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Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an entertaining story page and a page or more of comic each week, and it goes to the subscriber twice every week—104 times a year.

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Newberg Graphic

We can also give our subscribers a good clubbing offer for the Daily and Sunday, or Sunday Journal, in connection with the

Newberg Graphic**HIS FIRST GRIZZLY.**

A Curious Hunting Experience in British Columbia.

While hunting wild goats in northern British Columbia, W. H. Wright had a peculiar experience which shows that in hunting, as in other matters, it is more often than not the unexpected that happens. In his book "The Grizzly Bear" he describes the incident:

Mr. Pope joined me the last of August, and we worked our way back to where I had seen the goats, this being the game we had come to hunt.

When near the point where we intended to leave our horses I looked up to our right and on top of the ridge above the timber line saw a large grizzly running for all he was worth.

I called Pope's attention to him, and as he was entirely out of range, being some 800 yards away, and as we supposed from his rapid flight that he had seen us we sat quietly on the horses and looked at him. The horses, too, saw the bear, and they also watched him.

For 200 yards or so he continued his flight, and then, to our amazement, he turned down the ridge and came straight toward us on the jump. This was another story. We both dismounted. I held the horses by their heads so they could not make any disturbance, and Pope stepped a few feet ahead and dropped on one knee, ready for a shot in case the bear came near enough.

The bear came on downhill at the same mad gait until he had covered half the distance and was not over 400 yards above us, when he dashed into a little thicket of fir bushes and disappeared.

We discussed our chances of crawling up to him. We saw the bushes sway; out jumped the grizzly, and down he came straight toward us. It seemed as if he must surely have seen us, and he actually came up within 150 yards of us, when he turned to the left, stopped and commenced digging out a ground squirrel.

This was our chance. The bear was standing broadside on, and Pope fired. He hit him just back of the shoulder and pierced the heart. It was a good shot.

The bear turned a somersault, cart wheeled down toward us and never stopped until he landed in the little trail that we were following.

This was Pope's first grizzly, and from the stories he had been told of how wild these bears were and how hard to kill he had felt that it was doubtful if he ever got one. Yet we had been standing, with the two horses, all the time in plain view. Not a bush screened us, and the horses kept their ears pointed forward and watched the bear from the time he left the ridge until Pope shot him.

Mozart and Beethoven.

The stories of how men of genius have had future fame predicted for them in their early youth must generally be taken with a considerable grain of salt. As authentic as most is the account of the first meeting of Mozart with the young Beethoven, which took place on the latter's first visit to Vienna in the year 1787. Mozart, then at the height of his fame, asked him to play, but, thinking his performance a prepared piece, paid little attention to it. Beethoven, seeing this, entreated Mozart to give him a subject, which he did, and the boy, getting excited with the occasion, played so finely that the composer of "Don Giovanni," stepping softly into the next room, said to his friends there: "Pay attention to him. He will make a noise in the world some day or another."—Chambers' Journal.

Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being the greatest in the ear nearest to the source. This being the case, a person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near him.

His Views on Suffrage.

When a female canvasser asked an old farmer to sign a petition in favor of a woman's movement he eyed the document for awhile with suspicion. "No, I'm again 'it, sure," was the reply, with the emphasis of a man who had had some domestic infelicity. "A woman who's allus a-movin' is allus a-gettin' in trouble. If you've got anything to keep her quiet I'll sign 'it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE POISON CURARI.

Mysterious Mixture Makes Deer, Wounded to Death, Bold.

Curari, the vegetable poison with which the Indians of the upper Amazon tip their hunting arrows, remains a mystery in its composition after a hundred years of investigation by scientists. The Indians will sell it for its weight in silver, but will not reveal the plants from which it is derived. Not long ago a professor in a German university was sent to the Amazon wilderness for the express purpose of discovering the secret, for curari, or urari, as it is otherwise called, is now thought to be of great value in medicine. The professor lived two years in Indian villages, and, while he was permitted to witness the boiling of the "witches' broth," which lasted several days, he could not tell what plants went into the brew. Returning from his baffled quest down the Amazon with a quantity of the poison, the professor was met by another traveler, Dewey Austin Cobb, who had got possession of a native blowgun. The latter tells in the National Geographic Magazine how he put some of the professor's curari on some of his blowgun arrows, which are like toothpicks feathered with cotton, and tried it on a buck deer in the forest.

