

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Thomas Jefferson, awe-struck and gaping, found himself foot-loose for a time in the Marlboro rotunda while his father talked with a man who wanted to bargain for some of the output of the Paradise furnace by the year. The commercial transaction touched him lightly; but the moving groups, the imported bell-bows, the tasseled floors, frosted ceiling and plush-covered furniture—these bit deeply. Could this be South Tredgar, the place that had hitherto figured chiefly to him as a "court-day" town and the residence of his preacher uncle? It seemed hugely incredible.

After the conference with the iron buyer they crossed the street to the railway station; and again Thomas Jefferson was foot-loose while his father was closeted with some one in the manager's office.

An express train, with hissing air-brakes, Solomon-magnificent sleeping-cars, and a locomotive big enough to swallow whole the small affair that it used to bring the once-a-day train from Atlanta, had just backed in, and the boy took its royal measure with eager and curious eyes, walking slowly up one side of it and down the other.

At the rear of the string of Pullmans was a private car, with a deep observation platform, much polished brass railing, and sundry other luxurious appointments. Thomas Jefferson eyed it with unobscured interest. Thomas Jefferson spelled the name in the meditation, "Psyche"—spelled it without trying to pronounce it—and then turned his attention to the people who were descending the rubber-carpeted steps and grouping themselves under the direction of a tall man who reminded Thomas Jefferson of his Uncle Silas with an indescribable something left out of his face.

"As I was about to say, General, this station building is one of the relics. You mustn't judge South Tredgar—our new South Tredgar—by this. Eh?—how your pardon, Mrs. Vanadom? Oh, the hotel? It is just across the street, and a very good house; remarkably good, indeed, all things considered. In fact, we're quite proud of the Marlboro's."

One of the younger women smiled. "How enthusiastic you are, Mr. Farley. I thought we had outgrown all that—modern."

"But, my dear Miss Ellery, if you could know what we have to be enthusiastic about here! Why, these mountains we've been passing through for the last six hours are simply so many vast treasure-houses of coal, iron, top iron at the bottom, and enough of both to keep the world's industries going for ages! There's millions in them."

Thomas Jefferson overheard without understanding, but his eyes served a better purpose. Away back in the line of the Scottish Gordons there must have been an ancestor with the peer's gift of insight and some drop of blood of his blood had come down to this sober-faced country boy searching the faces of the excursionists for his cue of fellowship or antipathy.

For the sweet-voiced young woman called Miss Ellery there was love at first sight. For a severe, bespectacled Mrs. Vanadom there was awe. For the portly general with mutton-chop whiskers, overlooking the coal and the air of a dictator, there was awe, also, not unmingled with envy. For the tall man in the frock-coat, whose face reminded him of his Uncle Silas, there had been shrinking antipathy at first glance—which keen first impression was presently dulled and all but effaced by the enthusiasm, the suave tongue, and the benignant manner. Which proved that, in spite of the air of a recording camera, should have of the dark shutter snapped on it if the picture is to be preserved.

Thomas Jefferson made way when the party, marshaled by the enthusiastic president for its descent on the Marlboro. Afterward, the royalties having departed and a good-natured porter giving him leave, he was at liberty to examine the wheeled palace at near-hand, and even to climb into the vestibule for a peep inside.

There, with castles in the air began to rear themselves, tower on wall. Here was the very sky-reaching summit of all things desirable, and into one's own brass-bound hotel on wheels; to come and go at will; to give curt orders to a respectful and uniformed porter, as the awe-inspiring gentlemen with the mutton-chop whiskers had done.

"Mistuh Scipio," she would say. "The jus' erbout we'd out! I done been knowin' Mawstuh Caspah ebber sence I was Ol' Mistuh tiah-oman, and I ain't nev' seen him so frashioned as he been sence dat leetle come tellin' him come get dat po' ol' gal-child o' Mawstuh Louis's. Seema lak he jus' gwine 'r' round twel he h'u' somebody!"

"Doan' you trouble yo'self none er deat' Mist' Julett. Mawstuh Mawstuh tekkin' hit mighty h'ave 'cause Mawstuh Louis done daid. But bimely you gwine see him climb on his haws an' ride up yonder with de big deat' st'air-boards comes in an' f'otch dat ol' gal-child home an' den, ack-shuh hit loo-out, niggabs; dar ain't gwine be nuttin' on de top side disher yearth good er-nough for hit Missy. You watch what I done tol' yer erbout dat now!"

