smart discouraged. I was out of money and grub, and the winter was comin' on fast, an' I couldn't see my way out of it but to eat prairie dogs, an' they're mighty hard to catch. But that day was the turning point in my luck. While I was at the station an Englishman got off the cars an' said as how he was out West lookin' for a place to make an investment. Said he'd heard of the far business, an' wanted to know if he was out in the fur country yet.
"Furs," says I, 'there hain't no f'—an' just then an idea struck me, an' I changed my tune. 'Furs,' says I, 'there hain't no better fur country than this on 'arh. Just come out to my place till I show you my fur farm.'
"And he went out with me, and I showed him the prairie-dog town, an', as luck would have it, it was a bright sunny day, an' the dogs were out scootin' around by the hundreds.
"Talkin' about furs," says I, 'what d'ye think of that? I've been six years growing those mink, an' hain't sold a hide. It's all natural increase. Guess they's 'bout 7,000 of 'em now, an' they double every year. How many will there be in ten years?'
"You oughter see that Englishman's eyes open as he took out his pencil and figured it up. He made it 7,168,000 mink.
"Well," says I, 'call it 5,000,000 to be on the safe side. It won't cost a dollar to keep 'em, either, an' if they're worth a cent they're worth a dollar apiece. There's millions in it.
"Then we got right down to business an' in less than an hour I had sold out for \$7,000 cash, an' the next day I paid three hundred and twenty dollars for the homestead at the land office, got my patent, transferred it to him, and took the first train for the east. Step into the buffer, with me, partner, and take a drink.