

When the big pipe organ's swellin' an' the city choir sings, An' you almost hear the swishin' of the face an' wings, An' the congregation's musin' on the preacher to begin, Sort o' leavin' listless, waitin' for the preacher to begin; In that holy hush it happens that I clean forget the place, An' again I'm meek an' lowly 'fore a throne of savin' grace; A throne that wasn't nestlin' 'neath a spire or a dome, But the sinners sought their Savior in that little church back home.

When we had protracted meetin's, why, I would come you good to hear The congregation singin' with a blend o' voices clear, How the "Rock of Ages" towered like a shel'rin' sort o' wall, An' our souls soared up to glory since the Rock was cleft for all. Ev'ry face was wreathed with sweetness, an' we allly rest a smile For the stranger, saint or sinner, in the pew across the aisle; For a diamond's often gathered from the commonest of loam, An' we didn't mind the settin' in the little church back home.

There were weddin's where the neighbors gathered in from far an' wide, An' the boys looked on in envy while their sisters kissed the bride; There were fun'rais, too, where neighbors did a feel ashamed to cry When they laid to rest the sleeper in the little yard close by. Each pew seems sort o' sacred, an' the lowly pulpit there 'Pears like a holy gateway to a firmament that's fair; Where the sweet, supernatural sunshine softly scattered sorrow's gloom An' lets us enter heaven from the little church back home.

The city choir's voices rise in cadences so sweet As they sing about the river where the sainted ones shall meet, An' the preacher's voice is pleadin' as he asks us, soft and low, To treat all men as brothers in this weary vale of woe. This city church is handsome, an' the congregation's large, The preacher's dolly nobly with his heaven seekin' charge. The choir's swellin' anthems soar to heaven through the dome, But my old heart is sighin' for the little church back home.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

MY WEDDING DAY

WELL, as I was saying, this is the way it came about. I was a young thing then, just turned 18. Your grandfather had been my playmate, hero and protector from the time that I was old enough to go to school. I had never thought of marrying any one but him, and so when he asked me to be his wife, why, of course, I said "Yes."

Well, it was in the spring of 1775 that we were to be married. Mother and I spent the winter getting my things made up, and I had as fine an outfit as a girl could possibly have in those days. The day set for the wedding was the nineteenth of April—yes, the very day on which the battle of Lexington occurred, as I have good reason to remember.

The nineteenth of April was a beautiful day, though a warm one for the season. We were all up early that morning, for there was a great deal to be done. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon when my mother, who had been looking over some linen, suddenly raised her head, exclaiming as she did so, "Why, Mary, was that the meeting-house, bell?"

"What can it mean?" I cried, and, running to the window, I caught sight of our neighbor's sons, Joe and John Eaton, running down the road with their guns. Across the way Harry Wright was plowing the field. The boys called out to him as they passed, and without stopping to unhitch the horse, he seized his gun and was off across the fields.

"It is an alarm, mother!" I cried. "The boys are down by the brook," she said. "The sound will not reach them!" Without delay I hurried to the kitchen, and, setting the horn, I ran out of the house and started for the brook, which was some distance from the house. I blew a blast on the horn as I ran, and as the boys caught sight of me I pointed toward the road, where several men could be seen running with their guns. The boys understood, and, waving their hands to me, they were off across the field to the road.

"What is it? Who are they going?" I asked. And as I spoke the men came hurrying out of the meeting-house, where they had heard a few words from Parson Smith, and, mounting their horses, rode off as fast as they could go. I looked for your grandfather, but he was not there. Catching sight of my father, I ran to him. "Have you seen Henry?" that's your grandfather—I asked.

"Henry was at the tavern when the messenger rode through here," replied my father, "and, as he had his horse with him, he rode away without waiting for the company to assemble."

My father had reached home before me, and as I opened the door I heard mother ask, "Do you think it is anything serious, father?" "I am afraid it may be, wife," he said. "The messenger said that Gov. Gage has sent some of the king's troops to destroy the supplies which have been stored at Concord. If the report is true, there will be resistance, and if it comes to that it will be very serious business for us."

