

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

E. H. WOODWARD,
EDITOR and PUBLISHER.

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

THE REPUBLICAN state central committee is called to meet in Portland March 5th.

ADAM FOREPAUGH, the great showman died in Philadelphia, Jan. 23d, of influenza.

MER. CLARK, wife of S. A. Clark, who has written a number of years published the Willamette Farmer, died in Salem last Monday.

HOW ABOUT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY? Are we going to be satisfied with what we have or will we organize to start a library that we will be proud of?

THE MASONIC societies in Nebraska are expelling all saloon-keepers from the order. If the voters of the state act wisely, they will permit by the example and exertion of the saloon-keepers from the state when they vote on the question next year.

ARE YOU GOING EAST.

If you are, call either at the GRAPHIC office or on E. E. Smith at the depot and we will see you good. We have made arrangements by which we can sell you a ticket to any point in the east as low as the lowest. If you have a trip in contemplation give us a call and we will convince you that the above statement is true.

LARGE ORCHARD.

The Oregon Land Company of Salem are preparing to go into the fruit business on a large scale. In the spring they intend setting a tract of 147 acres, situated a few miles south of Salem, to three varieties of prunes—the Silver, Petite and Italian. Mr. Cook in Newberg (he was known as Ben) is reported as saying that this orchard when it gets to bearing will keep the Oregon Land Co. in its old age, when the days of booms are past. There is nothing small about Cook and Minthorn when they undertake a thing.

introduced into his herd by two cows which he bought from a man in California. He has been endeavoring to increase his herd up to 100 milch cows. As he only receives \$2 for every diseased animal killed and \$10 for every animal which when killed is found healthy, and is allowed to save only the hides, the money paid by the state is only enough to pay for killing and burying the animals, and the herd is practically a total loss.

OUR NEEDS.

It is no uncommon thing now-a-days for some would-be philanthropist to afflict the public with his ideas, as to what the needs of his town county or state are. Some suggest a railroad as the cure-all for present evil or inconvenience. Another can easily trace all our troubles to a lack of a bountiful supply of pure water, and suggests a system of water works, as a solution to the whole problem. Another can see prosperity through the location of some college in the place, and in no other way but that. Another supposes that if no whiskey was sold or drunk in the place, that prosperity and happiness would follow as certainly and as naturally, as the tail follows the dog. And another sees this and another that as the special need, and so on down the list, until our needs, are truly legion.

Very likely, any or all the needs suggested would be desirable things to have; but it sometimes happens that the very reason you don't already have them, is because your greatest need is men and women. Those who are entitled to the name. Such as have the moral courage to burst the prison house of prejudice, and hold things as they appear in the pure light of an unbiased vision.

Men and women who own themselves without suspecting they also have a warranty deed to all the rest of creation. Men who will enact just and equitable laws, and see that they are enforced, regardless of who the violator may be. Men whose desires to see justice done, is greater than greed for gold, or their love for popularity. Men with liberal views, tempered with good judgement and common sense; who can rise above party, sect, creed or order, and recognize the common brotherhood of mankind. Men who will strive with might and main to perpetuate the life of the living, instead of trying to breath the breath of life into the already hopeless dead.

Give us largely of this kind, and then our joy will be full.

G. D. K.

La Fayette Items.

Snow, mud, rain, sunshine and showers yet we should be thankful for a variety. Quite a number of cases of grape or something of that nature.—Dr. Michaux and the yaller ponies are going day and night.—Mrs. Littlefield is very sick and not expected to recover.—Not an empty house in town.—The Bradshaw property was sold last week to a man from Florida. The consequence was, Prof. Cantner had to move into the jail as a last chance.—There were more property changed hands in the last six months in La Fayette than in ten years before and prices are steadily advancing. Look out for a boom in the spring.—Two more new churches next summer.—Mr. Daniel of the firm of Suiter & Daniel has returned from Col., where he went for the benefit of his health, which we are sorry to say is not improved.—Perry Lebo 15 years of age, living west of town in attempting to lasso a calf, got his wrist caught between the saddle horn and rope and broke his wrist from which he took lock jaw and died a few days ago.—Dr. Locke has sold his boarding house and boarders to Joe Huston.—Over fifty students at the Seminary this term. We are having an excellent school.—By the way there has been three students expelled from the Seminary for attending a dance at Newberg. Don't like for Newberg to offer such inducements to our school children, it gets them into trouble. You have adopted quite a new plan on which to deal with the whisky element. Wish our folks would do likewise. We have a dive on a back alley, which is a disgrace to the town. It is called a bar-hall.—Doris & Westerfield of the Ledger have dissolved, Mr. Dorris retiring. Mr. Westerfield will continue the paper, which he says will be Democratic in politics.—The old firm of Bird & Gates has been dissolved, Gates retiring. Mr. Bird will continue the merchandise business at the old stand.—W. R. Derby has just returned from Portland where he has been on the jury all winter.—A. P. Fletcher has just turned out a fine lot of stall fed steers for the Portland market. Jan. 28. TOSKY.

