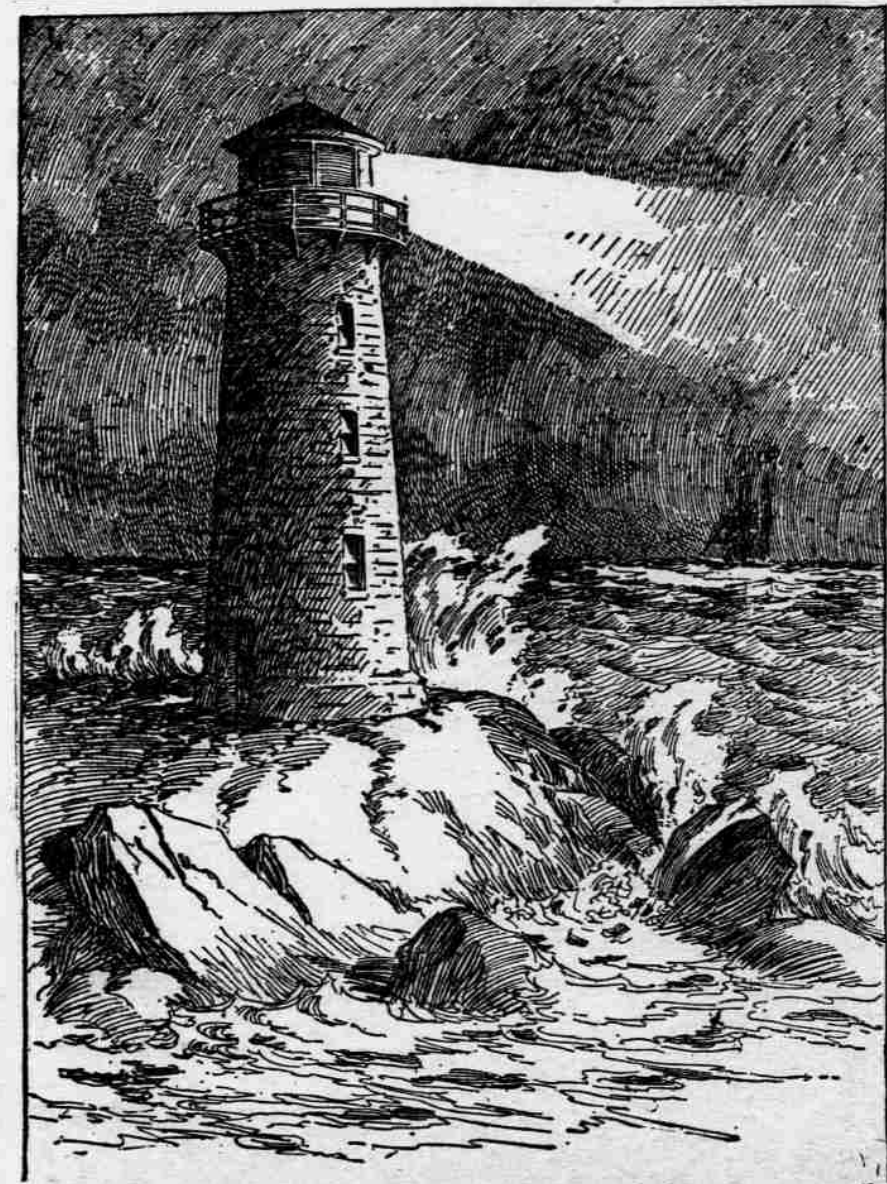


KEEPS LONELY VIGIL.

LIGHTHOUSE MAN HAS WORRY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Works Amid Deep Solitude and Must Endure All Sorts of Weather—Place an Appointive One and Free from Wiles of Politicians.

