THE WOLF

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

—8—

After stealing the Omber jewels and the Huyssman war plans in London Richard Lanyard returns to Troyon's, a Paris inn, for the first time in many years because he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. At dinner a conversation between Comte de Morbihan, M. Bannon and Mlle. Bannon about the Lone Wolf, a celebrated Englishman who works alone, alarms him. Lanyard dresses and goes out, leaving Roddy snoring in the next room, then comes back stealthily to find in his room Mlle. Bannon. In the apartment near the Trocadero he finds an invitation from The Pack to the Lone Wolf to join them. Lanyard attempts to dispose of the Omber jewels, but finds that The Pack has forbidden the buyers to deal with him. He meets three masked members of The Pack: Popinot, apache, and Werthelmer, English nobleman, but the third, an American, is unknown to him. He refuses alliance with them. On his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but knocks out his assailant. He gives the unconscious man, who proves to be the mysterious American, a hypodermic to keep him quiet, discovers that Roddy has been murdered in his bed with the evident intention of fastening the crime on him, and changing the appearance of the unconscious American to resemble his own, starts to leave the house. In the corridor he encounters Lucia Bannon, who insists on leaving with him. Having no money Lucia is obliged to take refuge with Lanyard in the studio of an absent artist friend of his. He looks her in a room alone and retires to get some rest himself. After silent Lucia finds his viewpoint changed. He tells Lucia who he is. Mutual confessions follow. She is Lucy Shannon, not Bannon, and has been used as a tool by Bannon, the crook, The American murderer of Roddy was Bannon's secretary. Lucy agrees to go with him to return the London loot.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"I'm afraid," Lanyard said after a time—"I'm afraid I know what you must be thinking. One can't do your intelligence the injustice to imagine you haven't understood me—read all that was in my mind and"—his voice fell—"in my heart. I own that I was wrong to speak so transparently, to suggest my regard for you at such a time, under such conditions. I am truly sorry, and beg you to consider unsaid all that I should not have said. After all, what earthly difference can it make to you if one thief more decides suddenly to reform?"

That brought her abruptly to her feet, showing him a face of glowing loveliness, with eyes distractingly dimmed and softened.

"No!" she implored breathlessly. "Please, you mustn't spoil it! You've paid me the finest of compliments, and one I'm glad and grateful for—and would I might think I deserved! You say you need a year to prove yourself? Then—I've no right to say this—and you must please not ask me what I mean—then I grant you that year. A year I shall wait to hear from you from the day we part, here in Paris. And tonight I will go with you, too, and gladly, since you wish me to!"

And then as he, having risen, stood at loss, thrilled and incredulous, with a brave and generous gesture she offered him her hand, across the table whereon still rested the spoils of his final coup.

"Mr. Lanyard, I promise."

Then reverently he bowed his head and touched his lips to that hand—and felt it snatched swiftly away, and started back, aghast, the idyl roughly dissipated, the castle of his dreams tumbling in thunders round his ears.

In the studio skylight overhead a pane of glass had fallen in with a shattering crash as ominous as the trump of doom.

CHAPTER XVII.

"For That's Impossible."

Like a blow from an unseen hand the shock of that alarm drove the girl back from the table to the nearest wall and for a moment held her there transfixed in panic.

To her wide, staring eyes that questioned his so urgently Lanyard promptly nodded grave reassurance. He hadn't stirred after his first involuntary start, and before the last fragment of splintered glass had fallen tinkling to the floor above, he was calming her in the most matter-of-fact tones.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "It's nothing—merely Solon's skylight gone smash!"

"But call that nothing!" she cried gustily. "What caused it, then?"

"My negligence," he admitted ploomfully. "I might have known it—that wide spread of glass, with the studio electrics full ablaze below, would give the show away completely. The house is known to be unoccupied, and it wasn't to be expected that both the police and Popinot's crew would overlook so shining a mark. And it's all my fault, my oversight. I should have warned you about the lights! High time I was quitting a game I've no longer the wit to play by the rules!"

"But the police would never—"

"Certainly not. This is merely Popinot's gentle method of informing us he's on the job. But I'll just take a look to make sure. No—stop where you are, please. I'd rather go alone."

