

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

The hands of his watch were pointing to 8 o'clock the following morning when Tom made his way through the throng in the Grand Central station and found a cab. The sailing hour of the Baltic was 10, and he picked his cabman accordingly.

"I shall wait for you a couple of hours, and if you don't show up, I'll go to the office, 271 Broadway, first," was his slip for the driver; and he was speedily rattling away to the down-town address.

The taking of the cab was his first mistake, and he discovered it before he had gone very far. Time was precious, and the horse, pushed to the police limit, was too slow. Tom signaled his Irishman.

"Get me over to the Elevated, and then go to Madison Square and wait for me," he ordered; and by this change of conveyance he obtained his mail and a copy of the *Financial Review* from the newsstand at the hotel.

From that on, luck was with him. The Farleys, father and son, were in the lobby of the hotel, waiting for the others to come down to the cafe breakfast. Tom saw them, confronted them, and went at things very concisely.

"I have come all the way from Boston to ask for a few minutes of your time, Mr. Farley," he said to the president. "Will you give me a moment?"

"Surely!" was the genial reply, and the promoter aligned his son and drew apart with the impertinent one.

"Well, go on, my boy; what can I do for you at this hour of the morning?"

"Some message from your good father?"

"No," said Tom, shortly; "it's from me, individually. You know in what shape you have left things at home; they've got to be done on their feet before you go aboard the Baltic."

"What's this—what's this? Why, my dear young man! what can you possibly mean?"—this in bitter tones of the gentlest expostulation.

"I mean just about what I say. You have smashed Chlawasse Consolidated, and now you are going off to leave my father to hold the bag. Or, rather, I should say, you are taking the bag with you."

"Why, Thomas—you must be losing your mind! You've—you've been studying too hard; that's it—the term work up there in Boston has been too much for you."

"Cut it out, Mr. Farley," said Tom, savagely, all the Gordon fighting blood stinging in his veins. "You've got a thing to do, and it is going to be done before you leave America. Will you talk straight business, or not?"

"And if I decline to discuss business matters with a rude school-boy?" he intimated mildly.

"Then it will be rather the worse for you," was the defiant rejoinder. "Acting for my father and the minority stockholders, I shall try to have you and your son held in America, pending an expert examination of the company's affairs."

"It was a long shot, with a thousand chances of missing. If there was anything criminal in the Farley administration, the evidences were doubtless well buried. But Tom was looking deep into the filthy blue eyes of his antagonist when he fired, and he saw that he had not wholly missed. None the less, the president attempted to carry it off lightly.

"What do you think of this, Vincent?" he said, turning to his son.

"Here is Tom Gordon—our Tom—talking wildly about investigations and arrests, and I don't know what all. Shall we give him his breakfast and send him back to school?"

Tom cut in quickly before Vincent could make a reply.

"If you're sparing to gain time, it's no use, Mr. Farley. I mean what I say, and I'm dead in earnest." Then he tried another long shot: "Tell me, now, what's the thing cocked and primed ever since we found out what you and Vincent meant to do. You must turn over the control of Chlawasse Consolidated, legally and formally, to my father before you go aboard the Baltic, or—you don't go aboard!"

"Let me understand," said the treasurer, cutting in. "Are you accusing us of crime?"

"You will find out what the accusation is later," said Tom, taking yet another cartridge from the long-range box. "What I want now is a plain, straightforward yes or no, if either of you is capable of saying it."

The president took his son aside.

"Do you suppose Dickyman has been talking too much?" he asked, hurriedly. Vincent shook his head.

"You can't tell. It looks a little rocky. Of course, we had a right to do as we pleased with our own property; but we don't want to have an unfriendly construction put on things."

"But they can't do anything!" protested the president. "I'd be perfectly willing to turn over my private papers, if they were asked for."

"Yes, of course. But they were asked for in connection with the construction. There is that connection, for example, for example, we had a right to investigate things so we'd have to close down, and it might not transpire that we made money by doing it. But, on the other hand, it might leak out, and there'd be no end of a row. Then there's another thing: there is somebody behind this who is bigger than the old soldier or this young football tough. It's too nicely timed."

"But you wouldn't turn the property over to Gordon, would you?"

