

THE WILLAMETTE, SALEM, OREGON.

Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per Day.

The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all respects. Its tables are served with the choicest of fruits.

A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. S. HAWK, M. D. HUNTS, SEAWAY, HUNTS, SEAWAY, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

C. H. HUNNETT, Attorney at Law, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

S. T. RICHARDSON, Attorney at Law, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at Law, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

B. F. BONHAM, W. H. HOLMES, Attorneys, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

W. H. HAGGARTY, Attorney at Law, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

T. J. McNEILL, Attorney at Law, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

B. H. BRADSHAW, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

W. H. YOUNG, M. D. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

F. P. PHILLIPS, M. D. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

DR. MINTA S. A. DAVIS. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

DR. E. C. SMITH, Dentist. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

W. D. PUGH, Architect. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

E. J. MOGANTI, Architect. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

C. A. ROBERT, Architect. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. O. & M. MILLER, Proprietors of the YACQUINA ROUTE, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

S. P. S. & A. L. L. L. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

A. B. SMITH & CO., Contractors, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith. Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

P. J. LARSEN & CO., Slaughter and Butcher, Office on 1st Street, Portland, Oregon.

\$500 Reward

FOR THE CURE OF GOLDEN BALSAM

Leitch's Golden Balsam No. 1. It is the best medicine for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, dandruff, itching, etc. It is also good for rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Leitch's Golden Balsam No. 2. It is the best medicine for all kinds of eye diseases, such as inflammation, redness, itching, etc. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Leitch's Golden Balsam No. 3. It is the best medicine for all kinds of throat and lung diseases, such as cough, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Leitch's Golden Balsam No. 4. It is the best medicine for all kinds of stomach and bowel diseases, such as indigestion, constipation, etc. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

THE RICHARDS DRUG CO. Agents
609 & 611 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

THE YACQUINA ROUTE, OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development Company's steamship line. 25 miles shorter, 30 hours less time, more comfortable, and freight rates from Portland and all points in the Willamette Valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE (EXCEPT SUNDAYS)	
Leave Albany	8:30 A. M.
Arrive Yaquina	1:00 P. M.
Leave Yaquina	2:30 P. M.
Arrive Albany	7:00 P. M.
Leave Albany	8:30 P. M.
Arrive Yaquina	1:00 A. M.

THE YACQUINA ROUTE, OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development Company's steamship line. 25 miles shorter, 30 hours less time, more comfortable, and freight rates from Portland and all points in the Willamette Valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE (EXCEPT SUNDAYS)

Leave Albany 8:30 A. M. Arrive Yaquina 1:00 P. M.

Leave Yaquina 2:30 P. M. Arrive Albany 7:00 P. M.

Leave Albany 8:30 P. M. Arrive Yaquina 1:00 A. M.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N. J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, N. J. A Safe

Jersey, M. E. Conference, April 25, '90. Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'r, Woodbury, N. J.

HEART DISEASE!

GR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE.

It cures all forms of heart disease, including rheumatism, dropsy, and other ailments. Price \$2.50 per bottle.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS

Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach, and bowels. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

The Last Drop

Is as good as the first. No dregs. All pure and wholesome. The most popular drink of the day.

Hires' Root Beer.

A perfect thirst quencher.

COLEMAN'S

MARKET, STOCKS AND EXCHANGE

San Francisco, Cal.

MOTIVE POWER

HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES

More power, less fuel, and no smoke. Price \$1.00 per engine.

COLUMBIA POULTRY YARDS

J. M. BRENTS, Manager.

Lock Box 1210, Seattle, Wash.

Readers of Thoroughbred Poultry of following varieties:

A. C. White Leghorns, S. C. Brown Leghorns, White Plymouth Rocks, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Blue Game, Black Langshans, Light Brahma's, Buff Cochins, Partridge Cochins, Bantams, etc.

COLUMBIA POULTRY YARDS

J. M. BRENTS, Manager.

Lock Box 1210, Seattle, Wash.

minutes at the village graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epitaph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriate the "sure passage out on the mother's tombstone." "She hath done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On over the country road we ride—the road a little rough for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. You see the trees for which they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is the now where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doornail upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which he had family prayers and where they all knelt—the father, there, the mother and the boys and girls there.

We are now at the fountain of mercy and grace, the fountain of mercy and grace. That is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Boys are seldom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents cannot control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember now that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and these mothers remember for themselves that they know more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a reason of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental undertaking. Do not waste your time in reading flimsy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place of thunder.

THE REASON THAT WE MINISTER TO

The reason that we minister to does not accomplish more is because others do not pray enough for ourselves. Every minister could tell you a thrilling story of sermons—sermons hasty and impromptu—of funerals and sickbeds and annoyances in the parish, yet those sermons harvesting many souls for God. And then of sermons prepared with great care and research and toll unintermittent, of those sermons that are not powerful or of the same sermon might be blessed on one occasion and useless on another. How well I remember a sermon I preached at a great outdoor meeting in the upper part of that state. For several days in that place prayers had been offered for the success of the service, and I had myself been unusually prayerful, and we had a beautiful blessing while I was preaching it.

