The PRICE

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SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, supe with his friend Bainbridge at Chanticleer's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will steal to keep from starving. He holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security, in his private office and escapes with $100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the flue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. He unexpectedly confronts Charlotte Farnham of Wahasha, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank. Charlotte recognizes Griswold, but decides to write to Galbraith rather than denounces the robber to the captain and so incur unpleasant notoriety.

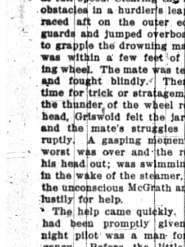
CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Don't try that again!" he warned, angrily. "If you've got to take it out on somebody, I'm your man."

This was mutiny, and McGrath's remedy for that distemper was ever heroic. In a flash his big fist shot out and the crew looked to see its lighter champion go backward into the river at the impact. But the blow did not land. Griswold saw it coming and swerved the necessary body-breadth. The result was a demonstration of a simple theorem in dynamics. McGrath reeled under the impetus of his own unresisted effort, stumbled forward against the low edgeline bulwark, clawed wildly at the fickle air and plunged overboard like a stone.

The Belle Julie was forging ahead at full speed. Clearing the intervening obstacles in a hurdler's leap, Griswold raced aft on the outer edge of the guards and jumped overboard in time to grapple the drowning man when he was within a few feet of the churning wheel. The mate was terror-crazed and fought blindly. There was no time for trick or stratagem, and when the thunder of the wheel roared overhead, Griswold felt the jar of a blow and the mate's struggles ceased abruptly. A gasping moment later the worst was over and the rescuer had his head out; was swimming gallantly in the wake of the steamer, supporting the unconscious McGrath and shouting lustily for help.

The help came quickly. The alarm had been promptly given, and the night pilot was a man for an emergency. Before the little-used yawl could be lowered, the steamer had swept a wide circle in mid stream and



"Don't Try That Again," He Warned Angrily.

the searchlight picked up the castaways. From that to placing the Belle Julie so that the two bits of human flotsam could be hauled in over the bows was but a skillful hand's turn of rudder-work, accomplished as cleverly as if the great steamboat had been a power-driven launch to be steered by a touch of the tiller.

All this Charlotte saw. She was looking on when the two men were dragged aboard, the big Irishman still unconscious, and the rescuer in the final ditch of exhaustion—breathless, sodden, reeling with weariness.

And afterward, when the Belle Julie's prow was once more turned to the north, Miss Farnham flew back to her stateroom with the letter to Mr. Galbraith hidden in her bosom and clutched tightly as if she were afraid it might cry out its accusing secret of its own accord.

CHAPTER VI.

Quicksands.

On the morning following the rescue of the mate, Charlotte Farnham awoke with the conviction that she had been miraculously saved from incurring the penalties dealt out to those who rush blindly into the thick of things without due thought and careful consideration.

But the Puritan conscience was not to be entirely silenced. Reason sits in a higher seat than that occupied by the senses, and reason argued that a man who would forgive his enemy, and instantly risk his life in proof of the forgiveness, could not be a despicable criminal. Conscience pointed out the alternative. A little careful investigation would remove the doubt—or confirm it. Somebody on the boat must know the deckhand, or know enough about him to establish his real identity.

Charlotte worried over the wretched entanglement all day, and was so distrait and absent-minded that her aunt remarked it, naming it malaria and prescribing quinine. Whereat Charlotte dissembled and put on a mask of cheerfulness, keeping it on until after the evening meal and her aunt's early retiring. But when she was released she was glad enough to go out on the promenade just forward of the starboard paddle-box, where there were no after-dinner loungers, to be alone with her problem and free to plunge once more into its intricacies.

It was possibly ten minutes later, while she stood leaning against a stanchion and watching the lights of a distant town rise out of the watery horizon ahead, that chance, the final arbiter in so many human involvements, led her quickly into the valley of decision. She heard a man's step on the steeply pitched stair leading down from the hurricane deck. Before she could turn away he was confronting her; the man whose name on the Belle Julie's crew roster was John Wesley Gavitt.

