

A RACE AROUND THE HORN

MASTER has the right to be proud of his ship, and mine is a clipper—a "wind jammer," but I've left many a first-class tramp astern of me, yes, and liners, too. I haven't broken any records; I can't claim to have sailed 433 1/2 statute miles in a day, as did the Flying Cloud, or even 419 miles, the record of the Sovereign of the Seas. Records like those were made when ships carried a big crew, regardless of expense, and spread out their stun'sils and moon-scrapers until the hull was no more compared with their canvas than the basket is to a balloon. But my bark Daisy does all that can be expected with her crew of twenty-one men, and my owners gave me a gold watch and chain when I beat the Great France on a clear run across the Western ocean.

I was loading lumber in Burrard Inlet, just up the harbor from Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I was feeling pretty good, because, since my last visit, my investment of \$500 in town lots had turned itself into a good \$1,500 with the growth of the city. And as to the



DISCOVERING THE TREACHERY OF RAMIREZ.

Daisy, well, I wasn't going to let that swine Jones cover over me. He commanded the Breeze, a four-masted bark, bigger than the Daisy, but with nothing of her sailing qualities. He had got some new fancy patent topsails, and was trying to make the merchants believe that he'd be unloading in London River before I was round the Horn. He was a good talker, was Jones, and made himself out a proper hero, especially among the women, who, bless their souls! don't know a man when they see one unless he has got a torpedo beard and apes the naval officer. And when Jones' bragging made me so sick that I challenged him to start the same day—we were both finishing our loads—and race me home for \$2,500 a side. He wanted to back out, but the challenge was made at the shipping office before a crowd of masters and merchants, and Jones had talked to such an extent that his friends forced him to stand up to me like a man. I've heard since that he was in desperate straits, so much so that the loss of that bet would mean sheer ruin to him; but he had talked too much, and the Vancouver people would have chaffed the life out of him if he tried to sing small before me. We planked down the stakes, the first man home to cable to the stakeholder, claiming the whole amount.

At once I had all hands at work to rig with the disaster. One watch dived a sea anchor, with a cask of oil, bored with an auger, which we put overboard to windward and so broke the seas. Meanwhile I got the other watch to work cutting the wreckage adrift as best they could.

Only when daylight came had I time to go forward; time to deal with Diego Ramirez, Esq., my bo's'n, caught red-handed wrecking my ship. Even then I could appreciate the fiendish cunning of the man, his mastery knowledge of seamanship. The chance had been a thousand to one against his being caught, so simple was his plan, so certain its success. No masts ever built could have borne so sudden and so fierce a wrench. It was a comfort to me that I had marked Diego Ramirez for life. But I had not killed him, nor would I while he could be held alive in evidence of his crime.

I put the man in irons, with nothing but bread and water, and on the third day he confessed that Jones had bribed him to come on board at Vancouver, had paid him \$250 in cash to commit the crime. That was Mr. Jones' idea of racing, and certainly the way things looked he would have no trouble in



MEETING THE EMERGENCY.

reaching England ahead of me, claiming the \$5,000 from the stakeholder at Vancouver, and cashing the check before I could interfere. As to the money, I had no redress, for the law would not back me in a gambling transaction, but I swore he should be punished for wrecking my ship.

Well, from the moment we lost our masts I had all hands, including myself, working night and day, saving what could be saved of the wreckage, and using the spars, tackle and canvas to jury-rig the ship. I had thirty feet of foremast, eighteen feet of mainmast, and six feet of the main to build upon; and, if you'll believe me, I turned the Daisy into such a rig as was never seen before in the world. We rigged her as we went along under a jury foresail, and before we passed the Western Islands I had turned her into a sort of four-masted Jackass bark. With a sprit-sail under her jury bowsprit, and even booms rigged out over the side to carry small sails. My sailormen laughed until they split their sides at some of my fancy canvas, but we did five knots an hour before the wind. Every ship we sighted howled at us, but I begged, bought and borrowed something from each of them, of spars, rope and sails to add to my rig. I even hoisted sails on the boats in my davits, and Providence helped me with just the winds I wanted. I kept my hands in good humor with plenty of grog, and you should have heard them cheer as we sighted Ushant!

Since we had been delayed at least six weeks, of course there could be no hope of winning the race. Yet we were scarcely in our fresh course up Channel, the time being just after breakfast, when who should I see astern but my dear friend Jones. It was a clear judgment in my mind, for he'd been driven south by a gale we just missed by a day, blown clean into the Antarctic, where he found a berg in a fog. Anyway, here he was rounding Ushant

stern of us, and it was nothing new but a question of tugs. I had one asking for a job already, the only deep sea tug, perhaps, in the chops of the Channel. So I made my bargain for Dartmouth, and soon I was making eight knots for Jones' nine. At noon, I being still a little ahead, another tug hove in sight, and I, being disabled, had a right. So away we went with two tugs, leaving Jones raging mad astern. He was hulled down when I got a third tug. Just to spite Jones, and went into Dartmouth like a royal procession.

