NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1894.

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

UNDER the McKinley bill we never had such weather in Oregon as has prevailed during the discussion of the Wilson bill.—*Statesman.*

THE weather predictions of Prof. Foster for March have proven about correct in Oregon up to date. According to his figures we need not look for a cessation of hostilities before April 8.

FRANK DAVEY has sold his interest in the Keeley Institute at Forest Grove. Mr. Davey's name has been mentioned in connection with the nomination for state printer on the republican ticket.

BILL NYE has declared his intention of closing his platform career in the near future, as he can't keep up his writing and lecture. He will retire to his home in the mountains of North Carolina with his family.

NOT one stone of the Oregon commission tabernacle should be left upon another by the next legislature. Tear them all down.—*Statesman.*

A very loud "Amen!" from this neck of the woods.

THE old question "resolved that there is more pleasure in persuit than in possession," is no longer a subject for debate. At a country school house above McMinnville the question, "resolved that the buzzard is more beneficial to society than the lawyer," was recently discussed. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative and the buzzard (noble bird) continues to soar far above our brothers of the legal profession. This will be a death blow to some of our local practitioners.

OUR winter has been long and rather a dreary one. Times have been close and many families all over the land have found themselves taxed to the utmost to get the barest necessities of life. Amidst such trials, patience and forbearance are virtues that the members of every household must possess in order to make the burdens as light as possible.

"By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining.
From love so sweet, O who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home."

Bill Nye's definition of a newspaper is as follows: It is a library. It is an encyclopedia, a poem, a history, a dictionary, a time-table, a romance, a guide to political resume, a ground plan of the civilized world, a low-priced multum in parvo. It is a sermon, a song, a circus; an obituary, a shipwreck, a symphony in solid brevier, a melody of life and death, a grand aggregation of man's glory and his shame. It is in short a bird's-eye view of all the magnanimity and meanness, the joys and sorrows, births and deaths, the pride and poverty of the world, all for a few cents.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one summer day, where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat down and tears streamed from her pretty eyes; she never found her lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John, who kept a village store, he sat down and smoked his pipe, and watched the open door. And as the people passed along, but did not stop to buy, John still sat down and smoked his pipe, and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathizing tear. "How is it sister, that these other merchants here, sell all the goods and pay their bills, and thrive from year to year?" Remembering now her own bad luck, the little maid replies: These other fellows get there John, because they advertise."

The Eugene *Register* tells of an interesting surgical operation: Dr. Royal performed the operation of tracheotomy on J. W. Purkerson, a young man about twenty-four years of age, residing near Junction City, last Saturday. The young man had a severe case of lagrippe about three years ago and has never recovered. His wind pipe has been clogged and breathing became difficult, and the operation was performed to relieve him. After making an opening into the wind pipe a piece of gristle dropped over the opening, and the doctor got hold of it and drew it out. **It was about three inches long. The young man's breathing is again free and there was no occasion for the use of the silver tube.**

The silver prunes which are sold by the grocers of St. Paul, Minn., must be a very different article from those produced in Oregon. Mr. Carson finds that a sample received from that city runs 80 to the pound. In the fall of 1892 the editor of this paper visited the evaporator of Mr. C. E. Hoskins, at Springbrook, near Newberg, in this state, and while there weighed a number of samples of his evaporated silver prunes, taking them just as they came from his bins and before they had gone through the sweat which would add a little to their weight. These prunes were found to run very uniformly 17 to the pound. Mr. Hoskins had about two tons of silver prunes that season. At the same time a large number of samples of other varieties of prunes were weighed and it was found that the Italian prunes, ungraded, weighed 30 to the pound. Mr. Hoskins had not dried his own French prunes but was working on a lot of this variety which he had bought from other parties and which were not so large as his own. These he was drying in four grades: No. 1 ran 46 to the pound; No. 2, 73 to the pound; No. 4, 123 to the pound. Mr. Hoskins stated that he was of the opinion, from previous experience, that his own No. 1 French would run about 41 to the pound.—*Rural Northwest.*

The "army of the unemployed which is concentrating upon Washington from all parts of the country may do the nation a service after all by making that city too hot to hold congress and inducing an early adjournment before any greater mischief is done.—*Oregonian.*

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Sheridan Sun.

