

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1893.

The quarry where the material for making the "staff" used in the World's Fair buildings is obtained in the vast chalk and lime region of Texas, which is said to be full of possibilities of unlimited wealth for future capitalists.

It is well known that the sanitary conditions of Hungary are not the best in Europe, but medical circles were somewhat surprised by a recent statement made in Hungarian journals to the effect that 23,070 cases of diphtheria, with 9137 deaths, had occurred during the year 1892 in Hungary.

The San Francisco Examiner remarks: The British have adopted a gun that will send 100-pound missiles four miles, and fire so rapidly that four of the unpleasant things will be in the air at once. The layman, knowing little about guns, wonders what the fourth missile will find to strike.

According to the annual report of the Toneybee Hall settlement, in the east end of London, there has been an improvement in the housing of the poor, and also in the condition of the streets; a large increase in the rate of wages; libraries and baths have also become more numerous, and, altogether, the standard of living has greatly improved.

A Good Will Farm, which is being tried in Maine, is meeting with quite a degree of success. A number of cottages have been erected, and in these the "bad boys" are placed in carefully selected groups, with the hope that the influences of a home life may prove beneficial. The boys help with the household work, as well as with that in the shops and on the farm.

Miss Ella Wilson, of St. Louis, claims to have originated the idea of execution by electricity. "She wrote a piece," says a friend, "which showed a man in the death chair undergoing electrocution. Well, it seems Kemmler, the first victim of electricity, was put to death in New York. Miss Wilson discovered that they had used her idea entirely in the construction of the chair. She secured an injunction against the State, and after quite a legal battle the Warden of the penitentiary was compelled to change its mechanism in order to comply with the law and still not infringe on Miss Wilson's idea. Bright girl for nineteen, that, isn't she?"

The plan to reclaim a part of the Mojave desert of California is not so chimerical, argues the New York Tribune, as one might fancy who remembers only the desolate waste that stretches away to the horizon on each side of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad from the Needles to Mojave. All that this land needs is water, as has been proved on numerous oases that form the fringe of the Mojave and Colorado deserts. The building of storage dams in the neighboring mountain canyons will furnish ample water to irrigate a quarter of a million acres. The desert soil is rich, and when water is used vegetation grows as it does in the Nile valley.

Says the New York Sun: One of the greatest authorities on coal, Herr Nasse, the official mining expert of Prussia, has just published the result of his long investigations as to the probable duration of the coal strata of the world. He believes that the next five or six centuries will exhaust the coal of Europe; that the supply of Austria-Hungary, France and Belgium will be the first to give out; that the coal mines of Great Britain will be exhausted next, and finally those of Germany. Herr Nasse does not believe the American product will outlast that of Europe. There are, however, sources of supply which do not enter into these calculations, and may make out the world's coal resources for some centuries longer. Coal is found in many of the newer parts of the world. Recent discoveries encourage the belief that other finds of importance may be made as exploration goes on.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS.

CHAPTER XI. Continued.

"I had a full stock; five hundred dollars' worth, got it in a trader in Cincinnati on time, he to have half profits. Hope he'll get 'em! Well, I had the whole thing fixed under an old wall-tent out beyond that church, when all that noise began at daylight. Why it was perfectly deafening; I declare my hearing is more seriously impaired than ever. My inclination was to go away from that place of tumult and danger as quickly as I could; but how was I to leave my precious stock? Soon the bullets began to come that way, and, if you'll believe it, two or three of them actually went through the tent. There was a hoghead there that I kept full of water; I tipped it over and crawled in. It was wet and damp, but I endured it. Once a spent ball struck the head of it, 'spang!' and made me feel real uncomfortable. I wished I had stayed in Cincinnati, and persuaded my partner to follow General Grant down to Tennessee. Then a great crowd of rebels came trooping and yelling along, and began to plunder my tent. I crawled out and made a little speech to them.

