

PACIFIC COAST NEWS

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Interest in the Growing Western States.

Improvements at Ballard. A permit has been granted to the Seattle Electric Company to build a new trestle for the Ballard division of the Consolidated Street Railway Company...

Patton & Holsches, of Scoggin valley, have leased the old mill site, 12 miles west of Forest Grove, formerly owned by Colonel T. R. Cornelius...

As to Issuing School Warrants. The state superintendent has delivered an opinion to the effect that school district warrants should not be issued by the clerk or signed by the directors...

To Saw More Lumber. The lumber business is active in Clackamas county, and new machinery is being added to increase the capacity of several mills.

State Park Infected. The gardener of the capitol grounds in Salem has found indications of the dreaded San Jose scale on some of the trees.

Pacific Coast Chat. An engine man has loaded 100 bales of hops on one car.

A Nesticua man has 775 cases of cheese awaiting shipment.

The Spokane exposition is incorporated with a capital stock of \$10,000.

Thirteen knot sawyers at Fairhaven sawmill went on a strike last Monday morning.

At Endicott a 3-year old child of F. E. Stanfield fell into a watering trough and was drowned.

Fish Commissioner Reed says that the Coos bay salmon hatchery will be built the coming summer.

The superintendent of the Stockton mine, Susanville district, it is reported, will erect a 40-stamp mill.

William Kingsley, a logger, was killed by the north bound passenger at Machias, Snohomish county.

O. Pimigan, a train dispatcher, was found dead in bed at Seattle. Heart disease is the presumed cause of death.

The new militia organization, Company M, of Whatcom, was mustered into the Washington National Guard last week.

Charles Dully, a Coquille City boy, has shipped a box of 23 dozen frogs to San Francisco. He gets 75c to \$1.50 a dozen for them.

Hohart W. McNeill, a well known citizen of Seattle, who died on the 27th at San Jose, Cal., will be buried at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Some ranchers on Poison creek report that in their part of Harney county stock feed is as good in the mountains as it was in April last.

Two citizens of Burns have leased land to the northeast of the town, for the purpose of constructing a first-class race track and baseball grounds.

In the Silver creek country, Harney county, a week ago, snow was all gone and it was raining.

Edward Marshall Brown is dead in Tacoma as a result of a disease contracted in the Philippines while serving as a member of the First Washington.

J. F. Allen's store in Fox valley was entered last Tuesday night by burglars, who rifled the money drawer, but took nothing else. They got about \$10 in change.

G. K. Hiatt hauled a log at his Edgewood works on Tuesday which he estimated to be worth \$125, says the Snohomish Tribune. The stick contained enough first-class lumber to build a commodious residence.

The Harney County News says that Burns is by far the most aggressive city in Eastern Oregon, and the present year will witness the erection of many substantial business buildings.

A crowd of young toughs have been disturbing religious services at Free-water. Three of them were arrested and fined last week, and it is thought the annoyance will now stop.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

Large Deliveries Made on Previous Contracts.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: This year starts with much of the year's business already done, and all comparisons will prove misleading if that fact is not taken into account.

With the exception of woolen manufactures, the chief industries have met less new business in January than last year, though deliveries on previous contracts have been larger than a year ago.

Wool is rather weaker in some grades, but stronger in others, so that the average of quotations is steady, notwithstanding some sales at concessions.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, new, \$2.50 to \$2.50 per sack. Lettuce, hot house, 40c per doz. Potatoes, new, \$1.80 to \$2.00.

Portland Market.

Wheat - Walla Walla, 52@53c; Valley, 52c; Bluestem, 54c per bushel. Flour - Best grades, \$2.90; Graham, \$2.25; Superfine, \$2.15 per barrel.

San Francisco Market.

Wool - Spring-Nevada, 12@15c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@12c.

Hay - Wheat \$6.50@9.50; wheat and oat \$6.50@9.00; best barley \$5.00@7.00; alfalfa, \$8.00@7.50 per ton.

Potatoes - Early Rose, 90c@1.10; Oregon Burbanks, 75c@1.10; river Burbanks, 50@75c; Salinas Burbanks, 80c@1.10 per sack.

