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No. 5 Mail & Express	5:06 A M

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Arlington, Or.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montolieu. Lady Grace was sitting there, too. She kissed them both.

"You bring the outer air in with you, my child," said the old French lady; "you are as fresh as a new picked rose."

"We have had a good canter across the common, dear madame—it makes one feel fresh. Did you both have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I find you have got the ponies into such order that they are as quiet as lambs. At least Evans gives you all the credit."

"He wants to see you drive them in the park," resumed Lady Grace; "he says with a new set of harness, and you in the front seat, there would not be a more elegant 'turnout' in London."

"Fancy such honor and state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half grave, half ironical.

Lady Grace took her hand and drew her toward herself.

"My dear, what ails you to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you say these things before. Has Mr. Hastings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever offend you?"

"Offend me? Lady Grace—how should he? He was far above me when we met before."

But her voice trembled, and she hurried from the room.

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know if anything ever passed between them that should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"

Madame de Montolieu hesitated.

"I should not feel justified in telling this to anyone else; but you have her interest as much at heart as I have. The summer before last, when he first came home, they met by accident. He was handsome and fascinating, and, I believe, the first man of ton and breeding she ever met with. No wonder, then; the poor romantic child fell in love with him. Somehow they met again, and he made an excuse to call at the Farm, and she was at home alone. I dare say he took a fancy to her, large-eyed, graceful child as she was, and flattered and talked to her as men of the world will. She mistook it for love—for a romantic devotion, no doubt, such as her foolish little brain had conceived might be possible between a great gentleman like the master of Hazell Court, and her own humble self. I warned her—I wanted to spare her the heartache—the misery that such a delusion might cause her; but, poor child! she was so honest, so true herself, she could not believe the man she worshiped as a hero could be capable of what she deemed baseness, and at last, by a cruel lesson—I am not at liberty to tell you how—she found that, while he was feigning love for her, he was, in truth, devoting his real attention to her cousin Flora. It was a grievous blow. Perhaps his presence brought back a bitter remembrance, and she involuntarily resented what she deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."

"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace said. "Twice to-day I saw him look at her as I should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet—you may be right, for I remember fancying there was a tinge of regret in his expression."

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Harold Erskine had never been to stay at Endon Vale since Winifred had lived there, and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—it kept the nephew whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed heavily as she laid it down. Winifred understood what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they were alone and said:

"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me."

"I do not think, my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that he fears his presence might make you uneasy."

"Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "why should you—why should he think of me? Am I not here from your kindness and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me; but he will have forgotten me now, and why should we not meet as if such a thing had never happened?"

"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and she wrote to him that very day, begging him to come.

The next day he arrived, to his aunt's great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected.

The restraint wore off, and they relapsed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.

Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Errol Hastings was at the Court he betook himself at once to see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.

"I shall most likely sleep at the Court to-night, aunt, and we will ride over together to-morrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"

"Of course, my dear," and Lord Harold rode off. The day seemed a little dull to Winifred after he had gone. She dreaded seeing Mr. Hastings again, particularly before Lord Harold; and then she wondered if her name would be mentioned between the two men, and if so, what they would say about her. Mr. Hastings had an unpleasant recollection of Mr. Clayton's remarks about Miss Eyre's flirtation with Lord Harold Erskine, and an uncomfortable sense of the latter's present golden opportunities; and Lord Harold remembered uneasily that something had been said about Hastings and Miss Eyre wandering together in the Hazell woods. By common consent, then, her name was avoided as much as possible, and the two men had plenty of other topics for conversation, until the next day. The following morning Lord Harold bethought himself of calling on the Champions, and Mr. Hastings volunteered to accompany him. They found Lord Lancing and his sister playing croquet with Flora and Reginald Champion, and on invitation joined in the game. It was curious enough that, although Flora looked handsome, and used all the arts they had once thought fascinating, both these men contrasted her unfavorably with her cousin.

