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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pillow from my head and put another blanket on my feet, and fix the fire, and give me some water, or something? Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Rose Lincoln, as with aching head and lungs she did penance for her impudence in crossing the wet, slippery street in thin slippers and silken hose.

Mrs. Lincoln, who knew nothing of this exposure, loudly lamented the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, imputing it wholly to Mount Holyoke discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she'd been wise and kept her at home." Jenny would have wished so, too, if by this means Rose's illness could have been avoided, for it was not a very agreeable task to stay in that close sick-room, listening to the complaints of her fault-finding sister, who tossed and turned and fretted, from morning until night, sometimes wishing herself dead, and then crying because she "wanted something, and did not know what."

"Oh, dear," said she, one evening several days after the commencement of her illness, "how provoking to be obliged to lie here moping with the dullest of all dull company when there's Russell's party next week, and I've such a lovely dress to wear. Why ain't I as strong and healthy as you?—though I wouldn't be so fat for anything. I'll go to that party sick or well. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Jenny looked up in surprise, asking why her sister was so particularly anxious to attend the party.

"Because," returned Rose, "Mary Howard will be there, and you know as well as I how awkward she'll appear—never was in any kind of society in her life."

"I don't see what inducement that can be for you to expose your health," said Jenny, and Rose continued:

"I want to see Ida mortified once, for she might know better than to bring green country girl here, settling her up as something wonderful, and expecting everybody to believe it just because Miss Selden said so. Come, bring me my Selden, Jenny. I want to see if the Honiton lace on the caps is as wide as Ida Selden's."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny, turning quickly toward her sister, whose white, wasted face looked sifter for a shroud than a gay party dress.

"I mean what I say," returned Rose; "I'm not going to be cooped up here any longer. I'm going to the party to-morrow night, if I never go again."

"Why, Rose Lincoln, are you crazy?" asked Jenny. "You haven't been in the street yet, and how do you expect to go to-morrow night? Mother wouldn't let you, if she were here."

"Well, thank fortune! she and father both are in Southbridge; and besides that, I'm a great deal better; so hand me my dress."

Jenny complied, and reclining on pillows scarcely whitened than herself, Rose Lincoln examined and found fault with a thin gossamer fabric, little suited for anyone to wear on a cold, wintry night, and much less for her.

"There, I knew it wasn't as wide as Ida's into an elbow of an inch," said she, measuring with her finger the expensive lace. "I'll have some new. Come, Jenny, suppose you go down street and get it for me, I'm bent upon going;" and the thoughtless girl sprang lightly upon the floor, and chased half-way across the room to show how well and strong she was.

Jenny knew that further expostulation from her was useless, but she refused to go for the lace, and Sarah, the servant girl, was sent with a note from Rose saying she wanted a nice article, eight or ten dollars per yard.

"I don't believe father would like to have you make such a bill," said Jenny, when Sarah was gone. "Mother don't dare to tell him about your new dress, for he told her she mustn't get anything charged, and he said, too, something about hard times. Perhaps he's going to fall. Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

If Rose heard of this, part of this sentence she did not heed it, for to her the idea of her father's falling was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl and descending to the dining-parlor, remained below stairs all day, and when the evening came, she was sitting in her room, back her cough, and chatting merrily with a group of young girls who had called to see her, and congratulated her upon her improved health, for excitement lent a deep glow to her cheek, which would easily deceive the inexperienced. The next day, owing to overexertion, Rose's temples were throbbing with pain, and more than once she half-determined not to go; but her passion for society was strong, and Mrs. Russell's party had so long been anticipated and talked about that she felt she would not miss it for the world, and, as she had confessed to Jenny, there was also a mean curiosity to see how Mary Howard would appear at a fashionable party.

"Saturate my handkerchief with cologne, and put the vinaigrette where I can reach it while you arrange my hair," she said to Sarah, who at the usual hour came up to dress her young mistress for the evening. "There, be careful, and don't brush so hard, for that ugly puff isn't quite gone—now bring me the glass and let me see if I do look like a ghost."

"Pale, delicate folks is always more interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flustering servant.

"Mercy, how white I am!" exclaimed Rose, glancing at the ashen face reflected by the mirror. "Rub my cheeks with cologne, Sarah, and see if that won't bring some color into them. Oh, my, that'll do. Now hand me my dress. Oh, isn't it beautiful?" she continued, as she threw aside the thickly wadded double gown and assumed a light, thin dress, which fell in fleecy folds around her slight figure.

