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**HARDING & HEATH, Publishers.**

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

Thursday, June 4, 1891.


Ex-President Hayes is not in good health, and within the last few years has grown old perceptibly. His hair and beard are almost white.

When the French Chamber desired to reduce the price of bread to the people it naturally abated the tariff on wheat and flour, just as our congress, forced to give some relief to the people, repealed the duty on sugar. These object-lessons will not be lost upon the voters.

An exchange whose editor has had it gives vent to his feelings as follows: "Oh! the grippe, the terrible grippe; none from its influence is able to skip. It runs from the nose, it closes the eyes, and to every part of the body it flies. Our head is stopped up and our brain is befogged, our back all in pain and our breast water-logged. We sneeze and we cough and cannot get rest. The devil himself would die with the pest."

King Carlos of Portugal, whose abdication is considered one of the possibilities of the near future, is the third sovereign of the line of Braganza-Coburg. Since his kinsman, Dom Pedro, was unceremoniously hustled out of Brazil, he has entertained a belief that his tenure of the crown is by no means secure. In fact he lacks the energy and tact which made his father, Don Luis, so popular. He is credited with entertaining the conviction that a republic is likely to be established in Portugal during his life time.

The news that the Vesuvius has had a successful trial of her dynamite gun will be gratifying to the well-wishers of the new navy. There has been no doubt of the fact that the guns of the Vesuvius are among the most dangerous weapons in the world—the only uncertainty has been whether they were not more dangerous to the men that fired them than to any body else: If they can be proved to be perfectly safe to handle and perfectly trustworthy, European powers will think a long time before trusting their ironclads within range of them.

It is highly discreditable to the legislature of Pennsylvania that it is trying to avoid passing a bill for ballot reform. Such a law has been adopted by more than half the states in the Union. The press and the people of Pennsylvania are very largely in favor of the bill, but the legislature shows plainly the dominion of political "bossism," which has been scotched but killed in that state. The party tricksters seem not to have profited by the lesson of last fall, which wiped their majority out of sight, and are oblivious to the fact that the old methods of carrying elections have been practically repudiated.—Minanapolis *News*.

Thus far the effect of the increased duty on tin-plates has been to greatly benefit the foreign plate makers. The new rate does not take effect until July 1, and the result is that the consumers of the article are bringing in all they can buy under the old tariff. Both the importations and the prices have gone up. For the eight months ending March 1 the importations amounted to 523,744,757 pounds, as against 457,189,140 imported during the corresponding eight months of the year before, while the price per pound is about one-third of a cent higher for the last period than in the first. Meanwhile the iron-makers say that they will require from six to twelve months' time to build the new mills necessary for the manufacture of tin-plates. They have already had nearly eight months, and, although they have plenty of exhibition stock on hand for McKinleys dinners and newspaper windows, they are unable to supply small bona-fide orders. The tin-plate humbug is big, and it is illustrative.

### PREPARING FOR WAR.

It has not been satisfactorily explained what Russia wants with so much gold. There is no such difficulty in conjecturing what she wants with 3,000,000 rifles.

Being interviewed on this point the other day, Herr Bleichroeder, the great German banker, said that Russia could not go to war for three years, because she had adopted a new rifle which it would take three years to have it in the hands of her troops. The announcement of the contract made with a French rifle factory would seem to indicate the correctness of Herr Bleichroeder's information.

On a peace footing Russia maintains an army of 800,000 men. This is intended to be the nucleus in time of war of an army of 2,500,000 men, which it is estimated could be swelled, in case of necessity, by the addition of 2,000,000 more from the territorial reserve and 1,200,000 from the national militia. These latter would, of course, only be called in a supreme crisis. But taking alone what is called the active army—a body of 1,140,000 men—and Russia has one of the most formidable military organizations in Europe which can be called into use as the caprice of one man may dictate.

It is a favorite resort of despotism to seek in foreign war a relief from internal discontent. That was the actuating impulse to Napoleon III.'s resolution in 1870, and may, when he feels as ready as Napoleon did, drive Alexander III. to begin a war which will convulse Europe. Were there no other conditions to favor it, such a struggle would be made certain by the hot competition in armaments and the certainty of peace becoming as costly as war. The tension will by and by grow unendurable, and two or three great nations will fly at each other's throats merely to have the trial of strength over and done with.

Russia has less to fear from loss of territory as the issue of an unsuccessful campaign and more to gain from a victorious one than any others of the great powers. She probably needs her gold to pay off old debts and put her in a position to construct new ones on advantageous terms, and she needs her new rifle to be on nearly equal terms with her well-equipped neighbor.—New York *World*.

