

ROMANCE.

Oh! she was a maid of a laughing eye,
And she lived in a garret cold and low,

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing
Hath many a shaft for his slender stinger,

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,
O'er his tender pillow-cold and weep;

And he who was late so tall and proud,
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud,

But one soft night in the month of June,
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,

Oh, then from her leaning couch she sprang,
And she tangled tresses back she flung,

She did not start with a foolish frown,
But packed her trunk and scampered down,

The star that rose in the evening shade,
Looked sadly down on a weeping maid;

A PANTHER ADVENTURE.
Many of the survivors of the past generation remember a particularly cold winter at the beginning of the present century.

Numerous farmers were so isolated and shut off from each other that they passed long weeks without seeing each other's faces, while those who had not the means of sustaining life around them, ran a little risk of meeting a death from starvation.

The brute creation suffered no less than did the settlers, and emboldened by hunger, the wolves and the coyotes and the bears and swarmed about the barns and houses, where they trotted restlessly back and forth during the night, awaiting for a chance at the sheep or swine confined therein.

The brutes were not without their means of sustenance, and they were not without their means of sustenance, and they were not without their means of sustenance.

When spring came, cold and stinging, the bears and panthers seemed to feel an unusual fierceness, and ere the sultry summer was at hand, more than one unfortunate farmer had been killed and torn by the ravenous brutes.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

On the outskirts of an immense tract of woodland, in Western New York, dwelt a half-breed known among the settlers as "Ruppy."

There were several other half-breeds in the neighborhood, but Ruppy was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them, and he was the most famous of them.

During the winter months, when ranging the forest, he wore a beautifully embroidered blanket, made in the style peculiar to the Indians, while his leggings, moccasins, flaming black eyes and swarthy skin, gave him the appearance of a perfect Indian.

He was taciturn and uncommunicative, although there seemed nothing morose or vindictive in his disposition.

"More—more!" he muttered, as he

fell back exhausted.
"You shall have it!" exclaimed the

pitiful boy, as he hurried away to the brook again.

He brought back a larger quantity than before, which was swallowed with

no less eagerness. His dark eyes looked the gratitude which he could not speak, and the boy experienced the pleasure of knowing

that he had done a kindness to a needy fellow creature.

Fortunately, Edward in his ignorance did the very best thing possible under the circumstances.

The patient was wrapped up in his skins and furs, and shortly after fell into a refreshing sleep, during which, when the boy placed his hand upon his brow, he found that it was covered with perspiration.

The fever was broken and the half-breed was convalescent.

To shorten this part of our narrative, our young friend remained with Ruppy for a couple of days, by which time he was perfectly recovered.

He was filled with an Indian's gratitude for the kindness shown him, and when his young acquaintance took his departure, he carried several presents, in the shape of toys, and in return gave the promise to come back as soon as possible and accompany him on a hunt.

Edward did not wait long to avail himself of this invitation; but before a week had come round, he presented himself at the door of Ruppy's wigwam, escorted for a hunt.

The half-breed received him with undisguised pleasure.

"The woods are full of game," said he, his fine eyes sparkling, while he little dreamed that he was about to engage in the most momentous hunt of his life.

"What shall we shoot?" inquired Edward. "There are plenty of deer and bear."

"They are not worth our powder and ball," replied the half-breed, with the dignity and pride which is sometimes seen in the Indian under similar circumstances.

"And what are noble game, if they are not?" inquired our hero, in no little surprise.

"I will hunt the panther; he is a brave animal, and will fight. I have enough food, and do not need the deer, and the bear is a coward unless you get him in a corner; but the panther will not run from the white or red man."

"Just as you say," laughed the young hunter; "they are not so plenty as your animals, but I suppose you know where to look for them."

"Ruppy will show you such hunting as you have never seen," was the significant reply.

A few minutes later the two issued from the lodge, and talking a northern direction, which led them toward the heart of this vast wilderness, they started out upon the panther-hunt.

Ruppy strode through the forest like a genuine Indian, taking long leaping strides, which necessitated almost a run upon the part of the young hunter to keep pace with

More than once, as they journeyed in this manner, they caught sight of a bear that lumbered awkwardly out of their way, or the frightened antelope, which bounded off with the speed of the wind.

It was a strong temptation to Edward, but he brought himself under control. That was not the game for which he was searching.

A half hour later they reached a large hill, the top of which was almost clear of undergrowth.

Standing here, they gazed down into a dense-looking portion of the wood, which from their standpoint seemed almost impenetrable.

