The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1901. NO. 4.

...GO TO THE...

Keystone Shaving Parlors

WM. BILYEU, Prop.

Only First-Class Shop in the City

Shaving	15 cents
Hair Cutting	25 "
Shampooing	15 "
Baths	25 "

All work guaranteed first-class.

DR. J. W. VOGEL

Specialist for Refraction and Defects of the Eye.

PORTLAND, OR.

Will make regular trips to Scio. Watch local column for date of visits.

Commercial House

J. BEARD, Prop.

Newly Furnished and Refitted Throughout

Our tables are supplied with the best the markets afford.

South of Bridge. SCIO, OREGON

J. J. BARNES & SON

General Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers....

We buy our stock in large quantities and keep a full line of carriage and wagon material. All kinds of work in our line done on short notice.

...Horseshoeing a Specialty...

Shop Opposite Livery Stable SCIO, OR.

BANK .. OF .. SCIO

CAPITAL, $20,000.

OFFICERS:

President ..... J. W. Gaines
Vice-President ..... W. A. Ewing
Cashier ..... R. Shelton

Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates and drafts issued on principal cities

A. W. HAGEY

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry repaired promptly.

SCIO - - OREGON.

Corvallis & Eastern R.R.

TIME CARD.

No. 2, for Yaquina:—
Train leaves Albany ..... 12:00 P. M.
" " Corvallis ..... 1:50 P. M.
" arrives Yaquina ..... 6:45 P. M.

No. 1, returning:—
Leaves Yaquina ..... 6:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11:30 A. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 12:15 P. M.

No. 3, for Detroit:—
Leaves Albany ..... 7:00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit ..... 12:15 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:—
Leaves Detroit ..... 12:45 P. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 5:40 P. M.

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train for Portland.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. West Side train at Corvallis Crossing for Independence, McMinnville and all points north to Portland.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.
J. TURNER, Agent, Albany.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Shasta Route

Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10:45 a. m. Leave for Albany at 3:05 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany 12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:33 a. m., 11:33 a. m.
" Sacramento 5 p. m., 4:35 a. m.
" San Francisco 7:45 p. m., 8:15 a. m.
" Ogden 5:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
" Denver 9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City 7:25 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Chicago 7:43 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1:20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso 6 p. m., 6 p. m.
" Fort Worth 6:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
" City of Mexico 9:55 a. m., 9:55 a. m.
" Houston 4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans 6:25 p. m., 6:25 a. m.
" Washington 6:42 a. m., 6:42 a. m.
" New York 12:46 p. m., 12:46 p. m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

Connecting at San Francisco with several lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mrs. M. E. Woodmansee, agent at West Scio Station, or address

C. H. MARKHAM,
Asst. Gen. Pgt. & Pass. Agt.
Portland, Or.

A THANKSGIVING PLAINT

Another year has slipped away
Into the dim beyond,
And once again Thanksgiving day
Is here, with memories fond;
What dinners at my call have I!
What headaches in their wake!

But, ah! I long for pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.
Now will the lordly turkey fall
To grace the festal board,
And in the gilded banquet hall,
Where sparkling wine is poured,
I may, with boon companions nigh,
Thanksgiving dinner take—
But there I'll find no pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.

What boots it that the city's best
Is waiting at my hand?
That I, forsooth, may be the guest
At dinners swell and grand?

Alas! no epicure am I—
The whole thing I would shake
To get one piece of pumpkin pie
Like mother used to make.

Not Dives' feast could tempt me now
This bleak Thanksgiving day,
I'll dine alone, with thoughts of how
The years have passed away
Since first I watched with eager eye
To see her fix and bake
That matchless, peerless pumpkin pie
My mother used to make.

—Chicago Post.

A Tramp's Thanksgiving.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

THANKSGIVING cheer was in the air; it spoke in the crisp activity of the village butcher, grocer and baker, in the appetizing odors of home kitchens, in the eager faces of school children, elated and excited over "no studies for the rest of the week!"

