A RACE AROUND **THE HORN**

MASTER has the right to be proud of his ship, and mine is a clipper—a "wind jammer;" but I've left many a first-class tramp astern of me, yes, and liners, too. I haven't then any records; I can't claim to strokes, and went up on deck in socks re sailed 433% statute miles in a day, and pyjamas to take a look at the night. and pyjames to take a look at the night. have sailed 433% statute miles in a day, and py huma to take a local was at the as did the Flying Cloud, or even 419 All seemed well. The mate was at the miles, the record of the Sovereign of the Bean. Records like those were made small biame to hum for getting it good Bess. Records like those were made when ships carried a big crew, regardand hot. His face was turned towards less of expense, and spread out their stu'n's'ls and moon-scrapers until the me, his back to the forecastle, where something stirred in the shadow-a hull was no more compared with their man coming up out of the scuttle-Diego Ramires, who ought to have been in his bunk, sneaking quietly up canvas than the basket is to a balloon. But my bark Daisy does all that can be expected with her crew of twenty-one men, and my owners gave me a gold watch and chain when I beat the giant the ladder to the forecastle bead. I felt half inclined to hall him, but why should my bo's'n steal about like a cat. France on a clear run across the Westslink in the shadows, instead of going about like a man? I thought I saw the

gleam of a knife in his hands. Then I I was loading timber in Burrard inlet, just up the harbor from Vancouver, ran full pelt along the lee side of the the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I was feeling pretty leck, for if the man meant mischief it was time I knew. I took the steps at od, because, since my last visit, my vestment of \$500 in town lots had turned itself into a good \$1,500 with the growth of the city. And as to the



ISCOVERING THE TREACHERT OF BA MIREZ.

Dalay, well, I wasn't going to let that swink Jones crow over me. He com-manuled the Breeze, a four-masted bark, bigger than the Dafay, but with noth-ing of her sailing qualities. He had got some new fancy patent tops'is, and was trying to make the merchants be-lieve that he'd be unloading in London River before I was round the Horn. He was a good talker, was Jones, and made mself out a proper hero, especially mong the women, who, bless their puls! don't know a man when they see one unless he has got a torpedo beard and apes the naval officer. Anyway, Jones' bragging made me so sick that I challenged him to start the same day-we were both finishing our loads-and race me home for \$2,500 a side. He wanted to back out, but the challenge was made at the shipping office before a crowd of masters and merchants, and Jones had talked to such an extent that his friends forced him to stand up to me like a man. I've beard since that

but a question of tugs. I had one ask but a question of tugs. I had one as ing for a job already, the only deep sea tug, perhaps, in the chops of the Chan-nel. So I made my bargain for Dart-mouth, and soon I was making eight knots for Jones' nine. At noon, I be-

n sight, and I, being disabled, had a right. So away we went with two tugs.

leaving Jones raging mad astern. He was hull down when I got a third tug. Just to spite Jones, and went into Dart-mouth like a royal procession. Yes, I was first in an English port.

first to send the cable to Vancouver, first to secure the stake. Moreover, 1 got Mr. Jones dismissed from his ship and charged, with his accomplice, in wrecking mine, and his owners had to pay the damage. Now Captain Jones and Diego Ramirez, his bo's'n, are improving their minds in her majesty's ouse of tuition at Wormwood Scrubbs The Dalay? Well, next time I put into Vancouver the merchants gave me a banquet, and I wear a gold watch and

chain to Jones' memory.

A POLITE HORSE.

An Aneclote Somewhat Out of the Usual Run. It is seldom that borses show their atelligence, in any striking manner. but they sometimes do things that would make their mental processes ex-

three jumps. When I gained the forecastle head I saw nothing at first. Yes, there he was tremely interesting if we could under-stand them. I once owned a beautiful over the bows, his head just showing. moving from side to side as though he ray borse named "Douglas," and in were at work. very way he was essentially a fam-

I bent down over him, and found him ily borse. He generally knew what quite unconscious of my presence slashing with a long knife, cutting was required of him, and would try o do it. He was so gentle that he away the most vital gear in the shipcould safely have been driven by the gammonings of the bowsprit! I few at his throat, half strangled him, means of two pieces of strong linen thread, and he was so thoroughly trustand dragged him from his perch, until had him hanging over blue water. worthy in regard to standing without litching, that we left him anywhere But I was too late, for, with an awful we pleased, entirely by himself, and crash, the gammonings parted, the bowsprit flew into the air, rearing were always certain to find him in exactly the spot where he had been left. We had such faith in him in this restraight on end. A yell from me sent he mate to the wheel.

