THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.

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, December 18, 1890

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The president's message is a singularly uninteresting document. The greater part of it is made up of entirely perfunctory references to matters with which congress and the public are already familiar, and concerning which the president has nothing of the least moment to say either by way of comment or suggestion.

On the two or three topics of real import to which he refers his utterance is interesting only as an indication of his indisposition or inability to suggest methods of adapting legislation to the expressed wish and manifest needs of the people. Concerning these matters of legislation and policy which entered into the political discussion of the last campaign and resulted in a revolution in the political composition of the congress, Mr. Harrison has no suggestion to make except that the people have, in his opinion, been too dull to understand such matters, and that it is not worth while for the present congress to heed the popular discontent. He therefore urges the passage of the Force bill and expresses the opinion that no attempt should be made to repair the mistakes or undo the wrongs of the tariff legislation.

His attitude is one of obstinate, untenable self-congratulation. He regards as good all that his own party and administration have done, and calmly declines to recognize the existence of a different opinion in other minds. Thus he makes specific reference to the partisan packing of the senate by the admission of Idaho and Wyoming as states, calling that flagrant wrong an event "full of interest and congratulation," quite as if there had been general national rejoicing over an act which even partisanship has not ventured to justify.

He urges the early passage of a reapportionment bill, but has not a word to say as to the necessity of inquiring into the authenticity of the figures on which the reapportionment is to be based.

He pets his administration on the back for its strict adherence to the Civil-Service law in dealing with the classified list, but makes no reference to the "clean sweep" made among the postmasters and other officials, or to the abuses practised in the pension bureau and the relations between its chief and the pension attorney, Lemon.

In brief, the message is a thoroughly partisan but otherwise colorless document, whose author writes it not because he has anything to say or suggest, but because, in the course of his routine duty, he is required to send a message to congress at this time. It makes no effort to grapple with the problems of the time or to direct legislative policy in harmony with the needs and aspirations of the people. It is not a state paper, but a perfunctory and by no means candid review of the department reports, conceived in the spirit of a Bourbon and expressed in the tone of a Pharisee.

WHAT IS IT?

"Dad" Bell has purchased an undivided one-half interest in the *West Side* of Independence. Some time ago A. B. Seal remarked to us that "Dad" had been out of luck ever since he refused to pay for Harry James' lodging at Newport. We now know it to be a fact, "Dad" is a democrat from way back, Pentland is a pensive republican, and together they will keep the "guy in the middle" or attempt to do it. Pentand is going for the tax question and a drink all the time while "dad" talks democracy and lures sinners from their downward path into the back office and there attempts to gather in fifty of their bright sesterces for a whole year's subscription to the new anamoly, the *West Side*.

The revolts of the farmers' and laborers' unions against plutocratic legislation are distinctly revolts against republican policy, and are to deep rooted and strong to be downed by party discipline or Force bill measures. They plainly imply that the republican party must go through a transforming change of front or be wrecked to furnish the material for a new organization.

How to Succeed.

This is the great problem in life which few satisfactorily solve. Some fail because of poor health, others want of luck, but the majority from deficiency of grit—want of nerve. They are nervous, irresolute, changeable, easily get the blues and "take the spirits down to keep the spirits up" thus wasting time, money, opportunity and nerve force. There is nothing like the Restorative Nervine discovered by the great specialist, Dr. Miles to cure all nervous diseases, as headache, the blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, fits, and hysteria. Trial bottle and fine book of testimonials free at Rogers Bros.

THE TREES OF PALESTINE

SUBLIME LANGUAGE OF THE SCRIPTURES ON THE CEDARS.

Dr. Talmage Describes the Scenes on Mount Lebanon and Deduces Moral Lessons Therefrom—The Prophets Loved to Gaze Upon the Mighty Forests.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 14.—Today Dr. Talmage preached the twelfth sermon of his series on Palestine and the adjoining countries. After delivering it in the morning in the Academy of Music in this city, he preached it again in the evening in New York, at the service held under the auspices of The Christian Herald. Before commencing his sermon Dr. Talmage stated that in spite of all the efforts that were being put forth to hasten the completion of his new Tabernacle, the work was on so magnificent a scale and the necessity for care in its construction so imperative that, judging by present indications, it would not be ready for dedication before Easter. He was happy to say, however, that the hospitality of The Christian Herald, through which these Sunday evening services in New York had been held, would be continued, and the publisher of that journal had already secured an extension of the lease of the Academy of Music. He would therefore be able to hold services there every Sunday evening until the new Tabernacle was finished. Owing to the inclemency of the weather he would discontinue the custom of giving an address out of doors after the regular exercises to the crowd of people who had been unable to gain admission to the Academy; but the publisher of The Christian Herald was endeavoring to obtain the use of a church or public building in the neighborhood in which an overflow service could be held. Dr. Talmage then announced as his text Psalm civ, 16, "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted," and preached the following sermon:

