

"Just out yonder," the youth declares, "I have seen where the earth and the heavens meet. 'Tis a long, slight line, and the one who dares May cross it with confidence complete. And some day I'll build me a swift-winged boat And I'll expect to land on the golden flow Where the twilight landscapes shine and glow And comfort the dreamer here below."

—The Washington Star.

BATTLE IN MIDAIR.

Wyoming Man Has a Thrilling Fight With an Eagle.

Swinging like a pendulum at the end of a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot rope against the side of a five-hundred-foot cliff, with jagged rocks far below and nothing but one bare hand with which to fight of the fierce onslaught of an immense eagle whose nest he was attempting to rob—this was the awful predicament in which Arthur Williams, a young man of Riverton, Wyo., found himself one day early in June last year.

With the welfare of her nestlings at stake, the great bird attacked the despoiler of her home with inconceivable fury and only to a lucky chance does Williams owe his life.

Riverton is a new town on that portion of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian reservation which was opened to settlement last year, and in the country thereabouts mountain lions, timber wolves, coyotes, eagles, bears, etc., can be found.

Before the Indian reservation was formally opened to the whites for settlement the flockmasters were permitted to graze their sheep over the country, and it gradually became known among the canyon dwellers in Lost Well Canyon that there were a pair of eagles who made a specialty of devouring young lambs.

During the spring of 1903 the two old eagles were more successful than ever in raiding the flocks of the sheepmen, and accordingly a special effort was made to exterminate them.

To that effort Arthur Williams owes the appalling adventure which befell him.

Williams and two friends made a trip out to Lost Well Canyon to investigate the chances of trapping the eagles in their nest.

A ride of eight miles over rough mountain trails brought them to the canyon, half way up the perpendicular side of which they saw the horizontal cleft in which the wise old birds had built their nest.

At the foot of the cliff directly under the cleft was a pile of bones—of the remains of lambs thrown out of the nest by the eagles after they had been picked clean.

"We ain't any nearer that nest down here than when we were at home," remarked Williams to his comrades. "Nothing but a balloon or an airship can help us from down here. Let us go up to the top of the cliff and see what we can do from there."

For two hours the three young men struggled to reach the top of the mountain. A wide detour was necessary, but at last this was accomplished, and they stood on the brink of the cliff, half way down which the eagles' nest had been built.

"There's nothing to be done from here, either," said one of the men despondently. "We might just as well go back home; we shall never reach that nest."

While the men stood and talked from far down below them there rose the shrill, piping cry of young birds.

"Young ones!" said Williams. "I wish we could get them alive; they would be worth money to us."

"No use to bother; you'll have to take it out in wishing," said the third member of the party. "Come on, let's go home."

"All right. I'll go home now, but I'm coming back to-morrow after those birds," said Williams.

The next day found the three young men back at the cliff. They had mapped out a scheme whereby they hoped to get the young birds, and had brought with them 750 feet of stout rope, far more than enough to reach them from the top of the cliff down to the bottom of the canyon.

To make quite sure of this, however, they first lowered the rope weighted with a stone down the face of the rock and saw that while there yet remained a big coil at their feet the weighted end of the rope rested on the floor of the canyon.

Then the rope was hauled back and a tight loop made in one end. This was paid out over the edge of the cliff until it hung directly in front of the eagles' nest. The other end of the rope was hitched around a convenient tree.

During all this time the men kept close watch for the old eagles, but saw nothing of them.

"Off hunting lambs, I suppose," said one of the young fellows.

Then Williams stepped forward, head and face of the would-be despoiler of her home. Her screams were incessant.

Meanwhile on top of the cliff there was utter consternation. The attention of one man was necessarily taken up with the rope, and a slip on his part meant instant death to Williams in the way of a fall to the rocks at the foot of the precipice.

With a rifle in his hand the other man watched that nightmare fight in midair far below him. He could not shoot without endangering Williams even more than the eagle.

Just then things were going very badly with the nest robber. Blood was flowing from a dozen cuts on his head and face, his hand was lacerated, the clothing about his shoulders was cut in ribbons. Moreover he was half stunned, and but for the loop in the end of the rope would have fallen to his death.

He had no time to give directions to his comrades and simply had to fight the battle out alone.

Presently the old bird darted away, preparing for another swoop at the defenseless man. When she was ten feet distant a rifle rang out from the top of the cliff, and Williams knew that his friends were doing what they could.

But the old bird did not falter for a moment, although a couple of feathers from her terrible right wing floated away in the wind.

In his haste to send a second bullet downward the man with the rifle managed to jam it, and with a despairing cry threw the now useless weapon to the ground.

