HOITT'S SCHOOL,

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—*S. F. Chronicle.* Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Wisconsin produces annually an average of 10,000,000 pounds of cheese.

"You May Bend the Sapling But-Not the Tree."

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

In a rock quarry in Virginia where dynamite was used three more livers have been blasted.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Glass door knobs are handsome and more easily kept in condition than those of bronze or brass.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Frog's skin, though one of the thinnest, is also one of the toughest leathers tanned.

That Dull, Awful Pain!

It's a sick headache. Cure it? Avoid it? Cascarets Candy Cathartic give quick relief and prevent headaches if taken in time. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In the last three years the United States has sold abroad $1,300,000 more than it has bought.

There was a young man from Lenox,
Who boldly went off to the war;
The "beef" made him sick,
He recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Canada sells us farm products valued at $5,326,000, but buys of us other goods worth $78,000,000.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. R. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The tax on coffee amounts in France to about 14 cents a pound, while in England it is only 3 cents a pound.

Pure Tea

in packages
at grocers'

Schilling's Best

Washington Soldiers' Monument Association has been incorporated.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

California fruit canners have combined. They will close up half the plants and advance prices.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Newton, N. C., hosiery mill is running night and day on hosiery.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

HIS BEST DAY.

"I know a boy likes Chris'mas best
'Cos Santa Claus comes then;
He likes to hang his stocking up,
An' take it down again,
An' count his presents out—but I—
I'druther have it Fourth July.

"That other boy likes Chris'mas best
'Cos o' the Chris'mas trees,
To Sunday-schools—an' things to eat,
An' when they's been a freeze,
He likes to slide and skate, but my!
What's that longside o' Fourth July?

"Chris'mas is good, but Fourth July!
That day's the best of all—
O my! I wisht could be the Fourth
All summer an' all fall!
No other time begins to be
So good as Fourth July to me!

"I hope 'at when the Fourth is here
My mother'll think its right
To let me creep down stairs an' fire
My crackers off 'fore light.
I'll blow my horn, and shoot my gun!
An' wake up pa! an' have such fun!

"At dark I'll fire my shooting stars,
An' let my rockets go,
An' set my Roman candles off—
Whiss! Rush! Buss! Bang! Pop! Flare!
Chris'mas is good 'nough, but my!
I'druther have it Fourth July!
I wisht 'twas always Fourth July!"
—Wonnashind.

A Fireworks Capture.

TROUBLE raged on the irrigation ditch. The upper gang and the lower gang were at outs. The former had lost a horse and the lower gang was supposed to include the thief.

"It just means a fight," exclaimed Mack to Simpson, as the two members of the lower gang rode over the plains one summer night. "There can't be any horse stealing around these parts and not have fighting."

"No; and the feeling isn't any too good already," added the other.

The ponies loped easily, and turning down the trail went swiftly into the thick sunflowers of a ravine. It was nearly sunset and the tall weeds seemed to be almost like young saplings. Suddenly the horses stopped; ahead was an unusual sight, a white-topped prairie schooner.

"A one-horse rig, too," exclaimed Simpson, looking at the thills that were on the front of the wagon.

"And deserted, too," and Matt drew nearer to the strange outfit.

"Well, what do you think of a man that will do this?" He pulled the curtains aside and showed the sleeping form of a boy perhaps 7 years old. The little fellow looked peaked and helpless and the sympathies of both the men were aroused by the sight.

"Well, he's a rascal," was the reply at last and the curtain was dropped.

"He ain't a rascal," came from the inside of the wagon. "My papa is good to me."

"Hello, there, what are you doing here?" asked Matt.

"Waiting for fireworks; papa has gone after them. He always gets them for me on the Fo'ther July."

"What did he say?" asked Matt.

"Says his father has gone after fireworks—a likely story. The boy's hungry; that is what is the matter with him."

"Well, let's feed him. I'll go over and get him something from the camp. And, say, I'll bring him some fireworks, too. I'd forgot it, but to-day is the Fourth of July, and the boss has a lot of rockets and things ready to fire off. All the men are out hunting for the horse thief and they have forgotten all about it. I can steal a few."

Away rode Matt in the gathering darkness, and although the pony went very fast, and the man did not stay in camp more than a few moments, the wait seemed a long one to the watcher in the ravine with the boy. The child was hungry and nervous and confided to the man that he had been "awful sick." Simpson felt exceedingly sorry for the little one, and was more and more indignant at the actions of the man who had forsaken such a precious charge.

"Here he comes," he said at last, when the rattle of horse's hoofs was heard on the prairie sod. Matt came down the ravine and had some difficulty in finding the wagon hidden in the sunflowers. At last he opened the package of food and laid the fireworks on the grass beside the boy.

