

Carrie

The Telegraph Girl

A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

By Captain Jack Crawford

"THE POET SCOUT"

(Continued.)
She was going away, that was a blessed consolation; going to a busy office where she would have no time to write chats. I could endure her for a few hours; and although I would have resented from any one the imputation that I was a liar, I assured her I would be delighted to have her come, and would endeavor to make her brief visit a pleasant one.

When the freight from the south whistled that afternoon, I had nerved myself for a few hours of torture. The caboose stopped away down in the yard, and as I stood on the platform reflecting on what a martyr I was going to make of myself, I saw the conductor assist my visitor to the ground, and start with her along the side of the train towards the depot. A call from the instrument drew me inside, and when I came out again they were near the platform. I stood and stared in blank amazement. A neat, stylish little figure clad in grey, a jaunty hat, from beneath which the prettiest imaginable brown curls fell in clustering beauty above the prettiest face I thought I had ever seen. She was laughing merrily at some remark from her escort, and the air seemed filled with rippling music. As he ascended the platform steps to where I stood transfixed and dumb with amazement, she gave me but one glance of her merry blue eyes, and was about to pass on into the office when the conductor said:

"A moment, Miss Rankin. Let me introduce Mr. Saunders, the agent here. Fred, this is Miss Carrie Rankin, late of Edmond."

She started at me with a look of unutterable surprise, and had a mirror beam thrust in front of me, I would no doubt have seen reflected an expression of equal amazement. For a moment she stood glancing first at myself and then at the conductor, and then a peal of merry laughter rang out from her parting lips, and extending her hand she said:

"Oh, that monstrous fibber, Tom Armstrong! If I ever get within reach of him again I'll pull every hair out of his head! Why, he told me you were an old man, Mr. Saunders, and—and—that you were humpbacked, and had lost one of your limbs in a railway accident some years ago. He pictured you such a fright that I hesitated long before deciding to come here. I was actually afraid of you!"

"I'll kill him on sight!" I cried, retaining the pretty hand which rested in mine. "He led me to believe you an aged widow with two children, and a face that would set my teeth on edge when you should present it before me, and that you had a temper which a buzz saw could not scratch. However, in the glad awakening from that hideous dream I almost feel that I can forgive him, and as the frightful old widow no longer confronts me, permit me to bid you a hearty welcome to your old home. I trust you may enjoy the few hours you are to remain here. You have the freedom of the office; and of the great city."

"Thank you. It is very good of you, and since my humpbacked ogre has limped away on his one leg, I will enter his den with no fear. How dreadfully natural the old place looks!" (taking off her hat and throwing it on the table). "How many lonely days and nights I spent here, fearing each rattle of the window by the wind might be a tramp or a prowling Indian, and every sound from the outside at night might come from the dreaded Dalton gang, lying in wait to rob a train. May I look in my old room?"

"Certainly."

"Same cheerless place. Yes, more cheerless, for really, Mr. Saunders, you do not keep it so neat as I did. When did you sweep it last?"

She glanced into my face with an arch look and smilingly awaited my reply.

"I think it was one day last week, or was it week before? It was the day the superintendent came over the road on a special. The sprucing up of depots by agents—male agents, that is—is always regulated by official visits, you know."

We passed on into the freight-room, such only in name, for no goods save section men's supplies had ever been stored therein. From the freight-room a ladder led up to the loft between the ceilings of the office and sleeping room and the roof, and, pointing up at the dust-covered rafters, my fair visitor said:

"I had a dreadful time up there one day. The insulated copper wires from the instruments run up through the office ceiling, you know, and connect with the line out under the eaves of the depot. I cut out my instruments for a heavy thunderstorm, and when I cut it again after the storm had passed, I found the wire open on both sides of me. Fearing the trouble was in my office I began a close search for it, and, finding the wires below all right, I climbed up the ladder to the loft. Up in that dark, black, dusty, sooty place I found both wires burned off by lightning; and what a time I had repairing them! It was very hot and close up there, and I had left my handkerchief on the telegraph table, and frequently

wiped my perspiring face with my smutty hands. When I climbed down again you should have seen me! I had that morning put on a white summer dress mamma had just sent down to me, and it was ruined, and my face was as black as any Topsy you ever saw. What made it more horrible was that the passenger going south whistled just as I descended from the loft, and not knowing my face was in such a horrid condition, I gathered up my train mail and went out on the platform, and such a gazing as the train men gave me! There was a grinning face at every car window as the train pulled by. Oh, dear! what a fright I found myself when I looked in my mirror!"

