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THE VALLEY RECORD

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VOLUME 1, NO. 163 | SAYRE, PA., THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1905 | PRICE ONE CENT

BRILLIANT SHOWING

OF

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats

With the advent of colder weather comes the usual rush for Winter Suits and Overcoats, and we are better prepared for it as we've never been before.

Our lines of Suits and Overcoats for men, boys and children is by long odds the largest and most select to be found anywhere in the valley.

There is scarcely a price at which you cannot find from six to twelve styles for selection. Each succeeding season finds us better able to meet the growing demand for these really superb garments. We invite everybody to come this week whether they wish to purchase or not.

If you are looking for a Suit or Overcoat for man, boy or child, you owe it to yourself to call at the "OUTLET," where you can save from 15% to 20% on every dollar's worth of clothing, as we manufacture and sell direct. SUPPOSE YOU COME TODAY?

SUITS MADE TO MEASURE A SPECIALTY

Look for the Large Blue Trunk.

G. S. McGLENN & CO.

307 Broad St. Waverly.

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SPECIALTIES:

Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and the Proper Fitting of Glasses. Hours—9-12; 1-5; 7-8; Sundays by appointment. Office, Wheelock Block.

LEHIGH VALLEY R. R.

(In effect June 18, 1905.)

Trains leave Sayre as follows:

EASTBOUND.

12:25 A. M. Daily for Towanda, Tunkhannock, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

3:35 A. M. Daily for Tunkhannock, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Glen Summit Springs, White Haven, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

7:00 A. M. (Waverly 6:45 A. M.) Week days only, for Athens, Ulster, Towanda, Monroeton, New Albany, Dushore, Satterlee, Hails, Williamsport, Wyalusing, Lacyville, Tunkhannock, Pittston and Wilkes-Barre.

8:50 A. M. (Waverly 8:35 A. M.) Daily for Towanda, Tunkhannock, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Glen Summit Springs, White Haven, Penn Haven Junction, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

10:00 A. M. Sunday only, for Athens, Milan, Ulster, Towanda, Wyalusing, Laceyville, Meshoppen and Tunkhannock.

12:50 P. M. (Waverly 12:35 P. M.) Daily for Towanda, Tunkhannock, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Glen Summit Springs, White Haven, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

3:15 P. M. Daily except Sunday, Black Diamond Express, for Towanda, Tunkhannock, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Glen Summit, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

4:55 P. M. (Waverly 4:45 P. M.) Week days only for Athens, Ulster, Towanda, Monroeton, New Albany, Dushore, Satterlee, Hails, Williamsport, Wyalusing, Laceyville, Tunkhannock, Pittston and Wilkes-Barre.

WESTBOUND.

2:00 A. M. Daily for Geneva, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and points west.

3:40 A. M. Daily for Geneva, Rochester, Caledonia, Batavia, Buffalo. Connects for Niagara Falls and Toronto.

6:10 A. M. Daily for Lockwood, Van Etten, Spencer, Ithaca, Trumansburg, Hayts Corners, Geneva, Rochester, Batavia, Buffalo. Connects for Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit and Chicago.

11:30 A. M. Week days only, for Lockwood, Van Etten, Spencer, Ithaca, Trumansburg, Hayts Corners, Geneva, Rochester, Batavia, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

3:40 P. M. Daily for Geneva, Rochester, Caledonia, Batavia, Buffalo.

3:42 P. M. Daily for Lockwood, Odessa, Burdett (Watkins) Valois, Lodi, Gilbert, Varick and Geneva.

4:50 Daily for Ithaca, Trumansburg, Interlakes, Hayts Corners, Geneva, Clifton Springs, Victor, Rochester, Caledonia, Batavia, Buffalo. Connects for Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and points west.

6:35 P. M. Daily except Sunday, Black Diamond Express, for Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and points west.

6:38 P. M. Daily for Lockwood, Van Etten, Spencer, Ithaca, Trumansburg, Hayts Corners, Geneva and Manchester.

AUBURN DIVISION.