The first news that came to us from the fight at Lexington and the other doings of that day arrived about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when some minutes from another way stopped at the tavern on their way home. They told the story of the day to the little crowd of anxious women who eagerly questioned them for news of some dear one. My father would not let me go down to the tavern, but went down himself and brought us the news. "Something unusual has happened, Mary!" exclaimed my mother. "I never saw your father look so excited."



A French scientist has found out that even the scored and despatched disease microbes can be used in making the softest and most beautiful light imaginable. While the light is strong enough to enable fine print to be read clearly at a distance of several yards, it has all the soft, mysterious charm of brilliant moonlight.

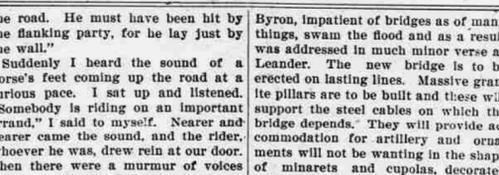
The lady generally would imagine that the first difficulty in making this light would be the collecting of the bacilli. But Prof. Raphael Du Bois of the University of Lyons has found that microbes are eminently practicable. The phosphorescent bacteria are those containing water, sea salt, one ternary compound, one nitrogenous compound, one phosphate, and traces of mineral. For purposes of decorative illumination the bacterial fluids are placed in bottle-shaped receptacles, with flat bottoms, covered by colored shades, which direct the light downward. These, suspended from the ceiling of a room, supply a clear, delicate glow, that transforms the most hopeless room and makes the dimmest complexion brilliant.

I hastened down the path to meet him. "Bad news, my child; bad news!" he exclaimed. "There has been an encounter with the king's troops." And then, reading the question in my eyes, he continued, "But they brought no news of our men."

The hour set for the wedding was 8 o'clock, but it began to look as if there would be no wedding, for it was now after 7 o'clock, and none of our men had returned home. At last we heard steps outside, and then my brother Arthur, who was among the first to reach home, staggered into the room. I sprang up and ran to him. He sank into the nearest chair, and his gun fell to the floor with a thud. Arthur was only a boy of 15, you must remember, and the day had been a terrible one.

When he had recovered a little, my father spoke. "What news do you bring, my son?" he asked.

"Arthur," I said, "is it Henry?" "Listen," he said, speaking rapidly. "The king's troops were in full retreat when we reached the road. We did not keep with our companies, but each one found shelter as he was able behind trees, walls or fences. I met Henry as I was crossing a field, and we took shelter together and awaited the coming of the troops. We had just got settled when Henry caught sight of a flanking party coming right down on us. He called to the men near us to run for their lives, and at the same time we both jumped the wall and ran for a house which stood in the field just opposite. I reached the opposite wall in safety and turned round to look for Henry, but he was not with me. At that moment the troops came round a sudden turn in the road and sent some shots in our direction. At the risk of being shot, I stood up and looked across



NEW BRIDGE FOR THE BOSPHORUS.

the road. He must have been hit by the flanking party, for he lay just by the wall. Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming up the road at a furious pace. I sat up and listened. "Somebody is riding on an important errand," I said to myself. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the rider, whoever he was, drew rein at our door. Then there was a murmur of voices and an opening and shutting of doors, and then my mother's voice calling to me: "Mary, Mary, come down! Henry is here! He's come!"

Scarcely believing that I had heard right, I got up and ran downstairs and into the kitchen, and there before me, his face pale as death, with a blood-stained bandage bound about his forehead, stood your grandfather. "Mary," he cried, holding out his hands to me, "I am in time! The clock has not struck yet! We have beaten the enemy at every point, and won a great victory! I am hit, but not seriously hurt!"

Then Parson Elder, who had come over to hear the news from Arthur, came forward and said: "Shall I perform the ceremony now?"

So right then and there your grandfather, in his working clothes, all stained with dust and blood, and I, in my morning calico, were married.

GLASS-EYE HUMOR.

Rather Grim Fun Indulged In by the possessor of One.

"There is a certain resident of a city not 500 miles from the 'Hub,'" said L. A. Goodwin, of Boston, at the Hotel Manhattan, reports the New York Tribune, "who in addition to a somewhat highly developed sense of humor is also the possessor of a glass eye. It is a wonderfully natural creation and did not its owner publish the fact of his proprietorship far and wide few would there be who would not suppose him still to be the possessor of both the optics with which nature originally endowed him.

