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PORTLAND MARKETS. Revised to Date.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 78c; bluestem, 82c; valley, 80c. Flour—Best grades, \$3.60 to \$3.85 per barrel; Graham, \$3.35 to \$3.75.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20c to 22c per lb.; factory, 18c to 20c.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 10c to 12c; California, 12c to 14c.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11c to 12c per lb.; broilers, 12c to 14c.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$5.50 to \$5.75; dressed, 7c per pound.

Beef—Small, \$6 per pound; large, 66c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 17c to 18c; Eastern Oregon, 12c to 15c.

Onions—Silver-skins, 15c to 17c; set-back, 12c to 14c.

Mosquitoes in Other Lands. If one has a desire to increase his knowledge of the mosquito beyond the point attained by that busy insect in his own evening object lessons, the United States government will help him out.

A Poor Democratic Leader. That glorious old Democratic wheel horse, Henry M. Teller of Colorado, who never supported a straight out Democrat in his life, says there is no use of talking about nominating anybody for president who did not support the Populist platforms of 1892 and 1900.

A Moses Needed in New Jersey. The Democratic newspapers are going to a whole lot of unnecessary trouble in their endeavor to locate a leader for the Republican party in New Jersey.

Why She Gave Up Her Job. A West Philadelphia girl who recently started to teach a Sunday school class has given it up as a bad job.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine. Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' sign' is on each box, 25c.

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THE ADVENTURE OF A HOODOO. Copyright, 1906, by C. W. Hooker.

MR. WESTCOTT'S white hair had the effect of a wig that has not been put on straight.

"I'm glad you look at it that way," returned Miller. "I've had a hard struggle so far. The golden apples turn to dust as soon as I touch them."

Westcott shook his head very slowly. "The longer I look at you," he said reflectively, "the more clearly I perceive your resemblance to your father."

"But that's neither here nor there," he added. "I'm glad you've got a report in writing. Leave it with me like a good fellow, and come in again this afternoon. You're staying at the hotel, eh? Well, well; you ought to have gone right to my house."

"I'm at a boarding house," replied Miller. "Tower recommended it to me. He met me at the station."

"So you've seen Tower?" said the old man. "I wasn't aware that you knew him."

"I didn't. He introduced himself."

"What did you say to him about your investigation?"

"Nothing," replied Miller shortly. "My business was with you."

"That's right; that's right," said Westcott. "That's like your father. He had a very clear head in such matters. But it never did him any good. He died a poor man."

These repeated references to his father made Miller somewhat uneasy. He did not like to see Mr. Westcott's mind turning upon misfortunes, failures and the great mystery of bad luck.

"If he takes me for a hoodoo," said the young man to himself, "he won't

ing as he did so that the strap which was upon the garment for that purpose looked as if it might break at any moment.

"It will hold," said Miller with a quick downward glance. "The floor's clean."

Westcott had turned and was about to sit down. He stopped suddenly as if the pegs in his wooden joints had stuck, and thus he remained for some seconds suspended over the chair in a seemingly impossible attitude. Then he gently subsided, laughing silently.

"That's your father all over again," said he. "The strap is waiting until it finds a dirty place to drop the coat; then it will break. Well, he was right; he was right. His luck was just as bad as he said it was. I knew him fifty years."

"I passed on to me," rejoined Miller. "I wish I might have inherited his virtues also."

There was a long silence, during which the lean old man stared steadily, though dreamily, at his visitor.

"Well, well," said he at last. "Let's get down to business. You have looked into this patent? You've seen the thing work, eh? You've investigated the men?"

"Yes, sir," replied Miller firmly, "and I'm prepared to say that it's a good thing."

"I think so myself," said Westcott, with his elbows on the arms of his big chair and the tips of his fingers pressed together.

"I've chewed your report," said Mr. Westcott. "And I want a day or two for digestion. Amuse yourself meanwhile. You're living at my expense, you know. That's understood, and I'll stand a liberal bill."

