BEAUTIFUL BETHLEHEM BELLS.

OVER the roar of the cities—over the hills and the dells—
With a message of peace to the nations, ring the beautiful Bethlehem bells.
Bringing joy to the souls that are sighing in the hovels where Poverty dwells—
There is life—there is life for the dying in the beautiful Bethlehem bells!

Far off—in a land that is lovely for the tender, sweet story it tells—
In the light of a glorious morning rang the beautiful Bethlehem bells;
And still to the hearts of creation an anthem exulting swells
At that rapture sweet of the singing of the beautiful Bethlehem bells!

They rang o'er the hills and the valleys, they summoned the glad world that day,
From regions of night to the radiant light of the cot where the Beautiful lay;
And forever and ever and ever a wonderful melody dwells
In the tender, sweet ringing and singing of the beautiful Bethlehem bells!

For they sing of a love that is deathless—a love that still triumphs in loss;
They sing of the love that is leading the world to the Calvary cross;
Ring sweet o'er the sound of the cities—ring sweet o'er the hills and the dells,
And touch us with tenderest pities, oh, beautiful Bethlehem bells!
—Atlanta Constitution.

An Unexpected Santa Claus

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BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"MOTHER, how many years is it since last Christmas?" inquired Bobby Gray, a youth of about six, of his widowed mother, who was busy, "footing" a pair of stockings.

"Only one," said she, with a sigh.

The morrow was to be that festive day, and the poor woman reflected upon the times when it never came round without witnessing comfort and plenty in her abode.

"I don't remember it," said Bobby. "Do you, Thomas?"

"I guess I do," said his brother, proud of his superior knowledge—he being about nine. "I remember the turkey Mr. Bates sent us, and the things for the plum pudding Mrs. Johnson gave me, and the pies Deacon Snow sent over. Ain't it most time for them to be here this year, mother?"

"Perhaps they'll forget us this year, child," said the widow. "But we must not be selfish. We must think how thankful we ought to be to God, who never forgets us, and who has given us this home to keep warm in, and keeps us from starving, as so many do."

"But it won't be anything like Christmas if they don't send any good things," said Thomas, with a disappointed look. "O how I wish we were rich. I wish I had a sled or a pair of skates, like the Readman boys; they have such fun on the ice!"

"It would be better to wish for a pair of boots," said Mrs. Gray, looking at the worn-out shoes upon the boy's feet.

"I wouldn't mind that, if I had a pair of skates," said Thomas, trying to conceal his great toes, which were looking out of the shoes to see if there was likely to be any change in the condition of the family. "Do you suppose, mother, you'll ever be rich enough to buy me a pair of skates?"

"And me, too?" exclaimed Bobby, eagerly.

"Me, too, want skates!" cried out Nannie, a little girl of four years, the youngest of the family, engaged in pulling to pieces a rag doll.

"Perhaps you will all go skating one of these days," said the widow, smiling; and they sat down to their meager breakfast with as cheerful faces as if they had everything heart could wish.

"Shall we have butter to-morrow?" asked Thomas, his thoughts absorbed in the excitements of Christmas day.

"Yes, do have butter, and molasses!" added Bobby.

"And canny, too, ma!" insisted Nannie, shaking her head very wisely.

"Hush, children!" replied their mother, scarcely able to suppress her tears. "I will do the best I can, but we must not expect too much."

Too much! She had known far better days than these; had lived in a larger and more comfortable tenement than this mere hovel, with but two rooms, many of the windows of which were stuffed with rags to keep out the biting wind, and whose walls and floors were rickety with age. Too much! She had lost a son, her eldest, at sea, many years before. The death of her husband and of other children had added to the darkness of her lot, until now, though relying upon God, she felt fearful apprehensions of the future, if sickness should also come upon her.

A sudden gust of wind rattling the panes, and the ticking of snow flakes against them, caused the poor family to look out upon the frozen road and the leafless fields with various emotions.

"We are going to have a snowstorm!"

