

PORTLAND MARKETS

Latest Quotations in the Portland Markets

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

PORTLAND, Oct. 6.—The hop market would appear to be on the verge of remaining, as several lots, with a total of...

Grain, Flour, Feed. Wheat—Walla Walla, 65c; Valley, bluestem, 60c; red, 62c.

Poultry—Old roosters, 9@10c; hens, 14@14 1/2c; fryers and broilers, 14 1/2@15c; dressed chickens, 15@15 1/2c; geese, live, 8@10c; dressed, 11@11 1/2c; turkeys, young, 20@21c; dressed, 18@21c; ducks, old, 14c; Spring ducks, 13@14c; pigeons per dozen, \$1.00@1.25; squabs, \$1.75@2.00.

Fresh Meats and Fish. Fresh Meats—Veal, medium, 75 to 100 lbs., 7 1/2@8c; 100 to 150 lbs., 7@7 1/2c; 150 to 200 lbs., 5@6c; 200 lbs and over, 4@5c; pork, 5@5 1/2c; hams, 7@8c; beef, bulls, 2@3c; cows, 4 1/2@5c; steers, 5 1/2@6c; mutton, medium size, 7@7 1/2c; large, 5@6c; Spring lambs, 8@8 1/2c.

TIDE TABLE, OCTOBER

Table with columns for Date, High Water, Low Water, and tide heights in feet and hours for October 1906.

A CAPTAIN IN THE RANKS

By George Carey Eggleston

(Continued from Last Week.)

During the last half hour the rain had almost ceased, and Guilford Duncan had indulged an anxious hope that the skies might clear away with the sunrise, but just as the gray of morning began to give light enough for the workmen to see without the aid of the torches the downpour began again more pitilessly than ever.

Its discouraging effect upon the already exhausted men was instantly apparent. A dozen of them at once quit work and doggedly sat down in the mud of the embankment. Two or three others, reckless of everything but their own suffering, stretched themselves at full length to sleep where they were, too weary and hopeless now even to seek the less uncomfortable spots to rest their worn-out bodies.



"May I spend \$2,000 if I get this job done by noon?"

The ambition for success, I've seen soldiers fall in precisely that way, too far gone even to shelter themselves from a cannonade.

For the first time in his life Guilford Duncan realized that there is such a thing as the impossible. The simple fact was that the long strain had at last begun to tell, even upon his resolute spirit. For three days and nights now he had not slept. For three days and nights he had not sat down. For three days and nights he had been wading in water and struggling in mud and exhausting all his resources of mind and character in efforts to stimulate the men to continued endeavor.

He was playing for a tremendous stake, as we know. His career, his future, all that he had ever dreamed of of ambition, hung upon success or failure in this undertaking, and now at last in spite of his heroic struggle failure stared him in the face.

And apart from these considerations of self interest there were other and higher things to be thought of. If he failed now an enterprise must be lost in which he had labored for a year to induce others to invest millions. At last this resolute man whose courage had seemed unconquerable was discouraged.

"Might as well give it up," said Will Hallam. "The men simply will not work any longer."

"It isn't a case of will not, but of cannot," answered Duncan. Barbara heard all as she hovered over the fire of logs and busied herself with her tasks regardless of rain and weariness, regardless of every consideration of self. She wore no wraps or protection of any kind against the torments of rain. They would simply bother me," she said when urged to protect her person. Her face was flushed by the heat of the fire, but otherwise she was very pale, and her tightly compressed lips were livid as she straightened herself up to answer Duncan's despairing words.

"You are wrong," she said. "They can work a little longer if they will. It is for us to put will into them. Can't them to the fire, a dozen or twenty at a time, for breakfast. I've something new and tempting for them—something that will renew their strength. You and Captain Hallam and Mr. Temple must do the rest."

A dozen of the men had already come with their tin cups to drink again of the strong coffee that Barbara had been serving to them at intervals throughout the night. She had something more substantial for them now.

She had by her a barrelful of batter, and she and the negro boy, Bob, each with two large frying pans, were making griddlecakes with astonishing rapidity. To each of the men she gave one of the tin plates with half a dozen of the hot cakes upon it, bidding each help himself to molasses from the half barrel, from which for convenience of ladling Bob had removed the head.

"This is breakfast," she said to the men as they refreshed themselves. "There'll be dinner, and a good one, ready when the work is done." The men were too far exhausted to greet her suggestion with enthusiasm.

The few words they spoke in response were words of discouragement and even of despair. They did not tell her that they had decided to work no more, but she saw clearly that they were on the point of such decision. The breakfast she was serving comforted them and gave them some small measure of fresh strength, but it did not give them courage enough to overcome their weariness. The girl saw that something more effective must be done. She puckered her forehead quizzically—after her manner when working out a problem in arithmetic. After a little the wrinkles passed away, and, lifting her eyes for a moment from her frying pans, she called to Captain Hallam:

"Would you mind coming here a minute?" she asked. The man of affairs responded wearily, but promptly. "What is it, Barbara?" "May I spend \$2,000 if I get this job done by noon? That's the last minute, Mr. Duncan tells me."

"But how can you?" "Never mind how. May I have the \$2,000?" "Yes—twenty thousand—any amount, if only we succeed in pushing that car on rails across the county line before the clock strikes 12."

"Very well, I'll see what I can do. Mr. Duncan, can you cook griddlecakes?" "Happily, yes," answered he. "I'm an old soldier, you know."

