

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

But Betty new tried her wiles on Meta. English, her smattering of French and a base maceration of German were hurled at the black girl's ears. Meta pretended to understand nothing Betty said to her. Tyoga was absent, Le Malheureux, apparently had disappeared into thin air, and Betty was like a caged lioness. She was permitted to wander through the castle, for such the edifice proved to be, but with Meta ever at her side. The architecture of the castle was of non-descript type and it was rudely fashioned of granite, moss and vine grown and surrounded by parked gardens filled with tropical foliage and flowers. At the end of the gardens was a miasmatic river, thickly green and vile of odor, filled with rank reptiles and nauseous water plants. Beyond the river stretched the desert, yellow and hard. All this you could see from the upper windows of the castle, farther than a radius of fifty yards around the porticos Betty nor her handmaidens was not allowed to set foot. Within the castle was a small sandpaved court with an asthmatic fountain and heat-wrung plants. There Betty and Meta sat and Betty read the few books that were available, tried to teach Meta to dance and learned dances of her in return; tried, too, to learn Meta's guttural speech and failed sadly in teaching English to Meta. Which, along with certain other occurrences that happened as time went on, made Betty fairly certain that Meta already spoke English, or else understood it so perfectly that the girl was under instructions to betray no familiarity with the foreign tongue. A favorite game of these two girls became a variation of lawn tennis, a native game, which they played seated, hurling over a low net celluloid balls of light weight and gay colorings.

The evening of the third day Betty grew overwhelmed with such an uncontrollable loneliness that she could not help crying. Meta, who had just brought her supper of coconuts, freshly cut, mixed with pineapples and guavas, a trussed pigeon, figs, dates, and fell sobbing, too, and tried intently to find out what she wanted.

"Tyoga, Tyoga!" wailed Betty. Her nerves were at breaking point and the jackal who howled in the hills to the north was crazing her with his yowling, and she was sick, so sick, of it all, of the mystery, the silence, the loneliness.

Meta hesitated and then ran away like a deer. She came back troubled after an absence of a quarter of an hour or so, bearing in her hand a wax tablet on which was written in an old-fashioned slanting hand:

"Tyoga cannot come to you yet. Will you be patient but a little longer? She is very busy. She will try and come in a few mornings."

Betty took the tablet to bed with her, telling herself that she was getting positively foolish.

Meta went along, caressing her as much as she dared. Betty began to lose sight of the fact that Meta's skin was black. She had already done this with Tyoga. As Meta aided Betty to disrobe the slave's hand caught in the slender chain of the little gold locket that Betty wore always round her throat, and snapped its links asunder. The chain fell to the floor, and as it hit the tiling the locket flew open, disclosing Larry Morris' face. Meta picked it up, sighted the face, and girl-like, scented the trouble. She gazed intently at Larry's counterfeit presentment, studying it closely. Then she nodded her approval and shook an accusing finger at Betty, which moved Betty to tears again.

Meta laughed, and with much simpering began to finger around within the capacious slouches of her striped kilt. With much perspiration, and with what might have been blushes on a fairer skin she finally produced an odd little hand, painstakingly carved from ivory with inlaid nails and veins of gold. She held this high for Betty to gaze at, then pointed alternately to herself and Larry Morris' picture with such illuminating pantomimes that Betty immediately estimated that the ivory hand was the troth-sign of Meta and of a somewhere dusky-beloved!

Tyoga was three days in coming. Then she was much distraught and looked like a ragged edition of her once buxom self. First she called Meta aside and spoke with her long and earnestly—Betty would have vowed it was in danger. Then Tyoga came to Betty.

"You are in danger of your life," she said, simply. "We all are. We are sorry for this, Miss Lancey, we had not expected it. We had thought all dangers were well guarded against, that all precautions had been taken. You and Meta must be left alone here in the castle for weeks. But be not afraid. Besides the secret entrance which none knows but Meta, there is an approach to the castle save from that river on the south and to cross that—she shuddered—"to cross that is to swallow death. I have promised you a safe return to your people, and I go now to make that assurance doubly sure. Le Malheureux sends you his best wishes, and is sorry he cannot come in person, and now, farewell!"

The negress turned and left the two girls together, Betty terror-stricken, homesick, unnerved, Meta stolid, immobile as the castle itself.

