

With the rise in wheat, corn is also coming up. Another blow at Bryanism in Nebraska.

Nature seems to be doing everything possible to assist McKinley in bringing about the promised prosperity. Here in the Willamette valley even the oak trees are almost breaking down with acorns; and acorns make mighty good hog feed.

Nebraska has paid off \$28,000,000 of mortgaged indebtedness since the incoming of the McKinley administration. Bryan's own state seems to be doing her best to prove the falsity of his predictions of the dire calamity that would come to the country without the carrying out of his 16 to 1 ideas.

According to present indications, all the world and his wife will go to the Clondyke gold fields next spring. What a golden—or shall we say silver?—opportunity William Jennings Bryan missed last fall to encourage such wholesale emigration. There would have been hardly anybody but silverites left to do the voting! Such opportunities come only once in a lifetime, and fortunate is the man who sees and takes hold of them.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Indiana man sent to the department at Washington last spring for tobacco seed and after taking particular care with the healthy growing plants he finds he has an excellent crop of mullen in place of tobacco. Think of the feelings of a fellow under such circumstances, who has grown up in a country where the boys are made to make war on the pesky mullen patches in the pastures and along the lanes until they wish they had never been born. His opinion of the management of the agricultural department is no doubt away below par.

Mr. J. G. Eckman of the Reporter staff reached home Tuesday from his seven weeks' visit in Kansas. He is accompanied by his father-in-law, Judge L. A. Linnvill of Osborn, Kansas, a very genial and pleasant gentleman, who will sample Oregon's climate for a few months. The portion of the state visited by Mr. E. is reported in a fairly prosperous condition, being favored with good crops of both wheat and corn this year. The Kansas people are among the best people in the world and they're all right as long as providence strokes the fur the right way, but when it rules the other way—waaah! more than half of them are apt to turn populists.—Reporter.

A French correspondent to the California Fruit Grower has the following to say regarding the prune outlook there:

It is anticipated that the present years yield will be little, if any larger than the poor crop we had last season, say, about 25,000,000 pounds. And prices should be such as to quite exclude the possibility of any trade with your country in this article, probably 20 to 35 francs &c. New York for the four sizes in French count 70-80, 80-90, 90-100, 100-105 fruits.

We have suffered from our own side the same drawbacks as on your side. The trees promised an abundant yield when in bloom, but unfavorable weather, or other causes undetermined, thinned them to such an extent as to leave little hope of the yield being larger this year than last. Growers, however, anticipate that there will be an unusual proportion of large fruits, which is to be hoped will in some degree make up for what has been lost in quantity for the crop.

These appear to us the salient features of the present situation in French prunes, 1897 crop, and though, of course there is always a probability of the crop ultimately developing to a greater or less extent, we fear the prospect is not a brilliant one.

In rounding up an editorial on the outlook for wheat bringing a dollar a bushel the Oregonian of last Monday said: "The total quantities of wheat available for the immediate distribution in the United States and Canada, both coasts, plus the quantity afloat from all exporting countries added to available stocks in Europe," were put down August 1, 1897, 63,340,000 bushels, as against 151,070,000 bushels August 1, 1893; 142,345,000 bushels August 1, 1894; 118,857,000 August 1, 1895; 971,131,000 bushels August 1, 1896. Thus the stock August 1, this year, was less than one half the average of that of four years past, at the same date, and but little more than two-fifths that of 1893, when the great decline of price set in.

But even this is not the main feature of the present situation. It is known that supplies from many countries will be short. With the exception of the United States, scarcely any country has a yield up to the average of several years past. The crop of our country is certainly very large, and though estimates differ, no reliable statistician puts it below 54,000,000 bushels. The price of wheat is now, however, reaching a figure that will tend to check consumption in many parts of the world, and to cause substitution to an extent of cheaper kinds of food. Nevertheless, this is the opportunity for the wheat grower of the United States. Fair prices also may be expected next year, since it will probably take some little time to bring around again the cycle of increased production throughout the world.

Those who have a touch of the gold fever just now and have a secret longing for the far off land will do well to read and ponder over the following cold suggestions taken from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"When the innocent gold-bunter looks about him he finds that the only way to get a claim on the Klondyke is to buy it and the cheapest one costs \$50,000. He may have \$500 left; perhaps but \$100; possibly less. The plentiful gold he had been hearing about, if above ground at all, is packed away with an armed man guarding it. If he wants any nuggets he must find them for himself. Where? The old settler points vaguely to the frozen hills and says: 'Go along and find a creek. Everything is taken up for fifty miles around, but you may get something farther away. What shall you do when you find it? First pay the government location tax. Then just move a hundred tons of ice to one side. Below that you will find twenty feet of frozen mud. Merely thaw it and toss it out. Near bedrock you will see gravel. Perhaps there is gold in it and perhaps not. That's a chance you take. Just pile the gravel up and in the spring you can wash it out. You can't do so before because all the water will be ice. What if there is no gold in it, or not enough to pay?' Oh then you won't be any worse off than hundreds of others. You can hire out to the people if the alien labor law will let you, and work around until another freeze comes. What's that? Say your provisions won't outlast another winter? Why, man, why didn't you bring more, then? Did you take this for a picnic?"