The keeper of a marine lighthouse has not a job, but an office. He is a Presidential appointee and holds a commission which when read out sounds as important as that of the collector of customs or the postmaster. He holds an office of large trust and high responsibility. He is to keep his lamp trimmed and burning from the dusk of evening till the next daylight. His post is advanced to the edge of the deep and often raging waters—it is a lonely situation and through nights of all weathers he must stay and be vigilant at his post. Should he fall once in the performance of duty what disaster to vessels and crews might not come! The navigator knows and testifies to his worth in the position where he has been placed by the government, but it is certain that he is not much regarded by the general public.



LONELY WATCH OF THE LIGHTKEEPER.

The first lighthouse in the Chicago harbor, says the Chronicle, if it could be so denominated, when the smallest vessels made their way with peril into the shallow mouth of the unimproved river, was erected in 1831. Reckoning from that date, which, in fact, was six years earlier than the city's birth as a corporation, the vast commerce now carried on here had its beginning only sixty-nine years ago. There is nothing like this commercial wonder in the world now, nor ever was. All this since an immense number of men still living and not yet accounted old were born!

When it first was in agitation to erect a lighthouse here of the old pattern, with a stationary light of no great power, there was a man in France deep in studies and busy with experiments to produce a marine light on a new principle that should take the place of every other the world round. Fresnel was that man. Indeed, he began with his experiments ten years earlier. Over in France was Fresnel at work on a marine light that was destined to send its aprissing flashes from six several towers in the Chicago harbor over the waters to the horizon. The Frenchman lived to perfect his light; he was appointed secretary to the lighthouse board of France in 1825 and while he was in that position he replaced reflectors with lenses and invented the revolving light. Then he added prismatic rings. The result was the system that still goes by his name and has long since changed the mode of lighthouse illumination throughout the world. It is now used exclusively by the United States.

Chicago people are accustomed to seeing the Fresnel light in the several lighthouses in the harbor, but probably few have ever inquired into the mechanism of the apparatus by which the flashes are produced. Take the one on the north pier as typical. Within it is an arrangement of lenses, supplemented by prisms, which revolve around a sperm oil-burning lamp. When one of

the old reflectors and the saving of oil is great. The ratio of effect of the lens light is to that of the reflector light as 4 to 1—that is, one gallon of oil burned in a lens throws as much light to the horizon as four gallons burned in a reflector light.

During the last twenty-five years there has been a great increase in marine lighting in the ninth lighthouse district, which includes Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois. The number of lighthouses in this district is 127, and every light is a Fresnel. A new lighthouse built at Manitowish Island is fine, costing the government a good sum of money. Beside it is the fog signal contrivance and a little distance off is the oil tank inclosed neatly. The house in which the lighthouse keeper dwells is supplied with the modern conveniences and is handsome enough to be called a villa. A large quantity of stores is required to be kept constantly in the district, and these are substantially housed in a government building in St. Joseph, Mich.

The official headquarters of the ninth district is in Chicago. It is in charge of Commander F. M. Symonds, United States navy. Commander Symonds says that the Chicago lighthouses are reckoned among the best on the lakes.

HOT RACE WITH A GRIZZLY.

Lively Experience of a Colorado Postmaster with a Bear.

W. H. Person, local manager of a typewriter company, received a letter this morning from Tom Hamilton, postmaster at Hamilton, Routt County, describing a thrilling race with a bear which he enjoyed this week.

The bear was a big grizzly. The grizzly when he sees a human form is bound to do one of two things. He will either run at or away from the stranger, and if he does the former it is generally a case of doughnuts to pretzels that it is all off with the stranger. In this case the bear that runs at a

ALL ONE CONTINENT.

