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One Copy, six months in advance..... 1 00

Entered at the postoffice at McMinnville Oregon, as second-class matter.

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Thursday, October 16, 1890.

INNOVATIONS.

In another column on this page our readers who so desire can read the sermon delivered by Rev DeWitt Talmage in New York on Sunday last. This is a new departure for us, as the matter is of the same class furnished the great daily papers. All the writings of this eminent divine are copyrighted and controlled by a syndicate, who sells them to the newspapers. The matter is costly and is only found in substantial newspapers. We are also negotiating for three columns weekly for a Woman's Department. This will comprise weekly letters by Marion Harland, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Kate Upson Clark, Emma Moffett Tyng, Anna Isabel Willis, Lillie Devereaux Blake, Emma V. Sheridan, (Mrs. Fry) Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Marquise Lanza, Olive Thorne Miller, and many other noted writers on "Woman" subjects. The latest Paris fashions and many other features too numerous to mention will be produced during the year for the benefit of our readers. This department will be illustrated with suitable engravings, and altogether it will be an enjoyable department for our lady readers. From those who read it, and are interested in the subject, we request correspondence for publication on all the matters interesting to the sex.

Ladies, watch for this department, as it is something you do not see outside the large Sunday editions of the big metropolitan dailies. With the help of our lady readers we intend to make this department of very great interest.

FARMERS ARE YOU PLEASED?

The McKinley bill is now in effect and the farmers of this section can, in a little while, see whether or no, they are protected, as the republican party says they are by this most monstrous imposition called the McKinley bill. The farmers are the rock upon which this government stands and their productions are the necessities of life. If any one should be protected they are the ones. But does this bill protect them? Is protection the ideal way of increasing the prosperity of this country? Does it make progress? A few questions like the above should be considered fully and the prices of goods purchased under the old tariff should be noted and those under the new. The farmers of Yamhill county still sells his wheat in the Liverpool market. He pays the freight bill in every instance to ship owners who send their ships here in ballast for a cargo of wheat. They can not bring in foreign products in exchange for the wheat owing to the excessive duty, so come here in ballast and the farmer pays the freight on his wheat from Liverpool here, from here to Liverpool. He must do this; vessel owners will not send a ship from England to Portland for a cargo one way. Do you think that the owners of vessels would charge as much for freighting wheat if their vessels came here loaded? No.

If the protective tariff protects, you want it to protect you, do you not? Does it? That is the question for you to decide yourself, and whichever way you decide let your votes be cast in the election of 1892. The democratic party is pronounced in its warfare against the tariff and its battle cry is tariff reform.

To illustrate the workings of the new tariff framed by McKinley, let us call your attention to several little items which effect you, farmers, every one of you.

Take the item of glass; plain, common window glass, such as you use in the building of your new house. What is the tariff you pay upon it under the McKinley bill? It is:

Measuring not exceeding 10x15 inches surface not exceeding	115.41 per ct.
16x24 inches square exceeding	125.10 per ct.
16x24 inches square	135.34 per ct.

Yes! that is just what it is, if calculated ad valorem. That is the tax imposed upon you for daylight in your new farm house.

Does the farmer really understand what a 135.34 duty means? Suppose you contemplate building a new house and you require 200 panes of window glass, and suppose still farther that the duty on glass had to be paid in kind, or in window glass, you would have to buy 470 panes of window glass which would be divided thus: 200 panes would go into your house, the United States treasury would get the remaining 270 panes. But as you do not have to pay taxes in "kind" the McKinley bill makes the thing much easier for you. It makes you pay for 470 panes and delivers you 200 panes. The price of the other 270 panes of glass goes, not to the treasury of the United States, but into the pockets of the window glass trust, the formation and existence of which has been almost the daily reading in the newspapers for the last six months. Of course without this shameful tariff no window trust could or would exist. Yet, on the floor of the senate, it was solemnly declared by grave senators that tariff duties should and would be abolished wherever a trust or combination is concerned.

And yet there is a trust, and window glass, this indispensible and necessary article is taxed 135.34 per cent.

This is not the only necessity which has been taxed. There is apparently two sides to this tariff bill. Money makes the mare go you know. We will segregate the two sides. There is the rich man's side and the poor man's side. The rich man's side of the tariff bill is as follows:

RICH MAN'S SIDE.

