

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

E. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1900.

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

Brooks of Oregon.

Hill, land of valleys, plains and hills, Of rivers grand, and crystal rills, Snow covered mountains, slopes of green, And lakes enrobed in silvery sheen, Of boundless groves and bounding sea, My native land, dear land to me: Of all thy charms, thy brooks alone Would melt the heart, though it were stone, Would bid all care be cast aside, And sorrows in the shadows hide: From cool retreats the purrlings flow In rhythmic numbers sweet and low, To babble down the pebbled bed, And bid us know where dreams are fed: Wide branching trees, the vines and flowers, The crags, the rocks, the paths and bowers, The wavering log which forms the bridge, The sloping bank, the mossy ridge, Grant us repose from every theme, Except the joy of dreamers dream: There dance the daughters of the springs, There sigh the winds, the zephyr sings A sweet content to flower and tree, Attuned unto the streamlet's glee. Fair Oregon's soft babbling rills Are pure as dew upon her hills, Are sweet as waters sweet can flow, And colder than the melting snow; There beauty dwells, there grandeur reigns, And memories, like crystal chains, Will bind our hearts unto the rills In Oregon's unrivalled hills. —VALENTINE BROWN, In Oregon Native Son.

A lot of dyspeptic old barn-stormer orators get red in the face agonizing for the Boers, because they will know there's no reasonable chance under heaven of their having to go to the assistance of the "poor" Boer.

If Buller does not change his tactics pretty soon, the French may complacently remark "There are others" when that little couplet is quoted about that old king of France and his forty thousand men marching up a hill and down again.

The Plaindealer insinuates that every county in this district with the exception of its own, Douglas, has a candidate out for congressman. We wish to enter a protest. Old Yamhill has not gone daft yet and will line up in support of Thos. H. Tongue and the best interests of the state.

A new man is now in the public eye as a candidate for McKinley's running mate, in the person of Webster Davis, of St. Louis. If Mr. Davis can lead old Missouri out of the wilderness, his qualifications should be considered entirely sufficient for the second office in the government.

The taking of the next census of Oregon is looked forward to with much interest, for it is believed that the population has increased sufficiently to give the state another representative in congress. Many an aspiring politician has doubtless already questioned himself inwardly, "Is it I?"

It is a sad reflection upon old Kentucky that the resolutions drafted there by a body of citizens the other day against the persecutions and tyranny of Goebel, read strangely like those drafted by the Revolutionary fathers in behalf of liberty, one hundred and twenty five years ago. In some ways this wonderful age isn't so progressive after all.

If it is true, as the Albany Democrat maintains that "the only hope against the trusts lies in the democratic party," then indeed is our hope vain. We may as well surrender and plead for quarter right now, for something more than an incessant flow of vainglorious gabble will be necessary to deal with such a hydra headed monster.

We wish to give the Salem Statesman credit for the strongest, most logical and common sense answer to the Oregonian in its fight against our United States senators, that we have seen. After defending the rare ability of Senator McBride it arraigns the Oregonian, for its dictatorial and tyrannical policy and justly accuses it of subordinating every interest of this state, local and national, to the eccentric personal likes and dislikes of its management. Believing that the Statesman sounds the true note of warning to the people of our state we reproduce the editorial "A candid statement" in full, as worthy of general attention.

If Mr. Bryan is nominated upon a platform endorsing fusion he will certainly be defeated. And any state that puts up electors on a fusion ticket will surely go republican, unless it be some of the Southern states. The time for show-down is past. There is no possible show for democracy but the straight and narrow way. If by any chance the fusion policy is effected the republican candidate will have a walk over. This needs no extended argument to be proven. Past elections prove it. Democrats must get into line, stand firm and avoid fusion. If they do not the result is assured in advance. Does Mr. Bryan hear the anti-fusion cyclone out west? —Centralia, Wash., News.

The above taken from a strongly democratic paper indicates that at least some Washington democrats are tired of running after strange gods. But the brethren seem hopelessly divided on the question of fusing the battle in their own might, and at present their "way" seems far from straight and narrow.

Quite a number of reputed candidates are looming up as desirous of occupying the seat in congress now occupied by Hon. Thos. H. Tongue. The principal reason—in fact the only reason—they can give for proposing a change from Tongue to some one else is, that some one else wants the place. The congressman from the First Oregon district is one of the brightest men the state has ever sent to represent her at the national capital, and if it is an able, painstaking and conscientious representative that the people want, they will let Mr. Tongue stay just where he is. The office of congressman was not provided for, merely to make a place for somebody, but in order that necessary legislation may be enacted. Let the aspirants show that they are better able to discharge the duties of the office than the incumbent and the people might then be persuaded to listen.—Forest Grove Times.

