



EXAMINE OUR LUMBER

closely and you will understand why we can truthfully claim superiority for it. The smooth straight grain, the absence of large knots, the thorough seasoning all show the experienced economy of using our stuff. Follow their example and profit as they do by being customers of ours.

M. H. PINNEY

306 N. Main St. Newberg, Ore.

CHASE & LINTON GRAVEL COMPANY

All kinds of gravel for concrete work, cement blocks, or wood work furnished on short notice.

Telephone White 85

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK ON PATENTS** sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. **MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York** Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Newberg Transfer Co.

is prepared to transfer your goods anywhere, any place any time.

Prices Reasonable

Office phone Black 100, or

residence (Black 123) pho on Red 79 Call up Red 80

NEWBERG WOOD YARD

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Wood of all kinds. Wood sawing a specialty. Prompt service. Leave orders at yard or at Dawson house, 109, West Hancock St.

PHONE RED 174

E. P. HAMILTON, Prop.

OREGON AGRICULTURE COLLEGE

FARMER'S WEEK

December 8 to 13, 1913

This will be a notable event in the educational history of Oregon.

Farmers' Co-operation will be the leading topic of a stimulating series of lectures. The week will be crowded with discussions, and demonstrations in everything that makes for the welfare of the farmer and home-maker.

WINTER SHORT COURSE

January 5 to 30, 1914

The College has spared no effort to make this the most complete short course in its history. A very wide range of courses will be offered in General Agriculture, Horticulture, Animal Husbandry, Dairying, Poultry Keeping, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry and Music. Numerous lectures and discussions on FARMERS' CO-OPERATION, at home and abroad, will be a leading feature. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Accommodations reasonable. Reduced rates on all railroads. For information address

H. M. TENNAT, Registrar,

Corvallis, Oregon.

Farmers' Business Courses by Correspondence without tuition.

J. H. GIBSON, Mgr.

The only Abstract Books in Yamhill County

Yamhill County Abstract Co.

McMinnville, Oregon

Mistaken Identity

By ADDIE F. MITCHELL.

Mrs. Vaughn put down the letter she had been reading, with a troubled little sigh. Her daughter Madge looked up from the step.

"What's the matter, mother? You look as if you had been reading your death warrant."

"I have—the death warrant of our peace. Aunt Mary North writes to ask if we won't keep her Tom while she and Mr. North go abroad."

"Who's her Tom?" asked Madge succinctly.

"Her stepson. I've not seen Aunt Mary since she married Mr. North, and I know next to nothing of the North family. But Mrs. Wilson knew Mr. North when they were living in Chicago (that was in the time of the first Mrs. North), and she said there were two girls and a boy. The boy was in kilts then, and that was five years ago, so he must be about eight or nine years old. Aunt Mary says he has been ill with typhoid and that she remembers with hope for his health that the air at Pinecroft is healing."

"But we can't have him, mother. Think of having an eight-year-old boy on our hands the whole summer! We can never get enough cooked for him to eat, and he'll be drowned regularly once a week and break all his arms and legs on the other days. And I wanted a quiet, heavenly rest this summer before I have to go back to that awful office."

"But, Madge, I can't refuse Aunt Mary. She was your father's favorite aunt and always so good to him. No, Tommy will have to come, whether we want him or not."

"Well, then, when?"

"The letter says next Tuesday unless they hear from us that it is not convenient."

"Tell Aunt Mary I have the smallpox or that I died suddenly at the news—anything. Please, mother!"

"I was wondering," said her mother, "whether an eight-year-old boy would be afraid to sleep in a room by himself. Shall we put a bed in the alcove off my room or fix up the south chamber?"

Still grumbling, Madge helped her mother get ready the south chamber. As she worked she grew interested and even took from the walls of her own room some interesting prints which she thought would be suitable for a boy's room.

"I can't see, though, why Aunt Mary didn't take the little wretch abroad with her—the sea air would do him good. Take out all the fancy things, mother, as you value them."

"If you only understood big boys as well as you seem to understand the small ones you would not be twenty-four and still single," teased her mother.

"I do, mother," said Madge vehemently. "I understand them altogether too well, and that's the very reason I am still single."

There was no immediate reply to this, and Mrs. Vaughn turned her attention to the room.

"Get all your old picture books and put them on that shelf, Madge, and I think I'll bring Jim's old hobbyhorse down from the attic. He may despise it, but you never can tell."

Arrangements were finally completed, and Madge rather looked forward to the coming of the little boy, so that when Tuesday came she willingly drove to the station for him, though she protested that St. Lawrence and his gridiron were as nothing to the torment she was undergoing. She took along a bag of cookies, "just to stop up his mouth so he can't ask questions," she explained.

