

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

E. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1897.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon.

The great American bird will spread his wings on the Newberg fair grounds July 3.

The little Japs are wise enough to keep hands off when Uncle Sam offers a suggestion with reference to the settlement of the Hawaiian question.

After wandering about through the slough of populist despond for the last three or four years, Penney now exclaims in the language of senator Hill, "I am a democrat."

Ex-Queen Lil is not at all pleased with the prospects of Hawaii being annexed to the United States. Cleveland was Lil's special friend in this matter but he is out of business now.

J. W. Ivey, of Portland has been appointed collector of customs for Alaska. Mr. Ivey did effectual work in the McKinley campaign and is entitled to recognition at the hands of the party.

The Junction City Times suffered a loss of \$200 last week in a fire which burned the building the plant was in. The type was badly scattered in moving but the Times was out at the usual time.

Newberg will celebrate Independence day on Saturday July 3. Good speaking and good entertainment has been arranged. Newberg has not held a celebration for several years, so we ought to have a big time this year.

A local fight has been made on President Chapman of the University of Oregon by the press and a faction of the citizens of Eugene, but the board of regents after weighing the matter, decided he was the right man in the right place.

Five hundred public horseless carriages are to be placed on the streets of Paris after July 1 and a large number of cabmen are practicing with them in the suburbs. This begins to look like the horseless carriage had come to stay.

An Ohio woman was killed by lightning which was attracted by the steel in her corset. If Ohio women will wear corsets they will do well to take warning from this accident and come to Oregon where we make our electricity to order, and thus keep it within proper bounds.

Referring to the last democratic candidate for president, ex-Senator David B. Hill, in an address at Niagara Falls the other day, took occasion to remark "that the people of this country could not stand and would not stand a policy dictated by a crank, a demagogue and a political adventurer." David B. is a very plain spoken man.

The reception which the South has just given to President McKinley has been the most enthusiastic ever accorded a republican chief magistrate in that region, and has not been surpassed in heartiness by any ever given to a president of any party in any locality. Sectionalism in politics has virtually disappeared. The present time deserves the name "era of good feeling" almost as fully as did the period covered by Monroe's presidency which received that designation.—Globe Democrat.

Lift your hat reverently when you pass the teacher of the primary school. She is the great angel of the republic. She takes the banishing from the home nest, full of poats and passions, an un-governable little wretch, whose mother honestly admits that she sends him to school to get rid of him. This lady, who knows her business, takes a carload of these little anarchists, any one of whom, singlehanded, is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in the way of being useful citizens. At what expense of toil and patience and soul weariness. Here is the most responsible position of the whole system, truthfully says an exchange, and if her salary were double what it is she would not receive more than she earns.—Ex.

The Globe Democrat manifests a faith seemingly almost strong enough to remove mountains. Read its predictions respecting the gentleman of pitch fork fame: "Senator Tillman is coming over on to the republican side on the tariff, and there is a chance that he may in the next two or three years drop silverism and the rest of the follies which he has advocated thus far. When a persistent and all-round sinner like Tillman starts to reform he often makes a thorough job of it. The sight of Tillman on the stump in 1900 denouncing Bryanism and all its works would be startling, but it is within the domain of possibility. Some decidedly picturesque political transformations are under way among Southern Statesmen at the present time."

In an historical article recalling the destruction of our national capital by the British forces in 1814, Clifford Howard in the July Ladies' Home Journal will show that Dolly Madison, the most beloved and popular woman of her day, was courageous and fearless in the face of grave danger. In the mad stampede

from Washington, that preceded the invasion by the British troops, Dolly Madison was the last to seek safety in the flight, and her fiscal act before quitting the White House, as the enemy advanced, was to seize the Declaration of Independence and carry it with her to a place of safety. As the White House was immediately afterward looted and burned by the British, Mr. Howard declares that but for brave Dolly Madison the priceless parchment would have been destroyed.

The Blue Mountain Eagle drops a timely hint respecting the sale of mining stocks in the following editorial: The report that Rossland is suffering from too much effort to sell mining stocks and too little to develop mines is not surprising. The world is full of people who would like to get rich in easy ways, and none seems easier until tried than to stake off a mining claim, organize a company and put its stock on the market. But the country is getting short of people who will buy stocks in mines until it appears that somebody is going to develop them, and that their money will be used as it should be, for development. These speculators are not miners. They can make but little progress with their schemes until somebody makes progress with the pick and shovel, and it will not injure any mining company to find this out at the beginning.

