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So Cheap they come and Buy them of us.

OUR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR is to deal justly with all.

We have no Favorites.

The same treatment is accorded to all.

Courteous Treatment, Low Prices, Excellent Goods, Prompt Service and Easy Terms, is our motto.

KAY & TODD,

THE NEWBERG CLOTHIERS.

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:

E. H. WOODWARD & ORM. C. EMBURY.

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

The Polk county papers are engaged in a very unsavory fight.

Gov. PENNEY has proclaimed Friday, Oct. 21st, a legal holiday, and recommends its fitting observance.

E. C. PENLAND, an old Oregon newspaper man, and at one time editor of the Independence West Side, has again taken charge of that paper.

During the last three quarters in Portland there have been granted licenses to an average of 413 saloons, or one saloon to every two hundred inhabitants or a little less.

GEN. MILES denounces the swindling of Indians a mean crime. If he or some other person in authority would make some of these swindlers smart for their meanness it would be more to the point.

It is claimed by the state board of charities that Oregon prisons and reformatory institutions are in a deplorable condition. Well patronized as they are it would seem that there should be no good grounds for such a report.

MISS SARAH THACKER, a former Yamhill county maiden, has become insane, and has taken up her abode in a cave on American river in California. The cave is infested with numbers of snakes, over which Miss Thacker seems to exercise a charm.

The Reporter and Telephone Register last week issued extras containing a list up of McMinnville and Yamhill county. The enterprise shown by our contemporaries is really commendable, involving as it must have done the expenditure of considerable time and money, and we trust that it may prove to be bread cast upon the waters, which shall bring back some returns.

Gov. KNAPP who has just arrived from Alaska, says that a different system of government is needed in that part of Uncle Sam's domain. He says educational matters have been sadly neglected, and that one of the commissioners, instead of visiting and looking after affairs there, performs his work in Washington city. Somehow the impression has taken hold of us that it really might be better for the Alaskans if more officials would perform their work in Washington, or any other place but Alaska.

The Portland exposition is a success, and as such reflects credit upon the management. Every department is complete and there are some excellent displays. The horticultural exhibit is the finest we ever saw, embracing every variety of fruit grown in this latitude, as well as some varieties heretofore supposed to be semi-tropical. The mineral exhibit from eastern and southern Oregon is truly wonderful, and is enough to convince anyone of the fact that untold wealth lies luried away in the treasuries of the hills and mountains of Oregon, awaiting only capital and enterprise to bring it to the light. The various manufacturing and wholesale establishments of the state are well represented also. But the crowning glory is the music by Reeves' American band. This band furnishes probably the finest music ever heard in the northwest, and we have yet to hear of any person who has heard it who does not agree with us in pronouncing it simply splendid.

DEMAND FOR OREGON PRUNES.

The annual consumption of prunes in the United States is a little over one pound for each person. As the population of the country is increasing at the rate of one million and a half a year it is easy to see that the consumption will increase pretty rapidly even if there should be no increase in the rate of consumption. The quality of the prune of the Pacific northwest is so far superior to that of the common prune of commerce that whenever they are put upon the market at prices anywhere near as low as the common foreign prune sells for there will inevitably be an immense increase in the rate of consumption. With the aid of a protective tariff of two cents per pound, joined to the superior quality of our product, the Pacific coast should certainly be able to drive the foreign prunes out of the market without reducing the price of prunes to a point that will knock all the profits out of the business. At the present time California is producing about one-third enough prunes to supply the United States. In ten years Oregon and Washington ought to produce one-half of all the prunes consumed in the United States. To do this will require close to 50,000,000 pounds of prunes. It is evi-

dent that there is plenty of room yet for development of the prune business without overdoing it.—Rural Northwest.

WIND RIVER, WASHINGTON.

