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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 30, 1890.

How do our republican farmers like the effect of the McKinley bill.

There has never been a more shoddy affair than the republican administration's census bureau.

Cigars have raised in this city, owing to the McKinley bill. Ten-centers now sell for 15 cents. Ask the dealer why and he will reply, "owing to the McKinley bill.

The white vote of South Carolina is about evenly divided between the two democratic candidates and each is depending upon his ability to secure negro votes for his election. When such a state of thing occurs, the negro is secure in his right to the franchise, and if the rivalry for his support becomes chronic the race question will solve itself.

The Mississippi constitutional convention is considering a provision authorising the legislature to give the state's assent to the erection of a new state to be formed in whole, or in part out of Mississippi territory, whenever congress shall authorize such an arrangement. The provision looks to the ultimate separation of the "white counties" from the black and the formation of one or the other into a new state, as a solution of the race question. The plan is not likely ever to be practically tried, though it is not impossible, if a constitutional way is opened, that it may some day seem to both races the best way out of a perplexity.

A writer in the *Texas Siftings* takes a very humorous view of advertising. He concludes that in this age the man who does not advertise is doomed. Every style of advertising pays, but the greatest results are acquired from utilizing the advertising columns of a properly conducted journal.

An inch advertisement in a newspaper is worth a dozen on a fence. We never knew of but one case in which advertising did not pay. It occurred in Chicago. A burglar overlooked $80 in a bureau drawer, and the papers so announced. He returned the following night and not only secured it, but a suit of clothes besides. The man who doesn't hang out his shingle and advertise dies and leaves no sign. The right kind of eyes for business men is advert-ise. Puffs in newspapers help many merchants to "raise the wind." Death and discontinuance of an advertisement are regarded as positive evidence of going out of business.

The reflection that a suit of common clothes will cost more under the McKinley bill than before is rather disquieting at first blush to poor men who are just barely able to make poth ends meet as it is, but closer examination of the beauties of the new tariff will show that its framers have thoughtfully provided for the needs of the workingman in that direction. The McKinley law allows anybody to go to Europe and bring back all the clothing he needs for his own personal use duty free. As the bill passed the house the amount of this exception was limited to $500 worth but the thoughtful friends of the poor in the senate explained that it would hardly pay a workingman to go to Europe to lay in a supply of clothing under such a restriction, as traveling expenses would eat up all the saving. Accordingly Mr. McKinley consented to have the limit removed; and now any ironmoulder or bricklayer can run over to London, get measured by Poole and bring back $10,000 worth of clothes for his personal use without paying the government a cent. After this who can say that the Republican tariff policy makes one law for the poor and another for the rich.—*Eugene Guard.*

SHILOH'S Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia; price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Rogers Bros.

A HOMESTEAD LAW.

For some time past our exchanges have been full of timely suggestions upon necessary and important changes in the assessment law, and in what is known as the mortgage tax law. Their suggestions are proper and in the main are correct and some action should be taken by the coming legislature to remedy these evils. There is no doubt but that the former contains errors and that the latter has driven a large amount of capital to Washington and elsewhere, for more profitable investments than are offered at home under the present system. Yet, it seems to us there is one other necessary step for the state to take to secure additional capital and population to build up our waste places, not heretofore mentioned. Most of the states and territories of the Union have found it good policy to establish homestead laws varying in amounts from $300 to $3000. The average homeseeker comes from one of the states having such law, by which a home and year's provisions are provided beyond the execution of the sheriff, which serves as a protection to his family against a possible error of judgment or business venture. When he reaches Oregon he is sure to enquire if those provisions exist in its laws before casting his fortunes in the state and taking himself from the arms of such protection. Finding such questions are answered negatively, he turns his attention to the adjoining states of Washington and Idaho where he concludes they are at least better for him in that respect, and hence becomes a resident of one of them. We were recently advised by a real estate man that this mode of mental calculation was by far more indulged in than was ever imagined, and that it drove many good and thrifty people from settling in the state who really were far from being paupers or escaping from other states to avoid just indebtedness. Other things being equal, it was simply a thing favorable to other states, and against Oregon in attracting emigration and more settlers within her borders. Would it not then be wisdom to enact a moderate homestead law in connection with the present exemptions? Not one that would protect and invite fraud and rascality nor one that would be of sufficient magnitude to exempt the accumulations of a lifetime against the execution for honest, legitimate debts. But say for one thousand dollars as a protection and credit limit, that a home may be guaranteed the resident, and a plain statement of the fact that Oregon will be no less generous to her citizens than are other states to theirs. Homestead laws may not at all times and upon all occasions be true types of justice. Yet the experience of the older states has proven them advisable and their popularity is every where attested.

MR. BLAINE'S BARREN IDEALITY.

There is one thing we like about Mr. Blaine, to wit: his foreign extension policy—in the abstract. In the concrete it has never concreted, and the less said about it the better. But in the abstract it has glimpses of grandeur.

Mr. Blaine has not read the history of his country in vain. He has caught the essential idea of the old democratic statesman who gave us our southwestern and Pacific enlargements. They believed it our manifest destiny to absorb the Western hemisphere, and Mr. Blaine has evidently been made to glow by perusal of their lives. The difference between him and them is one of method. The old school were fighting men. When they wanted a thing they believed in taking it. They showed their teeth over Oregon, furnished the amunition which won San Jacinto and thereby Texas, and at Buena Vista and Chapultepec wrested California and its congeries from Mexican grasp. Their dream was political empire, and blood and iron were their tools.