Miller smiled and went away. In the outer office he stopped for a minute to speak with John Tower, against whom he had taken an unreasonable prejudice.

"Well, what luck?" said Tower. "I don't know," responded Miller. "I hope you gave the thing a good send-off."

"I told the truth as nearly as I could learn it," said Miller, walking away.

A chance meeting with Mrs. Wright upon the street put him in a good humor, and after a long walk with her he felt that life still held a few joys worth the trouble of striving for. He was still more convinced of this truth after an evening in the charming young woman's company, and when he was alone in his room, smoking by the open window, he asked himself a very important question, "Is it my fate to fall in love with Stella Wright?"

The next day he had many troubles. Mr. Westcott was still digesting the report. John Tower was importunate; he strove to trap Miller to more strenuous action.

"There's a big stake in this matter for you," he intimated. "This thing is going to be a gold mine. You're letting the chance of your life slip by. I had a talk with the old man this morning."

Miller interrupted him with a groan. "Don't have another," said he. "Let him alone. You don't seem to understand the man that you are dealing with."

His mind was greatly perturbed as he left the office, and he sought relief in the society of Stella Wright. Her beauty and vivacity were utterly charming.

He swore a deep vow that he would prove himself a man of power by completing the deal with Westcott, and in pursuance of this resolution he wrote a supplementary report during the evening, which contained some forgotten facts in favor of the scheme in contemplation. When he took it to the office next day he met Tower, to whom by way of encouragement he mentioned the report.

"Why do you waste time with reports?" demanded Tower. "Why don't you go and talk it into him?"

Miller's opinion was somewhat shaken, and, to be brief about it, he was led to lay the matter before Stella Wright, who strongly urged action. A rapid and exciting conversation occurred between them, and it left a very confused impression on Miller's mind, but after a long period of meditation late at night he decided that the love of his life depended upon old Samuel Westcott's decision; that Stella would marry him if he carried the day. Thus urged to action, he went down to the office next morning and had a long and earnest talk with Westcott, who in reply said only this: "I didn't know you were so desperate about it. I'll look into the matter a bit deeper, I guess."

Miller went away with fear in his heart. When he returned to the office

he found Westcott waiting for him. "I'm not an expert, and, as for my connection with a chemical company, I'm only the office cashier at twenty homes a week. I might as well be in a dry goods store for all the chemistry I see. However," he added, "I got a leave of absence for a few days and looked into this business for you as well as I could. I've got a careful written report on it."

"If this goes through," said Westcott, "and proves to be a good thing you ought to be fixed for life. I'll see that you get the stock that has been promised you, and it ought to be a nice big block. It's no small thing to get \$150,000 capital into a business proposition at a stroke of a pen."

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"I MEAN IT," ASSERTED SHE.

better humor." "If you are wise," said she, rising also, "you will never come back." He stopped short.

"Do you mean that, Nelsha?" he questioned, the words coming distinctly clear, with a touch of infinite sadness.

"I mean it," asserted she. He made a step forward.

"Will you kiss me goodby, then?" he asked.

"If I kissed you I should want to keep you, and I am very sure that it is best for you to go."

He walked through the room, out into the hall to the door. He put his hand on the knob and looked back at her. Through her face had passed to the whiteness of her gown, she made no effort to recall him. He turned the knob and went out. The door shut on him.

She started forward with a sharp cry as if she would have opened the door. Then, clasping one hand to her heart, she caught up the sash and held it close to her ear, listening.

The group at the piano, rushing joyfully in, found her standing motionless as the statue of a woman with the shawl to her ear.

"Are you still listening to the sound of the sea, Nelsha?" they asked.

"Still listening," she answered, "to the sound of the sea."

"But why," they queried, "are your eyes so sad?"

"They look on life," she answered, "and life is sad."

