

LOOK Through the GLASSES



A. E. WILSON, the Jeweler
HAS THEM

Groceries

No Emperor—either of a People or of Finance—can buy better food than we sell you, at prices you usually pay for good things.

J. L. Van Blaricom

Plumbing!

Give us a chance at that new home. We would like to put in those Bath Fixtures, Etc., and do your plumbing.

LET US FIGURE WITH YOU.

E. L. EVANS

C. A. MORRIS
The Jeweler



For Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

M. P. ELLIOTT

Dealer in

Wood Coal, and Feed

Cash with order or delivered C. O. D.

Cor. First and Grant Sts.
Phone: Residence 5-15-1
Office phone Black 93

E. A. ELLIS

General Contractor

Septic tanks built after the latest approved methods.
Sewer and Tile Work. Well Digging

Yamhill County Abstract Co.

J. H. GIBSON, Mgr.

The only Abstract Books in Yamhill County

McMINNVILLE, OREGON

CHASE & LINTON
GRAVEL COMPANY

All kinds of gravel for concrete work, cement blocks, or wood work furnished on short notice. Leave orders at the office of R. B. Linnville.

THE POTATO DUEL

Laughable Battle Between a Bad Man and a Preacher.

Not all the duels fought in Kentucky have been bloody or even dangerous. Many years ago Bill Bowman, a noted circuit preacher and a muscular Christian, once employed unique weapons with effectiveness.

At one of his meetings a local desperado had created a disturbance and on being publicly rebuked by Bowman sent him a challenge to fight. Bowman as the challenged party had, of course, the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes as big as his fist for each man and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure. The desperado was furious at being thus insulted and made an indignant protest, but Bowman reminded him that the challenged man had a right to choose his own weapons and threatened to denounce the "bad man" as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out but to fight the desperado reluctantly consented.

The fight took place on the outskirts of the town. Everybody was present to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with potatoes hard as bricks.

Bowman threw the first potato. It struck his opponent and flew into a hundred pieces. A yell of delight went up from the crowd. That disconcerted the bad man, and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance. Every time the desperado stooped for a potato another potato took him in the side. The sixth potato took him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him and doubling him up on the grass.

The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bowman looked as sober as if he had just finished a funeral service. The bad man was taken home and put to bed, and there he remained for more than a week before he recovered from the effect of his potato duel.

The Point of View.

"No newspaper in the place!" exclaimed the tourist, really horrified. "Why, what a way to live! You never know what is going on in the rest of the world."

"Oh, well," returned the old innkeeper, resuming her knitting, which she had laid aside for a moment to answer the sojourner's questions, "it's about as broad as it's long, ain't it?"

"The rest o' the world's no better off. They don't know what's going on here. Ye told me yourself as how ye hadn't so much as heard o' the name o' this place 'fore ye landed here by accident, and we all's known about it all our lives through."

"I'd like to know what ye call that, now."—Youth's Companion.

A Stone With a History.

A stone with a remarkable history is kept at the British naval offices in Portsmouth. In the fifties of the last century it saved a vessel of the queen's navy. The frigate Pique ran ashore on the Japanese coast, but was refloated in what was thought to be an undamaged condition. It proceeded to Portsmouth and was docked, when it was found that the stone had imbedded itself firmly in the planks of the ship's bottom. The stone prevented leakage, and had it dropped from its position during the homeward run there is little doubt that the Pique would have been lost.

Fable of the Ape and the Goat.

A well meaning ape, sitting up in a coconut palm, looked down and saw his friend, the goat, browsing on the grass directly below. Said the ape to himself:

"I ought to let old Whiskers in on these good things, and I will."

Acting upon this generous impulse, he leaned over and let drop an armful of coconuts, which, landing in quick succession, like shots from a rapid firing gun, right in the middle of the goat's bump of knowledge, broke his neck.

Moral.—More men are done by their friends than undone by their enemies.—Judge.

No Cause For Alarm.

"I have decided," said the theatrical manager, "to give you a trial, Miss Arlington. Please be ready to begin rehearsing Monday afternoon."