7:35 A. M. Week days only, for Owego, Freeville, Cortland, Cazenovia, Groton, Marcellus, Auburn, Weedsport, North Syracuse, Syracuse, Utica and Albany.

3:50 P. M. Daily for Owego, Freeville, Groton, Dryden, Etna, Cortland, Marcellus, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica and Albany.

RUNS NINE MILES WITH WILDCAT CLAWING BREAST

Hunter Hugs Beast So Tight Its Attack Is Frustrated—Rescuers Shoot Animal.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Bareheaded, with hair disheveled, blood flowing from a wound in his face and a live wildcat held to his chest in close embrace, John Seigel, a ranchman, ran nine miles over a mountain trail before finding help.

Seigel was hunting grouse when his dog pointed game. Seigel advanced, expecting birds to flush, when a huge wildcat sprang at his throat. As the forepaws of the animal struck his chest, Seigel dropped his gun and hugged the beast with all his strength

HE HELD THE WILDCAT TO HIS CHEST IN CLOSE EMBRACE.

close to his chest. Seigel's stout hunting jacket and the tightness of his grip prevented the beast from biting or scratching him. After running and walking down the trail for nine miles in this predicament, he met two men, one of whom drew a revolver and shot the cat through the head, killing it instantly.

"I didn't dare to let go," Seigel said, "and I was afraid the wildcat wouldn't, so we held fast. The cat glared up fiercely at me with its yellow eyes, while its hot breath came into my face at every leap. Whenever the vicious beast made the slightest struggle, I hugged the tighter, fearing I might stumble and its deadly teeth be fixed in my throat."

Businesslike.

Caller—I'll give you twopence if you tell your sister I'm here.

Young Brother—All right; and for sixpence extra I'll promise not to tell father.—Cassell's.

WOMAN IN MALE GARB.

Dons Trousers and Coat to Look for Work in Chicago, But Speeding Auto Betrays Her.

Chicago.—Attired in masculine garb, Augusta Helvey, a young married woman, sought work for four days in the downtown district, mingling with scores of rival male applicants and passing unobserved in the throngs on the main streets. She would have begun work as a male waiter in a downtown restaurant had not an observant policeman noted a characteristically feminine move and manner in the natty youth. The policeman took the "suspect" to the police station.

In the station the young woman at once admitted her disguise and declared she had assumed the garb solely in order to secure employment in which living wages could be obtained. In St. Louis, from which town she came, she said she had worked as a waitress and had been able to earn barely a scant living, while her clothing had been worn to shreds. Unable to replenish it, she had taken from a trunk a suit of clothing once worn by her husband and had determined that henceforth she would pass as a man and endeavor to earn the wages given the male worker.

A speeding automobile was the cause of the failure of Miss Helvey's plans. As it flashed by the corner of Clark and Van Buren streets Policeman Murphy leaned forward to catch the number. The woman, in coat and trousers, was in its path. She shrieked as she leaped aside into a mud puddle and made a motion as if to gather up her flowing skirts. Then this youth moved a hand to his hat as if to adjust it.

The patrolman waited no longer. He had missed the number of the auto, but he took the "boy" to the station. Later she was released on the promise to don skirts.

Snails and Bumblebees.

Upon the southern slope of a ridge of hills not far from London an old man makes a slender living catching and feeding snails, which he sends to continental markets. He has besides a standing order for all the bumble bees he can collect in autumn for exportation to New Zealand. They fertilize the clover blossoms in that South sea island.

Mackerel Migrate.

The mackerel fishery has been practically extinct in Newfoundland waters for the last quarter century, owing to the migration of these fish to the American seaboard. So enormous was the extent of the fishery in former times that over 1,000 vessels of different nationalities carried on the pursuit there.

Convincing Proof.

Stranger—Is this a healthy neighborhood?

House Agent—Healthy? See that man over there?

"Yes."

"Well, he's got rich in two years."

"Who is he?"

"He sells boys' clothes."—N. Y. Weekly.

No Shoes.

"Some claim that Adam had more advantages than the modern man," said the back platform thinker.

"Don't doubt," replied the man with the genuine Connecticut cigar. "For instance, he could go out on Sundays without the trouble of having his shoes blacked."—Chicago Daily News.

