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The Daily Market Report

PORTLAND, Oct. 27.—Two of the leading city creameries today announced a reduction of two cents a pound on standard city-made butter, making their price 34 cents. Some others that have been selling at 53 cents for a week or more for the time declined to make any changes in their quotations.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Grain, Flour, Hay, Etc.
Wheat—Track prices: Club, 88c; bluestem, 93c; turkey red, 90c; red Russian, 86c; Valley, 91c.
Flour—Patents, \$4.80; straights, \$3.95@4.20; exports, \$3.70; Valley, \$4.45; 11-buck graham, \$4.40; whole wheat, \$4.65; rye, \$5.50.
Barley—Feed, \$26.00; rolled, \$27.50@28.50; brewing, \$27.00.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$31.00; gray, \$30.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$26.50; middlings, \$33.00; shorts, country, \$31.00; shorts, city, \$30.00; chop, \$22.00.
Hay—Track prices: Timothy—Willamette Valley, fancy, \$14.50; do, ordinary, \$11.00; Eastern Oregon, mixed, \$15.50; fancy, \$17.00; alfalfa, \$11.50.
Butter, Eggs and Poultry.
Butter—Extras, 35@36c; fancy, 33c; choice, 30c; store, 18c.
Cheese—Full cream twins, 15c; full cream triplets, 15c; Young America, 16c; cream brick, 20c; Swiss blocks, 18c; Limburger, 20c.
Poultry—Mixed chickens, 10c@11c; fancy, hens, 12@12c; roasters, old 8c, broilers and fryers, 12@12c; dressed poultry, 1c pound higher; ducks, 12@14c; geese, 8@10c; turkeys, 14c.
Eggs—Extra Oregon, 37c; Eastern, 28@32c.
Meats and Provisions.
Hams—10-12 lbs., 16c; 14-16 lbs., 15c; 18-20 lbs., 15c.
Dressed Meats—Hogs, fancy, 7c, ordinary 6@7c, large 5c; veal, extra 8c, ordinary 6@7c, heavy 5c; mutton, fancy 8@9c.
Bacon—Breakfast 17@22c, picnics 10c, cottage roll 11c; regular short clears, smoked 12c, do unsmoked 11c; clear bellies, unsmoked 14c, do smoked 15c; shoulders, 11c.
Lard—Kettle leaf, 10s, 14c; do 5s, 14c; do 50-lb. tins, 13c; steam rendered, 10s, 13c; do 5s, 13c; compound, 10s, 8c.
Fruits and Vegetables.
Potatoes—Buying prices, 70@85c per hundred; sweets, 2c per pound.
Onions—Buying prices, 90c@91 per hundred; garlic, 12@15c per pound.
Fresh Fruits—Oranges, \$3.75@4.50; lemons, \$3.50@5.00; peaches, 25@60c per box; plums, 25@40c per crate; watermelons, 3c pound; grapes 50c@1.25 per crate; pears, 75c@1.50 per box; quinces, 75c@81 per box.
Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; beets, \$1.75; parsnips, \$1.25; cabbage, \$1.75@2.00; head lettuce, 20@25c; cucumbers, 25c dozen; celery, 75c dozen; artichokes, 65c dozen; beans, 10c lb.; eggplant, \$1.50 per crate; tomatoes, 40@60c per crate; squash, 1 cent per pound; peppers, \$1.75 per box.
JOBBERS' QUOTATIONS.
Sugar, Coffee, Etc.
Sugar (sack basis)—D. G., \$6.05;

"LANDING" A BURGLAR

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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The wedding was over, the goodbyes and the good nights had all been said, and the Monteths' big stone house, radiant only a few hours ago with light and laughter, was now grimly dark and silent.

But excitement had set the maid of honor's pulse to throbbing, and she could not sleep. Over and over again she went through her part of the state ceremony to the slow, majestic music of the wedding march.

Over and over again she remembered that endless, measured walk down the long church aisle, with the magic scent of roses everywhere and the trembling consciousness of the best man's gaze fixed unwaveringly upon her.