In our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is 4 four o'clock in the morning at Damascus, Syria, and we are among the lanterns of the hostelry waiting for the stage to start. A Mohammedan in high life is putting his three wives on board within an apartment by themselves, and our party occupy the main apartment of one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in which mortals were ever jammed and half strangulated. But we must not let the discomforts annul or disparage the opportunities. We are rolling out and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow, which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down.

CLIMBING UP LEBANON.

We are ascending heights around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany ever recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed a leafy scepter—the Lebanon cedar; a tree eulogized in my text as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, and no human hand had anything to do with its planting: "The trees of Lebanon which he hath planted."

The average height of this mountain is seven thousand feet, but in one place it lifts its head to an altitude of ten thousand. No higher than six thousand feet can vegetation exist, but below that line at the right season are vineyards and orchards and olive groves and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color and fill the air with aromatics that Hosea, the prophet, and Solomon, the king, celebrated as "the smell of Lebanon." At a height of six thousand feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those vast forests from which Solomon cut his timber for the temple of Jerusalem, and where at one time there were one hundred thousand axmen hewing out the beams from which great cities were constructed. But this nation of trees has by human iconoclasm been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct, but I have no doubt that some of these were here when Hiram, king of Tyre, ordered the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon which the Lord planted. From the multitude of uses to which it may be put and the employment of it in the Scriptures, the cedar is the divine favorite. When the plains to be seen from the window of this stage in which we ride today are parched under summer heats, and not a grass blade survives the fervidity, this tree stands in luxuriance, defying the summer sun. And when the storms of winter terrify the earth and hurl the rocks in avalanche down this mountain side, this tree grapples the hurricane of snow in triumph and leaves the spent fury at its feet. From sixty to eighty feet high are they, the horizontal branches of great sweep, with their burden of leaves needle shaped, the top of the tree pyramidal, a throne of foliage on which might and splendor and glory sit. But so continuously has the extermination of trees gone on that for the most part the mountains of Lebanon are bare of foliage, while, I am sorry to say, the earth in all lands is being likewise denuded.

BE SPARING OF GOD'S TREES.

The ax is slaying the forests all round the earth. To stop the slaughter God opened the coal mines of England and Scotland and America and the world, practically saying by that, "Here is fuel; as far as possible let my trees alone." And by opening for the human race the great quarries of granite and showing the human family how to make brick, God is practically saying, "Here is building material; let my trees alone." We had better stop the axes among the Adirondacks. We had better stop the axes in all our forests, as it would have been better for Syria if the axes had long ago been stopped among the mountains of Lebanon. To punish us for our reckless assault on the forests we have the disordered seasons, and now the droughts because the uplifted arms of the trees do not pray for rain, their presence according to all scientists disposing the descent of the showers, and then we have the cyclones and the hurricanes multiplied in number and velocity because there is nothing to prevent their awful sweep.

Plant the trees in your parks that the weary may rest under them. Plant them along your streets, that up through the branches passers by may see the God who first made the trees and then made man to look at them. Plant them along the brooks, that under them the children may play. Plant them in your gardens, that as in Eden the Lord may walk there in the cool of the day. Plant them in cemeteries, their shade like a mourner's veil, and their leaves sounding like the rustle of the wings of the departed. Let Arbor Day, or the day for the planting of trees, recognized by the legislatures of many of the states, be observed by all our people, and the next one hundred years do as much in planting these leafy glories of God as the last one hundred years have accomplished in their destruction. When, not long before his death, I saw on the banks of the Hudson in his glazed cap, riding on horseback, George P. Morris, the great song writer of America, I found him grandly emotional, and I could understand how he wrote "Woodman, spare that tree!" the verses of which many of us have felt like quoting in belligerent spirit, when under the stroke of some one without sense or reason we saw a beautiful tree prostrated:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

As we rode along on these the mountains of Lebanon, we bethink how its cedars spread their branches and breathe their aroma and cast their shadows all through the Bible. Solomon discoursed about them in his botanical works, when he spoke of trees "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The Psalmist says, "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," and in one of his magnificent doxologies calls on the cedars to praise the Lord. And Solomon says the countenance of Christ is excellent as the cedars, and Isaiah declares, "The day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon." And Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Amos and Zephaniah and Zechariah weave its foliage into their sublimest utterances.

