

New Orleans Was Saved

Episode of General Jackson's Famous Victory.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

THE proper statement to begin my tale is that I, John Fairbank, was an artillery captain under General Jackson in December, 1814. That was the time when General Jackson came to New Orleans which was scarcely then Washington had British burned it; for at ships of war of his navy were standing to. They were bringing us, who were mostly men who had been in the army and experienced. I had seen us run at and had burned the gion, as you know, and General Jackson will save moielle, who was the captain of the Marie de France, a titled emigre, but but a slighting of a simple New England captain of the poor light now, Captain you care?" said I, no her too much of my because you are a use a little girl down she. She spoke very you know. And she foot, and her eyes was jealous of a Louisiana.

Shortly after this I was visiting my friend, at his plantation; and for no other reason in that the Comte de ion was near by. I sang enough by the were talking, after two Valleres and I, of how weak our de- with nothing at the the poor little fort Miller.

Her gloomy, I can as- the little, thin mulatto trembling like an English!" he said, "I lay there half-drowned till I could stand it no longer, and then I stretched my head up, and the first sight I saw was the little made moielle. I wasn't a prepossessing sight. Imagine the situation yourself."

"Monsieur the captain," said she, with sparkling eyes.

"Begging your pardon," said I, as I best could.

"I had no notion you were the man Celeste hid," she said, with laughter.

"Or else you would have given me up?" said I, much piqued. "Where are they?"

"They have gone, taking all the men and my father. I didn't have to use my dagger. They were very courteous."

The dagger was a little trinket at her belt. Every lady of the city and the countryside wore one that week. I dare say thinking that their pretty selves might have to fight the English. For gossip had it there had been a toast on Admiral Cochrane's ship, "Beauty and Booty."

"I will sing 'Yankee Doodle' or the 'Marseillaise,' if I can get away—to New Orleans," said I, impatiently.

"You must get there," said she, sobbing. "You must let them know. They've taken all our men with them." For a moment she stood there reflecting, and then taking a step nearer, she said, "You shall go back into the basket."

"Well?" said I.

"And Celeste and another woman shall carry you—as if you were—"

"Old clothes," said I.

"No, a charming, brave gentleman," said made moielle, clapping her hands; and really it was the vainest moment of my life.

"That's good of you," said I. "But what follows?"

"They will take you to a place in the bayou where there's a skiff. Keep through the passage to the right, and you will reach the river near the city."

"I will try it," said I, getting back into the basket, where I stood for a moment looking at her. "You are a brave lady, made moielle. I know there was more in my eyes than just those words conveyed."

"And you, I have said, a brave gentleman."

"No more?" said I. "No more than that to you?"

"Yes," said she, and her eyes were downcast and her face crimson. "If you reach General Jackson, I'll marry you—if you want to ask me again."

I sprang out of my basket toward her, but she pushed me back. "Our love-making is not so important."

"As New Orleans?" said I. "Now I don't know about that."

"Besides, it is only on the condition that you get there," said she.

Back and down into the basket I went, without so much as another word. She threw the sheet and the linen over me, as if she were dead.

"God help you, dear," she said, and her tone made my predicament even worse white.

"Celeste!" she called.

Presently there was a heavy tread and an explanation in Creole French. I wondered if they would be able to carry such a burden as I. But fortunately I was slight than, and Celeste had a heavenly build, like her name. For the two negro women, big and heavy, carried me easily. Once a sentinel challenged; my heart went into my mouth. But the fellow became satisfied with the women's answers. Then after some jolts, we stopped.

The linen was pulled away, for which I was glad enough, you may believe. My eyes were open on a sunny place on the fat, complacent negress and her heavy-featured companion. The shrubs were thick where we stood; and in the shadow of the bank was a skiff, the oars across the seat.

My two carriers went down to the water's edge, almost nouchantly, as if I didn't exist; and then they began to shout a high, dolorous melody, with the intention of drowning the splashing sound from the oars of the skiff. As I took my place I saw the smallness of the chance. But again Vallere's quick action fired my spirit, as it had in the leap from the window. Yes, I was in the skiff. I was paddling very carefully under the bank. The water in the bayons was high then; there were little nussed channels I could take, and as it chanced I knew those waters from my visits to the De Mauris. I had rowed there with made moielle many a time, and her talk now rang in my ears—her promise. And then I thought of the good Vallere. Had he been shot or taken?

