

THE WHEAT MARKET

Unusual Fluctuations of Cereals
In Chicago Grain Pit

CAUSE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT

Advance in Price Occasioned by the Lack of Rain in the Northwest Spring Wheat States.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 8.—July wheat opened at 71 1/4¢ flat, jumped from yesterday's close of 71 1/4¢ and closed at 72 5/8¢. Then began a trade, which in excitement and volume, exceeded the events when traders were recurring to the days of the Leiter deal for comparisons. The advance was occasioned by the fact that the Northwest was still without rain.

IN NEW YORK.

New York, June 8.—Another sensational advance took place in wheat today, prices advancing 2 1/4¢ per bushel, making over 5 cents in the last three days. The crop damage reports from spring wheat states are undoubtedly very bullish, but there is some question as to whether the advance has not been too rapid under the circumstances. July wheat went up from 75 1/4¢ cents early in the day, to 77 1/4¢ cents in the afternoon, closing at 77 1/4¢ cents.

THE CENSUS MAN.

Are you ready for the census?
Have you read the almanac?
Have you studied your ancestors?
For a dozen cycles back?
Have you counted up your freckles?
Have you figured up your sins?
For you know you'll have to tell 'em
When the census man begins.

Have you added up the children?
Have you counted up your cash?
Did you ever find a button?
In a dish of corn beef hash?
Are you deaf or blind or ugly?
Do you toe out or toe in?
All of this you'll have to answer
When the census man begins.

Do you lip or squint or stammer?
Ever have the whooping cough?
Are you handy with the hammer?
Ever do a stunt at golf?
Are you fond of checkered neckties?
Ever fall and bark your shins?
Did you swear? You'll have to tell it
When the census man begins.

If your partner gave trump signal
Would you lead him back the dance?
Ever wear a porous plaster?
Was it hard to get it loose?
Are you fond of pickled onions?
Do you smoke or chew or swear?
Have you any corns or bunions?
What the size of shoe you wear?

Oh, you might as well look pleasant
For you know you'll have to tell.
Would you use a bit more sugar
When the jelly doesn't tell?
What the nature of your labors?
Do you sugar your baked beans?
Are you friendly with the neighbors?
Do you live beyond your means?

Are you lean or stout or medium?
Do you snore, or snore, that way?
Did you move the first of May?
If a bolt-tailed flush called aces,
Could you tell me which one wins?
Oh, you'll have to come to centre
When the census man begins.

Are the children well this summer?
Are they troubled with the bites?
Don't you think pink teas are tiresome?
Did you ever play high fives?
Didn't see you at the party?
Don't you go out any more?
Good morning! Can you tell me
How the family is next door?

James W. Foley, Jr., in Bismarck Tribune.

NEW PARTRIDGE.

One would imagine that, with the modern facilities for travelling, the hunters had long ago discovered all the game birds and their haunts in every corner of the world. But, to the surprise of everybody, a brand new partridge has just turned up. It is called the Siberian partridge. It is found in the mountains of southern Siberia, although Manchuria is believed to be its real home. It feeds upon little wild nuts which give to its meat a peculiarly delicious flavor. The birds are killed in the winter, and after a thorough freezing, they are packed and sent by rail to Siberia. From there they are taken to London where they are sold for something less than a dollar a brace. As many as 50,000 brace have already reached the London market.

THE SESSIONS ENDED

COUNTY COURT HAS ADJOURNED TO
THURSDAY, JUNE 28th.

When the Newly Elected Members Will Meet with the Court—Many Bills Audited.

(From Daily Statesman, June 9.)

The Marion county commissioners' court concluded its sessions yesterday and adjourned to Thursday, June 28th, when the business of the court will be wound up for the term, so far as it can be done. At that time, it is expected, Judge-elect John H. Scott and Commissioner-elect I. C. Needham will meet with the court, and will be made acquainted with the affairs of the county and the matters demanding attention.

The court yesterday concluded the auditing of bills and passed on several petitions as shown below:
The petition of J. S. Korb and others for the location of a county road was dismissed.
The petition of Chas. Heintz and others for aid on a county road from

Jack's bridge, on Butte creek, to Morley's bridge, the court ordered that \$13 should be paid toward completing the road.
The petition of R. A. Witzel and others for aid in repairing a road east from the asylum farm, \$21 was allowed toward completing the work.
The clerk was ordered to advertise for sealed bids for the construction of a Howe Truss bridge across Pudding river, northeast of Woodburn, bids to be received up to 2 p. m. on July 6, 1900.

