



WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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FOOD FOR DOGS.

How Canines Should be Fed—Views of An Experienced Breeder. The puppy, when just weaned, should be fed four, five or even six times a day, and from two months to four months of age, four times; after that three times, to the age of nine to twelve months, according to the breed—the smaller varieties reaching maturity sooner; after that twice a day is enough, a full meal being given each time, until maturity is reached. Regularity as to time is important in feeding, both because it assists health and is a considerable help in inculcating orderly and clean habits. Minute calculations have been made as to the amount of food required by a dog, with the result of conflicting statements of opinion, ranging from one-twentieth to one-twelfth of his own weight per day, and it is often stated in this form—one ounce of food for every pound the dog weighs. Experience convinces me that in the matter of quantity of food the scales are better dispensed with, using instead the dog's appetite as the correct measure; I therefore always advise that a dog should eat as much at a meal as he will eat freely, and that when he stops to turn it over and pick out bits here and there, the dish should be removed.

The composition and quality of food is the next point claiming consideration. In reference to the first point I think it necessary to refer to theories propounded by Dr. Billings, V. S., of Boston, Mass., in two lectures delivered in this city, and reproduced with apparent approval by that section of the American press which specially deals with canine matters. I have not the text before me, so can not quote with verbal accuracy; but briefly stated, Dr. Billings, founding his argument on the admitted fact that the dog is a carnivorous animal, declared he should be fed entirely on flesh and even went so far as to say that farinaceous food was poison to the dog. The English practice for centuries—from the time of that excellent huntsman and discourse on dogs and their treatment, Edmund de Langley, of the early part of the fourteenth century, confirmed by such practical writers as Turberville and Gervase Markham, of the sixteenth, Cox, Jacobs and others, of the seventeenth, and all the masters of hounds, huntsmen, game-keepers, kennel-men and every other person who has kept a dog since—is dead against Dr. Billings' theory, which, indeed, should rather be named a "crochet." For dogs there is no more wholesome food than the mixed scraps from the table, consisting of meat, bones, bread and vegetables, and when there are more dogs kept than there are bones and scraps for, the broken victuals should be taken as the standard of the component parts of that which has to be further provided.

In regard to pet dogs kept by ladies, the great mistake often made is to overfeed and feed too richly. It is a mistaken kindness to feed dogs on rich, fat-producing diet; and to give sugar and sweet cakes and puddings is to certainly destroy the powers of the digestive and assimilative organs; and any thing that produces excessive fatness will bring on asthma, to which disease pugs and other short-faced pets are especially prone. Occasionally we meet with, in all breeds, a dog that is a dainty feeder. These have to be coaxed to eat, a little at a time being given, and a tonic of iron and quinine with gentian given daily for a week or two at a time.—Hugh Dalziel, in Harper's Magazine.

Treatment of a Felon.

Take some salt, roast it on a hot stove until all the chlorine gas is thrown off, or it is all dry as you can make it. Take a teaspoonful, and also a teaspoonful of Venice turpentine; mix them well into a poultice and apply to a felon. If you have ten felons at once, make as many poultices. Renew the poultice twice a day. In four or five days your felon will, if not opened before your poultice is first put on, present a hole down to the bone where the pent-up matter was before your poultice brought it out. If the felon has been cut open, or opened itself, or is about to take off the finger to the first joint, no matter, put on your poultice, it will stop it right there, and in time your finger will get well, even if one of the first bones is gone. Of course it will not restore the lost bone, but it will get well soon.—Western Pioneer.

A writer in the Atlanta Constitution gives by request the bill of fare of a "real Yankee dinner," and includes among the beverages buttermilk, "York State tea," sage tea, black tea, catnip tea and bonset. It would be interesting to know where this intelligent Georgian got his ideas concerning a Yankee dinner.—N. Y. Sun.

CEYLON'S CAPITAL.

The Chief Center of the Jewel Trade of the Oriental World.