For several weeks the weather was fine, almost supernatural in its beauty and glow. Betty troiled the castle over

for hint or trace of any electrical apparatus, but none did she find. There were dozens of chambers similar to the one she occupied, what might be a throne room, a great dining hall, a mammoth kitchen, and one big room that possibly was an observatory, but which was most securely bolted, barred and cemented shut. Even American prowess dared not tamper with such solidity of masonry.

Meta and Betty had finally accomplished a species of pigeon dialect that like Crusee and his man Friday permitted them to signify their wants and dislikes but prohibited the dangerous conversation of confidences and personal communications unto which women are so prone to fall! Betty had given up the idea of the note in a bottle, the sensational wireless message and such like methods of communication with the loved ones at home, and those of the newspaper fraternity in particular ever since she caught sight of the pigeons. She surreptitiously carved this message, "Betty Lancey, Africa," on the wing of many a poor suffering bird and vainly tried to shoot it briskly away in the direction that she thought housed civilized people. This carving was a work of perspiring labor but it diverted Betty more successfully than anything else might have done. This occupation amused and exhilarated because it revolved around the constantly diminishing germ of hope that so was near to dying in Betty's bosom.

First of all, she had nothing to scratch with but a hairpin. And with tropical sun, and sea voyaging, hairpins had become scarce enough to be valuable. Second, Meta was always watching, and thirdly, you never could finish a bird at one sitting and it was terrible to try to catch any of the birds, and worse yet to get hold twice in succession of the same bird you had been working on last. Frequently there would be as many as three dozen birds, half bedecked with Betty's carving, hopping around at one time. Betty held the thought that if one of these birds should perchance be picked up it might send people within a continent of finding her.

There was something romantic about living in this desert and swamp-bound castle until the rains came on. Then it was more aggravating than anything Betty could ever have imagined.

"Worse than any city editor I know starting out to play wrecking crew with an entire office," she commented, grimly.

For an African rain in the central part of that shadowy continent is not a rainstorm as we know it. The lakes, the rivers, the sea itself seem to have risen and to be descending in flat layers and sheets of the wettest wet that ever mortal knew. Lightning in more varieties than Betty had dreamed might ever have been patented broke round the grim old castle, and the two lonely young girls loved the goat harder than ever.

Later they had an addition to their family. A decrepit old lion, a beast so mangy, worm eaten and toothless that one longed in pity to kill him then and there, crept in from the jungle one cold, rain-pelted night. He frightened the two girls half to death at first sight, then they both laughed heartily at sight of his infirmities and took him in and made him royally welcome. He expressed his gratification in croupy roars that caused Betty to long to feed him hard and sugar, the same as her mother had given her when she was a croupy, wheezy kiddie.

But as a burglar alarm those roars were the best of all inventions, as Betty expressed it in the journal she was pretending to keep.

"As a perfectly proper property lion, City Editor Burton is a peach," Betty had named the lion "City Editor Burton" after the one being in the Inquirer office whose very voice was calculated to instantly remove the scalp of any cub reporter whoever sharpened a pencil in a newspaper office.

Between City Editor Burton and the pigeons Betty found less opportunity for worry than did Meta. Perhaps that was because Tyoga had not told Betty the same tale she had whispered that hot morning into the awe-struck ears of Meta. The black girl knew of the danger threatening, and feared in silence.

So strong had grown the attachment between Meta and Betty that the young Nubian, who, truth to tell, spoke English with rare perfection, had much ado to keep up their farce of pigeon English and to refrain from outpouring her soul to the white skinned, but now sadly-tanned Betty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Johnny Johnson and Larry Morris arrived in Algiers early in August. It was hot and the dust was equalled only by the flies. Larry spoke a little French, Johnny nothing but English. They were both seaisick and both tired of the task they had set themselves upon. In Chicago darkest Africa had looked to them rather a small and unimportant province, a shrunken Rhode Island. In Algiers darkest Africa overlapped every continent on the globe. The apparent futility of the undertaking weighed them down.

Night fell. Then followed stars and a subdued rumble of the city life for a brief and restful interlude. Later the mirth and ribaldry of the cafes—Algiers at her worst.

