

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman. Copyright in Great Britain

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Tyoga hesitated. Then, "Alright," she said shortly, and led the way down the hatchway to the laboratory where Betty had regained consciousness that first remembered morning. Since then Betty had never been there. She had a doll-baby suite of rooms well forward, hardly tenable for one so tall and athletic as Betty. While most of her time, even in stormy weather, was spent on deck, still many of her meals were served in the tiny sitting room, all gay with blue and gold—blue the color of Betty's eyes, and gold like the sun in June weather.

Betty stumbled along the unfamiliar passageway. Tyoga knocked twice at a bolted door and after a little wait the portal swung inward and Tyoga thrust Betty within.

"She wanted to see you," she announced, brusquely. "I've got to get dinner."

Le Malheureux bowed low. "I'm glad of your company," he said. "I have a lonely life, and such an interruption is a pleasant one."

"Well, if you appreciate my coming so much, show your appreciation," suggested Betty, "do tell me why I am here, and who you are?"

"I will do neither," answered Le Malheureux. "Do not ask me. I dislike to be compelled to be so discourteous as to refuse you, but I must. You have been very ill, but health is returning to you, and when you return home you will think of this journey only as a pleasant dream. You have had no cause to complain of your treatment here, save you?"

"No," faltered Betty. "Only I'm accustomed to knowing why and wherefore, that's all."

"That's all," you say," said Le Malheureux. "Don't you know that 'Why's' and 'wherefore's' are the sum total of existence? Don't ask me about them. Ask me anything else."

"Then I shall promulgate a 'who,'" chanced Betty, desperately. "Tell me, do you know who murdered Cerisse Wayne?"

She was unprepared for the reply, yet intuitively knew that it was what she had anticipated.

"Yes," assented Le Malheureux. "What is more," he continued, watching a swift question form on Betty's lips, "I saw the deed when it was done!"

Betty shrank from him with eyes dilated, mouth agape.

"Then you—" she began.

"I did not," promptly retorted Le Malheureux. "I did not kill her. I would have saved her if I could. But it was impossible. The tragedy was inevitable, it was foreordained and it had to happen. Nobody can ever clinch with Destiny. The first few days you were aboard this boat you tried it, my dear Miss Lancey. The result? You nearly had a second attack of fever and nervous prostration. When you resigned yourself to events as they course, you commenced to feel better, as you must admit. To dismiss the unattainable, and to welcome what may come, is the right doctrine of living. Why do you worry with what you cannot affect?"

"I don't dare to think," said Betty. "But since you, whoever you are, have hauled me off in this high-handed fashion, I consider there's some largess coming to me. If you knew who murdered Cerisse Wayne, why don't you tell me? That is, unless you're in duty bound to protect the murderer! Come, tell me, do."

"What benefit would that be to you?" questioned Le Malheureux.

"You forget I'm a newspaper woman," argued Betty, "and I draw salary for gathering the news and turning it in to my city editor."

"Some distance from your city editor now, aren't you?" suggested Le Malheureux.

"Well, couldn't I send my paper a wireless?" flashed Betty. "You've an instrument there!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Le Malheureux. "So that's why you wanted to come into my laboratory, is it? You heard the clicking, recognized it, and thought if you dared enough you might communicate with your friends. A great idea, that! And I must confess you are a plucky girl, Miss Betty, but I warn you, if you tamper with these instruments in here, you'll tamper with eternity, and I'd advise you to let these apparatuses alone."

"Bah! I'm not afraid," sneered Betty.

"Neither has any troublemaker ever been afraid of the trouble she started till it's too late to stop it. You're a woman, and of course you'll do as you please, but"—he shrugged himself again—"you'd better be warned."

"I'll promise not to meddle if you'll tell me one thing," persisted Betty.

"You should have been a corporation lobbyist," responded Le Malheureux; "still I shall be generous! But what is it?"

"Who did kill Cerisse Wayne?"

"A man who loved her," replied Le Malheureux, laconically. "Come here and see what I have done to this geranium leaf. It is magnified and remagnified. Look how its eyes have responded to the influence of these convergent rays—a new ray I have discovered myself. I have found the eyes of plants and their souls! Some day I shall uncover the human soul itself, not only the physically corporeal, but those that ride, as Omar says, 'naked on the air of heaven.'"