The younger man's smile was a mere contortion of the lips. "It's a sucked orange," he said. "Let the old man have it. He may work a miracle of some sort and pull out alive. I should call it a miracle, but I never saw one. If he wins out, so much the better for all concerned. If he doesn't, why, we left the property entirely in his hands, and he smashed it. Don't you see the beauty of it?"

will go through the formalities. Are you satisfied?"

"I shall be a lot better satisfied after the fact," said Tom, bluntly; and he turned away to avoid meeting Major Dabney and the ladies, who were coming from the elevator to join the two early risers. He had seen next to nothing of Arden during the three Boston years, and would willingly have seen more. But the new manhood was warning him that time was short, and that he must not mix business with sentiment. So Arden saw nothing but his back, which, curiously enough, she failed to recognize.

Picking up his cab at the curb, Tom had himself driven quickly to the office of the corporation lawyer whose name he had obtained from a brief on the day before, and with whom he had made a wire appointment before leaving Boston. The attorney was waiting for him, and Tom stated the case succinctly, adding a brief of the interview which had just taken place at the hotel.

"You say you agreed to your proposal?" observed the lawyer. "Did Mr. Farley indicate the method?"

"Have you a copy of the by-laws of your company?"

Tom produced the packet of papers received that morning from his father, and the lawyer scanned the required pamphlet to Mr. Crosswell.

"It's—hal—the usual form. A stockholder's meeting, with a resolution, would be the simplest way out of it; that can't be held without the published call. You say your father is a stockholder?"

"He has four hundred and three of the original one thousand shares. I hold his proxy."

The conference in Room 327, Fifth Avenue Hotel, held while the cardinals were waiting to take the steamer party to the pier, was brief and businesslike. Something to Tom's surprise, Major Dabney was present, and a little later he earned, with a shock of resentment, that the Major was also a minority stockholder in the moribund Chlawasse Consolidated. The master of Deer Trace was as gracious to Caleb Gordon's son as only a Dabney knew how to be.

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, my dear boy, than this plan of having you father in command at Gordonia," he beamed, shaking Tom's hand enthusiastically. "I'll have us all made millionaires when we get back home again; I do, for a fact, sub."

Tom smiled and shook his head.

"It looks pretty black, just now, Major. I'm afraid we're in for rough weather."

The leave-takings were brief, and somewhat constrained, save those of the general Major. Tom pleaded business, further business with his attorney, when the Major would have had him wait to tell the ladies good-by; hence he saw no more of the tourists after the conference broke up.

Not to lose time, Tom took a noon train for Boston, first wiring his father to try and keep things in order at Gordonia for another week at all hazards. Winning back to the technical school, he plunged once more into the examination which, doing his best to forget Chlawasse Consolidated and its mortal sickness for the time being, and succeeding so well that he passed with colors flying.

By the school task done, he turned down the old leaf, pasting it firmly in place. Telegraphing his father to meet him, on the morning of the third day following, at the station in South Treadwell, he allowed himself a few hours for a run up the North Shore and a conference with the Michigan Iron King; after which he turned his face southward and was soon speeding to the wooden flag frames and bottom boards; and in the pouring space from one of the cupolas they built a rough-and-ready platform out of the same materials.

As the numbers increased the men fell into groups, dividing first on color-line, and then by trades, with the white miners in the majority and doing most of the talking.

"What's all this bustle about young Tom?" queried one of the men in the miners' caucus. "Mightn't sht every other word with old Caleb was, 'Tom, my son, Tom.' Why, I recollect when he wasn't no more'n knee-high to a hop-along."

"Well, you bet your life he's a heap higher'n that now," said another, who had changed to be at the station when the Gordons, father and son, left the train together. "He's a half a head taller than the old man, an' built like one o' Major Dabney's thoroughbreds. But I reckon he ain't nothin' but a school-boy, for all o' that."

"Gee-r-r!" spat a third. "We've had one kid too many in this outfit, all along."

"Yes, chimed in a fourth, a "buckle-berry" miner from the Bald Mountain district. "I don't believe the old man knows himself. He fit around and fit around, but he never said a word nuthin' more'n that there was 'goin' to be a meetin' here at 2 o'clock, and Tom—his son Tom—was 'goin' to speak to it."