"There we shall find panthers," said Ruppy; "we shall now find game worth hunting."

"Do you see any signs of them?" "No, but I know they are there. I have been through that section many a time, and never without encountering one of those fierce brutes."

"Let us go forward, then, for it is near noon."

"I will do you go down the hill, and enter the thicket near that large sugar-maple, which you see can yonder, while I will off toward the red oak, and we will then come toward each other. See that your rifle is ready, for it is the only thing that has much effect on these creatures."

This programme was carried out, and when the two hunters entered the wood they found it all a quarter of a mile from each other.

Edward Inman plunged into the densest portion, walking carefully ahead, and keeping a bright lookout for the game which had brought him hither.

Innumerable squirrels were skurrying up the trees and darting from one limb to another, while the air was full of birds.

The boy had passed about a half of the interval remaining, when he heard low growling growl caught his ear, and looking up, he saw an enormous panther, squatting on the immense limb of a colossal oak, glaring down upon him with an expression which showed unmistakably that he was making ready to spring down upon his head.

There was no time to be lost, and, stepping back a few paces, Edward leveled his rifle at the head of the brute.

At the very instant of discharging his gun, the panther's body left its perch, shooting down through the limbs like a meteor.

The young hunter had been expecting this, and at the instant the rifle cracked, he made a spring backward, the brute striking heavily at his feet, and immediately afterward making a huge curving spring in the air, accompanied by a terrific growling and snarling.

Instead of springing upon the half-paralyzed boy, the brute gyrated about with the most extraordinary evolutions, not offering to touch him.

It was not till several moments had elapsed that our hero discovered that his rifle-ball, instead of killing the animal, as he intended, had struck him in such a manner as to blind him.

His ironed limbs were made by the animal in his furious search for him who had inflicted all this injury.

As soon as the boy understood the situation, he retired several yards, carefully reloaded his rifle, and then, taking a sure aim, sent the bullet through the heart of the panther, which instantly fell dead.

At this instant, when the young hunter was exulting over his triumph, a shout for help rang from a nearby thicket.

Edward leaped up and saw a man in a white shirt, a hat, and trousers, and not stopping to reload his gun, he dashed through the thicket as fast as possible.

A few minutes brought him to the scene of conflict. In a sort of clearing lay a dead panther, while within a few feet was stretched Ruppy, supporting his body with his left hand, while with his right he grasped the panther by the throat.

He was entirely unarmed, his legs lying at his feet, his slouched hat several yards away, while his rifle was nowhere to be seen.

As the boy stood for a moment transfixed by the fearful scene, he caught sight of the long, bloody knife of the

A Model for American Youth.

A Long Branch correspondent writes: As I rode up from the depot to the hotel recently, I was attracted by a manly young fellow of about twenty-eight who sat next to me in the stage.

He was handsome, with a hazel eye and fresh complexion, well and neatly dressed, and had especially a silver-toned voice. I spoke to him first, because I was attracted by his modesty.

"Yes," said he, in reply to an introductory question in regard to the hotel, (the weather being entirely beyond argument) "it has turned out a pretty good season, I believe. I have been here several seasons, and have seen none better."

"You spend all your summer vacations here?" "No," reflectively, "not vacations. I usually pass the summer here."

Evidently he was a rich young blood, and with his good looks and modesty an excellent model for the American youth.

"Stopping at the Hotel?" He was bowing to a sweet looking girl just then, and did not immediately answer.

She was smiling back with delightful grace, showing a mouthful of rich pearls. Evidently he knew the good society of the Branch.

"No, no," he replied, when he had ceased bowing and comprehended my question. "No, I stop at—at a cottage."

To follow, this stopping at his own cottage, and independent enough to ride upon an omnibus. He interested me greatly as we went along, evidently knowing everything about the place.

"There's Judge's cottage; handsome, isn't it? There's the handsomest pair of steps in the Branch, those grays just turning in at the Continental."

Here he was attracted by the repeated bows of two gorgeous dames who were passing us slowly in their open carriage, and who opened two huge mouths at a couple of batteries of ready-made teeth upon him.

He bowed quite gracefully to them and went on with his pleasant descriptions. At the hotel we parted, and I lost him; but I thought in this wise of him: Talk of the elegance of the hotel. Look at this young fellow.

Handsome, polished, pleasant tempered, elegant in his manners, rich, modest, sensible. He visits this watering place, evidently not to suffocate in the hotels and follow the old winter routine of dissipation and flirtation.