When her toilet was completed, Rose stood up before the long mirror, and a glow of pride came to her cheeks as she

saw how lovely she really was.

"You're enough sight handsomer than Miss Jenny," whispered Sarah as the door opened and Jenny appeared more simply arrayed than her sister, but looking as fresh and blooming as a rosebud.

"How beautiful you are, Rose," she said, "only it makes me shiver to look at your neck and arms. You'll wear your wadded sack, besides your shawl and cloak, won't you?"

"Nonsense, I'm not going to be bundled up this way, for don't you see it muzzles the face," said Rose, refusing the warm sack which Jenny brought her.

A rap at the door and a call from Henry that the carriage was waiting ended the conversation, and, throwing on their cloaks and hoods, the girls descended to the hall, where, with unusual tenderness, Henry caught up his invalid sister, and, drawing the veil closely over her face, carried her to the covered sleigh, so that her feet might not touch the icy walk.

"What? Rose Lincoln here?" exclaimed half a dozen voices as Rose bounded into the dressing-room.

"Yes, Rose Lincoln is here," she replied, gayly, divesting herself of her wrappings. "I'm not going to die just yet. I guess, neither am I going to be boned up all winter. The fresh air has done me good already—see," and she pointed to a bright, round spot which burned her cheek.

A young girl, whose family had one by one fallen victims to the great New England plague, consumption, shuddered and turned away, for to her eye the glow which Rose called health was but the hectic bloom of death.

"How beautiful she is!" said more than one, as with her accustomed gaze Rose entered the brilliant drawing-room. And truly Rose was beautiful that night, but like the gorgeous foliage of the fading autumn, 'twas the beauty of decay, for death was written on her blue-veined brow, and lurked amid the roses on her cheek. But little thought she of that, as with smiling lip and beaming eye she received the homage of the admiring throng.

Just then Ida and Mary were announced. Both Aunt Martha and Ida had taken great pains to have their young friend becomingly dressed, and she looked unusually well in the embroidered muslin skirt, satin waist and blonde bertha, which Aunt Martha had insisted upon her accepting as a present. The rich silken braids of her luxuriant hair were confined at the back of her finely formed head with a golden arrow, which was the exception of a plain band of gold on each wrist, was the only ornament she wore. This was her first introduction to the gay world, but so keen was her perception of what was polite and proper that none would ever have suspected it; and yet there was about her something so fresh and unstudied, that she had hardly entered the room ere many were struck with her easy, unaffected manners, so different from the pedantic airs of the city belles.

Ida watched her narrowly, whispering aside to Henry how sorry she felt for poor Mary, who was so verdant, and really hoped she wouldn't do anything very awkward, for 'twould mortify her to see her sister so fresh and healthy, and see how many people Ida is introducing her to."

"Of course, why shouldn't she?" asked Henry; and Ida replied:

"I don't know—it seems so funny to see Mary here, doesn't it?"

Before Henry could answer, a young man of his acquaintance touched his shoulder, saying: "Lincoln, who is that splendid-looking girl with Miss Selden? I've never seen a finer face in Boston for many a day."

"That? Oh, that's Miss Howard, from Chicago. An intimate friend of our family. Allow me the pleasure of introducing you," and Henry walked away, leaving Ella to the tender mercies of her sister, who as one after another quitted her side, went over to the "enemy," grew very angry, wondering if folks were bewitched, and hoping Ida Selden "felt better, now that she'd made so many notice her protegee."

Later in the evening, William Bender came, and immediately Jenny began to talk to him of Mary, and the impression she was making. Placing her hand familiarly upon his arm, as though that were its natural resting place, she led him to the door, and, as he was about to leave, she said to him, "You seem to be a great deal better than when I last saw you. How is it?"

"But all in good time," thought he, glancing at Ella, to see how she was affected by her desertion of her and his flirtation with her sister. She was standing a little apart from any one, and with her elbow resting upon a marble stand, her cheeks flushed, and her eyelashes moist with the tears she dare not shed, she was watching with feelings in which more of real pain than jealousy was mingled, for Ella was weak and simple-hearted, and loved Henry Lincoln far better than such as he deserved to be loved.

"Of what are you thinking, Ella?" asked Rose, who finding herself nearly alone, felt willing to converse with almost anyone.

At the sound of her voice Ella looked up, and coming quickly to her side, said: "It's so dull and jonesome here, I wish I'd stayed at home."

In her heart Rose wished so, too, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and feeling unusually kind toward Ella, whose meanness she really understood, she replied: "Oh, I see you are jealous of Henry, but he's only trying to tease you, for he can't be interested in that awkward thing."

