

The Yamhill County Reporter.

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THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

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TONGUES OF FIRE.
Dr. Talmage preaches on the Holy Ghost.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Academy of Music March 24th on the subject, "Tongues of Fire," the text selected being, Acts ix., 2: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" Dr. Talmage said:

The word ghost, which means a soul, or spirit, has been degraded in common parlance. We talk of ghosts as baleful and frightful, and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But my text speaks of a Ghost who is omnipotent, and divine, and everywhere present; and ninety-one times in the new testament called the Holy Ghost. The only time I ever heard this text preached from was in the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Scotch minister came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation, he said: "If you get into the corner of a Saturday night without enough sermons for Sunday, send for me, and I will come and preach for you."

My aged Scotch friend responded to my first call, and came and preached from the text that I now announce. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Sunday he was called to his heavenly reward. I remember just how he appeared as, leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience, and with pathos, and electric force, asked them in the words of my text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The office of this present discourse is to open a door, to unveil a Personage, to introduce a Force, not sufficiently recognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the bible introduces him: Genesis 1, 2: "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another appearance of the Holy Ghost was at Jerusalem, during a great feast. Strangers speaking seventeen different languages were present from many parts of the world. But in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone, or hurricane. It made the trees bend, and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is that?" And then a forked flame of fire tipped each forehead; and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fire, a panic took place, until Peter explained that it was neither cyclone nor conflagration, but the brilliance, and anointing, and the baptismal power of the Holy Ghost. That scene was partially repeated in a forest when the Rev. John Easton was preaching. There was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but it was a clear sky; yet the sound of the wind was so great that horses frightened, broke loose from their fastenings, and the whole assembly felt that the sound was supernatural and pentecostal. Oh, what an infinite, and almighty, and glorious personage is the Holy Ghost. He brooded this planet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world, he will brood it to the second time into life. Perilous attempt would be a comparison between the three persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which attaches itself to the third person of the trinity, the Holy Ghost, that does not attach itself to either God the father or God the son. We may grieve God the father and grieve God the son, and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the streets you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity, you never hear the words, Holy Ghost as biblical interpreter, as a human reconstructor, as a solace for the broken hearted, as a preacher's re-inforcement.

The bible is a mass of contradictions, and affirmations of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The bible says of itself, that the scripture is not for "private interpretation," but "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" that is, not private interpretation. Pile on your study table all the commentaries of the bible—Matthew Henry, and Scott, and Adam Clark, and Albert Barries, and Bush, and Alexander; and all the archaeologies, and all the bible dictionaries, and all the maps of Palestine, and all the international series of Sunday-school lessons; and if that is all, you will not understand the deeper and grander meanings of the bible so well as that Christian mountaineer, who, Sunday morning, after having shaken down the fodder for the cattle, comes into his cabin, takes up his well-worn bible, and with a prayer that stirs the heavens, asks for the Holy Ghost to unfold the book. No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the scriptures, can explain the scriptures. Fully realize that, and you will be as enthusiastic a lover of the old book as my venerable friend who told me

in Philadelphia last week that he was reading the bible through the fifty-ninth time, and it became more attractive and thrilling every time he went through it.

Next consider the Holy Ghost as a human reconstructor. We must be made over again. Christ and Nicodemus talked about it. Theologians call it regeneration. I do not care what you call it, but we have to be reconstructed by the Holy Ghost. We become new creatures, hating what we once loved, and loving what we once hated. If sin were a luxury, it must be a detestation. If we preferred bad associations, we must prefer good associations. In most cases it is such a complete change that the world notices the difference, and begins to ask, "What has come over that man? Whom has he been with? What has affected him? What has ransacked his entire nature? What has turned him square about?" Take two pictures of Paul, one on the road to Damascus to kill the disciples of Christ; the other on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. Come nearer home, and look at the man who found his chief delight in a low class of club-rooms, hiccoughing around a card table, and then stumbling down the front steps after midnight, and staggering homeward; and that same man, one week afterward, with his family on the way to a prayer meeting. What has done it? It must be something tremendous. It must be God. It must be the Holy Ghost.