Griswold's appearance was less fortuitous than it seemed to be. As a reward of merit for having saved the mate's life, he had been told off to serve temporarily as man-of-all-work for the day pilot, who chanced to be without a steersman. His watch in the pilothouse was over, and he was on his way to the crew's quarters below when he stumbled upon Miss Farnham. Mindful of his earlier slip, he passed her as if she had been a visible. She let him go until her opportunity was all but lost; then, plucking courage out of the heart of desperation, she spoke.

"One moment, if you please; I—I want to ask you something," she faltered; and he wheeled obediently and faced her.

Followed a pause, inevitable, but none the less awkward for the one who was responsible. Griswold felt rather than saw, her embarrassment, and was generous enough to try to help her.

"I think I know what you wish to say; you are quite at liberty to say it," he offered, when the pause had grown into an obstacle which she seemed powerless to surmount.

"I thought perhaps—I had hoped—oh, for goodness' sake, why did you do it?" she burst out, no longer able to fence with the weapons of indirectness.

He answered her frankly.

"It was the old story of one man's overplenty and another man's need. Have you ever known what it means to go hungry for sheer poverty's sake?—but, of course, you haven't."

"No," she admitted.

"Well, I have. I was hungry that morning; very hungry. I know this doesn't excuse the thing—to you. But perhaps it may help to explain it."

"I think I can understand—a little. But surely—"

He stopped her with a quick little gesture.

"I know what you are going to say—that I should have been willing to work, or even to beg, rather than steal. I was willing to work; I was not willing to beg. I know it is all wrong from your point of view; but I should be sorry to have you think that I did what I believed to be wrong."

"But think of it; if you are right, everyone else must be wrong!"

"No; not quite everyone. But that is a very large question, and we needn't go into it. I confess that my method was unconventional; a little more summary than that of the usurers and the strictly legal robbers, but quite as defensible. For they rob the poor and the helpless, while I merely dispossessed one rich corporation of a portion of its exactions from the many."

"Then you are not sorry? I saw you yesterday afternoon and hoped you were."

He laughed unpleasantly. "I was sorry, then, and I am now; for the same reason. I have lost the money."

"Lost it?" she gasped. "How?"

"I had hidden it, and I suppose some one else has found it. It is all right, so far as the ownership is concerned; but I am still self-centered enough to be chagrined about it."

"But you must have returned it in the end. You could never have been content to keep it."

"Do you think so?" he rejoined. "I think I could have been quite content to keep it. But that is past; it is gone, and I couldn't return it if I wanted to."

"No," she acquiesced; "and that makes it all the harder."

"For you to do what you must do? But you mustn't think of that. I shouldn't have made restitution in any event. Let me tell you what I did. I had a weapon, as you have read. I tied it up with the money in a handkerchief. There was always the chance of their catching me, and I had made up my mind that my last free act would be to drop the bundle into the river. So you see you need not hesitate on that score."

"Then you know what it is that I must do?"

"Assuredly. I knew it yesterday, when I saw that you had recognized me. It was very merciful in you to reprieve me, even for a few hours; but you will pardon me if I say it was wrong?"

"Wrong!" she burst out. "Is it generous to say that to me? Are you so indifferent yourself that you think everyone else is indifferent, too?"

He smiled under cover of the darkness.

"I know you are not indifferent; you couldn't be. But you must be true to yourself, at whatever cost. Will you go to Captain Mayfield now?"

She hesitated.

"I thought of doing that, at first," she began, postponing to a more convenient season the unnerving reflection that she was actually discussing the ways and means of it with him. "It seemed to be the simplest thing to do. But then I saw what would happen; that I should be obliged—"

Again he stopped her with a gesture.

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I wrote a letter to—to Mr. Galbraith," she confessed.

"And you have not sent it?"

"No. If I had, I shouldn't have spoken to you."

"I'll be sure. I suppose you signed the letter?"

"Certainly."

"That was a mistake. You must rewrite it, leaving out your name, and send it. All you need to say is that the man who robbed the Bayou State Security is escaping on the Belle Julie; that he is disguised as a deckhand, and that his name on the steamer's books is John Wesley Gavitt. That will be amply sufficient."

She was silent for a moment. Then: "Why mustn't I sign it? They will pay no attention to an anonymous letter. And, besides, it seems so—so cowardly."