He swung alertly through to the reception hall window, pausing there only long enough for an instantaneous reconnaissance through the drapery—a fugitive survey that discovered the Impasse Stanislas no more abandoned to the wind and rain, but tenanted visibly by one, at least, who lounged beneath the lonely lamp-post, a shoulder against it—a statuesque drifting silhouette with attention fixed on the little house.

But Lanyard didn't doubt that this one had a dozen fellows skulking within call.

Springing up the stairs, he paused prudently at the topmost step, one quick glance showing him the huge rent gaping black in the middle of the skylight, the second the missile of destruction lying amid a litter of broken glass—a brick wrapped in newspaper by the look of it.

Swooping forward, he retrieved this and darted back from the exposed space beneath the shattered skylight barely in the nick of time, for he had no more than cleared the threshold than a second something fell through the gap and buried itself in the hardwood parquetry. This last was a bullet fired from the roof of one of the adjoining buildings, confirming his prior reasoning that the first missile must have fallen from a height rather than have been thrown up from the street to wreak such destruction with those tough, thick panes of clouded glass.

Swearing softly to himself, he descended to the kitchen.

"As I thought," he said coolly, exhibiting his find. "They're on the roof of the next house—though they've stationed a sentry in the street, of course."

"But that second thump—" the girl demanded.

"A bullet," he answered, placing the bundle on the table and cutting the string that bound it.

"But what are we to do now?" she stammered. "If they've surrounded the house—"

"Don't worry—there's more than one way out," he responded, frowning at the newspaper; "I wouldn't have picked this place out otherwise. Nor would Solon have rented it in the first instance had it lacked an exit in event of creditors. Ah—thought so!"

"What—"

"Troyon's is gone," he said, without looking up. "This is tonight's Presse. 'Totally destroyed by fire which started at six thirty this morning and in less than half an hour had reduced the ancient structure to a heap of smoking ashes!' He ran his eye quickly down the column, selecting salient phrases: 'Believed to have been of incendiary origin, though the premises were uninsured'—that's an intelligent guess! 'Narrow escape of guests in their—whatyemaycallems. 'Three lives believed to have been lost—one body recovered, charred almost beyond recognition'—Roddy's, of course—poor devil! 'Two guests missing, M. Lanyard, the well-known connoisseur of art, who occupied the room adjoining that of the unfortunate detective, and Mlle. Bannon, daughter of the American millionaire, who himself escaped only by a miracle with his secretary, M. Greggs, the latter being overcome by fumes'—what a shame! 'Police and firemen searching the ruins'—h-m, h-m—'extraordinary interest manifested by the prefecture indicates a suspicion that the building may have been fired to conceal some crime of a political nature.'"

Crushing the newspaper between his hands Lanyard tossed it into a corner.

"What was written on the paper?" the girl demanded obliquely.

He made his eyes blank. "Written on the paper—"

"I saw something in red ink at the head of the column. You tried to hide it from me, but I saw. What was it?"

"Oh—that!" He laughed contemptuously. "Just Popinot's impudence—an invitation to come out and be a good target."

He shrugged himself into his borrowed raincoat, buttoned it to his chin, and turned down the brim of his soft felt hat; but when he looked up at the girl again he found she hadn't moved, rather, she remained as one spellbound by thought, staring less at than through him, her expression inscrutable.

"Well," he ventured—"if you're quite ready, Miss Shannon—"

"Mr. Lanyard," she demanded almost sharply, "what was the full wording of that message?"

"If you must know—"

"I must!"

He lifted a deprecatory shoulder. "If you like, I'll read it to you—or, rather translate it from the thieves' argot. Popinot complimented me by using."

"Not necessary," she said tersely. "I'll take your word for it. But you must tell me the truth."

"As you will. Popinot delicately suggested that if I leave you here to be reunited to your alleged parent—if I'll trust to his word of honor, that is, and walk out of the house alone, he'll give me twenty-four hours in which to leave Paris."

"Then only I stand between you and—"

"My dear young woman!" he protested hastily. "Please don't run away with any absurd notion like that. Do you imagine I'd consent to treat with such cutthroats under any circumstances?"

"All the same," she contended stubbornly, "I'm the stumbling-block. You're risking your life for me—"

"Well," he laughed, "have it your own way! But it's my life, isn't it? I really don't see how you're going to prevent my risking it for anything that may seem to me worth the risk!"