And she recalled all the pretty things he had said to her afterward—that she was like a dream girl come true, that she was more beautiful than the blushing bride herself. What shameless hereafter, when the bride was his very own sister!

Wedding nights, sighed Elsie, were much like Halloweens—one dipped into the future and saw sweet visions, but only visions, after all! Yet still she sat in her shimmering green maid of honor frock, the moonlight shedding a wondrous frost upon it. From some distant point a clock struck twice. She rose with determination, then suddenly became tense and rigid. Her heart was in her mouth.

In the room just diagonally across the hall, which was the upstairs sitting room, she had distinctly heard a window opened. It flashed across her instantly that burglars had come after the wedding presents. Her own door, the night being stifling warm, stood part way open, but she was too paralyzed with fear to run and lock it.

She listened with strained ears for any further sound. It soon followed. The burglar stumbled against something. For a few minutes after that all was horribly still. Then, with catlike step, Elsie heard him coming into the hall.

Should she scream?—She tried to, but could not. Her voice "stuck in her throat!"

By the aid of the moonlight Elsie could make out a dark form creeping past her own room toward the stairs. Thank goodness, he was not going to bind and gag her or hold her up at the point of a pistol!

But the wedding presents! Should she let him steal them without trying to give an alarm? Yes, she would. The bride and groom could not be so very much attached to them. They had not had them long enough, and it was an awfully long way down the hall to Mr. Monteth's room.

There was no one near her except two of the bridesmaids, and a precious lot of good it would do to wake them! This reflection had the effect of stimulating her own latent courage. No; he should not carry off those wedding presents—she, Elsie Laurie, would see that he did not.

She was relieved to find that she could really move. She tiptoed to the door and listened. Not a sound. So she ventured stealthily out into the hall and even peeped over the balustrade. Still no sound and as dark as a pocket.

Could she have been dreaming? Before she roused the house she would make quite sure. Creeping down to the landing of the stairs, she crouched behind the balustrade and waited, her heart thumping rapidly.

Suddenly the dining room portiere parted, and a man holding a lit cigarette stepped out from behind them. Elsie gave a frightened cry of "Robert!" and fainted.

When she recovered she was choking over something very strong and burning that some one was pouring down her throat. She opened her eyes and recognized Robert Monteth bending over her.

"Did you catch the burglar?" she asked him weakly.

"Elsie, my poor child," he said, lifting her gently till her head rested against his shoulder, "there wasn't any burglar. It was just me. I'm so sorry."

She looked dazed, as if she could not understand.

"You must have been awfully scared, dear," he went on tenderly. "I'll tell you how it happened. I chased the bride and groom, you know, to find out where they were going, and when I finally got back here I remembered I hadn't any key. So I climbed up over the porch and got in through the sitting room window. I thought you were all asleep, and I knew if I did that I wouldn't disturb anybody," he ended, with a somewhat sheepish smile.

Elsie smiled a little too. She was beginning to see the humor of the situation. By degrees she told him her side of the story.

"You're the bravest girl in all the world, dearest, and I'm—"

"Did you stub your toe against something just after you got in?" she interrupted, with teasing irrelevance.

He admitted, rather shortly, that he did.

"It was awfully quiet for a few minutes afterward," she observed dryly.

"Yes, I wasn't saying much—out loud. But, say, Elsie"—he broke off resolutely, averting her thoughts round to more personal matters again—"what would you say if I turned into a real burglar after all and tried to steal you on the spot?"

"I'm not a bit afraid," she answered him calmly, her eyes looking with adorable assurance straight into his. "To-

night has made me wonderfully courageous. What's that?" she whispered, trembling with fright.

A door in the upper hall had opened softly.

Before Robert could answer she had reached up to the electric button on the wall and switched off the light.

Immediately a voice commanded, "Who's there?"

"It's I, father," Robert called hoarsely. "Don't shoot!"