As we ride over Lebanon today there is a howling wind sweeping past and a dash of rain, all the better enabling us to appreciate that description of a tempest which no doubt was suggested by what David had seen with his own eyes among these heights, for as a soldier he carried his wars clear up to Damascus, and such a poet as he, I warrant, spent many a day on Lebanon. And perhaps while he was seated on this very rock against which our carriage jolts, he writes that wonderful description of a thunder storm: "The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire."

As the lion is the monarch of the fields and behemoth the monarch of the waters, the cedar is the monarch of the trees. And I think one reason why it is so glorified all up and down the Bible is because we need more of its characteristics in our religious life. We have too much of the willow, and are easily bent this way or that; too much of the aspen, and we tremble under every zephyr of assault; too much of the bramble tree, and our sharp points sting and wound; but not enough of the cedar, wide branched and heaven aspiring and tempest grappling. But the reason these cedars stand so well is that they are deep rooted. They run their anchors down into the caverns of the mountain and fasten to the very foundations of the earth, and twist around and clinch themselves on the other side of the deepest layer of rock they can reach. And that is the difference between Christians who stand and Christians who fall. It is the difference between a superficial character and one that has clutched its roots deep down around and under the Rock of Ages.

THE ROCK ROOTED CHRISTIAN.

One of the Lebanon cedars was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be thirty-five hundred years old and still standing, and there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such a stanchness of Christian character that all time and all eternity instead of being its demolition shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food, and then seems for a long while to lie thoroughly insensible, so there are men who will on Sunday get such a religious surfeit that the rest of the week they seem thoroughly dead to all religious emotion. They weep in church under a charity sermon, but if on Monday a subject of want presents itself at the door the beggar's safety will depend entirely on quick limbs and an unobstructed stairway. It takes all the grace they can get to keep them from committing assault and battery on those intruders who come with pale faces and stories of distress and subscription papers. The reason that God planted these cedars in the Bible was to suggest to us that we ought, in our religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad branched as the cedar. A traveler measured the spread of the boughs of one of these trees and found it one hundred and eleven feet from branch tip to branch tip, and I have seen cedars of Christian character that through their prayers and charities put out one branch to the uttermost parts of America, and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide branched Christians will keep on multiplying until all the earth is overshadowed with mercy.

But mark you, these cedars of Lebanon could not grow if planted in mild climates and in soft air and in carefully watered gardens. They must have the gymnasium of the midnight hurricane to develop their arms. They must play the athlete with a thousand winters before their feet are rightly planted and their foreheads rightly lifted and their arms rightly muscled. And if there be any other way for developing strong Christian character except by storms of trouble, I never heard of it. Call the roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets, call the roll of the apostles and see which of them had an easy time of it. Which of these cedars grew in the warm valley? Not one of them. Honeysuckles thrive best on the south side of the house, but cedars in a Syrian whirlwind.

RESISTANCE TO EVIL BRINGS STRENGTH.

Men and women who hear this or read this, instead of your grumbling because you have it hard, thank God that you are in just the best school for making heroes and heroines. It is true both for this world and the next. Rock that baby in a cradle cushioned and canopied; graduate him from that into a costly high chair and give him a gold spoon; send him to school wrapped in furs enough for an arctic explorer; send him through a college where he will not have to study in order to get a diploma because his father is rich; start him in a profession where he begins with an office, the floor covered with Axminster, and a library of books in Russian morocco, and an armed chair upholstered like a throne, and an embroidered ottoman upon which to put his twelve dollar gaiters, and then lay upon his table the best ivory cigarholder you can import from Brussels and have standing outside his door a prancing span that won the prize at the horse fair, and leave him estate enough to make him independent of all struggle, and what will become of him? If he do not die early of inanition or dissipation he will live a useless life, and die an unlamented death, and go into a fool's eternity.

But what has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian usefulness? "John, get up and milk the cows; it's late; it's half past 5 in the morning. Split an armful of wood on your way out so that we can build the fires for breakfast. Put your bare feet on the cold oilcloth, and break the ice in your pitcher before you can wash. Yes; it has been snowing and drifting again last night, and we will have to break the roads." The boy's educational advantages, a long oak plank without any back to it, in country school house, and stove throwing out more smoke than heat. Pressing on from one hardship to another. After a while a position on salary or wages small enough to keep life, but keep it at its lowest ebb. Starting in occupation or business with prosperous men trying to fight you back at every step. But after a good while fairly on your feet and your opportunities widening, and then by some sudden turn you are triumphant. You are master of the situation and defiant of all earth and hell.

