

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. S. HOBSON. O. V. ALLEN. HOBSON & ALLEN, Editors and Prop's. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon. The state teachers association will be held at Salem. Many prominent educators will be present and a good time is anticipated.

EXTENSIVE forest fires have been destroying the timber in western Montana, and if rains do not come pretty soon the lumbering interests of that section will be seriously injured.

F. A. MORRIS has been having his fence white washed. This adds very much to the appearance of his place. If others would follow this example the looks of the town might be materially improved.

The late rains insure an abundant crop of late as well as early sown grain. Late vegetables are bound to be abundant, fruit is well set and will now mature into an abundant harvest. All these things are sure to make Oregon boom. Look out for a big immigration next fall.

The Oregonian Railway has been purchased by the Southern Pacific Company for \$1,500,000. It will be consolidated with the P. & W. V. R. R., thus giving us a through line on the west side of the river. This will be of great benefit to Newberg and will give her a rapid growth in the near future.

Newberg has been divided against itself long enough. The pot of petty jealousy has boiled so hard and stewed over till the porridge is almost spoiled. Lets draw the fire at once, have a meeting of the business men of the town, smoke the pipe of peace and have a general good time and love feast.

SMITH & HOLLOWAY, Everyman of this city paid \$13 an acre for wheat standing in the field to cut for hay. Allowing \$3 per acre for putting in the wheat, and the land owner has \$10 per acre for interest on his money. This would pay 10 per cent on \$100 land, and yet some people say land is too high, but figures don't lie.

LAST Monday we had the pleasure of spending a few minutes in the town of Lincoln, Tillamook Co. Trade seemed to be brisk and everybody was on the "go." We dropped into the Headlight office and found everybody busy at that place. Like the GRAPHIC the Headlight is a young paper, but it will not fail to "get there."

We clip the following from an exchange: "A gentleman who was selected by Mr. Wannamaker for postmaster at Portmouth, N. H., celebrated his victory by going with strawberries, and then he died and is dead, and Mr. Wannamaker can make another appointment. It is painful that so truly good a Postmaster General should appoint such a dissipated person to an office."

Come off the idea of a Government official prying into the domestic affairs of a man to see whether he is fit for an office or not. This is rather thin argument.

NEXT Thursday will be the 4th of July the 113th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. A day on which the stars and stripes will be unfurled to the breeze over every town and home in the land. A day on which every loyal heart swells with loyalty and the small boy shouts his bravado at the unsuspecting passer-by. A day when every body goes to some celebration to hear a patriotic speech and feel his girl's ice cream. A day when the ration keeper puts on a clean apron and gets in a fresh stock of beer. A day when the police force has to be doubled to restrain the patriotic feeling especially in the evening. A day for the laboring man to spend all his money and go hungry for the next week. A day for shocking the nerves of the ladies and killing of invalids. In short! for the glorious fourth.

"Saint Peter sets out by thy Heavenly gates, his hands on the strings of a lute; and he sings a low song as he patiently waits for the souls of those who expire. He hears in the distance a chorus of song, that swells at the foot of the throne; and he smiles as the music is wafted along and warbles this lay of his own: There is room in this region for millions of souls; 'tis for those who have suffered the mealy rolls, but the kickers must turn to the left. There is room for the people who when they were young, persisted in rowing wild oats, but who heeded not their city snare and tongue, and the kickers must go with the goats. There is room for the people who pointed with pride to the beauty and growth of their town, who kept singing its praise till it died, but the kickers will phrease amble down. There is room for the music was all out of tune. And the angelic robes hand-madness, and they'd send off for a jeweler of the moon, to ramble the gold in his crown. So while there is room for a million of souls, who by sorrow and we were bereft, we want no complaints of the music that rolls, so the kickers will turn to the left.—Ez.

That kind of society that teaches boys and girls that it is more becoming to do nothing for a living than to earn it by honest toil, is rotten to the core and ruining our country to-day. There are many sons and daughters who are being educated to play the part of "leading lady" and "walking gentleman" in the great drama of life, who will turn up in the poor farm or penitentiary before the curtain drops in the last act of the play to which they have been educated by their over-indulgent parents.—Capital Journal.

The travel seaward for the summer has already begun. Several parties left for Clatsop on the Telephone last Sunday morning.

Accident.