Scipio's prophecy, or as much of it as was related to the bringing of the orphaned Ardea to Deer Trace Manor, wrought itself out speedily, as a matter of course. At the close of the war, Captain Louis, the Major's brother, had become like many another hot-headed young Confederate, a self-exiled exile. On the eve of his departure for France he had married the Virginia maiden who had nursed him alive after Chancellorsville. Major Caspar had given the bride away—the war had spared no kinsman of hers to stand in this branch—and when the God-speeds were said, had himself turned back to the wood-grown fields of Deer Trace Manor, embittered and hostile, swearing never to set foot outside of his home acres again while the Union should stand.

For more than twenty years he kept this vow almost literally. A few of the old negroes, a mere handful of the six score slaves of the old patriarchal days, cast in their lot with their former master, and with these the Major lived at Deer Trace Manor, a miserably stock-raising a little, and unlike most of the war-broken plantation owners, clinging tenaciously to every rod of land covered by the original Dabney title-deeds.

In this seclusion, if you wanted a Dabney colt or a Dabney cow, you went, or sent, to Deer Trace Manor on your own initiative, and you, or your deputy, never met the Major. His business was transacted with lean, lantern-jawed Japheth Pettigrass, the Major's stock-and-farm foreman. And although the Dabney stock was pedigreed, you kept your wits about you; also Pettigrass got much the better of you in the trade, like the shrewd, calculating Alabama Yankee that he was.

Ardea was born in Paris in the twelfth year of the exile; and the Virginia mother, plunk always for the home land, died in the fifteenth year. Afterward Captain Louis fought a long-drawn, losing battle, figuring would be by a miserable miser, and in his frequent letters to his father as a rising miniature painter. He had his little girl back and forth between his lodgings and the studio where he painted pictures that nobody would buy, and a miserable miser, and in his frequent letters to his father as a rising miniature painter. He had his little girl back and forth between his lodgings and the studio where he painted pictures that nobody would buy, and a miserable miser, and in his frequent letters to his father as a rising miniature painter.

It was all new and very strange to a child whose only outlook on life had been urban and banal. She had never seen a mountain, and nothing so nearly approaching a forest than the parked groves of the Bois de Boulogne. Would it be permitted that she should sometimes walk in the woods of the first Dabney, she asked, with the quiet French twisting of the phrases that she was never able fully to overcome. It would certainly be permitted; more, the Major would make her a deed to some of the forest acres as she would care to include in her promenade.

How the French-born child fitted in to the haphazard household at Deer Trace Manor, with what struggles she came through the inevitable attack of homesickness, and how Mammy Juliet and every one else petted and indulged her, are matters which need not be dwelt on. But she steadily believed that she was too sensible, even at the early and tender age of 10, to be easily spoiled.

She never forgot a summer day soon after her arrival when she first saw her grandfather transformed into a frenzied madman. He was sitting on the wide portico directing Japheth Pettigrass, who was training the great crimson rooster, and she saw him walk to the lawn, playing with her grandfather's latest gift, a huge, solemn-eyed Great Dane, so she did not see the man who had dismounted the gate and was walking up the driveway until he was handing his card to her grandfather.

my fields and paschuna, sunr zout the pure al-ah of this peaceful Garden of Eden with youh dust-flingin', smoke-pot locomotives? Not a rod, suh! not a foot or an inch oveh de Dabney lands! Do I make it plain to you, suh?"

"But Major Dabney—one moment; this is purely a matter of business; there is nothing personal about it. Our company is able and willing to pay liberally for its right of way, and you must remember that the coming of the railroad will treble and quadruple your land values. I am only asking you to consider the matter in a business way, and to make your own price."

"Not anothe' wors' suh, or you'll make me lose my tempah! You add insult to injury, suh, when you offeh me youh contemptible Yankee gold. Whine I desiah to sell my birthright for youh beegahly mess of postage, I'll send a black boy in town to infamw you, suh!"

