

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:
E. H. WOODWARD AND O. M. EMBRY.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1893.
Entered as second class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon.

THE BILL WE NEED MOST.
They're talkin' 'bout the tariff bill—the silver bill an' all;
They wrangle through the summer, an' they quarrel 'till the fall;
But of all the bills from Billville, the one we want is still
Is the bill that buys the boardin'—the old five dollar bill!
You may rattle it, an' crumple it, an' twist an' turn it round,
An' stuff it in your pocket, where it seems to weigh a pound;
Or hide it in your wooten sock, or in your boots but still,
There's never no discountin' of the old five dollar bill!
It's greasy as the kitchen, from goin' round so much;
But a feller ain't pertickler, when it's ticklin' of his touch;
An' the biggest bill from Billville—an' the one we want is still
Is the crumpled up, an' crumpled up, old-time five dollar bill.
—Albion Constitution.

The silver question: "Can't you pay me what you owe?"
The Guard estimates that the Sladden farm near Eugene will produce 200,000 pounds of green fruit, mostly prunes, this year.

The Danube arrived in Portland again last Monday morning with 192 Chinese and several Japs on board. Another harvest for the Portland attorneys.

The present dull times are causing a strong sentiment against the employment of Chinese to the exclusion of whites at various points on the coast, mainly in California.

Americans in Scotland have recently erected a Lincoln monument at Edinburgh. The monument is a bronze figure, life size, and represents Lincoln freeing the slaves. The entire monument cost \$6,000.

So valuable are her jewels, that Mrs. Potter Palmer never attends a ball or party of any kind to which she wears them, without a private detective to form a part of her escort.—Ex.

A slave won a twenty-dollar prize in a swimming match in Chicago last week, and the money was promptly pocketed by his master. This sounds a little rough for this land of the free, but it is never- theless true. The slave belonged to an African exhibitor at the fair.

R. J. Hendricks of the Statesman, has been appointed superintendent of the Reform School. To be a successful superintendent of a reform school a man must be something of a specialist along that line. Whether Mr. Hendricks has these qualifications or not, time will tell.

The two Japanese representatives to the World's Fair have been converted to Christianity by the ministry of Prof. Black, pastor of the Central Christian church of Chicago, and have come out with a card in the daily press confessing their new convictions and allegiance.

Farmers are being specially favored with pleasant weather this season for harvesting and caring for crops of all kinds and the general health of the people was never better. These are some of the blessings we have reason to be thankful for, along with the general complaint of hard times financially.

Miss W. Bruce, superintendent of the United States government reindeer station at Fort Clarence, in Arctic Alaska, arrived in Portland from that territory last Monday. He has in charge a party of Eskimo, dogs and curios for the Alaska exhibit at the World's Fair. The party consists of four men, three women and four children, together with a team of six dogs and a collection of Eskimo books.

The city of Salem could well afford to accept the big bridge and put a toll gate at this end of it. The receipts would more than keep it in good repair. If Polk and Marion counties do not want to pay for repairs, why not turn it over to the city?—Democrat.

And then charge Polk county farmers toll for crossing the bridge to get over to Salem to trade with your merchants. Great scheme.

The Tillamook Headlight complains of the wanton cruelty of small boys in that town in their manner of killing cats. One instance is cited where they cut a cat's tail and legs off and then threw her out to die in her misery. Such acts of cruelty practiced by children, is the kind of training that leads on to greater crimes that go to fill our jails and penitentiaries. Proper home training on the part of parents would greatly lessen the amount of cruelty to dumb brutes, short- ening our court dockets, and save the shedding of many bitter tears at an hour when they bring no relief.

Here is just what ought to have been said to bicycle riders several months ago: "Bicycle riders are sadly in need of backbone supporters. It is not unusual to see a dozen riders and every one cursing in the back or sprawling out like a paralyzed frog. Why should not a bicycle rider sit as gracefully as a horseback rider."—Inter Ocean. "They should! The habit of 'humping' is only a fall in initiation of racers and is persisted in will result in diseases of the spinal column which will put an end to wheeling. Sit up straight and give your lungs a chance, boys."—Ex.

At a recent meeting of the state board of horticulture, \$100 was appropriated toward defraying the expenses of a fruit palace to be erected at the state fair. The plan is to make the entire exhibit a volunteer effort of the fruit growers themselves, in which all can take a part, and receive credit for what they do. All who have fine apples, pears, plums, prunes, peaches or any kind of fruit are asked to contribute. It is the intention of the committee to print a small pamphlet containing the names of all who contribute, name of the fruit, description of it and where grown, for distribution at the fruit palace on the fair grounds. For particulars address the committee, E. Hoier and James Kyle of Salem.