The train was late, and Madge got a little cross as she waited in the open trap with the hot sun beating down upon her. The pony was restless, and she dared not leave him to go inside of the station. When the train finally steamed in, however, she gave the reins to a porter and went to find her young charge. She watched the few who came out of the coaches nervously, with one eye on the dancing pony, but as far as she could see no small boy was on the train.

"Well," she thought, "I suppose I should be glad of it," and was going back to the trap, when it occurred to her that he might some way have got past her into the station and might be waiting for her there. She looked in. No one was there but a very tall young man, who was leaning back rather limply against the seat, pale as from a recent illness. Madge gave him

more than a passing glance because she wondered who he might be. Young men at Pinecroft at this season were a rarity.

"Looks sick," she muttered, "or a little daffy." She was getting into the cart when a quiet "I beg your pardon" caused her to wheel around. The strange young man, hat in hand, was certainly speaking to her. She merely looked her surprise.

"Are you not Miss Vaughn, and weren't you expecting me?" Her blue eyes widened into a positive stare of amazement.

"I—I am Madge Vaughn, but you—you must be mistaken," she said.

"I am Dr. North—Tom North, my mother wrote." He was blushing a little at the queerness of her reception.

"You—you are little Tommy? Why?" She began to laugh merrily, and the young man laughed, too, a bit stiffly, for he did not understand the joke. "You have the advantage of me," he said.

Madge sobered at his tone and realized that she was not displaying any marked hospitality. She held out a repentant hand, which the young man took eagerly. "We're sort of cousins, I guess," she said. "Anyway, if you are Tommy North we've been looking for you, so get in, and we'll start."

"I can go away if it is not convenient," protested the man.

"Convenient! After I've worked for three days getting picture books and kites and little blue overalls ready for you! No, sir; you will have to use all those things."

"You see," she explained as she drove along, "we got the impression from some one that you were about eight years old. Your mother never mentioned your age or height, and so we got ready for a small boy, and—here are some cookies I brought along so that you would not ask questions on the way home." She thrust a paper bag into his hands.

They were both laughing like children as they drove in at the gate, and by the time explanations were made to Mrs. Vaughn the young man was thankful that the surprise had happened. He felt that it had been a good thing to take Madge by surprise, for when two people have laughed together they have rapidly progressed in their acquaintance.

On the very first day Mrs. Vaughn had looked at the two with comprehension in her eyes, and as the weeks grew into months she felt reasonably sure that Madge would never go back to the office.

The day before he was scheduled to go back to the city, a new man by reason of Pinecroft air and agreeable companionship, they took the big red and blue kite to the top of a nearby hill to fly it. It soared clear above the trees as the man slowly unwound the long yellow string. The girl watched it rather sadly, for as yet there had been no word of love between them, and she realized that she had grown to care so much that it was hard not to let him see it. The tears had come into her eyes, and now they splashed over. The young man looked up just in time to catch sight of them, and, letting the string go, he turned and caught her in his arms.

"Dear," he whispered, "what is it?" She did not speak, but she did not try to get away either, and after a moment he said:

"Is it because I am going away—is it, Madge?" She shook her head.

"Why, then," he urged, "tell me." Suddenly she began to laugh—a soft little laugh that made the man hold her closer.

"I was only wondering," she said, "whether or not there was a girl?" "You bet there is," he interrupted, "and I've got her right where I want her." Which sentence, slangy as it was, seemed to be wholly satisfactory to Madge.

Apples Made Studying Easier. Apples make a better "feed" while you are studying than a box of chocolates.

A bright girl who took her four year high school course in three years, graduating with honors, was asked how she did it.

"Just ate apples," was her answer. "Seemed to me I could get almost any lesson if I had an apple to eat while I was at it."

It wasn't merely "something to munch on." Apples have just the medicinal properties that are needed for the "prevention." No need, then, for a "cure."—Kansas Industrialist.

Effective.

The late Charles E. Brookfield knew the mid-Victoria celebrities, and one of his many stories relates to an incident that occurred when he was staying with Tennyson and Fitzgerald. Tennyson had his feet on the mantel shelf, and "Old Fitz" was much annoyed. After some vain expostulation, Fitzgerald said: "Do take your feet down, Alfred; you look like a Longfellow." Tennyson's feet came down instantly.

TREASURE IN A TRASH BOX.

A Treasury Department Puzzle That Remains Unsolved.

Sophia Holmes was a free colored woman, the wife of a slave owned by Colonel Seaton, who lived in Washington at the beginning of the war between the states. The husband was with the army and lost his life at the battle of Manassas, so his widow, who had ten children to care for, applied to General Spinner, then treasurer of the United States, for work. She was given the task of sweeping, dusting and emptying wastebaskets at a salary of \$15 a month.

