

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

Newberg is preparing to attract (?) capital.

Wheat is now 55 cents with an upward tendency.

Hello, capital! have you noticed the Newberg magnet.

Fortune is favoring Oregon by giving us a very mild, pleasant winter.

Gov. Lord has announced that he will not call an extra session of the legislature. A wise conclusion.

With dried peaches selling in the Mississippi valley at less than half the usual price, there is little wonder that the prune market is dull.

Ex-President Harrison has announced that he will marry Mrs. Dinick on an early day. This insures a second term for Benjamin, no matter what the St. Louis convention does.

England seems to think that to arbitrate the Venezuelan boundary question will be an easy way out of the difficulty after all. The size of the other fellow has no doubt had its influence on Johnny Bull.

Evidence is not wanting to prove that some people, who, when doing business for themselves will squeeze a two bit piece until the eagle screams, but they suddenly forget how to economize when acting in an official capacity.

When city officials close a deal for the city, where the consideration amounts to more than \$2,000, and sign up a contract without knowing that it calls for interest from date, tax payers very naturally wonder what the harvest will be when a deal is closed for the \$15,000 water bonds.

People who buy butter rolls that are brought in wrapped in strips torn from old shirts, appreciate the circumstances that induce thrifty butter makers to practice the strictest economy, but they very much hope that the shirts are always washed before being thus placed on the market.

A card will be found in this issue of the Graphic from J. P. Geer, the owner of the steamer Toledo, in which he solicits the continued patronage of the people along the river. The Toledo has done a great deal for shippers along the Willamette and there is little doubt but that they will stay with Mr. Geer.

During the past year very little attention was paid to the running expenses of Newberg's city government by the tax payers. With a ten mill tax staring the people in the face, it is safe to say their eyes and ears will be kept open during the coming year. This seems to be a case where a double dose of medicine was required in order to arouse the sleeping patients.

Alas, and alack! It looks like Newberg would be compelled to put up with the little chicken men for some time to come. The man Miller who was going for ship broilers to Chicago the coming season in car load lots from this community, was searched by Sheriff Henderson the other day, and 15 cents was all that was found on his person. How have the mighty fallen!

It is not always a disgrace to beat a retreat. In fact it is a mark of good generalship for a commander to get his men out of a close place with the least possible loss. A number of cities and towns in Oregon have come to a realization of this fact and they are losing no time in helping in every possible way on running expenses. Methods of doing business that were lightly considered when times were flush are now being closely scrutinized, heroic treatment is being resorted to, and the pruning knife is being vigorously used. Any man of good business sense will commend such action. Then what may the tax payers of Newberg reasonably ask of the men in whose hands the town's business rests during the coming year?

The calamity howlers whose principal stock in trade is a wall about the rich growing richer and the poor poorer and who claim that nowhere except in the United States are large fortunes suddenly piled up, should read the following: Eleven years ago George Newnes was a young brass-finisher in a factory at Manchester, England. He possessed some literary ability and remarkable business tact. He conceived the idea of a small penny paper for the masses, to be called Tit Bits. He borrowed £100 from a friend and issued the first number of Tit Bits, a weekly paper. His success in Manchester was so apparent from the first that Newnes removed to London. There Tit Bits became popular and prosperous in a few months. From a poor brass-finisher Newnes soon became the proprietor of an immense publishing house. Two years ago he started the Strand Magazine, which, like Tit Bits, was an instantaneous success. In eleven years George Newnes has made a remarkable record. Today he is a millionaire and a member of parliament.

The grave of John Brown, at North Elba, in the Adirondack mountains, together with 24 acres of land comprising the original John Brown tract, was several years ago purchased from the owner to whom it had been sold by the famous abolitionist's widow, for \$2000. This fund was raised by Kate Field, she being one of twenty subscribers to it.

Henry Clewes was made trustee of the tract, and in this capacity he turned it over to the state of New York recently. It will be retained as a memorial to the man who, as the years go on, will be judged more and more according to the righteous sincerity of his wild attempt to compass emancipation of the black man from the bonds of slavery. The public will have free access to the tract, the central attraction of which is the rugged tomb, sentinelled by a mighty boulder, which indicates the spot where "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave."—Oregonian.

