

The Wand of Sleep

OR

The Devil-Stick

By the Author of
"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
"Come, come, boys!" said Jen, annoyed at this scene between two hot-headed young men, who were not yet gifted with the self-restraint of experience. "Don't talk like this. You are at my table. There is a stranger, or shall I say a friend, present!"

"Say a friend," observed Etwald, calmly, "although I am about to say that which may cause these two young gentlemen to look upon me as an enemy."
"What do you mean?" asked Maurice, turning his still frowning face towards this strange and enigmatic man.
"What I say, Mr. Alymer! You—admire Miss Dallas?"

"Why bring her name into the question? Yes, I admire Miss Dallas."
"And you, Mr. Sarby, I can tell from your attitude, from your look, you love Miss Dallas."
David was taken aback by this strange speaking.
"Yes, I—I do love Miss Dallas."
"I guessed as much," resumed Etwald, with a cold smile. "Now it is strange—"

"It is strange that a lady's name should be thus introduced," said Jen, annoyed at the tone of the conversation. "Let us drop the subject."
"One moment, Major. I wish us three to understand one another"—here the doctor hesitated, then went on in an impressive voice—"about Miss Dallas!"

"Why do you speak of her?" asked Maurice, fiercely, while David looked loweringly at Etwald.
"Because I love her!"
"You love her!"
The two young men burst out simultaneously with the speech in tones of sheer astonishment, and stared at Etwald as at some strange animal. That this elderly man—Etwald was midway between thirty and forty, but that looked elderly to these boys of twenty-five—should dare to love Isabella Dallas was a thing unheard of. She so young, so beautiful; he so somber, pale, and worn with intellectual vigils; with a mysterious past, a doubtful present, and a problematic future.

Maurice and David, divided the one against the other by their passion for the same woman, united in a feeling of rage and contempt against this interloper, who dared to make a third in their worship of Isabella. They looked at Etwald, they looked at one another, and finally both began to laugh. Jen frowned at the sound of their mirth, but Etwald, in nowise discomposed, sat unmoving in his seat waiting for further developments.
"Oh, it is too absurd!" said Maurice, resuming his seat.
"Why?"

Etwald put the question with the greatest calmness, stared steadily at the young man, and waited for the reply, which he knew would be difficult to make.
"Oh, because—because—"
"Never mind explaining, Mr. Alymer. I can guess your objection. I am too old—too plain—too poor for this charming young lady. You, on the contrary, are young, passing well off, and handsome; all the gifts of fortune are on your side. Decidedly," added the doctor, "you hold the best hand. Well, we shall see who will win this game—as we may call it."

"And what about me?" said David.
"You forget that I am a third player. Come, Etwald, you have prophesied about Maurice; now read my fate."
"No," said Etwald, rising. "We have talked long enough on this subject. It is plain that we three men are in love with the same woman. You can't blame me, nor I you. Miss Dallas is a sufficiently beautiful excuse for our madness. I spoke out, simply because I want you both to understand the position. You are warned, and we can now do battle for the smiles of this charming lady. Let the best man win!"

"Nothing could be fairer than that," said Jen, quickly; "but I agree with you, doctor, that the subject has been sufficiently discussed; but, indeed, if you will pardon me saying so, it should never have been begun. Let us go to the smoking room."
Thither the three young men went in the wake of the Major. It was a comfortable room, with one wide window, which at the present moment was open. Outside the light of the newly-risen moon bathed lawn and trees and flowers in a flood of cold silver; and the warm radiance of the lamp poured out rays of gold into the wonderful white world without. The three men sat down in comfortable chairs.

Self-contained as ever, Etwald looked up at the wall near him, and seemed to be considering a decoration of savage arms, which looked barbaric and wild, between two oil paintings. When Jen came back with the cigars, his gaze followed that of his guest, and he made a remark about the weapons.
"All those came from Ashantee and the West Coast of Africa," said he, touching a vicious-looking axe. "This is a sacrificial axe; this murderous-looking blade is the sword of the executioner of King Koffee; and this," here he laid his finger lightly upon a slender stick of green wood, with a golden top set roughly with large turquoise stones, "is a poison wand!"

