

# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

One bit of documentary evidence that materialized in the Hackley home at Cairo was bruited about in all the papers.

On the fly leaf of a French Bible, in a woman's hand—an odd hand with peculiarly forcible strokes—were these entries:

"Married January 10, 1899, Corlisse Corella Wayne, daughter of Desirée and John Francis Wayne, and Hamley Hackley, third son of Sir Walter and Lady Evelyn Hackley.

"Born, November 1st, 1900, to Corlisse Corella Wayne Hackley and Hamley Hackley, a son, Walter Hamley Hackley.

"Born, October 15, 1901, to Corlisse Corella Wayne Hackley and Hamley Hackley, a daughter, Paula Corlisse Hackley."

Gradually there became fixed more securely the public idea that Hackley had murdered his wife. And the growing impression was that Hackley and Harcourt were one and the same, but the most inexplicable of all was the dual resemblance between the two women, but at that the Man-Aperilla puzzled.

Mark Flanders, the old attorney from whom Hackley had rented the house at 94 Briarwood place, was so upset by the sensation in which the staid old home was figuring that he nearly went wild. As it was, he cut short his European trip, and came home in a jiffy to see that the beloved old homestead was not whittled to bits by enterprising sleuths who were seeking further for secret passages and subterranean ways.

Mrs. Desterie died early in the fall and her heart-broken husband took their accumulated savings and went home to Paris. Harold Harcourt was still stifling behind the bars of the jail. The British government did not come and lead him out of captivity.

Harcourt's wife was slowly getting better in the hospital to which they had removed her. There had been shocking days of ravages so extraordinary that the nurses had stood abashed at the horrors revealed; there had been times when Mrs. Harcourt's strength outranked that of even the strongest attendants, and in her violence she had essayed to kill herself, but oftenest she was weak as a sick kitten, and lay inert and helpless on her narrow bed, moaning as if within her slender frame fermented the anguish of the world. Philip Hartley came daily to see her. His quiet presence always had a calming effect upon the sick woman, and she seemed to recognize him. Philip called first because the paper sent him, and yet, as the months drifted by and the Wayne murder mystery was relegated gradually from a first to a second, and then to a fourth and even to a fifth page place in the paper, he went because he wanted to, not confessing to himself why. He couldn't have told. He couldn't resist the emotion that drew him to the sick woman.

The most expert doctors were called in attendance. Mrs. Harcourt's condition was most baffling. One day there drifted in an aunt of the interne, a gray-haired doctor who had done missionary work in India for thirty-five years. The interne discussed the case with his aunt, and took her around to see the patient. The old doctor—Fothergill was her name—examined the young woman closely.

"I think, John," she said, after she had looked at Mrs. Harcourt, according to the prescribed ritual for medicinal inspection, "that the poor little thing has been drugged to death. They do these things beneath the tropic suns very frequently. There are weird drugs put to queer purposes over there. Where they stop at murder, even by slow poison, death in life is no more than a convenience to them if they so desire. I think she's drug-sick. Give her light food, stimulants, and plenty of morphine. It's the best reagent I've found for those indiscriminate druggs that grow over there. Also a powder I'll bring you."

The interne quoted his aunt to the attending physicians. And because of the fame of Dr. Fothergill, which had traveled even across the broad seas and the line of sex, they listened to what she said. They followed Dr. Fothergill's advice and slowly but surely Mrs. Harcourt began to improve. One day she roused from her stupor, sat up and looked at her nurse.

"I do not remember," she stammered. "I cannot remember, and I'm glad, for the hurt has all gone from here."

As she spoke she pressed one hand to her heart, and the other to her head. There Philip Hartley found her when he came an hour later. He had a glowing bunch of asters for her—lavenders, whites, soft pinks—and ashes of roses.

"Sweet flowers with their colors burned away," she murmured as she reached out for them. There was the same innocent friendliness between these two pure-souled ones as there might have been between two seraphims.

"Your flowers of the north countries seem so pale—and yet so pure," she continued, as she buried her face within the shaggy petals. "But they have no perfume—"

"Ah, yes, they have," denied Hartley. "We have rose gardens here, too, and violet beds in springtime, and carnations in June, when the roses are sweet, and mignonette, and flowering almond, syringa, and sweet alyssum—we have our perfumes, too, my lady."

But they're not musk-laden like your feverish India.

