☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

A FRATERNAL TRIBUTE.

Brother Ned
Is home from college,
And his head
So full of knowledge
It, that really 'tis an effort to adjust his Derby hat.

Full of boating, full of racing,
Full of base-ball, steeple chasing,
Boxing, football, hare and hounds,
Putting up the monstrous bell weighing many, many pounds,
And all that,

He can leap,
And he can tumble;
In his sleep
He talks of "fumble,"
"Half back," "touch down," "cushion caroms," "sets-to," "going out on strike,"

"Umpire's ruling," "even innings,"
Eke his Coney Island winnings,
And he's followed by a pup
That at any time can go against its weight and do it up,
If it like.

Such is Ned,
My cultured brother;
College bred,
There's sure none other
Can compete with him in classics—such as wild Olympian games.

He's a boxer, he's a runner,
He's a short stop, he's a stunner,
Always leading, never led,
Is my short-haired, noseless, earless, broken-fingered brother Ned,
He is Fame's.

Dick Steele, in Omaha World.

A VERY QUIET MAN.

Lady Pardock's Opinion of Modest Captain Armstrong.

I.

Mrs. Cardewe stopped at our house one day and said:

"Lucy, I wish your husband could spare you to come to the manor for a few days."

"I dare say he could, ma'am," I replied. "It's not far, and our little maid gets on with the children very handy."

"Well, ask him," she said. "Because Mr. Cardewe and I are expecting some friends, and you might help me. You have not forgotton your old business, I suppose?" she asked, smiling.

I curtsied, and said: "No, I could manage hair-dressing and so on very well as lady's maid—if wanted."

"It is rather to look after Lady Pardock's little boy," replied Mrs. Cardewe. "He is an only child—the heir to the property—and I must have a trustworthy person with him. He has an attendant, of course, but the nurse had been obliged to go home, I understand. Will you come for a week or so?"

I said I would, and Mrs. Cardewe seemed pleased.

"I will write and tell Lady Pardock," she said. "She will not come unless her child is in good hands, and I can now assure her." I curtsied again, and thanked her for her good opinion. She nodded pleasantly and drove away, saying:

"On Tuesday, then."

When Charley came back to tea he gave me leave to go, and laughed about my leaving my own children to look after the only child of Lady Padrock, who was the widow of the great barrister, the gentleman who had found the heir to the Norfolk estate.

"When are you going to the manor?" he asked.

"On Tuesday, Charley—this is Friday—so there's plenty of time.

The company began to arrive at the manor on the Monday. There were to be fourteen guests, but I needn't name them all. Mr. Hemphill and the Martyn-Henrys were invited at separate times—but he remained longer than he had at first intended—and there was a Captain in the navy, a retired officer named Armstrong, who wore a beard like the Duke of Edinburgh. He was a nice, plain-spoken gentleman—very quiet, and never seemed to put himself out for any one. He had been asked to meet Mr. Hemphill who had a yacht and was somewhat nautical.

Lady Pardock came, with a nursemaid—a plain, rather silly-looking, affectionate girl—and the heir. He was seven years old; a sturdy, bold boy; independent, but as obedient as I have never seen a lad so young. His mother's word was enough; he did as he was bidden without questioning or fretfulness. The young heir seemed to like the sailor captain, who was full of anecdotes and stories, but Lady Pardock seemed to despise him a little. She was a fine, handsome woman; tall, well made and well dressed. There was at times a dreamy look in her eyes, as if she were thinking of the past or contemplating the future. She was very energetic, though, and could walk, ride, row, or sail a boat as well as many men.

She and Captain Henry were good friends. She was interested in his mining and was quite as ready to go down the mine as she was to sail in Mr. Hemphill's yacht, the Firefly.

"You are, of course, a great traveler, Captain Armstrong!" she said one day to the sailor. (We heard a good deal, you know, through the butler and other men servants, and I saw a good deal of Lady Pardock, and sometimes she talked to me.)

"No," he replied, carelessly. "I have been about the world—not much in it. A sailor sees a good deal, and there is something worth seeing occasionally, too."

"Have you ever been in a battle?" she asked again.