### MICHIGAN DEMOCRATS WIN.

After a great deal of plotting and counter-plotting on the part of the republicans and democrats to secure Independent patrons against and for democratic measures in the Michigan senate, the democrats held the whip hand. They passed the Minor bill providing for the election of presidential electors by congressional districts and the two men at large by the east and west districts of the state. Senators Bostone and Benson, Independent Patrons, went over to the democrats, and made 18 votes for the Minor bill. Only 17 were required.

The Patrons having the balance of power in the senate have prepared a congressional reapportionment bill dividing the 12 districts about equally between the democrats and the republicans. This bill was passed by the senate after the Minor bill had passed. The Minor bill will make the Michigan electors stand seven democrats and seven republicans, whereas heretofore the state electors have been solidly republican.

It seems difficult to make the public men of this country understand that the people do not wish them to appoint their sons, daughters and wives to positions under them. This government is not a family affair; more than 60,000,000 people are interested in the honest and official administration of its affairs, and sooner or later the masses will demand the enactment of a law forbidding two members of one family holding appointive federal offices. There is some such law, or rule, in existence regarding the departments at Washington, but it is a dead letter, and there are hundreds of cases in the departments where as many as three or four members of one family, in some instances, father, mother and sons or daughters, are hanging on the government teat. The same is true of the army and navy, the officers of which have come to regard appointments for their sons to West Point or Annapolis as one of their personal perquisites. These things are resulting in building up an official class that is as obnoxious to the average citizen as a titled nobility would be. Here is an opportunity for some daring member of the Fifty-second congress to endear himself to the people and make a lasting reputation by standing up and demanding the absolute demolition of this class and family structure. Who will embrace it?

All the Indians are not in need of tearful sympathy. The Chippewas, for instance, are approaching opulence. Their wealth is largely represented by the value of rich lands bordering the small lakes in Minnesota, which they sold to the government. This year the government has paid them $200,000 and next year they will receive $90,000 in advance interest alone. The Coeur d'Alene Indians are also pretty well to do. They will this year receive from the government payments aggregating $500,000. There are about one thousand five hundred Osage Indians who have a little bill against the government for $8,147,215, upon which they receive annual interests to the amount of $407,386.

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

### REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

**"I Will Say to the North, Give Up, and to the South, Keep Not Back"—Isaiah xliii, 6, the Text—A Notable Discourse.**

BROOKLYN, May 31.—Yesterday having been observed as Decoration Day, Dr. Talmage this morning preached an appropriate sermon. It was a novel and unprecedented service, as in different parts of the audience were many of those who had belonged to both Federal and Confederate armies, the subject having been previously announced, namely, "Two Garlands for Northern and Southern Graves." Over the pulpit were two wreaths of beautiful flowers, and they were linked together, so that they were an object lesson for the subject presented. Text: Isaiah xliii, 6—"I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back."

Just what my text meant by the north and south I cannot say, but in the United States the two words are so point blank in their meaning that no one can doubt. They mean more than east and west, for although between those last two there have been rivalries and disturbing ambitions and infelicities and silver bills and World's fair controversies, there have been between them no batteries unlimbered, no intrenchments dug, no long lines of sepulchral mounds thrown up. It has never been Massachusetts Fourteenth regiment against Wisconsin zouaves; it has never been Virginia artillery against Mississippi rifles.

East and west are distinct words, and sometimes may mean diversity of interest, but there is no blood on them. They can be pronounced without any intonation of wailing and death groan. But the north and the south are words that have been surcharged with tragedies. They are words which suggest that for forty years the clouds had been gathering for a four years' tempest, which thirty years ago burst in a fury that shook this planet as it has never been shaken since it swung out at the first world building. I thank God that the words have lost some of the intensity which they possessed three decades ago; that a vast multitude of northern people have moved south, and a vast multitude of southern people have moved north, and there have been intermarriages by the ten thousand, and northern colonels have married the daughters of southern captains, and Texas rangers have united for life with the daughters of New York abolitionists, and their children are half northern and half southern and altogether patriotic.

But north and south are words that need to be brought into still closer harmonization. I thought that now, when we are half way between presidential elections, and sectional animosities are at the lowest ebb; and now, just after a presidential journey, when our chief magistrate, who was chiefly elected by the north, has been cordially received at the south; and now, just after two Memorial Days, one of them a month ago, strewing flowers on southern graves, and the other yesterday, strewing flowers on northern graves, it might be appropriate and useful for me to preach a sermon which would twist two garlands, one for the northern dead and the other for the southern dead, and have the two interlocked in a chain of flowers that shall bind forever the two sections into one; and who knows but that this may be the day when the prophecy of the text made in regard to the ancients may be fulfilled in regard to this country, and the north give up its prejudices and the south keep not back its confidence? "I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back."