He would certainly not seek them in his own quiet cottage. He comes for the baths, to get his nerves and appetite, to win. Happy fellow! True model he for the youth of this glorious republic!

In order to see one of the lions I went over to the cottage where the tiger is let loose, just a step or two from the West End, and as I went into the back room, among the railing of chips at the table and the dining of the little ball in the pool of the roulette table, I heard that silvery-toned voice again:

"Walk in and have some supper, gentlemen—just ready—18, red. Ah, how do do—met you on the stage—I remember. Have supper? No! Then take a drink—21, black. Excuse me—business, you know. Charley, pass the cigars to my neighbor."

There he was—my model of American youth. I passed out without patronizing the establishment.

Ancient Landmarks in Massachusetts. A Western visitor to Salem, Massachusetts, writes back home to his paper an interesting account of his observations.

The old "witch house," a quaint dwelling erected in 1632, inhabited for a time by Roger Williams, and afterwards condemned the Salem witches to death held its place, and still in existence, and the apartment used nearly two hundred years since as the courtroom now occupied as a drug store.

From the scene of the old tribunal the visitor next bent his steps to "gallows hill," where the witches were hanged on a tree and their bodies then buried at the foot of the gibbet.

Irish squatters he found in full possession, having built their cabins and colonized their children, pigs, and goats above the unmarked graves of Salem's unburied dead.

Yet another grave, the resting-place not of a witch but of an old-time beauty who loved not wisely but too well, claimed our tourist's attention.

Years ago Elizabeth Whitman, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman and known in the Salem retreat to which she had fled to her home as "the witch," was buried there. Her departure years since on the 25th of July, A. D. 1788, in the 37th year of her age, and the tears of strangers watered her grave.

The Virtue of Medicine. "Shall we Throw Physic to the Dogs?"—a spicy article by E. P. Buffett, in Lippincott's Magazine for September—contains the following:

"Nothing is more probable or natural than that we should overestimate the virtue of medicine. We do it because we wish to do it. We all expect to be sick, and we wish to believe that when we become so we can be cured. Many of us will indulge in violations of the known laws of health, and we wish to believe that the punishment for such violations can be averted. We all wish to have faith in the skill of our physician and will pardon a great amount of assumption of authority and wisdom on his part. It never excites our jealousy to hear him extravagantly praised. We like to see him sport a fine turn-out, and often make him a pet in our households. It will not harbor a suspicion that he is capable of a mistake or that his judgment may be at fault. Some, it is true, in health profess to believe the doctor a humbug; but when sickness comes the most swaggering heretic is suddenly converted, summons the physician, and swallows the nauseous potion with all the alacrity of the lifelong believer. Then it happens, in a medical point of view, that

"When the devil gets sick, the devil a monk would be."

although it is equally true that

"When the devil gets well, the devil a monk is he."

The physician very naturally, too, allows his powers and the virtue of his drugs to be overestimated, because it is flattering to his vanity, and he soon begins to accept the undue appreciation of himself and his medicines as really deserved. Thus it happens that the selfishness of the patient and the selfishness of the physician alike tend to produce an extravagant estimate of the necessity and virtue of medication.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PLUGHING UNDER CLOVER.—In 1861 I ploughed up a field of clover and planted corn. In 1865, clover came again, and used the cultivator very freely both years to kill the weeds. In 1866 seeded barley, followed by wheat, and the second crop for seed. In 1868, mowed and ploughed half the field, and the other half to produce a second crop of clover. It was a wet season and the second crop of clover grew splendidly. I think it would have made a ton of hay per acre. This clover we ploughed under.

The next spring (1871) the whole field was cultivated, but not ploughed, and sown with barley. I could see no difference in the growth of barley on the part of ploughing immediately after hay harvest, and that when the clover was allowed to grow and then ploughed under. After the barley, the field was ploughed and sown to winter wheat. So far, I can see no difference in the color or growth of the wheat.

There was no more labor expended on the one part of the field than on the other. The only difference was, that one was ploughed before the clover commenced to grow, and the other after the clover had attained its growth. The presumption is, that notwithstanding the fact that a large growth of clover was ploughed under, there was no more nitrogen or other plant-food in the soil on the part of the field ploughed before the clover commenced to grow, than on the part of the field ploughed after the clover had attained its growth.

It is a common error to suppose that the clover which is ploughed under immediately after the harvest being ploughed, cultivated, and then ploughed again in the fall, and otherwise exposed to the decomposing influence of the atmosphere, I believe more plant-food was allowed to grow. This probably would not be the case in poor, sandy land, but I have no doubt that clay loams which abound in latent plant-food would become richer from being worked and exposed to the atmosphere than from the mere growth of clover; if there is any evidence to the contrary, I would like to have it produced.