Last Saturday evening Tom Ford and Lum Haworth went out after a beef, and Lum was riding pretty fast and jumped his horse up a bank when the saddle slipped back. This frightened the horse and he jumped sideways throwing Haworth to the ground. It resulted in the breaking of his collar bone and mashing his shoulder pretty badly. He is doing well now and will probably be around again in a short time.

Up the Valley.

On last Monday A. M. Hoskins and myself (I don't make any difference who myself is,) took a ride up through West Cheluleu Valley and upon the high hills on the west, where we could overlook the valley below us, spread out like a panorama, showing up the golden grain all ready to be garnered in. This interspersed with other crops of luxuriant growth making the whole a grand sight to look upon. On our way up the valley, we stopped at Alva Cooks school and made the students all glad by taking a photograph of them, including the teacher. Alva is doing a good work and is well liked by the patrons of the school. Success to Alva. Returning, we stopped at J. C. Nelson's one of the pioneers of 1844. Mr. Nelson is a whole souled energetic farmer and has everything in good shape about his farm. After slacking our thirst at his iron pump, he invited us around the house and up to the top of a long ladder that reached away up into the top of a cherry tree just bending with ripe cherries and told us to help our selves and it is not necessary to say whether we did or not, he can tell; We returned after about four hours ride, feeling that we had been well paid.

In Memoriam.

One of the saddest events that has come under our notice for some time was the death of Miss Eva Parker. She came to Newberg some three months ago comparatively a stranger, but full of zeal for the welfare of others. She began a series of meetings at once. These lasted for ten days and resulted in the conversion of 95 persons. She had a magnanimity about her that few possess and could sway an audience as she willed, from mirth to tears. We have not much of her former life but from her talk with different persons we gain the following: She was born in Ohio her father was a doctor and died in the army. Her mother was a minister in the Friends church. Her mother died about ten years ago and left her this world alone. She was at one time a student of Earlham College. She has been recognized as a minister by the friends church for about three years of which she spent in building up a church in Kansas. She was a woman of exceptionally strong mind and a force of character that demanded respect wherever she moved. She laid the foundation of her death by overwork not realizing her condition until it was too late. She virtually laid down her life for the salvation of others. Her sickness lasted for six weeks and she suffered a great deal during that time; but she bore it all with Christian patience and was often heard giving thanks for His blessings to her. On Friday June 21st as the sun was sinking to rest beyond the western horizon, as the yellow light tinted all the landscape; in the calm of the afternoon her soul took its flight and I was wafted by a convoy of Angels over the river of death. The gates were thrown wide open and she had an abundant entrance into the new Jerusalem.

The body was interred at the Friends' cemetery at this place on Sunday. Mary Edwards conducted the services which were very appropriate and impressive. The large Gynnasium Hall was filled to its utmost capacity and there was fully 500 people in the procession to the cemetery. Although she was not bound to this people by any natural ties yet she was bound to them by a higher and holy bond than that of blood; the bond of Christian fellowship. And the people of Newberg feel that they have lost in her a friend; there is a vacancy that will not soon be filled.

W. C. T. U. Resolutions.

WHEREAS: The town of Newberg has been noted in the past as a temperance town and comparatively free from drunkenness and rioting and

WHEREAS: Of late many men have been seen on the streets under the influence of liquor. And feeling that the cause of this is in our midst, and that some young men, who otherwise would refrain from such indulgence, are being influenced thrown around them which are irresistible. And feeling that the moral safety of the young men and boys of our town are at stake and even that this deadly serpent may find its way into many happy homes to poison and destroy.

Resolved, That the expression of this temperance people of the town and surrounding community is, that the past temperance reputation of the town shall again be restored, and

Resolved, That the temperance people of the town of Newberg will use every honest and legitimate means to rid themselves of any and all establishments which deal out liquor of any kind for other than honest and legitimate purposes and that they will use every means to prevent any other establishment, by whatever name it may be called, from coming into our midst for the purpose of dealing out liquor.

From the Boom Land.

Three white winged schooners of the plain arrived in Salem this morning on their way from Spokane Falls to the Willamette valley. These migratory beings say there is too much of a boom at the Falls for people of little means, hence their decision to locate in the valley of universal prosperity where there is a home and land for all and a fine living for he who has industry enough to get in and rustle. They say there will be many to follow them.—Capital Journal.

A Cincinnati father fixed the big rocking chair in the parlor to upset if a greater weight than 140 pounds rested in it. On the very first night afterward his daughter got a broken shoulder and her young man had his nose skinned.—Capital Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. IRISH. Brick Laying AND Plastering.