"After a deliberate aim our hunter fired," says Mr. Cobb, "if I may use such a word for the little puff, scarcely heard by us and entirely inaudible above the rustling corn leaves at the distance of the deer. The animal gave a slight start as it felt the prick of the arrow on its flank and turned partly around, sniffing the air for a scent and looking about as if searching for the insect that had bitten or stung it. Detecting nothing, it stood still and unalarmed. At the end of a minute or a minute and a half at most its head dropped a little, as if it was sleepy.

"We all approached its side, and the hunter laid a hand on its shoulder. It looked up at him, but showed no resentment or fear. Even its breathing seemed easy and natural, which surprised me, as I had heard that death resulted from paralysis of the lungs when caused by urari. At the end of ten minutes, though it opened its eyes when touched, its breath became shorter and slower. Eighteen minutes after it was struck by the arrow it was dead."

The Basking Shark.

The ferocity of sharks is not necessarily in proportion to their size. For example, there is the great basking shark, so called because of its habit of lying motionless at the surface of the water. It often attains a length of nearly forty feet, but its teeth are small comparatively, and it probably never attacks man, depending upon small fishes and crustacea for its diet. Another name for this species is "sailfish," because of its great back fin, which shows out of the water like a sail when it is basking. Although sluggish ordinarily and easily harpooned, it exhibits great activity and enormous strength when struck, diving immediately to the bottom and requiring a great length of rope to hold it. These basking sharks are caught for their livers off the coast of Iceland, and the oil obtained is used to adulterate cod liver oil.

A Household Industry.

The advertisements were the most interesting things in the paper, according to Mr. Hobart's ideas. He read them to his wife as she sat at work on the stockings of their active son.

"No need to spend your time hunting for antiques now," said Mr. Hobart after skimming the cream from a long article, as was his wont. "Here's a man that will undertake and guarantee to make your new furniture look as if 'twas a hundred years old by a process known only to him."

"I don't see any need of processes for our furniture," remarked Mrs. Hobart as she cast a hopeless stocking to the flames of the Franklin front. "Tommy's feet are all the process we need. Perhaps we could rent him out by the day."—Youth's Companion.

Bad Hand Made Him Money.

When Lord Curzon was at Oxford he wrote an abominable hand. One day he penned two letters, one of them to a relative and one to a chum with whom he always discussed the faults of their respective relations, and accidentally put these letters into the wrong envelopes. He was about to write a profound apology to his relative when he received the following note from him: "Can't read a word of your four pages, but guess you want some money, you young rascal." Inclosed was a Bank of England note for a good amount.

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Zion City Laces, val. 8c to 15c.....5 & 7c
Big line of embroideries 3 to 10 in.
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All best apron check gingham.....8c
Nice line of dress gingham.....10 and 12½c
Colonial Drapery, big assortment
of patterns per yd.....17 to 25c
25 doz. ladies fancy handkerchiefs
special at.....5c each
A good linen crash toweling at.....8c yd
Table linen, 66 inches wide.....25c yd
Table linen, 72 inch, absolutely pure
linen, special at.....85c yd
Bed spreads, full size.....\$1.00 to \$2.50 each
Ladies Silk Umbrellas in colors.....\$2.00 each
Parisian Corsets in all shapes and
styles.....50c to \$3.00 each

Men's Department

Men's Wool Shirts, each.....\$1.00
Men's Dress Shirts, attached
cuffs, special at each.....\$1.00
Men's Black Hose, 3 pairs for .25
Union made overalls, full cut
with bibs, each......95
Work shirts, all colors, full
size, each......50
Fancy neckwear, special 25 and 50c
A few odd Hats, values up to
\$2.50, sale price.....1.00

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Finds Lodgment in Many Minds Despite Scientific Denials.

Are there such things as ghosts? The incredulity with which the question is often asked is paralleled by the passionate belief with which the affirmative answer is often stated. That there are apparitions is granted even by the most skeptical investigators. But whereas the impressionable seer of ghosts believes they are supernatural the colder scientist says they are nothing but hallucinations. Frank Podmore, the English "ghost hunter," has much to say of the attendant circumstances in most ghost seeing, circumstances which do much to weaken the value of the testimony of the seer. Almost invariably there are mysterious noises, by which the witness is put in a state of nervous alarm. Then comes the vision, which often takes terrifying form. Is the ghost seer viewing something objective and external or is he merely contemplating an image created by his own imagination? Of the good faith of many people who say they have seen ghosts there can be no question, but Mr. Podmore shakes his head as to their credibility.