This map shows the formation of the land which scientists now affirm connected Australia, Africa and America, making of the three one great antarctic continent. For proof of this fact is pointed out that the ancient sea benches of Patagonia, which are now far inland, have imbedded in them fossil shells

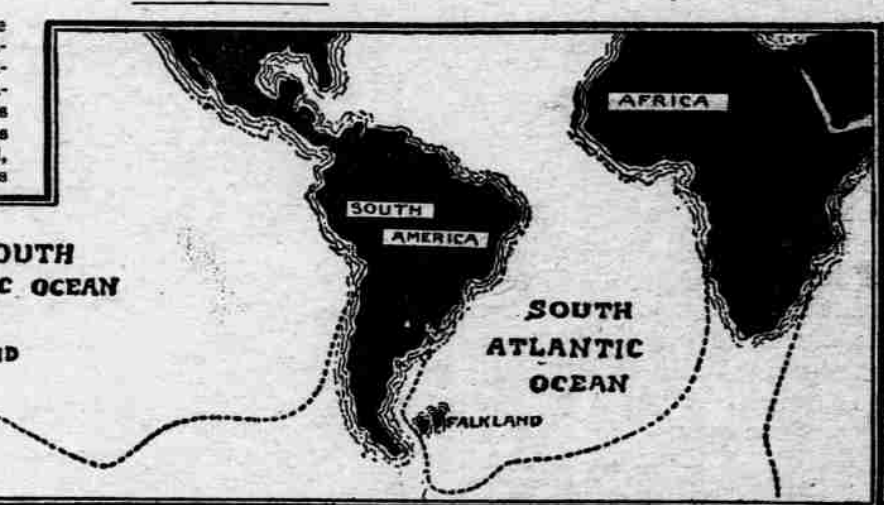


which are exactly like those found in parts of Australia. It is probably more than 1,000,000 years ago that the continuous coastline of both continents became divided.

The fauna of the three countries are beyond doubt descendants from the same ancestors, for it is absurd to assume that there could at one time have been a land bridge across the great expanses of ocean; or that there can ever have been migration by means of drifting wood.

The ostrich is cited as another proof. It is found both in Australia and Africa, but is, nevertheless, a non-flying bird. But it is more particularly among extinct animals, whose remains are from time to time unearthed, that investigators have been able to establish their theory beyond doubt.

Now, the discovery of an antarctic continent is looked forward to with more importance by scientists than the discovery of the north pole.



man yearned for a closer acquaintance with the postmaster and would probably have interfered seriously with the future delivery of the United States mail but for the fact that Hamilton is something of a rough rider and had a horse under him.

Postmaster Hamilton had for the time being left the affairs of state in the hands of a subordinate while he went out to round up some straying cattle. He went about three miles from home and was standing beside his horse wondering which way to turn next when there was a stir in some brush ahead of him. It looked too small a disturbance for a cow, but he thought it might be a calf and went forward to investigate. He was within a few feet of the brush when a big grizzly stood on its hind legs and threw him a kiss.

Hamilton didn't stop to catch the kiss, but made a bolt for his horse. The steed had seen Mr. Bear and started away almost as eagerly as did his master, and it was nip and tuck for the saddle between brum and the postmaster. After a run of 100 yards Hamilton caught the pommel of the saddle and threw himself aboard just as the bear made a bound for him. A pair of spurs went into the horse's hide and the animal leaped forward with a bound which made the bear feel that his meal of man was apt to escape. But he doubled himself up into a ball of fury and started red-hot after his intended victim. The chase kept up until the door of the postmaster's cabin was reached, when brum turned about and made for the woods. He was allowed to escape.—Denver Times.

MUSSELS ARE GOOD FOOD.

They're in the United States Has Been Very Much Neglected.

"There is one shellfish, the mussel, the use of which as an article of food seems to be totally neglected in the United States," observed an Englishman of several years' residence in this country to a Star reporter recently. "In fact it is so seldom employed that it may be said to be practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is rarely seen in your markets, and near the salt water bays and estuaries in which it is taken it is used, I am told, as a manure for certain crops. This lack of recognition of mussels as an epicurean delicacy probably arises from the popular superstition among Americans that this shellfish possesses poisonous qualities. Such an impression is, however, rather absurd, for in England they are largely consumed by the poor and middle class people, and if they contained any injurious properties their use would be promptly prohibited."