OREGON Y. M. OF FRIENDS CHURCH. The annual gathering of the various Friends churches in Oregon convened at the church in Newberg on last Tuesday afternoon. A large number of people from Salem, Scotts Mills, Portland and other points were in attendance at this session than usual and the numbers have been increasing from day to day.

Devotional exercises were conducted by President Newlin who said in the course of his remarks that he hoped that all things done during the fifth annual session of Friends church in Oregon might be done in a way that would redound to the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom on earth. That all worship should indeed be in spirit and in truth and that grace might abound in all.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Marion George and Rev. J. H. Hadley of Iowa. In the course of a few remarks by Rev. J. H. Hadley he said a man who can't get warm until some one else builds the fire is a lazy christian. If we will be true to God he will remember us abundantly.

A short letter of greeting was read from Rev. James P. Price now in New York. The clerk was directed to wire a message of greeting to California yearly meeting now in session.

SALEM DELEGATES. J. H. Douglas, B. S. Cook, Chas. Baldwin, Retta Pemberton, Anson Cox, Phebe Hammer, Martha Newby and Florence E. Cook.

NEWBERG DELEGATES. C. E. Lewis, Edwin Morrison, Jane H. Blair, Amanda M. Woodward, Alpheus Mills, Lizzie White, Wm. Rife, Mary J. Newlin, Etta Kirk, M. Terrell, J. Osborn, A. M. Bray, Lydia Gardner and Sadie Hall.

CARETAKERS. Rollin Kirk, Marion Cook, Walter Macy, Emmor Hall, Mattie Earhart, Lida Wilson, Walter Terrell, Walter Edwards, Ella Macy, Sadie Bond, Chas. Scott, Frank Commons, Jas. Rees, E. C. Snow, John Richie, Maggie Hammer, Clara Newby.

COM. OF DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS. A. T. Ware, Lydia C. Gardner, Farrah Morris, Chas. Baldwin, David Coulson, N. G. Kirk.

COM. OF EPISCOPAL CORRESPONDENCE. Evangeline Martin, C. R. Scott, O. J. Hobson, Richard White, Mabel H. Douglas, Florence E. Cook, Jennie K. Groff, Esther Terrell, Edwin Morrison.

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work. Seven principal obstacles to temperance work in our land were given which were as follows:

The indifference and corruption of our great political parties. Unrestricted foreign immigration. The colored race of the south as a tool in the hands of designing men. Indifference of educated men to the sacredness of the ballot.

The liquor press. The social drink habit. Lethargy of consciences of church members.

Miss Kearney is a very forcible, energetic speaker, and speaks with the pleasing, true southern accent. She is the best lady temperance orator we have ever had in Newberg.

At the close a vocal solo was sung by Rev. A. T. Ware.

The remainder of the session was taken up by the reading of epistles from Baltimore and Dublin, Ireland, yearly meetings.

A telegram of fraternal greeting from California yearly meeting was received and read.

At the evening service Rev. J. H. Hadley of Iowa preached a very able sermon.

California Letter.

Well I expect my Newberg friends begin to wonder what has become of Uncle Jimmy. I am beginning to think about home now pretty strong but you need not look for me until you see me coming, but perhaps I had better inform you of my arrival so you can have the brass band out and form a procession at the train. I will try and be at home in time to defend myself in that divorce case. Since my last letter to the Graphic I have been killing time very pleasantly visiting several places of much interest to me. I have attended both quarterly and monthly meetings of Friends church at Pasadena and at El Modena, and visited my niece at Rio, fifty miles northeast on the kite shaped track and Santa Fe route. My niece, Mrs. Vina Stanley is the wife of one Lin Stanley who is a cousin to our honorable ex-representative Calvin Stanley of Newberg. While there I visited San Bernardino four miles farther on. It is one of Southern California's oldest towns and has 15,000 inhabitants. I spent one day and night there and hunted up my old cousin, Col. Warner Vestal, whom I had not seen since the close of the war in 1865. I recognized him at first sight. We had a long chat together.