The Divinest Harmony of All.

That music surely intoxicates
Is one of earth's patent facts;
And the music that does this most fatal work
Is the music between the acts.
—Town Topics.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Counsel (during a salvage case)—And how do you account for remembering that incident of three months ago so perfectly?

Bo'sun—Brains, sir—just brains!

Handicapped.

Tess—Yes, indeed, he deliberately kissed me and wouldn't stop—

Jess—Why didn't you run away from him?

Tess—Well, you see, the sofa we were sitting on was awfully small and we were wedged in so tight I couldn't move.—Philadelphia Press.

The Usual Way.

"I hear that Bingleson has reformed."

"Yes."

"What was the cause?"

"He lost the easy job he had and is compelled to earn the small wages he's now drawing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

LOOK PLEASANT.

Brother, why grumble? There's naught in a grouch—
Just throw back your shoulders and smile;
You amble along with a half-hearted slouch—
Just throw back your shoulders and smile.
No wonder Old Sol can't reflect on your face—
You're a-hangin' your head like a man in disgrace;
Get into the traces—you're still in the race!
Just throw back your shoulders and smile.

Brother, why grunt? Such expressions don't count—
Just throw back your shoulders and smile;
The world long ago had of grunts her amount—
Just throw back your shoulders and smile.
You are only a mite in this wonderful plan,
And the plan's good or bad—it depends on the man;
So throw off your load—there are beauties to scan—
And throw back your shoulders and smile!

—W. F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Message Through the Air

By E. T. TAGGARD

IT WAS a lovely night in the month of August that I sat on the porch of old Uncle Toby's house, not yet entirely recovered from the impressions made by a glorious sunset which even then left its footprints upon the clouds that hovered in the western sky.

My horse stood at the gate already saddled, awaiting me, but I was determined not to leave Uncle Toby's house until I had carried my point, and, being his nephew, I had enough of the same old blood in my veins to make me as persevering as he was obstinate.

"Uncle Toby, I must have that bird."

"Waal, neffy, ask me for anything else in the house except that, and it is yours."

"I don't want anything else, Uncle Toby, but that you must give me."

"Waal, now, neffy, you know that ere carrier pigeon, took the first prize at the county fair."

"Which fact will only make me prize it dearer. Come, now, Uncle Toby, be generous."

"Waal, boy, the bird is yourn. You always had your own way with Uncle Toby."

To say that I was delighted would but faintly express my feelings. The bird was a beauty, as may easily be imagined, and as I bid old Uncle Toby goodnight and mounted my pony, with the cage in my hand containing the prize I so dearly coveted, I drove home with a light heart and a brain filled to overflowing with plans in which the bird's speed would be tested. Numerous valuable prizes seemed already to be within my grasp as I reached home, and, having stabled my horse, ascended to my dark and lonely room.

I was but 16 years of age at the time, and on the night in question I was the only occupant of my father's mansion, the other members of the family having gone on a summer trip to the mountains, leaving me in charge. My room was on the second floor, overlooking the road and thither I had taken my bird, where in my solitude I could quietly admire its beautiful proportions.

Extinguishing my lamp, I sat by the open window, contentedly smoking my pipe and enjoying the cool breezes that swept across the lawn laden with the rich odors of the flowers, when my attention was attracted to some dark objects that appeared to be approaching by the road that led past our house.

I listened intently, and above the whispers of the summer breeze I thought I could detect the hum of whispered conversation.

It was no unusual occurrence for tramps to pass our place at that hour, and the circumstance caused only a ripple of curiosity to arise in my bosom, until I heard a latch of our gate lifted, and distinctly the tread of many feet fell upon my ear.

I was so surprised and startled at this unexpected intrusion that I was momentarily dazed, and before I could decide on a plan of action, they had ascended the door steps, and I knew from the splintering of wood that they had already commenced operations to force an entrance into the hourse.

