

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

F. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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

"Cremation" is about the proper thing for the fellow who says, "is this hot enough for you?"

At the close of the St. Louis convention even old Platt threw up his hat and shouted, "what's the matter with Hanna?"

A Kansas supreme judge is named Bean. Let us trust that he is white all through.—Florida Times Union.

Oregon also has a Judge Bean on the supreme bench who was a candidate for re-election in June and it was found that he was not in the soup either by several thousand when the vote was counted.

A writer in Puck has attempted to answer the question as to whether the difference between a newspaperman and a journalist, by saying that a newspaper man wears but two shirts a week, while a journalist wears one shirt two weeks. It is very evident that Puck's writer never has had the pleasure of an acquaintance with our friend Hazlett, the well known Oregon journalist.

Remember this, says an exchange: No peddler does any thing to help the town. He gives nothing to schools or churches, or public enterprise. He pays no taxes. He has nothing in common with our people. He can swindle you—often does, and you can't help yourself. He has no store down the street to which you can return goods that are not up to the new sample. The itinerant merchant has no reputation to sustain. He can cheat you with impunity. The home merchant is and does different. He bears his share of the expense of good government. When a subscription paper is passed he is the first to approach. He builds a house which enhances the value of all property. He helps pay for the church in which you worship, and the school to which you send your children. He cannot afford to misrepresent his goods or swindle you.

The fish ladder which was put in by ex-Gov. Penney and personally inspected by him is a failure, the fish refusing to have anything to do with it. The appropriation for the ladder was \$40,000, but the governor concluded he knew exactly what the fish needed and ordered an \$800 job, which is not worth five cents to the state. There is such a thing as overdoing economy and the governor evidently overshot the economical mark.—Three Sisters.

In '85 or '86 during the Moody administration a \$10,000 fish ladder was put in at the falls and the first high water that came played havoc with it, so that scarcely a dog salmon, to say nothing of a royal chinook, got above the falls. It seems that these state appropriations slip out of the treasury much easier than the salmon slip through the fish ladder. Probably a test and between an appropriation will be experimented with next.

When an Oregon boy is found climbing the ladder of fame, all loyal Oregonians rejoice. Mr. Davenport the caricaturist, son of Hon. Tim Davenport of Silverton, is going up the ladder with rapid strides. The Cleveland, (O.) Record says of him: Since Nast lost his cunning and Keppler died, we have had no leader in political caricature until Davenport, the principal cartoonist of the New York Journal, appeared in this field of useful work. He is rapidly proving his right to a higher place than either Nast or Keppler earned. To a style of drawing peculiarly his own, and great facility in giving to familiar faces characteristic expressions, Davenport unites the faculty of clear insight into political situations and limitless ingenuity in inventing significant designs to illustrate them in caricature. We predict for him national recognition before the campaign is over, as the greatest of our political caricaturists.

PIIONEER DAYS.

Reminiscences of Chehalis Valley by Mrs. Dr. Calbreath—Read before the Pioneer Picnic at McMinnville, June 29, 1896.

Mrs. Irene Calbreath of McMinnville, who was raised on what is known as the Smith farm in Chehalis valley about five miles above Newberg, read an excellent paper before the pioneer picnic held at McMinnville recently, which appeared in last week's Reporter. From this paper has been taken such parts as refer to the happenings in this valley in the early days which will be of interest to the people of this community.

My father, Sidney Smith, came to Oregon in 1839. He was one of that company of young men, sixteen in number, who started from Peoria, Ill., in the spring of that year for Oregon.

Where and how he lived at first is hardly credible, everything was so primitive. He had no shoes and no money to buy any if there had been any for sale, consequently he worked barefoot in the rains of Oregon for "six bits a day," as I have heard him say, "and ate boiled wheat." At length he procured some moccasins from an Indian woman, I think he said he hired her to make them, and that moccasins were his foot wear for years. He bought some flannel from the Hudson Bay Co., cut a hole in it for his head, and tied the edges together with buckskin strings. This did duty for shirt, till he earned money enough to hire an Indian woman to make some for him. I have heard him say who it was, some white man's wife, but have forgotten the name.

He did some work for the Hudson Bay Co., but it seems they were very arbitrary and he drifted away from them. They were not accustomed to treating with free born Americans and

the Americans resented their arrangement.