"Feverish India," mused Mrs. Harcourt. "I wonder if it is so! I am so much better to-day. I can't remember anything; it's all a dim, gray waste in my head, but it doesn't hurt any more, and I'm so glad. My husband—where is he?"

It was the first time she had asked about Harcourt. Hartley hesitated. He did not know whether to break the blessed peace that surrounded her. He did not know what to tell her. Finally he decided to tell the truth—a rash thing always.

"Why, Miss Lancey disappeared, you know; or do you remember the young girl who went to your room that night. And the police—of course it's foolish of them, but the police, you know, think he may know something about her disappearance, and they're holding him till they find her."

"Is he in jail?" asked Mrs. Harcourt.

"Why, yes," admitted Philip, "but they've made him very comfortable. You can be comfortable even in jail, you know. He doesn't seem to be minding it much."

"Sometimes I have thought—of late—I don't know, but there seems to be a shadow between my husband and me. What is it? I know and yet I cannot tell. Answer me, are there two Mrs. Harcourt? Else why have I seen myself walking in the garden when I was sick, so sick, and in my bed? Why have I seen myself beneath the trees caressing my husband when I was in the house with my baby on my knee? What is it? And why? I cannot understand at all!"

Philip tried to soothe her. He feared she had overtaxed herself and blamed himself. He rose to go, but she detained him.

"No, don't!" she pleaded. "You're not me. Just like the cool water does a weary throat. My throat doesn't burn any more like it used to. I wonder why. They don't give me so much medicine here any more. Harold used to give it to me all the time. My head feels so much lighter than it did—as if it would blow away."

Dr. Fothergill had come in the room while Mrs. Harcourt was speaking. At the last words a triumphant look flashed across the physician's face, and her lips formed the words, "I told you so."

"I don't believe I ever want to go back to India," continued Mrs. Harcourt, absently following the patterns in the ceiling. "I feel so different here. As if it were another life. And you, dear friend, you have been so kind. I love your visits so. You must come oftener."

Philip blushed under her unconventional familiarity. He was well aware that even under the guise of newspaper demands that a penniless \$30-a-week reporter had no right to call too frequently upon the wife of an East Indian magnate, herself possessed of a large fortune. Particularly when this said wife was a young, lovely and seemingly unfortunate woman.

He made his adieux confusedly. Dr. Fothergill followed him out into the hall. "You must, as she says, come oftener," the doctor insisted, with the emphasis of all gray-haired women. "She never speaks of herself except when you are here. It is the only way to clear this thing up. Mind what I say. And matters are muddled badly enough now. Goodness knows. What with two young idiots—Mr. Morris and Mr. Johnson—both heading for Africa on a wild goose chase, Mrs. Desterie's death, and the disappearance of Miss Lancey, there has been far too much woe and ruin accumulated at the feet of one murder. A fine set of police they have here, I must say. Come to-morrow, young man, come to-morrow."

And Philip needed but little urging. His sentiments for the woman who was so slowly convalescing were far too tender to suit his reason, when he stopped to use it. But Philip was young, and youth is ever irrational, so he counted each hour with Mrs. Harcourt as rarer than the gems that fastened her hair, or her soft lounging robes of wonderful texture and coloring. He read to her, he played that old Indian game, parchesi, with her, and one day proposed a game of cards, but the sight of the pasteboards turned her faint, and she suffered a sinking spell that put her recovery back for weeks.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Meta and Benoni made ready the repeat. Betty and Larry and Johnny traded experiences.

"Think, Betty, think hard," urged Larry, "what was it that stole you that night, or who, and why?"

"Tell me the whole story again," mused the perplexed Betty. "My brain has slipped a revolution."

So the boys recounted to her the night in the Directory Hotel. As they proceeded Betty's eyes widened, her face paled, and in her eagerness she paced the floor excitedly.

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember now," she said. "I went into her room—what do you say her name is—Mrs. Harcourt? Yes! Well, I went in there and I pretended I was ill. And then she telephoned to the clerk and begged him to send up and get me, and then I ran, ran as fast as I could, and at the corner—and then—well, I bumped into something soft and furry, and—and—don't laugh, but it smelt and felt the same as that horrid, horrid beast—the Man-Aperilla, you know! And I don't

know any more except being sick as I told you, and waking up on board that yacht, and getting here!"

"Now, who could that Le Malheureux have been?" asked Larry, "and why did they want to steal you?"

"Maybe it was Benoni," suggested Johnny. He took us to her, maybe he brought her here."

"Oh, Benoni!" called Larry, "did you steal this girl?"

