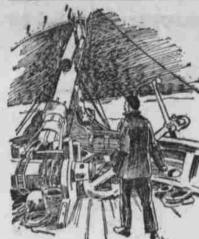
ern ocean

Pacific Rallway. I was feeling pretty | was time I knew. I took the steps at good, because, since my last visit, my three jumps. investment of \$500 in town lots had When I gained the forecasile head I turned itself into a good \$1,500 with the saw nothing at first. Yes, there he was growth of the city. And as to the over the bows, his head just showing.



DISCOVERING THE TREACHERY OF RA-

MIREZ. Daisy, well, I wasn't going to let that swink Jones crow over me. He commanded the Breeze, a four-masted bark, bigger than the Daisy, but with nothwas trying to make the merchants believe that he'd be unloading in London was a good talker, was Jones, and made himself out a proper hero, especially among the women, who, bless their and apes the naval officer. Anyway, challenged him to start the same daywe were both finishing our loads-and adrift as best they could. race me home for \$2,500 a side. He he was in desperate hard straits, so first man home to cable to the stake- would I while he could be held alive in holder, claiming the whole amount. Then, I guess, Jones felt sick. Bar aceldents, the man couldn't possibly beat play; such a thing never entered my could fairly claim the job. They were looked he would have no trouble in good as sailormen go, the best dozen of them, but a really first-class bo's'n could have given points to the lot. Now, Jones had a regular champion, a Portugee, who'd learned his trade whaling, and followed that up under the best masters in the deep sea trade. So when he came to see me the day before I was to sail, I listened to all he had to say about Captain Jones-which wasn't exactly compliments. I couldn't tell him to run from his present ship, indeed, as in duty bound, I advised him solemnly to do no such thing; but I did drop a hint that I'd pick up valuable men who'd run from such masters as Jones, and stowed away in the Daisy, Sure enough, before I'd been a day out I found Diego Ramirez aboard of me. mighty poor in spirit, humble and willing. Naturally, I wasn't going to lose time handing the man over to Jones, so I signed him on the books as A. B. He soon proved the best sallorman in the ship; such a good man, in fact, that my own people weren't jealous when I promoted him over their heads, and made him bo's'n. I was proud of Diego Ra-

mirez. If I'd only known! We started fair, Jones and I, and all the city turned ouf to see the start. A 17,000 mile race is out of the common; the papers were full of it, and at the care to be abreast when we passed the city of Victoria; I took more care while should round Cape Flattery ahead of far as speed went there wasn't actually much to choose between our two ships; but for seamanship, well, I'd be sorry for Jones' chance. Of course, we put

There's no need to describe the voyage. I had all the winds I tried for, without a reef in my tops'ls, then reached away to catch the trades for home.

fine style, and on Oct. 3, at noon, I should have heard them cheer as we made it 100 30 7 S. We were under sighted Ushant!

as mortal mind can tell, there is noth- Anyway, here he was rounding Ushant | board of health,

MASTER has the right to be ing to fear. Everything was what the proud of his ship, and mine is a doctor ordered up to eight bells. I dipper-a "wind jammer;" but heard the watch changed; then one bell, I've left many a first-class tramp astern | two bells, three bells, four bells. At of me, yes, and liners, too. I haven't last I got sick of hearing the half-hour broken any records; I can't claim to strokes, and went up on deck in socks have sailed 433¼ statute miles in a day, and pyjamas to take a look at the night. as did the Flying Cloud, or even 419 All seemed well. The mate was at the miles, the record of the Sovereign of the gallery door, sipping his coffee, and Seas. Records like those were made small blame to him for getting it good when ships carried a big crew, regard- and hot. His face was turned towards wrecking mine, and his owners had to when ships carried a big crew, regarding and hot. His face was turned toward less of expense, and spread out their me, his back to the forecastle, where pay the damage. Now Captain Jones thing he hears. stu'n's'ls and moon-scrapers until the something stirred in the shadow-a and Diego Ramirez, his bo's'n, are imhull was no more compared with their man coming up out of the scuttlecanvas than the basket is to a balloon. Diego Ramirez, who ought to have But my bark Daisy does all that can be been in his bunk, sneaking quietly up expected with her crew of twenty-one the indder to the forecastle head. I into Vancouver the merchants gave me men, and my owners gave me a gold felt half inclined to hall him, but why a banquet, and I wear a gold watch and watch and chain when I beat the giant | should my bo's'n steal about like a cat, | chain to Jones' memory, France on a clear run across the West- slink in the shadows, instead of going about like a man? I thought I saw the I was loading timber in Burrard in gleam of a knife in his hands. Then I let, just up the harbor from Vancouver, ran full pelt along the lee side of the An Anectote Somewhat Out of the the western terminus of the Canadian | deck, for if the man meant mischlef it

