NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

E. H. WOODWARD.
EDITOR and PUBLISHER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon.

A BUILDING and Loan Association is needed in Newberg.

THANKS.

SINCE TAKING hold of the GRAPHIC we have been kindly spoken of by the county press and have had many words of encouragement and congratulation droped in our hearing by the citizens of the town. By this we are encouraged in the belief that our efforts are appreciated and we hope to be able to build the paper up equal to the expectation of our many friends. Thanks for a kind word.

FOR FOUR WEEKS.

There are anmber of people here who are sending the GRAPHIC to their friends in the east. We would like to increase the number of copies that go east and in order to do this we will for the next four weeks put the price of the paper, to those who desire to send it away to their friends, down to ONE DOLLAR. In doing this we are putting the price down to a figure that ought to satisfy any one. We hope to make the tone of the paper such that your friends will be glad to read it, and such that it will reflect credit on the town and community of your adoption. Remember this offer is for four weeks. How many will respond?

Child Burned.

A sad accident occured in Mr. Graysons family one day this week. The four months old babe was put in a chair and left near the stove while the mother was about her house work. A kettle filled with boiling meat was on the stove and as it was not the proper size for the hole in the stove it by some means tipped over spilling the boiling water on the child. Its legs from the knees down were burned so that the skin came off and one foot was burned in the same manner. The little sufferer is getting along as well as could be expected and it is thought the burn will not lame it.

AND NOW along comes a fellow with crockodile tears in his eyes and says the GRAPHIC is going to be run in the interests of the Friends church. Why of course it will be run in the interests of the Friends church, as well as every other church, organization, or, other enterprise that is calculated to promote morality and temperance in this town and community. Remove our churches and how many of the present population would stay here? Block the way for church work and church influence and this gentleman would not remain within our borders three months. Well if a church organization is a good institution to have in our town why should not the local paper lend its influence to forward the work of the church? Will the brother explain?

Fruit Pests.

Almost everyone in the community has no doubt received from time to time during the past year circulars from E. W. Allen secretary of the state board of agriculture. These circulars contain information in regard to fruit pests and recomend certain washes etc to be applied by a spraying machine. It has been suggested to us that if some one would purchase one of these machines they could do a good business going from orchard to orchard working for others. One man who has a large orchard says he would be glad to give some one a job spraying his orchard. This matter is one that calls for immediate attention if we protect our fruit the coming year and we believe the above suggestion is a good one. Lets hear from others.

ROBERT J. PORTER will be superintendent of the census which will be taken this year. Each state has been divided into districts according to size and population. New York leads with eleven districts, Pennsylvania has ten, Texas, Missouri, Ohio and Illinois has eight. Indiana and Kentucky has six. Wisconsin, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama and California has five and from this they range on down to one district. Oregon has been divided into two districts the counties east of the Cascade mountains forming one and those west of the Cascades forming the other. J. W. Strange clerk of the state Senate in 1885 has been appointed census supervisor for the eastern district and Hon. John H. Shupe an ex-senator from Oakland Douglas Co. for the western district. A letter from Mr. Shupe states that he has declined the appointment so there will be some other man to appoint for western Oregon.

A FEW people about town,—very few we are glad to say—are inclined to apologize for a certain "business" house in town. They say "yes we know those fellows we see on the streets get whiskey some where but, but— Did you ever see a molasses barrel set out in the sun? First comes the bloated old blow fly who scenting the sweetness afar off comes hoarsely wheeling around and lights on top of the barrel. Then comes the very respectable house fly, the one that can take just enough of the sweetness and then let it alone—the one that is so full of manhood you see. Finaly as the warming influences of the sun extend the sweet perfumed atmosphere and a mixed multitude of swarming flies buz around the old barrel the li tle fly on its first wings just beginning its 'teens" alights on the pave-

ment, rather scared at first but by the beckoning and persuading of the older "birds" is enticed inside, begins to partake and *sticks*. "For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered." Oh for a physician to treat a few cases of chronic weakness in the spinal column.

NEWBERG HOME PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.

The committee appointed by the representatives of different churches for drafting articles of incorporation for the stock company that is being formed for the protection of our homes against the whiskey traffic, have completed their work and the articles are signed ready to be forwarded to the Secretary of State. "Newberg Home Protection Association" is the name adopted by the committee and the persons named as incorporaters are G. W. Mitchell, Hinchman Cooper, Jesse Edwards, Frank P. Baum, Cephas Marin, N. C. Christenson, and E. H. Woodward. Very few persons have been found but that were willing to take stock in the company and almost every one remarks that we have hit upon a practical method for dealing with this evil. We have hardly ever seen a scheme or enterprise set on foot that has been so generally been accepted from the start as being the proper thing to encourage. It remains to be seen whether the parties who have been carrying on business in opposition to law and the will of the majority, will take warning and stop their nefarious business or go on and risk the penalties to be inflicted by the interposition of the strong arm of the law. Solomon says 'give instruction to a wise man and he will be yet wiser." Instruction given to a foolishman sometimes acts as an eye opener if nothing more.

