

# KLAMATH REPUBLICAN.

VOL. VI.

KLAMATH FALLS, KLAMATH COUNTY, OREGON, AUGUST 1, 1901.

NO. 17.

FROM

## POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

### CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train bound for Albany stood in the depot, waiting the signal to start, and just before the final "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his daughter, whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying him were his wife, Jenny and a gray-haired man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curls and low whispers, as each noticed and commented upon the unearthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with the effort she had made.

The sight of her, so young, so fair and apparently so low, hushed all selfish feelings, and a gay bridal party who had taken possession of the ladies' saloon immediately came forward, offering it to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and laying Rose upon the long settee, he made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions he had brought with him. As the crackling engine moved slowly out of Boston, Rose asked that the window might be raised, and, leaning upon her elbow, she looked out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward nightfall of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more fatigued than she was willing to acknowledge, now that she was so determined to get well, was lifted from the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her hair was of this year's fashion or last.

"I'm weary," she said. "Lay me where I can rest." And with the grand mother leading the way, the father carried his child to the chamber prepared for her with so much care.

"It's worse than I thought 'twas," said Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor below, where her daughter had thrown herself with a sigh upon the chintz-covered lounge. "It's a deal worse than I thought 'twas." Hasn't she caught cold, or been exposed some way?"

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twirling the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and the whole faculty ought to be indicted for manslaughter."

Jenny's clear, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any one until she went there, and I consider it my duty to warn all parents against sending their daughters to a place where neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and housework."

Jenny had not quite got over her childhood habit of occasionally setting her mother right on some points, and she could not forbear saying that Dr. Kleber had said that Rose had injured herself by attending Mrs. Russell's party.

"Dr. Kleber doesn't know any more about it than I do," returned her mother. "He's always minding other folks' business, and so are you. I guess you'd better go upstairs at once, and see if Rose doesn't want something."

Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to a window, which had been opened that she might breathe more freely, said: "Just listen; don't you hear that horrid cracking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid cracking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a different form and sound. Seating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the frost. I love to hear them crack. It makes me feel both sad and happy, just as the crickets do that sing under the hearth in our old home in Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not but sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally spying some tall locust branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "I shall be sure to see a wink to-night."

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through those old trees, and might now or then I could lay awake and hear it."

"Now, Rose," said she, "you are making half of this, for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters."

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't. What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me."

"They'll have to climb to the top of the tree, then," said Jenny, "for the road to the house is every direction, and the road to see that you are here, besides that, who is there that wants to see you?"

Rose did not say a word. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed away in the closet adjoining.

"Rose was afraid," said Jenny, who would look in and see her, "said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her face."

"Look in and see her!" repeated Mrs. Howland. "I've undressed without curtains these forty years, and I'll be bound nobody ever peeks at me. But come," she added, "set up and see if you can't eat a mouthful or so. Here's some bread and butter, a slice of toast, some currant jelly that I made myself, and the swiftest cup of black tea you ever see. It'll enliven bear up an egg."

"Sweetened with brown sugar, ain't it?" said Rose, sipping a little of the tea. In great distress the good old lady replied that she was out of white sugar, but some folks loved brown just as well. "Ugh! Take it away," said Rose. "It makes me sick, and I don't believe I can eat another bite," but, in spite of her belief, the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately made fun of the little silver spoons, her grandmother's bridal gift, and found fault because the jelly was not put in porcelain jars instead of the old blue earthen teacup, tied over with a piece of paper.

Until a late hour that night did Rose keep the whole household on the alert, doing the thousand useless things which her nervous fancy prompted. First the front door, usually secured with a bit of white-shingle, must be nailed, "for somebody would break in." Next the windows, which in the rising wind began to rattle, must be made fast with divers knives, scissors, combs and keys; and, lastly, the old clock must be stopped, for Rose was not accustomed to its striking, and it would keep her awake.

"Dear me," said the tired old grandmother, when at about midnight she repaired to her own cozy little bedroom, "how fidgety she is. I should of s'posed that livin' in the city so, she'd got used to noises."

In a day or so Mr. Lincoln and Jenny went back to Boston, leaving with them a long list of articles which Rose must and would have. As they were leaving the house Mrs. Howland brought out her black leather wallet, and, forcing two ten-dollar bills into Jenny's hand, whispered: "Take it to pay for them things. Your pa has need enough for his money, and this is some I've earned along knitting and selling butter. At first I thought I would get a new chamber carpet, but the old one answers my turn very well, so take it and buy Rose everything she wants."

