

A Brave Coward.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Is it in the pavilion?" I asked.
"It is; and I wish it was in the bottom of the sea instead," said Northmour; and then suddenly—"What are you making faces at me for?" he cried to Mr. Huddleston, on whom I had unconsciously turned my back. "Do you think Cassilis would sell you?"

Mr. Huddleston protested that nothing had been further from his mind.
"It is a good thing," retorted Northmour, in his ugliest manner. "You might end by warring us. What were you going to say?" he added, turning to me.

"I was going to propose an occupation for the afternoon," said I. "Let us carry that money out, piece by piece, and lay it down before the pavilion door. If the Carbonari come, why, it's theirs, at any rate."

"No, No!" cried Mr. Huddleston; "it does not, it cannot belong to them! It should be distributed pro rata among all my creditors."

"Come, now, Huddleston," said Northmour, "none of that."

"Well, but my daughter," moaned the wretched man.
"Your daughter will do well enough. Here are two suitors, Cassilis and I, neither of us beggars, between whom she has to choose. And as for yourself, to make an end of arguments, you have no right to a farthing, and, unless I'm much mistaken, you are going to die."

It was certainly very cruelly said, but Mr. Huddleston was a man who attracted little sympathy, and, although I saw him wince and shudder, I mentally indorsed the rebuke; nay, I added a contribution of my own.

"Northmour and I," I said, "are willing enough to help you to save your life, but not to escape with stolen property."

He struggled for a while with himself, as though he were on the point of giving way to anger, but prudence had the best of the controversy.

"My dear boys," he said, "do with me or my money what you will. I leave it all in your hands. Let me compose myself."

And so we left him, gladly enough I am sure. The last that I saw, he had once more taken up his great Bible, and with tremulous hands was adjusting his spectacles to read.

CHAPTER VII.

The recollection of that afternoon will always be graven on my mind. We debated over and over again my proposal with regard to the money, and had we been in complete possession of our faculties I am sure we should have condemned it as unwise; but we were flustered with alarm, grasped at a straw and determined, although it was as much as advertising Mr. Huddleston's presence in the pavilion, to carry my proposal into effect.

The sum was part in specie, part in bank paper and part in circular notes, payable to the name of James Gregory. We took it out, counted it, inclosed it once more in a dispatch-box belonging to Northmour and prepared a letter in Italian which he tied to the handle. It was signed by both of us under oath, and declared that this was all the money which had escaped the failure of the house of Huddleston. This was, perhaps, the maddest action ever perpetrated by two persons professing to be sane.

Had the dispatch-box fallen into other hands than those for which it was intended, we stood criminally convicted on our own written testimony; but, as I have said, we were soberly, and had a thirst for action that drove us to do something, right or wrong, rather than endure the agony of waiting. Moreover, as we were both convinced that the hollows of the links were alive with hidden spies upon our movements, we hoped that our appearance with the box might lead to a parley, and, perhaps, a compromise.

It was nearly 3 when we issued from the pavilion. The rain had taken off; the sun shone quite cheerfully. I have never seen the gulls fly so close about the house or approach so fearlessly to human beings. On the very doorstep one flapped heavily past our heads, and uttered its wild cry in my very ear.

"There is an omen for you," said Northmour, who, like all freethinkers, was much under the influence of superstition. "They think we are already dead."

I made some light rejoinder, but it was with half my heart, for the circumstance had impressed me.

A yard or two before the gate, on a patch of smooth turf, we set down the dispatch-box; and Northmour waived a white handkerchief over his head. Nothing replied. We raised our voices, and cried aloud in Italian that we were there as ambassadors to arrange the quarrel; but the stillness remained unbroken save by the sea-gulls and the surf. I had a weight at my heart when we desisted, and I saw that even Northmour was unusually pale. He looked over his shoulder nervously, as though he feared that some one had crept between him and the pavilion door.

"By God," he said in a whisper, "this is too much for me!"
I replied in the same key: "Suppose there should be none, after all!"

"Look there," he returned, nodding with his head, as though he had been afraid to point.
I glanced in the direction indicated,

and there, from the northern corner of the Sea-Wood, beheld a thin column of smoke rising steadily against the now cloudless sky.

"Northmour," I said (we still continued to talk in whispers), "it is not possible to endure this suspense. I prefer death fifty times over. Stay you here to watch the pavilion; I will go forward and make sure, if I have to walk right into their camp."