spect that we got into the bad habit, "Luff"I shouted. "Luff!" when we were visiting at a house, of leaving him standing at the door and But before he could bring her head to the wind, she gave one heavier roll thinking no more of him until we came than usual, and with one tremendous out. One afternoon my wife and I mash all three masts, no longer supwere making a call at a suburban ported by the stays, broke off like car rots and went whirling down over the aide. Then I hauled Mr. Diego Ramires bouse, and as usual left Douglas standing outside. In a little while, glancing out of the front window, I was aboard, and battered him senseless. mased to see the borse slowly moving The Dalay lay a total wreck in midalong the driveway. I was about to cean, her masts and spars, a tangled to out to him, but as he very soon nass of wreckage to leeward, were stopped and stood perfectly still, I re-mained where I was; and almost at charging into her like a battering ram with every roll, and, worst of all, the whole of the standing rigging was of steel, which no ax could cut for our that moment two ladies came in. They were also paying a visit to the house ut on foot.

One of them remarked to me that I At once I had all hands at work to ical with the disaster. One watch had a very polite horse, and as I did rigged a sea anchor, with a cask of oil, bored with an auger, which we put not understand this compliment to overboard to windward and so broke the seas. Meanwhile I got the other watch to work cutting the wreckage adrift as best they could.

Only when daylight came had I time o go forward; time to deal with Diego Ramires, Esq., my bo's'n, caught redhanded wrecking my ship. Even then I could appreciate the fiendish cunning of the man, his masterly knowledge of seamanship. The chance had been a he was in desperate hard straits, so thousand to one against his being ladies, which would have induced

stern of us, and it was nothing now SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUNDROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

ing still a little ahead, another tug hove Plasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Bayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Endoy.

> Professor (returning home at night, bears noise)-Is someone there? Burglar (under the bed)-No. Professor-That's strange! I was

ositive someone was under my bed. Tid-Bits.

Cynlcal. Binicus-One cannot believe everything he hears. Cynicus-No: nor everything on

for twenty years." Sue wept. But the editor grinned.--Baltimore American. doesn't hear. About half of what one takes for granted is false.-Puck. "The Defuted Caulae, "The dog is one of the most intelli-

Fourthing Like It.



They say," remarked the very cynlcal person, "that in this corrupt and Mamma-Bobby, do superficial age the great object is not to be found out." the text last Sunday? Bobby-Yes, ma'am. I think it was "That shows you have very little ex-

"Many are cold, but few are frozen." That Egg Corner. "What do you think of the plans for the impecunious friend. "My great ob-ject is not to be found in."-Washingthat gigantic corner in eggs?" "I think they are well laid."-Cleve

land Plain Dealer.

In Court Circles, He-Oh, yes, when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court

She (simply)-What was the charge agaiust you?-Tit-Bits,

Gets Up Early. Jimmy-What time do yer have ter ter work?

Johnny-Oh, any time I like as long as I ain't later than 7 o'clock.-Harper's Bazar.

Brooklyn Fiat.

swing a cat. Mrs. Benham-Then we won't have a

Fearful Di covery. "Dis is terrible," said Meandering Mike, with a deep-drawn sigh. "What's de matter?" asked Plodding Pete, in alarm.

says we've got muscles inside of us that keeps up an involuntary action.

A MECHANICAL GENIUS. Mrs. De Vorce, "Is a forgery. It was Ban Francisco Lad Who Makes Modela

of Batticships. Eddle Von Geldern, a 13-year-old boy

one year ago, after a single hour's in-spection of the United States battleship lows, went off and executed a remarkable model of the ship, accurate in proportion and dellcate in detail, composed of odd scraps and waste picked up about his own home and in his neighbors' back yards. He has now, unaided and untaught, constructed out of odds and ends of materials, with a few odd tools, partly of his own manufacture and contrivance, models of a steam engine and electric car good ough to be exhibited before the Technical Society of the Pacific at its last meeting in Academy of Sciences

building, and which commanded the respectful attention of the members of that grave and dignified body. The steam engine is an elaborate