But she, wouldn't laugh; only her countenance suddenly bereft of its mutinous expression, softened winningly—and her eyes grew very kind to him.

"As long as it's understood I understand—very well," she said quietly. "I'll do as you wish, Mr. Lanyard."

"Good!" he cried cheerfully. "I wish, by your leave, to take you out to dinner. This way, please!"

Leading her through the scullery, he unbarred and swung open a low, arched door in one of the walls, uncovering the black mouth of a narrow and tunnel-like passageway that ran off at right angles from the side of the house.

With a word of caution, flash-lamp in his left hand, pistol in right, Lanyard stepped out into the darkness.

In two minutes he was back with a look of relief.

"All clear," he reported; "I felt pretty sure Popinot was ignorant of this emergency exit—else we'd have entertained uninvited guests long since. Now, half a minute."

The electric meter occupied a place on the wall of the scullery not far from the door. Prying open its cover, he unscrewed and removed the fuse-plug, plunging the entire house in complete darkness.

"That'll keep 'em guessing a while!" he explained with a chuckle. "They'll hesitate a long time before rushing a dark house infested by a desperate armed man—if I know anything about that mongrel crew! Besides, when they do get their courage up, the lack of light will stave off discovery of this way of escape. And now, one word more."

Held Her There Transfixed in Panic.

A flash of the lamp located her hand. Calmly he possessed himself of it.

"I've brought you into trouble enough as it is through my stupidity," he said; "but for that, this place should have been a refuge to us until we were quite ready to leave Paris. So now we mustn't forget, before we go out to run God only knows what gauntlet, to fix a rendezvous in event of separation. I can think of none better suited to our purposes than the Sacre-Coeur."

Her fingers tightened gently upon his.

"I understand," she said quietly; "if we're obliged to separate I'm to go direct to the Sacre-Coeur up on the hilltop and await you there."

"Right! But let's hope there'll be no such necessity."

Then, hand in hand, like frightened children, these two stole down the tunnel-like passageway, through a small, forlorn court, more like a well, cramped between two tall old tenements, and so came out into the gloomy, sinuous and silent Rue d'Assas.

Here they encountered few wayfarers; and to those few, preoccupied with anxiety to win to shelter from the inclement night, they seemed, no doubt, some student of the Quartier with his sweetheart—Lanyard, in his shabby raincoat, striding rapidly, head and shoulders bowed against the driving mist, the girl in her trim Burberry clinging trustfully to his arm.

Avoiding the nearer stops of the underground Metropolitan as dangerous, Lanyard steered a roundabout course through byways to the Rue de Sevres station of the Nord-Sud, from which, in due course, they climbed to the surface again at the Place de la Concorde, walked several blocks, picked up a taxicab, and in less than half an hour from the time of their departure from the Impasse Stanislas were comfortably ensconced in a cabinet particulier of a little restaurant of modest pretensions just north of Les Halles.

They feasted famously—the cuisine, if bourgeoise, was admirable, and, better still, well within the resources of Lanyard's emaciated purse. Nor did he fret that, when the bill had been paid and the essential tips bestowed, there would remain in his pocket little more than cab fare. Supremely self-confident, he harbored no doubts of a smiling future—now that the dark pages in his record had been turned and sealed by a resolution he held irrevocable.

His spirits had mounted to a high pitch, thanks to their successful evasion. He was young, he was in love, he was hungry, he was—in short—very much alive. And the consciousness of common peril joined in an enchanting intimacy into their talk.

For the first time in his history Lanyard found himself in the company of a woman to whom he dared—and cared—to speak without reserve—a circumstance intrinsically intoxicating. And stimulated by her unquestionable interest and sympathy, he did talk without reserve—of old Troyon's and its drudge Marcel, of Bourke and his wanderings, of the education of the Lone Wolf and his career, less in pride than in relief that it was ended, of the future he must achieve for himself.

And, sitting with chin cradled on the backs of her interlaced fingers, the girl listened with such indulgence as women find always for their lovers. Of herself she had little to say. Lanyard filled in to his taste the outlines of the simple history of the young woman of good family obliged to become self-supporting.

And if at times her grave eyes clouded and her attention wandered, it was less in ennui than because of occult trains of thought set in motion by some chance word or phrase of Lanyard's.

