

PORTLAND MARKETS

Latest Quotations in the Portland Produce Markets.

Complete Market Reports Corrected Each Day Giving the Wholesale Prices of Commodities, Farm Produce and Vegetables.

Portland, Aug. 26.—Wheat quotations have taken another drop in Portland today, and are now considered on an export basis.

Potato shippers are not making many purchases for shipment, as there is no export demand since the government needs in Alaska have been satisfied.

The week just closing has been a good one for the sale of poultry, as the demand has been fair and receipts not heavy.

Modesto watermelons went down to 75c per 100 pounds today. Fortunately for the Modesto jobber, melons from Oregon points were not over-energetic today.

With the exception of prunes, plums and tomatoes, fruit and vegetable stocks will be cleaned up on Front street today. Imported products are in good demand.

Sweet potatoes were among the imported products that were scarce today. Several carloads have been ordered for next week.

Bananas have been delayed en route by the quarantine at New Orleans. Silversides have taken the place of chinooks and sockeyes in the fresh fish market.

The free deal in plug tobacco is off today. This was three pounds of Sledge with 60 pounds of plug.

Grain, Produce, Poultry, Etc.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 60c; valley, 72c; bluestem, 74c; red, 65c.

Oats—White, \$28.00; gray, \$26.00; new crop, \$21.00 to \$22.00.

Barley—Brewing, \$22.00; feed, \$21.00; rolled, \$21.50.

Hay—Timothy, \$12.50 to \$13.00; clover, \$8.50 to \$9.00; cheat, \$7.50 to \$8.00; alfalfa, \$10.00.

Milletstuffs—Middlings, \$24.00 to \$25.00; chop, \$19.00; bran, \$19.00 to \$20.00; shorts, \$21.00 to \$22.00.

Flour—Hard wheat, patent, \$4.50 to \$5; straight, \$3.85 to \$4.05; graham, \$4.00; rye, \$3.00; whole wheat flour, \$4.25; valley flour, \$3.80 to \$4.00; Dakota, \$6.50 to \$7.25; Eastern rye, \$5.50.

Corn—Whole, \$28.00; cracked, \$29.00 per ton.

Rye—\$1.30 per cwt.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Etc.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25 to 27 1/2c; city creamery, 25 to 30c; dairy, 16 1/2 to 17c; store, 14 1/2 to 15c.

Cheese—Young America, 15c; Oregon full cream, 13 1/2c.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 23 to 24c; Eastern eggs, 20 to 21c.

Poultry—Roosters, 10c; hens, 12 1/2 to 13c; fryers, 14 to 15c; broilers, 14 to 15c; geese, live, 7 to 8c; dressed, 9 to 10c; turkeys, live, 18 to 19c; dressed, 20 to 22c; ducks, old, 9 to 10c lb; spring ducks, 12 to 13c lb; pigeons, per dozen, \$1.00 to \$1.25; squabs, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Honey—Dark, 10 1/2 to 11c; amber, 12 to 13c; fancy white, 12 1/2 to 13c.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Grapes—\$1.00 to \$1.25 box.

California grapes—\$1.50 box.

Casabas—\$2.00 to \$2.25 doz.

Cantaloupes—Crate \$1.25 to \$1.75.

Plums—Crate, 50 to 75c.

Peaches—Oregon Crawfords, 75 to 80c.

Apples—Green, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Grape fruit—Crate, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Watermelons—85c to \$1.55 per 100 pounds.

Tropical fruits—Lemons, fancy, \$6.00; choice, \$5.50 per box; oranges, \$4.00 to \$4.50; bananas, 5c per lb; pineapples, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per dozen.

Potatoes—New Oregon, 60 to 80c; onions, 75 to 90c per 100 lbs; tomatoes, crate, 50 to 65c; new California turnips, sack, \$1.25; cabbages, per lb, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2c; head lettuce, 15c dozen; hot-house, \$1 box; celery, dozen, 85c to \$1.00; radishes, dozen, 12 1/2c; green onions, dozen, 10 to 12 1/2c; rhubarb, lb, 2 to 2 1/2c; cucumbers, box, 50c; beets, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, 75c per sack; green peas, 1 to 2c; green beans, 4 to 5c; wax, 4c; garlic, 12 1/2c; egg plant, 15c per lb; green corn, 12 1/2c dozen; sweet potatoes, 3 1/2c.

