

THE HOP MARKET.

While the general character of the hop market is favorable to the growers, and there are unmistakable signs that good prices must prevail this year, still there are some features of the market that both growers and buyers may well look on as more or less feverish. That there is speculation in the present frantic attempts to secure contracts can not well be denied, and while such is the case prices may go either up or down, regardless of the available supply. As we see in all speculative markets, the "bulls" have been in the saddle during the past few weeks and have forced prices up on this coast. While this is the case, there is no evidence of such action in the East.

The firm of Lillenthal & Co., of San Francisco, are generally looked upon as the "bulls" in the present dealings. Conditions are favorable for them to "bear" the market, and they have been fortunate enough to place themselves in position to profit by the transaction. They have, according to reports, more than 50,000 bales of 1901 hops, which is the bulk of all the holdings at the present time. They see that brewers have not sufficient without their holding, and are forcing up the price, not only by holding what they have but by offering to buy.

These hops now being held cost not to exceed 10 cents per pound, or about \$20 a bale, or a total of \$1,000,000 for the present holdings of this one firm. By forcing the price up to 20 cents they have already made a profit of \$1,000,000. It is impossible to surmise what price they are holding for, but whatever it is they will certainly unload when the times are right. Then it may be no surprise to see a rattling of prices for a time.

As we have seen in a somewhat similar case recently in the Chicago corn pit, prices can be pushed by speculators to a price higher than the consumptive demand will warrant. Gates pushed July corn until he could clear up a million and a half, then let go. Why can not the same thing be done with hops?

The price of hops is good and must in all reason remain so for some time to come, but even while it is so it is not always wise for growers to place over-confidence in a market when speculation is rife. Such times are attended with more or less danger. When heavy speculators engage in such battles there is bound to be big winning on one side and big losing on the other. The course for the grower is to sell what he has when the fever is high. By this is not meant contracting. It has always proved better to sell hops in the bale than hops on paper.

The price may keep up until the new crop is ready for market, which is to be hoped. But if the "bulls" above referred to should let go what they have and turn to "bearing" the market, the result may be different.

LIFE OF HARRY TRACY.

In all annals of outlaws of the last decade there has been no bolder criminals than Harry Tracy, the desperately cool, agile-witted, foxily-cunning and brutally murderous convict who has for the last few weeks terrorized the entire Northwest.

From prison records his crimes—or at least part of them—are known. From the woman who married him and for several months followed the varying fortunes of a crook's wife, comes the only information regarding his birthplace and early years. Tracy is 31 years old. He was born either in Louisville, Ky, or in New York.

The officers who have been the most familiar with him incline to the latter place. Tracy once told a guard in the Oregon penitentiary that he was born in Dutchess county, opposite Newburg, N. Y. He

certainly has a great familiarity with that country. On the other hand, he also knew Louisville, and told of associating with a crowd which is called the "Dear Creek gang" in Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Chicago he claims to have been first arrested and served sentence for some petty offense. Certain it is that he came West in 1896, for even then his name figured on the police records of Denver as a bad character.

The life of the frontier was attractive to such as he, and the next time he was brought into notice as an outlaw was when the famous "hole-in-the-wall" band of cattle thieves, known in Western parlance as "rustlers," precipitated what for a time was almost a border war. To the west of Grand Junction, Col., back of the Book Rocks, known to all trans-continental tourists, with others of his like, he made an abode.

Short shrift came to that desperate band and almost all of its members fell beneath the crack of the western official rifle. It is probable that in this school of lawlessness, Tracy learned his deadly coolness and utter disregard for human life. In 1897 the first official record of death was made against him, in the killing of Valentine Hoge, a Colorado cattleman. The killing was in the course of a running fight. He followed it by the unprovoked killing of William Strong, a mere boy, and resident of the same state. Then he became known as a bad man, and from that day on the officers were on the alert. Deputy Sheriff Valentine Hay undertook to arrest him for the killing of Strong and fell dead from Tracy's aim. But the arrest was made and Tracy was taken to the county seat where in the officer was killed, was placed in the Aspen, Col., jail and held for trial on the charge of murder. While awaiting his trial he called the sheriff into his cell on an excuse, struck him over the head, bound and gagged him, took the keys and made his escape. The hue and cry following availed nothing, and through the hills he rode toward Ouray.

