

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wholesale Price List as Reported Daily.

PORTLAND. There is no material change in the butter market. Supplies of cream are said to be falling off, which would tend to stiffen the market, but it is not deemed advisable to raise prices at this time.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

The following are quotations ruling in Portland as reported by jobbers in the various lines: Grain, Flour, Feed. Wheat—New crop prices: Club, 85c; Valley, 87c; bluestem, 90c; red Russian, 85c.

Legend of St. Mary's Bell.

(Original.)

This is the legend of St. Mary's bell at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, or, rather, a new version of it, for there are a number of versions, including one in verse by the German poet Muller. Since the bell was cast more than 500 years ago, it is not likely that more than the main features can be given with certainty.

There was great ado about the bell to be made for St. Mary's. For a long while it was uncertain who would cast it, and at last, when an ironmaster was found with sufficient reputation for skill in bell casting, so great were the expectations of the people that he entered upon the work with fear and trembling.

The ironmaster was ready for the last act in a work that had for years taken up his attention. A long time he had been engaged on his calculations; carefully he had prepared his mold; intently he had dwelt on the combination of metals, especially as to the quantity of silver on which he relied to soften the harsher sounds produced by the others, giving sweetness and harmony. The component parts were all in the huge crucible, under which the fires had been burning sufficiently long to dissolve them into one molten mass. The long continued effort was ready for consummation.

But the result—would the bell be a wonder of melody or give out a harsh clang? It might be anything between these extremes. If thought, calculation, care, could make it perfect, it would be perfect. But in the calculations might there not be some error? And the casting—if the mold should be defective, if the melted metal should not be at the proper temperature, all this long continued effort would be lost.

Satisfying himself that the metallic fluid was about ready to run off into the mold, the ironmaster, feeling that he would be better able to bear the last concentrated effort by preparing himself for it physically, resolved to go to his house for a meal and a glass of wine. During the whole of his long labors a young apprentice had assisted him. Placing implicit confidence in the young man's discretion, the master left the crucible, the fire under it, the mold ready to receive the casting, in his care.

When he had gone the apprentice stood looking up at the huge crucible that contained what was to be the bell of the Church of St. Mary's. He had watched every effort of his master, assisting at many of them, and with the enthusiasm of youth believed it would be one of the famous bells of the world. At the base of the crucible was the stopcock which held the metal in its place and when opened would let it run into the mold. That was all there was to be done—open the stopcock, and gravity would make the bell.

Just as the apprentice's eye rested on the stopcock a thought lit, like a bird on a branch, on his brain. Why not himself open the stopcock? He would suffer the wrath of his master, but his name would go down through the centuries as the caster of the world renowned bell. Whenever it sent its musical vibrations far and wide those who heard it would think of the story of the apprentice who performed the consummating act in its construction.

The impulse was irresistible. Going to the stopcock, he pulled it open, and out ran the molten mass. At the same moment a diabolic "Ha, ha!" rang in the youth's ears. Satan, unable to prevent the bell from existing through its musical tones the piety and reverence of countless human beings, had chosen to bring about a tragedy which should forever be connected with its history. While the metal was running into the mold the ironmaster, having finished his meal, returned. When he saw what had been done, turning white as the snow, he demanded to know who had opened the cock. The apprentice falteringly admitted that he had done it himself. The master, drawing his poniard, rushed upon him.

"In the name of Jesus, I beg you to spare me!" The master, disregarding the appeal, plunged his poniard into the apprentice's breast. Time passed. The ironmaster was in prison condemned to die for the murder of his apprentice, and the bell was hung high in the Church of St. Mary's. There one evening at the hour of the angelus it sent out a melody of such strength and sweetness that all who heard it dropped on their knees. Not only had his maker's care and calculations produced a marvel, but the premature opening of the stopcock had not been any detriment.