It is conceivable that the locating engineer of the Great Southwestern Railway Company was younger than he looked; or, at all events, that his experience hitherto had not brought him in contact with fire-eating gentlemen of the old school. Else he would hardly have said that with any affluence.

"Of course, it is optional with you, Major Dabney, whether you sell us our right of way peaceably or compel us to acquire it by condemnation proceedings in the courts. As for the rest—it is possible that you don't know the war is over?"

With a roar like that of a maddened lion the Major bowed himself, caught his man in a mighty wrestler's grip and flung him backward into the air. The words that went with the fierce attack made Ardea crouch and shiver and take refuge behind the great dog. Japheth Pettigrass jumped down from his step-ladder and went to help the engineer out of the lower bed.

"The old firebrand!" the engineer was muttering under his breath when Pettigrass reached him; but the foreman cut him short with a little sense, looks like, to me. Stove up any?"

"Well, your haws is waitin' for ye down yonder at the gate, and I don't see how you'll be allowin' to ask yo to stay to supper."

When the engineer had mounted and ridden away down the pike, the foreman straightened himself and faced about. The Major had dropped into his big arm-chair. His hands shook and Pettigrass moved nearer and spoke so that the child should not hear. "If you run me off the place the nex' minute, I'm goin' to tell you ort to be tolerably 'shamed' yo'self," said the Major. "That po' little gal is scared out of a year's growin', right now."

"I know, Japheth; I know. I'm an old heathen. For insultin' as he was, the man was for the time bein' my guest, suh—my guest!"

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Further revision of the tariff will be made the keynote of the coming campaign.

It is estimated that the fire loss in the forests of the Northwest will reach \$10,000,000.

Official news has been received in Washington of the death of the Madrid government in Nicaragua.

Paris fashions decree that the "hobble skirt" for women shall be supplanted by the "tube skirt."

Southern delegates to the National Congress' convention declare that prohibition has not hurt their trade.

An O. R. & N. train was struck by a landslide near The Dalles and narrowly escaped being pushed into the Columbia river.

An effort will be made to shift the entire responsibility for the Illinois Central car repair graft on J. T. Harahan, president of the road.

A 14-year-old girl while out rowing on Puget Sound was caught by the tide and carried away from shore, and was not rescued until 2 o'clock next morning. She was nearly exhausted from exposure and fright.

A 14-year-old boy sleeping in a camp near Weston, Ore., was seized by a huge cougar and was being dragged away when a man with whom he was sleeping was aroused, and timely assistance frightened the beast away. The boy was uninjured.

Mayor Gaynor of New York City is improving rapidly.

The steamer F. A. Kilburn was destroyed by fire at her dock in San Francisco.

Thirty-three soldiers were prostrated by heat during practice marches in Kansas.

Steady rains are falling in Chehalis county, Wash., extinguishing the forest fires there.

Wallace, Idaho, is reported to have had a population of exactly 3,000 when the census was taken in April.

F. August Heinze, one of the wealthiest mining men of this country, will be married September 1 to an actress.

The British cruiser Bedford went ashore on the Korean coast and will be a total loss. Eighteen men were drowned.

Senator Warner, of Missouri, announces that on account of old age he will not again be a candidate for reelection. He is 71 years old.

A national bank of Spokane, Wash., is issuing bank notes which are supposed to be antiseptic. They are signed with ink composed largely of carbolic acid.

SHOWERS QUENCH FIRES.

Weather Comes to Rescue of Idaho and Montana Forests.

Spokane, Aug. 24.—Light rain began to fall this afternoon in Wallace and other Coeur d'Alene mining towns that have been scorched or threatened by the forest fires, and the weary firefighters took new hope. Nothing but a heavy downpour will quench the flames that are eating up the big trees of Northern Idaho, Northwestern Montana and Northeastern Washington, however.

The Idaho militia and United States troops are on the way to do battle with the red invader, but the soldiers can accomplish little more than protection of the threatened towns.

Ranger Kotkewy, who with 200 men was reported as missing, is unharmed. He was near near Wallace, as reported, but was near Adair, Idaho, on the Milwaukee. He reached Missoula this morning and reported his men safe, except two packers. Tonight he left Missoula at the head of a party which went to search for missing fighters along the line of the Milwaukee, where it is believed all will, in time, be located.