Election Account.	Cmld.	Allwd.
Henry Pape	\$75 00	\$75 00
Patton Bros.	11 20	11 20
Gray Bros.	1 30	1 30
E. J. Swafford	20 00	20 00
W. H. Downing	55 not all.	
George F. Rodgers	9 00	Contd
A. H. Hunt	3 00	2 50
J. E. Davis	50	50
James Blackwell	2 00	not all.
James Monroe	2 50	2 50
Frank Perket	1 00	not all.
W. H. Simpson	1 25	not all.
J. F. Unro	4 00	2 50
City of Silverton	2 50	2 50
G. P. Terrell	2 50	2 50
City of Jefferson	2 50	2 50
W. P. Gilbert	2 50	2 50
C. W. Armstrong	2 50	2 50
J. E. Hosman	2 50	2 50
Howell Prairie Union	4 00	2 50
J. L. Conner	2 50	2 50
C. D. Thomas	2 50	2 50
Oliver Jory	2 50	2 50
Fidelity Lodge I.O.O.F.	5 00	2 50
Jos. Esch	2 50	2 50
Henry Miller	2 50	2 50
W. H. Commons	2 50	2 50
City of Hubbard	2 50	2 50
Monitor Trading Co.	2 50	2 50
Amos Beach	2 50	2 50
C. F. Shipp	2 50	2 50
Court House and Jail		
Or. Telph. & Tel. Co.	\$13 75	\$13 75
Gray Bros.	10	10
J. H. Roland	80	80
C. D. Gabrielson	60	60
C. J. Olmsted	5 35	5 35
S. H. White	3 50	3 50
John Hughes	90	90
Salem I. & T. Co.	35	35
Salem Water Co.	14 15	14 15
E. F. Parkhurst	160	160
H. S. Gile	40	40
F. A. Wiggins	60	60
A. McCullough	20	20
Boyd & Barker	40	40
Gilbert Bros	80	80
Bozorth Bros	80	80
Wright & Co.	30	30
Pauper Account.		
B. H. Bradshaw	\$12 00	\$12 00
G. P. Terrell	8 60	8 60
Harritt & Lawrence	13 30	13 30
M. M. High	90 24	90 24
D. S. Bentley & Co.	3 25	3 25
Or. Tel. & Telph. Co.	1 50	1 50
F. F. Staiger	3 50	3 50
John Hughes	28 20	28 20
J. A. Richardson	20 00	15 00
Alice Prettyman	12 00	8 00
W. L. Wade	1 65	1 65
S. J. Jessup	50 00	35 00
Steiner Drug Co.	13 00	13 00
D. C. Thomas	9 20	9 20
B. F. Russell	30 00	16 00
R. P. Boise Jr.	15 00	15 00
Stationery Account.		
Statesman Pub. Co.	\$8 70	\$8 70
Patton Bros.	11 55	11 55
R. E. Moores	2 00	2 00
George F. Rodgers	28 40	28 40
Sentinel	21 00	18 00
Tax Rebate Account.		
A. B. Estes	\$43 20	\$43 20
School Examiners.		
R. E. Moores	\$15 00	\$15 00
Sheriff's Account.		
E. W. Durbin	\$50 40	\$50 40
Coroner's Account.		
A. M. Clough	\$5 60	\$5 60
Postage Account.		
W. W. Hall	\$5 00	\$5 00
J. W. Hobart	2 25	2 25
F. W. Durbin	10 00	10 00
J. H. Roland	3 00	3 00
G. P. Terrell	2 25	2 25
Assessor's Account.		
J. W. Hobart	\$25 00	not all.
Commissioners Account.		
Wm. Miley	\$21 00	\$21 00
J. N. Davis	22 20	22 20