Finally he obtained work for a man by the name of Ewing Young. You have all doubtless heard of Ewing Young. He came to Oregon from California and brought large droves of cattle and horses. He expected Oregon to be divided up into large sections like the Spanish grants in California. He chose for his range the "Chehalis valley." He claimed from Wapato lake to the river east of Newberg, from the top of the Chehalis mountains on the north to the Handy hills on the south—a princely domain, a regular Garden of Eden.

The wild grass so rank and high that the cattle were hidden in its verdure, a man on horseback being almost hidden also, only head and shoulders being visible above the waving wild grass.

At that time there were no fences, no roads but paths made by the Indians, who always traveled single-file and who always took the shortest cuts.

Mr. Young was what would today be called "cranky." He was dyspeptic and peevish, would curse his men and tyrannize over them. He tried it but once with my father, who "talked back." After that they had no further trouble. I fancy father could out-talk him, for he was ever afterwards kind and respectful. Father remained with Mr. Young while the latter lived, in fact was alone with him when he died.

It was a most dreadful scene. He raved and fought imaginary foes, his eyes would glare, his hair raise up on his head, and it was almost impossible for one man to keep him in bed. After his death, father insisted on a post mortem. This revealed the fact that a sack of water had formed in his brain, also that his stomach was destroyed by acid he had been accustomed to take for his indigestion. His body lies buried on my part of the Sidney Smith D. L. C. in Chehalis. An oak tree, the acorn of which my father and mother planted during their courtship, marks the spot.

My father liked the old gentleman and mourned his death. There were so few white men, the loss of one was a great calamity.

Mr. Young left quite an estate, but no written will. What to do with this property was quite an enigma. It resulted however in the settlers organizing a kind of a government to render legal their action in appointing an administrator of the estate. This has all been told but I shall beg leave to add a little more.

Many cattle and horses were sold at the sale, at public auction. My father bought the claim, the brand and all the horses and cattle that had not been found; I think he paid \$5000 for all. He lived alone for several years. There were but four white men from Oregon City at the Methodist mission where Sam now stands, and two of these, Wm. Daly, and Phil Thompson, were married to Indian women.

My father's log cabin was built in the midst of an oak grove, in a place that would have delighted the souls of our Druid ancestors. In the east Mt. Hood glittered with the same glory so familiar to all. To the north, east and south were the lovely hills that encircle the beautiful Chehalis valley, the Chehalis itself for more than half the year forming a lake, thus completing a glorious landscape scene never perfect without the beauty of water. The valley itself covered with waving verdure which bent to the sea breeze in its gladness waves as its own undulating surface.

Here he lived and his flocks increased. There were no fences, excepting to inclose a few acres for garden or grain, the latter being used as boiled wheat, or hominy. Beef and game were the staples.

There were no bridges; all streams were forded, or if swollen by rains the rider swam his horse across; if a large river like the Willamette, the Indian canoe was pressed into service and the horse made to swim in its wake. There were a few Canadian French and half-breeds on French prairie. There was much traffic with the Indians. All old pioneers will remember the hazelnut, the camas, the huckleberries of the Indians.

My father had studied medicine three years in Ohio with a Dr. Strong. He brought across the plains his lancet and a small chest of medicines. He was regarded by the Indians as a great "medicine man."

The wedding dinner of my parents was fine in the extreme. There had been nothing like it in Oregon. The minister, I believe the Rev. Snelling, said he had never eaten better. The table was decorated, too. The first Mrs. Dawson dressed the bride, helped cook the wedding dinner, and loaned her table ware. They had turkey, roast beef, cake, pie, blackberry jelly, wild crabapple preserves, pickles, all kinds of vegetables, while at regular distances the tables were six goblets. These goblets belonged to Mrs. Dawson, and she had brought them across the plains. They were filled with "floating island." The butter was ingeniously shaped like birds of paradise, and the pioneers hesitated to eat it for fear of spoiling its beauty. The table was loaded with good things, and if dishes were wanting to serve the different courses, I fancy the appetites and the occasion brought a zest any of us might envy.