As we sat in the office during the evening chatting she grew more and more vivacious and jolly, and our merry laughter rang out in marked contrast to the usual stillness which prevailed about the dreary station. We went to supper at the section house, and on returning she went at once to the key and asked the dispatcher if the train then nearly due was on time. "No, 4 delayed by wash-out below Guthrie," came the reply. "Can't say how soon track will be repaired."

"Oh, dear! My usual luck!" she said. "I seldom find a train on time when I want to go anywhere!"

"Are you then so anxious to terminate what has been to me a most delightful visit?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I assure you I have enjoyed it fully as much as yourself, but I fear I will become tiresome to you with my senseless chatter."

I felt like assuring her that a lifetime spent in her society would not weary me. The time sped swiftly until the grey shades of evening began to gather, and I lighted the office lamp. No. 4 was reported safely over the track, and would reach Red Rock about 9 o'clock.

Excusing herself a moment to go to the cooler in the freight-room for a drink of ice water, Miss Rankin passed from the room, and had scarcely disappeared ere I heard heavy footsteps on the platform, and a moment later the front door was thrown open and four masked men entered and covered me with murderous-looking revolvers.

"Get away from that table, young feller, an' don't you make a move 'ords that tellygraph till the train comes, or it'll find a piece o' baggage 'yar it ain't looking fur. How soon is she due?"

I am not naturally a coward, but this harsh transformation from a blissful dream of love to the very precincts of death unnerved me, and confess I was thoroughly frightened. Then came the thought that Miss Rankin would return in a moment, and what indignities might not be offered her by these members of the notorious Dalton gang (for such I knew them to be); cruel, reckless men who had less regard for women than for dumb brutes which carried them to places of safety after their lawless raids.

"The train is past due now, but has been delayed by a washout below Guthrie, and may not be here for several hours yet," I replied. "I'll ask about her."

I made a move toward the telegraph table, hoping by a word to warn the dispatcher, but halted at the ominous clicking of a pistol.

"No, you don't," the leader said. "If you want that pale hide o' your'n tattooed with cold lead, you jest make another break like that! Yer lyn' about that train, an' we're agoin' to camp right 'yar with you till it comes, fur we have business with it. Sit down on that bench."

I could not obey. The mental torture I endured was terrible, not only through fear of Miss Rankin's return to the office, but through the knowledge that an attempt was to be made to rob the train, and the lives of good men might be sacrificed defending the property entrusted to their care. How could the robbers be frustrated? If I could but reach the key and flash the words, "Train robbers," and sign my office call, the dispatcher would hear and understand; for in those troublous days the keen-eyed night guardians of the company's interests were ever on the alert for such intelligence. For half an hour I weighed the matter of a desperate attempt in my mind. I had lost fear of my charming visitor's safety, feeling satisfied by her absence that she had heard the robbers and was concealed in the freight room, or had escaped by the back door and gone to the section house for aid. But what assistance could come from there? I knew there was not a firearm in the section house, and the section men would seek safety in flight at the first intimation that I was in the hands of the Daltons.

At last determined to make one desperate attempt to warn the train-dispatcher, and thus save the train from robbery. I did not believe the villains would shoot, and felt that although they might use me roughly for my attempt, my duty to the company demanded that I should make it and meet the consequences.

Waiting until I heard the dispatcher respond to a report of the belated train from Mulhall, but two stations below, and knowing that he was at his table, I rose and bounded toward my instrument.

"Tra!"

I got no further. There was a loud report, I felt a heavy blow accompanied by a stinging sensation on my right thigh, and sank to the floor.

"You cussed fool, that's yer game, is it? Lucky fur you, my gun went off afore I got it raised, or that shod'd a tuk you whar it'd a done more good!"

They picked me up and threw me roughly on the bench, cursing me in a fearful manner for my attempt to thwart them in their plans. I knew I had been shot through the thigh, but

from the absence of severe pain felt sure the bone had not been broken.

The train must be nearing Wharton, the next station south, and after passing there no earthly power could prevent it from falling into the hands of the scowling villains who sat near me. The instrument had been quiet for a long time, and I laid trembling with anxiety expecting every moment to hear Wharton report the passing of No. 4.

