THE BRITISH ASS.

D IN A DEN OF SCIENTIFIC LIONS, AUGUST 7, 1871.)

AIR,—"*The British Grenadiers*."

ne men go in for science,
nd some go in for Sham,
ne roar like hungry Lions,
nd others bleat like lambs:
t there's a Beast that at this feast
eserves a double glass;
let us bray, that long we may
dmire the British Ass!

Chorus.—With a tow, row, row, etc.

England's fragrant clover
his beast delights to browse,
sometimes he's a rover
o Scotland's broomy knowes;
there the plant supplies his want
hat doth all herbs surpass,
Thistle rude—the sweetest food
hat feeds the British Ass.

've read in ancient story
low a great Chaldean swell
me down from all his glory
With horned beasts to dwell.
ou would know how it happened so
hat a King should feed on grass,
"Section D, Department B,"
nquire of the British Ass!

Grecian sages, charming,
ang the music of the spheres,
o ices more alarming
alutd our longer ears;
Science bold we now are told
low life did come to pass—
om world to world the seeds were hurled
Whence sprang the British Ass!

our waltzing through creation,
We meet those fiery stones
at bring for propagation,
The germs of flesh and bones;
d is it not a thrilling thought
hat some huge misguided mass
ill come some day, and sweep away
Our dear old British Ass!

e child who knows his father
Has aye been reckoned wise,
t some of us would rather
Be spared that sweet surprise,
it be true that when we view
A comely lad or lass,
e find a trace of the monkey's face
In the gaze of the British Ass!

e Ancients, childish creatures!
Thought we derived from Heaven
e godlike form and features
To mankind solely given;
t now we see our pedigree
Made plain as in a glass,
d when we grin, we betray our kin
To the sires of the British Ass!

HE HAMILTON BROTHERS.

A LOVE STORY.

sat and talked in the firelight, my
er Frank and I, just as we had sat and
d a hundred times before in the busy,
ward years which we two brothers had
together.
idenly looking up, Frank met my eyes
upon his moody face, and running his
s lazily through his curly hair, he
ed; but his laugh had not its own
, careless ring.
low well Bent seems to be getting on
lbourne, Max," said he. "His letter
is filled with his own prosperity."
seems to me merely written to see if
uld send him out an assistant," I an-
d speaking lightly.
f course you do not know of any as-
t to send out to Bent," Frank said.
poorest young surgeons of your ac-
tance are ourselves, the Hamilton
rs, and thank heaven, we have not
so low as to exile ourselves voluntn-
s druggists to Bent. I would not
e quarters with him for any consider-
but I fear I envy him his success.
must own, Max, that it is hard fight-
ere."
it is anywhere, in any profession,
t first," I answered quietly. "There
one thing we can do. However small
come, we can live it down and work
o increase it. That, I take it, is the
of success, Frank." We canvassed
rospects, and then Frank told me how
us he was to succeed, that he might
Lettice for his wife. It was Lettice's
ay and we were going to pay our re-
to her on this eventful occasion.
told me how great a trial it was to
waiting and struggling for success that
ght marry, and I asked:
rank, do you feel that the waiting is a
too, for—her?"
know what you mean," he answered,
ly pausing. "Yes, Max, I think so."
o you know it?" I questioned in a low
whose sadness touched my own heart.
e answered with no pause at all:
es, Max I know it."
had just finished dressing, when I
d Frank by saying very quietly:
have made up my mind to go out to
"
o—what?"
mply what I said—to go out to Bent.
t a change, and a change holding out
prospect of success. Why should I
ize this opportunity?"
ht, you take me so fearfully by sur-
" stammered Frank. "Why, you are
cleverer surgeon than Bent; you go
s his servant!"
stood under the old lime tree, which
mmer, shaded the doorway, and my
was on the bell when Frank stayed it
oke a few words in unusual earnest-
ll me one thing, Max, before we go
ou do not decide to leave here for my
because I have so often complained
ur practice is not sufficient for two:
ecause you know I want to marry, and
t do so as we are? You would not
your home and your friends, and me,
o out to drudgery for that reason,
I shall not be comfortable unless you
e that you do it for your own sake."
wing that my going would spare me
eat pain, which in my cowardice I
from, I answered him with a quick
"
had a very pleasant evening with Let-
I did not feel very happy, and my de-
appearance was referred to more than
n the evening. Frank made some re-
when I in reply said:
e fact is, Lettice, Frank cannot un-
nd my last new whim, which is to go
Melbourne to join an old friend of
this was how I told her; on her birth-
ght. I, who had worked and hoped,
aited, for the fulfillment of that one
dream which now lay shattered into
ents in that pretty, cheerful room.
hat do you think, Lettice of this new
t of Max's?" asked Frank, laughing-
she moved by the tea table.
simply said, "I do not like it; but if
inks it best, I suppose he does well
y out his project."
ax," said Lettice's father, as he came
oking curiously at me, "what's this
le one tells me? You are surely not
ng, in any seriousness, of going
?"
ave decided to do so, indeed, as soon
nk and I can arrange matters here?"
annot believe it. Why, if my own
ter had suddenly told me that she was
I could not have been more astonish-
hat can have decided you?"
ave learned by experience," I said,
to force a laugh, "that Redbury is
althy a place to support so many doc-
k and I walked home that night very
y. I think we had never before pass-
g the narrow, quaint old streets af-
evening spent with Lettice, without
of her, and of the home she made
ht and happy. But when we enter-
own silent room we both hesitated,
willing to separate so.
x," began Frank, at last, stooping
o push a spill into the smouldering
this house seems dreary enough to
o even with you. What will it seem,
er, when you are gone?"

