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FILLING CREAM PUFFS.

The Salesman Learns Something of a
Long Admired Industry.

"From the time I was a very small boy until I began to sell cream of tartar," said the ex-salesman, "I had an overwhelming curiosity to know how they got the filling inside the two articles of diet which as a youngster I liked best in the world—chocolate eclairs and cream puffs. Now that I know I can't understand why with all the thought I gave to the subject I didn't figure it out for myself. It's so simple.

"Of course you don't have to be a baker to know you can't bake an éclair with the filling in it. It's got to be made separately and put in after you've got the shell all made and baked. When I got selling cream of tartar and used to go behind the scenes of the bakeries I found out how they did it. They use a force pump. The pump has a needle-like spout and is filled with soft custard. You stick the point into the éclair, push down your pump handle and the thing is filled. Easy, isn't it? It's such a little hole that you never see it.

"I never got tired watching them work in the bakeries. There would be a big pile of fresh baked shells of eclairs and cream puffs. A man would seize the little pump and in a minute or two have them all filled. Another man would be shaping pies so fast that it made you dizzy. Along would come another man with a wagon full of fillings and fill the pies as fast as the other shoved them along. It's the same way with everything—so different, you know, from mother's methods.

"As for the baker's oven, if you have never seen one you've got a surprise coming. There's only one oven to a bakery generally, and it's as big as a room. How do they get things in and out? Easy, again. They use long poles with a shovel-like arrangement on the end. They put their cakes, or whatever the batch may be, in this, and if they want to they can deposit them on the farther side of the oven, fifteen or twenty feet away. In the same way when a thing is done they reach in over whatever else may be baking and shovel it up."—New York Sun.

The Certainty of Fate.

The Mohammedans have a fable which they repeat to illustrate the certainty of fate.

A sultan was once asked by his favorite, the grand vizier, for permission to leave at once for Smyrna, although a brilliant court fete was then in progress. Upon being asked his reason for such haste the vizier replied:

"Because I just saw the angel of death yonder in the crowd. He looked at me so earnestly that I know he has come for me. I wish to escape him."

"Go! Go at once!" said the sultan, who then beckoned to the angel and asked why the latter had looked so earnestly at the vizier.

"I was wondering," replied the angel of death, "why he was here, for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna."

Waste of Food on Big Liners.

As to food waste the most extraordinary is perhaps found on the big liners that carry three classes of passengers, says the London Chronicle. You might imagine that the elaborate dishes prepared for the saloon would be passed down from class to class and that the poorer would eat of the crumbs that are carried from the rich man's table. Not a bit of it. The second class would resent a "menu" that does not go round, and even the steerage passengers would quarrel if the fare were not the same for all. And so the big liners pitch good food into the ocean.

The Better Way.

Through the good offices of a powerful American residing in Paris an ambitious young girl from our west obtained an audience with the late Constant Coquelin of the Comedie Francaise, who graciously consented to hear her recite.

After listening to a classic or two the great French actor went up to the young aspirant for histrionic honors and placed his hand on her head, as in benediction.

"My dear child," said he, "marry soon. Goodbye."—Youth's Companion.

At the Reception.

"I understand, Miss Araminta," said the professor, "that you are inclined toward literature."

"Yes," said the blushing spinster. "I wrote for the Bugle Magazine last month."

"Indeed! May I ask what?" asked the professor.

"I addressed all the envelopes for the rejected manuscripts," said Araminta proudly.—Harper's Weekly.

A MONSTER FLAG.

It Floats Above London When Parliament Is Sitting.

Probably few who see the union jack flying over the Victoria tower at Westminster when parliament is sitting realize that the flag which flutters so high above the inhabitants of London is one of the most remarkable pieces of bunting in the world.

Small as it seems to the upturned gaze more than 450 feet beneath it, this floating emblem is so enormous that its outspread bunting would completely hide from view a couple of suburban villas. It is sixty feet long and forty-five feet wide—so capacious, in fact, that 3,000 persons could find standing room on it. The mast from whose dizzy summit it flutters is as tall as the Duke of York's column, rises from a base little less exalted than the cross of St. Paul's cathedral and weighs sixteen tons.

To reach the foot of this towering mast one must climb 350 feet up the dark interior of the Victoria tower. On entering the tower through the low iron door at its foot and gazing upward one sees far above a blue light, apparently no larger than a man's hand, which marks the summit of the tower, and to this opening the only access is by means of a fragile, spiral staircase which winds around the dark walls, clinging to them as if for support.

As we climb round and round this frail "Jacob's ladder" we pass story after story, each in itself a commodious house of sixteen rooms, until, panting and perspiring, we pass the eleventh of these stories and emerge gratefully into the open air.