These are the frozen facts about winter gold-hunting in the Northwest Territory. If they are not sufficiently frozen, they will be, along with the tenderfoot who disregards them, when the mercury at Klondyke gets well on the downward path to 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

Letter From New Whatcom.

After a long day's dusty car ride, Seattle was reached about 7:30 in the evening. Immediately on leaving the train there, it could be easily seen that the people were stricken with some new contagious disease. For that is about the best name for the ailment. The truth is that if a person calls the talk down our way about the Clondyke mines, gold excitement, he would be at a loss what to call it in Seattle. Yellow fever would probably be as good and as suggestive a term as any. The fact that so many Clondyke steamers come into Seattle of course keeps the temperature at fever heat. It is honestly claimed that it is with the greatest difficulty that ladies can do any trading there at all. For all such goods as they would naturally wish have been pushed out of sight, and Clondyke equipments have come to the front. No attention is paid to the ladies, who are compelled to hunt up a clerk who deigns to pandor to such delicate tastes. It is almost impossible to make way across the large wharfs to the steamers, on account of the tons of freight ready for the mines. On the train with us was an old grey haired man, apparently about 65 years of age who had come from Kansas City, and was on his way to Clondyke. Two young men from the East called at the railway ticket office and wanted through tickets to Clondyke.

From Seattle we took the steamer Selkome for New Whatcom. She started near midnight, after having taken on a load of freight consisting of boxes and cans for the fish canneries at Anaocotes, several miles up the Sound. The ride up Puget Sound was certainly a most delightful one. The day was bright and the water calm. The ride is very much the same as the one on the Columbia river.

New Whatcom, situated on Bellingham Bay is a busy, hustling little city of about 8,000 inhabitants, and is the county seat of Whatcom county. This county is a large one and is said to comprise as much territory as the state of Rhode Island and the country of Holland combined. New Whatcom is noted among other things for her large saw mill and for being the home of the authoress, Mrs. Ella Higginson. I have been shown through the saw mill and invited to call on Mrs. Higginson. The saw mill is indeed a large one, employing about 200 hands. With the exception of the press which runs off the Oregonian I really never saw any machinery before, or at least anything which could be called machinery in comparison to that of this mammoth saw mill. One saw or rather series of saws which in particular interested me, saws two timbers at a time into 36 pieces of lumber all at once. Nothing is wasted around this mill. For what saw dust they do not burn in the engines they use to fill in the bay with. For here as in Seattle they are continually extending the land farther and farther into the water. Having filled in with refuse from the mill, soil is hauled in and thrown over it. In connection with this filling in process, that continues slowly but surely, it is amusing to notice that enterprising individuals have driven piles far out into the bay to mark their claims, expecting to make a big thing some day. This fact is more noticeable in Seattle, where there is a greater expanse of shallow water and it presents a very odd appearance in having the surface all dotted with piles. I understand however, that the supreme court has recently decided that this precaution is not sufficient to hold a claim so that it seems that some far-sighted citizens have had their trouble for nothing.

About three miles down the bay from Whatcom, is a little city named Fair haven. This is a very pretty place, with good buildings, all the trouble being that scarcely anybody lives there. For Fairhaven is a typical "boom" town. One of the principal features of this place is the Fairhaven hotel. This

is a magnificent building, rivaling in very fact the Hotel Portland, although it is not so large. Its furnishings are fully as fine if not finer than those of the Hotel Portland. I was very kindly shown through the building and was in the room in which Mark Twain was entertained when he was in the city and where he was interviewed by my friend Roy Hadley. I was also shown through the Commercial Club rooms which are most exquisitely furnished, making a veritable bachelor's paradise. In this place there is also a large shingle mill of 400,000 daily capacity; also a fish cannery.

New Whatcom has a very good street railway system, it being thus connected with Fairhaven. The city is supplied with water from Lake Whatcom which is about six miles back from town at about an elevation of 316 feet above it. Saturday afternoon in company with Judge Hadley we took a climb along the trail up Whatcom creek, the outlet of Lake Whatcom. The trail is very rugged and precipitous leading up a deep gorge. At one place for instance a steep step, and one would fall about 50 feet over a sheer precipice into the water below. The scenery up this creek is certainly unsurpassed by any of its kind. All the way up there is a succession of waterfalls all the way in height from 5 to 50 feet. Sign boards have been put up at various places along the creek with such suggestive names, as Devil's slide, Paradise and Purgatory. Tomorrow I intend to go wheeling over the county to get some idea of the country. From here I can see over into Canada.

