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HIGH PRICED HONOR

It Costs to Represent Uncle Sam
at a Foreign Court.

HEDGED ABOUT BY DIGNITY.

Trials and Tribulations That Bees a New Ambassador—Ceremonies in Which He Must Participate and For Which He Must Give Lavish Tips.

An unofficial American can live more economically abroad than at home—that is a fact. Food is cheaper. Servants work for less money. This being so, why is it not possible for an unpretentious Yankee diplomat to live in Europe for the same money as in America? I put the question to a former ambassador who has lived in London, Paris and Rome.

"They tell me one can go to the market and buy a part of a chicken—a wing or a drumstick. Think of it: Food must be cheap there."

"But the ambassador cannot sally forth with a market basket on his arm," said the retired diplomat.

That sums up the difficulty. An ambassador cannot do anything for himself. So he is a shining mark for everybody. There is nobody so helpless in America, except the poor taxpayer. Let us look into it.

International law, which is as full of fine spun distinctions as common law or domestic law, regards an ambassador as the direct personal representative of the ruler of his country and ordains that he be treated in a manner befitting such a very important person. This accounts for the ceremony attending the ambassador's presentation of the president's letter of credence to the sovereign. In detail the function varies in different countries, but the continental custom is in general as follows:

At the day and hour fixed by the king, emperor or president a court functionary of high degree in gorgeous uniform appears at the abode of the new American ambassador. He is accompanied by numerous other personages, somewhat lower in rank, but uniformed in equally bright colors. He is provided with three court carriages, together with attendants and outriders. He is in command of a mounted escort and, last, but not least, of a white plumed band, accoutered with instruments of glittering brass.

The American ambassador, probably flustered by the ceremony, is conducted to the first of the carriages which is drawn by eight horses. He is politely waved to the back seat, while his personal escort, instead of sitting by his side, takes the seat facing him. The Yankee diplomat wears a frock coat—Prince Albert, he calls it—and a silk hat, and his gloves, dictated by his wife, are of gray suede.

Across from him sits the chief functionary, attired with a brilliance seldom seen outside of comic opera.

In solemn stately procession the carriages and outriders, preceded by the mounted troop, with the resonant band in the van, take up the march to the palace. On both sides of the thoroughfare is a curious, gaping crowd. At that the many corps de garde soldiers come out and present arms, and when the American ambassador, a plain man, perhaps, arrives at the palace there is an elaborate presentation of arms and a beating of drums that completely take the gimp out of him.

Unexpectedly simple is the sovereign's reception of the new diplomat, but after it is over the American must again endure the ceremonious procession back to his domicile. Then comes the shock.

The first secretary explains that the sun must not set before the pourboire is distributed. This, the ambassador learns, is French for tip. He also learns that the transportation to and from the palace has a purse string to it. The keeper of the royal stables must be tipped.

"It is an inviolable custom," insists the first secretary.

"How much?" asks the fledgling diplomat.

"For an ambassador," says the first secretary, "the rule is \$200."

There is probably an explosion, but in the end the ambassador pays.

A London editor, who was born in America and received his newspaper training on this side of the water, once said:

"You can safely give a present, if not a gratuity, to any official below the sovereign on the continent."

"How about England?" I asked.

"The present should be more expensive, the gratuity larger,"—Henry Beach Needham in Saturday Evening Post.

Paint Saves Money.
Why not use a little paint occasionally? It prolongs the life of the buildings, adds value to the price of the farm and helps to make a "home beautiful." Buildings last 25 to 50 per cent longer if painted. That means that a building which would last fifty to seventy-five years unpainted would last 75 to 125 years if painted. It is the same with fences and farm implements. It is easy to see that paint saves money.—Kansas Farmer.

Generous.

Father—I want to tell you this, my son. The secret of success is hard work. Now if it's a secret, dad, you shouldn't have mentioned it. Fortunately, I'm too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way.—Boston Transcript.

Successful minds work like a gimlet—a single point.—Bovee.

