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SCOTTISH GHOSTS.

Phantoms That Are Said Still to Haunt Country Houses.

The faith in ghosts still haunts the minds of many practical Scotsmen, and the instances of the live supernatural upon which it is fed are infinitely preferable to the irrational credulities of our crystal gazers and other romancers of the world of "spooks." At the seat of the Airlies there is the ghostly drummer, whose rub-a-dub is the invariable presage of death in the family. At Newton castle still walks of a night the "Green Lady," so called from her green silk dress, and in Berwickshire the residence of Allanbank is haunted by the troubled spirit of "Pearlin Jean." She is so called from her fondness for a particular kind of lace and rustles up and down stairs in her silks.

In a well known country house of Fifeshire which has been for very many generations in the hands of the same family an unhappy leman by day and night haunts the great stairs. Some time ago a member of the house party, while going down to lunch, stooped to pick up her handkerchief. As she recovered herself she saw a lady, richly dressed and exceedingly handsome, come from a door opening on the landing and hurry down stairs. As neither at table nor in the drawing room did she again meet this stranger, she mentioned the fact to her host, who (inadvertently) turned the topic of conversation. The next day, while going through the ancient mansion with her host and hostess, among other rooms they looked into that out of which the lady had emerged. The walls were lined with family portraits, but one place was unfilled. Its picture lay face against the floor. Said the host: "Oh, Miss So-and-so, you have heard of my great-grand-cousin, who was rather a disgrace to the family early last century. This is her room." Saying this, he bent down and turned the picture round. "What do you think of her beauty?" There were the very face and figure his guest had seen upon the stairs!—Cassell's Journal.

The Safety Pin.

A historian of invention tells us that to the wails of a long suffering infant we owe the boon of the safety pin. Here is the story: A little boy named Harrison, an English blacksmith's son, had to look after his baby brother. The baby often cried, and its tears were usually traced to pin punctures. The boy nurse tried a long time to bend the pins in such a form that they could be used with safety to his brother's flesh. In this he failed, but his father, the blacksmith, perceiving the utility of the idea that the lad had been at work on, took it up on his own account and eventually turned out the safety pin that is in use today all over the world. Whether the safety pin would have still remained in oblivion but for the tormenting of one little English baby no one knows, of course.

The Yolk Had Vanished.

Young Farmer Medders (at tea)—What in the name of goodness, Gloriosa, is the matter with this cake?

Bride (a London girl)—Why, dear, there can be nothing the matter with it. I followed the recipe exactly. Maybe it was the fault of the eggs. I thought eggs were soft and yellow inside, but these were white and brittle all through, and I had to powder them with the flat-iron. And—

"Where did you get them?"
"In the henhouse, darling. There was only one egg in each nest, and"

"Great Scott, Gloriosa, you have used my china nest eggs!"—Pearson's.

All Properly Deed.

A crank came running into the office and said that a man swallowed a two foot rule and died by inches. The editor started out at once to learn further particulars of the death and, meeting Dr. Southwick, told him about the case. He said that was nothing; that he had had a patient once who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. A couple of bystanders just then chipped in and reminded him of the fellow in Kansas who said he had a friend who took a quart of apple-jack and died in good spirits.—Sandsky Star-Journal.

Laughter.

Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted, and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons was founded upon true medical principles. Endeavor to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals. What nourishment one receives amid mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood.—Huxford, "Physiology of Digestion, 1836."

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THE PURBECK MARBLERS.

An English Industry Entirely Free From Labor Disputes.

There is an industry carried on in England which is entirely free from strikes, lockouts and labor disputes in general.

This remarkable state of affairs is due to the simple fact that the men are the masters and the masters are the men.

The industry in which the corporation is engaged consists of quarrying the marble found in the Isle of Purbeck, a peninsular district of Dorsetshire. Nearly a hundred quarries are worked here, in what used to be a royal deer forest, and the whole of the industry is managed by a curious kind of trades guild, entitled "The Ancient Guild of Purbeck Marblers."

All the marble belongs to the descendants of the original Purbeck quarrymen, who formed the guild, and no other person has any right in the quarries. None other is allowed to join the guild. None can ever become a member of the guild save he be of the blood.

This peculiar guild has been in existence for many hundreds of years—probably, indeed, before the coming of the Normans. As soon as a quarryman's son reaches the age of fourteen he is admitted to the guild, being apprenticed under some member, usually his father, until he is of age. When he reaches the age of twenty-one he is entitled to become a freeman of the guild. Every Shrove Tuesday a meeting is held in the town hall at Corfe Castle, where those entitled to their freedom pay the price, which consists of 6s 8d, a large tankard of ale and a penny loaf.