Tom and his father entered the building from the cupola side, and Tom mounted the flag-built platform while the men were scattering to find seats. He made a goodly figure of young manhood, standing at ease on the pile of frames until quiet should prevail, and the glances flung up from the throng of workmen were friendly rather than critical. When the time came, he began to speak quietly, but with a certain masterful quality. In his voice that unmistakably constrained attention.

"I suppose you have all been told why the works are shut down—why

you are out of a job in the middle of summer; and I understand you are not fully satisfied with the reason that was given—hard times. You have been saying among yourselves that if the president and the treasurer could go off on a holiday trip to Europe, the situation couldn't be so very desperate. Isn't that so?"

"That's so; you've hit it in the head first crack out o' the box," was the swift reply from a score of the men.

"Good; then we'll settle that point before we go any further. I want to tell you, gentlemen, the hard times are here, sure enough. We are all hoping that they won't last very long; but the fact remains that the wheels have stopped. Let me tell you: I've just come down from the city, and the streets of the cities up there are full of idle men. All the way down here I didn't see a single iron-furnace in blast, and those of you who have been over to South Treadwell know what the conditions are there. Mr. Farley has gone to Europe because he believes there is nothing to be done here, and the facts are on his side. For anybody with money enough to live on, this is a mighty good time to take a vacation."

There was a murmur of protest, voicing itself generally in a denial of the possibility for men who wrought with their hands and ate in the sweat of their brows.

"I know that," was Tom's rejoinder. "Some of us can't afford to take a lay-off; I can't, for one. And that's why we are here this afternoon. Chlawasse can be here in again, and we can't hang on if we've all got nerve enough to hang on. If we start up and go on making pig, it'll be on a dead market and we'll have to sell it at a loss or stack it in the yards. We can do the first, and I needn't tell you that it is going to take a mighty long purse to do the stacking. It will be all outgo and no income. If—"

"Spit it out," called Ludlow, from the front of the miners' division. "I reckon we all know what's comin'."

"It's a case of half a loaf or no bread. If Chlawasse blows in again, it will be on borrowed money. If you men will take half-pay in cash any half promise, the promised half to be paid when we can sell the stacked pig, we go on. If not, we don't. Talk it over among yourselves and let us have your decision."

There was hot caucusing and a fair imitation of pandemonium on the foundry floor following this bomb-throwing, and Tom sat down on the edge of the platform to give the men time. The Gordon sat without a word, nursing his knee, diligently saying nothing. It was Tom, undoubtedly, but a Tom who had become a citizen of another world, a newer world than the one the ex-allymen had freely predicted a riot as the result of the half-pay proposal; yet Tom had applied the match and there was no explosion. The buzzing, arguing groups were not riotous—only fiercely questioning.

(To be continued.)

THE RED DAB OF DEATH.

Tragic Mark on the Steel Skeleton of the Skyscraper.

"See that big blob of scarlet paint!" said the engineer as he pointed to the girder high up in the skeleton of the new skyscraper. "That red spot means that one of the men working on the building was killed by the girder sweeping him off the structure while being put in position."

The visitor craned his neck and saw a rough patch of vermilion paint on one of the floor girders up on the sixteenth story. "It must be a dangerous life," he said to his engineering friend.

"Yes. Those men up there are working under the chance of instant death at any moment. They'll walk along the topmost girder, 300 feet above the sidewalk—a little path of slippery iron five inches wide—and will lean out wide against the wind. If you or I couldn't do it for a second."

"Now and again there's an accident. A chap slips. A worker gets hit by a swinging girder and flung off. Another man takes an incautious step and falls off into eternity. The men working near by do their best to get at him if he manages to grab the girder he's falling from, and there are some swift and reckless races with death to five or ten seconds later, as the victim is thrown into the air and his strong fingers are slipping away from a slippery beam flange. If the worst happens and the man falls in spite of their efforts, then they apply the dab of red paint, and the ironworkers call it a day. They don't speak much of the man that is gone, as a rule. He's soon forgotten. The men consider it fate."

"You'd think, by the way," went on the engineer, "that the higher up these men worked the more careful they'd be. They're not. They're just as careful, but they do guard against the hypnotism of height. One of the men working on a high girder gets paralyzed now and again by a sudden fear that holds him motionless and still on his iron beam."