Hobo Bill, gentleman of leisure, came down the winding country road with an eagle eye for the occasion. His rollicking glance took in the pretty town calculatingly, and settled upon its most pretentious mansion with conviction and hope.

"Day before Thanksgiving," he soliloquized. "Most likely to have the fullest pantry in the biggest house. Here goes!"

Bill observed a path cutting across a yard. It was somewhat overgrown, but he kept on, to come not to a gate, but a solid board fence. He clambered to its top, to be halted by a sharp mandate:

"Hey! get down there!"

Bill, astride the fence, confronted a fine-looking but angry-eyed old gentleman.

"All right," he said.

"And stay down!"

"Yes, sir."

"What you after, anyway?"

"Well, sir," answered Bill, "I was aiming for your kitchen and grub."

"Don't bother me!" gruffly growled the other. "Try the house there. They raise tramps there."

Bill took this auspiciously, viewing a neat cottage near at hand. The same blockaded path ran to the rear door.

"Wonder what kind of a raise I kin expect?" murmured Bill. "Hard-hearted old nob, that! Ah! there's the lady. She's all right! I'll tackle her."

Bill affected his most prim demeanor, approaching a sweet-faced, motherly woman.

"Lady," he said, "might I intrude so far as to inquire if there was any chance of getting a bite to eat——"

"Certainly; come in, sir."

"Hey?"

Bill stared. With a welcome smile the lady opened the door and graciously waved him to a chair. Bill doffed his hat, and hid his ragged shoes and gave his wiry hair a smoothing toss.

She folded a snowy tablecloth over one end of the table. She set out a delicate china plate, a silver fork and a napkin.

"Ginger!" gasped Bill, "when I tell this to the gang, they'll say I dreamed it!"

And then the gentleman in Bill came to the surface. He could see, through an open doorway, the pantry, and what it held, one piece of pie, one piece of cake.

"All she's got, and she's getting it for me!" breathed the spying Bill. "Mebbe her to-morrow's feast. Nixy!" aspirated Bill, his heart swelling up, and he felt more of a man than ever.

"Lady," he said, as she set the food before him—and he was as solemn as an owl—"the last thing my doctor says to me afore I took this here tower for me healt', was to avoid rich vittals. I'm obliged, but——"

"There's plain bread and butter, sir, then?" suggested Mrs. Daintry, with an amused smile.

"I've—I've got a toothache! Thankee, ma'am, but I've mistook my capacity, and——"

Bill bolted. The widow stood looking curiously after him till his tattered figure disappeared beyond the fence.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she murmured sadly, "my boy is like that to-day!"

At 9 o'clock that night Mrs. Daintry heard a noise at the rear of the house. She went to the kitchen door. A man was prying up the pantry window. It was her tramp visitor of the afternoon.

"Have you come to rob?" exclaimed she.

"No, ma'am, I have not!" promptly responded Hobo Bill. "I came to bring you a present—for your kindness to me this p. m. I saw you had no turkey for Thanksgiving, ma'am, so I've brought you one."

And, sure enough, Hobo Bill swung his left hand around, holding as plump a fowl as ever graced a king's larder.

Mrs. Daintry was speechless. This was more singular than the man's behavior of the afternoon.

"I was trying to sneak it into yer pantry as a surprise, ma'am," suggested Bill, persuasively.

"But I cannot accept it!" declared the widow; "that is, without paying for it, and I have not the money to do that."

"Madam," said Bill, with dignity; "this is a gift."

"But how did you, a poor man, get it?"

"Worked for it, marm," lied Bill, unblushingly; "cut two cords of wood for a farmer. Had no money; paid me in turks. Four of 'em. Gave the rest away. This is the last. There you are! Good evening, marm."

Hobo Bill flashed away like a spirit, leaving the astonished widow lost in more consternation and bewilderment than ever.

Mrs. Daintry thought a good deal over her strange gift Thanksgiving morning. She finally concluded she had better cook the turkey, hoping her erratic benefactor would be along during the day to partake of it.