"I'm boring you," he suggested once with quick contrition, waking up to the fact that he'd monopolized the conversation for many minutes on end.

She shook a pensive head. "No, again. But, I wonder, do you appreciate the magnitude of the task you've set yourself?"

"Possibly not," he conceded awkwardly; "but it doesn't matter. The heavier the odds, the greater the incentive to win."

"I do believe that, and yet—" She lowered her head and began to trace a meaningless pattern on the cloth before she resumed. "You've given me to understand that I'm responsible for your sudden awakening—that it's because of a regard conceived for me you're so anxious to become an honest man. Suppose—suppose you were to find out—you'd been mistaken in me?"

"That isn't possible," he objected promptly.

She smiled upon him wistfully.

"But if it were—"

"Then—I think," he said soberly—"I think I'd feel as though there were nothing but emptiness beneath my feet!"

"If you found I had deceived you—"

"Miss Shannon!" He threw an arm across the table and suddenly imprisoned her hand. "There's no use beating about the bush. You've got to know—"

She drew back suddenly with a

Lanyard Stepped Out Into the Darkness.

frightened look and a monosyllable of sharp remonstrance: "No!"

"But you must listen to me. I want you to understand. Bourke used to say to me: 'The man who lets love into his life opens a door no mortal hand can close—and God only knows what will follow in!' And Bourke was right. Now that door is open in my heart, and I think that whatever follows in won't be evil or degrading. Oh, I've said it a dozen different ways of indirection, but I may as well say it squarely now. I love you; it's love of you makes me want to go straight, in the hope that when I've proved myself you'll maybe let me ask you to marry me.

"Perhaps you're in love with a better man today; but I'm willing to chance that, a year brings many changes. Perhaps there's something I don't fathom in your doubting my strength and constancy. Only the outcome can declare that. But please understand this: If I fail to make good it will be solely because I'm no unfit and have proved it. All I ask is what you've generously promised me—opportunity to come to you at the end of the year and make my report. And then, if you will, you can say no to the question I'll ask you, and I shan't resent it, and it won't ruin me, for if a man can stick to a purpose for a year he can stick to it forever, with or without the love of the woman he loves."

She heard him out without attempt at interruption, but her answer was prefaced by a sad little shake of her head.

"That's what makes it so hard, so terribly hard," she said. "Of course I've understood you—all that you've said by indirection, and much besides, has had its meaning to me—and I'm glad and proud of the honor you offer me. But I can't accept it. I can never accept it—not now nor a year from now. And it isn't fair to let you go on hoping that I might some time consent to marry you. For that's impossible."

"You—forgive me—you're not already married?"

"No."

"Or promised?"

"No."

"Or in love with someone else?"

Again she told him, gently, "No."

His face cleared. He squared his shoulders. He even mustered up a smile.

"Then it isn't impossible. No human obstacle exists that time can't overthrow. In spite of all you say I shall go on hoping with all my heart and soul and strength."

"But you don't understand—"

"Can you tell me—make me understand?"

After a long pause she told him once more, and very sadly: "No."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sheer Impudence.

Though it was not yet eight o'clock when they entered the restaurant, it was something after eleven before Lanyard called for his bill.

Now again the rain had ceased, and, though the sky remained overcast, the atmosphere was clear and brisk with a touch of frost, in grateful contrast to the dull and muggy air that had obtained for the last twenty-four hours.

"We'll walk," Lanyard suggested—"if you don't mind—part of the way at least; it'll eat up time and a bit of exercise will do us both good."

The girl assented quietly.

The drum of their heels on fast-drying sidewalks struck sharp echoes from the silence of that drowsy quarter, a lonely clamor that rendered it impossible to ignore their apparent solitude—as impossible as it was for Lanyard to ignore the fact that they were followed.

Supremely on the alert, he had discovered the pursuit before they left the block of the restaurant. Dissembling, partly to avoid alarming the girl, partly to trick the follower into a feeling of greater security, he turned this way and that, round several corners, until quite convinced that the shadow was dedicated to himself exclusively, then promptly revised his prior purpose and, instead of sticking to darker backways, struck out directly for the broad, well-lighted, and lively Boulevard Sebastopol.