"The men look out for this sort of thing, and the remedy is to distract his attention by a rough blow on the back or in some cases by exciting him to anger through any means in their power. When the man gets fighting mad he is freed from the paralysis of terror or whatever you may choose to call it. He gets up from his girder to make a rush for the other fellow to do him up, and the moment he is safe he is restrained by the other men."

"Whenever you see a skyscraper framework," concluded the engineer, "each dab of scarlet paint on the iron means that some man has come to his death. Every skyscraper and every bridge is the monument to some little group of unknown workers, laboring at dizzy heights and dallying with sudden death as part of their day's work."

—New York Press.

A Cynical Statesman.

The saying that "all men have their price" is ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole. While speaking of a faction in parliament which bitterly opposed some of his measures he said, "You see with what zeal and vehemence these gentlemen oppose me, and yet I know the price of every man in this house except three."

Of some who called themselves patriots he said: "Patriots! I could raise fifty of them within four and twenty hours. I have raised many in one night. 'Tis but to refuse an unreasonable demand and up springs a patriot."

Every mind has its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.—Emerson.

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Forty packers in a Washington orchard put up 2,139 boxes of apples in one day.

It is reported that a great lake has been discovered in the Northwestern wilds of Canada.

Roosevelt declares that the business men's fear of him is caused by false reports of Wall street.

Belva Lockwood celebrated her 80th birthday and says she does not feel any older than she did at 28.

The price of cotton jumped \$3 per bale on the strength of census estimates of the visible supply.

Bacon reached the highest price in 10 years at Chicago, though corn is cheap and hogs are standing in the pens.

A Federal grand jury in California has indicted William Longfellow for setting fires in the Klamath reserve the past summer.

The entire student body of the Colorado state university, numbering 500, went on strike because 17 of their number were suspended for hazing.

A revenue cutter reports that the natives of the Aleutian islands, off the Alaskan coast, are being exterminated by consumption, measles and pneumonia.

Special census agents report no irregularities whatever in San Francisco returns.

The steamer *Regulus* was wrecked during a storm off the Newfoundland coast and her crew of 19 perished.

Officials of Tacoma have been obliged to order recel petition blanks printed, to be used against themselves.

A red hot rivet falling onto a temporary flooring started a fire in one of Portland's new steel frame skyscrapers.

Losses from recent forest fires in Montana and Idaho are estimated at \$15,000,000. The burned areas will be sold.

A storm and tidal wave swept an island in the Mediterranean, causing great property damage and the loss of several lives.

United States Senator Shively, of Indiana, will suffer the amputation of a leg to prevent infection from blood poisoning from a corn.

In view of the steadily decreasing deficit in postal revenue, the postmaster general predicts one-cent letter postage in the near future.

Surveyors are running a vine preparatory to building a barbed wire fence between Texas and Mexico, to prevent cattle from crossing into each others' territory.

The estate of Stanley Ketchel, late champion middle weight pugilist, who was murdered by a farm hand in Missouri, is valued at \$18,000. He won over \$100,000 in the prize ring.

On the third day of the international aviation meet at New York, J. Armstrong Drexel set a new American altitude mark by reaching a height of 7,105 feet. He then landed safely in the center of the field.

Eggs retail at 5 cents apiece in Tacoma.

Walter Wellman says he will again attempt to cross the Atlantic in an airship.

One man was killed and two others injured in the first football game under new rules at St. Louis.

Andrew Carnegie has returned from Europe and appeared very feeble upon landing from the steamer.

The New Mexico constitutional convention refuses to support the initiative and referendum feature.

Graham-White, in a Farman biplane, made over 63 miles in two hours in a drizzling rain and a 27-mile wind.

Dredges on the Panama canal have uncovered an ancient galleon buried in 20 feet of sand 300 feet from the beach line.

Federal officers in Chicago seized \$300,000 in counterfeit Nicaraguan bank bills, and also captured three of the counterfeiters.

An attempt was made to assassinate Major General Pino Guerra, commander of the Cuban army, by a member of the Cuban secret police.

A dynamite bomb with lighted fuse attached was hurled from a suburban train into a Chicago residence, but the lady of the house seized it, pinched off the fuse and threw the bomb into the street.

The imperial senate of China, before it had been in existence three weeks, voted to memorialize the throne for the establishment of a general parliament.