"Never, I am thankful to say," he replied.

"You are surely—not—not serious?" she said.

"I am quite serious—I dread a battle! Of course, I should fight if I had to do so—but I trust I never shall."

"I wonder you entered the navy, Captain Armstrong," she half sneered. "You should have been a Quaker."

"It was not my own choice, Lady Pardock," he answered.

"He would make an excellent country parson," she remarked to her neighbor, Captain Martyn-Henry; and very soon afterward the ladies left the dining-room. From that time Lady Pardock seemed to think the sailor what Charley calls "a muff." He walked and sometimes shot with the party in the stubbles—or helped in tableaus, but never shone much in any way. When Charley came in I used to tell him about the Captain.

"You know nothing about it," he would say. "Captain Armstrong shoots right straight; if he don't fire often he always kills in a workman-like way and doesn't mangle the birds. What do you know about him?"

"Not much, indeed; but he doesn't seem to care much for any thing, and is very quiet."

"So you think he's a 'muff!' O, you women! Because a man doesn't boast and swell about like a turkey-cock, you think he's got no spirit in him."

"Well, Charley, no one could possibly think he had any spirit. He's as mild as milk!"

"Bah!" was all my husband said. So I turned away and went indoors to my charge—Sir Jocelyn. He was a dear little fellow and we got on very well together. He was obedience itself, yet full of fun. There were excursions and boating parties, and, when Mr. Hemphill's yacht came in, plenty of sailing. This delighted Lady Pardock, who many a time went with me, Jocelyn, Mr. Hemphill and Mrs. Cardewe and her husband.

One day we started to Lulworth cove. They all had heard of it, but few had ever been there. The wind was blowing briskly from the southeast—a favorable quarter, and, as Mr. Hemphill said: "If it does veer to the southwest, all the better; it will bring us home the faster."

"Won't you come, Armstrong?" asked Mr. Hemphill.

"No, thank you. I don't care much for sailing. Besides, you are quite enough in that craft without me. I should only prove a Jonah."

"Why, do you think a storm will come on?"

"It does not look like settled weather, I must say," replied the Captain cautiously. "But you can always scud, you know."

"Thank you," replied Hemphill. "But, seriously, Lady Pardock, if you fear——"

"Fear! I fear? No; I think Captain Armstrong is afraid. Let us go, Mr. Hemphill." He at once gave the word to shove off. The yacht was lying at a little distance out, as the tide was low. So we went on board, whither Mrs. Cardewe had already proceeded. Captain Armstrong had merely taken off his hat when Lady Pardock referred to him so contemptuously. But I knew quite well she respected his nature and his cool firmness, for all her coldness to him. I was certain she thought of what he said, for more than once I had heard her talking to her boy, and he told her what his friend, the Captain, had bidden him do. Lady Pardock had always agreed with her son on these occasions. So when we reached the yacht she spoke to the sailing-master and asked him what he thought of the weather.

"Fair and square, my lady; I think it will change afore night, but, so far, I see nothing to be alarmed about."

"Perhaps the boy had better go ashore," said Mr. Cardewe.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hemphill. "Mrs. Farmer wants a sail as well as ourselves. Let the lad remain. You'd like the sea, Sir Jocelyn?"

"O, yes!" he laughed; "I love the sea."

That decided the question. I remained, and we were soon under way, rushing down the coast in the direction of Portland Bill. Captain Armstrong watched as for awhile, and then, waving his hat as a farewell, turned up the path toward the manor.

He encountered Charley and an old fisherman on the way, and stopped, as sailors like to talk with sailors.

"The Firefly's off, I see sir," said old Barnes.

"Yes," replied the Captain; "she's bound for Lulworth and Weymouth. I expect the passengers will return by train."

"So do I, sir. They'll never work ag'in this wind. When the tide flows again the wine will raise, I expect."

"Then they'll have a fine breeze to carry them down!"

"Aye, aye, sir; a little too much, I'm thinking, if it veers a couple of points." The Captain nodded. Then he said:

"I will run over and meet them at Weymouth," and Charley watched him as he went, thinking, as he told me afterward, how cool he was.

