

# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)  
"Words cannot express the pain you have given me tonight," he said; "but let it pass. You are free, and I have no right to reproach you. Good-bye, and God bless you, Rose!"

He kissed her hand, but she snatched it away and sprang into the carriage. She felt annoyed and out of temper. When she reached home, she went up into her own room and stood before the glass. It was a very fair face that she gazed at—he had often praised it, and she knew her power well.

"And he thinks I am going to beg and pray for forgiveness, does he?" she said, tossing her head wilfully. "We shall see, after all, what crime I have committed, that I need to tremble and shrink from his eye. Tomorrow I will not—tomorrow I will show him that if he chooses to play the part of a tyrant, I do not intend to take that of a serf. He had better fetter me at once."

In that mood she went to bed. But ah! we should be very careful how we part with those we love, even though they only leave us for a few hours. Do they always come back? Of if they do come, do we always know just how we shall meet them? It may be as utter strangers, for aught we can say. I have known those who have loved each other dearly as they said good-bye, and yet within three months they stood face to face as coldly as if they had never met.

But the case of poor Rose was even worse than this, for Mr. Vere never came again.

She had preserved a discreet silence as to this episode in her history on her return home. No one had ever heard her mention Mr. Vere's name—not one of her own family ever knew that such a person was in existence. Her woman's pride came to her aid. She learned to live without him—to be happy without him; yet he was not forgotten.

And on this morning, when she sat in her own room, thinking of the past, she had a letter in her hand from him. It had been forwarded with others from Mecklenburgh Square. The simple words set her heart beating, so that she could scarcely see:

"Rose—I was too hasty and harsh with you long ago. Time has taught me that there is nothing so precious as your love. If I have lost it, I am coming home to try and gain it again. God grant I may not be too late.

"Ever yours,  
"Stanley Vere."  
Coming home, and to win here? But how, and when, and where?

CHAPTER XIV.  
When and where, indeed? She could not hope for a meeting so romantic as that of her two cousins had been; and yet, in what other way could her lover seek her presence?

For you must bear in mind that the parent birds had no idea that their scarcely fledged nestling had tried her wings in so bold a flight. Rose in love! Rose, who had scarcely given up playing with her doll! The thing was simply absurd!

So the young lady sat alone in her room, and stared at the letter, and wondered what on earth she should do, and wished she had a confidante who would give her some advice as to the best way of extricating herself from the dilemma. It would not do to speak to her mother, and Catherine would only laugh at her. At last she thought of Marjorie, who had a romance of her own, and thereby would know how to sympathize with another. She went.

She found the lady alone in the turret-chamber. Charles was smoking a cigar, in fear and trembling, in one of the empty attics, and at the same time getting a breath of fresh air. So Rose had her cousin all to herself, and told her tale without much loss of time. Marjorie listened silently.

"Well," she said, when Rose had finished, "the old fairy tale is true. The Princess Perfect may be shut up in the highest and most impregnable of towers, and guarded by the fiercest of dragons, yet in one way and another Prince Imperfect will continue to get up the stairs, and fall at her feet all the same. It is curious, and, at the same time, very edifying."

"But I am not Princess Perfect," said Rose.

"True."

"Nor was I shut up in a tower."

"If you had been it would not have mattered. But never mind that—do you want to see the Prince?"

"Ah, yes."

"That is frank and to the purpose. Why did you let him go?"

"He thought I flirted, my dear," said Rose, firmly.

"Oh, indeed," replied Marjorie, with a little cough. "Men do take queer fancies into their heads now and then."

"Very."

"However, I will do all I can to help you—though, of course, you must promise to be very good, and never, under any consideration, to flirt again."

"I'll promise."

"Then the best way is for you to come to us."

"Where?"

"I don't know—I'll make Charles take a house in town. Now that we have scared your poor papa to death, I

suppose that we are not wanted any longer here."

"Poor papa!"

"Yes! but it will do him good in the end. Is he up yet?"

"No; he has had some gruel in bed."

"May it make him penitent and more inclined to obey the orders of his superior officer, your good mamma. Where would you like us to pitch our tent in town, Rose?"

"Oh, somewhere near Mecklenburgh Square."

"In it, if you like. Charles is rich, and can live where he pleases, thank goodness. Then that is settled?"

"Yes."

"And you will come to us?"

"With pleasure."

"When?"

"As soon as we can get him back to town."

"And the preux chevalier? By the way, what is his name?"

"Vere."

"Of what county, Rose colored."

"Really I don't know."

"But where do his family reside?"

"I cannot tell you."

