

# The Daily Market Report

PORTLAND, July 10.—Over half a crop of prunes will be raised in the Northwest this year, in spite of the rumors of an almost total failure in the Spring. Dealers interested in this product have been investigating conditions both here and in California and report a still better prospect for a crop in the southern portion of the Pacific Coast.

What the prices are to be is a problem, as it is too early to make any intelligent forecast. A heavy fruit crop is promised in the Eastern states, and this alone will depress the prices of dried prunes, which are now quoted at 2 1/2 cents, sack basis, for the old crop. It is understood that a large proportion of the crop of 1907 is still in the hands of the growers of Oregon and Washington, although as high as 7 cents a pound was offered for the fruit previous to the panic of last October. Prices dropped last Fall and have not been able to recover since. The crop of 1908 will begin coming in the last of September.

Cantaloupes are scarce as a result of no shipments being made early in the week from California and the fact that none are on the way. The last of the stock has to be taken by the hawkers, who are now rushing it on the market at a loss to the original consignees. What cantaloupes are in stock in good condition are quoted at \$1.75 to \$2 a crate.

### Flour, Grain and Feed.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85c red Russian, 83c; bluesteam, 87c; Valley 85c.  
Barley—Feed, \$24.50; rolled, \$25.50 @26.50; brewing, \$26.  
Oats—No. 1 white, \$26.50; gray, \$26.00.

Flour—Patents, \$4.85; straights, \$4.05 @4.55; exports, \$3.70; Valley \$4.45; 1-4 sack graham, \$4.40; whole wheat, \$4.65; rye, \$5.50.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$25.00; middlings, \$30.00; shorts, country, \$28.50; shorts, city, \$27.50; chop, \$27.50.

Hay—Timothy: Willamette Valley, fancy, \$15.00; do, ordinary, \$12; Eastern Oregon, \$17.50; mixed, \$15; alfalfa, \$12.

Butter, Eggs and Poultry.  
Butter—Extras, 25c; fancy, 24c; choice, 20c; store, 16c.

Cheese—Full cream twins, 13c; full cream triplets, 13c; Young America, 14c; cream brick, 20c; Swiss block, 18c; Limburger, 20c.

Poultry—Mixed chickens, 11@11 1/2c; fancy hens, 12c; rosters, old, 9c; Springs, 17@18c; dressed poultry, 1c per pound higher; ducks, 12@14c; geese, old, 8@9c; turkeys, alive, 17c; do, dressed, 19@20c.

Eggs—Candled, 22 cents; uncandled, 21c.

### Fruits and Vegetables.

Potatoes—Select old Oregon, 65c @70c per 100; new California, \$1.50 per 100.

Fresh Fruits—Oranges, \$3.25@4.00; lemons, \$3.50@4.75; strawberries, 75 cents up per crate; cherries 75c@1.50 crate; apricots, \$1@1.25 crate; gooseberries, 5c lb.; peaches, 50@85c crate; plums, 50@75c crate; watermelons, 2c lb.; Loganberries, 75c @80c per crate; Raspberries, \$1.20 @1.25 per crate.

Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 sack; beets, \$1.75; parsnips, \$1.25; cabbage, \$1.50@2.00; cauliflower, \$2.50, crate; head lettuce, 20@25c; cucumbers, \$1.25 @1.50; celery, 85 cents; artichokes, 60c doz.; asparagus, 65c@1.25; beans, 8c; eggplant, 20c pound; tomatoes, \$1.25@1.75 crate; cantaloupe, \$1.75 per crate.

Onions—Bermudas, 2c lb; California red, \$1.40@1.50; garlic, 12@15c.

Apples—Select, \$3.00 box; fancy, \$2.00; choice, \$2.00; California new, \$1.50.

### Meats and Provisions.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, fancy, 7 1/2c; ordinary, 6 1/2c; large 6c; veal, extra 8c, ordinary 6@7c; heavy 5c; mutton, fancy, 8@9c.