"But he is, I almost know he is," returned Ella, with a trembling of the voice she tried in vain to subside; and then, fearing she could not longer re-

strain her emotion, she suddenly broke away from Rose, and ran hastily up to the dressing-room.

Nothing of all this escaped Henry's quick eye, and as sundry unpaid bills came looming up before his mind, he thought proper to make some amends for his neglect. Accordingly, when Ella returned to the drawing room he offered her his arm, asking: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying: "Nothing—they weren't red."

Meantime, William Bender, having managed to drop Jenny from his arm, had asked Mary to accompany him to the conservatory. As they stood together, admiring a rare exotic, William's manner suddenly changed, and drawing Mary closer to his side, he said distinctly, though hurriedly: "I notice, Mary, that you seem embarrassed in my presence, and I have, therefore, sought this opportunity to assure you that I shall not again distress you by a declaration of love, which, if repeated, would give me more pain than pleasure, for as I told you at Mr. Selden's, I am changed in more respects than one. It cost me a bitter struggle to give you up, but reason and judgment finally conquered, and now I can calmly think of you as some time belonging to another, and with all a brother's confidence can tell you that I, too, love another—not as once I loved you, for that would be impossible, but with a calmer, more rational love."

All this time Mary had not spoken, though the hand which William had taken on his trembled like an imprisoned bird; but when he came to speak of loving another, she involuntarily raised her hand to her lips, exclaiming, "It's Jenny, it's Jenny!"

"You have guessed rightly," returned William, smiling at the earnestness of her manner. "It is Jenny, though how such a state of things ever came about is more than I can tell you."

Feeling that they must be missed, they at last returned to the parlor, where they found Ella seated at the piano, playing a very spirited polka. Henry, who boasted he "could win her around his little finger," had succeeded in coaxing her into good humor, but not at all desiring her company for the rest of the evening, he asked her to play as the easiest way to be rid of her. When she looked around for commendation from the one for whose ear alone she had played, she saw him across the room wholly engrossed with her sister.

Poor Ella! it was with the saddest heartache she had ever known that she returned from a party which had promised her so much pleasure, and which had given her so much pain. Rose, too, was utterly disappointed. One by one her old admirers had left her for the society of the "pauper," as she secretly styled Mary, and more than once during the evening had she heard of the "beauty" and "grace" of her rival extolled by those for whose opinion she cared the most; and when at 11 o'clock in the morning she threw herself exhausted upon the sofa, she declared "twas the last party she'd ever attend."

Alas, for thee, Rose! that declaration proved too true!

(To be continued.)

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

A Delightful and Profitable Way of Studying Bird Life.

Of the many delightful birds I had the good fortune to know, the worm-eating warbler family have afforded me the greatest pleasure; for they become absolutely fascinating to the eye, and they place a degree of trust in one that was as unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nest, and what a wonderfully concealed nest it was, tucked away in a small depression and hidden by the roots of an oak sapling. It would forever have remained undiscovered by me had I not, by lucky chance, observed one of the parent birds visiting it.

Only at first did the owners object to my intruding, for four various reasons, they did try to coax me away from their home. First one and then the other would feign broken wings, and half-rolling, half-scrambling, they would make their way down the steep hillside in the hope of luring me away. Then, finding that I was not to be taken in even by such an artful device, they endeavored to accomplish their object by scolding at me. In less than two hours they quieted down and simply looked on in silence. The next time I visited the nest they made no objections, and I imagined they recognized me, and realized that I meant no harm either to themselves or to their young, for these had hatched since my last visit.

Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do. Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should not accident befall them, was to be their field of ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest the family of fledglings scrambled out as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less than time it takes to tell it each little mite of down and rust-colored feathers was hidden among the dead, crackling leaves with which the ground was strewn. Though I had tried my best to watch where each bird concealed itself, it was some time before I collected them all preparatory to photographing them. Of course the parents were greatly excited, and birds always are when their young first leave the nest—and when they saw the entire brood captured by one whom they had considered a friend they seemed to regret having placed so much confidence in me. But only for a very short time did their doubts continue. As soon as I placed the youngsters on a suitable perch they both ceased to utter that hissing note of anxious protestation, and to show that they no longer feared me they hopped about on the camera while I was arranging it—World's Work.

"Strads" Bring High Prices.

A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth whatever the person owning it may ask. At \$1,000 it would not be deemed extravagant.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Pierre Lorillard, the tobacco king, is dead.

The hot wave in the east has been broken.