She tried to be cheerful and thankful—but many a tear fell by the time the turkey was cooked.

There came a tap at the rear door about 1 o'clock. The cook from the big house stood on the step.

"Oh, Mrs. Daintry, excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but could you loan me a little cinnamon. They've run out, and——"

She stared at the handsomely browned fowl, done to a turn, for she knew the widow's hard-scraping experience of the last year or two.

"Certainly," assented Mrs. Daintry, always accommodating, although she had no reason to favor the big house, or any of its inmates.

"What a nice turkey you've got," pursued the cook. "We have none to-day."

"Indeed?" observed Mrs. Daintry, in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am—it was stolen."

"Stolen!" echoed the widow, with a start.

And then she guessed all, as the cook went on to tell how the discovery of the theft had come too late that morning to admit of securing another fowl.

Mrs. Daintry acted a just and honest part—she insisted that the cook transfer the roasted fowl to the table of the big house.

Then she sat down to her humble meal, smiling, despite herself, at the qualat happenings of this queer Thanksgiving day.

There came a knock at the door about two hours later—the front door this time.

Mrs. Daintry drew back with a tremor as she answered the summons; her visitor was the iron-gray, stern-souled old owner of the great house adjoining.

"Eunice," he said, extending his hand, "I want you to come home with me."

"Brother!" panted the widow.

"Yes, Eunice, haven't we had enough of animosities for the past two years, you and I?"

"Edward, I have cherished none."

"Then, my ridiculous temper is to blame," said Mr. Aylmer in a rapid, shamefaced way. "When I heard the story of that turkey—when I once more sat down to a meal reminded of the old days—ah, sister! you were always the cook of cooks!" he said, trying to pass off a really serious occasion with a smile. "I say, let it all end! I've been thinking it over. I was in the wrong; I was too harsh to you. Your boy misbehaved, and I chided. You clung to him, and I put up that fence, and shut you out of sight and heart, and—forgive me, Eunice! Come over to the old home, and give it a rightful mistress!"

"And if Wilbur should ever return——"

"Repentant? Reformed? I'll go back on my word and try him once more," promised the old squire, but with a wince.

"'Scuse both—but here's where I had better come in!" spoke the voice of Hobo Bill.

Both turned. The door had been left open. There stood the cause of this strange reunion.

"Who is this?" demanded the squire, brusquely.

"Well, gent," answered the tramp. "I'm the feller wot stole yer turk—to give it to a more worthy cause, see? It's come out all right, so I takes back me first bad opinion of you, but lemme say something. I came down here, squire, and you, lady, as a spy on the promised land."

"What's he talking about?" muttered the squire.

"The best pal I ever had, squire, is a pard lying sick in the hospital in the city, longing fer home—and mother!"

Mrs. Daintry clasped her hands, and uttered a quick moan.

"It is my son—my Wilbur!" she breathed.

"Yes, ma'am; that's right," nodded Hobo Bill. "Squire, the boy's not my sort. He ran wild, but now he's eatin' the huskiest sort of husks! He's brave, he's true to a friend, he's got over drinking. I came, spying the land for him. Squire, what do you say?"

"Brother!"

"Yes, let him come back," said the squire in a broken tone.

Hobo Bill asked a chance to work out the good dinner they gave him—the squire set him at knocking down the fence that had been a barrier between brother and sister for two years.

The next morning Hobo Bill proudly left, supplied with money to send back the prodigal son from the city.

"And when he comes," murmured the fond, longing mother, "we'll keep a second Thanksgiving day!"

A Proclamation.

Know all men by these presents that
We turkeys do protest
Against an annual outrage which
Brings sorrow to the nest.

We think it most becoming for
A nation to give thanks,
But we object in firm tones when
It cuts into our ranks.

Think of the widowed ones, and think
Of orphans in the flock,
Who must this year with sadness view
The cruel chopping block.

So now, good people, we request,
Our pleadings may be heard,
And if you must give thanks and feast
Please kill some other bird.