Lard—Kettle leaf 10s, 13 1/2c; do 5s, 13 1/2c; do 50-lb. tins, 12 1/2c; steam rendered 10s, 11 1/2c; do 5s, 11 1/2c; compound 10s, 9 1/2c.

Hams—10-12 lbs., 16c; 14-16 lbs., 16c; 18-20 lbs., 16c.

Bacon—Breakfast, 16@23c; picnic, 11c; cottage roll, 12c; regular short clears, smoked, 12c; do unsmoked, 11 1/2c; Un. B., 10@13c lb.; smoked, 10@13c; unsmoked, 12c; clear bellies, unsmoked, 13 1/2c; smoked, 14 1/2c; shoulders, 12c.

### JOBBER'S QUOTATIONS.

Sugar, Coffee, Etc.  
XX, \$6.15; beet, \$6.15; Golden C., \$5.65; extra C., \$5.15; powdered, \$6.60; fruit or berry sugar, \$6.25; boxes, 55c  
Sugar (sack basis)—D. G., \$6.25; cwt. advance over sack basis less 1/2c if paid for in 15 days).

Coffee—Mocha, 24@28c; Java, fancy, 25@28c; Java, good, 20@24c; Java, ordinary, 17@20c; Costa Rica, fancy, 18@20c; Costa Rica, good, 16 @18c; Arbuckle, \$16.50 cwt.; Lion, \$15.75 cwt.; Colombia coffee, 14c lb.; Salvador, 11 1/2@14 1/2c.

Rice—Imperial Japan, No. 1, \$6.50; Southern Japan, \$5.25; broken, 5c; head, fancy, \$6.50@7.

Salt—Bales of 75-2s, bale, \$2.15; bales of 60-3s, bale, \$2.15; bales of 40-4s, bale, \$2.15; bales of 15-10s, bale, \$2.15; bags, 50s, fine, ton, \$15.00; bags, 50c; genuine Liverpool, ton, \$17; bags, 50s, 1-ground, \$11.50; 100s, ton, \$11.00; R. S. V. P., 20 5-lb. cartons, \$2.25; R. S. V. P., 3-lb. cartons, \$1.75; Liverpool, lump, per ton, \$20.

Raisins—Loose muscatels, 3-crown, 7@7 1/2c; 4-crown, 7 1/2@8c; bleached seedless Sultanias, 9 1/2c@12c; unbleached seedless Sultanias, 8@8 1/2c; London layers, 3-crown, whole boxes of 20 pounds, \$2.00; 2-crown, \$1.75.

Nuts—Walnuts, 16@18c pound; filberts, 16; Brazils, 16c; pecans, 14 @20c; hickory, 10c; Virginia peanuts, 6 1/2c; peanuts, 6@8c; chestnuts, Italian 10c, Ohio 25c; cocoanuts, dozen, 90c@1; pine nuts, 10@12c pound.

Dried Fruits—Apples, 9c per lb.; peaches, 10@12c; pears, 11 1/2@14c; Italian prunes, 5@6c; California figs, white, in sacks, 7c per pound; black, 6@7c; bricks, 75c@2.25 per box; Smyrna, 16@17c per pound; dates, Persian, 6 1/2@7c pound.

### Hops, Wool, Hides, Etc.

Hops—1907 crop, 5@6c pound.  
Wool—Valley, 14@15 1/2c pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@16c, as to shrinkage.

Mohair—Choice, 18 1/2c pound.  
Cascara Sagrada (chittim bark)—3 1/2@4 1/2c per pound.  
Oregon Grapenut—Per 100 pounds \$3@5.

Hides—Dry hides, No. 1, 13c lb; dry kip, No. 1, 12c lb; dry salted, one-third less; dry calf, 14c lb; salted steers, 5@6c lb; salted cows, 5c lb; stags and bulls, 3c pound; kip, 5c lb; calf, 9@10c lb; green stock, 1c less; sheepskins; shearings, 10@25c; short wool, 30@40c; medium and long wool, according to quality, 50@90c; dry horses, 50@1; dry colts, 25c; angora, 80c@1; goat, common, 10@20c.