"They will telegraph to every river landing ahead of us within an hour

"One Moment, If You Please."

after your letter reaches New Orleans; you needn't doubt that. And the suppression of your name isn't cowardly; it is merely a justifiable bit of self-protection. It is your duty to give the alarm; but when you have done that, your responsibility ceases. There are plenty of people who can identify me if I am taken back to New Orleans. You don't want to be summoned as a witness, and you needn't be."

She saw the direct, manlike wisdom of all this, and was quick to appreciate his delicate tact in effacing the question of the reward without even referring to it. But his stoicism was almost appalling.

"It is very shocking," she murmured; "only you don't seem to realize it at all."

"Don't I? You must remember that I have been arguing from your point of view. My own is quite unchanged. It is your duty to do what you must do; it is my affair to avert the consequences to myself if I can manage it without taking an unfair advantage of your frankness."

"What will you do?"

"It would be bad faith now for me to try to run away from the steamer, as I meant to do. So far, you have bound me by your candor. But beyond that I make no promises. My parole will be at an end when the levees appear, and I shall do what I can to dodge, or to escape if I am taken. Is that fair?"

"It is more than fair; I can't understand."

"What is it that you can't understand?"

"How you can do this; how you can do such things as the one you did last night, and still—"

He finished the sentence for her—and still be a common robber of banks, and the like. I fancy it is a bit puzzling—from your point of view. Sometime, perhaps, we shall all understand things better than we do now, but to that time, and beyond it, I shall be your grateful debtor for what you have done tonight. May I go now?"

She gave him leave, and when he was gone, she went to her stateroom to write as he had suggested. An hour later she gave the newly written letter to the night clerk; and the thing was done.

In the ordinary course of things Miss Farnham's letter should have reached New Orleans in time to have procured Griswold's arrest at any one of a score of landings south of Memphis. When the spires of the Tennessee metropolis disappeared to the southward, he began to think that her resolution had failed.

He had no means of knowing that she had given her letter to the night clerk within the hour of their interview on the saloon deck promenade; nor did he, or anyone else, know that it had lain unnoticed and overlooked on the clerk's desk until the Belle Julie reached Cairo. Such, however, was the pregnant fact; and to this purely accidental delay Griswold owed his first sight of the chief city of Missouri lying dim and shadowy under its mantle of coal-smoke.

The Belle Julie made her landing in the early evening, and Charlotte was busy up to the last moment getting her own and her aunt's belongings ready for the transfer to the upper river steamer on which they were to complete their journey to Minnesota. Hence, it was not until the Belle Julie was edging her way up to the stone paved levee that Charlotte broke her self-imposed rule and slipped out upon the port promenade.

The swing stage was poised in the air ready to be lowered, and two of the deckhands were dropping from the shore end to trail the bowline up the paved slope to the nearest mooring ring. There was an electric arc light opposite the steamer's berth, and Charlotte shaded her eyes with her hands to follow the motions of the two burly figures under the dripping hawser.

One of the men was wearing a cap, and there was a small bundle hanging at his belt. She recognized him at once. At the mooring ring he was the one who stooped to make the line fast, and the other, a negro, stood aside. At that moment the landing stage fell, and in the confusion of debarkation which promptly followed, the thrilling bit of byplay at the mooring ring passed unnoticed by all save the silent watcher on the saloon deck.

While the man in the cap was still on his knees, two men glided from the shadow of the nearest freight pyramid and flung themselves upon him. He fought fiercely for a moment, and though he was more than doubly outweighed, rose to his feet, striking out viciously and dragging his assailants up with him. In the struggle the bundle dropped from his belt, and Charlotte saw him kick it aside. The waiting negro caught it deftly and vanished among the freight pyramids; whereupon one of the attacking pair wrenched himself out of the three-man scuffle and darted away in pursuit.

This left but a single antagonist for the fugitive, and Charlotte's sympathies deserted her convictions for the moment. But while she was biting her lip to keep from crying out, the fugitive stepped back and held out his hands, and she saw the gleam of polished metal reflecting the glare of the arc light when the officer snapped the handcuffs upon his wrists.

It was with a distinct sense of culpability oppressing her that she went back to her aunt, and she was careful not to let the invalid see her face. Fortunately, there was a thing to be done, and the transfer to the other steamer came opportunely to help her to re-establish the balance of things distorted.