Joseph Hess had a flour mill on the Chehalis very early; I think soon after mother came to Oregon. Finally father built a large barn, the floor of which was made of 2x4 scantling, two inches apart. On this he placed the grain to be threshed, turned in a band of horses. The grain and chaff fell through to a floor beneath, where it was passed through a fanning mill to separate the wheat from the chaff. Barley chaff was much used, a little real coffee

being added to give the coffee flavor. I think the first school in Chehalis was taught by my grandmother, but I do not remember it. My father was an advocate of education, and helped pay teachers for the sake of keeping up a school even before he had any family. Schools were at that time supported by subscription. Preaching was held round in the different homes. Finally a Methodist meeting house was built on John Williamson's farm, and in that meeting house I attended the first school I remember.

How hard must have been the lot of our pioneer women; His flocks and herds increased. The out door life gave health; the whole country swarmed with game, in the pursuit of which he passed many joyous hours. The wild deer browsed almost in the doorway, pheasants and grouse were plenty from early spring till the wild ducks and geese came in the fall. The Chehalis was alive with them, the sky fairly black with them. My father once killed five wild geese at one shot; I knew a twelve-year-old boy to kill three with the old fashioned shotgun, too. The women tired of cooking so much game although the feathers were valuable and afforded the luxuries of soft beds and pillows. I spoke of the hardships endured by our pioneer women. Worse than their privations, worse than the inconvenient manner of living, worse than their terrible loneliness and isolation, were the marriage customs; men old, almost infants, married to children old enough to be their grandfathers. It was a barbarian expedient only by the savages by whom they were surrounded. Mothers of today, think of these mothers! Their little girls, ten, twelve and fourteen sent to their arms, to take upon their tender shoulders the duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood!

Poor little child-women, alone in the pioneer's cabin, their frail forms toiling through the drudgery of a woman's life, filling the place of wife and mother when they ought to have been in pinafores playing with their dolls. Sixteen was old for a girl to marry, and at twenty she was quite an old maid. Now our higher civilization keeps our little maidens at school till twenty, and if they choose not to marry till thirty they are still young ladies.

I might relate how the "times" in Oregon were affected by the discovery of gold in California—but I think my time has about expired;—how oats were sold for \$2.40 per bushel and wheat for \$5.00; how a cow and calf brought from \$125.00 to \$150.00. My father had twenty-two fifty dollar gold pieces, or "slugs" as they were called, paid him at one time for beef cattle. Gold dust was current money. If no scales were at hand to weigh the amount, they "guessed" at it.

But even in these flush times, women worked harder than they do now; they did not dress nearly so well; they had not comfortable homes; they could not go so often; they had scarcely anything to read; they had no fruits but wild fruits to eat, and many, many things the poorest of us consider necessities, were unknown to them. I think our times are much the better times, and for the advantages we enjoy, we should ever be grateful to our brave and adventurous pioneers. They sought out and left to us the inheritance of this fairest of states, Oregon.

Chehalis was a famous Indian chief, and the Chehalis valley was his "Hahsee" or land. He was an Indian "St. Patrick." At one time, so runs the legend, the Chehalis valley was infested with rattlesnakes. They were everywhere and very poisonous. They would frequently bite the Indians, thus killing them. Chehalis told the snake king he must stop this, but no attention being paid to his demands Chehalis determined to stand it no longer. The people were dying so rapidly, so he called together his medicine men and his warriors. The warriors drove the snakes into their den—a rocky point on the Samuel Kinney domain land claim. The medicine men then "made medicine" by which magic the old chief staid up the mouth of the den.

For a whole month he watched this spot that none were to approach. He neither ate nor slept during this time. He was strong and vigorous when he began his vigil, but worn and wasted, yet triumphant when it was finished. The rattlesnakes were his prisoners forever, and during my father's long residence there, he never knew of a rattlesnake being found in Chehalis's "Hahsee."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES. Telephone-Register. S. B. Huston, of Hillsboro, an administration democrat, was in the city Monday and Tuesday, and told several silver democrats where they were wrong. His remarks were without effect and several old line democrats explained to him what was, is, and will be democratic doctrine. Mr. Huston also said that he would probably vote for McKinley this fall. One of the best mountain ranches in Yamhill, is that of Dan Crigger, on Peavines. He is just completing a new residence, and it is undoubtedly one of the neatest cottages on the ridge. After fifteen years of industry and thrift, Mr. Crigger intends to enjoy his remaining years with not quite so much labor and a little more comfort. Indeed, after surveying his well-tilled fields, nicely-trimmed orchard, and pleasant surroundings, one is tempted to remark that all Mr. Crigger lacks is a housekeeper. And he does not deny it, either. Dayton Herald.