### Oysters, Clams and Fish.

Oysters—Shoalwater Bay, per gallon, \$2.25; per sack, \$4.50; Toke Point, \$1.60 per 100; Olympias (120 lbs.), \$6; Olympias, per gallon, \$2.25.

Fish—Halibut, 5@6c lb.; black cod, 8c; black bass, 10c; striped bass, 18c; herring, 5c; flounders, 6c; catfish, 11c; shrimp, 10c; perch, 7c; sturgeon, 12c; sea trout, 15c; tom cod, 10c; salmon, fresh, 8@9c; smelt, 7c; shad, 3c.

Canned Salmon—Columbia River, 1 pound tins, \$2.10; 2-lb. tins, \$3.00; fancy, 1-lb. flats, \$2.25; 1-lb. flats, \$1.40; fancy, 1-lb. ovals, \$2.75; Alaska tins, pink, 95c; red, \$1.40; nominal, 2s, tins, \$2.10.

Clams—Little neck, per box, \$2.50; razor clams, \$2 per box.

### Oils, Lead, Etc.

Benzine—V. M. and P. and Union Naphtha, cases, 19c; iron barre's, 12c.

Coal Oil—Union and pearl and astral oil, cases, 18c per gallon; water white, iron barrels, 10 1/2c; cocene and extra star, cases, 21c; headlight oil, cases, 19c iron barrels, 12c; Elaine, cases, 28c.

Lead—Strictly pure white lead, in ton lots, 7 1/2c; 500-lb. lots, 8c less; less than 500c lbs., 8c; red lead and litharge, 3c higher than white.

Linseed Oil—Raw, 5-barrel lots, 50c; 1-barrel lots, 51c; in case, 57c; boiled, 5-barrel lots, 52c; 1-barrel lots, 53c; in cases, 59c.

Gasoline—Union and Red Crown, bbls., 15c; cases, 22c. Motor, bbls., 15 1/2c; cases, 22c. 86 degrees, bbls., 30c; cases, 37c. Engine Distillate, bbls., 9c; cases, 16c.

Turpentine—In cases, 63c; in wood barrels, 61c; in iron barrels, 59c; in 10-case lots, 62c.

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## NANNIE'S PICTURE.

By BAYARD TRUSTON.  
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"She's coming tomorrow," announced Billy Singleton. Tom Harvard smiled. "She" could be none other than his "picture girl," as he had learned to call her, and ever since he had arrived at Glenoak, Harvard had been lost in day dreams, in which "the picture girl" was ever the central figure.

It was Harvard's first visit to the Singleton place, named Glenoak, and for the first time he had seen the results of Mrs. Singleton's artistic skill with a camera.

That hospitable matron had more than a passing fad for photography and in a well equipped studio in the back yard had turned out many prize winning pictures. The most successful had been of "the picture girl," otherwise Nannie Prescott, Mrs. Singleton's niece.

It had been taken some years before and showed a child with a soul that shone through the thick lashed eyes. The small, sensitive mouth, delicate molding of the chin, the perfect oval of the face and the high white brow all combined to make a picture almost perfect, yet Harvard seemed to see only the eyes, with their inscrutable questioning of the life just beginning to unfold.

Singleton had surprised Harvard before the picture half a dozen times, and Harvard winced at the jests his chum made about his infatuation for the photograph, but even Mrs. Singleton's assurance that the original now looked vastly different from the big eyed girl of the picture did not abate his interest in the handsome carbon print.

"Nan has a scandalous fondness for pickled pig's feet," went on Singleton, lest Harvard's joy should grow too great. "You never saw an ideal with an appetite, did you, Tom?"

He dodged the book Harvard threw at his head and stepped out through the French windows on to the porch, still chuckling over the fun he anticipated having.

It was Singleton who drove to the station to meet Miss Prescott and who



"I'LL HAVE IT EASIER IN A JIFFY," DECLARED HARVARD.

basely betrayed Harvard's passion to the girl who shared his seat in the dogcart.

"It's not you," explained Singleton, with brutal frankness; "it's the picture that he's in love with. I'll bet when he sees what a plump and husky person you've grown to be he'll decide to stick to the picture."

