TODAY'S MARKETS.

Prices Current by Telegraph — Local and Portland Quotations.

SALEM, September 7, 4 p. m.—Office DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL. Quotations for day and up to hour of going to press were as follows:

SALEM PRODUCE MARKET.

FRUIT.

Apples—50c to 75c, a bushel.
Peaches—60c to 75 a box.

BUTCHER STOCK.

Veals—dressed 5 cts.
Hogs—dressed 6½ to 6¾.
Live cattle—2 to 2½.
Sheep—alive $1.50 to $2.00.
Spring lambs—$1 50 to $2.00.

MILL PRICES.

Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots $3.20. Retail $3.60. Bran $17 bulk, $18 sacked. Shorts $19 and $20. Chop feed $19 and $20.

WHEAT.

Old wheat on storage 43 cents. New wheat 45 cents.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Oats—old, 38 to 40c., new 30c.
Hay—Baled, new $8 to $12; old $10 to $14. Wild in bulk, $6 to $8.
Barley—Brewing, at Salem, No. 1, 95 to $1.00 per cwt. No. 2, 70 to 85 cts.

FARM PRODUCTS.

Peas and beans-8 to 10 cents a gallon.
Wool—Best, 10c.
Hops—Small sale, 15½ to 17c.
Eggs—Cash, 12½ cents.
Butter—Best dairy, 25; fancy creamery, 30.
Cheese—12 to 15 cts.
Farm smoked meats—Bacon 12½; hams, 13; shoulders, 10.
Potatoes—new, 50c. to 60c.
Onions—1½ to 2 cents.
Beeswax—34c. Caraway seed, 18c. Anise seed, 20c. Ginseng, $1.40.

HIDES AND PELTS.

Green, 2 cts; dry, 4 cts; sheep pelts, 75 cts to $1.25. No quotations on furs.

LIVE POULTRY.

Chickens—8 cts; broilers 10 to 12½; ducks, 12½; turkeys, slow sale, choice, 10 cts; geese and ducks 9 and 10.

PORTLAND QUOTATIONS.

Grain, Feed, etc.

Flour—Standard, $3.25; Walla Walla, $3.25; graham, $2.75; superfine, $2.50 per barrel.
Oats—Old white, 36c per bu.; grey, 33c; rolled, in bags, $6.25@6.50; barrels, $6.50@6.75; cases, $3.75.
Hay—Best, $10@15 per ton.
Wool—valley, 10 to 12c.
Millstuffs—Bran, $17.00; shorts, $20; ground barley, $22@23; chop feed, $18 per ton; whole feed, barley, 80@85 per cental; middling, $23@28 per ton; brewing barley, 90@95c per cental; chicken wheat, $1.10@1.25 per cental.
Hops—Old, 10 to 16c., new 15 to 17.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Oregon fancy creamery, 25@27c; fancy dairy, 20@22½c; fair to good, 16@17c; common, 14 to 15c per lb; California, 35@44c per roll.
Cheese—Oregon, @ 12½; Eastern twins, 16c; Young American, 14½c per per pound; California flats, 14c.
Eggs—Oregon, 15 to 16c per dozen.
Poultry—Chickens, old, $4.50; broilers, large, $2.00@3.00; ducks, old, $4.50@6.00; young, $2.50@4.00; geese, $8.00 turkeys, live, 14½c.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

Wool: Oregon Eastern choice, 10@10c; do inferior, 8@9c; do valley, 12@15c.
Hops—16½c.
Potatoes—Early Rose, 30@40. Burbanks, $.40@50c.
Onions—75@85c per cental for red, and $.80@90c for silverskins.
Barley—Feed, 68@70c per cental for good quality and 82½c for choice; brewing, $ .90 per cental.
Oats—Milling, $1.90@1.10.

HUMOR

CLEARING THE WAY.

Chicago and Boston Unite In a Great Scheme.

Scene—The Bunkerill villa, near Boston. Miss Portia Bunkerill, a learned but pretty girl of 18, is entertaining Mr. Lardsley Sugarham of Chicago on the portico. Her father and mother occupy a window near by.