THE TOWN of Whittier in southern Cal., was named for the poet J. G. Whittier. A few days ago the citizens of the town celebrated the great poets birthday in an enthusiastic manner. In answer to a letter from one of the citizens, Whittier wrote the following letter.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.
Dec. 4, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am gratified that the people of the town that bears my name still remember me on my birthday. I watch its growth with great interest. It has the reputation among all who have seen it that it occupies one of the loveliest sites in California, and that in a moral and religious and educational point of view, it need not

Fear the skeptic's puny hand
While near the school the church will stand,
Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule
While near the church shall stand the school."

I am truly thy friend
JOHN G. WHITTIER

THE FAST mail train on the Union Pacific road was wrecked at Sidney Nebraska Jan. 9th. Large quantities of mail for Oregon and Washington was destroyed by the fire which occured. Although ago, except what was carried in the hands of the passengers, was also lost. There was no loss of life and but few persons injured. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

MRS. F. A. MORRIS, County Superintendent of Press Work.

Effects of Smoking.

(Continued from last week.)

First, it will run his pulse up to one hundred or more per minute; second it will reduce his weight below the healthy standard, and third, it will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and his diminished appetite.

If this is true of boys smoking under the least injurious conditions, how much truer it is in the more frequent cases where bad and adulterated tobacco and excessive smoking combine in their attack upon the delicate tissues of the growing lad? The physiologist will tell you that the effect of stimulants in general is to check the changes in tissue, this means to check the growth. The simple fact is that young people need no stimulants of any kind unless as medicines. Tea and coffee are not good for children, and it is a mistake to give them to children. Much more are cigarettes injurious, because tobacco is a much stronger stimulant than tea or coffee. In conclusion, cigarette smoking is one of the worst habits, physically, that a boy can form. It injures the heart and the digestion, and tends to check the growth. It gives a bad false and silly notions and it does not bring him into good company. The parent's duty is a simple one. Let him point out the injuriousness of one habit; let him laugh at it, and if this is not enough as it should be for any right feeling boy, then let him forbid it with penalties, and do reasonably what is to be done. I am not one of those who think that severe measures are often necessary in the management of children that receive a careful and affectionate training. But, if in some cases nothing else will do, it is well to consider that a switch in time saves nine.—Dr. Titus Muson Coan, in Harper's Young People.

North Dakota Prohibition.

The full text of the North Dakota Prohibition law is made public. It is entitled: An act to prescribe penalties for the unlawful manufacture, sale, and keeping for sale intoxicating liquors, and to regulate the sale, barter, and giving away of such liquors for medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes.

It is an exceedingly lengthy document, containing thirty-two sections, and comes in force July 1, 1890. It imposes penalties. First offense, $200 to $1,000, and imprisonment for not less than ninety days nor more than one year; second and each succeeding offence is treated as felony, with punishment by imprisonment in the state's prison for a period not exceeding two years and not less than one year. There is a proviso permitting registered pharmacists to sell for medicinal, mechanical, scientific, and sacramental purposes. All places where intoxicants are sold are declared common nusances, and the sheriff of the county in which such places are located is empowered to abate them, and destroy the intoxicants and fixtures found therein.

UNCARING.

Only a rose, you say,
And carelessly throw me away;
Yet my petals so white
On her bosom last night
Rose and fell o'er a heart young and gay.

Only a woman, you say,
And laughingly turn away;
Yet that dead heart so true
Broke in silence for you,
Till the beauteous mold turned to clay.

Only a lifetime, you say,
With your spirits as lifesome and gay;
Yet thy laugh, now so light,
Will be tears by to-night,
For a voice that is silent for aye.
—Cora Irene Shaw in Philadelphia Ledger.

PRETTY POLLY PIPER.

"Come, Polly," said Mrs. Piper, sharply, "what are you dreaming about? Eleven o'clock and the best parlor not dusted yet, and old Gloriana calling you to help hang out the clothes, and the tomatoes waiting to be made into catsup, and the peach short cake to be baked, and you here, dawdling away your time like a fine lady!"

Polly Piper jumped quickly up, hiding her dogs'-eared paper covered novel, as she did so, under the sofa cushion.

"I wish I were a fine lady," said she, "I'd be practicing sonatas on the piano, or sketching Yellow mountain, or hemming ruffles, instead of working like a slave!"

Mrs. Piper looked keenly at her daughter.

"Polly," said she, "you know very well you needn't work unless you've a mind to."

Polly tossed her sunny head with a movement of disdain.

"I don't know how you make that out," said she.