Citrus Fruit - Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$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@6 1/2c per pound.



ANECDOTE INCIDENT

A day or so after Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., had been knighted, a lady called upon him and Lady Alma-Tadema and expressed herself to him as follows: "Oh, dear Sir Lawrence, I am awfully glad to hear of the honor you have received. I suppose, now that you have been knighted, you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman!"

A young minister who did not scruple to fish for compliments, was once invited to take dinner with a ducal old elder, as reticent as they make them. Manipulate the conversation as he would, the young man could not get his host to say "sermon," and at last he boldly introduced the important subject by remarking directly, "That was a fine text I had to-day." But the elder knew his man. "Oh, ay, there's naething wrong w' the text!"

Father Macklin, who married Mrs. Hazen to Admiral Dewey at his rectory in Washington, some time ago wrote to Mrs. Hazen when her quarterly pew rent was due. In his note he said that her pew, No. 61, in his church was getting moldy, and he feared she might be going to some other church than his. On the wedding morning (says the Philadelphia Press) she reminded him of it, and said: "Now, Father Macklin, could you not say my pew is 'mildewy,' instead of that very ugly word?"

Dean Hole, of Rochester, England, tells of a very innocent and gentle curate who went to a Yorkshire parish where the parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. He was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Gray. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Gray. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more. "Why," said the curate, "is she dead?" "No," said the clerk, "she's now the steeplechase." The curate became quite a power in the parish.

Congressman John Murray Mitchell, of New York, went to Slag Sling prison a few days ago to inspect the place. Upon leaving the prison he went to the telegraph office at the depot and handed this dispatch to the woman operator: "Mrs. J. M. Mitchell, Tuxedo, N. Y.: Have just escaped. Expect me home tonight. J. M. M." "Aren't you afraid of being captured?" asked the operator, frightened almost to death. "I trust the Western Union Telegraph Company to keep my secret," replied the Congressman. "Don't say a word to anybody." "I promise," said the little woman. The Congressman concealed a smile as he left the office to board the train for New York.

Algernon Dougherty, of the United States diplomatic service, has qualities of his own to account for his success as well as being the son of the famous "Silver-Tongued Dougherty," of Philadelphia. One of the rules of the aristocratic Parisian congregate is that while one may ride up in the elevator, one must not ride down. It was Mr. Dougherty who broke down this rule in a house in the Rue de Maturin. He started down, and the concierge stopped the elevator. "It is forbidden." "By whom?" "The proprietor forbids it," said the concierge. Mr. Dougherty drew himself up and said: "Tell your proprietor that I forbid him to forbid me anything!" and rode on down. And now, even the timid maiden ladies on the sixth floor play with that elevator as though it were a tame cat.

Col. Sheffield Phelps, owner of the Jersey City Journal, was the richest newspaper man in America several years ago. From his father, the late William Walter Phelps, he inherited a fortune of several millions, but after he was graduated from Yale he began active newspaper work as a reporter on the World in New York. Once he was sent to report the wedding of the daughter of a Wall street man. The reporters were met at the front door by a servant, who quickly separated them from the guests and led them to the host's private room, where the banker met them in person and gave them typewritten slips containing the information they were sent for. Then champagne was opened and the banker took some cigars from a drawer in his desk. "Have one," he said to Phelps; "they're genuine conchas. I import them myself." "Thanks," said Phelps, pleasantly, as he took the cigar; "have one of mine. They're real oscuro maduros."

WHAT SOUTH AFRICA IS.

Vast Plateau 6,000 Feet Above the Sea - Lay of the Land.

Allen Sangree contributes to Ainslee's an article on South Africa. This is how the country appeared to him: "You land in South Africa at the foot of a mountain 3,000 feet high. They call it Table Mountain, and the vast of mist that, excepting on very clear days, overhangs it, South Africans are pleased to term the 'Tablecloth.' Presenting a front of solid rock 1,000 feet in height, perpendicular as a wall, and for half a mile on top quite level, this mountain offers the best natural sign-board on earth. Time and again have English firms attempted with fabulous sums to secure it for advertising purposes, but as yet there has been no such defacement.

