

THE FISH INDUSTRY.

Statistics of Columbia River Salmon Pack as Given in Annual Report of Commissioner Reed, of Oregon.

Fish Commissioner F. C. Reed, of Oregon, has filed his annual report in the office of the governor. The report covers the year ending October 31, 1899. It is a voluminous document and covers the year's work in detail. On the subject of hatcheries the report reviews the progress in locating and constructing the buildings and the work accomplished in the state during the past year.

The number of chinook salmon eggs taken from the different hatcheries in Oregon tributary to the Columbia river for the year 1899, is as follows:

Upper Clackamas hatchery.....	2,300,000
Salmon river hatchery.....	4,000,000
Clackamas hatchery.....	1,000,000
Total for Oregon.....	7,300,000

Chinook salmon eggs taken on the Washington side of the Columbia:

Chinook hatchery.....	1,500,000
Kalama hatchery.....	1,000,000
Wind river hatchery.....	1,500,000
Little White Salmon hatchery.....	10,000,000
Chewaukum hatchery.....	1,000,000
Total for Washington.....	5,500,000

From the salmon that were marked by Mr. Hubbard, hatched from eggs taken in 1898, there were caught during the season of 1899, 875 fish weighing from 10 to 50 pounds each. During the season of 1899 the packers and dealers have neglected to watch for the marked fish as well as they should, says the report, but between 40 and 50 have been reported, the average weight being nearly 10 pounds greater than those taken in 1898.

The report shows a falling off in the number of cases of salmon canned during the past season on the Columbia as compared with 1898. This is in part accounted for by the increased number of pounds of salmon handled by the cold-storage concerns.

The following statistics of the salmon pack are given:

Spring pack, Oregon side—		
Variety.....	Cases.....	Value.....
Chinook.....	191,108	\$1,901,044
Bluebacks.....	12,523	125,232
Steelheads.....	19,365	193,650
Total.....	223,000	\$2,220,000
Spring pack, Washington side—		
Variety.....	Cases.....	Value.....
Chinooks.....	50,000	\$500,000
Bluebacks.....	1,000	10,000
Steelheads.....	3,000	30,000
Total.....	54,000	\$540,000
Spring pack, both sides—		
Total.....	277,000	\$2,760,000
Fall pack, Oregon side—		
Variety.....	Cases.....	Value.....
Chinook.....	12,000	\$120,000
Bluebacks.....	1,000	10,000
Steelheads.....	22	220
Total.....	15,022	\$150,220
Fall pack, Washington side—		
Variety.....	Cases.....	Value.....
Chinook.....	2,500	\$25,000
Bluebacks.....	500	5,000
Steelheads.....	50	500
Total.....	3,550	\$35,500
Fall pack, both sides—		
Total.....	18,572	\$185,720
Total.....	456,572	\$4,595,720

Amount and value of each species of fish consumed locally and shipped East for the year 1899:

Species	Pounds	Value
Fresh salmon.....	2,100,000	\$17,000,000
Salt salmon.....	1,000,000	10,000,000
Smelt.....	50,000	500,000
Shad.....	100,000	1,000,000
Crawfish.....	100,000	1,000,000
Crabs.....	100,000	1,000,000
Clams.....	100,000	1,000,000
Total.....	3,400,000	\$34,000,000

Northwest Notes.

Republic is soon to vote on the question of incorporation.

A Portland man has bought 25,000 pounds of wool at Ashland at 15 to 18 cents.

Washington has a stringent law for the protection of hotelmen from board-bill jumpers.

The Fairhaven coal mines, at Cokedale, have been sold to the Great Northern railroad.

Demand has outstripped the supply of lockboxes at the Spokane postoffice, where 702 are now in use.

A gravity water supply to be piped nine miles, is under consideration of Baker City's common council.

Baker City is talking of a "modern pavement" for its leading business street, to relieve the present "disgraceful unpaved condition."