"It is well known that some persons are unable to eat of particular sorts of shell fish—some oysters, clams or lobsters are more or less poisonous, but mussels are only 'noxious' to the greater number for the reason that they deteriorate more rapidly when removed from the water than any other species. There are mussel beds within a radius of ten miles of New York and other eastern cities of sufficient capacity to supply millions of people with a clean and nutritious article of food; one that would lessen to a large degree the exhaustive demands made upon the clam, oyster and lobster fisheries."

"To prepare mussels for the table they should be selected of medium size and care should be observed to wash them carefully and place them in a vessel of salted water for several hours, so that they may clean themselves; that is, discharge the dirt and grit found within their shells. When this process is completed the valves should be placed in water and boiled—or steamed, if better in the vapor generated by their own juice. When they are done they may be easily taken out of their shells and are ready to be used in one of the many forms of which they are susceptible."—Washington Star.

The Resources of Siberia.

Under government encouragement it is said that Siberia is gaining 20,000 farmers per year. Among its exports are cereals, butter, wool, leather and dried and preserved meats. Already this remote country, which the popular imagination is apt to picture as a vast waste, the abode of frost and snow, and misery, is becoming talked of as a possible competitor with the well-known cereal-producing countries of the world. A member of the French bureau of foreign commerce estimates that, on the basis of the present population of Russia in Europe, Siberia can sustain 80,000,000 inhabitants, although it now has not one-tenth of that number. It produces one-tenth of the world's yield of gold, but owing to climatic obstacles many of its mines are not worked, and its immense coal deposits have hardly been touched.

Feathers Blown Off Chickens.

A device for plucking feathers from chickens has been patented in Great Britain. Cross currents of air set in motion by revolving electrical fans completely strip a bird of every feather and particle of down.

Whenever a girl takes it into her head to wave a broom at the head of a mob, she is called a Joan of Arc.

GENESIS OF WORDS.

MANY COMMON ONES HAD PECULIAR BEGINNINGS.

How Some Popular Phrases Came Into the English Language—Many Came From the Hunting Field—Origin of the Term Bankrupt.

Words, like men, have histories, while others embody history. To the latter class belongs the word "rigorous." Everybody understands it as signifying a confused and meaningless jumble, but few recall the fact that it comes from ragman's roll. Now, the ragman's roll was a crown document of no small importance. It is a real roll of ancient parchment and records categorically the nobility and gentry gave in their adhesion and swore allegiance to Edward I. of England toward the close of the thirteenth century. Naturally, it is a somewhat confused document, but possibly not quite so much confused as confusing to the good people of its own era.

It must have been upsetting in those days to discover that the lords and gentlemen thought to be stanch for the old order had gone over to the invading Scot. Yet there is something to be said for the lords and gentlemen who loved not Scotland's independence less, but their heads and their estates rather more.

Most of us are fond of venison—that is to say, deer's flesh. Formerly, however, that word had a wider meaning, being used for any flesh hunted—that is, meat of venery. Venery is the old word for hunting—thus foxes and wolves and badgers furnish "venison" no less than the lordly stag.

Cur, the synonym for a worthless dog, has somewhat the same derivation. In feudal England the dogs of the village, no doubt mostly starving mongrels, were by law required to be curtailed—that is, have their tails cut short, so that they might be readily distinguished from the stag and boar hounds of the lords and gentlemen. The mongrels ran true upon the scent, the mongrels would confuse and draw them off from it. Sometimes the village-dogs had likewise to suffer "thombing"—that is, cutting away the two middle toes from each foot, so they could not run with the hounds. A cur-tail-dog, or curtie-dog, in time became simply a cur. His owners, the villagers, who lived in clustered hovels outside the castle walls, in like manner gave rise to the word village.