"Table Mountain makes the tip end of the Dark Continent. Below it nestles the city of Cape Town, a beautiful bay stretching out in the foreground. On the west the mountain breaks off abruptly, and the railroad skirts about it to the interior. On the east it slopes off into a hilly, picturesque formation known as the 'Lion's Back,' and then gradually rises into the Drakensburg Mountains. This is the only great mountain range south of the Zambesi, and by noting its location, one may understand in a trice just what South Africa is geographically.

"Steaming along the East Coast from Cape Colony northward, you have the Drakensburg in view nearly all the way to Beira, a distance of 2,000 miles. In Cape Colony and Natal the mountains in many places dip to the water's edge, and with a field glass one may see on their crags and peaks smoke curling up from the native villages. In Portuguese territory the mountains recede slightly from the coast, and at Delagoa Bay there is an intervening stretch of lowland twenty miles wide. At Beira this has increased to sixty miles. At the Zambesi the Drakensburg ends.

HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on Commonplace Things by the Aitchison Globe Man.

Some women amount to nothing outside of their church.

The older the man is, the fewer the things that agree with him. We have an idea that suet pudding is the howitz of food stuffs.

You needn't go to war to test your courage; have your teeth fixed. No difference what you do on Sunday, you are not satisfied on Monday.

Fancy goods, after Christmas, have about as inviting a look as cold gray. When a brakeman is on his way to dinner, he says he is going to take on coal.

If a man has a little ability, people abuse him because he does not "do" more. No boy thinks he has had enough candy until he has started a tooth to aching.

In order to fully appreciate a cigar, a man should always be trying to quit smoking. After a man passes 40 he is greatly encouraged if he has enough hair to get a tangle in it.

An old man's idea of a useful person is one who always has time to play a game of checkers. We have noticed that most old people wear old clothes, and that young people wear good clothes.

Political success, like anything else, depends almost entirely on the amount of rustling a man does. When a woman dislikes a man, it is her favorite mode of abuse to charge that he leads a dual life.

A good many men boast of their methodical habits who never have anything but unpaid bills to file away. The gossips in Bible days must have had a good time, if they knew of the things going on that the Bible tells about.

It is one indication that people are getting old when they advocate that all young people should "be taken down a peg."

Always make it a point to tell every secret told you, and your friends will finally stop bothering you by telling you any.

By "appearing at perfect ease in society," is meant that one laughs and talks as loud as if on the back porch at home.

If a man living in this part of the country should tire of fried eggs, we don't know what on earth he would eat for breakfast.

If you want to make trouble for an enemy, tell his wife that a daughter in the family has musical talents which must not be buried.

In every home you will find at least a half dozen skin lotions and toilet articles on a girl's dressing table, and a boy with hands chapped and bleeding.

The oldest story in the world probably is the one told by the boys when they return from hunting; that they killed a duck, but that they couldn't find it.

Too Great a Task.

Macklin, the actor and dramatist, once boasted in the presence of Samuel Foote that he had brought his memory to such a state of perfection, through severe training, that he could "learn anything by rote on hearing it once."

Footo scribbled on a card for a few minutes and then passed the card to Macklin, asking him to read and repeat what was written. This was the farago: "She went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie, when a great she bear coming up the street plops its head into the shop. 'What's so soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pininies and the Jolibillies and the Gargyules and the grand pandjandrum himself with the little round button at top, and they all fell a-playing the game of catch as catch can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." It is needless to remark that Macklin's memory did not stand the test.—Boston Transcript.

Old-Fashioned Notions.

Men who save a margin from a comfortable income often look with amazement upon the "thriftlessness" of the poor. This time-honored point of view is happily illustrated by the journal of Samuel Breck, a gentleman of means and fashion, who made this entry in the year 1820:

"Mrs. B. discharged a servant girl to-day for fibbing and mischief-making. She had been for nearly three years in my family. No sooner was she entitled to receive a few dollars than she squandered them in finery, bedecking herself in merino shawls, chip bonnets, and so forth, without laying up \$15, though she had received from \$1.50 to \$1.25 per week."