"Supper first," was the order from Simpson, and the three ate the generous supply that had been brought.

"Good thing not to take the kid to the ranch," said Matt. "The men will have a rough time there to-night, and they wouldn't spare the boy."

"Now for the fun," and away went one of the rockets into the darkness, scattering its splendor over the level plains that spread from the edge of the ravine. The jack rabbits and the prairie owls saw it and wondered what it could be.

Somebody else saw it, for away off to the south, where its light was visible only as a faint glimmer, there was a company of horsemen, and they turned their animals in that direction.

"Hark!" said Matt, as the fun was at its height. "Somebody's coming."

The light of the last rocket had given a passing view of a man on horseback at the crest of a ravine. In a moment the man was near them and he was accompanied by a large number. In the midst of the party, with his head bound in a large red handkerchief, was seen the figure of a man tied on a horse.

"We have got the thief," said the leader of the newcomers.

"Well," replied Matt, "what are you bringing him here for?"

"We kind of lost our way and we thought this was the camp. But we are going to settle with the rascal right here, anyhow. It might not be best to take him to the camp, after all."

"Sure it is the man?"

"Bound to be—got the horse."

In the dim light of the little fire of sunflower stalks that somebody had kindled the prisoner was brought forth. He presented a pitiful appearance and the men almost felt sorry for him. Still, they knew the unwritten law.

"What have you there?" remarked one of the newcomers, pointing to the boy who stood by, looking with open-mouthed astonishment on the weird scene.

"Nothing but a kid that we picked up," answered Matt. "Let him alone, will you?"

"Say, fellows," went on the visitor, "what's the matter with letting the boy fire some of his rockets and make a respectable illumination for this proceeding?"

The others agreed, and the child was placed in position at the head of the two lines that had formed and had in his hand a big rocket that was to be fired at the signal, and then the hands were to be taken from the prisoner and he could be hit by any one who was quick enough. It was thought that he would get enough punishment to prevent him from ever returning to that section again. He evidently thought so, too, for he was trying his best to escape.

"All ready," called Matt. "Go!"

The bandage was dropped from the man's eyes and the ropes came from off his feet and arms. A dozen whips were raised to strike, but before they could be used a dramatic scene followed. The boy who was to fire the rocket dropped the signal in the grass and the bunches of fire went skurrying away in the tall sunflowers. For himself, the little fellow made one leap, and before a whip descended he was clinging to the man's neck with both arms around the same in an embrace that meant a great deal.

"Oh, it's papa!" he cried, and the man, instead of running, stood holding the child to his breast.

"Well, this is a go," said Matt. "What have you men been doing?"

"Make him run," called one of the more excitable ones among them. He raised his whip again, but Simpson stood between and would have received the blow on his own shoulders.

"You have captured the wrong man," said the stranger.

"But you didn't say so."

"How could I when you had put a yard of cotton over my mouth? I was looking for something to eat, and you made a rush and got me tied before I could get word to you. I tried not to let you get me, though."

"Yes, you fought like a tiger."

"My boy and I are traveling back east," went on the man. "One of our horses gave out back here a ways, and we had to get along with one. The boy's mother died in the mountains, and I must take him to my folks. We are very poor, but we are honest."

"Then how did you get the horse that belongs to the gang?"

"I did not get the horse. This is my own horse."

"We'll see about that. Come on, boys," said the leader, and they went toward the ranche house, where the men had their headquarters.

"Bring little fireworks and his playthings," called one of the men, and they gathered up the remainder of the rockets. On the way the boy fired several, and their path was thus marked with fire and shouting, for the men enjoyed the sight as well as he.

As they came into camp they saw all the upper gang men and the remainder of the lower gang employes gathered there. This unwonted sight made them afraid that trouble was in the air.

"We have got your horse," called Matt, as they drew nearer.

"So have we," came the strange answer.

Sure enough, as they entered the camp there was brought a horse with a piece of picket rope tied to his neck, and when they stood him beside the horse ridden by the stranger the two animals looked like as twins.

"But this is the right one," explained one of the men, pointing to the rope. "He had been in the tall weeds and was tangled by his rope."

"Seems to me that we owe you an apology," said Matt, addressing the stranger.

"Let's celebrate it," added the happy Simpson. "If it hadn't been for the boy we would have given the man pretty bad treatment. Let him fire his rockets."

So the remainder of the fireworks went into the dark and illuminated the scene that was so unusual on the plains.

"While we are about it," went on Simpson, "let's shake hands and be friends again."

The men of both gangs liked the suggestion and spent a happy evening together.