"Thank you so much. But before we go any further I must inform you that I shall positively refuse to wear tights or a gown that is cut low in the neck."

"Oh, that's all right! In the part that I'm going to give you you will merely have to stand behind a shed and help to scream when the cyclone strikes town."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CONVERTED HANNA

Editor Cowles Taught Him a Lesson in Pocket Picking.

Edwin Cowles, long editor of the Cleveland Leader, numbered among his accomplishments that of pocket picking. Of course he picked pockets as an amateur only, but it is doubtful whether there ever was a professional who could play the light fingered game more skillfully than the able editor did occasionally for fun.

It was during the administration of a mayor who had been elected as a protégé of M. A. Hanna, who was then starting in Cleveland upon the political career which gave him national prominence, that the Leader began a crusade against vice. Articles were published daily in which it was asserted that the city was full of thieves, gamblers and other crooks, and the mayor was taken severely to task for not having them driven away. Hanna, being the power behind the municipal throne, came in for censure in an indirect way, and, meeting Cowles in the street one day, he expostulated with him concerning the Leader's style of warfare.

"Look here, Cowles," he said, "what's the use of all this racket? You're making a mountain out of a molehill. There are no more crooks in town than there have been right along, and it would be foolish to expect any mayor to drive all the law-breakers out, no matter how hard he tried or how good his intentions might be."

Cowles insisted that his paper was right, and he expressed the belief that there were then more pickpockets in Cleveland than had ever before infested that city.

"Pickpockets!" snorted Hanna. "I don't believe there's a pickpocket in the town. And, anyway, I have no sympathy for anybody whose pockets are picked. No one but a jay could ever be robbed in that way."

"You don't know," said Cowles, "how skillful some of these light fingered fellows become. It would be possible for one of them to go through your pockets while talking to you as I am now."

Hanna laughed derisively and said any pickpocket that ever got a hand in his clothes without being caught at it was welcome to anything he could extract.

As they were parting Cowles turned to ask what time it was, and Hanna felt for his watch.

It was gone.

"That's strange," he said. "I guess I must have forgotten when I dressed this morning to put it in my pocket."

"Speaking of forgetting things," Cowles answered, "I forgot my wallet when I left home. Could you lend me \$10?"

Hanna felt for his money, but found none. He put his hands into one empty pocket after another and was beginning to look sheepish when Cowles handed him back his watch, his money, his keys and a bundle of letters.

"Very well, Cowles," said the future senator; "I'll see what can be done about driving the pickpockets away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is the only place in Europe where monkeys live wild. But apart from the monkeys Gibraltar has wonderful attractions, as in her fossils and her great stalactite caverns, opening into recesses of the rocks a thousand feet above the sea. One of these caverns is over 200 feet long and seventy feet high, and as the stalactite pillars extend from floor to ceiling the effect resembles the interior of a cathedral. The name of the rock has undergone a change since that distant day in 711 when Tarik, the Moor, first built his castle on it in order to begin the conquest of Spain. It was then Gebel el Tarik (the rock of Tarik). But the change to Gibraltar is not serious if one pronounces the Moorish name quickly.—Chicago News.

A Roumanian Custom.

A strange custom is still observed in Roumania which reminds one strongly of Robinson Crusoe. When a servant has displeased his or her master the offender takes his boots in his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission, and the boots are either kicked away as an intimation that the fault will not be forgiven or else the servant is told to place them on his feet, which shows that he is forgiven.

Stands by Him.

Mrs. Prentice—How do you manage to have such delicious beef?

Mrs. Bywell—I select a good, honest butcher and then stand by him.

Mrs. Prentice—You mean that you give him all your trade?

Mrs. Bywell—No, I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat.

Newberg Hdw. & Plumbing Co.

Special Holiday Sale

We have a large line of Holiday Goods, consisting of all kinds of Cutlery, Carving Sets, Silverware, Coffee Percolators, Toilet Sets, etc. Try one of our Delphos Sheet Iron

Corn Poppers. We have the exclusive handling of Shamrock Ware. Best on the market for the money.

