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A Garden Of Roses

And the Old, Old Story That Was Told There.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD

The "tea garden" had flourished from the moment the idea of it had entered Natalie's pretty blond head. No tourist visiting this sunny southern spot would have thought of leaving it without sipping his favorite brand at least once out of the old fashioned Sheldon china.

There were many who continued to come day after day who were really not tea drinkers at all, only wicked pretenders. It is to be suspected that they found their refreshment in watching Natalie's graceful little figure as she sat behind the tall antique silver service under the rose covered pergola leading into the garden.

Among these pretenders, as any one in Bellair could have told you, were Dwight Ellsworth and the major. Dwight would never forget (and for that matter neither would Natalie) the day he and his father had brought their big dusty machine to a halt under the quaint little sign of the "tea garden."

Natalie herself, all fresh, crushable pinkness from the tip of her aristocratic little ears to the train of her gown, had answered the tinkling bell. Could they be served to tea perhaps? The men managed to stammer it simultaneously. Most certainly they could, and would they follow Natalie?

Delightedly, indeed they would. Indeed, the younger man registered in his heart the vow to follow her always, anywhere, although it was his first sight of her.

So out under the rose bower into the garden they trailed their dusty motor coats in the wake of Natalie's rose rivaling daintiness, and while waiting for the tea to be brewed they reveled in the picturesqueness of the spot.

Against the gray walls of the quaint little stone house leaned the high stalks of Easter lilies, some already bursting into bloom. Flanking the trim little garden walks were roses in profusion, pink and yellow and red and white. Away off in one corner was a wide patch of dark green, violet leaves.

"Think of violets outside of a hothouse!" exclaimed the younger man. "I suppose the privilege of picking them wouldn't come within the limit of any ordinary mortal's finances."

Natalie, approaching just then with a trim colored maid behind her, overheard and laughed delightedly.

"They are free for the picking," she answered with charming hospitality—"to my guests."

Dwight's gallantry rose instantly to meet her graciousness.

"Could one encroach further," he asked, with polite humility, "and beg the lady of the garden to gather them for the guests herself?"

Natalie, blushing, for she was very young, tripped down the garden walk in a twinkling.

As she knelt in the cool, rich depth of green, her slender white hands deftly gathering the long stemmed violets, the sunlight resting on the gold of her hair, Dwight Ellsworth watched and utterly forgot to drink his tea, even in make believe.

Not so with Major Ellsworth. His attention was riveted on the silver spoon which he held in his hand.

"This must be a very old piece," he said, glancing up at Natalie as she showered upon them violets and roses and jasmine, with the simple apology, "You might not happen to come again, you see."

"Do you know what the initials 'N. S.' stand for?" he added.

"Natalie Sheldon," she told him—"my great-aunt's name, which is mine."

Major Ellsworth started.

"Natalie Sheldon!" he repeated. "Is your aunt still living, Miss Sheldon?"

"Oh, no!" Natalie answered. "She died very soon after the war."

"Very strange—very interesting," murmured Major Ellsworth absently. Then, speaking directly to Natalie again: "You see, I have a spoon exactly like this in my possession. It belonged to my father, the real Major Ellsworth (I am major only by courtesy), and it was given to him by Natalie Sheldon, with whom he fell in love at the time of the war. After the war he lost all knowledge of her. I've often heard him tell—"

"Oh, you must meet mother," interrupted Natalie excitedly. "She knows all about Aunt Natalie's love affair. Oh, isn't this just like a story book?"

To the romantic tale of the days

that the mother and father of these two impressionable young people thereupon pieced together out of their fragmentary knowledge Natalie and Dwight listened with all their sympathetic young souls.

It was the old story of a southern girl falling in love with a young northern officer and of her father's relentless opposition to the match, even to forbidding the girl from ever writing to her lover or of letting him know her whereabouts after the war.

The girl had died of a broken heart. The man married, to be sure, but to his son he bequeathed with loving remembrance the little silver spoon marked "N. S."

On the strength of this mutual bond of sentiment it was natural that the Ellsworths—both father and son—fell into the habit of frequenting the little tea garden.

Not always at the popular social hour, to be sure. In fact, to Natalie's delight, they pointedly avoided that gregarious part of the day, sometimes deferring their visit till the sun had gone down, and, on rarer occasions still, till the moon even had stolen its way into the fragrant garden.

"I've brought you something to-night, Natalie," announced the major on one such occasion, unfolding from its crumpled tissue wrappings a tiny silver spoon. "You see," he added, "it really belongs to you, my dear young girl, and I thought that just now would be an appropriate time to give it over into your keeping—a sort of engagement present, you know."

"An engagement present!" gasped Natalie. "But I'm not engaged."

"Oh, well," laughed the major teasingly, "I may be a little, anticipating, but—"

"Natalie!" called Dwight from the garden. "Aren't you ever coming? It's heavenly out here to-night."

"Then, again, I may not," continued the major, looking down at Natalie with affectionate understanding. "What do you think?"