Yes, I was first in an English port, first to secure the cable to Vancouver, first to secure the stake. Moreover, I got Mr. Jones dismissed from his ship and charged, with his accomplice, in wrecking mine, and his owners had to pay the damage. Now Captain Jones and Diego Ramirez, his bo's'n, are improving their minds in her majesty's house of tuition at Wornwood Scrubbs. The Daisy? Well, next time I put into Vancouver the merchants gave me a banquet, and I wear a gold watch and chain to Jones' memory.

A POLITE HORSE.

An Anecdote Somewhat Out of the Usual Run.

It is seldom that horses show their intelligence in any striking manner, but they sometimes do things that would make their mental processes extremely interesting if we could understand them. I once owned a beautiful gray horse named "Douglas," and in every way he was essentially a family horse. He generally knew what was required of him, and would try to do it. He was so gentle that he could safely have been driven by a means of two pieces of strong linen thread, and he was so thoroughly trustworthy in regard to standing without hitching, that we left him anywhere we pleased, entirely by himself, and were always certain to find him in exactly the spot where he had been left.

We had such faith in him in this respect that we got into the bad habit, when we were visiting at a house, of leaving him standing at the door and thinking no more of him until we came out. One afternoon my wife and I were making a call at a suburban house, and as usual left Douglas standing outside. In a little while, glancing out of the front window, I was amazed to see the horse slowly moving along the driveway. I was about to go out to him, but as he very soon stopped and stood perfectly still, I remained where I was; and almost at that moment two ladies came in. They were also paying a visit to the house, but on foot.

One of them remarked to me that I had a very polite horse, and as I did not understand this compliment to Douglas, she explained that when they reached the house they found my horse and buggy entirely blocking the entrance; and as they stood wondering what they should do, the horse turned his head, looked at them, and then moved on a few steps in order to give them an opportunity of entering.

I have nothing to add to this anecdote, except to say that it must have been a very strong sense of politeness, or else a word or two from one of the ladies, which would have induced Douglas to move from the place where I had left him.—Frank R. Stockton, in Youth's Companion.

Wolsley Merely a Strippling.

It is pleasant to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people, are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field Marshal Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty-five years ago he went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Suflej campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1848-9, and later he fought through the ill-managed Crimea. Twenty years later he was made commander-in-chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghanistan operations. The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolsley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane on the floor and shouted:

"Wolsley! Wolsley! A clever lad, I'll admit, but a mere strippling, sir, a mere strippling!" As Lord Wolsley is only 67, that settled it, of course.—Philadelphia Post.

The Singer and the Porter.

M. A. P. tells a story of how, once upon a time Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junction, waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of tempers. While chewing the cud of disappointment, an old railway porter, who recognized him from the published portraits, entered the waiting-room.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Professor (returning home at night, hears noise)—Is someone there? Burglar (under the bed)—No. Professor—That's strange! I was positive someone was under my bed.—Tid-Bits.

Cynical. Binoculars—One cannot believe everything he hears. Cynicus—No; nor everything one doesn't hear. About half of what one takes for granted is false.—Puck.

Something Like It.



Mamma—Bobby, do you remember the text last Sunday? Bobby—Yes, ma'am. I think it was "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

That Egg Corner. "What do you think of the plans for that gigantic corner in eggs?" "I think they are well laid."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Court Circles. He—Oh, yes, when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court circles. She (simply)—What was the charge against you?—Tit-Bits.

Gets Up Early. Jimmy—What time do yer have ter get ter work? Johnny—Oh, any time I like as long as I ain't later than 7 o'clock.—Harper's Bazar.

Brooklyn Flat. Benham—There isn't room here to swing a cat. Mrs. Benham—Then we won't have a cat.—Brooklyn Life.

Fearful Discovery. "Dis is terrible!" said Meandering Mike, with a deep-drawn sigh. "What's de matter?" asked Plodding Pete, in alarm. "Here's a nice piece in de paper. It says we've got muscles inside of us that keeps us in involuntary action. Dey goes on workin', whether we wants 'em to or not."—Washington Star.

Is a Hurry. "How d'ye do?" said the busy man. "Will you marry me?" "O—er," she gasped. "This is so sudden; I must have time to think." "I—" "Say, don't keep me waiting too long or I won't have money enough left to buy the ring." I came in an auto and they charge by the minute, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Natural.