But the man who had produced this result was not permitted to hear the melody. Within prison walls, through which the sounds could not penetrate, he languished, wondering if his efforts had been effective, if they had not been rendered abortive by the apprentice. Then when his jailers were about to take him to the scaffold he

begged that he might be permitted to hear the bell. His request was granted, and his journey was lightened by its exquisite tones. The last sound he heard before the executioner's ax fell was vibrations sent from the work of his brain. And he knew that if Satan had made him a murderer and connected a tragedy with the result of his labors he had produced that which would move mortals to devotion for centuries to come.

That which occurred while the bell-maker was being conveyed to execution was continued. From that day in the year 1386 never has a criminal in Breslau gone on his last journey to expiate his crime but St. Mary's bell has tolled his deathknell.

F. A. MITCHEL.

THE AUDIENCE.

I mak' not moocha mon' today, So few ees hear da tunes I play, Long time bayfore da sun-ees shine I tak' dees street pian' of mine An' pull eet out from ceety street To countra lane, where cool an' sweet Da morning breeze blow, an' wheres All theengs ees beautiful an' fair, Oh, here, I think, I gona find Som' peeps so good heart' an' kind Dey weel be glad for hear me play An' nota tal me 'gona 'way!" Like moeta do dat I am most, When I am play ees ceety street.

I walk an' walk, but eet ees queer I meet so few da peeps here; Ees only seen or two, but steel I look for more. I cillab da heell An' travel down da hotta road, Da street pian' ees heavy load; I am bayzee for feel da heat, An' so, himby, I stop an' seat, Ees shady place bayside da way, Oh, I am mad! I grawi an' gay: "I mak' not moocha mon' today, 'Wat for you com', oh, foola man, Where no was hear your street pian'?"

But den, 'wat 'spos ees happen me? Firs' theeng you know, ees lectia tree Mak' funny noia where eet stan's, So like an' eef eet clap oets han's! Den gentle feenger sun da air, Dey eem' an' pull me by da hair; Ees som' theeng ees dees sweeta breeze Dat speak to me an' coax an' tease, An' den da sky, so wide, so blue, Eet seem to smile an' coax me too, So all theengs speak, as eef dey say: "Com', let us have da music, play!"

I play wan tune—yes, two, 'tree, four, Like 'wat I never do bayfore! I stop, Da sky cry, "More!" An' den I play dem evra wan agen, So, too, I leet my voice an' seeng, Da breeze say "More!" to everytheeng, So all day long ees like dat, Oh, 'Merfeans man, I gat Som' curses an' som' food to eat, When I am play ees ceety street, But here da sky, da breeze, da tree, Dey speak Estellan to me!

I mak' not moocha mon' today, So few ees hear da tunes I play, But where ees reecher man dan I Dat play to breeze an' tree an' sky? —T. A. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times.

Temptation. "You should not give way when tempted, young man," said the rich man. "Why, were you ever tempted to give anything away?" asked the young man.—Youkers Statesman.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

MALE HELP WANTED—MEN AND women to learn watchmaking, engraving, jeweler work, optics; easy terms; positions guaranteed; money made learning. Watchmaking-Engraving School, 1436 Fourth avenue, Seattle.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

SMALL RANCH, 45 ACRES, 20 CLEAR-ed; small house and barn; 7 good milk cows, sell 10 gallons daily; 2 good farm horses, 30 sheep, 75 chickens; plenty good wood and water; 10 miles from city, 2 1/2 miles from RR. depot; for cash or half down; easy terms for balance; best bargain in this county.

CHOICE LOTS FOR BUILDINGS.

12 HOUSES AND LOTS, VALUES from \$4000 to \$1000, or even less; all on easy terms.

TIMBER CLAIMS.

TIDE LANDS. BALANCE LIST—CALL AND LOOK over.

O. F. MORTON.

438 COMMERCIAL.

HORROR OF PEACE

(Continued from page 6)

Dr. Carroll had yellow fever, which raged in his system for the allotted period. The martyrdom of Lazar occurred on September 25, 1900, after an illness of one week, as a result of yellow fever induced by the bite of a stray insect in the hospital ward where he was engaged in infecting mosquitoes in his experimental work by allowing them to bite yellow fever patients. Although he had previously allowed himself to be bitten by an infected mosquito he had failed to develop the disease in consequence of it, so that it was accidental rather than a part of the program that his life was given as it was.