Wind river is located in Washington, having its source in the vicinity of Mt. Adams and empties into the Columbia river, perhaps five miles above the Cascades making it very nearly in the center of the Cascade range. The route to Wind river is by boat up the Columbia river, or by rail to the Cascade locks and thence by boat to Sprague's landing. The former however, being by far the most preferable, for one who appreciates the grandeur of nature.

The Columbia cuts her way through the Cascade range, leaving on either side, walls of solid rock, towering thousands of feet into the air, over which sparkling streams leap from dizzy heights into the depths below, forming in their mad descent clouds of spray on which may be seen, all the radiant tints of the rainbow. One of these falls, the Multnomah, reaching a height of over eight hundred feet. There are also many dark and dismal canyons or gorges. One of which the Onoenta, it is said, is six miles long, and only 100 feet wide at its widest point. While on either side, bold and craggy cliffs frown down from thousands of feet above, some reaching an altitude of 5,000 feet. Huge rocks are also numerous along the water's edge. Some are quite noted for their size and grandeur. Castle rock being the largest, stands in its majestic grandeur 1,700 feet high.

The scenery of the Columbia is, perhaps, well known to most of my readers, many having visited the scenes, and graphic descriptions having been written on the same and an attempt at a description would be an utter failure. And it is doubtful whether there ever will be an artist's hand skilled enough, or a brush made fine enough, to picture a scene half so grand. One feels loath to leave such scenes of enchanting grandeur, and gazes in awe and bewilderment to the last, while meditating upon the beauties of nature, and the wonderful works of God's creation. Even the echo of the whistle seems to linger for a while in some dark canyon, then rebounds to some lofty peak, still lingers for a time as if loath to part with the view, then re-echoes again far over the mountain and is gone.

Wind river valley is almost unknown except to a very few sportsmen and prospectors. A few bold pioneers have, however, penetrated the dense forests, blocked out for themselves claims on which they have squatted. The land being unsurveyed, except to about four miles back from the Columbia. Prospectors who have ascended the river to its source say the valley is from 25 to 30 miles long. Very little is known of the valley above 10 or 15 miles up the river, but by climbing to the top of one of the mountain peaks, which surround the valley, one gets a lovely birds-eye view of the valley. This the writer done, at a point ten miles up the river. Here the valley divides, one prong running northward following the river, while the other, the Trout creek valley running west. The two being separated by a lone mountain, or butte, which bears the historic name of Banker Hill. To the northwest of Banker Hill the valley again comes together, and still farther to the northwest, stands another lone butte, with the valley on either side of it, and seems to encircle it. The width of the valley is perhaps from six to eight miles at its greatest width. The soil seems to be principally a clay loam, with occasional alluvial swales, covered with a dense growth of vine maple, alder, crab apple and other brush, which might be better known as beaver dam land. The valley lays very much as does the Willamette, and is covered with a dense growth of red, white and yellow fir, white or sugar pine, yew, cedar and hemlock. Fir predominating, with quite an amount of pine.

One may ask, why more is not known of the valley. One-half day's tramp in some of the jungles will best solve the mystery. In many places the jungle of brush and fallen timber is so dense as to be almost impenetrable. This, however, is not the case all over the valley, for in some places there is scarcely any underbrush. Wind river receives its name from the car of its waters which, when heard at a distance, resembles that of an approaching storm. Its waters clear and sparkling, may be seen at the bottom of a deep canyon, dashing in almost a continuous cataract, over boulders through narrow chasms, breaking into foaming torrents, sleeping in crystal eddies and again rebounding and leaping in mad descent. While sporting just beneath the surface, may be seen the pride of all sportsmen, the beautiful speckled trout. This is certainly the ideal trout stream. The writer having the pleasure of landing 149 of the speckled beauties, in a seven hours' fish. The river being so rocky and rapid, makes it impracticable for floating logs down it, only at a time of high water, but it might be made so, by the judicious use of powder on some of the largest rapids. This no doubt will be done at no distance day, when settlers have a title to their land and can sell the timber. Such a vast and valuable body of timber, and

so easy of access to the Columbia river, where it reaches the markets of the world can certainly not lay much longer in obscurity. And the pioneer who braves the hardships of a frontiers life in holding a claim here, will no doubt receive in a very few years, a handsome remuneration for his pluck, from the timber alone, besides as fine farm land when the timber is cleared off, as the country affords. On which may be raised almost any thing adapted to that latitude, so it is claimed by the settlers, some of whom have been there four or five years.