plece of work, perfected, as a model or a sketch, to use the boy's own term, down to some of its finest details. The boller is made of strips of tin, neatly 20 cents per barrel has tended to help gent of animals," remarked Willie turned and riveted together, then nalled down to a foundation board, so "So I have heard," answered Miss that they appear, together with a sim-"And he is the most loyal admirer a llar strip of zinc at the front, to consist. of a series of castings. The sandbrake consists of a metallic tip taken from "Yes. I never could quite reconcile those two assertions."-Washington the end of a discarded curtain pole, and a circular tin can forms the smokestack. The headlight is set in a little box constructed by the boy's deft She Sometimes I wish I had never hands, but for the ornament which caps it he is indebted to his mother's He-That's but natural, my dear. discarded curtain poles. There are We generally go back on those things steam cylinders with eccentric movethat we have tried hardest to get .ments, symmetrical and accurately proportioned, and a whole system of running gear and mechanism beneath, down to the compressed airbrake and hose, all as conscientionsly executed as if the lives of human passengers depended upon their being carried out to

the finest detail. In the engine cab the boy has accomplished some of his most patient imi-tative work, for it is rigged with a throttle and steam gauge, the doors to the boller and furnace being carefully defined. On one side the engineer's raised seat is carefully padded, and he is even furnished with the usual padded arm rest on the window, while the bell rope dangles above the fireman's sent opposite. All of the other windows in the cabs are giazed with discarded camera plates. The engine is about three and one-half feet long and of proportionate breadth and height. The trolley car, four feet long of more, is a less complex structure, but shows the same fidelity, patience and accuracy, and is one of the most hon-

est make-believe cars possible, from the stout wheels beneath, taken out of cord and tackle pulleys, to the trolley, which reaches up to draw power from an invisible wire. "That trolley was an old bamboo

fishing rod once upon a time," explains the young builder gravely. "I had to buy the glass for the windows, for there weren't any dry plates the right size, you see. I've got the advertisements along the top of the wall above them. If you'll look in you can

The seats, simulated to represent the rolling curves of the slatted benches extending along the sides of the.car, were hacked out with the aid of an old jackknife, and beneath the car, at each end, the boy has built that absolute essential to street cars in every

What Frightened Him.

ma by rall, some years ago, the con

ductor obligingly stopped the train for

Mr. Campion to gather some beauti-

ful crimson flowers by the roadside.

It was midday and intensely hot. In

cats form and a beautiful green shade.

I walked to them, broke off a fine spray

ish weed. I threw it away, carefully

plucked it. Again I had in my hand a

and placed it with my flowers.

ounch of withered leaves.

frightened by sensitive plants.

Equine Inequality.

Go Wrong.

Finland Wolves.

Finland loses \$27,500 worth of cattle

It is one of the wonders of childhood

calling.

While crossing the Isthmus of Pana-

SPECULATION HAS LAGGED.

The second

100

Week of Ebbing Strength in Cereal Markets-Bradstreat's Weekly Trade Review.

Bradstreet's says: Speculation has lagged, but trade on spring account has n the whole improved this week. Southern and Southwestern trade is opening up satisfactorily, and there are better reports received even from the Northwest as to the outlook, for spring business. As to retail distribution, conditions are hardly so favorable.

Lumber appears to have been active at the West, and wholesalers have done more at the East, but the export trade

lags in this line, as in others. It has been a week of abbing strength in the cereals. Argentina reports display an India rubber consistency, and this week has been devoted to stretching estimates of the export surplus from that country. Northwest wheat receipts have also been heavy, and the so-called Wall street interest has been reported to have been liquidating. Flour is dull, but the decline of 10 to

export business. The textile situation is not altogether clear. Cotton has weakened on increased stocks at the South.

War, or rather rumors of war, have teeu the chief subject of discussion in the iron and steel trade this week. and to some extent have exerted a depressing effect on sentiment. New demand at this time, however, is never very large, and conditions as a whole are healthy and even promising. The labor outlook in iton does not promise as well.

Wheat, inlending flour, shipments for the week were 3,336,054 bushels against 3,061,095 bushels last week.

Busine . failures in the United States tor the week ending nomiler 290, against 322 last week. Canadian failures for the week num

ber 50, as against 36 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Market.

Onions, new yellow, 2c. Lettuce, hot house, \$1.60 per case Potatoes, new, \$18. Beets, per sack, 85c @\$1. Turnips, per sack, \$1.00. Squash-2c.

Carrote, per sack, 75c Parsnips, per sack, \$1.00@1.25.