Ranger Van Dyke, on Independence creek, and Ranger Derrick, at Saltese, Mont., both reported tonight. It had been feared that Van Dyke's crew of 75 men had been cut off.

The most sensational rumors of loss of life continue to be circulated, but it is impossible to verify them and it seems likely that, aside from losses among the national rangers, the number of dead in the three states will not exceed 100.

The known victims of the forest fire number 53, as follows: In and near Wallace, Idaho, 38; in and near Newport, Wash., 8; near St. Joe, Idaho, 6 men, supposed to be forest rangers; at Saltese, Mont., 1.

The Idaho militiamen are on the way from the encampment at American Lake, near Tacoma, to the Coeur d'Alenes. President Taft notified Governor Brady today that he would send to Idaho all the troops available, but that United States soldiers could not be used for police duty. Governor Brady will go to the front tomorrow. None of the towns in Idaho are in immediate danger, it is believed.

WATER FIRM BANKRUPT.

College Professors Prove to Be Poor Business Men.

Boise, Idaho.—The Grandview Land & Irrigation company was declared bankrupt by Judge Bryan, of the Seventh judicial district court, sitting at Caldwell, George F. Fenton was appointed receiver, under \$7,000 bonds. He took immediate charge of the canal system.

Complaint against the company was filed by N. C. and Harriet J. Massey, heavy land owners, who charged that the officers conspired to bankrupt the settlers, that their orchards and crops are ruined, owing to failure to deliver water for irrigation, and that the money paid the officers was sent personally to them instead of on the system.

Professor Holden, former president of the University of Iowa, is president of the company.

CLAYTON SURROUNDED BY FIRE

Passengers on Train Bring News That Town is Doomed.

Spokane, Aug. 24.—Passengers on a Spokane Falls & Northern railroad train which arrived here tonight reported that when the train passed through Clayton, Stevens county, Washington, this afternoon, a great forest fire had almost reached the edge of the town, which apparently was doomed to destruction.

Clayton has several hundred inhabitants and is the seat of an important sawmill industry. Destruction of the town would involve large financial loss, but probably no casualties. There is no way of obtaining further news, wire communication being cut off.

Josephine Has Ten Fires.

Grants Pass, Ore., Aug. 24.—Ten forest fires are burning in Josephine county. The local forest officers are working their men day and night. The force has been doubled. Besides these regular fire fighters farmers are being drafted, while many whose property is endangered are banding together for the best protection that can be had.

Of the ten burning districts, two are taking on a serious aspect. At Six-Mile creek, the fire has spread over a territory 15 miles square.

Man, 80, Walks 1880 Miles.

Portland—Reaching here on the last leg of his journey half way across the continent on foot, Anderson Love, 83 years of age, was picked up and cared for by the police. The octogenarian started on his Western journey from Minneapolis in March, soon after he was compelled to abandon his employment in the flouring mills of that city because of deafness. Having no living relatives save a grandson on a ranch near Roseburg, the aged man, desiring to be with him, started to walk to his destination with but \$4 in his pockets.

Wind Storm Spreads Fire.

Walla Walla, Aug. 24.—This section tonight experienced one of the worst wind and dust storms of the year, the storm having extended generally over Southeastern Washington and Northeastern Oregon, where forest fires are raging in the Wenaha reserve. Thirty men left Walla Walla for Elgin, Ore., in response to a call issued by Forester J. M. Schmitz, and about 20 left in automobiles to assist in controlling the fire in the timber on Looking Glass Canyon. Another large force will be divided between Toll Gate and Elgin.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

WATER RIGHTS IS ISSUE.

State Commission Preparing to Hear All Willow Creek Cases

Vale—The State water commission has advertised for meetings on Willow creek to determine the rights of all the water users on this stream. Under the new water code all the rights are to be settled in one suit. Willow creek is a flood water stream, about 100 miles long, and is used by the people from its head to its mouth at Vale. The Eastern Oregon Land company has agents in Vale with a view of securing some rights, while the Willow Creek Land & Irrigation company is planning to protect all its rights and Upper Willow Creek users arrived in Vale recently and are preparing their evidence.