He looked once again all around him with puckered eyes and then nodded assentingly to my proposal.

My heart beat like a sledge-hammer as I set out, walking rapidly in the direction of the smoke; and though up to that moment I had felt chill and shivering, I was suddenly conscious of a glow of heat over all my body. The ground in this direction was very uneven; a hundred men might have lain hidden in as many square yards about my path. But I had not practiced the business in vain; chose such routes as cut at the very root of concealment, and, by keeping along the most convenient ridges, commanded several hollows at a time.

It was not long before I was rewarded for my caution. Coming suddenly on to a mound somewhat more elevated than the surrounding hummocks I saw, not thirty yards away, a man bent almost double and running as fast as his attitude permitted along the bottom of a gully. I had dislodged one of the spies from his ambush. As soon as I sighted him I called loudly in English and Italian, and, seeing concealment was no longer possible, straightened himself out, leaped from the gully and made off as straight as an arrow for the borders of the wood.

It was none of my business to pursue; I had learned what I wanted—that we were beleaguered and watched in the pavilion, and I returned at once, and walking as nearly as possible in my old footsteps, to where Northmour awaited me beside the dispatch-box. He was even paler than when I had left him and his voice shook a little.

"Could you see what he was like?" he asked.
"He kept his back turned. I replied, 'Let us go into the house, Frank. I don't think I'm a coward, but I can stand no more of this,' he whispered.

All was still and sunshiny about the pavilion as we turned to re-enter it, even the gulls had flown in a wider circuit, and were seen flickering along the beach and sandhills, and this loneliness terrified me more than a regiment under arms. It was not until the door was barricaded that I could draw a full inspiration and relieve the weight that lay upon my bosom. Northmour and I exchanged a steady glance, and I suppose each made his own reflections on the white and startled aspect of the other.

"You were right," I said, "All is over. Shake hands, old man, for the last time."

"Yes," replied he, "I will shake hands for as sure as I am here I hear no malice. But, remember, if by some impossible accident we should give the slip to these blackguards, I'll take the upper hand of you by fair or foul."

"O!" said I, "you weary me."

He seemed hurt, and walked away in silence to the foot of the stairs.

The remainder of the day was passed in the same dreadful tedium and suspense. I laid the table for dinner, while Northmour and Clara prepared the meal together in the kitchen. I could hear their talk as I went to and fro, and was surprised to find it ran all the time upon myself. Northmour again bracketed us together, and railed Clara on a choice of husbands, but he continued to speak of me with some feeling, and uttered nothing to my prejudice unless he included himself in the condemnation. This awakened a sense of gratitude in my heart which combined with the immediateness of our peril to fill my eyes with tears. After all, I thought—and perhaps the thought was laughably vain—we were here three very noble human beings to perish in defense of a thieving banker.

Before we sat down to table, I looked forth from an upstairs window. The day was beginning to decline; the links were utterly deserted; the dispatch-box still lay untouched where we had left it hours before.

Mr. Huddleston, in a long yellow dressing-gown, took the end of the table, Clara the other, while Northmour and I faced each other from the sides. The lamp was brightly trimmed; the wine was good; the viands, although mostly cold, excellent of their sort.

Mr. Huddleston was certainly no ordinary character; he had read and observed for himself; his gifts were sound, and, though I could never have learned to love the man, I began to understand his success in business, and the great respect in which he had been held before his failure. He had, above all, the talent of society; and though I never heard him speak but on this one and most unfavorable occasion, I set him down among the most brilliant conversationalists I ever met.

He was relating with great gusto, and seemingly no feeling of shame, the maneuvers of a scoundrelly commission merchant whom he had known and studied in his youth, and we were all listening with an odd mixture of mirth and embarrassment, when our little party was brought abruptly to an end in the most startling manner.

A noise like that of a wet finger on the window-pane interrupted Mr. Huddleston's tale, and in an instant we

were all four as white as paper and sat tongue-tied and motionless round the table.

"A snail," I said at last, for I had heard that these animals make a noise somewhat similar in character.

"Snail be d—d!" said Northmour.

"Hush!"
The same sound was repeated twice at regular intervals, and then a formidable voice shouted through the shutters the Italian word "Traditori!"

Mr. Huddleston threw his head in the air, his eyelids quivered, next moment he fell insensible below the table. Northmour and I had each run to the armory and seized a gun. Clara was on her feet with her hand at her throat.