Colombo is in some respects more favored than other tropical cities, and it is as healthy as can reasonably be expected, owing to its long extent of sea-shore and its constant exposure to sea winds. The site is low and forms a sort of cape, with the open sea on one side and the bay on the other. An elevated region also, with a temperature far different from that of the coast, offers its advantages at a distance of three or four hours by rail. Still the merchant who has made a fortune in Colombo, the civil official or the army officer who has dutifully accepted his exile to Bishop Hobbes' paradise, rapturously hails the opportunity which permits him to return to his native land, either to spend his life, to pass a brief leave of absence among his friends, or, if he is an officer, to be assigned to a post less purgatorial. From Ceylon, as elsewhere, the lone abler returns to England with the life in the cuticle instead of in the liver, giving that old parchment look which Thackeray and other English novelists have so often described, and a complication of disorders which even a full purse and a regiment of physicians fail to put to flight. The chief center of the jewel trade of the East is at Colombo, principally in the hands of Cingalese and Mohammedan merchants. These, with their long-haired runners and cappers, are numerous and so importunate that even a personal chastisement is sometimes an insufficient hint that one desists to be disbarred of their society. Their ways are wary and spider-like when they once see the traveler beginning to be entangled in their web. Only the least valuable of their wares are displayed in cheap show-cases, and they usually begin by selling some trifling article, like a fan, or some little personal ornament. From these they proceed to handsome moonstones and cat's-eyes, and then they draw forth from unseen table drawers or perhaps from some old-fashioned safe fine emeralds, fine rubies, sapphires and diamonds, for which they ask three or four times as much as they expect to receive. Sometimes they will sell some pretty small jewel at a bargain to tempt the purchaser; then they will offer a large emerald or sapphire, for which they ask perhaps eight hundred or one thousand dollars. If the visitor seems indisposed to purchase, but still lingers, they gradually lower the price, often selling what they may at first have asked for four hundred to one thousand dollars for seventy-five or possibly for two hundred dollars. Some of the merchants are prosperous, but most of them are constantly in trouble, having brought their misfortunes and liabilities with them from Point de Galles at the time of the commercial change of base.

Great bargains always await the skilled purchaser at Colombo if he has the requisite means. Unfortunately good judgment and a long purse do not always go together, and mistakes are often made, stones that are absolutely worthless being purchased for genuine. Good cat's-eyes can be bought for from five to ten dollars, and exceedingly handsome ones for fifteen and twenty dollars. So sapphires and rubies begin the scale at fifteen and twenty dollars and end at any figure the purchaser chooses to pay. Small stones of the three or four most valuable kinds, such as are used for setting larger ones, can be bought for from a few cents to a dollar or two, and sometimes at a nominal figure by weight. It is safe to say that almost any jewel can be bought in Colombo for from one-fifth to one-tenth of the amount for which it is afterward sold in America.—San Francisco Chronicle.

BRITISH PAPERS.

The Press of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the Isles.

According to the Newspaper Press Directory for 1886, there are now published in the United Kingdom 2,093 newspapers, distributed as follows: England—London 409, provinces 1,225—1,634; Wales, 83; Scotland, 193; Ireland, 162; Isles, 21. Of these there are 144 daily papers published in England, 6 ditto Wales, 21 ditto Scotland, 15 ditto Ireland; 1 ditto British Isles. In 1846 there were published in the United Kingdom 551 journals; of these 14 were issued daily—viz, 12 in England and 2 in Ireland; but in 1886 there are now established and circulated 2,093 papers, of which no less than 187 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has nearly quadrupled during the last forty years. The increase in daily papers has been still more remarkable; the daily issues standing 187, against 14 in 1846. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1,268, of which 397 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics and other Christian communities.

A Scotch dominie, after relating to his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them "why God did not strike everybody dead who told a lie." After a long silence, one little fellow got to his feet and exclaimed: "Because, sir, there wadna be onybody left."—Exchange.

A Maine bibliographer has collected the titles of three thousand books and pamphlets printed in Maine or by Maine men, and is still collecting.

THE MIND DISEASED.

An Asylum Physician's Discoveries in the Study of Unbalanced Brains.