That afternoon I took the train for a great outdoor meeting in Ohio. I said to myself, "This sermon was blessed today and it is fresh in my mind, and I will preach it tomorrow in Ohio." And I did preach it, but not in as prayerful a spirit, and I think no one else had been praying about it, and it turned into the same and feeble sermon, and I never delivered it. It was practically the same sermon, but on Wednesday it had on it a power that comes from the secret place of thunder, and on Thursday it had on it no such power at all.

Oh, pray for us! Poor sermons in the pulpit are the curse of God on a prayerless parish. People say: "What is the matter with the ministers in our time? So many of them seem dissatisfied with the Bible and they are trying to help Moses and Paul and Christ out of fixing up the Bible." As well let the musicians go to work to fix up Haydn's "Creation," or Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or let the painters go to fix up Raphael's "Trinity." Let the ministers go to fixing up Christopher Wren's St. Paul's. But I tell you what is the matter. There are too many unconverted ministers. Their hearts have never been changed by the grace of God.

A mere intellectual ministry is the deadliest failure this side of perdition. Also for the Gospel of heaven. From apologetics and harmonics and dogmatics, good Lord deliver us! They are trying to get from transcendental theology, or from profound exegesis, or from the art of splitting hairs instead of getting their power from the secret place of thunder. We want the power a man gets when he is alone, the door locked, on his knees, and with such a burden of souls upon him that makes him cry out, first in lamentation and then in raptures.

Let all the Sabbath school teachers and Bible class instructors and all reformers and all evangelists and all ministers know that diplomas and dictionaries and encyclopedias and treatises and libraries are not the source of moral and spiritual advancement, but that the room of prayer, where no one but God is present and no one but God hears, is the secret place of thunder. Secret? Ah, yes! So secret that comparatively few ever find it.

At Boscebel, England, we visited a house where a king was once laid. No one, unless it was pointed out to him, could find the door in the floor through which the king entered his hiding place. When there hidden the armed monarch.

ally transported. Men accustomed to pray in public in great numbers broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and sobs and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshippers looked into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this mean?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity.

There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great gathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christians men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when people will find out the velocity, the majesty, the multiplicity of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear."

We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words are the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs, wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder.

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you say that. That is exactly the place which my text refers to. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

INFLUENCE OF THE OLD HOME.

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitudes multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very gifted of tongue. They are not very unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but yet their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this?

To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tallow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, and sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, and the child is at the table, and the fire is on the hearth, and the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the industrious woman by the flickering flame on the hearth is moved up and down the wall. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horse's bin and the cattle catching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like, and after being called twice, are gathered at the table.

The blessing of God is asked on the food, and the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their children and their children's children. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out, the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it, and they feel it, and they cannot get away from it.

Two funerals after while—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in boarding schools, where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a mechanic, another a physician, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the school, and the seminaries, and the colleges. Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From accidental circumstances? No, they had nothing of that sort.

THE POWER OF GOD'S INFLUENCE.

I think we will take a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few

LOST TIME.

Newton, Ill.

From 1863 to 1885—about 22 years—I suffered with rheumatism of the hip. I was cured by the use of **ST. JACOBS OIL.** T. C. DODD.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"

A VALUABLE LESSON.

EXTRACTED FROM A TEXT APPARENTLY BARREN OF SUGGESTIONS.

Dr. Talmage Gives a Fresh Display of His Ability to Be Eloquent and Earnest in Novel Lines of Pulpit Oratory.

BROOKLYN, May 20.—Dr. Talmage gave a fresh illustration this morning of the power he possesses of extracting valuable lessons from a text which preachers have generally neglected as barren ground. His sermon was based on the text Psalms lxxxi, 7. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

It is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful as any invisible. Such walls had never been lifted. A great lantern of cloud over the Suez canal they were and beautiful and flowing like waters, but tonight, as the Egyptian look up to them built into walls, on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters.

It was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it glowed and rumbled and jared with thunder; not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refreshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom.

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was an answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to enslave their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shouting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. This is the meaning of the text when God says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

A POWER AND A MYSTERY.

Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full display of heavenly power. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solemnized on this reverberation of the heavens, and cried, "The thunder of his power, who can understand his counsel, he challenges the universe by saying, 'Canst thou thunder with a voice like him?' and he throws Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' into the shade by the Bible photograph of a warhorse, when he describes his neck as 'clothed with thunder.' Because of the power of James and John, they were called 'the sons of thunder.' The law given on the basis of charge of Mount Sinai was accompanied with this cloudy exhibition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggests there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightning, which were so to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racker which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about this skyey resonance, and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is today, when it speaks of the secret place of thunder.

RESULT OF A WOMAN'S PRAYERS.

Now right along by a natural law, there is always a spiritual law. As there is a secret place of natural thunder, there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church and the world is a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a simile. I can give you the dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation.

A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and loved him for his geniality, but displeas-

COLEMAN

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STREAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.

COLONEL J. OLMSTED,
Liberty Street