moving from side to side as though he

were at work. I bent down over him, and found him quite unconscious of my presence slashing with a long knife, cutting away the most vital gear in the shipthe gammonings of the bowsprit! I flew at his throat, half strangled him, and dragged him from his perch, until had him hanging over blue water. But I was too late, for, with an awful crash, the gammonings parted, the bowsprit flew into the air, rearing straight on end. A yell from me sent he mate to the wheel,

"Luff!"I shouted. "Luff!" But before he could bring her head to the wind, she gave one heavier roll than usual, and with one tremendous smash all three masts, no longer supported by the stays, broke off like carrots and went whirling down over the side. Then I hauled Mr. Diego Ramirez inboard, and battered him senseless.

The Daisy lay a total wreck in midocean, her masts and spars, a tangled ing of her sailing qualities. He had mass of wreckage to leeward, were got some new fancy patent tops'ls, and | charging into her like a battering ram | with every roll, and, worst of all, the whole of the standing rigging was of River before I was round the Horn. He steel, which no ax could cut for our release.

At once I had all hands at work to souls! don't know a man when they see | rigged a sea anchor, with a cask of oil. one unless he has got a torpedo beard | bored with an auger, which we put overboard to windward and so broke

Only when daylight came had I time wanted to back out, but the challenge | to go forward; time to deal with Diego was made at the shipping office before a Ramirez, Esq., my bo's'n, caught red- them an opportunity of entering. s had talked to such an extent that I could appreciate the fiendish cunning talked too much, and the Vancouver | could have borne so sudden and so people would have chaffed the life out fierce a wrench. It was a comfort to of him if he tried to sing small before me that I had marked Diego Ramirez me. We planked down the stakes, the for life. But I had not killed him, nor evidence of his crime.

I put the man in grous, with nothing but bread and water, and on the third me sailing, and I never suspected foul day he confessed that Jones had bribed him to come on board at Vancouver, head. I was short of a bo's'n, my man had paid him \$250 in cash to commit having run from the ship, and there the crime. That was Mr. Jones' idea was not one of the foremast hands who of racing, and certainly the way things



MEETING THE EMERGENCY.

reaching England ahead of me, claiming the \$5,000 from the stake-holder at Vancouver, and cashing the check before I could interfere. As to the money. I had no redress, for the law would not back me in a gambling transaction. but I swore he should be punished for wrecking my shlp.

Well, from the moment we lost our masts I had all hands, including myself, working night and day, saving what could be saved of the wreckage. and using the spars, tackle and canvas to jury-rig the ship. I had thirty feet time when we cast off the tugs the bet- and six feet of the main to build upon; ting was five to three on Jones. I took and, if you'll believe me, I turned the Daisy into such a rig as was never seen before in the world. We rigged we ran down the Straits of Fuca that I her as we went along under a jury foresail, and before we passed the Western him. The betting there was five to three | Islands I had turned her into a sort of on me. Jones did all he knew, and as four-masted jackass bark, with a spritsail under her jury bowsprit, and even booms rigged out over the side to carry small sails. My sailormen laughed until they split their sides at some of my him astern the very first day, nor did fancy canvas, but we did five knots for instance. But I dessay you earnwe see him again for many a long day an hour before the wind. Every ship we p'raps ten times what I do-ch?" sighted howled at us, but I begged, bought and borrowed something from each of them, of spars, rope and sails and not too much; I rounded the Horn to add to my rig. I even holsted sails on the boats in my davits, and Providence helped me with just the winds We were bowling along towards the I wanted I kept my hands in good Line-running down our lafftudes in humor with plenty of grog, and you

close reefed top gallant sails, winds Since we had been delayed at least about S.E., blowing about a tops'l six weeks, of course there could be no breeze, about as much as we cared for. hope of winning the race. Yet we were Indeed, the mate wanted to snug home scarcely in our fresh course up Chanthe top gallant sails. I knew what the nel, the time being just after break-Daisy could stand, and when I went fast, when who should I see astern but per and lay it between the gloves. below at 10 o'clock I told the second my dear friend Jones. It was a clear not to call me for less than a light gale, judgment, in my mind, for he'd been But I could not sleep, and that's a driven south by a gale we just missed queer thing at sea how one's body stays by a day, blown clean into the Antarcawake, expecting danger, while, so far tic, where he found a berg in a fog.