A walk through the female wards of the insane hospital with Dr. Fletcher is amusing, rather than saddening. Some sing him songs, others beg a bite from his dried and well-worn plug of tobacco, others are determined to dance with him, and all look on his coming with pleasure. They call him pet names, as "Uncle," "Doc" and "Poppy." Sunday they hunt him for candy. Others beg him to write home for them. A few beg to be taken home. They cut some strange antics. Not long since a female patient on the upper floor kicked out the ward door panel, crept through, and at midnight, climbed the fireman's ladder to the loft, where, though it was dark as pitch, she crept about among the rafters and steam-pipes, until she came to the elevator-well, seventy feet deep. She seized the wire cable, slid down two stories, and then got off onto the screendoor, at least three feet from the cable. Here she hung, with fingers and toes in the meshes, until she was discovered by a quick-witted woman—one of the ward attendants—who was going through the passage and heard a scratching on the wires. The attendant rushed into the clothes-room, seized a shelf-board, and broke out a large pane of glass above the girl, who clung like a squirrel fifty feet above the basement, and pulled her out, chattering and laughing, into the passage, and so, with good courage and rare presence of mind, saved her life.

Only three patients wear the bed-ticking mittens, and this so that they will not pull out their eye-brows and finger-nails. Only one is kept in a crib, and this so that she may secure rest to a broken limb. The screw holes and chair marks are seen, where the bad patients were formerly fastened in rows, each with arms in a jacket and a strong band about the waist which passed through holes in the back of the chairs and was locked. The chairs have been supplied with rockers, and the patients seem to enjoy them—always excepting the poor melancholics, who sit or lie huddled up in a heap, and seem to enjoy nothing.

Dr. Fletcher says they receive from fifty to one hundred inquiries from friends daily, and that the women usually send stamp and envelope for answer, while the men use only a postal-card. Not infrequently two or three members of a family are in the various wards, indicating hereditary insanity.

Here is a fine field for study in pathology and psychology, and one which Dr. Fletcher is improving, though he says to do any work of a scientific nature where there are three hundred attendants and sixteen hundred patients means the use of spare moments and midnight oil. However, he has become very much interested in the study of the blood supply of the brain in disease—a subject almost untouched in the works on brain and mind diseases, as for example, in the great atlas of the brain by Dr. Dalton, of New York, recently published.

Dr. Fletcher had a series of injected specimens of the arteries supplying the brain dissected out, notably the artery at the base of the brain, which branches like a tree, two of the shoots spreading around to meet the arteries in front, forming the remarkable communication between the front and back sets of brain arteries, known as the "circle of Willis," in memory of its describer, a contemporary and adherent of Hunter, who discovered the circulation of the blood. Many anomalies the Doctor finds in the blood supply of the insane brain—two of the four great tubes that supply the brain, in one case reduced to the size of a pin; others turned to solid cords, and yet others with beads and pockets developed in them. Of these he has made careful drawings, and has preserved specimens, hoping to add something to the multiplicity of causes, including disease and distortion of every organ and function, of the body from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head—which go to make up the unknown thing which we call insanity, but which, like headache or heartache, or weariness, may spring up from any part of the body, or from purely external causes.—Indianapolis Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is estimated that fifty thousand conversations take place over the wires in New York every twenty-four hours. For each message there must be at least five "Hellos," which would make two hundred and fifty thousand "Hellos" going over the wires daily.—N. Y. Tribune.

Relic-hunters are a kind of lunatics, sometimes harmless, but often otherwise, and generally foolish, their particular vanity being allied to that of people who inscribe their insignificant names upon public edifices and monuments.—Newburyport Herald.

It has been estimated that an iron car-wheel will travel some forty thousand miles, while a steel tire will run the enormous distance of two hundred thousand miles before wearing out; thus, though costing so much more, steel has greatly the advantage.—N. Y. Times.

A tailor in Boston has completed an exceedingly expensive overcoat for a gentleman of that city. The value of the coat is said to be four thousand dollars, though it is claimed that the garment could not be duplicated for a much larger sum. It contains sixty-nine Russian sable skins of the finest quality.—Boston Globe.

HISTORICAL RELICS.

The Pillow-Case and Quilt Upon Which President Lincoln Died.