"You can marry this rich relation of ours, if you please," insinuated her mother. "He wants a wife to keep that grand new house of his, on Haven hill."

Polly laughed.

"How do I know he'll like me?" she questioned.

"Nonsense, Polly! There's no need to tell you that. You're as pretty as a pink," said Mrs. Piper, viewing her daughter with maternal pride.

"And how do I know I shall like him?"

"Why shouldn't you like him? He can't be more than 60, and a man at 60 ought to be in his prime. And he's very handsome—at least Viola Bartlett says he used to be. And you know very well, Polly, you can make him love you, fast enough!"

Polly pursed up her cherry dot of a mouth.

"A lover of 60," cried she, "who used to be handsome when Viola Bartlett was a girl! Oh, mother!"

"A handsome house and a grand carriage of your own," artfully interposed Mrs. Piper. "And servants to do all this drudgery that comes so hard on you now, and a good home for your poor father that's crippled with rheumatism and"——

"All this is taking a good deal for granted," cried Polly, dancing across the room. "Just hear old Gloria bawling for help! I think she'll drown herself in the washtub if I don't come pretty soon. He's to be here in the noon train, isn't he? Oh, mother, you'll have to make the peach shortcake yourself, and I'll attend to the tomatoes! And, mother—I declare I never thought of it until this minute, but here's a note from the school trustees to let you know that this is your week for boarding the new schoolmaster."

Mrs. Piper gave a start of dismay.

"The new schoolmaster!" she echoed. "But, Polly, he can't come this week! We haven't but the one spare room, and your cousin from New York is to be here today; and, besides, we can't be bothered with country schoolmasters when there's so much to be done. Write and tell the trustees so at once. I dare say the man would just as soon go to Widow Topham's this week. There he is coming now. Tell him, Polly."

A score of dimples broke out around Polly Piper's bewitching little Cupid's bow of a mouth; her blue eyes sparkled fun.

"Tell him yourself, mother," she retorted. "I don't know what on earth to say."

And, thus forced into the breach, Mrs. Piper unwillingly advanced toward a tall, preternaturally slender young man who was coming hesitatingly up the garden path, with a baggy umbrella in one hand and a shabby valise in the other. He paused, and set down the shabby valise, that he might the more conveniently raise a still shabbier hat from his perspiring brow, as he saw the two women.

"He has got nice eyes, in spite of that tow colored hair of his," thought Polly. "I'm glad I'm not mother!"

"Is this Mr. Paracelsus Piper's residence?" asked the young man, diffidently.

"Yes, it is," answered the lady of the house. "But there's been a mistake. We don't want you here!"

("Poor fellow!" thought Polly. "How he colors! I'm sorry now I let mother do it. I might have softened matters a little. How tired he looks, and I'm sure that valise must weigh a quarter of a ton at least!")

"Better go to Widow Topham's, half a mile down the road, and tell the folks I passed you on, so you could take your week there first. It ain't convenient for us to entertain you here today."

And, to nip the whole matter in the bud, Mrs. Piper turned short around and made a dive into the house, resolutely closing the door behind her.

"There," said she, "it's done! I could not have him here!"

"He hasn't gone yet," said Polly, her pretty nose flattened against the fanlights of the hall door.

"What's he doing?" sharply queried her mother.

"He has sat down on his valise. Now he is wiping his forehead with a very nice white pocket handkerchief. Now he's looking back at the house. Oh, mother, don't you think"——

"Polly," said Mrs. Piper, in accents of condensed consternation, "I don't think anything at all! But if you don't go and help Gloriana with the washing, I'll go myself, and there's an end of it!"

And Polly, who knew the meaning of her mother's voice as well as a musician comprehends his gamut, obeyed at once.

Was it Polly's fault that old Gloriana had suspended the clothes lines in that velvet green meadow through which the brook gurgled like a laughing, frolicsome child?

Was it through any complicity of hers that the tall young man had selected that especial "short cut" from the Piper farmhouse to the high road?

Polly stopped and looked at him, her mouth full of clothes pins, her bonnie brown curls blown hither and yon, like a meadow of ripened wheat in a September gale.

"He has stopped to eat blackberries," thought she. "He must be very hungry. Young man, I say—young man!"

The stranger started.

"I beg your pardon!" said he. "Am I trespassing?"

"No," said Polly, "it isn't that. Any one is welcome to the wild blackberries. But—you seem hungry!"

"I'm almost famished," frankly admitted the young man. "I breakfasted at 6, and I've had nothing since."

"It's too bad!" cried sympathetic Polly. "Look here—you shall come to our house! I don't care what mother says!"

"You are Miss Piper?" he asked.

"They call me Polly," said the girl. "I declare it's semi-barbarous, this sort of thing! We've no business to act like the priest and the Levite, even if we do happen to be expecting company from the city. There's a very nice little bedroom over the kitchen, sir, if you don't mind the chimney going through it, and the outlook into the poultry yard behind, and I'll get you some dinner myself. Come!"