stern of us, and it was nothing now SUPPOSE WE SMILE. but a question of tugs. I had one asking for a job already, the only deep sea tug, perhaps, in the chops of the Channel. So I made my bargain for Dart. HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM mouth, and soon I was making eight knots for Jones' nine. At noon, I being still a little ahead, another tug hove Plasant Incidents Occurring the in sight, and I, being disabled, had a right. So away we went with two tugs. leaving Jones raging mad astern. He was hull down when I got a third tug. fust to spite Jones, and went into Dart-

mouth like a royal procession. Yes, I was first in an English port. first to send the cable to Vancouver. first to secure the stake. Moreover, I positive someone was under my bed. got Mr. Jones dismissed from his ship Tid-Bits. and charged, with his accomplice, in proving their minds in her majesty's house of tuition at Wormwood Scrubbs.

The Dalsy? Well, next time I put takes for granted is false.-Puck.

A POLITE HORSE.

Usual kun. It is seldom that borses show their intelligence in any striking manner. but they sometimes do things that would make their mental processes extremely interesting if we could understand them. I once owned a beautiful gray horse named "Douglas," and in every way he was essentially a fam-

lly horse. He generally knew what was required of him, and would try to do it. He was so gentle that he could safely have been driven by means of two pleces of strong linen thread, and he was so thoroughly trustworthy in regard to standing without hitching, that we left him anywhere we pleased, entirely by bimself, and "Many are cold, but few are frozen." were always certain to find him in exactly the spot where he had been left.

We had such faith in him in this re-

when we were visiting at a house, of leaving him standing at the door and land Plain Dealer. thinking no more of him until we came out. One afternoon my wife and I were making a call at a suburban I was enthusiastically received in court house, and as usual left Dougles stand- circles. ing outside. In a little while, glancing out of the front window, I was against you?-Tit-Bits, amazed to see the horse slowly moving along the driveway. I was about to go out to him, but as he very soon stopped and stood perfectly still, I remained where I was; and almost at as I ain't later than 7 o'clock.-Harper's that moment two ladles came in. They Bazar. were also paying a visit to the house. but on foot.

One of them remarked to me that I deal with the disaster. One watch had a very polite horse, and as I did swing a cat. not understand this compliment to Douglas, she explained that when they reached the house they found my horse Jones' bragging made me so sick that I the seas. Meanwhile I got the other and buggy entirely blocking the enwatch to work cutting the wreckage trance; and as they stood wondering Mike with a deep-drawn sigh. what they should do, the horse turned his head, looked at them, and then Pete, in alarm,

his friends forced him to stand up to of the man, his musterly knowledge of been a very strong sense of politeness. wants 'em to or not."-Washington me like a man. I've heard since that seamanship. The chance had been a or else a word or two from one of the Star. thousand to one against his being ladies, which would have induced much so that the loss of that bet would caught, so simple was his plan, so cer- Douglas to move from the place where mean sheer ruin to him; but he had | tain its success. No masts ever built | I had left him.-Frank R. Stockton, in Youth's Companion,

Wolseley Merely a Stripling.

It is pleasant to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people, are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field Marshai Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty-first birthday,

Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty-five years ago he went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Sutlej campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1848-9, and later he fought through the Ill-managed Crimea, Twenty years later he was made commander-in-chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghanistan operations. The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolseley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane on the floor and shouted:

"Wolseley! Wolseley! A clever lad. I'll admit, but a mere stripling, sir, a mere stripling!" As Lord Wolseley is only 67, that settled it, of course.-Philadelphia Post.

The Singer and the Porter. M. A. P. tells a story of how, once noon a time Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junetion, waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was nat- cause he is neat. He enjoys the thought urally not in the best of tempers. While that his noise is worrying the neighchewing the cud of disappointment, an bors."-Washington Star. old railway porter, who recognized him of foremast, eighteen feet of mizzen, from the published portraits, entered the walting-room.

"Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he "Good evening, my man," replied the tip. But the man sought for information rather than tips.

"They tell me you earn a heap of money," he remarked. "Oh!" murmured Mr. Reeves. "And yet," pursued the porter, "you

don't work hard. Not so bard as I do, "What do you earn?" asked the

"Eighteen shillings a week all the rear round," said the porter. Sims Reeves opened his chest: "Do. re, mi-do," he sang, the last note being a ringing top one. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone!"

Perfuming Gloves. To perfume your gloves mix well to-

gether half an ounce of essence of roses, a dram each of oil of cloves and have just read the latest historical novmace, and a quarter of an ounce of el."-Life. frankincense. Place this in tissue pa-

The men also get new underwear when they marry, but they don't advertise it.

A well-filled cupboard is the best

THE COMIC PAPERS.

World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Professor (returning home at night hears noise)-Is someone there? Burglar (under the bed)-No. Professor-That's strange! I was

Binicus-One cannot believe every-Cynicus-No: nor everything one doesn't hear. About half of what one

Cynical.



Mamma-Bobby, do you remember the text last Sunday? Bobby-Yes, ma'am. I think it was

That Egg Corner. "What do you think of the plans for spect that we got into the bad habit, that gigantic corner in eggs?" "I think they are well laid."-Cleve-

> In Court Circles, He-Oh, yes, when I was in England She (simply)-What was the charge

> Gets Up Early. Jimmy-What time do yer have ter get ter work? Johany-Oh, any time I like as long

Brooklyn Flat. Benham-There isn't room here to Mrs. Benham-Then we won't have a

cat.-Brooklyn Life. Fearful Di covery. "Dis is terrible," said Meandering

"What's de matter?" asked Plodding moved on a few steps in order to give "Here's a nice piece in de paper. It says we've got muscles inside of us crowd of masters and merchants, and handed wrecking my ship. Even then I have nothing to add to this anee that keeps up an involuntary action. dote, except to say that it must have Dev goes on workin', whether we

> In a Hurry. "How d'ye do?" said the busy man. 'Will you marry me?"

"O-er," she gasped. "This is so sudden; ! must have time to think. I--'Say, don't keep me walting too long or I won't have money enough left to buy the ring. I came in an autocab and they charge by the minute, you know." -Philadelphia Press.



Pastor-Did your husband die a natural death? The Widow-No, sir; a doctor attended him .- Der Floh.

Parely Pessimistic. "That next-door neighbor of yours deserves a great deal of credit."

"For what?" asked Mr. Blykins. "Why, for being so neat. He is al ways up in the morning cutting the grass on his lawn or shoveling the snow off his sidewalk."

"Oh, he doesn't do those things be

For Protection. "I wrote to Aunt Tabitha about our robber." "Well?"

"She sent us a guinea ben; she says vocalist, getting ready the necessary they always make a blg fuss when a stranger comes on the place."-Indianapolis Journal.

> Governmental Interfe ence. "Here's a portion of the President's message intended for you, Carolyn," "Nothing of the sort, Clarence." "Yes: he advises economy."

They Wouldn't Rip. "What do you call these?" he asked at the breakfast table.

"Flannel cakes," replied the wife of bls bosom. "Flannel? They made a mistake and sold you cordurey this time."-Baltimore American.

Increasing His Ignoranc . Gayboy-What have you been doing all day? Bighead-Increasing my ignorance, I

Encouraging. Mr. Prancer-I'm sorry I'm such an awkward dancer, Miss Perkins. Miss Perkpins-Oh, you're doing fairty well, Mr. Prancer. I've seen you jerk around lots worse than this with other girls.-Indianapolis Journal.

Conclusive Proof. "This letter," said the counsel for Mrs. De Vorce, "Is a forgery. It was San Francisco Lad Who Makes Models not written by my client, and, in fact, it is evident it was not written by a

woman at all." "What proof have you of that?" asked the oposing counsel. "Simply this: There is no postscript, able model of the ship, accurate in proand the several pages run right along portion and delicate in detail, comin the regular order,"-Philadelphia

Mishap to an obliuary. She wept, "Oh, you editors are hor-

rid!" she sobbed. "What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor.

vary of my husband, and-boo-booand said in it that he had been married for twenty years, and you-oo-ooboshoo-your printers set it up 'worried for twenty years," Sae wept. But the editor grinned .-Baltimore American.

