



Ganderbones' Forecast for September.

In the old Roman calendar September was the seventh month of the year. This brought Labor Day around in the heat of the summer. All the unions said it was too hot to march far enough to make any impression on capital. Like every other politician, Numa was afraid of the labor vote so he pushed September along to the ninth place in the calendar, and had Labor Day fall on the first day of Autumn. The unions were thus enabled to march twice as far, and Numa had to refuse a third term.

The old school bell will toll the knell of youthful summer joys, and the girls will meekly get in line, together with some boys; but the gamer youngsters will hide out a few days in dissent, and later on the last one in will run for president.

The summer girl will get her coat and Merry Widow hat, and journey homeward from the sea uncertain where she's at; but the widow easily caressed because she stuck to toques, will bring a mollycoddle home and show it to the folks.

The tourists who have been abroad on fashionable trips, will homeward wend with hotel tags stuck all around their grips; and thronging in their wake will come a never-ending flow of busted immigrants to see where they got all their dough.

September is when the autumnal equinox the mosquito out. This occurs on the 22nd, when the sun goes over the equator for a touchdown on the ice cream giggery and summer underwear. The coal man will kick goal, and Mr. Roosevelt, leaving Sagamore Hill, will turn to Washington and the serious business of loading some more shells for lions.

The cooler air will stimulate the Presidential race, and everybody will hit up a little faster pace. The smiling entry from the Platte will put up clouds of dust, and the roly-poly man will run till he is like to bust.

And Teddy meanwhile will observe the contest through his glass, and stick around the half-mile post until the runners pass; and if he tears the Platte will win the highest priced of boons, he'll laugh and whistle up a few old reassuring tunes, and toss a big fat bumblebee in Taft's back pantaloons.

And then there will be doings on this none too stable earth, and every democrat will get his campaign dollar's worth; the Higsens, Debs and all of that inconsequential fry, will duck into the weeds and watch the big event go by; and the Taft men looking on the while the fireworks pop and sizz, will hold on tightly and inquire, "Which cloud of dust is his?"

The touch of Fall will make the ripe And falling acorn thud, And the crawfish will throw up his tail And burrow in the mud; The dread mosquito will depart From this terrestrial scene, But he'll die, as well becomes the brave With his face against the screen.

And then the fall-enlivened colt will frolic on the hill, and the railroads will return the folks they found too tough to kill; the fat and idle plutocrat will close his summer place, and the candidate will mount the stump and run off at the face.

After the 23rd, September will be under the influence of Libra, the seventh sign of the zodiac. The sign of Libra represents a pair of scales held in the claws of a scorpion. It is of Chaldean origin and is supposed to mean that about the 23rd is where the ice man gets stung himself.

People born under Libra are

incapable of pretense; the women never kiss women they hate, and the men play a wretched game of poker. Libra people also have no ear for music, and generally play some particularly loud instrument in the village band.

The swallow will desert the eave And start the movement south, And the farmer prime himself to spit Through early autumn's drouth; The pumpkins will grow long and gaunt With dragging on the vine, And when the time shall come for old John D. to get in line And pay his month's installment on That thirty million fine, We'll hear a horse-laugh that will give Us shivers down the spine.

The moon will be full on the 10th, and the American fleet will make the Society Islands about the 12th. It is expected that it will remain there permanently, society having become its long suit.

With the advent of autumn, vice-presidential whiskers will begin to blend with nature's general color scheme, and both Mr. Sherman and Mr. Kern will run a little stronger on the tails of their tickets.

And then October will return, That gladsome time and rare When the pumpkin-pie will answer "Here!" Upon the bill-of-fare.

The County Fair.

The following is furnished by our friend Timothy Brownhill who is boosting for the school fair:

Everybody is interested in the coming county school fair and stock show. The children of course are actively engaged in keeping tired mammas and bored papas answering questions as to when to hoe, and how to sucker corn so as to secure the very best stalks, and how to bake bread like mother makes, and a thousand and one things that school children didn't use to care a thing about because it was not a part of their curriculum.

But things have changed with the times. Our foremost educators have learned that if we would keep our brightest boys and most intelligent girls on the farms we must interest them in farm life, so they have added to school life the study of agriculture, and the art of woodcraft as a means to an end. This of course has won the children, and the children—God bless 'em—are going to win the old folks into helping them make the biggest and best fair this year Old Yamhill has ever seen. We must not depend too much on the children, but we want to push them ahead, that is natural; we want to encourage them all we can, that's sound sense; but we must also do our part, you and me. Don't wait till later on, commence right now. You too, Mr. Business Man. Let everybody take a hand in this exhibiting business. We all may not get a ribbon but we will have the satisfaction of knowing we have done our part toward helping along a good cause. Another thing, come prepared to have a good time. Of course you're coming. Everybody is going to do that, but when you come leave that growl, that scowl, and that tired feeling at home. But don't forget to bring with you the best cow, steer, horse, goat, hog, sheep, poultry and produce and your best word and smile, makes no difference if the grin is a few inches broader than usual, you can just ease it up with a shout like Johnny makes when he sees a new pair of red-topped boots in sight.