Pastor—Did your husband die a natural death? The Widow—No, sir; a doctor attended him.—Der Floh.

Purely Realistic. "That next-door neighbor of yours deserves a great deal of credit." "For what?" asked Mr. Blykins. "Why, for being so neat. He is always up in the morning cutting the grass on his lawn or shoveling the snow off his sidewalk."

"Oh, he doesn't do those things because he is neat. He enjoys the thought that his noise is worrying the neighbors."—Washington Star.

For Protection. "I wrote to Aunt Tabitha about our robber." "Well?" "She sent us a guinea hen; she says they always make a big fuss when a stranger comes on the place."—Indianapolis Journal.

Governmental Interference. "Here's a portion of the President's message intended for you, Carolyn." "Nothing of the sort, Clarence." "Yes; he advises economy."

They Wouldn't Rip. "What do you call these?" he asked at the breakfast table. "Flannel cakes," replied the wife of his bosom. "Flannel? They made a mistake and sold you corduroy this time."—Baltimore American.

Increasing His Ignorance. Gayboy—What have you been doing all day? Bighead—Increasing my ignorance. I have just read the latest historical novel.—Life.

Encouraging. Mr. Prancer—I'm sorry I'm such an awkward dancer, Miss Perkins. Miss Perkins—Oh, you're doing fairly well, Mr. Prancer. I've seen you jerk around lots worse than this with other girls.—Indianapolis Journal.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

"This letter," said the counsel for Mrs. De Vorze, "is a forgery. It was not written by my client, and, in fact, it is evident it was not written by a woman at all."

"What proof have you of that?" asked the opposing counsel. "Simply this: There is no postscript, and the several pages run right along in the regular order."—Philadelphia Press.

Mishap to an obituary. She wept. "Oh, you editors are hard!" she sobbed. "What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor. "Why, I—boo—boo—I sent in an obituary of my husband, and—boo—boo—a sad fact is that he had been married for twenty years, and you—oo—oo—oo—your printers set it up 'worried for twenty years.'" She wept. But the editor grinned.—Baltimore American.

The Dejected Canine. "The dog is one of the most intelligent of animals," remarked Willie Washington. "So I have heard," answered Miss Cayenne. "And he is the most loyal admirer a man can have."

"Yes, I never could quite reconcile those two assertions."—Washington Star.

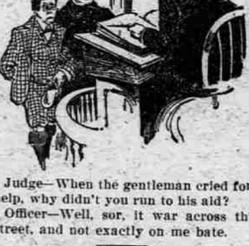
Only Natural. She—Sometimes I wish I had never married you. He—That's but natural, my dear. We generally go back on those things that we have tried hardest to get—Life.

Irresponsibility. "They say," remarked the very cynical person, "that in this corrupt and superficial age the great object is not to be found out."

"That shows you have very little experience with bill collectors," answered the impecunious friend. "My great object is not to be found in."—Washington Star.

Wanted It Bad. "Scribble asked me to-day if I would give him a bad character." "He's after a job and afraid you'd 'quer him, eh?" "O—er. He's writing a play, and he needs a villain."—Philadelphia Press.

An Efficient Officer.



Judge—When the gentleman cried for help, why didn't you run to his aid? Officer—Well, sir, it was across the street, and not exactly on me, mate.

One Way to Tell. Henderson (who has just bought a new pipe)—Can you tell me, professor, if this amber is genuine? Professor—Oh, that's easily determined. Soak it in alcohol for twenty-four hours. If it's genuine it will then have disappeared.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Shrewd. "You've been in a fight," said his mother, reprovingly. "Oh, not much of a one," answered the boy. "Did you count one hundred as I told you when you felt your angry passions rising?" "Oh, sure," returned the boy. "I counted one hundred all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Knowing Lad. "How many pounds are there in a ton?" asked the teacher. And the timid, clean-faced boy with a patch in his trousers, timidly stammered:

"It depends a good deal where you buy your coal, doesn't it?"—Washington Star.

Had a Sweet Sonnet. Small Jimmy—Say dem lubly words once more. Smaller Gladys—I said I don't want you to be wastin' your money on me for ice cream and sweets any more.—Boston Globe.

A Matter of Hearing. Suburbanite—You've got a new baby at your house, I hear? Townite—Great Scott! can you hear it away out there in the suburbs?

A Stitch in Time. He—Miss Rusty is awfully old, isn't she? She—She is just my age. He—Well—oh, I beg your pardon.

The Art-Bo. "Why, Madge, where are all the tassels on your new chenille bon?" "Oh, I stepped on some of them, and other people stepped on some."