On Friday morning last week Miss Phoebe LaFever, daughter of Antonio and Etta LaFever, who reside about 6 miles west of Dayton, former residents of this place, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by vicious dogs. Phoebe, who is about fifteen years of age, was on her way to Mr. Waddie's, neighbors to LaFever, and when near Mr. W.'s

house two of his dogs attacked her, tearing off all her clothes, and biting pieces of flesh from her limbs and body. The screams and cries of the girl attracted the attention of Mr. Waddie, who went to her rescue. Had he not arrived when he did the dogs would have killed Miss LaFever and probably eaten her body. Phoebe was taken home, and it is thought will recover. Such brutes should be hastily killed.

The steamer Toledo on Tuesday, brought up the first scow load of gravel to be used on the streets of McMinnville. The gravel will be taken from here to McMinnville (7 mile) by team. Hereafter the Toledo, on her trips up the river will bring a large load of gravel here, until the required amount contracted to be used on the streets of McMinnville this year, is brought up. It now appears that the streets of the capital of Yamhill county are to be made in good condition and that city instead of being a mud hole will become a beautiful and pleasant city. We commend the enterprise and push of the citizens of our neighboring city, and hope it will become contagious throughout Yamhill county. Good roads and streets through the whole county is what is wanted. There is plenty of gravel to make them.

Valley Transcript. Prof. Henry Bettman, of San Francisco, who comes as near being a master of the violin as any man in this country, is here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Bettman. It has been about fourteen years since the writer met the Prof. which was just before he went to Leipzig, Germany, to complete his musical studies. He was then but a mere boy. In stature he has not changed much, but age is putting its finger upon his forehead, though he is the same jolly Henry as of yore. He will remain a week or ten days at the old home.

Our county officials have all filed their bonds and are ready to be inducted into their various offices when the day arrives—next Wednesday, July 8th. The bondsmen are all good, solvent men, and as each one becomes responsible for the full amount of the bond, of course the taxpayers have no cause to borrow any uneasiness. The bondsmen are: Clerk—\$10,000, F. D. Sitton, M. B. Hendrick, E. D. Sitton, A. J. Baker, R. B. McDonald, G. L. Baker and F. W. Martin. Recorder—\$3000, Isaac Lambright and Mary E. Brock. Sheriff—Official bond, \$10,000, R. B. McDonald, Wm. DeHaven, Ed. Tyler, D. Ross and Adam Rossner. The tax bond will be filed after the amount has been fixed by the court. Treasurer—\$20,000, G. W. Oats, A. C. Davis, C. V. Kuykendall, W. R. Derby, E. J. Kuykendall, Thos. Huston, R. Baird, J. J. Hembree, O. D. Scott, C. J. Payne, R. S. Allen, D. W. McCall, C. R. Cook, J. E. Brooks, Wm. Ball, Walter L. Hembree, John Guch, E. C. Walker, E. F. Manning, C. Grissen, C. Scott, A. J. Scott, A. S. Hursaker and J. G. Young.

LaFayette Journal. The officers of Banner Rebecca Lodge were installed last evening by special District Deputy, Mrs. McKerns, of North Yamhill. After the installation the members partook of an ice cream supper prepared by the members of the lodge, which was pronounced as one of the best of the season.

The unveiling of the beautiful monument which marks the resting place of Dr. J. L. Hayes, was witnessed by a large crowd. At 2 o'clock last Sunday the Woodmen of LaFayette and neighboring towns formed in line in front of their hall, headed by the LaFayette band marched to the cemetery east of town where a large crowd of spectators were awaiting them. The Woodmen formed into a wedge shape around the grave, where the impressive ceremony was ably performed by the McMinnville Camp, No. 228. O. P. Coshov, of McMinnville, delivered an able address on the works and aims of the Woodmen. The ceremony was interspersed with music from a quartette and the band.