"Some time ago the eye-shy man was at that particular kind of a dinner popularly termed stag. His neighbor, it must be confessed, in a reprehensible spirit of pride, turned to him with 'What do you think of that for a scratch, Blank?' at the same time scolding himself and revealing a pate as bald as that of the man whom the late lamented Travers once advised to sugar his head and go to a certain ball in the character of a pill. Blank glanced at the shining surface thus revealed and then his hand stole to his face. 'And what do you think of that for an eye?' was the response he made, and from

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Mother (reading telegram)—Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose and four teeth out. Father (eagerly)—And who won? Mother—He doesn't say.

Father (impatiently)—Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself. Now, I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper.—Puck.

A Matter of Confidence.

"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one voter.

"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to believing that he thoroughly understood his own arguments, and that regarded him as a genius."—Washington Star.

Justifiably Postponed.



Mamma—What's the matter, Johnnie? Johnnie—Boo-hoo-oo yesterday I fell down and hurt myself.

Mamma—Well, what are you crying to-day for? Johnnie—You weren't home yesterday.—Columbus Dispatch.

A Fetching Compliment.

She was not from Chicago. "Do not anger me," she said. "How am I to know when you are angry?" "I always stamp my feet," she answered. He looked down at her dainty shoes. "Impossible," he said; "there isn't room for a stamp on either of them." That fetched her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preparatory Course.

"Your son doesn't seem to be doing anything but play ball and row on the river, and all that sort of thing. I thought you said you were going to send him to school and prepare him for college?"

"No; I said I was going to prepare him for college, that's all."—Philadelphia Press.

Sentiment in Circulation.

"Never propose to a girl by letter." "Why not?" "I did it once, and she stuck the letter in a book she was reading and lent it to my other girl."—Chicago Record.

Been Expecting It.

Mr. Lurker—Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity— Miss Snapper—Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this week for the past two years.—Tid-Bits.

A Plausible Explanation.

Byron, impatient of bridges as of many things, swam the flood and as a result was addressed in much minor verse as Leander. The new bridge is to be erected on lasting lines. Massive granite pillars are to be built and these will support the steel cables on which the bridge depends. They will provide accommodation for artillery and ordnance, will not be wanting in the shape of minarets and cupolas, decorated with tiles and arabesques.

Why Short Girls are Preferred.

It is an undeniable fact that the majority of men prefer short women to tall ones. Perhaps this is because they like to be looked up to—at all events for them to prefer the girl who, in her little caressings and fascinating, lovelike ways, has on account of her shortness, to look up at him for the purpose of peering into his love-lit eyes.

Tall women are usually dignified, and appear to scorn kittenish ways, and although they manage to draw admiration it is rather of the awe-inspiring kind.

No doubt, owing to the smallness of stature, and pretty, playful ways, men give to little women more petting than the tall, dignified woman demands. The lover's oft-repeated expression, "You little darling," could hardly be applied to the very tall girl without tickling the risibilities of those who overheard it.

This is certainly very hard and looks like a punishment for being tall, but who can help her stature? It is a fact, too, that men are rather shy about approaching tall women because of the restraint which they feel but cannot explain.

They are under the impression—why, it is hard to tell—that tall women are built to be commanders, and they are in their natural element when left alone in their reserved dignity and musings in their lonely wanderings.

Coffee Intoxication.

A visitor recently returned from Brazil, says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee. It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes and just before he drops asleep, at meals and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men women and children drink it with the same liberality and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability worse than that produced by whisky.

You recommend many a man to your neighbor whom you would not trust yourself.

The Real Reason.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Yes, my new girl formerly worked for Mrs. DeStyle. She claims she left there of her own accord, but I think she was discharged.

Mrs. Kaul—What makes you think so? Mrs. Hauskeep—I judge so from certain things she's let fall since she's been here.

Mrs. Kaul—What were they? Mrs. Hauskeep—Dishes.—Philadelphia Press.

Discoveries at Last.

"You've got an ear-trumpet, I see. That's what I've been telling you to do for two years."

"Oh! Is that what you've been telling me for the last two years?"—Puck.

My Hat to There.

"Maude thinks of applying for a position as soprano in a church choir." "Well, there's a church for the deaf on 7th street."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Dangerous.