So we stood waiting, for we thought the hour for attack was certainly come; but second passed after second, and all but the surf remained silent in the neighborhood of the pavilion.

"Quick," said Northmour, "upstairs with him before they come."

CHAPTER VIII.

Somehow or other, by hook and crook, and between the three of us, we got Bernard Huddleston bundled upstairs and laid upon the bed in "My Uncle's Room." During the whole process, which was rough enough, he gave no sign of consciousness, and he remained, as we had thrown him, without changing the position of a finger. His daughter opened his shirt and began to wet his head and bosom, while Northmour and I ran to the window. The weather continued clear; the moon, which was now about full, had risen and shed a clear light upon the links; yet, strain our eyes as we might, we could distinguish nothing moving.

"Thank God," said Northmour, "Aggie is not coming tonight."
Aggie was the name of the old nurse. He had not thought of her till now; but that he should think of her at all was a trait that surprised me in the man.

We were again reduced to waiting. Northmour went to the fireplace and spread his hands before the red embers, as if he were cold. I followed him mechanically with my eyes, and in so doing turned my back upon the window. At that moment a very faint report was audible from without, and a ball shivered a pane of glass, and buried itself in the shutter two inches from my head. I heard Clara scream, and though I whipped instantly out of range and into a corner, she was there, so to speak, before me, beseeching to know if I were hurt. I continued to reassure her, with the tenderest caresses and in complete forgetfulness of our situation, till the voice of Northmour recalled me to myself.

"There is one point that we must know," said he. "Are they going to butcher the lot of us, or only Huddleston? Did they take you for him, or fire at you for your own beaux yeux?"

"They took me for him, for certain," I replied, "I am near as tall, and my head is fair."

"I am going to make sure," returned Northmour, and he stepped up to the window, holding the lamp above his head, and stood there, quietly affronting the fire, for half a minute.

"Yes," said Northmour, turning coolly from the window; "it's only Huddleston they want."

"Oh, Mr. Northmour!" cried Clara; but found no more to add, the temerity she had just witnessed seeming beyond the reach of words.

He, on his part, looked at me, cocking his head with a fire of triumph in his eyes; and I understood at once that he had thus hazarded his life merely to attract Clara's notice, and depose me from my position as the hero of the hour. He snapped his fingers.

"The fire is only beginning," he said, "When they warm up to their work they won't be so particular."
(To be continued.)

LOVE AMONG LAPLANDERS.

Curious Customs in Vogue Among Inhabitants of the Fy Land.

When a young Laplander is in love with a girl he and she run a race. He is heavily handicapped, so that she may win if she chooses, and if she outrun him he cannot propose again. Of course she suffers herself to be overtaken if she cares for him, but the consent of her parents must be obtained before she can be married. The law of the land is very strict on this point, and in olden times the man was subject to capital punishment if he married without the consent of the girl's parents. After a Laplander has chosen a bride he sends her a present of a girdle, a ring and a quantity of brandy; he goes so far as the door of her hut, but remains outside until invited to enter, when a bumper of brandy is offered to the girl's father; if he drinks it it is a sign he consents to the marriage, and the young lover then promises to give the girl some clothes, and pays a sum of money, generally 100 copper dollars, on the spot. This, of course, is a remnant of marriage by purchase, which, in primitive times, succeeded marriage by capture. Banns are published once in Lapland and the marriage ceremony is very short. The bride wears her hair loose and has a gold band round her head. Her presents and her dowry are generally reindeer, and she and her bridegroom remain with her parents for a year after marriage.

The Horse and the Battle Cry.

"Talk about education, that horse of the major's has got more sense and patriotism than a whole lot of people," said the colonel. "That horse, sir, was being carried by a recruit. The man didn't know his business, sir, and he didn't half do his work. Just as he had combed out the horse's tail as a finishing touch and was getting away, the horse shot out his hind legs, snorting, as the recruit went up into the air, 'Remember the mane.'"

THE TRUCE IS AT AN END

Spaniards Would Die Before Surrendering to the Americans.

BLANCO URGED RESISTANCE.

Toral's Resolve to Die Before Surrendering Received the Approval of the Captain General at Havana
—Secretary Alger Talks About Shafter's Latest Dispatches.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Secretary Alger, when asked at half past 1 o'clock if the fighting had been resumed at Santiago, replied: "I do not think so."