"Gentlemen of the Confederacy," I said, "you do me proud with your attentions. I have a high respect for you—more than I ever had before. I believe at this moment that your illustrious President, the Honorable Jefferson Davis, is a gentleman and a scholar, as far as Mr. Beauregard, I believe he is greater than Napoleon. But please allow me, gentlemen, to correct a mistake you seem to be making—a natural one, perhaps, but one that ought not to prove any further. These goods that you are appropriating are not given away to worthy and hungry Confederate patriots; but I will sell them to you for just what they would cost you in Cincinnati. I will—

"Well, those rude soldiers laughed at me, called me a 'Yankee popoise,' a 'whale ashore,' a 'tame elephant,' and I don't know what other discreditable names. They ate everything I had that was eatable, and scattered the rest all around, and when I remonstrated further, they began to pelt me with my own eggs, and to prod me up with bayonets. Now, I will put it to you: such conduct as that to be excused among soldiers and gentlemen? I left them in disgust after they had told me that they didn't want me for a prisoner, as the show business was poor in the Confederacy. I got back here as fast as I could, which was not fast, and nearly had my head knocked off by a great cannon ball.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" "My mind is undecided. I am dissatisfied with war, it is not conducted with reference to personal rights and feelings. Just now, I'm going further down the river; right now. Those confabos make a dreadful unpleasant noise!"

The night waned, the heavens darkened, sheets of rain fell with thunder and lightning. The poor soldiers of both sides!

Thousands sank down on the ground overpowered by the weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

CHAPTER XII.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

It is only necessary to refer briefly to the second day's battle at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, whichever it may be called. There was another day of desperate fighting; the Union army, largely re-enforced, drove back their enemy as steadily as they had themselves been driven to the river a few hours before. Desperate fighting, which covered square miles of territory; thousands more stricken down, killed and wounded; the dead, the dying, the suffering everywhere on that wide field, with pain and misery protracted for long days and nights, until the ministering angels of the Sanitary Commission could come down from the North with physicians, medicines, and nurses, and supplies for the wounded; all this is in the history of that first very large battle of the war—a sorrowful history, to be repeated, alas! with variations, on a hundred other great fields during the three years yet to come.

The Confederates slowly withdrew to Corinth without pursuit; the Federal army reoccupied the ground of the day before. Our Mountain Battalion, with sacrifices of its best blood and brawn, had passed through the second day's battle, and its remnant rested at night upon the bloody field.

Preserved through the perils of the conflict, but wearied in body, Colonel Smedley lay down again to catch some sleep. He was awakened by Lieutenant Hawkins toward midnight.

"What is it?" he asked, starting up. "There's a wounded chap out here. I think you ought to see," was the reply. "We've been doing what we could for the poor wounded fellows of both sides that are lying all over the place, and I found a badly hurt officer with a rich gray uniform on one of the edges of the timber there. He can't move, and as he says he's no feeling in his lower parts, I reckon he's shot through the spine. I gave him some water from my canteen, and he thanked me and asked where I was from. I told him, and asked the same question. He said, 'Mississippi.' 'That's where my Colonel is from,' said I. He roused up a little at hearing that, and asks, 'Union Colonel?' 'Yes, I say,' I answered. 'What's his name?' 'I don't know,' I said. 'I told him, and I thought he would jump right off the ground, spite of his back ball shot through. 'For God's sake, bring him here to me,' he says. 'Let me see him here to die.' So I came back to tell you."

With a presentation of what was coming, Smedley rose and was conducted by the Lieutenant out to where the sufferer lay. Hawkins had found a candle in a discarded knapsack, and by its light Smedley was able to recognize the familiar features of a old friend.

"I thought it must be you, Landry," he said, "from what my officer told me. It grieves me to see you lying here. Are you badly hurt?—can you be moved?"

"I'm past all surgery, Charley; don't you remember that I used to call you 'sof' I shall die on this spot; in an hour I shall be where there are no more wars. Let us part friends, as we used to be; give me your hand; I hope God will preserve you through all this horrible strife. I might as well go as stay; I've been following a phantom of promised happiness; if life were given me, it would only mock and elude me. Put your head down nearer; I'm going fast, and have but little breath. This is the time for plain-speaking. I say that I could never be happy; the reason is, because I could never wed Isabel Montford. With you it is different."

"This is delusion!" Smedley cried. "She would spurn an angel of light if he came to her in a blue uniform."

"You are partly right, and partly wrong. She hates you as an enemy of the Confederacy; she loves you as a man. Charles Smedley, be patient; if your life shall be spared, you will win her. Her woman's heart must one day triumph over her proud head. It is not in womankind to love a principle more than a man."