The Office Boy—I was 'inkin' of lookin' fer another job. The Messenger Boy—You better look out. You might get one where you'd have to work.—Puck.

His Definition.

Willie—Pa, what is a publisher? Author—My son, a publisher is a squatter on the unearned increment of thought.—Life.

Why He Loved Her.

"Are you proud of your baking powder biscuit?" he asked. "I should think not," she replied. "I've tried dozens of times, but I never could equal those made by the cook."

"Has any one ever told you that your pie crust excels anything in that line ever before made?"

"Never. My pie crust is worse than my biscuit." "Are you an adept at preparing dainty little desserts?"

"Oh, I've done something in that way, of course," she answered, "but I never would think of doing the cooking for any one for whom I don't care."

He gave a sigh of relief. "Will you marry me?" he asked.—London Answers.

Didn't Count.

Clergyman—My child, beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom. They are easy to confuse. Child—That be all right, sur. Us baint a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves—they're a-goin' to market to be sold.—Tid-Bits.

Extravagance.

Rich Widow—Yes, my poor dear husband died in Florida. We had three doctors.

Dr. Sawyer (sotto voce)—What extravagance, when one doctor could have killed him.

Convalescence.

Jinks—What's the matter, old man? Haven't seen you for two weeks and you look like you had been ill for a month.

Spinks—Only a little attack of vacation, but the doctor says that a week of my regular daily work will bring me around all right.—Denver News.

Her Definition.

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne, "he is undoubtedly a cynic." "What is your idea of a cynic?"

"He is a person who keeps you continually in doubt whether he is unusually clever or unusually disagreeable."—Washington Star.

Attentions.

"You don't seem to me any more violets or American beauties or boxes of candy," she murmured. "No," answered Mr. Blykins. "But that is no sign I am not as attentive as ever. If you would rather have violets and roses and boxes of candy than the cabbages and potatoes and sirlin steaks that I send around say the word. Your slightest wish shall be gratified even if I have to eat at a dairy lunch-room."

New Golf Stick.

"I see that you have added to your collection of golf sticks, Miss Frocks," said young Postlethwaite. "I do not understand you, Mr. Postlethwaite," rejoined Miss Frocks. "My collection of golf sticks has been complete, so far as I know."

"Perhaps, but I saw Cholly Goslin on the course with your stick this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

Man and Nodes.

"What did Alice wear to the box party, Harry?" "She had on a spotted silk frock, a kind of pink velvet windmill in her hair and a white lace cascade hanging down her back."—Chicago Record.

Her Distinct Advance.

"British Museum Newton, the archaeologist, was a capital story teller, and Mr. Hare has preserved two or three of his tales. One is a spiritualistic séance, where an old cockney was informed that the spirit manifested was his deceased wife, whereupon the following dialogue took place:

"Is that you, 'Arriet?" "Yes, it is me." "Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?" "Yes, very 'appy."

"Applier than you was with me, 'Arriet?" "Yes, much 'applier."

"Where are you, 'Arriet?" "In 'ell."—A. J. Harre's "Story of My Life."

Immense Coal Beds.

The beds of the immense coal fields lately discovered in Zululand extend downward to forty-five feet in places and the coal is of good quality.

Disappointment doesn't affect men and women the same. When a man runs across an old love letter he writes to his wife he laughs, but his wife cries.

TAKING SHOTS AT HORSES.

Photographers Must Employ Tricks to Get Good Pictures.

"It is no easy matter to make a good horse picture," said Alfred J. Meyer of Pach Brothers, "although every amateur thinks himself equal to the task. A horse must be taken from the proper point or his owner will not recognize the picture. If the camera is too near the subject certain points will be exaggerated in the photograph. The best results are obtained by placing the horse on a slight incline, so that the fore feet are a trifle higher than the hind feet. This position throws the head up. Then snapping the fingers or making any slight noise will cause the animal to prick up his ears, and at the moment when he is in this position of attention the photographer makes the picture.

