

Oregon is going to be full up to the throat with this season with prunes.

Don't forget to talk to your neighbors about that gravel for the public roads.

As soon as spring crops are in it will be an excellent time to haul gravel on the roads.

If historic Greece could only walk Turkey in good shape, there would be general rejoicing all over the land.

In the future the Cottage Grove Leader is to be run according to the wild and woolly idea. Frank Wooly is the new man at the helm.

Even the populists when pined down to it, reluctantly admit that fortune is favoring Oregon this season with bright promises of excellent crops all round.

The hold-up gang are all shaking in their boots lest Gov. Lord will not call an extra session and give them a chance to make amends for past failures.

Hon. C. B. Moore of Salem is being pushed by his friends for register of the Oregon City land office. Charley is a competent and deserving man as well as a sound republican. No better appointment could be made.

Boston has celebrated Paul Revere's ride as usual this year. An inquisitive friend asks: "If Paul lived now would he scorch over the track on a bicycle, or lose all hope of fame by going to the nearest telephone station?"

The Ontario News makes the following wail: Poor woman! Over in Idaho, where they have just received equal suffrage, the women, before they can vote, have to take an oath that they are a "male citizen twenty-one years old."

No one seems to have cared to hear Mr. U'Ren talk about the late legislative farce. People are tired of the nauseating subject and few who participated in it will ever be given an opportunity to again betray a public trust.—Roseburg Review.

Ex-Governor Albert G. Porter, of Indiana, died on last Tuesday after a long illness. Mr. Porter was a very forcible speaker in political debate and his record as a politician is without a dark spot. He was one of the cleanest men in Indiana politics in his day.

Jewel county, Kansas is to have an old settlers reunion. Among the prominent old timers are two brothers named Sorick and the most remarkable thing about these two men seems to be that they have lived in Kansas twenty-seven years without mortgaging their farms.

A Boston newspaper hits Yale University a very hard blow when it remarks that "the very large number of Yale students who are reported to have lost money on Corbett looks as if the departments of ethics and political economy need strengthening down there."

Although ex-President Harrison has written several articles for the magazines, and finds this sort of work a rest after unraveling some knotty legal problem, he has steadfastly refused to write anything for the newspapers, notwithstanding the fact that he has been made some very tempting offers in a financial way from many papers.

Henry Watterson in a recent editorial in the Louisville Courier—Journal rips Cleveland up the back in great shape. He says the Reform Club of New York has started the campaign of 1900 on behalf of Cleveland and he asserts that the mention of the name of Cleveland for a third term is a reproach. That he has had his day—a sad day for his party. That he never effected genuine reform except for ill.

The Polk county Observer says: Three years ago, our friend Ira Campbell, of the Guard, suggested the name of Harrison Kincaid as the available candidate for secretary of state on the republican ticket, and Mr. Kincaid was elected. And now again either through foolishness or design, Mr. Campbell says Mr. Kincaid's name is prominently mentioned as a candidate for the governorship of Oregon on the republican ticket. Will history repeat itself in this case? Bro. Campbell, please withhold some of the afflictions you have in store for the republican party.

The Myrtle Point Enterprise voices the following sound, sensible sentiment: Every enterprising man is a help to his town. The more money he makes, if he uses it, the better for the community; the larger business he builds up the greater advantage to the community; a town cannot build up without him, and a growing town is a benefit to the surrounding country; hence it is to the advantage of all to encourage enterprising men in all walks of life and from on the efforts of petty, envious individuals

who are ever ready to thrust their more successful neighbors in the back on the slightest provocation in an attempt to injure them and destroy their business.

An exchange says that in some quarters uneasiness is felt touching the gossip and criticism that is likely to result when Minister Hay and wife entertain in London since they are known tactfuls. Col. John Hay is not another Bayard who will follow the knee to the English. He will follow his convictions and take care of himself too. No American need feel any uneasiness about the results of his stay in London.

