

Local Events.

Tin cans at Mount's. Public school begins September 7th. Try W. P. Heacock for nails and building hardware.

Wanted—25 gal. oil cans. Will pay 5 cents each at C. F. Moore & Co. Elisha Hammer, an old gentleman from Iowa, was in town the first of the week.

Doors and windows, all sizes and thicknesses, at DEPOT LUMBER YARD. John Davis returned from Salem Tuesday to visit his mother, who is quite sick. Good house and lot cheap.

Several young people went from here Monday to "the show" at McMinnville. Kinlay Blair and wife returned Tuesday from a visit to friends at Salem and Marion.

Grover Hage and wife rejoice over their first born, a nine pound boy. Grover is a bigger man now than Cleveland. Mrs. Browning, of Portland, spent last Sunday with her parents, H. J. and Mrs. Haskell west of town.

O. C. Lee traveling agent for several Portland newspaper publications was in town the first of the week. A large lot of Staple Gingham in nice styles that must go at cost.

While wheat is not yielding as heavy as the straw indicated before harvest, we hear that the average is very satisfactory. A. G. Whiteman, of Middleton, announces by card in this week's issue that he is ready to do plastering on short notice.

J. B. Mount has a number of the celebrated Garland stoves on the road from Chicago and you had better see them before you buy. A car load of extra quality split shingles just received, at the Depot Lumber Yard.

Mr. Savage, the proprietor of the bakery, who has been living in an out house during the summer, is building a new house on Sixth street. F. H. and Sam Lashier drove down to Portland the first of the week on business.

Go to J. B. Mount for your tin fruit cans. Side walk lumber at \$8.00 per thousand. DORRANCE BROS.

Mr. Harry Simons, a friend of E. O. Hobson, arrived here Saturday, and will spend the winter in Oregon. Parties desiring wells bored will leave orders at Heston & Biermann's blacksmith shop.

Benjamin Heater was in town last Tuesday for the first time in six months. Some changes have been made in that time around town. A young man named Wetherell, who is out from Boston looking at the west, is stopping with Jesse Edwards. His home was formerly in Philadelphia.

The iron front for A. M. Haskins new brick came down from Dallas Monday and was put in Tuesday. The second story will soon be up ready for the roof. One more week only for the genuine bargains we are offering in all Dry Goods Boots Shoes etc.

Anderson Hodgson has rented the house occupied at present by Mr. Bates, and will move to town for the winter, to enable his daughter, Arpa, to attend the college. To parties calling immediately, there are some good bargains in small tracts near town.

County clerk Hobbs was down last Friday and Saturday with his family visiting relatives and friends around town. He is having a \$1,500 cottage built in McMinnville. I can furnish you all material for building, including rough and dressed lumber, lime, doors, windows, mouldings, brackets, nails, locks, etc.

Miss Annie Brown, of Salem, and Mrs. Thomas Brown, who came from Indiana a short time ago came down from the capital city Tuesday for a visit among relatives and friends. Bray & Weesner have been making some changes in their dryer near the depot, and expect to have it ready to dry fruit in first class shape, as soon as the pruna crop is ready.

President Newlin visited Riverside last Sunday, and spoke in Sheridan Sunday night. He says he saw stacks of sacked wheat almost as large as Indiana straw stack on the farms in the upper part of the county. If you have some good property and want some 6 per cent money on easy terms with long time, call on the Mutual Land & Building Syndicate. Office in bank building.

Miss Lillie Wiley, of Notaris Bay will be on hand to enter college at the opening we understand. We also hear that Miss Lillie Maloney, of Sheridan, who was in school two years ago will return this year. Heston & Biermann have concluded to build an addition 20x40 to their blacksmith shop on Meridian street, and have the lumber on the ground for that purpose. The boys expect to be ready for wagon making this winter.

Christenson Bros. were offering 78 cents clear for wheat Wednesday. They have bought about 6,000 bushels. Wheat is not weighing out so well as usual owing to it is thought to be unusually hot weather at time of ripening. A gentleman named Blumenthal who has been running a clothing store at Arlington, Gilliam county, which he has lately sold, was here the first of the week looking for a location for business.

O. O. Holson, of McMinnville was in town Monday. Sidewalk lumber at \$8.00 per thousand. DORRANCE BROS.

W. P. Heacock is prepared to do all kinds of shop work at the Depot Lumber Yard. Did you see that fine beef the Baker boys drove into town yesterday? That is the kind they expect to butcher.

