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NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:
E. H. WOODWARD AND ORM. C. EMERY.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

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

IN a runaway at Salem one day last week a buggy was overturned by striking a rose bush.

JUDGING from the amount of sand that gets mixed up with our Eastern Oregon exchanges in transit, they have need of a good rain over that way.

IT IS said that Chicago needs a new Federal building. Chicago will doubtless need a whole lot of government money to offset its world's fair deficit.

OREGON editors who have occasion to mention Milwaukee, the metropolis of Wisconsin should bear in mind that the name terminates with "ee" instead of "ie," as in the case of Portland's suburb.

THE Beaverton *Chronicle* has stirred up something very closely resembling a hornets nest, by remarking that a certain old soldier limped a little more just about pension time than any other. The G. A. R. post at that place have resoluted some large sized resolutions in which the *Chronicle* figures quite prominently.

GOV. MATTHEWS, of Indiana, has the right kind of stuff in him, and don't propose to allow any more prize fights to take place in that state if they can be prevented. His language, while forcible, was to the point, when he said to a Chicago sport the other day that if it took all the gunpowder in Indiana, prize fighting had to be stopped.

THE Lombard Investment Company, one of the biggest farm mortgage concerns in this country, has gone to the wall. Like a good many banks that have failed its capital consisted in the funds of other people, loaned the company at a low rate of interest and re-loaned by it at a higher rate on farm property. A good many western farmers will need a "stay law" to save their homes, as no extension of mortgages is to be given.

WITH the world's fair nearly over, we are informed by the Oregon commissioners that but little over half of our $60,000 appropriation is expended. Yet, with all the fuss and expense incurred by a majority of the states Oregon has attracted as much attention as any state in the Union with perhaps one exception, and it is all due to capable and judicious expenditure on the part of our representatives. There may be some moss on the back of the average Oregonian, but he can make a dollar go as far as the best of them.

THE Dallas *Transcript* mentions the fact that fruit is coming into market with fewer evidences of the ravages of the codlin moth than for a number of years, and hopes that the day of this pest and the woolly aphis has been about run. It would be folly for fruit growers to be deluded in this way, as the freedom of fruit from worms is easily accounted for by the fact that the late rains tended to keep them from working early in the season. There is just as much danger to be apprehended from the codlin moth as last year or the year before, and will be until fruit growers adopt some intelligent method for its extermination.

Hon. J. W. Wallace, who has this year had the management of the Wallace estate pear orchard, has just received a fine acknowlegment that our state beats the world for superior pears. Some time ago while in conversation with his friend Chas. F. Grey, president of the Hyde & Leather bank in Chicago, that gentleman questioned whether Pacific coast pears had as fine flavored as those of the east. Of course, he had only the California fruit in mind, but this was a comparison that no Oregon pear grower could admit for a moment. In order to convince his friend Mr. Wallace sent him a box from their orchard in a recent shipment to that city, and now that gentleman beautifully acknowledges the corn, and admits that Oregon pears are the best he ever ate. He mildly winds up his eulogy of the fruit by saying: "They certainly know how to raise good pears in Oregon, as I have found out by this experience."—*Capital Journal.*

CLACKAMAS COUNTY COAL.

O. L. Paquet, of Wapinitia, Wasco county, was in the city several days of last week visiting his brother, Hon. Peter Paquet. Mr. Paquet came over the mountains by way of the headwaters of the Clackamas in company with a party of prospectors for the purpose of examing the mineral prospects of that section. They found coal indications very plentiful and traced one vein over six miles. They found coal indications very plentiful and traced coal over six miles. They secured several fine specimens of lignite coal, samples of which are now on exhibition at Mr. P. Paquet's office in the land office. It burns very freely with great heat and but little waste and considered extra good for surface coal.

Mr. Paquet with his party left the first of this week for their coal mines with the intention of making a more thorough examination, and if they prove as rich as they indicate to be a company will be formed and steps taken for their early development. A heavy vein of coal so near Portland as this would prove a bonanza to the owners as well as an advantage to Portland by giving that city a cheaper fuel.

Mr. Paquet's party found some good silver and galena indications which they will look into further on their return.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Yamhill County Reporter.

Charley Holman left a few sample Gravensteins from his apple orchard in the sanctum that are world beaters. Charley says spraying his orchard has preserved 90 per cent of sound fruit, while on a few trees that were not treated the fruit is half wormy. From now until the fruit is picked, however, he says the ravages of the codlin moth will be the most destructive.