By the light of a dark lantern, which they carried, I discovered that they were six in number, and all wore heavy black masks, the more effectually to prevent recognition in case of discovery. Then my voice came back to me, and, thinking to make up for my youthful years in the volume of my voice, I yelled out, in thundering tones:

"Hello! What are you doing there?"

The dark lantern was closed like a flash, but yet I could distinctly define the dim outline of the robbers as they stood like dark shadows in contrast with the white balcony beyond. For a moment the stillness of death ensued, when I received a reply, uttered in tones I shall never forget, and with an emphasis that clearly indicated a purpose to carry out what was threatened:

"I say, youngster, just you take in that head of yourn and keep that baby mouth closed or I'll blow the top of your head off!"

The sharp click of a pistol followed, and you can rest assured that I needed no second warning. What should I do? I was at least half a mile from the nearest neighbor, but the house was surrounded and escape was impossible. There was certain death in the very attempt itself.

The shotgun. Ah! that was a good idea. I would get the gun and defend the mansion to the bitter end. The shotgun I had left in the parlor so as to have it within reach during the long hours of the day when tramps were as thick as huckleberries, and I had forgotten to bring it upstairs that night. My mind had been so much absorbed by my carrier pigeon that I had incautiously overlooked the making of my usual preparations for self-defense.

I thought I would go down and get it, and actually opened my bedroom door for that purpose, when I heard a loud crash below which told me as plain as words could utter it that the hall door had been successfully forced, and that the robbers were then actually in the house.

I retreated to the shelter of my little room, locked and bolted the door, a prey to the worst apprehensions. I remembered the cruelty of these masked men, and I knew that, if they did not murder me outright, they would, by binding and gagging, so torture me as to make even death itself desirable.

Of one thing I was satisfied, that the safety of the robbers depended upon my being secured, and to achieve that result would be their first object. If I had a weapon so that I could have made an effort to preserve my life, I would then have been contented, but the idea of an unarmed boy being thus left to the mercy of these unfeeling ruffians almost drove me to distraction.

I heard their footsteps ascending the stairs, and I proceeded to barricade the door, when a thought flashed across my brain. How was it that it escaped me so long? The carrier pigeon that I had just received from Uncle Toby!—I would release, with a message; it would return to Uncle Toby, and I would be saved and the robbers foiled in their search for plunder.

I wrote a message hurriedly, secured it to the bird, which I placed upon the window sill, when, after a moment's hesitation, it ascended skyward, and, when it passed from my sight, was flying like the wind in the direction of Uncle Toby's. The message read as follows:

"Uncle Toby: The house has been entered by six masked burglars. Come immediately.—Bob."

Scarcely had the bird started on its homeward flight when the robbers reached my door and tried to force it; but I had pushed my bedstead against the door, and, with my personal efforts to prevent them from entering, I had improvised a barricade that promised to resist all attacks made against it.

The prolonged defense I was making incensed and exasperated the fellows to such a degree that they poured forth threats of vengeance upon me. Their patience became exhausted at last, and a pistol shot which grazed my cheek warned me of the danger of my longer remaining in that position. It had been fired through the panel of the door.

I rushed to the window and gazed out upon the lawn below. The distance was great, and it seemd to me that, while torture awaited me if captured by the robbers, there was certain death in a leap from the window.

What should I do? The distance to Uncle Toby's house was but five miles, which the pigeon must have covered by this time. But, suppose the bird should not be discovered? Suppose Uncle Toby had gone to his room for the night, and my message would not be seen and read before morning? The thought was so agonizing that I refused to entertain it.

All this time the fellows were working at the door. The bolt was forced, and slowly, but surely, the barricade was yielding to the power outside. I saw a masked face peer through the opening thus made, and the glimmer of the dark lantern from outside. I could remain no longer. Death itself seemed preferable to the uncertainty of my fate at the hands of these desperate fellows.

I rushed to the window, and, without hesitation, I jumped. It seemed to me to be a lifetime before I struck the ground, and when I did I rolled over upon the grass, temporarily stunned from the shock I had received. When I attempted to rise, the grip of an iron hand pressed my throat, and I felt the cold steel of a pistol as it was pressed against my temple.