"I'll tell you later," Natalie evaded archly, giving the major a hurried but emphatic hug as she called out to Dwight to "wait just a minute."

"Was there ever such a night," Natalie exclaimed Dwight tenderly as side by side they strolled through the little moonlit garden.

Natalie was conscious of the tremor in his voice, but her mischievous mood was still upon her.

"Yes, I think I know of one," she answered, with a lingering emphasis upon the "one," that smote a hither-to untouched chord of jealousy in Dwight's worshipping heart. He had a rival, then. Natalie had only been playing with him.

"Who is he?" he blurted out abruptly. Natalie stared at him.

"I mean—when was it?" he corrected in confusion.

"Before the war," answered Natalie serenely.

Dwight's expression changed instantly.

"And the girl's name was Natalie," he added softly, falling into the trend of her thought. "And her lover's name was Dwight, and I think I know what he said to her."

No word from Natalie, but they had come to the rose arbor again, and all unconsciously she stopped and leaned against it, waiting for the words that should set her heart thumping.

"And he said," went on Dwight, taking possession of both her slender white hands, "you are the flower of my heart, beloved. Lift your sweet face, for I love you."

And Natalie raised her pretty head, and the lover lowered his till their lips met.

The roses seemed suddenly to exhale great waves of perfume and all the little leaves to tremble with delight.

In the Line of Fire.

There lived and preached for many years in Rhode Island Elder George Champlin, a colored man, possessed of much common sense, knowledge of his brethren's virtues and failings and considerable wit. He had many devoted admirers among his own people, but some of them felt that his sermons were apt to be a little too personal and pointed. One gentle sister was asked to remonstrate with him and essayed to do so.

"Sister Lou Campton," said the elder firmly when she had made her plea, "when I am preaching I shoot right at the devil, and it's only when somebody gets between me and the mark he's liable to be hurt."

Cherries in Switzerland.

In medieval times there was no private ownership in cherry trees in Switzerland. They belonged to the community, and there were special regulations as to their picking. At Aistatten, in the canton of Zurich, this custom was still in vogue early in the last century. At some places a special bell was rung to indicate that the cherries were ripe. Then it was first come first served.

PLACING THE HOUSE.

A Plan to Have It Face the Garden and Not the Roadway.

In America a small house is usually set far back from the public road, and the space between the road and the house is given over to a lawn or garden open to the passer by. On a larger lot the house will be set halfway with the same open lawn in front and a vegetable garden in the rear.

Surely we are all agreed that the charm of home life lies in its privacy. No one wants strangers looking into his house. Why should he deliberately bare his gardens, his lawns, to the public gaze? It is not a snobbish selfishness, this inclining one's own.

It is rather the common sense practice of people who live simple lives. We have too long lived in a careless neighborliness that passed for democracy. We have sacrificed our possible gardens, throwing them all together into an unbroken greensward, "for the benefit of the town." This is very commendable in a closely settled suburban town, but even then there is a possibility of developing the side and back yards into an inclosed garden. Hedges and lattices can be used with discretion. The humblest house, with a little careful planting, will take on dignity and charm.

In European towns it is common practice to plan the house so that it turns its back on the street and faces its own gardens. This arrangement gives all the advantages that any entourage can offer—privacy and repose and an attractive garden space.

If your plot of land is very small and you wish your main rooms to face the street you can arrange to have adequate planting between street and house, and in this way screen the family rooms. Rooms so placed will receive the maximum of noise and dust, however. Of course if your interest is such that you have to have a constant view of happenings on the street, you are not interested in this argument for quiet and privacy. —"The Honest House," by Ruby Ross Goodnow and Rayne Adams.

Riddle of the Plants.

That plants actually may see does not seem so impossible to those who have watched a grapevine reach across a space of several feet and obtain support for its extending growth by fastening its tendrils to neighboring objects. The long tendrils sent out by the grapevine sweep in long courses through the air until they touch some fixed object, such as a tree limb, a post or a wire, around which they quickly turn and bind themselves tenaciously. The seeming accuracy with which the tendrils reach out for distant supports is almost enough to convince one that the plants see what they are reaching for.—Exchange.

Sign Language.

Brown and Jones were having their usual stroll and had just had a few minutes' conversation with Robinson, who was accompanied by his wife. After they had gone on some little distance Brown said to Jones:

"Did you notice that Mrs. Robinson never said a word?"

"Oh, yes," said Jones. "You see, she's deaf and dumb."

"Lucky chap is Robinson. But I suppose she can talk with her fingers," asked Brown.

"I think so," replied Jones, "for Robinson hasn't a dozen hairs left on his head."

False Information.

The city farmer was calling on his neighbor and making a few observations on methods in poultry raising. "Mr. Jones," he asked, "how do you manage to have such broilers by the middle of July? My chickens won't be large enough to use for a month yet."

"Well, I dunno," replied Farmer Jones. "The only rule I follow is to set my hens in the spring."

"In the spring?" exclaimed the new resident. "Why, all my poultry books say emphatically that hens should be set in a dry place." —Kansas City Star.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit, a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as "the toe of the boot."