"Why, 1-boo-boo-I sent in an obit-

piece of work, perfected, as a model The Delu led Canine. "The dog is one of the most intelligent of animals," remarked Willie boiler is made of strips of tin, neatly Wishington.

Cayenne. "And he is the most loyal admirer a diar strip of zinc at the front, to consist, creased stocks at the South. man can have." those two assertions,"-Washington the end of a discarded curtain pole, and Star.

She-Sometimes I wish I had never narried you. He-That's but natural, my dear. We generally go back on those things that we have tried hardest to get .-

Only Natural.

Irresponsibility. "They say," remarked the very cynlcal person, "that in this corrupt and to be found out."

Life.

"That shows you have very little experleuce with bill collectors," answered

Wanted It Bad. give blun a bad character." queer him, eh?"

"O! no. He's writing a play, and he needs a villain."-Philadelphia Press.

An I fficient Officer.



Judge-When the gentleman cried for tisements along the top of the wall help, why didn't you run to his aid? Officer-Well, sor, it war across th' street, and not exactly on me bate

One Way to Tell. If this amber is genuine? have disappeared.-Glasgow Evening as ingenious a pattern as be could de-

Shrew L "You've been in a fight," said his mother, reprovingly. "Oh, not much of a one," answered

"Did you count one hundred as I told you when you felt your angry passions rising?" "Oh, sure," returned the boy. "I counted one hundred all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's

A Knowing Lad. "How many pounds are there in a ton?" asked the teacher. And the timid, clean-faced boy with a patch in his trousers, tim'dly sug

gested: "It depends a good deal where you ish weed. I threw it away, carefully buy your coal, doesn't it?"-Washing ton Star.

Had a Sweet Sound.

Small Jimmy-Say dem lubly words once more. Smaller Gladys-I said I don't want you to be wastin' your money on me for ice cream and sweets any more,-

Boston Globe. A Matter of Hearing. Suburbanite-You've got a new baby at your house, I hear?

Townite-Great Scot! can you hear it away out there in the suburbs? A Stitch in Time. He-Miss Rusty is awfully old, isn't

she? She-She is just my age. He-Well-oh, I beg your pardon. The Art-Bor.

"Why. Madge, where are all the tassels on your new chenille boa?" other people stepped on some."

"Oh, I stepped on some of them, and Now Wid You Smile?

Mrs. Kendal is nothing if not impulsively genial, and the imperturbability of certain characters has often a curiously irritating effect upon her. She was shopping one day at certain wellknown stores, and, having completed her purchases, took leave of the assistant who had served her with a friendly "Good morning." There was no reply. In that hard working damsel's busy career there was no time, probably, for the minor gentlenesses of life: "Say a hull lot of de guys what is led astray." good morning and smile!" exclaimed -Philadelphia North American. Mrs. Kendal, impetuously. The girl stared in mute amazement. "Then I shall remain here until you do." said the great actress in the most persuasive years ago. but yet in the firmest tones. This was too much for the girl. "Good morning," she said, and burst out laughing. From that hour Mrs. Kendal's appear- a year by wolves. ance at the store in question was the signal for an outburst of geniality .-Philadelphia Telegraph.

No man should object to thick soles on his shoes, as the objections will soon wear away.

A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

Week of Ebbing Strength in Cereal Marketsof Battleships.

Bradstreet's Weekly Trade Review. Bradstreet's says: Speculation has lagged, but trade on spring account has on the whole improved this week. Southern and Southwestern trade is opening up satisfactorily, and there are better reports received even from the Northwest as to the ontlook, for spring business. As to retail distribution, conditions are hardly so favorable. Lumber appears to have been active at the West, and wholesalers have done

SPECULATION HAS LAGGED.

more at the East, but the export trade lags in this line, as in others. respectful attention of the members of

It has been a week of ebbing strength play an India rubber consistency, and this week has been devoted to stretching estimates of the export surplus from that country. Northwest wheat The steam engine is an elaborate receipts have also been heavy, and the so-called Wall street interest has been reported to have been liquidating. down to some of its finest details. The Flour is dull, but the decline of 10 to 20 cents per barrel has tended to help