Now Will You Smile? Mrs. Kendal is nothing if not impulsively genial, and the imperturbability of certain characters has often a curiously irritating effect upon her. She was shopping one day at certain well-known stores, and having completed her purchases, took leave of the assistant who had served her with a friendly "Good morning." There was no reply. In that hard-working dame's busy career there was no time, probably, for the minor gentlenesses of life. "Say good morning and smile!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendal, impatiently. The girl stared in mute amazement. "Then I shall remain here until you do," said the great actress in the most persuasive but yet in the firmest tones. This was too much for the girl. "Good morning," she said, and burst out laughing. From that hour Mrs. Kendal's appearance at the store in question was the signal for an outburst of geniality.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No man should object to thick soles on his shoes, as the objections will soon wear away.

Finland Wolves. Finland loses \$27,500 worth of cattle a year by wolves.

It is one of the wonders of childhood that grown people can get up without calling.

A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

San Francisco Lad Who Makes Models of Battleships.

Eddie Von Geldern, a 13-year-old boy, one year ago, after a single hour's inspection of the United States battleship Iowa, went off and executed a remarkable model of the ship, accurate in proportion and delicate in detail, composed of old scraps and waste picked up about his own home and in his neighbors' back yards. He has now, unaided and untaught, constructed out of odds and ends of materials, with a few odd tools, partly of his own manufacture and contrivance, models of a steam engine and electric car good enough to be exhibited before the Technical Society of the Pacific at its last meeting in Academy of Sciences building, and which commanded the respectful attention of the members of that grave and dignified body.

The steam engine is an elaborate piece of work, perfected, as a model or a sketch, to use the boy's own term, down to some of its finest details. The boiler is made of strips of tin, neatly turned and riveted together, then nailed down to a foundation board, so that they appear, together with a similar strip of zinc at the front, to consist of a series of castings. The sandbrake consists of a metallic tip taken from the end of a discarded curtain pole, and a circular tin can forms the smokestack. The headlight is set in a little box constructed by the boy's deft hands, but for the ornament which caps it he is indebted to his mother's discarded curtain poles. There are steam cylinders with eccentric movements, symmetrical and accurately proportioned, and a whole system of running gear and mechanism beneath, down to the compressed airbrake and hose, all as conscientiously executed as if the lives of human passengers depended upon their being carried out to the finest detail.

In the engine cab the boy has accomplished some of his most patient imitative work, for it is rigged with a throttle and steam gauge, the doors to the boiler and furnace being carefully defined. On one side the engineer's raised seat is carefully padded, and he is even furnished with the usual padded arm-rest on the window, while the bell rope dangles above the fireman's seat opposite. All of the other windows in the cabs are glazed with discarded camera plates. The engine is about three and one-half feet long and of proportionate breadth and height. The trolley car, four feet long or more, is a less complex structure, but shows the same fidelity, patience and accuracy, and is one of the most honest make-believe cars possible, from the stout wheels beneath, taken out of cord and tackle pulleys, to the trolley, which reaches up to draw power from an invisible wire.

"That trolley was an old bamboo fishing rod once upon a time," explains the young builder gravely. "I had to buy the glass for the windows, for there weren't any dry plates the right size, you see. I've got the advertisements along the top of the wall above them. If you'll look in you can see."

The seats, simulated to represent the rolling curves of the slatted benches extending along the sides of the car, were backed out with the aid of an old jackknife, and beneath the car, at each end, the boy has built that absolute essential to street cars in every civilized community, safety fenders of as ingenious a pattern as he could devise.—San Francisco Chronicle.

What Frightened Him. While crossing the Isthmus of Panama by rail, some years ago, the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campton to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campton tells a peculiar story of this flower-picking experience.

I refused offers of assistance, and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants, knee-high, and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with my flowers. To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves.

It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me delirious. I went "off my head" from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down, and was about to run to the train. I looked around; nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse—all right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrank and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

Equine Inequality. The work horse and the carriage horse stood side by side on the street. "I see, you take your meals in a cart," snuffed the latter, looking disdainfully at the other's canvas feeding bag. "Yes," replied the equine toiler. "Don't you?"

"Neigh, neigh, Pauline!" and the proud aristocratic mare rattled the silver chains upon her harness. "I prefer mine stable oat."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Go Wrong. "My boy," said the great man, "I used to shine shoes myself." "Well," replied the bootblack, "they're a hull lot of de guys what is led astray."—Philadelphia North American.

Silk Dresses in China. Silk dresses were worn in China 4,500 years ago.

Finland Wolves. Finland loses \$27,500 worth of cattle a year by wolves.