A CANDID STATEMENT.

The question of a successor to Hon. Geo. W. McBride as a representative of Oregon in the United States senate has been launched upon the stormy political sea in an abrupt and somewhat unexpected manner. The Oregonian has assumed a state of public opinion which the Statesman does not recognize as existing or as justifiable, and presumes to dictate specifically what the people of Oregon must do.

We do not believe the opinion is either general or widespread, locally or nationally, that Oregon is weakly represented in the senate. It is true that neither of our senators is a bright star in oratory or noted for long and obtrusive speeches. It is also true that one of our senators is an entirely new man in the national hall of legislation and has had little or no opportunity yet to exhibit his force and power in matters of great moment. Senator Simon was not the Statesman's choice for the position, but is the result of a series of circumstances which the Oregonian aided strongly in creating; yet the Statesman has sufficient knowledge of Mr. Simon's ability to know that with reasonable opportunity he will take a high place in the councils of the nation, and we have faith in his state loyalty and pride which tells us that no interest of Oregon will suffer for lack of attention at his hands.

But the long-range shot of the Oregonian at Senator Simon was probably intended only as a blind to cover the more deadly fusillade to be directed at Mr. McBride. The Oregonian is a great force in Oregon politics, but it is at times a dangerous force, in that to the eccentric personal likes and dislikes of its management are subordinated every interest of this state, local and national. It has often been absolutely dictatorial, and no man or measure is deemed worthy of support or encouragement unless contributory to the Oregonian's gratification. When the time appears that the official neglects to take his advice from that paper and its immediate followers, in the matter of appointments or otherwise, then, in the eyes of the editorial management, the time is ripe for the slaughter of the offender. We say this without bitterness of feeling but as a fact borne out by recent events and as an explanation of the late attack upon Senator McBride. Its course of persistent bitterness toward President McKinley and his administration is another evidence of this spirit.

The Statesman believes the republicans of Oregon are capable of selecting a senator in every way worthy of this great state and its multifarious interests. It believes too, that not one of these interests has suffered through either lack of ability or lack of industry on the part of Mr. McBride. It is true, he has not attained the national prominence once held by Senator Dolph, nor is there a man in Oregon to-day who can attain that eminence in a short term of service; but Mr. McBride's influence and strength have been seen and recognized in all affairs affecting this state since his advent in the senate, and by the ruling powers at Washington through the places given him upon the most important committees of the senate—positions rarely attained in a first term.

No man was ever sent from Oregon to the senate who had a better knowledge of the wants and feelings of the state than is possessed by Mr. McBride, and no man ever represented the state who had a keener desire for its advancement. He is a native of the state; he has grown with its growth, worked up from its ranks; administered its business affairs, sympathized and mingled with its common people, and is in hearty accord with their best sentiments and aspirations. He is not an orator, but he is an indefatigable worker, and he has a cool head and a capacity for accomplishing results that is possessed by few men.

It is not the blatant trumpeter that is the safest and wisest national councillor. One of the best and most persistent talkers in the senate is Windy Vocalist Allen, of Nebraska, yet no one would point to him as an example to command respect; another is Billy Mason, of Illinois, yet he is entirely in disrepute; another is Pettigrew, of South Dakota, who is no longer considered safe, and so on ad infinitum. It is not expected that every senator can command the ear of a nation, and there are only a few occasions in a senatorial lifetime when an opportunity occurs for enunciating great sayings that may attract widespread enthusiasm. In this practical age the valuable man is he who knows what he and his people want that is good for them and knows when and how to achieve the desired results. We believe Senator McBride has shown these qualities in a marked degree.

The Statesman has no personal interest in the success or defeat of Senator McBride or any other man, but it feels in duty bound to give justice to all men, and it believes a warning should be sounded to the people to beware of dictation; to weigh carefully the causes impelling the opposition to this or any other candidate, and to act from the dictates

of sound business policy, rather than those of personal prejudice, flanked by ulterior motives.—The Statesman.

Old Virginia Ground-hog Day.