Finest cassamere advanced	25 per ct.
Broadcloth advanced	20 per ct.
Seal skin sacques reduced	33 per ct.
Silk laces advanced	25 per ct.
Silk velvet no advance.	
Silk linings no advance.	
Black silk no advance.	

POOR MAN'S SIDE.

Imitation seal sacques advanced	120 per ct.
Cotton corduroy advanced	114 per ct.
Cotton laces advanced	50 per ct.
Woolens advanced	40 per ct.
Cotton velvet advanced	100 per ct.
Cotton linings advanced	285 per ct.
Black alpaca advanced	66 per ct.

And still the republican leaders who have money by the millions and make sure of the rich man's side of the tariff bill, say that tariff is not a tax. Their side is certainly a less tax on them than the poor man's side is on him. Not only on the above articles does the two sides of this bill appear but on various others. On coarse linen goods it places a duty of 50 per cent. These goods are the ones used by the poorer class of people. On the finer grades of linen goods, those used by the wealthier classes, a duty of 35 per cent is fixed. This makes a person who is poor and wants to purchase an imported linen of a coarse grade pay 15 per cent more for that privilege than the wealthy man who wants a fine imported linen grade.

This is protection. Is it fair? Do you like the idea of paying more in proportion for a poor article because you are a poor man than the rich man pays for a fine article because he is a rich man.

You are both created equal. One is as good as the other, but the tariff makes a difference.

The TELEPHONE-REGISTER wants equal rights to all. If we are to be taxed let us all be taxed alike. There is no reason why the farmer should be taxed in excess of the manufacturer. If we are to receive protection let the farmer receive the same protection as the manufacturer. There is no justice in protection unless we are all protected. If the protective tariff is a good idea protect us so that not one single solitary production of foreign countries can be sold in our markets. The American people will then fight it out amongst themselves and there will be a survival of the fittest. Americans will compete against Americans and the best man will win.

The only difference between absolute protection and absolute free trade with all the nations is, that under absolute protection the American nation will trade with itself and it will be practically free trade in America. With absolute free trade the nations of the earth will trade with each other and will receive for the goods the actual cost of production plus a small profit. The human race will be as one family. The same relation will exist between America and France that now exists between Polk and Yamhill counties. Each producer will receive proportionately the same gain. As it is now under the present system of tariff no one manufacturer or producer receives the same compensation for his labor. The tariff as it exists makes a hilly country of a vast plain. Everything is unequal.

In order that we all be treated alike we say give us absolute free trade or absolute protection. With absolute protection we will only receive the productions and advantages of the United States, with absolute free trade we will have the productions of the earth to sort over and we can choose the fittest. We will have the best of all things. Of the two ideas absolute free trade is the best.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

DR. TALMAGE'S THIRD SERMON ON HIS TOUR IN PALESTINE.

The Famous Brooklyn Divine Describes the Scene of Christ's Crucifixion—Overpowering Emotion While on Calvary's Sacred Hill.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 12.—This morning Dr Talmage delivered his third sermon on his recent tour in Palestine in the Academy of Music in this city. The large building was crowded and numbers went away disappointed. This was the more significant because it had been publicly announced that the same sermon would be preached in the evening at the New York academy, which The Christian Herald had rented for that purpose. In spite of this fact, unprecedented since the days of Chalmers, both buildings were crowded to excess, and many were turned away from the doors, both morning and evening. Dr. Talmage must have preached today to 10,000 different persons. The doctor spoke as follows from the text: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm cxxxvii, 5.

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm, and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should in enthusiasm of soul cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson, or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" You see it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for water works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birthplaces, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

IN JERUSALEM.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem, and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late Gen. Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, 80 years of age, and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was without doubt the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

CALVARY.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else we must see that, and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high, and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up we see cracks and crevices in the rocks, which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white, but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the law and the gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message."

So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which many of you have prayed—the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult, being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together—this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion on Calvary.

WHERE THE CROSS OF CHRIST STOOD.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the miscreant, and here between, I think, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend." As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are a fragment: "They took Jesus and led him away, and he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst." "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances!

While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides and the foot of the hill a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake their clinched fists at him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd—his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrows he had comforted and whose guilt he had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

"IT IS FINISHED."

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and he sighed with this last sigh the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there a silence took possession of us, and we thought, this is the center from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming excrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios and churches lifted their greatest doxologies and heaven built its highest thrones.

