NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

E. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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

It is now Governor Geer.

Jerry Simpson in speaking of his defeat for congress says "Some of the people had enough money to get a new pair of overalls and a few dollars credit in the bank, and, therefore, lost their interest in the election and stayed away from the polls." Jerry is free to admit that a little prosperity knocks out the populist party.

In the inaugural address delivered by governor Geer he took occasion to give the members of the legislature some very wholesome advise. It was not well received by a class of members who want to loot the treasury by a wide open clerk hire steal, but the people at home who pay the taxes will commend the governor for the firm stand he has taken.

AS OTHERS SEE IT.

Baltimore Herald.

Miss Laura Lykens, who has been admitted to practice law in Oklahoma, is the only Indian Woman lawyer in America. Miss Lykens is a half-blood Shawnee, and is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian industrial school.

Blue Mountain Eagle.

It seems that flogging has been carried on at the penitentiary as a matter of discipline, and as a result is attracting considerable attention at the hands of the press of the state. Just what would be the proper discipline for the state convicts, many of whom are most desperate characters, is a matter that should wholly be left to the warden of that institution.

Roseburg Plaindealer.

The Oregon legislature about to assemble will cover itself with glory if it will cut down the needless appropriations for the state agricultural society, the normal school, a score or less of charitable institutions and several useless commissions. Let those institutions stand on their own merits and not depend on the state to "tail them up like a poor calf in the spring." If run on business principles they will thrive; if not on such principles let them go.

The Dalles Chronicle.

A good story is being told of Indian Jake, who recently came over to Hood River, togged up regardless—new suit, new hat, new shotgun. Running across some "firewater," he got "shot" and some of his friends stole his hat, tore his clothes and broke his gun. The last seen of him he was tearing up and down the railroad track, presenting a dishevelled appearance and shouting: "Washington all the same United States!" (supplementing an emphatic oath). "United States all the same Spain!"

Louisville Courier Journal.

The nation, to paraphrase Lincoln, cannot live half prosperous and half poverty-stricken, in spite of all the calamity-howlers may say. The prospect now is for several years of such good times as followed the resumption of specie payments. The farmer is better off than he has been in 10 years, with money in the pocket and in the bank, and the indications are that he will continue to grow in wealth as well as in grace.

Baltimore American.

One of of the big mysteries of the future is the next nominee for the presidency by the democratic party.

Statesman.

The octopus has got hold of the Kansas populists, according to the New York Sun. A populist member of the legislature has introduced a resolution providing that "Burt Lyttle be given authority to maintain a bootblack stand in the cloakroom, and that all other bootblacks be prohibited from plying their trade in the corridor or rotunda of the state house." What hope remains when monopoly stalks through Topeka and populists of the straitest sect smile on the bootblack trust?

There are too many young men and women in Salem looking for clerkships, and not enough throughout the state attending to incubators and brooders and well-attended poultry houses—too many for the good of Oregon.

Tillamook Headlight.

The signs of the times indicate that the Democratic party is searching for an issue. This is not the first time in its history that it has found itself issueless and honorless. The Democratic bird is a bird of ill omen. It never soars to lofty heights and never seeks prey of its own, but relies upon the carcasses of what better birds have left. At the present time the party is evidently hoping against time. There is every reason to believe that it is awaiting the hour when it can swoop down upon the bimetallic plank of the St. Louis republican platform and enter the campaign of 1900 with that as a financial plank and anti-expansion as a dominant issue.

SOUTH'S LAST BIG SLAVE SALE.

Final Auction of Negroes on Butler's Island Described by an Eye-Witness.

A letter from Brunswick, Ga., in the Boston Transcript, gives an account of the last great slave sale in the South. It is a report of an interview with Colonel B J. Hinton, an Englishman, 68 years of age, who experienced many vicissitudes since he came to the United States, a youth of 20 in search of a fortune.

He was correspondent of Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, immediately preceding the war, and in that capacity paid a visit to the South, being a strong anti-slavery sympathizer, at a time when it was dangerous for a "Yankee" scribbler to be caught nosing around the ancestral possessions of the slave barons of the South Atlantic coast. "That was my last visit to Brunswick," said he, in speaking of the visit, "until now. I shall never forget the occasion, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind at that time. I was in Savannah when I heard that a big slave auction was to take place on Butler's island, near the mouth of the Altahama river, and securing passage on a small schooner, in company with a number of wealthy planters and slave traders, we had a pleasant run down the inside passage to the landing place on the island.

"It was in the early autumn, and the scenery was surpassingly beautiful, the gray of the marshes blending with the rich golden hue of the rice fields, stretching far inland, where the wild chanting of the slaves engaged in the harvest was mingled with the songs of the rice birds, assembled in millions to get their share of the feast.

