

MARKET QUOTATIONS TODAY

Make Salem a Good Home Market.

Poultry—At Steiner's Market.
Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.
Chickens—10@11c.
Ducks—13c.
Geese—10c.

Poultry, Eggs, Etc.
Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.
Butter—Retail—Country, 20c, cream—25c.
Lard—11c.
Corns—13c.
Beans—6@7c.
Rice—9c.

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.
Potatoes—15@20c.
Onions—2c.

Tropical Fruits.
Bananas—5½c per pound.
Oranges—\$4.00@4.50.
Lemons—\$5.00@5.50.

Live Stock Market.
Cows—3@3½c.
Hogs—2½c.
Sheep—3c.
Dressed Veal—5c.
Black Hogs—6c.
Light Hogs—6½c.

Grain and Feed.
Wheat—77.00.
Clover—\$9@10.
Corn—45c.
Oats—\$19.50.
Rye—\$21.50.

Salem Flouring Mill.
Wheat—65c.
Rye—\$3.60.

Portland Market.
Wheat—Club, 72@73c.
Wheat—Valley—72c.
Wheat—Nestem—74@75c.
Wheat—Choice white, \$31.00@32.
Wheat—Bran—\$17.
Wheat—Timothy, \$12@13; Alfalfa.

Potatoes—50@60c.
Poultry—Average old hens 13@13½c.
Young chickens, 12@12½c; young turkeys, 9½; chickens, 13@14c; turkeys, live, 17@17½; geese, live, 10c; geese, dressed, per pound, 10c; ducks, 11@12c; pigeons, \$1@1½; squabs, \$3.
Lard—Dressed, 7@8c.
Lard—Dressed, 4½@5½.
Lard—Dressed, 5@6c.
Lard—Oregon—1905, 9½@12c.
Lard—Valley, coarse to medium, 22½c; Eastern Oregon, 18@23½.
Lard—Fancy Creamery—17½@18.
Lard—Store, 14@14½c.
Lard—Wholesale—28@30c.

Navy May Employ Lawyers.

Washington, June 21.—As the result of a decision rendered by the controller of the treasury, navy department officials have been relieved of a great deal of anxiety. The captain of the collier Alexander, stationed at Hong Kong, probably sleep hereafter without dreaming of the night-mares in which Chinese have a prominent part. The controller has discovered that the secretary of the navy may legally employ lawyers to defend the captain of the Alexander against a \$20,000 damage suit instituted against him by the owner of a Chinese junk which his vessel struck.

At first it was believed that there was no authorization in the statutes or regulations for the employment of legal counsel in the case, and it looked for some time as if the collier's commander would be obliged to go to some Celestial workhouse and break rocks until he had earned the \$20,000.

According to the report received by the secretary of the navy, soon after the accident, which occurred at Hong Kong, the captain and crew of the Alexander were to blame for the trouble. As the junk was afterward raised it is supposed that the owner of the craft demands the money for the scare his vessel had, for there was apparently no great amount of loss.

"The Alexander was proceeding to anchor," says the official report of the accident, "moving through the water at about one knot an hour against the current, when her captain observed a Chinese junk crossing the bows of the collier, and under such circumstances of wind and current, and relative movements of the vessels as would have enabled her to pass clear of the collier, but for the fact that she undertook to go about. The captain of the collier, seeing this, immediately reversed his engines, but the junk, being unable to gain headway, drifted against the bow of the steamer and was injured. Lines were thrown to the junk and the Chinese crew did not use them, and the junk, drifting against the current, went down when some distance astern, her crew having been in the meantime taken off by the boats of the Alexander. The junk has since been raised but the owners have instituted suit, demanding \$20,000 in damages against the commanding officer of the collier."

MOUNTAIN IS BLOWN AWAY.

Gigantic Explosion Near Mosier on the Columbia River.

Correspondence from Mosier in the Oregonian tells of the firing of the big blast near that place. It says:

An electric spark that ran along a wire into the heart of the basalt mountain opposite. Eighteen-Mile Island, on the Columbia river, set free 1400 kegs of imprisoned powder, and the resulting explosion rattled windows here, two miles away, across the river. With a roar like a broadside from a battleship, the cliff marked for destruction crumbled as an eggshell crumbles in a man's fist, and fell away from the mountainside. The precipice, 180 feet high and 50 feet back from the river, was reduced to a huge pile of broken stones, with hardly a piece larger than a man's head. As the mass of rock toppled into the river a big wave was formed, which ran foaming to the opposite shore and broke on the bank.

The blast was laid and fired by men in the employ of P. P. Johnson, a contractor for the Portland & Seattle railway, and the three mines of explosive took a crew of men two months to make ready for the shot. Powder that was exploded amounted to 35,000 pounds, and the blast cost the Portland & Seattle railway between \$6000 and \$7000. The explosion threw down about 40,000 cubic yard of rock, demolishing a cliff with 200 feet frontage on the river, 180 feet in height, and running back into the mountain 50 feet. The shot piled up rock just where it is needed to make a grade along the face of a mountain that rises sheer from the river.

