

DUNDEE

Mrs. Otto Kulter is a guest of Mrs. Clark Noble.

Mrs. G. A. Dearborn went to Portland on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Cutting spent the Fourth in Portland.

Miss Marguerite Entler is spending a few weeks at Sylvan.

Mrs. Fogg's daughter and children are visiting at the Fogg home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hunter are expected home some time this month.

Wm. S. Allan is still suffering from the blow on his chin inflicted by his horse one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Herring welcomed a little daughter, Helen Ruby, to their home on Sunday a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Flaughry from California, niece and nephew of A. J. Palmer, have been recent guests at the Palmer home.

"Grandma" Bisconner's brother, Mr. Foot, from Iowa, is a guest at the Alford home, also Mrs. Elizabeth Piggett, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Alford.

Willis Robertson, of Pullman, a nephew whom Mrs. Ashnah Vedder has not seen for sixteen years, recently visited his aunt in Dundee.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Culton, of San Diego, friends of Mrs. Cadwallader, are so pleased with Oregon that they are talking of investing in this state.

Friends of Cecil Emerson were rejoiced to know that he was well enough to go to the Fourth of July celebration in Newberg. His recovery is now merely a matter of gaining strength.

A very pleasant meeting of the Dundee Woman's Club was held at the Community Hall last Thursday. Important business matters of the club were discussed and a social afternoon enjoyed.

On Thursday evening, July 6, about twenty-five friends and neighbors gathered at the home of H. R. Stephens, it being the birthday of Mrs. Stephens. As the Stephens family is musical, as were many of the guests, the evening was pleasantly spent with music and sociability. The guests departed at midnight, having partaken of dainty refreshments, all wishing Mrs. Stephens many happy returns and pronouncing the evening a very happy one.

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FISHED WITH A GANDER.

And Now the Poor Fool Shows a Disarming Aversion to Water.

A gander was so upset by experiments made upon and through him by a mischievous boy that for a long time he would not go into the water.

The gander's determination to abstain from water as a means of bathing grew out of the following circumstances:

The boy thought he would tie a fishing line to the gander's leg and with a hook properly baited turn the bird out into the water. The bait was a frog.

The gander went into the mill pond, where he swam around for half an hour, turning "flipflaps" and diving for food. Suddenly he felt a pull at his leg and looked as surprised as the "lone fisherman" when he caught a whale.

The gander thought there was something the matter, and he looked to ascertain the cause. The pickerel on the hook gave several jerks, whereupon the gander decided he wanted to go home.

He at once started for the shore, but the pickerel on the hook wanted to go the other way. The gander seemed frightened at first. Then he evidenced signs of anger and tried to fly to shore, but the pickerel pulled him back.

After half an hour of the hardest work he had ever done the gander came ashore, dragging a six pound pickerel up the bank.

The boy took off the pickerel and baited the hook with another frog. He tried to induce the gander to go in for another swim, but no amount of persuasion could get the bird to do so. He simply would not be driven in. For many weeks the gander would not go into the water. He would proceed with the rest of the flock to the water's edge, but there he would stop. He would seem to be arguing with them with reference to the danger they were courting.—Los Angeles Times

SHOOTING WITH A RIFLE.

The Proper Way to Aim if One Aspires to Good Marksmanship.

Walter Winans, the famous American sharpshooter, who lives in England, writes to the Scientific American the following directions as to the proper way to aim a rifle:

"The way to shoot is, first, put a big ivory front sight in place of the black one used for target shooting.

"Most real objects one shoots at are more or less dark, and the black front sight is difficult to see on the object; the white one shows up at once.

"Next, have your hind sight put on the rifle at the distance from your eye that you can read print best.

"When shooting do not try to focus a black bullseye, a black front sight and a black hind sight and a half dozen other things alternately while you hold on to your rifle like 'grim death.

"Look at the object you want to hit, if it is moving judge how much allowance in front you must make, bring up your rifle to your shoulder, swinging it with the movement of the object you want to hit, and press the trigger as the butt touches your shoulder.

"The bullet will go where you want it to without your noticing the sights at all.