And yet when the testimony of people who believe they have seen ghosts has been attenuated to the utmost people will still believe. Science may discredit evidence, but it cannot prove that ghosts do not exist. Throughout the ages there is a cumulative mass of testimony which, though it does not amount to proof, yet commands shuddering respect. The sternest materialism will not eliminate from people's minds that credence in the unknown and the undemonstrable which has been handed down to them from the beginnings of time.

Plato himself accepted the existence of ghosts, and he makes Socrates explain their frequenting of graveyards. These ghosts, says the great Athenian, long to re-enter the body in which they could gratify their desires. It is hopeless, but memory tortures them with vain affection for the fleshly abode in which they formerly dwelt. Shakespeare is full of allusions to the dwellers in the realm of shadows. But he, too, knows the meaning of philosophic doubt, for he makes Hamlet wonder whether the image of his father may not be some coinage of his fancy. He hesitates between contrary opinions, but inclines toward belief in the supernatural. He says to his friend:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy.

From Shakespeare's day to now we have advanced in one particular. We know more of the composition of the brain and the susceptibilities of nervous tissue. We are assured today that a man may honestly believe he sees a ghost and yet see nothing but the projection of an image within his own brain. But as to the existence or nonexistence of ghosts we are as ignorant as the ancient Egyptian or the modern redskin. Reason learnedly as we may, we cannot eradicate from our mind that vague feeling, half fear, half hope, that ghosts may be. Sir Thomas Browne touches on this matter with characteristic quaintness. Some people, he says, hope to see a ghost that they may be persuaded of the immortality of the soul. But he adds that the devil will never let them see one, for that would be to turn them away from himself.—Rochester Post-Express.

Colonial Mail Routes.

The first record contained in our colonial history of any kind of mail service dates from 1676, when the court in Boston appointed Mr. John Hayward to "take in and convey letters according to their direction." In December, 1716, arrangements were made to receive letters in Boston from Williamsburg, Va., during four weeks of the summer time and eight weeks in winter. In 1738 Henry Pratt was appointed "riding postmaster" for all the routes between Philadelphia and Newport, Va., to set out in the beginning of each month and return in twenty-four days. Postage stamps were first introduced into the United States in 1847.—New York American.

Contrasts in Populations.

The population of the known earth at the death of the Roman emperor Augustus, about the time of the beginning of the Christian era, was estimated by Bodio, an Italian statistician, at 57,000,000. The Romans knew nothing of Asia beyond the Indus river and nothing of Africa save the Mediterranean states. In 1492, at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, the population of Europe was placed at only 40,000,000. Today Europe has ten times that number, or 400,000,000 people, with about a hundred to each square mile.

DUNDEE

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prince have returned from an extended motoring trip through California.

Bessie Yoe, of Gervais, Oregon, is visiting her cousin, Bernice Keyes.

William East has begun hauling materials for his new house.

Wm. S. Allan went to Portland on business last Thursday. While there he had a talk with Dr. Swetland, of Vancouver, Washington, who is the representative of the A. K. Armsby Packing Co. operating in Oregon and California. Dr. Swetland says their company intends to build two packing houses this summer, one in this vicinity and the other farther south. A meeting of the fruit growers, of Dundee has been called for Thursday, Feb. 23, to discuss the proposition. The Armsby people expect to begin a tour of inspection of this part of the valley in March and will then decide upon the exact location of the plant.

The work of setting out Leon Cyr's apple orchard, one of the Otterbrook tracts was finished Monday. This completes fifty acres of apples that have been set on these tracts during the winter.

It is rumored that the Gilmour place has once more changed hands.

Mr. Nelson, who has been weak ever since this winter's attack of la grippe had a relapse last Friday. He is again convalescing.

Elmer Imus who had the misfortune to injure his foot with a pitch fork, is again able to be about.

Mr. and Mrs. Booker, recently from Emporia, Kansas, have purchased a timber tract at Otterbrook.

George Waggoner has purchased the Crosby home and it is said he expects to erect a real estate office east of the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Cyr moved into their new home on Otterbrook avenue last Friday.

L. L. Eddens was a Newberg visitor on Wednesday.