Having somewhat of a belief in Candelmas or ground-hog day I will here give the readers of the Graphic a small sketch of the same. You may go back to the Puritan days, or Pope Gelasius' time in the year 493, or 642 during Emperor Justinian's reign or from the very earliest ages and among all people this has been regarded as prophetic of the duration of winter and is singularly fruitful in omens by which its prophecy may be read. All, or most all are acquainted with the popular superstition concerning the ground-hog. It is to the effect that on the 2nd day of February he emerges from his hole or burrow, where he has passed the winter until now in a lethargic state. If the sun is shining so that he can see his shadow he retires to his hole and resumes his slumber for the ensuing six weeks, his doing so being an infallible sign that cold weather will continue for that length of time. If on the contrary, the day is cloudy, and the sun invisible, he does not return to his habitation thus showing that winter is at an end. Familiar as is the legend probably few are aware that though the ground-hog—which by the way is not properly called so—is an animal peculiar to America, yet precisely the same idea was associated by the ancient Romans as well as the old Germanic, Celtic and Gallic races with other races and that our ground-hog belief has existed since the very infancy of the human race. There is a German proverb, certainly as old as the German nation, which is familiar in some form to the people of every European country to-day and tells a tradition of the badger which is identical with ours of the ground-hog. It runs as follows: The badger peeps out of his hole on Candelmas day and when he finds snow walks abroad, but if he sees the sun shining he draws back into his hole. Another old German proverb, also well known to the people of many other nations in some form, is to the effect that the shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candelmas or ground-hog day, than the sun. But that much talked of American citizen the ground-hog is not a hog at all as I have already hinted but a rodent of the marmot family whose zoological name is Arctomys monax, and whose common name is woodchuck. He is found in all parts of our country from Hudson bay to South Carolina and as far west as the Rocky mountains. It is his habit of burrowing in the ground and the log-like veracity with which he devours his food that have secured for him the appellation of ground-hog. The hole from which he emerges on Candelmas day is deeply dug in fields, on the side of hills or under rocks in woods. This subterranean home is very complete having several apartments and entrances. He burrows in a slanting direction upward at first to keep out of the water. The so-called ground-hog has all the cunning of the rodent family of which he is so honored a member. He generally prefers elevated locations for his home that he may have a clear view of any danger that may approach or threaten him or his. As a greater precaution of safety while basking in the sun or running about in search of food he always makes it a rule to post some of his family or his friends as a sentinel or guard. These pickets are remarkable and never failing in their vigilance, and their sense of hearing is wonderfully acute. When one raises the cry of warning they all instantly take to flight. Being too cunning to retire to their hole if there is any chance of being tracked to it they conceal themselves among rocks or underbrush and are careful not to reappear until long after all possibility of discovery has vanished. Though their flesh is coarse and rank it is sometimes eaten and their fur is also used. They subsist upon plants, fruit and vegetables being especially fond of certain kinds of clover. Of the superstitions, omens and folk-lore of Candelmas, or ground-hog day there is a great store. They pertain not only to the weather but to many other things beside. A Scottish rhyme, as old as any of the highland clans, thus alludes to this occasion as an omen of the further duration of winter.

If Candelmas day be bright and fair, the half o' winter's to come and mat; If Candelmas day be wet and foul, the half o' winter's gone at Yule.

An old English rhyme deals with the same subject as follows.

If Candelmas day be fair and bright, winter will not take its flight. If Candelmas day bring snow and rain, winter will not be seen again.

If the people of Oregon would remember ground-hog day and stick to the old Virginia maxim, "Remember February the 2nd day, to have half your oats an I half your hay," they would be "skookum chuck."

I will here relate an anecdote of the ground-hog caught many years ago on the old Webster farm, though known to every school boy of fifty years ago may be new to many of our boys and girls of to-day. A ground-hog was caught on the Webster farm and Daniel Webster, then a lad besought his father to spare its life, while his brother Zeke clamored loudly for its death. Their father at length said he would act as judge and give the animal a fair and impartial trial while his boys as counsel for the prosecution and defense should make arguments for and against the prisoner after which he would decide his fate. Zeke then made a powerful plea against the ground-hog as a robber, fattening on their substance. His father looked at him with pride when he had ended, and the ground-hog's fate was evidently sealed, when Daniel arose and by one of those wonderful speeches that afterwards made him famous, so worked upon his father's feelings that when he had finished the old man cried out, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that ground-hog go."

W. M. MASSING.



He Can't Believe It.

He's blowing with all his might, and can barely stir the recording hand from zero. There's many a big, healthy looking man who is weak in the lungs. Probably half or two-thirds of his lung surface barely knows the contact of oxygen. He's the kind of man, who, when a cough attacks him, goes galloping down the road toward consumption. Many such a man has found strength and healing for weak lungs and tissues lacerated by coughing and drained by hemorrhages, in the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The healing power of this medicine in pulmonary diseases seems little short of marvelous at times, so extreme are the conditions which it cures. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol, and no narcotics.

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