

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

E. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1897.

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

Wheat is going up again, apparently much to the disgust of the calamity sheets.

F. A. Carle, who has been managing editor of the Oregonian for the past eight years has resigned to take charge of the Commercial Advertiser, a New York evening paper.

The space first thought necessary for the exhibits at the manufacturers fair at Portland has been doubled and still they come. Push it along. Let home manufacture be the watchword.

The Graphic editorial seems to be giving the editor of the only independent paper in Yamhill county pain in the stomach. Calamity howlers are often very much pained when they are compelled to face the truth.

The Santa Anna Blade says that a Westminister woman has been robbed while "en route" to her home. Served her right for traveling in French. If she had simply been going there she would have been all right.—Pasadena Star.

The Oregon congressional delegation has made the following recommendations for federal offices in Oregon: United States district attorney, John H. Hall; United States marshal, Zeph Houser; Customs appraiser, Col. O. Summers; Register of the Oregon City land office, T. T. Geer.

It is rather surprising how the millions of gold reported as being on the way from the Clondyke country on the different steamers melts away as it reaches civilization. The old law of nature that matter expands with heat and contracts with cold seems to be reversed in this instance.

White slippers are very pretty—to be married in—but for street wear they are out of place according to the Democrat's ideas of fashion and propriety.—Albany Democrat.

Glad to see that the Democrat man is not stuck up. Common cowhide shoes are good enough for any newspaper man.

The prosperity wave seems to have struck Brownsville in the right spot. The Times says: The Brownsville Woolen Mills are so crowded with orders for goods that the machinery is kept humming from daylight until dark and some of it day and night. On Wednesday, the 1st, the wages of employees were advanced 5 per cent.

The manufacturers fair which is to be held in Portland promises to be a big thing for the manufacturing enterprises of Oregon. It is to be open to the public free of any charge for admission, the object of the fair being to get our home people interested in home industries. The press throughout the state ought to do everything possible to add to the complete success of the fair.

Since the sharp decline in the price of silver the government officials are kept very busy on the lookout for counterfeit silver coins. Silver is now so cheap that counterfeiters are no longer compelled to use some other cheap metal alloy to give the proper weight, color and ring to coins. Some pieces have fallen into the hands of the treasury authorities that contained more pure silver than is used by the mint.

It is announced that the Pope Manufacturing company will place a chainless wheel on the market next spring. The company that succeeds in putting out a chainless wheel that works well will receive the hearty thanks of wheelmen, and the Pope Manufacturing company standing at the head as wheel manufacturers, will hardly put out a wheel at this date that has not been thoroughly tested.

This is the way the Del Norte Record "sizzles up" Joaquin Miller: "Joaquin Miller is one of the Examiner's Alaskan correspondents. His ability to say more about less, than any other idiotic mental rambler, is being fully demonstrated. He has already written six letters before reaching the mouth of the Yukon. The mouth of the Yukon is said to be eleven miles wide, but the mouth of Joaquin will put it to blush."

Since the "only" is speaking of post office matters let it make a diagnosis of the following. Last winter a certain gentleman who was an active candidate for the post office was asked where he thought his strength lay, in his efforts to secure the appointment. The answer was that Emery had told him that he hoped when the election of a United States senator came on that he would be able to get Hon. John H. Mitchell in a close place, and when the proper time came he would stand in with Mitchell and thus control the appointment of the Newberg post office; and in this event the above mentioned candidate was to get the place. A pop member of the Oregon legislature aspiring to control a McKinley appointment. Check? Well, some, in patches.

William A. White, editor of the Em-

poria Gazette, who wrote "What's the matter with Kansas" during the last campaign, is a candidate for the republican nomination for congress in the fourth Kansas district. Young White is a bright fellow; much brighter indeed than most of the congressmen Kansas has been sending to Washington of late years, but Kansas don't appear to be "bleeding" very bad this year so it is to be hoped that young men of Mr. White's ability may be given a chance.

A London fog is worse than "a darkness which may be felt," for it is loaded with filth. Sanitary engineers have been battling with it for many years, trying to prevent its foul particles from invading the House of Commons. Finally, by the aid of invention, they have succeeded in conquering it, and now, when the fog outside is so dense that the lights feebly glimmer like half extinguished matches inside the air is so clear and pure as in a starlit night. One curious to see the process by which this transformation was made would have been taken down stairs, far beneath the feet of the unsuspecting members, and shown a vast layer of what looked like cotton wool dragged through the Thames mud and sprinkled with ink. A few hours before it was a mass of virgin white wool, six inches thick and extending over an area of eight hundred feet. Through this bed the air from the outside had been driven by the force of a steam fan, and then, purified, allowed to enter the House of Commons. The bed of wool served as a filter, and the filth deposited therein was a startling sight, but one that attested the triumph of the invention.—New Ideas.