Celery-50c doz. Cabbage, uative and California,

le per pounds.

Butter-Creamery, 30c; dairy, 16 18c; manch, 16c @ 18c pound.

Checes-14c. Eggs-Ranch, 28c; Eastern 23c.

Poultry-14c: dressed, native chickons, 15c; turkey, 16c.

Hay-Puget Sound timothy, \$15.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.

Corn-Whole, \$21.00: cracked, \$25; feed meal, \$24. Barley-Rolled or ground, per ton.

Flour-Patent, per barrel, \$3.40; 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 of 4.00.

Milistuffs-Bran, per ton, \$15.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00. Feed-Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton;

middlings, per ton, \$23; oil cake meal, \$29.00. Fresh Meats-Choice dressed beet

steers, price 7 %c; cows, 7c; mutton

%; pork, 7%c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 11@



Judge-When the gentleman cried for help, why didn't you run to his aid? Officer-Well, sor, it war across th' street, and not exactly on me bate,

One Way to Tell.

"Scribley asked me to-day if I would give him a bad character." "He's after a job and afraid you'd jucer him, ch?" "O! no. He's writing a play, and he

needs a villain."-Philadelphia Press.

"This letter," said the counsel for

not written by my client, and, in fact,

"What proof have you of that?"

asked the oposing counsel. "Simply this: There is no postscript.

and the several pages run right along in the regular order."-Philadelphia

Mishap to an ubituary.

She wept. "Oh, you editors are hor-rid!" she sobhed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" in

"Why, I-boo-boo-I sent in an oblt-

vary of my husband, and-boo-boo-

and said in it that he had been married

bo shoo-your printers set it up 'worried

Only Natural.

perience with bill collectors," answered

Wanted It Bad.

for twenty years, and you-oo-oo-

it is evident it was not written by a

woman at all."

quired the editor.

Wishington.

man can have."

narried you.

Cayenne.

Star.

Life.

ton Star.

Press.

An I ficient Officer.

Benham-There isn't room here t

cat.-Brooklyn Life.

"Here's a nice piece in de paper. It lote, except to say that it must have Dey goes on workin', whether we been a very strong sense of politeness. wants 'em to or not."-Washington

or else a word or two from one of the Star.

Douglas, she explained that when they reached the house they found my horse and buggy entirely blocking the en-

circles.

trance; and as they stood wondering what they should do, the horse turned his bead, looked at them, and then moved on a few steps in order to give

eeing most of the fighting that took

slace in the Sutlej campaign of 1845.

Almost the first time he smelt powder

His next campaign was that in the

Puniab in 1848-9, and later he fought

through the Ill-managed Crimea. Twen-

ty years later he was made command-

er-in-chief in India, and was specially

thanked by Parliament for his tact and

mergy in the Afghanistan operations.

The old warrior is bale and bearty

and still has an opinion of his own. It

is told of him that a dictum of Lord

Wolseley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane

"Wolseley! Wolseley! A clever lad.

The Singer and the Porter.

on the floor and shouted:

he was desperately wounded.

them an opportunity of entering. I have nothing to add to this anec

much so that the loss of that bet would sheer ruin to him; but he had talked too much, and the Vancouver people would have chaffed the life out of him if he tried to sing small before We planked down the stakes, the first man home to cable to the stakeer, claiming the whole amount Then, I guess, Jones feit sick. Bar sccidents, the man couldn't possibly beat me sailing, and I never suspected foul play; such a thing never entered my head. I was short of a bo's'n, my man having run from the ship, and there was not one of the foremast hands who could fairly claim the job. They were ooked he would have no trouble in good as sailormen go, the best dos them, but a really first-class bo's'n could have given points to the lot. Now, Jones had a regular champion, a Por tugee, who'd learned his trade whaling and followed that up under the bes masters in the deep sea trade. So when he came to see me the day before I was to sail, I listened to all he had to say about Captain Jones-which wasn't exactly compliments. I couldn't tell him to run from his present ship, in-deed, as in duty bound, I advised him maly to do no such thing; but I did drop a hint that I'd pick up valuable who'd run from such masters as Jones, and stowed away in the Daisy Sure enough, before I'd been a day out I found Diego Ramirez aboard of me, mighty poor in spirit, humble and will-Naturally, I wasn't going to lose handing the man over to Jones, so I signed him on the books as A. B. He soon proved the best saflorman in the abip; such a good man, in fact, that my

own people weren't jesious when I pro-moted him over their heads, and made him bo's'n. I was proud of Diego Ramirez. If I'd only known! We started fair, Jones and I, and all the city turned out to see the start. A