Fresh Meats and Fish.

Fresh meats—Veal, small, 7 to 7 1/2c; large, 5 1/2 to 6c; pork, 7 1/2 to 8c; beef, 1 1/2 to 2c; cows, 3 1/2 to 4c; steers, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2c; mutton, 6 to 6 1/2c; lambs, 7 to 7 1/2c.

Oysters—Shoalwater bay, per gallon, \$2.25; per sack, \$3.75 net; Olympia, per

sack, \$5.25; Eastern transplanted, \$1.00 per 100 lbs. Clams—Hardshell, per box, \$2.00; razor clams, \$2.00 per sack. Fish—Crabs, per dozen, \$1.50; Shoalwater bay oysters, per sack, \$4.00; oysters, gallon, \$2.25; halibut, 7c; black cod, 7c; bass, per lb, 12 1/2c; herring, 5c; flounders, 5c; catfish, 8c; lobsters, per lb, 12 1/2c; silver smelt, 5 to 6c; shrimp, 10c; perch, 5c; sturgeon, 8c; chinook salmon, 8c; sockeyes, 6c; sea trout, 12 1/2c; steelheads, 7 1/2c; black bass, 20 to 25c.

Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

Sugar, sack basis—Golden C, \$4.00; extra C, \$5.00; powdered, \$5.50; patent cube, \$5.75; cane, D. G., \$5.50; fruit sugar, \$5.70; beet sugar, \$5.40; barrels, cwt., 10c; kegs, cwt., 25c; boxes, cwt., 50c advance over sack basis (less 1-4c per lb. if paid for in 15 days).

Salt—Bales of 75-2s, bale, \$1.60; bales of 30-3s, bale, \$1.60; bales of 40-4s, bale, \$1.60; bales of 15-10s, bale, \$1.60; bags, 50s, fine, ton, \$11.00; bags, 50 lbs., genuine Liverpool, ton, \$11.00; bags, 50 lbs., 1-2 ground, 100s, ton, \$7.00; R. S. V. P., 20 5-lb. cartons, \$2.20; R. S. V. P., 24 3-lb. cartons, \$1.75; Liverpool lump, ton, \$18.50.

Rice—Imperial Japan, No. 1, \$5.37 1/2; Southern, Japan, 4 1-2 to 5c; broken, 3 3-4c; head, fancy, 5 3-4c; head, choice, 5 1-2c.

Coffee—Mocha, 24 to 28c; Java, fancy, 26 to 32c; Java, good, 20 to 24c; Java, ordinary, 17 to 20c; Costa Rica, fancy, 18 to 20c; Costa Rica, good, 14 to 18c; Arabica, 16c per lb.; Lion, 16c per lb.; Columbia coffee, 13 1-4c; Salvador, 11 to 15c.

Provisions—Hams, to size, 13 1-2c; hams, picnic, 9c; bacon, regular, 11 3-4c; bacon, breakfast, 13 1-2 to 19c; dry salt sides, 10 3-4c; backs, dry salt, 10c.

Nuts—Walnuts, No. 1, soft shell, 14 3-4c; No. 1, hard shell, 13 3-4c; Chile, 13c; almonds, 20c; filberts, 14 to 15c; Brazils, 15c; pecans, 13 1-2 to 15c; hickory, 8c; Virginia peanuts, 7 to 7 1/2c; Jumbo Virginia peanuts, 9c; Japanese peanuts, 5 1-2 to 6c; chestnuts, Italian, 14c; coconuts, dozen, 90c.

Figs—White, lb., 5 1-2 to 6c; black, 6 to 7c.

Dates—Golden, 60-lb. boxes, 6 to 6 1/2c; 1-lb. packages, 8c; Fard, 15-lb. boxes, \$1.40 box.