"Pierce Butler was a grandson of Major Pierce Butler, of South Carolina. His name was Mease, but he agreed to assume his grandfather's name on condition of inheriting a vast fortune in lands and slaves from the estate of his relative. Some years previously Fanny Kemble, the celebrated actress, had paid a visit to Altama, the princely home of James Hamilton Couper, and while a guest there she had been met, wooed and won by the fiery young Southerner, Pierce Butler. But after a year of plantation life, Mrs. Butler, who was violently opposed to slavery, could endure it no longer, and removed to Philadelphia.

"Butler was an inveterate gambler, as were so many of the old-time slave owners, and his gambling proclivities soon embarrassed him financially, which, in connection with a fit of pique at the determination of his wife, caused him to decide upon the sale of his slaves. They were to be cried off by auction to the highest bidder, there being certain stipulations in regard to the treatment of the old and decrepit and as to the separation of families.

"Along the broad avenue we took our way to the rambling old mansion-house seated in the midst of sweeping grounds overlooking the sea. In front of the house we found the negroes drawn up for inspection by their prospective purchasers. The men were stripped to the waist, so as to better show their muscles and sinews, and the women in a scant single garment, each, with bandanas wound around their heads turban fashion. There was a motley multitude of them, 1060 in number, comprising every age, from the patriarchal slaves, bent and bowed by years of toil and labor to the infant pickaninnies in the arms of their slave mothers, gazing, open-eyed, at the strange faces of the big crowd of white men that had gathered to attend the sale. It was a scene that I shall never forget.

"The auctioneer took up his position near the block, which a stalwart slave was commanded to mount by one of the assistants, and the bidding began. The man stood with folded arms, his brawny limbs showing the rigid muscles that stood out upon them, and he resembled a bronze statue as he gazed listlessly on the faces of the men who were bidding on him. It seemed to me that he was indulging in reminiscences of the happy days that he had passed under the great oaks of his island home, and possibly meditating on the uncertain future that lay before him when he could change masters, and probably be sent far away from the land of his birth. Finally he was 'knocked down' to the highest bidder and another took his place.

"Thus the sale went monotonously on from hour to hour, the planters watching the sale, smoking, laughing, and chatting as if the occasion was one to which they were accustomed. Finally a man who had been a foreman on the plantation, a magnificent specimen of manhood, his wife, who had been a housemaid, and who was more tidily attired than the field hands, bearing on her bosom a baby a few months old, and with two dusky pickaninnies clinging to her skirts, were brought forward. A speculator made a bid on the man, but the auctioneer explained that the purchaser must take the entire family, and the speculator turned his back with the remark that he was not there to buy women and pickaninnies, and the family was purchased by a planter.

"Then another man, his two young sisters and his wife were brought forward. It was what was termed 'a likely lot,' and a trader from Vicksburg, Thomas Pate, made a bid for the entire lot. They passed into his hands, and, not knowing the way of slave dealers, I felt gratified that the family had not been broken up. The sequel I learned afterward, through a paragraph in a newspaper. Pate took the negroes away with him and sold one of the sisters to another trader named Pat Somers, disposing of the other to a resident of St. Louis. The transaction became noised about, and Somers found that Pate had signed the guarantee of nonseparation, and sent the girl back to Pate, demanding the return of his money.

"A quarrel ensued between the two men, and in a bloody encounter that followed Somers was shot dead. His nephew took up the quarrel, and in about two weeks after the death of Somers, the nephew and Pate met and the latter was killed, and the avenger mortally wounded. The feud was kept up until every male member of the Pate family was killed. The sisters were united and were still alive when freed by the emancipation proclamation.

"Finally the single women were brought forward, and one of them, a comely girl, was placed upon the block. The auctioneer's assistant ordered the girl, who was exceedingly abashed by the presence of such a crowd of strangers, to hold up her head. . . . Then he dilated upon her appearance as he would have done upon that of a fine brood mare; or high-bred cow. That sickened me, and I turned away from the spot filled with horror at the spectacle.

"I had carried slips of paper in my sleeve upon which I had furtively kept my notes, well knowing that if I were detected it might go hard with me. After the sale closed for the day I hurried aboard the little schooner and landed in Savannah that night. Going to my room I relieved myself of the pent-up indignation which I had found hard to suppress and sent off a ringing letter to the Tribune giving a graphic description of the scenes I had witnessed. Then I took my departure for the North. When the article appeared it created a big sensation among the Southern planters, who were exceedingly indignant at what they termed the conduct of 'the meddling Yankee abolitionist,' and I was denounced in the most unmistakable terms.