Joel C. Geer, the steamboat man sent a letter to P. M. Scroggin the other day in which he says he will bring his light draft steamer, "The Harvest Moon," to within a short distance of Sheridan for $10 or $15. The idea for making the trip is to demonstrate to our representatives in congress that Yamhill can be made navigable for steamboats from the Willamette river to Sheridan. Mr. Geer figures that a saving in freights could be made to the farmers of Yamhill county of $40,000 per year. Mr. Geer also wishes to form a joint stock company to put in a lock at the LaFayette rapids, which will cost from $6,000 to $8,000. Then, with an appropriation from the government all of the obstructions could be removed, and the question of navigation from Portland to Sheridan would be assured. Mr. Geer intimates that he will have the river surveyed soon, and expects to complete the organization of a locks company this year, if possible. Our people are interested in the matter, and we have reason to believe that substantial assistance will be given Mr. Geer all along the line. If the steamer attempts the trip, we will try and give notice of the date in the Sun. It will be a novel performance, inasmuch as it will be the first effort ever made to navigate the Yamhill above McMinnville. With the aid of locks at LaFayette the matter of navigating the Yamhill would be comparatively easy for boats of light draught.

AN OFFICE WELL WORKED.

One of the worst abuses in the management of the financial affairs of Oregon is that of the state printing office. During the fiscal years 1887 and 1888 the office cost the state $38,000. For 1892 and 1893 the expense of the state was swollen to the enormous sum of $196,000. Reports of all kinds of the merest bosh have been printed by the state printer at the expense of the taxpayer. The present incumbent is an expert at the business, and has not had nearly eight years of the office to no purpose. The ornamental railroad commission had a book of 800 pages printed filled with rubbish of all sorts. For instance if John Jones should have a $10 calf killed by a Southern Pacific locomotive he might write to the railroad commission for aid to recover the value of the deceased calf in coin of the realm. The board through its secretary would write Mr. Koehler. That gentleman would courteously address the board promising to investigate; if he was dilatory the board would again write, and finally Mr. Jones would get his money. All this correspondence is printed, taking up several pages of the report, with the result that Mr. Jones' calf cost the state of Oregon about $50.—Eugene *Guard.*

FIGS AND THISTLES.

It is hard to understand how a grateful man can be a stingy one.

Labor is never a drudgery to the man whose heart is in his work.

There is no blinder man than the one who thinks he has no faults.

In nine cases out of ten the man who has riches has a hard master.

People do not grow much in grace while they are having their own way.

If stinginess is a disease, many people in the church have very poor health.

The tiredest people in the world are those who do not put any heart in their work.

Our children will remember our deeds long after they have forgotten our precepts.

The devil would rather start a church fuss any time than to sell a barrel of whisky

So many people are doing nothing today because they expect to move a mountain tomorrow.

When the devil has persuaded men to become selfish he has persuaded them to become his.

There would be more power in the church, if so many Christians didn't believe that the most of the Bible was made for somebody else.

A great many people go to church praying that they may hear preaching that will hit somebody else.

The devil has always been puzzled to know just what to do with the man who is religious with his money.

Many a man looks solemn in church, because he is afraid he wouldn't be considered religious if he didn't.

Don't have much to say about how bad you have been, until you are sure that you have gotten entirely over it.

The devel no doubt felt that he had a new lease of life on the day that he saw the cook stove go into the church.

The devil is not persecuting the preacher for righteousness' sake, who is trying with all his might to prove that salvation begins and ends with the head.

A woman can tell more about her husband's religion by the way he behaves when she asks him for money, than she can by hearing him make a long prayer in church.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHERE FRUITS AND PLANTS COME FROM.

Spinach is a Persian plant.
Filberts came from Greece.
Quinces came from Corinth.
The turnip came from Rome.
The peach came from Persia.
The nasturtium came from Peru.
Horseradish is a native of England.
Melons were found originally in Asia.
Sage is a native of the south of Europe.
Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal.
The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.
Damsons originally came from Damascus.
The pea is a native of the south of Europe.
Coriander seed came originally from the east.
The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britian.
Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies.
Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.
The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.
The walnut is a native of Persia, Caucasus and China.
Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa.
Garlic came from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.
The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India.
Asparagus was originally a wild seacoast plant of Great Britian.
The clove is a native of the Malacca Islands, as also is nutmeg.
Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century.
The tomato is a native of South America, and takes its name from a Portugese word.
Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.
Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab apple is indigenous to Great Britian.
Cloves come to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin clavus, meaning a nail, to which they have resemblance.—*Prairie Farmer.*

WOMAN.

The mother steadies the ladder on which her son climbs to glory.

A mother's voice is the echo of an angel's song.

God took Paradise from Eve and gave her motherhood.

A mother's love is the key that unlocks the stoniest heart.

Who would not be a woman! To see heaven shining in trusting baby eyes, to feel the Christ blessing in the touches of little hands!

The limitations of a woman's sphere are those of her own conscience. She may reject home and embrace the world if she will, but she must not complain when the embrace grows slack.