"If you want to be a good rifle shot at game, or as a soldier, join the nearest clay pigeon shooting club, and when you can break 90 per cent of the clays you can rest perfectly confident that you can hit a man every shot you fire if being charged by an enemy if you have a rifle in your hands instead of a shotgun.

"If you practice in a 'coal hole' rifle gallery at a stationary black bullseye with a black front sight and see 'three front sights' and a 'blurred back sight' you are not learning to shoot, but merely ruining your eyesight."

Cornish Pies.

There are several dishes peculiar to Cornwall, and a pasty is one. It resembles an apple turnover, but is composed of meat, potato and seasoning, finely chopped. Almost every kind of food is put into a Cornish pie. Squab pie is a great favorite. Herby pie is another peculiar dish, composed of nettles, pepper cress, parsley, mustard and spinach, together with thin slices of pork. Pies are also made with leeks and pickards, goose feet, gizzard and blood, raisins, sugar and apples and mackerel, parsley and cream.—London Standard.

Her Proof.

"I've brought back those eggs you gave me this morning," said the new bride as she began to take the articles in question from her basket. "They're duck eggs."

"Duck eggs!" sneered the grocery boss. "You're mistaken, ma'am. I don't never sell no duck eggs."

"But I tested them," triumphed the matrimonial novice. "I dropped them into water and they floated."—Judge.

Domestic Discussion.

"My husband accuses me of extravagance. I spent about \$10,000 last year."

"I wouldn't mind being scolded on that basis. I have to stand for the same accusation on \$20 a week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bohemia.

Bohemia has not existed as a separate independent nation since 1039. That year was fought the battle of the White mountain, which resulted in the total overthrow of the Bohemian forces and the subjugation of the country to Austria.

Eagles on the Hunt.

Eagles usually hunt in pairs, one bird frightening the prey from its hiding place and the other pouncing on it as it tries to escape.

THE WESTERN RESERVE.

At One Time it Was Proposed to Erect It into a State.

The western reserve embraces what is now Trumbull county, Ohio, and had its origin in an early land deal between the state of Connecticut and the United States.

Prior to the Revolutionary war some of the thirteen original colonies under their charters claimed land running westward indefinitely. Connecticut's charter, granted by King Charles II. in 1662, gave that colony the lands west of it to the extent of its breadth, all the way "to the south sea." There was no south sea.

After the war Connecticut ceded to the United States her land possessions in the northwest territory, except a strip bounded east by the western boundary of Pennsylvania, north by latitude 42 degrees, south latitude 41 degrees and westward 120 miles west of Pennsylvania.

The tract thus reserved from cession to the United States became known as the Connecticut western reserve and was sold by Connecticut to a land company, which surveyed, subdivided and sold it to settlers.

At one time it was proposed to make a new state of the reserve, to be called New Connecticut, but that idea was abandoned. When it was formed into a county the Connecticut idea was preserved by naming it Trumbull, a name prominent in early Connecticut history.

During the Revolutionary war Governor Jonathan Trumbull was a close friend and trusted adviser of George Washington. Tradition says that Washington used to call him Brother Jonathan; hence the origin of that appellation for Yankees and Americans in general. John Trumbull, a Connecticut lawyer, wrote a poem called "McFingal," which has been compared to Hudibras. It contains the lines:

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

Another John Trumbull was a great painter, and some of his works are still admired in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., was governor of Connecticut when the new county in Ohio was named Trumbull, and Connecticut contributed largely to the early population of the county.—Philadelphia Press.

A Famous Compliment.

Of famous compliments paid to the fair sex the supply is so large and dazzling that it is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out the brightest gems, but if the following was overlooked for it certainly deserves a place among the best: Fontenelle, when ninety years old, passed before Mme. Helvetius without noticing her.

"Ah," said the lady, "that is your gallantry, then! To pass before me without ever looking at me!"

"If I had looked at you, madam," replied the old beau, "I never could have passed you at all."

Original Sea Serpents.

The National museum at Washington contains a notable display of the bones of several species of extinct mammals which if seen alive in the ocean would be called huge sea serpents. They were carnivorous, and their long, slender jaws were armed with formidable teeth. Although a few remaining individuals of the group may have given actual basis for the sea serpent stories, these extinct animals were not reptiles, but mammals which, like the whale and seal and otter, had happened to evolve in an aquatic environment.