"A poison-wand!" echoed Etwald, a sudden light showing in his cold eyes. "I never heard of such a thing."
David, who was watching him, had an instinctive feeling that Etwald was telling a lie. He saw that the man could hardly keep his seat for his eagerness to examine and handle the

strange weapon. However, he said nothing, but watched and watched, when Maurice made a remark about the stick.
"Oh, that is Uncle Jen's greatest treasure," he said, smiling. "He can tell twenty stories about that innocent-looking cane!"
"Innocent-looking!" echoed Jen, taking down the green wand. "How can you say such a thing? Look here, Etwald," and he laid the stick on the table. "No, don't touch it, man," he added, hastily, "there is plenty of venom in it yet. 'Tis as dangerous as a snake bite. If you touch this slender iron spike projecting from the end, you die!"

Again David noted that the tigerish light leaped up in the eyes of Etwald, but he had sufficient control of his features to preserve a look of courteous curiosity. He carefully handled and examined the instrument of death.
It was a little over a foot long, of a hard-looking green wood; the handle of gold was coarsely moulded in a barbaric fashion round the turquoise stones, and these, of all hues from green to the palest of blues, were embedded like lumps of quartz in the rough gold. Round this strange implement there lingered a rich and heavy perfume, sickly and sensuous.

"See here!" said Jen, pressing, or rather squeezing, the handle. "I tighten my grip upon this, and the sting of the serpent shows itself!" Whereupon Etwald glanced at the end of the wood and saw a tiny needle of iron push itself out. When Jen relaxed his pressure on the gold handle, this iron tongue slipped back and disappeared entirely.
"I got this at Kumassie," explained Jen, when he had fully exhibited the gruesome mechanism of the stick. "It belonged to the high priest. Whenever he or the king disliked any man, who was too powerful to be openly slain, they used this wand. What excuse they made I don't know, but I suppose it had something to do with fetish-worship. However, the slightest touch of this needle produces death!"

"It is poisoned at the tip?"
"Not exactly. The needle within is hollow, and a store of poison is contained in the handle up here. When squeezed these turquoise stones press a bag within, and the poison runs down to the point of the needle. In fact, the whole infernal contrivance is modelled upon a serpent's fang."
"But it is quite harmless now," said David, as Jen replaced the wand in its old place on the wall, "else you wouldn't have it here."
"Well, no doubt the poison has dried up," said Jen, with a nod. "All the same I shouldn't like to prick myself with that needle. I might die," finished the Major, with the naive simplicity of a child.

Etwald said nothing. With his eyes fixed upon the devil-stick, he meditated deeply. The barrister, whose belief was that Etwald knew more about the wand than he chose to say, watched him closely. He noticed that the doctor eyed the stick, then, after a pause, let his gaze wander to the face of Maurice. Another pause, and he was looking at David, who received the fire of this strange man's eyes without blanching.

There was something so mesmerizing in the gaze that David felt uncomfortable, and as though he were enveloped in an evil atmosphere. To his surprise, he found that his eyes also were attracted to the stick, and a longing to handle it began to possess him. Clearly Etwald was trying to hypnotize him for some evil purpose. By an effort of will David broke through these nightmare chains and rose to his feet. The next moment he was in the open air, in the cold moonlight, breathing hard and fast.

Within, Maurice and the Major were talking gaily, and the sound of their voices and laughter came clearly to the ears of David. But silent in his deep chair sat Etwald, and the burning glance of his eyes seemed to beam menacingly through the air, and compel the young man to evil thoughts. David looked at Etwald dark and voiceless; and over his head, in the yellow lamplight, he saw the glittering golden handle of the devil-stick.

CHAPTER III.
Some little distance from the Major's abode stood a long, low rambling house on a slight rise. Surrounded by deep verandahs, it was placed in the middle of emerald green lawns, smoothly clipped; and these, lower down, were girdled by a belt of ash, and acacias, and poplars, which shut out the house from the high road. The mansion, with its flat roof and wide verandahs had a tropical look, and indeed it had been built by a retired Indian nabob, at the beginning of this century. When he died the house had been sold, and now it was occupied by Mrs. Dallas, who leased it because of its suggestion of tropical habitation. She came from the West Indies, and had lived in "The Wigwam," as the house was called, for over ten years.

Mrs. Dallas was a large, fat, and eminently lazy woman, who passed most of her time in knitting, or sleeping, or eating. Her husband had died before she had come to this country, and it was the desire to preserve her daughter's health which had brought her so far from the sun-baked islands which her soul loved.

