

A Brave Coward.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A voice was now heard hailing us from the entrance. From the window we could see the figure of a man in the moonlight; he stood motionless, his face uplifted to ours, and a rag of something white on his extended arm; and as we looked right down upon him, though he was a good many yards distant on the links, we could see the moonlight glitter in his eyes.

He opened his lips again, and spoke for some minutes on end, in a key so loud that he might have been heard in every corner of the pavilion, and as far away as the borders of the wood. It was the same voice that had already shouted "Traditore!" through the shutters of the dining-room; this time it made a complete and clear statement. If the traitor "Ogdlestone" were given up, all others should be spared; if not, no one should escape to tell the tale.

"Well, Huddleston, what do you say to that?" asked Northmour, turning to the bed.

Up to that moment the banker had given no sign of life, and I, at least, had supposed him to be still in a faint; but he replied at once, and in such tones as I have never heard elsewhere, save from a delirious patient, adjured and besought us not to desert him.

"Enough," cried Northmour, and then he threw open the window, leaned out into the night, and in a tone of exultation, and with a total forgetfulness of what was due to the presence of a lady, poured out upon the ambassador a string of the most abominable rallery, both in English and Italian, and made him begone where he had come from.

Meantime the Italian put his flag of truce in his pocket, and disappeared, at a leisurely pace, among the sand-hills.

"They make honorable war," said Northmour. "They are all gentlemen and soldiers. For the credit of the thing, I wish we could change sides—you and I, Frank, and you too, Missy, my darling—and leave that being on the bed to some one else. Tut! Don't look shocked! We are all going post to what we call eternity, and may as well be above-board while there's time. As far as I'm concerned, if I could first strangle Huddleston and then get Clara in my arms, I could die with some pride and satisfaction. And as it is, by God, I'll have a kiss!"

Before I could do anything to interfere, he had rudely embraced and repeatedly kissed the resisting girl. Next moment I had pulled him away with fury, and flung him heavily against the wall. He laughed loud and long.

I turned from him with a feeling of contempt which I did not seek to dissimulate.

"As you please," said he. "You've been a prig in life; a prig you'll die."

And with that he sat down in a chair, a rifle over his knee, and amused himself with snapping the lock.

All this time our assailants might have been entering the house, and we were none the wiser; we had in truth almost forgotten the danger that so imminently overhung our days. But just then Mr. Huddleston uttered a cry, and leaped from the bed.

I asked him what was wrong.

"Fire!" he cried. "They have set the house on fire!"

Northmour was on his feet in an instant, and he and I ran through the door of communication with the study. The room was illuminated by a red and angry light. Almost at the moment of our entrance a tower of flame arose in front of the window, and, with a tingling report, a pane fell inward on the carpet. They had set fire to the lean-to outhouse, where Northmour used to nurse his negatives.

"Hot work!" said Northmour. "Let us try in your old room."

We ran thither in a breath, threw up the casement and looked forth. Along the whole back wall of the pavilion piles of fuel had been arranged and kindled, and it is probable they had been drenched with mineral oil, for, in spite of the morning's rain, they all burned bravely. The fire had taken a firm hold already on the outhouse. There was not a human being to be seen to right or left.

"Ah, well!" said Northmour, "here's the end, thank God."

And we returned to "My Uncle's Room." Mr. Huddleston was putting on his boots, still violently trembling, but with an air of determination such as I had not hitherto observed. Clara stood close by him, with her cloak in both hands ready to throw about her shoulders, and a strange look in her eyes, as if she were half hopeful, half doubtful of her father.

"Well, boys and girls," said Northmour, "how about a rally? The oven is heating, it is not good to stay here and be baked, and, for my part, I want to come to my hands with them and be done."

"There is nothing else left," I replied.

And both Clara and Mr. Huddleston, though with a very different intonation, added, "Nothing!"

As we went downstairs the heat was excessive, and the roaring of the fire filled our ears, and we had scarce reached the passage before the stairs' window fell in, a branch of flame shot brandishing through the aperture, and the interior of the pavilion became lit up with that dreadful and fluctuating glare. At the same moment we heard the fall of something heavy and inelastic in the upper floor.

Northmour and I cocked our revolvers. Mr. Huddleston, who had already refused a firearm, put us behind him with a manner of command.

"Let Clara open the door," said he.

"So, if they fire a volley, she will be protected. And in the meantime stand behind me. I am the scapegoat; my sins have found me out."