II

There are some servants who manage to find out every thing, or to be present when there is any thing to find out. I was never one of these spying ones, for what I hear and see I say outright; but Peter, the butler, certainly managed to pick out plums of gossip which none of us servants could ever obtain a glimpse of. I suspect Peter was one of those who send paragraphs to papers about what guests eat and drink, or how ladies are dressed, and who they "hear" they are going to marry—a low class of gossip, in my opinion.

However, I must say but for Peter we should never have heard how Captain Armstrong tapped the round weather-glass in the hall, and stood at the garden door watching the clouds, though he only pretended to be smoking. Peter gave him every attention at luncheon, and waited until the Martyn-Henrys rose. Then the sailor said:

"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"We thought of going to Weymouth for a couple of hours. We can drive across, or catch the three o'clock train."

"I intended going also. May I accompany you?" said the Captain.

"I wonder you didn't go in the Firefly, then," remarked Miss Gladys (I can't get accustomed to "Mrs. Martyn-Henry," somehow—she had been Miss Gladys Anderson).

"If I had, there would have been nobody to take them dry clothes," remarked the sailor-Captain.

"Dry clothes! What do you mean? You don't pretend to say there will be rain this afternoon with this wind?" cried Captain Martyn-Henry. "Why, it's a lovely day."

"So it is," acquiesced the sailor, "but fine days do not last forever. Do you see those long white wisps of cloud? Do you see that dark line to windward, and the bank of clouds in the southwest?"

"Yes—southwest! The wind is southeast, Captain Armstrong."

Miss Gladys smiled as she said this, "in pity for the Captain's ignorance, I suppose," said Peter afterward.

"The wind is in those clouds; it will blow from the southwest before night; and, with this ripple and tide, raise a nice surf on the Chesil bank. That's about the only bank in England on which I do not care for a check."

"Well, we may as well drive. It is only two o'clock; we shall get there by four easily." So they went. Captain Armstrong ordered some dry clothes for the ladies, greatly to the amusement of the maid who packed them in the portmanteau.

While these preparations were being made, the quiet Captain sauntered on, telling them to pick him up at Farmer's cottage. Charley was at home, and old Mrs. Mortimer had looked in at the children.

"I think you're a sensible young fellow, Farmer," said the sailor. "Just put a few of your wife's things in a carpet bag or box, and I'll take them to Weymouth. The yacht will get wet, I expect." Charley was not so much surprised, as he had been talking with Barnes, the fisherman. But he said:

"I'll bring them over, sir; thank you heartily."

"No, come with us. You can sit with Roberts. Make haste. Have you any clothes-line handy?"

"Clothes-line!" exclaimed Charley. "Plenty."

"Then bring it. Bring all you have. It will do to tie up the other bundles," he muttered.

Charley's preparations had hardly been completed when the wagonette came in sight.

"Here you are, then!" exclaimed Captain Henry; "you seem determined to bring luggage enough."

"Just a change all round," was the reply. "All right."

The coachman touched his horses gently with the whip, and off they started. The breeze was strong, but inland the people were sheltered. It was different with us in the Firefly.

We got on very well for a while. The breeze was rather behind us, and sent us dashing along beautifully. By degrees, however, the yacht began to plunge deeper and deeper. The sea got up, and broke on board frequently. I didn't care, as I was accustomed to salt water, and I minded the boy.

Lady Pardock came and stood by me, "I think Captain Armstrong was right, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "I heard the master tell Mr. Hemphill that the wind was veering to the southwest." At that moment Mr. Hemphill came up with Mrs. Cardewe, who was glad to lie back in the stern of the yacht and be covered with shawls and tarpaulins. She looked wretched.

"I think that it will be more prudent to run for Weymouth at once," said Mr. Hemphill. "If we put into Lulworth—supposing we can make the entrance, which is doubtful—we can get no real accommodation. Now at Weymouth we can, and there are the train and the telegraph, plenty of shops and so on."