I believe in clover. No man has written more in its favor as a renovating crop. We cannot grow too much of it. But it should all be consumed on the farm, and in addition, the clay-land farmer should "fall fall" as much land as he can. I am satisfied, though I admit the evidence is not conclusive, that the fall-ploughing system, in accordance with the facts of scientific farming, than the practice of ploughing under clover.—J. Harris, in American Agriculturist.

HOW TO DESTROY INSECTS IN YOUR ORCHARDS.—The address of J. W. Robson, before the Joe Daviss Company (Ill.) Horticultural Society has some excellent points relating to orchard culture, and especially the depredation of insects, and he recommends every orchardist to observe these few details every season:

"1. Encourage the black-cap tit-mouse and the hairy woodpecker, which destroy the insect in the pupa state.

"2. Light small bonfires in the orchard, on dark nights, after the sun has set. This will destroy the moth.

"3. Pick up wormy fruit as soon as it falls; run it right through the cider mill, or throw it to the hogs to be eaten.

"4. Strips of woolen cloth, tied around the trunks when the trees are in bloom, and examined twice a week, will destroy those that have escaped and crawled there for shelter. They will be found generally in a transformation state, between worm and pupa.

"5. Place a bunch of weeds or soft hay in the crotch of the tree at the same time, and examine frequently. You have only to look at these dishes of beautiful fruit to see how the insect destroys the appearance and lessens the market value of the apple.

"Brother horticulturists, up and be doing; bear in mind that eternal vigilance is the price of handsome, perfect fruit!"

LEACHED ASHES AS A MANURE.—An agricultural journal of Germany calls renewed attention to the great value, as a manure, of soap-boilers' leached ashes, which, as it is well known, are prepared by mixing wood ashes with fresh burnt lime, and boiling or leaching the two together for the purpose of obtaining a caustic lye. Altogether the soluble salts are removed from these ashes, the insoluble parts remain, namely, the carbonates, sulphates, and phosphates, principally lime salts, accompanied, generally, by a little caustic lime. Experience has shown that there is no substance equal to leached ashes of this kind for manure, not excepting even the richest guano; the vegetation of the cereals becoming broader than common by its use, and the stalks more tubular, while the leaves grow of a dark bluish green. The value of this application is seen more particularly in meadows, where, curiously enough, nearly all of the ordinary grass disappears in consequence, and instead of it a thick vegetation of red clover is met with which will be renewed year by year for a long time without additional supply.

LEAD FOIL FOR BANDAGES.—Doctor Burggraef, of Geneva, recommends this lead foil bandage, in cases of wounds and broken limbs. The sheets of lead are kept in place by adhesive plaster, and are said to offer the following advantages: 1. The lead remains soft and cool in contact with the wounds. 2. It enables the physician to dispense with lint, which is the constant occasion of heat and infection. 3. The sulphur compounds which form prevent the decomposition of the parts and growth of organisms. 4. After the bandage is made, the wound can be washed and refreshed with cold water without removing it. It would be well to have a supply of this foil on hand in machine shops where large numbers of workmen are employed.

A GEORGIA FARM.—Colonel Lockett has, in southwestern Georgia, planted in cotton this year six thousand five hundred acres, and in corn and small grain three thousand five hundred acres, making in all ten thousand acres. It is estimated that his cotton crop will be worth \$180,000. This is probably the largest cotton crop made by any one person in the cotton region. He employs three hundred and sixty hands, all blacks.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for September is up to its usual standard of excellence. Both its illustrations and literary contents are highly commendable, and are sure to find favor with the ladies, especially, everywhere. \$2.00 a year. T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for September is a dainty little periodical, just the thing for the little one at home. It is only \$1.25 a year. T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

New York Markets.

WHEAT AND MEAL.—Western and State flour were dull and prices lower. Southern flour quiet. No. 1 flour and corn meal in good demand and firm. No. 2 flour and corn meal in good demand and firm. No. 3 flour and corn meal in good demand and firm.

