

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:
E. H. WOODWARD & ORR. C. EMERY.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1893.

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

It is predicted in Europe that a great war is eminent there, and that this is the cause of the demand for so much gold.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S inauguration is said to have cost \$2,520,000 and President Cleveland's inauguration will probably cost much more than that.

The fact that the stars and stripes now floats over a number of swift merchant and mail steamers means more for the welfare of this country than the testing of the guns of a hundred war vessels like the Vesuvius.

FERNAND DE LESSUP, one of the greatest engineers of the age, has been sentenced to imprisonment in France, because of fraudulent transactions in connection with the Panama canal scheme. Even great men go wrong sometimes.

The publishers of the Oregon State Journal have been so fortunate as to find a new company to unload the concern onto. It will sail under the name of the Western Pedagogue, with C. Elton Blanchard as editor. We sincerely hope C. Elton will make a better paper out of it than the legion of other editors who have managed the rudder of the Journal have ever done.

The time was when Iowa's claim to fame and fortune lay in her ability to produce corn and hogs, but of late years her dairy interests are looming up in a way to open the eyes of the country, as the following from the Brighton, (La.), Enterprise will show:

Iowa can show up an entire county that shipped out three tons of butter for every square mile of its territory. And it was all made from the cheapest feed and sold equal with any. The name of this county is Bremer. It contains 12 congressional townships of 36 square miles each, and Dairy Commissioner Tupper reports its gross shipments last year at 2,632,000. Figure this out and meditate upon the answer.

LETTER FROM E. H. SKINNER.

HIGHLAND HOME, Near Newberg, Or., Feb. 15, 1893.

EDITORS GRAPHIC:—Forty-two years ago this spring I landed in California, when Marysville was a city of tents or at least more tents than houses. I then thought it the roughest place I ever was in or expected to be in. The principal houses seemed saloons and gambling dens. One large tent I will remember was both saloon and gambling hall. It was called blue ruin. It was built in this way: A strip one yard wide of bleached sheeting at the bottom, then one yard wide of blue jeans for the center then another yard wide of sheeting, making the sides. The cover or roof was made in the same way. It was rightly named blue ruin and many a poor fellow was robbed and ruined there. Several are buried on the banks of the Uba that were murdered in that den.

The second day after arriving there I in company with three others started for the mountains, each man carrying his own blankets, one pick, one shovel, one prospecting pan and twenty pounds of provisions. It was very warm the first and second days in the valley. The fourth day we reached the snow line where we hired to help dig a miner's ditch. Each getting six dollars per day and board for his work. When the ditch was finished we again moved on in search of paying diggings. I found a claim where we thought we could make fair wages if we only had lumber to make sluice boxes so we could work the claim. One of our party went forty miles to Downville and bought a whip saw, paying forty dollars for it. While he was gone we three that remained made a pit, then cut a log and rolled it upon it, high enough for a man to stand under it to pull down the saw, when the man on top of the log would raise it again. In this way we could make about one hundred feet of boards in a day. Well we succeeded in getting to mining in about ten days, making from ten to fifteen dollars to the man each day until the winter gave out. Then we recorded our claims and left for river diggings where we joined with twenty others and built a boom large enough to carry the entire stream through it so we could work in the bed of the river. This claim did not prove a paying one, after going to so much expense. We worked on from day to day in hopes that we would strike it, as the saying was.

Finally the rainy season commenced which soon raised the river carrying away our boom. This left us in debt. We decided to return to our old claim as water now could be had to work. My three partners started back, I was to stay and set up nine pins in a ball alley to pay up our indebtedness. I could have six dollars per day or ten dollars if I worked night. I stayed and squared our accounts, which was better than many do. When I was about to leave, my employer said, "now sir, what are you going to do for provisions for the coming winter? You must get it soon or you can not get it at all, as snow will soon come, then mule trains can not go into the mountains; you have not the money. Well sir, I will see to that," and so he did. He ordered our winter supply and it proved fortunate for us, as the snow came fifteen feet deep, shutting us in completely. Oh! what a long dreary time we had. When it stopped snowing and commenced thawing we dug down ten feet to our sluice and commenced the best winter we could. Mr. Smith, one of our party, became discouraged thinking of his family in the far east, finally he became de-

ranged and cut his throat. This worked so on another partner, he decided to return home as soon as he could get out of the mountains. He did so, and wrote us from Panama where all trace of him was lost. His friends never have found him. My father-in-law and I were now alone, we worked on until the water again failed, when I started for the states, he remaining, and now is buried in Marysville where he went shortly after I left him.