"Are we?" exclaimed Thomas; and the children rushed joyously to the windows, to watch the first flakes driving through the air. "Then there will be good coasting. Oh, how I wish we had a sled, so that I and Bobby could coast all day to-morrow! Wouldn't there be fun?"

"Couldn't you buy one, mother?" asked the thoughtless Bobby. "One would be enough for both of us, and I could ride behind. Oh, do!"

"And me ride, too!" cried little Nannie, running to her mother's knee and pleading with her tiny hands and earnest eyes.

Anxious to do something to make the morrow pass happily with them, their kind mother bethought herself of an old worn-out copper teakettle covered with dust in a corner of the room.

"Has any boy got an old sled that you could get cheap?"

"Jimmy Hartshorn has got a new one and an old one. But he's so stingy he wouldn't let me have the old one without I paid for it."

"Well, take the kettle and sell it, and see if you can get the old sled for the money; and then, if it snows enough, you and Bobby can have a good time on Christmas day."

"And me, too!" said Nannie, tugging at her mother's knees.

"Well, we will see."

Thomas was already out of doors with the old teakettle, running up the frozen road as fast as his legs could carry him, that he might complete the coveted bargain before school time. Bobby and Nannie busied themselves in drawing uncouth figures on the frosted panes—youthful hope making joy in the midst of destitution.

"Thomas is coming back!" exclaimed Bobby, after awhile.

"Tommy tummin back!" repeated Nannie.

"Has he got the sled?" asked their mother.

"I don't see it," said Bobby.

The experiment had proved a failure. Thomas soon entered, crying, with the teakettle.

"Jimmy Hartshorn has split his old sled up, and when I tried to sell the teakettle they told me I had stolen it!"

"I wouldn't mind, Thomas. I'll try some other plan to make you enjoy Christmas."

The widow pressed her boy to her aching heart, and little Nannie ran up to offer comfort by hugging Thomas, and

"Don't [illegible], Tommy—ma give you ap-

It was now time for school, and the two brothers took their books and went off, watching wistfully such people as they passed, bearing home substantial signs of the approach of Christmas day.

While Nannie was busy with such broken toys as were in her possession the widow knelt and prayed that the many trials and privations of her humble household might be lessened or converted to their ultimate good; and she prayed, too, for those whose calloused and selfish natures were careless or mindless of the poor and destitute.

The distance to the school house was so great that the boys never returned till school was over for the day; and as they went home this day they heard the other children boasting gleefully of the great preparations for to-morrow, the great Christmas day! of heavy turkeys, plump geese and wild fowl, of well-filled storerooms and dairies, countless pies of all kinds, and dainty "turn-overs" made especially for themselves—till the mouths of Thomas and Bobby watered at the recital.

But they, poor things! were doomed to utter disappointment. Nothing had come. The neighbors had forgotten or cared not for the poor family this year, and with sorrowful eyes they warmed themselves at the barren hearth, and thought of the next day, and the rich feasts and joyful sports of their schoolmates.

"I wish Christmas would never come again, mother!" murmured Thomas, as they retired for the night. "Everybody else will be enjoying themselves, and we can't. It's too aggravating!"

"Fie! Thomas; you mustn't be selfish. We must be glad and thankful that we have a home, poor as it is."

The widow awoke with the first faint glimpse of morning, the children still slumbering, and as she looked towards the window, she saw the figure of a man, apparently asleep in a chair, between her and the light! Astonished, alarmed, she uttered an exclamation of fear. The sound startled the strange figure, who sprang to his feet.

"Who's there? Who is it?" exclaimed the widow, fearfully.

"Mother!" issued from the stranger's lips. "It is I—it is Edward! I came after midnight, but I would not wake you."

He sprang forward as he spoke, and with a wild cry of joy, his mother clasped him in her arms. It was a long embrace—"long as his exile, sweet as his return!" And the children, awakened by the noise, united in a cry of fear, till pacified and reassured by their mother.