One day, after the clerks had all left the rooms, she discovered that one of the boxes in which waste paper was thrown was almost full of big bundles of crisp, new money! Some of the bills were as high in denomination as \$1,000. They were all neatly packed, and enough litter to hide them was spread over them.

Sophia hastily covered up the treasure and continued her work as if nothing had happened. The watchman, making his last rounds, asked her why she lingered so late. She pretended to be busy, and the man kept on and left her undisturbed. Sophia feared to tell the watchman what she had found. "He might er tuck the money hisself, and then laid it on me," she afterward said.

Now Sophia knew that it was the habit of General Spinner to spend the night in his office. So great was his anxiety at this time that he slept in a little room that adjoined his main office. In a jacket and slippers he would rest most of the night, although he would get up frequently to make a tour of the building and satisfy himself that everything was in perfect order.

So Sophia waited. She sat on the box of money and nodded. The hours slipped by and still she failed to hear the tap, tap! of the old slippers coming down the stone halls. But at last she heard the familiar footsteps approach her door. As General Spinner was about to pass, she stepped forward.

"Just step in here and see what I done find!" exclaimed Sophia in a mysterious voice. Then she took the litter from the top of a big box and showed to the startled man the bundles of new money within.

General Spinner sat at once for some of the treasury officials; the money was counted and found to amount to over \$200,000. Meanwhile he sent Sophia home in a carriage to her waiting little ones.

No one ever found out who put almost a quarter of a million dollars of newly printed money into a trash box. The mystery remains unsolved to this day. As a reward for her honesty, Sophia Holmes was appointed to a position that paid her more than \$50 a month. She died several years ago at the ripe age of seventy-nine years.—Youth's Companion.

Cloves of Pemba.

About two-thirds of all the cloves come from a little island named Pemba that lies about 5 degrees south of the equator, just within sight of the mainland of Africa, between Mombasa and Zanzibar. The island of Pemba is only thirty-five miles long and ten wide. It is a low, jungle covered, fever haunted spot, surrounded by coral reefs and inhabited by indolent, unintelligent and improvident natives and a small handful of Europeans.

The clove tree is singularly delicate and must have a combination of climatic conditions that exist in a few places on earth. Where it will grow at all it will grow wild and in profusion.

Liberia.

The republic of Liberia was founded in 1820 by the American Colonization society, which was established by Henry Clay in 1816. The capital of the republic, Monrovia, was so named in honor of James Monroe, president of the United States at the time the republic was founded. Many blacks were taken over from this country, with the idea that, having become civilized to a certain extent here, they would act as valuable assistants to the natives in the work of managing the fortunes of the new state. Liberia has never prospered and is at the present time "in the hands of a receiver," so to speak.—New York American.

Move the Carpet.

Every now and then, instead of allowing the stair carpet to remain in exactly the same position as first placed, the tread of the carpet should be moved a couple of inches or so either up or down. This has the effect of keeping the pile of the carpet in a uniform condition, and, besides retaining the fresh appearance of the carpet, it helps it to last much longer than it would if left exactly as laid.—It costs nothing to do this, but saves much.

For Goodness Sake BUILD WITH

Spaulding's Lumber

And Be SATISFIED Forever

GUARANTEED QUALITY

Delivery Everywhere

Phone, White 26

"There Is a House With a Bathroom"

was an expression at one time calculated to arouse interest, but now, conditions are entirely different. To build a house without a bathroom merely raises a question as to the good judgment of the builder. People know that he has either not considered or else misjudged the importance that an up-to-date bathroom has in increasing the value of the house, both as to renting and selling value.

For the finest plumbing equipment at reasonable cost we recommend "Standard" plumbing fixtures and will be pleased to show you the many artistic designs in which they are made. Ask for illustrated booklet.



E. L. EVANS, Plumber

501 FIRST STREET

The Roof of Quality and Service is made from Copper Bearing Open Hearth Roofing Tin

For further particulars inquire

SHEET METAL WORKS

Phone White 192 Shop: 402 First Street

F. H. GRIFFITH

PHONES: Residence, Red 167; Shop, Black 195

F. J. KELLEY PLUMBING COMPANY

Sanitary Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Galvanized Pipe, Etc.

312 First Street, Opposite Spaulding Logging Co's. Office, Newberg, Or.

LIGHT AND POWER

HOUSE WIRING AND ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

Yamhill Electric Company

THE GRAPHIC CLUBBING OFFER

All the same as city folks, the family who lives on a rural mail route may have a daily paper to read the same day it comes from the press. Read our clubbing offer:

Daily and Sunday Oregonian and The Graphic, one year..... \$8.00
Daily, without Sunday, and Graphic 1 year \$6.00
Weekly Oregonian and Graphic 1 year..... \$2.25