She was sorry, but, after all, the man had only himself to blame. None the less, the wish that someone else might have been his betrayer was promising to grow later into remorseful and lasting regret when, with her aunt, she left the Belle Julie and walked up the levee to go aboard the Star of the North.

CHAPTER VII.

Moses Ichthyophagus.

After suffering all the pangs of those who lose between the touch and the clutch, Griswold had found the red-handkerchief bundle precisely where it had been hidden; namely, buried safely in the deckload of sacked coffee on the engine-room guard.

It came to light in the final half-hour of the voyage, when he and his mates were transferring the coffee to the main deck forward. It had not been disturbed; and what had happened was obvious enough, after the fact. After its hiding, arm's-length deep, in a cranny between the sacks, some sudden jar of the boat had slightly shifted the cargo, closing one cranny and opening another.

With the money once more in his possession he had a swift return of the emotions which had thrilled him when he found himself standing on the sidewalk in front of the Bayou State Security with the block of banknotes under his arm.

As to the battle for the keeping which was probably awaiting him at the St. Louis landing, the prospect of coming to blows, man-fashion, with the enemy, was not wholly unwelcome.

The few necessary preliminaries were arranged while the Belle Julie was backing and filling for the landing. Since to be taken with the money in his possession was to give the enemy the chance of winning at one stroke both the victory and the spoils, he made a confederate of the negro, whose part he had taken in the quarrel with McGrath. The man was grateful and loyal according to his gifts, and Griswold's need was too pressing to stick at any trifle of unintelligence.

"Mose, you'll go ashore with me on the spring line," he said, when he found his man at the head of the landing stage.

"Yes, suh, Mars' Gravitt; dat's me, sholy."

"All right. You see this bundle. If anybody tackles me while we're making fast, I'm going to drop it, and you must get it and run away. Do you understand?"

"What all mis' I do when I's done tuk out wid it?"

"Get away first; then keep out of sight and hang around the levee for an hour or two. If I don't turn up be-

Griswold Knew That the Leveled Pistol Meant Surrender or Death.

fore you get tired, pitch the thing into the river and go about your business. If you open it, it'll conjure you worse than any Obi-man you ever heard of."

"No, suh! I ain't gwine open hit, Cap'm—not if dey's cunjah in hit; no, suh!"

"Well, there is—the worst kind of conjure this old world has ever known. But it won't hurt you if you don't meddle with it. Keep your wits about you and be ready to grab it and run. Here we go."

The pilot had found his wharfage and was edging the Belle Julie up to it. The bow men paid out slack, and Griswold and the black, dropping from the swinging stage, trailed the end of the wet hawser up to the nearest mooring ring. Griswold bade the negro keep watch and knelt to knot the hawser in the ring. While the negro sentinel was stammering, "Li-lookout, Mars' Cap'm!" the trap was sprung.

In deference to the opposing passenger from the Belle Julie, the two man catchers tried to do their job quietly. But Griswold would not have it so, and he was up and had twisted himself free when a blow from a clubbed pistol drove him back to his knees. Half stunned by the clubbing, he still made shift to spring afoot again, to drop his handkerchief bundle and kick it aside, and to close with his assailants while the negro was snatching up the treasure and darting away among the freight pyramids. After that he had but one thought; to keep the two plain-clothes men busy until the negro had made his escape. Even this proved to be a forlorn hope, since the smaller of the two instantly broke away to give chase, while the other stepped back, spun his weapon in air, and leveled it.

Rage-blinded as he was, Griswold knew that the leveled pistol meant surrender or death. When his captor had handcuffed him and was walking him toward a closed carriage drawn up before the nearest saloon in the river-fronting street, he ventured to ask what he was wanted for.

"You'll find that out soon enough," was the curt reply, and nothing more was said until the carriage was reached and the door had been jerked open. "Get in!" commanded the majesty of the law, and when the door was slammed upon the captive, the plain-clothes man turned to the driver, a little wizened Irishman, with a face like a withered winter apple. "What time does that New Orleans fast train pull out?"

Griswold heard the reply: "Sivin-forty-five, sorr," and something in the thin, piping voice gave him fresh courage. Through the open window of the carriage he saw his colleague's glance at his watch and begin an impatient sentry beat up and down under the electric transparency advertising the particular brand of whisky specialized by the saloon. He was evidently waiting for his colleague to bring in the negro, and time passed.

