

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

Hay Crop Short.--Fall and Winter Grain Excellent.--Spring Grain Promises a Light Yield.

Good Reports From Fruit. PORTLAND, Oregon, June 14, 1907. WESTERN OREGON.

Weather.--Slightly lower temperatures, with more clouds and a few sprinkles of rain, have been the weather characteristics for the week.

Wheat, Oats and Hay.--More rain is badly needed. The dry weather has materially affected the hay crop, especially clover and timothy, and the correspondents are of the opinion that not over one-half crop will be secured.

Fruit.--Small and Orchard Fruits.--Strawberries are about over. Blackberries and raspberries are ripening rapidly, and both are full crops.

Prune crop now promises to be better than was anticipated a few weeks ago; the total prune product will be, from present appearances, larger than ever before, but the yield per tree in some orchards will be less.

Hops and Gardens.--Hops are growing rapidly. The hop tosse has appeared and spraying has commenced. The hop prospects are excellent.

Weather.--Slightly warmer weather has prevailed during the past week. The highest temperature was 84 degrees on Friday and Saturday; the lowest 42 degrees, on Thursday, in the Columbia River Valley, and 34 degrees over the Plateau Region.

Grain, Hay and Stock.--The lack of rain is being markedly shown. Fall and winter sown grain are heading, but the grain cannot be plump without more moisture.

The hay crop will be good on irrigated land, but elsewhere it is poor. Stock is in good condition. Large numbers of cattle continue to be sold and driven out of the state.

Fruit prospects continue to be good. Strawberries are about over in the Columbia River valley, and are ripening over the Plateau Region.

Conditions can be summarized, briefly, as: Grain needing rain; fruit good; hay a fair crop.

B. S. PAGUE, Section Director, Portland, Or.

THE LILY.

I dreamed that after wandering long I came To a dark garden with frail souls for flowers And saw the gentle lady we call death.

NOT UNUSUAL.

"Are you going out tonight, Phil?" "Yes." "And you will be late coming in, I suppose?" "A wise supposition, that! Yes, I shall be rather late. What do you want to know for?"

"You needn't sit up for me," her husband remarked carelessly. "Thank you. I suppose I can please myself."

"I'm really sorry I can't tell you, but I've forgotten how long ago it is." He gave a short laugh and watched her as she dimly flicked the ash off her cigarette.

"What a lovely remark!" "The truth is often that." She threw the cigarette into the fire and turned and looked at his handsome face with wistfulness.

"What a pity it is we never get married!" she cried, with a little break in her voice. "What an awful, awful pity!" Then she ran quickly out of the room in an exceedingly undignified manner.

"I wonder if she meant it?" he mused. "She said it as though she did." And how jolly pretty she looked smoking that cigarette! I wonder why she did it? If she thought it would annoy her she was mistaken.

As she crossed the long room, with the soft, subdued light of candles shining on her fair face and dusky hair, she made a picture beautiful enough to gladden any man's heart, but the time had gone by when her beauty had held Phil Greville spellbound and fascinated him as no other woman's loveliness had power to do.

lately sure of her faithfulness, but not once did the thought strike him of his cruel neglect, which was killing her by inches. Probably had it struck him he would have put the thought away as being too trivial for his smart, up-to-date mind.

"I don't notice that she has encountered his gaze all the gladness died out of her face, and he knew not that the careless indifference she saw in it entered into her soul with intolerable anguish.

"I am not going to bore you with my company for long," he said, leaning against the mantelpiece. "You know you don't love me, Phil. Why don't you tell the truth and say you don't intend being bored by me?" she answered quickly.

"One doesn't always like to say what one thinks," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "I do bore you, then?" she asked. "You bore me when you ask such a stupid lot of questions."

"Is that interesting? I should have thought it dreadfully stale to you who have known it so long, and besides it is such an everyday thing. I heard some one whisper today that it was quite a common occurrence--not at all unusual."

"Let me have a good look at you, Phil," she said, tilting her head slightly to one side and regarding his fair, handsome face with a smile lurking round her mouth.

"What a good looking boy you are!" she whispered, "even when you are angry." Greville made her a mocking bow, but she only smiled that strange little smile again and stood on tiptoe and placed her small hands on his great, broad shoulders.

"What a brute she must think me!" he muttered as he let himself into the house, and indeed, to do him justice, he thought himself one also.

"It's a pity she's so tender-hearted," he continued, hanging up his coat, "because I'm really awfully fond of her, though I was too bad tempered to tell her so when she told me what people were saying."

When it was first arranged for postmasters to send in quarterly reports, many queer documents were furnished. One of the funniest came from Waterford, Fulton county, Ill., and is a model of comprehensiveness, if not of grammatical precision. It is on a file at the postoffice department and reads as follows:

THE CONJURER.

He was only a poor little Frenchman, chief (and only) prosiditateur, conjurer and sleight of hand artist as "Montmorel" it's wonderful, world renowned circus.