The World's Fair seems to be the occasion for bringing an unusual number of fools to the front for public notice. The latest we have heard of is a Connecticut farmer. A farm hand of doubtful antecedents and a particular faculty for fiddling, laid suit for the hand of the old farmer's daughter. The father told the young man he could have the girl if he could be assured that he really loved her, and to make a test he told the young man if he would take his fiddle and work his way to the World's Fair without money except what he might earn on the road, he would consent to the marriage. The daughter protested against this requirement of her lover, but the young man promptly agreed to put himself to the task and set forth with his fiddle under his arm.

Of course, after a big appropriation had been made for the dry goods soldiers of this state, there was nothing left for them to do but spend it. So they played soldier last week at the state's expense, and the Oregonians kept their readers posted on the daily proceedings at "Camp Campson," with as much precision as if the people of Oregon really were interested in their antics. Saturday a young man named Nelson was mortally wounded in a sham battle at the camp, having been struck in the back with a wal from a blank cartridge at short range. He died Sunday evening. If the thousands of dollars this useless organization has wasted thus were put to use in some other way, it would be more sensible and much more humane, as it might result in the saving of life rather than the loss of it.

Church organizations and missionary societies that are casting about for fields for missionary work need go no farther from home than Chicago. If the managers of the World's Fair are not fit subjects for missionary labors after allowing such scenes enacted on the grounds, as is given in the following dispatch, no health- ening land need be visited.

"Thousands of people lined the edge of the grand basin at the world's fair tonight and watched four Quackish Indians undergo the torture dance. The horrible ceremony took place on a float in the center of the basin. The four braves who underwent the dance had things passed through strips of flesh cut in their back. Other Indians took the loose ends of the things and using them as reins drove the others around the float as if they were driving horses, causing the most exquisite agony. Finally the things were pulled entirely loose, tearing the flesh and causing the blood to flow. One of the Indians lost his reason because of the awful pain and suffering. He sprang upon Interpreter Ford and fastened his teeth in his arm, and hung on until the united strength of several men was necessary to open his jaws. He will recover his reason in a little while."

A MODEL ORCHARD.
Are you making any pretensions to fruit growing, and do you care to talk to a man who has made a life study of the business and has grown gray at work in the orchard? If you answer in the affirmative we want to advise you to drive out to E. H. Skinner's home some afternoon and get new inspiration. Don't be in a hurry. Mr. Skinner is a very active, busy man notwithstanding his age, but he is not at all selfish with the fund of information he has treasured up from his long experience in fruit growing. Take a seat in their pleasant sitting room and get acquainted with Mrs. Skinner, as it will not be time thrown away, for you will not have occasion to regret the time spent in conversation with either of them. The fact is you will go away reproving yourself for not having availed yourself of the opportunity at an earlier day. Note the comfortable and convenient arrangements about the home, and after having rested for a little time start out with Mr. Skinner to look at the orchard and get some pointers. First you might take a look at a new barn he has just finished on the side of the hill. It doesn't cover much ground but it is so arranged that an unusual amount of room is secured under a small roof. Above is a mow for hay. Below is a shop for making fruit boxes and for sheltering vehicles, and a basement gives good room for four horses. Make a note of the implements for cultivating the orchard as the chances are that you will want to discard your ordinary farm implements and have some made that are designed especially for orchard cultivation. If you haven't learned already that to be a successful wheat or corn raiser don't necessarily make a practical fruit man, you have a few things to learn yet. You want tools that are properly adapted to the work before you and then if you take an interest in your work you can soon learn how to use them properly. Mr. Skinner owns 13 1/2 acres, 10 acres of which is in orchard. The trees were set some two or three years before he bought the place but they had made slow growth, owing to poor cultivation. In fact the briars and poison oak about the trees were in the ascendancy in more than one sense. Fortunately, of the 1,400 prunes and 220 cherries that were set, pretty good judgment was used in choosing varieties.

The prunes are silver, Italian and French, with the larger number of the latter two. The cherries are nearly all of the Royal Anne variety.