On last Saturday morning in company with brother John I took the train for San Pedro on the coast where we found our little boat the Falcon waiting all ready to sail for Catalina Island. We were soon on board sailing in fine shape. There were about fifty of us on board. The little Falcon is rather a slow traveler, only making about eight miles an hour, but then that beats walking, especially on the water. It took her three hours to make the trip across 25 miles. I found the size of the island to be 22 miles long and 7 wide. It is made up of hills and mountains and deep canyons, and some beautiful little valleys next to the coast. The little town Avila and the only town on the island is situated on the coast near the boat landing. It far exceeded my expectation both in size and beauty. It has 500 inhabitants, one church, two or three stores, post office, fruit stands and restaurants plenty, and five hotels. There is a macadamized road being built up the hill, two miles of which is already done. It is the intention to run it the entire length of the island. I walked up the road for two miles where it makes a turn around a high point called the Loop. Here it is 3,000 feet above the ocean.

I sat down to rest and to take in the beautiful sight of the grand old Pacific. I did not attempt to go to the highest point on the mountain there being no road, and the climbing was rather hard work. We attended S. S. at 10 and preaching at 11 a. m. at the church, and childrens meeting at 7:30 p. m. so we spent the Sabbath very pleasantly. On Monday morning I rose early, and took a walk down to the beach, and a little ways up to a nice big rock which stands three or four rods out in the water which can only be reached on foot when the tide is low. It is called the sugar loaf rock. Its general appearance makes an old Hoosier think of an old fashioned hay stack. It is 100 feet high and has a flight of stairs up one side erected for the accommodation of visitors. On the top is an observatory made of iron railing which is about ten feet square. From here we had a fine view of the ocean, the town and almost the entire length of the island. Catalina is the most desirable summer resort that I have seen in California.

Well for all of California's nice things she seems to be almost destitute of what I count indispensable to good health and comfort of life, and that is good water, such as Oregon has. Well tomorrow will be the beginning of California yearly meeting of the Friends church. It will hold a week, after which I shall turn my steps homeward. Whittier Cal. 6-16 '97.

A Life Nailer.

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 matter and sometimes blood. Thousands die annually with this dread disease. Wilbur's Cough Cure will cure. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

"Barrie! me me landlady and me washer woman," said Mr. Horrigan, with honest pride, "Oh owe no nian a cent."

Some Kansas Yarns.

Below will be found a few Kansas yarns, picked up by a Kansas paper.

There has been a premium offered for the capture of the man who started this clever lie: A Kansas farmer planted his farm in pop corn, and gathered it into his barn. The barn took fire, the corn popped and filled a ten acre field. His old mare, thinking it a snow storm, laid down and froze to death.

In discussing the question in Western Kansas not long ago, a citizen from the short grass country said: "I think that Kansas is in need of a good deal of irrigation. There are times when it is so dry in the western part of the state that you have to soak a hog over night before he will hold still. There are places where water is wet only on one side. I know of a place where the owner of a ferryboat hauls water eleven months in the year to keep his ferry running. Why, water is so scarce that the men won't drink it. The cause of this drought is that the water supply of the state has been cornered by the railroads to put into their stock."

Here is another drouth story told by a traveling man: "I was driving across the country to a little town in Western Kansas the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water. "Where do you get water?" said I. "Up the road about seven miles," he replied. "And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep." "Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?" "Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

Another story started in the east is this: Why, the air is so dry in Kansas that the moon raises a dust as it goes through the sky, and the moisture is evaporated out of the milky way until it looks like a trail of pulverized chalk. We used to run the well through the clothes wringer every morning to get water for cooking.

A Kansas farmer took exception to this slander on the Sunflower state, and called the editor of the paper publishing it to account. "You poor, benighted heathen in the east don't know anything about Kansas weather," he wrote. "Dry in Kansas! Well I guess not. Why, it was only last week that I happened to leave an old headless barrel out doors with the bung hole up, when a shower came up, and began, sir, it rained into that bung hole faster than it could rain out of both ends, and bust out the barrel. And that was only a right smart sprinkle for Kansas, either."

Probably the story which better illustrates the position of the populist farmer in Kansas than any told in recent years is this: Kansas man (visiting in the east) "Yes sir, Kansas is the country for the farmer. Look at her vast prairies covered with crops so heavy that they make whole counties sink down in the middle. Look at her corn crop, so vast that it crowded township lines into the river."