MADE A GOOD GUESS.

He Had No Thermometer to Tell Him the Temperature.

It often happens on sledge journeys among the arctic ice that the thermometers are broken. In that case the party finds itself without any means of determining the temperature. But Roald Amundsen, the discoverer of the south pole, says that if the explorer accustomed himself to guess the temperature it is possible to estimate the mean temperature for a month with a fair degree of accuracy. This fact he proved by means of a guessing competition during the winter that his party spent in camp on the great ice barrier.

As each man came in in the morning he gave his opinion of the temperature outside, and each guess was entered in a book. At the end of the month I went over the figures, and the man who had guessed correctly the greatest number of times won the prize—a few cigars. Besides giving practice in estimating degrees of cold, it was a very good diversion with which to begin the day. When one day I almost exactly like another the first hour of the morning is likely to be a little sour. The competition engaged every one's attention pleasantly. Each man's entrance was awaited with excitement, and one man was not permitted to make his guess in the hearing of the man who followed him. Therefore they had to speak as they came in, one by one.

"Now, Sturberud," I would say, "what's the temperature today?" Sturberud had his own way of calculating, which I never succeeded in understanding. One day, for instance, he looked about him and studied the various faces. "It isn't warm today," he said at last, with a great deal of conviction. "I could immediately encourage him with the assurance that he had guessed correctly. It was — 13 degrees F."

The monthly results were very interesting. So far as I can remember, the best performance in any month was eight approximately correct guesses. A man might keep remarkably close to the actual temperature for a long time and then suddenly one day make an error of 25 degrees.

The winner's mean temperature agreed within a few tenths of a degree with the actual mean temperature of the month, and the mean of all the competitors' mean temperature gave a result that was almost exactly correct. So if we had been so unlicky as to lose all our thermometers we should not have been entirely at a loss.

What Popsy Saw in Church.

Once Popsy goes to Hackney church, "chiefly," he says, "to see the young ladies of the school, whereof there is great store and very pretty." And on another Sunday, "After dinner I did by water alone to Westminster to the parish church and there did entertain myself with the perspective glass and down the church, by which I had great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till the sermon was done." And again on a Sunday afternoon to the same church, "thinking to see Betty Michell and stay an hour in the crowd, thinking by the end of a nose that I saw that it had been her, but at last the head was turned toward me and it was her mother, which vexed me."—George Hodges in the Atlantic.

Damaraland.

Mistakes such as that which makes Uganda of Buganda are frequent when the white man bases his geographical nomenclature on his understanding of the native. Sometimes they are amusing when one gets the explanation. For instance, Damaraland should really be Damagualand, just as Namaqualand and Grikqualand, for "qua" is the masculine plural, meaning "men." "Ra" is the feminine dual. The explorer, with a sweep of his hand, questioned his native guides as to the name of the country. But they thought he was pointing to two Dama women in the distance and answered, "Damarara." So this portion of German Africa bears a name which signifies "land of two Dama women."—London Chronicle.

Told of a Tailor.

A Viennese tailor was so fascinated by his own figure in a suit ordered by a court functionary that he could not make up his mind to part with the garment. He passed hours daily before the mirror admiring the elegant fit until his mind gave way to lunacy. He finally had to be consigned to an asylum, whether he was entitled, says a correspondent, on pretext of his being invited to attend a levee in his court dress.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Happy Relief.

"You seem happier." "Yes," responded the clerk in the department store. "I've been transferred from the silk counter to the grindstone department. And very few women out shopping insist on pawing over that stock."—Washington Herald.

Call Money.

"I wish I had a lot of that call money." "What for?" "To pay my telephone bills with, stupid."—Baltimore American.

Base Hit.

"You talk about men!" exclaimed the suffragette. "What has man ever done for woman?" "He invented the ballot box," came dimly from the rear of the hall.

Where a man can live he can also die well, but he may not have to live in a palace.—Marcus Aurelius.

DARING SHOOTERS

Moonlighters in the Early Days of Our Oil Wells.