A dispatch from Philadelphia, dated a few days ago, tells of the restoration to reason in that city of Horace Tetlow, by a surgical operation, when he uttered his first intelligent words since the first day of the Conemaugh flood, Friday, May 31, 1889, when his skull was crushed by a piece of falling timber. Since that time he has been an imbecile. Some days since a thorough examination was made of the wound in his skull. Trephining was decided upon. The operation was performed, a bone button, the size of a half dollar, being removed. The patient upon opening his eyes, said, "It comes from the dam." His mind is a blank as to the occurrences of the last five years, but he recalls the events of his life preceding the accident that rendered him speechless. This process has long been known to medical science, but its operation upon this man Tetlow, recalling as it does the Conemaugh horror, is worthy of note.

County commissioner Amos Nelson informed the Graphic a few days ago that the county court had carefully investigated the poor farm proposition, and they failed to find where it would be a paying investment to the county, the transcript to the contrary notwithstanding.

Again Justice Field has been compelled to deny the perfunctory rumor that he contemplates an early retirement from the bench of the supreme court. It is quite distressing to a lot of young hopefuls to see how the old man holds on to life and the bench.

Portland's union passenger depot is now completed, and that city after long waiting takes its place along with the sister cities that are provided with decent railway passenger accommodations.

Capt. Wm. Kern of Portland has invented a flying machine. One Darius Green did the same thing some years ago.

NO MORE COMMISSIONS NEEDED.

There is said to be a movement on foot to saddle another commission on the state at the meeting of the next legislature. A great deal of interest has been worked up all over the state during the past two or three years on the road question, and very profitably too, but the tax payers are no humor to submit to the appointment of another set of pap suckers similar to the railroad commissioners. We all want better roads but we don't want a high salaried commission to support. The Portland Chronicle speaking on the subject says:

It is intimated that the subject is to be brought before the law-making body and that there will be a half dozen gentlemen on hand to suggest that a commission be formed to look out for the public highways. Some man—who has an eye out for a soft job in the future—wants a commission created here similar to the one formed last year in California. Useless, but very ornamental—and costly. The commission consists of three persons who hold office for two years, and each draws a salary of \$5000 per annum. This costs the taxpayers \$9000 per year—quite a snug sum. For what? Well, the commission has junketing parties, collect receipts, mark that—and hold "good roads institutes" in each county of the state once a year! All this the commission does, to say nothing of the voluminous reports which they submit at the end of each year showing what is accomplished by reason of their existence. They draw their salaries and declare it's a great thing; and it is—for them. As for the people it is \$9000 thrown away. Oregon has no need of a road commission. The state is burdened with too many commissions now which are utterly useless. Road building has not reached that degree of importance where it is necessary to have a commission to look after them. What road building is done for the next few years will be due to the efforts of the various counties. The money which goes for useless commissions had better be expended directly for work and materials.

THE WHEAT OUTLOOK.

The price of wheat has been crawling up lately at a rate well calculated to tickle the farmer who has held on to his last year's crop. This of course is little comfort to those who were forced to sell early in the season at a much lower figure, but the indications seem so favorable for better prices for next year's crop that wheat raisers will no doubt take fresh courage. In speaking of the outlook Tuesday's Oregonian said:

A prominent merchant of Agua, India, is reported to have written to a friend in San Francisco that India may be counted out as a competitor in the world's wheat markets this year. "Every bushel that is raised there," according to this statement, "will be needed to feed the people, so there will be none for export." Color of probability is given to this statement by the fact that no rain has fallen in the great wheat area of India since the first week in September, and the only irrigation possible has been by means of water drawn by bullocks. It is well known that the entire country from Peshawar to Calcutta is parched by drought. It is also stated that the Australian wheat shortage amounts to 9,000,000 bushels. The unusual demand for some weeks for wheat from San Francisco for Australia is reported to have been accepted as proof that the crop in India is short, because that country is relatively near to Australia and freights between the two countries ought to be low as compared with those from California to Australia, while wheat is relatively cheap in India to begin with. California farmers who have held their wheat for

prices that will pay for production will now be able to realize reasonable expectations on it, while the same long-discouraged class in Oregon and Washington find in the situation reason to take courage and prepare to seed to spring wheat many fields they had determined to let lie fallow.

Real Estate Transfers.