"Click! Click! B-r-r-r click!"
What caused the instrument to act so queerly? Then, in clear clickings I heard the dispatcher's call. Wharton was about to report the train—but, no! My own office signal was signed to the call. What did it mean? The dispatcher responded, and my heart gave a great throb of delight as I heard these words flashed over the wire:

"This is Cr at Red Rock. Sd held by train robbers in office. I have wire tapped in loft. Stop No. 4, Wharton, quick!"

"I heard that, will hold 4 here all right," Wharton barked in and said.

An order was sent him to hold the train for further orders, and an explanatory message sent to the conductor.

Thank God, the train was safe! I understood it all now. The brave little girl had heard the robbers when they entered, had listened to our conversation, and recalling her former experience in the dirty loft, had climbed up there in the darkness, broken one of the wires and, striking the ends together, had been able to communicate with the dispatcher. In the stillness of the night I knew she could hear every click of the instrument below, and work as effectively as if sitting at the telegraph table.

"God bless you, little girl, you have done great work this night. Special train with sheriff's posse will leave in five minutes, and make run to Red Rock in forty-five minutes. Remain where you will be safe in case of a fight with robbers."

"Oh! I am so fearful Sd has been killed," I heard her say. "I heard them threaten to kill him and heard a shot, followed by a shuffling of feet."

In a tone of voice so loud I knew she could hear it, I said:

"Men, I have been shot in the thigh and am in pain. This bench is a hard bed for a wounded man. Won't you carry me in and lay me on my bed in the next room?"

"'Tat do we keer how you suffer after that bad break o' yours? Lay still, or you'll get more of it!"

I heard the little heroine report the words to the dispatcher, and felt that my object had been accomplished and her anxiety relieved. In a moment came a message intended for my ears:

"Brace up, Fred, for help is coming. We've got the best of this game, but I am distressed at your condition, old fellow. Grin and bear it. I will be with you the minute the train gets here.—Cr."

(To be continued.)

ORCHIDS THAT RIVAL THE UPAS

Brazilian Forest That Is Guarded by a Vell of Chloroform.

From Collier's Weekly: Serge Balaguine, a Russian explorer of Brazil, states in an interview recently published in the *Gaulois* of Paris, that a few degrees below the equator he discovered a forest of flowers that prevented him from approaching them. With every deference to Mr. Balaguine, that forest seems to have been discovered before. Two years ago there appeared in a San Francisco paper an account provided by a bulb hunter returning from the same region, who declared that after noticing in a forest an odor, vague and sweet at first, but which increased as he advanced, ultimately he reached a clearing, and there, straight ahead, was a wilderness of orchids. Trees were loaded with them, underbrush was covered with them, they trailed on the ground, mounted in beckoning contortions, dangled from bunches, fell in sheets and elongated and expanded as far as the eye could reach. A breeze passed and they swayed with it, moving with a life of their own, dancing in the glare of the quatorial sun, and as they danced exhaling an odor that protected them more shepherly than a wall. In vain did that hunter endeavor to approach. There was a veil of perfumed chloroform through which he could see, but through which, try as he might, he could not pass. It held him back more effectually than bayonets, and it was torture to him to see those flowers and to feel that before he could reach them he must die, suffocated by the very splendors of which he was in search, poisoned by floral jewels such as no one perhaps had seen before. At the time the place was known as the village of demon flowers.

Point for Inventors.

It has long been recognized by expert telegraph operators that urgent necessity exists for improving the present sending apparatus. This point was forcibly illustrated at a late telegraph tournament in New York. At the first tick of the signal to start in a sending contest a reader started to indicate to the typewriter. In four minutes and 30 seconds he had written the entire article, which contained 412 words. In five minutes, the time appointed for the test, the telegrapher who took the prize only transmitted 254 words, and that this was considered the more remarkable performance is a concession of the imperfect nature of telegraph sending methods. The telegraph sender of to-day is confined to the use of one hand, and has to make many strokes to form one complete letter, while the typewriter has the free use of eight fingers, each one of which with a single stroke makes a complete character or letter.

A PEACE COMMISSION.

Terms to Be Arranged by Spanish and American Representatives.

SPAIN'S ARMY MUST GO HOME.