Residence on First St. west of P. & W. V. Ry., track. Newberg, Oregon.

In an article on the Venice of America, the Pacific Express says: "As a seaport, Astoria is destined to rank next to San Francisco. There is a water frontage of five miles where ships can anchor or lie at wharves, extending three miles. Ships often sail in without the aid of tugs, and four sailed out lately, something that cannot be done at any other place north of San Francisco. Instead of taking out a part of the cargo before a ship can go to Portland, and completing the discharge when leaving, ships should discharge and load at Astoria, the head of ship navigation. There is a good opening here for a flour mill, a furniture factory and several more saw mills.

An editor died and slowly wending his way down to where he supposed a warm reception awaited him. The Devil meeting him said: "For many years thou hast borne the blame for the mistakes the printer did make in the papers. The paper has alas! gone for \$2.00 a year, and alas! that has failed to come in. The printers have beloviled thee for wages Saturday night when thou hadst not a cent in thy pocket. Men have taken the paper without paying for it, and cursed thee for not getting out a better paper. Thou hast been called a dead beat and fraud by men that were both. All these things thou hast borne in silence. Lo, thou canst enter here." And he fled him. As he did so he murmured to himself: "Heaven is his home, besides, had I allowed him to enter he would have been continually dunning delinquent subscribers—none of whom are in heaven—and thus have created discord."—Ez.

A Reporter's Prayer.

"I would flee from the city's rule and law—from its fashions and hums cut loose—and go where the strawberry grows on its straw, and the gooseberry grows on its goose; where the catnip tree is climbed by a cat as she clutches for her prey—the quicquies and unsuspecting rat, on the rattan bush at play. I will watch at ease the saffron cow and the cowlet in their glee, as they leap with joy from bough to bough; in the top of a cowslip tree; and list while the partridge drums his drum, and the woodchuck chucks his wood, and the dog devours the dogwood plum in the primitive solitude. O, let me drink from the moss grown pump that was hewn from the pumpkin tree! Eat mush and milk from a rural stamp, from foam and fashion free—new gattin' cork mush from the meadow vine, and milk from the milkweed sweet—with luscious pine apples from the pine! Such food as the gods might eat! And then I'll tun, where the dairy-maid hastening hies, her ruddy and golden red butter to churn from the milk of her luttie-flies; and I'll rise in the morn with the earliest bird, to the fragrant farm yard pass, and watch while the farmer turns his herd of grasshoppers out to grass."

A Senatorial Investigation.

The senators who are to investigate the matter of Canadian interference with American transportation rates seem to be a free and easy lot of men. They have hired a big parlor for themselves and a lot of small rooms to live in at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and are living there in style waiting for some one to come and tell them something about the subject they are investigating. They have subpoenaed nobody, but have notified a good many interested persons that they are on hand and ready to listen. They keep a secretary to do their writing and a sergeant-at-arms to stand at the door and look important in case any body should want to enter, and whole reams of paper lie in decorous heaps on the long table in the public hearing room ready for use, but undisturbed. There is a general atmosphere about the place as if the committee found life comfortable at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and didn't care how long it had to stay. The government foots the bills.—Astoria Pioneer.

About the Size of It.

A correspondent in the Rural New Yorker has this sensible advice to give on the question of the boys leaving the farm: "I see in a local paper that my young friend B has 'accepted a position' with Y, Z & Co., a hardware firm doing business in a neighboring town. I also hear from a neighbor that D, another young friend has 'hired out' to a farmer in an adjoining township. I learn that B receives \$22 per month and boards himself, and D receives \$18 per month and board. B has 'accepted a position,' which fact is chronicled by the local paper and commented upon by his friends who regard him as a lucky fellow with a brilliant future open to him. D has merely 'hired out' which fact is not chronicled anywhere, or commented on by a dozen people, all told. No brilliant future is open to him; he is not a lucky fellow; he delves among the dirt. If he places \$100 in the bank at the end of eight months, and his wages are raised to \$20 nobody will make any fuss about it. If at the end of two years he has \$300 to his credit, he will be looked upon as a sober, steady hand. If B's salary is raised at the end of eight months to \$30 congratulations will pour upon him. If at the end of two years he retains his position and is out of debt he will be regarded as a very promising young business man and his salary may be raised to \$50, out of which he can if economical, save \$10 per month. Young man, if you want to be somebody go to town and 'accept a position.' If you want to lay up something substantial for the future, go to the country and 'hire out.'—Ez.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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