

When the big pipe organ's swellin' an' the city choir sings, An' you almost hear the swishin' of the lace an' wings, An' the congregation's musin' on the proneness for to sin, Sort o' leavin' listless, waitin' for the preacher to begin; In that holy hush it happens that I clean forget the place, An' again I'm meek an' lowly 'fore a throne of savin' grace; A throne that wasn't nestlin' 'neath a spire or a dome, But the sinners sought their Savior in that little church back home.

When we had protracted meetin's, why, I would come you good to hear The congregation singin' with a blend o' voices clear, How the "Rock of Ages" towered like a shel'r'n sort o' wall, An' our souls soared up to glory since the Rock was cleft for all. Ev'ry face was wreathed with sweetness, an' we allly rest a smile For the stranger, saint or sinner, in the pew across the aisle; For a diamond's often gathered from the commonest of loam, An' we didn't mind the settin' in the little church back home.

There were weddin's where the neighbors gathered in from far an' wide, An' the boys looked on in envy while their sisters kissed the bride; When there were funerals, too, where neighbors did, feel ashamed to cry When they laid to rest the sleeper in the little yard close by. Each pew seems sort o' sacred, an' the lowly pulpit there 'Pears like a holy gateway to a firmament that's fair; Where the sweet, supernatural sunshine softly scattered sorrow's gloom, An' lets us enter heaven from the little church back home.

The city choir's voices rise in cadences so sweet As they sing about the river where the sainted ones shall meet, An' the preacher's voice is pleadin' as he asks us, soft and low, To treat all men as brothers in this weary vale of woe. This city church is handsome, an' the congregation's large, The preacher's dolly nobly with his heaven seekin' charge. The choir's swellin' anthems soar to heaven through the dome, But my old heart is sighin' for the little church back home.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

MY WEDDING DAY

WELL, as I was saying, this is the way it came about. I was a young thing then, just turned 18. Your grandfather had been my playmate, hero and protector from the time that I was old enough to go to school. I had never thought of marrying any one but him, and so when he asked me to be his wife, why, of course, I said "Yes."

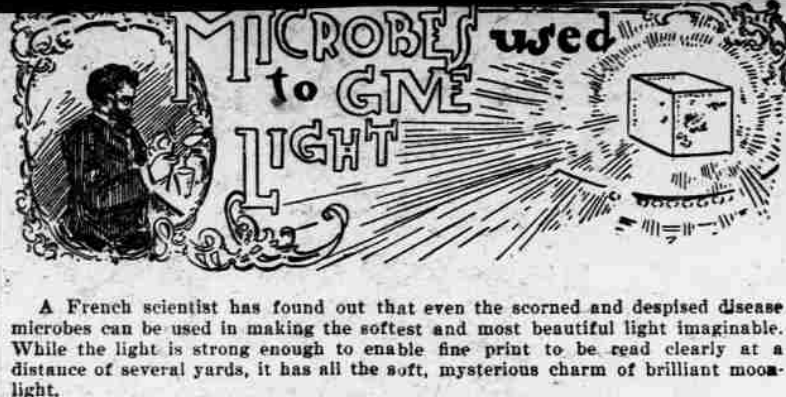
Well, it was in the spring of 1775 that we were to be married. Mother and I spent the winter getting my things made up, and I had as fine an outfit as a girl could possibly have in those days. The day set for the wedding was the nineteenth of April—yes, the very day on which the battle of Lexington occurred, as I have good reason to remember.

The nineteenth of April was a beautiful day, though a warm one for the season. We were all up early that morning, for there was a great deal to be done. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon when my mother, who had been looking over some linen, suddenly raised her head, exclaiming as she did so, "Why, Mary, was that the meeting-house, bell?"

"What can it mean?" I cried, and, running to the window, I caught sight of our neighbor's sons, Joe and John Eaton, running down the road with their guns. Across the way Harry Wright was plowing the field. The boys called out to him as they passed, and without stopping to unhitch the horse, he seized his gun and was off across the fields.

"It is an alarm, mother!" I cried. "The boys are down by the brook," she said. "The sound will not reach them!"