Furnished every week by Rhodes & Rhodes, Abstractors of titles, McMinnville, Oregon. Eliza Perry to Ellen D Todd, warranty deed; recorded Jan 24 1896; lots 1 2 5 and 6 blk 48 in 1st lot in 1st r 2 w. 493 00 A P Oliver to City of Newberg warranty deed; recorded Jan 22 1896; 4 acres part sec 4 t 3 s r 2 w. 2100 00 Henry Hewitt et al to R Jacobson, warranty deed; recorded Jan 24 1896; 56.59 acres part of the Henry Hewitt d l c in 1 5 s r 3 w. 1700 00 E H Disbrow to W E Howard, warranty deed; recorded Jan 24 1896; 12 acres part of W T Wallace d l c in 1 5 s r 2 w. 300 00 W Mc and Sarah Chrisman to George Nash, warranty deed; recorded Jan 27 1896; 80 acres part of the J R Walling's d l c in 1 5 s r 4 w. 1000 00 Sidney A Burnett to J P Richardson; special warranty deed recorded Jan 22 1896; 40 acres part of the E T Washburn d l c in 1 2 s r 5 w. 550 00 R B Churchill per W G Henderson, sheriff to Verna Perkins, sheriff's deed; recorded Jan 24 1896; n e 1/4 of sec 10 t 2 s r 5 w 169 acres. 22 00 United States to Issue E Saling donation claim, patent; recorded Jan 25 1896; e 1/4 of s e 1 and lot 2 of sec 12 all in t 4 s r 5 w. 1000 00

Have your titles examined and abstracts made by Rhodes & Rhodes, who have in their office the only set of abstracts of title of land in Yamhill county. Prompt attention given to orders for abstracts. Office upstairs in the McMinnville National Bank building.

A Nocturnal Event.

Last Saturday evening "The Owls" and their friends, the Nighthawks, met at the owlery and feasted on cake and chicken and hooted and bleared at each other until the roosters began to crow.

The occasion being a leap-year party given by a society of young ladies, styling themselves "The Owls." The girls began to rustle around town speaking to the boys a week before the event was to take place, and among the several different things they got, here is some they didn't get:



SPRING CHICKENS.

The ladies, with wise forethought, provided the blushing, timid (?) young things (the boys) with a chaperon—and all of the wise, discrete chaperons, Charley Frissell can't beat.

Those present were:

- Misses: Lila Sargeant, Mabel Davis, Nellie Larkin, Virginia Stratton, Josie Shearer, Mrs. Nellie Jones. Messrs: H P Allen, L E Stanley, John Larkin, Sate D Elliott, R W Callison, O K Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. C B Frissell.

Several of the boys told of amusing incidents that happened on the homeward trip: One fellow states that his escort was in such a awful hurry to get rid of him that she made him run all the way home; another one wanted her "best fellow" to take her home after she had got him to his mother's gate, but as he is a timid young thing and afraid of dog goos who he declined the job; another was afraid of the dog and would only go "to the corner," but one, not having any "sand," made the "hoot" do the usual escort duty. It is also curiously reported that one fellow tried to kiss an Owl good night and got smashed in the neck. But it was a very enjoyable occasion, and the boys are wondering who will give the next event of the kind, and echo answers, hoo? hoo? hoo?

Sally's Bicycle.

When Sally got a bicycle, her mother raised a row. The girls, when she was growing up, weren't like the girls now. The modestest and sweetest girls that lived beneath the sun. You never saw a bicycle in eighteen fifty-one! To think she'd lived to see it—child she'd raised come out. In them new-fangled boomers and go round roundabout. To think her children had forgot the counsel that she gave. An' 'lived to bring her old gray hair in sorrow to the grave. But when sal had her bicycle again 'bout work. An' mother seen the roses that was bloomin on her cheek. We noticed that she'd changed her mind, was quietlike and so. Sal—she kept on ridin' where the bloomers love to blow! An', as I some, one morning, jest past the a sheildin of herself between a hill or two of hay. Who shee we see but mother, a workin' with a will. On sister Sally's bicycle an' goin' fit to kill! An' now we can't git breakfast, an' dinner's always late. For the bicycle is goin' from six o'clock till eight. An' when she comes a-pastin' in we have the biggest fun. With "never saw a bicycle in eighteen fifty-one!"