With the gesture of a modern Queen Boadicea bidding her serf "Follow me!" Polly left the basket of clothes to its fate and led the way back to the house, where Mrs. Piper was even then beating eggs for the peach shortcake by the kitchen table.

"Mother," said she, "I've brought the schoolmaster back. Don't be vexed; but he was so tired and hungry, poor fellow! I'll fix up the kitchen bedroom for him, and it will take only a few minutes to cook a bit of beefsteak and make a cup of coffee."

"Polly," cried the despairing matron, "I think you must be crazy!"

"Madam," said the bewildered stranger, "I do not desire to intrude, if"——

"It's all right, mother," said Polly, flying briskly around, pouring out a bowl of rich milk, into which she helped a liberal portion of the sliced peaches which had been intended for the shortcake, and urging her company to "eat that to begin with!" while she measured out some coffee and put a juicy slab of steak on the gridiron over a bed of white hot coals.

At that moment there came a fusilade of knocks at the hall portals beyond.

"It's your cousin, Polly!" cried Mrs. Piper, hastening to open the door.

It was a stout, thick set man, in blue spectacles and a pepper-and-salt suit.

"Cousin Albert?" smiled Mrs Piper, holding out both hands in ostentatious welcome.

"Ma'am?" said the stranger, vacantly.

"He must be a little deaf," thought Mrs. Piper, and she raised her voice accordingly.

"That ain't my name, ma'am," said the stout man with the blue glasses. "and I ain't hard o' hearin' neither. I'm Joseph Farks, that's billed to commence teachin' the deestrict school to-morrow morning, and the trustees"——

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper, "if you're the schoolteacher, who's this young man? I knew how it would be, Polly. He's a tramp—an impostor! Blow the horn for the farm hands; loose the dog!"

The young man—who had just disposed of the last luscious spoonful of peaches and cream—here rose to his full height.

"Up to this time," said he, "no one has asked me for my name or credentials. Everything appears to have been taken for granted; but if any one is doubtful of my identity, I shall be pleased to settle the matter. I am Albert Haven, from New York, and I presume I have the pleasure of speaking to my cousins, Miss and Mrs. Paracelsus Piper?"

"Albert Haven!" cried Mrs. Piper. "Why, Albert Haven is 60! Miss Viola Bartlett"——

"You are probably thinking of my uncle, who died last month," said the stranger. "Miss Viola Bartlett, I know, was an old sweetheart of his. And I, as his heir and representative, have decided to carry out the plans he had made for visiting his relations in this neighborhood."

"Well," cried Polly, with eyes that shone like hazel diamonds, as she poured out two cups of fragrant coffee, "if you have cheated the schoolmaster out of his welcome, Cousin Albert, you must be content to share your dinner with him; for I won't have any one else turned out of doors today, no matter what happens."

"My dear little Cousin Polly!" cried Mr. Haven, "you are the very soul of hospitality. Depend upon it, I never shall forget this bowl of peaches and cream."

The schoolmaster unpacked his clean collars and text books in the kitchen bedroom. Mr. Albert Haven helped Polly start a box of geranium slips in the garden. Out by the chattering little brook let old Gloriana muttered to herself as she hung snowy pocket handkerchiefs and napkins galore to dry; and Mrs. Piper, as she took the hot peach shortcake and the pans of tea biscuit out of the oven, thought with a thrill of triumph:

"Polly was wiser than I was, after all. And I do believe things are going to happen just as I wanted them to."—Helen Forest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Lost—A Golden Opportunity.

She (archly)—Whom should you call the prettiest girl in this room?

He (looking about him)—H'm. Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place.—Life.

THE KUMMER lecture on "The Idea Wife," last Friday night was a success. A fair audience was in a tendance and all seemed to enjoy the lecture from beginning to end. In fact every point was so well made and the whole lecture happily interspersed with ready wit, the eyes of the audience were constantly rivited on the speaker to see what was comming next. We were only sorry that more were not out to hear Mr. Kummer. If he should come this way again he will have a larger audience and receive a hearty welcome.

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References: BANK of NEWBERG, City MAYOR, NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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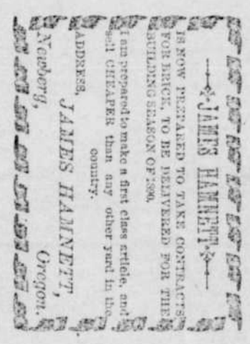

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Cash paid for Wheat
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Before You Invest. Before You Invest.
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$55. PRICE. $55.
We will PRESENT the School Board placing the SMALLEST ORDER for School Desks with a TELLURIAN GLOBE.
FRANK WOOD, Agent, Newberg, Or.
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$50. *PRESENT.* $50.

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