Benoni clutched his hands at the suggestion. "I steal her?" he raged. "And I with a wife!"

"Nonsense," said Betty. "He does not talk like Le Malheureux, and—well—I don't feel the repulsion for him I had for Le Malheureux. I don't know what it was, I can't explain it. I shiver still!"

"Perhaps it was Man-Aperilla who stole you, Betty," volunteered Johnny. "You remember you went out to the park for the inquirer with a photographer to get the brute's picture. Have you forgotten? Perhaps he fell in love with your charms, and stole you to make you his bride, like Larry here is going to do."

"He might have stolen me," admitted Betty, "but Johnny, don't be nonsensical!"

"About what?" asked Johnny. "About Larry marrying you? A man doesn't risk his fool neck like Larry's done for you if he isn't going to marry the woman at the end of the risk."

"Well, but you did it," retorted Betty.

"I know, but I had a wife to start out with, and felt I ought to get Larry tied up, too. Besides, I think it was a joke to assist at the wedding. Oh, I know Larry hasn't asked you yet, but then he's afraid to. He's planning to just carry you off."

"I'm going to draw the line at being abducted twice, till I get a prodigious return on the strength of the first kidnapping," laughed Betty. "Do you suppose that the Man-Aperilla could have stolen me? And if so, why? I'd like to find Le Malheureux, perhaps he'd tell me. The why of things as they are is troubling me."

"We're going to find Le Malheureux right now," said Meta. "If we don't we'll never find ourselves again. We must make haste out of here, Miss Lancey."

"Oh, call me Bettista, like you have done," begged Betty, mimicking the name Meta had given her in the days of their broken dialect. "I like it better."

"Anything, only make haste," cautioned Benoni. "We cannot take you women where we men have gone. Time is life just now."

Meta aided Betty to don some heavy wraps of panther skin, brought her stockings and the dancing slippers, so economically used because they were the only shoes the American girl possessed and her feet were not injured to the hard ground and cold stones like Meta's. Benoni had stowed some provisions in a leather wallet and Meta carried a similar bag heavy and hard.

"What have you there, my wife?" questioned the black.

"A few of the jewels," she answered. "I thought we might need them. No, there are not many left."

They were an odd cavalcade. Benoni was at the head of the procession, then Johnny, close behind him. Betty, with City Editor Burton tugging at a leash, then Larry, and last of all Meta. Each of the men carried a pistol, and Meta had put a tiny revolver into Betty's hand. They went down the steps, retracing their way along the same corridors down which Tyoga had brought Betty so many weeks before. In the lower passage three pigeons flew out and rested on Betty's shoulder, hovering there an instant, then darting away, up towards the rain-gray sky.

The boat that awaited them was a smaller model of the yacht that had borne Betty across seas, and of less elaborate construction. Benoni disappeared below deck to a location similar to the one where Le Malheureux had been wont to station himself. Betty, looking backward through the archway, saw to her surprise hundreds of stalwart negroes embarking from a fleet of boats that had suddenly appeared upon the swollen bosom of the river. She started to cry out, but Meta's hands closed over her mouth. The yacht ducked its nose to the water and went spinning along the tunnel.

"Benoni, Benoni," called Meta, when they had gone a distance of several rods. "They have come! They are there! I must help him," she added to the Americans, and followed her husband below stairs.

(To be continued.)

## An Incendiary Lover.

A blaze was discovered in a Williamsburg letter box and the contents, about fifty letters, were charred before the fire was extinguished. It is the opinion of the police that a young man wrote a proposal of marriage to his girl and then got cold feet and set the boxful of letters on fire to destroy his own. It was George Ade who wrote this caution to young men, "Tell 'em anything you want, but don't write letters."—Boston Globe.

## Sure Enough.

Brother Wagstaff (ruminatingly)—I wonder what de fust plug hat was invented for?

Brother Sockett—Well, uh—good Lawd, sah—if I wuzn't for plug hats what would dem white trugendums an' nigger preachers war on deli heads?—Puck.

## Rural Pastimes.

Subscriber—Hello, central! There's some one listening to our conversation Mrs. Talkfast and I can scarcely hear each other.

Central—I don't think so, madam I've been listening for ten minutes to see if I could detect anyone doing it.—Boston Herald.

## The Limit.

Randall—Sam Crusty is the closest fisted man I ever come in contact with.

Loomis—What has he done now?