GARLANDS ON LIVING BROWS.

But before I put these garlands on the graves I mean to put them this morning a little while on the brows of the living men and women of the north and south who lost husbands and sons and brothers during the civil strife. There is nothing more soothing to a wound than a cool bandage, and these two garlands are cool from the night dew. What a morning that was on the banks of the Hudson and the Savannah when the son was to start for the war! What fatherly and motherly counsel! What tears! What heartbreaks! What charges to write home often! What little keepsakes put away in the knapsack, or the bundle that was to be exchanged for the knapsack! The crowd around the depot or the steamboat landing shouted, but father and mother and sister cried.

And how lonely the house seemed after they went home, and what an awfully vacant chair there was at the Christmas and Thanksgiving table! And after the battle, what waiting for news! What suspense till the long lists of the killed and wounded were made out! All along the Penobscot, and the Connecticut, and the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio, and the Oregon, and the James, and the Albemarle, and the Alabama, and the Mississippi, and the Sacramento there were lamentation and mourning and great woe, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not. The world has forgotten it, but father and mother have not forgotten it. They may be now in the eighties or the nineties, but it is a fresh wound, and will always remain a fresh wound.

Coming down the steep of years the hands that would have steadied those tottering steps have been twenty-eight years folded into the last sleep. The childishness, the widowhood, the orphanage, who has a measuring line long enough to tell the height of it, the depth of it, the infinity of it? What a mountain, what an Alps, what a Himalaya of piled up agony of bereavement in the simple statement that three hundred thousand men of the north were slain and five hundred thousand men of the south were slain, and hundreds of thousands long afterward, through the exhaustions there suffered, going down to death!

UNPROTECTED CHILDREN.

I detain from the top of the tomb these two garlands that I am twisting for a little while that I may with them soothe the brow of the living. Over the fallen the people said: "Poor fellow! What a pity that he should have been struck down!" We did not, however, often enough say: "Poor father! Poor mother! Poor wife! Poor child!" and so I say it now. Have you realized that by that wholesale massacre hundreds of thousands of young people at the north and the south have never had any chance? We who are fathers stand between our children and the world. We fight their battles, we plan for their welfare, we achieve their livelihood, we give them the advice of our superior years. Among the richest blessings of my life I thank God that my father lived to fight my battles until I was old enough to fight for myself.

Have you realized the fact that our civil war pitched out upon the farmfields of the north and the plantations of the south a multitude that no man can number, children without fatherly help and protection? Under all the advantages which we had of fatherly guidance, what a struggle life has been to the most of us! But what of the children, two and five and ten years of age, who stood at their mother's lap with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the Battle of the Wilderness, their fathers gone down among the dead host? Come, young men and women, who by such disaster have had to make your own way in life, and I will put the garland on your young and unwrinkled brow. Yes; you have had your own Malvern Hill, and your own South Mountain, and your own Gettysburg all along these twenty years. Come! And, if I cannot spare a whole garland for your brow, I will twist in your locks at least two flowers, one crimson and one white, the crimson for the struggle of your life, which has almost amounted to carnage, and the white for the victory you have gained.

FOR LIVING SOLDIERS.

Before I put the two garlands I am twisting upon the northern and southern tombs, I detain the garlands a little while that I may put them upon the brow of the living soldiers and sailors of the north and south, who, though at variance for a long while, are now at peace and in hearty loyalty to the United States government, and ready, if need be, to march shoulder to shoulder against any foreign foe. The twenty-six winters that have passed since the war, I think, have sufficiently cooled the hatreds that once burned northward and southward to allow the remark that they who fought in that conflict were honest on both sides. The chaplains on both armies were honest in their prayers. The faces that went into battle, whether they marched toward the Gulf of Mexico or marched toward the north star, were honest faces.

It is too much to ask either side to believe that those who came out from their homes, forsaking father and mother and wife and child, many of them never to return, were not in earnest when they put their life into awful exigency. Witness the last scene at family prayers up among the Green mountains or down by the fields of cotton and sugar cane. Men do not sacrifice their all for fun. Men do not eat moldy bread or go without bread at all for fun. Men do not sleep unsheltered in equinoctial storms for fun. There were some, no doubt, on both sides who enlisted for soldiers' pay, or expecting opportunity for violence and pillage, or burning with revenge and thirst for human blood, but such cases were so rare many of you who were in the war four years never confronted such an instance of depravity.

As chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment, and as a representative of the United States Christian commission, I was for a while at the front, and in those hospitals at Hagerstown and Williamsburg and up and down the Potomac, where all the churches and farmhouses were filled with wounded and dying Federals and Confederates, I forgot amid the horrors to ask on which side they fought, when with what little aid I could take them for their suffering bodies, and the mightier aid I could pray for their souls, I passed the days and months amid scenes that in my memory seem like a ghastly dream rather than a possible reality.

When a New Orleans boy, unable to answer my question as to where he was hurt, took out from the folds of the only garment that had not been torn off him in the battle a New Testament, marked with his own life blood, and I saw the leaf turned down at the passage, "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you," it read just as though it had been a northern New Testament. And when I sat down and took from a South Carolinian dying in a barn at Boonesville his last message to his wife and mother and child, it sounded just like a message that a northern man dying far from home would send to his wife and mother and child.

And when I picked up from the battle field of Antietam the fragment of a letter which I have somewhere yet, for the name and the address were torn off, I saw it was the words of a wife to her husband telling him how the little child prayed for their father every night that he might not get hurt in the battle and might come home sound and come home well, but that if anything happened to them they might all meet again in the world where there are no partings, it read just as a northern wife would write to a husband away from home and in peril conveying the messages of little children. Oh, yes; they were honest on both sides. And those who lived to get home and are living yet were just as honest, and ought they not for the suffering they endured have a coronal of some kind?

COURAGE ON BOTH SIDES.

Yea, there was courage on both sides. They who were at the front know that. When the war opened the south called the northern men "mudsills," and the north called the southern men "braggarts" and "pompous nothings," but after a few battles nothing more was said about northern "mudsills" and southern "braggarts." It was an army of lions against an army of lions. It was a flock of eagles mid-sky with iron beak against another flock of eagles iron beaked. It was thunderbolt against thunderbolt. It was archangel of wrath against archangel of wrath. It was Hancock against Longstreet. It was Kilpatrick against Wade Hampton. It was Slocum against Hill. It was O. O. Howard against Hood. It was Sherman against Stonewall Jackson. It was Grant against Lee, and the men who were under them were just as gallant, and some of them are here, and I detain the two garlands that I have twisted for the departed, and in recognition of honesty and prowess put the coronals upon these living Federals and Confederates.

North and south, we will make a great fuss about them when they are dead. There will not be room on their tombstones to tell how much we appreciate them. We shall call out the military and explode three volleys over their graves, making all the cemetery ring under our command of "Fire!" We will have long obituaries in newspapers telling in what battles they fought, what sacrifices they endured, what flags they captured, in what prisons they suffered, but all that will come too late. One word in the living ear of praise for their honesty and courage will be worth to them more than a military funeral two miles long, or a pile of flowers half a mile high, and ten bands of music playing over the grave "Star Spangled Banner" or "'Way Down South in Dixie."

Now, while they are in their declining years, and their right knee refuses to work because of the rheumatism they got sleeping on the wet ground on the banks of the Chickamauga, or their digestive organs are off on furlough because of the six months of prison life in which their rations were big slices of nothing, and their ears have never been alert since the cannonade in which they heard so much they have been able to hear but little since—in these cases I call upon the people of north and south to substitute a little ante-mortem praise for the good deal of post-mortem eulogium. These two garlands that I twisted for northern and southern graves shall not be put upon the grass of the tomb until they have first encircled the foreheads of the living. I will let the front of the wreath come down over the scar of a scalp wound made by the sward of a cavalryman at Atlanta, and droop a little over the eye that lost its luster in the mine explosion at Petersburg. Huzza for the living! Calla lilies and camellias and amaranths and palm branches for the living!

THE DEAD KNOW.

But we must not detain the two garlands any longer from the pillows of those who for a quarter of a century have been prostrate in dreamless slumber, never oppressed by summer heats or chilled by winter's cold. Both garlands are fragrant. Both have in them the sunshine and the shower of this springtime. The colors of both were mixed by him who mixed the blue of the sky, and the gold of the sunset, and the green of the grass, and the whiteness of the snow crystal. And I do not care which you put over the northern grave and which over the southern grave. Does any one say, "What is the use? None of them will know it. Your Decoration Days both sides Mason and Dixon's line are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed.

Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps, but the soul lives and is unhindered. No two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great Decoration Days of north and south are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and ransomed, and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common sense declares it. The departed do know, and the bannered procession that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves, and the bannered procession that marched a month ago to southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air—processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted—and they heard the anthems of the churches, and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers.

