



Ganderbone's Forecast.

FOR JULY.

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Last year—
Sagamore Hill,
Fever and thrill,
Never a minute
When it was so still.
Always a liar
To put in the club,
A rogue or a rascal
To raise a hubbub.
Last year—
Sagamore Hill.
This year—
Lo, and alas!
Beverly, Mass.,
With Bill on the flat
Of his back in the grass
Dreaming a dream
Of the faraway sky,
And now and then stirring
To bat at a fly.
Last year—
Shindy and sass,
This year—
Beverly, Mass.
Last year—
Quarrel and grudge.
This year—
O, fudge!

August was originally the month of Sextilis, but in the time of Augustus there was a movement in the Roman Senate to name it for the reigning Caesar. The resolution was bitterly opposed by the insurgents and Democrats, but Agrippa Aldrichus and Maecenas Cannonus put it through, and Consumus Ultimatus, the leader of the opposition, was made a galley slave. The fight was one of the most thrilling in the history of Rome, and it kept the senate in session so late in the summer that some of the senators almost missed their chautauqua engagements.

In the beginning, too, August had but twenty-nine days, and it was pretty generally felt that this was enough; but Julius Caesar added two days, and only the entreaties of the people restrained him from adding two or three more. He liked August. It was a glorious season in the Pontine marshes, and the hardness and manhood which subsequently made him Imperial Caesar he attributed to swimming in green ponds, fighting mad dogs and going around with his big toe bandaged in the good old days when the boys called him "Red."

The cow will wade the pasture pond
With each day boiling hotter,
And the luckless calf will have to learn
To suckle under water,
To stick his head up, wanting breath,
To duck it, wanting rations,
And otherwise amuse the ducks,
Mud-turtles and batrachians.

The farmer will survey the field and pray to have a rain-storm, and the dog will look upon the pool and have another brainstorm, the weary world will make its rounds with sweltering and yawning, and the sun will try a brand new lens upon the summer awning.

Mr. Rockefeller will give away money this month on the 2d, 17th and 26th. He will receive it the other twenty-eight days of the month. The moon will be full on the 1st, Mercury will become evening star on the 4th, and the consumer will eat on the 8th and the 21st. Lecturers will move in the regular outdoor orbit from the 1st to the 20th, and elocutionists will be at large for the first fifteen days. No trusts will be busted this month, but the regular monthly installments will be collected on all lines. Mr. Roosevelt will range into the Albertine Basin, and the Cabinet will meet under a bush on the President's lawn. Persons trying to tour Europe on \$300 will cable home for more money, summer boarders will come back to town for something to eat, and Mr. Bryan will mount the squared

platform in the wilderness and continue to supply the opposition with ideas.

Our Mr. Taft will play at golf,
And the sun will burn and tawn him
The while a nigger follows up
And throws ice water on him.

The canning season will return, and the Sugar Trust will manage to make us pay that one or two odd million it was damaged when Uncle Sam inflicted justice upon its deep-laid plot to bust us. O, would that we could find a trust that would so far indebt us that after we had blistered it there were no way to get us! Or that the mad consumer might lay one trust in its coffin with some invention where he did not sting himself so often!

But hold! enough of these vain hopes—
There is no promise there:
The average consumer's head's
A loafing place for hair,
And not a rendezvous for bright
Ideas; if it were,
He'd have a trust himself and lift
The other fellow's fur.

Meanwhile, Mars will advance by easy stages, and the signal corps will practice daily for the interplanetary communication we are to have in October. Mars will at that time be distant but 36,000,000 miles, and there is some hope that he may have seen prosperity, which appears to have gone that far, anyway.

On the twenty-second the month will pass from the influence of Leo the Lion to that of Virgo, the sixth sign of the zodiac. Persons born under Virgo lack the audacious brilliancy which makes presidents and great men of those born under Leo, but they are shrewd and soft-stepping, and got what they wanted in the new tariff bill. Virgo babies are born with only one eye shut. No Virgo person ever had both eyes closed at the same time, or tried to put a letter in a fire-alarm box.

The summer camper will desert the city for the woods, and fill a wagon with his traps, his duffle and his goods. He'll pitch his tent upon some wild and shady bit of ground, and take a spade and raise a slight embankment all around. The birds will sing him welcome, and the trees will sigh aloft, and the earth will team with beauty in the gloaming sweet and soft. The stilly night will drop its robe and pin it with a star, and when the morning dawns they'll find a torn mosquito bar, a million or so little holes through which he has been bled, and nothing but an empty skin deflated on the bed.