The pope condemns the French law of associations.

Prince von Hohenlohe died at Ragatz Switzerland.

Kruger has abandoned his contemplated trip to America.

President opens a large tract of land in Oklahoma for settlement.

The navy department has re-established the European station.

Crazy man shot and killed the judge who once declared him insane.

The miners' strike at Telluride, Colo., has been satisfactorily settled.

The Standard Oil company is sending vessels to the Pacific coast for wheat.

C. N. Gordon, under five years' sentence, escaped from the jail at Vancouver.

Actual business on London stock exchange last week was worse than ever before.

Dr. J. W. Watts, whose vote made Rutherford B. Hayes president in 1876, is dead.

Montana train robbers have outwitted the officers, and their capture is not probable.

Robert Knapp drowned himself in the Willamette at Portland to end his sufferings from asthma.

It is authoritatively stated that the long-talked-of salmon cannery's combine has at last been formed.

In the last race at Newport the yacht Constitution beat the Columbia nine minutes and the Independence seven minutes.

Head-end collision of trains on the Southern Pacific near of Dunsmuir, Cal., resulted in the death of a hobo and serious injuries to two other men.

Fire in Williams, Ariz., destroyed nearly \$300,000 worth of property.

A new town, called Sullivan City, has sprung up at the mouth of Alder creek, Alaska.

Albert L. Johnson, a prominent treasury line promoter, is dead at his home in Brooklyn.

An American has been awarded the South African war medal for service rendered the English.

England gives instructions that raising of flag at Skagway, Alaska, is not to be insisted upon.

The president has issued a proclamation adding 142,000 acres to the Cascade reserve in Oregon.

The hot wave in the East continues and the deaths and prostrations are more numerous than ever before.

An immense lead combine has been formed to control the lead fields in Missouri. Capitalization, \$20,000,000.

A Chicago man was shot and fatally wounded while attempting to recover a lady's purse from the man who did the shooting.

A circular dead line with a radius of 1,000 feet has been drawn around the naval observatory at Washington, to protect the instruments.

A statement prepared at the pension office shows that for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, 49,612 names were added to the pension rolls.

Fighting has been renewed in Manchuria.

Huntington, W. Va., had a \$200,000 fire.

There is no change in the steel workers' strike.

The cabinet has raised the age limit for postmasters from 40 to 45 years.

A Chinese imperial edict orders that living missionaries and converts be respected.

The British flag has again been lowered from the pole on which it floated in Skagway.

A Philadelphia bank clerk has disappeared, taking with him \$13,000 of the firm's money.

The total government receipts for the fiscal year just ended were \$585,848,399 and the disbursements \$509,893,310, leaving a surplus for the year of \$75,864,999.

The Reading, Pa., strike has been declared off. The men are to return to work and appoint a committee to meet a committee representing the employers, the joint committee to arbitrate the differences.

The public debt increased \$17,737,347 in June.

Last year 49,612 names were added to the pension rolls.

Six former governors of Tennessee are among the citizens of that state, one being United States senator William B. Bate.

Twenty torpedo boat destroyers and torpedo boats will be turned over to the government by contractors within the next few months.

The Earl of Stamford, addressing the National Vigilance Society, in London, says American women are the purifiers of the national morals.

THE BALAENA WRECKED.

Ancient Pacific Whaler Goes on the Rocks in Behring Sea.

Seattle, July 5.—The whaler Balaena, of San Francisco, belonging to the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, lies on St. Lawrence Island, 20 miles west of Southeast cape, in Behring sea, a total wreck. Captain P. F. Cotte and the 60 men in the crew had an almost miraculous escape from death. Through the bravery of the officers all escaped to shore.

The Balaena was on a voyage to the Arctic. She was provisioned for 30 months. She was headed to pass St. Lawrence Island when the wreck occurred. Shortly after midnight, May 1, the wind rose until it assumed the strength of a gale, and the whaler was driven to a point 20 miles west of Southeast cape, St. Lawrence island, where she struck a rock.

The captain immediately ordered the boats out. The whaler seemed to have been hung on the rock, and, although the waves were pounding her terribly, she did not founder. In a very short time the boats were manned and the crew started for the shore. The sea was so high that it was impossible for the boats to keep together, but they all made the island eventually. The hands and feet of several are badly frozen.

The Balaena is a total wreck. She is hanging to the rock where she struck, but is liable to slip off into the water and sink at any time. She struck on the port side and crashed a hole fully 12 feet in the length of her hull.

RESERVOIRS WERE DRY.