But I must not tell you of all I thought and fancied; of how I saw some redcoats and avoided them. I would make a story altogether too long. You know that I reached the city, and the cathedral bell was tolling, and the air was filled with shouts and songs. You could hear "Yankee Doodle," "La Marseillaise," "La Chant du Depart," altogether, a melody of airs, of tongues. And then I knew my friend, Major Vallere, was safe.

Into the streets, out of all sorts of lodgings, were running that motley army, some in dandified clothes, some in buckskins, some our regulars, some Lafayette's swaggering pirate gentry. Ah, there never was such a scene—save that when the city went mad after the battle! And bright eyes watched and tender voices cheered, which made me think of made moielle.

Presently I found Vallere. Tears were in the brave gentleman's eyes as he told me how he had hid in a cypress, covered by the moss, and how his dog had followed him, and had whined there at the foot of the tree.

He hated to do it, but New Orleans must be saved. He descended from his perch, and killed the dog—not the least sacrifice made for the country in those days. Then, reascending his cypress, he stayed hidden there until it was safe to take his way, and he had succeeded in reaching the city sooner than I.

And what followed? Ah, my friends, the great battle, when those splendid Englishmen—as brave men as ever lived—were mowed down like a scarlet-topped meadow by the scythe!

And the pity and the uselessness of it, when, if we had known, the treaty had been signed, peace already had been made!

Did made moielle keep her promise? Well, you may believe I made her keep it. Of the events following my strange adventure, the chiefest for me indeed was not the battle, but just my meeting with made moielle.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

LAASSING OF A GRIZZLY.

HOW THE VAQUEROS DO IT IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The Heroic Sport Indulged In by Geronimo, a Big, Good-Natured Apache, and His Fellow Rancheros—Father Rough on the Bear—A Dramatic Windup.

ONLY one of us knew when Geronimo attached himself to the ranch, and that one was himself; neither could we understand why a big, good-natured Indian, with a face about as savage as that of the man in the moon, should attach the suggestive name of Geronimo, but we did know that he was the best rider, the best hand with a rope, the best trailer, in fact, the best all-around vaquero on the range. He was the oldest man, in point of service, on the ranch; had been there before the new owner purchased it, and employed an entirely new outfit. No one questioned Geronimo; even the new boss, who was not a tenderfoot, accepted him along with the other fixtures, and the Indian came and went as he pleased. Always on hand at the spring and fall rodeos, or round-up, where the rash, excitement and danger were as exhilarating to him as mescal, and where he was invaluable for his knowledge of every brand in the Southwest, when it came to the monotonous riding herd he would disappear, eventually returning after several months' absence, ragged, barefoot and hungry.

We did not question him; we knew where he had been without that—he had been in the mountains or desert, throwing off the surfeit of civilization he had accumulated after a stay of one or two months on a cattle range. So, when he rode up to the outfit on his pinto pony and, with a broad grin on his face, mumbled his "Buenos dias, senors," before renewing his acquaintance with the cook, we took no more notice of him than if he had but returned from a brief errand to the ranch-house. There was one thing at which his pride balked, and that was the contraction of his name to "Rony" by the American vaqueros, but constant repetition finally accustomed him to it.

It was a day or two after his return from one of his semi-annual vacations that he took his ride and followed the trail of a mule deer into a broad canon filled with live-oaks. He had not been gone over a half hour when he came bounding back light and swift as a shadow, as though his namesake was after him. "A bear, a bear," he said in his guttural Spanish, as he ran up, "un grande oso," and began coiling in his hand the hair rope with which his cow pony was picketed. Three of the Mexican vaqueros leaped to their feet, and, running to their horses, also took up their lariats and mounted. I knew what was coming; they were going to lasso brain; they had often told me how it was done, and now I should have an opportunity of witnessing the sport. "But would the senor, if he please, not assist, only sit in his saddle and watch?" I agreed, and we galloped into the canon.