CORNON.—Wheat was firmer and fairly active; sales at \$1.10 for prime No. 1 Chicago spring, and \$1.00 for prime red winter, \$1.10 for amber, and \$1.00 for No. 2. Corn quiet, with a few sales at 40c. Oats quiet, with a few sales at 25c. Rye quiet, with a few sales at 35c. City nominal at 9c. Dressed hogs dull at 12c. Bacon, 14c. Lard, 15c. Butter, 16c. Eggs, 17c. Sugar, 18c. Coffee, 19c. Tea, 20c. Spices, 21c. Beans, 22c. Peas, 23c. Lentils, 24c. Chickens, 25c. Turkeys, 26c. Geese, 27c. Ducks, 28c. Poultry, 29c. Fish, 30c. Live stock, 31c. Horses, 32c. Mules, 33c. Oxen, 34c. Sheep, 35c. Swine, 36c. Pigs, 37c. Calves, 38c. Steers, 39c. Cows, 40c. Bulls, 41c. Hogs, 42c. Pigs, 43c. Calves, 44c. Steers, 45c. Cows, 46c. Bulls, 47c. Hogs, 48c. Pigs, 49c. Calves, 50c. Steers, 51c. Cows, 52c. Bulls, 53c. Hogs, 54c. Pigs, 55c. Calves, 56c. Steers, 57c. Cows, 58c. Bulls, 59c. Hogs, 60c. Pigs, 61c. Calves, 62c. Steers, 63c. Cows, 64c. Bulls, 65c. Hogs, 66c. Pigs, 67c. Calves, 68c. Steers, 69c. Cows, 70c. Bulls, 71c. Hogs, 72c. Pigs, 73c. Calves, 74c. Steers, 75c. Cows, 76c. Bulls, 77c. Hogs, 78c. Pigs, 79c. Calves, 80c. Steers, 81c. Cows, 82c. Bulls, 83c. Hogs, 84c. Pigs, 85c. Calves, 86c. Steers, 87c. Cows, 88c. Bulls, 89c. Hogs, 90c. Pigs, 91c. Calves, 92c. Steers, 93c. Cows, 94c. Bulls, 95c. Hogs, 96c. Pigs, 97c. Calves, 98c. Steers, 99c. Cows, 100c. Bulls, 101c. Hogs, 102c. Pigs, 103c. Calves, 104c. Steers, 105c. Cows, 106c. Bulls, 107c. Hogs, 108c. Pigs, 109c. Calves, 110c. Steers, 111c. Cows, 112c. Bulls, 113c. Hogs, 114c. Pigs, 115c. Calves, 116c. Steers, 117c. Cows, 118c. Bulls, 119c. Hogs, 120c. Pigs, 121c. Calves, 122c. Steers, 123c. Cows, 124c. Bulls, 125c. Hogs, 126c. Pigs, 127c. Calves, 128c. Steers, 129c. Cows, 130c. Bulls, 131c. Hogs, 132c. Pigs, 133c. Calves, 134c. Steers, 135c. Cows, 136c. Bulls, 137c. Hogs, 138c. Pigs, 139c. Calves, 140c. Steers, 141c. Cows, 142c. Bulls, 143c. Hogs, 144c. Pigs, 145c. Calves, 146c. Steers, 147c. Cows, 148c. Bulls, 149c. Hogs, 150c. Pigs, 151c. Calves, 152c. Steers, 153c. Cows, 154c. Bulls, 155c. Hogs, 156c. Pigs, 157c. Calves, 158c. Steers, 159c. Cows, 160c. Bulls, 161c. Hogs, 162c. Pigs, 163c. Calves, 164c. Steers, 165c. Cows, 166c. Bulls, 167c. Hogs, 168c. Pigs, 169c. Calves, 170c. Steers, 171c. Cows, 172c. Bulls, 173c. Hogs, 174c. Pigs, 175c. Calves, 176c. Steers, 177c. Cows, 178c. Bulls, 179c. Hogs, 180c. Pigs, 181c. Calves, 182c. Steers, 183c. Cows, 184c. Bulls, 185c. Hogs, 186c. Pigs, 187c. Calves, 188c. Steers, 189c. Cows, 190c. Bulls, 191c. Hogs, 192c. Pigs, 193c. Calves, 194c. Steers, 195c. Cows, 196c. Bulls, 197c. Hogs, 198c. Pigs, 199c. Calves, 200c. Steers, 201c. Cows, 202c. Bulls, 203c. Hogs, 204c. Pigs, 205c. Calves, 206c. Steers, 207c. Cows, 208c. Bulls, 209c. Hogs, 210c. Pigs, 211c. Calves, 212c. Steers, 213c. Cows, 214c. Bulls, 215c. Hogs, 216c. Pigs, 217c. Calves, 218c. Steers, 219c. Cows, 220c. Bulls, 221c. Hogs, 222c. Pigs, 223c