A vain woman is Satin's smile.

A woman throwing aside the sweetness of home for the inanities of a fashionable life is like one who discards the juicy kernel of a nut and eats the shell.

There is a land called Birth and a country called Death. Love calls a soul from one and sin leads it to the other.

Some drink of the water of righteousness, but the gall of self tinctures it bitterly.

Every man thinks that had he been Sampson he would have withstood the blandishments of Delilah; but then, this is a short-haired age.

One cannot stop a steam car for wayside Samaritan stations. Self is a fast express.

Superstition forged the chain of woman's slavery. Christ the emancipator, struck off the first link.

The foolish woman enwraps herself in the mantle of sin and then cries out when it chokes.

It is difficult for pinched feet to walk in paths of holiness.

There is such a thing as reaction of recrucifixion. You may stretch your arm backward through the centuries and drive the spikes deeper with the force of your skepticism; you may press the thorns of unbelief closer into that tortured brow; you may lift the bitter cup of scornful denial to those parched lips, but such is the measure of justice; the wounds will wring blood drops from your own heart, the drink go spilling down your throat, blistering drop by drop.

It is easy to be resigned to another's burden.

The lost notes of all the wonderful melodies of earth wandered toward one heart and there merged into a lullaby.

Sin waits to enter camp home. Woe betide the woman sentinel who sleeps at her post.

The childless woman was calling on the little mother with the numerous flock. "Well, I am forty years old today," she sighed, "but"—patronizingly—"I wouldn't trade for your thirty years and seven youngsters. My back would break beneath the burden." The little mother turned to me with a happy smile when the caller had gone. She patted the baby's head and said softly, "It didn't seem to enter her head that maybe I wouldn't change places with her."—*Ella P. Toph, in Ram's Horn.*

THE CIDERVILLE CIRCUIT.

Pictures of Real Life in a Country Parish.

DEAR JESS:—I had to go over into the Pea Blossom settlement last week to see a feller who had got behind with the interest on his note, and on my way there I stopped and got my dinner and fed my hoss with Isayer Thinblud, who is wun ov Bruther Sunshines members on Muddy Water appintment, and who has more ways ov gittin out ov payin his quarterldge than any body you ever seen in your life. Heze got a farm ov over two hundred akers ov ez good land as a bird ever lit on, and a wife who kin outwork a mule, take it wun day with another all the year thru, and who haint ben sick three weeks put together sense sheze ben his wife, and yit altho Izayer is a doin ez well as airy other farmer in his township, it dus beat all how mizrable poor he feels when he goes to church, and still the man peers to hav nearly ez mutch ov a relish fur preechin ez a sick woman duz fur squirl meat.

Evry pastur weve had, kleer back ez fur az Bruther Gunflint, has told me that **Izayer is an onkommon good hand to lissnin to the preechin whenever he gits ie to** a meetin house, but only hint to him that he ort to pay more quarterldge, and he wont hardly speak to you fur weeks and weeks. He also likes to talk in speakin meetin, and tell you how faithful heze gittin along in makin his krooked paths, and how the most ov his friends hav already gone on to the shinin shore, and he hopes hele be able to behave hisself and git there too at last, but if yule keep a klose eye on the man yule find that he dont hardly ever put anything in the hat, yit heze won ov the stewards and a leadin wheel hoss in the Muddy Water church, and mannidges it sumhow to hav his way about most evrything a good deal closer than a man ginerally kums to bossin his wife.

When they had childrens day purseedins in the Muddy Water meetin house last time, it turned out in sum way that I reckon nobody wont never be able to make out that the means they gethered in footed about twenty dollars, when here to fore it haint never run more than about five or six, and Izayer bein the holder ov the bag at that appintment, took a noshun after hede got the munny into his trowzis pocket, that he wud yuze the biggest part ov in payin off sum detts aginst the church, part ov which was owin to hisself.

But Bruther Sunshine got red in the face and stuck to it that it wuzzent right, fur the munny had been raized express to help giv skoolin to yung preechers, and the stewards hadent no more right to yuze it fur anything else than they had to sell his hoss. At that Izayer stratened hisself up and sed it was a purty howdy do if a meetin house cudent hav no say what shud be dun with its own munny, and he ruther thawt that payin fur the kole oil and lamps it had bawt, to say nuthin ov what it had owed him fur three munts, was ov a good deal more importance than wastin the means in sendin a lot ov fellers to skule that they hadent never heerd ov, and who mebbe wudent lern nuthin wuth namin if they was sent.