Beans—Small white, 4 1-2c; large white, 3 1/2c; pink, 3c; bayou, 4 3-4c; Lima, 7c; Mexican, red, 9c.

Pickled goods—Pickled pigs' feet, 1-2 barrels, \$5.00; 1-4 barrels, \$2.75; 15-lb. kits, \$1.25; pickled tripe, 1-2 barrels, \$5.00; 1-4 barrels, \$2.75; 15-lb. kits, \$1.25; pickled pigs' tongues, 1-2 barrels, \$6.00; 1-4 barrels, \$3.00; 15-lb. kits, \$1.50; pickled lambs' tongues, 1-2 barrels, \$6.00; 1-4 barrels, \$3.00; 15-lb. kits, \$2.75.

Lard—Kettle-rendered: Tierces, 11c; tubs, 10 1/4c; 50s, 10 1/4c; 20s, 10 3/4c; 10s, 11 3/4c; 5s, 11 7/8c; Standard pure: Tierces, 10c; tubs, 9 1/4c; 50s, 9 1/4c; 20s, 9 3/8c; 10s, 9 3/4c; 5s, 10 3/4c; 5s, 9 7/8c. Compound: Tierces, 7c; tubs, 7 1/4c; 50s, 6 3/4c; 10c, 7 1/4c; 5s, 7 3/4c.

Sausage—Portland ham, 13 1/2c per lb.; minced ham, 10c; summer, choice dry, 17 1/2c; bologna, long, 5 1/2c; wiener-wurst, 8c; liver, 5c; pork, 9c; blood, 6c; headcheese, 12 1/2c; bologna sausage, link, 4 1/2c.

Raisins—Loose Muscatels, 3-crown, 7 1/2c; 2-crown, 6 1/2c; bleached seedless Sultanias, 7 to 12c; unbleached seedless Sultanias, 6 3/4c; London layers, 3-crown, whole boxes of 20 lbs., \$1.85; 2-crown, \$1.75.

Dried fruit—Apples, evaporated, 10c per lb.; sundried, sacks or boxes, none; apricots, 11 to 12 1/2c; peaches, 10 to 12c; pears, 10 to 12 1/2c; prunes, Italian, 6 to 6 1/2c; French, 3 1/2c; figs, Cal. blacks, 5 3/4c; do, white, none; Smyrna, 20c; Fard, dates, 6c; plums, pitted, 6c.

Cereal foods—Rolled oats, cream, 90-lb. sacks, \$6.75; lower grade, \$5.00 to \$6.25; oatmeal, steel cut, 50-lb. sacks, \$8 per bale; 10-lb. sacks, \$4.25 per bale; oatmeal (ground), 50-lb. sacks, \$7.50 per

bale; 10-lb. sacks, \$4.00 per bale; split peas, \$4.00 per 100-lb. sack; 25-lb. boxes, \$1.15; pearl barley, \$4.25 per 100 lbs.; 25-lb. boxes, \$1.25 per box; pastry flour, 10-lb. sacks, \$2.50 per bale.

Canned salmon—Columbia river, 1-lb. talls, \$1.85; 2-lb. talls, \$2.50; fancy 1-lb. flats, \$2.00; 1-2-lb. fancy flats, \$1.25; fancy 1-lb. ovals, \$2.75; Alaska talls, pink, 85 to 90c; red, \$1.50; nominal, 2s, tall, \$2.00.

Mason fruit jars—Half-gallons, per gross, \$1.00; quarts, \$7.50; pints, \$9.50; extra caps, per gross, \$2.35.

Economy fruit jars—Half-gallons, per gross, \$13.35; quarts, \$10.00; pints, \$8.85; extra caps, \$1.85.

Everlasting fruit jars—Half-gallons, \$12.50; quarts, \$8.50; pints, \$7.50; extra caps, glass, \$2.50.

Hops, Wool, Hides, Etc.

Hops—16 to 18c per lb.

Grain bags—Calcutta and domestic, 7 1/2c.

Wool—Valley, 20 to 27 1-2c; Eastern Oregon, 18 to 20c.