Mr. Skinner traded for the orchard without seeing it and of course was disappointed at finding it in so bad a condition. He, however, went to work to inaugurate a reform. First the ground was "cleared." Then it received such a plowing as it had never dreamed of before. So deep the plow went when a safe distance from the trees that the tramp was sounded for many big fir roots and they were re- sected. The trees were pruned. Yes, and pruned. One neighbor in passing and witnessing the work of destruction, said to one with him, "Why! that old man is crazy, crazy." But this neighbor has since climbed the fence and gone over to Mr. Skinner and made all due apology, saying he was mistaken in the one who was crazy. Well, to shorten the story, "the wilderness and solitary place" is a thing of the past, and where once a fellow in passing that road had feelings of sorrow come over him when he thought of any one trying to "stay" along the dry hillsides, you will find a comfortable home and the finest appearing and best cultivated orchard in the valley. You never saw a better cultivated garden in your life. While we have had no rain to speak of for more than two months, if you scraus two inches of the top soil away you will find the soil underneath so moist that it would sprout corn in two days.

"Are the trees full of fruit?" How could they refuse to respond to such care and cultivation? The leaves are simply black with green. This may be a "green" expression but that is the only way we can express it. And the fruit—well, the trees are simply "loaded to the muzzle." The crop of prunes in this orchard is estimated by C. E. Hoskins at 2,000 to 2,500 bushels, while Mr. Shepherd of Zion, who was here last week, thought it would reach 3,000 bushels.

The cherry trees are just getting large enough to begin to bear nicely and there is not as fine a cherry orchard in the country. No blowing, for this is a fact. Go and be convinced is all we have to say.

Beside looking after his own affairs, Mr. Skinner has charge of 60 acres of land belonging to his son, that lays along side of his. On this they planted 1,000 Royal Anne cherries and 1,000 Early Crawford peaches last year. Nine acres more will be set to fruit this fall, but the varieties are not yet decided on. A word about over production. Mr. Skinner says when he was branching out in apple raising in New York state years ago, the old story was repeated. The Newberg people are enterprising and never take a back seat.—Dayton Herald.

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I was surprised to see Christian gentlemen and Judges of law and equity, leaders of society, makers of public sentiment, lawyers for a great state, directors of public morals, supposed to be public exemplars of all that is good and guides to the young, thus setting publicly their seal of approval to a most dangerous and evil practice. To be sure they played for stakes no higher than the cigars for the party. But it seems to me that, in the eyes of all discreet persons, this does not change the act nor lessen the danger of its example, but rather heightens it; as from the less to the greater is the inevitable course of crime. But I did not intend to moralize on paper, but was about to say that while I was filled with such thoughts as these one of the party grew tired of the game, and our remaining judge was invited to take his place. I saw the blood mount in an honest blush of disapproval to his manly face, and he hesitated and drew back. But the game had become interesting and his excited companions urged him. "Come, Judge, take a hand," they cried, "we can't go on without you." So the Judge slowly rose from his seat, inwardly condemning the act as I evidently saw, and stepping forward took a seat among the players and the game went on.

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"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge pleasantly. "Where have we met?"
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The old trunkman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman young or past young; but this New York girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the trunkman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips. "God bless ye, miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers and went on her way. What an example of true politeness!—Ex.

A COOK BOOK FREE.
"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Powder Company, of Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you write a postal mentioning the NEWBERG GRAPHIC. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the very best of its kind. Besides containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter a dining room, etc.; a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and home like, is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any lady sending her address (name, town and state) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.
In the winter of 1870 I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago on the

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A few days, and you will be started at the unexpected success that will reward your efforts. We positively have the best business to offer an agent that can be found on the face of this earth. \$45.00 profit on \$75.00 worth of business is being easily and honorably made by and paid to hundreds of men, women, boys, and girls in our country. You can make money faster at work for us than you have any idea of. The business is so easy to learn, and instructions so simple and plain, that all succeed from the start. Those who take the time to learn, and who are honest and energetic, will find it profitable. Secure for yourself the profits that the business so readily and handsomely yields. All beginners succeed grandly, and more than realize their greatest expectations. Those who try it find exactly as we tell them. There is plenty of room for a few more workers, and we urge them to begin at once. If you are already employed, but have a few spare moments, and wish to see them to "advantage," then write us at once (possibly a good opportunity), and receive full particulars by return mail. Address, TRUCE & CO., Box No. 400, Augusta, Mo.

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I have just received a full line of new goods, such as for the Spring work, elegant, and will sell at as low figures as the quality of our goods will justify.
A complete embalming outfit just received. Come and see me.

J. F. FORD, Evangelist,
Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1893:
S. B. MED. MFG. CO.,
Dufur, Oregon.
Gentlemen: An arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wasted away to 38 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. MED. MFG. CO. has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. MED. MFG. CO. has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are Yours, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Ford.
If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and ready for the Spring work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week. 50 cents per bottle by all druggists. Sold under a positive guarantee by C. F. Moore & Co.

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