Mr. Bunkerill (after a covert but critical survey of the visitor)—Quite a sober and industrious person, I imagine, but his face bespeaks the soul of a pork packer, and his laugh has the timbre of a coster's. I do not understand how a girl of Portia's unquestionable good taste can tolerate a being of such vulgarity. (Resumes the perusal of his Ruskin.)

Mrs. B. (who has surveyed the field)—Portia is perhaps studying him for a paper that the literary society has appointed her to write on the subject of "The Lack of Culture In the West." She can certainly have no other interest in him. I heard her ask him what he thought of Ibsen as a playwright, and he replied that "the show business gave him a pain." (Begins anew on her "Key to Browning.")

Portia (on the portico)—All of Ibsen's writings are so very lovely from the standpoint of the earnest investigator of life, though I scarcely think that he has been correctly designated as the Poet of Doubt, do you, Mr. Sugarham?

Mr. Sugarham (emphatically)—Not any. He's all right!

Portia—Have you ever reflected upon his terrible ideas on the subject of love?

Mr. Sugarham (reaching after the spirit)—Well, I should smile. I remember the most exciting day we ever had at the slaughter house—the day I told you we killed so many hogs—I stopped right in the middle of it all and thought of this fellow Jibson and his terrible ideas on love.

Mr. Bunkerill (jumping to his feet with a shudder)—Confound the barbarian! I will retire to the library, where I shan't be annoyed by his strident ignorance! (Stalks away from the window.)

Mrs. B. (gathering up her Browning and following her husband)—We certainly have nothing to fear from an idiot that talks as he does. But Portia is too devoted to her literary work for her own good. Poor girl, how her nerves must suffer!

Portia (meditatively)—I never grow tired of that particular passage in Pier Gynt where the divine passion is compared to the sound of two instruments—a bell and violin—er—oh! Lardsley! They've gone!

Mr. Sugarham (looking eagerly)—So they have! (Grabbing her.) My little, sweetest, yum—m—darling!

Portia (ecstatically)—As an expert in love, Ibsen can't compare with a mustache from Chicago.—Brooklyn Life.

He Guarded His Freedom.

A certain wealthy young club man is just now telling, without mentioning any names, his last narrow escape from matrimonial toils.

At a country house visited by him recently were several interesting and accomplished young ladies. Among them he divided his attentions about equally, although one of them was continually thrust forward by the designing mother.

Just as he was about to take his departure the latter proceeded to consult him upon a matter which she alleged was causing her no little distress.

"It is reported," said she, "that you are to marry my daughter Mary. All the neighbors are talking about it. What shall we do? What shall we tell them?"

"Oh," responded the considerate young gentleman, "just say she refused me. I've been so unfortunate in my love affairs, you know, that the report of one more disappointment won't hurt me, and you'll be spared all further annoyance."—New York Herald.

A Natural Feeling.

Mountain Tourist (gazing with raptured eyes upon the scene spread out before him)—Among such surroundings as these he must be a poor clod indeed who does not feel a sense of exultation, an uplifting of his——

Guide—Ya-a-s, I reckon we're nigh onto 4,000 feet above the salt water this minit.—Detroit Tribune.

Out of the Question.

Mrs. Chugwater (after an unusually spirited engagement)—Josiah, if we can't get along in peace, we'd better separate!

Mr. Chugwater (shaking his head mournfully)—It wouldn't help matters any, Samantha. I can tell you right now you'd never get another man that would endure your cooking as meekly as I do.—Chicago Tribune.

Effect of Diet.

Mrs. Finnegan—Good day, Mrs. Murphy. Phwat is the matter wid your billy-goat? He bees turning flip flaps all de marning.

Mrs. Murphy—Pat says it does be frivolousness he gets along wid eating de circus bills.—Life.

Took Him at His Word.

He—You wish to be adored? (Earnestly) Show me the way to adore?