Another wonderfully expressive phrase—"to run riot"—also comes from the hunting field. Foxhounds run riot when they leave the drag of the fox and go racing and chasing off upon the scent of hares and rabbits, whose careers the fox hunts when he finds himself pursued. Indeed, in fox-hunting parlance, hare scent is known as "riot." The familiar phrase "on the pad," as signifying going hither and yon, also throws back to Reynard the fox. His feet are known technically as pads—when he gets up and begins to move about sportsmen say he is "on the pad."

Strange as it may seem, the word "tallyho" in a manner connects the hunting field with the coach. Tallohs, pronounced tallyho—Norman French for "out of the racket"—was the proper cry when the fox broke cover. The huntsman and the master of the foxhounds answered the cry with long blasts of the horn. Then when public coaches began to run their horns blew the tallyho blast; further, as luxury progressed, finer coaches often took to the meet, and the throwing off, fine people who did not intend to follow the bounds, but to see them spectacularly. Between use and luxury the coach with seats on top crystals as the tallyho. The tallyho is likely to remain, unless all the world should go automobile mad. Though the bankrupt is so common among us nowadays, few know whence he derived his unenviable cognomen. It is among the most interesting of words with histories. Lombards, money-changers of Venice, sat on benches round about the piazza of St. Mark's. Banco is Italian for bench. When one of the money-changers defaulted the others fell to and broke his bench in little pieces. Afterward he was known as "banco-rupto"—that is, the man of the broken bench. Hence comes our word bankrupt.

These are only a few examples, but they serve to show how interesting is the study of word histories.

DON'T LIKE WOMEN.

Some Landladies Who Discriminate Against Their Own Sex.

"I have always felt that it was something of an inconvenience to be a woman, but I never regarded it as a cause for positive regret and mortification until a couple of weeks ago," said a young woman recently.

"It was while I was attempting, in the words of the song, to find 'a place to eat and a place to sleep' that I was made to feel my inferiority to the other sex. The advertisements were the first shocks to my nervous system. With one accord all those who had apartments to let announced that they took gentlemen only.

"This qualification was so general that finally one day I ventured to invade a house so posted and asked to see the rooms. The woman of the house regarded me scornfully.

"We don't take ladies here," she said.

"Why not?" I asked, argumentatively.

"I'm a very busy person. I work during the day and I disturb no one. I can give you unexceptional references. I don't whistle in my room, or throw my clothes in the covers, or smoke; nor am I likely to come in intoxicated at all hours. I really can't see why I shouldn't be as desirable as a lodger as a man."

"All this I said to induce her to divulge the reason for this prejudice against women.

"We don't take ladies," she responded, doggedly. "They quarrel about the sheets and pillow cases, and find fault with the towels and the way the room is swept. There's a boarding-house next door; perhaps they'll take you there."

"Shades of my grandmother! Perhaps they would take me! As though I were an outcast, whose faults might be forgiven if I promised to be good!

"But they wouldn't take me next door, after all, though I added a few

other virtues to the list I had recited before and showed letters from my former hostess.

"There's the third floor front you could have, if you were only a man," said this landlady, reflectively. "We don't care to take ladies; they make trouble in the house. We don't seem to be able to make them comfortable, and one urges the other on to complain."

"The next morning, when I started out to renew my search, I was fortified with certificates of baptism and confirmation and a letter from the rector of the church I attended. These finally admitted me to the domicile of a weary-looking person, who acknowledged, desperately, that she took her own sex to board. Then, such was the contrast of human nature, I instantly took a loathing to the place and decided it must be very second-rate, indeed. I took rooms there, however.

"Now the question arises, are women so intensely disagreeable in other people's houses as all this, and if so, why? If the dust lies undisturbed for weeks in the corners of a room, the feminine lodger will naturally call attention to it. But need she do so in an imperious manner?

"At all events, I'm sorry I'm a woman, since I must board, for it seems that the most objectionable of the lords of creation is preferred before any woman, however amiable she may be, in lodging houses."—Baltimore News.



A Scottish peasant, boasting of his relationship to the Duke of Argyll, explained the connection in this way: "The Duke's piper's sister's wee laddie has a wee doggie that's ain brother to my aunt's wee laddie's doggie."