Betty looked into the globe he held out before her. Within she saw a gulp green substance, throwing out

dozens of the most minute of antennae. These writhed and fluttered most weirdly.

"Oh, I can't stand this," she declared, "nor the air in here. Tyoga! Tyoga! Come and take me upstairs!"

When the old negress had led her back to her shady seat on deck Betty Lancey sat and scanned the offering for a sail, and wondered how she could get word to Larry Morris where she was and how in the world she could send the news she had to the "Inquirer" office.

Somehow her hunger for Larry was far worse than her desire to satisfy the newspaper appetite of delivering her portion of the solution to the Wayne murder mystery. Betty, self-reliant Betty, weakened by the first severe illness she had ever known; Betty, stripped of the practical routine adjuncts of the daily life to which she was accustomed; Betty, who had openly flouted at poetry and romanticism, this same Betty plunged into a fire of mystery, murder and death, convalescing from a malignant attack of brain fever, was beginning to discover that a woman is a weakling after all, and that when she needs a strong arm to lean on, she wants it sadly. And in the mist and mirage of the life from which she had so suddenly been taken away, it was Larry Morris, his face, his figure and his personality that Betty's heart and soul reached out for vainly.

If she could have found an empty bottle anywhere she would have chanced that old pastime of the mariner and last refuge of the shipwrecked—a note in a bottle. But bottles there were none, nor anything else feasible, and Betty plunged into despair.

With returning health, however, came a renewed interest in life. She had good food, the weather was fine, and Betty a splendid sailor. She possessed the exuberance of youth and all of a newspaper woman's curiosity for the what is to happen next. Le Malheureux, though extremely repulsive, was also decidedly interesting, and their conversations and intimacy grew with the voyage.

Le Malheureux was well read, courteous, a polished gentleman, gracious, and a delightful companion when he so chose. But he never saw her for more than an hour a day, and was reticent about himself and his people. Betty gathered that he had long lived in Africa, though he had been educated in England, France and Germany. By education he was a physician, by fortune independent, and by occupation a research worker in the extensive fields of electro-therapy. But there were three things he never did—he never removed or shifted any of his somber drapings, his hands were always gloved, and the thick veil of full green was never lifted from his face.

CHAPTER XII.

At the close of a long, hot day, the enchanted yacht sighted land—a blur of gray and green to the left. As the night deepened this verged into a splash of tropic green, washed with a sapphire moon. Betty begged to be allowed to stop on deck to watch this dawning beauty, and Tyoga, muffled in a long white cloak, stood beside her. As they approached the harbor, Betty saw it was the jettying mouth of a river, the banks lined with mossing palms, springing from a matted growth of reeds, entwined vines, rushes and lush grass. Straight up the river they went in the moonlight, through a current so slow that the stream appeared stagnant. No sign of habitation met the eye, and the jungles to either side were still as death save for the occasional roar of a lion, or snarl of some angered panther.

The river verged into a lake, black and forbidding, with bleak beaches of yellow sand, and from there they rushed into another river roofed with entangled trees through which filtered a blood-red sunrise. All day they followed this river, pimpled at intervals with lakes, small or large, and clear or muddled. The white heron and the stork watched them unheeding. A crocodile or two sidled after them, and at intervals some huge snake, untwining from a long hanging bough, would stretch its slimy length across the snowy deck. Twice they passed a herd of elephants coming down to drink, and often sent an affrighted lioness hurrying back from the water's edge to her mewling kittens. The purple lotus spread itself despairingly over some of the slimmest pools as if to patch up black hideousness with perfect bloom. All this tropical splendor finally wearied even Betty's rapt eyes, and she clung gratefully to Tyoga's arm as the negress said: "We are at our journey's end." And with it had come the night.

The yacht had swung through an archway, and shot into a roofed passage, water dripping from the stones and moss above them, and a raven cawed as they stopped at a stubby wharf, from which led up a dizzy flight of dimly lighted granite steps.

The stairs ended in a vaulted corridor hung with a few antique brass lamps. Placed at intervals along the sides were low stone couches covered with leopard skins.

To one of these Tyoga motioned Betty, and then pursuing her thick black lips she emitted a peculiar whistle. Instantly there darted forward from one of the dusk-hung niches a comely young negro girl, her glistening body, satiny as ebony, nude save for a kilt of striped silk, and a short tunic of gauze.