17,000-mile race is out of the comm the papers were full of it, and at the time when we cast off the tugs the betting was five to three on Jones. I took care to be abreast when we passed the city of Victoria; I took more care while we ran down the Straits of Fucs that I uld round Cape Flattery ahead of him. The betting there was five to three on me. Jones did all he knew, and as far as speed went there wasn't actually much to choose between our two ships; but for seamanship, well, I'd be sorry for Jones' chance. Of course, we put him astern the very first day, nor did we see him again for many a long day

There's no need to describe the voyage. I had all the winds I tried for, and not too much; I rounded the Horn without a reef in my tops'is, then reach We were bowling along towards the ing down our latitudes in ie, and on Oct. 8, at noon, I should have heard them cheer as we the it 100 30 7 8. We were under se reefed top gallant sails, wind out S.H. blowing about a tops'l see, about as much as we cared for. sighted Ushant! six weeks, of course there could be no hope of winning the race. Yet we were he mate wanted to snug home nel, the time being just after breaknt salls. I knew what the fast, when who should I see astern but my dear friend Jones. It was a clear aphid Stand, and when I went at 10 o'clock I told the second to for less than a light gale. g at any forward, while, so far mind con tell, there is noth-

caught, so simple was his plan, so cer-Douglas to move from the place where tain its success. No masts ever built I had left him .- Frank R. Stockton, in could have borne so sudden and so Youth's Companion. fierce a wrench. It was a comfort to me that I had marked Diego Ramirez Wolseley Merely a Stripling. It is pleasant to come across old war for life. But I had not killed him, nor would I while he could be held alive in tors who, having fought in many evidence of his crime.

climes against many people, are still hale and hearty. The other day one I nut the man in irons, with nothing but bread and water, and on the third of England's veterans, Field Marshai day be confessed that Jones had bribed Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his him to come on board at Vancouver, eighty-first birthday. had paid him \$250 in cash to commi Just sixty-one years ago he began h's the crime. That was Mr. Jones' idea career as a warrior, and fifty-five years of racing, and certainly the way things ago he went through his first campaign,



I'll admit, but a mere stripling, sir, a eaching England ahead of me, claimmere stripling!" As Lord Wolseley is ng the \$5,000 from the stake-holder at only 67, that settled it, of course.-Phil-adelphis Post. Vancouver, and cashing the check before I could interfere. As to the mon ey, I had no redress, for the law would tot back me in a gambling transaction M. A. P. tells a story of how, once but I swore he should be punished for pon a time Sims Reeves, the famous

wrecking my ship. enor, was stranded at a country junc-Well, from the moment we lost our masts I had all hands, including mytion, waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was natself, working night and day, saving trally not in the best of tempers. While what could be saved of the wreckage, bewing the cud of disappointment, an and using the spars, tackle and canvas to jury-rig the ship. I had thirty feet old railway porter, who recognized him of foremast, eighteen feet of miszen, and six feet of the main to build upon from the published portraits, entered the waiting-room. and, if you'll believe me. I turned the "Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he Datay into such a rig as was never old. "Good evening, my man," replied the er as we went along under a jury fore sail, and before we passed the Western tip. But the man sought for informa-Islands I had turned her into a sort of tion rather than tips. four-masted jackass bark, with a sprit-"They tell me you earn a heap of sall under her jury bowsprit, and even noney," he remarked. "Oh!" murmured Mr. Reeves. coms rigged out over the side to carry mail sails. My sailormen laughed until they split their sides at some of my fancy canvas, but we did five knots an hour before the wind. Every ship we sighted howled at us, but I begged, bought and borrowed something from each of them, of spars, rope and salls

Since we had been delayed at least

scarcely in our fresh course up Chan-

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard. Not so hard as I do. for instance. But I dessay you earnraps ten times what I do-eh?" "What do you earn?" asked the inger.

"Eighteen shillings a week all to add to my rig. I even holsted sails ear round," said the porter. on the boats in my davits, and Provi-Sims Reeves opened his chest: "Do. dence helped me with just the winds re, mi-do!" he sang, the last note be-I wanted. I kept my hands in good ing a ringing top one. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone!" humor with plenty of grog, and you

Perfuming Gloves

To perfume your gloves mix well rether half an ounce of essence of roses, a dram each of oil of cloves and mace, and a quarter of an ounce of frankincense. Place this in tissue paper and lay it between the gloves.