It was not over a mile to where the bear, a big cinnamon, weighing at least 1200 pounds, was quietly rooting around under the trees and munching acorns. The soft, dry sand in the bed of the canon had given no warning of our approach, and we were within 100 yards of him before he threw up his big, shaggy head. Then he lumbered up the canon and had reached an open spot among the trees when, yelling at the tops of our voices, we spurred our horses in a wide circle around him; he stopped, and, rearing on his haunches, waited on the defensive. The vaqueros faced him and rovelled their trembling ponies within forty feet of the big, ugly-looking brute.

Once, twice, three times Rony's rope circled around his head, and then he launched it whistling through the air, and the loop, settling over one big, hairy forepaw, was drawn taut. The bear dropped on all fours and made a leap in the direction of Rony, whose pony wheeled as if on a pivot and bounded away, taking up the slack. One of the Mexicans threw his rope and caught the bear by one of his hind feet, checking him, and the other foot and lunged at the horse and rider nearest him; then the fun began in earnest, and certainly was exciting. Growling, snapping, snarling, lunging, and rolling over and over, the bear worked himself into a perfect frenzy of impotent rage. Sitting upright on his haunches, he would tug desperately at a lariat, and then followed a veritable tug-of-war between the bear and the pony, the other vaqueros slacking their ropes. The pony, badly frightened, would strain fearfully, but as he saw and felt himself dragged nearer and nearer his more powerful opponent the physical and possibly mental strain became too much for him, for with a fearful, half-human neigh of terror, he would relax his efforts, and just as the danger point was drawing nervously near, the others would tug the bear over in the direction he was already braced.

During one of these tugs a rope broke and over and over went horse and rider under the sudden snapping of the tension. With a snarl of vengeance the bear made a lunge at his prostrate foe, but was checked by the others within a length of his revenge. To those not familiar with the use of a lariat it may be well to state that as the rope is fastened to the saddle-horn the horse "backs" and pulls, facing the weight, except in the case of a dead pull, when the rider throws his leg over the rope and permits the horse to pull naturally; this of course could not be done in the present instance, as it would have interfered, not only with the rope, but the rider.

The fourth vaquero then threw his rope about the forepaw, from which already dangled a broken lariat, and another tug began. The bear again settled back on his haunches, the pony facing him pulled in the opposite direction for his very life, and they tugged like Trojans, when "snap" went the cinch, skinning saddle and rider over the head of the pony, while that animal turned an al-

most complete back somersault. Forward lunged the bear, and then came the narrowest squeak of all, for the vicious blow of his powerful forepaw broke the tree of the saddle as the rider, scrambling to his feet, leaped to one side, and continued leaping until he reached a place of safety, which took him some little time, for that infernal Apache and the greaser allowed the bear rope enough to make him a close second in the race, which ended with the winner up a live-oak tree. There were but two ropes on the bear now, and with the ponies weakening under the strain and fright it was thought best to end the contest, which was gradually getting too unequal, so the vaquero who was stripped off his pony went to the broken saddle and, securing his ride from its leather sheath, ended the fun with a forty-four.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GREATEST AND LEAST RAIN.

One Region Where It Rains Cats and Dogs and Another Where Almost None Fall.

An English professor named Fairchild has recently been visiting a place on the coast of Peru about three hundred and fifty miles south of the equator, known as Payta. He says this is supposed to be the driest spot on the face of the earth. Another peculiarity of this coast is that it has risen about forty feet within historic times.

The average interval between showers at Payta is seven years. When Professor Fairchild visited the place in February there had been, some time before, a drizzle lasting from 10 o'clock one evening till noon the next day. This was the first rain that had fallen in eight years. He found nine species of plants growing in the reinvigorated soil of which seven were annuals whose seeds must have remained dormant in the ground for eight years. There is one plant, however, that manages to live for seven or eight years in the dried-up river bed and yields a living to the few natives of the region.

This is the colored cotton of Peru whose long roots, apparently, enable it to suck up a little moisture from the sub-soil and keep the plant in bearing during the long drought. Some of this cotton is imported here, and mixed with woolen fibre and is also used in other manufactures.

