

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.

Produce. Poultry—Old roosters, 9@10c; hens, 14@14 1/2c; fryers and broilers, 14 1/2@15c;

Fresh Meats and Fish. Fresh Meats—Veal, medium, 75 to 100 lbs., 7 1/2@8c;

Coffee—Mocha 24@28c; Java, fancy, 26@32c; Java, good, 20@24c; Java, ordinary, 17@20c;

Lard—Kettle-rendered; Tierces, 11 1/2 tubs, 11c; 50s, 11c; 20s, 11c; 10s, 12c;

Vegetables. Cabbage—Per lb., 2c; cauliflower, 10c @1.10 per dozen;

Potatoes—New, in country, 75@80 per cwt.; sweet potatoes, 2 1/2@3c lb.

Fruits. Tropical fruits—Bananas, 5c per pound; pineapples, \$3.00@4.50 per dozen;

Groceries and Provisions. Provisions—Hams, to size, 14c; hams, picnic 10c;

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;

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.



"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.

Pickled goods—Pickled pigs' feet, 1-barrel, \$5; 1-barrel, \$2.75; 15-lb kits, \$1.25; pickled tripe, 1-barrel, \$5.00; 1-barrel, \$2.75; 15-lb kits, \$1.25;

"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 you see that 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.

"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 few words she 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.

"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.

"Happily, yes," answered he. "I'm an old soldier, you know."

"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.

"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.

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 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.

"Rapidly, but not rapidly enough, I fear. I must hurry back now."

"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."

"Yes, or rather, the line lies a little way this side of the end of the crib."

"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?"

"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!"

At half past 11 Temple announced that the great tree trunks were in place. Instantly twenty axmen were set at work hewing a flat place for rails along the top of each log, while other men as fast as the hewing advanced laid and spiked down the rails.

At five minutes before noon a gang of men, with shouts of enthusiastic triumph, seized upon the dumping car which stood waiting and pushed it across the line. As this last act in the drama began Guilford Duncan seized Barbara by the elbows, kissed her in the presence of all, lifted her and placed her in the moving car.

"You have saved the railroad," he said, with emotion in his voice, "and you shall be its first passenger."

It was ten days later when Barbara reached home again after a wearisome journey through the flooded district un-

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?"

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ANTHONY P. WILSON, Attorney. 413 Kansas Ave., TOPEKA, KANSAS.

TIDE TABLE, OCTOBER

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



That evening Duncan stood face to face with her.