These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blest! Hail martyred ones come down from the King's palaces! How glad are we that you have come back again! Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of reminiscence, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and the lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

A UNIQUE SERVICE.

Among the thousands of gatherings at the north and at the south for Decoration Days I am conscious that this service is unique, and that it is the only one in which there has been twisted two garlands, one for the grave of the northern dead and the other for the grave of the southern dead. O Lord God of the American Union, is it time that we bury forever our old grudges? My! My! Can we not be at peace on earth when this moment in heaven dwell, in perfect love, Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee, William T. Sherman and Stonewall Jackson, and tens of thousands of northern and southern men who, though they once looked askance at each other from the opposite banks of the Potomac and the Chickahominy and the James and the Tennessee, now are on the same side of the river, keeping jubilee with some of those old angels who near nineteen centuries ago came down one Christmas night to chant over Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men!"

I have been waiting for some years for some one else to twist the two garlands that I today twist, but, no one doing it, in the love of God and my country I put now my hand to the work, and next spring about this time, if I am living and well, I will twist two more garlands for northern and southern graves, and every springtime until some man or woman whom I may have cheered a little in the struggle of this life shall come out and put a pansy or two on my own grave. But if the time should ever come when this land shall be given over to sectional rancor and demagogism, and north and south, or east and west shall forget what the good God built this nation for, and it shall halt on its high career of righteousness and liberty and peace, and become the agent of tyranny and wrong and oppression, then let some young man whom I have baptized in infancy at these altars go out to Greenwood and scoop up my dust and scatter it to the four winds of heaven, for I do not want to sleep, and I will not sleep in a land accursed with sectionalism or oppression.

And now I hand over the two garlands, both of which are wet with many tears—tears of widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, tears of suffering and tears of gratitude; and as the ceremony must be performed in symbol, there not being enough flowers to cover all the graves, take the one garland to the tomb of some northern soldier who may yesterday have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of flowers, and the other garland to the tomb of some southern soldier who may a month ago have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of the flowers, and put both the wreaths gently down over the hearts that have ceased to beat. God bless the two garlands! God save the United States of America!

### Rank Among the Natchez.

The Natchez were divided into nobles and common people, which last, with an arrogance not peculiar to savages alone, were designated "stinkards."

The nobles themselves were divided into Suns, nobles and men of rank. The Suns, according to tradition, were descended from a man and woman who came down from the sun to teach them how to live and govern themselves. They enjoyed immunity from punishment by death, and their nobility was transmitted only through the female line. Although the children, both male and female, bore the name of Suns, the males enjoyed this honor in their own persons alone.

Their male children were only nobles, the next generation were men of rank, and the third lowered them to plain stinkards, although distinguished actions might retard the deterioration of the blood. But the case was very different with the female posterity. They enjoyed through all generations the privileges of their rank. Laudoniere speaks of a queen "who was much reverenced by her subjects when he visited Florida.

The nobility never intermarried. As we have already noticed, one of their laws prohibited their being put to death for any reason whatsoever. Another law decreed that when a Sun died his or her conjugal partner should be put to death at the time of burial. To fulfill these two laws they only married stinkards.—H. A. Giddings in Popular Science Monthly.

### Rich Vestments for Nuptial Masses.

Not long ago a nuptial mass set of vestments were prepared especially for Archbishop Corrigan when he celebrates a wedding mass. It was made of white satin, and around the outer edge is worked a vine of forget-me-nots in colors that blend. Around the cross in the back of the chasuble is also worked gold sprays of marguerites in vine shape. In the center of each spray is inserted a pearl. The cross is richly ornamented in pearls and pink sea shell embroidery.

Sacristan McLaughlin told me that there are scores of visitors to the cathedral from all parts of the country who desire a view of the vestments. Many prominent society women who are interested in embroidery constantly petition to study the needlework on the vestments. Of course these petitions are granted only to a very limited extent, and very few people are permitted, except before the altar, when the vestments are being worn, to view them.—New York Herald.

### Notice of Final Settlement.

In the county court of the county of Yamhill, state of Oregon

In the matter of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Kittie Davis, as the administratrix of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased, has filed her final account of her administration of said estate in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has set the 7th day of July, A. D. 1891, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the county court room at McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said final account

Therefore all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said account be not allowed, said estate finally settled and said administratrix discharged and her bonds exonerated.

Dated this 2nd day of June A. D. 1891.

KITTIE DAVIS,
Administratrix of said estate.
F. W. Fenton Att'y for estate. j 4-22


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