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HARDING & HEATH, Publishers.

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WE INVITE YOU TO COMPARE THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER with any other paper published in Yamhill county.

All subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly will confer a favor by immediately reporting the same to this office.

Thursday, October 23, 1890.

The government will have new designs made for our silver dollars and five cent pieces. It is proposed to improve the artistic appearance of its coin.

Fifteen years ago B. H. Glover, the president of the farmer's alliance, went to Kansas almost penniless. Now he owns 1600 acres of fine land, 75 head of horses, 100 cattle and lots of farming machinery.

Yamhill county is well supplied with newspapers, there being six all told. They are all live, enterprising papers, and the TELEPHONE-REGISTER and *Reporter* rank with the best local papers in the state.—*Tillamook Headlight.*

"Kemmlerize" has been proposed as the word to express execution by electricity. On a slighter occasion the unlucky Captain Boycott, of Ireland gave his name to a process now very well understood and a new word to the English language.—*Pioneer.*

Joseph Pulitzer has withdrawn from the editorship of the New York *World.* He has placed the management in the hands of an executive board composed of its principal editors who have long been in its employ. This step is necessary, owing to the misfortune in having a peculiar disease of the eyes. Complete rest is necessary for his health.

John Wannamaker displays the following as an advertisement in Philadelphia papers:

Tin ware is advancing in cost and very soon the manufacturers will have their way and you and me will have to pay very much more. In view of this state of things we made, some time since, a large purchase of kitchen tin ware at what was a low price then and would be far lower now in the face of the two advances in makers' price lists.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Hon. Jas. Chamberlain, the noted Englishman, said in New York last week a few words that will astonish our republican readers who have listened to the republican papers' cry that the McKinley bill will kill English trade. Mr. Chamberlain is not the only Englishman by any means that has voiced the same sentiments. He said:

As an Englishman, I am glad to see the United States adopt the McKinley or any other bill that will serve to maintain the bulwark of protection that has been erected around this country. The high tariffs which the United States has exacted for years have served to increase England's trade and enrich her merchants. I have repeatedly said in public at home what I now say to you, that England would suffer great loss if the protective system should be abolished in the United States. We have built up an enormous trade with the countries of South America, with Australia and other countries which we could not hold if free trade were adopted here. You have enormous resources in raw materials, in workmanship and in machinery against which England would cut a sorry figure if both countries were placed on an equal footing in the race for commercial supremacy. I will not say that England would be entirely vanquished, but she would be greatly injured in the competition. In a few years the United States would rule the commercial world beyond the shadow of a doubt. Those people in England who have expressed themselves in opposition to the measure evidently have not studied the question as they should. They need to examine America's resources.

As an Englishman, therefore, I hope your policy of protection will be kept up indefinitely. The higher the tariffs the better I will be satisfied, for I cannot imagine a severer blow to my country than the United States could deal by declaring for free trade.

BIBLE LANDS IN WINTER

THE FOURTH SERMON OF DR. TALMAGE'S ITINERARY SERIES.

The Brook of Cherith, the Good Samaritan, the Ram's Horns of Jericho, and Many Other Inspiring Scenes and Themes—The Fountain of Elisha.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 19.—The widespread and absorbing interest in Dr. Talmage's course of sermons on the Holy Land and adjoining countries is demonstrated by the thousands who are turned away from the doors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sunday mornings, and The Christian Herald services in the New York Academy of Music on Sunday evenings, unable to gain even standing room in those immense auditoriums. Today the fourth sermon of the series was preached as before, in this city in the morning and in New York at night. Having announced as his text Luke x, 30: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," Dr. Talmage said:

It is the morning of Dec. 5 in Jerusalem, and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves, who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the orient as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their necks, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retort. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to outgallop the wind or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steps and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I chose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step amid rocky steeps, where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain surefootedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik, with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight, but it is the fact that this sheik represents the Turkish government which assures the safety of the caravan.

"HE FELL AMONG THIEVES."

We cross the Jehoshaphat valley, which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered, would excite the admiration of all who look upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms of the Yellowstone park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat valley are tunneled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road today we met groups of men who judging from their countenances have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men, and that the great part of them became robbers. So late as 1820 Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist, was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel today.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were 12,000 priests living at Jericho, and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service, and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road. "Oh," he says, "here is a man that has been attacked of thieves. Why don't you go home?" says the minister. The man, in a comatose state, makes no answer, or, with a half dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and drawls out, "What?" "Well," says the minister, "I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice today. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Beside that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up I will be glad to see you at the temple."

THE NEGLECTFUL PRIEST.

And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go on your way—execrated by the centuries.

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the temple and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite, passing along this road where we are today, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the choir at the temple. If I am not there no one will carry my part. Besides that there may not be enough frankincense for the censers and the wine or oil may have given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breastplate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to stanch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along, you beast!" he shouts as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road soon hides the hard hearted official.