When the boy and the emigrant drove on east a few days afterward they were seated behind two horses, and the good wishes of both camps went with them.—Chicago Record.

1. Jack Rabbit—Polly, want a cracker?

Poll—Not on your life, Jacky. I've sworn off smoking.

Jack—Then let's have a Fourth of July race. I'm a regular crackerjack at sprinting.

2. Poll—I'll go you. But won't you have a cracker, Jack? Do have one or me.

3. Humph! This looks like one on me.

4. Tut! tut! What's this? I smell powder.

5. Polly—How's that for a cracker, Jack?

6. Zip! Kerzoom! End of the Tale. —San Francisco Examiner.

The Modern Casabianca.

The boy stood on the backyard fence,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit his father's barn
Shone round him o'er the shed.
A bunch of crackers in his hand,
Two others in his hat—
With piteous accents loud he cried,
"I never thought of that!"
The flames flew wide, flew thick, flew hot,
They lit upon the brat;
They fired those crackers in his hand,
And e'en those in his hat.
There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy! Oh, where was he?
Ask the winds that strewed around
His fragments on the lea!
A top, a knife, three marbles and
Some fish hooks and some yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy
Who burnt his father's barn!
—Vim.

TWO MEMORABLE FOURTHS.

One Followed the Fall of Gettysburg, the Other the Victory at Santiago.

THIS country has seen some sensational and dramatic celebrations of the Fourth of July, and these same go to enforce historical significance with those whose memory reaches back into the past generation. Just 36 years ago this Independence Day, that of 1863 was one of expressive, heartfelt emotion. When the sun rose on that vivid Fourth of July and the preparations were made in the midst of devastating war to pay homage to the nation's natal day, the wires flashed the news that Gettysburg had seen the most momentous victory for the Union arms, and that Vicksburg had fallen. It was perhaps the most critical period of the war—the high-water mark of the prowess of one army, when its forces had pursued a victorious march and were actually in ripe alien territory. The whole nation quivered with excitement, and it was indeed a glorious Fourth when the news came that Grant and Meade had simultaneously won two such vital victories.

It is a singular coincidental situation that exactly one year ago practically the same interest and anxiety as that manifested in 1863 hovered about the Fourth of July, 1898. It requires brief exercise of memory to revive with a thrill the rare eagerness with which the whole people of this country were awaiting news of the naval campaign in Cuba as the month of July drifted in. It was July 3 that the most remarkable exploit ever accomplished by American arms came to fruition—on that day the United States navy met the foe long sought for, and Cervera's fleet was destroyed in Santiago harbor. The series of thrilling events that accompanied this important occurrence, the intense national anxiety of July 3 that was followed by widespread rejoicing the ensuing day, mark an epoch in ardent historical event that, being within our near actual knowledge and participation, will never be forgotten.

His Natural Diet.

Big Brother—Say, Bobby, I should think you could eat powder crackers.

Little Bobby—Why?

Big Brother—'Cause I heard papa call you a little son of a gun.

When a fellow gets in a bad box he usually has a barrel of trouble.

HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH!

—Minneapolis Journal.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Interest to the Growing Western States.

New Fish Hatchery.

John Crawford, superintendent of the Kalama state fish hatchery, who has been in the Wind river country and at Wenatchee selecting sites for new hatcheries, says new hatcheries will be established during the coming year at the following places in Washington: Willapa harbor, Wenatchee, Wind river, Nooksack, Samish lake, and possibly one at the falls of the Lewis river, in this county. In addition to these improvements will be made at the Kalama hatchery, among which will be the addition of an eyeing station. Mr. Crawford estimates that the number of young salmon which will be hatched at the Kalama hatchery this year will be close to 12,000,000. Eight thousand young salmon have been marked at the hatchery, and will be turned loose in the stream shortly.

A Flourishing Industry.

The new brewery at Whatcom Creek, Wash., is now running full blast and is making an excellent quality of beer. The machinery of this plant is all run by electricity, and with a five-ton compressor they make all the ice necessary for their own use. The capacity is 20 barrels a day, and eight to ten men are kept busy. The new enterprise has a clear field in that part of the country, the nearest other brewery being Seattle.

Prospects for a Telephone Line.

The project of a telephone line to Eugene or Coos bay has been discussed at various times by the business men of Florence, but no active steps have been taken for building the line. Now the postmaster of Florence has received a communication from the Long Distance Telephone Company of San Francisco, containing a proposition to build a telephone line from Eugene to Florence if sufficient inducements are offered. It is thought that enough interest will be taken in the matter to have the line built.

Extending the Oil Belt.

