

MAY BE SHORT CROP

PORTLAND DEALER PREDICTS REDUCED HOP YIELD FOR 1900.

Rain May Prove Disastrous to Growing Hops—Favorable to Production of Lice.

The unseasonable rains of the past week have damaged hay and clover to a great extent and unless the showers subside the hop yards will suffer much damage. Reports from the wheat raising districts surrounding Salem, both Marion and Polk counties, yesterday were to the effect that the green aphid had appeared in some sections and was multiplying rapidly.

The prevailing cool, damp weather is especially conducive to the production of hop lice. Many yards are already infested with the lice which only judicious spraying and more tropical weather can successfully exterminate.

Indications are that choice 1900 hops will be worth money. According to present forecasts, based on reports from reliable sources, the world's crop will be short. It is too soon to get a complete detailed statement, says the Portland Telegram, "as the advices from England and Germany will be partly guess work until late in the season."

But a general idea of the situation may be gained, and facts enough are at hand. Hops have already been contracted for at 9 and 10 cents, and in one section growers want 15 cents from contracting parties. A. J. Day, the well known dealer, who makes it his business to get reliable advance reports, has prepared the following table on careful estimates by growers and others interested in the coast hop growing section:

Oregon.....	70,000	77,000
Washington.....	35,000	40,000
California.....	47,000	56,000
New York.....	60,000	60,000
Totals.....	212,000	233,000

Shortage (bales)..... 21,000
These results are obtained from stacks of correspondence convincing in detail; every state mentioned except California may increase its yield somewhat. The vines are very backward, but may develop very rapidly under favorable climatic influence. With the most favorable conditions, however the crop is bound to be considerably short.

Reports from England say the vines are backward, and look sickly and will need specially favorable conditions to bring the crop up to what it was last year.

Oregon and Washington thus far have been favored. In most localities the vines are strong and healthy, and give promise of a dense crop. If all of ponds, however, on the weather. From now on is the most critical time. Too much warm rain would dampen the vines and breed hop vermin, which will greatly reduce the output of choice hops.

Generally speaking, the world's hop crop is bound to be short. Under the most favorable conditions possible, the

yield cannot reach the output of last year. And the fact that only a fraction of last year's crop remains unsold gives assurance that the price will make 1900 the banner year.

SENATOR SAWYER REPORTED

Mr. Sawyer's peculiar ability appeared in politics as well as in legislation, and a volume of interesting incidents might be told of his political strategy. He considered himself personally responsible for a Republican majority in Wisconsin, and was quite sensitive on that subject.

During the Garfield campaign I was sitting one day in his simple office at Oshkosh when a gentleman, then unknown but now occupying a prominent position in public affairs, appeared with a letter of introduction from Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, chairman of the Republican National committee, who stated that the bearer had been instructed to visit Wisconsin for the purpose of making a report upon the political ticket. This pricked the old man's pride. He resented, in his good-natured way, the invasion of his territory, and I noticed that his face flushed as he read the letter. After looking out of the window for a few moments he looked at his watch, handed back the letter of introduction to his surprised visitor, and remarked with deliberation:

"There's a train leaving here at 5 o'clock that will get you into New York day after tomorrow morning, and I'll send up one of my boys to see that you get aboard. When you get to New York you tell Jewell that old Sawyer read that letter and told you there was nothing to report on. You might add, however, that old Sawyer asked you who was looking after things in Connecticut."—Chicago Record.

CALLED DOWN BY CORBETT

"Pompador Jim" Objects to Being Hissed at Scranton.

Scranton, Pa., June 21.—Former Champion of the World James J. Corbett figured in a rather exciting incident at the ball grounds in this city today. Corbett came here to play first base for Scranton in a game with Waukesha. Corbett played good ball, and his hit drove in two of the three runs scored by Scranton. At the end of the fifth inning Corbett sparred three rounds with Jack McVey. The bout gave indications of having been rehearsed, and some people in the grand stand hissed. Corbett at once walked up to the grand stand excitedly and shook his fist in the direction of the hissing. "Those people hissing are not gentlemen," he declared in a loud voice. "What do you expect me to do, knock him out? I only agreed to give a good exhibition, and we don't give a prize-fight for a 25-cent admission fee."