Moy Chee and Wing Sing will lock horns in Justice Rhodes' court next Monday. Moy Chee claims that Sing owes him $28 for labor which he refuses to pay, and began suit by getting out a writ of attachment. Sheriff Warren had somewhat of a picnic finding property against which to lodge the writ. The Celestial is very cunning in his way but falls an easy victim to any kind of strategy. The sheriff found a pile of wood belonging to Wing Sing, but in order to establish the question of ownership, pretended to be about to attach it as another man's property. Sing protested very strongly that it was his wood and he had no desire to pay the debts of a melican man, but when he learned the true nature of the case he exclaimed "Jimminy Klatz!" and jumped about four feet in the air, protesting that it wasn't his wood at all and that he didn't owe Moy Chee a cent. In proof of this he brought out a book written in Chinese hieroglyphics and held up before the sheriff. The plaintiff has engaged the legal services of J. J. Spencer for Monday's trial and the defendent will appear through W. T. Vinton.

Beverly Apperson has been mingling with the statesmen at Washington. He dined with Congressman Herman and family on the 14th inst., and with him visited the U. S. navy yard and senate chamber. Binger writes that he will be a walking encyclopedia when he returns. While in Boston Beverly celebrated his 27th birthday anniversary, and the first he ever spent outside of Oregon.

There will be at least two successive blocks in length of road in the city where teams will not wade in mud to the horses' bridles. We refer to that being constructed on B street north of Third. About eight inches of large rock are placed as a foundation, upon which is placed six inches of crushed rock. Henry Gee says he is after the distinction of having built the best piece of road in Yamhill county.

The apple crop in this vicinity will amount to quite an item. There are very few worms this year and the fruit can be handled to good advantage. Parker, the man who is buying and shipping here, estimates the apple crop within a radius of six or seven miles at 10,000 bushels.

Sheridan Sun.

J. K. Guttry who lives out on Mill Creek has killed 100 acres of grubs in the past three years with goats. The tract during this time has afforded fine pasturage for other stock. Goats eat off the sprouts on the stumps which soon die. Mr. Guttry is a model farmer.

Scattered here and there over the fields and even in the oak grub patches are seedling apple trees filled with good fruit. An apple core tossed aside by some one in crossing a field strikes the soil, is germinated by the fall rains, and in a few years blooms forth true to name and kind. Such is the prolific soil of a coming mighty empire. For hops, fruit, grain and stock, this section challenges comparison with any in Oregon—highland, lowland, far or near.

The Newberg fair managers have our thanks for a complimentary ticket. The management are rustlers and their ads., premium lists, dodgers and display bills show them to be no "six bit" outfit. They have gone to great expense and the fair should be made a success.

A subscriber writes to an editor: "I have a horse that has suffered lately from periodical fits of dizziness. Please answer through your valuable paper, and let me know what I should do with him. I'm afraid he will get worse if something is not done soon." The editor replies: "Our honest advice, based on a very careful perusal of that capital book, 'Every man his own horse doctor,' would be: take him some time when he is not dizzy, and sell him to a stranger."

QUEEN VASHTI.

A paper read before the Newberg W. C. T. U., at its regular meeting held September 6, 1893.

I aim to present to you a few thoughts which shall quicken you to greater activity. This is the Lord's work, it will go on and if we would share the blessing of victory we must share in the battle also.