She bowed low before Tyoga, who addressed to her a few half audible remarks in a strange dialect.

The girl nodded her head in the affirmative, stealing occasional surreptitious glances at Betty, and then taking up one of the smoking brass lamps she led the way toward the end of the long hall. Here more steps, two flights of them, of time-harried stone, moss-grown in the corners, greeted them. There were more corridors and more stairs in a dizzying never-ending sequence, till they came upon a hall longer, lighter and lower than the rest. A hundred archways with tapestry hangings opened upon this hallway and in the center arch the slave girl bowed low again and, pushing aside the draperies, stood apart for them to enter.

The room was furnished in skins, ivory, ebony and gold. The couch of ebony had no springs, but to Betty's later surprise the down cushions and skins piled upon it made it the softest bed she had ever rested upon. There were stone stools, chairs of oddly twisted tropic woods, and a great mirror of ebony, ivory and gold, studded with hundreds of precious stones. Swinging from the ceiling was an ornate lamp of filigree and jewels, and this burned low and dull.

"You will be glad to rest, I know," said Tyoga. "Meta there, will bring you a glass of warm milk, and then you must rest. Rest the sweetest you have ever done, my lady. To-night I shall not be with you; I have other duties; but Meta will sleep here on a pallet by your side. Good-night. Be unafraid." She stooped low and kissed Betty's hand, and Betty could have sworn a tear fell upon it.

Tyoga spoke truly. Meta brought the milk as deliciously warm and fragrant as if roses had been steeped within its limpid depths. The cool linen garment the slave wrapped around Betty rested her fevered skin, and the pillows were magic wings that bore her away to Forgetfulness Land. Sleep came, just sleep, no dreams, and the sun was topping the heavens when blue-eyed Betty awakened. Tyoga was not yet returned, but Meta, faithful and silent, stood by the couch gently waving a huge palm branch.

"A modern Cleopatra; but where is my Antony?" smiled Betty to herself, snuggling comfortably back into her nest. She stretched her feet luxuriously back and forth under the silken coverlets, then roused to full consciousness with a start.

"A sorry newspaper woman, I," she scolded, mentally; "here am I with a whole live mystery between my thumb and forefinger and doing never a thing to solve it! Ah, Betty, Betty!"

She rose hurriedly, in pantomime beseeching Meta to hasten with her garments. For the shoes Betty had kicked off and left on the floor of the Directory Hotel the night of her ill-fated visit to the Harcourt apartments Tyoga had substituted a quaint pair of high-heeled slippers, as unlike Betty's usual substantial footwear as a rose is like a radish. And in place of her strictly tailored waist Betty was now wearing soft draperies of varicolored silk. What had become of her clothes she didn't know, and Tyoga had successfully resisted all importuning that might tell Betty the why and wherefore of her present incarnation. (To be continued.)

Breaking the Fast in Ramadan.

The Arabs say Ramadan; the Persians and Turks say Ramazan. They all observe throughout the month a species of fast that has no precise counterpart in the west. So long as the sun is in the sky food or drink of any kind may not pass the true believer's lips. He is not even allowed the sweet solace of a cigarette. But from the firing of the sunset guns until it is light enough to distinguish a black hair from a white he may feast to surfeit. Watchmen will patrol the streets with drums to warn him that his moments of grace are numbered, and cannon once more announce their end.

Nothing is more characteristic of late afternoons in Ramadan than the preparations for the evening meal which preoccupy all Moslems, particularly those who work with their hands. As the sun nears the horizon fires are lighted, tables are spread, bread is broken, water is poured out, cigarettes are rolled, and hands are lifted halfway to the mouth in expectation of the signal that gives liberty to eat. This breaking of the daytime fast is called iftar and is an institution in itself. To be invited to iftar is a particular mark of friendship.—Scribner's Magazine.

Why He Cried.

The sympathetic neighbor asked, "I, your little brother ill this morning, Johnnie. I heard him crying in the most heartrending manner."

"No, not exactly," Johnnie replied, "but Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry, and mother has been trying to comb his hair."

A New Cause of Intemperance.

Hyperbole is the source of much fun, if not of much wit. A young cadet, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform.

"Why, father," he declared, "the collar presses my Adam's apple so hard that I can taste cider!"

Arithmetically Demonstrated.