Some Kansas man (at the populist meeting in his own neighborhood) "Fellow-sufferers Dug weather, Hessian flies and gold bugs prey like vamps on our state. Our once fair state is plastered over with mortgages so heavy that we have to bore a hole through them with an auger in order to plant corn. Rouse, ye slaves!"

Another man with an unblushing face told this story and expected people to believe it. "I was out in Kansas last summer and the first cyclone of course I went down in the cellar, like other folks. The house was soon blown away. The next thing I knew the cellar went too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon applied out. With infinite labor I crawled back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of. To my consternation I found that the hole had blown away also."

A prominent Kansan is accredited with telling this: "Tell you what's a fact, I have known it to blow twelve days and nights on a stretch and hold a sheep against the side of a barn until he starved to death."

W. B. Johnson, Newark, O., says, "One Minute Cough Cure, saved my only child from dying by croup." It has saved thousands of others suffering from croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and other serious throat and lung troubles. A. T. Hill.

It was getting late, and still the venerable ex-United States senator lingered in the parlor with the young people. Evidently something had to be done. "I hope papa," said his daughter, gently, but resolutely, "that you will not be offended if I now move a close call of the house, during which all persons not entitled to the floor will please retire, while Charlie and I discuss a question of personal privilege?"

Don't thin your blood with sassafras or poison it with blue-mass; but aid Nature by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pill for constipation, biliousness and stomach and liver troubles. They are purely vegetable. A. T. Hill.

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, Raleigh, Or." For sale by all druggists.

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A hat or a shirt goes with every suit. We take pleasure in showing our goods. Come and get our prices before you make purchases. Courteous treatment to all.

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The latest things for Chapped hands and Rough faces.

Toilet Soaps, Bath Soaps, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Etc.

Also just received a new assortment of Fishing Tackle. Come and see them.

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Land Plaster, Pottery Supplies and Etc., Etc. Free Delivery. R. W. STEIGLEDER, 1st street, Newberg, Oregon.

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.

Collector—Mr. Giles, I am very sorry to have to ask you to pay this little bill. (Giles)—Are you my boy? Well, I can sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I am sorry you have to ask me.

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.

A Frenchman went to an American and said to him: "What a polar bear do?" The American answered: "What does a polar bear do? Why, he sits on the ice." "Sits on ice?" "Yes, said the American; there is nothing else to sit on." "Vel, vat he do too?" "What else does he also do. Why he eats fish." "Eats fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I not zee it." "You don't accept? What do you mean?" "Oh, non, non. I does not except. I was invited to act as polar bear to a funeral."—Bachelor of Arts.

Notice.

In the County Court for Yamhill County Oregon. In the matter of the Estate of Anna Belle Tibado, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been duly appointed as the Executor of the Estate of Anna Belle Tibado deceased. Now therefore this is to notify all persons having claims against the said deceased, to present the same with the proper vouchers, within six months from the first publication of this notice in the said County Court, at the office of L. F. Hill, in Newberg, Yamhill County Oregon. Dated this 20th day of June, 1897. HENRY JUSTIN, Executor of Estate of Anna Belle Tibado.

Notice.

In the County Court for Yamhill County Oregon. In the matter of the Estate of Amanda E. Hagy, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been duly appointed as the Executor of the Estate of Amanda E. Hagy deceased has rendered and presented for settlement and filed in said court his final account of his Administration of said Estate and thus Tuesday the third day of August 1897 at one o'clock p. m. at the court room in the Court House in the city of McMinnville, in Yamhill County Oregon has been duly appointed by the judge of said Court for the settlement of the said account at which time and place any person interested in said Estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to the said account and contest the same. Dated this 20th day of June, A. D. 1897. ANDREW HAGEY, Administrator of said Estate.

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In the County Court for Yamhill County Oregon. In the matter of the Estate of Amanda E. Hagy, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been duly appointed as the Executor of the Estate of Amanda E. Hagy deceased has rendered and presented for settlement and filed in said court his final account of his Administration of said Estate and thus Tuesday the third day of August 1897 at one o'clock p. m. at the court room in the Court House in the city of McMinnville, in Yamhill County Oregon has been duly appointed by the judge of said Court for the settlement of the said account at which time and place any person interested in said Estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to the said account and contest the same. Dated this 20th day of June, A. D. 1897. ANDREW HAGEY, Administrator of said Estate.

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