Secretary Alger based his statement upon a cablegram from General Shafter, which indicated that hostilities were near but had not actually opened up and might be deferred. He said that six batteries of Randolph's artillery had been unloaded and gotten to the front to-day and that only one of the lighters sent to General Shafter had reached its destination.

The secretary added that General Shafter's dispatch said the lighters were needed to unload provisions for the troops. In view of the published statements that the troops were on short rations, General Shafter was wired as to the proofs of the assertion. His telegram said that on one day only were any troops on half rations and on this day the only troops which suffered were a few at the furthest point from the supplies. The general says there was considerable complaint on account of lack of tobacco, but added that there was sufficient food, tobacco and other necessary supplies upon the ships to last at least two months, and they will be brought ashore at the earliest possible moment.

Everything he reported to be in a most satisfactory condition and he expected fighting might be resumed perhaps this afternoon or evening.

It was expected at the navy department that Sampson's big guns would begin work again at noon to-day upon the fortifications at the entrance of Santiago harbor, though it cannot be learned that explicit notice of such a purpose has been received. The department's knowledge is confined to the fact that this was the plan of campaign arranged between Shafter and Sampson at their meeting three days ago.

One of the most important results expected to follow Sampson's appearance in the harbor is the cutting off of the retreat of the Spanish forces to the interior of Cuba. Our troops now control the approaches to the town from the south to the northeast and can easily close the semicircle to the north. In the rear, to the west, however, there are high and rugged hills, across which the Spaniards might retreat toward Manzanillo. If Sampson's vessels enter the harbor and approach the town closely it is believed that their guns will close the line of retreat over these hills so effectively that were the Spaniards to attempt the passage they would go to certain destruction.

The navy department is having great difficulty in communicating by wire with Sampson, though it is not known whether this arises from bad cable service or from the distance at which Sampson lies from the cable station. All that came from him last night was a brief report as to the condition of the wrecks of the Spanish vessels.

A dispatch from Havana says that the Americans demanded the surrender of Santiago, fixing the terms of the truce until noon to-day.

General Toral, in refusing the proposition, said he was resolved to defend the town until death. General Blanco approved the firmness of General Toral's resolution.

THE HAWAIIAN COMMISSION.

The Men Who Will Study the Legislative Needs of Hawaii Appointed.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—President McKinley has appointed to be the five commissioners to study the legislative needs of the Hawaiian islands and report recommendations for legislation: Senator Cullom of Illinois and Senator Morgan of Alabama, members of the Senate committee on foreign relations; Representative Hitt of Illinois, chairman of the House committee on foreign affairs; Sanford B. Dole, the president of Hawaii, and A. F. Judd, the chief justice of Hawaii.

LEOPOLD TO VISIT AMERICA.

A Long Yachting Tour Planned by the King of the Belgians.

LONDON, July 10.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon says that King Leopold of Belgium will start August on a long yachting cruise, adding that he will make a considerable stay in the United States.

Now It Is to Be a Cutlery Trust.

FREMONT, Ohio, July 10.—Another trust is forming which will, it is expected, take in the largest cutlery concerns in the country. J. H. Clauss, president of the Clauss Shear company of this place, is one of the prime movers in the combination.

A Private From Abilene Dying.

CAMP MERRITT, San Francisco, July 10.—Private Wilson McAllister of Abilene, Kan., belonging to Company M, Twentieth Kansas, is dying of pneumonia.

CENSORED BLANCO'S REPORT.

Madrid Learned of Cervera's Disaster by Permission of Secretary Alger.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Captain General Blanco had to appeal to the American secretary of war for permission to communicate Admiral Cervera's report of the destruction of his squadron to the government at Madrid.

While the English cable between Santiago and Kingston has not been cut, the operators in the Santiago office have abandoned their posts, thus cutting off all communications between Santiago and Madrid, except through the French line, which is subject to American censorship at Playa del Este. When Admiral Cervera wished to cable his official report of the destruction of his fleet to Captain General Blanco, he turned it over to Colonel Allen, the signal officer in charge of the cable office at Playa del Este, who, acting under instructions from Washington, forwarded the report to Havana.

When Blanco wanted to forward Cervera's story of the affair to the home government at Madrid, he had only one line open to him, that from Havana to Key West. To use this he would have to have the permission of the cable censor at the Key West office. It probably will never be known how much pride it cost him to get this permission. He instructed the cable operator in Havana to ask the American censor at Key West if the admiral's message would be permitted to pass over the wire. Captain J. E. Sawyer, the censor, referred the inquiry to General Greely, chief signal officer, who consulted the secretary of war. It was decided that it would be a good thing to let the Spanish admiral's telegram to reach Madrid, and the permission so it to pass was given.

