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THE TOWN COWS' LAMENT.

One afternoon very recently the town cows of Newberg, as has long been their custom, met in "mothers' meeting" under the maples near the Friends church for an hour's conversation relative to problems most vital to cowdom. A spirit of illy-suppressed excitement brooded over the assembly, as if some question of special moment was up for discussion—so evident, in fact, that the writer, who was passing by, lingered, just out of view, in hopes of obtaining a scoop.

The common themes of "child culture," "timely hints to young mothers," "how to live comfortably on two feeds per day," and kindred domestic topics were hurriedly passed by.

Mrs. Brindle, an austere and well-preserved female of many summers and almost as many winters, presided with becoming dignity. The chief source of her fitness for presiding officer, and, indeed, an important factor in her choice for the exalted position, was the fact that hanging from her neck was, by all odds, the most sonorous cowbell in town. As to her sounding brass, many sensitive ears can testify; as to her charity, deponent sayeth not.

By a vigorous toss of her shapely head and an accompanying reverberation of the bell, Mrs. Brindle hushed the general hum of conversation, and naught could be heard but the clank, crunch of some forty-seven pairs of jaws coming together upon as many cuds, accompanied also by the swish, swish of the same number of tails going after ravenous and persevering flies.

"Sisters," she began, hesitatingly, and her voiced choked with emotion, a thing unheard of from Mrs. Brindle in the annals of the "Mothers' Club of the Kine of Newberg," "we may never again meet as we are met today. The edict has gone forth that after next Saturday the time-honored right of public domain is to be vouchsafed to us no longer. In brief, no longer are we to be of free access to the still waters (of certain sewerage cesspools about town), nor are we to lie down in the green pastures on the town commons. The hands of bigoted persecution are heavy against us. No more shall we enjoy our sidewalk promenades; no more shall we congregate about the church doors on Sabbath to accompany the service with the chiming of bells; no more shall we mothers meet together and"—

Right here Mrs. Brindle's pent up feelings overcame her, and she relieved herself with such a mournful bawl that copious tears were brought to the eyes of her auditors.

As soon as injured feelings were somewhat quieted, a dame of forbidding aspect, gaunt in structure, arose to her fore feet with a menacing air and was recognized by Madame President. "Times are not what they once were," she began. "When I was young we roamed this beautiful valley at will. None said aught of our goings, out or comings in. But now if we have an engagement out after ten in the evening, we are run into the city pound like a band of sheep.

They must take us for children! And hereafter we are to be staked out like galley slaves! What could be worse?" ("Being 'steaked' out by the pound over the butcher's counter," quickly answered a sleek and portly bovine, sotto voce).

"Talk about the emancipation of woman!" shrieked a wrought-up sister of treble voice, "we are betrayed by our friends and members of our own sex. We are martyrs upon the altar of civic improvement! Certain of our fair compatriots have proven traitors to the cause of freedom and betrayers of their sex! Woe is me if I be not avenged!"

By this time passions were becoming enkindled, and the spirit of resistance was growing. Mrs. Blossom, a very conservative matron, as a rule, rose in advocacy of forming a union, with the purpose in view of boycotting and withholding the lacteal fluid from every consumer who had voted for the enslavement of the town cow.

"Hear, hear!" bawled the attentive listeners in unison, at which a good old lady in a neighboring block was rudely awakened from an afternoon nap with the impression that Gabriel had struck Newberg early, with the intention of getting to a hotel town before night overtook him.

Just then a raw-boned, breechy animal, of strong anarchistic tendencies and whose horns had been heavy against every gate in town, jumped out into the middle of the street and opened up with a fiery tirade against law and government. Revolution and anarchy, death and destruction were her watchwords, sandwiched with the most bitter invectives. "Give me liberty or give me death" marked the close of her impassioned appeal, whereupon she threw a cloud of dust over her head and gave utterance to a "bawl" of such surpassing volume and defiance that Mrs. Blossom was startled into swallowing her juicy cud by mistake.

But the anarchist had over-shot the mark. It brought conservative minds to their senses, with the result that moderation was counseled and oil poured over troubled spirits. After harmony had been fully restored, there were many touching leave-takings, near relatives and friends of long standing being separated, perhaps, to meet no more.

Mrs. Brindle was presented with a loving cup for her services as president of the club; and after singing "Blest be the tie that binds," probably the last mothers' meeting of the kine of Newberg was declared adjourned sine die.

Live Stock Sale.