The eagle returned to the attack with even greater fury, and for a few minutes Williams thought his last moments had arrived. But still he fought on, pulling great handfuls of feathers from the bird and beating at her desperately with his bare fist, receiving in return many cuts and slashes as well as stunning blows from the madly flapping wings.

He was almost ready to lose his hold on the rope and go crashing down to the bottom of the canyon, when the eagle suddenly wheeled away for another attack.

As she came back again, screaming and beating the air, something the size of Williams' head struck her on the back, and down she went like a stone, whirling over and over. Williams' friend above had hurled a small rock at the bird, and luckily for Williams, the boulder had struck her fairly on the back between the immense wings.

"Hold on tight and we'll let you down to the bottom!" sang out the man at the top of the cliff, leaning far over. Then Williams showed the sterling stuff of which he was made. Though bleeding from a dozen wounds, breathless and exhausted, he was still determined to fulfil his errand.

"Good-by and good luck." The doctor's son took his college course, and is doing very well to-day; and he has never seen his friend since.

"It is possible that he got more out of a college course than his friend might have got. Whether he will get more out of life is another question.

Smile awhile; And when you smile Another smiles, And soon there are miles And miles Of smiles, And life's worth while Because you smile

THE MAN WHO GAVE HIMSELF a Story Which Had a Lasting Effect on a Great Business Man's Life.

Sentiment and business are not such strangers as one might at first think. The following tale, taken from the World's Work, was told by a man of affairs, who handles millions of dollars every year. The lesson of the story had been a lasting influence in this business man's life.

The two boys concerned in the narrative were his college classmates. One of them was a farmhand, a big, heavy, slow chap who had made up his mind years before to get out of the hard laboring class. He had saved a long time, and the local minister had helped him along with his sermons and coached him for college.

Finally, with a few hundred hard-earned dollars, he had taken the entrance examinations and been admitted. I never saw a man with a more stubborn resolve to lift himself a peg or two. He knew his limitations, and didn't aim too high, but was determined to get along, to say a lawyer in a country town; the path seemed open before him, although his mental slowness and lack of early advantages meant that it would take him twice as long as would a clever youngster.

His roommate was the son of a country doctor, his very antithesis, and quick, easily the head of the class, who had been brought up with substantial comfort, with no thought on the boy's part where the money came from.

The two became fast friends. The doctor's son used to help the other in his studies, and the ex-farmhand looked up to his superior quickness with a sort of awed admiration which was pathetic to see.

One day, about the end of the first year, the doctor's son received a letter from home. His father had died suddenly, and his mother had suc-

laid hold of the rope and quickly disappeared over the side, sliding downward, using one leg, around which the line was wrapped, as a brake to keep himself from going too fast.

Across his shoulders was slung a stout bag in which he intended placing the little eagles when he secured them. In one hand he carried a stout stick for use in an emergency; the other hand grasped the rope.

Down, down he went, until just in front of the eyrie. Then he slipped one leg through the loop at the end of the cord and turned to look into the dark hole, where he could here the eaglets "talking."

Slowly he swung around, bracing his foot against the rocky wall until he faced the cleft and could give his attention to the nest.

Suddenly, screaming wildly with rage and fright, out from the dark cleft came the old mother bird. Like a stone from a catapult she flung herself at Williams' face.

Dismayed by the suddenness of the attack, Williams recoiled, his foot slipped from the wall, and his body spun around and out of reach as the huge bird went past him. He did not escape altogether scratchless, for one claw, like a knife blade, cut across his cheek, and in an instant the blood was flowing from a cut half an inch deep.

Only a few yards did the old eagle fly, then she wheeled and with the speed of an arrow shot once more at the man hanging at the end of the rope before her nest.

This time Williams braced himself and with his stout stick ready in his right hand awaited the onslaught of the big bird. His left hand grasped the rope.

The eagle struck Williams on the head with her wing and at the same moment Williams lashed at the bird with his stick. Such was the fury and strength of the creature, however, that the stick flew from Williams' hand and went whirling through space to the bottom of the canyon far below.

Pecking, clawing and striking stunning blows with her terrible wings, the big bird beat the air in front of Williams' face, holding her position and tearing savagely at the

head and face of the would-be despoiler of her home. Her screams were incessant.

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"It is possible that he got more out of a college course than his friend might have got. Whether he will get more out of life is another question.

"Hold me here until I get these little birds," he shouted feebly. "I came after them, and I'm going to have them."

With that the plucky fellow crawled back into the niche, put the two little eaglets in his bag, thrust his leg through the loop, grasped the rope with both hands and was safely lowered to the floor of the canyon.