I heard him, as I stood breathless by his shoulder, with my pistol ready, pattering off prayers in a tremulous, rapid whisper; and I confess, horrid as the thought may seem, I despised him for thinking of supplications in a moment so critical and thrilling. In the meantime Clara, who was dead white but still possessed of her faculties, had displaced the barricade from the front door. Another moment, and she had pulled it open. Firelight and moonlight illuminated the links with confused and changeable lustre, and far away against the sky we could see a long trail of glowing smoke.

Mr. Huddleston, lifted for the moment with a strength greater than his own, struck Northmour and myself a back-hander in the chest, and while we were thus for the moment incapacitated from action, lifting his arms above his head like one about to dive, he ran straight forward out of the pavilion.

"Here am I!" he cried—"Huddleston! Kill me, and spare the others."

His sudden appearance daunted, I suppose, our hidden enemies; for Northmour and I had time to recover, to seize Clara between us one by each arm, and to rush forth to his assistance, ere anything further had taken place. But scarce had we passed the threshold when there came near a dozen reports and flashes from every direction among the hollows of the links.

Mr. Huddleston staggered, uttered a wail and freezing cry, threw up his arms over his head and fell backward on the turf.

"Traditore! Traditore!" cried the invisible avengers.

And just then a part of the roof of the pavilion fell in, so rapid was the progress of the fire. A loud, vague and horrible noise accompanied the collapse, and a vast volume of flame went soaring up to heaven. Huddleston, although God knows what were his obscures, had a fine pyre at the moment of his death.

CHAPTER IX.

I should have the greatest difficulty to tell you what followed next after this tragic circumstance. It is all to me, as I look back upon it, mixed, strenuous and intellectual, like the struggle of a sleeper in a nightmare. Clara, I remember, uttered a broken sigh and would have fallen forward to earth had not Northmour and I supported her insensible body. I do not think we were attacked; I do not remember even to have seen an assailant; and I believe we deserted Mr. Huddleston without a glance. I only remember running like a man in a panic, now carrying Clara altogether in my own arms, now sharing her weight with Northmour, now scuffling confusedly for the possession of that dear burden.

Why we should have made for my camp in the Hemlock Den, or how we reached it, are points lost forever to my recollection. The first moment at which I became definitely sure, Clara had been suffered to fall against the outside of my little tent, Northmour and I were tumbling together on the ground, and he, with continued ferocity, was striking my head with the butt of his revolver. He had already twice wounded me on the scalp, and it is to the consequent loss of blood that I am tempted to attribute the sudden clearness of my mind.

I caught him by the wrist.

"Northmour," I remember saying, "you can kill me afterwards. Let us first attend to Clara."

He was at that moment uppermost. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when he had leaped to his feet and ran toward the tent, and the next moment he was straining Clara to his heart and covering her unconscious hands and face with his caresses.

"Shame!" I cried. "Shame to you, Northmour!"

And, giddy though I still was, I struck him repeatedly upon the head and shoulders.

He relinquished his grasp, and faced me in the broken moonlight.

"I had you under and let you go," said he; "and now you strike me! Coward!"

"You are the coward," I retorted.

"Did she wish your kisses while she was still sensible of what she wanted? Not she! And now she may be dying; and you waste this precious time, and abuse her helplessness. Stand aside, and let me help her!"

He confronted me for a moment, white and menacing; then suddenly he stepped aside.

"Help her, then," said he.

I threw myself on my knees beside her and loosened, as well as I was able, her dress and corset; but while I was thus engaged, a grasp descended on my shoulder.

"Keep your hands off her," said Northmour, fiercely. "Do you think I have no blood in my veins?"

"Northmour," I cried, "if you will neither help her yourself nor let me do so, do you know I shall have to kill you?"

"That is better!" he cried. "Let her die, also; where's the harm? Step aside from that girl and stand up to fight."

"You will observe," said I, half-rising, "that I have not kissed her yet."

"I dare you to!" he cried.

I do not know what possessed me; it was one of the things I am most ashamed of in my life, though as my wife used to say, I knew that my kisses would be always welcome were she dead or living; down I fell again upon my knees, parted the hair from her

forehead, and, with the dearest respect, laid my lips for a moment on that cold brow.

"And now," said I, "I am at your service, Mr. Northmour."

But I saw, to my surprise, that he had turned his back upon me.