The two gentlemen did not arrive at Endon Vale until it was time to dress for dinner, and only just appeared in the drawing room as the gong sounded for the second time. Sir Clayton gave his arm to the old French lady. Mr. Hastings took his hostess, and Lord Harold followed with Winifred. They sat side by side at dinner, and Errol felt as if he could scarcely take his eyes off her. She laughed and talked with Lord Harold in a low, almost caressing voice, Mr. Hastings thought; and it made his blood boil.

Errol had, of course, never heard Miss Eyre sing. When they went into the drawing room he said to her:

"I hear you sing very beautifully, Miss Eyre. Will you give me the pleasure of hearing your voice?"

"I do not think my singing would give you any pleasure," she answered, coldly. "You are, of course, accustomed to hear highly cultivated voices—mine is only a rude, untaught, country one."

He drew back, wounded to the quick.

"Do come and sing, Winifred," exclaimed Lord Harold.

Sitting down to the piano, she sang her most touching; plaintive songs, one after the other, with a pathos that went to the heart of each one who listened. She never sang more beautifully than on that night, and Errol leaned against the embrasure of the window, where his face was screened from observation, and drank in every tone of the voice, which was not only beautiful in itself, but which he loved. He never loved her before or afterward as he loved her that night, listening for the first time to the exquisite tenderness of her voice.

When Winifred finally left the piano, she passed close to the curtain, and Errol came forward. She spoke on the impulse of the moment.

"After all, my singing was not worth your thanks."

"You did not sing for me," he answered, bitterly.

Later, thinking over the events of the evening, he found it an utter impossibility to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the feelings and motives which influenced Winifred's conduct toward him. Was his presence really hateful to her?—did she bear an unrelenting anger toward him for his unworthy treatment of her long ago?—and had every vestige of the love he knew she had once borne him died out?

"Bah!" he thought, "I am a fool for my pains. Is it possible that I, who am to all intents and purposes a man of the world, should find myself eating my heart out for the love of a simple little country girl? To-morrow shall decide my future course of action, and if I see she does not care for me I will school myself to meet her with indifference."

At breakfast the following morning both Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar pressed him to stay until the next day, and he consented.

"And now," said Lady Grace, "you young people must go for a long ride this lovely morning, and I shall shut myself up with my husband and his learned folios."

Lord Harold went to order the horses. Winifred no longer rode the quiet old bay horse, but a handsome chestnut Sir Clayton had bought for her. Until the previous day Winifred had never in her life been provoking or a flirt, but of course those qualities must have been dormant somewhere in her heart, or they would scarcely have cropped up like the dragon's teeth at a moment's notice. The whole ride through she flattered and flirted with Lord Harold, and uttered little malicious, biting remarks to Mr. Hastings, with the most naive, unconscious innocence.

The ride must have been fraught with considerable enjoyment for Errol, as every turning, every fence, every heath seemed to bring to Winifred's mind some agreeable reminiscence connected with her other companion. As they were nearing the park gates, a farmer stopped Lord Harold to speak about some business, and Mr. Hastings and Winifred rode on. Errol bent down toward her presently.

"Miss Eyre, have I no hope that you will ever feel kinder toward me than you do now?"

"I have no unkind feeling toward you, Mr. Hastings."

"Then shall I say less indifferent?"

"Can one help feeling indifferent?" retorted Winifred.

He turned away, stung to the quick.

Winifred kept up the same demeanor toward the two men during the whole ride; and then at night, when she went to her room, she cried bitterly, and hated and reproached herself unreasonably.

"I do love him—I do love him!" she sobbed to herself over and over again; but the next morning she was as cold and repellent to him as ever, and would hardly wish him good-by before he mounted and rode away.

The afternoon's post bag contained two letters in the same handwriting—one for Winifred, the other for Lady Grace. The correspondent was Mrs. Clayton.

"Dear Winifred" (she wrote to the former)—"Do ask Lady Grace Farquhar to spare you to me for a week. Mr. Clayton has taken a villa on the Thames for the summer, and I am going to spend a few days there before we go to town for the season. I expect to be very dull and quiet, so that if you come to me you will be performing an actual charity."