When once the man becomes free in this manner he has the right to take marble or stone from anywhere he wishes in the isle, though, of course, he has to pay a fixed royalty. If they wish to open a quarry on any man's land they simply set to work, without bothering to ask leave. If a quarryman wishes to construct a private road so as to be able to carry his stone through to the main turnpike, he does it. Without question he is entitled to drive his road over any private estate.—London Answers.

EDISON'S TRIUMPH.

An Incident in the Great Inventor's Struggle For Recognition.

Dr. Norvin Green, for many years president of the Western Union Telegraph company, once said that but for the dullness of himself and his assistants Thomas A. Edison might never have obtained the confidence and support of the great corporation. Edison had been trying for months to induce the officials to take up some of his inventions until they began to regard him as a bore.

He went to the main office one day and was greeted by Dr. Norvin Green and the other officials with smiles. Dr. Green said: "Mr. Edison, we are unable to get into communication with Albany, and a large amount of important business is in peril. I suppose that since you know more about telegraphy than

all of the rest of us combined you can locate the difficulty."

Whether Edison noticed the bantering tone or not, he quietly answered, "I can locate it inside of two or three hours, sir."

Dr. Green and the others laughed outright, one of them saying, "Edison, you have now fully demonstrated that you are a crank."

Edison never smiled or addressed a word to the speaker, but looked at Dr. Green and said, "If I locate this difficulty in two or three hours, will you take up my inventions and give them honest consideration?"

"Yes, I will," said Dr. Green, "and I will do it if you succeed in two days."

It was a very simple thing, and yet Edison was the only one who had the comprehensive mind to think of it instantly. He did not tell them for many years afterward how he accomplished the feat, but he did it inside of one hour.

Edison went to the main offices, where he was known as an expert operator, and called up Pittsburgh. He asked for the best operator there, naming him, and then told the Pittsburgh man to call up the best man at Albany and direct him to telegraph down the line toward New York as far as he could and report back to Edison as soon as possible. Inside of an hour Edison had this telegram:

"I can telegraph all right down to within two miles of Poughkeepsie, and there is trouble with the wire there."

Edison went back to the office of the president and gravely announced that if a train should be sent to Poughkeepsie with materials for the work they would find a break in the line just two miles on the other side of Poughkeepsie and could repair it that afternoon.

They begged him to tell how he had found it out, and he replied:

"By knowing more about telegraphing than all of you put together, as Dr. Green has said."

They located the break, repaired it, and Dr. Green took up Edison's inventions, and that was Edison's great start in life.

His We Might Have.

A famous writer said: "Man in general, or, as it is expressed, on the average, does not live above two and twenty years, and during these two and twenty years he is liable to two and twenty thousand evils, many of which are incurable. Yet even in this dreadful state men will strut and figure on the stage of life. They make love at the hazard of destruction and intrigue, carry on war and form projects just as if they were to live in luxury and delight for a thousand ages."

Her Idea of Betting.

Australia is trying to stop betting on horse racing, for even women are involved. A girl consulted a bookmaker. "If I put on a sovereign at eight to one," she asked, "what should I get if I won?" "Nine pounds back," said the bookmaker. "And ten to one?" The bookmaker explained that this might mean £11. "Yes; now I understand," she said. "But what would happen if I put a sovereign on exactly at 1 o'clock?"

INDIAN STRATEGY.

A Piegan's Trick That Fooled a Band of Crees.

A member of the Canadian mounted police tells a good story of the cleverness of an Indian. One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. Pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more till it entered a river and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. He was in war paint, and at his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced about him a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds another Piegan came round the rocks and went in, then another, and another, and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when reinforcements arrived, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single campfire. The ponies were gone, and not an Indian was in sight. The clever Piegan thief by making the circuit of the passage and the end of the island seventy times had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.—Exchange.

Bananas.

"Bananas give most people indigestion," said a food specialist. "That is because they don't know how to eat them, though. The average person selects a solid banana without a fleck on its blond skin, he consumes the white, hard flesh of the fruit, and for seven or eight hours afterward he keeps tasting bananas—he has indigestion—and the next day, ten to one, he rises with a headache. But the native considers such blond bananas green. The native eats a banana whose skin is quite brown and whose white flesh has turned to a brownish pulp of the consistency of stewed fruit. The native, in fact, must eat his banana with a spoon; it is so far gone as that. I eat brown, pulpy fellow myself, and these, I assure you, always agree with the most delicate stomach."