"Do you hear?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "I do. If you wish to fight, I am ready. If not, go on and save Clara. All is one to me."

I did not wait to be twice bidden; but, stooping again over Clara, continued my efforts to revive her. She still lay white and lifeless; I began to fear that her sweet spirit had indeed fled beyond recall, and horror and a sense of utter desolation seized upon my heart. I called her by name with the most endearing inflections; I chafed and beat her hands; now I laid her head low, now supported it against my knee; but all seemed to be in vain, and the lids still lay heavy on her eyes.

"Northmour," I said, "there is my hat. For God's sake bring some water from the spring."

Almost in a moment he was by my side with the water.

"I have brought it in my own," said he. "You do not grudge me the privilege?"

"Northmour," I was beginning to say, as I laved her head and breast, but he interrupted me savagely.

"Oh, you hush up!" he said. "The best thing you can do is to say nothing."

I had certainly no desire to talk, my mind being swallowed up in concern for my dear love and her condition; so I continued in silence to do my best toward her recovery, and when the hat was empty, returned it to him with one word—"More." He had, perhaps, gone several times upon this errand when Clara opened her eyes.

"Now," said he, "since she is better, you can spare me, can you not? I wish you a good-night, Mr. Cassilis."

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS BATTLE CRIES.

A war cry that resembles "Remember the Maine!" was that which Gen. Sam Houston gave to his troops at the battle of San Jacinto, the fight which gave freedom and independence to Texas.

Col. Travis was in command of about 185 Texan soldiers in the fort called the Alamo at Bexar. There he was surrounded by a greatly superior force under the Mexican dictator, Santa Anna.

On the morning of the 6th of March, 1826, the little garrison of the Alamo capitulated, on the pledge of the Mexican general that their lives would be spared. Notwithstanding this pledge Col. Travis and his entire force were massacred as soon as they had surrendered. Their dead bodies were gathered together, a huge pile of wood was heaped upon them, and they were burned to ashes. This fearful act of barbarity stirred the Texans to intense wrath and implanted in their breasts a fierce thirst for vengeance. On April 19, 1836, Gen. Houston, with about 700 men, gave battle at San Jacinto to Santa Anna, with nearly three times the number of Mexicans, and, in spite of the disparity of numbers, Houston's little force swept the Mexicans like chaff before the wind. It was more a slaughter than a battle.

Just before the assault of the Texans was made on the army of Santa Anna Houston addressed his soldiers in a fervid speech, closing with the words, "Remember the Alamo!" These words fell upon the ears of the Texans with wonderful effect. Every soldier in the little army at the same instant repeated the words "the Alamo" until they became a shriek for revenge that struck terror to the souls of the Mexicans. When the battle was over it was found that only seventy Texans had been killed, while 630 Mexicans were left dead on the field.

"Remember the Alamo!" was evidently a battle cry that not only nerved the arms of the avengers, but paralyzed the resistance of the Mexicans.

The answer of Commodore Stockton to the Mexican governor of California when we took possession of that country is worth recalling. "If you march upon the town" (Los Angeles), threatened the governor, "you will find it the grave of your men."

"Tell the governor," said Stockton, "to have the bells ready to toll at 8 o'clock in the morning. I shall be there at that time."

Commodore Tatnall's "Blood is thicker than water!" won grateful recognition in England in 1859. Seeing the British admiral, Sir James Hope, in a tight place under the fire of Chinese forts, Tatnall gallantly came to his rescue. In so doing he was guilty of a breach of neutrality, but his answer, "Blood is thicker than water!" had the effect of condoning his offense.

Tale of Three Cities.

"I see," said the ungrammatical Chicago man, "that they are going to try the experiment of mummifying Philadelphia bodies." "Before death?" asked the inane New Yorker.—Indianapolis Journal.

Fodder Land.

"Come, my child, let us away to the fodderland," said the German cow to her offspring as they made in the direction of the waving field of corn.—New York Herald.

Diplomatic Usurer.

May—I always collect double on the bets I win. Ad—I should think the losers would object, May—Not at all! always bet kisses.

The gas meter's claim to the champion flag's medal is disputed by the bicycle cyclist.

THEY DISPUTED OVER TERMS

Spaniards Insisted That Their Arms Be Sent to Spain.

THIS, OF COURSE, WAS REFUSED

The Wording of the Articles of Capitulation Softened as Much as Possible Without Changing the Sense, to Satisfy Spanish Honor—Condition of Santiago.