The night clerk of a leading hotel of Washington, D. C., says that last winter a Southern Congressman came to him and demanded that his room be changed. When asked what displeased him, he replied, angrily: "Well, that German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding at my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'If you please,' said the German, 'dot you would schmore der same key. You vas go from B-flat to G, and it spoils der music!'"

The following excerpt from Margaret Macaulay's little volume on her brother, which was printed in 1894 for private circulation, shows Macaulay's craft-like ability always to fall on his feet: "One day Tom said jokingly that there are some things which always inclined him to believe in the predominance of evil in the world. Such, he said, as bread always falling on the buttered side, and the thing you want always being the last you come to. 'Now, I will take up volume after volume of this Shakespeare to look for 'Hamlet.' You will see that I shall come to it the last of all.' The first volume he took up opened on 'Hamlet. Every one laughed. What can be a stronger proof of what I said? cried he; for the first time in my life I wished that what I was looking for would come up last, and for the first time in my life it has come up first!'"

A newly engaged clerk in the employ of the Standard Oil Company was sent to work in a small room that contained a health-lift. Every morning at about 10 o'clock, when this clerk was particularly busy with figures, a small, black-mustached man, quiet and dignified in manner, entered, said "Good-morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner, and exercised for a quarter of an hour. It became a bore to the clerk, who at last, one day, remarked with considerable heat to the stranger: "How do you expect me to do my work properly while you are fooling with that blasted machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?" "I am very sorry it annoys you," said the stranger, flushing; "I will have it removed at once." A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flager, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black-mustached man. The latter smiled at seeing him, gave Flager some instructions, and left the room. "Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to break upon him. "That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply. It was the clerk's first acquaintance with the head of the great corporation by which he was employed.

An interesting story is told apropos of a reporter's zeal to obtain news from the Chinese legation in Washington, D. C., regarding affairs in Peking. He was an enterprising young fellow sent by his editor to take the place of the regular Washington correspondent who was away on his vacation, and he had spent the whole morning in the vicinity of the legation endeavoring to pick up something, not knowing that the most direct way would have been to see Minister Wu himself, who is invariably kind about granting interviews. He was about to abandon his project when an intelligent-looking and well-dressed Chinaman came down the steps of the legation and responded so pleasantly to his greetings that he bombarded him with a whole list of questions, to which the polite Celestial repeatedly answered: "Dan know, dan know." Finally, quite desperate at his inability to make something out of what he looked upon as a rare chance, a walk with one of the legation's secretaries, he asked, appealingly: "Well, surely you know something of the dowager empress; what do you think of her?" "Me no think," responded the Chinaman; "me washee," and with this parting announcement he disappeared into a laundry near by, of which he turned out to be the proprietor.

Dead Ancestors in China.

Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the arable land in China. Families would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.

RECOGNIZED THE WILD MAN.

Georgia Spectator Finds Him to Be His Long-Lost Brother.

During the Macon (Ga.) street fair one of the attractions was a wild man, who ate raw meat and was bound in chains.

The wild man has been at his business so long that he understands it quite thoroughly, and now he thinks he ought to have better wages. To the public he never says a word, but he talked some other day. He intimated that he would form a wild man's union if necessary to get higher wages. His employers undertook to tell him who he was and to remind him that he was in their power, but he swore in all the oaths peculiar to the wild man's vernacular, declaring that he would quit being wild and become civilized before he would continue to eat raw meat and wallow around at the end of steel chains in a hot pit for \$1.50 a day. It was finally agreed that he could have \$2 a day, and he went back down into the pit and is now wilder than ever.