The ladies agreed to this suggestion, and the yacht was headed for Portland Bill. Even Lady Pardock had had enough of the sea water before sunset. The waves dashed in and forced us to go below. The wind rose, as any one who remembers that afternoon will recollect. It got fierce by five o'clock and positively boisterous by six. Great waves rolled up from the southwest and we plunged fearfully into the sea. We had only a jib on her, and two reefs in the mainsail were taken in.

Nevertheless we plunged on to windward, for the Captain did not dare to turn now and "scud." We tacked and tacked, beating on until the sun went down, and we did not seem to be much nearer Weymouth or Portland Roads, for which we were aiming. From Portland Island the great Chesil Beach, I knew, and so did all the sailors, extended right away to Bridgeport, where the mighty Portland stones have dwindled through all shapes and sizes of pebbles to sand and gravel; and the biggest always the highest up the bank.

The Captain, or sailing-master, was brave enough, but anxious; the crew were steady; the gentlemen on board were serious; the ladies very ill and quite careless of danger. The little heir was fast asleep in my arms, and as we heeled over and listened to the slapping and dashing of the waves outside, and the rush of water across the deck, I prayed earnestly and wondered whether we should ever see Cardewe manor again.

III.

It was evening and we were past Portland Bill. The Captain said we must go about and run in on the tide to make all the leeway up. The wind was dead on shore. The waves beat high upon the Chesil bank, and if I could do some fine writing I could tell you about the curling tops of the masses of water which poured on the shingle. But that was nothing to the next day's sea. That I shall never forget.

The Firefly had been sighted and considerable anxiety had been expressed concerning her. Little did I think that among the people who were watching us were Charley and Captain Armstrong, in fear for the result. Charley told me afterward that the Captain was as cool as ever, and apparently afraid of getting wet; so he hired a cab and drove down through Weymouth to the island, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Martyn-Henry at the hotel to receive the party if they ran alongside the pier safely.

The evening was deepening into a blustering and stormy night as Charley and Captain Armstrong drove to Portland, and our yacht was driving on. We were still below, when the easier motion of our yacht, consequent on our running before the wind, induced us to go on deck. Behind us was a limitless, tumbling sea, dark clouds and rain; in front the Chesil bank, the island with its quarries and its prisoners, and the smooth water of the roads beyond. In an hour or so we should be riding alongside the pier or in the harbor or pulling ashore to catch the train home. So we said!

But how is this! We are not going for the harbor direct! Yes, we are—what is that behind us!—a roar, then a flash, and another roar. Blow, blow, good wind, ere the storm overtakes us, or we shall fare badly. Flap! flap! The wind has suddenly failed us. "We are in the very center of a little cyclone!" So said the Captain.

"Bear a hand, men; we shall be taken aback in a minute!" shouted the master, rushing to the tiller. "Furl, all—up with her—leave the jib alone, clew up the mainsail, smart!"

No time to lose. Flap! Boom comes the wind from the northeast with a rush. The Firefly heels over like a toy, the jib strains. "Up with the helm!" The canvas splits with a fearful, rending, ripping report, and the yacht drives down upon Portland.

"Steady, men! All hands out of the dinghy! Remember the women and the child! Bend the foresail. Let her run!" roared the master. The yacht paid off and, turning her back on the sea, rushed down channel—alas! into a tide-eddy, which sucked her under the rocks of Portland Island as the wind veered again.

The soldiers at the Verne by this time were crowded upon the cliffs to see the "wreck." Some shouted for ropes, some for rockets, but neither were forthcoming. The yacht drove in, and in five minutes ran between two rocks, where (the wind having chopped again to the southwest) she remained stern to sea—frequently swept by the waves, and apparently with only a few minutes to live. We were screaming and in the most terrible distress. Lady Pardock alone said not a word. She took her child from my arms and said:

"Mrs. Farmer, try and save yourself when the time comes. Jocelyn and I will die together."

Mamma, I am very hungry. May I have some tea soon?" whimpered Jocelyn.

The mother kissed him passionately. Tears came into my eyes as I remembered my own children and Charley. Was this death?

Mr. Hemphill did all he could to cheer us. "They will find a rocket and we can reach those rocks there on the beach. It is not so rough here as yonder. We are lucky," he said.