Tallow—Prime, per lb, 3 to 3 3/4c; No. 2 and grease, 2 to 2 1/2c.

Mohair—Choice, 30 to 32c.

Feathers—Geese, white, 35 to 40c; geese, gray or mixed, 25 to 30c; duck, white, 15 to 20c; duck, mixed, 12 to 15c.

Beeswax—Good, clean and pure, 20 to 22c per lb.

Hides—Dry hides, No. 1, 16 lbs. and up, 16 to 16 1/2c per lb.; dry kip, No. 1, 5 to 15 lbs., 14 to 15c per lb.; dry calf, No. 1, under 5 lbs., 17 to 18c; dry salted, bulls and stags, one third less than dry flint (culls, moth-eaten, badly cut, scored, murrain, hair-splitted, weather-beaten or grubby, 2 to 3c per lb. less); salted hides, steers, sound, 60 lbs. and over, 9 to 10c per lb.; 50 to 60 lbs., 8 1/2 to 9c per lb.; under 50 lbs. and cows, 8 to 9c per lb.; salted stags and bulls, sound, 6c per lb.; salted kip, sound, 15 to 30 lbs., 9c per lb.; salted veal, sound, 10 to 14 lbs., 9c per lb.; salted calf, sound, under 10 lbs., 10c per lb. (green, unsalted, 1c per lb. less; culls, 1c per lb. less). Sheep skins: Shearings, No. 1 butchers' stock, 25 to 30c each; short wool, No. 1 butchers' stock, 40 to 50c each; medium wool, No. 1 butchers' stock, 60 to 80c; long wool, No. 1 butchers' stock, \$1.00 to \$1.50 each. Murrain pelts, from 10 to 20 per cent less, or 12 to 14c per lb.; horse hides, salted, each, according to size, \$1.50 to \$2.00; dry, each, according to size, \$1.50; colts' hides, 25 to 50c each; goat skins, common, 10 to 15c each; Angora, with wool on, 25c to \$1.50 each.

Oils.

Turpentine—Cases, 86c per gallon; barrels, 90c per gallon.

White Lead—Ton lots, 7 1/2c; 500-pound lots, 7 1/2c; less than 500-pound lots, 8c.

Gasoline—Stove gasoline, cases, 23 1/2c; iron barrels, 17c; 86 deg. gasoline, cases, 32c; iron barrels or drums, 20c.

Coal Oil—Cases, 20 1/2c; iron barrels, 14c; wood barrels, 17c; 63 deg., cases, 22c; iron barrels, 15c.

Lined Oil—Raw, 5-barrel lots, 62c; 1-barrel lots, 63c; cases, 63c. Boiled: 5-barrel lots, 64c; 1-barrel lots, 65c; cases, 70c.

A Touching Story

Is the saving from death of the baby girl of Geo. A. Eyer, Cumberland, Md. He writes: "At the age of 11 months, our little girl was in declining health, with serious throat trouble, and two physicians gave her up. We were almost in despair, when we resolved to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. The first bottle gave relief. After taking four bottles she was cured and is now in perfect health." Never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. At Chas. Rogers' drug store. 50c and \$1 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

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"I can't wait till then. I've been wanting to see him every minute since I got in, and he hasn't been near me. Nobody could even point him out to me. Where has he gone? I want to see him now."

"Want to discharge him again?" said a voice from the door, and turning, they saw that Mr. Martin stood there observing them.

"No," said Harkless. "I want to give him the Herald. Do you know where he is?"

Mr. Martin stroked his beard deliberately. "The person you speak of hadn't ought to be very hard to find in Carlow, and—well, maybe when found you'll want to put a kind of a codicil to that deed to the Herald. The committee was reckless enough to hire that carriage of yours by the day, and Keating and Warren Smith are sitting in it up at the corner with their feet on the cushions to show how used they are to riding around with four white horses every day in the week. It's waiting till you're ready to go out to Briscoes. There's an hour before supper time, and you can talk to young Fisbee all you want. He's out there."