All this time the thankless girl upstairs was fretting and muttering about her grandmother's stinginess in not having a better carpet "than the old faded thing, which looked as if manufactured before the flood!"

### CHAPTER XX.

On the same day when Rose Lincoln left Boston for Glenwood Mrs. Campbell sat in her own room, gloomy and depressed. For several days she had not been well, and besides that Ella's engagement with Henry Lincoln filled her heart with dark forebodings, for rumor said that he was unprincipled and dissipated, and before giving her consent Mrs. Campbell had labored long with Ella, who insisted that "he was a better man than other young men—most of them drank occasionally, and Henry did nothing more."

On this afternoon she had again conversed with Ella, who angrily declared that she would marry him even if she knew he'd be a drunkard, adding, "But I won't let her. He loves me better than all the world, and I shall help him to reform."

"I don't believe your sister would marry him," continued Mrs. Campbell, who was becoming much attached to Mary.

"I don't believe she would either, and for a good reason, too," returned Ella, peevishly jerking her long curls. "But I can't see why you should bring her up, for he has never been more than polite to her, and that he assured me was wholly on my account."

"She isn't pleased with your engagement," said Mrs. Campbell, and Ella replied: "Well, what of that? It's nothing to her, and I didn't mean she should know it, but Jenny likes a little tattling, must needs tell her, and so she has read me a two hours' sermon on the subject. She acted so queer, too, I didn't know what to think of her, and when she and Henry are together they look so funny that I almost believe she wants him herself, but she can't have him, she can't have him."

The first and only object of Henry's affection, Ella danced out of the room to attend to the seamstress who was doing her plain sewing.

After she was gone Mrs. Campbell fell asleep, and for the first time in many a long year dreamed of her old home in England. She did not remember it herself, but she had so often heard it described by the aunt who adopted her that now it came vividly before her mind, with its dark stone walls, its spacious grounds, terraced gardens, running vines and creeping roses. Sometimes about it, too, she remembered that Ella had once said that her mother's early home, and when she awoke she wondered that she had never questioned the child more concerning her parents. She was just lying back again upon her pillow when there was a gentle rap at the door, and Mary Howland's soft voice asked permission to come in.

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Campbell. "Perhaps you can charm away my headache, which is dreadful."

"I'll try," answered Mary. "Shall I read to you?"

"If you please; but first give me my salts. You'll find them there in that drawer."

Mary obeyed, but started as she opened the drawer, for there, on the top, lay a small, old-fashioned miniature of a fair young child, so nearly resembling Franky that the tears instantly came to her eyes.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Campbell, and Mary replied: "This picture—so much like brother Franky. May I look at it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Campbell. "That is a picture of my sister."

For a long time Mary gazed at the sweet, childish face, which, with its clustering curls, and soft brown eyes, looked to her so much like Franky. At last, turning to Mrs. Campbell, she said, "You must have loved her very much. What was her name?"

"Ella Temple," was Mrs. Campbell's reply, and Mary instantly exclaimed: "Why, that was my mother's name!" "Your mother, Mary's mother?"

said Mrs. Campbell, starting up from her pillow. "But no; it cannot be. Your mother is lying in Chicopee, and Ella, my sister, died in England." Every particle of color had left Mary's face, and her eyes, now black as midnight, stared wildly at Mrs. Campbell. The sad story, which her mother had once told her, came back to her mind, bringing with it the thought which had so agitated her companion.

"Yes," she continued, without noticing what Mrs. Campbell had said, "my mother was Ella Temple, and she had two sisters, one her own, and the other a half-sister—Sarah Fisher and Jane Temple—both of whom came to America many years ago."

"Tell me more—tell me all you know," whispered Mrs. Campbell, grasping Mary's hand; "and how it came about that I thought she was dead—my sister."

Upon this point Mary could throw no light, but of all that she had heard from her mother she told, and then Mrs. Campbell, bringing to her writing desk, said: "Print it to me. I must read that letter again."

Mary obeyed, and taking out a much-soiled, blotted letter, Mrs. Campbell never left it to read it aloud. It was as follows: "Daughter Jane—I now take this opportunity of informing you that I've lost your sister Ella, and have now no child saving yourself, who, if you behave well, will be my only heir. Sometimes I wish you were here, for it's a precious living alone, but I suppose as you're better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has never written me a word since he left England. If I live three years longer I shall come to America, and until that time, adieu. Your father, Henry Temple."

