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WEEKLY REPORT OF EUGENE MARKET

Mohair—18.
Chittim bark—3c.
Wool—10c.
Poultry, Eggs, etc.
Eggs—Per dozen 17c.
Dairy butter—Per roll, 30@35.
Creamery butter—per roll, 50c.
Hens—Per lb. 11c.
Frys—Per lb. 15c.
Geese—Per lb. 6c.
Ducks—Per lb. 11c.
Turkeys—Per lb. 15c.
Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.
Potatoes—60c per cwt.
Onions—Per cwt. \$5.00.
Lemons—Per case \$3.25.
Oranges—\$3.25.
Livestock Market.
Steers—Per lb 3@3 1-2c.
Good cows 3@2 3-4.
Good prime dressed veal—6@5 1/2
Mutton on foot 3@ 31-2.
Fat hogs on foot—5 1-2.
Fat hogs—dressed—7c.
Wheat and Feed.
Flour—\$4.40.
Oat Hay, \$15.
Timothy hay—Per ton—\$15.
New oats—Per bu., 45c.
Bran—per ton, \$27.
Mixed feed—Per ton \$30.
Shorts, per ton—\$32.
New Wheat—Per bu. 85c.
Tolled Barley—Per ton \$28.50.
Chopped feed—Per ton, \$30.
Cracked Corn—\$26-40.

PORTLAND MARKET REPORT.
Portland, Ore., May 27.—There was a revival in hop contracting during the past 24 hours. Buyers are out in the country trying to purchase a few good grades of 1907s and in the meantime are freely offering 8c for one year contracts, 9c for two year and 10c for three year contracts. This is an average of 9c a pound. A few growers, who are anxious to remain in the business are said to be accepting, but generally speaking, the prices offered are so low as to admit of not a single cent profit during the term of the contract. Therefore the growers feel that they would be working three years for the hop dealers without a salary.

Damage Done to Fruits.
Reporting on fruit conditions in all parts of the State, Secretary Williamson, of the State Board of Horticulture, says that while the yield of some fruits promise to be large, others are sure to be under the average as a result of the late frosts and the backward spring. The apple crop promises to be a large one and the output of peaches is likely to be well up under the average. In prunes there will be a material falling off from the normal, and the outlook for pears is about the same. It is believed that the cherry crop will be from one-half to two-thirds the size of that of 1907.

Berry Supply Still Light.
As for a week back strawberries were scarce today, the receipts from California and Oregon points being short of the demand. Today's shipment was about the same as that of yesterday, and it was quickly disposed of, California going at \$1.75 and \$1.50 a crate and Oregon at 15 to 17 1-2 cents a pound. The indications are for comparatively light supplies for the remainder of the week.

Cherries sold in a slow way at \$1.25 to \$1.50 a crate. Gooseberries are daily becoming more plentiful. Today they were fairly active at 6 to 7 cents a pound.

Poultry Market Is Sluggish.
The poultry market wore a very weak appearance today. Sales were slow at the lower prices made yesterday and today's receipts swelled somewhat the stocks carried over from yesterday. Retailers were reported to be stocked up generally and little disposed to take on new supplies. If receipts for the remainder of the week are large still lower quotations may be made.

Butter and Eggs Steady.
City creamery butter was reported fairly firm at the last quotations, with trade active and no serious accumulations of stock. The feeling was easier in the country creamery trade, where some shading of prices is being done to fill outside orders.

Tomatoes High and Scarce.
Supplies of tomatoes in the local market are very limited, one reason for this being the backward season in the South. On the street today the last shipment from Florida was held at \$6.00 to \$6.50 a crate. Supplies from California are looked for within a short time.

Portland Livestock Market.
For the best grade of cattle the demand is active and the market strong. Medium grades move more slowly and at materially lower figures than the best. The cattle brought in today were from southern Oregon.

Sheep were weak, as they have been for a month, and only the best move readily at top quotations. Dealers complain that some inferior stock is still being sent in, despite the fact that there is next to no demand for half-fattened animals.

Lambs and calves were steady at the quotations that prevailed yesterday. Quotations ruling in the livestock market today are:
Hogs—Best, \$6.00@6.25; medium \$5.75@6.00; feeders, no demand.
Cattle—Best steers, \$5.00; medium \$4.50@4.75; common \$3.50@4.00; best cows \$4.00@4.25; common \$3.50@3.75; calves \$4.50@5.00.
Sheep—Best, shorn wethers, \$4.00@4.25; mixed \$3.75@4.00; spring lambs \$5.00.

