

Roll The Dollars Our Way and They Will Roll Back To You

Business Men of Newberg Have Just What You Want and Just When You Want It

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We save you money by giving you the best for the money.

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Order Your Groceries from

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WARNER'S CORSETS—the most comfortable corset made.

CLARA BARTON SHOES—there is nothing better.

GROCERIES—The Best. Always Fresh.

"The Home of Good Things"

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Ladies and Gents Furnishing Goods

Ladies, Misses and Children's Suits and Coats

Men's Suits and Overcoats

Shoes and Notions

Dry Goods and Groceries. Fruits and Vegetables

CALL FOR THE

Marigold Brand

Evaporated Milk

It is a home prepared product, sells at a low price, and there is none better.

Western Condensed Milk Co.

DO YOUR TRADING AT

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The Big Store with the Little Prices

Quality always the best; prices always the lowest

J. C. PORTER & CO.

STORIES OF THE ROLLING DOLLAR FARM VALUES

No. 2

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The Rolling Dollar lay in the same purse with a \$50 yellow-back. "Speaking of children," said that busy piece of money, "why don't people look ahead a little? They think they are giving their boys and girls a good start in life, when, as a matter of fact, they are handicapping them heavily."

"You and I know what it means for young people to make a start in the city. We know how many more good chances there are at home—or ought to be. Yet lots of folks, thinking they are saving money, tear down their county town instead of building it up, by buying everything possible from the catalog houses."

"When the children grow up they must stay on the farm or go to the city, for no town can grow and offer opportunities to a young man unless its merchants are patronized. And few boys, seeing how close the sheriff is behind the business men of his own town, will stay there while the distant city attracts them."

"The good people have forced their boys and girls into the fearful grind of the city by their own shortsightedness. The hometown goes downhill, while the mail order houses get rich."

"Farm values are always higher if there is a good live town in the county," responded the \$50 yellowback. "When the farmer sells out and retires he can get a stiff price because he sells location as well as land. Why farm land around Centerville here—where folks keep their money working right around in a circle so that it gets back to

them—is worth a quarter more than Mossdale, where the land is just as good. But the Mossdale country has the mail order bug."

"It is human nature to want a good town to come to once in a while, and we are all willing to pay for a live town's advantages. The people in the Mossdale district send all their money to Chicago and the other mail order centers. Consequently their land is worth less money. They haven't figured yet that no territory, drained of its cash constantly by a city which buys nothing from it in return offers any inducements to investors of newcomers."

"A good local market is worth money to the owner of farm land and you can't have a good market if there is no live town."

"Some people think the local furniture dealer, the clothier, the grocer and the hardware man are robbing them because there is but one or two stores of that kind in the town. That is one excuse for mail order buying."

"Here is proof to the contrary: City people are not a bit smarter than country folks, and they fall for the catalog with the pretty pictures just the same. I heard Omaha sends \$250,000 a year to one Eastern house that has a fascinating scheme for selling soap. Now Omaha has a lot of good stores, big ones, and competition is so keen that 'robbery' is impossible. People there have some other excuse for 'buying a pig in a poke' I suppose, and they get trapped the same way."

Farmers!

When in Newberg, make your headquarters at OPERA GRILLE for Lunch and Refreshments. You will find very courteous treatment and lots of good things to eat. We especially invite the ladies to make this their resting place. Our drinks and ices are delicious and refreshing after a hard day's shopping. We carry a full line of fruits, also magazines and periodicals.

Opera Grille & Confectionery

308 FIRST STREET

C. E. COOK, Prop.

The Fair 5 and 10c Variety Store

"THE STORE OF PERSONAL SERVICE"

716 FIRST STREET

We certainly appreciate the patronage you are giving us and shall use every effort to merit your confidence and to serve you to the best of our ability. Sincerely,

WALLACE & SON

SMITH and WITHYCOMBE

Both Doctors and know the value of a vacuum cleaner

To the Mister who has an automobile, as means of playing fair with the "Missus," don't you know it is your duty to supply her something to lessen the burdens of the home? "Soft words turn away wrath," but an old broom stirs up dust and anger.

The "Simplicity Sweep Clean" is all the name implies. It does the sweeping splendidly. It is health insurance. The sale closes June 16th. Forty dollars on June 17th for the cleaner alone.

\$39.00 GET THE GROUP \$39.00

The Yamhill Electric Company

Miller Mercantile Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

The place where you get 100 cents of value for every dollar spent

Our Motto:

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back

EVIDENCE

The best evidence that this bank is giving satisfactory service is the unprecedented number of new clients who have recently opened accounts here.

Many of these new accounts were opened at the recommendation of our old patrons who desired their friends to share in the conscientious service we are giving.

Let us all work together for the upbuilding of this section.