For Sale. A 40 acre farm, six miles from Newberg. Half in cultivation, fine water. Price \$600. For particulars inquire at Graphic office. 11-1if S. C. Pearson as road supervisor, is doing some good work on the Amity road just outside the city, having put on tons and tons of gravel from the Henderson soil. He has the entire tax of his district about worked out. Yamhill county has a good corps of supervisors throughout, and among the very best is Mr. Pearson.—Reporter. Eli Hill, Lumber City, Pa., writes, "I have been suffering from piles twenty-five years and thought my case incurable. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me as a pile cure, so I bought a box and it performed a permanent cure." This is only one of thousands of similar cases. Eczema, sores and skin diseases yield quickly when it is used. A. T. Hill. M. U. Gortner returned on Monday evening from Butte, Montana, where he has been the past two months negotiating a big real estate trade for Oregon parties. The exchange is to be made soon.—Reporter. "Wake up Jacob, day is breaking!" so said DeWitt's Little Early Risers to the man who had taken time to arouse his sluggish liver. A. T. Hill.

Vain women build the houses and millionaires live in them. Small in size, but great in results. DeWitt's Little Early Risers act gently but thoroughly, curing indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation. Small pill, safe pill, best pill. A. T. Hill. "He who fights the modern way Will write all night and talk all day." When we consider that the intestines are about five times as long as the body, we can realize the intense suffering experienced when they become inflamed. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure subdues inflammation at once and completely removes the difficulty. A. T. Hill. The largest edible oysters are found in Australia. Some of them measure a foot across the shell. It would be hard to convince a man suffering from bilious colic that his agony is due to a microbe with an unpronounceable name. But one dose of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure will convince him of its power to afford instant relief. It kills pain. A. T. Hill. Jones—Good morning, Benson. How do you find business? Benson—By judicious advertising.

Smith the photographer finds that it always pays to satisfy his customers by doing first class work at prices to suit the times. Photos 3x4 inches for 35 cents per dozen. All other work as cheap as any place in town. Visitor—Johnny, did you ever get any good marks at school? Johnny—Yes, but I can't stay in 'em.

For the Lungs. Elder Alton W. Steers writes from Portland, Or.: "There is no medicine for the throat and lungs that I can recommend to ministers, public speakers and singers, with the confidence that I can the S. B. Cough Cure." 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists. "You ride your wheel on Sunday, don't you?" "Y—yes, but I never run over anyone on that day."

Cures Croup. "My three children are all subject to croup; I telegraphed to San Francisco, got a half dozen bottles of S. B. Cough Cure. It is a perfect remedy. God bless you for it. Yours, etc., J. H. Crozier, Grants Pass, Or. 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists. Persons who have a coughing spell every night, on account of a tickling sensation in the throat, may overcome it at once by a dose of One Minute Cough Cure. A. T. Hill. Mother—"Johnny, you can't go in swimming on a full stomach." Johnny—"If you'll only let me go I'll swim on my back."

Blood Will Tell. The many different skin diseases such as ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, erysipelas, eczema, itching or an eruption of pimples, pustules, blotches, chaps or cracking open of the skin, scrofula, are directly the cause of impure blood. Wilbur's Blood Purifier is acknowledged to be the best medicine known for any of these unsightly complaints. Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by all Druggists. "Doctor," said the anxious mother, "Willie can hardly speak above a whisper." "Indeed? Has he taken cold or did he go to the ball game?" Last summer one of our grandchildren was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed when we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentery, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by A. T. Hill, druggist.

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Guy R. Jewett warranty deed to Adella S. Wint tracts 73 and 74 Dundee Orchard Homes No 1 \$ 500 00 Lucinda M. Hadley and H. warranty deed to John H. Hadley 41.63 acres land part Sol Heater d l e 3 2 1 00 Geo. Willis and wife warranty deed to J. E. Webber lot No. 2 blk 6 Will's add to McMinnville 300 00 Geo. C. Christenson and wife to A. P. Johnson 101.86 acres part of Henry Noble d l e 3 3 5500 00 B. M. Moore and wife warranty deed to E. C. Hodson 25 1/2 acres part of Jesse Parrish d l e 3 2 1200 00 Alice Shortridge warranty deed to L. L. Shortridge 3.88 acres in sec 28 5 9 1 00 Nancy Buffum et al warranty deed to T. F. and E. S. Buffum 2 acres of land in Amity 100 00

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