The sun was up two hours ere Edward Gray had explained the various causes of his long absence. On his return, through the blunders of his mother's neighbors in another town, he had found it impossible to obtain any trace of her until accident disclosed what he so long had sought.

"I am captain now, mother. I have been provident, thanks to your early teachings, and thanks be to God, I have enough means to enable me to assure you that you shall want no more."

And the assurance was a truthful one, so happily made on that holy day of rejoicing, more delightful to that family than it had ever been before. And to them its every return now teaches that they shall never fail of their reward who persevere and trust in God.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was Introduced Into England by Queen Victoria's Husband.

It is said that Christmas trees were used to place gifts upon as early as 1632. France adopted the Christmas about 1840, and Prince Albert introduced it into England the first Christmas after his marriage. The Queen still keeps up this custom, having a tree for her own gifts, one for her children and grandchildren, and one for the household. Since then the custom has become world-wide. The "tree of candles" is of more ancient date. There is an old French romance of the thirteenth century in which the hero sees a tree whose branches from top to bottom are covered with burning candles, while on the top is the figure of a child shining with a still greater radiance. This tree symbolized humanity—the upper lights being the souls of the good, those below of the wicked, while the child represented Christ.

The poetic idea of the Christmas tree as a symbol of the renewed life of nature, which begins with the lengthening of the days, comes from Germany. From the Norse mythology comes the suggestion of the Christmas tree as typical of the new-born sun in that it was bedecked with lights, and was an emblem of spring on account of its rich green. Probably the Norse mythology was the origin of the "tree of candles" more than of the present Christmas tree. On the introduction of Christianity the Christmas tree, although not known then by that name, became the type of Christ.

The following quotation from L. P. Lewis gives these emblems of Christmas tree: "The tree itself, stately and tall, was symbolical of his majesty and grandeur; the green, of his godliness and immortality; the lights, of his glory, and of the star in the east; and the angel on top (which was then never omitted), of the angels who gave to the shepherds the words still spoken each Christmas day, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"—Self-Culture Magazine.

COMPLICATING CHRISTMAS.

We Are Widely Departing from the Best Way to Celebrate the Day.

Edward Bok writes, in the Ladies' Home Journal, that "there must be some radical and growing departure from the right and best way of celebrating Christmas when each recurring year we hear a larger number of men saying, 'Well, I'll be truly thankful when this Christmas business is over.' And they are led to this remark generally by seeing their wives, mothers, sisters or daughters reach Christmas day utterly tired out, with the prospect of a siege of illness as soon as Christmas is over. And it must be confessed that this state of affairs exists in thousands of homes. Women themselves frequently acknowledge their satisfaction when the day is over. Now, there is always something wrong when we make a burden of our pleasures. And if one of our sources of pleasure in the calendar's greatest gala day is derived from a feeling of thankfulness that it is over, there is something askew either in the way we prepare for, or spend, the day."

MAN OF THE HOUR.

Take Christmas Easy.

At Christmastide the thing to do
About expense is not to stew.
Who misses now—no one, 'tis clear—
The Christmas cash of yesteryear?
—Chicago Record.

THE CHILDREN'S COMING HOME

FROM the far and frozen Nor'land with a whirling flight of snow—
From the Southland, fair and fragrant, on the merry morning ray—
From the East and from the West, o'er the ocean's heaving crest,
Turn the drifted children homeward, with the dawn of Christmas day.
Light the weary eyes with longing for the haunts of long ago.
Leap the heavy hearts in greeting to the old folks far away;
And the Yule-log, blitkely burning, guides the wanderers returning,
When they speed their footsteps homeward, as they do on Christmas day!

"Bedeck the walls with greenery, the livery of Yule,
(And kiss me once, old wife o' mine, beneath the mistletoe);
The berries white and red, let them glitter overhead,
Is the pudding ripe and ready? Are the glasses all a-row?
For they're coming home—the children—from the world's ungentle school,
As they came in by-gone Yuletides, ere out hair was scant and gray;
From the corners of the earth, to the home that gave them birth,
They are coming happy-hearted—coming on Christmas day.

