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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, January 22, 1891.

Big Jim and Little Joe have changed places recently it seems.

E. L. Eastham, state senator, died at Oregon City, Sunday morning.

Senator Mitchell has been returned to his seat in the United States senate.

There will be no election to fill the place of Mr. Eastham the deceased senator from Clackamas county until the election one year from June.

The dispatches state that Governor Hill, of New York, will accept the New York senatorship. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

The Indian question is settled, for a time at least. The hostiles are now at their agencies, being fed and clothed once more by the United States.

The republican party in its present control of the United States is corrupt and—not in the ownership—believes in making every poor man the property of some rascally monopolist or combine of monopolists.

The Yamhill legislators have not received very much attention at the hands of the presiding officers in their appointments on committees. Gates is chairman of the military committee and a member of the fisheries committee. Manning and Lampson in the house, fared about as well, Manning being on the military and commercial committee, while Lampson is chairman of the committee on alcoholic trafic.

A joint resolution was introduced by a representation at Salem last Thursday, providing for an amendment to the constitution increasing the pay of members from $3 to $7 per day and to increase the mileage from 10 to 15 cents. We are inclined to think $5 per day would be sufficient salary; and in view of the fact that munificent corporations provided members free transportation, the matter of milage is not at all essential.

Senator Mitchell voted with the democrats in the coinage bill, Dolph voting against it. With few exceptions all the old time senators, that is, senators who have been in the senate for years, voted against the bill, while new senators, men fresh from the people, voted for it. This teaches that the old timers should be retired. A person should not hold office until he thinks that he, not the people, is to be satisfied in legislation.

That was a mean trick of the county clerk if report is true. He procured free railroad transportation to Salem and return for himself and Sheriff Warren, but leaving the other county officers who wanted to go to Salem, out in the cold. However, Chas. Talmage and Wm. Galloway *hired* a buggy and hied themselves to the capital. When a politician can command a railroad pass there is no other man in the county quite as great as he.

Senator Weatherford, of Linn county, has introduced a bill to exempt homesteads from attachment and execution sales. The homestead may consist of a farm of twenty to 160 acres, or one lot and house in any city or town, not exceeding the value of $1000. It provides for the sale of the property if of greater value, but the sum of $1000 is to be left to the debtor for the support and maintenance of his family. A person to enjoy the benefits of this act must be the head of a family. This is a very good and sensible proposition and would be of immense value to this state. Intending immigrants are very careful to enquire into the laws relating to assessment, taxation and exemptions from executions. Oregon needs such a law.

DRAWING FOR TERMS.

It wounds a tender conscience to see the senate lottering off its curule chairs as it did for the Idaho senators.

The constitution says that the members of this body "shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes," but there is nothing in this or any other clause to indicate that the instrumentality is to be a game of chance.

Why should the senate make for itself a parliamentary fish pond and require its members to angle therein for terms? The secretary puts prize winners and blanks in a box, and the first senator who reaches the edge of the pool drops in his hook and catches, as fortune favors him, a one session tadpole or a six-year trout. If this is proper to be done why not employ the equally uncertain but much more diverting method of seven-up.

Government by grab-bag cannot commend itself it any form to either the moralist or the patriot. The lords sit by the accident of birth; why should senators hold by the fortuitousness of straws?

A senatorial term has a pecuniary value, particularly as respects the metallic tier of states, and the spirit of our civilization is that it is wrong to hazard money or any representative thereof on the cast of a die. Our best divines agree that it is not lawful to save even the heathen so as by raffle, and these things being so why should the senate cleave unto its lottery even if it has been handed down since 1789.—*N. Y. World.*

THE HARVESTER TRUST.