"It depends on who shall live here then, dear fellow," I answered. "No house where you and Lettice live could be dreary in any way."

I could see the scarlet rush into his face even before he lighted the gas. Then he turned to me with joyous eyes, and leaning on the chimney-place, asked me laughingly when I would come back and prove that for myself.

"I will come," I said quite cheerfully, "in—let me see—in twenty years, perhaps."

"O nonsense, Max," he cried, in his quick earnestness laying one hand upon my arm; "you will come for my wedding."

"For your wedding?" I echoed, as if the words spoken so simply had bewildered me. "Frank, does she really love you?"

"Why, Max, old fellow, I never saw you so nervous before. Are you afraid that I am deceiving myself—or that she is deceiving me?"

"No—never afraid of that. You know she loves you, Frank?"

"Yes, Max, I know it."

"Then I will come—unless you marry within ten years' time."

Frank's whistle of astonishment broke into a hearty laugh. "A nice little waiting time you allow me Max. We shall certainly have leisure to think it well over.

"If you don't marry until then," I went on laughing, too, "I will come. If you do, you must have your big brother represented, and I will come to you for a holiday in ten years time."

"Ten years!" mused Frank; "what a weary time to look on to, unless one is anticipating a happy future."

Day after day until the last hour came, had I shrunk from bidding farewell to Lettice. Then I just went to her, as I had gone many times before, standing and chatting idly in the pretty room where we had often been so gay together.

"If Frank is to drive here for you in time to catch the express, you allow us a very short time indeed," said Mr. Oldfield.

"And yet it is a long good-by," added Lettice, jestingly; "you are not coming home for a long long time, are you Max?"

"Frank and I have made an important arrangement about that," I answered, trying to jest too, because I fancied she would understand what he had asked me to do. "I am going away to stay ten years unless he wants me."

"If he does not want you, you prefer staying out there?"

"Yes. What prospects is there of any one else wanting me?"

"I suppose none," she answered quietly, "as you say so; but we shall be glad to see you when you return. Not that you will care for that either, for you care for nothing, you know, except fortunizing your life."

Her words, in their quiet, simple scorn stabbed me to the heart.

"That is a wide world, Lettice," I said, "and a world which even yet I have not fathomed."

"But you expect to do so in Melbourne?"

"I hope so."

With an odd little laugh she changed the subject; and very soon Frank drove up to the gate. Mr. Oldfield and Amy went out and stood beside the dogcart, talking to him, while I followed more slowly. Lettice came with me, and stood a minute under the bare old lime tree, with the winter sunshine on her bright face. And I—looked down upon her—knew that this picture would dwell in my heart through all my life.

Her jesting scorn was all gone now; only her eyes were a little puzzled, and a little sad.

"You will be quite happy, Max," she said, "with that happiness which make others happy too."

"Tell me how, Lettice," I cried, the strong and passionate love of my heart trembling in my voice. "Tell me how to win this happiness."