Economy.

"What? You want to charge me \$80 for this suit? Why, you sold Percy Van Broke one just like it for \$45."

"That's very true, but Mr. Van Broke never pays his bills, and I always give him a low price so I won't lose too much." —Exchange.

THE INSTINCT TO WANDER.

Why It Is That Boys and Girls Run Away From Home.

According to Dr. Charles B. Davenport in his book on nomadism, children run away from home for exactly the same reasons that their parents take voyages to Europe or their uncles go off on fishing trips.

It is, he holds, the primitive race instinct to wander. We all have it, more or less, but most of us are so hedged about by the conventionalities that we scarcely feel the "call of the wild," or if we feel it we put it aside at once. But many persons feel it strongly, especially when the spring comes, and then they long to go away to take an ocean voyage or to get into the woods.

Americans are more nomadic than other peoples. They are descended from nomadic stock or they would not be here. Their ancestors were a selection of the more nomadic individuals of Europe.

Man is naturally more inclined to roam than woman, her place having from time immemorial been in the home, his place having been to go out into the world and hunt and fight for her. Therefore there are more men tramps than women. It is easier for a man to ride the brake beams than it is for a woman.

As might be expected, more boys run away than girls. The greatest number of runaways occur at the age of fifteen, but there are many at thirteen and fourteen. It is generally assumed that the early life of the child repeats the early life of the race, so it is not astonishing that all children are tempted to get out into the world and seek adventure.

Names in Electricity.

Electricity is the one branch of science that honors the great names in its fundamental terminology. Andre Marie Ampere was the French physicist who first measured the current and for whom the unit is named. The ohm bears the name of George S. Ohm, a German man of science who discovered the law on which the unit of electrical resistance is based. The volt is named for the Italian Volta, the greatest electrical authority of the eighteenth century, who was the first man to construct a rude electric battery. The farad, the unit of electrical capacity, is named in honor of the English physicist Faraday; the coulomb, the unit of quantity, for the French physicist Coulomb, and the watt, the unit of power, for James Watt, the Scotch inventor who improved the steam engine.

Sacrificing the Woman.

That Carlyle could contemplate with equanimity being unpraised, unmonied and neglected all his life, that he required neither the world's pudding nor its breath and could be happy without them, was pardonable and perhaps commendable. That he should expect another person to share this unmonied, puddingless and rather forlorn condition was scarcely consistent with such lofty principles. Men may sacrifice themselves, if they please, to imagined high duties and ambitions, but they have no right to marry wives and sacrifice them.—Exchange.

Chances Were Even.

A traveler was standing on the quay looking at a Mississippi boat and accosted one of the deck hands who was leisurely smoking a pipe and inquired, "Say, boss, is this boat going up or down?"

"Well," said the man, speaking slowly and as if considering the subject in all its aspects, "she's all fired leaky, and her bilers ain't none too good, so I guess it's about even chances if you're makin' a bet on it."

Its Redeeming Feature.

"People do seem to have lost their senses for good and all," said a farmer, "to go traipsin' over a field hour after hour, knockin' little golf balls over hillocks and into holes."

"Not a bit of it," said his more sophisticated neighbor. "That there game ain't so silly as it looks. There's chance for a rare bit of cheatin' in it, I'm told!" —New York Times.

Ancient History.

Although Robert Fulton in 1807 was the first to make the steamship an everyday affair, Dennis Papin had driven a boat with a steam engine exactly 100 years earlier, and the same man, who invented the piston rod in 1690, then proposed to use his device for driving the paddle wheels of boats.

Junk Day.

"There should be a national holiday called Junk day, when every house, barn, shed, garage, etc., should be relieved of all its junk."

"That's right, old man, but do you realize how little there would be left of many a happy home?" —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A King's Ransom.
 The expression "worth a king's ransom," though generally supposed to mean the ransom paid for a king, more probably refers to that paid to a king. In early times, when armies received practically no regular pay and the soldier's reward was the booty taken from the vanquished, each soldier had a right to the bodies as well as the goods of the prisoners he captured. The conqueror might slay his prisoner, sell him to slavery or set him at liberty on payment of a ransom. But, though it was the common practice in feudal times for the individual captor to receive the ransom for prisoners of low degree, those for princes or great nobles were always paid to the king; hence a king's ransom.

Chameleon Beaches.
 The beaches of Shells Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, change color twice daily with the tides. The sands are really of a golden color, and when the rising tide spreads the wide beach still remains gold, but when the tide ebbs they look quite purple, and this is accounted for by myriads of tiny purple snails crawling in the wake of the ebbing tide. It is to these snails that the island owes its name.

Origin of Music.
 The origin of music is lost in antiquity. Among civilized people it probably originated among the Egyptian priests, who employed this art in their religious rites and ceremonies. From the Egyptians the art passed on to the Greeks and Romans and so on to modern nations.—New York American.

A Fitting Fine.

"There's a hard magistrate in that court."

"What did he do?"

"A couple brought before him were accused of spooning in the park, and he made them fork over."—Baltimore American.



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