Fire Raged in the Heart of Huntington, W. Va.—Loss is \$200,000.

Huntington, W. Va., July 5.—A fire raged in the heart of the city from 11 o'clock this morning until 5 o'clock this evening, resulting in the loss of \$200,000. The flames started in a hotel which was crowded with guests, many of whom were women. Of these a number fainted when the alarm of fire rang out through the halls, and it was with great difficulty that they were removed from the building. There was not a gallon of water in the city reservoirs when the fire broke out, and all the fire engines in the city were out of repair. Rapidly the flames spread and soon half a dozen residences were ablaze. A lively stable and a number of private houses fruit stores, barber shops and dozens of smaller structures were burned.

DISORDERS IN MEXICO CITY.

Anti-Clerical Demonstration by a Band of Students.

Mexico City, July 5.—The public mind is much excited and the clergy filled with indignation over the results of the students' anti-clerical demonstration. The students to the number of 300 held a public meeting. Stirling speeches were made, showing the intense feeling of the young men and denouncing the recent immorality of the few priests, who it was claimed, had been shielded and not punished.

A company of gendarmes preserved order and the demonstration was witnessed by Governor Corral, of the federal district.

Precautions have been taken to prevent further trouble, but it is believed that if the several priests who are publicly denounced in the press are not punished the young men may make an attempt to invade the temples.

Recruiting New Regiments.

Washington, July 5.—Acting Adjutant General Ward has received the reports of the officers engaged in recruiting the five new infantry regiments and the five new cavalry regiments authorized by the new reorganization act, showing that the regiments are all practically recruited except the Thirteenth cavalry, which is reported to be 389 men short. It is expected that all these troops will be sent to the Philippines for the relief of an equal number of regular troops, who have been there two years or more and who are to be brought home.

Fighting in Manchuria.

Tien Tsin, July 5.—Fresh reports of fighting in Manchuria and on the frontier of Chi Li province have been received here. A pitched battle has been fought at Shen Yang, in which the natives defeated the Mohammedans. General Tung Fung Siang, it is reported, is attacking the Chinese converts in Shan Si province.

Tug Foundered.

Eagle River, Mich., July 3.—The tug Fern, of Algoma, Mich., foundered off here Saturday morning. She carried a crew of five men, all of whom were lost. The wreck of the yacht Marguerite, of Hancock, was discovered between here and Eagle Harbor. Two men are supposed to have been lost on her.

Summer Mail Service in Alaska.

Washington, July 5.—The post office department announced today that the summer mail service is now in operation between Lake Bennett, B. C., and Dawson, in the Yukon territory. It is being performed under the same conditions as last year, and is open to all classes of mail originating in Canada and the United States.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance.—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth.—Latest Market Report.

The fish warden collected \$607.30 fish licenses during June.

The second annual Harney county fair will be held September 16-21.

Rattlesnakes are said by trout fishermen to be numerous and dangerous near Pendleton.

The encampment of the Fourth regiment, O. N. G., at Eugene, has been brought to a close.

Bids have been asked for the improvement of the federal building and grounds in Astoria.

A boy at Medford was badly crushed by falling in front of a moving engine, which he tried to board.

There are now four fish hatcheries in Oregon and it is the intention of Master Fish Warden Van Dusen to establish several more.

Hop yards in the northern part of Clackamas county and around Woodburn and Hubbard show great improvement in the last 30 days. Vermen in so far have not appeared. The present outlook is for a yield 10 per cent in excess of that of 1900.

A large fruit evaporator is being built at Riddle, Douglas county.

The First National bank of Eugene has installed a large new money vault.

The contract has been let for the building of a new school house at Riddle.

The old telephone line between Pendleton and Thorn Hollow is undergoing repairs.

The new water company at Roseburg is troubled considerably with broken and leaking mains.

A number of fish have been found dead in the Rogue river. The evidence points to the use of dynamite.

A crew of sheepherders at Lakeview went on strike the other day for 7 cents per head. The current price in the county is 6 cents.

A boom of about 10,000,000 feet of logs, cut on the headwaters of the Willamette and McKenzie rivers, is being taken to Oregon City.

Some locations of gold bearing quartz lodes in the Sampson creek district, southeast of Ashland, have been made recently, which are likely to prove of good value.

The new flouring mill at The Dalles is being rushed to completion. By the end of the week all that will remain unfinished of the carpenter work will be the windows.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 57¢ per bushel; bluestem, 58½¢; valley, nominal.

Flour—best grades, \$2.90@3.40 per barrel; Graham, \$2.60.