The former champion's fierce demeanor cowed the hissing to silence, and he was applauded as he walked majestically under the grand stand.

JAPAN'S ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Nuptials of the Son of a Hundred and Sixty Monarchs.

The marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan, Prince Yoshihito, to Princess Sada-ko, a niece of the late Empress Dowager, took place today.

To the young Japanese nation, reveling in hopes and ambitions that suffer no blight from a consciousness of age or national enmity the marriage of their

Crown Prince is an event of the most auspicious character. The event gains in importance from the fact that Prince Yoshihito is the one hundred and sixty-second in the imperial line, the hope of a dynasty which has ruled Japan for nearly 2,000 years. He is 20 years old, is short in stature, like all his future subjects, and, though he has never visited Europe, he has received a good Western education.

His bride, Princess Sada-ko, has the bluest blood of Japan in her veins, and can boast of lineage extending back many centuries, for she is the daughter of Prince Kato. In herself she is a charming little lady of 17, with a bright and clear mind, rendered still brighter and clearer by a good education on European lines.

The Prince left the palace at Aomori, Tokio, at 7:30, and proceeded to the imperial palace in the center of the city, where he met his bride. Many Japanese now marry under western rules, but in his case the marriage, which was of a private character, took place at the imperial shrine according to the Shinto rites, the rites of old Japan.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the imperial couple received the congratulations of the great officers of state, and a little later, accompanied by a brilliant escort, they proceeded to the palace at Aoyama, amid the acclamations of an immense multitude that filled the streets.

The windows were everywhere deserted, for no Japanese may look down on the person of any member of the royal family under severe penalties. In their first appearance on the way to the shrine bride and bridegroom were both dressed in antique Japanese costume, the bride's dress being heavily embroidered with gold but now in this procession, when they rode in open carriage through the city, both wore European costumes.

The bride's wedding trousseau is said to have cost £50,000.

In honor of the occasion many politicians have been raised to the peerage. Yoshihito, London Mail.

THE QUEEN'S SUB-EDITORS.

One of the most important functionaries outside the fighting line in South Africa is the chief press censor, who occupies a position of extreme responsibility, and is probably more abused than any other six men in the British army.

With Lord Roberts, Lord Stanley is acting in that onerous capacity, and it says much for his tact, skill and general affability that, although he has the censorship of all press telegrams, he is on good terms with every one of the war correspondents.

The censor is an officer appointed by the commanding general at the front, whose duty it is to receive, pass, curtail, or refuse any and every message, private or otherwise, to newspapers or individuals which comes through from the field telegraph office. Part of his duty is to read every word of every message with the utmost care, in order to see whether it is a plain statement of fact or whether any subtle meaning underlies the apparently simple phraseology. If he passes the message it is signed and dispatched to its destination; sometimes it is detained, cut, or otherwise dealt with. The ominous word "censored" simply means the liberal use of the editorial blue pencil, and during the present campaign some strangely "muddled" messages have come over the cables.

A curious combination of the two duties of press censor and war correspondent occurred in the case of Colonel Baden-Powell of Mafeking fame. During the Matabele war he was acting as correspondent for one of the greatest of the London morning papers, and at the same time he was appointed press censor, so that he had to supervise, alter and cancel some of his own messages. To his credit, he said, and this statement will surprise no one, that he acted with the utmost fairness and impartiality, and, if anything, gave other correspondents the advantage over himself. — London Mail.

On a tombstone in an old New England churchyard there is an epitaph which never fails to bring a smile to the face of the reader: "To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattie, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James B. Rollins. They made home pleasant."

THE GIRL WITH THE HOSE.