A slow moving freight train on the Southern Pacific near San Jose, Cal., ran into a pile of boulders which had been placed on the track with the evident intention of wrecking a train. Had a passenger train struck the obstruction a serious wreck would have resulted.

The Swiss balloon landed at Villa Marie, Quebec, 1,100 miles from the starting point in the international balloon race.

The National Y. M. C. A. has raised one million dollars with which to extend its work in foreign countries. John D. Rockefeller gave \$450,000.

The new White Star line steamship *Olympia* was launched at Belfast, Ireland. She is the largest vessel afloat, measuring 882½ feet in length and 94 feet in width.

BACON REACHES RECORD PRICE

Corn is Cheaper, But Packers Say They Can't Get Hogs.

Chicago.—In the face of a steady decline in the price of hogs and the corn on which they are fed, Chicagoans who desired to eat bacon discovered that they were compelled to pay the highest price ever obtained for the salt meats in times of peace—35 cents a pound sliced.

If the housewife was willing to cut it up herself she might have this figure reduced to three pounds for \$1, but that was the best she could do. It was up, and to all appearances would stay at this record-smashing figure for some months.

For a number of mysterious reasons that still are unexplained, the forces that usually result in hammering the price of bacon down seemed to have an opposite effect upon the food.

The packers insisted that they could not get enough hogs to supply the demand; that they were losing money because the porkers were not being received at the stockyards.

However, the market report showed that the demand for live hogs was weak and that they were left standing in the pens daily. It showed also that the prices are now much lower for the live hog than six months and a year ago, when no retailer would have considered asking 35 cents for a pound of bacon.

The average price paid for hogs at the stockyards was \$8.49 per hundred, as against an average of slightly more than \$10 six months ago. Market reports for a year ago show that from 10 to 25 cents per 100 pounds more was paid for porkers than is being paid by the packers now.

Corn, the pork producing cereal, also has been falling consistently but without any effect on the price of the finished product.

SWEETHEARTS OF '65 WED.

Woman's Psychic "Hunch" Results in Finding of Playmate.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Three months ago Mrs. L. A. Robinson, a prominent local club woman and long a widow, began to think deeply of F. J. Fordham, sweetheart of her girlhood, and of whom she had not heard for 45 years. The thought brought an intense longing to see him, and of the wish was born a "hunch" that she could find him by going to Brooklyn. She went. The result was an almost unexplained romance.

The second day after she reached the eastern city Mrs. Robinson met her first love, now an old man, on the street, and they instinctively recognized each other.

Precisely as in her case, life had brought and death had taken the mate of Fordham leaving him free and his memory had been bringing up visions of the woman he had adored as a little girl. Now the announcement is received here that they will be married in Brooklyn in December at the home of Mrs. Robinson's daughter.

ALEUTS NEARING EXTINCTION

White Plague, Also Measles and Pneumonia, Killing Them.

Port Townsend, Wash.—The natives of the Aleutian islands are threatened with extinction because of the ravages of tuberculosis, measles and pneumonia, according to a report brought by the revenue cutter *Tahoma*, flagship of the Behring sea seal patrol fleet. Captain J. H. Quinlan, of the cutter, declares that remedial action is imperative.

Captain Quinlan advocates the assembling of all the tribes and clans, now scattered in isolated camps, at some point where they may receive medical supervision. He says conditions in the archipelago are pathetic.

The natives would undoubtedly resist concentration, still they witness helplessly the extinction of their race. The Aleutians are famous for the beauty of the baskets which they weave from grasses.

The *Tahoma* will make a report to the National Geographic society on the new eruption of Mount Bogoslov. Castle Rock, one of the largest of the Bogoslov islands, was greatly reduced in size during the year. Ferry island, which disappeared in an eruption two years ago, has reappeared and a new island has been thrown up. The new island freak has been named *Tahoma*.

Will Leaves Herself.

Boston.—Believing herself a beneficiary to the extent of some million dollars in the will of a rich man in New York, whose name is not disclosed, Miss Cora Johnson, who died here a few days ago, left a will disposing of such property, although being possessed herself of only \$100 at her death. Miss Johnson, of whom little is known, made her public requests of \$500 each to hospitals and homes, and leaves \$500,000 in trust for the benefit of Charles Edward Holbrook, son of H. W. Holbrook, Newton, Mass.

