

East Buffalo Stock Letter.

Hogs.—The market remains stationary. Receipts in the West have been fairly liberal for the past two or three days...

Cattle.—The market is in a little better shape than it was two weeks ago, and prices on the general average are about 25c. higher.

Sheep and lambs.—As before stated, the market was wholly dependent upon the supply. We have had light receipts and higher prices.

There is a good deal of green, "grassy stuff" coming to market now that is hard to sell. Buyers will not look at it when they can get the dry stuff.

Chatty Stock Letter from Chicago.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.) Extreme top prices now, compared with two weeks and one and two years ago:—

Table with columns for CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, and various sub-categories like 1500 lbs. up, 1200 to 1300, etc., with prices for present, two weeks ago, 1894, and 1893.

May receipts of live stock at Chicago, compared with a year ago, ran behind over 69,000 cattle and 20,000 sheep, and gained 50,000 hogs.

There seems to be quite a strong opinion that there are entirely too many stallions in the country—too many of the poor to good kind. Strictly well-bred horses are seldom, if ever, too plenty anywhere.

The danger of the scheduling of American sheep by Great Britain is very great, and the shippers of sheep on this side of the water are decidedly nervous about it.

Some 76-lb. Colorado woolled lambs sold at \$6.20 per 100 lbs. Fancy 12-lb. wethers sold at \$3.35.

There was a sensational advance in the price of wheat. The advance in the price of corn tended in some localities to curtail feeding operations.

The only kind of horse—except, always, the inferior plug—which has been so far affected by the introduction of electricity, is the so-called "streeter" or "bus horse."

The Bland & Robinson Texas cows, 863 lbs., sold at \$1. Fat native cows and heifers were in good demand and comparatively small supply.

Here is an idea of what the Western dressed beef men are doing in the East:—Swift and Company's sales in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, for the week ending May 18, were:

There were two carloads of fine, heavy cattle here that looked as if they would weigh nearly a ton apiece. There were 27 of them and they did average 1850 lbs.

W. F. Constant had in one carload of two-year-old Short-horn grade cattle averaging 1470 lbs., sold to Dond & K. for \$600.



HUNTED DOWN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I. Most of us see some romances in life. In my capacity as Chief Manager of a Life Assurance Office, I think I have within the last thirty years seen more romances than the generality of men, however unpromising the opportunity may, at first sight, seem.

As I have retired, and live at my ease, I possess the means that I used to want, of considering what I have seen at leisure. My experiences have a more remarkable aspect, so reviewed, than they had when they were in progress.

There is nothing truer than physiognomy, taken in connection with manner. The art of reading that book of which Eternal Wisdom obliges every human creature to present his or her own page with the individual character written on it, is a difficult one, perhaps, and is little studied.

Let me recall one of those Romances of the real world. I confess, for my part, that I have been taken in, by acquaintances, and I have been taken in (of course) by friends; far oftener by friends than by any other class of persons.

No. Believe me, my first impression of those people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true. My mistake was in suffering them to come nearer to me and explain themselves away.

II. The partition which separated my own office from our general outer office in the City was of thick plate-glass. I could see through it what passed in the outer office, without hearing a word. I had it put up in place of a wall that had been there for years—ever since the house was built.

He had come in without my observing it, and had put his hat and umbrella on the broad counter, and was bending over a clerk with a sprightly look. I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face.

I saw, in the corner of my eyelash, that he became aware of my looking at him. Immediately he turned the parting in his hair toward the glass partition, as if he said to me with a sweet smile, "Straight up here, if you please. Off the grass!"

He had the gentleman's card in his hand. "Mr. Julius Slinkton, Middle Temple."

"A barrister, Mr. Adams?" "I think not, sir."

"I should have thought him a clergyman but for his having no Reverend here," said I.

"Probably, from his appearance," Mr. Adams replied, "he is reading for orders."

"What did he want, Mr. Adams?" "Merely a form of proposal, sir, and form of reference."