Bowed with responsibility she stands, Gripping the nozzle like some serpent's head. Determination dwells on her fair face, And seriousness her rosy lips are sea. Who put that pipe pernicious in her paws?

Once went to rout the restful neighborhood Thumping ragtime romanzas by the hour?

It must have been the brother to an ass To trust that aqueous gun into a girl, A garbo of devilish intent.

Behold her swerve the silver streaming spout With wobby hand and hair averted eye! She smelt at the garden bed, where bloom Old-fashioned flower a-dying for a drink.

But to snuff the incense, beaming o'er his bill Getteth it in the neck and grows profane, As he sprints shelterward, and still The stream pursues its fearful game of tag.

It routs the dreamy watchdog from the stoop And swateth a passing infant 'on the pate!

Now has the thing passed out of her control, A source of devastation and dismay! Even the babe Simkins swishing up the street (Whose arm is wont to go about her waist

When nights are dim) is smitten sore, Loathes his hat and gets a slap Back of the ear that sendeth him to grass.

All spraddled out! Whereat she swoons And is scant saved while speeding seaward, From being washed out of a weary world!

Oh, husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers all! Was this a thing to trust, to female hands?

What shall you answer when the summons comes, And wetting soak you hard for damages? —New York Sun.

BIDWELL EMPTIED THE CASKS.

General John Bidwell was an old

settler in California when gold was discovered there in 1849, says the Chicago Tribune. He early became prominent.

In 1846 the Mexican government made him a grant of 25,000 acres of land in what is now Butte county, Cal. When he took up this grant its only inhabitants were Indians, over whom for years he acted as judge, father and ruler. He set out great tracts of his land in grapes, and soon was one of the leading wine producers of the coast. Then came the time when General Bidwell became convinced of the wisdom of prohibition. Several big warehouses on his ranch were filled with hogsheads of wine, but he did not hesitate in practicing what he preached. Hammer in hand, he visited the warehouses and drove in the heads of the barrels, so that the wine ran out on the ground and was wasted. Then a force of men was set to work under his direction to dig up the grape vines, only a few being left to furnish grapes for household consumption.

So prominent did he become in the Prohibition party that in 1892 he was its candidate for President of the United States. The last years of his long life were spent on his ranch, with great peach and almond orchards spread out before him, and the mountains towering skyward in the background.

TO THE GIRL GRADUATE OF NINETEEN HUNDRED.

Hello! Girl Graduate, You sweet thing, you! With your head brimful of dictionary talk And "isms" and "ologies" and things, And your cap and gown, You are the latest, greatest, up-to-date! Of all the garden with girls rosebudded! The brook and river etc. About your shy, reluctant tootsies, But your boots are wide and waterproof.

And your skirt plaid and reversible, Just ankle length; For you've learned a store of knowledge not in books, Just good, old common sense.

You stand the world, Clear-eyed and strong and sweet Above all, womanly; Not the waisted, lackadaisical, lap-dog petting girl.

Of times gone by: But just a girl Gladsome and happy souled, Seeking no voice or vote in puddled politics.

Nor bifurcated rights in rostrum's glare. Now, in the century's new dawn you stand, rose crowned, A girl stick for a scepter and your throne.

A rock, three-canopied Your page a caddie, and your king— Ah, well, You've yet to choose, Let him be manful, brave And tender of the flower your girl's heart is.

To keep it safe; A star to light a home! Through the summer-time You'll frivol much And get engaged no doubt, One or two times.

To summer boys by sea and shore, And they will tell you fairy tales About your being the only girl they ever loved, And things like that, But heed them not.

These gray-haired ones, Keep the Ideal Man in sight. For that's as near As you will ever get to him. Despite the fact that he ruts everything. Quite so. Just let him keep on thinking that we think so. It pleases him. And doesn't injure us! But well you know, Girl Grad, Your tears and smiles are powers more potent far Than empty crownship. In your little palm You hold the magic lamp That makes this old world beautiful! All at your feet, Girl Grad, Goddess of rarest June! Be Good! Let those who will be great! Look up! Lead on—and smile, The world is yours!