WHEELER'S HEADQUARTERS, July 16.—The preliminary basis for the capitulation of the Spanish forces in Eastern Cuba was agreed to and signed under a picturesque cigua tree, half way between the lines, shortly after midnight. Our commissioners were invited to enter the city by those representing General Toral, but the invitation was declined and the conference was held under the spreading cigua, just such a tree as that under which Columbus assisted at the celebration of mass at the first landing of Cuba near Havana.

At the very outset a hitch occurred owing to a misunderstanding of what was said at the personal interview between General Shafter and General Toral at noon. At that time our interpreter, translating the language of General Toral, had given General Shafter, Miles and Wheeler distinctly to understand that Captain Blanco had consented that the commissioners should have plenary power to negotiate the terms of surrender, such terms as they agreed upon to be binding upon both parties. Something was said about a notification to the Madrid government, but General Shafter insisted that the capitulation had been actually agreed to and that no further consent of the Madrid government was required.

While the Spaniards were haggling over the capitulation, the commissioners concluded the arrangements of the terms covering the evacuation of the province of Santiago. Though the understanding was that no concessions were to be granted, with the exception of allowing the officers to retain their side arms, the Spanish commissioners disputed and raised many objections to the proposed arrangements. The Spanish officers wished to have their men march out of the trenches with their arms, which they also insisted were to be boxed up and shipped back to Spain with the prisoners. This, of course, was refused.

There was also much argument over the details of the surrender.

The total number of Spanish troops involved in the surrender will, it is said, run close to 25,000, of which 12,000 are behind the entrenchments of Santiago. The rest of the Spanish troops are stationed at Sagua de Tanamo, Guantanamo, Baracoa and other seaports and fortified cities.

The 25,000 Spanish troops include about 20,000 regulars and 5,000 volunteers.

General Shafter said this morning, referring to the situation: "The Spaniards claim that the surrender must be confirmed by Madrid. I refuse to consider any such contention, for the surrender was complete and ordered by Governor General Blanco and was made by General Toral. This morning General Linares sent me a letter begging that the Spanish soldiers be permitted to take their side arms back to Spain. He begged me to intercede with the President, and, if possible, to arrange for a return of the arms to the prisoners after they had surrendered them."

When the commissioners met, shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, those in behalf of General Toral (General Escario, Lieutenant Colonel Fortain and Robert Mason, the British vice consul) combated at once the idea that the capitulation had in fact actually taken place. The consent of Madrid they insisted, was still necessary, but at the same time they claimed strongly that it would be forthcoming.

General Toral, who was present, and who, in fact, directed the negotiations on his own behalf, said he had never been overruled by the captain general. Still, he added, until Madrid sanctioned it Santiago had not capitulated.

All this was extremely unsatisfactory to our commissioners, who clung tenaciously to the understanding General Shafter had received earlier in the day.

Finally, with the question of whether the Spanish forces had actually surrendered still open, the commissioners proceeded to the consideration of the preliminaries.

Captain Miley had drawn up thirteen articles of a general nature, and these were submitted to General Toral personally. He made a strong appeal that the word "capitulation" be used instead of the harsher word "surrender," and that his army be allowed to march out, the officers with their side arms and the men with their small arms. He said the arms could afterwards be sent to Spain, either upon the same ships with the troops or on some other ships. General Toral further remarked that he expected our commissioners, as representatives of a brave and chivalrous people, would not seek to humiliate his army or make it appear that he was vanquished. As brave men, his soldiers desired to go home with honor. They had simply yielded to superior force, and they would prefer dying to going home without their honor.

Our commissioners could not resist this appeal, but they said it lay beyond the terms laid down by our government and they could only recommend the matter to Washington.

At 4 o'clock General Toral returned

to the city to consult with General Linares.

General Toral and the Spanish commissioners returned at 6:30 o'clock, saying they desired a still further change in the phraseology of the articles and suggested a postponement of the negotiations until morning. This General Wheeler firmly declined. Thereupon a recess was taken until 9:30 o'clock. The commissioners returned at that hour and the articles were again gone over in detail. Various changes of verbiage, which tended only to soften the sound of the terms without affecting the sense, were proposed by the Spaniards, and our commissioners accepted practically all of them.