It is one of the wonders of childhood that grown people can get up without calling.

Occasionally the people have a right to abuse you; if you make a mistake, abuse causes you to be more careful.

SPECULATION HAS LAGGED.

Week of Ebbing Strength in Cereal Markets—Bradstreet's Weekly Trade Review.

Bradstreet's says: Speculation has lagged, but trade on spring account has on the whole improved this week. Southern and Southwestern trade is opening up satisfactorily, and there are better reports received even from the Northwest as to the outlook, for spring business. As to retail distribution, conditions are hardly so favorable.

Lumber appears to have been active at the West, and wholesalers have done more at the East, but the export trade lags in this line, as in others.

It has been a week of ebbing strength in the cereals. Argentina reports display an India rubber consistency, and this week has been devoted to stretching estimates of the export surplus from that country. Northwest wheat receipts have also been heavy, and the so-called Wall street interest has been reported to have been liquidating. Flour is dull, but the decline of 10 to 20 cents per barrel has tended to help export business.

The textile situation is not altogether clear. Cotton has weakened on increased stocks at the South. War, or rather rumors of war, have been the chief subject of discussion in the iron and steel trade this week, and to some extent have exerted a depressing effect on sentiment. New demand at this time, however, is never very large, and conditions as a whole are healthy and even promising. The labor outlook in iron does not promise as well.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week were 3,336,054 bushels against 3,061,098 bushels last week. Business failures in the United States for the week ending number 290, against 322 last week. Canadian failures for the week number 50, against 35 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Market. Onions, new yellow, 3c. Lettuce, hot house, \$1.20 per case. Potatoes, new, \$18. Beets, per sack, 85¢@\$.1. Turnips, per sack, \$1.00. Squash—2c. Carrots, per sack, 75¢. Parsnips, per sack, \$1.00@1.25. Celery—50¢ doz.

Cabbage, native and California, 8c per pound. Butter—Creamery, 80¢; dairy, 16¢@18¢; ranch, 16¢@18¢. Cheese—14c. Eggs—Ranch, 25¢; Eastern 23¢. Poultry—14c; dressed, native chickens, 15¢; turkey, 16¢. Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$15.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.

Corn—Whole, \$24.00; cracked, 25¢; feed meal, \$24. Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20. Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.40; blended straight, \$3.25; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; graham, per barrel, \$3.25; whole wheat flour, \$3.25; rye flour, \$3.80@4.00. Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$15.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00. Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$23; oil cake meal, per ton, \$29.00.

Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, price 7 1/2¢; cows, 7c; mutton 7 1/2¢; pork, 7 1/2¢; trimmed, 9c; veal, 11¢@12c. Hams—Large, 11 1/2¢; small, 11 1/2¢; breakfast bacon, 13 1/2¢; dry salt sides, 3 1/2¢.

Portland Market. Wheat—Walla Walla, 54¢@55¢; Valley, nominal; Bluestem, 57 1/2¢ per bushel. Flour—Best grades, \$3.40; graham, \$3.60. Oats—Choice white, 42c; choice gray, 41c per bushel. Barley—Feed barley, \$15.50 brewing, \$16.50 per ton. Millstuffs—Bran, \$15.50 per 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, 32 1/2¢. Eggs—25¢ per dozen. Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00 per dozen; hens, \$4.00; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$6.00@8.00; ducks, \$5.00@6.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11c per pound. Potatoes—60¢@60c per sack; sweets, 1 1/2¢ per pound. Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75¢ per sack; garlic, 1¢ per pound; cabbage, 1 1/2¢ per pound; parsnips, 85¢; onions, 1 1/2¢@2¢; carrots, 7c. Flax—New crop, 12¢@14c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 13¢@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10¢@12c; mohair, 25¢ per pound. Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2¢; dressed mutton, 6 1/2¢@7c per pound. Hogs—Gross, choice hogs, \$5.75; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed, \$5.50@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, 7¢@7 1/2¢; small, 8 1/2¢@9c 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, 14¢@17 1/2¢. Butter—Fancy creamery 20c; do seconds, 17c; fancy dairy, 17¢@20c. Eggs—14c; fancy ranch, 26c. Millstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00@20.00; bran, \$14.50@15.00. Hais—Wheat \$9@13 1/2¢; wheat and oat \$9.00@12.50; best barley \$9.50 alfalfa, \$7.00@10.00 per ton; straw, 35¢@47 1/2¢ per bale.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, \$1.00; Salinas Burbanks, 85¢@1.15; river Burbanks, 35¢@60¢; sweets, 50¢@81¢. Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@5.00; California lemons 75¢@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box. Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6¢@8 1/2¢ per pound.