U. S. National Bank of Newberg

Chehalem Valley Mills

Manufacturers of

"Queen Patent" "White Swan"
"Rosebud" & "Excellent" Flour

MADE IN NEWBERG

The C. C. Store

Newberg's Busy Trading Place

Right buying and selling at a reasonable profit makes it possible for us to give you reliable merchandise at the lowest prices.

REED'S WITTY THRUST.

It silenced for the time the "Great Objector," Holman.

There are many stories of the caustic wit of Thomas B. Reed, the famous speaker of the house of representatives. One of his most amusing thrusts was delivered at William B. Holman, a member of congress from Indiana. It was perhaps the keenest witticism ever uttered in debate on the floor of the house.

Holman was a constant objector to the expenditure of money by congress and had honestly earned the title of "Watchdog of the Treasury." One day, when the committee was perfunctorily putting through a number of bills for the erection of government buildings in various cities, Holman was constantly on his feet, objecting to their consideration. But when Indiana was reached and the committee began to propose appropriations for buildings in the towns of that state Holman's objections came with much less spirit and finally ceased altogether. When at length a bill was offered that carried a generous appropriation for a building in Holman's own town, he rose and expressed hearty approval. Hardly had he taken his seat when Mr. Reed was on his feet. "Mr. Speaker," he shouted, and then, in gently sentimental tones, he recited Byron's familiar lines:

"The sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark."

Ray deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home!

And the "great objector" forgot to object any more that day—YOUTH'S Companion.

THEY PLAYED MARBLES.

One Street Game In Which Lincoln Took a Hand.

An elderly gentleman now residing in Washington tells this story about Abraham Lincoln:

"I was about ten years of age and given violently to the game of marbles. One cold March day my companions and I were playing on the sidewalk before my father's shop when I slipped on a piece of ice and fell, cutting my chin. The other boys seized as many of my marbles as they could and made off. Wild with anger, I started after them, calling them names and threatening to annihilate them, and so on. Suddenly a hand on my collar stopped me, and a deep voice said:

"We've got enough ill feeling going on in this country these days without you boys catching it!"

"A big man swung me around and wiped my wounded chin and then went on:

"I saw what they did, son. Have you any agates left? Good! I'll put up three china alleys, and we'll see who'll win."

"He drew from his pocket three mar-

bles. "I got them from my boy Ted," he explained, and then I knew who he was."

"There on the street I played marbles with the president for five minutes, and he let me win. Here are the marbles—a precious possession!"—Exchange.

Pod the Brute.

Sir Charles Tupper, in his book, "Recollections of Sixty Years," recalls an experience of his daughter in Canada during the Riel rebellion in the northwest. She was in the region of trouble, and on a day when she happened to be alone in her home "in walked a strapping Indian, all war paint and feathers. She thought the best thing she could do was to feed him. She cooked everything in the house—potatoes, meat and bread. When all was consumed—and these Indians will eat at a meal enough to last for three weeks—he had grown to a very large size. As he could not speak a word of English or French, he evinced his gratitude by patting his protuberant stomach, with a guttural "Ha, ha, ha," and left."

Plague of the Black Death.

That terrible plague the black death, originating somewhere in the east, passed by way of Armenia into Asia and thence to Egypt and north Africa. Reaching Sicily in 1346, it spread over Italy, France and nearly all of the

countries of Europe, including the British Isles. The mortality was appalling, some 25,000,000 of people dying from the dread epidemic. The nature of the great pestilence has been a matter of much controversy, but it is generally conceded that it was closely related to what is known today as the "bubonic plague"—New York American.

City of the Dead.

Close by Canton, China, is the hill called Queen of Heaven mountain, on the lower slopes of which is the famous City of the Dead. Their bodies wait in their coffins sometimes several years before the priests are able to determine an auspicious day for interment.

Bluffed and Won.

"What is the meaning of this?" "My dear," he murmured, "I got to thinking about women being denied the right of suffrage, and I took a few drinks."

And he got away with it that time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tune For Tune.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except flute players. He played the flute remarkably well himself. A famous flutist once asked permission to play to the king, hoping that Frederick

would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift. Frederick listened attentively while he played a difficult piece. "You play very well," he said, "and I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the proof. Presently the king returned with his own flute and played the same piece. Then he bade his visitor "Good day," saying, "I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The high-

lander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Changed the Tiger.

On the overthrow of the monarchy of Louis Philippe a Sunday crowd visited the Jardin des Plantes and was amazed to find the fine specimen of the Bengal tiger still bearing the label of "Le Tigre Royal." Nothing would serve the furious crowd but that at once on the spot the authorities should change the name to "Le Tigre National," and they did.—London Academy.

Washington's Estate.

When he died Washington possessed, including the land brought him by his wife and the Mount Vernon estate, more than 74,000 acres. And this did not include his city property. He was indeed a landlord on a large scale. Besides the lands he held personally Washington was partner in various land companies, though none of these appear to have survived the Revolution.