Tracy himself says that he decided Colorado was getting too warm for him, so he decided to make a clean jump to the coast. By a series of daring holdups and one hotel robbery in Salt Lake City, Utah, he gained money enough to ride "like a gentleman" to Seattle.

While in that city his rendezvous was the tenderloin, his intimates thugs and thieves of the lower class, and his record one of quiet sniping from officers. His life in Tacoma, whither he drifted, was similar. But in 1898 he again came to the fore as a desperado. In Portland he committed two highway robberies with his pal and brother-in-law, Dave Merrill. When arrested he shot twice at Detective D Weiner, held up a locomotive engineer and rode away on the engine. Almost by an accident he was wounded by a butcher and captured. Undaunted by previous records of failure in the West he, in 1899, after conviction, held up his jailer with a revolver, and after exchanging a few shots with a deputy sheriff, was forced to surrender.

His murderous escape with Dave Merrill from the Salem penitentiary is now a matter of such recent date that it has attracted the attention of the entire United States.

Tracy is of medium build, close mouthed, pleasant when with men or women for whom he feels no apprehension, inclined to boyish outbursts of laughter and gaiety. In the holdup of the Gerrellis family near Seattle, he whistled a waltz and asked one of his captives to dance with him. He reads newspaper accounts of himself and seems highly amused. He is fond of children and whenever he comes in contact with them caresses them. He has the speech and manners of a man of some education; he evidences at times some signs of refinement in action and on occasions can be courteous.—Portland Journal.

Horse shoes that anybody can nail on at Chambers Hardware.

POOR ECONOMY.

Saving Time and Losing Health.

The man who ate his breakfast over night to save time in the morning was not a whit more foolish than the man who eats his lunch at his desk while he works "to save time," or because he's in a hurry. Nature won't be hurried. If you try to hurry her or overdrive her she balks. Eat regularly and reasonably, and she provides the juices necessary for digestion. Try to work and eat at the same time and she refuses to provide the needed juices for digestion, without which the food which should sustain life becomes an injury to the health it should promote.

Even the people who take time to go to lunch carry their business with them, as a rule, and are satisfied to shovel into the stomach in ten minutes food which requires two or three hours for digestion.



The consequence is indigestion, stomach "trouble," loss of vital force and general debility, and the American people becoming a nation of "dyspeptics."

A NATIONAL PERIL.
If it be true (and it is) that no man is stronger than his stomach, dyspepsia, the national disease, is a national danger. Unchecked and uncured it menaces the strength of a nation which is made up of units, a large percentage of whom are dyspeptics and therefore weak.

Fortunately the dyspeptic does not need to remain a dyspeptic. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other forms of stomach trouble perfectly and permanently. It enables the building up of the body in the only way possible, by the assimilation of nutrition derived from perfectly digested food.

"I was taken sick two years ago," writes Rev. W. H. Patterson, of White Cloud, Ala., "with what the doctors thought was gastric trouble, indigestion or nervous dyspepsia, also constipation and inactive liver. I was in a dreadful condition. Tried several different doctors, with but little result. Finally, about a year ago, I wrote you, stating my condition. You replied, diagnosing my case, and recommending Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets.' I bought two bottles and it seemed to do very little good, if any, but I got two more of each, as at first, and after taking could see but little improvement, so I stopped until about Christmas time. I had gotten so feeble that I was almost past traveling about; had gotten down to one hundred and fourteen pounds. I wrote again and you advised me to still continue; so I went and bought six bottles and got the 'Pellets' and began anew, following directions. When I had taken about five bottles I felt very much better and was greatly improved, and weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I will say that Dr. Pierce's medicines are a God-send to poor suffering humanity, and I advise any and all chronic sufferers to give them a fair trial and they will be satisfied."

BREVITIES.

Daily Guard July 19.
Quite a number of our people will go down to Albany tomorrow to visit the encampment.