Or. Telph. & Tel. Co. \$13 75
Gray Bros. 10
J. H. Roland 80
C. D. Gabrielson 60
C. J. Olmsted 5 35
S. H. White 3 50
John Hughes 90
Salem I. & T. Co. 35
Salem Water Co. 14 15
E. F. Parkhurst 160
H. S. Gile 40
F. A. Wiggins 60
A. McCullough 20
Boyd & Barker 40
Gilbert Bros 80
Bozorth Bros 80
Wright & Co. 30
Pauper Account.
B. H. Bradshaw \$12 00
G. P. Terrell 8 60
Harritt & Lawrence 13 30
M. M. High 90 24
D. S. Bentley & Co. 3 25
Or. Tel. & Telph. Co. 1 50
F. F. Staiger 3 50
John Hughes 28 20
J. A. Richardson 20 00
Alice Prettyman 12 00
W. L. Wade 1 65
S. J. Jessup 50 00
Steiner Drug Co. 13 00
D. C. Thomas 9 20
B. F. Russell 30 00
R. P. Boise Jr. 15 00
Stationery Account.
Statesman Pub. Co. \$8 70
Patton Bros. 11 55
R. E. Moores 2 00
George F. Rodgers 28 40
Sentinel 21 00
Tax Rebate Account.
A. B. Estes \$43 20
School Examiners.
R. E. Moores \$15 00
Sheriff's Account.
E. W. Durbin \$50 40
Coroner's Account.
A. M. Clough \$5 60
Postage Account.
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THE HOTEL RATES FRIGHTENED HIM.

Col. Mann tells this story of Representative John Allen, of Mississippi. When Mr. Allen journeyed over to Manhattan several weeks ago to enjoy the dinner of the New York Bankers' Association he arrived on Saturday afternoon and was taken to the Waldorf-Astoria. There the clerk assigned him to a room and, on going up, he found that it was a great suite of three rooms, magnificently furnished, one mass of gilt and dainty colorings, and bunches of American beauty roses standing around on costly tables.

"Mr. Allen began to grow frowsy," said Col. Mann, "and saw reason of large bills being presented as he left for Washington. After taking another look at the princely surroundings he concluded that they were too expensive for him and rang for a bell boy. When the boy arrived Mr. Allen gave him a half dollar and quietly instructed him to find out what the rates for the suite for a day were. The boy returned within a few minutes and reported the price per diem as \$75. John Allen said that he was living too high and after sending his grip down and wrote himself a message from a dear friend uptown, who insisted that he come up and stay with his boyhood chum. He then adopted a long face and, going to the hotel office, extended his hand to the clerk and explained the situation.

"Very well, congressman," said the clerk, "but I am sorry you cannot remain with us."
"Oh, I would like to," said Mr. Allen, "but I can't disappoint my old friend. Well, good-by; and, by the way, what is my bill?"
"Here he pulled out his wallet," said the clerk, "You were to have been the guest of the Bankers' Association at the hotel and your suite had been settled for."

"Well, John Allen went out a sadder and a wiser man and hunted up a cheaper hotel.—St. Louis Republic.

ANTE-BETROTHAL PRECAUTION.

Being a wise man, he desired to take no chances.
"Of course you understand," he said by way of preface, "that I have plenty of way-out relatives."
"Certainly," she answered, somewhat nonplussed.
"I have four sisters already," he went

BABY
LIKES
IT

CUTICURA RESOLVENT is so pure, sweet, and wholesome that all ages may take it with pleasure and benefit. Its mission is to cool and cleanse the blood to remove all other irritating, disfiguring humors, rashes, and irritations, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment soothe and heal itching, burning skin.

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Lord Roberts has had few equals in the history of sword and lance. He was always especially fond of tennis, and so excelled in the difficult diversion that he carried off the first prize at the Indian tournament from the whole Indian army when he was already past his 60th year.

JOHN CRAIG—MARGARET HURST.

Happy Marriage of Two Well-Known People of Macleay Celebrated Yesterday—A Happy Event.

(From Daily Statesman, June 9.)

One of the most pleasant events of the season in the neighborhood of Macleay was the marriage of Mr. John Craig and Mrs. Margaret Hurst. The ceremony was performed at the home of Wm. Hurst, near Macleay, at 11 a. m. yesterday in the presence of near relatives, Rev. J. B. Early officiating. The happy couple and company at once repaired to the Craig residence in Macleay, where a most sumptuous repast was in waiting. After the discussion of the wedding breakfast the newly wedded couple took the south bound train for Ashland, Oregon, where they expect to reside till October.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig are both old residents of the Macleay neighborhood, well-known and highly respected. Mr. Craig has been classed as one of the largest and most successful farmers of Marion county, while his wife has a nice property near by. Mr. Craig has turned his business entirely over to different members of his family; the Hurst farm is rented, and now they expect to spend their declining years in the enjoyment of the fruits which their own labors have achieved. Best of all this marriage was sanctioned by all the members of each family, and they left amid the well wishes and kindly adieus of both families.