Portland Quotations.
Creamery Butter 25c.
Eggs—19c.
Chickens—12@13c.
Wheat—Valley 89c; club 89c.
Barley—Per ton—\$27@28.
Oats—\$27@27.50.
Hay—Timothy, \$17; cheat, \$15.
Grain hay—\$15@16.
Mohair—Choice, 17c@18.
Wool—Valley, 11c.
Hops—Prime 4@5 1-2.
Potatoes—60@70c.
Onions—\$1.75 per crate.
Casaca (chittim bark)—3c @ 2c per pound.

Tim and His Time

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Tim Roscoe sat on the coal box at the rear of the station and gazed discontentedly upon the shabby little town. For the first time he was unimpressed by the fact that Cheldon Center possessed two banks and a brick postoffice that stood quite apart from other buildings and paid a good salary.

Ever since he could remember it had been a treat to drive over to the Center, and he had been rather proud of the town. Now he was seeing it through Mattie Westcott's eyes, and the huddle of wooden buildings distressed him. Recently he had seen a magazine picture of lower Broadway, with its mountains of masonry and its rivers of humanity flowing through the narrow canyons called streets. He wondered what Mattie would think when presently the train from the junction should roll in and she should stand on the station platform, comparing the place to the New York she had just left. He had never seen New York, but he knew much about the wonder city, and he knew also that Mattie would never again be content with Cheldon Center, much less with Gardenvale. She would despise the town and its people alike.

Mattie's cousin Bess had married well. Her husband, Richard Beldin, had been the secretary to a railroad magnate who made his summer home on the hills back of Gardenvale. Beldin had met and married Bess Petty during one of those summer visits. After making money in stocks he and Bess had urged Mattie to visit them.

Tim had said goodby with unusual meaning as he had helped her aboard the train at the Center. There had been more than a hint in Bess' letter that she had a match in mind for Mattie. All that had happened two months ago. Today Mattie was coming home.

A faroff whistle announced the approach of the train, and Tim sauntered around to the front of the station. The platform was crowded with outgoing passengers and the usual reception committee of small country town loungers. Tim lost himself in the crowd until the train pulled in and a thin, girlish figure sprang down the fullman steps before the porter could offer his hand.

Tim had been watching the day coaches, but he sensed Mattie's presence and hurried to relieve her of her suitcase. It was the first sign of the change, this substitution of the smart leather case for the near-leather valise which had been considered good

enough for travelling when she had left home.

"Your pa couldn't get over," he explained as he raised his cap without offering his hand. He had heard that people in the city did not shake hands, but simply bowed.

"Father sick?" asked Mattie quickly. Tim shook his head.

"It's only the rheumatism," he explained, "but he thought it would be bad to get out in the cold, and so he asked me to come. I'll get your trunk."

Mattie handed him the check in silence, and presently the smart new trunk had joined the suit case in the box of the bobbed, and Tim offered her his hand to help her into the seat.

"It ain't an automobile," he said apologetically, "but I thought you'd be in a hurry to get your trunk over to show all your pretty things, so I didn't bring the cutter."

"That was nice of you," said Mattie appreciatively. "I do want to display all the wonders I brought back from town. Tim, do you suppose we could stop at the grocery and get some ginger snaps? There was no dining car on the train, and I'm hungry."

"Your ma sent over a box of lunch," he responded, diving under the seat and producing a shoe box filled with homemade cake and biscuit sandwiches. Mattie gave a cry of delight.

"That's just like mother," she declared as she extracted a huge wedge of cake. "She knew I'd be hungry for home things."

"I should think you could get better cooking in the city," observed Tim pessimistically. "They tell me that some of their cooks get \$1,000 a year."

"Lots of them," asserted Mattie, "the chefs in the restaurants. Some get more than that, but they can't make biscuit taste like home. They don't know what home is in the city, Tim."

"I should think a man could make pretty good biscuits for a thousand dollars a year," said Tim practically.