The Breeders' Combination auction sale of live stock to be held at the Oregon state fair this fall will be one of the greatest sales ever held on the Pacific coast. All of the large breeders, such as Chas. E. Ladd, W. O. Minor, C. B. Wade, Alex. Chalmers, D. H. Looney, Chas. Cleveland, P. A. Prakes, Hazelwood Company, W. J. Townley, J. Matty, J. B. Stump, Atkinson Bros., are sending some of the best stock on their respective farms to this sale, which will give the farmer and small breeder a splendid opportunity of buying some choice stock right at home.

For Your Scrapbook.

OUT THERE.

The crows are cawing there today,
And blue smoke from the burning heap
Of brush is curling up, away
Across the hills; the hungry sheep
Nip off the first green blades of grass,
And move along, with noses down
And dreamy eyes, and where they pass
The yielding sod is bare and brown;
The lark sits on the slanting stake
And sings for joy, and in the air
A subtle something tends to make
Men still believe in God, Out There.

I hear the clank of gongs and feel
The jar of traffic in the street:
I see the ragged beggar steal
Along with shuffling, weary feet;
I hear men, prematurely aged,
Complaining of the wrongs they bear;
I hear men talk of "cent per cent,"
I see men crowding everywhere,
And through it all, day after day,
I hear the doubter voice his doubt—
The city's hope is flung away,
The city's God is driven out.

Out there the yellow willow gleams,
Brown furrows lie along the slope;
The sky is mirrored in the streams,
And every seed is full of hope;
The cackling of the faithful hen
Proclaims another duty done;
The lilac buds have burst again,
The calves lie dozing in the sun;
The earth seems pulsant below,
A sense of life is in the air,
And all things have combined to show
That God is still supreme Out There!

Oh scoffers, cease awhile to sneer!
Above the shouting of the throng,
The changing and the rear, I hear
The happy lark's immortal song.
The city's God is driven out,
The people's hope is dead, you cry:
Greed's slimy trail is all about,
The strong survive, the weaker die!"
But ye that angrily complain
Against the city's heartless way,
Ah, know ye not that God's domain
Still stretches wide Out There Today?
—Chicago Times-Record.

No Pity Shown.

"For years fate was after me continuously," writes F. A. Gullledge, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of piles, causing 24 tumors. When all failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Equally good for burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at F. H. Caldwell & Co.'s drug store.

A Fortunate Reminder.

"Noah," exclaimed the grand old sailor's wife, "what are you slapping at?"
"Confound that mosquito!" he answered, "I'll smash it yet; you see if I don't."

"Henry W. Noah, what do you mean? Have you forgotten that we have only two mosquitoes in the ark?"

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by F. H. Caldwell & Co.

A Michigan paper says that in Chillicothe they are telling a good story on a young man who holds an humble position in a printing office. The young man is very fond of the daughter of a minister, but his devotion to her is comparatively new. The other Sunday he went to church to hear the father of his innamorata preach, and unfortunately sat down where everybody could see him. The text was: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Just About Bedtime.

Take a Little Early Riser—it will cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are different from other pills. They do not gripe and break down the mucous membranes of the stomach, liver and bowels, but cure by gently arousing the secretions and giving strength to these organs. Sold by F. S. Caldwell & Co.

Hats! Hats! Hats! At New York Prices.

You can supply all your wants in the hat line at our store. The stock is the largest, the variety greatest, the values best, for the money, to be found in the city.

Straw 25c to \$1.00
Crash 25c. to \$1.00

We have also some
Queen Quality Shoes
for Ladies.

Do you want a tailor made suit?
Let us take your measure for
Brownsville Woolen Mills suit.
THEY ARE THE BEST IN
THE TRADE.

HODSON BROS.

**FIX YOUR EYES
On This Ad Next Week.**

Heacock & Heacock
Will Announce the Opening of
their Up-to-date Jewelry Store.

An exchange of recent date tells of a boy entering a car and leaving the door open behind him, when an old man sitting near thundered: "Was you brought up in a barn? Shut that door!" The boy did as he was bid, but the tears were seen to trickle down his cheeks. "There, there, never mind, lad, of course you wasn't brought up in a barn." "That's just it," blubbered the boy. "I was, and every time I see a jackass it brings it all back to me."

The Foundation of Health.
Nourishment is the foundation of health—life—strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the one great medicine that enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all foods into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves and feeds the tissues. Kodol lays the foundation for health; nature does the rest. Indigestion, dyspepsia and all orders of the stomach and digestive organs are cured by the use of Kodol. Sold by F. S. Caldwell & Co.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago, for the first time in my life, I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," writes Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long; but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by C. F. Moore & Co.

Graphic and Weekly Oregonian, one year, \$2.00.