"Recommended here? Did he say it?" "Yes, he said he was recommended here by a friend of yours. He noticed you, but said that as he had not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance he would not trouble you."

"Did he know my name?" "O yes, sir! He said, 'There is Mr. Sampson, I see!'"

"A well-spoken gentleman, apparently?" "Remarkably so, sir."

"Insinuating manners, apparently?" "Very much so, indeed, sir."

"Hah!" said I. "I want nothing at present, Mr. Adams. Within a fortnight of this day I went to dine with a friend of mine, a merchant, a man of taste, who buys pictures and books; and the first man I saw among the company was Mr. Julius Slinkton."

"I noticed him ask my friend to introduce him to Mr. Sampson, and my friend did so. Mr. Slinkton was very happy to see me. No, he was not; there was no overdoing of the matter; I noticed a thoroughly well-bred, perfectly unmeaning way."

"I thought you had met," our host observed.

"No," said Mr. Slinkton. "I did look in at Mr. Sampson's office, on your recommendation; but I really did not feel justified in troubling Mr. Sampson himself, on a point in the everyday routine of an ordinary clerk."

"I said I should have been glad to show him any attention on our friend's introduction."

"I am sure of that," said he, "and am much obliged. At another time, perhaps, I may be less delicate. Only, however, if I have real business; for I know, Mr. Sampson, how precious business time is, and what a vast number of impertinent people there are in the world."

"I acknowledged his consideration with a slight bow. 'You were thinking,' said I, 'of effecting a policy on your life?'"

"O dear, no! I am afraid I am not so prudent as you pay me the compliment of supposing me to be, Mr. Sampson. I merely inquired for a friend. But you know what friends are in such matters. Nothing may ever come of it. I have the greatest reluctance to trouble men of business with inquiries for friends, knowing the probabilities to be a thousand to one that the friends will never follow them up. People are so fickle, so selfish, so inconsiderate. Don't you, in your business, find them so every day, Mr. Sampson?"

"I was going to give a qualified answer; but he turned his smooth, white parting on me with its 'Straight up here, if you please!' and I answered, 'Yes.'"

"I hear, Mr. Sampson," he resumed presently, for our friend had a new cook, and dinner was not so punctual as usual, "that your profession has recently suffered a great loss."

"In money?" said I.

"He laughed at my ready association of loss with money, and replied, 'No, in talent and vigor.'"

"Not at once following out his allusion, I considered for a moment. 'Has it sustained a loss of that kind?' said I. 'I was not aware of it.'"

"Understand me, Mr. Sampson. I don't imagine that you have not read. It is not so bad as that. But Mr. Meltham—"

"Yes! Mr. Meltham, the young actuary of the 'Inestimable.'"

"Just so," he returned, in a consoling way.

"He is a great loss. He was at once the most profound, the most original, and the most energetic man I have ever known connected with Life Assurance."

"I spoke strongly; for I had a high esteem and admiration for Meltham, and my gentleman had indefinitely conveyed to me some suspicion that he wanted to sneer at him. He recalled me to my guard by presenting that trim pathway up his head, with its infernal 'Not on the grass, if you please—the gravel.'"

"You knew him, Mr. Slinkton?" "Only by reputation. To have known him as an acquaintance, or as a friend, is an honor I should have sought, if he had remained in society, though I might never have had the good fortune to attain it, being a man of far inferior mark. He was scarcely above thirty, I suppose!"

"About thirty." "Ah!" he sighed in his former consoling way. "What creatures we are! To break up, Mr. Sampson, and become incapable of business at that time of life!—Any reason assigned for the melancholy fact?"

"(Humph!) thought I, as I looked at him. 'But I won't go up the track, and I will go on the grass.'"

"What reason have you heard assigned, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked point-blank.

"Most likely a false one. You know what Rumor is, Mr. Sampson. I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails and shaving the head of Rumor. But when you ask me what reason I have heard assigned for Mr. Meltham's passing away from among men, it is another thing. I am not gratifying idle gossip; then."