"Very well, then. Please come here and cook for a little while—just till I get back. I won't be long." Duncan took command of her two frying pans. A little amused smile appeared on his face as he did so in spite of his discouragement and melancholy. But to the common sense and sincerity of the girl there seemed nothing ludicrous in setting him thus to the undignified work. Intent upon her scheme, she darted away to where the several gangs of men were still making some pretense of working. To each gang she said:

"I've got \$2,000 for you men if you stick to your work and finish it before noon today. I'll divide the money equally among all the men who stick. It will be \$10 apiece or more. Of course you'll get your triple wages besides. Will you keep it up? It's only for a few hours more."

Her tone was eager and her manner almost piteously pleading. Without the persuasiveness of her personal appeal it is doubtful if the men would have yielded to the temptation of the extra earning. Even with her influence added more than a third of them—those who had already cast their tools aside and surrendered to exhaustion—refused to go on again with a task to which they felt themselves hopelessly unequal. But in every gang she addressed there was a majority of men who braced themselves anew and responded. The very last of the gangs to whom she made her appeal put their response into the form of a cheer, and instantly the other gangs echoed it.

"What on earth has that girl said or done to the men to fetch a cheer from them?" ejaculated Will Hallam. "Reckon 'Little Missie's' jest done bewitched 'em," responded Bob as he poured batter into his pans. A moment later Barbara, with a face that had not yet relaxed its look of intense earnestness, returned to the fire and resumed her work over the pans.

"Thank you, Mr. Duncan," was all she said in recognition of his service as a maker of griddlecakes. But she added: "The men will stick to work, now, I think—or most of them, at any rate. Perhaps you and Mr. Temple can do something to shorten it—to lessen the amount."

Then, turning to Bob, she said: "Bring the hog, Bob, as quickly as you can. There's barely time to roast it before noon."

The men had nearly all had their breakfast now, so that the making of griddlecakes had about ceased. Hallam, Duncan and the young engineer, Temple, taking new courage from Barbara's report, were going about among the gangs, wading knee deep in water and mud and giving such directions as were needed.

Duncan especially was rendering service. As an old soldier who had had varied experience in the hurried construction of earthworks under difficulties he was able in many ways to hasten the present work. One thing he hit upon which went far to make success possible. That end of the crib which reached and crossed the county line offered a cavernous space to be filled in. It was thickly surrounded by trees, and Duncan ordered all these felled, directing the chopping so that the trunks and branches should fall into the crib. Then setting men to chop off such of the branches as protruded above the proposed embankment level and let them fall into the unoccupied spaces he presently had that part of the crib loosely filled in with tangled timber and treetops.

Gangs of men were meanwhile pushing cars along the temporary track and dumping their loads of earth among the felled trees. Duncan, with a small gang, was extending these temporary tracks along the crib as fast as the earth dumped in provided a bed.

This work of filling was very slow, of course, and when Duncan's watch showed 10 o'clock he was well nigh ready to despair. Under the strain of his anxiety he had forgotten to take any breakfast, and the prolonged exposure to water and rain had so far depressed his vitality that he had found a chill creeping over him. He hurried to Barbara's fire for some coffee and a few mouthfuls of greatly needed food. There for the first time he saw what Barbara's promised dinner was to be. The two separated halves of a dressed hog hung before and partly over the fire roasting.

"Where on earth did you get that?" he asked in astonishment. "Bob got it last night," she answered, "and dressed it himself." "But where, and how?" "I don't know yet. He laughs when I ask questions. I'm sorely afraid Bob stole the hog from some farmer. I sent him out with some money to buy whatever meat he could find, for I saw that the men must have substantial food. He came back about daylight and told me he had a dressed hog 'out dar in de bushes.' He gave me back the money. I'll make him tell me all about it this afternoon. If he stole the hog we can pay for it. And meanwhile the men shall have their dinner. How is the work getting on?"

"Rapidly, but not rapidly enough, I fear. I must hurry back now." "I'll go with you," said the girl. "Bob can watch the roasting," for Bob had reappeared at the fire. "But you can't go with me," replied Duncan. "The water's knee deep and more between here and the crib." "It can't make me any wetter than I am now," replied the resolute girl as she set off in Duncan's company.

At the crib she studied the situation critically. She knew nothing of engineering, of course, but she had an abundance of practical common sense. "What time is it now?" she asked after she had watched the slow progress of the work long enough to estimate the prospect. "Half past 10."

"Then we've only an hour and a half more. It isn't enough. You can never fill that hole in time." "I'm afraid we can't. I'm afraid we're lost in the struggle." "Oh, no; you mustn't feel that way. We simply must win this battle, in one way or another." Duncan made no answer. There seemed to him no answer to be made. The girl continued to look about her. "Is the end of the crib at the county line?" she asked. "Yes, or, rather, the line lies a little way this side of the end of the crib." Again she remained silent for a time before saying: "There are two big tree trunks lying longways there in the crib. They extend across the county line. Why can't you jack them up into place and lay your rails along them without filling the space and without using any ties?" For half a minute the young man did not answer. At last he exclaimed: "That's an inspiration!" Without pausing to say another word Duncan started at a run through the water till he reached the mud embankment. Then he ran along that to the point where Temple was superintending the earth diggers. "Quit this quick," he cried, "and hurry the whole force to the crib! I see a way out! Order all the jackscrews brought, Dick, and come yourself in a hurry!"

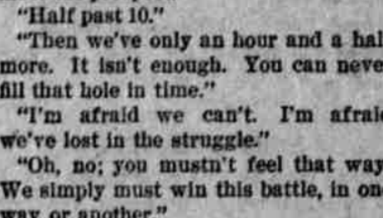
That evening Duncan stood face to face with her in the little parlor. Without preface he asked: "Will you now say 'yes,' Barbara, to the question I asked you so long ago?" "I suppose I must," she answered, "after—after what you did when you set me in the car that last day of the struggle."

THE END.

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