Marjorie elevated her eyebrows.

"Do you know nothing of him, then?"

"Very little. But General Grantham, with whom I was staying at the time, introduced him as the son of one of his oldest friends. And he moved in the best society."

"Well, time will show. At all events, we can soon find out all about him if we set to work the right way."

"Yes," said Rose; and leaning her chin upon her hand, she fixed her eyes upon the glaring coals, and fell to musing about the lover of whom she knew so little.

The door opened, and Mrs. Cowley entered, looking worried and perplexed.

"I don't know what to do!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter, aunt?" asked Marjorie.

"I wish we hadn't played that fool's trick last night."

"Why?" Is papa worse?" asked Rose, looking up.

"No; I can't say that he is really ill; but he seems so nervous and frightened. If the door creaks, he jumps; and I know what that feeling is so well. I had it all the time when we first came to this horrible house."

"Oh, he will get over that!"

"Yes; but, after all, I begin to think it was not right to frighten him so. A great, strong man does not faint for nothing. I can't think how I came to let you do it."

"But as it is done, let us try to repair the mischief, if any there be. Get him up, and send him down to the village, shopping. He will come home as blithe as a lark."

"That is the worst of it!"

"What?"

"I can't get him up."

"What do you mean?"

"He won't move. He says the whole house is full of ghosts, and that he means to stay where he can't see any more; and oddly enough, I heard him just now muttering to himself that he wished Charles was here."

"My husband?"

"Yes."

"Then what can be easier than to tell him that his wish is granted."

"And that Charles is here?"

"Yes."

"My dear child, that would do very well with some men, but not with Mr. Cowley. He is as sharp as a needle; and if he found out that Charles had been in the house all night, he would guess at once where the ghost of the cabinet came from. And if he once found that out, I'm sure I should have a separate maintenance offered to-morrow, forced upon me tomorrow."

"Oh, no; not so bad as that," was the cheerful reply. "I will manage it so that he need never know we have been here before. Rose, you have already lent me half your wardrobe; give me the other half—your out-door portion. He will not recognize your hat and cloak, I suppose?"

"No."

"Then bring them, and send Charles to me."

Half an hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cowley left the house on foot, and walked away toward Banley. And as Mr. Cowley, senior, was partaking of tea and toast at six p. m. in the seclusion of his own chamber, a fly drove up to the door and a knock was given that nearly shook the house down.

Mr. Cowley dropped the cup and saucer, and split the tea all over the bed.

"Good gracious! what can it be?"

"I will go and see, my dear. Lie down and compose yourself."

Mrs. Cowley went, and returned with a well-got-up face of astonishment.

"Well, what is it?" cried Mr. Cowley.

"Such a wonderful thing."

"Out with it!"

"The most extraordinary—"

"But what?"

"In fact, I think the strangest circumstance I ever heard of in my life."

"Confound it, ma'am!" bawled out her husband. "Can't you say what it is, and not keep me lying here in a bath of lukewarm tea?"

"Well, Mr. Cowley, you were say-

ing you wished your nephew Charles was here."

"So I do. I'd dig the whole place up if I had him to back me, and never think of feeling frightened."

"Well, Charles is here."

"Nonsense!"

"I assure you he is. He has just returned from Australia, and he came to the door in the Banley fly. He has been to our town house, and Mrs. Gray directed him here. And his wife is with him."

"Married?"

"Yes—to an English girl, though."

"If he had married a New Zealander, ta'ooed from head to foot, I should not care. Zounds! give me my clothes, Mrs. C! This news is worth ten pounds, at the least. We'll rout the ghosts out now, or my name is not Cowley."

"Yes, dear," replied his better half, meekly, as she helped him to dress.

They went down to the drawing-room together. No more ghosts now—no suggestion of ghosts even. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth—four candles lit the table, which was laid for tea. Rose and Catherine, in pretty evening dresses, ran forward to meet their father as innocently as if they had never dreamed of scaring him half out of his senses. But he pushed by them unceremoniously, and rushed up to the hearth, where Charles Cowley was standing, like a true Briton, with his back to the fire.

"My dear fellow!" said the banker, shaking him by both hands. "You are as welcome as the flowers in May!"

"Why, so I hear," replied the nephew demurely. "You have been getting yourself into a bit of a scrape, I imagine, and want me to help you out. Oh, you naughty old boy! But let me introduce you to my wife."

## CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Cowley shook hands with Marjorie—decided, after his first glance at her, that she was a nice sort of a girl, and then dismissed her from his mind entirely. He was burning for an uninterrupted ten minutes' conversation with his nephew, alone, that he might relate the wonderful things that had befallen him. Few men could boast of having seen three real ghosts, one after another! And Marjorie, like the other women, was sadly in the way just then.

However, there was no help for it. Tea was waiting, and Mr. Cowley, junior, fell to work upon the muffins, and ham, and tongue, like a man who had fasted all the way from Australia. When the cloth was taken away, his uncle breathed freely again. The ladies sat gossiping together before the fire. The worthy banker rose, nudged Charles in the side, and whispered, "Come with me a moment." Charles followed him from the room, merely pausing at the door to give a nod and a wink, expressive of great enjoyment, to the group he left behind.

Mr. Cowley seized his nephew by the arm when they stood in the hall, and dragged him up the stairs. A lamp was burning in the turret-chamber—a fire blazing on the hearth. Seeing this, as he opened the door, Mr. Cowley started back with a look of extreme surprise.

"Why, those born fools cannot think of putting you here to sleep!" he ejaculated.

"Why not?" asked Charles, looking extremely innocent.

"Why not? The jades! I'll have no tricks played off on people under my roof. I know it is the fashion to put the guests in the haunted room, to see if there really is a ghost there; but, by George! we want no such tests here! They shall give you another apartment—it is like their impudence to get this one ready."

## (To be continued.)

**HARD TO WRITE TURKISH.**

Few Foreigners Are Able to Place Its Words on Paper.

Arabic words, phrases and expressions, as in the case of the Persians, were freely employed by the Turkish writers. So the original Tartaric, or Turkish, dialect of the Ottomans, blended with the refined, melodious tongue of the Arabs and the sweet and harmonious language of the former followers of Zoroaster, formed what is today the literary language of the Turks. Hence the variety in the expressions and the richness of the words of the Turkish literature. While in the European languages Latin and Greek words are merely used as a foundation stone upon which the respective national words are built, the Turks, on the contrary, employ almost to an unlimited extent Persian and Arabic phrases in their original shape. Hence, again, the difficulty of mastering the literary Turkish, which necessitates also the study of the other two oriental tongues.

This variety of languages, coupled with the difficulty of the union of sentences into the one so-called "chain," which is unknown to any European language, renders Turkish one of the most difficult of the living tongues of the world. To be able to write well in Turkish, or, to use their own expression, to be a good "kiatib" (writer)—not in the sense of an author—is held in that country as one of the highest accomplishments that a person can possess.—Chicago Chronicle.

Railroad bridge builders are adopting the fir timber of the North Pacific coast for bridge building because of its remarkable strength.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace, which, neglected prove halts to strange undutiful children.

There are seasons when to be still demands immeasurably higher strength than to act. Composure is often the highest result of power.

## ARE ROLLING IN WEALTH.

Osage Indians Are the Wealthiest People on the Earth.

At the office of the commissioner of Indian affairs a few days ago contracts were let to cattlemen for the renting of the pasture lands of the Osage Indians in Oklahoma. These Indians have 800,000 acres of pasture lands, of which 600,000 acres were rented. This will add to the annual income of the tribe about \$120,000, says the Washington Post. "And already," said Captain A. C. Tonner, assistant commissioner of Indian affairs, yesterday, "the Osage Indians are the richest people in the world. Several years ago the lands of the Osages in Kansas were sold, the sale realizing \$5,000,000. This money was placed in the treasury of the United States, and from it the Osage Indians derive an annual income of \$400,000. In addition to this they own 1,570,195 acres of land, which is fairly worth \$5 an acre, making the value of their land holdings \$7,850,875. There are 1,972 Indians in the tribe, counting men, women and children. They all share alike in the tribal wealth, and when a child is born it becomes a joint property owner with all the other Indians in the tribe. The profits from the \$5,000,000 held in the treasury, the recent rental of pasture lands, and other sources of revenue, give the Osages an annual income of approximately \$600,000, a per capita income of \$304.25 for each man, woman and child. When a family consists of man and wife and eight children, as often happens, the family receives each year in cash \$3,040, and on their lands they raise all their foodstuffs and considerable grain for the market."

The realty holdings of the tribe have a per capita valuation of \$3,987, or for a family of ten, \$39,870. There is no other race of people in the world, it is declared, that can make such a showing. The Osage Indians have not failed to profit by this wealth. The sons and daughters of families are sent east to colleges and boarding schools to be educated, many of them receiving professional training. There are a few families, of course, which still live with almost the simplicity that marked the lives of their savage ancestors, but the desire for education and culture is rapidly spreading, and when the Osages become citizens a few years hence they will be fully equipped for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. The homes of some of the most progressive Osages compare favorably with the dwellings of white people of equal wealth. Their houses are richly furnished with carpets and modern furniture, and in many homes there are pianos upon which the boarding school training of the daughters has taught them to perform. Horses and carriages are not infrequent, and though the automobile has not yet made its appearance, it is not an impossibility of the future.