Approximately a sum of \$200,000 in delinquent taxes was paid into the county treasury this year on Whatcom county property. Of this sum, about \$50,000 was the interest penalty of 6 per cent. Treasurer Roeder has placed this to the credit of the county, and the city of Whatcom has entered a demand for it. The matter will be taken into the courts.

Arthur Hney, who went from his home, near Walla Walla, to work in Unatilla county harvest fields, early in the fall, and who was sought by his parents for weeks after it had come time for him to return home, has turned up alive and well. He went to Redland, Cal., and a newspaper paragraph telling of his parents' search induced him to write home, and soon follow his letter.

An electric light plant and water works system, two improvements that are almost a necessity in Burns, and the News thinks steps will be taken early in the spring to inaugurate the two systems.

A Gilliam county man recently sold 52 head of beef cattle to the Union Meat Company of Portland. The prices were \$3.50 per 100 for steers and \$3.10 for fat cows. Twelve head of the cattle averaged 1,300 pounds, and one steer brought \$46.37.

Through the failure of some of the single mills of Whatcom county to close, under the agreement recently reached to limit production in the interest of better prices, a break-up was imminent in the Whatcom county association. But a meeting was held and the recalcitrant concerns promised to quit work, there was a new election of officers, and harmony and strength were restored.

The Lakeview Examiner reports a sale of 77 head of beef cows at 6 cents per pound, and that the seller "has a special lot of beef Christmas cows that he is holding at 6 1/2 cents."

TRADE QUIETING DOWN.

Undisturbed, however, by an unfavorable Money Situation.

Bradstreet's says: General trade in wholesale and manufacturing lines is quieting down, but it is worth noting. It is undisturbed by the money situation, the influence of which has been confined to speculative circles. Holiday trade, on the other hand, has been given a decided impetus, and comparisons with the same period of preceding years are uniformly favorable, little doubt remaining that although retail trade in seasonal lines has been affected in some localities by unfavorable weather, holiday specialties have enjoyed exceptional activity. As regards prices, it is a notable fact that as many staples have advanced this week as there have declined, while by far the larger number of quotations have remained steady or firm. The strength of textiles is still a most notable feature of the general situation.

Cotton goods are heavily sold ahead by agents, and a very large spring business has already been booked. Raw cotton is firm and unchanged on the week, partly owing to the light receipts and to reaffirmation of a short crop estimated by the department of agriculture. Manufactured goods, where not advanced, are firmly held.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 3,250,640 bushels, against 5,133,831 bushels last week, 6,243,659 bushels in the corresponding week last year, 4,464,899 bushels in 1897, 5,524,926 bushels in 1896 and 2,056,043 bushels in 1895. Since July 1 this season, the exports of wheat aggregate 97,559,926 bushels against 109,730,853 bushels last year and 118,809,197 bushels in 1898-99.