Many miners took out large sums which they gambled away or spent for whisky at 50 cents a drink. When in California last fall, I again made the trip to my old diggings, with a team over a very good toll road, which shortened the distance to seventy miles. When I climbed those mountains on foot loaded down, it was called ninety miles by the nearest trail. I ascertained that the elevation where I worked is six thousand feet above sea level. I found some banks of snow in October last. I located my old claim by certain land marks, but all was stillness and desolation, miners all gone, no sound of the pick or the din of the saloons and gambling dens, which were in every mining camp. I felt sad. I stooped down to drink out of our old spring, what did I see in the clear cold water? The face of an old man. Can this be true. When I was there first I was a spry young fellow. Yes so it is. What good have I done in all the years that have past and gone. Well I have not become a millionaire but have done much better. I have raised a large family, of honest intelligent men and women. Not a drunkard or bad one among them. I have greater reason to feel proud than Gould with his million. My last visit to California has convinced me that this is so, when I saw the intolerance and drunken wretchedness everywhere I went.

Marysville with less than 5,000 inhabitants has sixty saloons or places where whisky can be had by the drink or gallon. Sacramento with 20,000 has 400 such places. One saloon to 50 and 83 inhabitants respectively. This seems absurd but so it is. The miners and teamsters coming and going helps largely to make these holes pay. I found many old forty-niners, as they are called, that were once rich in gold who are now poor indeed. Poor, degraded drunks. One man that took out all the gold he could carry is now sweeping the walk or doing errands around livery stables in Marysville. I had a long talk with this man.

The great wine industry of California you hear so much said about is ruining thousands upon thousands every year. What I have seen has been a great temperance lesson to me. And since my return to this quiet and happy Newberg without one saloon, I have felt that it is a goodly land where peace and plenty reign.

Truly Yours,

E. H. SKINNER.

LETTER FROM DR. JESSUP.

Notes and observations made during my first voyage across the Atlantic on the steamer Galia, beginning Jan. 21, 1893.

Left the port of New York at 8:45 a. m. on Jan. 21, 1893, as fine a winter day as any one could ask. Took breakfast about 9, remained on deck after breakfast till about 11, until the last sight of "Native Land" was had and we were well out at sea.

Nine o'clock p. m. Has been a delightful day, almost as smooth sailing as upon a great river. Only about twenty saloons or first class passengers, mostly Englishmen. These together with the officers all of whom are English make a decidedly English company. There are a few Americans and with these there is a constant discussion about English and American ways and customs. They have great times at the dinner table. There is a young lady in the company who is an American going abroad for the first time that is a leader already in all the talk and hilarity. It may be she will over do the thing yet. And so ends our first day on board, and I will retire under a consciousness of my Heavenly Father's presence in my heart.

Jan. 22. Arose from my bunk this morning at 8:15, having had a good night's rest. I soon found the ship was rolling a good deal more than she did yesterday. Took breakfast soon after getting up. A good many vacant seats at the table caused by the rolling of the stomach, a consequence of a rolling ship. I ate a good square meal and went on the upper deck and found a calm pleasant morning, sea appeared smooth and glass, but ship rolling so much that a man in walking on the deck would "reel to and fro like a drunken man." Spent an hour on deck and then went below to the dining room called the "Saloon," where all that would be gathered to worship, which is the universal custom on all the Cunard ships every Sabbath day. The services were conducted by the Captain who read the services that are prepared and printed in a neat book for use in this ship. The services consisted of singing and reading the Scriptures, and reading prayers that are printed in the book. The services were conducted in a very solemn and thoughtful manner. There was no sermon or anything said except what was read out of the books. The afternoon was spent in reading and talking and promenading on the upper deck. A little snow and hail at sundown. The evening was occupied by a good many of the passengers and some of the officers in singing in the saloon where there was a piano. All the songs sung were such as are found in Gospel Hymns. Went to bed at 9:30, sea still good, and not cold. We are some 400 miles from New York. I notice the sea gulls are still following in our track. I do not know whether they intend to follow us all the way or not.