Bruther Sunshine then kammed hisself down ez mutch as he cud, and then told him that the children ov the Sunday skule had raized the munny their own selves, fur a certun purpuss, and it was ez wrong as wrong cud be fur the meetin house to take the munny away frum the children and yuze it to pay detts, but Izayer had got the noshun into his head and pulled his hat down so tight that there wuzzent room fur anything else, and so there it stuck, and the preecher cudent no more git the man to see sense and reezun than you kin keep a yungun from cryin fur cake at the table before kumpny when you want it to behave nice. He stuck to it that altogether too mutch munny had ben raized anyhow, and there wuzzent no use in there sendin on any more than they had alwas sent, and so he tuke about fifteen dollars ov the munny and paid off the detts, and the preecher cudent help hisself.

At anuther time they had an onkommun streek ov luck in raizin a little more munny than it wud take to pay the preecher off, and so Izayer took what there was left over, and without sayin bones to nobody else about it, he paid hisself and his hired hand at the rate ov three dollars a day fur fixin up the fence around the meetin house. A good many ov the members dident like this, but ez old Jake Whims yust to say, when a mule has alreddy kicked you, it haint a goin to mend matters nun by kumplainin about the same thing, and so I spoze they thawt about the same thing, and ruther than raize a fuss they let the matter drop.

Bruther Sunshine had ben down to Izayers the day before I tuke my dinner there to see how mutch he was a goin to subskribe this year tords sending sum misshunaries to the heathen, but he lost his toll by goin to see him, fur he wudent put down a red cent. He had ben a havin a heap ov bad luck, and was a feelin so poor when the preecher kum along that he had to strane a pint to be able to treat him civil.

Only a week or so before a feller had kum along who was a peddlin specks, and made Izayer and his wife both bleeve they was trubbled with poor eyesight. It puzzles me like everything else to kno how he ever dun it, fur a man like Izayer ginnerally duz a heap of figgerin in his mind before he takes out his pocketbuke, but in sum way that peddler mannidged to sell him two pair ov specks at seven dollars apiece, and you kan imagine how turrible distresst the poor man felt when he found out afterwards that he cud a bawt um at the store in Grassburg fur seventy-five cents, and got a better fit. Izayers wife kind a dropped a hint that made me think that fur three days afterwards she found it an awful strane on her nerves to cook his vittles so that he wud eat um without a fuss.

When I heerd about this I cud understand right away what it was that made him feel so mutch like breakin fur the woods when he seen the preecher a kummin tords the house, fur its a good deal the same way with me when I hav a streek ov bad luck like that.

Anuther thing that was also a makin Izayer feel most turrible poor when his pasture kum along was this: A few days before he had sold an onkommun good stere to Sam Tripe, a Grassburg butcher, and he finally gained his point, that they should goss it off. Sam dident like that way ov doin a bit, and sed he wud ruther giv Izayer five dollars extra and way it, but he wudent lissen to him fur a minit, and so at last ruther than miss a trade, Sam giv in and they gossed it off.

When the butcher got the steer on the skales it tickled him all over to find out that he was ten dollars ahead by Izayer a bein so dead sot on havin the trade made by a goss, and the fust time he saw him he crowed about it so brisk that Izayer furgot that he belonged to meetin and let a word that I wudent undertake to spell slip out ov his mouth, and this was only a day or so before the preecher had kum to his house. He told Bruther Sunshine that if he hadent a bawt the specks ner missed it so turrible bad on the steer he reckoned mebbe he wud a giv him fifty cents tords helpin to git the whole world to jine the church, but two sech dredful streeks ov bad luck a kummun so close together made it onpossible fur him to do it.—*Silas Gandefoot, in Ram's Horn.*

A LIBERAL OFFER.

The big eight-page Sunday *Statesman* will be sent to any address from now until July 1st for only 50 cents, cash to accompany the order. This is the most liberal hard times campaign offer, as the *Statesman* is the second paper in Oregon, and republican to the core. This is a campaign of education and it our purpose to assist in the good work. The *Statesman* gives all the news of the state and nation and during the campaign its Sunday edition will be a symposium of political news and gossip for the entire state. It is illustrated and consists of eight full pages of select reading matter, including a short story and a wealth of poetry and miscellany. Every voter in Oregon should read a paper from the capital during the campaign and we make this offer to suit the times. Sample copies free. All subscriptions will be consecutively numbered upon receipt and to each tenth subscriber will be presented a year's subscription to the *Cosmopolitan* Magazine, costing $1.50. Address all orders to The Statesman, Salem, Oregon.