The spring evening was raw and chilly, and the open doors of the saloon volleyed light and warmth and a beckoning invitation. Griswold's gift, prostituted to the service of the changed point of view, made him read in the red face, the loose lip and the bibulous eyes the temptation that was gripping the plain-clothes man.

By a careful contortion of the manacled hands, which seemed suddenly to have become endowed with the crafty deftness of the hands of a pickpocket, he found his working capital in a pocket of the short-sleeved coat. It had been diminished only by the hundred dollars put into John Gavitt's hands, and the twenty he had given the negro. He wished he might have had a glimpse of the little Irish cabman's face. Since he had not, he made two hundred dollars out of the money into a compact roll and put the remainder back into the inner pocket.

It was only a minute or two after this that the red-faced man's impatience blossomed into the thirst that will not be denied, and he went into the saloon to get a drink, first putting the cabman on guard.

"Get down here and keep an eye on this dicky-bird," he ordered. "Slug him if he tries to make a break."

But the cabman hung back.

"I'm no fightin' man, sorr; an', besides, I don't dare have me harness," he objected. But the officer broke in harshly.

"What the devil are you afraid of? You got the clamps on, and couldn't get you if he wanted to. Come down here!"

The little Irishman clambered down from his box reluctantly, with the reins looped over his arm. When he peered in at the open window of the carriage the big man had passed beyond the swinging doors of the saloon entrance and Griswold seized his opportunity quickly.

"What's your job worth, my man?" he whispered.

The cabman snatched a swift glance over his shoulder before he ventured to answer.

"Don't yez be timptin' a poor man wid a wife an' sivin childer hangin' to um—don't yez do it, sorr!"

Griswold, the brother-keeping, would have thought twice before opening any door of temptation for a brother man. But the new Griswold had no compunctions.

"It's two hundred dollars to you if you can get me away from here before that red-faced drunkard comes back. Have a runaway—anything! Here's the money!"

For a single timorous instant the cabman hesitated. Then he took the roll of money and crammed it into his pocket without looking at it. Before Griswold could brace himself there was a quick whish of the whip, a piping cry from the driver, and the horses sprang away at a reckless gallop, with the little Irishman hanging to the reins and shouting feebly like a faint-hearted Automedon.

Griswold caught a passing glimpse of the red-faced man wiping his lips in the doorway of the saloon as the carriage bounded forward; and when the critical instant came, he was careful to fall out of the riverward side of the vehicle. It was a desperate expedient, since he could not wait to choose the favorable moment, and the handcuffs made him practically helpless. Chance saved the clumsy escape from resulting in a speedy recapture. When he tumbled out of the lurching carriage he was hurled violently against something that figured as a wall of solid masonry and was half stunned by the concussion. None the less, he had wit enough to lie motionless in the shadow of the wall, and the hue and cry, augmented by this time to a yelling mob, swept past without discovering him.

When it was safe to do so, he sat up and felt for broken bones. There were none; and he looked about him. The wall of masonry resolved itself into a cargo of brick piled on the levee side of the street, and obeying the primary impulse of a fugitive, he quickly put the sheltering bulk of it between himself and the lighted thoroughfare.

The next step had to be resolutely thought out. How was he to get rid of the handcuffs? Any policeman would have a key, and there were doubtless plenty of locksmiths in St. Louis. But both of these sources of assistance were out of the question. Whom, then? The answer came in one word—McGrath. On a day when the upriver voyage was no more than fairly begun, one of the negroes in the crew had procured a bottle of bad whisky. To pacify him the mate had put him in irons, using two pairs of handcuffs for the purpose. Therefore, McGrath must have a key.

But would McGrath do it? That remained to be seen; and since hesitation was no part of Griswold's equipment, he covered the fetters as well as he could with a scrap of baggage and walked boldly down the levee and aboard the Belle Julie, falling into line with the returning file of roustabouts.

The mate was at the head of the foot plank, and he saw at once what the scrap of sacking was meant to hide.

"Hello, there, Gavitt!" he called, not less gruffly than of yore, but without the customary imprecation; "what are ye doing with them things on?"