The oil-bearing sections of Southern California promise to be greatly enlarged before long. Not only at New port is development work going on, with promising indications, but also between that point on the coast and the Whittier field several new explorations are being made, or are planned. It is evident from present indications that the oil business of Southern California is as yet only in its infancy.

Mill Changes Ownership.

The Pioneer Woolen Mill Company, consisting of Messrs. Carter Bros. & Walker, last week purchased The Dalles woolen mill property of the stockholders. This company has been successfully operating the mill for the past year and is now the sole owner. The mill is now running night and day, and a grand success is being made of the enterprise by the new owners.

California Fruit Shipments.

The shipment of oranges and lemons last year to date was 1,289,794 boxes; for May the shipments were 129,180 boxes. Including lemons, the shipments this season to date are over 500,000 boxes short of last year, from Riverside, Cal. The orange shipments from Redlands now amount to 419,110 boxes—nearly 300,000 less than Riverside.

Machinery Has Arrived.

The first shipment of 10 carloads of refrigerating machinery for Schmidt Bros.' cold-storage plant at Astoria arrived at that place this week on the Harvest Queen. Wilson Frederick will superintend the setting up of the machinery, which, when installed, will make Schmidt Bros.' plant at the head of all the plants of its kind on the coast.

The Dalles Cattle Shipment.

The largest cattle shipment of the season began when a portion of a lot of 2,500 began arriving at The Dalles last week from Crook and Wasco counties. The dry cows, about 400 head, were bought by J. L. Keiley and driven across the river to pasture, while the remainder will be loaded and shipped to Kansas and Nebraska.

New Benedictine Monastery.

The new Benedictine monastery at Mount Angel, Or., the corner-stone of which was laid by Archbishop Christie, will be one of the most important Benedictine institutions in the world. It will cost when completed not far from $2,000,000, and probably more. It will cover nearly three acres. One wing will be completed in 1900.

Creamery Being Erected.

Libenow & Payne are erecting a condensed milk factory at New Westminster, B. C. The location is an excellent one, being in the heart of a large and growing dairy district, with excellent transportation facilities both by rail and the steamers of the Fraser river.

Call for Bond Bids.

The clerk of Boise, Idaho, has called for sealed bids for the purchase of municipal funding bonds to the amount of $55,000. The bonds are in denominations of $500 each, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. The bonds will be sold to the highest bidder and will not be sold for less than par.

July Races in Portland.

From July 1 to 8 races will be held at the Irvington track in Portland, under the auspices of the Irvington Park Speed Association, managed by T. D. Condon and Richard Hughes. Good purses are offered.

Spokane has offered sufficient inducements to cause Foot, Schultze & Co., of St. Paul, to come to that city and begin the erection of a shoe factory, that is to cost $75,000 and give employment to 100 hands.

Plant in Operation.

The sheep-shearing plant at Lewiston, Mont., will soon begin operations. The first sheep to be shorn will be those of the Fergus Land & Live Stock Company, William Fergus & Co., Brook Bros. and the McDonald Sheep Company.

A letter from Dawson says that the clean-up for the present season will amount to at least $18,000,000, more than twice last year's yield. The portion of Dawson which was destroyed by fire on April 25 is rapidly being built.

Sumner Iron Works.

The Puget Sound Wire Nail & Steel Company, now the property of the American Steel & Iron Trust, has closed down and the nail and wire machines will be shipped to the Washburn & Moen Company, at San Francisco. F. W. Mitchell, of Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Company, of Seattle, is inspecting the buildings, machinery and site of the nail works with a view to purchasing them and moving the iron works thereto. If the deal is made it is the intention of the Sumner iron works to at once go into the locomotive building on a large scale.

Mill Destroyed by Fire.

The Krumm chopmill, at Genesee, Idaho, has been destoyed by fire, which is supposed to have been started in the engine-room. At the time of the fire some four or five tons of chopped feed was on hand. The 14 horse power gasoline engine, valued at $1,100, will not be a total loss, as it is believed with a few extras it can be placed in running order again. The insurance was only $1,000, which will nowhere near cover the loss.

Cannery to Be Erected.

George W. Sanborn has purchased 200 feet of water front property on the west side of the Seaside cannery, and expects to have a cannery built and ready for operation next season. The plant will be up-to-date and equipped with the latest machinery. The cannery will have no connection with any other cannery or combination.

Bank Incorporated.

The Medford bank has filed articles of incorporation, at Medford, Jackson county. The capital stock is fixed at $50,000. The incorporators are R. H. Whitehead, J. E. Engart, J. Stewart, W. B. Roberts and H. E. Ankney. The company will conduct a bank.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, 90c per 100 pounds.

Potatoes, $35@40.