A WOMAN IN TOWN LAST WEEK, WHO DON'T HEAR many miles out, was complaining about a certain "business" house in this town. She said that formerly when her husband wanted to drink he went to Portland, and would sober up before he got home, but since this house has been operating here he is filled up with bad whisky and comes home to terrorize her and the children by inhuman treatment, threatening their lives &c. And the man who sells this vile stuff to this poor woman's husband sits it with a full knowledge of the facts in the case, knowing full well that something this husband who is kind and loving, is likely to do to his family to murder those he has promised to love an protect. Yes we have a "business" house in town that is managed by just this kind of material, and any man who has a mother, wife, sister or daughter can give commands to each business by patronizing the house to whom than we can account for.

DISEASE AMONG JERSEYS.

According to the Oregonian it was discovered some time ago that W. S. Ladd's herd of Jersey cattle were affected with tubercle, one of State G. W. McBride and D. Louney Pres. of the state agricultural college.

The commission after giving the matter a thorough investigation ordered the whole herd killed.

The Oregonian says: "In accordance with these instructions, Dr. Withycombe visited Mr. Ladd's farm on Monday and inspected the killing of thirty-four head of the cattle. But few of them showed any signs of the disease. Six calves killed showed no trace of disease, and one bull killed was free from it, while another had only small tubercles on his lungs. As the disease is liable to develop in any of the herd, the killing of the whole herd, as ordered by the commission, is the only safe course to be followed to eradicate the disease. This herd is believed to be the only one in the state so affected, and prompt action may prevent any spread of the disease."

Mr. Ladd's loss will be considerable, as he has 150 head of Jerseys in his herd, old and young, which, if free from disease, would be worth \$25,000. The first lot being parted out from Penn. There were twenty-five head and they cost \$12,000. They were, Mr. Ladd thinks, perfectly healthy and he says the disease was in-

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

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

A daily paper devoted to the interests of prohibition is soon to be published in Worcester, Mass.

Ottawa, Ontario, W. C. T. U. held a scrap-book bee' a short time ago, to prepare temperature scrap books for the lumber camps.

The national W. C. T. U., through its president, has received a bequest of \$1,000 from Mrs. Dinah Mendenhall, of Pennsylvania, whose death occurred in November.

One woman's footstep may cross the snow threshold noiselessly, but when two hundred thousand cross it, there is a trembling behind the bar!—Mrs. O. W. Scott.

Prof. Lafren, one of our most noted scientists, state that tobacco is a dangerous poison, but that the cigarette is four poisons ahead of the cigar in the race of death.

The six-year-old daughter of a hotel keeper at Hickville, Long Island, took a draught of whisky to cure a cold, which caused her death, as was shown by the post mortem examination.

The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world.

That is beautiful poetry, but it isn't true, for practically it is the *foot* and not the hand that rocks the cradle, while the hand is busy with numberless other matters. Then, another trouble is, the world *don't stay in the cradle*; for before you know it, the little fellow kicks out both ways and is on the street, and as 'the hand that rocks the cradle' can't control the streets, you should not hold the women responsible for what they can't control. Power must go with responsibility.—Rev. Anna Shaw.

Mr. J. C. Ambrose, who has just finished a six-weeks' lecture tour in Nebraska, obtained the following statistics from an Omaha attorney of twenty-five years' experience—a man who believes in prohibition but votes for high license. According to his estimate the annual expenses of the saloon are as follows:

200 saloon leases	\$200,000
200 keepers' living	45,000
200 bar tenders	50,000
200 rentals	36,000
200 porters	130,000
200 average net profits	200,000
200 fixtures—wear and interests	87,000
1 year's total cash payment	\$1,063,000

Omaha, therefore, pays out annually \$2,000,000 for saloons and gets in return \$200,000 for schools. The difference would duplicate annually all public school buildings, seminaries and colleges in all Nebraska. The entire amount paid for city, county and state taxes is only \$1,550,000, yet Omaha promises 18,000 votes toward placing license in the constitution.

1 I am prepared to make a first class article, and I can preface it to be delivered for the sum of \$100 per month, to any other yard in the country.

JAMES HANNETT,
Newberg, Oregon.

The Chicago daily papers say that 1,800 barrels of beer were sold in that city during the year 1889. The output for the year was larger by from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels than the year before. The increase was due partly to the growth of population, but more especially to the fact that native Americans are learning to adopt beer as a steady article of diet.

Twenty years ago it was difficult to purchase a bottle of beer at an English or American bar, its sale being almost exclusively confined to the German dealers. All this however is changed and beer is fast becoming the national drink, to be had everywhere. The brewers of course are jubilant. It view of the general testimony of eminent authorities, that beer is a poison less deleterious, and even more brutalizing than whisky and other intoxicants, that the beer drinkers "wear his heart on his sleeve, bare to a death wound even from a rusty nail," and that even according to several German scientists—notably Prof. Bunge of Basle, Switzerland—beer is the most injurious of alcoholic beverages," especially because the most seductive—this New Year's greeting of brewers will not be particularly gratifying to lovers of their fellow men.