Her languid Creole nature and lethargic habits were unsuited to brisk, practical grey skies, the frequent absence of sunlight, and the lack of rich and sensuous coloring. Often she

threatened to return to Barbadoes, but she was too lazy to make the effort of again settling herself in life. With all her longings for the fairy islands of the West, she was out of place in this northern land, and so was Dido.
This latter was a tall and massively framed negro woman, with very little of the black about her. She looked rather like a priestess, with her stern face and stately mien; and, indeed, in the West Indies, it was known among the negroes that Dido was high in power among the votaries of Obi. She could charm, she could slay by means of vegetable poisons, and she could—as the negroes firmly believed—cause a human being to dwindle, peak, and pine, by means of incantations.

This black Canidia had left a terrible reputation behind her in Barbadoes. Dido was not a favorite in the servants' part of "The Wigwam," but for this unpopularity she cared little, being devoted to Isabella Dallas. She adored her nursing. The girl was about twenty years of age, tall and straight, with dark hair and darker eyes, with a mouth veritably like Cupid's bow, and a figure southern in contour. With her rich southern coloring and passionate temperament—she was of Irish blood on the paternal side—Miss Dallas looked more an Andalusian lady. She had all the loveliness of a Creole woman, and bloomed like a rich tropical flower with poison in its perfume, amid the roses.

If Mrs. Dallas was a bore—and her friends said she was—the daughter was divine, and many young men came to "The Wigwam" to be spellbound by her beauty. More men than the three who had dined at "Ashantee" were in love with Isabella.
Upon her Dido exercised a powerful and it must be confessed, a malignant influence. She had fed the quick brain of the girl with weird tales of African witchcraft and fanciful notions of terrestrial and sidereal influences. Isabella's nature was warped by this domestic necromancy, and had she continued to dwell in the West Indies, she might almost have become a witch herself. Certainly Dido did her best to make her one, and taught her nursing spells and incantations, to which the girl would listen fearfully, half-believing, half-doubting. But her contact with the sunny side of life saved her from falling into the terribly abyss of African superstition; and how terrible it is only needed that she should be removed from the bad influence of the barbaric Sybil to render her nature healthy and fill her life with pleasure.

But Dido was like a upas tree, and the moral atmosphere with which she surrounded Isabella was slowly but surely making the girl morbid and unnatural. Mrs. Dallas—versed in the negro character—half-guessed this, but she was too indolent to have Dido removed. Moreover, strange as it may appear, she was more than a trifle afraid of the negroes and her unholy arts.

Maurice had met with, and had fallen in love with, Isabella, and she returned his affection with all the ardor of her passionate nature. His handsome and frank face, his sunny nature and optimistic ideas appealed strongly to the girl, who had been envied from the earliest infancy by the pessimism of Dido.
Maurice saw well how Isabella had deteriorated under the bad influence of the negroes, and he did his best to counteract her insidious morality and morbid teaching. He laughed at Isabella's stories and superstitions, and succeeded in making her ashamed of her weakness in placing faith in such degraded rubbish. While with him Isabella was a bright and laughing girl; quite another sort of being to the grave and nervous creature she was while in the presence of Dido. She felt that if she married Maurice his bright, strong nature would save her from a lamentable and melancholy existence; and as all her affections and instincts inclined to the young man she hoped to become his wife.

(To be continued.)
The Island of Nickels and Dimes.
This past summer seven to eight million people made twenty million trips to Coney Island. They spent there forty-five million dollars, mostly in nickels and dimes, and the total sum was three times what the nation paid to Napoleon for Louisiana, or six times what we paid Russia for Alaska.

There are in Coney Island peanut stands, the size of a broad top desk, which rent for fifteen hundred dollars a season. The men who sell "frankfurters" pay enormous sums for the right to stand where they do, and get their money back in the nickels of the twenty millions.

On week-days the attendance is large, but on Sundays and holidays it rises to a point where each visitor has room only to be happy standing still. On the Fourth of July four hundred thousand people crowded into the little island, bathed, shot the chutes, were photographed and ate "red-hot." It was believed then that Coney would not hold a single additional visitor, but on August 15th a new hundred thousand came, making half a million in one day.

It is a wonderful business—this Coney Island—but a very risky one. The nine hundred million nickels depend upon the weather. When the mercury drops, profits fall to nothing. If a plague should break out and the island be quarantined, boats would stop running and the people would stay in their city homes. The Coney Island farmer must harvest his crop of nickels while the sun shines.—Success Magazine.