Lucky! I thought. Lucky to die in two minutes or less when the yacht begins to break up!

Mr. Cardewe and his wife were standing hand in hand, pale but firm. They had been praying; I had prayed, too. The light was dying out. A black figure was seen upon the beach. If he could swim out that fifty yards or so he might bring us some assistance. The master shook his head.

"There's no swimmer in Dorset as will do it. It's possible. I've seen men in the Pacific swim as bad bits, but there's not ten men in this country would try it."

The figure came near and stood by the cliff in a place opposite the wreck. Three men were behind him on a ledge—holding a rope—he intended to come out then. Hurrah!

He plunged from a rock into deep, seething water which broke over his head. He was gone! No! He reappeared beyond the wave; he had gone through it and was making progress toward the yacht, steadily. We could not bear to look at him. It seemed as if he must be dashed to pieces; but he made his way out, and, after a terrible struggle under the yacht's bows, was hauled in, bleeding, dripping, half-naked, and with a strong line around his waist.

A cheer! another; a scream from Lady Pardock. The very last person she expected to see had done this thrice-gallant feat—Captain Armstrong, who she had hinted was a coward. A coward!

There was no time for compliments. The men ashore had gained the beach now, and had already attached a rope to the line. The rope was hauled on board, a basket and whip were quickly attached and the basket traveled across, deluged at times by the waves, but securely. The first person to venture was Mrs. Cardewe. By general consent she went first, and was landed dripping but in safety. Lady Pardock refused to go without her boy; but Captain Armstrong said: "Trust him to me. I will answer for his life with my own!"

She smiled at him and gave him her hand. He clasped it. She kissed her child, bidding him remain with Captain Armstrong. Sir Jocelyn said never a word. He acquiesced silently, and clung to his preserver tightly. The basket was sent away safely, then I went and was clasped in Charley's arms. I fainted.

Every body was saved. Captain Armstrong quitted the wreck last but one, and delivered the child to his mother, who was waiting, tearless, oblivious of the wind and rain and sea, while he was carried across. And this man, she had said, was afraid! And I! Well, I say nothing now. Dry clothes and a welcome to the barracks were within reach; and in a couple of hours, after great kindness from the governor of the prison and the soldiers, we were enabled to proceed into Weymouth. That night the wind was terrible, and the Firefly was knocked to pieces at high water on the Chesil bank on Monday morning. I went down and saw her broken up.

We remained at Weymouth until Monday, and then all returned to Cardewe manor except myself, Captain Armstrong, Lady Pardock, and Sir Jocelyn. The lad could not bear to part with his friend who had rescued him and had told him so many nice stories.

"I must go, my boy," the Captain said; "I am afraid—I mean—I am obliged to go."

"O, Captain Armstrong, can you ever forgive me?" cried Lady Pardock tearfully. "I beg your pardon most humbly for so misrepresenting you."

"My dear Lady Pardock, please say no more. I am really glad that I was enabled to render you a service."

"A service I can never repay," she said. Now, Jocelyn, go with Mrs. Farmer."

For once the child paused. Then he said: "I want Captain Armstrong to stay with us always, mamma. We have plenty of money for us all and such a big house. Will you come?" he cried.

"I am afraid I can not go for long, Jocelyn," said he; not for always."

"Why not?" said Lady Pardock, suddenly. Then the blood rushed to her face, for she perceived what construction might be placed upon her words. She motioned me to leave the room, and then I went out with Sir Jocelyn until rain came on, when I came back.

* * * * * * * * *

"Captain Armstrong is going to be my new papa," said Sir Jocelyn that evening as he rushed into my room. "Is it not splendid? Now he will tell me plenty of tales. Mamma is glad, too, for she kissed him when he said he would stay with us, and she never kisses any one but me."

This was satisfactory. Next day Captain Armstrong and Lady Pardock came to the manor, and drove up in the new omnibus alone. I came in a cab with the heir and luggage, and there were great rejoicings when the engagement was announced at Cardewe manor.

"So you cared for him all the time, dear?" said Mrs. Cardewe to Lady Pardock.