Martin Cook brought to this office some nice samples of black cap raspberries a few days ago, that came from a very prolific brier in his garden and these are a part of the second crop for this season. Those who have briars are reaping a rich harvest this season.

E. W. Allen, of Portland, secretary of the state board of horticulture will deliver an address on the subject of agriculture and horticulture during our fair. Mr. Allen is always enthusiastic in any undertaking and he will say something worth hearing. He will have a large audience.

J. S. Baker & Sons, who opened out a new meat market on First street near Morris, Miles & Co's new brick, are prepared to keep meat in first class shape. They have put in a refrigerator and expect to keep ice at all times during warm weather. Call and see their neatly kept shop for yourself. Their slaughter yard is on Chehalis creek below the mill.

Moving to outside work that Charley Moore desires to do he has resigned his position with Uncle Samuel in favor of his deputy, Ah. Hill, who has been appointed post master. Ah. has had charge of the office the greater part of the time for the past year and I have made a clever and accommodating servant of the people. We are glad to see him get the place.

Samuel Shultz has taken an interest in the fruit land advertised by A. K. Cooper & Co., and will move to it in a short time and commence preparation for setting the trees. The land is a part of the Sauters place north of town and is said to be an excellent location for peaches and this is the kind of fruit they intend to set. More large peach orchards is what we want. Just think of peaches retailing here at five cents per pound.

L. S. Edwards an extensive fruit grower and canneryman of Los Gatos California has placed an order with the Newberg nursery for pear and prune trees in about equal numbers to the amount of \$2,000.00, to be delivered this fall. Mr. Edwards attended the Portland exposition last fall and saw the Newberg exhibit which pleased him so well that he visited Newberg and while there examined the nursery stock of A. K. Cooper & Co. The order he has just placed for trees is evidence that he was fully satisfied with what he saw. Our last years exhibit at the exposition was a big thing for Newberg and we must go several lengths further in the same direction this fall.

A letter from Frank Wood, dated at Marshfield, Coos county, on the 12th, states that he arrived at that point in safety and would go to work on the county bridge the following day. He found grain in fine condition throughout the Willamette valley with farmers busy caring for the large crop. At Roseburg a \$35,000 court house is being built, also a city hall and an electric light plant being put in. Along the Coquille river are many orchards of apples, pears, peaches and figs, the trees looking very vigorous and bearing a good crop. Peaches are worth 5 cents per pound at shipping points for entire crops. Marshfield which is 71 miles from Roseburg, is the most important point on Coos bay with numerous business houses, saw mills etc., including two large fire proof buildings, one of which would be an ornament to any city on the coast, having as it does a dressed stone front. The population is 1,500.

Notice. All parties knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned, will please call and settle before September 1. J. B. MOORE, M. D. Patronize Home Industry. I have just finished burning a kiln of superior brick which I will dispose of at lower living prices. Call and see me at the Newberg brick yard. JAMES HANNETT. Notice. I have a span of mares, wagon and harness, a cow, sewing machine and other household goods which I desire to sell. Will sell cheap for cash. Inquire 2 doors south of Ramsey's paint shop. C. J. PAINTER. EDITOR GRAPHIC.—For several weeks I have been pondering quite a weighty subject, and knowing you to be a kind man I thought I would leave it to your decision. Please Mr. Editor, is it absolutely necessary for each individual cow of Newberg, to be adorned (?) with a bell? How uncomfortable it must be for the cow, poor thing, not to have the pleasure of chewing her cud, switching her tail or moving a muscle without that everlasting ding a ling sounding in her ears! Not being able to speak for herself possibly she enjoys it more than the invalids of the town. Imagine your head on a pillow eight weeks with 20 or 24 cow bells ringing outside your window. Surely it is enough to effect one's dreams. A SUFFERER. The point is certainly well taken and our railing would be that while bellies have been appreciated ever since the day of mother Eve, who was the first one of which we have any account, there is a possibility of bells becoming so numerous as to be declared a nuisance, especially if they are of the very noisy kind that are hitched to cows' necks by means of a strap. It is possible that Josh Billings had reference to the tones of the cow bell when he said: "Make both cheeks to snout a snave, To read a fool or split a snave."

SHERWOOD ITEMS. Charles Delaney has not been arrested. The entertainment in the Sherwood hall on the 15th, was a grand success, although the manager was sick and hardly able to perform.