Why "Romeo and Juliet" is Popular. It is natural that "Romeo and Juliet" should always have been a favorite with actors. It is full of pictures; it appeals to the most popular of the emotions; its poetry is only too well fitted for recitation. There never was a actress under fifty who did not feel herself a Juliet or an actor under sixty who did not see himself as Romeo. For once Shakespeare wrote great poetry which the mob could not but love, could not but find itself at home with; Juliet is the Englishman's symbol for Helen, and Shakespeare has made her the name for virtue in love, fatal indeed to herself and to Romeo, but innocently fatal. We are far from "the couple of unfortunate lovers," of Brooke's "Tragic History of Romeo and Juliet," written first in Italian by Bandello and given in English by Ar. Br., one of Shakespeare's sources, whom Brooke lastly shows us "finally, by all means of unlovely life, hastening to most unhappy death." "The two hours' traffic of our stage" was to Shakespeare concerned with "the misadventured piteous overthrows" of "a pair of star-crossed lovers." He lays the blame on no one, not even on fate, giving us the story as it happened.

For never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

—Arthur Symonds in Harper's Magazine.

Making It Plain. "I am told, sir, that you said yesterday I ought to be placed in a lunatic asylum."

"A base slander, my dear sir, I assure you. What I did say, and I like to be exact, was that the keepers should never have allowed you to escape."

"We SHALL NEVER BE HAPPY TOGETHER," she mused. "There is something abnormal about it. The artist nature is perforce peculiar, else it would not be artist. It is almost impossible. The nature of the caricaturist is impossible. To see people and things so distorted suggests distortion in the one who sees. It is as if your mind were a twisted X ray which fantastically reveals the skeleton."

Leaning back in the armchair he had taken, he regarded her out of amused eyes.

"Go on," he insisted. "Don't spare my feelings."

He said it laughingly, but there was a cynical look about his mouth that she had got to know.

"The picture is as I shall look ten years hence," she went on. "If you are always to see me ten years older than I am, all the saints and angels protect me! Such foresight is rife for the breeding of unhappiness."

"You cross bridges before you get to them, Nelsha. You borrow trouble."

"Sometimes it is just as well. Ernest."

"Yes."

"We shall never be happy together."

"If it was the drawing of the picture, Nelsha, that was a little thing. Let me tear it up and let it be as if it had never been drawn. Will you?"

"Life is made up of little things. They are the signs that show the way the wind is blowing. No; don't tear it up. I want it for future reference, as I said. I would be reminded by it that if I should be married to you not only my face, but my every action, would be distorted thus."

"No, no?"

"Yes. And that is not all. We are too alike for happiness—both sensitive as flowers, both jealous. We quarrel now; we would quarrel then. After marriage the making up is not so sweet

as before. It grows monotonous, and then come the sleepless nights and the tears—the tears. Already with me they have commenced. The night you kissed Mabel I waked at 4 o'clock and never closed my eyes again. I lay still, half heartbroken, watching the pattern of the paper on the wall grow out of dimness and take to itself its old fantastic shape in the light of the dawn."

"Mabel is hardly seventeen. She is only a child."

"Children grow to be women, and soon. Suppose we were married and two years from now she came to our house and you kissed her again."

She tapped trembling fingers on the arm of her chair.

"I should die of it," she faltered.

"He drew up his chair nearer, and, taking the trembling fingers in his own, he caressed them."

"Somewhere or other in Grimm's fairy tales," he said, "there is just this sort of story. Isn't there a girl who goes down in the cellar and sits there weeping because some day she might marry and the storks might bring her a little child and the little child might fall down the steps to that cellar way and break its leg?"

"It is only when you love a man," she continued to muse, following up her own train of thought, "that you lose the blessed sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

"Didn't I come to you early the next morning and comfort you, Nelsha?"

"Her kiss was on your lips," she answered.

"With a shrug of his shoulders he laughed at her chair nearer, and, taking the trembling fingers in his own, he caressed them."