"You have imagined all this, Landry. You never heard of me, and in those looks and actions when you were taken of, that speak far louder. She sent me to the field to fight for the cause she loves, as she would send every man south of the Ohio, if she could. I, poor fool, obeyed her and took the sword, bewitched by the magic of her smile; ardent and hopeful with the kiss she put upon my forehead, as she might have kissed a brother. I see it all now, with a clearer light; she never had any heart for me. But you—you—

"You are giving me new life," cried Smedley, "while you are parting with all. If, at some instant day, she will listen to me, what shall I tell her from you?"

"Speak for yourself, then; I am nothing to her. Good-night, Charley, I shall rest now."

They buried him the next morning under the tree where he died. New hope sprang up in Smedley's heart at the revelation he had heard. Amid all his stern surroundings, in the advance to Corinth, that hope shone before him like a star.

For another year the war went on. To follow the fortunes of Colonel Smedley and his command in detail would serve no useful purpose in this narrative. There were more battles, there were long and weary marches, there were sufferings, disease, death, and pain. Major Jackson, not yet convalescent, was in hospital at Cincinnati, and to him Alice Clay had journeyed from Knoxville. The surgeon smiled at the tender meeting, and said that now that a new medicine had come for his patient, there would be more hope for him. But not a few of the mountaineers and the Mississippi, and wives and children in the far off Chamber land vainly waited for them.

The war in this section tended steadily toward Vicksburg. To Charles Smedley there was something more in it than a momentous campaign. The path of stern duty itself was bringing him to her, and over every swamp and forest of those beleaguered hills he saw the star of hope.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT VICKSBURG.

Those nearest to Isabel Montford in that long interval between the capture of her lovers, one for the Union and the other for the Confederate army, and the time when Grant's lines closed round the fated city of her home, could never have suspected that her heart was elsewhere than in the cause of which she had talked with such lofty enthusiasm, and whose success was to her as certain as the rising of the sun.

To tell of her life during this time would be to describe the perfect confidence and assurance with which the people of that city in the early part of 1862, the fortifications strengthened, and new batteries planted on the heights; how with complacency they witnessed the ineffectual demonstration of Farragut and Williams from below; how as time went on they grew familiar with bombardments and the roar of answering artillery from their heights; how they looked at first with amazement at the spectacle of daring Union war vessels running the gauntlet of those bristling batteries amid a tempest of fire and shot, but presently learned that their city on a hill could never be successfully attacked in that way; how the river above and below was effectually sealed by the fleet, and what attempt after attempt to invest the place from above through swamps and bayous failed; and how still, in the spring of 1863, the hostile army was at work, striving for a position from which to reach out for the great prize of the control of the Mississippi.

In the days when it was all over, when the great tragedy was past and gone like a horrible dream of the night, the suffering people of Vicksburg recalled the fact that none was more earnest, none endowed with a loftier courage, none so patient under deprivations, as Isabel Montford. A soul of fire seemed to dwell in her frame. Never, until the last, would she admit the possibility that the city must capitulate. She cheered and encouraged the doubting and the faint-hearted with her words, and in the long weeks of the siege, when bombs rained down upon the exposed quarters of the works could be heard from the out- defenses, and the horrors of starvation were impending—then this woman laid away her pride, smothered the striking felicity and refinement that would have urged her to leave Vicksburg as a place of horrors, and became a volunteer nurse and attendant in the hospitals, where daily legs and arms were amputated, jagged bullets dug from the quivering flesh, and poor writhing bodies were cut and carved with pitying eyes but marble face, the went through it all; suffering soldiers blessed her as she stood or sat by their cots, and gave to relieve their pain; and the Surgeon-in-chief said, "Why, God love you, miss! you shame half the men with your devotion to the cause."

Not all at once, however, but gradually did the miseries of the war envelop her. She was given the bitter cup of bereavement to taste ere the strife came home to her own door. The invalid mother grew weaker and weaker, and the fears and anxieties excited by the reports of

rapidly. She had predicted that she would not live to see the end of the struggle; she passed away when it was but fairly begun. It was on the morning of June 28, 1862, when Farragut's fleet was passing the town, wreathed in smoke and flame, and the very hills seemed shaken by the thunders of the batteries on the heights that looked the river into foam; it was then that this gentle girl passed away, and escaped the suffering of the time to come.