The iron pillars for the front of the new McClung building were placed in position today.

The excelsior factory is being painted a dark red color to conform with the color of the other factories in the manufacturing district.

The following divinity students left for appointments this afternoon: W. T. Matlock, Halsey; F. E. Billington, Hebron; M. F. Horn, Holley.

The Albany Democrat thinks that after all blue beats khaki color. It will be difficult to make anything take the place of the "boys in blue."

A crowd of Eugene's young folks will take an excursion to Albany tomorrow. About twenty have already signified their intention of going.

Rev. F. M. Burg, an Adventist, preached in Frank's hall last night and at 11 a.m. today. Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. he will also preach.

A few shocks of hay were destroyed by fire in S. P. Shadden's field near the railroad yesterday afternoon. Sparks from a locomotive caused the fire.

The Oregonian correspondent at Camp Williams under date of yesterday says: "The Fourth Regiment band put in the morning practicing, and the music cannot be beat."

This morning's Salem Statesman heads the article about Sheriff Withers arresting Murderer Bert Heaton at Wells, Nev. this way: "Withers a Sleuth," which is about correct.

Brownsville Times: Elder W. T. Matlock, of Eugene, was a pleasant caller at the Times office Monday. He has accepted a call from the Christian church of this city to preach here on

THE QUICK WAY TO BE CURED

of stomach "trouble" is to begin at once the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine cures forty-nine out of fifty. There is only one chance in fifty that it won't completely cure you. There is no chance in the world that it will not benefit you. "Golden Medical Discovery" always helps, and almost always cures. But it needs perseverance to overcome conditions which have taken years to produce. The case of Rev. W. H. Patterson given above is a good illustration of the need of persistence. The first bottle or two didn't help him, the medicine even made him feel worse and he stopped its use just at the critical time. Despair drove him back to it, and he bought half a dozen bottles of the "Discovery"—enough for a fair trial—and he was cured. It's a wise thing to buy enough medicine at the start to insure its persistent use. But where there is one person who uses two or three bottles of "Golden Medical Discovery" without appreciable benefit there are a hundred who write, "I felt better after the first few doses of the medicine and continued to improve until I was completely cured."

"I had been sick for two years with indigestion and nervous debility, and had taken medicine from my family doctor for a long time without much benefit," writes Mrs. W. H. Peables, of Lucknow, S. Car. "Was induced by my husband to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter. You advised me to take 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did, and, to my great surprise, after taking six bottles I was cured. My husband had not paid one cent in doctors' bills for me since. I took the medicine nearly two years ago."

GENERAL DEBILITY is a very common and natural result of dyspepsia or stomach "trouble." When the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are diseased, the food eaten is not assimilated, as a result the body loses nutrition and this loss of nutrition is marked in the wasting of flesh and loss of strength.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food, so that the strength is restored by the only means known to nature—the nutrition derived from food. The whole body feels and shows the change. The lost flesh is regained, the lost strength recovered, and there is new vitality and vigor.

Sick men or women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so obtain the opinion of a specialist of long experience and great success in the treatment and cure of disease. This offer of free consultation by letter is specially urged upon the attention of those suffering from chronic forms of disease, and who have failed to find a cure by the use of other means. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't be deceived into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which is no "just as good" medicine can show.

THE BEST MEDICAL BOOK FREE.
Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay expense of mailing only. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only twenty-one stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

the second and fourth Sundays of each month.

Yesterday's Roseburg Review: Mrs. W. A. Elkins left for her home in Eugene this morning after a short visit in Roseburg with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Wood. She was accompanied by her little sister, Miss Anna, who will be her guest for a brief time.

Cottage Grove Nugget: Mrs. Laura E. Skinner, of Boston, Mass., has purchased the McKinne residence east of the railroad track. Mr. McKinne and wife are visiting friends at Eugene for a few days prior to departing to San Jose, Cal., where they will take up their permanent residence.