Crossing this without another backward glance, he turned north, seeking some cafe whose arrangements suited his designs; and, presently, though not before their tramp had brought them almost to the line of the Grand boulevards, found one to his taste, a cheerful and well-lighted establishment situated upon a corner, with entrances from both streets. A hedge of forlorn fir trees knee-deep in wooden tubs guarded its collection of round, metal tables and spindle-shanked chairs, of which few were occupied. Inside, visible through the wide plate-glass windows, perhaps a dozen patrons sat round half as many tables—no more—idling over dominoes and gossip—steady-paced burghers with their wives, men in small ways of business in the neighborhood.

Entering to this company, Lanyard selected a square, marble-topped table against the back wall, entrenched himself with the girl upon the plush-upholstered seat behind it, ordered coffee and writing materials, and proceeded to light a cigarette with the nonchalance of one to whom time is of no consequence.

"What is it?" the girl asked guardedly, as the waiter scurried off to execute his commands. "You've not stopped in here for nothing!"

"True—but lower, please!" he

"You've Got to Know—"

begged. "If we speak English loud enough to be heard it will attract attention. The trouble is, we're followed. But as yet our faithful shadow doesn't know we know it—unless he's more intelligent than he seems. Consequently, if I don't misjudge him, he'll take a table outside, the better to keep an eye on us, as soon as he sees we're apparently settled for some time. More than that, I've got a note to write—and not merely as a subterfuge. This fellow must be shaken off, and as long as we stick together that can't very well be done."

He interrupted himself while the waiter served them, then sugared his coffee, arranged the ink bottle and paper to his satisfaction, and bent over his pen.

"Come closer," he requested—"as if you were interested in what I'm writing—and amused; if you can laugh a bit at nothing, so much the better. But keep a sharp eye on the window. You can do that more readily than I under cover of the brim of your hat. And let me know what you see."

He had no more than settled into the swing of composition than the girl—apparently following his pen with closest attention—giggled coquettishly and nudged his elbow.

"Door we came in," she murmured, smiling delightedly; "he's standing behind the fir trees, staring in."

"Can you make him out?" Lanyard asked without moving his lips.

"No more than that he's tall," she said with every indication of enjoying a most tremendous joke. "His face is all in shadow."

"Patience!" counseled the adventurer. "He'll take heart of courage when convinced of our innocence."

He poised his pen, scrutinized the ceiling for inspiration, and permitted a slow smile to irradiate his features.

"You'll take this note, if you please," he said cheerfully, "to the address on the envelope, by taxi—it's some distance, near the Etoile. A long chance, but one we must risk; give me half an hour alone, and I guarantee to discourage this animal one way or another. You understand?"

"Perfectly!" she laughed archly.

He bent over and for a few moments wrote hustly.

"Now he's walking slowly round the corner, never taking his eyes from you," the girl reported, shoulder to shoulder and head distractingly near his head.

"Good. Can you see him any better?"

"Not yet."

"This note," he said, without stopping his pen or appearing to say anything, "is for the concierge of a building where I rent stabling for a little closed car I find occasionally useful. I'm supposed there to be a chauffeur in the employ of a crazy Englishman who keeps me constantly traveling hither and yon and forth between Paris and London. That's to account for the irregularity with which I use the car. They know me, monsieur and madame of the concierge, as Pierre Lamier; and I think they're safe—not only trustworthy and of friendly disposition, but quite simple-minded; I don't believe they gossip much. If so, the chances are De Morbihan and his gang know nothing of the arrangement. But that's all speculation—a forlorn hope!"

"I understand," the girl chuckled at his elbow. "He's still prowling up and down outside the hedge."

"We're not going to need that car tonight; but the home of Mme. Omber is close by; and I'll follow and join you there within an hour at most. Meantime, this note will introduce you to the concierge and his wife—I hope you won't mind—as my fiancee. I'm telling them we became engaged in England, and I've brought you to Paris to visit my mother in Montrouge, but am detained by my employer's business, and will they please give you shelter for an hour."

"He's coming in," the girl announced quietly.

"In here?"

"No—merely inside the row of little trees."

"Which entrance?"

"On the boulevard side. He's taken the corner table. Now a waiter's going out to him."

"You can see his face now?" Lanyard asked, sealing the note.

"Not well."

"It won't be Popinot," Lanyard reflected, addressing the envelope; "he's tubby."