## NEW PLATE FOR CAMERAS.

Invention That Will Prove a Boon to Amateur Photographers.

The difficulties involved in the manipulation of a long celluloid film have prevented the extensive use of cinematographic apparatus by amateur photographers. To avoid this objection Leo Kamm has invented a camera—the kammatograph—in which a circular glass plate takes the place of the celluloid film. The plate can be made to rotate rapidly by means of a multiplying gear, and at the same time it travels laterally. A small lens forms an image upon the plate, and when the plate is put in motion these images are multiplied into a series of pictures arranged in a spiral. The plate is, of course, developed precisely in the same way as an ordinary negative, and a positive is then taken from it. To display the series of pictures it is only necessary to place the positive in the camera and to arrange the camera so that the beam from a lantern close to it can pass through the lens. The plate is then rotated as before, and the succession of the pictures projected upon the screen reproduces the original movements. About 600 pictures can be photographed during the motion of a single plate at a rate of about twelve or fourteen a second. The camera is very compact, and both as regards price and adaptability is within the reach of any photographer who wishes to secure pictures of rapidly changing scenes and moving objects. The small size of the pictures will not permit of projection upon a large screen, but the views can be shown large enough for ordinary purposes.—Chicago Chronicle.

## Short of Water.

Utah proposes to avert pending calamity to her agricultural section by supplying the Great Salt Lake basin with needed water. Irrigation has cut off the supply and the lake itself is in imminent danger of drying up. The usual supply of water is being withheld and evaporation is rapidly lowering the level of the lake. Centuries ago the shores of the great inland salt sea were high on the mountains, where the line of the ancient brook is visible today, and the lake, which has sunk to its present dimensions, promises to disappear far more rapidly than in the ages past.

## Traveling First Cabin.

General Francis Vinton Greene always travels first cabin. He is a millionaire, and can afford to. Mrs. Greene, who was a Miss Chevalier, lived in Washington before her marriage, and whenever she and the general revisit the capital they have a royal time. Their recent inauguration jaunt lasted ten days, during which period they occupied the home of Archibald Hopkins in Dupont Circle, paying a rental of \$700. Wouldn't you like to rent a few Washington houses at \$25,000 a year.—New York Press.

## STOCK GROWERS MEET

Many Cattlemen Get Together at Alliance in Annual Convention.

## TEXT OF SOME OF THE ADDRESSES

Russian Thistle and Sorghum as Forage Plants—Control of Contagious Animal Diseases—Education For the Stockman's Boy Discussed.

ALLIANCE, Neb., May 15.—The Stock Growers' annual meeting is being held here. A great deal of interest is shown in this association from the fact that aside from the members of the association present, a large representation was here from South Omaha, Kansas City and other places.

Professor E. W. Burnett of the State university made the first address, more particularly cautioning the members against overstocking the range; the necessity of providing forage for stock during the winter and advising experiment to determine what forage plants could be successfully produced in this locality.

Discussion followed by Zed Goodwin advocating alfalfa to be raised on the lower lands and showing by his experience that this could be done. G. W. Hervey related experience with Russian thistle and also with sorghum raised as a forage plant and showing the latter's value.

Mr. Comstock, Mr. Joy and others took part in the discussion. Dr. Peters of the Nebraska experimental farm followed with a review of the advancement made in the control of contagious animal disease in the United States. Pleuro-pneumonia, Texas fever, blackleg and calf cholera were touched briefly, after which an invitation was extended by the doctor for questions to be asked by any one in the audience touching on these topics.

G. W. Hervey asked the following questions:

"What is the period of immunity following vaccination for blackleg? How has this been determined? What is the effect of vaccination before the period of immunity has passed on the animal? Does the period of immunity close abruptly, or is its security gradually released? What evidence can we have that vaccination has taken effect?"

These questions precipitated a general discussion by the members. The subject of cattle lice and cattle itch was also introduced by Dr. Peters as a prevailing trouble among range cattle. The remedy recommended was the dipping of the cattle in disinfectants, such as an naphtholeum and other vermicides.