Without delay I hurried to the kitchen, and, setting the horn, I ran out of the house and started for the brook, which was some distance from the house. I blew a blast on the horn as I ran, and as the boys caught sight of me I pointed toward the road, where several men could be seen running with their guns. The boys understood, and, waving their hands to me, they were off across the field to the road.



A French scientist has found out that even the scrooped and despaired disease microbes can be used in making the softest and most beautiful light imaginable. While the light is strong enough to enable fine print to be read clearly at a distance of several yards, it has all the soft, mysterious charm of brilliant moonlight.

The lady generally would imagine that the first difficulty in making this light would be the collecting of the bacilli. But Prof. Raphael Du Bois of the University of Lyons has found that microbes are eminently practicable. The phosphorescent bacteria are those containing water, sea salt, one ternary compound, one nitrogenous compound, one phosphate, and traces of mineral. For purposes of decorative illumination the bacterial fluids are placed in bottle-shaped receptacles, with flat bottoms, covered by colored shades, which direct the light downward. These, suspended from the ceiling of a room, supply a clear, delicate glow, that transforms the most hopeless room and makes the dulliest complexion brilliant.

I hastened down the path to meet him. "Bad news, my child; bad news!" he exclaimed. "There has been an encounter with the king's troops." And then, reading the question in my eyes, he continued, "But they brought no news of our men."

"The hour set for the wedding was 8 o'clock, but it began to look as if there would be no wedding, for it was now after 7 o'clock, and none of our men had returned home. At last we heard steps outside, and then my brother Arthur, who was among the first to reach home, staggered into the room. I sprang up and ran to him. He sank into the nearest chair, and his gun fell to the floor with a thud. Arthur was only a boy of 15, you must remember, and the day had been a terrible one. When he had recovered a little, my father spoke. "What news do you bring, my son?" he asked.

"Arthur," I said, "is it Henry?" "Listen," he said, speaking rapidly. "The king's troops were in full retreat when we reached the road. We did not keep with our companies, but each one found shelter as he was able behind trees, walls or fences. I met Henry as I was crossing a field, and we took shelter together and awaited the coming of the troops. We had just got settled when Henry caught sight of a flanking party coming right down on us. He called to the men near us to run for their lives, and at the same time we both jumped the wall and ran for a house which stood in the field just opposite. I reached the opposite wall in safety and turned round to look for Henry, but he was not with me. At that moment the troops came round a sudden turn in the road and sent some shots in our direction. At the risk of being shot, I stood up and looked across

the road. He must have been hit by the flanking party, for he lay just by the wall. Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming up the road at a furious pace. I sat up and listened. "Somebody is riding on an important errand," I said to myself. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the rider, whoever he was, drew rein at our door. Then there was a murmur of voices and an opening and shutting of doors, and then my mother's voice calling to me: "Mary, Mary, child, come down! Henry is here! He's come!"

Scarcely believing that I had heard right, I got up and ran downstairs and into the kitchen, and there before me, his face pale as death, with a blood-stained bandage bound about his forehead, "Mary," he cried, holding out his hands to me, "I am in time! The clock has not struck yet! We have beaten the enemy at every point, and won a great victory! I am hit, but not seriously hurt!"

Then Parson Elder, who had come over to hear the news from Arthur, came forward and said: "Shall I perform the ceremony now?"

So right then and there your grandfather, in his working clothes, all stained with dust and blood, and I, in my morning calico, were married.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Mother (reading telegram)—Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose and four teeth out. Father (eagerly)—And who won?

Father (impatiently)—Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself. Now, I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper.—Puck.

A Matter of Confidence.
"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one voter.

"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to believing that he thoroughly understood his own arguments, and that regarded him as a genius."—Washington Star.

Justifiably Postponed.
Mamma—What's the matter, Johnnie? Johnnie—Boo-hoo-oo! yesterday I fell down and hurt myself. Mamma—Well, what are you crying to-day for? Johnnie—You weren't home yesterday.—Columbus Dispatch.