This was Africa. Bad enough on the coast. But to ship for the inland! It was an impossibility. They sought

forgetfulness in the cafes. Before one in particular the crowds were swarming like flies over molasses. Within, a woman, she looked to be an American at that, blonde and full-figured, singing an atrocious French song with an even more atrocious Maine accent. Between verses she mingled the cakewalk.

"Let's get out of this," said Larry. "John, look at the negro over there. Did you ever see such a Colossus in your life?"

More than the two newspaper men were watching the negro in question. He was nearly seven feet high, magnificent in his proportions, and dressed in immaculate white dack. His features were typically African, but he had the bearing of ancient kings and high intelligence lurked in his eyes, and was planted at the corners of his mouth and in the lines along his nostrils.

Standing in the corner close to the stage, he was regarding the pitiful thing that gambled there with the same impassive pity that a man watches a butcher kill a little squealing pig. The pig is not worth much in the athletic scale as life goes, but through him life may be sustained. One pig more or less to feed the masses benefits the masses, and is very good for the pig. It lets him out of being a pig, and provides for his transmogrification into another shape.

As the two Americans turned to look at the negro he was leaving the cafe. All eyes turned from the dancer to his coal-black pulchritude. The dancer, noting this waver of allegiance, lurched forward and kicked into the air with deft aim. One gaudy red satin slipper flew directly through the crowd and grazed the giant on the back, falling within a foot or two of the two Americans.

"That was a good shot!" ejaculated Johnny. Larry Morris was watching the muscles working in the African's face as he stooped to pick up the slipper.

"Because I'm black," he heard the man mutter, in pure English. "Because I'm black."

Straight through the crowd strode the black man, and up to the stage, overturning half of the tables in his way as he went. At the footlights he leaned over, held out the shoe and beckoned for the dancer to place her foot within it. But the women, with the whimsicality of her sex, turned her head away and smote the African twice across the cheek.

The black man straightened himself up like a steel bar, uncurved in a white hot furnace. He took the shoe and flung it at the dancer, lightly but accurately. It struck her across her painted mouth, and the steel plate on the heel tore the gentle skin of her full lip. The blood streamed down in a tiny thread over her chin and dropped on her white shoulders.

The habits of the cafe could not endure this treatment of their favorite. Pandemonium was loosed. Bottles, lamps, glasses, even chairs, they hurled at the retreating figure of the African. He was cut and bruised in a dozen places and almost overcome, for the strength of a Hercules could not have resisted such onslaughts. Johnson and Morris had gone out of the door when the riot began, and were turning down the street when the black burst out, winded, panting, and closely pursued.

By the curb stood an automobile—a great red touring car; it belonged to Suiveler, the Associated Press man at Algiers. A weak, dissipated little fellow, Suiveler was at that moment the foremost in consoling the dancer.

Larry Morris thought quickly. He knew Suiveler well; they had worked together in the States, and the negro interested him.

"Crank her, Johnny," he cried, pointing to the automobile, and while Johnny cranked the machine Morris hustled the black within the car, threw from his perch the dazed chauffeur and in three minutes the black, Larry Morris and Johnson, in Suiveler's car, were headed for the desert with the mob howling hyena-like behind them.

"All right, old fellow; we'll help you," Larry had whispered in the black's ear as he hurried him towards the motor. Larry had had to do it, for downed as he was, the black instantly made a motion of resistance towards anything that smacked of captivity, (To be continued.)

What Searched Him.

Bacon—"It is said a barber in Paris, to win a wager, entered a cage containing a lion and a man and composedly lathered and shaved the man while the beast interestedly viewed the operation."

Egbert—"I thought lions were afraid of nothing."

"Oh, yes, they are. He'd probably had some experience with that particular razor before!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Student of Human Nature.

"That was a pretty harsh note Mr. Clincher sent you."

"Yes," answered the debtor. "But he didn't mean most of it. He has just employed a new stenographer. When he dictated that letter he was showing off."—Washington Star.

Made the Application.

"How are things?" the barber asked pleasantly of the shrinking man in the chair.

"Dull, very dull."

And the knight of the razor looked for a moment as if he thought the remark was personal.

Anyway, He Wasn't.

"Own up, now. Who's the head of your family?"

"My wife used to be," admitted Mr. Euepek, "but since my daughters are grown up we have a commission form of government."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reckless Driving.

"What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a sling."

"Reckless driving."

"Horse?"

"No; nail."