THE SCHOOL FOR HEROES.

A Lebanon cedar! John Milton on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy must sell his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for $72 in three payments. And William Shakespeare on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages must hold horses at the door of the London theatre for a sixpence, and Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality, and John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool, and Canova, the sculptor, must toil on through orphanage modeling a lion in butter before he could cut his statues in marble. And the great Stephenson must watch cows in the field for a few pennies and then become a stoker, and afterward mend clocks before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments and medals from kings. Abel Stevens is picked up a neglected child of the street, and rises through his consecrated genius to be one of the most illustrious clergymen and historians of the century. And Bishop Janes of the same church in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America, and up to a usefulness where, in the bishopric, he was second to no one who ever adorned it.

While in banishment Xenophon wrote his "Anabasis" and Thucydides his "History of the Peloponnesian War," and Victor Hugo must be exiled for many years to the island of Guernsey before he can come to that height in the affections of his countrymen that crowds Champs Elysees and the adjoining boulevards with one million mourners as his hearse rolls down to the

Continued on third page.

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San Fran.	9:00 p m	Portland	9.35 am

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LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	8:00 a m	Roseburg	5:40 p m
Roseburg	6:20 a m	Portland	4:00 p m

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LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
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Albany	5: a m	Portland	9: a m

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McMinn'	10:10 a m	Corvallis	12:10 p m
Corvallis	12:55 p m	McMinn'	2:56 p m
McMinn'	2:56 p m	Portland	5:30 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:40 p m	McMinn	7.25 p m
McMinn'	5:45 a m	Portland	8:20 a m

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For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on the Company's agent at McMinnville.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & P. Agt

Administratrix' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Kittie Davis has been appointed by the County Court of the County of Yamhill State of Oregon, Administratrix of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased.

Therefore all persons have claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at McMinnville Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 20th day of November, A. D., 1890.

KITTIE DAVIS,
Administratrix of Said Estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for Estate.

Administratoris Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Jasper N. Cobb, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me at the office of James McCain, in McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1890.

WM. M. COBB,
Administrator.

Citation.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Yamhill.

In the matter of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased.

To Tilla Walker, George H. Walker, and James W. W. Walker, greeting:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Yamhill at the court room thereof, at McMinnville, in the County of Yamhill, on Tuesday, the sixth day of January, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the following described real estate be not sold as prayed for in the petition of John H. Walker, Administrator of said estate, to-wit:

Beginning at the south east corner of the north half of the south east quarter of section fifteen (15) in t, 3 s., r. 5 w., of the Willamette Meridian in Yamhill County, state of Oregon, running thence north one hundred and twenty (120) rods; thence west eigaty (80) rods; thence north forty (40) rods; thence west sixty-four (64) rods; thence south forty (40) rods; thence west sixteen (16) rods; thence south one hundred and twenty (120) rods; thence east one hundred and sixty (160) rods to the place of beginning in Yamhill County Oregon.

This Citation to be published in the TELEPHONE-REGISTER by order of Hon. Wm Galloway, Judge of said court, Made at McMinnville, Oregon, December 2, 1890.

Witness the Hon. Wm. Galloway, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Yamhill, and the seal of said Court hereto affixed this 2d day of December, A. D., 1890.

[SEAL]

Attest; J. W. HOBBS, Clerk.
F. W. Fenton, Atty for Estate.

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TRADE MARK.
DO NOT GRIPE, SICKEN OR CONSTIPATE.
SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, and all troubles arising from Indigestion or Constipation.
Improves the Complexion by Purifying the Blood.
The dose can be nicely adjusted to suit the case, as one pill can never be too large a dose. Easy to take as so much sugar. 42 pills put up in a strong vial which can be carried in vest pocket. A Great Convenience to Travelers and Business Men. None Genuine without "Crescent" Trade Mark. Sold Everywhere, 25c. a bottle. Sample Dose and Dream Book for 2c. in stamps.
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PURIFIES the BLOOD, REGULATES the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORES the DEBILITATED to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH at Twice.
THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad

T. E. Hogg, Receiver.

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OREGON DEVELOPMEN 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	12:20 pm	Leave Yaquina	7 am
" Corvallis	1:03 pm	" Corvallis	10:35 am
Arr'v Yaquina	4:35 pm	Arriv Albany	11:13 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
December 10th,	December 5th,
December 19th.	December 15th.
December 28th.	December 24th,

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