There are a number of relics of the President scattered here and there about Washington. In the National Museum there is a pair of dove-colored chamois skin gloves which were made for the President just before he was assassinated but which he never wore. Here, too, is a model of his patent for lifting vessels over shoals, and in a case near by you may see a lock of his brown hair laid away with that of the other Presidents. A man named Petersen, who was a son of the man who owned the house in which Lincoln died, has the pillow case and quilt upon which he breathed his last breath. They are clotted and stained with blood, but Petersen considers them worth a great deal and he would hardly sell them for their weight in silver.

There is a tall, thin messenger at the White House named Pendle who has been there for nearly thirty years, and who was on duty on the night that the President was shot. He will tell you how he was affected by little Tad Lincoln, sobbing and crying: "Oh! they have killed my papa! My poor papa! Let me go to my papa!" Pendle worships the memory of little Tad and his father. In a tiny gold locket he has a little band of the President's hair, and in a camphor-scented box he keeps a fine black broadcloth coat, one sleeve of which is badly cut. It was in this coat that the President died, and Pendle treasures it as though it was a veritable cloth of gold. A man named Forbes, who lives in Washington, has the shawl and black silk stock worn by Lincoln when he was shot, and he is also the owner of a beautifully carved cane given to the President by a Pennsylvania regiment, as well as the pocket-knife of the President. Forbes is said to have been in the box the night Lincoln was shot, as one of his attendants.

The arms of John Wilkes Booth and some relics connected with his death are still kept here at Washington. A piece of Booth's vertebrae is shown in the exhibition cases of the Medical Museum, which is now kept in Ford's Theater, where the assassination occurred. This theater has never been used as a place of amusement since the night of the great crime. A short time after it Ford, the owner, who was something of a Southern sympathizer, attempted to open it, but Secretary Stanton forbade it, paying, if my remembrance be correct, one hundred thousand dollars for it.

As to the Medical Museum, it is filled with all sorts of horrible things. Hundreds of cases with glass fronts are shown full of all the horrible diseases that flesh is heir to. All sorts of human deformities look out of big bottles of alcohol, and a visit to the scene of Lincoln's assassination is disgusting beyond description. There are a great number of skeletons polished until they shine like ivory and fastened together with wires. In the top of the skull of each of these there is a brass ring, and by this skeleton hangs behind glasses clear as crystal and grins at you most horribly as you pass by. I am told that a new building is being erected for this Medical Museum. It is certainly not fitting that it should remain where it is.

All the semblance of the scenes of the assassination has been taken from the interior of the theater. It has been cut up into different floors and the only thing left which they can show you to remind you of the assassination is a window looking out on the alley where Booth got his horse and galloped away down towards the Maryland shores.—Carp, in Cleveland Leader.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"It is better to be alone in the world than to bring a boy up to play on the accordion."—Texas Siftings.

"Say, sis, does Sandy Claws fetch the snow?" "Guess he does, Johnny." "No he don't neither!" "Why don't he?" "Because he always fetches the rein-deer."—N. Y. Herald.

When the fashionable young lady makes a dive and a grab at her dress skirt a fellow feels very much like dodging, for she acts for all the world like she was going for a brick.—Montreal Witness.

A woman's will is strong and she usually sustains it by law. A lawyer is the only man that is ever known to break a woman's will, and he does it by law. Similia similibus curantur.—Texas Figaro.

Roman Nose, a Cheyenne chief in the Leavenworth jail, attempted suicide, because, as an exchange suggests, he was tired of Roman his cell. Few of us can understand the anguish a Roman Nose under such circumstances.—Boston Transcript.

An Innocent Missile.

When Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice were driving near the Buckingham Palace Park, along the Constitution Hill road recently a shabby-looking man allowed his way through the crowd and threw a small package into the carriage. The Queen was alarmed at the man's approach, and Princess Beatrice leaned forward apparently to shield her mother. The package proved not to be dynamite, as was suspected, but a note complaining that the petitioner had been robbed of his pension. He proved to be Charles Brown, an old English soldier who had several times been confined in an insane asylum. He was arrested.—N. Y. Post.