A Fetching Compliment.
She was not from Chicago. "Do not anger me," she said. "How am I to know when you are angry?" "I always stamp my feet," she answered. He looked down at her dainty shoes. "Impossible," he said; "there isn't room for a stamp on either of them." That fetched her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preparatory Course.
"Your son doesn't seem to be doing anything but play ball and row on the river, and all that sort of thing. I thought you said you were going to send him to school and prepare him for college?" "No; I said I was going to prepare him for college, that's all."—Philadelphia Press.

Sentiment in Circulation.
"Never propose to a girl by letter." "Why not?" "I did it once, and she stuck the letter in a book she was reading and lent it to my other girl."—Chicago Record.

Been Expecting It.
Mr. Lurker—Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity— Miss Snapper—Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this week for the past two years.—Tid-Bits.

A Plausible Explanation.
Byron, impatient of bridges as of many things, swam the flood and as a result was addressed in much minor verse as Leander. The new bridge is to be erected on lasting lines. Massive granite pillars are to be built and these will support the steel cables on which the bridge depends. They will provide accommodation for artillery and ordnance, will not be wanting in the shape of minarets and cupolas, decorated with tiles and arabesques.

Why Short Girls Are Preferred.
It is an undeniable fact that the majority of men prefer short women to tall ones. Perhaps this is because they like to be looked up to—at all events by the fair sex—and it is only natural for them to prefer the girl who, in her little caressing and fascinating, lovelike ways, has an account of her shortness, to look up at him for the purpose of peering into his love-lit eyes.

Tall women are usually dignified, and appear to scorn kitchinish ways, and although they manage to draw admiration it is rather of the awe-inspiring kind. No doubt, owing to the smallness of stature, and pretty, playful ways, men give to little women more petting than the tall, dignified woman demands. The lover's oft-repeated expression, "You little darling," could hardly be applied to the very tall girl without tickling the risibilities of those who overheard it.

Coffee Intoxication.
A visitor recently returned from Brazil, says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee. It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes and just before he drops asleep, at meals and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men women and children drink it with the same liberality and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability worse than that produced by whisky.

Childhood Recollections.
Admiring Son—Were you the smartest boy in school, pa, when you were as old as I am? Reminiscent Father—If I wasn't it wasn't the teacher's fault. He did his best to make me smart.—Louisville Journal.

The Ravages of Time.
Mrs. Wallis—I'm sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wearing. Mrs. Luers—Wearing? Why, in the last three years I've grown to look at least six months older!—Life.

THE REAL REASON.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Yes, my new girl for me, Mrs. DeStyle. She claims she left there of her own accord, but I think she was discharged. Mrs. Kaul—What makes you think so? Mrs. Hauskeep—I judge so from certain things she's let fall since she's been here. Mrs. Kaul—What were they? Mrs. Hauskeep—Dishes.—Philadelphia Press.

Discovery at Last.
"You've got an ear-trumpet, I see. That's what I've been telling you to do for two years." "Oh! Is that what you've been telling me for the last two years?"—Puck.

Maude Thinks of Applying for a Position as Soprano in a Church Choir.
"Well, there's a church for the deaf on 7th street."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Dangerous.
The Office Boy—I was 'inkin' of lookin' for another job. The Messenger Boy—You better look out. You might get one where you'd have to work.—Puck.

His Definition.
Wille—Pa, what is a publisher? Author—My son, a publisher is a squatter on the unearned increment of thought.—Life.

Why He Loved Her.
"Are you proud of your baking powder biscuit?" he asked. "I should think not," she replied. "I've tried dozens of times, but I never could equal those made by the cook." "Has any one ever told you that your pie crust exceeds anything in that line ever before made?" "Never. My pie crust is worse than my biscuit." "Are you an adept at preparing dainty little desserts?"

"Oh, I've done something in that way, of course," she answered, "but I never would think of doing the cooking for any one for whom I don't care." He gave a sigh of relief. "Will you marry me?" he asked.—London Answers.

Didn't Count.
Clergyman—My child, beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom. They are easy to confuse. Child—That be all right, sur. Us bain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves—they're a-goin' to market to be sold.—Tid-Bits.