"A man should sleep at least eight hours a day."

"It can't be done," answered the weary-looking citizen; "not when one of your neighbors runs a phonograph till midnight and another keeps a rooster that crows at 5 a. m."

The Shaky Ladder.

Many a man has spent the best years of his life climbing the ladder of fame only to have the thing tilt over backward just as he grasped the last rung.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallant.

Beautiful Widow—Do you know, I am forty years old to-day. Gallant Bachelor—Madam, you are just twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear.

FIRE SWEEPS SEATTLE.

Loss Will Aggregate Million—Many Lives May Be Lost.

Seattle, Wash., June 11.—Fire on the waterfront in the northern part of the city late last night swept away nearly all the buildings on 10 blocks and caused the loss of \$1,000,000 worth of property and probably a number of lives, at least a score, it is thought.

Firemen say that many lodgers in some of the wooden buildings destroyed must have perished.

The burned area is bounded by Railroad avenue just east of the harbor front, Third avenue, Wall and Vine streets.

Not all the buildings in this area were destroyed, a hurricane blowing from the west having driven the flames toward some buildings and saved others.

A violent wind sprang up about sunset and tore down signs and drove people from the streets.

At 10:20 o'clock an alarm of fire was turned in from the large three-story frame warehouse of Galbraith, Bacon & Company at the foot of Battery street. By the time the firemen had reached the scene the whole building and its inflammable contents were a roaring furnace.

The wind from off the salt water was blowing the flames and firebrands against other wooden buildings to the north and east, and the problem became one of saving property already attacked, but to prevent destruction of a thickly settled district occupied by old wooden buildings of the flimsiest construction.

Dozens of lodging house and so-called hotels were among the buildings destroyed. They were two and three-story buildings, and burned like tinder. The police and firemen think that some of the lodgers in these buildings must have perished. The ruins are still blazing fiercely and it will be impossible to explore them for some time.

Three firemen were outside a burning warehouse at Wall street and First avenue when an explosion threw the wall of the building on the men, who are believed to have perished.

HEIKE FOUND GUILTY.

Head of Sugar Trust Convicted—Pen and Fine in Sight.

New York, June 11.—Charles R. Heike, the white haired secretary of the American Sugar Refining company, was convicted last night on one count of an indictment charging conspiracy to defraud the government of customs duty on sugar.

Ernest W. Gerbracht, ex-superintendent of the Williamsburg (Brooklyn) refinery, was convicted on all six counts.

For James F. Bendernagel, ex-cashier of the refinery, the jury stood 7 to 5 for acquittal. He will be tried again.

The verdict was announced at 10:30 p. m., after the jurors had deliberated for 12 hours less 14 minutes. They had labored earnestly from time to time, sending out for transcripts of the testimony, particularly that referring to Heike. But it was Bendernagel's case that caused the long session. Over his fate more than 20 ballots were taken.

This ends the government's second attempt to imprison the group of men responsible for the vast underweighting frauds to which the so-called trust virtually has confessed by the restitution of more than \$2,000,000 in duty.

Heike is the highest official of the company upon whom blame has been fixed, and he now faces a possible sentence of two years in the Federal penitentiary and a fine of \$10,000. He is 65 years old and broken in health and spirit. His counsel, in summing up, declared repeatedly that a prison term meant nothing less than death.

Recover Many Bodies.

Calitri, Italy, June 11.—The ruins of Calitri and adjoining villages were inspected today by King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena. Most of the houses in Calitri were destroyed by the earthquake, and the people who escaped are camping in the fields.

Thirty-two bodies have been recovered and eight or ten more are thought to be still under the fallen walls. Two were taken out in the presence of the king. One section of the town is almost completely buried under the walls of a feudal castle.

Harriman Lines Spend \$1,125,000.

New York, June 11.—Alba B. Johnson, vice president of the Baldwin Locomotive works, announced today that the company had received an order from the Harriman lines for 85 passenger locomotives of the largest and heaviest type. The order means an expenditure of about \$1,125,000 by the Harriman system. It is the largest locomotive order placed in some time. Deliveries are to be made in October, November and December.

Western Concerns Sold.

New York, June 11.—Announcement was made today of the acquisition by the American Power & Light company of the Northwest Light & Water company of Philadelphia, which controls electric light, gas and street railways in Eastern Oregon and Washington. These properties include gas companies in Walla Walla and North Yakima, Wash., Lewiston, Idaho, and Pendleton, Oregon.