"I learned afterward that the sale was continued on the following day, and that a little over $300,000 was realized by the owner."

The mystery of life and death has puzzled many a wise man. The alchemists of old searched in vain for some combination of drugs that would prolong life indefinitely. Common sense, chemistry and medical science have combined in this age to show man the way to a long and healthy life.

Common sense teaches that a man should not over-work or over-worry; that he should take ample time for his meals, for resting and for recreation and sleep; that he should not neglect the little ills of life, because they are the precursors of serious and fatal maladies. Chemistry has enabled men to make combinations of drugs that were impossible in the days of the alchemists. Medical science has taught when, how and why these combinations of drugs should be used. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most valuable of all health-restoring medicines, and the most effective. Its first work is upon the fountain-head of life—the stomach. A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished. This medicine makes the stomach strong, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgment.

It does not make flabby fat, but solid, muscular flesh, nerve force and vital energy. All medicine dealers sell it.

J. W. Jordan, Esq., of Corbin, Whitley Co., Ky., writes: "About two and a half years ago I was taken with severe pains in the chest, began to spit up blood, was troubled with night-sweats and was so short winded that I could hardly walk half a mile. Tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and have improved both in strength and weight."

The medicine dealer who urges some substitute is thinking of the larger profit he'll make and not of your best good.

Faith Without Works is Dead in Medicine.

How would it appear for a scientist to enter a hospital where the sick and injured were lying upon couches, and say: "You are not sick; you only think so; now think you are not sick, and you are not; arise, take up your bed and walk?"

There are many persons who put faith where they should have works; and some have more works than they have faith. Some people live in filth till they make themselves sick, then pray to heaven to heal them. Had they taken proper care of themselves, and attended to the physical means that had been given them, they would not have been sick. A house that is filled with sewer gas, making the inmates all sick, may have faith enough to take the inmates to glory when they die, but the present need is plenty of carbolic acid or the chloride of lime, or some other disenfectant to destroy the germs of disease.

There is, no doubt, great efficacy in faith and prayer, but neither of these will clean out drains and destroy the poisonous miasm.

"Faith without works is dead, being alone." There is plenty of good sense in this. The ancients were taught to pray, but they were also taught to take baths and keep clean, to wash off the filth of the flesh and to keep a good conscience, and rest from labor at suitable times. Faith had its place, but it never became the universal panacea in disease. Prayer had its position, but it was not substituted for filthiness. None should enter the sanctuary unclean. Many who now go to the sanctuary would have been ordered to wash seven times before they could enter the house of divine worship.

Few ever obey the laws of cleanliness. They do not understand its commands. Neither do they appreciate the blessing arising from their obedience. They are too apt to suppose disease to be a visitation of divine providence—an unavoidable interdiction to carry us out of the world to a higher sphere. No; the lesson, if any, is to teach us the higher and cleaner plane in this life.

"The wages of sin is death." This is just as true literally as it is spiritually. The violation of the physical laws has its penalty. It may be death. It is a sin to be filthy, and a personal hygiene is incumbent.

On entering a car the other day a strong smell was encountered. It was a mixture of tobacco, whiskey, and onions, mingled with emanations of a rancid perspiration that was trying to escape the filthy skins of a half-dozen passengers who were evidently comrades. Here was a mixture of moral and physical uncleanness. The preacher would put it depravity, but let us call it by its right name, filth or uncleanness.—Family Physician.

FROM THE COUNTY PRESS.

Reporter.

Miss Mabel David of Newberg visited with her sister, Mrs. F. E. Hobson, last week.

Amity is right after that new saloon, apparently. Her city council has raised the license to $400 and require it all paid at once.

Harry Watkins returned from Idaho Wednesday evening. He is favorably impressed with the prosperity of Idaho, and it is said has formed business relations with leading men of the state, and will return soon.

The Manila Guards deny that they ever intended to attend the inauguration of Gov. Geer, claiming that they could not stand the expense.

Miss Helen Calbreath, who is studying music at Nashville, Tenn., has been ill with grippe.

Dr. Goucher has heard from Wayne Carlin. He is at Glenora, at the mouth of the Stickeen river. He is well and has gone into winter quarters.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in the state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept. M. Chicago.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYwhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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" "	5 50	5 00
" "	6 50	5 49
Comforters	75	63
Our best grade high cut Box Calf leather lined shoes	$3 65	$3 25
10 per cent. discount on all other Boots and Shoes.		

BOYS' SUITS	$1 50	$1 23
	2 25	1 75
	2 50	2 09
	3 25	2 97
	3 50	3 04
	3 85	3 29
	5 00	4 00

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	9 00	7 50
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	8 50	5 98
	11 00	9 62
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