"I was told, Mr. Sampson, that Mr. Meltham had relinquished all his avocations and all his prospects, because he was, in fact, broken-hearted. A disappointed attachment, I heard,—though it hardly seems probable, in the case of a man so distinguished and so attractive."

"Attractions and distinctions are no armor against death," said I.

"Oh, she died! Pray pardon me. I did not hear that. That indeed makes it very, very sad. Poor Mr. Meltham! She died! Ah, dear me! Lamentable, lamentable!"

"I still thought his pity was not quite genuine, and I still suspected an unaccountable sneer under all this, until he said, as we were parted, like the other knots of talkers, by the announcement of dinner:—"

"Mr. Sampson, you are surprised to see me so moved on behalf of a man whom I have never known. I am not so disinterested as you may suppose. I have suffered, and recently too, from death myself. I have lost one of two charming nieces, who were my constant companions. She died young—barely three-and-twenty; and even her remaining sister is far from strong. The world is a grave!"

"He said this with deep feeling, and I felt reproached for the coldness of my manner. Coldness and distrust had been engendered in me, I knew, by my bad experiences; they were not natural to me; and I often thought how much I had lost in life, losing trustfulness, and how little I had gained, gaining hard caution. This state of mind being habitual to me, I troubled myself more about this conversation than I might have troubled myself about a greater matter. I listened to his talk at dinner, and observed how readily other men responded to it, and with what a graceful instinct he adapted his subjects to the knowledge and habits of those he talked with. As, in talking with me, he had easily started the subject I might be supposed to understand best, and to be the most interested in, so, in talking with others, he guided himself by the same rule. The compass was of a varied character; but he was not at fault, that I could discover, with any member of it. He knew just as much of each man's pursuit as made him agreeable to that man in reference to it, and just as little as made it natural in him to seek modestly for information when the theme was broached."

As he talked and talked—but really not too much, for the rest of us seemed to force it upon him—I became quite angry with myself. I took his face to pieces in my mind, like a watch, and examined it in detail. I could not say much against any of his features separately; I could say even less against them when they were put together. "Then is it not monstrous," I asked myself, "that because a man happens to part his hair straight up the middle of his head, I should permit myself to suspect, and even to detect him?"

"I may stop to remark that this was no proof of my sense. An observer of men who finds himself steadily repelled by some apparently trifling thing in a stranger is right to give it great weight. It may be the clue to the whole mystery. A hair or two will show where a lion is hidden. A very little key will open a very heavy door."

I took my part in the conversation with him after a time, and we got on remarkably well. In the drawing-room I asked the host how long he had known Mr. Slinkton. He answered, not many months; he had met him at the house of a celebrated painter, then present, who had known him well when he was travelling with his nieces in Italy for their health. His plans in life being broken by the death of one of them, he was reading with the intention of going back to college as a matter of form, taking his degree, and going into orders. I could not but argue with myself that here was the true explanation of his interest in poor Meltham, and that I had been almost brutal in my distrust on that simple head."

On the very next day but one I was sitting behind my glass partition, as before, when he came into the outer office, as before. The moment I saw him again without hearing him, I hated him worse than ever.

It was only for a moment that I had this opportunity; for he waved his tight-fitting black glove the instant I looked at him, and came straight in.

"Mr. Sampson, good-day! I presume, you see, upon your kind permission to intrude upon you. I don't keep my word in being justified by business, for my business here—if I may so abuse the word—is of the slightest nature."

"I asked, was it anything I could assist him in?" "I thank you, no. I merely called to enquire outside whether my dilatory friend had been so false to himself as to be practical and sensible. But, of course, he has done nothing. I gave him your papers with my own hand, and he was hot upon the intention, but of course he has done nothing. Apart from the general human disinclination to do anything that ought to be done, I dare say there is a speciality about assu-