It is learned that the first official act of the American Harvester company of Illinois, a consolidation of eighteen harvester companies of the United States, with headquarters in Chicago, will discharge about 10,000 employees, whose services are rendered unnecessary by the consolidation of eighteen seperate and distinct companies into one monopoly. Ten million dollars per annum is expected to be saved in wages through this consolidation. This is made possible by the fact that under the consolidated management the output of harvest machinery will be limited to the great plants whose brands are standard all over the world, and that most small plants will be shut down. The Minneapolis company, it is said, has already shut down and discharged its force, and after January 1st many others will follow suit. The new monopoly, which controls the output of the harvesting machinery of the United States, has a capital of $35,000,000. It is incorported under the laws of Illinois, the incorporators being Cyrus McCormick, William Deering, W. A. Wood, Geo. Bushnell and A. L. Conger. Cyrus McCormick is president of the company, W. A. Wood is vice-president and A. L. Conger is general manager.

The tremendous physical endurance possessed by Indian women is shown in the arrival at Pine Ridge agency, a few days ago, of the wife of a Brule, who, grievously wounded, had walked 150 miles in nine days through the snow and biting winds of Dakota. These wretched squaws are always the burden-bearers of the tribe, are the direst sufferers when calamity overtakes their people. Sharing all privations of war, caring for the children according to the promptings of motherhood, in the bitterest straits, hungry, cold and miserable to a degree that would incite the sympathy of civilized humanity for an animal, these Indian women represent a type of rude heroism that commands pity, if not admiration. That they share the hatred of their race toward the paleface, and vie with the men of their tribe in cruelty, treachery and vindictiveness is true. It would be a wonder were it otherwise, since the wrongs of both, real and fancied, have been identical, and the hardships of the resultant conditions have fallen upon the women with double force. The hatred of the southern women for the Union soldiers during the war and their devotion to the "Lost Cause" even now is an illustration in civilized life of the strong feeling of resentment that women cherish toward a supposed enemy to their homes and environments. The strong and the victorious in this persistent, deadly strife of the white man against the Indian race can afford to pity the weak who strike blindly but with bitter venom against a conquering foe.—*Oregonian.*

The projectors and proprietors of the Nicaragua canal scheme are asking the government to furnish financial aid or backing for the scheme. That the completion of the canal will be one of the grandest events of the nineteenth century, commercially and as an engineering feat, goes without saying. It is a private enterprise; so were the great transcontinental roads and the corporations are still greatly in debt to the government. If the government can extend financial aid and upon the completion of the canal have it returned all right and good. But if the government is to open its coffers into the hands of a posse of preferred citizens, we say no. Let the government build the canal or else help the scheme along in a manner whereby the treasury of the people will not be harmed. Corrupt methods enter so much now in the republican manner of doing business that the people of the country care to see very little of the past in the future. This is one reason of the recent upheaval.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Howorth and Co.

WHAT THE EDITORS SAY.

Jay Gould has a controlling interest in three of the main railroad systems of the country. Why is it if one man can manage so many roads this great government cannot manage them all? Can't the nation succeed in keeping soul and body together at a business by which a single individual has made over $20,000,000?—*Valley Record.*

The election of Joe Simon to the presidency of the senate means that Portland interests will dominate in this convention of the legislature as they have in the past. It means that the "cow county" and "sturgeon" representatives will be kept so busy watching Portland and preventing big steals that they will be unable to accomplish anything for their constituents. Simon has not the confidence of the people, as his every action is fragrant with political jobbery and subversion of public trusts to personal uses.—*Columbian.*

That is the practical question republican senators who are asked to again make Mr. Joseph Simon president of the senate should answer. To make Mr. Simon president of a republican senate in Oregon is not only to arraign against the party all the organized agricultural, anti-monopoly and labor votes, but it is to endorse his standing within the party. Mr. Simon is to-day a man without a party, and a politician without a following at the polls, except for the purpose of knifing the republican ticket whenever it is not made up to suit his ends.—*Salem Journal.*