"I cannot," she answered softly. "I cannot teach you what you know so well."

"Lettice," I said, "my one dearest friend, this is the last moment. Give me some few words of help to take with me—as a sister would have given them to me."

Very softly, while her clear, sweet eyes looked bravely into mine, she whispered the little verse, which has been ever with me since, and has helped me often, as her voice could help me in those far-off days:

> There is a cross in every lot,
> And an earnest need of prayer;
> But a lonely heart that leans on God
> Is happy everywhere.

From the gate I looked back wistfully to where she still stood under the winter branches, and she smiled one bright, quick smile and ran in.

Then I sat down beside Frank, and Amy sprang up, and gave me, with tear-filled eyes, the only kiss among all my sad good-bys.

Later on, in the frosty winter morning, we two brothers, who had been together all our lives, parted on the deck of the great waiting vessel, with only a few broken words, and one long, close, lingering hand-grasp.

* * * *

"The ten years are passing, and you must keep your promise, Max, and come."

I read the words over and over again. It was not yet ten, but over seven years since I had set foot in Melbourne, and in every letter Frank had sent me through those long years I had expected to tell me what he had told me at last. Yet, now that it was told, the lines seemed to swim before my eyes, and my fingers would not write the glad and congratulatory words I wished to send him.

"Now that my reward is come," he wrote. "I claim your promise. We only delay our marriage for your arrival. Max, old fellow, you would have felt happy for me indeed, if you had seen how willingly Mr. Oldfield gave my darling to me. I had been a son to him for years, he said; I could hardly be nearer when I was his daughter's husband. And now my cup of happiness will be full when you come. How soon can you be home?"

So, upon a bright spring morning, Frank and I met once more in England; and tired with a tiredness which I had never felt before, I rested that evening in my own chair beside the cheery home fire; striving to look back joyfully into my brother's beaming face.

"You are very tired, Max," said Frank, in his quick, glad tones.

"A little; but I was thinking how utterly content you look, Frank."

"So I ought to, ought I not? because I am so utterly content. Do I look changed in any other way?"

"No, none."

"So I look utterly content, do I? yet I have had trouble too. You ought to say you see the traces, Max."

"What trouble has it been?" I asked.

"A trouble of five years ago, Max," he answered quietly; "a trouble I never felt that I could tell you in a letter. When I first asked Lettice to be my wife she—she refused me, Max."

"I feared so, Frank," I said, so low that he stepped forward to catch the words. "I feared so from your silence at that time. But never mind, dear fellow, as it has ended so brightly."

"No, I don't mind now one atom. It has ended so brightly, as you say."

It seemed like a dream to be walking once more at Frank's side on the shadowy street; and still more like a dream to be entering unnoticed, the pretty, familiar room, where Lettice sat alone at the window sewing in the twilight.

"Lettice," cried Frank, in gay eagerness, "Here's Max."

I was standing opposite her, looking down upon her with still, calm eyes; the grave, elder brother of her affianced husband. She dropped her work, and put her two hands into mine in quick, glad greeting; and I spoke to her just as I knew Frank would wish me to speak to her; watching all the while his face as well as hers. She was changed more than he was. The face that had been almost child-like in its sunny beauty was a woman's face now; deeper and graver, but infinitely more beautiful, I thought, as I saw its old bright, sunny smile still there. She looked up at Frank, a wonderful light shining in her eyes.

"Now you have all you wish, Frank," she said. And I felt that she was as happy in his love as he was in hers. I stood beside them, talking in laughing genial tones; hoping that she could never guess how hardly I had schooled myself to this.

Presently Frank passed out through the open window, and Lettice, looking after him, raised her eyes questioningly to me.

"You think us all changed, I suppose, Max. Even Frank?"

"Yes," I answered absently.

"But have you not seen sister Amy yet," she went on, smiling. "She of course is most changed of all. Frank is gone to fetch her, I fancy. He says she is like what I was at her age, but that is only his pleasing flattery, for she is very, very pretty."

I followed her words dreamily, wondering whether it really could be seven years since Lettice and I stood talking to each other last, while I felt how impossible it was that the little one whom we had all combined to pet and spoil could be at all what Lettice was in those sweet old days.