Mr. Breck did not believe in innovations. They have such a vulgarizing tendency!

"Steam," said he, "in many respects interferes with comfort in traveling, destroys every salutary distinction in society, and overturns by its whirligig power the once rational, gentlemanly and safe mode of getting along on a Journey. Talk of ladies on board a steamboat or in a railroad car! There are none. To restore herself to her caste, let a lady move in select company at five miles an hour, and take her meals in comfort at a good inn, where she may dine decently."

Partly Correct.

Most of the stores in the remote business sections of the city are constantly annoyed by children of the neighborhood coming to the door and asking for cards, empty boxes and similar articles. The clerks are, of course, down on the youngsters, and the warfare never ends. The other day a small boy poked his head in the door of a West Side store and called out:

"Say, mister, got any empty boxes?" "No," said the clerk, not very politely. "Got any cards?" "No." "Got any almanacs?" "No." "Got any empty bottles?" "No." "Got any sense?" "No!—yes—no—yes—no miserably little wretch." And the clerk flew at his tormentor, but the latter had fled.—Ohio State Journal.

A Great Treat.

Two little London girls, who had been sent, by the kindness of the vicar's wife, to have "a happy day in the country," narrating their experiences on their return, said:

"Oh, yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy day. We see two pigs killed and a gentleman buried."—London Tid-Bits.

The man who thinks he knows it all is the man who acquires the least wealth as a result of his knowledge.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

Tom Goodie—I dropped a \$10 gold piece on the contribution plate last Sunday.

Jack Potts—What was the matter with it?

Merely a Hint.

Mr. Borem (11 p. m.)—My motto is "Pay as you go."

Miss Cutting—Well, I'm willing to lend you a small amount if it will help you out!

Just So.

Mack O'Rell—Some one has invented revolving rubber heels for shoes.

Luke Warme—Ah! Another movement on foot, I presume.

Extreme Economy.

Ida—That family in the brownstone mansion is very economical, I hear.

May—Extremely! Why, they actually have their last winter's furs made into mufflers for their footman and coachman.

The Man Behind the Ledger.

"I will cause the name of France to be remembered with terror throughout foreign lands!" cried the excited Parisian.

"What will you do—Join the army?"

"No."

"Write articles for the papers?"

"No. I will open a hotel during the exposition and make out the bills myself."—Washington Star.

A Sure Thing.

Millbank—My wife sent 50 cents yesterday to a man that advertised a way to make ahire waists last.

Barclay—Well?

Millbank—She got a postal telling her to make the rest of her clothes first.—New York Press.

Explained.

There was a loud crash in the doll department, accompanied by a sound as of broken crockery rolling over the floor.

"What caused that?" demanded the manager of the department, hurrying down the aisle.

"One of those indestructible dolls fell down just now," said the frightened salesgirl.—Chicago Tribune.

Out of Date.

Quinn—Did you notice how the heroine escaped from the burning building on a telephone wire? Was it not fantastic?

De Fonte—Yes; but it will lose some of its realism when the wireless telegraph gets a foothold.

A Modern Mother.

Husband—It is a perfect disgrace how ragged our children look!

Wife—I have no time to bother about their clothes. I have to go to a meeting of the Society for Clothing Poor Children.

Husband—That's good. You might call the attention of that society to our children.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Unnecessary.

Maudie—Did you give Tom permission to kiss you?

Clara—Of course not. He didn't ask it.

Not Particular.

Brown—I hear Jones is looking around for new quarters.

Smith—Oh, I guess he isn't particular about their newness. He borrowed an old one from me this morning.

A True Story.

Short—If Long calls with that little bill tell him I'm out.

Mrs. Short—But that would be telling a falsehood.

Short—Nothing of the kind. I'm out of cash.

Foiled Again.

"I never give money to beggars on the street," yelled the pedestrian.

"Oh, very well," replied the seedy individual. "Here's my card; kindly call at my office and leave your contribution with my bookkeeper."

A Gentle Hint.

He—Ida, are you interested in athletic sports?

She—Who has wanted?—Yes; I am very much interested in the ring just now.

Rattled.