The textile situation is not altogeth-

War, or rather romors of war, have "Yes, I never could quite reconcile consists of a metallic tip taken from been the chief subject of discussion in the iron and steel trade this weeck, a circular tin can forms the smoke- and to some extent have exerted a depressing effect on sentiment. New demand at this time, however, is never very large, and conditions as a whole are healthy and even promising. The labor outlook in iron does not promise

Wheat, inleuding flour, shipments for the week were 3,336,054 bushels against 3,061,095 bushels last week. Busine's failures in the United States for the week ending number 290,

against 322 last week. Canadian failures for the week number 50, as against 36 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Market. Onions, new yellow, 2c. Lettuce, hot house, \$1.60 per case. Potatoes, new, \$18. Beets, per sack, 85c@\$1.

Turnips, per sack, \$1.00. Squash-2c. Carrots, per sack, 75c Paranips, per sack, \$1.00@1.25. Celery-50e doz. Cabbage, native and California,

2c per pounds.

Butter-Creamery, 30c; dairy, 16@ 18e; ranch, 16c m 18e pound. more, is a less complex structure, but Cheese-14c. Eggs-Ranch, 28c; Eastern 23c. shows the same fidelity, patience and Poultry-14c; dressed, native chick-

ens, 15c; turkey, 16c. Hay-Puget Sound timothy, \$15.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.

Corn-Whole, \$24.00; cracked, \$25;

feed meal, \$24. Barley-Rolled or ground, per ton, Flour-Patent, per barrel, \$3.40; blended straights, \$3.25; California, right size, you see. I've got the adver-

\$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; graham, per barrel, \$3.25; whole wheat flour, \$3.25; rye flour, \$3.80@4.00. Millstuffs-Bran, per ton, \$15.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00,

Feed-Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$23; oil cake meal, per ton, \$29,00. Fresh Meats-Choice dressed beef steers, price 73ge; cows, 7e; mutton 7%; pork, 7%; trimmed, 9c; veal, 11@

Hams-Large, 1114c; small, 1116; breakfast bacon, 13 %c; dry salt sides, 8 bc.

Portland Market. Wheat-Walla Walla, 54@55c; Valley, nominal; Bluestem, 57 16c per

bushel Flour-Best grades, \$3.40; graham, \$2.60. Oats-Choice white, 42c; choice

gray, 41c per bushel. Barley-Feed barley, \$15.50 brewing, \$16.50 per ton. Millstuffs-Bran, \$15.50 ton; mid-

dlings, \$21; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per Hay-Timothy, \$12@12.50; clover, \$7 @ 9.50; O regon wild hay, \$6@ 7 per ton. Butter-Fancy creamery, 50@55c;

store, 323gc. Eggs-25c per dozen. Cheese-Oregon full cream, 13c; gathered a withered, shriveled, brown- Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.

Poultry-Chickens, mixed, \$3.00 per dozen; hens, \$4.00; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$6.00@8.00 doz; It flashed through my mind that a ducks, \$5.00@6.50 per dozen; turkeys, Potatoes-50@60c per sack; sweets,

1 % c per pouno. Vegetables-Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlie, 7c per pound; cabbage, 15gc per pound; parsnips, 85c;

Wool-Valley, 13@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@12c; mohair, 25

Mutton-Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 %c; dressed mutton, 6 % @ 7c per pound.

Hogs-Gross, choice heavy, \$5.75; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed, \$5.50@6.50 per 100 pounds. Beef-Gross, top steers, \$3.50@4.00;

cows, \$8.00@3.50; dressed beef, 6@ 7c per pound.

Veal-Large, 7@71/c; small, 81/4@ 9c per pound.

San Francisco Market. Wool-Spring-Nevada, 11@13c per

pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@14c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 9@10c. Hops-Crop, 1900, 14@17 %c.

Butter - Fancy creamery 20c; do seconds, 17c; fancy dairy, 17 do seconds, 14c per pound, Eggs-Store, 22c; fency ranch,

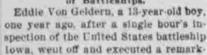
Millstuffs - Middlings, \$17.00 @ 20.00; bran, \$14.50@15.00. Hay-Wheat \$9@1336; wheat and

oat \$9.00@12.50; best barley \$9.50 Silk dresses were worn in Ching 4,500 alfalfa, \$7.00@10.00 per ton; straw, 35@47%c per bale. Potatoes-Oregon Burbanks, \$1.00: . Salinas Burbanks, 85c@\$1.15; river

> 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.