Randall—He failed the other day, paid 12 cents on the dollar and wanted 2 per cent off for cash.—Chicago News

## FAMOUS PICTURE STOLEN.

One of World's Great Paintings Now in New York City.

Paris—The Cri de Paris says that Leonardo de Vinci's masterpiece, the "Mona Lisa" portrait, was stolen from the galleries of the Louvre one night about a month ago through the complicity of a high official of the museum. A copy of the painting was put in the frame in place of the original.

The paper asserts that the genuine painting is now in New York. It says that a New York millionaire collector, whose initials are J. K. W. W., has the original.

None of the important dealers or art collectors on this side of the water could shed any light upon the possible identity of "J. K. W. W." The canvases of art collectors who might come under the category of "New York millionaires," failed to reveal one whose initials even remotely correspond with the ones mentioned in the dispatch from Paris.

Leonardo de Vinci's portrait of "Mona Lisa," also called "La Gioconda," or "La Gioconda," is one of the world's famous paintings. In European art circles it is considered to rank second in value only to the Sistine Madonna, by Raphael. Both are priceless.

It is a matter of gossip, though no official verification can be had of the rumor, that the British government offered £1,000,000 for "La Gioconda," and that the offer was refused.

The most striking feature of the portrait is the mysterious smile that lurks in the eyes and lips.

## TIMBER WORTH \$500,000 GONE

Large Crews Fighting Fires in Wisconsin Districts.

Wausau, Wis.—The fires at Galloway, which have caused disastrous losses in that vicinity, are reported to be fairly under control. The flames are still extending for five miles east of Eldron to Pike lake village, and large crews of men are fighting the fires throughout the standing timber portion in that district.

The loss in standing timber and logs, according to a conservative estimate, was \$500,000.

The Jacob Mortensen Lumber company, which owns a large tract of standing timber near Galloway, has a large crew of men fighting the fire.

The Hattum Lumber company are protecting their timber. If the wind keeps down, it is expected the flames will soon be under control.

In addition to the fire at Galloway numerous small fires have started in the southeastern portion of Marathon county, the western part of Shawnee county, and northeastern portion of Portage county. Conditions now are reported favorable.

The towns of Irma, Gleason and Bloomville are still safe, but the fires are still raging around them.

## GRASSHOPPERS ON WAY.

Swarms of Black Insects are Devouring Crops in Manitoba.

Gretna, Manitoba—The black grasshopper, or black locust, the greatest pest that has ever attacked the crops of Manitoba and the Northern states, has arrived in swarms, and the injurious insects are headed north, having come from Dakota, where they have already done great damage to the grain crops and the gardens.

The black grasshoppers are to be seen in great numbers and are attacking gardens, showing a special fondness for cabbage. Where they do not find succulent garden forage, they attack the standing grain and strip the straw bare in an incredibly short time. "Tim" O'Brien, the veteran customs collector at Neche, N. D., recalls that in the years 1871 to 1874 the black grasshopper was a terrible pest, stripping the whole country bare, and eating the bark off the poplar trees when they had cleaned everything else green off the face of the earth. They came suddenly after a long dry spell in 1871 and at times were in such swarms that their flight obscured the light of the sun.

In 1874, after doing tremendous damage, they disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

## Two Towns are Drowned.

Los Angeles—Messages received here conveyed the report that Bisbee and Douglas, Ariz., were again visited by floods caused by mountain cloudbursts and that four persons had met death in the former city. Efforts to procure further information were balked by the falling of the telegraph wires connecting Arizona with the rest of the world.

El Paso, Texas—A dispatch from Bisbee, Arizona, over railroad wires states that the city has been swept by a destructive flood.

## Governor Haskell on Trial.

St. Louis—The taking of depositions to be used against Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, and others associated in business with Governor Haskell, the Indianapolis Contracting company, of Muskogee, and other defendants to the government's suit, is now in progress here. Governor Haskell and others are accused of having illegally seized certain town lots in Muskogee belonging to Creek Indians and fraudulently converting them to their own use.

## \$40,000 Stolen on Liner.

Hamburg—It is reported here that thieves on board the Hamburg-American liner Amerika robbed Eva Stradford, of New Jersey, of jewels valued at \$40,000. The Hamburg police believe the thieves belong to an international band working on trans-Atlantic liners.

# INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATES

## STATE'S PROGRESS GREAT.

State Engineer Lewis Says Irrigation Work is Revelation.