"When horses in harness are to be photographed they must be posed on level ground or on a slight incline. To make them look alive a hat or a card is sometimes scaled in front of them, and at the moment when they look up the snap shot is made. When pictures of horses in action are made we usually place the camera near the ground, and by that means we get the best hoof position, which cannot be secured when the camera is held on a level with the ordinary height. To make pictures of jumping horses the same method is employed, and the height of the jump is sometimes exaggerated by placing the camera below the track level. An excavation is made in the ground for that purpose, and pictures made from there increase the apparent height of hurdles and make a small jump look something remarkable."—New York Tribune.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 322, against 368 last week.

Canadian failures for the week number 36, against 23 last week.

Seattle Market.

Onions, new yellow, 2@3¢. Lettuce, hot house, \$1.60 per case. Potatoes, new, \$1.50.

Beets, per sack, 50¢@51¢. Turnips, per sack, \$1.00. Squash—1½¢. Carrots, per sack, 75¢. Parsnips, per sack, \$1.00@1.25. Celery—50¢ doz.

Cabbage, native and California, 2@2½¢ per pounds. Butter—Creamery, 80¢; dairy, 18¢@22¢; ranch, 16¢@18¢ pound.

Cheese—14¢. Eggs—Ranch, 80¢; Eastern 25¢. Poultry—14¢; dressed, native chickens, 15¢; turkey, 16¢.

Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$15.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00. Corn—Whole, \$21.00; cracked, \$25; feed meal, \$24.

Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20. Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$8.50; blended straight, \$8.25; California, \$8.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; graham, per barrel, \$8.25; whole wheat flour, \$8.25; rye flour, \$8.80@4.00.

Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$16.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00. Feed—Chopped feed, \$15.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$23; oil cake meal, per ton, \$29.00.

Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, prime 7½¢; cows, 7¢; mutton 7½¢; pork, 7½¢; trimmed, 9¢; veal, 11¢@12¢.

Hams—Large, 11½¢; small, 11½¢; breakfast bacon, 13½¢; dry salt sides, 8½¢.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 55¢@56¢; Valley, nominal; Blainstem, 58¢ per bushel. Flour—Best grades, \$8.40; graham, \$2.60.

Oats—Choice white, 42¢; choice gray, 41¢ per bushel. Barley—Feed barley, \$15.50 brewing, \$16.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$15.50 ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per ton. Hay—Timothy, \$12@12.50; clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 50¢@55¢; store, 32½¢. Eggs—27¢ per dozen. Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13¢; Young America, 14¢; new cheese 10¢ per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.50@3.50 per dozen; hens, \$4.50; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$8.00@9.00 doz; ducks, \$5.00@6.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12¢ per pound.

Potatoes—\$8@8¢ per sack; sweets, 1½¢ per pound. Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75¢; per sack; garlic, 7¢ per pound; cabbage, 1½¢ per pound; parsnips, 85¢; onions, \$1.50@2; carrots, 75¢.

Hops—New crop, 12¢@14¢ per pound. Wool—Valley, 13¢@14¢ per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10¢@12¢; mohair, 25¢ per pound.

Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 8½¢; dressed mutton, 6½¢@7¢ per pound. Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.75; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed, \$5.50@6.50 per 100 pounds.

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WIDESPREAD CONFIDENCE.

Improvement in Cereal Markets—Active Demand in Iron and Steel.

Bradstreet's says: Business is still of a between-season character in most lines, but a livening up of interest in several trades has been noted this week. Relatively best reports come from the iron and steel, lumber, leather and rug trades, but there has been some enlargement of wholesale distributive trade on spring accounts in the South and West. Spring trade in dry goods is just opening up, and it is noted that a heavy shipping movement on orders is now proceeding at the West. Some gain in wool sales is noted at Eastern markets, but weather conditions have not been favorable as a whole, except in stimulating the retail trade in shoes and rubber goods. A special feature is the generally good tenor of reports as to collections from all Western and Southern points, from which it is inferred that trade relations to retailers must have been quite good. Summed up briefly, the situation is one of widespread confidence in the general business outlook.

Corn is slightly higher, in sympathy with wheat and small receipts of contract.

Inquiry rather than active demand is a leading feature in iron and steel, but quite an increase of activity is noted in Bessemer pig iron and billets at Pittsburgh and in plates at Chicago. Iron production is increasing, but has not yet overtaken consumption, and stocks are reported smaller than a month ago.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 5,961,095 bushels.

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