The Oregon Dramatic Co. is composed of 19 artists and they are sure to please the people where ever they appear. There is to be a revival in the meat market business in this place. E. Everybody on the sick list. Green apples and grapes are prevailing. Rev. W. N. Parish administered the rite of baptism to Mrs. Gophner in Salt Creek, last Sunday. Amos Carr returned from the coast yesterday. Rev. Martin Cook preached a very able sermon at Union church last Sabbath. Skunk hollow has a ball club. Jack Anderson has built a fine barn, and is figuring on a new house. What's up, Jack? BOLTON. August 17, 1891.

WOMAN'S COLUMN. MRS. F. A. MORRIS, EDITOR. DOES HE PAY? BY BETSY BERNHOLM.

I remember it was evenin' an' Ichabod an' me was settin' on the back stoop. The sun was just a tumblin' with a wonderful sort in his bed of shimmerin' shinin' gold, a castin' rayshin' glances of lovin' pity back to the earth so soon to be left in the dark alone. Ichabod was readin' from the Tribune all about how the party was plain' for the next campaign, but it seemed far off to me. I wasn't a hearin' it, I was just a gazin' toward that shinin' gate in the west, an' as I looked away beyond the mounds with their white headstones a gleamin' out from the green over on the hillside I thought the gate opened a little an' for a minute I could see the shinin' forms of the little ones that was taken from this same old, ramblin', low-roofed house an' carried over to the city on the hill, the shinin' city just beyond the sunset. Many an' many's the time I've caught a glimpse of the glory beyond since they went away. For that was years ago, an' the ones that was left have grown up an' gone out to tussle with the realities of life an' Ichabod an' me air left alone.

Just then Ichabod says "Aint that splendiferous an' still a thinkin' of the open gate I see yes, at the same time I sensed that he meant the schemin' of the politicians for victory at the comin' election. I didn't explain what I said yes to, for once when I told him what I was a thinkin' an' a seein' he said he couldn't see nothin' but a big heap of clouds with the sun a shinin' on 'em a makin' 'em red an' that for his part he didn't like to see it for it was a sure sign o' rain an' the hay in the lower meadow was down an' sure to get spoiled, so I just let him read on while I looked an' thought. As the glory faded away I turned my eyes an' fell on a great, rest pile of buildin's round toward the south, an' with a sudden an' fearful lurch my mind dropped down again to the gloom an' misery of this old earth of ours for there a loomin' an' before me like a black forebodin' shadow from the world of woe, stood the distillery with its big gamin' chimneys just over the earth the darkin' blightin' smoke an' flames from the lower world an' further on was a big mansion that belonged to the same man that owned the distillery. An' I looked on an' on where farm joined farm an' he a ownin' 'em all, an' I set about thinkin' how in the old days these farms belonged to others an' there wasn't no distillery there, nor any mansion either, but a hull row of pretty cottages an' well tended snug little farms the pleasant homes of happy families. An' then, Col. Franklin came over from B— an' put up that distillery. I remembered how the winnowin' prayer an' cryin' of the men an' women but sorrow would come of it, but the act of called a meadin' of the men an' told 'em how it would raise the price of corn an' barley an' how it would double the value of land an' bring prosperity an' plenty, but he forgot to tell 'em that the land an' the plenty would all be his an' the misery an' degradation an' poverty all their'n. An' Judge Parker give a master speech an' said it was a legal business, a industry, he said that this government fostered an' protected because of its desirin' such a large revenue from it, an' he explained how it would lessen taxes, an' enhance values etcetera. O it was clear as a waters day in Oregon, an' logical an' convinces very—to the men, but the few women who dared to go an' hear would come an' they felt that enhance as it might be it could never enhance a mothers value of her boys an' girls an' they talked an' cried but what's the use of a woman a talkin' an' cryin' when val's of is to be enhanced an' the price of grain raised. She haint got any political standin', she don't know anything about economy, some of 'em soon give to understand it tho', she aint deep nor logical nor convinces—in other words she can't vote an' help men into office to make laws to support in industries etcetera. Well the distillery was built an' the misery begun.