We have gone due east ever since we left the bar at New York.

Jan. 23. A good night's rest. I got up at 7, went on deck and found the same quiet sea, ship sailing steady, whether a little rain and cloudy, but not much sign of damp and snow. After breakfast

spent all forenoon on deck. Passengers playing games, such as pitching rings over a stake and the like. Delightful weather not at all wintry. We are between seven and eight hundred miles from New York. Have not seen a vessel of any kind since leaving New York. The sea gulls are still following after us but not so many.

Afternoon. We sighted a large Philadelphia steamer to the south of us and a full rigged sail vessel to the north both headed west. The afternoon was spent by most of the passengers out on deck doing all sorts of things, the last I noticed was skipping the rope, like the children used to at school. Old men taking a hand at it. And so thus far all has gone as pleasantly as could be.

We have good table fare, which consists in part of porridge (mush), beefsteak, lamb chop, ham, two or three kinds of fish, vegetables of various kinds, coffee, tea and chocolate for breakfast. For lunch which comes at about 1 o'clock, we have roast meats, (beef, lamb, etc.), vegetables, ice cream, etc. For dinner which comes at 5:30, we have soup, which we also have for lunch, roast beef, lamb and Irish stew, a variety of vegetables, ice cream, tea and coffee, chocolate, every meal. So we have all we need to eat.

This evening after supper the passengers had a great time singing and reciting pieces and all sorts of things. The songs were mostly of a lively and comic nature very unlike what we had last evening when they were all of a religious character. The Englishmen are great on puns and conundrums and jokes and are always getting them off at the expense of somebody.

Jan. 24. Had another good night on board. Got up at 8:15, had breakfast at usual time and spent the forenoon on deck. The sea began to be much more rough about noon. Weather warm and pleasant. I spent the forenoon on deck without overcoat.

We were reported in latitude 41° 34' and longitude 50° 26' and 1031 miles from New York harbor, having made a run of 348 miles since noon yesterday.

The ship is rolling a good deal today but nothing disagreeable to me. I still have a good appetite and feel first rate. I noticed some sea gulls again today. I do not know how far we are from the banks of New Foundland, but not a very great way I suppose. A map of the world would tell by comparing its latitude and longitude with our present position as shown above.

Afternoon. Spent two hours in writing then went on deck and engaged in a game called "shuffle board," with three other gentlemen. The game consists in shoving some round flat pieces of wood with long sticks made for the purpose, onto a number of squares, each being numbered. The one that gets one hundred first wins the game. The deck of the ship being smooth is fine for the game, and I find it a good exercise for it takes lots of work to keep your feet while the ship is rolling and pitching as it did this afternoon.

After supper. The saloon is quiet this evening. The sea is much rougher than it has been yet and it seems to take a good deal of the hilarity out of the passengers. The same old moon is shining away out here on the Great Deep that shines on the land. It being clear and bright. It is now 8:30 and I will soon retire.

Jan. 25. Went to bed last night at 9:30 with the roughness of the sea increasing. Did not sleep very good. I would get to sleep and then a heavy sea would strike the ship and she would roll and crack at every loose joint and something loose would make an unusual sound and I would be wide awake again. And so I put in the night and arose this morning not much refreshed at 6:30.

Found it was raining and a high sea so that we could not be on deck. Had breakfast at usual time. I ate hearty and felt better. Afternoon. Still high sea but looks like clearing up. Our log book shows us in latitude 44° 10' longitude 43° 28' and having traveled 350 miles since noon yesterday. After supper we were entertained by a gentleman giving some account of his visit to Dahomey in South Africa some 20 years ago and how he was made a Prince by the King, etc. The ship is sailing on I suppose all it will roll and pitch as if that was all it was doing. I shall go to bed soon and see if I can sleep. I expect it will not be very sound. The night is the worst time on a ship on a stormy sea.

Jan. 26. Had a very bad night. Waves going over the upper deck every few moments. I did not sleep very much. Got up at 7. Ate a little breakfast and managed to get into the smoking room which is on the upper deck where we can get a breath of fresh air. The water went clear over the top of the room a few times. We were at noon in 46° 30' north latitude and 35° 40' longitude and have gone 260 miles further on our journey which makes 1741 miles from New York and it is 1054 miles yet to Queenstown and 1298 from Liverpool, which at our present rate of going will require four days to Liverpool and three to Queenstown yet.