Business failures in the United States for the week were only 210 as compared with 220 last week, 234 in this week a year ago, 283 in 1897, and 358 in 1896.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, new, \$1.00@1.25 per sack.
Potatoes, new, \$1.00@1.25.
Beets, per sack, 75@85c.
Turnips, per sack, 60c.
Carrots, per sack, 50c.
Parsnips, per sack, 75@85c.
Cauliflower, 75c@1.00 per dozen.
Cabbage, native and California, 75@90c per 100 pounds.
Peaches, 65@80c.
Apples, \$1.25@1.50 per box.
Pears, \$1.00@1.25 per box.
Prunes, 60c per box.
Watermelons, \$1.50.
Nutmegs, 80@70c.
Butter—Creamery, 32c per pound; Dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 22c per pound.
Cheese—Firm, 30@31c.
Cheddar—Native, 18c.
Poultry—9@10c; dressed, 11@13c.
Hay—Pugot sound timothy, \$13.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$17.00@18.00.
Corn—Whole, \$28.00; cracked, \$23; feed meal, \$23.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$21; whole, \$22.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.35; blended straight, \$3.10; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; Graham, per barrel, \$3.80; whole wheat flour, \$4.10; rye flour, \$3.80@4.00.
Millet—Bran, per ton, \$16.00; shorts, per ton, \$17.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, \$30.50 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$22; oil cake meal, per ton, \$32.00.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 51@52c; Valley, 52c; Bluestem, 53c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, \$3.00; Graham, \$3.50; Superior, \$2.15 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, 34@35c; choice gray, 35c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, \$16@16.50; brewing, \$18.00@19.00 per ton.
Millet—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$22; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$9@11; clover, \$7@8; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 50@55c; seconds, 42 1/2@45c; dairy, 37 1/2@40c; store, 25@35c.
Eggs—18@20c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00@3.50 per dozen; hens, \$4.50; springers, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$7.00@8.50 for old; \$4.50@6.50 for young; ducks, \$4.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 14@15c per pound.
Potatoes—50@60c per sack; sweets, 2@2 1/2c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 90c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cauliflower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, \$1; beans, 5@6c per pound; celery, 70c@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per box; peas, 3@4c per pound; tomatoes, 75c per box; green corn, 12 1/2@15c per dozen.
Hops—8@11c; 1898 crop, 5@6c.
Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@14c; mohair, 27@30c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2c; dressed mutton, 6 1/2@7c per pound; lambs, 7 1/2c per pound.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.50; dressed, \$5.50@6.00 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, \$3.50@4.00; cows, \$3@3.50; dressed beef, 6 1/2@7 1/2c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c; small, 8@8 1/2c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 12@15c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@12c.
Hops—1899 crop, 11@12c per pound.
Onions—Yellow, 75@85c per sack.
Butter—Fancy creamery 24@25c; do seconds, 22@24c; fancy dairy, 21@22c; do seconds, 19@20c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 25@27c; fancy ranch, 30c.
Millet—Bran, \$17.00@18.00; do shorts, \$18.00@19.00; do middlings, \$22.00@23.00; do whole, \$23.00@24.00.
Hay—Wheat \$7.00@10; wheat and oat \$7.50@9.00; best barley \$5.00@7.50; alfalfa, \$5.00@7.50 per ton; straw, 35@45c per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, \$1.00; Oregon Burbanks, 60c@1.10; river Burbanks, 45@75c; Salinas Burbanks, \$1.00@1.25 per sack.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican lines, \$4.00@5.00; California lemons 75c@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box.
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6@8 1/2c per pound.

THE GOOD NEW THINGS.

THOUGH the "old folks" talk of the good old times.

When land was plenty and care was as few. Yet the "young folks" listen with doubtful smiles. Convinced they were not as good as the new. Those were gay sleigh rides, grandpapa, I know! While lands ne'er danced like as dear "grandma's" do. But some things could be said 'bout a modern era. And a cozy laund in a palace car.

Those were wonderful leaves dear "grandma's" made. And she broiled your socks with a wondrous daisy. Yet she wondered sometimes, I'm sure, if it paid. (Would have left had she dared for a promenade.) And joyed to have spun a little street yard.

No doubt her papa, grand-grapa, you know, Really frowned when she purchased her wedding dress. And sighed as he wished for the "good old times." While bonnets were cheaper and dresses took less.

While his great grandpa, I've heard it said, Wouldn't spare the wool for his daughter to weave; But sighed for the fashions of Paradise. And longed for the big leaves of Mother Eve.

Roon forgotten is pain, when pleasures are "Distance enchants us," the poet says right; Who wanders his memory back to deplore, The collar too high or the boots all too tight?

The maiden who flings o'er her past hours of bliss, Forgets as she day-dreams of hours and bliss. How her hair wouldn't curl and her gloves wouldn't fit; For "dearly departed" are inanimate things.

There are beautiful times in these good new days. There are lives as beautiful, pure and true, As any who moved to the simpler ways; And it may be a trifle better, too.