She (pressing the electric button)—Peters, show Mr. Simpleton the door.—Truth.

AN EPISODE.

Once upon a time, which was 6 o'clock yesterday morning, there was a remarkable concatenation of circumstances. The sun was rising in the east, and the union depot was crowded with people going west. Train No. 44 gave a shrill whistle, which indicated that there was no time to spend in farewells, and after kissing the others goodby the passengers took their seats in the car and waited for results.

There were three persons in the carriage next to the smoking car who would have attracted the attention of any extraordinary observer. One was a very green country fellow, who moved uneasily and sat ungracefully in his seat. There was no doubt that he was fresh from the plow, and he carried about with him the peculiar but not unpleasant odor that the husbandman invariably receives from mother earth.

He was the observed of all observers, but especially of two observers on the other side of the aisle—the other two passengers, who would naturally be the cynosure of neighboring eyes in any neighborhood. They eyed him askance from time to time, and at last one of them said:

"I'm durned if he ain't the worst greenhorn I ever seen."

"Just get on to him now, will yer?" exclaimed the other, manifesting a maximum of excitement for an adult. Both men became excited.

The train was rushing through a leafy dell at a rate that fairly took away the breath of the excited travelers and afforded them no opportunity of admiring the beauties of the picturesque country through which they were passing, if they had been inclined to do so. The songs of the birds were drowned by the rattle of the cars. The wild flowers which enameled the earth looked like white nebulæ in the distance, and for the first time in the history of railroading the telegraph poles skirting the railroad track really did present the appearance of a board fence, so completely did the engineer annihilate space with steam.

While science was effecting this phenomenon, which often has been alluded to in jest before, the two excited travelers turned their eyes upon the countryman. He had in his hand a big roll of greenbacks, which he displayed in a reckless manner.

He counted them over several times, and it was plain that many of them were of a large denomination.

"Well heeled," said one of the travelers on the other side of the aisle.

"You bet," answered the other.

"If he flashes his money in that way, he'll get robbed," suggested Traveler No. 1.

"You bet," responded Traveler No. 2.

"We are honest fellows," remarked Traveler No. 1.

"You bet," answered Traveler No. 2.

"Now, the fellow is bound to be robbed. He don't know nothing."

"Not a thing."

"Suppose we get him into a game, get his money from him and"——

"And what?" asked his companion.

"Send his money home after we've won it."

There was a sigh from one traveler and a wink from the other, and they both cried "agreed."

It was an easy thing for them to get the conductor to turn down the seat opposite the green countryman, and they knew it would be an easy thing to turn down the countryman if he consented to play cards with them. They took their seats opposite to him and opened up a conversation.

"Traveling far?"

"Pretty far," said the countryman.

"What time do you get there?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Ever play cards?"

"Used to play on the farm sometimes."

"Any particular game?"

"Poker."

"Like to play now?"

"Don't mind a little game to pass away the time," remarked the countryman, with a yawn.

One of the two travelers produced a deck of cards. The countryman picked them up and shuffled them awkwardly. It was a small game, quarter ante, no limit.

"Puddin," whispered one of the travelers laconically.

"You bet," hoarsely murmured his friend.

The countryman was looking at his hand and did not notice this exchange of views.

On the first hand he dropped $2, and on the second he dropped $5. Then the game went along steadily for awhile. At last the countryman picked up a hand which made him very nervous. The travelers both had good hands, and they looked mysteriously at each other. The betting began to grow heavy for the travelers. The countryman seemed to have nerve. Fortune had no doubt smiled upon him. There was a large sum on the table. The travelers laid down. The countryman won $40. He only had a pair of deuces.

The travelers were becoming nervous and kicked each other quietly under the table. They were getting the worst of it. They were accomplished poker players, and it was mortifying to be beaten by a fellow that did not know anything about the game.

The countryman had a steady run of luck, and in a few hours he was $150 ahead.

Suddenly the brakeman cried out, "Five minutes for refreshments!" The two players were nervous and excited. The countryman drew one card. The others drew one card each.