The men also get new underwear dgment, in my mind, for he'd been ariven south by a gale we just missed when they marry, but they don't advertise It. by a day, blown clean into the Antarctic, where he found a berg in a fog. A well-filled cupboard is the best Anyway, here he was rounding Ushant

board of health.

"How d'ye do?" said the busy man. Will you marry me?"

"O-er," she gasped. "This is so andden: I must have time to think I---"Say, don't keep me waiting too long or I won't have money enough left to Times. buy the ring. I came in an autocab and they charge by the minute, you know." -Philadelphia Press.

Not Natural.



ural death? The Widow-No, sir; a doctor attended him .- Der Floh.

Purely Pessimistic, "That next-door neighbor of yours deserves a great deal of credit."

"For what?" asked Mr. Blykins. "Why, for being so neat. He is always up in the morning cutting the grass on his lawn or shoveling the snow off his sidewalk." "Oh, he doesn't do those things be

cause he is neat. He enjoys the thought that his noise is worrying the neighbors."-Washington Star.

For Protection. "I wrote to Aunt Tabitha about our robber."

"Well?" "She sent us a guinea hen; she says ocalist, getting ready the necessary they always make a big fuss when a stranger comes on the place."-Indianapolis Journal.

> Governmental Interfe encs. "Here's a portion of the President's sage intended for you, Carolyn." "Nothing of the sort, Clarence. "Yes; he advises economy."

They Wouldn't Rip. "What do you call these?" he asked at the breakfast table.

"Flannel cakes," replied the wife of his bosom. "Flangel? They made a mistake and

sold you corduroy this time."-Baltimore American.

Increasing His Ignoranc', Gayboy-What have you been doing

all day? Bighead-Increasing my ignorance. I have just read the latest historical novel."-Life.

Encouraging.

Mr. Prancer-I'm sorry I'm such an wkward dancer, Miss Perkins. Miss Perkpins-Ob, you're doing fairly well, Mr. Francer. I've seen you jerk around lots worse than this with other girls.- Indianapolis Journal.

new pipe)-Cap you tell me, professor. if this amber is genuine?

Professor-Oh, that's easily deter mined. Soak it in alcohol for twentyfour hours. If it's genuine it will then civilized community, safety fenders of have disappeared.-Glasgow Evenius as ingenious a pattern as he could devise.-San Francisco Chronicle.

Fhrew L

"You've been in a fight," said his mother, reprovingly. "Oh, not much of a one." ans

the boy. "Did you count one hundred as I told you when you felt your angry passion-

rising?" "Oh, sure," returned the boy,

tells a peculiar story of this flowercounted one hundred all right, but I picking experience. knocked the other boy down first. It's I refused offers of assistance, and the only safe way."-Chicago Evening went alone to pluck the flowers. After Post. gathering a handful I noticed a large

A Knowing Lad.

"How many pounds are there in ton?" asked the teacher. And the timid, clean-faced boy a patch in his trousers, tim'dly sug

gested: "It depends a good deal where you buy your coal, doesn't it?"-Washing ton Star.

Had a Fweet Bound,

It finshed through my mind that a Small Jimmy-Say dem lubly words sudden attack of Panama fever, which once more. Smaller Gladys-I said I don't want was very prevalent and much talked of had struck me delirious you to be wastin' your money on me I went "off my bead" from fright. for ice cream and sweets any more.-

Suburbanite-You've got a new baby I felt my pulse-all right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire. Then I noticed that the plants where

A Stitch in Time

She-She is just my age.

He-Well-oh, I beg your pardon.

"I see you take your meals a la cart." sniffed the latter, looking disdainfully

sively genial, and the imperturbability of certain characters has often a curi ously irritating effect upon her. She was shopping one day at certain wellknown stores, and, having completed her purchases, took leave of the assistant who had served her with a friendly "Good morning." There was no reply. In that hard working damsel's busy career there was no time, probably, for the minor gentlenesses of life: "Say good morning and smile!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendal, impetuously. The girl stared in mute amazement. "Then 1 shall remain here until you do," said but yet in the firmest tones. This was

too much for the girl. "Good morning," she said, and burst out laughing, ance at the store in question was the signal for an outburst of geniality.-Philadelphia Telegraph.