The election of Joe Simon to the presidency of the senate is a disappointment and surprise to many, who were dissatisfied with his course in the past, especially as chairman of the republican state central committee and who hoped to see someone else wield the gavel in the upper house of the legislature. A couple of over sanguine statesmen from interior counties allowed their names to be presented and a strong fight made for one of them, Mr. Tongue, but when the time came Simon pulled the string, the Multnomah delegation fell into line for the manipulator and was followed by others, all of which shows that the saying: "As goes Multnomah, so goes the state" is still to be relied upon.—*Astorian.*

Mr. Simon, though, was made president of the senate, beating his opponent "all hollow." Mr. Simon is not "a politician without a following." That is something he always has with him. Mr. Simon is one of the most successful politicians in the state. He is flexible, keen, shrewd, far-seeing and quiet. He observes, but his thoughts are his own. He knows what success means, and he adopts the tactics in vogue among the "brilliant republican leaders" of to-day to secure it. His sole power lies in one word, and that word is selfishness; and that is the sum and substance of politics in this day and generation. Joe Simon discovered the secret of politics years ago, while the sap-head leaders of his party were waving the "bloody shirt" and yelling about their patriotism to their country, he sat by and read in their faces and in their acts that their true object was to delude the people and fill their own pockets. He quietly went to work. He did little yelling, the results show that he managed. The republican party of the state of Oregon he carries in the palm of his hand. The republican party is the party of corporations in a certain sense, and Joe Simon is the man who knows the combination of their purse strings.—*East Oregonian.*

The McKinley bill is having its effect upon the necessities of life as will be seen by the following letter which has been received by nearly all our business men. It is from a large packing house in Omaha and the lard packed is used by nearly everyone. Not only this firm but all others engaged in the production and packing of lard in tin packages have increased the cost of the article. All goods packed in tin have been correspondingly raised in price. The letter reads as follows:

Gentlemen:

Owing to the increased duty on tin plate, it will be necessary for us to advance the relative cost of lard in tin packages.

While the new tariff on tin plate does not take effect until July, 1891, the English manufacturers have already materially raised the price of tin plate to dealers in this country, which necessitate making the advance for lard in tins over the tierce price as follows:

50-lb tins	1-4c.
20-lb "	3-8c.
10-lb "	3-4c.
5-lb "	7-8c.
3-lb "	1 ct.

The above to take effect Dec. 1.

The relative cost of wood packages will remain unchanged.

George Bancroft the illustrious scholar and historian of the United States, died at his home in Washington last Saturday. His demise has been expected for several months past, and when the announcement came it occasioned no surprise. For more than fifty years the name of Bancroft has been familiar to the people of the United States as an author and publicist, but his reputation will rest upon the solid monument that he has raised in the composition of his incomparable history of the United States. This great work will forever hold rank with the best of English classics, occupying in style a place mid way between the luminous conciseness of Gibbon and the wearisome diffuseness of Macaulay.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE CHOOSES THE MAGIC WORD "COME" FOR A TEXT.

It Is Found Six Hundred and Seventy-Eight Times in the Bible—It Is One of the Most Wonderful Words in the Language.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 18.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning to an overflowing congregation in the Academy of Music, this city. At night, when The Christian Herald service was held in the New York Academy of Music, fully six thousand persons were massed in the large building. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and at its close many persons in various parts of the house rose at the invitation of the preacher to ask for prayers for their salvation. Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon: "Come" (Gen. vi, 18); "Come" (Rev. xxii, 17).

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the postdiluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empty ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

A WORD OF WORDS.

Today I weigh anchor and haul in the planks, and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the further shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

"COMES" SOMETIMES WAR.

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come."

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said, "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is. 'Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you.'" And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

LET US HARNESS THIS WORD FOR GOOD.

Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them, yes, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from which it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive work that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccough? No. It was: "Come with me to church today and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring; "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you today. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are, and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God, I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Get in, get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in the world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects.

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle, or saw, or ax, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shoelast, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency no one need be left in the lurch.