"You are ridiculous," he affirmed.

"Once you were mine," she resumed, "as if he had not spoken, 'I should want you to be all mine. So far as I have been able to judge, no man ever belonged solely to one woman. Therefore, since the thing is impossible, it is best to tear ourselves apart before it is too late.'"

He dropped her fingers.

"You speak very coldly of tearing ourselves apart, Nelsha," he complained.

"I am not cold, but I scent unhappiness. Living alone is a negative unhappiness. Living together would be positive."

After a time:

"Besides, I am a rover," she sighed. "Already I have stayed in this one place too long. I begin to grow restless again."

"If you put your head on my shoulder a little while wouldn't that take away your restlessness?"

"For a little while, perhaps; but it would return, and then I should have to go back again to my Mother Nature for comfort. She comforts with flowers, with dew, with soft, sweet breezes, but most of all with the sea. The moon of it, the sob, the sometime sigh; its lights—rose lights, white lights, soft mellow lights of the setting sun—drifting while you look into the silver shimmer of a crescent moon. I long for the sea."

"Nelsha, you make me sad, as sad, sitting there, as if you were alone, longing for the sea. You are not alone, my sweetheart. I am here."

She regarded him with a gaze that seemed not to see him.

"For months I have studied you," she began. "You have given me much happiness."

"Splendid!" they cried. "Oh, Nelsha, if you could only see! It is worse than ours. Those eyes!"

They laughed, conversively, one girl until she coughed.

By and by Ernest, rising, presented the picture to Nelsha, with an elaborate bow in which the slim white of his fingers grotesquely swept the floor. She looked at the sketch a moment, frowned almost imperceptibly and laid it back on the table.

Ernest reached out his hand for it.

"Shall I tear it up?" he asked.

"No," replied Nelsha. "Leave it there. I want it for future reference."

The chill of her manner fell upon the rest. They dispersed in twos and threes, some going to the music room, where they played duets and sang snatches of song; others to the little Turkish parlor glimmering through the width of open doors crimsonly distant, and the two were left alone.

"I have offended you," said Ernest, adding, "It seems to me that here lately I am always offending you."

"It is hardly my fault," she returned gently. "It is the fault of our natures; that is all. They clash."

"Sit here," he begged, pushing forward a chair, "and let us talk about it."

She sat down and idly took up the caricature. He, opposite, watched her face as she studied it.

"And this is how you see me," she mused. "There is something abnormal about it. The artist nature is perforce peculiar, else it would not be artist. It is almost impossible. The nature of the caricaturist is impossible. To see people and things so distorted suggests distortion in the one who sees. It is as if your mind were a twisted X ray which fantastically reveals the skeleton."

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"Sometimes it is just as well. Ernest."

"Yes."

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

By Zoe Anderson Norris

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NEISHA, standing at the window of the room, held a seashell to her ear. By her on an oyster table was a vase, a sea gull with wings curved curiously under for the holding of flowers. Her left hand rested on the gull.

In the rear of the room among a laughing crowd sat Ernest. He was busily engaged in drawing caricatures. A young girl drew near to Nelsha.

"Why do you hold the shell to your ear so long?" she asked.

"I am listening," she explained, "to the sound of the sea. No matter how far inland you take it, a shell like this sings of eternity. It is like the soul singing of eternity."

"Nelsha, Nelsha!" voices came calling from the other end of the room. "Come! Have your caricature drawn. Look!



"A LITTLE THIS WAY!" HE COMMANDED. Such ears, such noses, such mouths! Stand still for yours. There, Ernest, she poses. Commence."

Ernest took a fresh sheet of paper. He sharpened his pencil to a point.

"A little this way," he commanded. "Now." And he scratched it swiftly over the paper, drawing.

The others gathered around him, some kneeling by his side, others leaning over.

"Splendid!" they cried. "Oh, Nelsha, if you could only see! It is worse than ours. Those eyes!"

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