No man should object to thick soles on his shoes, as the objections will soon wear sway.

Hams-Large, 11 'se; small, 11 %; breakfast bacon, 133 c; dry salt sides. diec.

Portland Market,

Wheat-Walla Walls, 6468550; Valley, nominal; Bluestem, 57 be per bushel.

Flour-Best grades, \$3.40; graham, \$2.60. Oats-Choice white, 42c: choice

his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion gray, 41c per bushel.

Barley-Feel barley, \$15.50 brew-ing, \$15.50 per ton.

Millstuffs-Bran, \$15.50 ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per

Hay-Timothy,\$12@12.50; clover.\$7 bed of plants, knee-high, and of dell-@9.50; O.egon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton Butter-Fancy creamery, 50@55c; store, 8236c.

Eggs-25c per dozen.

To my amazement I saw that I had Cheese-Oregon full cream, 18c; gathered a withered, shriveled, brown-Young America, 14c; new choose 10o per pound. elected a large, bright green plant and

Poultry-Chickens, mixed, \$3.00 per dozen; bens, \$4.00; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geene, \$6.00@8.00 doz; ducks, \$5.00@6.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11c per pound.

Potatoes-50 @ 60c per sack; sweets,

1%c per pouno. Vegetables-licets, \$1; turnips, 75c; In a panie I threw the flowers down, per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; caband was about to run to the train. I bage, 1 bc per pound; paranips, 85c; looked around; nothing seemed strange. onions, \$1.50@2; carrots, 75c.

Hops-New crop, 12@14c. pound.

Wool-Valley, 13@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@12c; mohair, 25 stood seemed shrunken and wilted. per pound.

Carefully I put my finger on a fresh Mutton-Gross, best sheep, wethers branch. Instantly the leaves shrunk and ewes, 8 be; dressed mutton, 6 % @ and began to change color. I had been 7c per pound.

Hogs-Gross, choice heavy, \$5.75; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed. \$5.50@6.50 per 100 pounds.

Beef-Gross, top steers, \$3.50@4.00; cown, \$3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 6@ 7c per pound.

Veal-Large, 7@7140; small, 8140 9c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool-Spring-Nevada, 11@18c per ound; Eastern Oregon, 10@14c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 9@10c.

Hops-Crop, 1900, 14@17 50. Rutter — Fancy creamery 20c; do seconds, 17c; fancy dairy, 17

do seconds, 14c per pound. Eggs-Store, 22c; fancy ranch,

Millstuffs - Middlings, \$17.00 @ 20.00; bran. \$14.50@15.00.

Hay-Wheat \$9@1816; wheat and oat \$9.00@12.50; best barley \$9.50 alfalfa, \$7.00@10.00 per ton; straw, 85@47160 per bale.

Potatoes-Oregon Burbanks, \$1.00; Salinas Burbanks, 850(\$1.15; river Burbanks, 35@ 60c; sweets, 50@\$1.

Citrus Fruit-Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@8.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@ 5.00; California lemons 75c@\$1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box.

Tropical Frojts-Bananas, \$1,50@ Occasionally the people have a right 2.50 per bunch; pineapples, a to abuse you; if you make a mistake, inal; Persian dates, 6@6%0 abuse causes you to be more careful. | pound.

letin. "My boy," said the great man, "I ed to shine shoes myself.' "Well," replied the bootblack, "dey's a hull lot of de guys what is led astray." -Philadelphia North American. Silk Dresses in China. Silk dresses were worn in China 4,500 the great actress in the most persuasive years ago.

From that hour Mrs. Kendal's appear. a year by wolves. that grown people can get up without

Boston Globe, A Matter of Hearing.

at your house, I hear? Townite Great Scot! can you hear away out there in the suburbs?

He- Mias Rusty is awfully old, isn'

she?

The Art-Hor.

"Why, Madge, where are all the tas

The work horse and the carriage "Oh, I stepped on some of them, and horse stood side by side on the street. other people stepped on some." at the other's canvas feed bag. Now Will You Smile? "Yes," replied the equine toller. Mrs. Kendal is nothing if not impul-Don't you?" "Neigh, neigh, Pauline!" and the proud aristocratic mare rattled the silver chains upon her harness. "I prefer mine stable d'oat."-Philadelphia Bul-