Royster—Whoop! Hey! Haw! He! Shay, officer, w-where do ish live?

Officer Snyder—How you dink I know? Royster—Welsh, which ish norsh and which ish south?

Officer Snyder—You was intoxicated. Else you know dot der Splinsh war proved der is no norf and sout.

Five Glasses of Water Daily.

Dr. Taylor states that the normal adult needs thirty-seven ounces of water a day, and as the average tumbler holds eight ounces, five glasses make forty ounces, approximately the normal quantity. The best time to drink it are one glass upon rising, one at 10 a. m., one at 3 p. m., one at 5 and one or two on retiring. Instead of the rather indefinite five glasses a day it is better to fill a bottle of a given size, the contents of which are to be drunk during each twenty-four hours. Patients at famous watering places owe much of their improvement to the large quantities of water which they are obliged to drink, and the same results could no doubt be obtained at home by drinking large quantities of good water.—Medical World.

Aragon in Disguise.

It is the belief of some historians that the name "Oregon" is Aragon in disguise, that it was given to this country by the early Spanish voyagers, and that American explorers so interpreted the word given them by the Indians. The theory is at least plausible, and indicates a strange freak of fate.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Hardacre—Going to build a washhouse in the yard, Zeke; what kind of stone would be the best for a foundation?

Crawfoot—Did you say a washhouse, Zeke? Well, it seems to me soapstone would be good as any.

Sinister Delight.

"I can't understand why women enjoy seeing foot-balls."

"I'll tell you. It is because it makes the men look as if they had been cleaning house."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Real Dilemma.

Fanny Footlights—I had a quarrel with the manager and threatened to leave the company.

Polly Pinklights—And wasn't there anybody to take your part?

Fanny Footlights—Only my horrid understudy.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Happily Expressed.

She—I think one should give up dancing when one is getting on for 30. We none of us grow younger, you know.

He—Ah! Miss Lambkin, you can't say that!—Moonshine.

At the Polls.

"A woman tried to vote here to-day."

"How'd you get rid of her?"

"Told her to send it by mail, so that it would be sure to receive official attention."—Philadelphia North American.

Utilitarian.

"Frederick, our marriage anniversary comes this year on Thanksgiving Day."

"Is that so, Bertha? Well, shall we give each other a turkey or ducks?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Expensive.

She—What did papa say?

He—He said he'd be delighted to have me for a son-in-law, only he couldn't afford it.

Good Cheer.

"Now tell me, doctor, candidly, is there anything really the matter with my wife?"

"Yes. Her vocal chords are sadly affected. I'm afraid she may lose her voice."

"Say, drop in on your way back from the office and chat a while. Will you? Things have been going badly with me lately, and it's so comforting to hear you talk."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Might Hit the Barn.

"I had a glorious dream," said the turkey.

"What was it?" inquired the goose.

"I dreamt that instead of assassinating us with an ax the gun would be used in the future."

"I don't see any difference; the farmer will kill you, anyway."

"Yes; but I dreamt the farmer's wife would do the shooting. How safe I would be if dreams were true."

Realistic.

"Lumps of ice floating on a green sea," murmured the poetical girl.

"How glorious!" mused the lover, who sometimes imbibed. "All needed to complete the drink would be a straw."

Professional Jealousy.

Successful competitor—Ah, this is what I do call fat stock! What'd'ye think of this? You can lay 'em and in 'ere for night on dre inches, you can. What's the matter w' this?

Unsuccessful ditto—Droopy!—Punch.

How She Was Landed.

Bess—So Jeannette married a farmer. I thought she said she would marry only a man of culture!

Nell—And so she did—a man of agriculture.

Her Little Joke.

He—Her beauty quite intoxicated me. She—Perhaps it's her smiles.

Brilliant Headlight.

Mrs. Bender—Though it is an lanky night I knew you were coming up the walk. I saw the end of your cigar glowing in the darkness.

Mr. Bender—Bush, Marcha, I w-wash not smoking at all.

Mrs. Bender—Then it must have been the end of your nose I saw.

A Word of Warning.

Wife—I'm going to run across the street just a minute to bid Mrs. Jones good-by.