The note to Lady Grace was couched in much the same terms: "Do spare Winifred, and persuade her to come to me. My husband and aunt have quarreled, and I am so terribly dull."

Mrs. Clayton received Winifred with open arms.

"I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed; "your companionship will make me forget half my troubles. We shall have a tete-a-tete dinner to-night. Mr. Clayton is in town."

Winifred had not been five hours in her friend's house before she was aware that Fee had made a miserable marriage; that she had bartered all her possessions for an inadequate value; and that she almost, if not quite, hated the man whose name she bore.

During the time that Winifred stayed at the Cedars, she had plenty of opportunity of observing how this ill-assorted couple lived. Francis Clayton's manner to his wife was in itself an offense, almost every word he addressed to her contained a covert sneer, and he seemed to find no greater pleasure than in thwarting her wishes and contradicting her orders.

Winifred detested him, and was systematically cold and repellent in her manner toward him. He saw it, and laughed secretly to himself.

"Little fool!" he thought, contemptuously, "she assumes these airs of virtuous indignation with huge propriety. Perhaps the simpleton thinks that I am in love with her!"

He redoubled his attentions on seeing that they annoyed her. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of Fee's singing, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."

"My dear Miss Eyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I am afraid your temper is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's example; mine has suffered already from her baneful influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them.

(To be continued.)

MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA.

They Are Many and Active, and One Is a Monster in Size.

"You may talk about your mosquitoes up here in the North," said a resident of Bayou Sara, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bayous you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture.

"There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noisome swamp bayous, and no matter which kind samples you you will wish it had been some other kind, for it will seem that no other kind could bite quite as bad as that one. There are gray mosquitoes—long, gaunt, wolfish-looking fellows—reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is one we call a gallinipper down there, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spread of wing an inch wide, and a kit in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.

"This fearfully equipped insect monster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and a suction pump. As he can bore through your boot and puncture your foot with ease and dispatch, you may well imagine how much protection clothing or gloves are against his assaults. Fortunately, though, this giant mosquito isn't poisonous. The damage he does to your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for days.

"All the remaining eight varieties are full of venom and vim to get it where it will do the greatest harm to the greatest number, but the worst of all is the smallest one of the lot. This is a gray mosquito, not more than an eighth of an inch long, but every place that he sinks his stinger in on you will instantly rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn as red as fire and pain like a hornet's sting. As the reservoir containing that insect's venom cannot possibly be larger than a fly speck, the virulence of it may be imagined.

"The experienced person never goes fishing in those mosquito-infected bayous," continued the Louisianan, according to the New York Times, "unless he has his head and face incased in netting, fixed on a light steel frame, and with thick gloves on his hands. Gloves, though, are no bar to the big gallinipper mosquito's kit of tools.

"Why does any one go fishing in those noisome places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bayous of Louisiana. Perch, bass, jackfish, as the pickerel is called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark, sluggish, root-tangled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his hook and line."

Pleasantry in Passing.

"Well, I declare," remarked the thin man, who was being uncomfortably crowded by a very stout person, "the trolley company ought to charge passengers by weight."

"Think so?" retorted the stout person. "At that rate it wouldn't be worth their while to take you on at all."—Philadelphia Press.

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.

IN THE BALANCE.

Pope's Life May End at Any Moment—Doctors Give Up.

Rome, July 10, 2 a. m.—Another day of alternate hopes and fears has passed, and Pope Leo's life still hangs in the balance. Beginning with renewed hopes, the day closed with the scales tending slowly but surely downward. How long this agonizing period of suspense will last not even the attending doctors dare to say.

No night bulletin was issued, but at 1:25 this morning it was learned from Dr. Marzoni that the condition of the pontiff had not changed since the issue of the evening bulletin at 7:30 o'clock, which announced that the patient's state was grave, at which hour Dr. Lapponi had declared his fear that there was no hope, but the end might not come during the night.