The opposite side of the world furnishes the counterpart to this almost rainless region. It is among the hills of Assam, where the elevations condense the moisture brought by the south monsoon and pour a deluge upon the Cheraoponji station of the Indian Government. The annual mean rainfall there is about 620 inches and in the exceptional year of 1861 it amounted to 790 inches. Nowhere else does the tropical downpour equal that which descends upon this district among the Khasia Hills. The rains begin in March and continue almost steadily till the middle of November. That part of the plains adjoining the rivers is under water for eight months every year. During this period there is no communication, even between neighboring villages, and to this enforced isolation is attributed the fact that there are considerable differences of language among the people of neighboring hamlets who undoubtedly, at one time, spoke the same language. Their swamps and quagmires keep them apart.—New York Sun.

How Soldiers Fare in the Philippines.

"One is reluctant to destroy an impression, even a false one, when that impression brings to us a lot of sympathy," writes an officer of the army in the Philippines. "It is very nice to get letters from home saying: 'You poor soldiers! We often think of you sleeping in houses infested by all kinds of poisonous reptiles and having nothing to eat, nothing to drink and nothing but hard work in a country infested by a dangerous foe, where earthquakes are of hourly occurrence and where typhoons blow down all the houses which the earthquakes leave standing!' We gain a morbid pleasure, perhaps, in hearing you talk that way, and perhaps we also dream of the reception we will get when we return home after so much suffering and hardship."

"You don't know! We live well. The climate is not bad, and even at the front it is not half as black as it is painted. We have very few earthquakes (only one since I came here), and they are slight. As for pests, I have never seen a country so free from them. Mosquitoes alone are troublesome."

"If you hunt for centipedes in a banana grove, you may find one or two, and if you hunt in the mountains you may find a snake, but all this sort of finding snakes in bed and centipedes in your shoes in Manila is the fabrication of a disordered imagination."—Baltimore Sun.

A Hint For Next Time.

A few evenings since a certain young man called on his best girl to spend the evening. When about to return home the conversation chanced to turn to art, and the young lady said to him that he reminded her of the Venus de Milo, whereupon the young man was delighted, thinking surely it was symmetrical form she alluded to. When he got home he consulted an encyclopedia, and to his deep chagrin and mortification found that the Venus de Milo had no arms. He went down in the cellar and tried to butt out his brains on a soft cabbage.—Berlin (Ohio) Bee.

Nightcaps For British Soldiers.

When the Canadian contingent sailed for South Africa each soldier got a "housewife"—just as our boys got them when they went to war in Cuba. Lady White is appealing to the country to send out Tam O' Shanter caps and socks to the men, while an old campaigner on the veldt strongly urges that silk nightcaps be sent to the officers. He says that in sleeping on the veldt some head covering is absolutely necessary, and that the difference between a woolen and a silk nightcap is marvelous.

A Curious Australian Industry.

Tarantulas are being raised in Australia for the sake of their webs, the filaments of which are made into thread for balloons. They are lighter than silk and, when woven, lighter than canvas. Each tarantula yields from twenty to forty yards of filament, of which eight twisted together forms a single thread.

NEVADA'S "DEATH SPRING."

Men and Animals Fall Victims to the Poisoned Waters.

The death of Robert Watson, a cattle man, after drinking of the waters of "Death Spring," in the Rabbit Hole mountains, again brings into prominence this terror of Nevada stockmen. The spring is situated in Humboldt county, Nevada. Its waters are so impregnated with arsenic that death results to most creatures that drink from it. Running from the spring is a tiny stream, clear as crystal, which sinks into the ground about a hundred yards from the spring. Along the banks of this stream are to be found the bones of hundreds of small animals, and even of deer, sheep and cattle that have drunk of the water and died.

Stockmen have built a high fence about the spring and, so far as possible, have enclosed the stream. It seems impossible, however, to keep stock from drinking the water. Situated many miles from any other water supply, cattle will get to it, no matter what precautions are taken to prevent them. Hundreds of head of stock are lost each year on account of it.

Watson had lived in the vicinity for a quarter of a century and was well aware of the fatal properties of the spring. He was out hunting stock when he became separated from his companions. He lost his horse and was obliged to follow them on foot.

The second day after his mishap, after being nearly thirty hours without water, he reached the spring. His thirst was overpowering and, in his partial delirium, he drank of the poisonous water, much the same as shipwrecked sailors drink from the ocean when their thirst becomes unbearable. His friends, who had expected him to overtake them every hour, had, in the meantime, concluded that some mishap had occurred, and turned back to look for him. They found him shortly after he had drunk of the deadly waters. He was still alive, but suffering the greatest agony. All that could be done in the desert to relieve him was done, but without avail. He died within an hour after his companions found him.