This particular wild man has a brother who has for some time been wandering about in civilization, and a romantic meeting occurred between the two. They didn't fall on each other's necks and weep. The civilized brother paid his dime to see the wild man, not dreaming that he was to see his own long-lost brother. After gazing into the pit for a few minutes, his eyes resting on the raw meat and huge steel chains rather than on the creature so securely bound, he looked at the well-advised wild man. He started as if about to scream. Then he caught the wild man's eyes, and they recognized each other. They both broke out in a big ha ha! the wild man laughing just like his civilized brother.

The management did not allow the two to get together, but hurriedly ejected the civilized brother. As the wild man had just received a raise of 50 cents a day, he was satisfied to let his brother continue to wander in the walks of civilization.



The new book by Henry James, "The Soft Side," is not a novel, as has been reported, but a collection of the author's typically longer short stories.

Gilbert Parker has lately completed the first novel he has written in more than two years. It is called "The Lane That Has No Turning" and, like so much of his work, it deals with life in Quebec.

Robert Barrett Browning, it is reported, is engaged in carrying out a long-cherished ambition of his father's—that of restoring to Asolo the silk mills that Barrett had made memorable in "Pippa Passes."

Mrs. Wharton's new novel, upon which she is now at work, will bear the title of "The Valley of Decision." It will portray the general spectacular pageantry of life in northern Italy in the eighteenth century.

Literary Paris is much agitated by the problem of deciding whether the copy of "L'Ami du Peuple," signed with the blood of Marat, now exhibited in the exhibition, is really genuine. A Parisian paper discussed the question a short time ago and has elicited the statement that there are in existence at least eight "genuine" copies—similarly stained, to say nothing of one or two books.

The announcement that Joel Chandler Harris has retired from newspaper work in order to devote his whole time to story-making gives a special interest to his new book, "On the Wing of Occasions." The stories (one a novella of 30,000 words on "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln") all deal with "unwritten history" of civil war times, without any actual fighting, but introducing many details of the elaborate secret service. The volume is perhaps chiefly notable in adding another irresistible character to those imperishable figures like Uncle Remus and Aunt Minerva Ann, which Mr. Harris has already given us. Billy Sanders, the old Georgia countryman who goes to kidnap the President, has a supply of funny stories which rivals Lincoln's own and his shrewd, homely humor is most characteristic.

Queer Kinds of Bread.

The Mexicans make bread of the eggs of three kinds of insects. For this purpose the natives cultivate in the lagoon of Chalco a sort of carex, on which the insects readily deposit their eggs. The eggs, after being separated from the bundles of floating carex, are then cleaned and sifted, put into sacks like flour, and sold to the people for making a kind of cake or bread, called "hauite," which forms a tolerably good food, but has a fishy taste, and is slightly acid. Bread has been made from wood and sawdust. In Kamchatka pine or birch bark, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the native bread. The Icelanders scrape the Iceland moss off the rocks and grind it into fine flour, which serves both for bread and puddings. In Africa powdered dry locusts are mixed with flour for bread, and during the Indian famine small stones are said to have been ground and mixed with meal for bread. On the western shores of England a certain kind of seaweed (phorphora lactata) is gathered, washed, boiled and then baked with oatmeal flour for bread.

Clock of Three Graces.

Count Isaac de Camondo is the owner of a white marble clock, which is said to be worth \$50,000. It is called the clock of the "Three Graces." The graces are connected by festoons of flowers, surrounding a broken fluted pillar, which serves as the base of a two-handled vase decorated with festoons of oak leaves. This vase contains the works of the clock, to the dial of which one of the nymphs is pointing with her finger. The count will bequeath the clock to the Louvre.—Kansas City Journal.

THE COLD WEATHER TONIC.

Increasing Demand for Winter Goods Is Noted.

Bradstreet's says: The tonic effect of seasonably cold weather is again testified to by reports from practically all markets, of a brisk demand for winter clothing and wool wear. This in turn is reflected in increased re-orders from Western, Northwestern and Southern jobbers, and a perceptible improvement in tone of wholesale trade at the East, which hopes to participate later in the results of the existing good consumption demand.