A SUBLIME FAITH.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and, though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive today, and in good health, and buoyant in this life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences, and say "Come!"

THE WORLD'S DISMAL CONDOLENCES.

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peeping through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round; for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'Come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy, and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life saving stations all along the coast, and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the lifeline or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

YOU NEED BUT BELIEVE TWO THINGS.

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No, no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things!" Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages.

I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the gospel and did not get it. Man alive! are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No, no! As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of these gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come,' and let him that heareth say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come."

The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned, and rightly lifted, and skilfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

THE WAR WAS OVER.

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife.

One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The czar says, peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So today, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our king declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting peace!

Force of Sea Waves.

Awful rollers lash themselves into foam on the exposed west coast of Ireland, and in some measured by the Earl of Dunraven the silvery spray rose one hundred and fifty feet. Two life saving boats pulled out to sea from Dingle bay to test their qualities in November, 1864, when waves were breaking over the headlands and surmounting a cliff more than one hundred feet high. One remained under the lee of the land; the other, steered by Mr. Kearney, pulled into the seething waters. A tremendous wave swept in from seaward, extending right across the bay, and increasing its height as it reached the shallow water where the boat was. The coxswain headed his boat to meet the wave, the men steadily strained at the oars, and she flew into the roaring cataract, whose overhanging crest was twenty-five feet above her. Down came the mass of water upon their devoted heads, washing out two of the crew.

Crushing the boat bodily under water the wave bore her astern at an awful speed. Each of her crew was bowed down on to the thwart before him. One was stunned, but the others were conscious, their eyes wide open, but in total darkness. They could not determine whether they were still attached to the boat, but felt as though whirled through a railway tunnel. The boat emerged with each man sitting in his place, and the first object which met their view was a buoy close alongside, which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the place where the wave had overwhelmed them. She had retained the vertical position during her submersion.—Chambers' Journal.

A Kingly Question.

A domestic belonging to the court of Frederick the Great one day thought to please that monarch by appearing before him in an elaborate flesh colored coat. Perceiving by the great Frederick's manner that he had made a mistake he hastily withdrew and reappeared with a more fitting garment. The king, apparently not noticing the change, at length turned to him and said, "Tell me, my friend, who was that coxcomb that appeared at San Souci just now in a flesh colored coat?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

The great German naturalist Stern published in the Revue Politique et Litteraire a very curious and interesting article on speaking fishes. Some varieties, he affirms, can whistle, bark and grunt; while others do very well as songsters, considering the fact that they are scaled instead of being feathered.

A Collection of Well Known Saws.

A boiled egg never hatches. Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave. Lawyers', preachers' and tomtits' eggs—there are more of them hatched than come to perfection. A dead fish can go down stream, but it takes a live one to go up. One Nestor is worth two Ajaxes. Nothing but money is sweeter than honey. Some are weatherwise, some are otherwise. Whatever may be the music of the spheres, how great soever the harmony of the stars, 't is certain there is no harmony among the star gazers. When it's fair be sure and take your great coat with you. If your head is wax don't walk in the sun.

Love your neighbor, yet don't pull down your hedge. Many foxes grow gray, but few grow good. Men and melons are hard to know. Pride gets into the coach and shame mounts behind. The fur that warmed a monarch warmed a hare. None speaks better than the ant, and she says nothing. The muses love the morning. The muses starve in a cook's shop. Though all men cannot live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun. Time and patience turn the mulberry leaf to satin.—C. E. Ridler in Boston Transcript.

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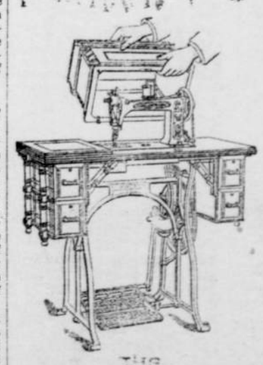

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