LUNG FEVER—Walter Fry, son of Wm. Fry, the pioneer blacksmith, of Aurora, is very sick with lung fever, at the home of the family in Aurora.

IS A MYSTERIOUS CASE

SMITH FALLS, OF NEWBERG, DID NOT ELOPE WITH LIVERY RIG.

A Stranger, Supposed Now to Be an Ex-Convict, Assumed Falls' Name and Committed Deed.

(From Daily Statesman, June 9.)
The stealing of a team and buggy, from Radabaugh & Francis, of this city, on last Monday, becomes more mysterious as the circumstances connected with the case are investigated. It now develops that Smith Falls, of Newberg, was not in any way implicated in the case. Chief of Police D. W. Gibson, who is working on the case, now suspects a discharged convict of the state penitentiary of having committed the deed.

Chief Gibson yesterday located Falls at his home near Newberg and upon investigating the case, learned that Falls is entirely innocent of the offense of which he is suspected. Chief Gibson learned to his satisfaction that Falls was at his home near Newberg all day Sunday and Monday and since then, from which he concluded that Falls was not the guilty man. Not the slightest trace of the missing team has yet been heard.

It is now believed by the police officials that the team was taken by an ex-convict, who was discharged from the state penitentiary a few days preceding Sunday. The convict under suspicion was committed from Eastern Oregon and had just completed a sentence for larceny by bailment, under which criminal category the larceny of this property would also be classed. His description tallies with that given in Falls in yesterday's Statesman.

Although no trace of either the real culprit or the team has yet been found, a vigorous search is being maintained and the perpetrator of the crime may eventually find himself a boarder at Oregon's penal institution.

HURT HIM PROFESSIONALLY.

Rover, in the New York Mail and Express says: The ice trust sensation recalls a good story touching ice which I have never seen in print. A New York barkeeper, who was spending his vacation in Maine, found himself one evening in a hotel in Portland. While he lingered a terrible storm took place. The windows of the room in which he was sitting were broken by hailstones "almost as big as eggs." The proprietor of the hotel noticed that the barkeeper turned aside to drop a tear.
"Does the storm scare you?" he ventured to ask his guest.
"It isn't that," replied the barkeeper, "but I can't bear to see so much cracked ice wasted on a prohibition state."

SAD BEREAVEMENT

MR. AND MRS. A. HUCKESTEIN LOSE THEIR FIRST-BORN.

Alonzo, the Eldest Son, Passed Away at 8 O'clock Last Evening—A Peculiarly Sad Case.

(From Daily Statesman, June 10.)

HUCKESTEIN.—On Saturday, June 9, 1900, at 8 o'clock p. m., at the family home in South Salem, Alonzo, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. August Huckestein, aged 15 years, 7 months and 5 days, passed away after a brief illness.

This is a peculiarly sad announcement. Only last year this family was called upon to mourn the death of a sweet little girl, 6 years old, after an illness of only a day or so, and now in the same sudden manner, the home is bereft of its first-born, a bright, happy, joyous young man, full of life, vigor and activity only a few short days ago. Alonzo was born on the day Grover Cleveland was first elected President of the United States, November 4, 1884, consequently was in his sixteenth year, but his physical appearance was more like a boy of nineteen, as he was large and well developed. He attended Mt. Angel College three terms and was making an excellent record, but he contracted a severe cold early the past winter and felt compelled to quit school temporarily.

On Tuesday last he complained of some cramps in the stomach, but nothing serious was suspected and he played baseball that evening. On Wednesday he had a slight attack of vomiting and on Thursday he suffered again, when a physician was called and everything that science could suggest was done for the boy, but to no avail, the end coming peacefully at 8 o'clock last evening. The exact cause of his death is not known, but it is thought to be an obstruction of the bowels, and an autopsy will be held today to ascertain, as there appears to be a strong similarity in his case to that of his little sister, who preceded him to the better land.

Alonzo was a good boy, kind, pleasant and obedient at home, faithful to his duties and a gentleman in all his outside relations, never mixing with questionable company. He displayed a wonderful fortitude and resignation during his illness and within two hours of his death he endeavored to bring cheer and sunshine to his father and mother. Even when informed by his pastor, Rev. W. A. Daly, that he might expect death, he expressed a resignation that was unusual in one of his years. The loving parents are stricken in the most profound sorrow and they have the universal sympathy of the entire community.

NOTES OF A BYSTANDER.