There was much more to the same effect, and so it came to pass that when the introduction was accomplished on the Singleton porch and Harvard guarded his expression from any betraying glance of gratification Miss Prescott decided that this man who loved her picture and was disappointed in the original was a very unpleasant person whose presence at Glenoak would make her vacation a miserable one indeed.

Mrs. Singleton endeavored tactfully to counteract the effect of her son's disclosures, but Nannie resented even this well meant effort. It was intolerable to her that they should suppose she cared in the least what Mr. Harvard thought of her.

If he was disappointed that the angles of fourteen had rounded into the curves of nineteen it was no concern of hers, and to show how little she cared she devoted herself industriously to snubbing poor Harvard at every possible opportunity.

And Harvard, manlike, suffered keenly from the treatment and went about saying savage things to and of Billy, and he looked no more than he could help either at the picture or Miss Prescott herself.

So matters continued for nearly a month, when a business letter gave Harvard a welcome excuse for quitting the field of defeat. He had longed to retire, but he would not retreat ignominiously and without excuse.

He managed to slip away from the house without being detected by his

watchful chum and made his way toward a glen from which Glenoak took its name. He would have a farewell quiet hour. It was a favorite resort of his, and he climbed up the cool shades

toward the falls at the head of the glen.

He was nearly at the falls when a flutter of white caught his eye. He half turned to retrace his steps, for he had recognized Nannie, and he was not minded to have his last day of vacation made more bitter by the girl's sharp speeches. But as he turned she called his name, and he hurried forward.

"I'm sorry to bother you," she said, half defiantly, half in appeal. "I slipped on the wet rocks and I have sprained my ankle."

"How long have you been here?" he demanded. "You were not at lunch." "It was hours ago," she said, with a wan little smile. "I came about 11, I guess, and it was not long after that I slipped."

With a word of sympathy Harvard knelt to examine the injured member. Already the swelling was great, and the girl had felt too faint to remove the stout shoe she wore. With tender hands Harvard cut the laces, and Nannie gave a sigh of relief as the shoe was slipped off.

"I'll have it easier in a jiffy," declared Harvard, slipping off his coat and with his knife cutting out the sleeve of his shirt for a bandage. "A little cold water will help the fever until we can get back to the house."

"I suppose you'll have to go for help," she said faintly. The idea of being left alone again terrified her.

"Help! Not a bit of it!" declared Harvard. "It's a short mile to the house. I can carry you easily with an occasional rest. Even with the rest it will not be as long as though I were to go back to the house for assistance."

"But you said I was so fat," reminded Nannie.

Harvard looked up with sudden interest.

"And may I ask you to tell me that?" he asked. "It was Billy," he added as he saw the girl's confusion. "I dare say that Billy has been crediting me with all sorts of nonsensical and complimentary remarks."

"He only said you were disappointed," she declared, "and some little things like that."

"I don't call that a 'little thing' at all," insisted Harvard, "and, moreover, I never said it."

"But you frowned the moment you saw me," reminded Nannie. "You did, because I was watching you."

"Then it was a matter of interest to you what my opinion might be?" he asked. "I thought you had said that you did not care."

"Billy told you that?" she asked meaningly. Harvard nodded.

"You see," she went on, "that miserable picture has been my Nemesis. I was a little slip of a girl, and just after Aunt Bess made that picture I began to grow—to stretch up and out," as Billy expressed it. For the last four years people have been commenting upon my changed appearance until I have grown to loathe the very sight of the dreadful photograph."

"Do you know," said Harvard reflectively, "I never noticed whether you were plump or slender in the picture."

"You must have," insisted Nannie. "Don't be afraid to confess. It's all right. I guess I'm getting hardened to comment."

"But I really didn't," insisted Harvard. "I saw only the eyes, with their glorious promise of womanhood. In them I am not disappointed. For the rest I made no comparisons, and—you are perfect as you are."

The girl's eyes glowed with pleasure, but her voice was cool and even as she spoke.

"Billy says that they are pop eyes," she said reminiscently. "Do you think they are?"