Between Friends.
Miss Homeleigh—Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once.
Miss Cutting—Really! Well, he'd have been a strange man if he'd tried to kiss you twice.—Illustrated Bits.

Tip and Trick.
He—I wouldn't marry a girl who put on false hair.
She—And I wouldn't marry a man who put on a false front!—Boston Herald.

WANTS MORE BATTLESHIPS, Representative Hobson Says Pacific Coast is Defenseless.

Washington, March 28.—"Our national defenselessness," was the theme around which Representative Hobson, Democrat, Alabama, voiced a prophecy of disaster in the house late this afternoon. A startling array of facts as to our unpreparedness for war as collected by the general staff of the army was the basis for the appeal of the hero of the Spanish-American war for immediate action by congress. He declared it was imperative that a larger navy be authorized at once if the United States would stave off possible invasion by a foreign enemy in the future.

"Any European nation of the first power," said Hobson, "that has an adequate army and merchant marine—I will take Germany merely as an illustration—could put 200,000 men aboard ships in a single expedition. One-half could land on the coast of Long Island and the other half on the coast of New Jersey and inside of a few weeks they could seize Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York without resistance."

Hobson said he would probably offer an amendment to the naval bill calling for six battleships.
"We need that many a year," he said, "to maintain the equilibrium existing among the nations."

Referring to conditions on the Pacific coast, Hobson said:
"It is unfortunate that I cannot refer to existing conditions on the Pacific coast without these peace dreamers crying out 'war and jingoism,' but you can all verify for yourselves, you who have no knowledge of existing conditions, that the city of San Francisco cannot regulate her own schools as she desires. The legislators of California, Oregon and Washington cannot today legislate upon segregation of the yellow people."

"Those legislators were told to drop that dangerous question. I will tell you why. We are defenseless on the Pacific ocean."
"The Japanese navy is rated at 490,000 tons, and ours at 695,000 tons. All of our 695,000 tons substantially is in the Atlantic ocean and has to stay there."

"Do you think I am talking war? I am trying to arrange this equilibrium in the Pacific ocean under which we could come to mutual concessions and solve the problem."
"I am trying to take the only way to prevent war."

SENDS RELIEF TO ESTRADA.

General Gordon Prepares Expedition and Defies Madrid.
New Orleans, La., March 28.—The crisis in the strained relations between the representatives of the Madrid and the Estrada factions of the Nicaraguan government was reached late today, when General Gordon, who is organizing an Estrada relief expedition, suddenly appeared the Madrid consulate and entering the room where Luis Corea, Madrid's minister to Washington, and other Madrid officials were in conference, defied them to keep him from starting his expedition for Central America.

It was a dramatic scene. Corea and General Aitschul were seated at a table when Gordon suddenly entered. He calmly told his enemies that the report that he was organizing an army was true.
"Then you are liable to a \$1,000 fine and three years' imprisonment, according to American laws," shouted Corea.
"I am ready to sign a statement that I am raising an army here and that I have chartered a ship and I defy you to do anything," was Gordon's reply. He then handed each of the Madrid officials his card and walked out.

Minister Corea was angered by the proceeding and said he would endeavor to have Gordon imprisoned at once. Local government officials said they would refuse to take official action until orders were received from Washington.

Later in the day General Gordon suddenly wheeled on the two detectives following him and thrashed them both. It is believed that part of the relief expedition will attempt to sail tonight.

Atlantic Fleet to Cruise Mediterranean

Washington, March 28.—The secretary of the navy announced this afternoon that the whole Atlantic battleship fleet would, in November, proceed to European waters. The principal cruise will be made in the Mediterranean. It is intended to divide the fleet while in the Mediterranean in order that various ports may be visited. It is not hinted anywhere that the fleet or any part of it will go further than the Eastern Mediterranean. The official statement is that the fleet will, after the cruise, go to Guantanamo.

Reduces Pullman Fares.

Washington, March 28.—Pullman fares from St. Paul to North Pacific coast cities will be materially reduced by an order to be issued by the interstate commerce commission this week. The commission has reached this decision in the case begun by the Shippers' league, headed by George Loftus, of Minneapolis. It is understood the commission will also include in its decision that the Pullman company must sell upper berths for less than lower.

Get More Pittsburg Grafters

Pittsburg, March 28.—Former Councilman Charles Stewart was in the sweat box for four hours this afternoon. He is believed to have told many things that will cause new sensations Monday when the officials "get their lines out."