The mere fact of the consultation in itself gave rise to the gloomiest forbodings. Indeed, this was the first actual consultation, as the previous frequent meetings of the doctors were not regarded as formal consultations. Today, however, Dr. Rossini, the distinguished specialist of the Bacelli school, was called in a consultation lasting two hours, during which every phase of the patient's case was minutely gone over. The conclusions announced in the 7:30 bulletin showed that liquid is again gathering in the pleural cavity, and that the pope's general condition is very grave.

Following the issuance of this bulletin, the doctors freely expressed their personal convictions regarding the extreme gravity of the case. Dr. Lapponi said, without qualification, that the patient's condition was beyond hope. He did not expect a final collapse tonight, but rather a gradual sinking until the end came. How long the sufferer may last the doctors will not venture any prediction. Ordinary calculations, they say, fail to apply in this extraordinary case. One of them remarked today:

"Here is a man almost 100 years old retaining all his mental and most of his physical faculties, and bravely combatting the approach of death. Although the conditions change from hour to hour, the essential conditions of mental alertness and physical vigor continue unbroken. Never yet has there been the slightest lapse into incoherency."

USE MONEY TO BEAT BILL.

Chinese Tactics Against Manila Opium Measure Are Exposed.

Manila, July 11.—Representatives of the Chinese chamber of commerce and the Evangelical Union, argued for six hours today in opposing the opium bill at the public discussion of that measure on the occasion of its third reading. The Chinese advocated that there be no change in the present indiscriminate sale of opium, with additional government supervision of its importation. The Evangelical Union delegates urged the prohibition of the sale of opium by the United States commission, and expressed the most sensational conditions prevailing, alleging that the Chinese are tampering with the newspapers and raising a fund destined to be used in bringing about the defeat of the bill.

The object of the opium bill is to create an opium monopoly in the archipelago and sell it to the highest bidder. It is based on the theory that it will restrict the use of the drug to Chinese, who have used it all their lives and prevent its indiscriminate sale to Americans and Filippinos, many of whom are falling victims to the use of opium.

Sales of the drug are to be controlled by a concessionary, who may acquire the right to sell opium in the islands by bidding for the privilege every three years. There are provisions for licenses and control of the traffic.

Delay on Dredge.

Washington, July 11.—Captain Sanford, of the engineer corps, who has supervision of the work on the transport Grant, now being converted into a sea dredge for use on the Columbia river bar reports to the war department that dredging operations will not be commenced before September 15. The Mare Island navy yard is ahead of its schedule with its work, but there has been further delay on the pumps. One set of the pumping machinery is not ready for shipment, but the remainder will not be ready for several days.

Saw Fugitive Logan.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 11.—A letter received here today from L. C. Houck, an attorney of this city, from Lithia Springs, Ga., states that he saw and conversed with Harry Logan, the Montana train robber, who escaped from the Knox county jail June 27, in Atlanta last Saturday. He states further that Logan enjoined him to say nothing about the meeting until five days had elapsed. He inferred from Logan's conversation that he intended to sail.

Die From Heat.

New York, July 11.—There were six deaths from heat today in New York, six in Brooklyn, and fully 40 prostrations. It was the hottest day since July 2, 1891, when it was 99 degrees. Today it run to 94 degrees. News from all over the state indicates severe if not record breaking heat conditions. Among the temperatures reported are: Saratoga, 90; Kingston, 100; Utica, 94; Schenectady, 94; Syracuse, 96.

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

SAVE MONEY ON LIGHTNING.

New Bid for State Institutions Shows Great Reduction.

The state board of capitol building commissioners have opened bids for electric lighting for the state institutions located here—the statehouse, prison, asylum and blind school. Only one bid was presented, that of the Salem light and traction company; which holds the present contract. The proposals were for either meter or flat rate payments for all or part of the institutions, and for four or ten years, so that the terms offered are not easily stated, but members of the board say that the rates offered are about 30 per cent less than the state has been paying.