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HOFER BROTHERS,
Editors and Proprietors,
Salem, Oregon.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary E. Satchwell, Herbert R. Satchwell and Raymond Satchwell have been, by the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon, duly appointed executors of the last will and testament of Hiram P. Satchwell, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to present them to us with proper vouchers at our residence in Newberg, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 5d day of March, A. D. 1894.

MARY E. SATCHWELL,
HERBERT R. SATCHWELL,
RAYMOND SATCHWELL.

Last Will and Testament of H. P. Satchwell, deceased. 14

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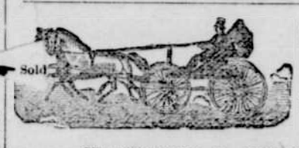

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CITATION.

IN the County Court of Yamhill County, state Oregon.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM HOBSON DEC'D. } Citation.

To Samuel Hobson, Jesse Hobson, Anna Blair, Anna Bell Tibodo, Arthur Austin, Alida Shelton, Leota Reece and Waldo Reece—Greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon, at the Court Room thereof at McMinnville in the County of Yamhill on Tuesday the 3rd of April, 1894, at One o'clock in the afternoon of that day then and there to show cause if any there be why the following real estate belonging to said Estate should not be sold as prayed for in the petition for order of sale thereof this day filed in said Court to wit:

TRACT NO. 1.

Being a part of the Donation Land Claim of O. J. Walker in Township three south of Range two West of Willamette Meridian and part of the school lands adjoining the said Donation Land Claim on the North and which said tract No. 1 is particularly bounded and described as follows to wit:

Beginning at a point Thirty-six rods East of the Northwest corner of section Seventeen and on the north line of said section Seventeen—Thence west along said north line of said section No. Seventeen (17) Eighty and ¾ rods—Thence south Thirty-four and 6-100 rods—Thence East and parallel with the south line of said O. J. Walker Donation Land Claim Eighty rods—Thence North Thirty-four and 15-100 rods to the place of beginning containing 17.05 acres more or less.

TRACT NO. 2.

Being a part of said Donation Land Claim of O. J. Walker and said school land adjoining same on the north and situate in Yamhill county State of Oregon—Which said tract No. 2 is bounded and described as follows to wit:

Beginning at a point Thirty six rods East of the Northwest corner of section 17 on the North line of said section Seventeen in T. 3, S. R. 2, W. of the Willamette Meridian in said county. Thence East along said line Forty-six rods. Thence South Forty five five and 15-100 rods. Thence West parallel with the south line of said Donation Land Claim Forty six rods. Thence north Forty-five and 15-100 rods to the place of beginning containing 13 acres more or less.

TRACT NO. 3.

Being a portion of the Donation Land Claim of O. J. Walker in the County of Yamhill and State of Oregon in T. 3, S. R. 2, W. of the Willamette Meridian and which said part is bounded as follows to wit:

Beginning at a point Thirty-six rods East of the west line of section No. 17 and ninety six rods north of the south line of said Donation Land Claim. Thence running East parallel with said south line of said Donation Land Claim Sixty-eight rods—Thence North Sixteen rods—Thence Westerly and parallel with said south line of said Donation Land Claim Sixty-eight rods—Thence south Sixteen rods to the place of beginning containing 6 and 8-10 acres more or less.

TRACT NO. 4.

Being a part of the Donation Land Claim of O. J. Walker in T. 3, S. R. 2, W. of the Willamette Meridian in Yamhill County State of Oregon which said part is bounded and described as follows to wit:

Beginning at a point one hundred and four rods East of the West line of section Seventeen and one hundred and twelve rods north of the South line of said Donation Land Claim—Thence running East Thirty eight rods, thence north Four rods—Thence West Thirty-eight rods—Thence South Four rods to the place of beginning containg 152 square rods of land more or less.

TRACT NO. 5.

Being a portion of the Donation Land Claim of O. J. Walker in T. 3, S. R. 2, W. of the Willamette Meridian in Yamhill County State of Oregon and which said part is bounded as follows to wit:

Beginning at a point Thirty-seven and ½ rods south of of the north line of said Section No. Seventeen and Eighty-two rods East of the West line of said Section Seventeen—Thence East Twenty-two rods—Thence south 7.63 rods—Thence West Twenty-two rods—Thence North Seven and 6-100 rods to the place of beginning containing 1 and 3-10 acres more or less in sections 17 and 18 in T. 3, S. R. 2, W. of the Willamette Meridian in Yamhill County State of Oregon.

Witness the Hon. Wm. Galloway, Judge of the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon and the seal of said Court hereto affixed this 16th day of February, 1894.

Attest:
ED. HENDRICKS,
Clerk.

Ramsey & Fenton,
Attorneys for Estate. 16

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E. W. HADLEY, Receiver.

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