

Newberg Graphic

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It is too much for the Vermilion county grand jury to even suspect that there was any fraud committed in the election of "Uncle Joe." Perish the thought!

Ex-Vice President Fairbanks is quoted as having said in a recent interview that he considered Portland, the prettiest city in the whole country. We always thought Fairbanks had a good head for discernment and that he was a man of sound judgement.

Treating recreant public officials to the recall is getting to be quite the thing these days and Portland is getting in on the wave by taking steps to try it on District Attorney Cameron. And at this distance it looks like they had a good field for endeavor in this instance.

Without any great sketch of the memory, the time can be recalled when it was considered immodest for a lady to ride astride a horse, but times have changed. A news note from Klamath Falls says Mrs. Fannie V. Marsh, a pretty widow, and Joseph Hessing were married in that city last Sunday while astride their saddle horses. Verily it depends on the point of view.

D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, celebrated his ninety-first birthday anniversary last week by rounding out the final distribution of \$5,000,000 of his wealth for educational and other worthy purposes, while Hetty Green made her old heart glad by handing over to her son \$100,000,000 to be used in establishing a chain of banks from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Doing good with money all depends on the point of view, it seems.

The Oregon Electric people now announce that the proposed extension into Yamhill county will not be built before 1912 and no assurance is given that work will begin then. This will probably ease up the scare that impelled the Southern Pacific to come out recently with the statement that their West Side lines would be electrified this season and there will be "nothing doing" there. But didn't we "argue" in the debating clubs when we were boys that "There is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession?"

A Salem news note says arrangements are being made with the pastors in the Capital city to devote one day to boosting for Salem, when each minister is to preach a sermon lauding the resources of the city. They will, of course, be expected to tell in eloquent words that a liberal distribution of "thirst parlors" has been made throughout the city so that no one need complain of a lack of throat irrigation, and also that all the church members pay their dues promptly, thus causing no delay in the payment of the pastors' salaries. It pays to advertise.

80TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED

A very enjoyable birthday party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Wright, on School street Saturday, April 15, the occasion being the 80th birthday of Isaac Hinshaw. The home was nicely decorated in green and white and a sumptuous dinner was prepared; after all had pertaken of it, the guests were highly entertained by Asa Kelsey, telling us several stories, which were both instructive and amusing. The company departed leaving numerous tokens of love

and appreciation. The invited guests were Isaac and Elizabeth Hinshaw, ages 80 and 74 years; Henry and Mary Mills, ages 81 and 79 years; Asa and Sarah Kelsey, ages 72 and 77 years; Milton and Mary Jane Newlin, ages 77 and 73 years; Tenitia Snider, age 74 years; James P. and Anna M. Price, ages 68 and 56 years; Vernon and Hattie Hinshaw and son Virgil, Everett and Ora H. White Miss Ida Hinshaw, Edson and Laura H. Wright and son Deane.

MAULED BY A LION.

An East African Hunter Who Was Pretty Close to Death.

A story of another addition to the long list of hunters injured by lions comes from British East Africa and is printed in Forest and Stream. The account of the injury to Mr. Harry Williams, the African explorer, is given by the victim as follows:

One day I was out alone, having only my two gun bearers with me, when I saw a lion on the right, about 300 yards away.

I put up my hand as a signal to my head gun bearer to come up with a spare rifle, and together we worked closer and closer to the lion. The beast seemed to have no intention of stopping, so I struck one hand on the back of the other. The lion seemed to decide upon retreat, for he turned and trotted away.

I fired both barrels of my 450 at him. One shot reached him in the flank. It was only a slight flesh wound, but it paralyzed him for the moment, and he sat down on his haunches like a dog. After a few minutes he got up and went into a bit of open bush.

Not knowing what state the brute might be in, I made for a big open patch on my left front, hoping to get a better sight of him. The lion, however, had been watching me and now came straight at me at a terrifying pace.