The different plans proposed will be submitted to the State engineer, C. C. Lewis, who will advise the board which plan of lighting is most advantageous to the state. The state owns a 150-horsepower water right at the penitentiary, which can be used for about half the lighting if found advisable. Under the new contract the state will save some $4000 a year.

BIG PLACER ENTERPRISE.

Rogue River Ground to Be Worked by Means of Dredging.

A gigantic placer mining enterprise is that undertaken by the Bannock Gold Dredging Company, composed of Montana and Chicago capitalists. For a consideration of $35,000 this company has bonded nearly all of the placer lands of the Lower Foots Creek country, and extending along Rogue river for a distance of several miles. Between 700 and 800 acres of placer ground have been bonded by the Bannock company. They are preparing to work the ground by dredging, and will use a machine of their own manufacture. They have had experts on the field for several months past, and a thorough prospect of the ground has been made. The gravel of the creek bed and of the bars along either side carry high values in gold.

Land Buyers in the Air.

The announcement a few days ago that the secretary of the interior has disapproved a number of "clear lists" in Oregon lieu land selections, discloses something entirely new in the land matters in Oregon. None of the state land office attaches have ever before heard of a clar list being disapproved. This unusual action on the part of the secretary of the interior is conclusive proof, if any further proof is necessary, that all Oregon land matters are to be scrutinized with utmost care. The disapproval of these clear lists occasioned no small surprise, though the action is entirely in accordance with the rules of practice in the department of the interior.

Rich Ledge Uncovered.

A new and important strike has been made in the Waldo district by Charles Wimer and William Ross, of Grant's Pass. A wide ledge, carrying values in both copper and gold has been uncovered. Samples of ore from the new find are attracting much attention. The predominating values are copper, though there is a considerable showing of gold. The main values of the find is in its extent. Outcroppings show the vein to be of great width and many hundred feet in length. It will be developed and explored. It lies on the same belt as does the copper mines of Preston Peak and Iron Mountain, California.

Coming Events.

Ninth annual regatta, Astoria, August 19-21.

Willamette Valley Chautauqua, Gladstone, July 14-26.

Eastern Oregon District Medical Association, Hot Lake, July 16.

Chautauqua, Ashland, July 15-24.

State Fair, Salem, September 14-19.

Second Southern Oregon District Fair, Eugene, September 29-October 3.

Conclave of Woodmen, Portland, July 14-20.

Clackamas County spiritualists, New Era, July 4-20.

Rain Ruins Cherry Crop.

The continued rains of last week practically ruined the cherry crop in Clackamas county. The Royal Anne variety, of which there was an abundant crop, has been rendered unmarketable. The fruit has cracked badly and is now fermenting on the trees. If the rain does not cease soon extensive damage will result to hay and grain throughout the county. With a change to favorable weather, Clackamas county will this year yet harvest one of the most bountiful crops that was ever raised.

Receipts of Lond Office.

Clerk of the State Land Board, G. G. Brown, has compiled his monthly statement of the receipts of his office during June, showing that a total of $26,271.94 had been received from the different sources, such as land sales, payments on certificates, etc., and turned over to the Treasurer. Of the total amount $18,925.01 was received as payments on certificates and cash sale of school lands.

Must Not Set Fires.

In accordance with sections 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791 and 1792 of Bellinger and Cotton's annotated code and statutes of Oregon, Governor Chamberlain has issued his annual proclamation referring to the protection of timber and other property from fire. The law provides that this proclamation shall be issued by the governor on or before the first day of July of each year.

More Insane Patients in June.

The monthly report of the superintendent of the state insane asylum for June shows an increase in the number of patients from 1302 to 1324 during the month. The per capita cost of maintenance was $10.43 per month, or 34 cents a day. The general health of the patients has been good.

WILL BUY MINE.

Clark is Satisfied With Southern Oregon Copper Ledge.