He just orders the others around. At the hotel where Bess lives the chef does not cook at all. He would feel insulted if you were to ask him to." "Bess live in a hotel?" asked Tim in surprise. "I should think that would cost a lot of money. Bill Pratt stonped at a hotel, and they charged him a dollar and a half a day, and they never fed him for that."

"Bess and Dick have six rooms in an apartment hotel," explained Mattie. "They pay \$3,500 a year just for six rooms."

Tim whistled. "You could build a house for that," he cried.

"Not in the city," she reminded. "Land costs too much. They have to build houses high to get the value of the land, although, of course, there are a lot of private houses. Most persons prefer the apartments."

"I suppose that even the Center seems a pretty small place now," suggested Tim, upon whom a gloom had settled.

"Not a bit of it," declared Mattie brightly. "It's more like home than New York was, and I'm just crazy to see Gardenvale."

Tim touched up the team. "We'll be there pretty soon," he said as he pointed to the hill ahead. Once up there they should come in sight of the town nestling in the valley on the other side of the divide.

It was a tedious climb, but presently it was accomplished, and a short drive brought them to the brow of the hill on the other side. Mattie gave a little cry of delight as the road broke through the trees.

A tiny river wound its way past the town, a huddle of frame buildings along the straggling main street, with a half dozen back streets sparsely settled. The snow covered roofs gleamed white in the winter sun, and the spirals of smoke from the chimneys intensified the whiteness of the snow. Mattie laid her hand upon Tim's, holding the reins.

"I want to get a good look a moment," she explained. "All the time I was away I could shut my eyes and see the town, but it wasn't real like this is."

"What's the use of shutting your eyes and seeing a make believe Gardenvale when you could open them and see real thirty story buildings?" demanded Tim practically. "Mebbe the town is a sort of contrast, but I supposed that you would come back and make fun of our town and the people. What'll you do when you go back to New York to live?"

"But I'm not going back," she declared stoutly. "I know what you mean," she added defiantly. "Bess wanted to marry me to a young man down there. She wanted to dazzle me with the town, and then she thought I'd be glad to marry to stay there, but I didn't."

"Why not?" asked Tim breathlessly. "I was almost ashamed to come over after you in the boys after your riding in automobiles and in the subway and things like that, and I didn't suppose you'd care for that lunch after all the city truck you'd been eating."

Mattie regarded him scornfully. "Bess did one thing," she said quietly. "She made me contend with my lot. They live in a real palace with a hundred servants, and they don't ever walk up and down stairs. They have beautiful rooms and costly food, but it's not like a home. Why, Tim, most of the men in New York don't even have time to love their wives. They're too busy making money."

Tim cleared his throat and fixed his gaze upon the distant hills. "Mattie," he said timidly. "I—I've got a lot of time and—"

"And you've been wasting it making yourself miserable over the thought that I was going to come back tilted and tired of old faces and friends," reminded Mattie. "I'm afraid you don't make very good use of your time, Tim."

"I'm going to spend the rest of it in telling you that I love you," said Tim boldly, and Mattie's face gave assurance that the telling would be welcome.

The Bride's Weakness.
"That is the second time I have done that within a week," said the bride of six months as she put down her pen, with a disgusted expression on her face, "and I just don't like it!"

"What have you done now?" queried her friend.

"Done? I have made out a check, signed it, inclosed it with a bill and mailed it, expecting to receive the receipt back, and instead I have got the check, and across it is stamped, 'No account in this bank.' Of course I have an account there, but I've signed the check with my maiden name instead of my married one and consequently have made all kinds of trouble, to say nothing of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of several people. I never shall draw a check again unless I have some one censor it and see that I have not forgotten that when I was married I changed my name!"—New York Press.

Very Convenient.
An energetic vicar of an English country parish, who had long labored to raise the funds necessary to add a set of chimneys to his parish church, was one day both surprised and gratified by an elderly lady, who, though reputed to be very well off, had hitherto declined to contribute, offering to complete his subscription list provided the new chimneys would be sounded at a specific hour each evening. This was agreed to, and they were soon in active operation. Meeting her out one day, he repeated his acknowledgments, saying, "I am so glad to have been able to meet your views. It must please you very much to hear those grand old hymn tunes at night."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and it is really so very convenient! At 10 o'clock of mine brings me my medicine now quite regularly!"—London Tit-Bits.

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