J. H. Rose, S. M. Matthews, Francis Rose, C. T. Lacey, Pierce Smith and several other who have had ranches and used water from 15 to 25 years are among these, and the lower ranches, consisting of probably 30 users, are making up their cases. F. M. Saxton, the water commissioner for this district will be here the latter part of August to begin taking evidence.

It is conceded that whichever way the decisions are made the case will go through the Circuit and Supreme courts before being finally determined.

BONDS ESCAPE OREGON TAX.

Property Owned by Harriman Can Leave No Revenue to State.

Salem—In response to a letter of several weeks ago from George A. Steel, state treasurer, Attorney General Crawford has just submitted an opinion that stocks and bonds of a corporation under the laws of Oregon are personal property governed by the laws of the domicile instead of the location of the corporation and therefore escape the payment of inheritance tax.

The question involved arose after the death of E. H. Harriman. As he held stock extensively in Oregon railroads and other properties of the state, could the inheritance tax act have been construed as against the Harriman estate, it would have added several hundred thousand dollars to the state treasury.

As it is the attorney general believes that these stocks and bonds, being personal property, are subject to the laws of whatever state Harriman may have been residing in at the time of his death.

LINCOLN FAIR TO BE BEST.

September Festival Promises to Show Vast Growth.

Toledo.—The second annual Lincoln County Fair and Festival, to be held at Toledo, September 6, 7, 8 and 9, promises to be the greatest fair ever held in the county. The stock exhibits will be many, and as this county is producing some fine graded stock, this exhibition will be productive of much good. Fruit, vegetables and all other kinds of farm produce will be brought here from every section of the county.

The fair committee, which is composed of representative men and women from every locality of the county, is determined to make this the greatest and best fair ever held here. New grounds have been leased and permanent buildings are being erected and the Lincoln County fair will hereafter be a permanent affair.

Roseburg Pears Go East.

Roseburg—Three carloads of pears grown in the Eden Bower orchards, two miles north of Roseburg, were shipped recently by E. M. McKeany, of the Producers' fruit company, of Sacramento. Mr. McKeany pronounced the pears grown here equal to those grown in counties north of Douglas.

The Eden Bower product brought an average of \$1.60 a box. Besides these, other Douglas county fruitgrowers have shipped East this season five carloads of pears from Winstons, six cars from Dillard and one car from Myrtle Creek.

Hay Goes Out Rapidly.

Haines—Already the Haines Mercantile company has shipped more than 1,000 tons of hay and in this week shipping at the rate of 100 tons a day. Next week this company will begin piling the hay in the field to be held for future shipment. A power hay piler will be used in this work, which is operated by a gasoline engine.

The quality of the hay this season is said to be better than heretofore, and the product is put up in much better condition. The yield is up to the average, while the price is above.

Enterprise May Get Sugar Factory.

Enterprise—Judge Rolapp, of Salt Lake, representing the sugar trust, has left Enterprise after an inspection of the soil here and its adaptability to sugar beet culture on a large scale. In a public statement Judge Rolapp said: "You may say for me that the soil of what is known as the Slope here is the best sugar beet ground I have inspected."

The judge further stated that if the required acreage could be secured there would be a sugar factory here.

Monster Sunflower.

Adams—Mr. and Mrs. George Bentley have a sunflower plant growing in their front yard which they claim eclipses the one grown by Major Lee Moorehouse, of Pendleton, two years ago, and which was written up in local papers as a champion bloom producer.

OREGON LIBRARY COMMISSION.

Good Books for Winter Reading Can Be Had by Villagers.

Salem—The Oregon Library Commission has several new traveling libraries ready to send out into the state. The traveling libraries are intended for farming communities and small villages not enjoying library privileges and unable to support a library. There is absolutely no charge for the libraries except the transportation charges both ways. The books are packed in a strong wooden box and sent by freight; the weight averages 100 pounds. The library may be kept six months, and then returned to the commission and exchanged for another and different lot of books. The books must be loaned free of charge to all responsible persons in the community.

The libraries are usually kept in the most convenient public place, a school-house, postoffice, grange hall, store, or in a home. They are made up of the very best books for grown people and for children. Each library contains 50 popular and interesting books of fiction, history, travel, biography, science, sociology, and literature, books which old and young will enjoy.