HOME AND FARM.

When sponge cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast. To brighten or clean silver or nickel-plated ware rub with a woolen cloth and flour.

French Cake: Three eggs, two cups of sugar, two and one-third cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to suit the taste.—N. E. Farmer.

No matter what rotation is adopted, one thing is of great importance to the grower of winter wheat. The soil must be so worked and managed that it will contain moisture enough in September to insure the prompt germination of the seed wheat.—Toledo Blade.

The worst kind of a cribber can be dissuaded from indulgence in his vice by the following means: Nail a piece of sheepskin about eight inches in width the entire length of the crib; select a skin with long wool and a wrinkle it freely with cayenne pepper. The cure will be speedy and permanent.—Forest, Forge and Farm.

A young heifer growing up to be a cow and bred to calve some time next spring is more sure to pay her keep through the winter than any other kind of horned stock. If not sold when she has her first calf, she will at least pay her way for a year, when she will certainly be worth more.—N. Y. Herald.

Baked Custard: One quart of milk, four eggs a pinch of salt; sweeten and flavor to taste. Boil the milk and when cool, add the beaten eggs, salt and flavors and grated nutmeg on top. Bake in cups set in a pan of water or in large dishes. Take special care not to bake too much or it will wobble. The rule is to sink a spoon in the middle; if the eggs are hard and no wobble to the top, it is properly done. Serve cold.—The Caterer.

Sunflower-seed for stock and especially for horses, to give them a sleek coat, is being widely used by the agricultural press. The seeds are not only rich in oil, but also exceedingly so in nitrogen. Hence less should be given at a feed than of linseed or oil-cake. The seeds are planted and cultivated the same as corn but a single stalk only should be left in a square. The yield is about the same as corn, but the cost of gathering and saving is far greater.—Chicago Tribune.

Hot Cabbage Salad: Take a firm white head, shred or chop enough to nearly fill a quart dish, put it in the dish, sprinkle the top with a half teaspoonful of black pepper and two or three tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put half a cup of butter in a spider; when it is brown stir into the following mixture: Half cup of sour cream, three well beaten eggs, half cup of vinegar; let it boil a moment and pour it over the cabbage; cover and keep in a warm place until wanted.—The Housewife.

The mysterious disease known as blight comes on potatoes from causes little understood. It generally attacks potatoes just after they have been set, and as the vines turn black and die the further development of the tuber is arrested. It seems to attack potatoes most freely in hot weather and is not so common in cool weather. It is generally more destructive on potatoes planted shallow, or whose natural growth is near the surface. Entire fields are often destroyed in a single day.—Prairie Farmer.

YELLOW FEVER.

Valuable Experiments on the Inoculability of This Terrible Disease.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, has published the results of several experiments he has made on the inoculability of yellow fever. He performed the operation, or rather got it performed for him by mosquitoes, which he caused first to sting a patient suffering from yellow fever and shortly afterward a healthy person who was to be (with his own consent of course) the subject of the experiment. He found that the disease was only inoculable from the third to the sixth day. When two mosquitoes were employed, so that a double dose was given, the symptoms of the experimental disease were somewhat more severe than when only a single mosquito was used. Of eleven cases of inoculation, six were efficacious, one doubtful and four negative. The period of incubation varied from five to fourteen days; the symptoms consisted of headache, pyrexia, injection, with sometimes an icteric tint of the conjunctiva, and in some cases albuminuria. The fever lasted, as in the ordinary form, from five to twenty-one days. The author believes that this method of producing artificial yellow fever will ultimately be found very valuable as a prophylactic against the natural and dangerous form of the disease.—London Lancet.

Talking for Pie.

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby at the dinner table, "what's an average?" "An average?" "Yes. Pa says you come to see sister twice a week on an average." Featherly was very much amused. After explaining to Bobby the meaning of the word, he said: "I suppose you thought it was some kind of a carriage, Bobby?" "I thought perhaps it might be a bicycle, because ma says you're too mean to hire." "Bobby," interrupted his mother, "will you have another piece of pie?"—N. Y. Sun.