"There is Jack upon the ocean—(and our wastrel aye was he!)—
Yet I often think you love h'm something dearer than the rest,
See him stand beside the wheel, whi'e the reeking funnels reel
In the terrors of the tempest, on the angry breaker's crest;
The icy winds are whistling as the good ship takes the sea,
But our Jack goes smiling ever, thro' the slapping of the spray;
For he knows that land is nearing—knows the port to which he's steering;
He is coming home, our sailor, from the sea, for Christmas day.

"O'er the rolling Western prairies, thro' the forest, thro' the farm,
Speeds an engine bearing Robin from the vineyard or the mine;
And our Harry, freed from care, flies the fetid city air,
Fast as fast express can bear h'm, o'er the old familiar line,
They are coming home, the children, just to feel the wondrous charm
Of their jocund youth's renewal—of the season's kindly sway;
And we'll greet them at the door, as we did in days of yore
When they kissed us 'Merry Christmas!'—coming home on Christmas day.

"Is the Christmas tree ablazing? Are the candles all in place?
For Nell, you know, is coming with her rosy girls and boys;
And my spirit hankers after happy bursts of baby laughter
And the merry madcap riot of the youngsters with their joys.
There's a glory in your een, good wife, a glory upon your face;
Again the Past comes back to you—again our bairnies play—
What!—a tear! No time for tears, with the joy bells in your ears,
And the children coming homeward on this blessed Christmas day.

"Hark to sleighbells on the roadway!—they are coming! They are here!
From the Nor'land, and the Southland—from the East and from the West;
We will scan each loving face, we will feel each warm embrace;
Our vagrom brood will meet again at peace within the nest,
So fling the doors wide open—let them see our Christmas cheer;
Then kiss me once again, old wife, for oh! my heart is gay;
And our broken voices raise, in a carol fraught with praise,
Unto Him that brings the children—brings them home on Christmas day."
—Gerald Brenan, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nothing to Hold.

"Suppose that Father Time were bald," remarked the girl with the illustrated almanac; "how it would interfere with progress."

"In what way?"

"Why, we couldn't take time by the forelock."—Buffalo News.

Saturated.

Van Ishe—Well, old man, did you greet Christmas with the proper spirit in your heart?

Ten Broke—Yes, the doctor said it had soaked in almost everywhere.—New York Journal.

INCOMES OF ROYALTY.

SALARIES THAT GO WITH JOBS AS RULERS.

Many Monarchs Enjoy All the Luxuries of Abundant Wealth—Czar of Russia Reputed to be the Richest Man in the World.

Seventy-four men and two women divide among themselves the governments of the world. In other words, there are seventy-six rulers. Of these twenty-two govern as presidents, fifteen as kinds, eleven as dukes and grand dukes, six as emperors, five as princes and five as sultans. There are two khans, of Beluchistan and of Khiva; two ameers, of Afghanistan and of Bokhara; two queens, Queen Victoria and Queen Wilhelmina; one khedive, of Egypt; one shah, of Persia; one bey, of Tunis; one mikado, of Japan; one maharaja, of Nepaul, and one rajah, of Sarawak. Of these august potentates Queen Victoria and her grandson, William II. of Germany, are the only ones who sport two titles—the one queen and empress, the other emperor and king.

The most venerable of these rulers is Sidi Ali Pasha, bey of Tunis, born in 1817. The youngest head of a nation is Wilhelmina of Holland, born in 1880, the young king of Spain not yet being seated on his ancestral throne. In the spring and summer seasons one-third of the birthdays of these potentates occur, April, May and August being the particularly favored months.

When it comes to civil lists the emperor of Russia, who is said to be the richest man in the world, can show the largest bank account, $12,000,000 being his yearly income. This is no more, however, than some good citizens of our republic have as their income!