Griswold told a straight story, concealing nothing—not even the detective's refusal to tell him what he was arrested for.

"Ye'd ought to find that cabby and buy him a seegyar," was the mate's comment. "So ye legged it, did ye?"

He led the way up to his quarters in the texas, and telling Griswold to wait, went down on his knees to rummage in the locker beneath the berth. "I've got a couple of pair av thim things in here, somewhere, and maybe the key to 'em will fit yours!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RAISED FOR THEIR DOWN

Elder Ducks Rigidly Protected by Law Because of the Value of Their Product.

The down of the eider duck is more highly esteemed and brings a higher price than any other down. In Iceland and the Vestmannaeyjar islands, where the duck nests, it is rigidly protected by law and by public sentiment.

These ducks make their nests of down from their own breasts. They pluck it out with their bills, and form it into a circular mound which has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary degree. If this down be removed, the duck supplies a second, and even a third lot from the same source.

The eider farms in Iceland are frequently situated on little islands off the coast, covered with low hummocks. To protect the breeding ducks from the elements the Icelanders construct small shelters of rough stones. On these farms, it is said, the ducks become so tame that anyone with whom they are familiar may handle them without frightening them.

Separate buildings on the Icelandic eider farms are devoted to the cleaning of the product. Down clings tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown, a circumstance that is utilized in cleaning it. There are a number of frames of oblong shape, and along these numbers of strings are stretched loosely. The down is cast on these near one end, and a piece of wood is drawn rapidly backward and forward over the other end. The down clings to the strings; but all impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground.

The price of down at the farm is about two dollars and fifty cents a pound.—Sunday Magazine.

Playing Out of Doors.

This is the time of year when every man has within him a desire to get out of doors and play. And those who have fewest opportunities to obtain out-of-door recreation during the year are very likely to have the play fever in a most virulent form. The sober and dignified man, who sits all day and every day in a sober and dignified office feels that he really must get out somewhere, where the grass is green and the air is clean, and kick his sober heels far toward the sky and release a series of startling whoops from his dignified interior. So, granting that this is the time when people who want desire to play out of doors, is it surprising that the people whose work is called "playing" should also have the fever of spring? Just as the regular indoor workers get the fever, so do the players—and each year more and more of the players are finding their season's work with out-of-door performances.

Good Night!

She—No; but if the two syllables were transposed I'd not only be interested but enthusiastic.—Boston Evening Transcript.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT.—Cattle: Best dry fed, steady; all others 15@25c lower; best heavy steers, dry fed, $6@6.50; best handy weights, dry fed butcher steers, $5.75@6.25; mixed steers and heifers, $5.50@6; handy light butchers, $5@5.25; light butchers, $5.25@5; best cows, $5.65@6.15; butcher cows, $5@5.50; common cows, $4.25@4.75; canners, $3@4; best bulls, $5.25@6; bologna bulls, $5.25@5.50; stock bulls, $4.75@5.50; feeders, $5.25@6; stockers, $4.75@5.50; milkers and springers, steady to 25c lower; best grades, $60@75; common and medium, $30@50. Veal calves, 25c lower; best, $11@11.50; heavy, $5@8; culls, $7@8. Sheep and lambs, market steady; best lambs, $7.75@8.25; fair lambs, $7@7.50; light to common lambs, $6@6.75; fair to good sheep, $4.75@5.50; culls and common, $2.50@3.50. Hogs; pigs, yorkers and mixed, $7.65; heavy and roughs, $6.75@7.25; roughs very dull.

EAST BUFFALO.—Cattle: Receipts 4,200; market 15@25c lower; choice to prime steers, $9.25@9.60; fair to good, $8.50@9; plain and coarse, $8.25@8.50; prime handy steers, $8.50@8.75; fair to good grassers, $7.25@7.75; light common grassers, $6.50@6.75; yearlings, dry-fed, $9@9.50; prime fed heifers, $7.60@8; good butcher heifers, $7@7.50; light grassy heifers, $6@6.25; best fat cows, $6.50@6.75; butcher cows, $5.50@5.75; cutters, $4@4.50; canners, $3@4; fancy bulls, $7@7.25; sausage bulls, $6@6.25; light bulls, $5@5.50.