Esther i: 10-11-12. To read this chapter without much careful thought, or a knowledge of the manners and customs of the Persian people, one might get the impression that King Ahasuerus was excusable for making such a request of the queen and that there was nothing improper in her complying with his commands. But if we carefully study the history of the people, we find it to be contrary to all their usages and even considered immodest and indecent for a woman to appear in public with men, and the king had never made such a request before. The very reason he gives for commanding her presence was an insult, had not his brain been crazed and muddled with wine. If he had been himself, the command would not have been given or sent as it was by seven drunken men, for you will remember that the king and his court had now been feasting and drinking for more than one hundred and eighty days, and this is the climax of their drunken debauch, a poor way for a king to celebrate his victories and yet this same history repeats itself this year, A. D. 1893. It would seem that Ahasuerus might be content after subduing all his enemies, but alas, in his drunken condition he is a willing tool in the hands of the devil, and his satanic majesty now suggests that it would put the finishing touch to all this greatness if he could conquer the queen, for this enemy of all good has never forgotten since the days of mother Eve, that between him and women is eternal enmity, and nothing gives him more satisfaction than the downfall of woman and he knows full well that no quicker or more satisfactory agency can be found to accomplish this than a drunken husband. But as is sometimes the case, satan over estimated the prower of this drunken court and forgot to count the woman whom he disgraced but failed to conquer. He succeeded in bringing Vashti from her husband's home, and for ought we know from her native land, but did not drive her from her purpose to do right. The king sends her away and proclaims the subjection of all the women in the kingdom and confidently believes himself to be supreme. But was he satisfied? Ah no! we have every reason to think he would have recalled Vashti when he became sober, but for the counsels of his wicked court. And now what does he do next, but hunt the kingdom over for another pure sweet woman to take her place. And God sent him good queen Esther and in less than twelve months this proud king is her humble subject, ready to give her all she may ask to the half of his kingdom. But what can be said in defence of the queen. After considering the king's command and the manner in which it was given, is it not reasonable to say she was justly indignant and justified in refusing to expose her person to the gaze of a drunken rable. And it would be well if some women who live in this 19th century who attend the public ball and private reception dressed in semi-nude costume to display the beauties of face and figure would follow her example which is certainly worthy of emulation. But if we are to defend Vashti we must know something of her character that we may be able to judge rightly her motives. The king himself finds no fault with her past life and we find nothing in this narrative to indicate that she had ever been unworthy the love and respect of the king or his subjects. Her name, Vashti, means excellent woman. After a careful study of her short history, as given in the sacred book, we find she possessed many noble traits of character. She was prudent, modest, chaste, wise and courageous. All of which we may safely copy.

The wise man said, "The wise in heart shall be called prudent." In other words practically wise, careful, discreet in our conduct, the government of our homes and our expenditures. I believe women are learning to be more prudent in their expenditures every year. As their sphere of usefulness widens they learn to economize that they may have to give to him who needeth. We may be modest which implies the absence of all unwomanly bearing or conduct, which means also to be chaste in word and thought and action. There is a tendency among women of today, especially among the young in our small towns to be bold and familiar. We have all been pained and mortified to see the knots of young girls on the street corners, flirting with the boys and carrying on conversation in loud boisterous tones and in language unbecoming a lady. Who is responsible for this conduct? We must answer, largely the mother's. Dear sisters, there must be a new departure here and we must teach our girls both by precept and example to be modest.

Vashti showed her wisdom by doing right. So far as I can find she is the first woman recorded in history as opposing the drink habit. This she did regardless of all consequences. Truly this queen lived in thought and purpose in the 19th century. We are commanded in the word to get wisdom and there is no more emphatic promise than that we shall have it if we ask for it, and who needs it if not the mother. Upon who depends more? Men talk of responsibilities, of the destinies of nations held in their hands and ruled by their thought. But the truth is, that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, for men are only boys grown tall. And mother's training largely determines the character of the boy. What a sad mistake the mother makes who goes down into the valley of death for her child and then through ignorance helps the devel to rob her of its love and cheat heaven of its soul. The savior commends the queen of the south for her visit to the wise man that she might get wisdom, but he said behold a greater than Solomon is here who has promised to give to us liberally. Lastly, this noble queen was courageous. The fact that she knew well what the consequences would be if she refused to obey the king, is proof of her courage clearly demonstrated that she thought more of her self respect, her womanhood, than she did of her crown, or even her life. She might have paraded her charms to great advantage before that maudlin court and gratified her vanity and pride but, splendid woman that she was, she refused and stands before us today as an example of true womanliness and courage. The poet has said that the world has lost a great deal of talent for want of a little courage. I think this applies peculiarly to women; we lose many golden opportunities for want of courage. A poor washwomen came to a distinguished pastor, saying, O, sir! I've heard of the woman's crusade and prayed we might have it here. Can you not do something about it? And she went and prayed till the good man's heart was moved, and the next day he called a meeting of his church. Other pastors followed his example and in a week the town was ablaze and in a fortnight not a saloon remained in town.