Suffragist Honors 80th Birthday.

Washington, Oct. 26.—Belva A. Lockwood, lawyer, suffragist and twice candidate for the presidency of the United States, and one of the best known women in the country, yesterday celebrated her 80th birthday.

"I've never had an 80th birthday before, and I'll never have another, so I decided to take a day off and have a birthday cake," she said. Mrs. Lockwood says there is no difference between being 80 and being 28. "Yes, I'm as strong, as far as I know, as I ever was," said Mrs. Lockwood.

Tack in Skull Eye Cure.

Atlanta, Ga.—William Williams, a negro, is in jail here charged with swindling on account of the peculiar cure for blindness which he devised. His remedy consisted in driving a tack into the back portion of a blind negro's skull and charging \$2.50 for the operation. Robert Ward, the victim, told the police judge that the tack process was not very painful, but that Williams' manner of taking the \$2.50 "hurt considerable."

Election—Night to Be Dry.

New York.—Election night will be dry after the regular closing hours. More than 200 applications for all-night licenses to hotels and restaurants were refused by Mayor Gaynor.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

DAM TO COST \$150,000. INCORPORATE BIG FIRM.

Thirty-five Miles of Canal in Lake County Practically Finished.

Lakeview.—During the year the Oregon Valley Land company has expended \$300,000 on irrigation works in the Goose Lake valley during the last year. Aside from the flume work practically the whole 35 miles of canal from the Drews creek dam to Thomas creek is completed. The Hanson Construction company has a few hundred yards of canal to complete and several other small sections are still unfinished, but all told there remains probably less than a quarter of a mile of canal to finish. As to the flume, considerable of the piling is in place, and in Drews canyon the lumber is on the ground for a considerable distance and a force of men is engaged building it. It is 12 feet wide and 6 feet in depth in the clear.

In excavating for the flume a vast amount of heavy rock work was encountered and in one place it was necessary to drive a tunnel through solid rock for a distance of 400 feet. All the way up Drews creek canyon one is impressed with the magnitude of the work, but it is not until the dam is reached that one fully realizes the vast work that is being done. The estimated cost of the dam is \$150,000.

In the first place a trench is sunk down to solid rock. Then a cut is made into the rock which in some instances reached to a depth of 12 feet and in no place is less than four. The cut is then filled with concrete and on top of it is built a solid wall of concrete and masonry some 30 feet in width at its base, and to a height of 25 feet. This wall is reinforced in front by loose rock and sand and in the rear by a hand-built rock wall as well as loose rock fill, the base of which is about 125 feet.

85 Acres Bring \$15,000.

Portland.—Grindstaff & Schalk and Dr. Sandford Whiting have bought 85 acres at Sycamore station, ten miles east of Portland, on the O. W. P. line to Cazadero, paying \$15,000 for the property. This makes the price per acre a trifle over \$176, which is considered very cheap for land in that vicinity. This tract was the property of Laura M. Gammans, and lies next to Johnson creek park, which has been platted. Johnson creek runs through the land just sold, making it desirable for fruit raising.

Clatsop Has 2,696 Voters.

Astoria.—The registration books for the coming state and county election have been closed, with a total of 2,696 in the county, although there is a chance that these figures may change slightly when they are checked over. This is 361 less than the registration for the general election two years ago, when the total was 3,057. The shortage is in the three city precincts. These are 430 behind, due to a lack of interest in the election.

Figures Show Bulge.

Salem.—Reports of county assessors are being received by the state tax commission and the three so far filed—Columbia, Lincoln and Polk—show substantial increases. In the reports as now received an apparent decrease is shown, which causes a decrease on the face of the reports, as county assessors are not assessing telephone, telegraph and railroad lines. With this fact taken into consideration, the totals as shown indicates large increases.

Registration Under Three-Fourths

Burns.—The registration books have closed with only 781 registration out of a possible 1,200 voters in Harney county. Of these 429 are Republicans, 239 Democrats, and 63 miscellaneous.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 86c; club, 82c; red Russian, 80c; valley, 85c; 40-fold, 84c.

Barley—Feed, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$23.

Millicuffs—Bran, \$25 per ton; middlings, \$33; shorts, \$27; rolled barley, \$24.