Developments at the copper mines on Joe's creek, known as the Blue ledge, are continuing under the management of Patsy Clark. It is reported upon reliable authority that the prospects obtained from the use of the diamond drill in the mine are showing up more flatteringly every day. It is now practically certain that the property will be taken by Clark under the provisions of the bond which he has obtained, and that the deal will be closed before the termination of the term for which the bond was given. Prominent mining men from all sections of the Northwest are flocking to that section, looking into the prospects around the mine. The mine bonded by Clark is not the only one in this vicinity which is making good mineral showings. The belt of copper-bearing ore reaches for miles north and south from the Blue ledge, and the bonding of the Blue ledge to Clark has given an impetus to the development of other copper prospects in this region. That that vicinity will prove to be one of the great mining centers of the Northwest is now confidently expected.

In addition to the mining interest that may be developed in that section, there are also large timber interests which await access to market by the way of railroad communication, and should the Blue ledge prove to be what Clark and his associates think and confidently expect it to be, these timber interests will be pushed along with the mining interests.

Assistant in Treasurer's Office.

State Treasurer Moore has appointed George G. Gans, Jr., to assist in his office temporarily on account of the increase of work due to the collection of the corporation taxes. Mr. Gans was formerly a clerk in the land department. The last legislature made an additional appropriation for clerical assistance in the treasury department because of work incident to the collection of the inheritance and corporation taxes and a permanent appointment under this authority will be made later.

Packing Marion County Cherries.

The Salem fruit cannery is having a very satisfactory run on cherries, and manager Holcomb says that the total pack of this fruit will amount to about 8000 cases. Early soft cherries were not of first-class quality, owing to an overabundance of water in them, but they will keep well. The cherry crop as a whole has been of fair quality and the quantity as large as was expected. The cannery employs an average of about 150 persons a day.

Yamhill Will Raise Fine Stock.

The H. C. Evans farm of 635 acres, near McMinnville, was sold last week to Captain Foster, of Portland, for $18,000. This has been considered one of the best grain farms in Yamhill county. Captain Foster will seed the farm to clover and grass, and is now stocking the farm with high-grade stock. Many of the large farms of Yamhill are now being changed into stock and dairy farms.

Gain in Eugene Postal Receipts.

Postmaster J. L. Page, in footing up the business of the Eugene office for the month of June, finds that the postal receipts at this office for that month have amounted to $1,242.59, or a gain of $466.49 over the corresponding month last year. As an indication of the improvement in business the report is highly gratifying.

Shut Down for Summer.

With few exceptions all of the logging camps in the Lower Columbia river district have closed down for a month or six weeks. The logging companies agreed to do this so that the surplus of logs might become exhausted and the prices maintained.

Selecting Wool For Exhibition.

Hon. Henry Blackman, representative of Oregon for the Lewis and Clark Centennial and the St. Louis exposition, was in Ontario last week securing samples of Malheur and Harney county wool to be placed on exhibition at the St. Louis fair.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70@74c; valley, 77c.

Barley—Feed, $20.00 per ton; brewing, $21.

Flour—Best grades, $3.95 @ 4.30; graham, $3.45@3.85.

Millstuffs—Bran, $23 per ton; middlings, $27; shorts, $23; chop, $18.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.10 @ 1.15; gray, $1.05 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, $20@21; clover, nominal; cheat, $15@16 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50@65c per sack; ordinary, 35@45c per cental, growers' prices; Merced sweets, $3@3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10@11c; young, 13@14c; hens, 12c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; dressed, 20@22c; ducks, $7.00@7.50 per dozen; geese, $6.00@6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 15½@16c; Young America, 15@15½c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20@22½c per pound; extras, 22c; dairy, 20@22½c; store, 16c@18.

Eggs—17@20c per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18@20c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 12½@17c; Eastern Oregon, 8@14c; mohair, 35@37½c.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3½@4c, per pound; steers, 5@5½c dressed, 8½c.

Veal—7½@8c.

Mutton—Gross, $3.50 per pound; dressed, 6@6½c.

Lambs—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7½c.

Hogs—Gross, 6@6½c per pound; dressed, 7@8c.