I thought myself a dead man, but with the courage born of despair I raised my rifle in both hands and struck him across the side of the head. Almost simultaneously he ducked and seized me by the right leg, shaking me from side to side as if I had been a rat.

At that moment my gun bearer came up while the lion was actually mauling me, shoved the rifle he carried down to me and asked me how to turn the safety catch. I had sufficient presence of mind to be able to explain in a second, and the gun bearer fired.

The lion left me and rushed into a bush five yards away, giving me time to put two cartridges in my rifle while I still lay on the ground.

Raising myself to fire, I saw that the lion was in the act of springing. I fired both barrels from my hip at his head, the "boy" firing at the same time, and the brute rolled over dead.

I fell back again and for a few moments half swooned. But as soon as the second gun bearer came up I sent him off to find camp and bring back some men to carry me in. For an hour I lay there, and then half the camp turned up, and I was carried in on a bed. I shall never forget the agony of that journey.

Quenching Thirst at Sea.

Many years ago Dr. Hing suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched by dipping the clothing in salt water and putting it on without wringing it out. The captain on being cast away succeeded in persuading some of the men to follow his example, and they all survived, while the four who refused and drank salt water became delirious and died. Captain Kennedy goes on to say, "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent thirst went off and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes when we had bathed and washed our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."—London Standard.

French Brier Root.

French brier, like many other things, is wrongly named, since it does not come from France, but from Italy. French brier is really Italian furze, a growth of the Tuscan Alps. The plant is most carefully cultivated, all the sprouts and leaves being kept well pruned, thus allowing the sap to go almost entirely to the root. The root is cut when fully developed, boiled and dried. It takes six or eight years for the drying process to complete itself. The best brier pipe is one that is cut across the grain of the root, and the grain should be bird's eye. Such a pipe will last a lifetime with proper care.—New York American.

FICKLE FASHION.

Some of the Things That Start Styles or Kill Them.

It is not easy to kill a fashion, but it may be done with authority and skill. Authority comes in with the postmaster general's limitation of the cardboard box to six feet (measured either way), which means, being interpreted, that the postmaster general, being a man, forbids you, being a woman, to achieve by parcels post a hat which is above the regulation government official size. Whatever you are, ladies, the postmaster general, with his tape measure, remembers what you wear.

The postmaster general and the lady who was hanged in a black silk dress are not alone in the setting of fashion. The size of the hat is limited by the size of the bandbox the postoffice will accept, and the woman of England said they would be hanged if they wore a black silk dress in which a notorious lady was strangled. But a budding fashion was curiously squashed in the end of the last century, the fur cape, a useful article and ornamental to the slim. A fat duchess saw herself in the glass, saw that it did not suit her stubby figure and dressed her coachman in it. And the fur cape became so unfashionable that even footmen struck.

Both black satin dresses and white lace veils went immediately out of fashion when a murderess wore them at her execution. The woman was Mrs. Manning, who, with her husband, was executed for the murder of a man named O'Connor before Horsemeadow lane jail on Nov. 13, 1849.

A particular kind of black beaver hat fell in popularity when Franz Muller was in 1864 hanged for the murder of Thomas Briggs on the North London railway. Muller's hat, found in the railway carriage, formed the connecting link in a remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence. Henceforth "mullers," as they were called, were tabooed, and anybody who wore one risked having it smashed at sight.

While in England garments have been made unfashionable by figuring at the execution of criminals, in France the public executioner at one time actually set the fashion. Sanson, the executioner, was famous for the richness of his attire and attracted such attention thereby that just before the revolution he was forbidden to wear blue, which was a nobleman's color. By way of protest he made himself even more gorgeous and despite his office made the green cloth which he adopted fashionable with the court dandies, who imitated both the cut and color of his clothes.—London Chronicle.

An Old Welsh Way.