"They are the most beautiful eyes in the world," declared Harvard fervently. "They are more beautiful than in the picture. Nannie, dear, can't we stop playing at cross purposes? I loved you before I even saw you. I loved the woman those eyes told me you would be, but they did not tell half the truth. I don't care about the picture—now—but may I have the original, dear?"

And so "the picture girl" was won.

Our Oldest Permanent City.

Albany, capital of the great Empire State, claims to be the oldest permanent settlement within the limits of our thirteen colonies, but has greater historical significance on account of its strategic importance during the century of conflict between the English and French in America and in the American Revolution. In 1524 Verazzano, a French navigator, sailed up the Hudson, and about 1540 a French trading post was set up near the present site of Albany. The continuous history of the place dates from the discovery of these regions by Henry Hudson in 1609, who was followed by Dutch traders, who in 1614 established a trading station on Castle Island under the name of Fort Nassau. In 1694, after the transfer of New Netherlands to the English, the name of Albany was given to the settlement in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterward James II.—Leslie's Weekly.

Don't send your breeding eggs to the store if you have a surplus. Put them up in water glass for family use in winter. Keep no males among your market egg layers. Germless eggs keep longer, and the fellow who buys hatching eggs at the store to steal a march on you will get left.

### AN APOLOGY FOR BASEBALL.

Baseball? I scorn to take its part  
On lesser grounds than those of Art.  
I hear  
Your sneer,  
But why is not the wide, glad view  
Of golden day, and action too,  
More than the little canvassed  
square—  
That mimicry of Nature there,  
Viewed in the stagnant gallery air?  
Shall I not stay and let you go  
To cast yourself before Corot,  
And grovel low before Watteau??

If Angelo impressed his time,  
Did not another Michael's prime?  
A saint  
In paint  
Worth thousands is impressive? Well,  
What sum did Boston give for Kel?  
Of t cast yourself before Corot,  
From all the stands the thunderous  
clap,  
And "Good boy, Kelly! tip your cap!"  
Did ever public glad the soul  
Of any saint in stock and stole  
With "Hi yi! tip your aureole!"

Must Art be ancient ere it thrive?

Why, look you! here is Art alive!  
To view  
A hue  
Like T'ian loved, behold the head  
Of Donahue, forenamed "The Red".  
Here stands the Discus Thrower—  
speak.  
Why better if he were antique?  
Hibernian gods are good as Greek!  
Why should New York and its vicinity  
Bow down before some Greek divinity  
When they have had their own McGinnity?

No matter of what school you be,  
Tho' Raphaelite, or Post-or Pre-  
Take heart  
Of Art.  
For here it is and here its fruits;  
Here Hector fights and Priam roots;  
Here burns the fire Time may not  
quench:  
With brow e-frown and fist a-clench,  
Achilles sulks upon the bench.  
Look—Look again! and again your  
fill  
Of Art alive and feel its thrill:  
Adax defies the umpire still!  
—Success Magazine.

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Evening trains leave Portland at 5:30 P. M. instead of 6 P. M., as heretofore, arriving Astoria 9:20 P. M. RUNS THROUGH TO SEASIDE AND HOLLADAY.  
Evening trains leave Seaside at 4:50 P. M. instead of 5 P. M. as heretofore, leaving ASTORIA at 6:10 P. M. as usual.  
Morning train leaves Astoria for Seaside at 9:15 A. M. as heretofore, on week days, and at 8:15 A. M. Sunday.  
EVENING TRAINS leave Astoria for SEASIDE via Ft. Stevens branch at 5 P. M., instead of 5:50 P. M. as heretofore, daily; also at 9:20 P. M. daily. This later train does not go via Fort Stevens.  
SATURDAY SEASIDE SPECIAL leaves PORTLAND at 2:20 P. M., arriving at ASTORIA at 5:10 P. M., and SEASIDE at 5:55 P. M. RETURNING, leaves SEASIDE Sunday evening at 6:30 P. M., leaves ASTORIA at 7:15 P. M., arriving at Portland at 10:20 P. M.  
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