Extravagance.
Rich Widow—Yes, my poor dear husband died in Florida. We had three doctors. Dr. Sawyer (sotto voce)—What extravagance, when one doctor could have killed him.

Convalescence.
Jinks—What's the matter, old man? Haven't seen you for two weeks and you look like you had been ill for a month. Spinks—Only a little attack of vacation, but the doctor says that a week of my regular daily work will bring me around all right.—Denver News.

Her Definition.
"Yes," said Miss Cayenne, "he is undoubtedly a cynic." "What is your idea of a cynic?" "He is a person who keeps you continually in doubt whether he is unusually clever or unusually disagreeable."—Washington Star.

Attentions.
You don't send me any more violets or American beauties or boxes of candy," she murmured. "No," answered Mr. Blykins. "But that is no sign I am not as attentive as ever. If you would rather have violets and roses and boxes of candy than the cabbages and potatoes and sirlolin steaks that I send around say the word. Your slightest wish shall be gratified even if I have to eat at a dairy lunch-room."

New Golf Stick.
"I see that you have added to your collection of golf sticks, Miss Frocks," said young Postlethwaite. "I do not understand you, Mr. Postlethwaite," rejoined Miss Frocks. "My collection of golf sticks has been complete, so far as I know." "Perhaps, but I saw Cholly Goslin on the course with your stick this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

Man and Nodes.
"What did Alice wear to the box party, Harry?" "She had on a spotted silk frock, a kind of pink velvet windmill in her hair and a white lace cascade hanging down her back."—Chicago Record.

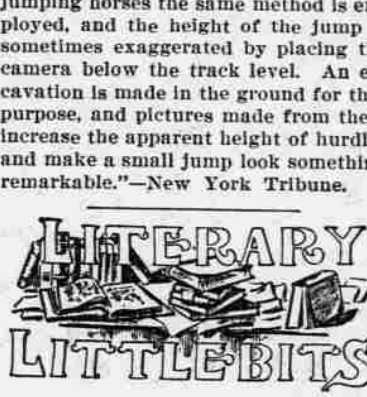
Her Distinct Advance.
"British Museum Newton, the archaeologist, was a capital story teller, and Mr. Hare has preserved two or three of his tales. One is a spiritualistic séance, where an old cockney was informed that the spirit manifested was his deceased wife, whereupon the following dialogue took place: "Is that you, Arriet?" "Yes, it is me." "Are you 'appy," "Arriet?" "Yes, very 'appy." "Applier than you was with me, 'Arriet?" "Yes, much 'applier." "Where are you, 'Arriet?" "In 'ell."—A. J. Hare's "Story of My Life."

Immense Coal Beds.
The beds of the immense coal fields lately discovered in Zululand extend downward to forty-five feet in places and the coal is of good quality. Disappointment doesn't affect men and women the same. When a man runs across an old love letter he writes to his wife he laughs, but his wife cries.

TAKING SHOTS AT HORSES.

Photographers Must Employ Tricks to Get Good Pictures.
"It is no easy matter to make a good horse picture," said Alfred J. Meyer of Pach Brothers, "although every amateur thinks himself equal to the task. A horse must be taken from the proper point or his owner will not recognize the picture. If the camera is too near the subject certain points will be exaggerated in the photograph. The best results are obtained by placing the horse on a slight incline, so that the fore feet are a trifle higher than the hind feet. This position throws the head up. Then snapping the fingers or making any slight noise will cause the animal to prick up his ears, and at the moment when he is in this position of attention the photographer makes the picture."

When horses in harness are to be photographed they must be posed on level ground or on a slight incline. To make them look alive a hat or a card is sometimes scaled in front of them, and at the moment when they look up the snap shot is made. When pictures of horses in action are made we usually place the camera near the ground, and by that means we get the best hoof position, which cannot be secured when the camera is held or placed at the ordinary height. To make pictures of jumping horses the same method is employed, and the height of the jump is sometimes exaggerated by placing the camera below the track level. An excavation is made in the ground for that purpose, and pictures made from there increase the apparent height of hurdles and make a small jump look something remarkable."—New York Tribune.