After supper. The roughest sea we have had yet, dishes go sliding back and forth as far as there is room in the galleys for them. These galleys are like long shallow boxes with no bottom or top just the sides about 1 1/2 inches deep. These are put along the edge of the table and are a little wider than the plates. Everything is thus secured from sliding off the table. But your coffee and soup and such things are often turned out on the table and into your lap if you are not on the look out.

I retired at 9:30 and after wedging myself in bed with all the extra pillows I could find and stuffing the blankets about me to keep from rolling back and fro, I tried to sleep but as usual under such conditions I made but a poor failure out of it. Our ship being nearly 500 feet long there is but little heaving up at one end and going down at the other. So the motion is all from side to side. So I got

tired of that and got up in the night and took a cushion off of the settee and put it on the floor and made my bed on that across the ship, (the berth) but found this lengthwise with the ship, but found this was no go as the rocking from side to side would lift my head so high that I would slide down toward the foot and then the next instant my heels would go up and I would slide back toward the head again. So wedged myself up as tight as I could in my bunk flat on my back and managed to sleep some and lay awake a good deal till morning.

Jan. 27. This is the seventh day of our voyage and at noon were in latitude 48° 55' longitude 27° 50' and had made 340 miles since noon yesterday and are 2081 miles from New York, and must make 714 miles yet before seeing land. We have a hard wind blowing in our face from the east today and it is colder. Sea calm some but rough enough yet. The Captain says the barometer has gone down to 29 and a storm threatening at 5:30. At noon it began to rain and rain-ed all afternoon. At 9:30, clear and wind from the west. We hope the storm may not strike us. The Captain says he will be on deck all night. So I will go to bed soon trusting our Heavenly Father that all will be well.

Jan. 28. Had quite a comfortable night of it last night, the storm did not come that was feared, although it may come yet as we still have a low barometer. It is mild and pleasant this morning. We had a game or two of shuffle board on deck, until a shower drove us in. Afternoon. The same routine till night and after supper when the passengers gave a concert, (that is some of them), for the benefit of the Sailors' Orphan Homes at Liverpool and New York. A collection was taken up amounting to some seventeen dollars. They had a gay time I suppose they would call it, and after the performance the drinking commenced and I went to bed.

Jan. 29. A fine pleasant morning, everybody on deck looking for land which came in sight at about noon, which caused a great deal of interest in all of us although to some of us it was not our native land. The crew all busy now getting the mail out of the hold of the ship on deck to send ashore at Queenstown, after which we will go on our way to Liverpool. 8:13 o'clock. We have passed Queenstown and are now on our way to the end of the journey. We halted off from Queenstown and a boat came along side and made an attempt to take off some eight or nine hundred heavy mail sacks, but after the tender had been lashed to our ship by strong hawsers or ropes and three of them were parted the attempt was not continued. A few sacks were taken off and we are carrying the main bulk of it on to Liverpool. It seems that when it can be done the mail is taken off the steamer at Queenstown and put upon cars and taken to London and other places in Great Britain a few hours ahead of the ship. We have had a fine days sail and one more night on board will let us off we hope.

Jan. 30. Arrived all safe got through the custom house and to the train that is to take me to Limerick. Will start in a few minutes, and so I have not time to write much more. Will write again in a day or two. I do not feel any the worse of my ten days voyage and am thankful to our Heavenly Father for his continued goodness to me. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon you.

ELIAS JESSUP.

LETTER FROM PROF. HARTLEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1893.

EDITORS GRAPHIC:—This writing finds me in the northeastern part of New York state. The mercury this A. M. is 6 degrees above zero. We have been having a genuine cold time.

I had one pleasant, (rather cool however,) ride of twenty-five miles and return, in an open sleigh with five others, and a part of the time, a fine breeze and mercury 11 deg. below zero. We found no difficulty to keep cool, even though others were crowding us. Six of us two seats. These New Yorkers are good natured. I went through all that cold time and did not take cold.