"I did," replied the radiant young widow, "He is the best and bravest man in the world."—*Cassell.*

IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

Some Delightfully Old Things to Be Seen in New Orleans' Frenchtown.

It is in Frenchtown that one must look for antiquities. Two squares down Royal street from Canal one can see on a corner house the signs "Rue Royale," "Rue Bienville." Near Bienville street is a second-hand book-store, where many treasures may still be found by the bibliomaniac. Further down Royal ttreet are other second-hand book-stores. A few years since very valuable books could be bought at any of these places for a trifle. Strangers, however, have discovered them, and the proprietors are beginning to learn the value of their wares. A short time since a stranger gave $100 for a rare book he found in one of these stores. "What extravagance," said his friend. "On the contrary," replied the stranger, "it is worth $500." There are a few of these old book-stores yet undiscovered. One, hidden away in a one-story house on Ursulines street, scarcely shows from the *banquette.*

Delightful old bric-a-brac shops also abound in Frenchtown, from which the painstaking antiquarian can unearth much that is valuable. In the dark corners he will shake the dust from quaint, spindle-legged, brass-clawed tables, antique cabinets and book-cases, rich in carving and nearly black with age, or he may stumble against exquisite buhl furniture, whose gold mounting is all obscured with dust and cobwebs, or again, he may find on some dingy shelf lovely old Sevres vases and choice bits of Bohemian ware. All these relics of a by-gone luxury, when the Creoles went to Paris for their shopping, as we now go to New York, bear mournful witness to the fast fading glory of the French quarter. Time and decay, however, only add to its interest and render it infinitely more picturesque. From Bienville street down almost every house attracts one's attention, while the perspective of many gables, of red-tiled roofs, of dormer windows and jutting balconies, whose balustrades show exquisite arabesque work in iron, presents a variable scene of enchantment. There is nothing like it on this continent. The many balconies are often lovely hanging gardens, with vines trailing through the rich arabesque work, or creeping up the gray house front and ablaze with scarlet geraniums or other flowering plants.

Queer little alleys pierce from one street to another, all with their jutting balconies, and sometimes a little bridge swings from the second-story windows across the narrow passageway. The charm of the scene steals upon one's senses, and as one gazes at the hoary, many-colored old houses, one can imagine them again peopled with the heroes and heroines of history and romance. Many memories cluster about a picturesque little church on Rampart street, which was Pere Antoine's mortuary chapel, and long used as a place for the exposition of dead bodies and the performance of funeral ceremonies. It is now a church for the Italian Catholics of the city. Histories are attached to many houses in the French quarter, of which nothing has yet been written. There is a house on the corner of Royal and Hospital streets which has the reputation of being haunted. I think it is now unoccupied. The doors and other wood-work about this house are models of exquisite carving, all made in France, and a room in it has been pointed out as the one occupied by Louis Phillipe during his stay in New Orleans. This is not true, however, for the King was the guest of the Vicomte Mandeville de Marigny and the house in which they resided was burned to the ground a few years since.—*N. O. Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Origin of the Word "Boodle."

The criminal prosecutions that have been carried on of late against dishonest members of the New York Board of Aldermen in office at the time the Broadway railway steal was accomplished, has made the word "boodle" popular, and given it a permanent place in the vocabulary of American slang. The price paid to secure the adoption of the scheme was styled "boodle," and those who shared in its distribution as a reward for their votes were called "boodlers." St. Louis and Chicago have had their "boodle gangs," and this class of worthies seem to be constantly increasing, despite the punishment that is being meted out to offenders by the law in New York and other cities. The word "boodle" is from the old Dutch word *boedel*, meaning property or goods. The term furnishes a striking instance of that deterioration in words to which Archbishop French called attention, *boedel*, like pagan and villain, having at first had no evil meaning.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The fear that he would turn into a dog when he died, and be owned by a bad man, drove one Reynolds, of Virginia, to suicide.

PRETTY GOOD WORLD.

Some of the Baseless Charges Made Against It by Chronic Busybodies.