Quart Whiskey Kills Boy.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., June 11.—James Hill, a 19-year old boy, died this morning as the result of drinking a quart bottle of whiskey on a wager that he could stand that amount without it phasing him. The boy soon lapsed into unconsciousness after he had swallowed the whiskey and never revived before death came.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATES

RAISE WATER 600 FEET.

Farmers Near Redmond Install Pumping Plant in Deep Canyon.

Redmond — Pumping water from Crooked river to the table lands 600 feet above the river is an experiment being tried here. M. M. Davenport and Neil Christenson have just completed a pumping plant which raises water by means of an overshot water wheel and supplies their homesteads on the peninsula.

The project is a remarkable undertaking. The Deschutes river and its tributary, Crooked river, lie in gorges 500 to 1,000 feet deep, the walls being nearly perpendicular. At the point where the Davenport-Christenson pump is installed it is necessary to raise the water 600 feet over four perpendicular ledges, the highest of which is 75 feet.

The undertaking, when commenced last fall, looked like a mammoth job. The hardest part was to get the necessary materials to the place where the wheel was to be installed. All the material was lowered from the plains 600 feet above to the water's edge. A wheel seven feet in diameter and two feet eight inches across the face was built. The machinery and flume were arranged and securely fastened to the rocks to prevent them from being washed away by high water. Eleven hundred and sixty feet of pipe are used in making the raise of 625 feet. Tests of the plant have proved highly successful.

COMMENCEMENT AT EUGENE.

Invitations Are Issued for Thirty-fourth Year Exercises.

University of Oregon, Eugene—Invitations are out for the Thirty-fourth annual commencement of the University of Oregon. The program covers four days, June 19, 20, 21 and 22. Alumni who desire private entertainment may address Robert W. Prescott, assistant alumni secretary, or inquire at alumni headquarters.

Tickets for the alumni dinner may be secured at alumni headquarters. Admission will be by ticket only. All alumni, their wives or husbands, are invited. Alumni headquarters will be in the main reception hall, men's dormitory. Every convenience will be provided. The phone number is Main 841. Reserved seat tickets for all the exercises may be obtained by alumni at headquarters. Reserved seats are held only until five minutes before the beginning of the exercises.

One and one-third rates have been granted by the railroads for commencement. Do not forget to ask the agent for a certificate when buying your ticket. The summer session opens June 27; closes August 6. Reduced rates for the session begin June 18 and tickets may be purchased at any time between that date and August 6, good for return at any time not later than August 9.

Last Horse Cars Vanish.

Klamath Falls.—The horsecar has vanished from Klamath Falls. The electric car is to replace the ancient means of transportation. The track is to be removed the entire length of Main street and this means that the city will be without streetcar service for two or three months.

The company has applied for a new franchise for Main street. With the granting of this the system will be made thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. New lines will be built on side streets and a belt line is to be built around the town to make a circle from the Upper lake down through Buena Vista addition.

A motor car will be put on the run around town. This is to be a modern passenger car, with a large carrying capacity, and thoroughly equipped.

To Appeal Rate Case.

Salem—Complying with a request made upon Attorney General Crawford, Clerk Moreland, of the Supreme court, has sent to the inferior court the mandate in the case of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company against the Oregon Railroad commission, in which the company was denied a rehearing recently. Milwaukee people desire the immediate enforcement of the decision. Clerk Moreland has been notified that the company will attempt to appeal to the Supreme court of the United States, but it is not believed in legal circles here that it will be successful.

Pullet Lays at Four Months.

Klamath Falls.—A pullet that began laying when four months old is owned by Colonel J. D. Lathrop, who is developing a large poultry farm near Klamath Falls. Mr. Lathrop received the first bunch of newly hatched chicks ever received in Klamath county from California January 28. May 28 the first egg was laid, just four months and three days from the time of hatching. The chickens are the Imperial White Leghorns.

Milling Company Starts Work.

McMinnville.—The Houck Milling company has commenced work on its new warehouse. The building will be 50x90 feet and will be used principally for storage purposes.

Albany Shows Growth.

Albany.—The postoffice receipts in Albany for this May show an increase of \$271,92 over the receipts of May, 1909.