"Frank seemed to know exactly where she would be," Lettice went on, a little nervously, I fancied in my silence. "You remember the low old seat under the lilacs, Max? Amy is as found of sitting there as—I used to be when I was her age. You used to say, too, that you loved to rest there on a Summer evening; but you have been away so long, doing so much, that those old memories will be all burried now?"

"Yes. They are all burried," I answered, feeling the scarlet mount into my face to contradict the coolness of my words.

She smiled a little wistful smile, which had a strange, brave tenderness in it.

"I too have lived seven years since then," she said; "but the old memories are dear to me, Max, and I would not bury them for all the world."

"Because it is so different with you and me," I faltered. "I—I think I have no courage left. How long Frank stays."

"I see them in the lower garden now," she answered gently, looking away from me as I struggled with my pain.

"How quickly Amy would have run into greet me in the old times," I said, speaking once more as I had schooled myself to do; only that a little bitterness would creep into the tone.

"Yes," laughed Lettice, softly, "but she will not come this evening without Frank. She asked me to-day if you would think Frank had chosen unwisely because she is so much younger than he is; so ignorant and untried, she said."

In the bewildered, breathless silence which followed Lettice's words she looked up at me: deep shadows gathered in her eyes, as if she too felt the agony of the doubt and hope which stirred me.

"Do you think Frank has chosen wisely, Max, in taking my little sister?" she asked, speaking plainly the truth, which she knew now that I had never heard.

"Lettice—Lettice, is it so," I stammered, my fingers tight upon the chair below me, and my heart beating wildly.

"Yes, Max," she answered, "it is so." And I knew she could read the whole story of my deep and lasting love written in my quivering face.

"And you, Lettice?"

"I," she answered, in a bright, low tone "I have waited."

Then I covered my face hurriedly, for boyish tears had overflowed my eyes in the untold joy of this surprise.

"Max," she wispered, her gentle touch upon my arm, "I thought you knew this, and had come for their sakes."

"No, not for their sakes, Lettice; for Frank's and yours."

"Why for my sake?" she asked, tears shining in her own eyes as she looked brightly into mine.

Then low and brokenly, I told her of my love; the long, hopeless love which would not die. And at last she answered, with her little gentle hands on mine, and a deep, true gladness shining behind the tears:

"Max, dear Max, I am very glad that I waited."

* * * * * * *

"Max," said Frank, that night after we got home, "may I have the old plate put back upon the door?"

We both laughed at the idea, for Frank was Dr. Hamilton now, and I had half a dozen letters after my name, but we took a candle and went off at once to find it. Frank—sitting down and taking it upon his knee—brushing the thick dust from it quite tenderly; while I, leaning over his shoulder, read the letters as he cleaned.

"'Hamilton Brothers.' It does not do Frank; and yet thank God for the truth it tells. We are brothers still; we will be brothers to the end."

College Greatness.

A great many times during the past fifteen or twenty years, I have had occasion to regard a rustication of six months, for the crime of "hazing" common to all military schools, as one of the most fortunate circumstances of a rather eventful career. It was a peremptory leave of absence of this sort which led me to spend a semestre at the University of Jena, and to learn something of German student life. I recall that brief period now for the purpose of showing a phase of the daily life of Jena, and to speak of one particular student who was, at that time, considered the brilliant man of the University. Among more than 1,500, H——n was looked upon as a man of most remarkable promise. He was the pride of the Burgkellars, (our section of the Burschenschaft) and the special a m of the best men among our greatest enemies, the Titones. He was the best singer, the best piano-player, the best waltzer, the best *schlaager*, the best beer-drinker, and with all these accomplishments—very great ones in the students' eyes—he was the quickest hand at everything in the way of work, from Greek verse to a calculation of an eclipse. He graduated with the highest honors. Even the professors had great hope in his future, and we gave him a fete at parting which is even now recounted to freshmen among the legends of the University. Leaving his black, red and gold band, covered with the record of his duels, to the society, to be duly preserved at Zeigenheim, H——n went away, carrying the hearts of his friends, a large stock of University lore, and the most beautiful scar across his forehead that a student ever had the good fortune to receive. Everybody predicted for him a high name in literature or in the diplomatic world; but years passed and H——n's name was not seen upon the cover of any book, nor read in the bulletins from Berlin.