Bliss God with infinite, loving design, Is raising the nations nearer to Him;

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

that, whatever future Christmas might have in store for him, that Christmas should be the happiest he had known so far at least.

That night he lay awake until he was exhausted. Next morning he got up and went to his business mechanically. The first ray of comfort came with his cousin, Mrs. Sprague—the same whom Lilla had spoken of as a "frump."

"Why, Randolph," said Mrs. Socher, "watch to Moore's. That was the day he ran up against Lilla, when he had the whole package in his hand, and was afraid she would ask him, and ran. Yesterday, just as he was taking me to hold a consultation on that wonderful bracelet, we saw Lilla coming along. I said to him: 'Randolph, if she sees us she'll want to walk along with us, and then the whole plot is ruined. Let's turn down here before she sees us.' But it seems she saw us after all."

On Christmas morning, in spite of many earnest assurances from her mother or that that morning would bring a clearing-up if all her trouble, Lilla was as terribly cross and out of time with the chimera as she had been for four days past. Moreover, she awoke with a headache.

She found a stocking tied to the head of her bed, as she had expected, and took the stocking down and opened it mechanically. Then she found the bracelet with a scrap of paper in which, in her mother's writing, were the words, "Press the spring and look inside, behind the watch." And when she looked a lovely, loving face looked back at her—a face that was very like Randolph's own.

And at the bottom of the stocking—away at the very toe—was another paper which said, "The bracelet ought to tell you why I ran away, R. W."

Then she laid her head and bracelet on her pillow, and wet both bracelet and pillow with tears until her headache was all gone.

A Happy New Year.

Delight and pathos are inextricably mingled with the thought of New Year's day, says the Boston Watchman. It is only a conventional point of time, any other would do as well. Every day closes an old year and begins a new one, but for all that we cannot help feeling that this day, which is agreed upon throughout Christendom for the beginning of a new year, is somewhat unique. The pathos comes from the review of the past, and from the sense that another notch has been cut for us on the stick of time. The

delight arises from the anticipation of the new and better experiences of the year to come. What interest any rational person could have in having his fortune told is a mystery. The zest and charm of life consist largely in the fact that each day is like a new page in the story. If you wish to enjoy your book you do not, when it is half read, turn to the closing chapter to discover how it turns out. You do not think anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribution to the record. You do not want to anticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as sad. Who can tell? Who can control that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New Year's day.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

The little folks are talkin'—they talk like anything.

"'Tis all over—I say, it's all over between Randolph—oh, what a fool—fool I've been!" And she dug herself, sobbing on a big horsehair sofa.

"But why, Lilla?"

"Don't ask me like that, mother. Don't! I've told you before. And this is the sec—sec—second time. Oh! More so!"

"I don't understand you, daughter," said her mother, leaving her batch of Christmas correspondence and going to carry comfort to the fragile figure on the horsehair sofa.

"It's run away again!" Lilla roared.

"Don't you see?"

"The same as he did before."

"What did he do before?"

"Mother, I told you, day before yesterday—ran away from me. He thought I didn't see him."

"Yes, mother, and I'll never speak to him again. Day before yesterday he at least had the politeness to bow. This time he just turned and went down a side street. He was with that frump of a cousin. I just hate her, and him, and the whole lot."

"Don't be foolish, child. Mr. Watts will be here to explain it all. You'll see."

In answer to this Lilla only rose from the sofa, grimly took off her wraps and hat, muttering, "Yes, I'll see," and disappeared through a door that led to her own room.

Mrs. Sprague did not follow her daughter with any further attempts at consolation, neither did she guess what Lilla was going to do, and that was to write a note:

Dear Sir—In case you wish to make any explanation of your very strange conduct on two occasions this week, I wish you would spare yourself the trouble of doing any such thing. After personally or in writing. Your ring shall be returned by mail, registered.