THE GARDEN OF OLIVES.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene we moved on and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulcher." I think this was the garden and this the sepulcher. It is shattered of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it and found it about eight feet high, and nine feet wide and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the king wrapped in his last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the conqueror, and from these heights he looked off upon the city that had cast him out, and upon the world he had come to redeem, and at the heavens through which he would soon ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, thirty-first chapter and fortieth verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking. Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? No! The meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple—ashes of wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It has taken all these thousands of years to discover what Jeremiah meant when he said, "Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at this very time fulfilling that prophecy. One handful of that ashes on which they are building is enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon.

Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner stone. Yonder, from a depth of forty feet, a signet ring has been brought up inscribed with the words "Haggai, the Son of Shebnaiah," showing it belonged to the Prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his prophecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk farther on far under ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pillars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Here we enter the mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it, through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it, and take off the cumbrous slippers and step into the clear air.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Morish to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing place of the Jews, where for centuries, almost perpetually, during the daytime whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham, with tears rolling down their cheeks and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

For the temple that lies desolate,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the palace that is destroyed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the walls that are overthrown,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our majesty that is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our great men that lie dead,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For priests who have stumbled,
We sit in solitude and mourn.

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; it may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

FROM A HOUSETOP.

But I must get back to the housetop where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the housetop I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop in the midst of the city I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared, and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light, and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple, built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors.

There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle the frozen prayer of all ages!

THE CITY OF GOD.

From this housetop on the December afternoon we look out in another direction, and I see the king's palace, covering a hundred and sixty thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! City of God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely it never could have been captured!

But while standing there on the housetop that December afternoon I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they were leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital, and coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem!

The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign; Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jersusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy they break up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars Jachin and Boaz.

THE SIEGES OF JERUSALEM.

Another siege of Jerusalem, and Pompey with the battering rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then, at full run forward, would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballista arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great bowlders against the walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead.

THE SIEGE OF THE CRUSADERS.

But looking from this house top, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans, under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest and mightiest men that ever lived; for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan — glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England; Philip Augustus, king of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men, marching on through fevers and plagues and battle charges and sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem, seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem.

At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatreds among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bareheaded and barefooted to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulcher, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city, and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

A CRUSADE NEEDED NOW.

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this Nineteenth Century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of Gospel Peace! And the Cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship.

Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, and said: "Now I die content; I have seen it! I have seen it!" Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "king in his beauty," will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

Standing of Churches in the United States.

The standing of the churches in the United States at the present time is represented as follows by The New York Independent:

	Churches.	Ministers.	Communicants.
Methodists	54,711	31,765	4,980,240
Roman Catholics	7,522	8,332	6,676,292
Baptists	48,371	32,345	4,292,291
Presbyterians	13,619	9,974	1,220,012
Lutherans	7,911	4,612	1,086,048
Congregationalists	4,680	4,640	491,985
Episcopalians	5,227	4,100	480,176

Pittsburg is a city of bridges. No less than fourteen of these structures, it is said, span the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers within the city limits, and three more are projected.

A neat, unadorned marble cross has been erected over the remains of Wilkie Collins, in the northern part of Kensal Green cemetery.

Professor Charles F. Holder has written a life of Charles Darwin. It is to be the first of a series on the leaders in science.

Men who cannot pay the ordinary expenses of their households have no right to belong to high cost clubs.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad

—AND—

OREGON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP LINE.

225 Miles Shorter—20 hours less time than by any other route.

☞First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

Time Schedule (except Sundays).

Leave Albany..1:30 pm	Leave Yaquina 6:45 am
Leave Corvallis 1:40 pm	Leave Corvallis 10:35 am
Arrive Yaquina 5:30 pm	Arrive Albany 11:10 am

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Developement Co's. Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley Points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Sailing Dates.

The Steamer Willamette Valley will sail

FROM YAQUINA.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
October 4th.	October 13th.
October 18th.	October 22nd.
October 27th.	October 31st.

Passenger and freight rates always the lowest. For information, apply to Messrs. HULMAN & CO., Freight and Ticket Agents, 200 and 202 Front street, Portland, Oregon; or to

C. C. HOGUE,
Acting Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Oregon.

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Will open Sept. 25th and close Oct. 2d. $5,500 is offered in cash premiums in this department. Stock department open to visitors from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Exposition from 1 p. m. to until 10 p. m. One admission ticket admits to both. Price, adults, 50 cts; children 25 cts. Reduced rates on all transportation lines leading to Portland. For information address,

E. W. ALLEN, Supt. and Sec.