To resist meant death. The house was surrounded. I held my peace while the robber proceeded to bind me; for whenever I displayed any restlessness that cold steel was pressed against my head. The only struggle I made was when he attempted to insert a gag in my mouth; but I had to submit, for I received a blow from the butt of the fellow's pistol that multiplied the stars that I saw in the heavens a hundredfold.

Completely discouraged, I gave myself up in despair. I resisted no longer, closing my eyes to shut out as it were, the gloomy prospect before me. Somewhat surprised at the prolonged delay of the robber in perfecting my pinioning, I opened my eyes.

Uncle Toby stood over me. Stretched upon the grass by my side was the fellow who had secured me, a gaping wound in his head affording an explanation of the sudden ending of his attempt upon my liberty.

A dozen determined and well-armed men were with him. The masked robbers at first showed a disposition to resist, but on reflection seeing the hopelessness of any such attempt, they surrendered unconditionally. At the next term of the court they were each sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment.

Uncle Toby was making his final round of his grounds on the night in question, when the rustling of a bird's wings attracted his attention. It entered the pigeon cote. Unable to control his curiosity, and anxious to ascertain the cause of such a peculiar proceeding, he procured a ladder, ascended to the cote, and there, to his surprise, he found that the carrier pigeon had already returned, and with a message. He read it, summoned his neighbors, and arrived just in time to bag the fellows.

The old bird is dead now, but, while it lived, there was not money enough in our town to buy it from me.—N. Y. Weekly.

KING CHARLES OF NORWAY.

Plebiscite Shows Wish of Nation For a Monarchy.

CHRISTIANIA, Nov. 15.—Results in the plebiscite show that Prince Charles of Denmark is the choice of Norway as king. The vote was 246,481 to 64,445 in favor of a monarchy.

A peculiar part of the plebiscite is the strong monarchial majorities obtained in the strongholds of the republican leaders. The republican votes came from the interior and the upper districts, while the monarchial sentiment was strong in the vicinity of Christiania and along the coast. The republicans counted on polling 33 per cent of the votes, but got only 21.

Prince Charles is the second son of the Crown Prince Christian Frederic of Denmark and grandson of Christian IX., who is called the father of European royalty. The second son of King Christian is George I., king of Greece. His oldest daughter is Queen Alexandra of England, and his second daughter, Dagmar, is the dowager empress of Russia, widow of Alexander III. His third daughter, Thyra, is the wife of the Duke of Cumberland. Prince Waldemar, the youngest of Christian's children, married the Princess Marie of Orleans, whose husband is the legitimist heir to the throne of France.

Prince Charles, who has announced that he will ascend the throne of Norway under the title of Haakon VII., the last king of the separate monarchy of Norway having been Haakon VI., married in 1896 Maud, princess royal of Great Britain and Ireland. He has one son, Prince Alexander, born at Sandringham, England, in 1903. Prince Charles is thirty-three years old.

LITTLE TOTS KILLED.

Long Island Train Mangled Schoolboys at Jamaica.

JAMAICA, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Hand in hand, hurrying home from school, Abraham Diamond and Kingston Blauvelt, each six years old, were run down and killed by a train at the Brenton avenue crossing of the Long Island railroad. An elder brother of each of the boys had a narrow escape from death.

The Diamond family lives in George street, a short distance from the scene of the tragedy. Mrs. Diamond was at the gate waiting for her boys. She saw a crowd gathering at the railroad crossing and with fear in her heart hurried to join it, arriving in time to see the mangled body of little Abraham being tenderly carried from the rails. The sight rendered her temporarily insane.

The crossing is protected by gates manipulated from a distant point and has no flagman.

As the four boys approached the gates were down. The elder boys dodged under and raced across the tracks. The little fellows behind essayed to follow, but were struck by engine No. 301, westbound, drawing two flat cars.

Both of the legs and one hand of little Diamond were cut off by the wheels. He was instantly killed. The Blauvelt boy was not so badly mangled, and he survived until an ambulance arrived, but died before the surgeon could make a move to save his life.

The engineer was heartbroken over the accident.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Stock Quotations.