Shortly after midnight General Wheeler suggested that the good faith of the Spaniards be tested. All the articles were reread and each commissioner in turn was asked if they were satisfactory. When they replied in the affirmative, General Wheeler asked them to affix their signatures. This they appeared to be reluctant to do, but they could not well refuse. When all had signed, the commissioners separated to meet again at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

The present municipal authorities are to continue in control of the city until the Spanish troops are embarked. The Spanish troops from other points are to be embarked at the nearest ports.

Refugees are to return to their homes, but not until the sanction of Madrid is received, and the same applies to the removal of the obstructions at the mouth of the harbor.

Pending this, however, Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross agents, with supplies, are to be allowed to enter the city over the line of the Jaraguá railroad.

The water, which was cut, is to be repaired to-day. No Cubans are to be allowed to enter the city. All the artillery and the batteries at the entrance of the harbor are to be left intact, and we are to obtain possession of the gunboat in the harbor.

Pending the sanction of Madrid, everything is at a standstill, and as a result the troops on both sides remain in the trenches.

General Shafter's headquarters are to be moved, probably to-day, to the high ground north of the city, where the whole of our army will be encamped after Santiago is evacuated, pending the possibility of its embarkation for the island of Porto Rico.

The troops which were landed at Siboney, but which were not brought up, are to be sent back on board the transports immediately.

Which American troops will remain here as a garrison, or the number, has not yet been decided on. There is some talk of garrisoning Santiago with several regiments from the Southern states which are understood to be at sea at present.

The condition of the city of Santiago is said to be dreadful, with filth and stench everywhere. There is much sickness among the Spanish soldiers, due to bad and insufficient food, and there are many yellow fever cases in the hospitals.

HAWKINS ON THE OLIVETTE.

Among the Wounded Are the Major General and Edward Marshall.

NEW YORK, July 18.—The hospital ship Olivette is expected to arrive in New York to-day or to-morrow. The following are some of the sick and wounded on board:

Major James Bell, First cavalry; Major Alex. O. Brodie, First U. S. V. C.; Second Lieutenant Horace R. Devereaux, First U. S. V. C.; Lieutenant W. M. Picens, Second infantry; Major General H. S. Hawkins; Captain Morton J. Henry; Captain Thomas T. Knox, First cavalry; Captain James H. McIlhenny, First U. S. V. C.; First Lieutenant Maury Nichols, Seventh infantry; First Lieutenant John R. Thomas, jr., First U. S. V. C.; Reporter Edward Marshall.

WILL TREAT WITH CANADA.

Among the New Commissioners Are Dingley, Kasson and Foster.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The President has appointed the following commissioners to meet a similar commission on the part of Great Britain and Canada for the purpose of adjusting the relations between the United States and Canada:

Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, Senator George Gray of Delaware, Representative Nelson Dingley of Maine, John A. Kasson of Iowa and John W. Foster of the District of Columbia.

A FRAUD ON BEER DRINKERS.

Indiana Manufacturers Have Invented an Optical Illusion Glass.

ANDERSON, Ind., July 18.—Glass manufacturers who foresaw the effect of the war tax on saloon business, turned their attention to the manufacture of "optical illusion" beer glasses. The glass is made so it is as thin as the thinnest beer glass at the brim, but by the application of a most deceptive art the glass is so arranged in the bottom and farther down the sides that it cuts off about a fourth of the capacity and at the same time adds no perceptible weight.

TO TAKE THE CAROLINES.

Reported That the Monterey Has an Incidental Duty to Perform.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—Advices from Honolulu say that when the monitor Monterey sailed from that port the commander had orders to stop at the Caroline islands and take possession of them in the name of the United States. A detachment of marines will be left in possession when the Monterey sails for Manila.

COLOMBIA MUST PAY ITALY.

The Claim Was Awarded by President Cleveland in 1897.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The State department has been notified that the Italian government has determined to adopt force in securing the payment by the republic of Colombia of the arbitration award made by President Cleveland in favor of Ernesto Cerruti, an Italian citizen, amounting to \$250,000.

In view of the serious possibilities involved in the case the United States government has sought to avert an immediate crisis. On the request of the Colombian authorities that the good offices of the United States be exercised word was sent to our charge d'affaires at Rome to make inquiry into the status of the case. There appears to be no disposition on the part of our government to interfere in such steps as Italy may take for the execution of the award, as we are precluded from contesting an award made by this government. At the same time it is hoped that Italy may be disposed to grant sufficient time to the South American republic to permit her to pay the award without suffering the indignity of a seizure of her chief commercial port.