Some time ago Wm. Moakler sued the Portland & Willamette Valley railroad to recover damages for injuries received in an accident at Don Lee caused by a pile of wood falling into a coach in which he was and hurting his arm very badly. It was shown that Moakler had his arm resting in the window, and on this Judge Shattuck granted a non suit, holding Moakler to have been negligent. The Supreme Court held that Moakler should have a trial, as there was evidence that he would have been hurt whether he had his arm in the window or not. In the meantime Moakler went crazy and was sent to the insane asylum and A. H. Tanner and C. H. Carey were appointed guardians ad litem to prosecute the suit to a final determination. This morning they filed a bond for the faithful performance of this trust, and will endeavor to have the case set for trial in the near future.—*Daily Examiner.*

William T. Stead, writing from Rome concerning woman suffrage, says: "The popes has certainly not yet declared for woman's suffrage. But many of his best advisers find the demand just and logical. And this on two grounds. First, the obvious fact that women in Europe are the sole hope of the church. To enfranchise women would place the free-thinker everywhere in a minority. Secondly, apart from this self-interested view, the Holy See is logically driven to demand the enfranchisement of woman. The Catholic church has always protested against the intrusion of the state in the question of education. The responsibility rested with the parents, with the mother equally with the father. So it was in other matters, such as child labor, the nursing of the sick, sanitation, poor relief, etc. In all these matters the state has encroached upon the family. The rights usurped by the state were originally exercised by the husband and the wife. They were now solely in the hands of the state, which is monopolized by the male. Hence as a *pis aller*, to restore to the woman her original share in the management of the home and governance of her children is an obvious duty, upon which I venture to hope the church will not fail to insist. For morality and religion the woman's vote is all important."

Saloons should close on Sunday and keep within the bounds of the law.—*Polk Co. Observer.*

This is true, but in a large number of the towns on the coast, it appears as though an effort is made to keep the law within the bounds of the *etiquette*.

Nantucket.

(The letter given below was handed us by Alva Macy of Dayton. It was written by Wm. C. Macy of New York and is part of a private letter giving an account of a summer trip to Nantucket.—Ed.)

I had heard of Nantucket all my life, for you know that Hudson was a colony (1784) from the former whaling town.

Having been detained in New York longer than usual, I found it convenient to go directly from here. I had a rough voyage on the sound, and out from New Bedford to Nantucket.

I first saw the home of my ancestors thro' a driving storm, which lasted thro' the first day. I had corresponded with several persons on the island, as to a place to put up at, and settled upon that of Judith Fish as having a fine, old fashioned, marine, Nantucket order. I found her a very pleasant, and cultivated woman. Her house being full, she secured lodgings for a number of us in Gordens Bath house near by; The front is on the shore, the rear is on piles on the water, on one side is a house for the engine and boiler, on the other is a elaborately lattice-work of lath which suggested rather than concealed the entrance behind it. Two Doric columns adorn the entrance. The lower story is built with bath rooms; the upper is arranged for lodgers, a quaint, but neat and comfortable set of rooms, with a balcony overlooking the harbor.

Nantucket interested me much. The quaint old house, shingled all over, and placed as you please, the odd streets, the lanes and queer courts; the public cribs; the bell ringing at 7-12 and 9—the last an undoubted descendant of the curfew bell of England: the strange vehicles, peculiar to the place. I visited the library and museum, the last made up of curiosities from the Pacific, and objects which illustrate the whale fishery. There is another museum, which has a highly conglomerate list of curiosities: the bell of the old Unitarian church brought from Spain in 1812, is one of the sights and sounds of the town.

The old wind mill built in 1746 is another. I also visited Sconset on the east side of the island, the quaint old fishing village in America. One day my cousin took me to drive, we saw a number of interesting things, and at last came to the place where lie buried the original syndicate who bought the island in 1650, and among them lies our ancestor—Thomas Macy, 1598—1682. I was not like Mark Twain at the grave of Adam, affected to tears at the memory of a relative, but I was glad to have visited the burial place of one of whom we have no reason to be ashamed as an ancestor. I found several of the name in town, but I have reason to believe there are not many left. Many have gone from the island, for Nantucket is a dull place now, and while it may be a good place to be born in, it is a good place to emigrate from. The shipping is gone, the interest is in the past, and the only future for the island is as a place of summer resort. The air is delicious, the temperature that of Paradise, and the vision of the ocean, with its sun-mirrored undulations, stretching away into the dreamy distance with snowy sails gleaming thro' the indecent haze, is a thing to be remembered.

The editor sat in a hard-bottom chair, trying to think of a thought, and he plowed all his fingers about through his hair, but not a new topic they brought. He'd written on temperance and tariff and trade; and a prospect of raising a crop, and his light grew dim and his muscles grew numb, for his spirits were beginning to drop. Weary with thinking, sleep came to his eyes, as he pillow'd his head on his desk, when the thoughts while awake had refused to arise, came in troops that were strange and grotesque. And as the fresh ideas airy float, he selects the bright one of the tribe, and this is the gen while dreaming he wrote? "Now is the time to subscribe!"

There is truth as well as poetry in the above, although it did not originate in this office. Newberg GRAPHIC only \$1.50 a year.

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\$1.50 for one year. 75 cts. for six months. 50 cts for four months.

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Bring your butter your eggs and chickens change for

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