While I was down at Paimyra, at the home of A. M. Purdy, one of the great New York nurserymen, I had the privilege of looking upon old Mormon Hill. Joe Smith is said to have found his golden plates there, containing the book of Mormon. It is almost round and made up largely of gravel. His old mill also still stands near by, an old wreck, much like the church which he founded. The elements seem to be against it. Also, the mill, wherein is a little rocky case, in which Joe Smith interpreted the golden book to his scribes. The people here who were acquainted with the man do not speak in very high terms of him. He, they say, was worthless, mean, vile, corrupt, and many other such expressions were used in regard to him, so I had to give it up, and no more believe him to be a prophet, as these men are good christian gentlemen and their evidence is good.

Near the same place is the old home of the two sisters who started Spiritualism, "the rappings, dancing table, etc." This is a noted place for evil. How much has come of it we cannot tell. Many have been deceived, even of the very elect.

Since I began this writing I have changed my location. The present finds me on the east side of Lake Champlain, with the Adirondack mountains in plain view on the west and the Green mountains on the east, all enveloped in snow. It is a most beautiful scene. Mercury one morning 20 deg. below zero. Some wind. Ice two feet thick and still freezing. I think I stand the cold almost as well as the people that live here. But I feel it occasionally, and I have been in comparatively good health all the time. I find New York state and Vermont, as far as I have seen them, very hilly.

They have one crop which is a success, the apple crop. They are of a good quality, but I confess, I do not think I have tasted an apple in either state as good as

those I got from Granville Everest, of Newberg, Or., last winter. They are noted for their keeping qualities, and I think those might have kept much longer than they did, but they were too fine flavored. Pears do well here also, and many keep well into winter. Not much else except small fruits, strawberries, etc. I am satisfied the Oregon climate is the best yet.

Address me, care A. Marin, 38 Park Row, New York City, N. Y.

Respectfully,

G. N. HARTLEY.

THE ELEVATOR CASE.

It is reported that a settlement has been made by P. A. Marquam of \$5,000 on Mr. W. C. Avery, whose wife was killed in the elevator at the Marquam opera house lately. It was concluded that there was a clear case for damages and as the law allows as much as \$5,000 the easiest way was to settle without a suit. It is understood that Judge Marquam is indemnified by the Elevator Accident Company.—Portland Dispatch.

To the man who has grown indifferent to his family, or who is not doing all that he can for the happiness of each member thereof, I wish to say: You are wasting life's most precious opportunities for good, and bringing to yourself bitterness where all should be sweet contentment. Turn back to your loved ones and try the power of gentle affection. Once you were willing to make any sacrifice to please the woman of your choice; by your solicitous attentions you won her love; should you not in the same way retain it and strengthen it? I am sure that there are very few who would intentionally wound their loved ones, but gradually the "small sweet courtesies of life" are omitted, the tone becomes more indifferent, the thoughts drift away from love, and the fondest of all ties—that of perfect confidence—is broken. Go back to the old ways. Meet your wife and children with smiles and kisses, and exert yourself to make them happy, as you once did to please the girl you were trying to win. If barriers have been raised between you let no time pass to have them removed, and establish bonds of love that are stronger than steel. No parent can afford to have his children stand aloof with a feeling that there is lack of sympathy. Rather should there be that companionable which invites the utmost confidence and congeniality. I believe it is a mistaken idea that this will encourage disrespect, for the most cheerful and beautiful service is the service of love.—Woman's Work.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Persons visiting the postoffice on a busy day do not think that it makes any difference how they ask for the mail at the general delivery. Were there but few asking for mail it would make but little difference but where as is frequently the case at this office thousands ask for mail in a single day, it does make a difference whether the party stepping to the window says, "Is there any mail for John Smith?" or whether he says "John Smith." The supposition is that the applicant at the general delivery window wants mail, and while postal employees are not adverse to politeness the giving of the name is not an impolite way of asking and as it gets right down to the point is much preferred. The same rule holds true of stamps. The clerk does not know what denomination you want if you say, "25 cents worth of stamps" but if you say, "25 cents worth of twos" or 10 twos and 5 ones" you have been brief and explicit and the clerk will appreciate your effort to help expedite the work.—Oregon City Enterprise.

In the neighborhood of sixty conversions are reported from LaFayette, the work of the protracted effort which closed on Saturday night. The interest reached Dayton and the christian workers gave a helping hand, and the cause is greatly advanced.—Dayton News.