"This man is tall and slender."

"Werthelmer, possibly. Does he suggest an Englishman in any way?"

"Not in the least. He wears a mustache—blond—twisted up like the kaiser's."

Lanyard made no reply, but his heart sank, and he shivered imperceptibly with foreboding. He entertained no doubt but that the worst had happened, that to the number of his enemies in Paris was added Ekstrom. The girl's innocent glance confirmed this inference. He swore bitterly, if privately, and with a countenance of childlike blandness, as he sipped the coffee and finished his cigarette.

"Who is it, then?" she asked. "Do you know him?"

He reckoned swiftly against distressing her, recalling his mention of the fact that Ekstrom was credited with the Huyssman murder.

"Merely a hangeron of De Morbihan's," he told her lightly; "a spineless animal—no trouble about scaring him off. Here—take this note, please; we'll go now. But as we reach the door, turn back—and go out the other. You'll find a taxi without trouble. And stop for nothing!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WANTS DAMAGES FOR BITES

Employee of Minneapolis Library Brings Suit in a Case That Establishes a Precedent.

Bitten by a man he ejected from the branch public library at the Gateway, Jack Smith, employed at the branch, demands damages from the city under the workingman's compensation act. Jerome Jackman of the city legal department said Smith's claim was the most unusual that had come to his notice.

"A drunken man entered the library," said Mr. Jackman. "Mr. Smith started to usher him out. The fellow struggled and finally bit Mr. Smith's right hand, causing deep lacerations on the thumb and index finger. He has had the wound dressed four times by a physician and it seems slow to heal."

Mr. Jackman gave the opinion that Smith probably is entitled to compensation for loss of time and for medical attention.—Minneapolis Journal.

Beware of Paraffin Cups.

When an Englishman drinks a toast to his queen, he breaks the glass as a pretty little homage. Girard writes in the Philadelphia Ledger.

When you put a penny in the slot and extract an individual cup you should smash it after using it. That isn't homage, but a precaution that may save a human life.

Do you know what happens to many of those discarded paraffin drinking cups? Picked up by careless people and used over and over again.

If you will recall that a deadly germ feels even less at home on a glass cup than upon one made of paraffin you can easily see why neither should be used many times by more persons.

There is one certain way to outwit the germ: Crush the cup.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 2,187. Best heavy steers, $8@9; best handy weight butcher steers, $7.50@7.75; mixed steers and heifers, $7@7.25; handy light butcher steers, $6.75@7; light butchers, $6.50@6.75; best cows, $6@6.50; butcher cows, $5.50@5.75; common cows, $4.50@5; canners, $4@4.25; best heavy bulls, $6@6.25; bologna bulls, $5.50@5.75; stock bulls, $5.25@5.75; feeders, $6.50@7.25; stockers, $5.25@6.25; milkers and springers, $40@90.

Calves—Receipts, 1,005. Best $10@10.50; medium and common, $6@9.

Sheep and Lamb—Receipts, 742. Best lambs, $11.65; fair lambs, $10.50@11.25; light to common lambs, $8.50@10; yearlings, $10; fair to good sheep, $7@8.25; culls and common, $5@6.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 8,946. One third of the receipts in the hog department weighed 120 and under and they were very dull at $8@8.40. Mixed grades brought $9.25@9.40.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 130 cars; market 10@20c lower; choice to prime native steers, $9@9.35; one load extra prime brought $9.50; fair to good, $8.25@8.65; plain and coarse, $7.75@8; Canadian steers, 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., $8.25@8.75; do, 1,250 to 1,350 lbs., $8@8.50; light butchering steers and heifers, $7.50@7.75; yearlings, dry-fed, $8.75@9.35; best handy steers and heifers, mixed, $7.50@8; steers and heifers, fair to good, $7@7.50; prime fat heifers, $7.75@8.25; light common heifers, $6.25@6.75; best fat cows, $7@7.25; butcher cows, $6.25@6.75; cutters, $4.50@5; canners, $3.50@3.75; fancy bulls, $7@7.50; butcher bulls, $6.50@7; sausage bulls, $6.25@6.50; light bulls, $5@5.50; stockers, good, $6.25@6.75; light common stockers, $5.50@6; feeders, best, $7@7.25; milkers and springers, $65@80.