ELEVEN BILLION MESSAGES.

Estimated Number Given in Census Bureau's Report for 1907.

Washington, D. C.—There were more than 11 billion messages, or "talks," over the telephone in the United States in 1907, an increase of 124.3 per cent over the approximately 5 billion similar conversations reported in 1902, according to estimates presented in the Census bureau's report, now on the press, on the census of the physical equipment, service, and financial operations of the commercial, mutual, and independent rural telephone lines for 1907.

Other large increases are conspicuously apparent. In 1907 the total number of systems and lines was 22,971, as compared with 9,136 in 1902, an increase of 151.4 per cent. The miles of wire in 1907 were 12,999,369, an increase of 165.3 per cent over 4,900,451 in 1902. The salaried employees in 1907 numbered 25,298, as compared with 14,142 in 1902, the per cent of increase being 79.1. The salaries in 1907 amounted to \$19,298,432, as against \$9,885,886 in 1902; a gain of 95.2 per cent. The average number of wage earners in 1907 was 118,971, as against 6,628 in 1902, an increase of 83.9 per cent. The wages paid in 1907 amounted to \$48,980,704, as compared with \$26,369,735 in 1902; a gain of 85.7 per cent. The capital stock and funded debt outstanding in 1907 was \$814,616,004 while in 1902 it was \$348,031,058, an increase of 134.1 per cent. The income in 1907 was \$184,461,747 as compared with \$86,825,536 in 1902; a gain of 112.5 per cent. The operating expenses and fixed charges, except interest on funded debt, in 1907, amounted to \$128,486,196, as against \$61,652,823 in 1902; an increase of 108.4 per cent. The interest on the funded debt in 1907 amounted to \$12,316,109 as compared with \$3,511,48 in 1902, the per cent of increase being 250.7.

Between 1902 and 1907 there was an addition of 8,098,918 miles of wire for the use of the telephone systems of the country, as compared with an increase of 25,611 in the mileage of owned and leased wire for the use of commercial telegraph systems.

CHICAGO MERCURY MOUNTS.

People Die, Dogs Go Mad, Horses Fall in the Streets.

Chicago.—Seven persons dead, a score prostrated in hospitals, dogs going mad in the streets and horses dropping from exhaustion and a temperature of 90 degrees were the features of the second day of the hot wave which is wiling Chicago.

Starting at 71 degrees in the morning, the mercury climbed rapidly and death and suffering followed. At noon the temperature had reached 88 and at 2 o'clock it touched the 90 mark.

Dogs afflicted by the heat attacked seven persons, who will be treated at the Pasteur institute to guard against rabies. In tenement districts women and children sought in vain for refuge from the stifling heat. In many districts children ran about almost nude. Thousands flocked to the lake and parks.

Defaulter Returns Voluntarily.

Bellingham, Wash.—H. J. Welty, formerly president of the Home Securities bank of Bellingham, who disappeared two days before the bank closed last February and for whose arrest in connection with the wrecking of the institution a reward of \$1,000 had been offered, has notified Prosecuting Attorney Livesley through business friends that he is on his way ton Bellingham, where he will surrender and plead guilty to the charges and assist in straightening out the tangle in the bank's affairs. The reward offered will be withdrawn.

The prosecutor and receiver of the bank declined to give Welty's whereabouts beyond saying he has been beyond extradition. Welty is charged with using bank funds to finance various land company enterprises.

Loss of Life Frightful.

Vienna.—The destruction of life and property by floods throughout Hungary exceeds all records. The number of deaths has not been ascertained, but it is believed they will aggregate 1,000. The damage done to crops and property will amount to several million kronen. The entire harvest is threatened with destruction. In the Kronstadt district 300 bodies have been recovered. In the Moldava district 100 persons perished as the result of the sudden collapse of houses, and in the Temesvar district 180 persons have been drowned.

Brookings Files Highest.

Indianapolis—Walter Brookings, in a Wright biplane, broke the world's aeroplane record for altitude here when he soared to a height of 4,503 feet, according to the measurements of the altimeter. His motor stopped as he was descending and he made a glide of two miles, landing easily in a wheat field. Brookings started at the Indianapolis speedway and, flying in wide circles, reached his highest altitude 40 minutes later.

Weston's Record Beaten.