Editor Statesman:

We have just got through a campaign, in which the usual names were called and accusations bandied back and forth, and feeling displayed. This reminds me that, if men were as bad as they are painted in political contests, this would be a wicked old world indeed, and scarcely a fit place for decent people to live in. I wonder if it would be any better with equal suffrage? If I thought it would not I would shudder at the thought of my mother or sister, or any of their female relatives running for office. But I am very proud to know that men are not usually as bad as they are represented by the average political campaigner and heeler. I am forced to confess that there are exceptions, and that some people do not get as much as they deserve, or as their records justify. But this is not such a wicked world as we are wont to imagine it, after eating a dinner that does not agree with us. Most people want to do the square thing most of the time—many of them all the time. There is more truth than falsehood in the greatest liars. They tell the truth a thousand times for every act of violence to the cause of veracity. The meanest and wickedest men have some good thoughts and correct intentions. Most people who are regarded as bad would do better, if they knew better, or they would do more good if they had greater ability or opportunity. You want to look out for the man who trusts nobody, and who has a sneer for all things. Don't leave your pocket book any more than your reputation, within the reach of that sort of a man. He is a mighty poor neighbor who has no good neighbors. The Nazarene took them to the cross, when he compared them to the man who ate the mote in his neighbor's eye and refused to take the beam from his own; that is, the splinter in the eye of his neighbor while carrying in his own eye a saw-log or a back-log.

It is not a good plan to count chickens before they are hatched, in politics or elsewhere. Down in Portland, the Corbett-Ross-McCamant campaign, a large number of buttons they intended to distribute right after the election. This button had on it the representation of a graveyard—a political graveyard—marked with tombstones. The largest tombstone was one marking the alleged political grave of Senator McBride, and giving the date of his supposed political death, and other particulars calculated to appeal to the risibilities of the followers of Mr. Corbett, Wallace McCamant, J. Thornburn Ross, etcetera. But the cachinations of these followers of the political fortunes of the men named are not heard in the land. Not this year. Probably not another year. There is silence in the halls that would have been filled with revelry had the result been different. The buttons will not adorn the lapels of the coats of their mainly breasts. They will not see the light of day. The tombstone marking the political grave of the busy Senator back at Washington has turned out to be a monument to commemorate the achievements that have followed his faithful and able efforts in behalf of the people of his state and his country. The hypothetical shaft of derision has come to be an "Ebenzer," saying: Hitherto hath the Lord helped us; for the Lord has helped Senator McBride by making his political enemies too confident and too dictatorial, until some of their former supporters decided that they must have a sound drubbing in order to make Portland and Oregon a fit place to live with them. So the little buttons will remain in their pasteboard boxes, for no one will be found willing to wear them.

No one wants to frudge in the political funeral procession, when it is so easy to climb into the band wagon—and the drums and horns and cymbals, and the tom-toms and sackbuts, are not with the Corbett-Ross-McCamant crowd. They are with the other fellows. Nothing in this wide and giddy world succeeds like success—especially in politics. And the small crowd that is now trying to head off the procession by yelling "Mitchell!" and other bogie man scare words will very soon witness the futility of its efforts. Mother Partington was considered a very silly old woman when she attempted to sweep back the swelling tides of the Atlantic ocean with a broom.

What a swat
Wallie got
In the neck!
See him trek!
Wallie McCamant.

Oh the stop
From the kop
Dealt to Ross.
Would-be boss!
Dealt J. Thornburn.

Corbett, too,
Lost to view,
Buried deep,
Put to sleep,
Is H. W.

Weeping there,
Tearing hair,
Woe and gloom,
Crack of doom,
Hope departed.

My more or less esteemed friend Hofer seemed to run best in the precincts farthest away. Witness the vote in the South Salem precinct, near home.

My friend Harrison R. Kincaid ran for county judge of Lane county in the late unpleasantness, and was defeated by several votes. Now he has a bitter complaint in his paper, the Eugene Journal, charging all his enemies with going after his scalp. The campaign that has just closed went hard with the editors who were running for office. There were many difficulties, among them the fact that they were running on the wrong tickets.

A BYSTANDER.

"THE PNEUMONIA SHIRT."

With his padded silk upper garment the Chinese Minister goes about his social duties and pleasures regardless of weather. The costume is odd in a gathering of "immaculate shirt fronts," but it has its advantages. Minister Wu is not at all envious. He has no hankering for the American full dress.