Notice the Holy Ghost as the solace of broken hearts. Christ calls him the comforter. Nothing does the world so much want as comfort. The most of people have been abused, misrepresented, cheated, lied about, swindled, bereft. What is needed is balsam for the wounds, lantern for dark roads, rescue from maligning pursuers, a lift from the marble slab of tombstones. Life to most has been a semi-failure. They have not got what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends betray. Change of business stands loses old custom, and does not bring enough custom to make up for the loss. Health becomes precarious when one most needs strong muscles, and steady nerve, and clear brain. Out of this audience of thousands and thousands, if I should ask all those who have been unhurt in the struggle of life to stand up, or all standing to hold up their right hand, not one would move. Oh, how much we need the Holy Ghost as comforter. He recites the sweet gospel promises to the hardly bested. He assures of mercy mingled with the severities. He consoles with thoughts of coming release. He tells of a heaven where tear is never wept, and burden is never carried, and injustice is never suffered.

The Holy Ghost comfort, I think, generally comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourself saying to yourself, "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my mother's death. She had suffered enough. She had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am glad that father and mother are together in heaven, and they will be waiting to greet us, and it will only be a little while, anyhow, and God makes no mistakes; or you soliloquize, saying, it is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked hard enough for it. But God will take care of us, and as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that those who have to struggle for themselves generally turn out best, and it will all be well if this upsetting of our worldly resources leads us to lay up treasures in heaven." Or you soliloquize, saying, "It was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and oh, how we miss him out of the house, and there are so many things I come across that make one think of him, and he was such a splendid fellow; but then what an escape he has made from the temptations and sorrows which come to all who grow up, and it is a grand thing to have him safe from all possible harm, and there are those bible promises for those who have lost children, and we shall feel a drawing heavenward that we could not have otherwise experienced." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears. I do not say to you, as some say to you, do not cry. To God's people tears are the dew of the night dashed with sunrise. I am so glad you can weep. But you think these things you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no. They are the comforter, who is the Holy Ghost.

On the Sabbath of the dedication

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Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

of one of our churches in Brooklyn, at the morning service, 328 souls stood up to profess Christ. They were the converts in the Brooklyn academy of music, where we had been worshipping. The reception of so many members, and many of them baptized by immersion, had made it an arduous service, which continued from 10:30 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon. From that service we went home exhausted; because there is nothing so exhausting as deep emotion. A messenger was sent out to obtain a preacher for that night, but the search was unsuccessful, as all the ministers were engaged at some other place. With no preparation at all for the evening service, except the looking in Crusen's concordance for a text, and feeling almost too weary to stand up, I began the service, saying audibly while the opening song was being sung, although because of the singing no one but God heard it: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest my insufficiency for this service. Come down in gracious power upon this people." The place was shaken with the divine presence. As far as we could find out, over 400 persons were converted that night. Hear it, all young men entering the ministry; hear it, all christian workers; it is the Holy Ghost.

From the place where I stand on this platform there are invisible wires or lines of influence stretching to every heart in all the seats on the main floor, and up into the boxes and galleries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into the vast beyond, and across continents, and under the sea, for in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching this gospel through the printing press. So as a telegraph operator sits or stands at a given point, and sends messages in all directions, and you hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errand, God help me now to touch the right key and send the right message along the right wires to the right places! Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to all the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here goes the Christly message, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and I will give you rest." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message, "Leave the fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message, "Leave the fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message, "Leave the fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me."

Albert Senn is getting out about 60,000 feet of logs near Weston, for parties in Portland. He is assisted by Wm. Mays and others.

W. T. Pillman has rented his residence property to John Bradley, who, with his family, will occupy the place. Mr. Pillman with his family will move to Seattle next month, where he owns property.

A great many potatoes have been sold in this market the past week. B. Gabriel is the main purchaser. The prices paid have ranged from 35 to 40 cents. The latter price is only paid for extra fine potatoes.

On Monday last an election was held in Dayton to vote on issuing bonds to build a \$4000 frame school house. The vote was: Bonds, yes, 61; bonds, no, 19. The judges of the election were S. R. Baxter, J. T. Watson and Henry Bertram. The bonds are to be sold May 15, 1895, and are to be paid within twenty years; payable any time after ten years.

J. P. Elston west of this city, has in his garden an herb, brought from the east some time ago and which is a sure cure for felons. Mr. Elston kindly offers the herb free to any one needing it.

Last Saturday evening little June, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Patty, living southeast of this city, fell and broke her leg just above the

Talmage, at about eighteen years of age, that Sunday night in the lovely village of Blawenburgh, New Jersey, when I could not sleep because the questions of eternal destiny seized hold of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most expressive of my own feeling:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, foils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen, Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby, the only one we have, was taken sick with cough. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread, we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Rogers Bros.