Burbanks, 35@ 60c; sweets, 50@\$1.

Tropical Fruits-Bananas, \$1.50@ Occasionally the people have a right 2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nomto abuse you; if you make a mistake, inal; Persian dates, 6@6%c per



posed of odd scraps and waste picked up about his own home and in his neighbors' back yards. He has now, unaided and untaught, constructed out of odds and ends of materials, with a few odd tools, partly of his own manufacture and contrivance, models of a steam engine and electric car good enough to be exhibited before the Technical Society of the Pacific at its in the cereals. Argentina reports dislast meeting in Academy of Sciences building, and which commanded the

or a sketch, to use the boy's own term, turned and riveted together, then export business. "So I have heard," answered Miss mailed down to a foundation board, so that they appear, together with a sim- er clear. Cotton has weakened on inof a series of castings. The sandbrake stack. The headlight is set in a little box constructed by the boy's deft hands, but for the ornament which caps it he is indebted to his mother's discarded curtain poles. There are steam cylinders with eccentric move. as well. ments, symmetrical and accurately proportioned, and a whole system of running gear and mechanism beneath, down to the compressed airbrake and hose, all as conscientiously executed as superficial age the great object is not if the lives of human passengers depended upon their being carried out to the finest detail.

that grave and dignified body.

In the engine cab the boy has accomthe impecunious friend, "My great ob plished some of his most patient imiject is not to be found in."-Washing tative work, for it is rigged with a throttle and steam gauge, the doors to the boiler and furnace being carefully "Scribley asked me to-day if I would defined. On one side the engineer's raised seat is carefully padded, and he "He's after a job and afraid you'd is even furnished with the usual padded arm-rest on the window, while the bell rope dangles above the fireman's sent opposite. All of the other windows in the cabs are glazed with discarded camera plates. The engine is about three and one-half feet long and of proportionate breadth and height. The trolley car, four feet long or

> accuracy, and is one of the most honest make-believe cars possible, from the stout wheels beneath, taken out of cord and tackle pulleys, to the trolley, which reaches up to draw power from an invisible wire. "That trolley was an old bamboo fishing rod once upon a time," explains the young builder gravely. "I had to buy the glass for the windows. for there weren't any dry plates the

above them. If you'll look in you can The seats, simulated to represent the rolling curves of the slatted Henderson (who has just bought a benches extending along the sides of new pipe)-Can you tell me, professor, the car, were backed out with the aid of an old jackknife, and beneath the car, Professor-Oh, that's easily deter at each end, the boy has built that abmined. Soak it in alcohol for twenty. solute essential to street cars in every four hours. If it's genuine it will then civilized community, safety fenders of

> What Frightened Him. While crossing the 1sthmus of Panama by rall, some years ago, the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beauti-

vise.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flowerpicking experience. I refused offers of assistance, and the only safe way."-Chicago Evening went alone to pluck the flowers. After

gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants, knee-high, and of delicats form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with my flowers. To my amazement I saw that I had

elected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves. Sudden attack of Panama fever, which live, 11c per pound. was very prevalent and much talked

of, had struck me delirious

I went "off my head" from fright, In a panic I threw the flowers down, and was about to run to the train. I looked around; nothing seemed strange, onions, \$1.50@2; carrots, 75c. I felt my pulse-all right, I was in a Hops-New crop, 12@14c perspiration, but the heat would have pound. made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants where stood seemed shrunken and wilted. per pound. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrunk and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

Equine Inequality. The work horse and the carriage horse stood side by side on the street. "I see you take your meals a la cart." sniffed the latter, looking disdainfully at the other's canvas feed bag. "Yes," replied the equine toller.

"Don't you?"

proud aristocratic mare rattled the silver chains upon her harness. "I prefer mine stable d'oat."-Philadelphia Bul-Go Wrong. "My boy," said the great man, "I

"Well," replied the bootblack, "dey's

"Neigh, neigh, Pauline!" and the

Silk Dresses in China.

used to shine shoes myself."

Finland Wolves. Finland loses \$27,500 worth of cattle

It is one of the wonders of childhood that grown people can get up without

abuse causes you to be more careful. | pound.