Chicago.—"Honest" John Ennis, who hopes to lose Edward Payson Weston's ocean-to-ocean record from 105 to 100 days, delivered a letter from Mayor Gaynor, of New York, to Mayor Busse, of this city, a day ahead of Weston's schedule.

Reclamation Engineers Drowned.

Helena, Mont.—A. C. Gowney and R. C. Soper, assistant engineers, Don Calkins and a laborer named Soul Wall, connected with the reclamation service, were drowned at Shoshone, Wyoming, as the result of a pleasure boat capsizing.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATES

TAFT OPENS BIG TRACT.

203,635 Acres Eliminated From Wallowa Forest Reserve.

Washington—The president has signed a proclamation eliminating 203,635 acres from the Wallowa national forest, in Oregon. The elimination is the result of a careful examination made by the United States department of agriculture during the past summer, which disclosed the fact that the area now eliminated were either open grass land with very little timber, or timbered areas so largely alienated that further administration by the forest service was considered impracticable. The lands released are not needed for watershed protection, and are not considered to be chiefly valuable for national forest purposes.

The principal eliminations occur in townships 1 and 2 south, range 47 east; townships 1 and 2 north, ranges 45, 46, 47 and 48 east; township 3 north, range 42 east; township 4 north, 42 and 43 east; townships 5 and 6 north, range 46 east, and township 6 north, range 47 east. In addition, a strip of land from one-half mile to three miles wide is eliminated along the southern boundary of the forest, in ranges 42 to 47 east. Section 6 and the west half of section 5, township 4 north, range 42 east, is transferred from the Wallowa to the Wenaha forest, the area having been isolated from the Wallowa by the large eliminations.

LIVESTOCK FAIR IN FALL.

Big Guarantee Fund Has Been Raised by Portland Association.

Portland—At a meeting held by the officers of the Portland Fair & Livestock association it was announced that the \$25,000, guarantee fund has been subscribed and that a race meet and livestock show, the greatest in the city's history, will be held this fall in Portland.

A few weeks ago there was talk of dissolving the association and disposing of its large holdings on the east side known as the country club, but the talk has resulted in a stronger organization, with a more ambitious purpose than ever.

E. L. Thompson, who was one of the committee to raise the guarantee fund, stated that the forthcoming race meet will be something that will draw perhaps fully as many people as the Rose Festival, especially with the livestock thrown in for good measure.

"We will have some of the best horses in the country and there will be other attractions that will be bound to draw and please. The stores will close one week day during the life of the show, and that will give everybody a chance to attend.

Dam on Deschutes Half Completed.

Bend—Work on the power dam across the Deschutes has made great progress during the last few weeks, the final filling of rock being about half completed. The course of the river has been almost entirely diverted from the main channel into the spillway.

The dam, a solid rock fill, is 250 feet in length and 18 feet high, and will raise the water 14 feet when the spillways are closed. The spillway construction consists of a rock-filled crib with 12x12 inch timbers, bolted to solid rock foundation, and is 250 feet long. Five gates have been installed in the spillway, two of which will be connected by a flume with a 50-inch turbine wheel with 210-horse power capacity, which will be employed for generating electricity until the railroad's advent makes practicable the completion of the big permanent power plant.

Recent Rain Great Help to Forests.

Portland—District Forester Chapman states that the recent rainfall is of immense value in temporarily reducing the fire hazard to the forests of Western Oregon and Washington. The unusually dry weather preceding this rain had made the fire danger much greater than is ordinarily the case at this season. Mr. Chapman states that the various agencies for the suppression of forest fires are closely cooperating to reduce the season's loss.

Sheep Shearing in Wallowa.

Wallowa—Forty-two cars of sheep were shipped from this county by Oxman, of Durkee. He will also drive about 4,500 over the mountains, making a total of 17,000 sheep, for which he will pay Wallowa county growers more than \$105,000. The price paid was \$4.50 per head for ewes and \$2.75 and \$3 for young wethers. Sheep shearing has been in progress for about a week in the upper valley, and will continue until about July 1.

Novel Heating System.

Klamath Falls—Paul Johnson is building a \$6,000 residence in Hot Springs addition. One of the unique features of the place is to be a hot water heating system served by placing coils of pipe in the "hot ground" section near by. No fire will be needed for heating the house.