The nobility of the sacrifice made by these physicians is strongly set forth by Dr. Donally in his discussion. One of the finest tributes ever paid their work was that of Dr. Henry D. Holton, in his address as president of the American Public Health Association, in 1902, when he said:

"The patriotism of the military as they sprang to the defense of their country, always deserves and receives the applause of the populace. Their deadly conflict on the battlefield is made easy by martial music, the booming of artillery, the rattle of the infantry fire, and the advancing step of comrades. How much more should we recognize the course of such devotees of science as Dr. James Carroll and Jesse W. Lazar, who, filled with a great philanthropic love for humanity, calmly, quietly, without the cheers or even the knowledge of the multitude, silently submitted themselves to the test to determine in what way this pestilence was communicated. We are told, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' We find that Jesse W. Lazar, fired and impelled by his great love for his fellow man, did offer his body as a sacrifice upon the altar of scientific investigation, to the end that in the years to come hundreds of thousands might escape this pestilential death."

Dr. Carroll's untimely death, at the age of 53, concluded a very honorable career, beginning with elementary education at a school in Woolwich, England—which was followed by training in the University of Maryland, and in the post graduate pathological department of Johns Hopkins University. After his fateful experiment at Havana he was made first lieutenant and assistant surgeon in the United States Army, and professor of bacteriology and clinical microscopy in the army medical school, besides holding a professorship in the department of medicine of the George Washington University, where he was universally beloved. The general public, which necessarily has not been particularly interested in such technical matters as the discovery that the "Myxococcidium Stegomyiae" had nothing to do directly with the yellow fever, was at the same time aroused by his decease to a somewhat better understanding of the man's simple-minded heroism.

We have secured the agency for Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup, the new laxative that makes the liver lively, purifies the breath, cures headache and regulates digestive organs. Cures chronic constipation. Ask us about it. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

STAR THEATRE

ASTORIA, OREGON

PROGRAM

For Week of October 21, 1907.

Overture.....Ida Daring

First in Line TOMMY FINN Singing Comedian

First appearance of the popular baritone DICK HUTCHINS

Beginning Monday, he will sing "In the Golden Autumn Time, Sweet Elaine," Change Thursday, "Good Old U. S."

Now we have the QUEBY BROS. Roman Triangle Gymnasts Retained on His Merits BILLY GUMBY

The Funny Fellow from the Sunny South Now a Positive Novelty THE TUXEDO QUARTETTE Supported by Nina Raymond and E. D. Cloud

Presenting the Musical Playlet Entitled "In the Heart of the Philippines."

The Staroscope Will Present

COSMOPOLITAN DANCERS

—and— CURFEW SHAL NOT RING TONIGHT Change Thursday Tobogganning on Mt. St. Moritz

Patrons of this theatre will please report any discourtesy to the management, as our aim is to present to our audience at all times a good, clean, moral, high-class performance, and having made arrangements for bookings in connection with the large Eastern circuits will be in a position to present to the Astoria public the best talent playing the West in advanced vaudeville.

Two years ago a severe cold settled on my lungs and so completely prostrated me that I was unable to work and scarcely able to stand. I then was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and after using one bottle I went back to work, as well as I ever was."

W. J. ATKINS, Banner Springs, Tenn.

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STAR THEATRE ASTORIA, OREGON PROGRAM For Week of October 21, 1907. Overture.....Ida Daring

WHEN YOU WANT PRICES THAT ARE RIGHT Write us, we're here for that purpose The Work We Do Anything in the electrical Business. Bell's House Phones Inside wiring and Fixtures installed and kept in repair.

THE KING OF CURES DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES PREVENTS PNEUMONIA AND CONSUMPTION

November Tide Table.

Table with columns for High Water and Low Water for November 1907, listing times for various days of the month.