Two great wars came to make the name and fortune of many, but H——n was not among the number. There was but one inference, for had H——n been alive such talents as his would have made their mark in the world. Three days ago I was strolling up the boulevards, when I stumbled upon two editorial friends from New Orleans, just in from Germany. Hardly had I left them when my attention was drawn to an immense porcelain pipe, to which a pensive man was attached, and one glance at the scar upon his brow carried me back to the Saale, and to our student days at Jena. It was indeed, H——n, but not the H——n I had expected to meet. It was not without a feeling of resentment—a feeling that he had cleverly swindled us all—that I had listened to his story, and learned that H——n had just returned to the French capital to resume his business of letting pianos, or of selling them by payments of so much a month. But this was not all of the adventure, and we soon learned the danger of using the German tongue in Paris. I have already remarked that a favorite amusement is to hunt down German officers, and before we were aware of the fact a crowd had gathered behind us. Knowing the character of French crowds, when only fifty or one hundred to one, we were justified in fearing a paving stone in the back, and it was with pleasure, therefore, that we saw two or three *gendarmes* hurrying down upon us. Fortunately my own passport sufficed to satisfy the officers, who sent the crowd away, by telling them that if they did not know the American language from the Prussian, they'd better go back to school and learn. A few suspicious men in white blouses were not quite satisfied that we were speaking the "American tongue," however, and still hung about the spot, but we chose the better part of valor by making an orderly retreat. We know that Paris is a receptacle for men of all nations and for disappointed ambitions, but who could have imagined that our brilliant H——n would one day be a piano-dealer in this great French city.—*N. Y. Times Paris Letter.*

Submarine Tunneling.

European advices state that the project is revived of constructing a submarine tunnel under the Strait of Dover, to connect by a railroad Dover in England with Calais in France. The distance between the two places is twenty-one miles, and the mail boats make the run in from 80 to 90 minutes. Though the journey is not long, its discomforts have been a wailing theme for tourists of all countries. The Strait, from joining the British Channel with the North Sea, is subject to a nasty chopping sea, which in times of bad weather is lashed up into such a perfect foaming as to make the passage somewhat dangerous. Hence this short sea trip is looked upon in the light of the horrors of the "middle passage," and the joys and delights of a month's trip on the Continent, or in the British isles, are all effaced by the recollections of the nauseating sickness suffered in passing from Dover to Calais, and *vice versa*.

About four years since the practicability of constructing such a tunnel was mooted, and received the approval of the French Emperor. An International Committee, composed of eminent engineers of both France and England, was formed, who made a favorable report to Napoleon on the subject. Subsequently the plans received the indorsement of the eminent English engineers, J. Hawkshaw, J. Brunless and W. Low, and also Talabot, Chevalier and Gounoud, of France. The French ministry, viewing the matter as an international question, opened negotiations with the British cabinet, as to the contributions that each nation should make to the undertaking. The matter was discussed in the papers, and the only obstacle raised was the difficulty of keeping up a proper system of ventilation.

The Franco-German war came, and indefinitely postponed the matter; but the Thiers government have again revived it. The opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel has dispelled all the theories as to imperfect ventilation, and now nothing remains but to find the money for the work. The estimates place the cost at fifty millions of dollars, and one argument used in its favor is, that it forms part of the project which is to place England in direct railroad communication with its Indian possessions. In answer to the apprehension that there is danger from a rush of sea water in such a tunnel, the reply is made that the coal mines of Cumberland and Northumberland run for great distances under the sea, and these, with their galleries, are many times the distance between Dover and Calais.

The modern plan of tunneling under water, as successfully tested in a subway under the Thames, that of constructing the tunnel of wrought iron tubing, has been mentioned in this connection as better and cheaper than brick. The cuttings through the chalky stratum which is known to exist between England and France will be mere child's play as compared with the rocky material which has been carved through at Mont Cenis, and it is calculated that the work will only occupy four years in construction. It will not be surprising to find the project taken in hand by European capitalists, so strong is the tendency everywhere apparent to bring the ends of the earth together, in spite of mountains, oceans and seas.

SOUTHERN LIGHTS.—We have heard of the northern lights, or aurora borealis, but we are not in the habit of reflecting that the same phenomenon is to be seen in the southern hemisphere, where it is called the southern light. In order to establish a relation between the magnetic disturbances in the north and south, and to prove that there is a perfect coincidence and simultaneousness in the auroral light of the two hemispheres, Professor Heis, of Munster, has entered into a correspondence with the directors of observatories at various stations in Australia and the East, and has been able to collect much interesting and novel information, which may serve as data in the solution of the question of the probable origin of this class of phenomena.