Seven other sovereigns have incomes reaching the million figure—the sultan of Turkey, who has $10,000,000; the emperor of Austria, who has $3,875,000; Emperor William of Germany, $3,852,770; king of Italy, $2,858,000; the queen of England, $1,925,000; king of Bavaria, $1,412,000, and the king of Spain, $1,400,000. The king of Spain, however, has an additional $600,000 for his family, and the king of Italy must deduct from his millions $180,000 for his family.

The one who obtains the bulk of his income in the most original manner is the sultan of Sulu, who raises it by fines. He has men whose business it is to watch his subjects who are making money, and as soon as a man gets something ahead he is charged with some crime and the result is a fine. If a man has amassed $500, for example, he is accused of some crime, and to save himself from prison or death must pay a fine of $100. The crown prince is often sent out to collect the fines. From the rents of lands he receives $5,000 a year, and the United States adds $3,000 in silver to the royal treasury yearly.

The monarch who stands last on the list as regards his income is King Malietoa Tanu of Samoa. He eks out an existence on the paltry sum of $150 a month, or less than $2,000 a year. The salary paid to his predecessor for upholding the dignity of the Samoan throne was $50 a month, and with this sum he was well satisfied. When the new king, a year ago, came to draw his first month's salary he struck for $150 and got it—after going to law about it. The cashier of the treasury, which is now controlled by the consuls of the United States, Great Britain and Germany, at first refused to pay the amount demanded.

The fact that the king is drawing such a large salary is a source of gratification to his adherents, who expect him to wear a clean calico shirt every day at least on account of his new accumulation of wealth.

Appreciated by Political Orators.

For some years the talking machine has played an important part in the politics of America, where in many instances the candidate has in the retirement of his own home contented himself with breathing his political views into the funnel of a phonograph and allowing the machine to do the rest on a tour, and in the hands of a capable agent. For the unpopular candidate the phonograph as a clockwork expounder of political opinions is an unmixed blessing. The hostile constituency may roar itself hoarse with unfriendly criticism, it may refer to the candidate in every unpublished term imaginable, it may even want to throw antiquated vegetables at him, but the machine, deaf, blind and impervious, will go right along, steadily grinding out its proprietor's views on the war or the youthful offenders' act without even pausing to say: "Gentlemen, I am much touched," when a retired egg breaks impotently inside the funnel. By a simple contrivance the phonograph may be made to register the feeling of the audience, so that when the meeting is over the records can be sent back to the candidate, who reproduces the proceedings and perhaps feels gratified that he did not attend in person.

HE DIED WITH HIS SECRET.

Man Who Discovered How to Petrify Bodies Never Revealed Process.

Carrying with him his secret of petrifying a corpse and giving it for all eternity the flesh color of life, Dr. Marini, the Italian, is dead. His secret can be kept no more surely now that he has taken it with him than he kept it in his lifetime. He lived only with his daughter, and he did not allow her to know the slightest about the wonderful process. Like all inventors, he impoverished himself and what there was of his family in his devotion to the one object of his life. His death in Naples was of that terrible disease, cancer of the intestines, and the slow agony drew out its attenuated length for six months. He died only with his daughter, for he refused to see the few friends that he had. He left to his daughter nothing whatever, unless the name of "crank" can be considered that good name which is better than silver and gold.

Dr. Marini was born in Sardinia. For forty years he had given day and night to this single purpose of discovering how to preserve human bodies in the flesh so that they shall be as hard as statuary and yet retain the lifetime color. Nor was this all. He aimed to retain the softness and the flexibility of flesh in life, and it is reported that he succeeded in part, for in his studio, among the hard and stony busts, heads, arms, feet and entire figures that once were full of life, he had several hands of women which seemed as fresh and flexible as in life, and he was confident that he had learned the secret of converting the whole human body into that condition.

So careful was he of his process that he bought the various materials which he used in different towns and wrapped them in camphor cloths to disguise their odor, so that not even a guess could be made as to what he carried. He had among the specimens of his work the petrified statues of Benedetto Cairoli and Cardinal Sanfelice of Naples.