The first words Warren Smith spoke had lifted the veil of young Fisbee's duplicity; had shown John with what fine intelligence and supreme delicacy and sympathy young Fisbee had worked for him, had understood him and had made him. If the open attack on McCune had been made and the damning evidence published in Harkless' own paper while Harkless himself was a candidate and rival he would have felt dishonored. The McCune papers could have been used for Holloway's benefit, but not for his own, and young Fisbee had understood and had saved him. It was a point of honor that many would have held fatal and inconsistent, but one that young Fisbee had comprehended was vital to Harkless. And this was the man he had discharged like a dishonest servant, the man who had thrown what (in Carlow eyes) was riches into his lap, the man who had made his paper and who had made him and saved him. Harkless wanted to see young Fisbee as he longed to see only one other person in the world.

As the barouche drove up to the brick house he made out through the trees a retreative flutter of skirts on the porch, and the thought crossed his mind that Minnie had flown indoors to give some final directions toward the preparation of the banquet. But when the barouche halted at the gate he was surprised to see her waving to him from the steps, while Tom Meredith and Mr. Bence and Mr. Boswell formed a little court around her. Lige Willetts rode up on horseback at the same moment, and the judge was waiting in front of the gate. Harkless stepped out of the barouche and took his hand. "I was told young Fisbee was here."

"Young Fisbee is here," said the judge.

Mr. Fisbee came around the corner of the house and went toward Harkless. "Fisbee," cried the latter, "where is your nephew?"

The old man took his hand in both his own and looked him between the eyes and thus stood while there was a long pause, the others watching them. "You must not say that I told you," he said at last. "Go into the garden."

But when Harkless' step crunched the garden there was no one there. Asters were blooming in beds between the green rosebushes, and their many fingered hands were flung open in wide surprise that he should expect to find young Fisbee there. It was just before sunset. Birds were gossiping in the sycamores on the bank. At the foot of the garden, near the creek, there were some tall hydrangea bushes, flower laden, and beyond them one broad shaft of sun smote the creek bends for a mile in that flat land and crossed the garden like a bright, taut drawn veil. Harkless passed the bushes and stepped out into this gold brilliance. Then he uttered a cry and stopped. Helen was standing beside the hydrangeas with both hands pressed to her face and her eyes cast on the ground. She had run away as far as she could run. There were high fences extending down to the creek on each side, and the water was beyond.

"You!" he said. "You! You!" She did not lift her eyes, but began to move away from him with little backward steps. When she reached the bench on the bank she spoke with a quick intake of breath and in a voice he almost failed to hear, the merest whisper, and her words came so slowly that sometimes minutes separated them. "Can you—will you keep me—on the Herald?"

"Keep you?" He came near her. "I don't understand. Is it you—you—who are here again?"

"Have you forgiven me? You know—now—why I wouldn't resign? You forgive me—that telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"The one that came to you—this morning."

"Your telegram?"

"Yes."

"Did you send me one?"

"Yes." "It did not come to me." "Yes—it did."

"But—what was it about?" "It was signed," she said; "it was signed"—She paused and turned half away, not lifting the downcast lashes. Her hand, resting upon the back of the bench, was shaking. She put it behind her. Then her eyes were lifted a little, and, though they did not meet his, he saw them, and a glory sprang into being in his heart. Her voice fell still lower, and two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. "It was signed," she whispered, "it was signed—'H. Fisbee.'"

He began to tremble from head to foot. There was a long silence. She had turned full away from him. When she spoke his voice was as low as hers, and he spoke as slowly as she had. "You mean—then—it was—you?"

"Yes." "You?" "Yes."

"And you—you have—you have been here all the time?"

"All—all except the week—you were—hurt."

The bright veil that wrapped them was drawn away, and they stood in the

quiet, gathering dusk. He tried to loosen his neckband; it seemed to be choking him. "I—I can't—I don't comprehend it. I am trying to realize what it all means."

"It means nothing," she answered. "There was an editorial yesterday," he said, "an editorial that I thought was about Rodney McCune. Did you write it?"