Isabel was greatly affected by her death, but her father, although not without the ordinary affections, turned the occasion into a suggestion for his habitual boasting.

"Well, well, poor woman; I'm sorry, very sorry. I'm particularly sorry that she couldn't live to witness the glorious triumph of our Confederacy, which is sure to take place before Christmas."

"Perhaps it is better," replied Isabel, sadly, "since she was soon to go, that she should be taken now, and be saved what is before us. She often told us that the war would be long and bloody; and I now see that she was right. The enemy have taken New Orleans; they are pressing up the river. We shall prevail in the end; but it will be no child's play. We shall conquer our independence, but every man's arm must aid in the blow. O that I were a man! I would join my brothers and fight with them for the cause."

She looked it, as well as said it. Mr. Montford arranged his shirt-ruffles, struck an attitude with his hand behind his back, and replied:

"Poo-hoo, woman! The presumption of women, in presuming to know anything about war! It was so with your poor mother, Belle, and it's so with you. You judge from a few detached aspects of the conflict, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole field—as I do. Our armies are but just in motion; they will sweep everything before them as they advance. The New Orleans business, you refer to, is a small affair. We shall send a force down there in a week or two, and sweep the invaders into the Gulf."

The best of August came. One day Mr. Montford came home so pale and agitated that his daughter was alarmed, and asked what the matter was.

"What is the trouble, father?" she asked. "Bring me some cordial, Belle. I don't know how I shall stand it. Indeed, it is dreadful war. We shall prevail—yes, certainly we shall win; but—but—"

He put his head down and groaned. She swiftly grasped his truth.

"You are ill," she said from Arthur and Reginald."

"Why—yes. Bieckerridge attacked at Baton Rouge, and did not succeed. Both our boys were with him, and—"

"Are both killed?"

"Yes."

It was a sorrowful hour after that. Isabel stole her hand and reprised all show of her grief for the sake of her father, who went about in a half-dazed condition, some idea comprehending and sometimes forgetting what had happened. Authentic news was scarce, now that the river was closed, and the presence of Union forces near it made communication inland uncertain; but Mr. Montford would sometimes get a Richmond paper, or a flaming issue of the Vicksburg wall-paper press, and talk over their contents in his old vainglorious way at peace and independence by Christmas.

"Then the boys will be home," he would add. "Both smart fellows; Reginald a little the smarter. Regy will come home a brigadier. I'll wager you—"

Isabel's distressed face would recall him to the bitter truth, and he would walk the streets in anguish.

Time passed; the people of the city watched the unavailing efforts of the enemy to reach it. Isabel Montford read of them and heard about them, and took new heart of hope from the repeated discouragements and failures of that enemy. The advance from above, the bayonet expeditions, the cannon cut-off below, all had resulted in nothing but fruitless efforts and loss to the Union army. Something of Mr. Montford's old confident spirit returned.

"They never can take Vicksburg, Belle," he would say, rubbing his hands and walking majestically about. "Why, the absurd presumption of these Yankees!"

He came home early in May one day with a light step and exultant mien.

"Now, Belle, what do you think?" he cried. "Madness has seized our enemies. They have actually crossed to the side of the river, down at Bruinsburg. They are like rats in a trap. Not a man can escape between Johnston and Pemberton."

So it seemed to cooler and less flighty heads than his. Not Vicksburg alone; the whole country eagerly watched for tidings of that daring move, the success of which would mean the control of the river; its failure, the destruction of the army attempting it.

In the next three weeks followed in quick succession the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Big Black. The evil tidings came thick and fast to Vicksburg. No one was deceived by their meaning. Continued defeat in the field made it certain that the city must be abandoned to the enemy, or else its defense undertaken through all the tedious horrors of a siege.

On the 17th of May the army of Pemberton was in full retreat upon Vicksburg. Stragglers came in and reported to the excited but approving people that the works back of the town, the hills and the ridges, were to be defended to the last.

"There is nothing else to do," Isabel said to her father. "What craven would he so base as to talk of surrendering this town, of giving up the Mississippi? No; we will all perish together, if so it is to be."