Rebuild Burned Mill.

Baker City—The Oregon Mill & Grain company's new mill is ready for active operations. It has a capacity of 280 barrels of flour daily. Last fall a mill was burned on the site of the present structure.

Brick Block at Willamina.

Willamina—J. B. Shetterly has begun the erection of a brick building 50x70 feet in the business center of Willamina. This will be the first brick structure in the town.

ROAD EXTENSION LIKELY.

Harriman Officials Will Look Route at Condon.

Condon—Members of the committee representing the people of Gilliam and Wheeler counties in a campaign for improved transportation facilities, has returned from Portland bringing the assurance that the appeal will be considered by the Harriman system.

The committee held a conference with General Manager O'Brien and other officials of the Harriman system and submitted data showing a large volume of freight and passenger business which would become immediately available through the extension of the Condon branch of O. R. & N. from this city to the distance of 20 miles.

As a result of this conference, General Manager O'Brien, accompanied by R. B. Miller, traffic manager, and W. Cotton, general counsel, will return to this city shortly and look into the possibility of the state over with a view to determining the feasibility of the extension that has been asked.

25 ACRES BRING \$45,000.

New York Capitalist Invests in River Orchard Land.

Hood River—Hood River land to the amount of \$59,000 was posed by the Hood River company to Eastern purchasers last week, one of whom was R. E. New York capitalist. He bought 25 acres for which he paid \$45,000. The chard consists of 25 acres, 20 of which is in eight-year-old Spitzenberg Newtown trees.

The other sale was made to Mary Lamonte, a wealthy New York woman who bought a ten-acre chard from R. Jarvis, in Oak Grove district, for \$14,000. Lamonte recently bought a home in Los Angeles, and bought Hood River property for a summer residence. She said that before leaving New York she had shipped a certain furniture here, although she had purchased, but was determined to have an apple orchard at Hood River money would obtain it.

Indian Lands Change Hands.

Pendleton—Another 120 acre Indian land has passed from the hands of the red men into the possession of a white man and will go toward paying the tax roll of Umatilla county. Eighty acres has just been sold to Crow at \$76 per acre and 40 acres to L. L. Mann for \$55 per acre. It was heirship land. Two other tracts comprising 200 acres of land and near Athena, will soon be offered sale by the Indian agent.

Malheur Fair Dates Set.

September 20, 21, 22 and 23 have been set as the dates for the Malheur county fair. September 19 will be a try day, when all exhibits will be placed in the buildings. The grounds are located near Ontario.

New Line to Baker City.

Union—The Pacific States Telephone company has a force of men working on the lines at Union, stringing new lines from Baker City to Union Walls.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Blue 83c@84c; club, 77c@78c; red 76c@77c; valley, 82c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, 45c per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$32; cracked, \$31.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, 12c; lamette valley \$20c@21c per ton; eastern Oregon, \$22c@24c; alfalfa, \$15c grain hay, \$17c@18c.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$25c@26c per bushel; fresh fruits—Strawberries, \$1.25 per crate; apples, \$1.50 per box; cherries, Oregon, 3c@10c; gooseberries, 5c@6c; apricots, \$1.00 per box; blackberries, 75c@81c per bushel; raspberries, \$2.75 per crate; loganberries, \$1.75c@2 per crate.

Potatoes—Old Oregon, 80c@85c per hundred; new California, 13c@14c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60c@70c per dozen; asparagus, \$1.25c@1.50c per bunch; cabbage, 2 1/2c@2 3/4c per head; cauliflower, \$2 per dozen; head lettuce, @60c per dozen; household lettuce, \$1 per box; green onions, 15c per bunch; peas, 4c@5c; radishes, 15c@20c per dozen; spinach, 8c@10c per pound; abagans, \$1.25c@1.50c per sack; asparagus, 85c@91c; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.00.

Onions—Bermuda, \$1.50c@1.75c per crate; red, \$2c@2.25c per sack.

Butter—City creamery, extra fancy outside creamery 28c@29c per pound; store, 20c@23c. Butter prices average 1 1/2c per pound over regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon candled, 27c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12c@12 1/2c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 10c@11c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 18c@18 1/2c; broilers, 25c@28c; ducks, 18c@25c; geese, turkeys, live, 20c@22c; dressed, squabs, \$3 per dozen.

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