So it came that the cablegram giving Admiral Cervera's official version of his own capture and the destruction of the ships under his command reached his government after passing through two American censors and being submitted to the secretary of war.

SAMPSON CAN SAVE THREE.

The Almirante Oquendo Is the Only Cruiser That Is Wholly Wrecked.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Admiral Sampson has cabled the navy department that in his opinion three of the Spanish vessels may be saved. The Colon is certainly in good condition, he reports, and there are reasonable hopes of saving the Maria Teresa and the Vizcaya.

The text of Admiral Sampson's dispatch is as follows: Preliminary report from board ordered to examine wrecks states that wrecking (appliances) should be gotten here immediately. Think no doubt about saving Vizcaya, Maria Teresa and Cristobal Colon if haste be made. Colon is much the most valuable, being in perfect order. Would recommend most perfect appliances be sent at once.—Sampson.

SPIES TO LEAVE CANADA.

Premier Laurier Asked Du Bose and Carranza to Hasten.

MONTREAL, July 10.—Senator Du Bose and Lieutenant Carranza, formerly of the Spanish legation at Washington, have arranged for passage on the Dominion line steamer Ottoman, which will leave here Wednesday. It is stated that some interesting correspondence passed between Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian premier, and Senator Du Bose, in which the former made it known in courteous but unmistakable language that their departure would be acceptable.

MILES SAILS FOR CUBA.

The Yale and Columbia Carry 1,700 Men to Reinforce Shafter.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 10.—The cruisers Yale and Columbia, having on board the commanding general of the army, Nelson A. Miles, and staff, and the troops intended as reinforcement for General Shafter, got away at 2 o'clock this afternoon. General Miles and staff are on the Yale.

The Sixth Massachusetts is on the Yale and one battalion of the Sixth Illinois is on the Columbia. The expedition numbers 1,720 men. This leaves 4,000 men still in the city.

NEW YORKERS FOR HAWAII.

Adjutant General Corbin Names the Regiment to Go to Honolulu.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Adjutant General Corbin to-day telegraphed Major General Otis at San Francisco to send a regiment of infantry to Honolulu. General Corbin suggested in his telegram that the First regiment of New York volunteers be selected for this duty. Such a suggestion is equivalent to an order.

An American Built Cruiser.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—The Japanese protected cruiser Kasagi sailed from Camp's ship yard at daylight this morning for her official trial trip, which will be made off the New Hampshire coast, probably Tuesday. On her recent builders' trial, the Kasagi averaged twenty-three knots an hour, and is the fastest ship of her class in the world.

Washington Hears From Camara.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—The State department received a dispatch at 3:45 o'clock this morning from the consular agent at Cairo, stating that the fleet under Admiral Camara had re-entered the Suez canal. The dispatch was a long one and gave many details which the department refuses to make public. The matter was referred to the Navy department.

Circumstances make fewer men than they discover.

IS IN A QUANDARY.

Spain Doesn't Know What She Wants to Do—Campos to Succeed Sagasta.

MADRID, July 9.—The authorities kept the disaster to Admiral Cervera's squadron a secret as long as possible and even suppressed the extra editions of the newspapers giving the facts.

The official confirmation caused tremendous excitement, particularly in naval and military circles, where the government is accused of ordering Admiral Cervera to make a sortie, despite the known opposition of several naval experts.

The cabinet met last night and its resignation may be regarded as threatened.

The sequel will probably be a military cabinet under Marshal Martinez Campos.

There will also be, most likely, a suspension of the constitutional guarantees.

The military party favors a continuance of the war. Military men say they think Spain could never have expected naval victory, and that so long as she does not meet with disaster ashore she ought not to sue for peace. The Carlists are anxious for the war to continue.

The government views are believed to differ. Senor Sagasta, the premier, says he is awaiting details of recent events from official Spanish sources, adding that he will see the effect which the loss of the Spanish squadron has upon Spain before deciding upon his course.

Spain, it is alleged, is prepared for peace on the basis of the independence of Cuba and the Philippines, the United States occupying Porto Rico until the war indemnity is paid. Lieutenant General Correa, minister of war, says everything depends upon the course of events at Santiago.