Poor, boasting Mr. Montford was completely broken down.

"What is the matter, Belle?" he feebly asked. "I don't understand it at all. What's all this talk of a siege?"

"I'm coming fast. Our troops must be brought back to the fortifications now. I hear that we shall all be shut up here in two days more."

"Bless you, child, I can't endure such a thing! I've read all about sieges; we shall have cannon-balls flying in the streets, and nothing to eat but corn bread and mule meat. You don't think I can stand that, do you? I won't stay here, take me to Jackson."

Alas! neither he nor any other of the thousands of the non-combatants could

that escape the horrors of the seven weeks. On the 18th of May, Grant's army was in sight of the city. The sound of cannon fighting raged at points along the river. More wounded were being sent to the rear. Charles Smedley? She knew not where he was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARKET PRICES.

Latest New York Quotations—Continued.

BUTTER.—State Dairy, 1 lb., fancy		12 1/2
State Dairy, 1 lb., choice		12 1/2
Western Dairy, choice, per lb.		12 1/2
Western Dairy, good, per lb.		12 1/2
Imitation Creamery, choice, per lb.		12 1/2
Imitation Creamery, fancy, per lb.		12 1/2
Welsh tubs, fancy, per lb.		12 1/2
Welsh tubs, choice, per lb.		12 1/2
Edgemoor Creamery, fancy, per lb.		12 1/2
Western Creamery, fancy, per lb.		12 1/2
Western Creamery, choice, per lb.		12 1/2
Factory, fresh, choice, per lb.		12 1/2
Beans and Peas.—Beans, Mar., choice		12 1/2
Beans, pea, choice		12 1/2
Beans, red kidney, choice		12 1/2
Beans, Lima, Cal. or Lima		12 1/2
Green Peas, Scotch, per 60 lb.		12 1/2
CHEESE.—State Factory, fancy		12 1/2
State Factory, full cream, choice		12 1/2
State Factory, part skim, per lb.		12 1/2
State Factory, full skim, per lb.		12 1/2
Dairied Swiss, Apples, evaporated		12 1/2
Apples, sun dried, new, per lb.		12 1/2
Apples, California, per lb.		12 1/2
Raspberries, evaporated, per lb.		12 1/2
Cherries, per lb.		12 1/2
Peaches, dried, Spanish, per lb.		12 1/2
Eggs.—Western, choice, per doz.		12 1/2
Western, choice, per doz.		12 1/2
Apples, Spitz, choice, per doz.		12 1/2
Apples, Baldwin, fancy, per doz.		12 1/2
Apples, Baldwin, prime, per doz.		12 1/2
Apples, Golden, per doz.		12 1/2
Grape fruit, Florida, per doz.		12 1/2
Oranges, California, per doz.		12 1/2
Oranges, Tangerine, per doz.		12 1/2
Oranges, Florida, per doz.		12 1/2
Oranges, Indian, per doz.		12 1/2
BATON ROUGE.—Hay, No. 1, per 100 lb.		12 1/2
Hay, No. 2, per 100 lb.		12 1/2
Hay, No. 3, per 100 lb.		12 1/2
Long Hay Straw, per 100 lb.		12 1/2
Short Hay Straw, per 100 lb.		12 1/2
Wheat Straw, per 100 lb.		12 1/2
FLOUR.—Extra, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, extra, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
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Flour, No. 59, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 59, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 60, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 60, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 61, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 61, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 62, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 62, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 63, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 63, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 64, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 64, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 65, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 65, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 66, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 66, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 67, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 67, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 68, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 68, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 69, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 69, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 70, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 70, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 71, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 71, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 72, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 72, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 73, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 73, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 74, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 74, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 75, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 75, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 76, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 76, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 77, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 77, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 78, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 78, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 79, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 79, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 80, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 80, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 81, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 81, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 82, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 82, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 83, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 83, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 84, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 84, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 85, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 85, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 86, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 86, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 87, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 87, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 88, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 88, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 89, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 89, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 90, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 90, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 91, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 91, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 92, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 92, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 93, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 93, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 94, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 94, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 95, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 95, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 96, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 96, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 97, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 97, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 98, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 98, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 99, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 99, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 100, Western, per pair		12 1/2
Flour, No. 100, Eastern, per pair		12 1/2