Arrived at the summit, more marvels await us. We find that the parapet, which from the bridge far below looks but a tiny speck of stone, is actually thrice the height of the average man. The crowns which adorn the four turrets are five feet across and weigh a ton apiece. The lions which guard the corners are leviathans, towering twenty feet high, and the roof of the tower, we gasp to learn, would turn the scale at 400 tons.

But perhaps the greatest wonder of all as we stand on this dizzy eminence is the far stretching view of the world's capital, dwarfed to the dimensions of a toy metropolis, along whose narrow ribbons of streets men crawl as ants and the largest vehicles are slow moving points of black.—London Tit-Bits.

Why the Audience Laughed.

At a public entertainment recently a conjurer had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view. Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen that laid the egg. This little arrangement he left to his confederate to carry out. He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag, but what was his surprise on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity and set up as vigorous a crowing as if it had just awakened from its nocturnal slumbers. The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a bolt for the dressing room.—London Mail.

To the Point.

An incident which occurred while Admiral Dewey was commanding the Asiatic squadron and one which illustrates his independence is one known as "the coal incident." It seems that his squadron was in need of coal, but instead of writing to the chief of the bureau of equipment at the navy department he purchased a large amount of coal without consulting the department. The following is the correspondence between the admiral and Captain Bradford, the chief of the bureau of equipment, and is self explanatory:

Navy Department, Washington.

To Dewey, Manila:

Why did you buy so much coal? BRADFORD.

Flagship Olympia, Manila.

To Bradford, Chief Bureau Equipment, Washington:

To burn. DEWEY.

A Variation.

"Sir," says the anxious suitor, "your daughter has preferred me to you. I—er—that is—you know—I have proposed to her."

"Proposed to her, have you?" dryly observes the father. "Well, I thought she had learned something by this time. And you ought to hesitate a good deal before engaging yourself to marry her. You know she has been divorced four times."

"Yes, sir. But I—I can assure you, sir, that I can provide her with the alimony she has been accustomed to in case our marriage should be a failure."

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SERVANTS IN AFRICA.

References the Natives Produce Are
Not Always Complimentary.

The servant problem is bad enough in America, and the experiences mistresses have to relate are many and varied, but an infinitely wider range of possibilities is opened up when mere man—and a bachelor man at that—tackles the servant and other household problems in an East African bungalow. Anything can and does happen then.

Native house servants of a sort are plentiful enough around the chief towns of British East Africa, Nairobi and Mombasa, and the slightest rumor that the muzungu (white man) requires a "boy" or m'pezi (cook) fills one's compound with cooks, "generals" and raw negroes representing every tribe under Africa's sun.

The average bachelor contents himself with four servants—a head "boy," a cook, a "toto" (youth) to assist them and a m'shenzi (raw, untrained native) for odd jobs, gardening, etc.

It is no easy task to make a selection from the host of eager, voluble applicants. Dirty, carefully stuck together "barua" (testimonials) are examined and the owners questioned, but it is unwise to put much faith in these documents, for it is no unusual occurrence for a "boy"—on the principle of "the more the merrier"—to proudly present you with three testimonials, every one bearing a different name from the one under which he introduces himself.

These gentry are always greatly offended when you kick them off the veranda and tell them they have bought or stolen the documents from other natives! Upon one occasion a would be cook brought the writer a "barua" signed by a well known settler and worded:

"To whom it may concern: The bearer of this 'barua' is an infernal rogue and thief. Please kick him out."

By the time the white man had stopped laughing the negro had arrived at the conclusion that something was wrong and was doing record time down the path.—World Wide Magazine.

The World's Largest Crab.

The gigantic Japanese crab, measuring twelve feet, is probably the largest crustacean in the world. It is a type of the spider crab, which inhabits the waters of the group of islands forming the empire of Japan. The body portion is the size of a half bushel measure, while its two great arms, or "feelers," could easily encircle the figure of a man. Its eight arms, or legs, resemble huge bamboo poles and are extremely elastic, and if strung into one line they would reach to the top of a four story apartment building. One of the extraordinary peculiarities of this crab is the faculty of assuming a disguise by affixing pieces of seaweed and sponges to the body.

Mother's Task.

When mother gets breakfast she must remember that father likes his breakfast food without cream. Johnny wants both cream and sugar, Susie doesn't like breakfast food at all and must have a substitute, Mary has to have grapefruit and the rest of the family want oranges or apples. No two agree on anything, but she must remember what each one wants or the family doubt her devotion. What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the mother of a large family from going crazy? —Acheson Globe.

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