Now don't be afraid to talk about the fair to your neighbors. It won't hurt you and besides, you'll enjoy it too. Tell it to everybody everywhere what a grand time we are going to have

at that fair and while you're at it learn to sing your "School Fair Rally Song." Nearly every school has one. When you come to the fair, holler for your school and when your school sings join in the chorus. It won't hurt you, in fact the effect on you will be surprising for you'll feel like a boy again. Try it now and see if it isn't true.

All who are expecting to make exhibits of any kind at the coming county school and stock fair should, as soon as possible, make application to Jonas J. Howell, of McMinnville, for space, stating number and kind of stock, if any, and quantity and kind of vegetables, etc. The school children must arrange for their exhibits through County School Superintendent W. H. Belt.

A War Relic.

F. C. Mills, a veteran of the Civil War, has in his possession a copy of the Cincinnati Enquirer, published April 11, 1865, just four days before the assassination of President Lincoln, which is a very interesting sheet. At this time the Cincinnati Gazette was the principal republican paper published in the middle west, while the Enquirer was an ultra democratic sheet with strong secession sympathies, especially during the early part of the war.

In this issue is found a lengthy editorial on the "End of the Armed Conflict" which is interesting reading at this date. The following quotation from the article shows something of the sentiment of the editor: "Whether we, the people of the North, have nobly succeeded in a high and holy enterprise, or have unjustly won a point in a bad and dangerous game, which, while it strips the losing, brings no good to the winning party, is a question which our successors twenty, forty or fifty years hence will be better qualified to decide than we are at present."

The paper is largely taken up in giving an account of the surrender of Lee. Under the head of "Local News" the following note on "The Glorification" is given: "Our city was considerably upset with excitement Sunday night, over the news that General Lee and his army had surrendered to General Grant. The bells of engine houses, churches, factories and founderies rang out on the midnight air, cannon belched forth in thunder tones, bonfires illumined every street, and the people broke the stillness of the Sabbath evening with huzzas that were deafening. The glorification continued throughout yesterday and last night. Flags and banners were suspended from every window and every housetop, and our city liberally exhibited her holiday attire."

Obituary.

Cyrus Edwin Hoskins was born near New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, July 3, 1842, and died at his home at Springbrook, Oregon, August 18, 1908. He was the oldest son of Joseph Hoskins and Sarah Ann Hodson Hoskins, who passed from earth life near Newberg some years since.

His opportunities for school education were such as the common schools of the day offered and even before that was completed the Civil War broke out and he enlisted early in the conflict and served until after the surrender at Appotomax. He was in many engagements but with rare good fortune escaped being wounded.

He was married to Miss Matilda Hadley November 30, 1865, and resided on a farm in Rush

County, Indiana until 1877, when they removed to Oregon and settled at Springbrook, near Newberg, where he soon engaged in fruit raising. He shipped the first car load of dried prunes ever sent from Oregon, and followed that industry for several years, but latterly he had pursued general Horticulture. The "Hoskins Cherry" is of his propagation.

He was a man of sterling character, firm in his convictions of the right and always bore an unsullied reputation. He was a Mason in Carthage Lodge No. 169 of the grand jurisdiction of Indiana in 1867, and was a past master of Newberg Lodge No. 104 of Newberg, Oregon.

He leaves his widow, two brothers and a large circle of other relatives and friends to mourn his departure, but who have an abiding confidence that at roll-call on the other side of life he can answer "here" with unblushing brow.

A Eulogy on the Hog.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas State Board of Horticulture, recently delivered the following humorous eulogy upon the hog before the Knite and Fork Club of Kansas City.

"No reflection, hygienic or sanitary, is cast upon your city when I say that, for the hog, it is the most unhealthful in the world. I can count back 64,000,000 of him that have come to Kansas City, and the records show all dead. Therefore as his next friend, and of his family, I come to make a few remarks and introduce resolutions.

"From antiquity, through the long progress of years, he has become civilized, is a debt payer, a mortgage remover, and a buttress of prosperity. He must be reckoned with by the luckless explorer of the Yukon. He is an automatic reducer of the corn supply and a raiser of the price. He is a bucolic bond whose coupons are large litters of pigs.

"He is a patient pig, a condenser of ham, head cheese, glue, bristle, buttons, fertilizer, saddle covers and sausage. He is a mint and the yellow corn is the bullion which he transforms into coin. In all homes he is on the tables—high born rich and poor. He is with the soldier in the camp and the sailor on the deep.

"At 2.25 per hundred he is a plebian and we won't speak to him when we meet him on the street. At \$7.25 per hundred he is a gentleman and a scholar and stops associating with the country people. He comes to town and becomes an autocrat, but he gets it in the neck at the packing houses, is bled to death, becomes the commerce of the nation, the fat of the land.

"The pig gets one luxury—dish-water. Dish-water contains preserves, molasses, pepper, tomatoes, milk, onions, steak, gravy, pickles, grease, cheese, and exiled dish-rags"

Defined.

Teacher—Johnny, you may spell the word "neighbor."
Jonny—N-e-i-g-h-b-o-r.
Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, can you tell me what a neighbor is?
Tommy—Yes, ma'am. It's a woman that borrows things.—Chicago News.

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