Tolerance.

Jane—I've something on me mind, 'Arry, that I hardly know how to tell yer.

'Arry—Aht wiv it.

Jane—I'm afraid yer won't marry me if I tells yer.

'Arry—Aht wiv it.

Jane—I'm a sonnambulist, 'Arry.

'Arry (after prolonged pause)—Never mind, Jane, it'll be all right. If there ain't no chapel for it we'll be married at a registry.—London Punch.

Great Chance to Klok a King.

There used to be a story—related, we fancy, in one of Mr. George Russell's books—that when it was arranged that the Duke of Genoa, then a boy at Harrow, was to succeed to the throne of Spain every boy in the school (of sufficient size, let us presume) solemnly kicked him in order that he might have the gratification of saying in after years that he had kicked a king.—London Spectator.

Coffee in Java.

It is asserted that nowhere in the world is coffee as a drink worse than in Java, where the coffee bean is supposed to be at its very best. The Japanese distill coffee essence of extreme strength, bottle it and pour a few drops into a cupful of hot water when they desire refreshment.

ISLANDS TO ORDER.

Built Up on Coral Reefs That Tower Near the Ocean's Surface.

Building an island in the sea is not quite so difficult as it sounds. One must have a foundation of course—a coral reef for preference. Given this and also an unlimited supply of native labor, island building in comparatively calm and tideless waters becomes easy.

The usual plan is to choose a coral reef, which must not be submerged more than three or four feet. A raft is first constructed and anchored near the center of the reef, where the water is shallowest. To this coral, torn from the outer fringe of the reef, is brought and piled up pyramid fashion to form the nucleus of the island. Lastly, earth is carried in canoes from the nearest land and spread over the coral, coconut trees are planted and houses erected.

Shipwrecked British sailors once built for themselves an island of refuge after this fashion. In 1884 the Queensland labor recruiting schooner Stanley was cast away and battered to pieces on the Indispensable reef, which is completely submerged and situated more than 300 miles from the nearest inhabited land.

The plight of her crew seemed hopeless. But instead of giving way to despair they set to work to manufacture an island on the lines indicated above and lived on it for several months. In Southwest bay, Malekula, one of the New Hebrides group, is situated a tiny sugar loaf shaped island, which was entirely rebuilt some years ago by order of the British admiralty at the request of a native chief.

The original island was selected by the commander of one warship in those waters as a handy object for target practice. As a result it was virtually blown to pieces. The chief of Malekula, to whom it belonged, not unreasonably objected, and the captain of the man-of-war was ordered to make good the damage occasioned by his guns.

This was done. But the chief was still not satisfied. The reconstructed island, he complained, was neither so big nor so solid as the original one. "Oh, hang it all," ejaculated the badgered commander, "what's your beastly little island worth? I'll buy it from you."

"Ten sticks of tobacco," replied the chief promptly, and held out his hand. The tobacco was as promptly produced, and from that day to this the fragment of sea girt coral rock thus curiously acquired has been known as "Ten Stick island."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Florida's Big Spring.

The state of Florida has its full share of large and beautiful springs. Many of them form good sized streams from the beginning, and some are navigable.

The largest spring in the state, and one of the largest and probably the best known in the United States, is Silver spring, which is located six miles east of Ocala. This spring forms the principal source of Oklawaha river, a tributary of the St. Johns, and steamboats traversing the river enter the spring basin, which has an area of several acres. The water is from nine to thirty feet deep and wonderfully clear, appearing absolutely colorless.—Geological Survey.

Overlooking Great Captains.

If Russia missed the chance of enlisting Napoleon in her armies, France lost almost as important a recruit a century earlier. In the French archives is a letter dated March 24, 1674, which reads: "Sir—This letter will be handed to you by M. Churchill, whom I presented yesterday to His Most Christian Majesty as from the King of Great Britain, with a petition that he might be granted a commission as Colonel of Infantry in his Majesty's service." The M. Churchill in question was the future Duke of Marlborough.—London Chronicle.