There are a great many charges made against the world, from which each accuser regularly excepts himself. For instance, some people think it is a very censorious world. So you will find your friend, Mrs. Thomson, calling it every day in her life, seeing that she is a widow upon whom many set eyes of watchfulness, lest some day she should steal unperceived into a second matrimonial engagement.

Mrs. Thompson does not recollect that she occasionally takes observations of the goings on of the Misses Smith, a band of young milliners, who live opposite to her. Were you to call upon these same Misses Smith, you would probably find them also complaining that it is a censorious world—meaning that they feel themselves exposed to Mrs. Thompson's observation, but altogether unconscious that they talk nothing but scandal for at least three hours every day.

Another lady speaks of the world as an evil-thinking world, and maintains that the worst construction is put by it upon every thing that is not quite as clear as daylight. She means that she has heard that her attentions to Mrs. Johnson, who has so many fine young sons, have been misunderstood. She does not say any thing of her having conjectured that her neighbor, Miss Fairplay, was keeping improper company, in consequence of seeing her walking one day with a young man, who proved to be her brother, a sailor newly returned from a long voyage.

The world is also called a cold and heartless world. Every one becomes convinced of this when, falling into a few trifling difficulties, he goes about making an endeavor to borrow a hundred dollars.

Another charge which is made against the world is that it is a very deceitful world. Mrs. Higgins became deeply impressed with this idea when she discovered that Miss Tims, who had visited her as a friend for several years, and seemed sincerely attached to her, made a practice of telling all her secrets, and ridiculing her in every point. Mrs. Higgins forgot that she had not a single friend about whose faults she did not speak quite candidly on all occasions when they were not themselves present.

And so it goes, from one charge to another. Our poor old world is assailed on every side; and yet the fact is, that taken all in all, it is a very good world, and the very best one that any body has any personal knowledge of.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Provisions.

ST. LOUIS, March 12.

FLOUR—Active; XXX, $2.80@3.00; XX, $2.25@2.35; family, $3.15@3.25; choice, $3.55@3.65; fancy, $3.75@3.85; extra fancy, $3.90@4.00; patents, $4.25@4.50.

WHEAT—Active: No. 2 red, cash, 79⅞@79⅝c; May, 79½@80¼c; June, 79½@80⅛; July, 79@79⅛c.

CORN—Quiet and lower; No. 2 mixed cash, 36@36¼c; March, 35¼c; May, 36⅞@37⅛c; June, 37⅜c bid.

OATS—Dull, but firm; No. 2 mixed cash, 28⅛c; May, 28¾c.

RYE—Firm at 53c.

BARLEY—Dull at 48@62½c, according to quality.

PRODUCE—Butter, steady; choice to fancy creamery, 24@30c; do. dairy, 15@.5c. Eggs, firm at 12½c.

WHISKY—Steady at $1.13.

PROVISIONS—Pork, steady; $18.00. Lard, steady at $7.37½ bid. Bulk meats, loose lots, long clear, $8.35; short ribs, $8.40; short clear, $8.60. Boxed lots, long clear, $8.37½; short ribs, $8.50; short clear, $8.62½. Bacon, long clear, $8.75; short ribs, $8.87½@9.00; short clear, $9.12½@9.25. Hams, firm at $11.50@14.00.

CATTLE—Steady; choice heavy native steers, $4.50@5.10; shipping, $3.90@4.00; butchers' steers, $3.50@4.20; feeders, $2.90@3.70.

SHEEP—Steady; common to fair, $2.70@3.70; medium to prime, $3.80@4.05.

HOGS—Active and firm; choice heavy and butchers' selections, $5.80@5.95; packing, $5.65@5.80; Yorkers, $5.40@5.60.

CHICAGO, March 12.

FLOUR—Unchanged; winter patents, $4.25@4.50; southern winter wheat flour, $3.75@4.00; soft spring wheat patents, $4.00@4.25.

WHEAT—No. 2 spring, 76⅝@78c; No. 3 spring, 73c; No. 2 red, nominal.

CORN—No. 2, 36½@38½c.

OATS—No. 2, 24c.

RYE—No. 2, 54½c.

BARLEY—No. 2, 49½@52c.