FORCED TO WORK IN SECRET.

These Bold Spirits, to Dodge the Owner of the Patent Method of Shooting Wells, Had to Operate at Night—Men and Machinery Often Annihilated.

One of the most dangerous and at the same time romantic phases of the early oil business was known as moonlighting. In the beginning of the oil excitement a certain man held the patent to the method of shooting the wells. Having a monopoly of the trade, he could and did charge whatever price he saw fit.

As a result of this condition of affairs there sprang into existence a number of bold spirits who began the manufacture of nitroglycerin, the explosive used, and shooting the wells for much less money than the patent holder charged. They were forced to use the greatest secrecy in their work, for the patent holder had men employed for the express purpose of spying on all the wells drilled. A stiff fine for the first offense and a prison term for the second were the punishments inflicted on the man unlucky enough to get caught. These outlaw shooters had their plants for making the glycerin located in some out of the way spot and when their services were required did their shooting by moonlight, hence the name moonlighter.

Many and varied were the adventures that befell these moonlighters. A driller coming out from town to a well one day saw a can half hidden in a fence corner and stopped to investigate. Taking off the lid, he saw what he supposed was tar oil. Well pleased with his find, he took it along with him. He showed his treasure to his mates at the well and then used some of it to lubricate the engine. For some reason the men were called from the vicinity of the derrick. They had got but a short distance when there was an explosion that fitted the costly engine for the scrap heap. A close inspection of the supposed tar oil revealed the startling fact that it was nitroglycerin. It was a frightened lot of men who gingerly returned the can to the fence corner from which the driller had taken it.

It proved to be the property of a moonlighter, who had left it there, intending to return for it that night.

In so dangerous an occupation as moonlighting many fatal accidents were to be expected. I recall very distinctly two that occurred within a short time of each other.

In the first, the moonlighter, a big blond Swede, had come straight from his wedding to the well. The liquor he had been drinking in celebration of his marriage had ruffled his usually placid temper. He had filled the shell with the glycerin and was endeavoring to slip the cap into place. His hands were a trifle unsteady, and he fumbled it several minutes. Finally, losing his temper, he roughly jerked the cap into place and struck the percussion cap a heavy blow with his fist.

There was a crash that shook the very earth. The derrick and everything in it was blown to splinters. The men who had been watching the operation were instantly killed.

Some time later another terrible accident happened. The moonlighter was a young fellow and noted for his careful work. The well he was to shoot had made a fine showing in the sand, and the owner confidently expected a gusher. The shot was started down, and everything seemed to be going all right. There were several men in the derrick, and a tool dresser stood waiting for the shot to reach the bottom of the well when the piece of iron he held in his hand, which was called the go devil, would be sent down to set it off. The moonlighter let the rope, which was stretched taut by the weight of the heavy shot, run through his hands. Suddenly the rope slackened. He knew only too well what that meant. The gas in the well was forcing the shot back out.

"It is coming out!" For God's sake help me catch it!" he yelled to the tool dresser.

With a shriek the tool dresser fled, and the others, knowing their terrible danger, followed him. The shooter, prompted by the mad hope of catching the shell as it came out and thus averting the disaster, stuck to his post.

There came a deafening explosion that reduced the derrick to a mass of kindling wood. The boiler and engine were twisted wrecks. Strewn upon the ground were the mutilated remains of what had been so short a time before strong men. The moonlighter, who had tried with such desperate courage to save them, had been completely annihilated.

Nitroglycerin is when handled in broad daylight and under most favorable conditions a dangerous article. How greatly the danger was increased by handling it as the moonlighters were compelled to may easily be understood. It was without doubt a most hazardous occupation, but the excitement connected with it, to say nothing of the large amount of money received for their services, proved irresistible to the reckless and daring fellows who became moonlighters.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The archer who misses the target turns to himself and not to another for the cause of his failure.—Confucius.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.

And the Attic Room in Which He Wrote His Masterpiece.