Beets, per sack, $1@1 25.

Turnips, per sack, 50@75c.

Carrots, per sack, $1.

Parsnips, per sack, $1.75.

Cauliflower, $1.00 per doz.

Celery, 35@40c.

Cabbage, native and California, $2.50 per 100 pounds.

Apples, $2.50@3.50 per box.

Pears, 50c@$1.50 per box.

Prunes, 50c per box.

Butter—Creamery, 18c per pound; dairy and ranch, 12@18c per pound.

Eggs, 21c.

Cheese—Native, 14c.

Poultry—Old hens, 16c per pound; spring chickens, 14c; turkeys, 16c.

Fresh meats—Choice dressed beef steers, prime, 9c; cows, prime, 9c; mutton, 9c; pork, 7c; veal, 8@10c.

Wheat—Feed wheat, $20.

Oats—Choice, per ton, $27@28.

Hay—Puget Sound mixed, $6.00@8; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $12.00.

Corn—Whole, $23.50; cracked, $24; feed meal, $24.00.

Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $25@26; whole, $23.

Flour—Patent, per barrel, $3.35; straights, $3.10; California brands, $3.25; buckwheat flour, $3.50; graham, per barrel, $3.60; whole wheat flour, $3.75; rye flour, $4.50.

Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $15; shorts, per ton, $16.

Feed—Chopped feed, $21@22 per ton; middlings, per ton, $22; oil cake meal, per ton, $33.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 58c; Valley, 59c; Bluestem, 61c per bushel.

Flour—Best grades, $3.20; graham, $2.65; superfine, $2.15 per barrel.

Oats—Choice white, 45c; choice gray, 43@44c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, $19@20; brewing, $21.00 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $17 per ton; middlings, $22; shorts, $18; chop, $16.00 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, $8@9; clover, $7@8; Oregon wild hay, $6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@35c; seconds, 27@30c; dairy, 25@27c store, 20@22c.

Cheese—Oregon full cream, 12½c; Young America, 15c; new cheese, 10c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3@4 per dozen; hens, $4.00@5.00; springs, $1.25@3; geese, $6.00@7.00 for old, $4.50@5 for young; ducks, $5.00@5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 15@16c per pound.

Potatoes—$1@1.10 per sack; sweets, 2c per pound.

Vegetables—Beets, $1; turnips, 90c per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, $1@1.25 per 100 pounds; cauliflower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, $1 per sack; beans, 3c per pound; celery, 70@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per box; peas, 3@3½c per pound.

Onions—Oregon, 50@75c per sack.

Hops—11@13c; 1897 crop, 4@6c.

Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 6@10c; mohair, 27c per pound.

Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 4c; dressed mutton, 7½c; spring lambs, 7½c per lb.

Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $4.50; light and feeders, $2.50@3.00; dressed, $5.00@6.00 per 100 pounds.

Beef—Gross, top steers, 4.00@$4.50; cows, $2.50@3.00; dressed beef, 5@6½c per pound.

Veal—Large, 6@7c; small, 7½@8c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 10@12c per pound; Oregon, Eastern, 8@12c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 8@10c.

Millstuffs—Middlings, $17.50@20; bran, $15.50@16.50 per ton.

Onions—Silverskin, 50@90c per sack.

Butter — Fancy creamery, 17@18c; do seconds, 16@17c; fancy dairy, 15c; do seconds, 14@14½c per pound.

Eggs — Store, 16@17c; fancy ranch, 18@19c.

Hops—1898 crop, 15c.

Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2@2.50; Mexican limes, $4.50@5; California lemons, 75c@$1.25; do choice, $2.50 per box.

Hay—Wheat, $13@15.50; wheat and oat, $13@16; oat, $14@16; best barley, $12@13; alfalfa, $11@12 per ton; straw, 40@70c per bale.

Potatoes—Early Rose, $1.50@1.75; Oregon Burbanks, $1.65@$1.85; river Burbanks, 75c@$1; Salinas Burbanks, $1@1.10 per sack.

Tropical fruits—Bananas, $1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, $2.50@4.50; Persian dates, 6@6½c per pound.

A Philanthropist.

Lady of the House—I should think a big, strong fellow like you would rather work than go around begging.

Sloppy Sim—I would if it wasn't fer one ting.

"What's that?"

"I ain't got no family meself, and I'm afraid if I went to work I might crowd out some poor chap wot has little ones to support."—Chicago Evening News.

The value of the fruit consumed in Great Britain every year is estimated at $50,000,000.

Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He put in the best part of his life gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half spending dollars to get it back. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health. It cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

Talent always knows what to do, but it is tact that knows what not to do.

PIMPLES

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