Salem—After traveling 1,000 miles through Central and Southern Oregon, half of the distance by automobile and stage, State Engineer John H. Lewis is back at the state capitol and reports that development work and advancement of Carey act projects are a revelation to him.

"During the past few years the development work has been remarkable," he asserts. "At Prineville they are expecting a big rush of settlers because of the recent opening of the road and land grants and prospects are bright for a branch of the Oregon Trunk up Crooked river."

"At Laidlaw the indications point to a reorganization of the Columbia Southern project and it is probable construction work will be resumed for the purpose of reclamation of 30,000 acres of valuable land."

"Irrigation development is causing signal activity at Bend. In addition to this factor, timber, railroad construction and waterpower development are all opening a great era for that already prosperous community. Lots that sold for next to nothing on the main street of the town ten years ago are now going at \$4,000. Many new houses are being erected and a great rush of settlers is expected."

"Forty miles south of Bend heavy machinery is being assembled and construction work is beginning on an irrigation project to water 30,000 acres. Development work here is in charge of the Deschutes Land company. The main line of the Oregon Trunk will go directly through this project and the Natron-Klamath line is to pass within a few hundred feet of the dam site in Crescent Lake, which supplies water for the project. La Pine is the town-site for this development work and there is now talk of moving Rossland, the old town, to La Pine so that it will be on the railroad. From La Pine already can be heard the sound of blasting on the Natron-Klamath line, where work is being carried on over the mountain. Every blast is cheerful news to the people of the Deschutes."

"At Paisley the 12,000-acre Carey act project is being delayed because of conflict in water rights."

"At Lakeview the dam and main canal of a 50,000-acre private project are nearly complete and the land under the canal sold."

"Perhaps of all prospective projects in Southern Oregon the one in Warner Lake valley I found had the more numerous interesting features. This is 40 miles east of Lakeview and \$30,000 has already been expended in surveys looking to the development of 100,000 acres of land. This valley is 80 miles long and runs from five to 15 miles in width, between rock bluffs 3,000 feet high. The land here will be developed by the state under the Carey act. The company doing the work is under \$7,000 bonds to make a complete investigation and is apparently going ahead in good faith, notwithstanding there are immense obstacles blocking the path."

"A canal of 1,000 second-foot capacity will have to be constructed for 15 miles along an almost vertical rock cliff and three miles of dikes, 40 to 50 feet in height, must be constructed across a peat bog, in addition to several storage sites, long flumes and inverted siphons."

"The tract, however, is very desirable, and lies well for irrigation, having an excellent climate, and with railroad facilities, which have been definitely promised, may prove very feasible to irrigate."

## Doubt Thrown on Merger.

Sumpter—The incorporation of the Sampson company, the \$7,000,000 concern which has announced its purpose of acquiring seven of the largest mines in the Bourne district, has been the cause of considerable speculation. Two of the most important properties named in the plans for the merger are the Columbia mine and the North Pole. Manager F. S. Baillie, of the Columbia mine, says no option is out for the purchase of the property.

## Wood-Working Plant Established.

Redmond—An important industry recently located at Redmond is the wood working plant of L. L. Osborne. As soon as the building is completed, it is the intention to manufacture kitchen cabinets, light furniture, screen doors, sash and doors. This is the only establishment of the kind nearer than Prineville.

## Booth-Kelly Lands Burned.

Eugene—The Booth-Kelly Lumber company's logged-off land above Wendling is being swept by fire, which has been burning now several days. So far the company has been able to keep the fire out of the standing timber, but the mill was forced to close down on account of a shortage of logs.

## New Block at Klamath Falls.

Klamath Falls—The two-story building which L. F. Willis is to erect on the lot where the Masonic hall now stands will be 50x106 feet, and will have two store rooms on the main floor and office rooms on the second floor. The entire front of the building will be of plate glass.

## Weston Harvest Starts.

Weston—Harvesting is starting in here. A few outfits have already begun work on the lighter lands. Crops around the immediate vicinity of Weston will be average, from all indications, and of good quality; much better than last year.

## GRAINMEN IN COMBINE.

Wheat-Growers to Manufacture Ship Flour.

Portland—As a test of their strength in opposing interests which they consider inimical to the Farmers' National and Co-operative union, wheat growers of Umatilla county, the Walla Walla country are going to manufacture flour for export on an extensive scale, according to announcement made in Portland. While plans of organization are not yet complete, it is known that they are building of flouring mills, houses, power plant, transmission lines and about 40 miles of railroad.