Judge Parkers son Harry just left home from school, heard his fathers speech that day an' felt proud of it so of course he begun to support the new industry. An' Deacon Dobbins Tom—all a little wild—went often with Harry to visit the saloons that grew up round the distillery. The deacon favored the raise on corn an' barley but the deacon didn't believe in gettin' drunk, no. So when Tom was brought a staggerin' home too drunk to stand alone, the deacon fairly raved to think that a son of his should be fool enough to get drunk an' bring disgrace onto him, so he drove poor Tom away from home an' away from his mother who loved him an' prayed for him an' best of all worked as she prayed, but Tom

told her good bye "I'll never a dere it another never", he said, "for I know how poor uncle Tom went down under the cursed drink an' I hoid never tached it mother, an' I never would, but father helped to get that awful place here to help the value of grain, but it didn't help the value of boys", said Tom a smilin' pitiful. "So good bye, mother—No, no, I can't promise to stop, it would do no good. I expect I'll drink an' drink till I die, don't cry mother, you love me an' tried to save me but it's here", an' Tom struck his breast a savage blow. "The appetite is here an' it's like a tiger that's tasted blood". An' he went away an' one day they brought home to his mother a pair, mangled body to be wept over in despair, an' laid away without hope.

The deacon saw his mistake then, but knew it was too late, an' I never saw a smile on his face agin. An' after they come an' took his wife off to the asylum he just waxered 'round, an' his hair got white as snow an' his lips 'nd tremble when he saw other boys a-goin' over to the distillery just as Tom had, years before, an' he died and Col. Franklin owns his farm.

An' then Harry, bright, genteel, genial Harry Parker, the pride of the hull neighborhood, a promisin' young lawyer—I hated to think how he went down. He old judge tried to bribe the Colonel not to sell to Harry, but the Colonel said that Harry brought him more custom than anybody else, he was so han'some an' lively, an' had lots of money. So he kept on sellin' whisky to him in order to raise the value of the judge's land, and help on the industry that the government supports. Then the judge hired Harry to go away and stay a year, but he some home all bloated an' bleary-eyed and swaggin', for they believed in supportin' industries an' enhance values over where Harry had been. The judge stormed an' threatened; then he softened an' tried a settin' Harry up in business, but that failed. In fact, everything had failed with the judge since he failed to cast his vote to keep out the whisky seller—everything exceptin' Harry's visits to the saloon an' his bein' helped home along toward mornin'. An' at last life itself failed, an' they laid the judge over on the hill by the side of his broken hearted wife, for the distillery had improved an' enhanced the value of the graveyard wonderful fast.

Harry drank an' drank. He never even tried to reform after his father died, but kept a deatin' his property over to the Colonel, in order to lessen his taxes, till all was gone, an' ever since he's been a poor, miserable sot. His wife an' family live in a tumbled down shanty. For he married a sweet, quiet, yieldin' girl, but weak; powerful weak, or she'd never a married a drinkin' man, no, not if he promised a cast iron promise never to drink again. But she did, an' now she aint a shadder of what she used to be, an' she washes for a livin' an' to pay for Harry's drink.

An' then there was—but my oh! The list of ruin an' shame an' poverty an' death is too long to give. But I set there, an' as the shadders grow longer an' darker an' Ichabod dropped the Tribune an' fell into a gentle snore, I thought it all over. I looked at the mansion built out of other folks happy homes, an' then at the lights a gleamin' out against the red walls of the distillery, that looked for all the world as if they were stained with the blood of its many victims—a stain so dark an' livid that even the streams of tears that it had caused to flow could never wash it clean. An' I spoke right out an' said, "Does it pay? Did it pay the deacon an' the judge to have the value of their lands increased after they didn't own 'em any more, an' their taxes lessened after they didn't have anything to tax?" says I a speakin' loud like, "No, it don't pay!" Ichabod woke up then an' says he, "What don't pay?"

"It don't pay" says I, "to make one man rich by makin' twenty poor. It don't pay to raise the sellin' price of our corn to buy it ground into pizen to kill our boys. It don't pay to deed all our property to the whisky ring just to lessen our taxes an' then have all the criminals an' paupers to take care of besides. It don't pay this government, Ichabod Bernholm, to foster an' support an industry that destroys an' corrupts all other industries, a gettin' revenue on vice, an' then for every dollar it sits a payin' more than thirty back, to take care of the fruits of this industry. "An' besides," says I, a gittin' all roused up an' by the side of myself, "it don't pay this government to sow to the wind an' reap the whirlwind—it is a reapin' a awful whirlwind a regular cyclone of wrecked manhood, ruined womanhood, broken, ruined, useless lives. Armies of paupers. A heapin' up wrath against the day of wrath, a grindin' an' oppressin' the poor until there's discontent an' uprisin', an' the cry of the people a goin' up, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" "An'" says I in awful accents, "the end is not yet. Men is still a bein' deceived, still a votin' to support this national industry that brings the same results everywhere. Still a wantin' their party to win, if it takes the hull whisky element to make it win." An' I got so harrowed up that I don't know what I might have said, but I heard Ichabod a snorin' agin, an' I told him to go into the house an' go to bed. An' I followed on a ponderin' onto this ponderous subject an' a seein' more an' more how the traffic will never be stopped till women are brought down from the ranks of illjots an' Chinamen an' placed on a level with men in the affairs of this government.