—Kate Masterson.

One of the most curious announcements has been made by a well-known agriculturist abroad to the effect that cows and sheep appreciate music and that it has a great effect upon all animals. The other day, it is said, he stated that music suitable in quality, administered at the right moment, was an unailing means of increasing the supply of cream. It would be very interesting to learn which cows preferred Wagner and which Beethoven; it is to be presumed that the younger cows prefer the lighter operas.

Ought girls attending a high school to wear silk petticoats? The question has been seriously discussed by the trustees of a young ladies' seminary at Tambow, Russia. One of the teachers complained that she could not instruct her pupils properly because of the rustling of their silk petticoats. A stringent order was thereupon issued prohibiting the pupils from wearing silk petticoats at school. The girls are highly indignant.

SHOT HIS SON.

Stanton, (Or.), June 21.—While extracting a cartridge from a gopher gun, Tuesday morning, Henry Keene accidentally discharged the load, the shot lodging in the breast and arm of his 17-year-old son Arthur. Dr. Kitchen and Bowersox were called and dressed the wound, which, though painful, is not a dangerous one.

Miss Emma Ray died at the farm home of Mr. Henry Shanks, in Linn county, on Monday June 19th, of a complication of diseases. Miss Ray has suffered ill health for some months past, and had but recently returned home from the Oregon State hospital where she had undergone a course of treatment. Interment was had in Mt. Pleasant cemetery, today at 11 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hendershott are rejoicing over the birth of a ten pound baby girl.

Henry Keene had the misfortune to lose two calves Monday; one died from the effect of poison, the other from a kick by a horse.