There is abundance of capital to finance the various enterprises in connection with the movement, having been already subscribed, and there is plenty of money, say the promoters, to insure the carrying out of the enterprise.

## NAVY CANDIDATES LOSE.

Oregon District "Down and Out" With Annapolis Men.

Salem—Representative Hartley received word that both the candidates from this district, principal and alternate, failed at the examination for the United States Naval academy at Annapolis, and as the third candidate dropped out before the examination this district is left without representation.

The Representative is unable to state what he will do in the nature of filling the vacancies, but it is possible he will establish a system of competitive examinations, which has been tried once previously and with no success. He says this matter will be given consideration for some time, however.

## FRUIT IN JEOPARDY.

Decision in Peacock Mills Case May Stop Water.

Walla Walla—Attorney C. M. Bell of Walla Walla, discussing the decision of Judge Bean at Pendleton in the famous Peacock Mills water case, said that several hundred acres of land now irrigated in the Milton-Freese section, will be deprived of water, less the decision is overruled by the Supreme court of Oregon. There has been in the courts for five years and involves a water right agreement in which priority in water acquisition enables a holder to demand a more recent securer of a water right of his water in times of drought.

## 1,000-Acre Ranch Sold.

Klamath Falls—One of the largest real estate deals made here for a long time was closed up recently when Klamath Development company sold over what is known as the Alamo ranch. This place lies just outside the city on the southwest and contains about 1,000 acres. It was owned by Circuit Judge George Noland, J. Carroll and the heirs of W. G. Smith. It is one of the finest ranches in the county, every foot of it being tillable.

## Stock Poisoning Charge.

Salem—On a charge of poisoning stock, Al Hornbuckle was arraigned before Judge George H. Burnett circuit court. Hornbuckle is charged with poisoning animals belonging to neighbors. He has pleaded not guilty and will stand trial.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 88¢/90¢; 83¢/84¢; red Russian, 81¢; valley, 80¢/81¢.

Barley—Feed and brewing, 60¢/61¢ per ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, 11¢/12¢; lamette valley, 11¢/12¢ per ton; Eastern Oregon, 10¢/11¢; alfalfa, new, 10¢/11¢.

Corn—Whole, 32¢; cracked, 33¢ per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, 26¢/27¢; No. 2, 25¢/26¢; city creamery, extra, 27¢/28¢ per pound; fancy outside creamery, 26¢/27¢; store, 23¢; butter fat, 31¢/32¢.

Eggs—Oregon candied, 25¢/26¢ per dozen; Eastern, 24¢/25¢.

Poultry—Hens, 18¢/19¢; spring, 20¢; ducks, 15¢; geese, 16¢/17¢; keys, live, 18¢/20¢; dressed, 22¢/25¢; squabs, 33¢ per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12¢/13¢ per pound; Veal—Fancy, 12¢/13¢ per pound; Green Fruits—Apples, new, 11¢/12¢ per box; Lambert cherries, 11¢/12¢ per pound; apricots, 60¢/61¢ per pound; 50¢/51¢; peaches, 50¢/51¢; Loganberries, 11¢/12¢ per crate; blackberries, 11¢/12¢ per crate; watermelons, 11¢/12¢ per pound; melons, 33¢/35¢/42¢ per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60¢/61¢ per dozen; beans, 30¢/31¢ per pound; cabbage, 21¢/22¢ per pound; cauliflower, 15¢/16¢ per pound; celery, 9¢/10¢ per pound; egg plant, 11¢/12¢ per pound; green onions, 15¢/16¢ per pound; peas, 5¢/6¢ per pound; peppers, 12¢/13¢; radishes, 15¢/20¢ per sack; carrots, 11¢/12¢ per sack; turnips, 11¢/12¢; parsnips, 11¢/12¢; turnips, 11¢/12¢.

Potatoes—Old Oregon, 7¢/8¢ per hundred; new, 11¢/12¢ per hundred.

Onions—Walla Walla, 22¢/23¢ per sack; Hood River, 22¢.

Cattle—Beef steers, good to choice, \$5.20/\$5.60; fair to medium, \$4.75/\$5.20; cows and heifers, good to choice, \$4.25/\$4.75; fair to medium, \$3.50/\$4.00; bulls, \$3.00/\$3.75; stags, \$3.00/\$3.50; calves, light, \$5.75/\$6.75; heavy, \$3.50/\$4.50.

Hogs—Top, \$10.00/\$10.25; fair to good, \$8.50/\$9.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$