Within a few feet of where he landed lay the old mother eagle. Williams staggered over to her and gave her a kick. To his amazement she moved, stood up on her feet and flew away.

One of Williams' companions came sliding down the rope and reached him just as the injured man fainted from loss of blood and excitement. The punishment he had received was terrible, but fortunately his eyes had escaped injury.

After casting off the rope the third man made his way down the mountain to where Williams and his friend were. They managed to stop the flow of blood, and between them got the wounded man on his horse and brought him to Riverton. Williams spent several days in bed and covered with bandages for two weeks, but received no lasting injuries.

As souvenirs of his terrible fight he has two little eagles and a dozen or more big scars to show his friends. —Wide World Magazine.

JAPAN'S OPIUM CRUSADE IN FORMOSA.

The Consul-General of Japan at New York, Mr. K. Midzuno, in a readable article in the North American Review, describes "Japan's Crusade on the Use of Opium in Formosa." When Japan, at the close of the Sino-Japanese War, found herself in possession of the Island of Formosa, she discovered that she was confronting a very serious problem. For generations Chinese inhabitants of the island had been using opium; and realizing the deleterious effect of the drug upon the population, the Japanese Government felt that something had to be done to put an end to its use.

It would have been inhuman to compel those who had been smoking opium all their lives to discontinue the habit. The Government determined, therefore, that its effort should be directed toward preventing the advent of new recruits into the ranks of the smokers, and it provided for the registration and the licensing of those who should be permitted to use opium. The results have been most gratifying, according to Mr. Midzuno, and the prospect is that the opium habit will disappear entirely from the island upon the gradual disappearance, in the course of nature, of the older portion of the population. Mr. Midzuno says:

"As statistics indicate, there are today 127,000 opium smokers in Formosa, and nearly, if not quite, all are among the very aged, who have been used to its effects for many years. It is very seldom that new converts to its use are found since the introduction of the crusade.

"Not what to do but how to do it is the question that confronts those who would forever eliminate the obnoxious and hurtful from Formosa. The present need is rigidly to enforce registration, and to keep established a license system for those addicted to the use of opium, thereby confining its use to those who could not subsist without it. For the present generation and those oncoming, the superior advantages for the development of a higher civilization that are everywhere being gradually introduced, aided by such precautions as the so-called gradual prohibition project involves, offer every assurance, based upon definite facts, that ere long the wretched habit of the abuse of opium in the Island of Formosa will be a forgotten tradition."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It's easy to talk philosophically if the other fellow is paying the freight. All the world loves a winner—with the exception of the loser.

The worst of it for others means the best of it for the undertaker. It takes a woman or a phonograph cylinder to talk while running around.

And it is a good plan to cultivate the habit of getting your money's worth.

If you would be popular keep your troubles to yourself; that will help some.

Many a man gets the upper hand by dealing it to himself from the bottom of the deck.

A newly married couple should occupy apartments in which there is no room for suspicion.

Most women have faith in their husbands as long as they can buy things on credit at a dry goods store.

When two women exchange compliments the recording angel is kept as busy as when two men trade horses.

It takes a lot of Christianity to enable a man to feel glad when he is called upon for \$10 to help repair the church.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

Sickness Seasons.

It seems strange to the uninitiated that there should be a "season" for sickness and one for health, but such is the case, according to a trained nurse.

"Everything is very dull just now," said one of the other day. "So many diseases are out, the doctors have plenty of time and the druggists are complaining of slow business, but a little later it will be different. Our busy season begins usually when the opera does, though the two have no connection. Late November finds us all busy. February is one of our best months."

Wise Law of Nature.

He who habituates himself in his daily life to seek for the stern facts in whatever he hears or sees, will have these facts again brought before him by the involuntary imaginative power, in their noblest associations; and he who seeks for frivolities and fallacies will have frivolities and fallacies again presented to him in his dreams.—John Ruskin.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

GOD KEEP YOU.

God keep you, dearest, all this lonely night; The winds are still, The moon drops down behind the western hill; God keep you safely, dearest, till the light.

God keep you then, when slumber melts away, And care and strife Take up new arms to fret our waking life; God keep you through the battle of the day.

God keep you, Nay, beloved soul, how vain, How poor is prayer; I can but say again, and yet again, God keep you every time and everywhere.

—Mary Ainge de Vere.

Grief That Ennobles.

A woman, dressed in deepest mourning, stopped suddenly outside a house from which came strains of music mingled with the happy laughter of children.

"Can it be possible," she said to herself, "that Mrs. Weston is giving a children's party when her little girl has not been in her grave a month? It is shocking! How can one be so unfeeling!"