SENSIBLE AT LAST.
The very hardest thing for the average mortal to do is to acknowledge that he or she is mistaken—that the opinions advocated are based on erroneous grounds, and that the "cause" in which time and effort has been spent is a fallacy.

Miss Phoebe Cousins has had the courage to do this, and it gives us a higher opinion of her mental equipment than before. Miss Cousins admitted that all her dreams of woman's advancement have been dissipated; that the world don't want to be reformed in this particular direction, and that at last she sees that woman's sphere is in the home.

Judge Thompson, in the course of the interview recalled their first meeting, at which he told her that the true mission of woman is motherhood, at which dictum Miss Cousins had sneered. Her reply was this: "You were right, Judge. The last time I listened to a Sunday school exercise I learned that. The pupils were repeating the Golden text: Suffer little children to come unto me. For of such is the kingdom of heaven. I realized that no children could come unto me, and I am not ashamed I wept at the thought."

The home is the unit of civilization; and to make a home is ample field for any woman. The husband to battle with the world and make provision for wife and children, the wife to keep the home and make it what it should be—that is the normal division of effort between sexes. The single individual is but the half of a possible whole; and the man or woman who goes through life alone has lost the best and most satisfying of the conditions which earth offers us.—Toledo Blade.

Dangers in Old Clothes.

At a certain military post it was observed that the officers quartered in a particular section of one of the buildings developed tuberculosis. Three successive occupants were attacked, and in each instance the disease terminated fatally. The death of the third started some inquiry as to the cause of this state of things. The room was swept, and the dust that settled was carefully removed and cultures made from it but without any tubercular germs. At length after various experiments had been tried, some one suggested brushing the dust from some old uniforms that had been in a closet in a room for a number of years. Cultures made from these developed tuberculosis at once, and then the question arose whence came the original seed of the disease. While this question was not fully settled, investigations were made that resulted in a resolution to destroy or disinfect all left over uniform. In the same line it might be important to make tests of second-hand clothing and ascertain whether diseases not ordinarily considered contagious might not be contracted by the use of garments previously worn by persons afflicted with such maladies. It is by no means certain that we know how diseases are really infectious or contagious. Entire communities suffer from outbreaks of various ill and the doctors and the people say, "Oh, its the change of the weather!" or maybe they decide that "there is something in the atmosphere" that makes all the trouble or the disturbance is laid to the water supplies.

Anything that catches and retains germs may become a breeding ground for disease, and whether it be old clothes, or unsanitary drains, or low places where the refuse and water settle, matters but little.

Almost all house keepers pay too little attention to the care of clothing after the illness and death of members of their families. Of course, extreme grief, and often extreme weariness, after weeks, perhaps months, of anxiety and watching may unfit them for such task; but this is really no excuse whatever. Certainly nature and her laws recognize no such sentiment, and the fact that the dear departed possessed those garments make no difference in the deadly character of any disease germs which they may harbor. The utmost care should be taken in giving away any of the belongings of the deceased, and it will be well if this were never done without the consent of the family physician. Requests of clothing have in more than one instance proven fatal gifts. That which was intended to give great pleasure has caused unspoken pain, has broken up family circles and clouded entire lives. An eminent medical scientist once said that if our manner of living could be more simple, and if these things that we had about us during our last illness could be buried with us, the depressed would be none the worse for it, while the survivors would be very much better.

Thirty years is a long time to fight so painful a trouble as piles, but Jacob Mitchell, of Unionville, Pa., struggled that long before he tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which quickly and permanently cured him. It is equally effective in eczema and all skin afflictions. A. T. Hill.

Mr. Joseph Bailey of Forest Grove was in the city Wednesday. He was looking up fruit prospects in the interests of the Earl Fruit Co., and says there was no damage by the frost on Monday night. He finds a particularly bright prospect about Newberg for an immense crop of fruit.—Reporter.