Max Pemberton has in contemplation a novel dealing with Cambridge university life. He is a graduate of Calus college.

The latest volume in which Jeanette Glider has discovered material for a drama is Mrs. Schuyler Cromwell's new story, "The Archbishop and the Lady."

It is pleasing to note that the author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" has dedicated her new novel, "The Expatriates," to her husband, Arthur Hoyt Bogue. Mrs. Bogue, who is at present living in New York, intends to continue her literary work and her author's readings.

Miss Lydia Farrington Krause, better known as Barbara Yeitchon, has published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. "Fortune's Boats." The story has been running serially in the Churchman. Miss Krause never fails to give one a pleasing picture of the freshness and the purity of girlhood.

Amelia E. Barr has completed a novel called "Souls of Passage," a story based upon the doctrines of reincarnation, which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish. She is at present planning a novel centering around the subject in which she will endeavor to illustrate the domestic side of his character.

"The English-American," a novel of love and adventure, the scenes of which are laid in England and America, is a book by Emma Homan Thayer, presented by the Continental Publishing Company. Mrs. Thayer, it will be recalled, is the author of "Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains" and "Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast."

A story of Jane Austen's dealings with her Bath publisher relates how, like Milton, she sold her first book for \$50 outright. The publisher allowed "Northanger Abbey" to lie on his desk for fifteen years, when Miss Austen bought back her manuscript at its original figure. She had become famous during the time, but obviously this had not affected the Bath publisher.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.
Policies of insurance made in another state where the applicant resides and where the policies are delivered to him are held, in Mutual Life Insurance Company vs. Dingley (C. C. App. 9th C.), 49 L. R. A. 132, to be subject to the statutes of New York, when they are made, executed and payable in that state, and the premiums are to be paid there, and they contain a waiver of the service of notices required by statute.

Constitutional amendment giving the Supreme Court jurisdiction in all cases, both of the law and the facts, is held, in Cassel vs. Tracy (L. A.), 49 L. R. A. 272, to require the remanding of a case which was pending on appeal when the amendment was adopted, but in which the record did not present the evidence or an agreed statement of facts. This was done in order that on a second trial the testimony could be reduced to writing and give opportunity for the Supreme Court to discharge its constitutional duty of judging the facts as well as the law of the case.

Liability of bank directors for deposits received after they knew the bank to be insolvent or in failing circumstances is held, in Utley vs. Life (Mo.), 49 L. R. A. 323, not to extend to deposits received when they actually believed it to be solvent, merely because they neglected to investigate or keep posted as to its affairs. The case also holds that false statements in a report to the State Department would not make the directors liable to a common-law action for deceit in favor of one who deposited in reliance on the report, if the statements were made in good faith, believing them to be true.

An Easy-Going State.
Bishop Thompson of Mississippi said the other day: "I suppose there is a larger percentage of old men in Mississippi than in any other State—at least, it seems so to me, and I have been in a good many. By old men I mean from 80 to 90. They are not decrepit old men, who hug the fireside, but are quite lively old fellows." "How do you account, bishop, for this large proportion of old men in Mississippi?" asked someone. "Well," said the bishop, "there is no chance to become rich in Mississippi. Everybody knows it and does not worry himself into an early grave trying to."

WIDESPREAD CONFIDENCE.

Improvement in Cereal Markets—Active Demand in Iron and Steel.
Bradstreet's says: Business is still of a between-season character in most lines, but a livening up of interest in several trades has been noted this week. Relatively best reports come from the iron and steel, lumber, leather and rug trades, but there has been some enlargement of wholesale distributive trade on spring account in the South and West. Spring trade in dry goods is just opening up, and it is noted that a heavy shipping movement on orders is now proceeding at the West. Some gain in wool sales is noted at Eastern markets, but weather conditions have not been favorable as a whole, except in stimulating the retail trade in shoes and rubber goods. A special feature is the generally good tenor of reports as to collections from all Western and Southern points, from which it is inferred that trade relations to retailers must have been quite good. Summed up briefly, the situation is one of widespread confidence in the general business outlook.