If you are interested in a traveling library for your community, write to the Library Commission, Salem, for further information.

CLAMBAKE ANNUAL AFFAIR.

Newport People Pleased Over Success of First Festival.

Newport—Newport will have an annual clam bake owing to the success of the clam bake on August 14. The oven is permanent, and the necessary sea food are easy to obtain.

Sunday was selected as the date for the recent clam bake as the saloons are closed on that day. Rev. J. R. N. Bell defended the date, saying that he would feel as much at home at such a well-regulated clam bake as he would be invited to a private dinner on Sunday. The crowds, he said, were the best he had ever seen, in Newport or out. All the visitors seemed to agree with him, as they have showered congratulations on the committee who arranged the affair.

The Corvallis & Eastern Railroad Company did the best it could, but many were compelled to stand in the cars. It is believed, however, that such crowds as have come to Newport this summer will force the railroad company to build around the bay from Yaquina, and thus do away with the ferryboat and waiting for the exchange of baggage.

Japanese Invasion Is Feared.

Medford—Rogue River valley is in a state of excitement and the local papers are devoting columns of space to the possibility of a Japanese labor and land-buying invasion of the valley. This scare is based on the fact that Isunji Aiba, Japanese vice-consul at Portland, spent several days here investigating the demand for labor, the price of land and the profit on orchards, and the possibility of renting and leasing orchards and other land. This is taken to mean that the Orientals are planning to get possession of Rogue River Valley.

Fight Films Curtailed.

Cottage Grove—The Johnson-Jeffries moving pictures were put on at a local picture showhouse last week. After the show had been in progress a short time, Acting Chief of Police Brown ordered the manager to quit selling tickets for the exhibit on grounds that the picture of the film under arrest, as one of 10 of the 14 rounds were shown. Later the issue was adjusted after the show was advertised as a "10-round reproduction of the Jeffries-Johnson fight."

Small Fish of Fine Quality.

Astoria—The run of fish has showed some improvement, the seines on Sand Island making much better catches than last week. The fish are running small and are of a fine quality, but the large fish are not of the best, being so poor that cold storage plants have ceased pickling and smoking them.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 96@98c; club, 96@98c; 92c; 88c; Russian, 84@85c; 81.50 per bushel; 92c; forty-fold, 87@88c; Turkey red, 90c.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy Willamette Valley, \$18@19 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$20@21; alfalfa, new, \$13@14; grain hay, \$12@13; hickories, \$1.75 per crate; loganberries, \$1.50 per crate; Melons—Watermelons, \$1@1.25 per hundred; cantaloupes, \$1.50@3 per crate.

Vegetables—Beans, 3@5c per pound; cabbage, 2@3c; cauliflower, \$1.50 per pound; celery, 90c; corn, 25c; cucumbers, 25@40c per box; eggplant, 6@8c per pound; garlic, 8@10c; green onions, 15c per dozen; peppers, 50c per box; radishes, 15@20c per dozen; squash, 7@8c per crate; tomatoes, 30@60c per box.

Sack Vegetables—Carrots, \$1@1.25; leeks, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1@1.25; turnips, \$1.00.

Potatoes—New, \$1.25@1.35 per sack; sweet potatoes, 4c per pound; Onions—Walla Walla, \$2.50 per hundred; Oregon, \$2@2.25 per sack.

Eggs—Oregon candled, 28@29c per dozen.

Butter—City creamery, solid pack, 34c per pound; butter fat, 34c per pound; country store butter, 24c per pound.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 17@18c per pound; Young America, 18@19c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 18@19c; springs, 18c; ducks, 12@14c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 18c; geese, 12@13c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 15c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12@13c per pound.

Hops—1909 crop, 8@12c, according to quality; what is, 8c; nominal; 1910 contract, 13c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 13@17c per pound; valley, 18@20c per pound. Mohair—Choice, 32@33c.

Casaers Bark—4 1/2c per pound.

Hides—Salted hides, 7@7 1/2c per pound; salted calf, 18c; salted kid, 8c; salted stags, 6c; green hides, 12c; dry hides, 16@17c; dry calf, 17@18c; dry stags, 11@12c.