The Churchman indignantly calls the prevailing style of ball-room dress "insolent indecency." "As usual," said Fogg, "the boys took to ringing my bell last night. I went to the door the first time, to see the young rascals running around the corner. It wasn't long before the bell rang a second time, but they couldn't fool me twice. So I let the bell ring half a dozen times without answering it. This morning Mrs. F.'s mother dropped in, in a high state of excitement. She said she had a soul, last night, and couldn't raise a soul. Under the circumstances, I didn't feel quite so angry with the boys. I was a boy myself once, and you can't blame them for wanting a little fun now and then."—Boston Transcript.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Portland.

Flour—Per bbl. standard brands, \$3.80; others, \$2.25@3.25. WHEAT—Per cbl. valley, \$1.15@1.17; W. Va. Valley, \$1.05@1.07. BARLEY—Whole # cental, \$1.07; @ 110; ground, # ton, \$22.50@24. OATS—Choice milling, \$7.30; choice feed, \$2@2.50. RYE—Per cbl, \$1.00@1.10. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—Per cbl, \$3.75. CORN MEAL—Per cbl, yellow, \$2.50@2.75; white, \$2.50@3.75. CRACKED WHEAT—Per cbl, \$2.75. HOMINY—Per cbl, \$4.00. OATMEAL—Per lb, 5c. PEARL BARLEY—No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; No. 3, 4c. SPLIT PEAS—Per lb, 5c. PEARL TAPIOCA—In boxes, 6c. SAGO—Per lb, 6c. VERMICELLI—Per lb, No. 1, \$1.25; No. 2, 9c.

BRAN—Per ton, \$13.50. SHORTS—Per ton, \$16. MIDDINGS—Per ton, \$20@25. CHOP—Per ton, \$25.00. HAY—Per ton, baled, \$7@8. OIL CAKE MEAL—Per ton, \$30@32.50. HOPS—Per lb, Oregon, nominal; Wash. Ter., do. EGGS—Per doz, 12c. BUTTER—Per lb, fancy roll, 16c; inferior grade, 12c; pickled, 10@12c. CHEESE—Per lb, Oregon, 6@11c; California, 10@10 1/2c.

DRIED FRUITS—Per lb, apples, quarter sacks and boxes, 3/4; do sliced, in sacks and boxes, 3/4@4; apricots, 17c; blackberries, 13@15c; nectarines, 16@17c; peaches, halves unpeeled, 7/8@8c; pears, quartered, 7/8c; pitted cherries, 16c; pitted plums, California, 8@10c; do Oregon, 5@7c; currants, 8@9c; dates, 6@7c; figs, Smyrna, 17@18c; California, 6@7c; prunes, California, 5@6c; French, 10@12c; Turkish, 6@7c; raisins, California London layers, \$2.15@2.20; # box; loose Muscatels, \$2@2.10; Seedless, # lb, 12c; Sultana, 12c.

RICE—China, No. 1, \$5.80; do No. 2, \$5.25; Sandwich Islands, No. 1, \$3.25. BEANS—Per lb, pea, 2c; pink, 2c. WHITE, 2c; bayo, 2c; lima, 3c; small, 2c.

VEGETABLES—Beets, 2 lb, 1c; cabbage, # lb, 2c; carrots, # sack, \$1.25; cauliflower, # doz, \$1.25; sweet potatoes, # lb, 1c; green onions, 1/2@2c; turnips, # lb, 1c; spinach, # sack, 40@50c; celery, # doz, 3c; green peas, # lb, 3@4c; lettuce, # doz, 2c.

POTATOES—Patatoes, new, 1 1/2@2c; per sack, old, 50@70c. POULTRY—Chickens, # doz, spring, \$3.00; old, \$2.50; ducks, \$3.00 @3.50; geese, \$1.00@1.50; turkeys, # lb, nominal, 10@12c.

HAMS—Per lb, Eastern, @c; Oregon, 9@10c. BACON—Per lb, Oregon sides, 6@7c; do shoulders, 5@6c.

LARD—Per lb, Oregon, 6@7c; Eastern, 7@8c.