The Ax Covered Grindstone.
Though bright to my heart are some scenes in my old time,
Which fond recollection presents to my view,
One thing I remember that brought me no glad time,
But lent to my childhood an indigo hue.
How awful when sneaking away from my mother,
As down to the creek with my tackle I fled,
To hear father's voice, "One good turn needs another;
Come turn at the grindstone that hangs by the shed."
The old crooked grindstone,
The wobbling old grindstone,
The old squeaking grindstone that hung by the shed.

Ah, many's the hour I've turned it and grunted,
For it was the millstone that burdened me down;
While nuts were to gather and squirrels to be hunted,
There was always an ax or scythe to be ground.
It never was oiled and was hard in the turning;
"Only grease of the elbows it needs," father said;
And the handle would often slip off without warning
And instantly tumble me heels over head.
The old dented grindstone,
That worn away grindstone,
It gathered no moss as it hung by the shed.
"This stone," father said, "like the earth, turns on its axis,
But comparison fails on the matter of force."
I said, "Though the speed of the earth ne'er relaxes,
I am sure it would stop 'neath those axes of yours."
The nicks they were deep in the axe or the hatchet,
And father bore on till sweat dropped from his head;
If I'd pause to put water on, then I would catch it;
"Watch the crank and keep on with the motion," he said.
Oh, that old shaky grindstone,
That slow grinding grindstone,
That hard running grindstone that hung by the shed!

Yes, dear to my heart are some scenes of my childhood—
The orchard, the cider, the neighbors' peach trees,
The school hours I pleasantly passed in the wildwood,
And the honey I stole unbeknownst to the bees.
But that circular horror, whose motion was rotary,
To-day makes my anger all fly to my head,
And I'm willing to go and make oath to the notary
That I was ground dull by that stone by the shed—
That lopsided grindstone,
That old hated grindstone,
That confounded grindstone that hung by the shed.—A. W. BELLAW.

Wanted—Sugar Factory.
Last week's Reporter says: Richard Kuehne, the best sugar expert who was in the city briefly last week on his way to Corvallis, has since written to Chas. Grissen, asking for a proposition from McMinville citizens as to what assistance they would be willing to render toward the establishment of a beet sugar factory in this city. Mr. Kuehne is making a thorough round of the valley towns, sizing up their adaptability to sugar making, and the town which gives the greatest lift is likely to get his recommendation to the German company he represents. He is keeping his own counsel as to what locality he looks upon with the greatest favor. One thing has been established however, and that is the fact that the late analysis of beets raised by Mr. Maris upon McMinville soil, has not been exceeded nor equalled in percentage of sugar in the whole United States. Now, if some suburban landholder will advance and offer a fifteen or twenty-acre tract for a factory site, quadrup-

ling his own wealth in the act, it is believed that McMinville will give sufficient additional encouragement to the enterprise to secure it. Mr. Kuehne says that a factory making 200 tons of sugar daily would require the cultivation of 3,000 acres of beets, and such a factory would give about four months' work in the year to 200 men. He wants to know how many shares of \$100 each and how many beet shares will be given by this community. His company stands ready to make contracts for from five to ten years to pay \$4 per ton for beets of 12 per cent sugar or 80 per cent purity, and even more for a higher percentage. O, for a capitalist willing to make the "head start" in such an enterprise! Mr. Kuehne has been asked by Mr. Grissen to visit us and address a public meeting of representative citizens, and if a favorable reply is received such a meeting will be called.

Oregon Cement Rock.

D. W. Reidle, who for the last two weeks has been conducting experiments in Southern Oregon to ascertain the value of the cement rock of that part of the state, returned to his home in Gladstone Tuesday of last week. He reports that he has found the real Portland cement rock and is preparing samples to be subjected to government tests. Mr. Reidle is a cement expert and his authority is sufficient to state that a cement suitable for the uses of builders can be obtained in Southern Oregon. If a good grade of cement can be made here in Oregon it will be the means of keeping thousands of dollars within the state, for cement is one of the big items in our imports, 25,000 barrels being a low estimate that Oregon City alone has used in the last six years in the various construction work about the city. And a still greater quantity will be required in the next five years in building the bulkhead around the head of the falls, to be undertaken by the Electric company, and in the erection of the factory buildings that are sure to be put up. The cement now used in Oregon comes from England or Belgium and to pay for it takes thousands of dollars in gold out of our state each year, while if it was manufactured here the money would be kept at home with the further advantage of adding to our consuming population the men and families connected with the work.—Oregon City Enterprise.

The Yamhill Improvement.