A main tunnel 50 feet long was driven into the face of the cliff on a

level with the grade of the railroad. At that depth, two branch drifts were run at right angles, one 75 feet and the other 45 feet in length. Three mines of blasting powder were then laid, one at the end of each tunnel, and rock tightly tamped behind the explosives, while a wire was laid to each cache of powder for setting it off simultaneously by electricity. The work of preparing and firing the blast, which is one of the biggest ever shot along the Columbia, was under the general supervision of Engineer W. G. Sayles, in charge of a division of the Portland & Seattle construction.

Announcement of the blast had been made, and many of the people of the nearby country turned out to see it. To those who saw it, it brought to mind the fabled duel between Mount Hood and Mount St. Helen's, when the two volcanoes threw stones at each other and demolished the Bridge of the Gods that Indian legend asserts stood but a short distance where the big blast was fired.

Death from Lockjaw

Never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville, N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures cuts, wounds, burns, and sores 25c at J. C. Perry's drug store.

A Remarkable Story.

The Ashland Tidings has always been noted for its conservatism and its discouragement of anything like light-mindedness or trifling with the truth. Therefore, it is hard to explain the appearance of the following in its columns, except upon the ground of tem-

porary aberration brought about by the result of the election. It's a good story anyway.

"There are few residents of Ashland who are aware that their city has the distinction of possessing a very remarkable tree. Not remote from the Presbyterian church there stands a large tree, around the trunk of which there climbs a luxuriant vine that spreads in graceful profusion into its lower branches. It is not the size and beauty of this tree, however, that makes it an object of interest. From data gathered from a more or less reliable source, our amazement was boundless to learn that within the perimeters of this tree there are no less than 500 birds' nests, sheltering 500 feathered families, with an average of seven members to each household, making a total bird population of 2500, not much of a tree for birds either.

"Our informant further excites our wonder when unblushingly he naively tells us that a missile thrown at random among the close foliage will dislodge from three to ten young birdlings and hurl them screaming to the earth with broken wings or legs, while a violent shaking of a limb is instantly followed by a rain of scores of tiny eggs that strew the ground like hailstones.

"On one occasion, so the story runs, the fuskilled handling of a pruning-knife unexpectedly decapitated six little youngsters at one fell stroke, thereby causing great consternation among the inhabitants. On bright, sunny mornings when the 500 dicky birds open their 500 little throats in one common outburst of melody, the welkin rings. Verily this is a marvelous tree and may be seen by any one who can find it. Any reputable citizen who may doubt the above statement can verify the same if he will apply to the son of

the proud father who has the honor of possessing both the tree and the boy. Sometime when we find the young man at liberty and in a proper state of mind we will endeavor to inveigle him into a fish story, and will probably be well repaid for our trouble."

The Bee's Mean Trick.

Tommie was visiting on a farm for the first time in his life. The acres and acres of open ground, the blossoming fields of clover, the cows, the sheep, the pigs and all the other animals running about the barnyard, and feeding in the meadows were all very interesting to Tommie, and he asked more questions than a whole family could answer.

Tommie was exploring one day when he came upon a lot of boxes sitting in a row against the fence. A lot of curious bugs were buzzing around. "Come back from there, Tommie," called his uncle.

"What are they, uncle?" said Tommie.

"Those are bees and they'll sting you if you don't mind."

Tommie had never seen any bees before, and he didn't know what "sting" meant. He was about to ask when a troop of calves came running by, and he turned to follow them. The next day Tommie walked around the hives very cautiously, and listened with delight to the droning sound that came from them. A buzzing bug lit upon a small clover blossom near him. Tommie set his bare foot upon it to see what it would do. A sharp pain darted through the sole of his foot, and he ran for the house, crying loudly.

His mother met him at the house with alarm in her face. "What is the

HEAR PADEREWSKI AND MELBA.

If you have the best make talk-ophone, The one that Savage sells, and he alone. You can have the artist's sweetest tone, Reproduced, life-like, right here in your home.

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F. L. SAVAGE
At J. Wenger's Old Stand,
247 Commercial St.
Repairing Instruments a Specialty.

matter, Tommie? What has happened to you?" she asked anxiously.

"I stepped on a bee-bub-see," said Tommie, between sobs, "and he stung a splinter in my f-f-fat foot."

Reform School Supplies.

Sealed proposals are hereby requested for furnishing the Oregon State Reform School with supplies for the next six months, ending December 31, 1906. Lists with specifications will be furnished upon application to the superintendent. All bids must be in by June 26th. All goods must be in strict accordance with sample in original package when possible.
N. H. LOONEY,
Superintendent.
6-147

Let the EAGLE SCREAM



July 4th AT Salem

The most elaborate celebration of our National Day ever undertaken in Salem.

Dazzling and gorgeous fireworks display on the river will excel anything heretofore attempted.

River sports, land sports and contests in which everybody can participate.

Grand civic, military and industrial parade with beautiful floats, four bands.

Consolidated concert of 100 pieces, oratorical and literary exercises.

THE SKIDOO The great indoor carnival now in preparation.

Further announcements later

Something Doing Every Minute.