A Thanksgiving Cinch.

She (after "yes" has been said)—What did you wish when you pulled the wishbone with me?

He—I wished that you would accept me. And you?

She—Oh, I wished that you would propose.—New York World.

The Day After.

Mr. Gobbler—Are you the fellow that had my wife for dinner yesterday?—Truth.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WOODS.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which Is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Two plague deaths are reported from Odessa.

Bolomen tried to rush an American force in Samar.

Oregon wins 232 prizes at Pan-American Exposition.

Many accidents in the United Kingdom were due to fog.

An Aberdeen editor attacked the character of Judge Irwin.

Scouts fought engagements with rebels in Southern Luzon.

Oil prospects are good in Idaho and in Malheur County, Oregon.

The demand for raw material from abroad shows a steady increase.

Japanese and Russians are assuming closer commercial relations.

A Mississippi moonshiner killed two deputies and burned their remains.

A native priest, convicted of murder, has been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment.

An alleged conspiracy to proclaim a republic at Dawson is reported from Skagway.

E. F. Lowenthal, of New York, robbed of $10,000 in diamonds in Portland Hotel.

WHY LIPTON SUCCEEDS.

My receipt for prosperity, in such a concern as mine, is at the disposal of all. Here it is: "Work hard, deal honestly, be enterprising, exercise careful judgment, advertise freely but judiciously." Sir Thomas Lipton, in Saturday Evening Post.

The transport Hancock is ashore in Japanese waters.

More shipwrecks are reported on the English coast.

A mounted force of Cape Dutch surrendered to the Boers.

Twenty persons were killed by the earthquakes in Erzroum.

The President's Thanksgiving proclamation was cabled to Manila.

Merit and not political influence will be recognized in army promotions.

Ways and means committeemen are divided on the subject of reducing war taxes.

Aguinaldo declines the offer of an American lawyer to work for his release.

State of Oregon will make a survey of arid lands in eastern part of state.

Insane man killed an officer at Cosmopolis, Wash., shot a friend, and was seriously wounded himself.

Tom Considine broke down while testifying in behalf of his brother, on trial for murder at Seattle.

Fire in Boston destroyed property valued at $100,000.

The secretary of the interior has created a bureau of forestry.

President Roosevelt has pledged the Lewis and Clark Centennnial his hearty support.

Fire destroyed every mercantile and several fine houses in Pucwash, N. S. Loss, $50,000.

Latest advices from Miss Stone's place of confinement state that her imprisonment is affecting her reason.

Burglars blew open the safe of the bank of Chatham, Ill., and secured $1,500. The burglars escaped on a handcar.

Three persons were killed and 25 others injured in a mining accident at Stassure, Prussia. Thirteen are still entombed.

The owners of the petroleum works in Gallicia, Austro-Hungary, have decided to form a trust to end the reckless competition.

A flow of oil has been struck in a well at Debeque, Colo., at a depth of 200 feet. A gushing oil field is expected to be developed.

King Edward has decided to have the celebrated Koh-I-Noor diamond mounted in the crown of Queen Alexandra for the coronation.

The presidente of Tacloban, Leyte, has been arrested for treason.

Count von Hatzfeldt, German ambassador to England has retired.

Wind, rain and snow are playing havoc with the shipping of the British isles.

Stage Hugging.

Miss Julia Marlowe, writing in the Dramatic Number of Collier's Weekly, says that she was once asked if an actress did not sacrifice her finer nature by permitting "stage embraces." In reply she declares with some spirit: "Such a question demands the application of only a fair degree of common sense to ensure a negative answer."

The leading sugar refining company is now turning out 25,000 barrels of sugar per day.

A cast bronze statue, weighing 110 tons, is one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg, Russia.

Here is a simple method of making half a ton of coal go as far as fifteen hundredweight. The plan is to place a quantity of chalk in the grates. Once heated, this is practically inexhaustible from combustion, and gives out great heat.