LILLA SPRAGUE.

That little projectile which Lilla fired at her fiance very nearly ended the life of Randolph Watts; at least, so Watts said. He could not think, or he might have seen an easy way out of the horrible maze into which he had got himself. His transgression stared him in the face. He had run away from Lilla—twice—and had even congratulated himself on his escape from her and chuckled over it secretly. How was he to convince her that his evasion was not an evidence of disloyalty to her?

It was only three days before Christmas and Watts had promised himself

RICHEST IN AMERICA.

THE CLAIM MADE FOR A MEXICAN GYPSY.

It is said that the Number and Value of His Possessions Is Far Beyond the Wealth of Vanderbilts, Astors, Rockefellers or Goulds.

If you believe one of the Romany of Milwaukee then the richest man in North America is not one of the Vanderbilts, Astors or Rockefellers, but a simple John Smith. He lives in Mexico, is 50 years old and the owner of countless acres, of myriads of cattle, of sheep, of gold, silver and onyx mines, of a bank and stock and of plantations without number in the heart of Mexico's richest states.

Smith's wealth has never been figured up. He cannot tell himself. His sole ambition is to become the richest man in the world. And it is this hope that keeps him vigorous and drives dull care away.

John Smith has no settled home. He has a hundred homes on his different estates, and he moves from one to another. In each he sees what is going on, and gives his orders. Then he moves on again. The Milwaukee gypsy, a solid business man, who comes home now with the story of John Smith's amazing wealth, saw him at Orizaba. They became great friends.

"God alone knows how rich I am," said Smith, simply, "but I think I am the richest man on the continent."

Smith was plainly dressed in a suit of English tweed, with bonnet shoes, but his home was a revelation. Outside it was a veritable fortress, with stout walls of masonry, loopholed for defense, if necessary. A two-story wall enclosed it in a space as big as two blocks, and a great moat surrounded that. There were the regulation drawbridges and portcullises.

Two massive inner doors barred the last entrance. Once open it was a wonderful place, with a courtyard in the center, where played perfumed fountains and where a beautiful garden grew. The entire inclosure was paved with brilliantly polished onyx—the ransom of a king in cost—taken from one of his mines. Even the stables where Smith's herd of pet Jerseys were housed had the same costly flooring of onyx.

Servants lounged about, but one of the old man's eccentricities was to have his own children wait upon him at table. It was an incongruous picture to see him clattering around on the splendid flooring in his coarse suit and bonnets, while a soft light fell on the strange scene shed by great candelabra of solid gold from his mines.

Smith is an English gypsy. He went to Mexico before there were any railroads there, and was the first man to haul machinery from the coast to the gold mines which now yield him an incalculable income. He got in on the ground floor on everything that has made Mexico so rich to-day.

But his life has been a series of adventures. Twice he has been shot down by Mexican thieves who attacked his gold trains. He was left for dead each time. All the gypsies in Mexico are wonderfully proud of him and call him "Our John."—Milwaukee Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

IMMENSE SPIDERS.

Insects in Ceylon that are Beyond All Comparison.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the center net which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines or gyms, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet, says the Cleveland Leader, and, riding quickly in the early morning, you may dash right into the stout threads, twining round your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right in the nose and, though he seldom stings or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate sate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. The writer has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noting the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive.

JEFFERSON'S DEBUT.

How He First Played Rip Van Winkle—His Audience.

"My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of 'Rip Van Winkle' succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

"On Sunday evening, being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, and pride of my heart and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time. So I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthused, and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door.

"'Who's there?' said I.

"'It's me, if you please,' said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. 'May I come in?'

"'Certainly not,' I replied, for I had no desire to be seen in my present makeup.

"'Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?' said she.

"'Nothing at all. Go away,' I replied.

"'Well, sir,' she continued, 'there's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there's a crazy old man in your room, a-fingin' of his arms about and a-goin' on lawful, and there's a crowd