From records kept in 1870, it appears that the aurora of the 8th of January was observed at the same time in Oxford, Liverpool and Melbourne. Magnetic disturbances were noted, on the 4th of January, in Melbourne, Rome and various stations in France and England. The southern light of February 1st, in Melbourne, was the northern light, at the same time, in Paris, London, Konigsberg, Stockholm, and other European cities. March shows several instances of similar coincidence in magnetical and auroral phenomena. Some months were exceedingly rich in simultaneous auroras, and there was not a month in which coincident observations were not made. It adds very much to the grandeur of these phenomena to know that they are visible at nearly the same moment entirely around the globe, and as soon as we have a long series of observations, we shall be better able to give a rational explanation of their probable origin. —*Scientific American.*

LIST OF PATENTS

Recently issued from the United States Patent office, reported by Prindle & Dyer, attorneys at law, and solicitors of American and foreign patents, Washington, D. C., and southeast corner Fifth and Pine streets, St. Louis, Mo.

MISSOURI.

Walking planter—Nathen Earlywine, Centerville, assignee to self and C. A. Davis, St. Louis.

Mode of operating the brakes of railroad cars—Sam. N. Goodall, St. Louis.

Soldering apparatus—L. A. Smith, Kansas City.

Hinge for gates—P. P. Child, St. Louis.

Adjustable bolster—George Couch, St. Louis.

Portable fence—Thomas Donehoo, Richmond.

A new kind of rouge has just made its appearance called "Japanese paste," which is of a bright green color, but turns a delicate rose color when it is applied to the face or lips.

Man as a Barometer and Thermometer.—Science has failed to invent any apparatus as sensitive to atmospheric changes as the human frame. It is therefore of vital importance to guard it against the effect of variations in the weather, and experience has demonstrated that Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS is the best medicine for this purpose at present known. If taken as a protection against the disturbing influence of sudden alterations of heat and cold, it will certainly prevent the bowel complaint, fevers, bilious disorders, rheumatic affections, and throat diseases, arising from these causes.

ST. LOUIS MARKETS.

Cotton, middling	17½@	60
Flour, spring	1.50 @	5.00
Flour, winter	4.50 @	8.50
Wheat, spring		@ 1.20
Wheat, winter red	1.51 @	1.52
Wheat, white	1.60 @	1.70
Corn	43 @	53
Oats	33 @	40
Rye	62 @	65
Barley, spring	55 @	73
Barley, winter	60 @	85
Pork mess	13.25 @	13.75
Lard	8¾@	10¼
Hides, dry flint	19¾@	20
Hides, dry salt	14 @	15
Hides, green salt	@	10
Eggs	23 @	27
Wool, combing unwashed	42 @	43½
Wool, choice	67 @	78
Butter, choice	12 @	31¼
Potatoes	65 @	85
Onions	50 @	60
Ground alum	1.75 @	1.85
Castor Beans	1.55 @	1.60
Coffee, good to prime	22¾@	23
Lime, per bbl	1.10 @	1.20
Cement	2.00 @	2.50
Cattle	2.75 @	4.50
Hogs	3.50 @	4.10
Sheep	1.25 @	4.00

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK.

Cotton, middling	18¾@	18¾
Flour, st. Louis	$7.75 @	$10.50
Wheat, No. 2 spring	1.51 @	1.53½
Rye, new western	@	90
Barley	75 @	1.03
Corn, mixed	75 @	81
Oats, western	48 @	51
Pork, mess	12.90@	13.00
Lard, steam	9¾@	10⅛

CHICAGO.

Flour extra spring	5.25@	6.50
Wheat No 2	1.17¾@	1 20
Corn, No. 2	48 @	49
Oats No 2	29 @	30
Rye No 2	61 @	61¾
Hogs live	3.62½@	4.20
Cattle live	2.50@	5 60

CINCINNATI.

Cotton, middling	17 @	17¾
Flour, family	6.40 @	6.60
Wheat	1.40 @	00
Corn	86 @	86
Hogs, live	3.75 @	4.25

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