Besides his discovery proper he had just one other ambition in life. He wanted to hold a chair in one of the universities where he could impart in a suitable manner some of his information to his fellows. His friends tried to get for him a professorship in a university, but failed.

To provide bread for himself and daughter Dr. Marini offered to take a much inferior post in the university, but even this he could not get. Saddened by his poverty and his failure in having his work appreciated, he shut himself up and grew as white as his petrified bodies. So he passed the six agonizing months which preceded his death.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up, and, after examining it, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult; but" (looking grim) "I should like to see the man who would dare to repeat it!"

A party of Americans were sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine River boat, enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guide-book about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest old buildings, a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows." "No," said a man standing by her side, "those are the shades of their ancestors."

During Lincoln's second presidential campaign, John J. Janney, of Columbus, Ohio, went to see the President at Washington. In the course of their conversation Lincoln said: "You are going to defeat Sammy out in your district this time, aren't you?" referring to a Democratic candidate for Congress in Ohio. "I understand that Sammy is a great friend of mine—just as warm a friend as I have. He reminds me of a hog that old Sam Brown had. It got out and was gone for some time. Sam could see where it had been rooting along the creek, and he said one morning to one of his sons that the boy was to go along one side of the creek and Brown himself would go along the other, 'for I think,' said he, 'that the hog is on both sides of the creek.'"

When Marius Dahlgreen, the artist, left for Nome some time ago, to seek his fortune in the gold-fields, he decided to take a varied supply of paints and canvas with him, so that, should the nuggets fail to materialize, he might put in his time profitably immortalizing the picturesque scenery of the new mining camp with his brush. These dreams were shattered, however, when Dahlgreen's party landed at Port Clarence, for on attempting to put together a small boat with which they had provided themselves, it was found that the dishonest—or only careless—ship-builder had forgotten to include the white lead in the boat's fixings. How to calk the seams without it at eighty miles' distance from Nome civilization was the question. At last the Goth of the party suggested the artist's paint-box, and with tears the sacrifice was made, the "landscapes of the future" decorating the insensate seams of the little craft.

Henry W. O'Melveny, of Los Angeles, had a unique experience last week at Madera, where he arrived at midnight, dirty, unkempt and unshaven, after a ten days' fishing trip in the interior. After settling down in the deserted station, to await the arrival of the Los Angeles train, O'Melveny decided to purchase his railway ticket before the ticket window opened. Only a week before the railroad agent of a neighboring station had been robbed, so when the traveler opened the side door of the ticket room and walked in, the Madera agent instantly sized him up as a road agent, and, drawing his gun, held it in his right hand, while with his left he drew his money from the drawer and, thrusting it into the open safe, slammed the door. Then, keeping O'Melveny covered with his revolver, he reached over and rapped out on the telegraph key for the benefit of the assistant operator in the next room the single word "tough," while the assistant answered in the same fashion "Yes; very tough." In the meantime O'Melveny had extracted a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket and requested a ticket to Los Angeles. The tender of so much wealth by such a disreputable fellow was positive proof in the agent's mind that it was a scheme to have him open the safe for change and then rob him. Backing away as far as the partition would permit, and holding his revolver ready to fire, the agent was about to take desperate measures, when his assistant recognized the supposed robber and rapped out on the key: "Los Angeles lawyer; O. K.; not half as tough as he looks." Mutual explanations followed.

Men are seldom charitable on an empty stomach.

BETTER TRADE CONDITIONS.

Holiday Preparations Dominant in Retail Business Throughout the East.

Bradstreet's says: Favorable conditions rule generally in all lines of seasonable trade. Holiday preparations are, of course, dominant in retail business, and, where this has hitherto lagged, it has been stimulated by more seasonable weather. Wholesale distribution is lifted, and is now natural at this period, but western jobbers are in receipt of a fair re-order business. So far, the best reports as to retail trade come from the West and South. In leading industrials the best report is still that made by finished products of the iron and steel industry, but other favorably situated lines are boots and shoes and lumber. New business in the former is rather light at wholesale, but manufacturers generally are busily employed, and leatehr is firm in sympathy. A good export demand for the latter is noted.