A similar spring is to be found between Mountain Meadow and Susanville, Lassen county, California. The waters of this spring and the stream that runs from it are green and uninviting, unlike those of the Nevada spring in this respect. The bones of many deer, cattle, sheep and wild animals that have tasted of the water of spring or stream are to be found in the vicinity. Stockmen have built a seven-foot board fence around the spring, and on top of the fence have put several lines of barbed wire, that stock may be kept from it.

Wagner's Idea of America.

Although Wagner never was in this country, the possibility of his coming over here is referred to often in his published correspondence. In fact, he made America a stand-and-deliver argument with his friends, several times threatening to forever put aside his "Ring of the Nibelung," and to cross the ocean to earn a competency unless they contributed to his support.

That Wagner regarded America as a gold mine well worth exploitation by foreign artists appears from a letter which in 1848 he wrote to Franz Loebmann, music director at Riga, whose brother wanted financial assistance to go to America with an orchestra. Wagner advised Loebmann to assist his brother. He instances the case of a German musician who went to America as a poor man and in a very short time was in receipt of an excellent income; adding that a whole orchestra would certainly be still more lucky, for "in a country where villages are constantly growing into cities in five years there can be no lack of opportunities for the settlement of whole bands of musicians." Could anything be more deliciously naive than this last quotation?—American Monthly Review of Reviews.

She Saved King From Kidnappers.

An interesting incident happened as Queen Maria Christina drove the other day to the station in Madrid on her way to the court. Her majesty was seen to nod and smile and wave her hand to a woman in the crowd, while the young king, who sat opposite his mother, showed signs of delight. The woman, who was decently clad, bowed low in recognition, her face radiant. It was Alfonso's former nurse, who, it may not be generally known, once rescued him from kidnappers. The woman had left her charge asleep in his cradle for a few minutes, and returned to find him gone. She tore down the stairs, into the road, and soon overtook two men carrying what seemed to be a basket of clothes. She at once threw herself on the basket and pulled off the covering, and there was her foster child in a half-smothered state.

Better Facilities.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl as she sat down beside the old gentleman and pulled his paper away, "Harold wants to have a talk with you to-morrow."

"Oh, he does, does he?" returned the old gentleman in a tone that was not calculated to inspire confidence in a young man. "Well, what's the matter with to-night?"

"He prefers, papa," replied the beautiful girl, "to wait until you are at your office."

"And what is the particular advantage of my being at my office?"

"He can call you up by telephone there, and we have none in the house, you know," answered the beautiful girl.—Chicago Post.

Method Descended From the Dutch.

It is interesting to know that Lord Methuen is a descendant of the Dutch founder of the West of England woolen industry, and that the name of the oldest son for generations has been Paul. He is very popular among the Guardsmen of the three regiments and, what is quite the same thing, with the Household Cavalry. He is somewhat delicate looking, but has a well-knit frame and a good head on his shoulders. He is young for a lieutenant general, and is understood to have theories of his own about tactics, which do not always run on all fours with those of the commander-in-chief, the Adjutant-General and Sir Redvers Buller.

HOW RAISINS ARE SEEDED.

Ingenious Machines That Turn Out Ten or Twelve Tons Daily.

Unlike the eastern industry, the California seeded raisin is subjected to a dry temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit from three to five hours, immediately after which the fruit is submitted to a chilling process, and while in this reduced condition of temperature is passed through cleaning or "brushing" machines, which remove every particle of dust and the capstems, thus making it a pure and wholesome article. It is then taken automatically by elevators to a room where, spread upon wire trays, it is exposed to a temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit, which brings the fruit back to its normal condition, and in this "processing" the berry is converted into pectin, that delicious jelly which gives to fruits their best flavor. The raisins having been prepared through this alternate heating and chilling to keep indefinitely and resist climatic influences, are passed through seeding machines, each of which has a capacity of from ten to twelve tons daily. The raisins are pressed between rubber or similar surfaced rollers, which at first flatten the berry and press the seeds to the surface, when an impaling roller catches the seeds between its needles or teeth affixed to its periphery, deftly removing every particle of the flesh. The seeds are removed from the roller by a "flicking," or whirling device, and are sent along to the seed receptacle, finally ending their journey in the engine room, where they are burned as fuel. Four hundred and fifty carloads of ten tons each, or 9,000,000 pounds of seeded raisins, were shipped from the Fresno district last year, and a very much larger tonnage will be turned out this year. Some estimate can be formed of the possibilities of the Fresno seeded raisin plants when it is stated that their aggregate capacity for this season will approximate from 1,700 to 2,000 carloads, while it is probable that 1,400 carloads will be the output. Each seeding plant has from five to twelve machines of ten tons daily capacity per machine. Some of the packing houses cover a ground space of 150 by 225 feet and are three stories high.