When in need of a plumber Call on us. Mr. Gillette, one of the members of the firm, is a thorough mechanic in Plumbing, Steamfitting and Metal roofing. All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable, consistent with first class work.

We are closing out our Ranges & Heaters at greatly reduced prices

CAPE HUNTING DOGS.

A Terror to African Game and the Despair of Sportsmen.

Hunting where and in whatever country he likes, without leave or license, the Cape hunting dog is not only a terror to many kinds of African game, but the despair of sportsmen generally. Once afoot with his game, says Baily's Magazine, a kill becomes almost an absolute certainty. He needs no help.

He stands twenty-five to twenty-seven inches high, with good galloping quarters, rather long but very muscular legs, with strong feet and toes. The ears are very large and erect, beautifully formed to catch the faintest sound when working in thick covert. Added to this he has a very keen sense of smell.

The jaws are wonderfully strong, with beautiful white teeth. They can break bones which few animals except the hyena could crack, and the strength of the latter's jaws is proverbial.

Their mode of hunting is very clever. Having found and started a buck, some of the fleetest dogs gallop forward ahead of the main pack, keeping on either side to prevent the buck turning and doubling back. As these dogs tire they fall back, and others take up the running in their place. When the quarry tires the pack closes in, and all their energy is devoted to killing by tearing out the viscera.

Some writers say the pack takes the form of a crescent when running their prey, gradually closing in as the game tires. All agree that the short time taken in running down a buck is simply marvelous, a quarter of an hour being the estimated time in hunting, killing and consuming a buck under ordinary circumstances.

The wild dog is not at all fastidious as to what food he shall take, but he levies toll on any sort of buck or antelope he finds handy. Gnu, sable and waterbuck are said to be his favorites, but he has been known to pull down a buffalo when pressed for food. Needless to say, when attacking a powerful animal like this some of the dogs meet with a sudden death, and these are consumed by the surviving members. They always seem ravenous for food and their appetites nearly insatiable. There is no record of their having attacked a white man.

Buying Seats in Parliament.

Less than a century ago seats in parliament were regularly bought and sold. Flood, the Irish politician, purchased a seat in the English house of commons for £4,000. The notoriously corrupt borough of Gatton was publicly advertised for sale in 1792, with the power of nominating two representatives "for ever," described by the auctioneer as "an elegant constituency." This same seat (Mr. Harry Graham recalls in "The Mother of Parliaments") was sold in 1831 by Sir Mark Wood for the huge sum of £60,000, and the purchaser's feelings may well be imagined when, under the reform act of the following year, the borough was disfranchised.

A Fatal Omission.

Little Charlie and his playmate were on the barn shed when Charlie remarked:

"If a goose can fly I don't see why I can't, and I am going to try."

After flopping his arms a few times to be sure to get off right he jumped from the shed to the ground. After he had time to recover from the shock, lying on the ground, he looked up at his astonished playmate and said:

"I forgot to flop."—National Monthly.



For your
New
Winter
Suit,

SEE

L. E. BROWN
THE TAILOR

C. B. CUMMINGS

THE HOUSE FURNISHER

We have in stock a complete line of Furniture, Paint, Wall Paper, Picture Moulding, Glass, Heaters and Ranges. We are always pleased to show our goods.

C. B. Cummings, Newberg, Or.

HOUSE CLEANING IS MADE EASY

When you get the

YAMHILL ELECTRIC CO.

to clean your Carpets, Rugs, Portiers, Upholstery and Walls with their ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER. See them for rates.

Telephone Blue 34.

Sick Room Necessities

I can supply at lowest prices Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes and Bulb Syringes, bed Pans, Ice Caps, Air Cushions, Fever Thermometers, Medicine Tubes, Surgical Dressings, and all other sick room requisites. My prescription work is given the most careful attention and nothing but the best of drugs and chemicals are used.

A full and complete line of School books and School Supplies and Lowmeyer's Candies, Perfumes and Toilet Waters. Send, or telephone, or write, or come—the price will be the same anyway—always the same.

Lynn B. Ferguson Prescription Druggist!