Mr. Blaine confines his dream to commercial annexation. With a change of method he has practically the old conception, but it lies upon his hands a barren ideality. He can do nothing. He is a republican statesman with a democratic thought. His thought looks to a glorious expansion abroad, but his party lives only to levy tribute at home.—*New York World.*

If a bill were submitted to the farmers of Oregon to-morrow to reduce their taxes paid to the state, it would be carried.

If they were told that their state treasury was full and there was no need for the money at Salem, the majority would be larger.

If they were told that they were being taxed to protect other men, not farmers, in their occupation and save them competition, the majority would be still larger.

If they were told not only was this the case, but that they were taxed to set up other men in business, you could hardly get the polls open early enough.

And if they were told that they were being taxed in order that the men they thus set up in business and protected might charge them full price for an article and sell it abroad for half price their indignation would be so great that no farmer would stay at home on election day.

Put the national government in place of the state government and for the state tax say federal tax, and you have it exactly.—*Leader.*

President Harrison declares that "a cheap coat means a cheap man." A man certainly feels rather cheap if he is able to own but one coat, owing to the tariff-increased cost of clothing and of nearly everything he has to buy.

DEAD SEA AND JORDAN.

DR. TALMAGE'S FIFTH SERMON ON HIS TOUR IN THE HOLY LAND.

Topography of the Dead Sea Region. Pompeii and the Volcano—The Lowest Lake in the World—Evidences of God's Wrath.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 26.—Dr. Talmage preached the fifth sermon of the series on his tour in the Holy Land in the Academy of Music in this city this morning. This evening at The Christian Herald service in the Academy of Music, New York, the sermon was repeated before an audience which filled the vast building in every part. Dr. Talmage announced as his text, Ps. civ, 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." He said:

David the poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick vapors intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crytals to the shore; yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoria of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE AGREE.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep today, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asshaltites, or the Dead sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when he touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic ocean, the ocean having 4 per cent. of salt and this lake 36¼ per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say, "We want no life here, but death is our preference; death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic luster like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills drink it, and cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a temptest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up of wickedness. "No; that is absurd," cries some one; "it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrope. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and Revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a temptest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command bursts forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in air and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled into the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right; Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead sea instance so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next," and the Bible responds, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible, "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the president, sir." Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

PROFLIGATE CITIES OVERWHELMED.

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature steeped in prurience does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto, or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever impearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation Salaam Aleikoum, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady sitting upon her horse took out her note book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic Luther replied, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

FIRST VIEW OF THE JORDAN.

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well, he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation, but the Jordan is the queen of rivers, and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream, and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieut. Molineaux had copper bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieut. Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like the Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says, "Behold he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud and now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

MIRACLES AT THE JORDAN.

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled major general of the Assyrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an ax head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the ax head as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and in defiance of the law of gravitation the iron ax head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea, from the bank of this river Elijah took a team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything, for if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord.

I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood or crystal or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire, you drive up toward God, and not down toward the Dead sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train that broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

BAPTIZING IN THE JORDAN.

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Somerville and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day and told me that a young man who is now studying for the gospel ministry would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father?" "Is that you, mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

Slumber in the Pulpit, Not in the Pews.

The Rev. David Kauffman, who is known as the "sleeping preacher," is creating much excitement in the eastern part of the county. He comes from Indiana, and preaches while apparently asleep and unconscious.—Philadelphia Times.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but one cure. Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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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
November 1st,	November 5th,
November 9th,	November 15th,
November 20th,	November 24th.
November 30th.	

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.
6 C. H. HASWELL, Jr.,
Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Developement Co. Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

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DISEASES OF MEN!

Peculiar to their sex, and not proper to name here, including all of those delicate infirmities and weaknesses, which they would shrink from disclosing to their family physician, permanently cured in less time than was ever known to medicine before, by Dr. Boxell's New System of Treatment. It rejuvenates the genito-urinary organs and makes weak men strong.

When possible it is always best to call for personal consulation and special treatment. But those who cannot possibly call should write, stating their case fully. Medicine sent by mail or express, sealed, free from exposure, to all parts of the Pacific coast. Address,

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Consulting Physician.
ST. PAUL DISPENSARY,
Corner First and Pine Sts., over Portland National Bank, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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In all classes of goods, and sweeping reductions, especially in lines that are liable to become the least unseasonable. This Stock, however, is the neatest and freshest, and embraces the latest styles in the city at the present time, having arrived on October 1st. It was ordered in season but was delayed on the road, so instead of having plenty of time to work it off the whole business must be accomplished in a brief period. Now is the opportunity for

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BROWNSVILLE AND OREGON CITY GOODS
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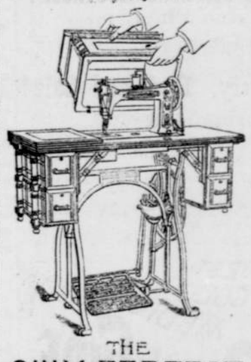

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