"Yes." "It was about—me—wasn't it?"

"Yes." "It said—it said—that I had won the—the—love of every person in Carlow county."

Suddenly she found her voice. "Do not misunderstand me," she said rapidly. "I have done the little that I have done out of gratitude." She faced him now, but without meeting his eyes. "I owed you more gratitude than a woman ever owed a man before, I think, and I would have died to pay a part of it."

"What gratitude did you owe me?" "What gratitude? For what you did for my father."

"I have never seen your father in my life."

"Listen. My father is a gentle old man with white hair and kind eyes. My name is my uncle's. He and my aunt have been good to me as a father and mother since I was seven years old, and they gave me their name by law, and I lived with them. My father came to see me once a year; I never came to see him. He always told me everything was well with him, that his life was happy, and I thought it was easier for him not having me to take care of, he has been so poor ever since I was a child. Once he told the little he had left to him in the world, his only way of making his living. He had no friends; he was hungry and desperate, and he wandered. I was dancing and going about wearing jewels—only I did not know. All the time the brave heart wrote me happy letters. I should have known, for there was one who did and who saved him. When at last I came to see my father he told me—he had written of his idol before, but it was not till I came that he told it all to me. Do you know what I felt? While his daughter was dancing cotillions a stranger had taken his hand and—'and'—A sob rose in her throat and checked her utterance for a moment, but she threw up her head proudly. "Gratitude, Mr. Harkless!" she cried. "I am James Fisbee's daughter!"

He fell back from the bench with a sharp exclamation and stared at her through the gray twilight. She went on hurriedly, still not looking at him. "I wanted to do something to show you that I could be ashamed of my vile neglect of him—something to show you his daughter could be grateful—and it has been such dear, happy work, the little I have done, that it seems, after all, that I have done it for love of myself. It is what I had always wanted to do—to earn a living for myself, to live with my father. When I came here, my aunt and uncle were terribly afraid I would stay with him. It was to prevent this that they determined to go abroad, and my father said I must go back to them. Then you were—were hurt, and he needed me so much he let me stay. When you—when you told me"—she broke off with a strange, fluttering, half inarticulate little laugh that was half tears and then resumed in another tone—"when you told me you cared that night—that night of the storm—how could I be sure? It had been only two days, you see, and even if I could have been sure



"You!" he said. "You!"

of myself—why, I couldn't have told you. Oh, I had so brazenly thrown myself at your head time and again those two days in my—my worship of your goodness to my father and my excitement in recognizing in his friend the hero of my girlhood that you had every right to think I cared; but if—if I had—I had—loved you with my whole soul I could not have—why, no woman could have—I mean the sort of girl I am—couldn't have admitted it—must have denied it. Do you think that then I could have answered 'Yes,' even if I had wanted to—on if I had been sure of myself? And now"—Her voice sank again to a whisper. "And now—"

"And now?" he said tremulously. She gave a hurried glance from right to left and from left to right, like one in terror seeking a way of escape; she gathered her skirts in her hand as if to run into the garden, but suddenly she turned and ran to him. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on the forehead.

When they heard the judge calling from the orchard they went back through the garden toward the house. It was dark. The whitest asters were but gray splashes. There was no one in the orchard. Briscoe had gone indoors.

"Did you know you are to drive me into town in the phaeton for the fireworks?" she asked.

"Fireworks?"

"Yes. The great Harkless has come home." Even in the darkness he could see the look the vision had given him when the barouche turned into the square. She smiled upon him and said, "All afternoon I was wishing I could have been your mother."

He clasped her hand more tightly. "This wonderful world!" he cried. "Yesterday I had a doctor—a doctor to cure me of love-sickness!"

After a time they had proceeded a little nearer the house. "We must hurry," she said. "I am sure they have been waiting for us." This was true; they had.

From the dining room came laughter and hearty voices, and the windows were bright with the light of many lamps. By and by they stood just outside the patch of light that fell from one of the windows.

"Look!" said Helen. "Aren't they good, dear people?"

"The beautiful people!" he answered. THE END.

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