CRIME OF A MOONSHINER.

Killed Two Officers and Cremated Their Bodies—A Posse In Pursuit.

Oxford, Miss., Nov. 19.—John A. Montgomery, Deputy United States Marshal of this city, and Deputy United States Marshal Hugh Montgomery, of Pontoloc, left here last night for the purpose of arresting Will Mathis, an alleged counterfeiter and moonshiner, who lived 12 miles east of this place. Early today, Hugh Montgomery's horse was found standing at the gate of Curdy Hall, a neighbor of Mathis, and Mathis' house had been burned to the ground. Upon further investigation two partially burned bodies were found in the ashes of the burned building, which have been identified as the remains of the Deputy Marshals. John A. Montgomery's horse has not been found, and it is supposed that Mathis made his escape on this horse after the men had been killed and the house set on fire. Mathis' wife was at her father's a few miles from her burned home, and she says she and her husband left home yesterday, her husband leaving the country.

Mathis was indicted last Summer for making and passing counterfeit money and was out on a $2000 bond. The principal witness against him was a negro living in the same neighborhood. About a month ago the negro was assassinated. The two Montgomerys went to arrest Mathis for making illicit whiskey, and it is supposed that they were prevailed upon to remain for the night, and were shot while guarding their prisoners. A posse of 30 or 40 of the leading citizens of Oxford went to the scene today and every effort will be made to capture Mathis.

CAUSED BY DENSE FOG.

Many Accidents and Fatalities in the United Kingdom—France Has A Share.

London, Nov. 19.—Saturday's fog which was general throughout the United Kingdom, was responsible for many accidents and fatalities. The driver of a London omnibus was found dead in his box, while the vehicle was still running. He was a victim of cold fog.

Several collisions occurred in the Mersey. The Dominion liner Roman, from Portland, November 9, ran down and sank the British steamer Sapphire, of the Dundee Gen Line. There was no loss of life.

A Norwegian brigantine has been seen drifting helplessly off Hull, and it is feared that several persons have been drowned.

Paris, Nov. 19.—During the greater part of today, Paris and its suburbs were shrouded in a dense fog, which seriously interfered with railway transportation and vehicular traffic, and caused a number of minor accidents. The fog was so thick along the Seine that the steamboats were compelled to suspend service.

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY.

A New York Merchant Was Robbed of $10,000 Worth at the Portland Hotel.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 18.—Diamonds valued at $10,000 and about $90 in money were stolen last night from a room in the Portland Hotel, occupied by A. F. Lowenthal, of New York City, and the audacious thief managed to escape with his booty and get safely away.

Mr. Lowenthal is a dealer in precious stones, and he is at present on the Pacific Coast on a business trip. Last Saturday night he arrived at the Portland Hotel, and was assigned to a room on the ground floor facing Yamhill street, being the third window from the northeast corner of Seventh and Yamhill streets. His traveling trunk, containing the greater part of his diamonds he used in trade, and a portion of his money, was placed in his room. There are two keys to this room, one used by the guest and placed in the office when it is not in use, and the other usually in charge of the janitor in charge of all the rooms on that corridor.

Buried Under Red Hot Slag.

Homestead, Nov. 18.—One man was killed and two seriously burned as the result of a party of workmen being buried under a mass of molten slag at the Howard Axle Works today. The accident occurred on the cinder dump back of the company's plant. The victims were engaged in collecting scrap when a party of workmen at the top of the dump, about 20 feet above, dumped their car over the edge, not knowing that the men were directly beneath them. The car contained about eight tons of slag, a greater part of which was red-hot, and much of it in a molten state.

Mexico Importing Wheat.

City of Mexico, Nov. 19.—From all parts of the Western United States, wheat is being sent into Mexico in amounts never before equalled. It is estimated by buyers and railroad men in this city that by the end of December more than 1500 cars will have been delivered into the republic. And even this great amount will not end the importation, so long as the duty is waived and there is the slightest lack of corn. Both buyers and transportation men believe that the importation will continue until the term for the removal of the tariff expires.