"Make your bet," said Traveler No. 1.

"I am not in it," said the countryman, and rising he added, "I'm going to get a cup of coffee."

He left the car, and the travelers upon examining his discarded hand discovered that he had laid down four kings, which had been dealt to him. They looked at each other in blank astonishment and started out to find the countryman.

But he was nowhere in the vicinity.

He took away with him $150 of the two philanthropists, who wanted to win his money to save it for him.

Moral—In a free country the end does not justify the means.—Exchange.

The Origin of a Well Known Expression.

A negro in Georgia was indicted for stealing corn, but to guard against a possible acquittal on account of variance, as was quite customary in criminal proceedings at the time, the accused was charged in the indictment with stealing one bushel of corn, one bushel of beans and a bushel of nearly every other kind of produce. The poor negro was naturally quite bewildered at his multifarious criminality, and when called upon to plead said he "acknowledged de corn," but denied "all de rest of de garden sass."

A Story of Schumann's Widow.

A pretty story is told of the widow of the great Schumann. She is herself no mean performer, and whenever she is going to play any of her husband's music in public she reads over some of his love letters, written during their courtship, in which he pre annually poured out his soul. "I do this," she says, "that I may be better able to interpret the spirit of his work."

WHY MINISTRIES CHANGE OFTEN.

A Possible Explanation of the Unstableness of the French Cabinet.

There are scores of clever lawyers, doctors, journalists and professors, half loafers, half busybodies, in every department in France, in numbers sufficient to afford a surplusage of candidates for every arrondissement to whom the life of the provinces is dull and distasteful whom Paris invites with temptations of all sorts. The steady routine practice of the country lawyer and doctor and the church steeple politics of the provincial newspaper offer only a long and fatiguing journey to no particular goal, or to a goal not particularly worth arriving at. Paris itself is the goal, or the first stage to the goal, of a Frenchman's ambition. The question is how to get there. To arrive in the character of a deputy seems the most feasible plan.

The yearly pay of £450 which each deputy receives is an income larger than that to which the laborious doctor or lawyer or journalist in the country may work his way toward the close of his life. To become a deputy, provincial notoriety is necessary. The respect and confidence of one's fellow citizens is an acquisition which may take half a lifetime to gain and comes insensibly to those who do not seek it and who would not care to use it for their own advantage. Notoriety is of much quicker achievement. It can be won almost instantaneously by the crudest arts of the tonguester and the sophist.

The deputy's salary is a sufficient income with which to venture on Paris, but howsoever virtuous the new deputy's intentions, and howsoever frugal his plans of living he soon finds that it is not enough to keep him there. He must find means of adding to it. He establishes or becomes connected with a newspaper and makes his profit out of the tradesmen's or the projector's appreciation of the advantages of publicity.

As a deputy, perhaps as a member of a committee of the chamber, he has the means of promoting concessions to this or that contractor, the genuine character and the substantial value of which are shown by the price the contractor is willing to pay for the deputy's help. As a minister, however, his power of usefulness to himself and others would be much greater than it is when he is a private member. Hence, as well as from a genuinely political ambition, his desire for a portfolio. Hence, largely, the rapid sequence of ministries in France.—National Review.

Girls With Fads.

Girls with fads are types all by themselves. There's the girl with the Delsarte fad. And the girl who goes in for amateur theatricals. Also the damsel who has the elocution craze (the gods defend us!), and the philanthropic girl who teaches in missions, free kindergartens, goes to Hull House and assists in working girls' lunchrooms.

And last but not least there's the business girl. She has to earn her own living, and yet she contrives to be almost as cheerful, dainty, well bred, well dressed and sweet tempered as her more fortunate sister who knows nothing of the seamy side of life or the trials of money getting. The girl whose father or brother takes care of her knows only one sort of men—the chivalrous gentlemen who meet her in her own home or in society. Fortunately for her she never has to learn that often those same men have a different side to their characters which is not concealed from the disillusioned, disenchanted but plucky little business woman.—Chicago News-Record.