Corn is slightly higher, in sympathy with wheat and small receipts of contract. Inquiry rather than active demand is a leading feature in iron and steel, but quite an increase of activity is noted in Bessemer pig iron and billets at Pittsburgh and in plates at Chicago. Iron production is increasing, but has not yet overtaken consumption, and stocks are reported smaller than a month ago.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 5,961,095 bushels. Business failures in the United States for the week number 322, against 368 last week.

Canadian failures for the week number 36, against 23 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Market.
Onions, new yellow, 2@3¢.
Lettuce, hot house, \$1.60 per case.
Potatoes, new, \$1.15.
Beets, per sack, 50¢@51¢.
Turnips, per sack, \$1.00.
Squash—1½¢.
Carrots, per sack, 75¢.
Parsnips, per sack, \$1.00@1.25.
Celery—50¢ doz.
Cabbage, native and California, 2@2½¢ per pounds.

Butter—Creamery, 80¢; dairy, 18¢@22¢; ranch, 18¢@18¢ pound.
Cheese—14¢.
Eggs—Ranch, 80¢; Eastern 25¢.
Poultry—14¢; dressed, native chickens, 15¢; turkey, 16¢.
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$15.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.

Corn—Whole, \$24.00; cracked, \$25; feed meal, \$24.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$8.50; blended straight, \$8.25; California, \$8.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; graham, per barrel, \$8.25; whole wheat flour, \$8.25; rye flour, \$8.80@4.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$16.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00.

Feed—Chopped feed, \$15.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$23; oil cake meal, per ton, \$29.00.
Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, prime 7½¢; cows, 7¢; mutton 7½¢; pork, 7½¢; trimmed, 9¢; veal, 11¢@12¢.
Hams—Large, 11½¢; small, 11½¢; breakfast bacon, 13½¢; dry salt sides, 8½¢.

Portland Market.
Wheat—Walla Walla, 55¢@56¢; Valley, nominal; Blainstem, 58¢ per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, \$8.40; graham, \$2.60.
Oats—Choice white, 42¢; choice gray, 41¢ per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, \$15.50 brewing, \$16.50 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$16.50 ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$12@12.50; clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 50¢@55¢; store, 32½¢.
Eggs—27¢ per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13¢; Young America, 14¢; new cheese 10¢ per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.50@3.50 per dozen; hens, \$4.50; springs, \$2.00@3.50; geese, \$8.00@9.00 doz; ducks, \$5.00@6.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12¢ per pound.
Potatoes—80¢@80¢ per sack; sweets, 1½¢ per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75¢; per sack; garlic, 7¢ per pound; cabbage, 1½¢ per pound; parsnips, 85¢; onions, \$1.50@2; carrots, 75¢.

Hops—New crop, 12¢@14¢ per pound.
Wool—Valley, 13¢@14¢ per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10¢@12¢; mohair, 25¢ per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3½¢; dressed mutton, 6½¢@7¢ per pound.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.75; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed, \$5.50@6.50 per 100 pounds.

"S" head on a spotted silk frock, a kind of pink velvet windmill in her hair and a white lace cascade hanging down her back."—Chicago Record.

San Francisco Market.
Wool—Spring—Nevada, 11¢@13¢ per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10¢@14¢; Valley, 15¢@17¢; Northern, 9¢@10¢.
Hops—Crop, 1900, 13½¢@17½¢.
Butter—Fancy creamery 23¢; do seconds, 20¢; fancy dairy, 19¢ do seconds, 18¢ per pound.
Eggs—Store, 25¢; fancy ranch, 30¢.
Millstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00@20.00; bran, \$14.00@14.50.

Hay—Wheat \$9@13½¢; wheat and oat \$9.00@12.50; best barley \$9.50 alfalfa, \$7.00@10.00 per ton; straw, 35¢@47¢ per bale.
Potatoes—Oregon Burbank's, 60¢@95¢; Salinas Burbank's, 55¢@1.15; river Burbank's, 40¢@45¢; sweets, 35¢@85¢.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@5.00; California lemons 75¢@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box.

Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6¢@6½¢ per pound.