"How short and cold!" was Mary's first exclamation, for her impressions of her grandfather were not very agreeable. "It is like all his letters," answered Mrs. Campbell. "But it was cruel to make me think Ella was dead, for how could I suppose he had lost her?"

Then, as the conviction came over her that Mary was indeed the child of her own sister, she wound her arms about her neck, and kissing her lips, murmured: "My child—Mary. Oh, had I known this sooner, you should not have been so cruelly deserted, and little Ella should never have died in the almshouse. But you'll never leave me now, for all that I have is yours—yours and Ella's."

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were rendered less bitter by the knowledge that she had cared for, and been a mother to, one of her sister's orphan children. "I know now, why, from the first, I felt so drawn toward Ella, and why her clear, large eyes are so much like my own lost darling's, and even you, Mary—"

Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the haughty lady turned away from the sober, homely little child, who begged so piteously "to go with Ella," where there was room and to spare. All this came up in sad review before Mrs. Campbell, and as she recalled the incidents of her sister's death, and thought of the noble little Frank, who often went hungry and cold that his mother and sisters might be warm and fed, she felt that her heart would burst with its weight of sorrow.

"Oh," said she, "to die so near me, my only sister, and I never know it! never go near her. I with all my wealth, as much hers as mine—and she dying of starvation."

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling how affectionately her mother had always remembered her. "And even on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you, and bade me, if I ever found you, love you for her sake."

"Will you, do you love me?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

"Do you know aught of my Aunt Sarah?" Mary asked at last; and Mrs. Campbell replied: "Nothing definite. From father we first heard that she was in New York, and then Aunt Morris wrote to her, making inquiries concerning her. I think the Fletchers were rather peculiar in their dispositions, and were probably jealous of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's uncle wrote, he said that 'independent of old Temple's aid she had received a good education,' adding further that she had married and gone West, and that he was intending soon to follow her. He neither gave the name of her husband nor the place to which they were going, and as all our subsequent letters were unanswered, I know not whether she is dead or alive; but often when I think how alone I am, without a relative in the world, I have prayed and wept that she might come back; for though I never saw her that I remember, she was my mother's child, and I should love her for that."

(To be continued.)

Not Enough Men. "Say!" cried the first longshoreman, "ain't ye got any better sense than to be smokin' while we're handling these kegs of powder? Don't ye know there was an explosion last week that blowed up a dozen men?"

"Faith," replied Cassidy, "that end never happen here."

"Why not?"

"Because there's only two of us workin' in here"—Philadelphia Press.

The Dead Come to Life. Mr. Thirtwain—The jokes the funny men perpetrate nowadays are nothing like those that delighted me when I was a boy.

Mr. Fortwain—Wait 'till you're a little older. They're now using the ones that delighted my boyhood. And, by the way, don't say "perpetrate." "Perpetrate" is the word.—Philadelphia Press.

A Smooth Answer. He—Do you think you really need a new dress now?

She—You don't know anything about it. I wish I had known before I married you what a stupid you are.

He—You might have guessed it easily when I offered to marry you.—Pick-Me-Up.

Self-Taught. "Learning the cornet, is he? Who's his teacher?"

"He has none. He's his own tooter."—Philadelphia Times.

### EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The steel trust will carry the strike into the courts.

The sugar trust will add \$15,000,000 to its capital stock.

The Constitution beat Columbia four minutes in a 28 mile race.

There are rumors in London of peace negotiations to end the Boer war.

Dr. Koch says bovine tuberculosis is not transmissible to the human system.

A lone highwayman held up the Cazadero stage near Mendocino, Cal., but got nothing.

The teamsters' strike in San Francisco is becoming serious. Both sides are standing firm.

A fire in a reduction plant near Florence, Col., destroyed \$250,000 worth of property.

Petroleum on board an American ship at Stockholm, Sweden, exploded, burning 15 persons and the ship.

Rear Admiral Schley will demand an investigation of Maclay's charges, and will sue the author for libel.

An excursion boat on the Saginaw river sank near Saginaw, Mich., with 30 passengers on board. All were saved.

The Boers have given up all hope of intervention and realize that they must fight the war out on their own account.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is considering the question of substituting electricity for steam on its heavy grades.

William H. Hunt, present secretary of Porto Rico has been selected to succeed Charles H. Allen as governor of that island.