As Italy's purpose is confined to the collection of the award, and has no territorial purposes in view, it is said that the Monroe doctrine has no application to the case, but that it is governed by the rules which apply to the British seizure of Corinto, when the British squadron occupied the custom house until a claim of \$75,000 was settled.

WOUNDED AT FORT MONROE.

People Cheered for the Soldiers Who Were Carried Ashore on Litters.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., July 15.—Two hundred wounded privates and twenty wounded officers arrived here from Shafter's army last night on the transport City of Washington. Most of the men belonged to the Seventy-first New York, though some of them are Rough Riders, while a few are from the Ninth Massachusetts and Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan regiments.

Some of the scenes around the widest enthusiasm. When a trooper, a negro, who had received nine Manser bullets in his body was brought ashore on a stretcher, borne by four white men, the ramparts of Fort Monroe resounded with cheers. Those soldiers who were seriously wounded were taken to the post hospital, where they were cared for, and the others were placed in hospital tents.

About fifty men who were wounded in the hands and arms were permitted to go to their homes, and they left on steamers bound for Washington and Baltimore. There were no deaths on the transports on the way north, but a negro soldier who had been wounded five times died in the hospital last night.

FATAL FIRE AT RACINE, WIS.

Three Men Burned to Death, Several Missing, and a Severe Injured.

RACINE, Wis., July 15.—Fire late yesterday afternoon completely destroyed the large three story structure of the Racine Malleable and Wrought Iron company, resulting in a pecuniary loss of \$100,000. Three persons are known to have been killed and a score or more seriously injured. The dead, so far as known, are John Keefe, Gus Knofski and an unidentified man, supposed to be Adelbert Hollister. Eight others are missing.

Tarred and feathered.

NEWTON, Kan., July 15.—Frank Miller an organ salesman at Halstead, was whipped, tarred and feathered by a mob at that place late last night. Several days ago he attempted to assault the 5-year-old daughter of Dr. J. F. Hertzler, his next door neighbor.

President Andrews Is Chosen.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown university, was last night elected superintendent of Chicago schools by the board of education.

She—The fact that I am a widow doesn't make any difference, does it? He—Yes, I wouldn't marry you if your husband was living.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market Quotations.

OMAHA.	
Butter—Creamery separator	11 a 14
Butter—Chol. a fancy country	10 a 11
Eggs—Fresh, per doz.	8 a 9
Spring chickens, per pound	11 a 12
Lemons, per box	4.50 a 6.00
Oranges, per box	2.50 a 3.25
Honey—Choice, per pound	14 a 15
Onions, per bushel	4.00 a 4.65
Beans—Hardwick's navy	1.25 a 1.30
Potatoes, per bushel new	65 a 75
Hay—1st pland, per ton	1.50 a 1.75

SOUTH OMAHA STOCK MARKET.

Hogs—Choice light	2.25 a 3.00
Hogs—Heavy weights	2.25 a 3.00
Beef steers	3.10 a 3.15
Bulls	2.25 a 2.55
Stags	3.30 a 4.20
Cattle—Per 100 pounds	6.00 a 6.75
Western feeders	4.90 a 4.65
Cows	2.25 a 4.00
Hedgers	3.30 a 4.00
Stockers and feeders	3.00 a 4.50
Sheep—Wethers	4.00 a 4.50
Sheep—Native mixed	4.20 a 4.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat, No. 2 spring	75 a 80
Corn—Per bushel separator	32 a 32 1/2
Oats—Per bushel	22 a 23
Barley, No. 2	21 a 23
Rye, No. 2	45 a 46
Timothy seed, per bu.	2.25 a 2.55
Pork—Per 100 pounds	9.50 a 9.75
Lard—Per 100 pounds	5.50 a 5.75
Cattle—Prime feeding	4.25 a 4.55
Cattle—Native beef steers	4.00 a 4.55
Hogs—Mixed	3.60 a 3.85
Sheep—Striped lambs	5.50 a 6.00
Sheep—Spring lambs	5.50 a 6.45

NEW YORK MARKET.

Wheat, No. 2 spring	77 a 78
Corn, No. 2	32 a 32 1/2
Oats—No. 2	21 a 22
Lard—No. 1	5.50 a 5.75
Hogs—Mixed	3.60 a 3.85
Sheep—Stoekers and feeders	3.20 a 3.70