To confirm her suspicions she paused to listen a moment longer, and, if possible, to catch a glimpse of what was going on inside. Then the front door opened, and against the bright background of light two figures appeared. A mother, with her little girl, was just coming away. The peering black figure by the steps instantly recognized the woman as one of her acquaintances.

"Mrs. Murray," she began, in some embarrassment, "is Mrs. Weston really giving a children's party to-night, so soon after Nina's death? Is it possible that she has so little feeling?"

The street light cast its revealing radiance on Mrs. Murray's tear-stained face.

"Don't say that!" she answered, gently. "You don't know her. I only wish that you or I could ever hope to attain to the height of her unselfishness or the depth of her love and faith."

"I am still wearing crape, and my child died two years ago," the woman in black replied, in a tone of self-approval. "Is it really true that Mrs. Weston is giving a party?"

"Yes, it is true," Mrs. Murray announced, with a defiant lift to her chin. "It was Nina's birthday party. The child had planned for it months ago. She had made little gifts for all her friends, and was full of the wish to share her happiness with others."

"Mrs. Weston was simply broken-hearted when Nina died. You know it is less than three years since she lost her husband. But she has prayed for strength and guidance, and she feels that although she can never again be happy herself, it is still her task to help keep things bright and joyful for other people."

"But how can she bear to look at other children enjoying themselves? How can she bear to think of what people will say?"

"Her grief is not like that," Mrs. Murray answered, gently. "She doesn't pay any attention to what people say, for she is not listening to the tongues of men, but to the voice of God."

The door opened again, and a slender black figure was silhouetted against the light.

"Edith!" a gentle voice called. "O Edith Murray! You were going away without the little work-bag Nina made for you! I know she wants you to have it."

"O Mrs. Weston!" the child exclaimed, dropping her mother's hand. "How could I forget it!" and Edith ran up the steps to receive the outstretched gift.

For a moment the light shone on the face, worn with weeping, yet smiling, and the sight sent a pang of remorse, sharp as an arrow, into the worldly, embittered heart of the woman who had so cruelly misunderstood a fellow sufferer. Impulsively she started forward out of the darkness.

"Mrs. Weston," she said, abruptly, "I have presumed to criticize you. Forgive me, I didn't understand. When my child died I listened to the tongues of men, as Mrs. Murray says. You heard the voice of God. That is why I am more to be pitied than you."

"We are both to be pitied," said the heart-broken mother. "But we who understand sorrow can help others to find happiness that survives loss and death."

"Thank God, nothing can kill my child's love for me or mine for her. I have tried to express that love in a way that I am afraid seemed to you crude and heartless, but Nina knows, and God understands."

The appealing face was illumined by a smile that seemed to shed warmth as well as light. And as the two women went their ways, each felt that she had received a benediction.—Youth's Companion.

The Reason.

The reason for the existence of the Christian church is to be found in the need of the heathen world. We are an elect race, not for our own pleasure and salvation, but for the sake of dying men, who call to us to give them the Light of Life. If we fall Christ in this, will He not cast us aside, and perform His purpose by others? We are saved to serve; endowed with power, to be like His witnesses.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Envy.

Envy is incipient murder; no tender feeling can dwell in the same breast with envy. It will drive every good impulse from the heart, and welcome a brood of vipers that will resort to any method to accomplish their diabolical purpose.—Rev. W. P. Hines.

Right and Wrong.

It is all right when he possesses riches, position, etc., but when he possesses him he is all wrong.—Rev. C. W. Webb.

Makes Starch Insoluble.

By a German patented process starch is made insoluble in hot water by treating it in the cold, with formaldehyde and a moderately strong acid. The product is distinguished from that obtained from starch and formaldehyde at a high temperature by the fact that the starch grains remain unaltered and quite permanent. It is not only insoluble in boiling water, but is not attacked by soda lye or other strong alkalis. It may be employed as a filler in plastic compositions, as a dressing fabric, and in the manufacture of paper.

THE HOUSE and HOME.

Amusing the Baby.

A simple device for keeping baby amused and happy is to fasten at intervals upon a broad bright ribbon the little toys of which he is most fond, suspending the ribbon above the bed upon which he lies, within reach of his little hands, by securing one end to the head of the bed and the other to the foot. He will then entertain himself by the hour pushing the toys back and forth and watching them swing above him. — Harper's Bazar.

To Remove Ink.

The Modern Priscilla says that hydrogen peroxide will remove ink from all kinds of cloth and wearing apparel without changing its color. Take a medicine dropper and fill with the hydrogen peroxide. Saturate the cloth over the ink stain. Sometimes it requires several applications. Lay the goods in the sun or air after each application. We have quoted other endorsements of this same liquid for the very same purpose, but I repeat it, as there are always new readers.