Asiatic Town Talk: Maj. J. L. May, of Chief Dispatcher Morris' office has taken a 30 days' leave of absence and has left Ashland to attend the national guard encampment at Albany. Maj. May is one of the most efficient and well known officers of the state guard. After the encampment he may take a trip to the Eastern states. His family will visit the militia encampment to witness the military exercises.

Storms in the East.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 18.—Reports of heavy wind and rain storms all over the state were received at the Weather Bureau this morning. Upwards of two inches of rain fell in many localities, and near Eddyville it amounted to a cloudburst, nearly five inches of rain being reported. It caused the Des Moines River to again rise rapidly, nearly three feet rise being already reported, and it is rapidly nearing the danger point. Trains on the Burlington are delayed. At Carroll the daughter of George Simons was killed by lightning.

BORN.—July 9, to the wife of J. R. Parks, of Goshen, a son.

DOLLY AND I— AND GEORGE

By Leslie W. Quirk

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I am not quite sure that I did not fall in love with her just to spite George. We were at a reception one evening, and I was smoking on the front veranda, when he came out for a whiff of air. We fell to talking of some of the ladies—that is, George talked, and I agreed between puffs of my cigar. Presently he remarked in an offhand manner:

"Decently fine girl, that Miss Dolly Mayton."

"Yes," I assented absently.

After awhile he repeated his remark, and I again agreed without great enthusiasm. This seemed to make him angry.

"Confound it, man, don't you know she is the prettiest girl in there?"

I tried to soothe him. "Looks mighty sweet with that pink rose in her hair, doesn't she?" I ventured.

He snorted indignantly. "That's her sister with the rose, you fool."

Now, George irritates me. Other people call me a fool, and I don't mind it in the least, but George always sneers in a fashion that suggests I lack even more than brains. On this occasion I decided to irritate George.

"My dear fellow," I said patronizingly—George hates to be patronized—"I don't believe you really know which of the sisters is Miss Dolly, anyhow."

I had my hand on his shoulder while I spoke, and now I felt him quiver suddenly with rage. Not minding it in the least, I went on drawlingly:

"I think, on the whole, I know the young lady as well as you. Now, I swear she came to the reception with a pink rose in her hair. If you think otherwise, you don't know Miss Dolly Mayton."

George actually choked with rage. "Not know her! Why, man, I—I expect that girl to be my wife some day."

It took me a bit by surprise. I did not wish Dolly to marry George. There



"DOLLY, HE SAYS HE IS GOING TO MARRY YOU."

was nothing against him, of course, but—"Am I to offer congratulations?" I asked.

"Not yet," said George sturdily. George always sticks to the truth.

Now, I admit, his determination to marry Dolly had dazed me a bit. I meant to make a light observation that would laugh away our little tiff, so I said, very blithely:

"Oh, you merely have hopes. Is that it? Well, some of the rest of us also have hopes."

I swear I never minded how it sounded till George began to curse way down in his throat. After that I was in no mood to explain. So it chanced that when he asked, with fine sarcasm, if I intended to marry Miss Dolly myself I told him flatly that I did. A fool does such things just to be contrary.

Before I could comprehend the situation George had me by the arm and I was half way across the room. A moment later Miss Dolly, without a pink rose—was smiling up into my sullen face, and George was sneering at me loud enough for the girls to hear:

"You see, Brown, Miss Dolly is not the wearer of the pink rose in spite of your declarations."

Dolly glanced up quickly, and I met her eyes squarely. We had been playmates, Dolly and I, not so many years before. I remember she told me once that she liked my brown eyes; that they were like a horse's, dumb mirrors that revealed my every feeling. Now, as she looked at me, she must have seen something in those same eyes, for she smiled reassuringly.

"I did wear the rose when I came," she fibbed prettily to George, "but later gave it to my sister."

George swallowed once or twice in helpless stupidity. He knew very well that she was not telling the truth, and that she should choose to lie when it would disconcert him made him furious. He grew so red that I began to rack my brain for "first aids in apoplexy." He turned to me, and I tried to smile cheerfully to relieve him. Well, that silly smile ended it all. He turned to her and blurted out like a great school-boy:

"Dolly, he says he is going to marry you!"