Pending Settlement the Enemy's Troops Must Leave Porto Rico and Cuba—To Hold Manila as a War Indemnity Until Final Peace Treaty Is Signed—Ladrones Coaling Port.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The Cabinet and President have decided that a Spanish-American commission is to have charge of the entire question of the terms of peace, on condition, however, that the Spanish troops are removed immediately from Cuba and Porto Rico and that the United States shall have one of the Ladrones islands. The President has decided that the statement intended to be made public, as to reply to Spain, shall not be given out. He reached this determination upon representation that such a course would be a violation of the proprieties of diplomacy, which require that such a note shall not be published before it is known to have reached the nation addressed, and that even then reasonable time must be allowed for an answer.

The American reply distinctly gives warning that the proposition as to surrender of all sovereignty in the West Indian waters and the selection of an island in the Ladrones is beyond any discussion whatever.

As to the Philippines the reply says in substance that as further indemnity to the United States for its expenses the United States will hold the city of Manila, its bay and harbor, pending the determination of the future government of the whole island group. One island of the Ladrones group is to be ceded to the United States, this government to make its selection later.

In demanding the surrender of Spanish sovereignty in all our nearby waters the reply diplomatically avoids making any pledges as to what is to be done by this government as to Cuba.

The paper prepared by Secretary Day for presentation to M. Cambon, the French ambassador, as the answer of the United States to Spain's peace proposal, was laid before the cabinet when it met at 11 o'clock this morning. It contained about 1,100 words. At the adjournment yesterday the only point not fully decided upon was as to the extent of our demands respecting the Philippines.

It is now understood that the President and a majority of the cabinet members favored the retention of a coaling station at Manila and the exercise of practically the same sovereign authority over the city and ports as is exercised by Great Britain at Hong Kong. This, it is believed, will be the final result. With regard to other questions than the Philippines, the administration favors the following:

Absolute cession to the United States of Porto Rico and all islands in the West Indies, save Cuba.

Relinquishment by Spain of sovereignty in Cuba. The United States will exercise control there until a stable government can be established.

Acquisition of a coaling station in the Ladrones islands and perhaps the Carolines.

No assumption of Spain's Cuban or Porto Rican debts by the United States.

No war indemnity for Spain.

The cabinet adjourned about 1 o'clock. As to the Philippines, it was decided to leave their government open for the present, to be determined later by a commission to be appointed by the two countries, the United States meanwhile to exercise control and jurisdiction over Manila, its harbor and immediately surrounding territory.

The scope and power of this commission could not be learned and the method devised for enforcing any verdict it might reach was left to surmise.

The Administration's general purpose underlying the commission arrangement is understood to be the development of the sober second thought of the American people as to the disposition of the Philippines, unclouded by the clash of war and unaffected by momentary lust for territorial acquisition.

Of course it is understood that no matter what form the Philippine arrangement takes the United States is to acquire a naval station there, for it is understood that the original plan to acquire a coaling station has been broadened into a demand for a naval station.

The argument that brought about this change was the representation of the naval war board that one of the most pressing needs of the United States naval vessels in Asiatic waters was a good dry dock and some machine shops where the repairs that were always required by the complex war ships of to-day can be effected. It was also pointed out that under strict application of the neutrality laws, as urged by some writers, the United States might be prevented in time of war from taking its own coal from its own coaling station, though the same rule cannot be applied to a naval station, which would be held under an entirely different tenure. The maintenance of a naval station would require more territory than a coaling station and the existence of a dock yard at Cavite has fixed the eyes of the naval

war board upon that place as one ready made for our occupancy.

A naval station involves some residential population to supply the necessary labor and some agricultural land is required to maintain this population, the extent of the territory depending entirely upon the size of the station and its importance.

Some of the naval officers have been urging, and their representations have been given weight, that the whole of the island of Luzon is not too great an expanse to support properly such a station as the United States will require. They point also to the difficulty that would be encountered in defending a station that does not occupy the whole of the island upon which it is located. On the other hand it is pointed out that there are several hundred thousand semi-barbarous inhabitants of Luzon whose government would oblige the United States to keep a considerable military and naval force always on and about the island without proper recompense.

ANOTHER CUBAN TOWN FALLS.

The Gunboat Nashville Takes Gibara Without Firing a Shot.