The quaint old Welsh way in which Swansea women carry their babies attracts every one's notice when visiting that town for the first time. A big shawl over the right shoulder is drawn down to the left hip, where the two ends of the shawl are met and held together, forming a sort of pouch or pocket, in which the baby snuggles cozily and safely. Its weight is so supported by the hip and distributed by the shawl over the whole upper part of the body that there is no strain at all or any tiring of the arms. This probably accounts for the upright carriage of the Welsh mother. Moreover, the method is comfortable for the child and so safe that in Swansea small boys swathed in their mothers' shawls are seen carrying the family's latest baby.—London Chronicle.

Dickens and His Titles.

Charles Dickens had great difficulty in choosing titles for his various publications. The following is a list of fourteen suggestions given by the author to his adviser, Foster, for the title of one book, out of which, need hardly be added, No. 5 was chosen: 1. According to Crocker. 2. Prove It. 3. Stubborn Things. 4. Mr. Grandgrind's Facts. 5. The Grindstone. 6. Hard Times. 7. Two and Two Are Four. 8. Something Tangible. 9. Our Hard Headed Friend. 10. Rust and Dust. 11. Simple Arithmetic. 12. A Matter of Calculation. 13. A Mere Matter of Figures. 14. The Grandgrind Philosophy.

Oily.

An enlightened Glasgow woman has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene. The father's name is Pete Roleum, while her own is Rosaline. It is to be hoped that the babies will grow up paraffin girls, for then the man who narries into that family will undoubtedly strike oil. Of course here is some likelihood that sparking in the immediate neighborhood of these girls may prove a somewhat dangerous pastime and that when they do make a match of it they will have to be very carefully handled lest the husbands find themselves in the wrong box.—London Scraps.

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We have just received and assembled our second load of buggies, consisting of the following well known and guaranteed makes, ranging in prices

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A certain young fellow has got the parrot's complaint—he talks too much. And this is how it let him down a cropper at an important interview.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her!" he exclaimed passionately. "Why, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks 200 feet below!"

The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough in a small family like mine."—London Globe.

The Young Lobster.

From the eggs of the lobster are hatched creatures not in the least resembling their parents—little fellows that swim with featherlike locomotive organs near the surface of the water. At the end of six weeks they develop legs—unless, as is highly probable, they have previously been devoured by fishes or other enemies—becoming thereupon small obsters of familiar shape. Having reached this stage of growth, the young lobsters become walking animals, and, sinking to the bottom, immediately seek hiding places to protect them from their foes.

Two Made Good Company.

Alderman Jinks was describing a magnificent feast he had assisted at the previous evening.

"Yes," he said, smacking his lips, "I never enjoyed a spread so much. Oh, that turkey! What a bird! They had it stuffed to the eyes with truffles, and the flesh positively melted in the mouth. Nothing was left but the bones."

"How many were you?" some one asked.

"Oh, only two—of us," was the somewhat startling reply.

"What! Only two?"

"Yes, two. Why not? The turkey and myself."—Stray Stories.

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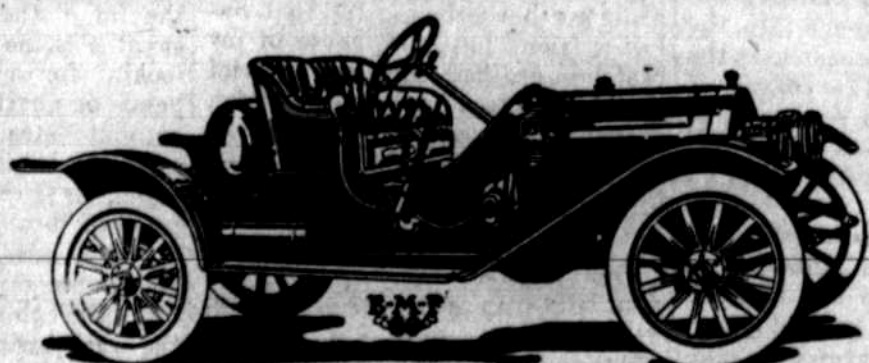
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