The chautauqua lecture rates for this month are the most tempting in years, viz: U. S. Senators, insurgent, \$2500; stand-pat, \$250; Democrat voting with Aldrich, \$100; Standard Oil, \$1000; sugar, \$800; steel, \$750; woolen stuffs, \$600; other industries, \$300. Standard Oil judges: preferred, \$2000; common, \$300; Congressmen; heard of, \$500; unheard of, \$200. Governors: Democratic who ran ahead of Bryan, \$1200; who have defied federal courts, southern variety, \$1200; plain, \$125; Reformers, civic, \$300; prohibition, \$75; general, \$5. Suffragists: pretty, \$3500; intellectual, \$750. Trust busters: U. S., \$800; local, \$75. Orators: fancy, \$125; medium, \$75; plain, \$50. Heroes: army, \$100; navy, \$200. Talkers, \$85. Thinkers, \$65. Prophets: disaster, \$325; prosperity, \$15. Windjammers: ordinary, \$50; extraordinary, \$300.

And then September will step up
And hammer on the gate,
And keeping sweet will not be half
The trick it's been of late.

The Wild Rush for Coeuer d'Alene.

Six men, of Newberg, accompanied by T. Brownhill of McMinnville, pulled out on the Sunday evening train for Portland. Some of us heard Dr. Brower and the others, Dr. Young. Monday morning got tickets for Spokane, and but for some of us having to ride in the smoker until the crowd had thinned out a little had a very pleasant trip, traveling up the North Bank road, crossing the Willamette and big Columbia and riding over the concrete culverts without a jar. Following along the bank of the grand old river, passing through tunnels to make the distance shorter we reach Pasco. Here we cross the river and seem to turn back toward home. However we arrived at our destination on time, 9:25 and were shown down to a new hotel where we put up. Wending our way to a restaurant to feed, one of the boys called for mush, but was informed that was a breakfast dish. Another called for oysters but was told they were out of season. However we finally got something that was in season and made out our meal. Our ride to Coeuer d'Alene we'll remember and the way our boys climbed over the guard rails to get in was 'nt slow. We found a crowd of people, and a beautiful lake. On our return three of our boys went in through the car windows. Here is a beautiful lake tempting us to take a ride on it. The Presbyterian ladies served dinner for 35 cents in an "upper room" and all but two of us who were bashful turned in. You'd hardly think that dignified men like three of us were, would climb in through the car windows to ride back to Spokane but such was the case. It is said that one of our party let his legs hang outside and only paid half fare. But I can't vouch for the truth of this. In the evening we parted company, much to our regret, four leaving for home via Seattle, the other three pushing for the far north. At Kings Gate, we were shown the line up the mountain side dividing the U. S. from Canada. Here our grips were inspected after a fashion. We had a grand trip through the Rockies. At some of the stations would see a "Red coat," reminding us we were on Canadian soil. At Macleod we stopped for the night and beds being scarce one man slept in a chair. We reached Calgary at 11:30 next morning and were met at the depot by Marvin Blair. I think he was glad to see us. We put up at the Dominion Hotel where we found clean beds and food. Here we find a town of about 30,000 inhabitants where five years ago there were only a few buildings and poor ones at that. Many of the new buildings are built of brick and native stone. But for one thing it would be a beautiful town. Have seen more men here the worse for liquor, than for years, and as I write I see a man sitting in a chair in the men's waiting room drunk. Too bad, now staggering across the floor only to fall down in a chair with thud.

We find plenty of protestant churches and they are well lighted. The M. E. church, one of four of this denomination where we attended services on Sunday evening seats 1500 people. Some of us have never seen such immense prairies and such fields of grain. But this is not all. Perhaps you've never been in a mosquito belt, well we have, and we look like we'd been in a yellow jacket district. If we ever go near their retreat again we'll veil our faces. We tell the people

to go to the Willamette valley for fruit, but if you are a farmer you can find a paradise here. Here we see wild grass that makes two tons to the acre, and cattle and horses are fat the year around. Here we have some old fashioned thundershowers. Saw a man, who lost his two fine mares Saturday evening, killed by lightning. People here are on the move, and we'll try and carry the enthusiasm home with us. We'll soon have our visit out and then we'll head for home. One man, and the life of our crowd, left here to-day.

If we ever take another trip we want the Graphic sent to us as we miss the home news.

One of the party.

The Departed.

Achie M. Morris, wife of Francis A. Morris, died at her home in Newberg, Friday morning, July 30th. The news, of her death came as a shock to friends generally, many of whom had scarcely learned of the serious nature of her illness. She had been in very frail health for months past, and on Monday, July 19th, was taken with a severe attack of nervous prostration which developed a few days later into an acute form of brain fever, from which time there was no hope of her recovery. She seemed to realize from the first that she would go, and while she wrote the words to her husband at her side, "Life is sweet," she said it was better to go and was possessed with a sweet spirit of resignation. At her side when death came peacefully were, besides her husband her sister, Mrs. E. H. Woodward, her brother, N. C. Maris, and aunt, Mrs. Mary E. Allen. She also has a sister, Mrs. W. N. Welch, living on the old home place near Bloomingdale, Indiana.