Money on call strong at 18 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 6 per cent; exchanges, $432,350,467; balances, $15,307,545; exports of general merchandise from the port of New York for the week ending yesterday were valued at $10,888,837.

Closing prices:

Amal. Copper	80¾	N. Y. Central	1[illegible]
Atchison	84¼	Norf. & West	[illegible]
B. & O.	110¼	Penn. R. R.	1[illegible]
Brooklyn R. T.	76¾	Reading	1[illegible]
C., C., C & St. L.	97	Rock Island	[illegible]
Ches. & Ohio	51¼	St. Paul	1[illegible]
Chi. & Northw.	215	Southern Pac.	[illegible]
D. & H.	225	Southern Ry.	[illegible]
Erie	48¼	South. Ry. pf.	[illegible]
Gen. Electric	183	Sugar	1[illegible]
Ill. Central	175¼	Texas Pacific	[illegible]
Lackawanna	[illegible]	Union Pac.	1[illegible]
Louis. & Nash.	1[illegible]		
Manhattan	164		
Metropolitan	117¼	We[illegible]	
Missouri Pac.	98¼		

New York Markets.

FLOUR—Dull and unchanged; Minnesota patents, $4.65@5.10; winter straights, $4@4.15; winter extras, $3.85@3.25; winter patents, $4.25@4.65.

WHEAT—More active and stronger on higher cables, light offerings and moderate bull support; December, 82½@82¾c.; May, 85¾@86 5-16c.

BUTTER—Creamery, extras, per pound, 26c. (Mercantile Exchange official quotation, extras, 26c.); firsts, 24@25c., seconds, 18@20c.; thirds, 16@17c.; held, extras, 22½c.; state dairy, tubs, extras, 22½@23c.; firsts, 21@22c.; seconds, 19@20c.; thirds, 17@18c.

CHEESE—State, full cream, small and large, colored and white, September, fancy, 13½c.; late made, choice, 13c.; fair to good, 12½@12¾c.; light skims, 10¾@11½; part skims, prime, 9¾@10c.; good, 9@9¼c.; common to fair, 10¾@[illegible]c.; full skims, 3½@4½c.

EGGS—State, Pennsylvania and nearby, selected, white, fancy, 30@32c.; choice, 29@30c.; mixed, fancy, 30c.; firsts to extra firsts, 27@28c.; under grades, 20@25c.; dirties, 16@18c.; checks, 15@16c.; refrigerator, selections, fancy, 22½@23c.; average prime Aprils, 22c.; May, 20@21½c.; summer, 19@20c.

DRESSED POULTRY—Turkeys, spring, dry picked, per pound, 16@17c.; scalded, 16@17c.; old, 14@17c.; broilers, 4 pounds per pair and under, Philadelphia, dry picked, 20@24c.; New York and Pennsylvania, 18@20c.; chickens, roasting, 4 pounds per pair and over, Philadelphia, dry picked, 19@20c.; New York and Pennsylvania, 16@18c.; chickens, medium weight, Philadelphia, dry picked, 14@15c.; New York and Pennsylvania, 15c.; fowls, Philadelphia, dry picked, 13@14c.; cocks, dry picked, 8c.; scalded, 8½c.; squabs, prime, large, white, per dozen, $2.50@4; mixed, $2@2.25; dark, $1.75; culls, 50@75c.

DRESSED MEATS—Beef in moderate demand at 10@10½c.; calves steady at 9@12½c. for city dressed veals and 7@10½c. for country dressed; mutton steady at 10@10c. per pound; lambs firm at 9@11½c.; country dressed hogs steady at 7½@8½c. for light, 7½@7¾c. for medium and 6@7c. for heavy.

Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE—Supply light; market slow; choice, $5.25@5.50; prime, $4.90@5.10; veal calves, $7.50@8.

HOGS—Receipts light; market active; prime heavy, medium and heavy Yorkers, $5.15@5.20; light Yorkers and pigs, $5.10@5.15; roughs, $4@4.60.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Supply fair; market steady; prime wethers, $3@3.25; common, $2@2.50; lambs, $4.50@6.25.