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

40 MILES DRAINAGE CANALS.

Klamath County Project Will Reclaim 19,000 Acres on Wood River.
Klamath Falls—Work has been resumed on the canal along Wood river, for the reclamation of 19,000 acres of the weed land. The land has a frontage of seven miles on the river. It will be necessary to cut about 40 miles of canals to properly drain and reclaim the tract. About seven miles were made last year, and it is expected to complete about ten miles this year. This will form a dyke along the river and around the north end of the land that will keep the water from overflowing the land, and then cross canals are to be run through the property for drainage purposes.

The Wood river valley is acknowledged one of the best dairy sections in Oregon, and with this big tract drained and put into timothy and red top and settled with dairy farmers, it will easily produce a greater revenue than that derived from all other resources in the county at the present time.

The canal is being cut in a fairly straight line and cuts off all the points and curves of the river, and thus leaves a strip of land of varying width along the west side of the river. As this land is somewhat higher and perfectly dry, there are many choice tracts of an acre or more along the seven miles of water front, suitable for building purposes. This strip is to be platted and sold for summer homes. It is stated that there is enough of this land to accommodate about 150 cottages.

Rush Work on Coos Bay Road.

That the Harriman interests will rush construction of its proposed road across the state of Oregon from Coos Bay to Vale, by way of Burns, is the latest report in railroad circles on the coast. It is impossible to get confirmation, but the news emanates from excellent sources, leaving little room for doubt of its authenticity.

According to these reports completion of the Coos Bay-Drain branch will be rushed with all possible haste while at the same time large forces will be put to work between Vale and Burns, thus hurrying along the work from both ends of the line. Construction of a line from Burns to Crescent City, near Odell, would complete the line across the state, as it would give connection with the Natron cut-off from Springfield and Eugene.

It is said that to the activity of the Hill interests in Western Oregon may be attributed the progressiveness of the Harriman people, as they will be compelled to fortify themselves against the Hill invasion of Western Oregon by means of the Oregon Electric and the United Railways.

Work on the Coos Bay-Drain line was suspended about three years ago, after an expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars, for no apparent reason except that it was thought safe to let the work rest for awhile, there being no imminent cause for fear of serious competition at that time. But now that the Hill people are rapidly pushing their way through the Willamette valley by means of extensions of the Oregon Electric, the danger of losing a rich field is apparently dawning upon the Harriman people.

Water Pipe Coming.

Central Point—C. B. Bade, of the Jacobson-Bade company, which has the contract for installing Central Point's water system, has received advices from the East that the pipe had been loaded and started West. Mr. Bade expects the pipe to begin to arrive in from three to five weeks from the time it was shipped. This should bring some of the pipe by April 15. Work will commence immediately upon receipt of the pipe.

Block to Cost \$15,000.

Eugene—Work on a two-story brick block to be erected by W. T. Campbell and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Idaho F. Campbell, will be begun at once. The structure will be ready for occupancy by June 1. It was the original intention of the Campbell heirs to cover the entire lot with a huge block, but the final decision was to erect a building with a frontage of 54 feet on Olive street and extending 100 feet back. It will cost about \$15,000.

Build Telephone Line.

Medford—The Home Telephone company is engaged setting poles for the line between Jacksonville and Medford. The line will follow the right of way of the Rogue River Valley railway between the two towns. Poles and cross arms have been strung along the proposed route.

Good Roads Meeting For Hood.

Hood River—The Grange bodies of Hood River are planning a good roads campaign in the valley. The officers of Pine Grove grange have invited Judge Webster, of Portland, and Judge Derby, of Hood River county, to address the citizens on the subject.

Coburg to Have Lights.

Eugene—The little city of Coburg is soon to have electric street lights, the council having decided to put them in. A small electric light plant has been in operation there for some time, but only residences and business houses have heretofore been lighted.

SPEND \$35,000 ON CANALS.

Irrigation Company Plans to Finish \$10,000 Project.
Bend—The Arnold Irrigation company is spending \$35,000 on improvements to the distributive water system. The largest undertaking of the plans will be the building of a new flume. The flume will be 12 feet wide and three feet deep, and a mile and a quarter long. The body of it will be of two-inch lumber, and the supporting timbers and foundation will be constructed in most substantial manner.