I am now writing from the law office of the leading law firm in the city, Dorr & Hadley. Mr. C. W. Dorr is state senator and was leader of the Republican forces in the last Washington legislature. Judge H. E. Hadley was also formerly of the firm until elected superior judge last fall. The office of this firm is in one of the best buildings of the city, and comprises four large commodious rooms. They have a very extensive library, consisting of about 1,500 volumes.

W. C. W.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, letter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. A. T. Hill.

Our Position Among Nations.

It must have struck many of our readers that the situation of the United States at the present time is as unpleasant as it is unusual.

We are all of us conscious that our people are peaceably disposed toward the world; that we have no unredressed enmities, either recent or of long standing, against any other nation; that we do not feel arrogant; that we do not "carry a chip on our shoulder;" that while we are always ready to insist upon our rights, as every self-respecting nation must be, we have not the least intention of doing so in an insolent manner; and in short, that nothing is further from our wishes than to have a quarrel, least of all one that might lead to war.

Yes it is painfully evident that the United States is to-day the most unpopular country in the world, and that it is an almost universal impression abroad that the "Yankee nation" is swaggering and trying to find somebody who will fight with it.

The Spanish people are incensed against us, although we have scrupulously refrained from doing what any government of Europe would have done with an island close to its shores in revolt against its foreign master.

The English are sarcastic about our treatment of the Hering Sea question, the rejection of the arbitration treaty, and other matters.

Germany and France take the passage of a tariff law, framed solely, whether mistakenly or not, with a view to our own interests, as an act of hostility to themselves. Of course the law is one which we had most undoubtedly right to make, and they are no more entitled to a voice in the matter than we are to the German army bill, or the French alliance with Russia.

Japan is not nearly so stiff and belligerent in her treatment of the Hawaiian question as the European newspapers represent her to be; and if the two governments can be left to themselves they will settle the matter peaceably. But any disagreement with Japan is to be deplored. The whole European press joins in a chorus against us, and would apparently be glad to see Japan send a fleet and seize Hawaii.

A few years ago the tone of the foreign press was extremely friendly to the United States. Now there is hardly a newspaper in the world which fails to put an unfavorable interpretation upon the conduct of the United States, if a view insulting to our honesty, our intelligence, our manners, our temper, can be found.

That it is unjust does not mend the matter. Fortunately even the most influential newspapers do not govern the world. Fortunately, too, as it takes two to make a quarrel, we are not going to war simply that it is said falsely that we desire war. The world will by and by learn to know us better. If we go on our way unmoved by the criticisms of people who do not understand us, all will come out right in the end.—Youth's Companion.

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.

Your Last Chance.

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

Assistant Librarian—Where shall I put this book, "Impressions of America by an Englishman." Librarian—In the fiction department.—Life.

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.

Adam—Hurry up, can't you? We have got to get out of the garden before sundown. Eve—Yes, Adam dear! Are my leaves on straight.—N. Y. Press.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. A. T. Hill.

Horrified old lady—Oh, kind sir, think of your mother! Think of your mother! Burglar, sternly—No use, lady—I wuz brought up in an incubator.

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.

"Husband—'I saw a patent biscuit maker down town today that I think I'll present to you, my dear.' Wife (significantly)—'I presume it is one that makes biscuits like your mother made them, isn't it?'"

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.

"Widowhood makes a woman unselfish." "Why so?" "Because she ceases to look out for Number One and begins to look out for Number Two.—Brooklyn Life.

"Last summer one of our grand-children was sick with a severe bowel trouble," says Mrs. E. G. Gregory, of Fredricktown, Mo. "Our doctor's remedy had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief." For sale by A. T. Hill.

A woman may talk for a minute, and then Keep still for the rest of the day; But you can't get a patent on a snap like that, Because they ain't built that way.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait till you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

A. T. Hill.

"How are your geological studies progressing, Miss Climby?" "Very nicely, indeed. I found a lovely piece of rock-quartz today up on the hill back of the hotel. But unfortunately I laid it upon my soap dish when I went up to dress, and now I can't tell which is the soap."

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 60 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

S. A. Manning says that very few narrow tire farm wagons are sold now days. People show good judgement in choosing the broad tire, which is much superior both on the farm and on the road, and it is singular that they never caught onto the idea before.—Reporter.

A Lie Satisfied.

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.

A Half Fare Rate.

During the week of the Oregon State Fair the Southern Pacific railroad will sell tickets at all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. This is done to increase the attendance at the fair and stimulate travel on the road.

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