Hogs: Receipts, 13,000; market 10c higher; heavy, $7.25@7.50; mixed, $7.50@8; yorkers, $8.20@8.30; pigs, $8.25@8.35.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 2,000; market 15c higher; top lambs, $9@9.25; yearlings, $7@7.50; wethers, $6.25@6.50; cows, $5.50@6; culls sheep, $3@4.50; bucks, $3.50@5.

Calves: Receipts, 900; market 50c higher; tops, $12.50@13; fair to good, $10.50@12; grassers, $5@6.50.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT.—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red $1.12 1-2; September opened with an advance of 1c at $1.11 3-4, declined to $1.11 1-4, and advanced to $1.12; December opened at $1.12 1-4, declined to $1.11 3-4, and advanced to $1.12; No. 1 white, $1.09 1-2.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 81 1-2c; No. 2 yellow, 83 3-4c; No. 3 yellow, 83 1-2c.

Oats—Standard, 63 1-2@64c; No. 3 white, 62@63 1-2c. August, No. 3 white, 61 1-2c bid; September, No. 3 white, 59 1-2c; No. 4 white, 61@61 1-2c; new standard, 48c; new No. 3 white, 46c; new No. 4 white, 44c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, $1.08; August, $1.02.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, $2.80; September, $2.90.

Clover seed—Prime spot, $8.50; October, $8.90; prime alsike, $9.

Timothy—Prime spot, $3.20.

Old Hay—No. 1 timothy, $24@25; standard timothy, $23@24; No. 2 timothy, $22@23; light mixed, $23@24; No. 1 mixed, $18@19; No. 1 clover, $14@15; No. 2 clover, $13@13; rye straw, $8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, $6.50@7 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 lbs., jobbing lots: Best bakers, $6.10; second patent, $6.30; straight, $6; spring patent, $7.10; rye flour, $6.50 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $26; standard middlings, $27; fine middlings, $32; coarse cornmeal, $33; cracked corn, $28; corn and oat chop, $30 per ton.

General Markets.

Huckleberries—$3.50@4 per bu.

Cherries—Sour, $2.75@5 per bu.

Plums—Home grown, $1.25@1.50 per bu.

Apples—$2.50@3 per bbl, 75c@$1 per bu.

Blackberries—$1.75@2 per 16-quart case.

Pears—Leconte, $1.25 per bu; Bartlett, $1.75@2 bu, $4.75@5 per bbl.

Currants—Cherry, $2.50; common, $2@2.25 per bu; black, $2.25@2.50 per 16-quart case.

Peaches—$1.75 per bu and $4.50 per bbl.

Cabbage—Home grown, $1.50@1.75 per case; leaf, 50c per bu.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 14@14 1-2c per lb; common, 12@13 1-2c.

Maple Sugar—New, 14@15c per lb; syrup, $1@1.10 per gal.

Tomatoes—Canadian, 35@50c per 11-quart basket; hothouse, 8@10c per lb.

Potatoes—Virginia Cobblers, $1.65@1.75 per bbl; Jersey, $1.60@1.65 per sack.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white combs, 14@15c; amber, 8@9c; extracted, 5@6c per lb.

Live Poultry—No. 1 broilers, 16@17c; No. 2 broilers, 12 1-2@13 1-2c; heavy hens, 15c; medium hens, 12 1-2@14c; light hens, 12c.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 12 1-2@13; Lake, New York flats, 14 1-2@15c; brick, 14@14 1-2c; limburger, 2-lb cakes, 12c; 1-lb cakes, 12 1-2@13c; imported Swiss, 25c; domestic Swiss, 17 1-2@23c; long horns, 15c; daisies, 14 1-2c per lb.

Hides—No. 1 cured, 13c; No. 2 green, 11c; No. 1 green bulls, 12c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 15c; No. 1 green veal kip, 17c; No. 1 cured murrain, 15c; No. 1 green murrain, 13c; No. 1 cured calf, 19c; No. 2 green calf, 17c; No. 1 horsehides, $3.50; No. 2 horsehides, $2.50; 1 1-2c lower than the above; sheep: No. 2 hides 16, and No. 2 kips and calf skins, as to amount of wool, 13@75c.

May City will close its golden semi-centennial celebration September 18 with a floral parade.