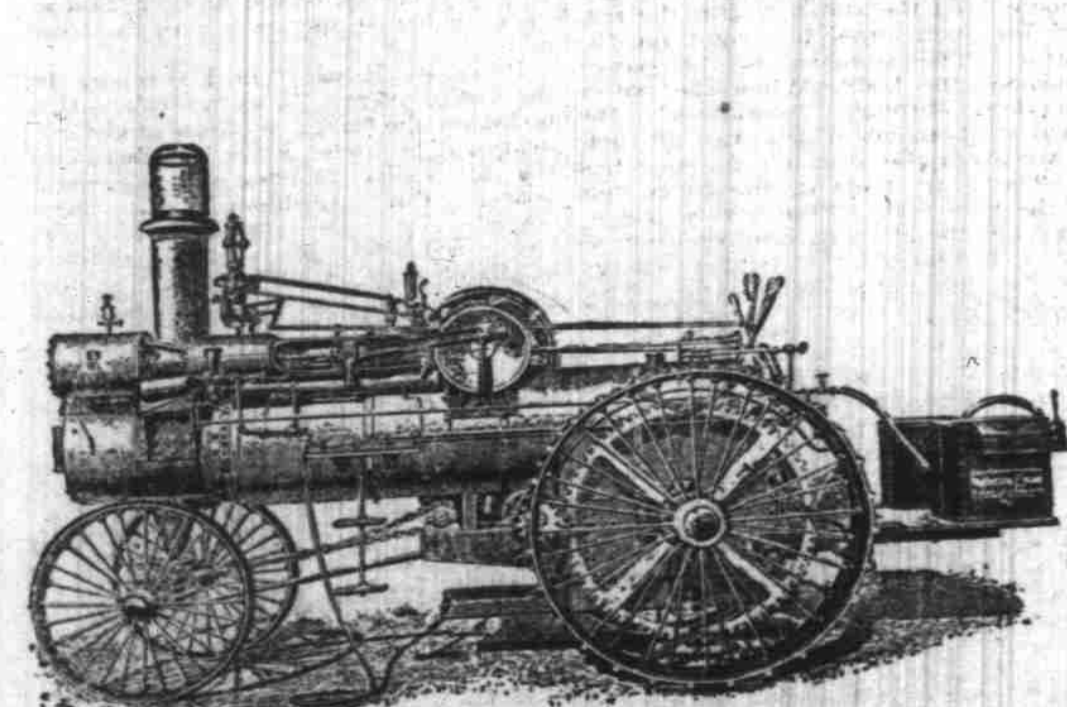
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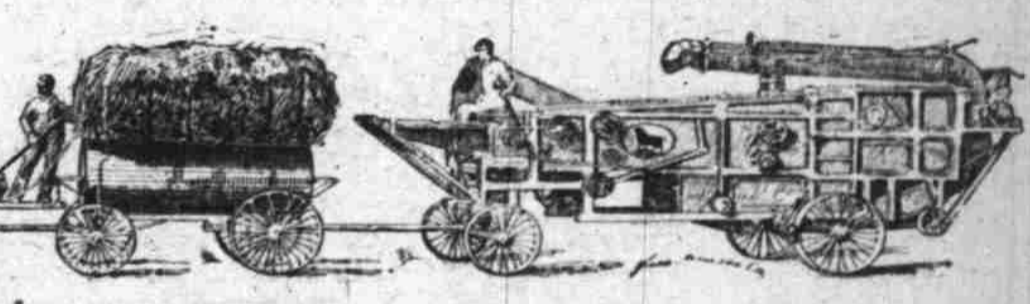
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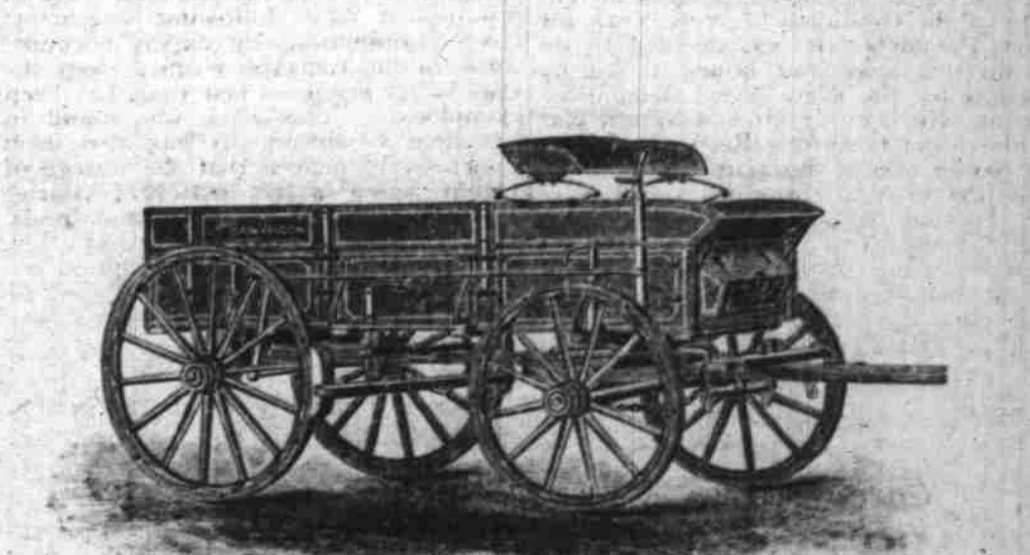
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With most Threshing Machines the old saying holds good, but with the RUSSELL CYCLONE and MASSILLON FARMERS' FRIEND WIND STACKER it does not, for we regulate the blasts to blow where they will do the most good. Our Machines for 1900 are models of perfection. They are built especially for the Pacific Coast trade, have chain drive and extra large shoe and are substantial in all their parts. The CYCLONE will thresh the fastest, clean the best, run the lightest and last the longest.



The Bain Wagon



The Bain Wagon

is not the cheapest wagon in price, but the cheapest in the end, as it is the best. It's made by honest day work—no contract or convict or piece work plan—and has oak hubs. No spruce or elm hubs in a Bain Wagon. They are painted by hand, not dipped.

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