KEY WEST, Fla., Aug. 1.—The important city of Gibara, on the northeast coast of Cuba, in the province of Santiago, has surrendered to the American navy. This information was brought here this morning by Ensign Snow, who, with a prize crew, arrived in charge of the Spanish schooner Gibara. Snow says that under orders from Admiral Sampson the gunboat Nashville entered the harbor of Gibara Thursday to demand its surrender. The decks were cleared for action to bombard the city if any resistance was offered. Steaming carefully up to the city the commander of the Nashville was surprised to find no attempt made from shore to resist the advance, not even a Spanish flag flying over the public buildings. He sent an officer and an armed force ashore to demand the surrender of the city, and they found that the Spaniards had evacuated the day before and gone into the interior. The officers took possession and hoisted the American flag. Not a shot was fired. Two Spanish schooners, the Gibara and Expresso, at anchor, were the only vessels in harbor. These were taken in charge and prize crews from the Nashville placed aboard and ordered to take them to Key West. The wife and child of the captain of the schooner Gibara are now on board. The schooner Expresso is expected to arrive here to-day.

Gibara was the only city of any importance remaining under the Spanish in the province of Santiago.

SHAFTER'S REPLY TO CRITICS.

Garcia Personally Invited to the Capital—Where the Cubans Faded.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The war department has received the following: "SANTIAGO, Aug. 1.—I have the New York Sun of Saturday, July 23, in which comments are made as to my treatment of General Garcia. I desire to say that General Garcia was invited by me personally to go into the city of Santiago at the time I entered, but he declined upon the ground that the Spanish civil officers were left in power. It was fully explained to him that these officials were continued in power until it was convenient to change them for others.

"General Garcia's assistance to me has been purely voluntary on his part and he was told at the beginning that I did not exercise any control over him except as he chose to give. The trouble with General Garcia was that he expected to be placed in command at this place; in other words, that we would turn the city over to him. I explained to him fully that we were at war with Spain and that the question of Cuban independence could not be considered by me.

"Another grievance was that, finding that several thousand men marched in without opposition from General Garcia, I extended my own lines in front of him and closed up the gap, as I saw that I had to depend on my own men for any effective investment of the place.—Shafter."

MADRID READY FOR PEACE.

American Terms Acceptable to the Spanish Capital.

PARIS, Aug. 1.—A Madrid dispatch to the Paris Temps reports that it is apparent that everybody in Madrid is resigned to the acceptance of the American terms of peace. The only matter that is raising any difficulty is the Cuban debt.

NEARLY 700 NEW CASES.

Fever Cases Increase Among the Troops at Santiago.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The war department posts the following: "Sanitary conditions for July 28: Total sick, 4,278; total fever cases, 3,406; new cases fever, 696; cases fever restored to duty, 590; death, Private Michael McDoldrick, First infantry; cause as anasthenia following malarial fever.—Shafter."

Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 1.—The Mexican cattle trade seems to be falling off quite rapidly. The importations for June from the Republic into Texas was less than one-fourth as large as those of May and less than one-fifth as large as the importations of last year for the same month, and they were largely made up of calves.

As to the present month, the receipts of cattle thus far in the month, now nearly completed, are almost too small to mention.

THE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS.

That of the University of Missouri at the Exposition.

Missouri's educational exhibit at the Trans-Mississippi exposition is the equal of any on the grounds. At the head stands that of the state university, which has been brought together and placed in position entirely by private subscription, without the use of a dollar from the treasury of the university. A beautiful and complete series of photographs and plans picture the grounds, the buildings, libraries, laboratories, lecture room, museum and halls. A series of charts shows the growth in all departments of the university since the great fire of 1892. For example, in these six years the university as a whole has increased in numbers 132 per cent. The "approved high schools" of the university have increased in the value of their buildings and equipment 140 per cent., though at the same time the requirements for admission to the university have been raised 50 per cent.

The university exhibit is very strong in original matter. The department of romance languages is represented by several frames filled with "phonetic tracings"—unique and valuable records of language study, which can hardly be duplicated by another university of the Trans-Mississippi region. Biology is illustrated by photographs and beautifully mounted sections of brains, showing the method of studying brain formation and texture; physiology by a series of photographs of students at work and of indelible tracings that demonstrate how nerve force can be studied and recorded. Two interesting pieces of chemical apparatus show improvements invented by the professor of chemistry, while the professor of agricultural chemistry displays an interesting study of the heat-producing power of certain animal and vegetable fats.

After examining the specimens from the department of bacteriology, and reading such names as "lock jaw," "bubonic plague," "yellow fever," one learns with relief that these bacteria have been allowed to grow and flourish for a season and then killed before being placed on exhibition.