The mine firemen's strike has been declared off.

The southwest was again scorched by a hot wave.

The steel trust has made no effort to start up idle plants.

The rivers and harbors committee has returned from Alaska.

The international mining congress has opened at Boise, Idaho.

Whitmarsh has been exonerated of the charges brought against him.

The ministers at Peking have agreed upon the question of indemnity payments.

San Francisco teamsters have quit work and the wholesale trade is about tied up.

Colonel Albert Jenks, a well known artist, dropped dead in Los Angeles of heart disease, aged 75 years.

A Pittsburg woman started the fire with kerosene and, with her three children, was burned to death.

The mayor of Santa Paula, Cal., was shot and probably fatally wounded by a tough character of that place.

Corbin and Chaffee have decided on radical changes in the army in the Philippines. The military force will be reduced to 20,000 or 30,000.

A movement has been started by the labor unions of San Francisco to shut out Japanese, placing them on the same footing with the Chinese.

At a Chicago race track four horses became frightened, threw their riders and bolted from the track into the spectators and several persons were severely injured.

It is estimated that \$2,000,000 in bank notes is in circulation which have been printed from the plates of a defunct bank. The plates were supposed to have been destroyed 50 years ago.

The Havana drydock may be towed to Subig bay, Luzon.

Aguinaldo is irritated by his continued imprisonment.

The steel trust will attempt to open several plants this week.

Friendly relations between Russia and Thibet have been opened.

Hot weather continues in the British Isles, but relief is predicted.

Another heat wave has visited the corn belt of Kansas and Nebraska.

### AN ALASKA TRAGEDY.

Three Men Left on an Island Mysteriously Disappear.

Port Townsend, Wash., July 24.—The steamer Oregon arrived in quarantine from Nome last night, and remained in the stream awaiting inspection until this morning. She brought the largest number of passengers of any steamer arriving from Nome this season. The Oregon sailed from Nome July 13. She reports that for several days previous to her sailing a fearful surf was sweeping the beach at Nome, which endangered both life and property.

A tragedy is reported on Unimak island. Three men were landed there last fall by the steamer Thomas F. Bayard. The Bayard was to return for them this season, and when she arrived a party was sent ashore and found a collapsed tent, the strong ropes of which had evidently been cut with a knife or some other sharp instrument. Inside were a couple of garments, coat and vest, both of which were pierced with sharp knife cuts. The Bayard sailed for Nome and arrived there July 9, and made the foregoing report.

The steamer Ruth, which was disabled by ice at Golofin bay, after making temporary repairs, started for Cape Nome in a leaking condition, and was caught in the storm in Behring sea and she was again disabled, and while drifting about helplessly was picked up by the steamer Santa Ana and towed to Nome.

### STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Steamer Burned on the Lakes—Crew Believed to Be Lost.

Marinette, Wis., July 2.—During a severe electrical storm today a boat supposed to be a large schooner or steam barge was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire, and her crew is believed to have been lost. The light-keeper at Menominee saw the boat burning just south of Green island. He called up the local fire tug and the latter started out to render any assistance possible. When about three miles out all signs of the boat or fire suddenly disappeared, and an examination afterward showed no wreckage. The nearest land is Green island and the crew, if they had escaped with their lives, would have gone there. There was a heavy sea running, and it would have been impossible for a small boat to live in it. The boat was on her way here from the Sturgeon bay canal, and was undoubtedly one of the Chicago or Milwaukee lumber carriers. Communication with Sturgeon bay failed to establish the identity of the lost craft.

### FIREMEN'S STRIKE ENDED.

Declared Off at a Joint Meeting at Wilkes-Barre—Work Resumed.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., July 24.—The strike of the stationary firemen was jointly called off at a joint meeting of the strikers and the executive board of United Mineworkers tonight. A resolution was offered requesting all strikers to report for work tomorrow, and if they are refused by any of the companies, then the United Mineworkers will take up their cases. The resolution was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

More mines, with the aid of the United Mineworkers, resumed operations in the Wyoming valley today. Committees from the striking stationary firemen waited upon the superintendents of the coal companies and asked to be reinstated. At some of the mines the committees were told that the places of the strikers were filled. At others the names of the old firemen were taken and the committees were told that if their services were needed they would be sent for.

In accordance with the agreement entered into at the conference last night by the executive officers of the United Mineworkers and the chief officers of the stationary firemen, some of the firemen belonging to the United Mineworkers gave notice today that they will give up their positions. This will make room for the old firemen.