NEWBERG FURNITURE STORE. A WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF FURNITURE ALWAYS ON HAND AT PORTLAND PRICES. BY J. W. Wymann. MAIN ST. NEWBERG, OREGON.

J. B. MOUNT, DEALER IN SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE. TIN CANS! TIN CANS!! TIN CANS!!! BAY STATE APPLE PARER. And other Reasonable Goods for use in preparing fruits. We also handle the Celebrated RED JACKET PUMPS, the Best on the Market. J. E. HESTON. J. G. BIERMANN.

HESTON & BIERMANN, BLACKSMITHS. We would respectfully announce that J. G. Biermann has associated himself with J. E. Heston in the Blacksmithing business, and that we are now better than ever enabled to do all work in our line with neatness and dispatch. Carriage Work & Horse Shoeing a Specialty. ALL WORK WARRANTED. HESTON & BIERMANN.

Sawyer & Bolton, Headquarters for all kinds of Farm Machinery, Binding Twine Etc. Main Street, Newberg, Ore. A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN, AND The New Tin Shop. In the best place in town to get your work done. All kinds of Tinwork, such as Roofing, Spouting and General Repairing, neatly and promptly done. Prices reasonable. FINEST SYSTEM. Nearly opposite Dayton road. F. H. STOREY, Prop.



SAY you had some money. SAY you wanted a bicycle. SAY you saw thirty styles. SAY it was at 127 Washington St. SAY it was in Portland, Oregon. SAY it was at Fred T. Merrill's. SAY you bought a "dandy." SAY you would not part with it. SAY you have a new lease of life. SAY you now eat, sleep and live. SAY F. T. M. knows his business backwards. SAY your friends are writing for catalogues. SAY you are happy.

P. S. Bicycles and Type-writers, cash or on easy payments, or bought, sold or exchanged. Send for Catalogue, Discounts and Terms.

COME AND "C" COMING WITH A NEW Stock of General Merchandise. It Costs Nothing to Look at Goods and Compare Prices. I Make no Division of Profits, and Pay NO RENTS. GOODS MARKED LOW FOR CASH. J. T. SMITH, AT THE "OLD RELIABLE."

Mitchell & Clark OF THE ENTERPRISE SAWMILL. Have on hand and for sale All Kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber.

Those wishing anything in the building line would do well to consult them before placing their orders. Can furnish Sash, Doors, &c. Prices Reasonable.

DRUGS and MEDICINES. We carry a full line of POPULAR PATENT and FAMILY MEDICINES and PURE DRUGS for Prescriptions.

PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, and OIL COLOR. A fine line of the latest styles of WALL PAPER. PERFUMES, FANCY and TOILET ARTICLES. BOOKS of INTEREST and STATIONERY of all styles. SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

PRESCRIPTION CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED DAY or NIGHT. Give us a Call. POST OFFICE DRUG STORE. C. F. Moore & Co.

NEWBERG FURNITURE STORE. A WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF FURNITURE ALWAYS ON HAND AT PORTLAND PRICES. BY J. W. Wymann. MAIN ST. NEWBERG, OREGON.

J. B. MOUNT, DEALER IN SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE. TIN CANS! TIN CANS!! TIN CANS!!! BAY STATE APPLE PARER. And other Reasonable Goods for use in preparing fruits.

We also handle the Celebrated RED JACKET PUMPS, the Best on the Market. J. E. HESTON. J. G. BIERMANN.

HESTON & BIERMANN, BLACKSMITHS. We would respectfully announce that J. G. Biermann has associated himself with J. E. Heston in the Blacksmithing business, and that we are now better than ever enabled to do all work in our line with neatness and dispatch. Carriage Work & Horse Shoeing a Specialty. ALL WORK WARRANTED. HESTON & BIERMANN.

Sawyer & Bolton, Headquarters for all kinds of Farm Machinery, Binding Twine Etc. Main Street, Newberg, Ore. A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN, AND The New Tin Shop. In the best place in town to get your work done. All kinds of Tinwork, such as Roofing, Spouting and General Repairing, neatly and promptly done. Prices reasonable. FINEST SYSTEM. Nearly opposite Dayton road. F. H. STOREY, Prop.