El Nacional declares that the nation is governed by idiots.

TO WAIT AT SANTIAGO.

Washington Officials Expect Linares to Surrender When Reinforcements Come

WASHINGTON, July 7.—It was learned from a high source that the war conference to-day was held to go over the situation at Santiago and that no determination to rush an attack on the city was reached. It is stated that the administration is reasonably well satisfied with the present situation and has no desire to precipitate affairs there at a costly sacrifice of lives or ships. It is confidently believed that General Linares will surrender when he learns the American army is to be reinforced by 15,000 or 20,000 men. No information on this subject has been received from any quarter, but the officials believe that the Spanish general will see the utter hopelessness of the situation and yield to the inevitable. If, however, the Spaniards persist in needlessly sacrificing the lives of their own men and ours, all the strength of the army and navy will be hurled against them with a view to putting an end to the struggle in the shortest possible time.

MORE SAD NEWS FOR MADRID.

Admiral Villamil Dead and Captain Lazaga Is a Suicide.

MADRID, July 8.—The government has received a telegram from Admiral Cervera announcing the death of Admiral Villamil, who was in command of the Spanish torpedo boat squadron at Santiago, and the suicide of Captain Lazaga, the commander of the Infanta Maria Teresa.

Admiral Villamil was in command of the torpedo boat destroyers. It is said that Blanco wanted him placed in command of the whole fleet to supersede Cervera.

Sampson's Report on the Reina Mercedes.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—Admiral Sampson has telegraphed the navy department as follows from his flagship the New York, off Santiago, dated yesterday: "About midnight last night the Reina Mercedes was seen by the Massachusetts, which vessel had a searchlight on the channel, coming out of the harbor of Santiago. The Massachusetts and Texas opened fire and the Spanish vessel was sunk opposite Estrella cove. I am inclined to think it was the intention to sink her in the channel and thus block the harbor entrance. If so, this plan was defeated by the fire of the ships, as she lies on the edge of the shore."

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market Quotations.

OMAHA.

Butter—Creamery separator	13 a 14
Butter—Chol e fancy country	10 a 11
Eggs—Fresh, per doz	8 a 9
Spring chickens—Per pound	12 a 13
Lemons—Per box	4.50 a 6.00
Oranges—Per box	2.50 a 3.00
Honey—4 lb case, per pound	14 a 15
Onions—Per bushel	75 a 85
Beans—Hand-picked navy	4.00 a 4.25
Potatoes—Per bushel, new	4.50 a 5.00
Hay—Upland per ton	4.50 a 6.00

SOUTH OMAHA STOCK MARKET.

Hogs—Choice light	3.92 a 3.70
Hogs—Heavy weights	3.55 a 3.63
Best steers	3.10 a 3.83
Bulls	3.00 a 3.65
Stags	3.20 a 3.30
Cows	6.00 a 6.75
Western feeders	4.90 a 4.95
Cows—Prime feeding cattle	4.25 a 4.25
Heifers	3.25 a 4.50
Stockers and feeders	3.40 a 4.75
Sheep—Muttons	4.00 a 4.50
Sheep—Native mixed	3.25 a 4.50

CHICAGO.

Wheat—No. 2 spring	75 a 85
Corn—Per bushel	31 a 32
Oats—Per bushel	21 a 22
Riley No. 2	25 a 26
Eye No. 2	40 a 44
Timothy seed, per bu	2.00 a 2.60
Pork—Per cwt	9.50 a 9.75
Lard—Per 100 pounds	5.32 a 5.60
Cattle—Prime feeding cattle	4.25 a 4.35
Cattle—Native beef steers	4.00 a 4.35
Hogs—Mixed	3.95 a 4.25
Sheep—4 lb mixed	5.50 a 6.00
Sheep—Spring lambs	5.50 a 6.00

NEW YORK MARKET.

Wheat—No. 2 soft winter	67 a 67 1/4
Corn—No. 2	35 1/4 a 36
Oats—No. 2	29 a 29 1/2
Pork—	9.00 a 9.25
Lard	5.00 a 5.25

KANSAS CITY.

Wheat—No. 2 spring	72 a 74
Corn—No. 2	31 a 31 1/2
Oats—No. 2	21 a 22 1/4
Hogs—Mixed	3.80 a 3.85
Sheep—Muttons	4.35 a 5.00
Cattle—Stealers and feeders	3.