Bad Food in French Army.

Paris, Nov. 18.—La Liberte today asserted that 2,000,000 francs worth of deteriorated American tinned foods have been discovered among the military stores at Verdun. General Andre, the Minister of War, has consequently ordered all tinned foods among the army stores, whether French or American, to be sold, on the ground that it would be better to have no stores at all than to depend upon canned provisions which would be found to be bad at the outbreak of war.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

Material is being hauled for a new saw mill near Oregon City.

Gold worth 50 cents was taken from the craw of a duck raised at Scotts Mills.

Thieves broke into a Eugene store and stole a number of small articles of little value.

A receiver has been appointed for the Columbia Logging Company, near St. Helens.

Superintendent Brown, of the Falls River fish hatchery, says the outlook there is very favorable.

Practically all the hops about Dallas have been shipped. Prices were from 8½ to 10 cents per pound.

Senator Mitchell has announced that he will endeavor to have a new federal court district established in Eastern Oregon.

Roseburg's city council has let the contract of grading and surfacing with crushed rock about 10 blocks of the principal streets.

Thirty dwelling houses have been built in Dallas since January 1. Every dwelling and business house in the town is occupied.

Nine carloads of wool left Harrisburg the other day for the East. The shipment weighs 103,000 pounds and is one of the largest individual sales ever made in that valley.

The Indian war veterans of Lane county met at the court house in Albany and began arrangements toward securing legislation by the next congress granting pensions to all veterans entitled to them.

The fall run of silverside salmon in Rogue river is greater than for 10 years.

W. T. Grier has sold his fruit farm of 10 acres, two miles from La Grande, for $3,000.

The Hodson farm of 225 acres, three miles southeast of Salem, has been sold for $6,500.

About 75 men of the coast artillery will complete their terms at Fort Stevens next month and will receive their discharges.

A mysterious burglar got away with a large amount of goods from Pendleton cigar store and left all fastenings undisturbed.

A receiver will be asked for the Baisley-Elkhorn mine at Baker City, so that it may be worked and made to pay up its indebtedness.

A movement is under way to organize a company composed wholly of Astoria business men to operate a freight steamer between that city and Portland, in consequence of excessive freight charges by the transportation lines.

A syndicate, of which the principal is a millionaire lumberman of Minneapolis, is about to acquire the immense lumber, railroad and sawmill holdings of the Siskiyou Lumber & Mercantile Company, including the McCloud River Railroad, for a sum reported to be $3,000,000.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, nominal, 55@55½c; bluestem, 56c; Valley, 55@55½c.

Flour—Best grades, $2.65@3.50 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—Nominal 90@$1.00 pr cental.

Barley—Feed, $15@15.50; brewing, $16.00 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $17@18; middling, $20@21; shorts, 19@20; chop, $16.

Hay—Timothy, $11@13; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 14@15c per pound.

Eggs—Storage, 20c; fresh, 23@24c, Eastern 20@21.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12½@13c; Young America, 13½@14c.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.50@3.00; hens, $4.00; dressed, 10@11c per pound springs, $2.50@3.00, per dozen; ducks, $3 for old $3.00@4.00 for young; geese, $6@7 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c; dressed, 8@10c per pound.

Mutton—Lambs, 3½c gross; dressed 6@6½c per pound; sheep, $3.25 gross; dressed, 6c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, $6@6.25; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Veal—Small, 8@8½c; large, 7@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $3.50@4.00; cows and heifers, $3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 5½@6½c per pound.

Hops—8@10½c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@13½c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—65@85 per sack.

The assessed valuation of Idaho has increased $4,649,580 in a single year, and the total now is $52,195,486.

Thirty-two additional warehouses are to be provided in New York for the storage of 500,000 to 600,000 bags of coffee.

The total number of experiments on living animals in the United Kingdom in 1900 was 10,839, 2370 more than in the previous year. It is stated that but few of these experiments were in any serious degree painful.