PRODUCE—Butter, steady; good to choice creamery, 25½@31c; good to choice dairy, 24@29c. Eggs, 14½@14⅝c for fresh.

PROVISIONS—Pork, mess, $20.10@20.25. Lard, $7.70. Short rib sides, loose, $8.32½@8.40. Boxed meats, dry salt shoulders, $6.00@6.25; short clear sides, $8.65@8.70.

WHISKY—Distillers' finished goods, $1.18.

CATTLE—Strong and active; common to good shipping steers, 950 to 1,500 pounds, $3.50@5.25; stockers and feeders, $2.60@4.00.

SHEEP—Slow; common to good natives, $3.00@4.90; western grades, $3.75@4.70; lambs, $4.00@5.75.

HOGS—Steady; rough and mixed, $5.30@5.95; packing and shipping, $5.80@6.12½.

NEW YORK, March 12

FLOUR—Dull; superfine western and state, $2.70@3.30; common to good extra western and state, $3.25@3.60; common to choice western extra, $3.65@5.70.

WHEAT—Less active; ungraded spring, 95½c store; ungraded red, 84½@92¼c; No. 3 red, 90c; No. 2 red, 91½c store; March, 90⅞@91½c; April, 91⅛@92c; May, 92⅛@92⅞c; June, 91⅝@92½c; July, 91⅛@91⅝c.

CORN—Lower; ungraded, 49@50¼c steamer; No. 2, 49c¼; March, 49½c; April, 49@49½c; May, 49⅝@50c; June, 49⅞@49⅞c.

OATS—Lower; mixed western, 32@37c; do. white, 37@42c.

RYE—No market.

BARLEY—No market.

PRODUCE—Butter, steady; western new, 12@32c; old do., 8@12c; Elgin creamery, 29@30c. Eggs, quiet; western, 17@17½c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, steady; mess, $15.25@15.75. Cut meats, firm; middles, quiet; long clear, 7⅝c; pickled hams, 11¾@12c; pickled bellies, 7⅝c; pickled shoulders, 5c; smoked do., firm; smoked hams, 10½@11c. Lard, lower; western steam spot, $8.00@8.02½; city steam, $7.50.

CATTLE—Slow; common to prime steers, $4.50@5.50; tops, $5.50@5.60.

SHEEP—Dull and lower; common to choice sheep, $4.50@5.75; common to best yearling lambs, $5.50@6.80.

HOGS—Firm at $5.80@6.10.

KANSAS CITY, March 12.

FLOUR—Steady; XX, 80c; XXX, $1.00@1.10, family, $1.15@1.25; choice, $1.30@1.40; fancy, $1.50@1.55; extra fancy, $1.60@1.65; patent, $1.90@2.00; rye, $1.30@1.50.

WHEAT—Nominal; No. 2 soft winter, cash, no bids, 77½c asked; March, 76c bid; May, 78c bid, 79½c asked; No. 2 red winter, May, 72½c bid, 75c asked; June, 75c asked.

CORN—Lower; No. 2 cash, 31⅜c bid, 31¾c asked; March, 31¾c asked; April, 31½c bid, 32¼c asked; May, 5 cars 32⅝c; June, 32⅞c bid; 33½c asked. No. 2 white, March, 33½c bid.

OATS—No. 2 cash, 25½c bid, 26c asked; May, 26½c bid, 27½c asked.

RYE—No. 2 cash, 45c bid.

PRODUCE—Butter, in good demand; creamery fancy, 28c; good, 25c; fine dairy, 22c; store packed, choice, 15@18c; roll, choice, 17@20c. Eggs, firm at 11c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12c; breakfast bacon, 10c; dried beef, 9c; mess pork, $18.50; tierce lard, $7.00; clear rib sides, smoked, $9.00; long clear, $8.90; shoulders, $7.50; short clear, $9.31.

CATTLE—In fair demand; cows, $2.75@3.40; butchers, $3.70@3.90; shippers, $4.05@4.50.

SHEEP—Firm; prices ranged from $2.25@4.05.

HOGS—Steady; fair to good packing, $5.50@5.85; light, $4.70@5.20.

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