The cereals are lower in price, due to profit taking on the late upward move, the larger movement of supplies, particularly of corn, which is favored by the weather, and to less interest of the present foreign buyers.

While business in iron and steel as a whole is quieter than of late there is no apparent diminution in strength and actual tran actions in rails and plates compare well with the best recorded. Pig iron is dull except for some business at Chicago and 25 cents per ton has been conceded on Bessemer at Pittsburg.

Wheat including flour shipments for the week aggregate 4,785,577 bushels against 3,432,139 last week.

Business failures for the week in the United States number 247 against 224 last week.

Canadian failures for the week number 18 against 27 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Market.

Onions, new yellow, 2@2½c.
Lettuce, hot house, $1 per crate.
Potatoes, new, $16.
Beets, per sack, 85c@$1.
Turnips, per sack, $1.00.
Squash—1½c.
Carrots, per sack, 60c
Parsnips, per sack, $1.00@1.25.
Cucumbers—40@50c.
Cabbage, native and California, 2c per pounds.
Butter—Creamery, 30c; dairy, 18@22c; ranch, 16c@18c pound.
Cheese—14c.
Eggs—Ranch, 40c.; Eastern 25c.
Poultry—12c; dressed, 14c; spring, 13@15c turkey, 13c..
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, $14.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $10.00.
Corn—Whole, $23.00; cracked, $25; feed meal, $25.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $20.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, $3.30; blended straights, $3.25; California, $3.25; buckwheat flour, $6.00; graham, per barrel, $3.25; whole wheat flour, $3.25; rye flour, $3.80@4.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $14.00; shorts, per ton, $14.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, $19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, $20; oil cake meal, per ton, $30.00.
Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, price 7½c; cows, 7c; mutton 7¾; pork, 7¾c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 9@12c.
Hams—Large, 13c; small, 13¼; breakfast bacon, 12c; dry salt sides, 8½c.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 54@54½c; Valley, nominal; Bluestem, 56½c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, $3.40; graham, $2.60.
Oats—Choice white, 45c; choice gray, 42c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, $15.50 brewing, $16.50 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, $15.50 ton; middlings, $21; shorts, $17; chop, $16 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, $12@12.50; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 50@55c; store, 32½c.
Eggs—30c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13½c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.75@3.50 per dozen; hens, $4.00; springs, $2.00@3.50; geese, $6.00@8.00 doz; ducks, $3.50@5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11c per pound.
Potatoes—50@65c per sack; sweets, 1½c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, $1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1½c per pound; parsnips, 85c; onions, $1.75; carrots, 75c.
Hops—New crop, 12@14c per pound.
Wool—Valley, 13@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@12c; mohair, 25 per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3½c; dressed mutton, 6½@7c per pound.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $6.75; light and feeders, $5.00; dressed, $5.00@6.25 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, $3.50@4.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 6@7c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6@6½c; small, 7@8c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 11@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@14c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 9@10c.
Hops—Crop, 1900, 13½@17c.
Butter—Fancy creamery 26@26½c; do seconds, 25c; fancy dairy, 22@23c; do seconds, 21c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 40c; fancy ranch, 30c.
Millstuffs — Middlings, $16.50 @ 19.50; bran, $18.00@18.50.
Hay—Wheat $9@13½; wheat and oat $9.00@12.50; best barley $9.50 alfalfa, $7.00@10.00 per ton; straw, 35@47½c per bale.
Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, 45c@$1; Salinas Burbanks, 90c@$1.15; river Burbanks, 30@75c; sweets, 50@80c.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, $4.00@5.00; California lemons 75c@$1.50; do choice $1.75@2.00 per box.
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, $1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6@6½c per pound.