Some of us like this poor woman have little talent, no money and small influence. But it is possible for us all to do something to help the cause along. Surely we can exercise as much courage as this heathen queen who dared oppose a drunken court. Have we not as much respect for womanhood which is sacrificed every day on the altar of Bacchus? And that is only a part of the sacrifice required of us today. This moloch rum robs us of the love and protection of husband and sons, ruins our daughters, turns home into hell and then denies us the right to protect ourselves. Merciless foe. When will the manhood of the world realize how completely they are within its grasp. When did I ask? Let me prophesy: When the majority of womanhood of the world are united in their demand for the annihilation of this iniquitous traffic. Men will be compelled to listen to the cry. The majority of women of are indifferent. The number who are asking for justice and reform are but a handful. It may be that God will give the battle to the few, as he did to Gideon and his three hundred, but until the command comes to halt, we must go forward. How to reach the hearts and conscience of woman with the gospel of total abstinence is a problem the W. C. T. U. have been trying to solve for twenty years. In a measure we have been successful, but we have now reached a point where we must have a greater baptism of power, zeal and courage to overcome new difficulties which confront us for I can not rid myself of the conviction that woman is yet to break the shackles which bind this world to king alcohol.

Dear sisters, do we feel the need of this baytism, are we willing to lay aside prejudice and sectarianism, social distinctions, personal pride and humbly join hands with the lowly and oppressed if need be, to win the victory? Have we been asking for something to do and for courage to do it? Do we desire in our hearts to be qualified for this work? If so lose no time, for thousands are daily lost in this sea of strong drink, and in the time of reckoning it will be said to us "inasmuch, etc." If you have received this baptism it is a good time to help some other to get it, to tell how you received it, how you keep it and how you use it for the suppression of wrong and the coming of Christ's kingdom.

In the last week's *Signal* Rev. Merrit is quoted as saying, "if the church would receive the Holy Ghost there would not be a dram shop in three months." We are all a part of the church and must bear our share of the responsibility for the work of the dram shops. Let us set about finding out what our duty is and God will give us grace to do it. I have given you very imperfectly, a few thoughts suggested by the life of one woman who surrounded as she was by all the vices of a heathen land dared to do right, dared to oppose wrong, can we not do as much? Aye, even more, can we not by united effort, courage, faith and prayer destroy this monster who works who works only ill to all mankind.

MRS. A. J. WHITMORE.

PASS IT ON.

Once when I was a school boy going home for the holidays I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol and got on board the steamer with just money enough to pay my fare; and that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything I needed in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic, and the heed of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth four hours wretchedly ill and past caring for anything, when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," I said in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with gilt band about it, and held out his hand: "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before, some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he, pleasantly; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up, and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket when I saw a little lad crying—a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears, as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked

"If you please, sir, I hav'n't money enough to pay my fare. I have all I want but a few pence; and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me the forgotton story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago, and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, today," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."

"I will, sir; I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It is all right, sir; I will pass it on."—*Home and School Visitor.*

SKYWARD WENT AN INDIAN BABY.

A story of thrilling interest comes from the Indian Territory. On a warm, sunny day an Indian women in the Choctaw Nation left her baby, only a few weeks old, on a blanket on the sunny side of the cabin and went about her work. In a short time a large eagle swooped upon the child and flew away with it. Mr. Shobe Locke, who happened to be near by, seeing the imminent peril of the child, determined to rescue it if possible. Seizing his Winchester he mounted his horse and started in pursuit.

For miles, across streams, through woods and over hills, he went at reckless speed, keeping his eye on the eagle and trusting to his sure-footed animal to carry him in safety. Finally the bird alighted on a limb about five feet from the ground, still holding to the child. Mr. Locke knew that delay meant death, and, though, fully 300 yards away, he took deliberate aim and fired. The ball passed through both wings and the great bird slowly fluttered to the ground, with the child still in its grasp. A dog that followed charged on the eagle, but one swipe of its claws satisfied the animal and he slunk away. Mr. Locke came up and finished his work. The child was alive, and, save a few scratches, was unhurt.—New Castle, (Ind.), *Courier.*

ROUSES A TORPID LIVER, DR. HENLEY'S ENGLISH DANDELION TONIC CURES MALARIA, MAKES AN APPETITE.

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J. F. FORD, Evangelist,

Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1893:

S. B. MED. MFG. CO., Dufur, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

On 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. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure 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's work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week.

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"MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I have taken great satisfaction in reading your book, 'Femina.' It is a book that is of incalculable value to mothers and wives; and, in view of the general ignorance of such matters that should be thoroughly understood by them, it is just the book to place in their hands. While in spirit it is scientific, its language is easily understood by the most simple, and the most sensitive cannot be offended. "Very sincerely yours,

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