Sometimes I am glad I was created a bit dull-witted. George had died, and Dolly had blushed a dozen times before I comprehended it all. Then the heat of the room stifled me. I turned about despairingly, ran my fingers through my hair and pulled at the collar that was choking me.

At last I found my voice. "Miss Mayton," I begged, "won't you walk outside with me, where I can explain the whole horrible blunder?"

She looked up at me half shyly, half angrily, for a full second. I had almost despaired of gaining an audience, when she rose and without a tremor of embarrassment took my arm.

"Dick," she said kindly, "we were chums together a few years ago. I know you are able to explain this matter."

But I couldn't. A dozen times I began and stopped. At last, shame voiced and halting, I made a last start.

"Dolly," I said, all unconscious of how I addressed her—"Dolly, you—you—know it was a mistake."

I stopped short.

"A mistake about your saying that?" questioned Dolly.

"No-o," I said slowly—"that is, you—I—well"—And I floundered hopelessly.

"You didn't mean it?" persisted Dolly. She was shivering with the cool night air.

"But I did," I said quickly. It ought to have been a noble lie, but somehow there was no sacrifice. I should have given my life just then to have said it truthfully.

"Dick," she said after a long silence. "It is very dark here under the trees."

"Yes; it is," I said gloomily.

"And very cold."

"Yes."

"I don't believe they could see us from the house," she went on.

"George is the only one who would care to," I said, my heart burning with sullen rage.

"I—I don't believe even he is looking."

"Maybe not," I remarked, turning toward her.

"Dick," she pointed, "you are a foolish old dear. Can't you see?"

The moonlight drifted through a rift in the trees overhead, and a ray fell upon her face. It met two pursed lips and lingered there till a great glow in his moment of wisdom blotted it out.

Then I plucked a pink rose, and after she had twined it in her hair we went in to seek George—poor chap!

Their Relationship.
"There are some queer couples in the world," remarked a real estate agent recently. "The other day a man and woman called to see me about renting a house. The woman did all the talking and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her and did it very meekly."

"Well," said the woman, "I'll give you \$25 for the house. Won't we, John?"

"John—Yes."

"And I'll pay my rent promptly too. Won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"And I'll take good care of the house. Won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"And I'll take it for three years. Won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"But," I inquired, as is usual in such cases, "are you man and wife?"

"Man and wife?" exclaimed the woman suddenly. "What a question! Are we, John?"

"No, my dear."

"What?" said I. "Not man and wife?"

"Not much!" she retorted. "I'd have you know, too, that in this family we are wife and man. That's so, isn't it, John?"

"And John meekly agreed."—Boston Advertiser.

A Lesson to the Inquisitive.
A train was just starting out from King's Cross when a shirt-sleeved man came rushing down the platform shouting: "Smith! Smith!"

A man in one of the last carriages, which was a corridor one, heard the shout and, being naturally curious, put his head out of the window. As he did so the man running along the platform reached him and struck him a hard blow in the face. By the time he had recovered from his surprise the train was outside the station, so he at once summoned the car attendant.

"What kind of an outrage is this?" he demanded of the attendant. "Here am I, an innocent passenger, sitting in this carriage just as the train pulls out of the station. Suddenly some man runs down the platform shrieking: 'Smith! Smith!' I look out of the window, and he reaches up and almost knocks my head off. Now, I want to—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the attendant. "Is your name Smith?"

"No, it isn't, and that is just what makes—"

"Well, then, sir, what did you look out of the window for? There wasn't anybody calling you, was there?"—London Chronicle.

Cause of His Troubles.
A youth with an open, ingenuous countenance rose in a Christian Endeavor convention the other evening and made the following speech:

"Dear friends, large ships that look sound—and good—and seaworthy—are sometimes found to be almost ruined—almost, yes—almost—ruined—by shipworms. They honeycomb the heavy timbers—and—although the ship looks as if it might do great things for its masters—it cannot. It—it—has shipworms."

"Dear friends, it is just so with some Christians. Outwardly a Christian may look like a fair ship. Dear friends, I feel that often I am like the ship and that I—that I—too—have shipworms."

—New York Times.