A graphic description of a visit to Victor Hugo in Guernsey and of his quaint home there is given by the late Sir William Butler in his autobiography.

"Of the many curious things to be seen in Hauteville house the master's sleeping room was the strangest. He had built it on the roof between two great blocks of chimneys. You ascended to his workshop bedroom by stairs which somewhat resembled a ladder. Quite half of the room was glass, and the view from it was magnificent. The Isles of Jethou and Sark were in the middle distance, and beyond lay many a mile of the Norman coast. Alderney lay to the north, and beyond it one saw the glistening windows of the triple lighthouses of the Casquet rocks and still more to the right the high ridges overlooking Cherbourg. The bed was a small camp bedstead, with a table on one side of it and a small desk chest of drawers on the other, with pens, ink and paper always within reach.

"Near the bed stood a small stove, which he lighted himself every morning and on which he prepared his cafe au lait; then work began at the large table which stood in the glass alcove a few feet from the foot of the bed. This work went on till it was time to dress and descend to déjeuner in the room on the ground floor already described. As the sheets of writing paper were finished they were numbered and dropped on the floor, to be picked up, arranged and put away in the drawer desk at the end of the morning's labor. He called the writing table his 'carpenter's bench' and the leaves which fell from it his 'shavings'.

"It was at this table and in this airy attic that most of the great work of his later life was done. Here were written 'Les Misérables,' 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' and many volumes of poetry."

PAID WITH A FLAG.

Rich Ducal Estates in England With a Curious Rental.

It is not generally known that on the anniversary of Waterloo each year—June 18, 1815, was the original day—the Duke of Wellington is required to present the sovereign with a new flag bearing the French colors as an acknowledgment that his grace holds the manor of Stratfieldsaye at the will and pleasure of the king, that estate having been presented to the Iron Duke as a national gift for his success over Napoleon at Waterloo.

The ceremony of the presentation of the flag is today much shorn of its ancient glory, for formerly the ruling duke used to bring the trophy himself on horseback and personally offered it to the monarch. Nowadays it is sent by deputy, however, and is then placed by some appointed equerry in the position assigned to it—namely, over the marble bust of the old Duke of Wellington that stands on its pedestal in the guardroom at Windsor castle. The flag which has rested there during the preceding year is then taken down and returned to the duke's messenger.

It is on the special condition of thus rendering this annual tribute of feudal service, as we may call it, that the reigning duke is allowed to retain the splendid estate already mentioned. If he omits to send the banner on the proper day he forfeits the right to the estate.

The same principle applies to the beautiful domains of Rhenish held by the Duke of Marlborough, who similarly has to send a new flag on each anniversary of the battle (Aug. 13, 1704). The banner is placed over the bust of the noted Duke of Marlborough, also in the guardroom at Windsor—London Sphere.

Terrors of Anticipation.

An old German farmer entered the office of a wholesale druggist one morning and addressed the proprietor, "Mr. Becker, I haf der schmall pox?"—"Merifui heavens, Mr. Jacobs!" exclaimed Becker as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out. "Don't come any nearer!"

"Vor's der madder mit you feller, anyhow?" quietly replied Jacobs. "I say I haf der schmall pox of butter out in mine wagon, vot der Mrs. Becker ordered last week already?"—National Food Magazine.

A Story of Beau Nash.

Beau Nash was not entirely a butterfly, as is proved by the following anecdote. His father was a partner in a glass business at Swansea. This was little known, and the Duchess of Marlborough once twitted him with the obscurity of his birth. "Madam," replied Nash, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

Another Maxim Mangled.

"Success will come to any one who perseveres."

"I am not so sure about that. I have been married for ten years now, and my husband hasn't liked anything that I have had for dinner yet."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Glaring One.

Teacher—in the sentence, "The sick boy loves his medicine," what part of speech is "loves"? Johnny—It's a sh. am. —London Tit-Bits.

Long Was Short.

Manly—Did you collect that bill from old man Long? Collector—No; he was in, but he was out.—Boston Transcript.



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