Now is the Time.

The genial spirit of the late Geo. W. Childs lives after him and those of us who are familiar with his words and deeds will continue to be reminded thereof until, like him, we have passed to the great beyond. The following has just been recovered and is again going the rounds of the newspapers, with both counsel and awaken a kindly spirit in those who ought to possess it: "Do not keep the nabster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to

say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If any friends have nabster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in the weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before hand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."—Ex.

A Card From Mr. Geer.

To the Public: Again I solicit your patronage, for the Toledo. I wish to call your notice, that I now have connection with the North Pacific Steamship Co., and they have two first-class freight steamers, one of them leaving Portland for San Francisco every Saturday, carrying freight of all kinds, and as cheap as the cheapest. They will take you to Toledo need the patronage of the people. An independent boat can not run at a loss and assess the stockholders to pay expenses, but must have traffic to pay expenses as they go. I know if an assessment was levied on the owner of the Toledo, he would kick.

To the independent lines the people are indebted for their cheap rates and it behooves the people to patronize them, and sell to those that ship by them, and I may as well say to buy of those that patronize them. At least you might think it over. If you want the independent lines to live, you will get the highest prices for your produce, as well as to be able to buy at the cheapest prices as long as the independent boat lives and runs on the Sunday Oregonian. He will take the mills, or get the work for the pulp and paper mills at the locks, and so I have to live exclusively from the patronage of the people along the Yamhill.

When I started the Toledo, I had faith that the people would stay by me, and I can not say that my faith has been shaken, in but few instances, but it behooves me to make the most of the little bit helps, and every little loss of patronage is felt.

I have added an electric light plant, to the boat, and I am the first, and at present the only one that has electric lights on an upper Willamette boat.

Beginning January 28th, the Toledo will leave Portland at 6:40 in the morning, instead of 7 o'clock. I find that people coming by street cars, can catch the boat at that time as well as at 7 o'clock.

My towing has been a help financially, and I beg pardon for any delay to passengers caused by it. I will very soon be done with it, and will be in shape to give as good passenger services the freight business will allow. Both freight and passenger are needed to make the boat successful. I try to keep pleasant and polite officers, as well as crew, and to be as assured of the best treatment, and any cause for grievance will be promptly removed, or settled. I thank those that have stood by the boat at all times, and will endeavor to do so, and every passenger who continues their patronage and always speak a good word to others, and use their influence for the boat, and I will always appreciate a good word spoken for the Toledo.

Respectfully Yours, JOEL PALMER GEER.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Yamhill County Reporter. John F. Derby has located at Fresno, Cal., where his family will join him shortly. Mrs. Katie Biggs, nee Heater, a member of the Christian church at this place thirteen years ago, and well known to the people here and in the lower end of the county, died at her home in Tillamook on December 1st, leaving a new infant, and seven children. This information comes through her brother, Francis M. Heater.

There are some grounds upon which to base the prediction of an early spring. The heavy rainfall during December and the first half of January, at least suggests the hope that we have about our snow. The absence of snow in the mountains near by is another favorable omen. A letter from George Barnhart, dated at Redlands, Cal., conveys the intelligence that he has embarked in the job printing business "on his own hook" at that point. Redland is described as a thriving city of between four and five thousand people, situated in the very heart of the orange belt of southern California. Oranges are cheaper there, he says, than apples in Oregon.

The advance of the bounty on wolf scalps from \$5 to \$10 ought to rid this and all the adjoining counties of the nefarious pests and bring about an era of flush times. When a coyote gets to be worth as much as a steer, as Frank Fenton remarks, it is time for some shrewd fellow out in the foothills to stick up a new industry. Back in Kansas several years ago liberal bounties were paid for coyote scalps, and it became a matter of honor among hunters never to destroy a female. They were scalped and let go for breeding purposes. It wouldn't work here, though, since the entire hide is required as a trophy, to prevent this thrifty and ingenious class from working it all up into scalps. Since the advance of the bounty the county clerk's office at times bears the appearance of a fur dealer's establishment, and an odor strongly suggestive of a tannery permeates the court house premises. It is said to be very healthy, however, and the clerk and his deputy are getting fat.