Daniel Burton Kingery, son of D. B., left for California on a visit last week. It is reported that he went on the same business as his elder brother, who recently returned.—Reporter.

It is rumored that the reason the lawyers of Multnomah county enjoined the state from making the state levy is that they hoped thereby to enable Portland's bloated bond holders to escape paying the last year's tax on mortgages, by claiming that the new tax law became effective before the state levy was made.—Reporter.

Mrs. Mary J. Lee of Bellevue, Idaho, arrived here Monday morning to visit her sister, Mrs. W. E. Warren. They had not seen each other since 1844. Mrs. Warren left Missouri in 1847, and came to Portland when it was nothing but a brush thicket. Mrs. Lee left Missouri and came to Idaho in 1861, and has lived there ever since. The two ladies are the youngest members of a family of eight children, one half of whom are dead, and they have been orphans from their youth. Their union is naturally a happy one. Mrs. Lee expects to make her permanent home in McMinnville, her husband having recently died.—Reporter.

Judge Galloway, having purchased the Jack Acre farm of 130 acres, is planting the same out in hops and 40 acres in fruit consisting of plums, peaches and 600 grape vines. In three years he says he will have the hills blossoming like the rose. The judge will have many friends then who will form an excuse to stop and sample his luscious fruit. It will be well for him to get the roads leading to his ranch in good shape before he retires from office.—Reporter.

Young men who on marriage bent, have themselves away to the county seat to get the necessary license, should remember that they must have a witness to satisfy the clerk that the prospective bride is of proper age; he can not take the say-so of the applicant, the law prohibits it. Every day or two some young man from a distant part of the county will enter the clerk's office and in a confidential tone

The Chehalem Valley Bank.

NEWBERG, OREGON.

Incorporated 1893. Capital Stock \$40,000.

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C. EVEREST, breeder of S. C. B. Leghorns, S. C. B. Leghorns, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Pekin Ducks. Birds from the leading yards. Call or write for anything needed in my line.

tell the official in charge that he wants a marriage license. When told that a witness is necessary, the majority are badly broken up, and once in a while the young man has to return home without the coveted permit.—Telephone Register.

POETICAL NUMBER VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1893.

Is not a mere advertising dodge, but one of the finest works of the kind ever issued, and should be owned by every person in the land who has a foot of land to cultivate or is in any way interested in growing flowers or vegetables. Within beautifully illustrated and illuminated covers, showing the Pansy sailors at work—

Carrying plants and bulbs and seeds, Everything the garden needs.

"At every port their craft will call, With goods from Vick's for one and all."

Over 100 pages (8x10 inches) of the most interesting descriptions of all the leading flowers and vegetables, as well as many pages printed in colored ink, telling of the new novelties, with hundreds of engravings and directions for their successful cultivation. The appropriate quotations alone are worth more than the price—but really it costs nothing, as the 10 cents sent for the Guide can be deducted from first order.

We advise our readers to send 10 cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y., for the Poets' No. of Vick's Floral Guide.

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SOLD YOUR HOGS?

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Do tell! Yet your ready made cheap clothes indicate the plowman instead, and gives you away.

Staple and fine cloths so made up as to improve the appearance of the wearer.

Full Line of Hats, Umbrellas, Hosiery and Underwear

For Men Women and Children.

Ready made Clothing, Men's and Boys' Shirts, Neckwear and Handkerchiefs.

Shoes for Men, Women and Children.

Albums, Accordions, Dolls, Fancy Boxes, Toilet Cases and Toys.

Silverware, Silver and Boss Filled Gold Watches, Emblem Pins & Charms. Ear Drops, Rings, Plain Gold and with Settings of Emerald, Diamond, Moonstone, etc.

J. Barrie.

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A complete embalming outfit just received. Come and see me.

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Did you ever learn what fabulous results grow out of the circulation of this little book? The very words like a fire, but be sure it is not used for the wrong purpose. It is the most useful and most popular of all books. It is the most useful and most popular of all books. It is the most useful and most popular of all books.

45 sold in '88

2,288 sold in '89

6,268 sold in '90

20,049 sold in '91

60,000 will be sold in '92

Street Vendors and Street

These figures tell the story of the ever-growing popularity of this little book.

It is a complete and exhaustive dictionary of the English language, and is the most useful and most popular of all books.

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