A CHRISTIAN IN PRACTICE.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations, which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition temples—one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah—and I guess this Samaritan, when he comes up, will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say: "Good for you! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal, and I will take that. What! Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy? Hush up! Why, your ancestors worshiped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshiped at Gerizim. Now take that! and that! and that!" will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No; the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off the beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshiped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do." And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds and straighten out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says: "My dear fellow, cheer up; you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse! Let me listen to your breathing! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will soothe the pain of these wounds, and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern." "Oh, no," says the man, "I can't walk; let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan. "You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow."

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has unaided put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better." "Halloo, you landlord! help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty and turning his pillow whenever it got hot, and in the morning before the Samaritan started on his journey he said, "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man, and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

GOOD MEN IN ALL COMMUNIONS.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could, as plainly as I now see the nearest man to this platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: "One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a templeful of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had in a lifetime, and the most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic can live together without quarrel, and where in the great national crucible the differences of sect and tribe and people are being molded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan—'Who is my neighbor?' is bringing forth the answer, 'My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble,' and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covers nineteen acres."

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero Lord Napier. The day after at Hawarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Hawarden, and walking in this park where we are now walking he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over we were on the march, and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him, and we went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman, though of the race of savages, and we said, "Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well we will pay you very largely," and then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: "I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God."'" Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said, "Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages that was pure religion?" And I answered, "I do; I do." May God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!

THE CHARITABLE WOMEN.

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity, there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused and that one refused, saying, "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said, "I will go, and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl and told of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile, as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of him who came to save to the uttermost. Then just before she breathed her last she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow, "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before, in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street and along every road as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sightseers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I say to the dragoman: "David, what place do you call this?" and he replied: "This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground and a stream fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle ax. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river which, when in full force, is a silver wedge splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of Elijah's ravens still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claw at once enough food for a half dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous, and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah, whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors.

GOD'S WINGED SERVITORS.

But God compelled them, as he always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences to carry help to his children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity, the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings but black wings. Black wings of conviction, bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the Judgment day, bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessing we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut; the wheat must be threshed; the black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at 4 o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—the plain of Jericho, and the valley of Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide up on their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a princess of Wallachia who fell here and was dangerously injured, after recovery spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on a "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which, taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day for seven days the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho blowing upon those ram's horns, and on the seventh day, without the roll of a war chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital!

ON THE SITE OF JERICHO.

On the evening of Dec. 6 we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp, or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered to destruction, but a rude instrument making rude music blest of God, to the demolition of that wicked place which had for centuries defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skillful music, gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them forty years ago became ashes; the old hymns in log cabin churches and country meeting houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks; the anthem in English cathedrals; the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Haydn or Beethoven die; the thrum of harps, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the song of Sabbath schools storming the heavens, the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them all been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our campfires that evening of Dec. 6, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for a campaign of "Old Hundred!" Oh, for a brigade of Mount Pisgahs! Oh, for a cavalry charge of "Coronations!" Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days, and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good gospel music, and the round planet will be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness, could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of creation's corner stone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the archangel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

THE BITTER FOUNTAIN SWEETENED.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of heaven through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the camp fire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds and the rumbling of its chariots and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage; hard pillars cut into soft lace; Iliads and Odysseys in granite; basalt jet as the night mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battle fields; robes encrusted with diamond; mosaics white as sea foam flashed on by auroras; gayeties which the sun saw by day rivaled by revels the moon saw by night; blasphemy built against the sky; ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens; grandeurs turreted, archivolted and intercolumnar; wickedness so appalling that established vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

SOUNDING THE TRUMPET FOR SALVATION.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as Thenius describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar cane, and luscious with orange and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, commanding his sister Salome immediately after his death to secure the assassination of all the chief Jews whom he had brought to the city and shut up in a circus for that purpose, and the news came to the audience in the theatre as some one took the stage and announced to the excited multitude: "Herod is dead! Herod is dead!"

Then in my dream all the pomp of Jericho vanished, and gloom was added to gloom, and desolation to desolation, and woe to woe, until, perhaps the rippling waters of the Fountain of Elisha suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness" were rolling through that plain and across that continent, and rolling round the earth, until on either side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's "Inferno" became Dante's "Divina Comedia," and "Paradise Lost" was submerged by "Paradise Regained," and tears became crystals, and cruel swords came out of foundries glistening plowshares, and in my dream at the blast of a trumpet the prostrated walls of Jericho rose again.

And some one told me that as these walls in Joshua's time at the sounding trumpets of doom went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the gospel they come up again. And I thought a man appeared at the door of my tent, and I said, "Who are you and from whence have you come?" and he said, "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho as taking care of the man who fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in the tent to greet him, and my dream broke and I realized it was only a dream, but a dream which shall become a glorious reality as surely as God is true and Christ's gospel is the world's Catholicon. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was at the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

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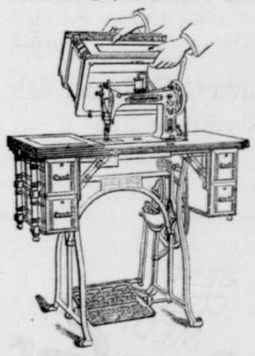

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