SILETZ BILL IS PASSED.

Hawley's Measure Adopted in Senate—Will Next Go to Senate.

Washington.—Representative Hawley has succeeded in passing the house his bill directing the setting of a considerable number of the entries in the Siletz reservation. As passed by the house, Hawley provides: "That all pending entries heretofore made by the former Siletz Indian reservation upon which proofs were made prior to December 31, shall be passed by the interior in all cases where it shall appear to the satisfaction of the secretary of the interior that the entry was for the exclusive use and occupancy of the entrant, and that the entrant built a house on the land entered and otherwise improved same and actually entered into cultivation thereof, and cultivated a portion of said land for the period of five years, and that no part of the land entered has been sold or conveyed to any person, and where no other adverse proceedings have been commenced against the entrant, notice thereof served upon the entrant prior to the date of submission of proof thereon, or within two years thereafter, provided, that the entrant contained shall prevent any entry upon any charge of trespass and provided further, that any man who may make application for patent under the provisions of this shall as an additional condition precedent to the issuance of such patent be required to pay to the United States \$2.50 per acre for land so applied for."

Prune Growers Form Pool.

Salem.—The Salem Fruit Pool, with about 50 crops represented, was organized recently at the Fruit Union on Trade street. The pool fixed a selling price of cents for 40-50s, and decided to a premium on larger sizes. For smaller than 40-50s, 3 1/2 cents was paid. The Salem Fruit Union new factor in the prune situation, being the first year that a pool has attempted.

Automobile Stage to Burns.

Prairie City.—The Blue Mountain Rapid Transit company, operating a six horse covered stages between the terminus of the Sumpter Valley railroad and Burns, have purchased an automobile to run in conjunction with their horse-drawn stages. It will be possible to reach Burns in the morning at 9 or 10 o'clock, after leaving Prairie City in the morning.

Ship 50 Cars Strawberries.

Hood River.—Fifty cars of strawberries have been shipped from Hood River, a record for early shipping. A good many growers in the lower valley should clean up their patches during the coming week. Berries from the Crapper and other districts, however, are commencing to come in, and a few are also arriving from Hood.

Creameries Pay Farmers \$385.

Cocquille.—The dairy industry of Clatsop county last year yielded the farmers \$385,000, and 405 tons of butter was shipped out of the county. The way creamery led in point of production of butter, turning out over 100 tons. In the same district 365 tons of cheese was produced.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, @85c; club, 80@81c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 84c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$1.90 ton.

Corn—Whole, \$32; cracked, \$33.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$26@27 per ton; fresh fruit—Strawberries, 1.50 per crate; apples, \$1.50@1.60 per box; cherries, 75c@1.50 per box; gooseberries, 50c per pound.

Potatoes—Old Oregon, 65c per bushel; new California, 1 1/2@2 per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60c@75c per dozen; asparagus, \$1.25@1.50 per bunch; cabbage, 2 1/2@2 1/2c per pound; lettuce, 50c@60c per dozen; lettuce, 50c@1 per box; garlic, 12 1/2c per pound; green onions, 15c per dozen; radishes, 15c@20c; rhubarb, 3c per pound; spinach, 80c@1 per pound; rutabagas, \$1.25@1.50 per sack; carrots, 85c@1; beets, 1 1/2 per bushel, 75c@1.

Butter—City creamery, extra, 24c per pound; fancy outside creamery, @29c; store, 20c. Butter fat per average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Current receipts, 24c, extra, 26c; candied, 25c; extra, 26c@27c.

Pork—Fancy, 12c@13c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 10c@11c per pound.

Lamb—Fancy, 9c@12c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 19c@19 1/2c; broilers, 28c@30c; ducks, 18c@25c; geese, 15c; turkeys, live, 20c@22c; dressed, 25c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Cattle—Beef steers, good, 4c@5.45@5.80; fair to medium, 4.40; cows, and heifers, good, 4.40; choice, 4.40@5; fair to medium, 4.40; 4.75; bulls, 33c@4; stags, 33c@4; calves, light, 5.75@7; heavy, 6.50.

Hogs—Top, 9.60@9.80; fair to medium, 8.50@9.50.

Sheep—Best wethers, 4.40@4.50; fair to good, 4.40@4.50; best ewes, 3.75@4; lambs, choice, 5.50@6; fair, 4.75@5.25.