"Beside," she said, "there's Jack, you know." Jack Thornhill was the big, handsome trapeze artist.

There was one man named Hayercraft, who came regularly every night. He used to leave hours of advance for the door for Nellie and these languets to her every night.

Jack consulted with the Panjandrum as to what he should do, and promptly received the only advice the poor little man could think of giving--to challenge the fellow to a duel.

Jack approached to where Hayercraft was standing, and asked him "if the note was his writing." He received the defiant request to mind his own business.

Jack answered this by tearing the letter up and flinging the pieces in his adversary's face. Then he told him to "put his hands up, if he were a man."

Hayercraft was no coward, but he knew he was no match for Jack, so he stepped back a pace or two and drew a revolver.

Jack sprang at him with his fist clenched and grasped the revolver. There was a short struggle, during which they fell together on the ground. Then there was a report, and then Jack rose, breathless, leaving his opponent lying still and motionless, with the revolver clutched in his hand.

A very ugly rumor began to gain ground among the company, and all advised Jack to clear out of the neighborhood for a time. It was to the effect that Hayercraft had sworn that Jack Thornhill had shot him and that a warrant was out for his arrest for attempted murder.

Jack's appearance on the trapeze was just before the Panjandrum's show, and it was while the former was taking place that the little man noticed among the audience one night, with his eyes fixed intently on Jack, a burly inspector, whom he had seen several times in the town.

FAST DRIVING TO FIRES.

Councilman Gray shows his level headedness when he objects to taking hose carts to fires behind trucks at breakneck speed.

Another serious objection to this fast driving is the danger to life and limb. Corners are turned so hastily that any chance passer by, either afoot or in a vehicle, is liable to be run down.

It is not only in taking apparatus to fires that undue and dangerous speed is exercised. We have seen several teams at one time driving through the business streets on a run in the effort to first reach the fire apparatus and thereby secure the reward that is paid.

Japan protests against the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. A feeble voice. A far mightier power--Great Britain--several months ago recognized the inevitable, and crawled into her hole.

The attention of fruit growers is called to the fact that in New York market evaporated apples which have been dried on wooden trays sell at one-eighth of a cent per pound higher than apples evaporated on wire trays.

The wather is not of the most encouraging variety for the sweet girl graduate and her friends of the female persuasion. Rain and mud do harmonize with the white and light textures usually worn on such occasions.

The University of Oregon again sends forth a class to represent her in the busy walks of life. May they do honor to their alma mater and worthily take their places with the alumni that are filling positions of responsibility in all portions of the Northwest.

The rock crusher is doing good work on Lane county roads. When this broken rock is hauled on the road it will stay where placed instead of shifting about and making depressions as is the case with gravel.

It is estimated that the sugar tariff legislation will net the trusts \$12,000,000. No wonder that they went deep into their pockets and brought forth stuff to spend for McKinley.

All kinds of growing crops have been greatly benefited by the rains and cloudy weather. An average crop is assured.

COLLEGE SPORTS.

The following from the Yamhill County Reporter may have a tendency to set people thinking about some of the so-called college sports.

"There is a prevalent sentiment that our state schools and colleges are growing wild in the matter of physical culture. Physical culture is all right, but there is always a danger of the sportive tendency getting uppermost, and then it becomes something else--brute culture, if you please.

"The editor of the Dallas Observer was an eye witness to the field day exercises at Salem, and this is what he says: 'The schools of today teach that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal.'

One bright gem of McKinley's administration will be the annexation of the Hawaiian islands. It is well that we have a statesman at the head of the government instead of an obtuse accident like the one that last occupied the White House.

The Northwest Pacific Farmer says in all the struggles in congress for a high protective tariff one or two of the representatives actually stopped fawning after the rich corporations long enough to vote for an export bounty on staple agricultural produce.

Perhaps you have noticed that the papers that howl loudest against foreign discrimination against American products are the papers that are most emphatic in their demands for tariff discrimination against foreign goods.

Several years ago Corvallis was long on saloons and short on churches. In fact the town had quite a bad reputation. This has been reversed. Then the town had nine saloons and six churches.

Congress is still engaged figuring out how a present of several millions of dollars annually can be made to the sugar trust. McKinley's prosperity promises appear to have had reference to the millionnaire sugar men. As usual the people will pay for it.

President McKinley is said to have decided to count from the date of appointment instead of from the date of confirmation, and reckoning the four years term of district attorneys, marshals and collectors of internal revenue.

Senator Cannon of Utah, introduced a bill the other day proposing to pay an export bounty upon farm products. The cost of this proposition would be a trifle over sixty million dollars a year.

Oregon wool growers are getting tired of waiting for promised advances of wool. A sale of \$400,000 pounds was made at Echo in Eastern Oregon last week.

As usual Albany people have very little to do. One of the unemployed counted forty-five shalloon nests on one brick building the other day.

By a peculiar reversal of the natural order of things American sugar seems able to dissolve everything it comes in contact with, contempt proceedings.

The Oregon State University of age today. The twenty-second commencement.