A Dainty Pin cushion.

A charming little pin cushion for baby's table is fashioned to look like a baby shoe or bootie with the cushion fitted into it. It can be made of white, pale blue or pink canvas, the cushion to be of silk in the same color, and the lacing of the shoe in bebe ribbon to match.

Any worn-out shoe can be ripped apart and used as a pattern. Where a tiny one is the only model available it will be necessary to cut the new goods larger, while following the general outline, as the cushion should not be too small. —New York.

Removing Scorch.

An old negro laundress is responsible for the following cure for bad scorched places caused by too hot irons: A half pint of vinegar is put on the stove in a porcelain-lined saucepan. To this is added the juice of a large onion and two ounces of fuller's earth. The mixture is boiled for five minutes, strained, cooled and bottled.

In removing the scorch a little of the mixture is put on a clean white linen rag and rubbed over the scorched place until it disappears. Several applications may be necessary. —New York Times.

For Cleaning Blankets.

Shave up a half bar of any good laundry soap, add four tablespoons borax and a little water and melt over fire. Then add four tablespoons household ammonia, put in tub and half fill with cold water. Put the garments or blankets in and let soak four hours. Then rinse in water containing four tablespoons borax and four tablespoons ammonia. Do not wring. The articles will be just like new.

Kerosene added sparingly to the water in the clothes boiler will help to loosen the dirt and whiten the clothes. —Epitomat.

Favorite Needle.

"What am I hunting for?" said one of a group of sewers. "Why, my needle. No, thank you, I won't take another. I feel utterly lost without that needle. That is one of my peculiarities, I suppose. I find a needle like, and I keep it for months and months. My sister is like me in this respect. I have known her to get down on the floor and search for a half an hour at a time for a needle she has dropped. It is not of course, the value of the needle, but there is certainly something in getting accustomed to one. I always try to have a small magnet in my work bag, and then if I drop my needle I can find it more easily. Yes, I use the same needle for almost any number thread or silk. It may not be the way approved by the expert needlewoman, but it is my way.

"Well, here it is in the fold of my skirt," exclaimed the searcher. "Now I can begin work." —New Haven Register.

Good Things to Eat.

Marshmallow Pudding.—One-half pint of whipped cream, one-half cup of walnuts, cut in pieces, one-half pound of marshmallows, cut in pieces. Put together and put away for five hours before serving.

Beet Salad.—Boil the beets until tender, peel and soak in vinegar until cold and firm. Scoop out the centres leaving an outer wall, stuff with chopped celery and mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Date Pie.—Wash two cupfuls dates and soak in boiling water five minutes. Drain and press through a strainer. Add two cups of milk, litte salt, teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg, two well beaten eggs, with three tablespoons sugar. Bake in one crust.

Walnut Custard Pie.—Beat two eggs, add a scant half cup of sugar and pinch of salt; pour on two cups hot milk, strain and add one-half teaspoon vanilla and one-half cup of finely ground English walnuts; the nuts will rise to the top and form a tender crust to the custard.

Apple Pudding.—Line a buttered pudding bowl with grated bread crumbs, letting the layer be about an inch thick. Nearly fill the dish with stewed apples, strew with thin slices of lemon, beat an egg into a cup of milk and pour over the apples; place another layer of bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven.

Apple Pie With Frosting.—One cup of stewed and sifted dried apples, one cup of each of sugar and rice, sweet milk, one egg and yolk of another beaten light, and nutmeg to flavor. Mix well and bake in one crust. Beat the remaining white of egg to a stiff froth with two tablespoons of sugar spread over the pie and brown delicately.

Ive Stock.

Chicago—Cattle—Market steady to strong; steers, \$5.75; hogs, \$4.50; sheep, \$4.75; calves, \$3.25; pigs, \$3.75; hogs, \$3.25; calves, \$3.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.30; hogs, \$3.50.

Hogs—Market strong to 5c. higher. Choice heavy shipping, \$7.25; light, \$7.00; butchers, \$7.00; hogs, \$7.15; pigs, \$7.25; packing, \$7.15; hogs, \$7.25; pigs, \$7.30; hogs, \$7.25; calves, \$4.75; hogs, \$7.25.

Sheep—Market 10 to 15c. lower. Sheep, \$5.50; lambs, \$7.00; yearlings, \$6.75.

Kansas City, Mo.—Cattle—Market steady to 10c. lower. Choice export and dressed beef steers, \$5.50; fair to good, \$5.00; Western steers, \$4.50; hogs, \$3.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50; hogs, \$3.50; calves, \$3.50; hogs, \$3.50.

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