PICKLES—Per 5 gal keg, 90c; 6bb, # gal, 25c. SUGARS—Quota bags: Cube, 6c; dry granulated, 6c; fine crushed, 6c; golden C, 5c.

CANNED GOODS—Salmon, 1 lb tins, # doz, \$1.35; oysters, 2 lb tins, # doz, \$2.25; 1 lb tins, # doz, \$1.40; lobsters, 1 lb tins, # doz, \$1.90; clams, 2 lb tins, # doz, \$1.90@2.05; mackerel, 5 lb tins, # doz, \$2.75@3.00; fruits, # doz tins, \$2.00@2.25; jams and jellies, # doz, \$1.75@2.00; vegetables, # doz, \$1.10@1.50.

HONEY—Extracted, 6c; comb, 14c. COFFEES—Per lb, Guatemala, 11c; Costa Rica, 12c; Java, 12c; Java, 12c; Rio, 11@12c; Salvador, 10@10 1/2c; Mocha, 22@25c; Kona, 12c.

TEAS—Young Hyson, 25c@50c; Japan, 20@55c; Oolong, 15@65c; Gunpowder and Imperial, 25@65c. SYRUPS—California refinery is quoted at 30c in bbls; in kegs and 1 gal, tins 35@45c.

FRESH FRUIT—Apples, Oregon, new, # box, 75c@1.25; bananas, # bunch, \$4.50; Lemons, California, # box, \$1.50@2.00; Sicily, # box, \$2@3.00; limes, # 100, \$1.25; pineapples, # doz, \$7.00; Los Angeles oranges, # box, \$2@3.25; strawberries, # lb, 14c.

SALT—Liverpool, # ton, \$16@21; table, in bales, per bale, \$2.25. SEEDS—Per lb, timothy, 5@6c; red clover, 14@16c; orchard grass, 17@18c; rye grass, 11@12c.

NUTS—California almonds, # 100 lb sbs, 35c; Brazil, 150 lb sbs, # lb, 14c; chestnuts, 15@20c; coconuts, \$3@4.00; Java, \$1.50; 175 lb sbs, # lb, 14c; hickory, 100 lb sbs, 10c; peanuts, 6@7c; pecans, Texas, 100 lb sbs, 14c; California walnuts, # 100 lb sbs, 10@11c.

WOOL—Eastern Oregon, spring clip, 12 1/2 @16c # lb; fall clip, 12@13. Valley Oregon, spring clip, 12@15c; lambs and fall, 12@14c. HIDES—Dry, 14@15c; wet salted, 6@7c.

San Francisco.

Flour—Extra, \$4.25@4.50 # bbl; super-fine, \$2.75@3.50.

WHEAT—No. 1 shipping, \$1.30@1.31 # cbl; No. 2, \$1.25@1.27; Milling, \$1.32@1.34.

BARLEY—No. 1 feed, \$1.25@1.30 # cbl; No. 2, \$1.22; brewing, \$1.42@1.52.

OATS—Milling and Shipping, \$1.35@1.37 # cbl; Feed, No. 1, \$1.30@1.35; No. 2, \$1.22@1.27.

HAY—Clover, \$8@11.00 # ton; alfalfa, \$11@12; wheat, \$15.00@16.00.

ONIONS—Per cbl, \$5.00@6.00. CORN—Small yellow, \$1.17@1.20 # cbl; large yellow, \$1.10@1.15; large white, \$1.10 @1.15; small white, \$1.00@1.10.

RYE—\$1.37 # cbl. HOPS—5@6c # lb. STRAW—55@60c # bale.

BEANS—Small white, \$1.65@1.80 # cbl; pea, \$1.05@1.15; pink, \$1.00@1.10; red, # cbl, \$1.00; bayos, \$1.00@1.25; butter, \$1.40@1.50; lima, \$2.25@2.50.

BUTTER—Store, 12@14c; good to fancy, 18@20c; California Irkin, 17@19c; Eastern, 10@12c.

CHEESE—California, 12@13c # lb. POTATOES—Early rose, 65@70c; river reds, 40@45c; sweets, 50@60c # lb.