The matter of the improvement of the Yamhill river appears to have gotten into an entanglement that is going to take some time to unravel—if indeed it does not lose us the coveted prize altogether. In conversation with Congressman Tongue on the matter, that Hon. gentleman informs a Transcript reporter that some of the citizens of Lafayette have protested so strongly against the lock and dam being put in at the original site below the city, setting forth the fact that the damage to land contiguous from overflow by reason of the dam would be so great as to cause the government much annoyance and expense, that it has had the effect of offering a discouragement that is going to be hard to overcome. Should the change be made and the lock and dam be put in at the falls at the city, it would change the whole work, which will necessitate, virtually, making a new beginning. This will impede the work to such an extent as to make it next to impossible to do anything the coming season—if indeed it does not cause the government to withdraw the appropriation altogether. Mr. Tongue, however, says he is leaving nothing undone that will unravel the chaotic status of affairs, and has hopes of bringing the matter out all right, and that the improvement will eventually be made, though not as soon as he had hoped it would.—Transcript.

LAFAYETTE.

T. H. Dupuy is running the hop yard for Henry Bros.
L. G. Suiter is again in the flouring mill at Williamson.
Mrs. Hill of the Hill House is going to Portland to run a lodging house.
H. H. Carey is working on the steamer Modoc running from Portland to Dayton.
Mr. Bates has his mill and one warehouse full of wheat and is filling the one at the depot.
There is considerable grain still in the fields in this vicinity and it is damaged to some extent.
Guy Bird has moved to a farm on Sonvies Island. We are sorry to lose Guy and his family.
W. A. Gardiner of Portland is visiting his daughter Mrs. W. L. Westfield, and picking hops for Olds Bros.

Wheat, hops and wool are worth twice what they were last year but where, oh where, is silver and the poor Populist?
Mr. Eastbrook has moved the post office to the building formerly occupied by Mr. Hoskins. He has also moved his family into the same building.
Bro. Atkins preached his farewell sermon here last Sunday night to a crowded house. We hope the Methodist people will be fortunate enough to get him here again for he always had a kind word of encouragement for every one in the church, on the street or in the lodge room.

There is not an idle man, woman or child in town at present. All are picking either hops or prunes. Hop pickers are yelling from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night. Hop growers say the crop is injured but little by the rains. Some have been offered 12½ cents for hops. Hop pickers are in demand here at \$20. per box.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for throat and lung troubles.
A. T. HILL.

An English country squire, who wished to make an entry at an agricultural exhibition. Wrote thus to the secretary. "Please put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."—Tit-Bits.

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.

Hungry Higgins—I wouldn't mind going to Clondyke if it wasn't for having to dig out the gold.
Weary Watkins—That ain't the worst of it. It has to be washed after it's dug.

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.

"I dreamed last night," said the tourist, "that I had found a \$20 bill."
"Gee! I'll bet you was happy," said the wanderer.
"No, I wasn't. I waked up before I could buy a drink."—Typographical 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.

Johnny—Pa, did you ever go to Sunday school?
Pa—Yes; I used to go regularly when I was a boy.
Johnny—And with you as an example right here before her, ma still wants to keep me at it.—Cleveland Leader.

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

Here is an epitaph inscribed on a tombstone in a western New York cemetery:
The last remains of Mary Jones
Lies buried underneath these stones.
Her name was Brown, the name of Jones
Is used because it rhymes with stones.

Blood Will Tell.
The many different skin diseases such as ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, erysipelas, eczema, itching or an eruption of pimples, postules, blotches, chaps or cracking open of the skin, scurfia, 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.

Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets)—You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here.

Prespiring Shopman (politely)—If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you.—Tit-Bits.

A Lie Nailed.

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.

"Here's some more of the horrible work of the blamed monopolists," said Farmer Hayricks, as he hung his coat over the foot of the bed. "Goodness, where?" asked his wife. "Here's a sign what says 'Don't blow out the gas.' I s'pose they make these folks burn it all night, so's to run up their bills on 'em. Gosh, I don't know what this country's comin' to!—Cleveland Leader.

A Rich Treat Is Promised.

The Southern Pacific will sell tickets for one fare for round trip from all points on their lines in Oregon. You will be entertained from morning until night. No time to rest. Liberal prizes offered for all kinds of sport, such as baseball, top-of-war, chopping contests, foot races, hammer throw, shot put, and various other sports in charge of a competent committee. Don't overlook the date and the cheap rate of one fare for the round trip. Popular admission of 25 cents.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for respectable, established house in Oregon. Monthly salary and expenses. Position steady. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company Dept. Y Chicago.

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

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

A. T. HILL.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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I have rented the Newberg Meat Market of Mr. Lucas formerly owned and run by J. S. Baker. I intend to keep a supply of

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Jas. Comic.
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