FROM THE COUNTY PRESS.
Sheridan Sun

Mr. Winters of Bellevue had a son of Kirk Conner arrested last Saturday for running his wagon down into a swale one night last week. Young Conner was assisted in his lark by two other Bellevue boys who skipped the vicinity to avoid arrest. Judge Daugherty imposed a fine of \$5 for the offense. The boys evidently perpetrated the trick for fun, but fun of that sort sometimes comes high.

Mr. Merchant of North Yamhill bought 37 head of three and four-year-old stall feed steers from Jim Savage, Ira Yocom and Buford Stone last Monday. Yocom had eight head of steers that weighed collectively 10,550 pounds. Buford Stone sold a steer 2 years old that weighed 1250 pounds—pretty good weight for a two-year-old.

Newberg Graphic.

President Newlin is contemplating taking a course in Chicago University during the summer vacation.

A road grader that cost the county \$300 would last longer if it was sheltered during the winter. A farmer who leaves his implements out to weather the storms is considered to be a shiftless fellow.

At the present time the fruit trees of all varieties give promise of one of the largest fruit crops Oregon has ever had. Unless something comes later to injure the crop, it will simply be piled up this year and prune trees will require a good thinning out of the fruit in order to get good sized fruit.

N. C. Maris returned from Heppner, Morrow county, last Saturday, where he arranged for putting his boys out on bunch grass, and incidentally doing something in the way of cattle raising. He rented a stock ranch near Heppner, containing 1040 acres, for a term of two years. As soon as he can arrange his business here he will depart for his new location.

A. P. Oliver has about completed the deal for territory, comprising the states of Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, for the right to manufacture under a new patent, fruit boxes and baskets of various kinds. If everything goes well Mr. Oliver, with others, intend to establish a factory here to be started in a moderate way, with a view of increasing the capacity as business improves. Samples of the work which Mr. Oliver had here on exhibition some time ago looked like the goods would sell readily. A number of small manufacturing enterprises of this character would greatly benefit Newberg and we shall be glad to see this one established.

Dr. H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years' experience, writes: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Rogers Bros."

Like our own President Grant, President Faure of France, was at one time connected with the tanning interest. Unlike Grant, however, Faure was a regular apprentice and learned the tanner's trade, of which he is still proud. Grant was educated at West Point, though Faure had but little schooling of any kind in his earlier years. President Faure's father was a journeyman carpenter and chair maker.

It is alleged that Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the celebrated Boston clergyman has become interested with Mr. W. E. Smythe, editor of the *Irrigation Age*, and others in founding a colony of 20-acre farmers in the Payette valley in southwest-ern Idaho.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Rogers Bros.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

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"I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator and can conscientiously say it is the King of all liver medicines. I consider it a medicine chest in itself.—GEO. W. JACKSON, Tacoma, Washington.

42-EVERY PACKAGE—has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.

She had before undergone much suffering from a disease of the same member and only recovered to have a defective limb, and now to suffer another serious and painful hurt. June is an exceptionally bright child and her meek disposition and winning ways have endeared her to all her relatives and friends, who are truly distressed to hear of her sad misfortune. All join however, in a wish for her speedy and permanent recovery.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Rogers Bros.

Prof. H. T. French, in Bulletin No. 35, of the Oregon experiment station, says that after five years of trial of corn at that station, during which time it has not failed to yield a profitable crop, he is fully prepared to recommend the crop as one which the farmers can well afford to test.

It must not be expected that the Willamette valley will ever become a special corn country like Iowa, Kansas and Missouri, but aside from the use of corn as a forage crop, the experiment station has been able to grow several varieties which produce as hard, well matured corn as ever grew in the great corn states. This can only be done, however, with the earliest varieties, such as the King Philip, a flint variety, and the Minnesota King and Early Mastodon, both of which are yellow dent varieties. As a variety for making silage, the Pride of the North has proved the most satisfactory of thirty varieties tested.

W. T. Sanford, station agent of Leeper, Clarion Co., Pa., writes: "I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure. Rogers Bros."

Many levelheaded men will agree with the following from Mr. George T. Angell, president of the American Humane Education Society: "I hold that every city and town should be prepared at all times to furnish temporary work at low wages to those who are not able to obtain better work elsewhere, because men must live, and it is better they should live by earning than by begging or stealing. Say nothing of the humanitarian aspects of the case, it is cheaper to provide even unprofitable labor than to build and sustain prisons and almshouses."

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