Realizing then what a thoughtlessly dangerous thing she had done, Elsie as suddenly turned on the light again and bravely faced the astonished Robert Monteth, Sr.

"Explain yourself, sir," ordered Robert's father sternly.

And Robert explained.

"It was all your fault, anyhow, dad," he finished, with ingenious climax. "You shouldn't have left the window unlocked."

Mr. Monteth accepted the reproof good naturedly. "You have my forgiveness, son," and he added, with benignant smile, extending his outstretched hands over the two young lovers, "my very heartfelt blessing."

At this psychological moment half a dozen other doors were thrown open, and a motley audience collected at the head of the stairs, all demanding simultaneously to know the cause of the disturbance. In their gals but decidedly unconventional attire one would hardly have recognized the smart bridal party of the earlier evening.

Poor Robert was forced to explain all over again.

"Well, is that all?" commented one of the erstwhile bridesmaids, rubbing her eyes. "If I'd known this was only a fake burglar show I wouldn't have stirred a step. When I saw Mr. Monteth spreading out his arms so dramatically—the girl gave a capital imitation of the gesture—"over somebody, I thought it must be another wedding ceremony for sure, and I came out to join in the procession."

There was a general laugh at the expense of Elsie and Robert, but the latter was undaunted.

"That gives me a perfectly great idea," he exclaimed jubilantly. "I herewith invite you all to an impromptu wedding. You can all be rehearsing while I run across the street and rouse up the minister. What do you say, Elsie?"

Elsie blushed, blinked and protested. "You're absolutely crazy, Rob. Besides, I'm too sleepy," she pleaded. "I couldn't keep awake during the ceremony, but," she added graciously, "the invitations are just postponed. We'll ask you all again at some more proper time."

"Hear, hear!" they all cried enthusiastically, and "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" after which most unreasonable demonstration the big house put out its lights once more and settled down to sleep.

Knew She Was Ugly.

The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent who governed France during the minority of Louis XV., was notorious for her ugliness. She wrote:

"From early youth I knew how ugly I was and hated to have people look sharply at me. I never cared for dress, as I knew that diamonds and ornaments would only attract attention to me. Once Countess Solsons asked me why I never turned to look at a mirror in passing, as every other woman did. I told her I could not endure the sight of my own face.

"As a girl I must have been very ugly. I had little, blinking eyes, a pug nose and a big mouth with thick lips. My face was broad and fat and my figure short and stumpy. Nobody would have tolerated me except for my good disposition.

"I don't suppose that there was in the whole world another pair of hands as ugly as mine. The king often told me so, and I laughed, for I was resolved always to laugh at my hideousness. I must confess that I had to laugh very often.

"What surprised me most was that any one could fall in love with me. I was notoriously the ugliest woman at court, yet I was married at nineteen.

"I often asked my husband if the sight of me was not repulsive and what he had seen in me that induced him to fall in love with me. I never got a satisfactory answer, but I think that I must have had some other attractions which outweighed my ugliness."

Had to Buy It.

"Now," said the agent, "I am sure I have got what you want. Now, here is a new patent paper cutter, sir, that I am selling for 25 cents. It is the best in the market—never tears the pages of an uncut book."

"Very nice, indeed," interrupted his victim, "but I have no uncut books, and so—"

"I suspected that, sir," returned the agent. "That's why I have brought along this beautiful uncut copy of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' Three hundred pages of elevating reading, embellished with beautiful pictures. Just the thing for a center table in this superb binding!"

"I haven't got a center table," said the victim. "So, you see—"

"Fine!" said the agent. "Let me show you the catalogue of our company's furniture. It is all of the very best make, and a center table like that in the picture on page 22 will prove an ornament to your parlor!"

"But I haven't any parlor. I have no house, my friend. Consequently—"

"Glorious!" cried the agent. "I represent the Own Your Own Home company of—"

"Oh, thunder!" said the victim. "Here's your quarter. I'll take a paper cutter."—Judge.

When one runs after wit he is sure to catch nonsense.—Montesquieu.

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