John Welch one of our local Woodmen, has added another medal to his collection and still holds the championship as the boss chopper of the northwest. Recently he chopped off a 15-inch log in 1:05, his main competitor being a renowned knight of the axe from Turner. This makes the fourth medal won by Welch.—Transcript.

Mrs. G. E. Detmering and her mother, Mrs. Taylor left here the first of the week for Eugene. G. E. Detmering goes later in the week. Mr. D and wife expect to make Eugene their home this summer. Their future destination is Southern California. They have been long time residents of Dapton, and have many friends who regret their departure.—Dayton Herald.

Not only acute lung troubles, which may prove fatal in a few days, but old chronic coughs and throat troubles may receive immediate relief and be permanently cured by One Minute Cough Cure. A. T. Hill.

Little Charley Cook has a very poor opinion of barb wire fences. While going home from school one day last week he fell onto a barbed wire fence and two of the barbs caught him under the chin and held him until extricated by a passer-by. The result is Charley has quite a sore face carefully bandaged. After this he will be particular where he falls.—Transcript.

Hon. C. P. Yates, of Washington county, was in town last Wednesday and Thursday, and called to see us. By the way, Mr. Yates is to become a resident of Yamhill, and a fellow worker in the newspaper field, having made arrangements for the purchase of the Sheridan Sun. He is a thorough, consistent republican, a man of education, and we bespeak for him success in his new venture.—Transcript.

Arthur Harris and Joe Williams recently made quite a find at the old Indian burying ground on the Robinson place, now occupied by Mr. McClintock, west of Amity. After digging about three feet they came upon a little brass kettle of the kind Indians everywhere prize so much. This contained a human hand upon which some flesh still remained. The kettle was nearly filled with beads, from the size of a small marble to that of the mezzain variety. Quite a quantity of Indian money, consisting of shells cut in various shapes, was also in the kettle. They are of the opinion that there is any quantity of relics yet to be found. They lie in loose black dirt which seems to have been carried from some other point by the early washes.—Reporter.

A remarkable accident happened to J. P. Irvine on Monday. He was working in the woodshed at home, being at the time pouncing with a hatchet on the floor. A bottle containing about a quart of gasoline standing upon a shelf of a cupboard close by was dislodged by the jarring and came down with a crash right in the place where he was working. The concussion ignited the fluid, which flashed up suddenly almost filling the room with flame. Fortunately none of it got upon his clothes and he escaped other injury than having his eyebrows, whiskers and hair pretty well singed. During the next two or three minutes great activity was required to subdue the flames and prevent destructive conflagration. This was made easier by the fact that there was not much lightly combustible material at hand, and besides burning up a few clothes hanging upon a line no great damage resulted. J. P. says he is satisfied of one thing concerning the fire, that he might have had some doubts before, that gasoline can be ignited by concussion.—Reporter.

Unconditional surrender, is the only terms those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers will make with constipation, sick headache and stomach troubles. A. T. Hill.

The newly elected president of the W. C. T. U. made a very fitting inaugural speech at the meeting of the Union on Wednesday, April 28. The report of the executive was read, Mrs. Hallie Hobson having been appointed recording secretary, and Mrs. Mattie Wetser corresponding secretary, which report was accepted. A committee was appointed to call upon new members to welcome them to the Union.

A letter was read from the state president stating that Miss Belle Kerney of Mississippi will be in Oregon in June and Unions desiring to secure her services for a lecture must do so on an early day. Miss Kerney is a national lecturer and organizer, possessing that rare southern wit thus captivates her audiences.

The question of Sabbath observance was discussed and proved an interesting topic. REPORTER.

A Card.
EDITOR GRAPHIC: I notice in the issue of the Graphic of March 29 an article in which a number of statements are incorrect. I did not leave the barn loaded down with hay, as stated in the Graphic. I did enter the barn intending to take the hay, but changing my mind I was leaving the barn without the hay when I was halted. The statement "he admitted he had been stealing for a living" and "a man who would work for a living in this country was a fool and that if they blowed on him he would burn their crops," is absolutely false, and I challenge anybody to come out over his own name like a man and say so. H. H. GOKETZEN.