The renewed advance in cotton, another result of cold weather, has proved a stimulus to Southern trade, and also made cotton goods agents and manufacturers rather indifferent to new business offered at old rates. What looked like an improvement in wool demand and prices seems to have received a temporary setback from the failure of a large commission house with woolen mill connections.

The strength of prices is still more manifest in iron and steel demand for which continues large, both for crude and finished materials. The action of the billet pool in advancing prices is claimed to have checked demand.

In finished material the activity is most marked, and mills are generally well supplied with orders and indifferent to future business at present rates. The awarding of the government contract for armor plate at \$425 per ton will swell the output of the steel industry by \$15,000,000.

Wheat, including flour shipments for the week aggregate 4,062,000 bushels, against 3,555,507 bushels last week.

Failures for the week in the United States number 227, against 161 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, new, 1 1/2c.
Lettuce, hot house, \$1 per crate.
Potatoes, new, \$1c.
Beets, per sack, 85c@91c.
Turnips, per sack, \$1.00.
Beans, wax, 4c.
Squash—1 1/2c.
Carrots, per sack, 90c.
Parsnips, per sack, \$1.25.
Cauliflower, native, 75c.
Cucumbers—40@50c.
Cabbage, native and California, 1 1/2c per pounds.
Tomatoes—30@50c.
Butter—Creamery, 29c; dairy, 18@22c; ranch, 16c pound.
Eggs—34c.
Cheese—12c.
Poultry—13c; dressed, 14c; spring, 18@15c turkey, 18c.

Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$14.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.
Corn—Whole, \$28.00; cracked, \$25; feed meal, \$25.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.50; bleached straight, \$3.25; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; graham, per barrel, \$3.00; whole wheat flour, \$3.25; rye flour, \$3.00@4.00.
Milkstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$18.00; shorts, per ton, \$14.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$20; oil cake meal, per ton, \$30.00.

Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, prime 7 1/2c; cows, 7c; mutton 1 1/2c; pork, 8c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 9@11c.
Hams—Large, 18c; small, 13c; breakfast bacon, 12c; dry salt sides, 8 1/2c.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 54@54 1/2c; Valley, nominal; Bluestem, 57c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, \$3.40; graham, \$2.00.
Oats—Choice white, 42c; choice gray, 41c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, \$15.50 brewing, \$15.50 per ton.
Milkstuffs—Bran, \$15.50 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$17; chop, \$16 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$12@12.50; clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@50c; store, 30c.
Eggs—32c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 12 1/2c; Young America, 13c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.50@3.50 per dozen; hens, \$4.00; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$6.00@7.00 per dozen; ducks, \$3.00@5.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11c per pound.
Potatoes—50@55c per sack; sweets, 1 1/2c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1 1/2c per dozen; parsnips, 85c; onions, \$1; carrots, 75c.
Hops—New crop, 12@14c per pound.
Wool—Valley, 13@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 9@12c; mohair, 25c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2c; dressed mutton, 6 1/2c per pound.
Hogs—Cross, choice heavy, \$5.75; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed, \$6.00@6.50 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, \$3.50@4.00; cows, \$3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 6@7c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c; small, 8@8 1/2c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 11@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@14c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 9@10c.
Hops—Crop, 1900, 13@16c.
Butter—Fancy creamery 22 1/2c; do seconds, 21c; fancy dairy, 20@22c; do seconds, 19c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 28c; fancy ranch, 42c.
Milkstuffs—Middlings, \$16.50 @ 19.00; bran, \$13.00@13.50.

Hay—Wheat \$9@13 1/2; wheat and oat \$9.00@13.50; best barley \$9.50 alfalfa, \$7.00@8.50 per ton; straw, 35@47c per bale.
Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks 70@90c; Salinas Burbanks, 90c@1.15; river Burbanks, 25@30c; new, 50@55c.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$3.75@3.25; Mexican lemons, \$4.00@6.00; California lemons 75c@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box.
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6c@8c per pound.