Ambushed by Boers.

London, July 23.—The casualty lists received tonight at the war office indicate that a party of South African constabulary was ambushed near Petrusburg July 16 and that two members of the party were killed, one dangerously wounded and 17 are missing and are believed to have been taken prisoners by the Boers.

All Depends on the Powers.

Tien Tsin, July 23.—Europeans here consider that the prevention of a speedy recurrence of trouble depends entirely upon the firmness displayed by the powers. It is thought that this fact should be recognized in Europe and the United States. The general feeling in Tien Tsin is that China is in no wise overawed or repented. Li Hung Chang is reported to have adopted an off-hand tone toward a member of the provisional government, and to have talked of ousting the provisional government.

British Missionaries Indignant.

London, July 24.—The party of British missionaries who accompanied Major Pereira to Tai Yuen Fu, in Shan Si, to investigate the condition of the mission property, and of the native Christians, traveled unarmed, says a dispatch to the Times from Peking, relying upon a promise of protection, which was faithfully fulfilled. Everywhere they were well received.

### NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

A number of small hold-ups are reported around Athens and Weston.

A stage line has been established across the mountains from Prineville to Foster.

James Hall, a California pioneer of 1852, died recently at Fairview, Wasco county.

Several rich clean ups are reported from the placer mines of Mule Gulch, Grant county.

The Eugene excelsior factory is running night and day, turning out 12 carloads every month.

Oregon college presidents are discussing a more thorough regulation of intercollegiate athletics.

The natural ice caves near Elgin, Union county, are becoming quite a summer resort for that section.

A. W. Sturgis, of Josephine county, expects to realize \$10,000 from the annual clean up on his Forest creek mine.

Timber fires are raging in the mountains in Lake and Klamath counties, and the valleys are getting blue with smoke.

The prune crop in Benton and Linn counties will be such a record breaker that it is feared much of the fruit must go to waste for lack of drying facilities.

The number of children in Lane county between the ages of 4 and 20, according to the reports of the several school clerks, is 7,949. Last year the number of children was 7,382.

The Oregon rattlesnake seems lacking in real venom. Several men were bitten recently in various hayfields in Eastern Oregon, but no fatalities or serious results are recorded.

Some of the Polk county prune growers are already engaging hands for the harvest, as a labor famine is anticipated on account of the size of the crop and the outside demand for laborers.

Good coal prospects are reported on the old H. C. Owen place, eight miles from Eugene. Capital has been interested and development work will soon be begun. The vein was known years ago, but an obstinate owner blocked progress.

Milton is trying hard to get a cannery located there.

Wagoners are doing a heavy wool business freighting out of Lostine.

The Crook county court paid bounty on 740 coyote scalps last session.

Florence people are working for more adequate protection against fire.

Bob White quail have been seen in small coveys near Lostine, Wallawa county.

Numerous bands of sheep are headed for the summer pastures in the Greenhorn mountains.

A California lion was seen lately in the suburbs of Marshfield and badly frightened several small children.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 55@56c per bushel; bluestem, 57c; valley, nominal.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.90@3.40 per barrel; Graham, \$2.60.

Oats—White, \$1.32@1.35; gray, \$1.30@1.32 1/2 per cental.

Barley—Feed, \$16.50@17; brewing, \$17@17.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$21.50; shorts, \$20; chop, \$16.

Hay—Timothy, \$12.50@14; clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17 1/2@19c; dairy, 14@15c; store, 11@12c per pound.

Eggs—17 1/2@18c per dozen.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 11@11 1/2c; Young America, 12@12 1/2c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.25@4.00; hens, \$4.00@5.00; dressed, 10c a lb; broilers, \$2.50@4.50 per dozen; ducks, \$3 for old, \$2.50 for young; geese, \$4 per dozen; turkeys, live, 8@10c; dressed, 10@12 1/2c per pound.

Mutton—Lamb, 3 1/2c, gross; dressed, 6@7c per pound; sheep, \$3.25, gross; dressed, 6@6 1/2c per lb.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$5.75@6; light, \$4.75@5; dressed, 6 1/2@7c per pound.

Veal—Small, 7 1/2@8 1/2c; large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, \$4.00@4.25; cows and heifers, \$3.25@3.50; dressed beef, 6 1/2@7 1/2c per pound.

Hops—12@14c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@13c; Eastern Oregon, 8