Hogs—Receipts, 60 cars; market 25c higher; heavy, $10.30@10.35; yorkers, $10.30; pigs, $9.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, five cars; market slow; top lambs, $11.60@11.75; yearlings, $10.50@9.

Calves—Receipts, 900; strong; tops, $10.50; fair to good, $9@9.50; grassers, $4@5.

Grain, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No 2 red, $1.18 1-4; May opened without change at $1.17 3-4, advanced to $1.19 3-4 and closed at 1.19 1-2; July opened at $1.14 1-2 and closed at $1.16 1-2; No 1 white, $1.13 1-4.

Corn—Cash No 3, 73c; No 3 yellow, 75 1-2c; No 4 yellow, 71 1-2@72 1-2c.

Oats—Standard, 48c; No 3 white, 47c; No 4 white, 45@45 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 92c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, $3.65; April, $3.75; May, $3.85.

Seeds—Prime spot red clover, $10.75; prime alsike, $9.25; prime timothy, $5.50.

Hay—No 1 timothy, $18@18.50; standard timothy, $17@17.50; light mixed, $17@17.50; No 2 timothy, $15@16.50; No 1 mixed, $14@15; No 1 mixed, $14@12; No 1 clover, $12@13; rye straw, $7.50@8; wheat and oat straw, $6.50@7 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, jobbing lots, jobbing lots: First patent, $6.50; second patent, $6; straight, $5.70; spring patent, $6.70; rye flour, $6 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $28; standard middlings, $29; fine middlings, $30; coarse cornmeal, $30; cracked corn, $31.50; corn and oat chop, $28 per ton.

General Markets.

Strawberries—Louisiana, $3.25@3.35 per 24-qt case; Florida, 30@35c per qt.

Apples — Greenings, $2.50@3.50; Spys, $3.50@4; Baldwins, $3@3.50; Steele Reds, $4@4.50 per bbl; western, $1.75@2 per box.

Cabbage—$2@2.25 per bbl.

Mushrooms—40@45c per lb.

Dressed Hens—Light, 11 1-2@12c; heavy, 10@11c per lb.

Asparagus—$4@5.50 per lb; section, $1.75@2 per box.

Maple Sugar—New, 15@16c per lb; syrup, $1@1.10 per gal.

Tomatoes—Hothouse, 25@28c per lb; Florida, $2.50@3.50 per crate.

Dressed Calves—Heavy, 15@15 1-2c; choice, 14@14 1-2c; ordinary, 12@13c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, kiln-dried, $3.30@3.35 per crate and $1.10@1.20 per hamper.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 16@17c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 9@10c per lb.

Potatoes—Michigan on track, $1.95@1.08 for white and 90@$1 for red per bu; russets, $1.05@1.10 per bu.

Lettuce—Hothouse, 75@85c per bu; head lettuce, Florida, $2.75 per hamper; Texas, $1.50@1.75 per hamper.

Tallow—No 1, 7c; No 2, 6c per lb.

Celery—California, $4.25@4.50 per crate and 75@$1 per box; Florida, $2.25@2.50 per crate and 75c@$1 per doz.

Onions—No 1 yellow, $2.50; No 2, $1@1.50 per 100-lb sack; Spanish, $2@2.25 per box; Texas Bermuda, $2.75@3 per crate.

Live Poultry—No 1 spring chickens, 18 1-2@19c; medium spring chickens, 17 1-2@18c; heavy hens, 16@19 1-2c; medium hens, 13@14 1-2c; light hens, 14@15c; ducks, 16@20c; geese, 17@18c; spring turkeys, 21@22c; old turkeys, 16@17c per lb.

Nuts—Japan chestnuts, 10c per lb; Illinois hickory, $1.50; large hickory, $1.25 per bu; walnuts, $1.25 per bu.

Hides—No 1 cured, 17c; No 1 green, 15c; No 1 cured bulls, 15c; No 1 green bulls, 10c; No 1 cured veal kip, 19c; No 1 green veal kip, 16c; No 1 cured murrain, 16c; No 1 green murrain, 14c; No 1 cured calf, 24c; No 1 green calf, 22c; No 1 horse hides, $4.50; No 2 horsehides, $3.50; No 2 hides 1c and No 2 kip and calf 1 1-2c lower than the above; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 50@$3.