For the Kidneys.
"I am 65 years old; have had kidney disease and constipation for 25 years. Am now well—used your S. B. Headache and Liver Cure one year. Used 6 bottles at 50 cents each. J. H. Knight, Rutledge, Or." For sale by all druggists.

"At least Chollie knows how to dress. His attire is rich but simple. So is Chollie."—Indianapolis Journal.

Oil of Gladness
Is a pleasant, palatable preparation, entirely free from all oily taste, and may be administered internally or applied externally. It will remove all pain that "human flesh is heir to," if properly applied, and might be rightly termed "a panacea for all ills." Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

More than 2,000 people mysteriously disappear from London every year, and are never heard of again.

For the Lungs.
Elder Alson 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.

Between the acts, "to see a man," He left his lady friends forlorn. And when he came back she began: "And how is Mr. Barleycorn?"

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.

Your Last Chance.
C. C. Smith, the photographer is arranging to go away for the summer. Call at once and have the babies' pictures taken. Negatives go with the pictures. Old negatives sold for 10 cents each.

A Life Saver.
Consumption and bronchitis are not by any means the same, although it is hard to distinguish one from the other. Bronchitis is an inflammation of the lining of the wind tubes or air vessels of the lungs, causing soreness of the same, cough, sore throat, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, spitting of mucus and sometimes blood. Thousands die annually with this dread disease. Wilbur's Cough Cure will cure. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

Miss Older—"Men must be growing more polite. I get seats in street cars much oftener than I did a few years ago."

Miss Cutting—"Well its a mighty man man that will let an old lady stand."—N. Y. Journal.

"Why do you send Blum such a handsome and costly present every year, Saxey?"
"Just between you and me, Blum married the girl that I had promised to marry. I can't do enough for him."—Detroit Free Press.

Jagson—I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated.
Jagson—What did you say?
Jagson—I said that a new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time.—Clips

Croup and whooping cough are childhood's terrors; but like pneumonia, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles, can be quickly cured by using One Minute Cough Cure. A. T. Hill.

"I do think a dog has a good deal of intelligence," said the man with the spaniel but I am not as bad as Brown. He actually had the gall to tell me that he was thinking of studying German, so he could talk to his wife without the dog understanding every word he said."—Typographical Journal.

Pat—Do you mind, Moike, how the Grakes do be all goin' home to fight?
Moike—I jee; an I be thikin' that its a good thing for this country that the Oirish ain't all Grakes, or this kentry would be depopulated of all its constabulary, be gob.—Philadelphia North American.

It was this way, Judge. Ye see I doled the cards, and Jim Brown he had a pah o aces and a pah o ki gs. What did you have?
Three aces, Judge, and—
What did Jim do?
Jim he drew.
What did he draw?
He drew a razor, Judge.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Traveling in a second class carriage a gentleman had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment besides himself, with reference to the opening of a window.

"You don't appear to know the difference between the second and third class, said the lady cuttingly.
"Oh, madam replied he, I am an old railway traveler; I know the class distinction. In the first class the passengers behave rudely to the guards; in the third the guards behave rudely to the passengers; in the second—with a bow to his fellow passenger—the passengers behave rudely to each other."—Tit Bits.

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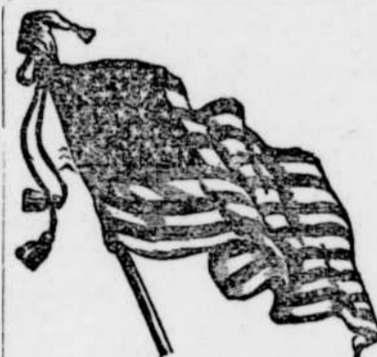
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