The evening session opened with an address by E. Von Forrell, regent of the State university, on the subject, "Education for the Stockman's Boy." Words commendatory of the work and development of the State university as a means of general education for the Nebraska boy along the lines of mechanical and agricultural training were expressed by the speaker and the importance of elementary agricultural education in the common schools.

Test Small Pox on Calf.

BEATRICE, Neb., May 15.—City Physician Walden bought a six-week-old calf, and assisted by Drs. Roe, Fulton and Chief Ashenfelter, made incisions in the calf's ears and flanks and inserted the virus, which was taken from a pustule of a severe case of small-pox. Dr. Walden says that if the virus is from a person infected with small-pox the calf will die, otherwise the calf will live. There are physicians here who assert that a bovine cannot be inoculated with human virus.

Brothers-in-Law Meet in Prison.

BEATRICE, Neb., May 15.—Sheriff Waddington took John Lutz to the penitentiary at Lincoln yesterday. Lutz was sentenced to one year at hard labor for arson by Judge Letton. He is a brother-in-law of Reddy Huffman, who was sentenced to eighteen months at hard labor by Judge Stubbs at Wilber Saturday, and the two exchanged greetings.

To Finish His Long Fast.

BEATRICE, Neb., May 15.—Henry Cordes, who has been fasting for thirty-eight days, announced yesterday that he would eat Thursday. His time will be up Wednesday night, but he says he will not eat any supper, as he is not accustomed to retiring upon a full stomach.

Coyler Schults Released.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 15.—Cuyler Schults, one of the oldest of the penitentiary convicts, was freed by Governor Savage and left for Hastings, where he has two married daughters. Schults was sentenced from Howard county to a term of twenty years for murder in the second degree and entered prison in 1894. His crime was the killing of Hiram Farr in a quarrel over some of Farr's cattle, which he had impounded.

## THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—The supply of cattle was not large, receipts including several cars of Texas that were not offered. While the market was not overly active the bulk of the cattle changed hands in good season. Packers started out and paid just about steady prices for the beef steers. Early in the morning a few salesmen thought they got stronger prices for desirable grades, but as a general thing the market could be quoted steady. The last end of the market was a little dragsy. There were only about fifteen cars of cows on sale and the market ruled active and steady to stronger all around. A number of sales were made that looked easily a dime higher than the same kind were selling for at the close of last week. In view of the good demand on the part of packers it did not take long to clear the yards. Bulls also met with ready sale where the quality was satisfactory at good strong prices. There were not many stockers and feeders offered and the demand was sufficient to take what was offered at good steady prices. The better grades sold freely, but the commoner kinds were rather neglected.

Hogs—The supply of hogs was not large, being a trifle less than there was a week ago and considerably less than two weeks ago. The market opened 25¢ higher, with the bulk selling at \$5.70 and \$5.75, against \$5.67½ and \$5.70 yesterday. The heavier weights brought \$5.75, and \$5.75 and as high as \$5.83½ was paid for a good load weighing 345 pounds. The market was not particularly active at those prices, but still the bulk of the offerings was out of first hands in good season. The last end of the market was slow and weak.

Sheep—There was a fair run of sheep at the following quotations: Choice clipped wethers, \$3.90@4.25; fair to good clipped wethers, \$3.70@3.90; choice clipped ewes, \$3.50@3.75; fair to good clipped ewes, \$3.25@3.50; choice wooled lambs, \$4.90@5.10; fair to good lambs, \$4.75@4.90; clipped lambs, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good clipped lambs, \$4.00@4.25; spring lambs, \$3.50@4.00; feeder wethers, \$3.50@4.00; feeder lambs, \$4.00@4.40.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Export and dressed beef steers, 10¢15¢ higher; cows and heifers, strong to 10¢ higher; stockers and feeders, steady; choice beef steers, \$5.30@5.50; common to good, \$4.50@5.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.50@4.00; western fed steers, \$4.25@4.50; Texas and Indian, \$3.85@4.00; cows, \$3.25@4.75; heifers, \$3.50@5.10; canners, \$2.25@3.15; bulls, \$3.25@4.75; calves, \$3.75@6.00.

Hogs—Market opened strong and closed steady to weak; top, \$5.85; bulk of sales, \$5.60@5.85; heavy, \$5.80@5.85; mixed packers, \$5.60@5.80; light, \$5.40@5.75; pigs, \$4.00@5.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Market strong; western lambs, \$4.90@5.10; western wethers, \$4.25@4.70; western yearlings, \$4.50@4.80; Texas grass sheep, \$3.75@4.25; ewes, \$3.50@4.10; culis, \$2.50@3.25; spring lambs, \$5.50@6.50.

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