The development of agriculture has a practical study in charts showing the power required to move the same loads over all sorts and conditions of roads when placed on wagons with wheels having narrow tires and then on those with broad tired wheels. Other charts show an ingenious method for the analysis of soils and the results obtained by the student. Still other frames are filled with studies in sheep breeding.

In horticulture is shown the winter protection of peach trees so that the buds may not be destroyed by frost. Nearby stands a table showing the apparatus and work of the student of entomology in his study of larvae and insects.

The department of engineering and manual training, with its drawings, apparatus, patterns and shop work, makes an admirable display, one "school ma'am's" work in manual training being especially interesting. A carefully constructed relief map of a section of three counties in south Missouri illustrates practical work in the department of geology. A series of fourteen maps from the departments of history and political science offers an interesting study of the political and industrial growth of Missouri.

SPAIN WILL PROTEST.

Sagasta Declares He Asked for Peace Before Porto Rico Was Occupied.

LONDON, July 29.—The Madrid correspondent of the Daily Mail says: Spain will probably protest against an attack upon Porto Rico after the Washington cabinet had officially received Spanish overtures for peace. Senor Sagasta said to-day: "We resolved on peace many days ago and made known our resolutions to the United States government. I regard as null and void and as destitute of good faith everything that the Americans have done since, and I am ready to protest against it formally."

Several Brought Fortunes.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 29.—Steamer Humboldt arrived from St. Michael's yesterday afternoon with 112 passengers from Dawson City with about \$1,000,000 in gold dust and as much more in drafts. Three men brought \$250,000 each.

In most lives the centrifugal forces abound over the centrifugal. Thought and feeling revolve slavishly about the self-center, instead of generously serving off on lines of sacrificing tend-

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market quotations.

OMAHA	
Butter—Creamery separator.....	13 a 15
Butter—Choice fancy country.....	10 a 11
Eggs—Fresh, per doz.....	9 a 10
Spring Chickens—Per bushel.....	4 1/2 a 5
Lemons—Per box.....	4 7/2 a 6 00
Oranges—Per box.....	2 50 a 2 75
Honey—Choice, per pound.....	11 a 15
Citrus—Per bushel.....	75 a 85
Beans—Handpicked navy.....	1 25 a 1 30
Potatoes—Per bushel, new.....	50 a 75
Hay—1, Land per ton.....	4 50 a 6 00
SOUTH OMAHA STOCK MARKET.	
Hogs—Choice light.....	3 75 a 3 80
Hogs—Heavy weights.....	3 85 a 3 90
Beefsteers.....	4 05 a 4 25
Bulls.....	2 75 a 3 80
Stags.....	3 20 a 4 30
Cattle—Per 100 pounds.....	3 75 a 4 00
Cows.....	2 25 a 4 40
Calves.....	3 00 a 4 50
Sheep—Muttons.....	3 90 a 4 40
Sheep—Native mixed.....	3 20 a 4 00
CHICAGO.	
Wheat—No. 2 spring.....	68 a 75
Corn—Per bushel.....	34 a 34 1/2
Oats—Per bushel.....	25 a 25 1/2
Barley—No. 2.....	32 a 33
Rye—No. 2.....	44 a 45 1/2
Timothy seed, per bushel.....	5 00 a 5 25
Pork—Per cwt.....	9 85 a 9 87
Lard—Per 100 pounds.....	3 75 a 3 80
Cattle—Prime feeding cattle.....	5 00 a 5 35
Cattle—Native beef steers.....	4 00 a 4 55
Hogs—Mixed.....	3 95 a 3 85
Sheep—Hudson Bay Lambs.....	4 75 a 5 10
Sheep—Spring Lambs.....	5 00 a 6 40
NEW YORK MARKET.	
Wheat—No. 2, red winter.....	70 a 72 1/2
Corn—No. 2.....	35 1/2 a 40
Oats—No. 2.....	27 a 27 1/2
Pork.....	9 00 a 9 75
Lard.....	3 00 a 3 20
KANSAS CITY.	
Wheat—No. 2 spring.....	73 a 74
Corn—No. 2.....	30 a 30 1/2
Oats—No. 2.....	25 a 25 1/2
Cattle—Mixed.....	3 95 a 4 50
Hogs—Mixed.....	3 35 a 4 00
Sheep—Sto-ckers and feeders.....	3 45 a 4 50