Thad Dupuy, of LaFayette, was in the city yesterday. He has been appointed state organizer for the Artisans with California for his field and a term of service of three years. He leaves at once. The county clerk is engaged in trying the objections to the final account in the estate of Thos. Hawley—a case which has been in the probate court over twenty years. Court Stenographer Pogue, of Salem, is taking the testimony. The Tillamook Advocate, which has been edited by T. B. Handley, has been forced to the wall by an attachment against the stock company which owns it. It is said Mr. Handley intends to enjoin and get possession again.

Telephone Register. Arthur S. Cooper, who is at Heredia, Costa Rica, writes that he has just heard of a possible trouble between England and the United States. He declared his intention of coming home for the purpose of enlisting if anything serious occurred. E. N. Maurice, a former employee of the Oregonian office, was in the city Friday last, looking over the field for the Sunday Oregonian. He will take entire charge of the Sunday circulation and will deliver the paper on Sunday to all subscribers along the West side road by means of a new railroad bicycle having a speed of 22 miles an hour. D. B. Stapleton, a well-driller of Independence, was in the city, Tuesday, and agreed to drill a three-inch well in the bottom of the small well at the water works for 50 cents a foot without casing, with casing for \$1.25 per foot. If water is found and three wells are necessary, he agrees to drill the wells for 75 cents per foot without casing, or with casing for \$1.00 per foot. B company of this city have been recruiting up lately, eight men having enlisted during the past month. During June the company will leave the city for a 5-days practice march under active service conditions. The first march will be from McMinnville to Anity where tents will be pitched and camp established. The next day to Dayton, the next to Newberg, the next North Yamhill then home. With the exception of the transportation of camp equipment the men will carry everything necessary. Sometime ago, C. W. Talmage sent to Mrs. Phil Sheridan a piece of the old blockhouse, the headquarters of Lieutenant Sheridan while stationed on the Grande Ronde reservation, and a photo of it as it stands today near the agency. Last week, he received the following letter: 1617 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C.—Mr. C. W. Talmage, McMinnville, Oregon.—Dear Sir: Your letter, picture and piece of the old blockhouse received. Thank you so much for remembering me, and words cannot express how much I appreciate the souvenirs, which I shall guard with great care for my children. Sincerely Yours, IRENE RUCKER SHERIDAN.

W. C. T. U.

The Cooper Model Contest held at Chehalis Center on last Friday evening was a decided success. All the contestants showed careful study and training, and it was a close matter between Misses Bertha Cox and Bessie Chase, but the average gave 13 higher per cent to Bessie Chase. A W. C. T. U. was organized at the close of the contest with the following officers chosen: President, Mrs. Mary Cox Osborn; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Etta Kirk; recording secretary, Miss Clara Johnson; treasurer, Mrs. Sadie Paulson; superintendent medical contest work, Miss Mildred Wills. Last Monday night the residence of Mr. Unruh, at Meadow Lake, was consumed by fire, together with all its contents, save a gun that was saved. Mr. U. had come in wet and cold and built up a quick fire in the heating stove, and then stepped over to Mr. Smith's for a few moments. In a short time Mr. Smith noticed a bright light flash up, and on looking out discovered Mr. Unruh's house in flames. Everything in the house was consumed except the gun, which the owner saved by hard work.—Transcript.

WANTED—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Oregon for established, reliable house. Salary \$780 and expenses. Steady position. Enclose reference and self addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 11-8

Of course You scold

When your old Stiff Hat is not presentable on Sunday morning. But that's your fault, not PARKER'S. Parker has a big line of Stiff Hats which he will sell at

So did Your Wife

When you wore your old Overcoat around to church by the side of her new "sealskin." PARKER is making awful discounts on Overcoats just now.

BUT THE BOYS KICK

Like sin on wearing their old, last year's suits when they go to see their best girls, when your neighbors boys go to PARKER'S and get the pick out of the largest and finest line of Clothing ever brought to NEWBERG.

Advertisements for various services including Attorney-at-Law Clarence Butt, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law R. W. Callison, Physician and Surgeon Esther E. Barnard, M. D., Dentistry E. P. Dixon, and Blacksmithing General Blacksmithing.

Advertisement for White Sewing Machine, featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing the machine's features and availability.

Advertisement for Enterprise Brick & Tile Co., featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the company's products and services.