ECCENTRIC MUTE.

Has Invented and Carries His Own Telephone with Him.

Chicago Chronicle: A walking telephone caused considerable merriment in the business houses of Evanston the other afternoon. J. C. Chester, of Glendive, Mont., was the curiosity and he carried speaking tubes and 400 yards of insulated wire wound about his person and threaded in and out through his clothing. A sign up on his breast which read, "Yell 'hello' and place the receiver at your ear," made him additionally conspicuous as he walked from store to store. Chester is an inventor and is deaf and dumb. He says he is on his way to Washington to secure a patent on his contrivances, which "assist deaf persons to hear and dumb persons to talk." He needs money to get there and asks for assistance by means of a little tin whistle which is connected by wire to the receiver and through which he breathes and breathes at the same time. The sound thus produced is very faint, but the electric current, which is supplied by a battery carried in the hip pocket, adds to its volume, and through the receiver resembles a Punch and Judy dialect. Chester is a graduate of the Columbus (Ohio) Deaf Mute Institute, he says, and carries credentials purporting to be signed by Prof. C. M. Fulton of that institution.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.		
GRAIN & OILS.		
Flour—Baltimore, Best Pat. 450		
High Grade Extra 480		
Wheat—No. 2 Red 71	72	
Corn—No. 2 White 35	39	
Oats—Southern & Penn. 28	29	
Hay—Choice Timothy 14.50	15.00	
Good to Prime 12.50	14.00	
FTAW—Rye in ear 13.50	14.00	
Wheat Blocks 9.00	7.50	
Oat Blocks 7.00	3.50	
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Std. No. 3 75		
No. 2 50		
Beans—Standards 1.10	1.40	
Second 80		
Corn—Dry Pack 80		
Molasses 60		
BEEF.		
CITY STEERS 10 1/2	11	
City Cows 9 1/2	10 1/2	
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbank 35	40	
ONIONS 35	38	
PROVISIONS.		
ROG PRODUCTS—shd. 65	7	
Clear Ribbles 7	7 1/2	
Hams—Choice 10 1/2	11 1/2	
Lean Pork, per bar. 10 1/2	10 1/2	
LARD—Crude 4		
Best refined 7		
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Cream 25	28	
Under Fine 25	29	
Creamery Rolls 18	19	
EGGS.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy 12	13	
N. Y. Flats 13 1/2	14	
Skim Cheese 8 1/2	7 1/2	
EGGS—State 20		21
North Carolina 18	19	
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS— 7 1/2	8 1/2	
Ducks, per lb. 7	8	
TOBACCO.		
Sonn Com.—Infra. 1.50	3.25	
Bottom 3.40	4.00	
Middling 4.00	7.00	
Fancy 10.00	12.00	
LIVE STOCK.		
EEF—Best Live 4.20	4.70	
SHEEP 4.20	4.25	
Hogs 4.40	4.50	
HUB AND SKINS.		
MUSKIEAT 10	11	
Raccoon 40	45	
Red Fox 200		
Skunk Black 25	25	
Possibly 22	25	
Mink 80		
Other 100		
NEW YORK.		
Flour—Southern 8.85	4.20	
Wheat—No. 2 Red 71	72	
BYE—Western 61	62	
CORN—No. 2 39	40	
OATS—No. 2 28	29	
BUTTER—State 18	25	
EGGS—State 12 1/2	13	
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Southern 8.85	4.20	
Wheat—No. 2 Red 71	72	
CORN—No. 2 37	38	
OATS—No. 2 28	29	
BUTTER—State 18	25	
EGGS—Penna 20	21	