The intake will be enlarged and permanent gates installed. Approximately three miles of old canal will be widened. It is planned to build from six to eight miles of new canal on the east lateral, which runs eastward into the Arnold section; and also some three or four miles of new work on the north lateral, which will water land lying directly east of and southeast of town.

The Arnold system will water approximately 10,000 acres lying east and southeast of town. It is a mutual company, the stock of which is owned by farmers and Bend business men. A large portion of the land lying under this system was originally taken up as homesteads and desert land entries, and the holdings ranged from 160 to 500 acres to each man. Lately these larger tracts have been divided and are being sold to newcomers, who plan to develop their holdings extensively as soon as the system is finished and water delivered to their lands.

Ten Acres Bring \$19,000.

Hood River—An indication that the \$2,000 mark for Hood River orchard land is not far away was shown recently when ten acres were sold for \$19,000. The highest price for Hood River orchard property was paid by Felix von Hake Vonguet, a resident of Indianapolis, Ind., who will come here to reside. The orchard, which is eight years old, is situated on the East side of the valley and consists of a solid block of Newton and Spitzenberg trees. The tract sold to Mr. Vonguet has the distinction of being the first piece of orchard at Hood River to sell for \$1,000 an acre, which was in 1906. Later it was sold to Mr. Hills for the highest price at that time, \$1,700 an acre. Again changing hands it still maintains the high mark for orchard realty here at \$1,900 per acre.

Brick Plant at Lakeview.

Lakeview—A. T. Zeek, who has been engaged in the manufacture of brick about three miles south of town for some time, has purchased five acres of land from Roy Woodworth, on Indian creek. He will abandon the old works and set up a new plant on the new site. The clay which will be used is said to be better suited for brick making, and Mr. Zeek expects to turn out a much better brick than he has been able to before.

Holds Banner for Alfalfa Seed.

Vale—Vale is the banner alfalfa seed point in Malheur county, shipping nine of the 14 cars of alfalfa seed sent out from Malheur county in 1909. The country in the Vale vicinity is unexcelled for the production of the finest quality of alfalfa seed. An average car holds about 30,000 pounds of alfalfa seed, which at 15 cents per pound, the price paid for most of the seed, makes a carload worth about \$4,500, or approximately \$40,500 for the nine cars.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.07@1.08; club, \$1@1.01; red Russian, 98c; valley, \$1.02.
Barley—Feed and brewing, \$28 ton.
Corn—Whole, \$34; cracked, \$35.
Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, \$20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$23@24; alfalfa, \$17.50@18.50; grain hay, \$17@19.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$30.50@31.
Fresh fruits—Apples, \$1.25@1.35 per box; pears, \$1.50@1.75; cranberries, \$8@9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 50¢@60¢ per hundred; sweet potatoes, 8¢ per pound.
Onions—Oregon, \$1.50@1.75 per hundred.
Vegetables.—Turnips, nominal; rutabagas, \$1@1.25; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.
Butter—City creamery extras, 36¢; fancy outside creamery, 34¢@36¢; store, 20¢. Butter fat prices average 1½¢ under regular butter prices.
Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 22@23¢ per dozen.
Pork—Fancy, 13@13½¢ per pound.
Veal—Oregon, 12@13¢.
Poultry—Hens, 19@19½¢; broilers, 25@27¢; ducks, 18@20¢; geese, 12@13¢; turkeys, live, 22@25¢; dressed, 25@29¢; squabs, \$3 per dozen.
Cattle—Best steers, \$6.25@6.60; fair to good steers, \$5.50@6; strictly good cows, \$5@5.50; fair to good cows, \$4.75; light calves, \$6@7; heavy calves, \$4@5; bulls, \$3.60@4.25; stags, \$4@5.

Hogs—Top, \$11@11.25; fair to good, \$9.50@10.
Sheep—Best wethers, \$7@7.50; fair to good, \$5.50@6.50; good ewes, \$5; lambs, \$8@9.
Hops—1909 crop, 15@18¢ per pound; according to quality; old, nominal; 1910 contracts, 16¢ nominal.
Wool—Eastern Oregon—16@20¢ per pound; valley, 22@24¢; mohair, choice, 23@25¢.
Casca bark, 41¢@5¢.
Hides—Dry hides, 16@17¢ per pound; dry kip, 16@17¢; dry calfskin, 14@15¢; salted hides, 71¢@8¢; salted calfskins, 14¢; green, 1¢ less.