The funeral services were held at the home Sunday evening at 4:30 o'clock and were conducted by Rev. A. J. Weaver of the Friends church. Very appropriate music was rendered by a quartet composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Newby, Miss Maud Gregory and W. E. Crozer, assisted at the organ by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

As the sun was dropping low over the western hills, the deceased was laid to rest beside her parents, among a wealth of the beautiful flowers she loved so well—the love tokens of many friends. She was carried to her last resting place by those who were special friends of her and her husband: Dr. Nelson Morrison, C. J. Edwards, F. A. Elliott, J. C. Hodson, Dr. R. W. Harrold, and J. C. Colcord.

Mrs. Morris was born near Bloomingdale, Parke county, Indiana, November 12, 1860. Her education was obtained largely at Bloomingdale Academy, and in October, 1881 she was married to Francis A. Morris. After living a few years at Tuscola, Illinois, they came to Newberg in 1887 where their home has since been.

In her ministrations to the aged, the sick and the lonely, in her quiet deeds of kindness on every hand, she lives still in the hearts of those she has blessed. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me."

Marriage Licences.

Mrs. Nellie Johnson, age 32 yrs. to Austin H. Adams, age 42 yrs.
Etasie Winslow, age 35 to John Dowd, age 29 yrs.
Minerva Haitt, age 31 yrs. to Lois Peter Christenson, age 47 yrs.
Lydia Stephenson, age 19 yrs. to Geo. E. Woodward, age 23 yrs.

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Oregon

Tom Warner Killed.

Mrs. Minnie Hamnett was greatly shocked on Tuesday evening on receiving a telephone call from Portland announcing the death of her father, Thomas M. Warner, for she had just returned from a visit at his home in the city, leaving him well. The Oregonian gave the following account of the casualty, resulting in his death:

"Thomas M. Warner, a teamster 58 years old, was almost instantly killed last night at 6:45 o'clock, in the stable back of his house, at 410 Grand avenue, by being kicked in the chest by one of his horses. Warner was fond of his horses and took the best of care of them and what caused the kick which ended in his death is not known. He was struck as he passed in the rear of the animal, both heels landing squarely on his chest.

J. L. Gilman, who rooms in Warner's house, heard a scream and ran out to see Warner tottering. He fell to the ground a few feet from the stable door and was carried into the house by Gilman and another. He died in their arms as they were entering the house. Dr. Ziegler, the City Physician, was called but he pronounced the man dead upon arrival and the remains were taken to the Holman's undertaking parlors."

Mr. Warner spent several years in the employ of the Spaulding Logging Co. and was well known in Newberg. After his marriage to Mrs. Seese, the mother of Mrs. C. K. Spaulding, they removed to Portland where they have since lived.

The remains will be laid away at Dayton by the side of his first wife, the funeral services being conducted by the Odd Fellows.

Teachers Examination.

Notice is hereby given that the County Superintendent of Yamhill county will hold the regular examination to applicants for state and County papers at McMinnville, as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, August 11, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, August 14, at 4 p. m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, History, Spelling, Physical Geography, Reading, Psychology.
Thursday—Written Arithmetic, Theory of Teaching, Grammar, Bookkeeping, Physics, Civil Government.

Friday—Physiology, Geography, Composition, Algebra, English Literature, School Law.
Saturday—Botany, Plane Geometry, General History.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, August 11, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, August 13, at 4 o'clock.

Wednesday—Penmanship, History, Orthography, Reading, Physical Geography.

Thursday—Written Arithmetic, Theory of Teaching, Grammar, Physiology.

Friday—Geography, School Law, Civil Government, English Literature.

H. H. BELT,
County School Superintendent.

Call For Bids.

Contractors are invited to make sealed bids for building a new school house in District No. 61. Plans and specifications may be seen by calling on chairman of board, G. W. Worden, or clerk of district, Frank Nelson. Bids will be opened August 14. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

WORK

Work is healthy if not indulged in too freely or seriously. It is better when mixed with a little time spent in enjoyments. I would be pleased to help you, and would suggest a fishing or hunting trip—a good outfit and the fun is great. I have the goods, and am anxious to serve you. Plenty of BICYCLES—new and second-hand, CHEAP. Repair most any old thing.

THEO. ST. PIERRE.