The climate, owing to the altitude, is somewhat colder than the Willamette valley. Snow lays on two or three months in the year, and sometimes reaches a depth of four feet. The average depth is perhaps about two feet. The summers are also cooler, and the annual rainfall, being somewhat less than that of the Willamette valley. AN AMATEUR.

MARRIAGE AT THE FAIR.

We did not witness the wedding at the Harlin county fair, but from all reports it was an event that reflects little credit on any one concerned in it. The following is what the Alden Times has to say about it:

The wedding at the fair Friday came off exactly as advertised, a man of sixty-five by the name of Olmstead being united in marriage with Emma Rule, a girl of about nineteen or twenty, the ceremony being performed by the Presbyterian minister of Eldora. The crowd cheered and hoisted vociferously when the final words, making them man and wife had been pronounced. The benediction, in fact, was immediately followed by more bedlam than followed the girls race or the base ball game. A marriage ceremony, an eloquent prayer and an amphetheater full of people bent on getting the full value of their money, are all excellent things, but the mixture is neither as funny as it might be nor as sincere and serious as marriage and prayer usually are.

In regard to this the Williams Reporter comments as follows: "The happy (?) couple above alluded to lived north of Williams. Forty days previous to the above wedding Olmstead followed the remains of a wife to the grave. His present 'Fair Bride' is a daughter of his deceased wife. Tomorrow all Olmstead's chattels will be sold at mortgage sale and he has gone where the Woodbine twineeth etc."

It would hardly seem possible that there is a minister in Harlin county who holds his sacred office so cheaply as to be a participant in such a travesty upon marriage. Since there is we thought there should be devised a new wedding service more appropriate for such occasions than the one usually found in the church rituals and would suggest the following as eminently suitable: When the company hath assembled and the persons to be united have presented themselves, the minister shall address the company:

"FRIENDS, SPORTS AND HORSE JOCKEYS:—We are gathered together to unite in unhallowed bonds those whom ye see before us. In accordance with usage let us invoke the divine blessing!"

Then shall the minister offer the following prayer:

"O THOU ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.—It is in homage to thee that we are here. Thou knowest that it is the fee that thy servant is after, and that he would ever be near thee and have thee constantly with him. May this couple not get away until they pay the utmost farthing to which thy servant is entitled under the law, Amen."

Then shall the minister say to those assembled: "If any man knows of any just cause or impediment why these twain should not be united in unhallowed bonds of wedlock let him keep it to himself, for if he would spoil the fun to bring it in now and might knock me out of my two dollars."

Then shall he say to the man: "Wilt thou have this creature of staves, padding, false hair and folly, this gum-chewing giggling idiot to be thy cook and companion?"

To which the man shall answer, "I will!"

Then shall the minister say to the woman: "Wilt thou have this masticator of tobacco, this guzzler of whisky, this lecherous burlesque on humanity to be thy husband?"

To which the woman shall answer, "I will!"

Then the minister shall raise his hands and say: "I pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy on your souls. What Lust and Mammon, assisted by a minister of the Gospel, have joined together, let the first divorce court put asunder. Now fork over that two dollars.—Iowa Falls Sentinel.

TO CENTURY GIRLS.

If your lives have fallen into some quiet, unpretentious place, do not complain that it is dull and common-place, and that "there is nothing to live for here" as I have heard so many do. Why, dear heart, there is no place on God's earth so bleak and desolate, so quiet and forlorn, so wind-swept and rain-beaten but that there is a good deal to

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