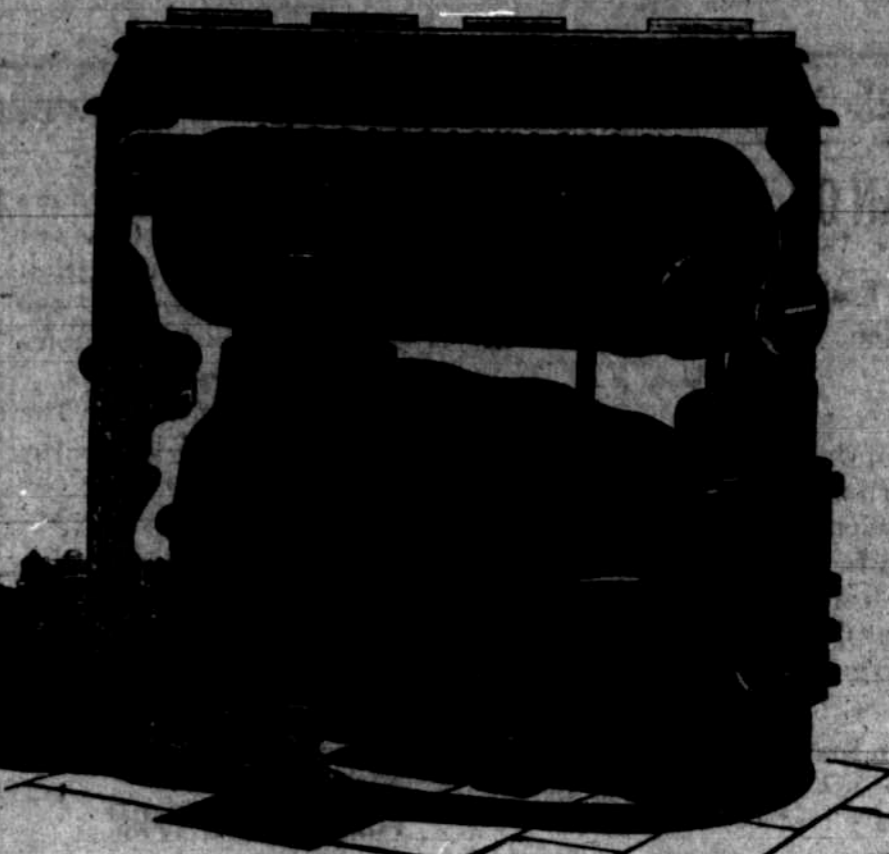
Curtiosities of the Calendar.

On reference to almanacs it will be found that January always begins on the same day of the week as October, and the same is true of April and July, September and December. Again, February, March and November also began on the same day of the week. This, however, is only true in normal years of 365 days. A century can never begin on Wednesday, Friday or Saturday. Furthermore, the ordinary year ends on the same day of the week as that on which it begins.

Stovepipe Really Cut.

"Some people are greatly puzzled how to cut stove pipe when it is necessary to have short lengths," says a writer in Farm and Fireside. "I just punch a small hole in the pipe and use a can opener for all but the seam, which can be bent back and forth till it breaks or can be cut with a small chisel."—Exchange.

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"What! Little Binks going to marry big, handsome Kate Blowitt? Why she could carry him around in her pocket!"

"But she won't. He'll be out of pocket all the time after he marries her!"—Boston Transcript.

Just Supposing.

"Will you be my wife?"

"You must ask mother first."

"Yes, but suppose she doesn't refuse me?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He who lives well is the best preacher.—Cervantes.

He lives in fame who died in virtue's cause.—Shakespeare.

One of the earliest of the American bearded freaks was Louis Jasper, who lived in southern Virginia at about the time of the close of the Revolutionary war. His beard was nine and a half feet long and correspondingly thick and heavy. He could take his mustache between his fingers and extend his arms to their full length and attend the ends of the mustache were over a foot beyond his finger tips.—Exchange.

Deceitful Man.

"Didn't you think that was a beautiful girl with the today, Arthur?"

"What girl, my dear?"

"Why, she was with me when you met me in front of the church."

"Was there a girl there, dear? I didn't notice. I was looking at you."

And then she loved him all the year!