T. BLUM,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

Terms:-Cash in Advance.

An unpleasant relation—a carb-uncle. THE favorite composer at the gardens -my beer.

RyE is tabooed in Gibraltar. Plenty of rock, through. A calle's tongue is to be preferred

to a bee's stung. How to remove widow's weeds: Say "wilt thou" and they wilt.

A GAMESTER calls his fortune E pluribus unum because it is won of many. WHEN the world comes to an end, what will be done with it? The end, we Vassar girl never asys "jim-She euphonizes it into "James mean. THE

multitudes." RAISING a structure is like raising a baby-great care should be used in the underpinning.

A GREAT many men who start out to reform the world leaves themselves off for the last job. Some one says a man must either be an anvil or a hammer. But how many

are nothing but bellows? LADY LINDSAY thinks the violin "promises to become a favorite with the sweeter sex." Ob. fiddle! NEVADA is the place for cowslips.

One man has lost fourteen this year which slipped over a precipice. Some people put stockings on their hens to keep them from scratching, but

a better plan is to "shoo" them. THEY want a new name for the territory that is to be cut off from the top of Dakota. rlow would Sittinbul do?

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.
"My ferd," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in the verdict,

not guilty" Some colored men will dig all day if told there is a half dollar buried in a certain spot, but they will not dig a cellar for less than one dollar and fifty

cents a day. WHEN yesterday I asked you, love, One little word to say,

TUTOR "Come, now, Mr. B., give me a familiar example of Hogarth's line

A COUNTRY newspaper out west thus heads its report of a fire : " Feast of the Fire Fiend-The Forked-Tongued Demon Licks with its Lurid Breath a Lumber-Pile!—Are the Scenes of Boston to be Repeated?—Loss 150 doll."

Two Clearing Houses.

The following is taken from an editorial article in the Daily Commercial Bulletin, entitled "The Two Great Clear-

ing Houses: "The returns of the London Bankers' Clearing House, for the year ending April 30, do not indicate such a degree of commercial depression as might be inferred from the general tenor of trade reports during the period. The total clearings for the year amounted to £5,265,975,000, an increase on the previous year of £380,885,000, or at the

rate of 7½ per cent.
"A comparison of the transactions of the Clearing Houses of London and New York—the two largest setting centres in the world—presents some points of interest. London is the financial centre Did you say it must be for 30,000,000 of population and \$3,150,-000,000 of foreign commerce; and New York is the setting point for 40.000,000 of population and \$1,250,000,000 of foreign trade. The transactions at the Clearing Houses of the two cities, for each of the last ten years, compare as follows-the London year ending April 30, and the New York year Septem-

New Fork \$26 380 POO.000 19.928 00 .. 000 25,332,000,00 20,876,0 0,000 27,066,000,000 29,800,000,000 20,092,0.0,000

The clearings of the two cities, however, are now beginning to closely approximate those for 1878-79 showing slight balance in favor of New York, and it is probable from the drift at the two centers, that New York will henceforth take he lead again. How far these data measure the amount of business actually done at the two cities, it

would be impossible to determine, except through an analysis of the methods of credit and of conducting business in the two countries much too extended for our columns. The facts, however, do most strikingly illustrate the great contraction of business that followed the reaction of 1873; and they show how much more severe the contraction was in this country than in England.

When the lady answers, you ten ner that you remark had anything to eat for three days. If she says she don't care, tell her that you are desperate and ready to complement that you are desperate and ready to complement that you are desperate and ready to complement.

placed the necessaries for a long round of calls. She has a bunch of violets or tea roses and near by the hand-glass, the seen-bottle, the pin-cushion, the borbonniere filled with cough lozenges or fracrant candy drops, the card-assard the small gold benefit ease, which marks of sach gold duty than discharged. Now that the carriage is ready and at the door, madame comes down and settles herself for a comfortable time with a novel, which, accompanied by a silver powder box and puff, is nearly always with her. The carriage is as sombre in coloring as the costume ——live green, chocolate brown, navy blue—in the simple English style now becoming so fashionable in Faris. No cockade is to be seen on the men's hats. As in England the cockade is confined to the servants of those holding official appointments and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of the sholding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of the servants of those holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of those holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of the servants of these holding official appointment and to the superior officers of the servants of





[Little Bock Gasette.]

affectionate parties sat beside each

"Susan," remarked James, "do you

"I speak truthfully.

thing of an affection for me?"

"Y-yes. Don't you for me ?" - day

of continuous suffering in consequence of the role which obliges them to stand upon their feet, whether occupied with customers or not. The Lascet has de-

layed comment until compelled to do so because of the importance of the case. In this country we are witnessing the employment more and more yearly, of women in the store and at the deak.

Like causes produce like effects. The

by the Lancet, but there are two ques-tions involved: First, is the require-

ment of the trader, upon purely busi-ness principles, unjust? and, secondly, is it possible for women to meet the

proper demands of the retail employer!

This is only one, but it is a very impor-tant aspect of the woman question. There is a sense in which there is and

should be no friendship nor feeling in

trade. Of the correctness of the diag-

nosis of the Lancet there can be no

tracted attention. Are our girls taking

a mistaken view of their expacity and

Don't Write Poetry to Order.

how many letters I have to write ever day, you would say: 'Poor, dear man, how tired he must be!' We that make

A young lady, in the Reading, Pa

their interesta?

me. Say, Sue?"

"West, I will be dog-goved. I thought that you cared for me. I'll be blis-tered if this affair hasn't got away with

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

SALEM, N. C., JULY 1, 1880.

our Millie!

Drug Store Curiosities. THE LADIES' DRESS-A RECEIPT. A man recently stepped into a drug store and said to the clerk, with the con-

fident air of one who knew exactly what he wanted: "Got any roach powder?"

"Oh, yes," was the bland reply.

The apothecary threw open a glass case, and immediately placed upon the counter in front of his customer a bot-

tle of "Sure Death to Cockroaches." "Tell me how it works?" "Certainly! You take a pinch of the powder between thumb and finger, hold

it down near the crevice, and give it a puff—so. It'll be sure to kill 'em."

"Kill 'em! Heavens! The powder's
for my old woman. Kill 'em! Not
much!" and the old man shook his

Inquiry developed the fact that it was Rochelle, not reach powder, that had been recommended for the "old woman," and the correct article was soon

A reporter, hearing of this adventure, asked the druggist if many such cases, resulting from ignorance or carelessness, came under bis notice? "They occur almost daily," was the

reply, " and are not only confusing, but superlatively ridiculous. What could you say to this, for instance?" Here were displayed a number of the order that had been received from various customers, among them the following: "Pleas giv the barer 5 sents worth of onika!" (arnica). "Send me to pounds of Lickrich." "I want a 1 3 lb. Grimitator" (cream of tartar). "Send me some maganishs for a fisig." "Ten cents worth of hole Siniman." "Twenty-five sents of heir dressing." "Pleas send me some sald peter." The spelling of some of these has been somewhat improved

and the punctuation attended to. The writers generally seem to think that they must carefully state the purposes applying the articles sent for. One writes for "Ten cents' worth cologne to smell a trunk with;" another for "two coughing sticks of candy." One wants "sticking plaster," having changed the fourth letter of the first word from "c" to "n." Here is a horrible case:

"Send me a pickax for my little girl." Druggists formerly did a large business in decalcomanies, or transfer pictures. One asks: "Give me fifty cats and dogs, and ten tigers;" another, "I want a little girl." Customers generally imitate the arti-

of grace. Can't you think of it? It's a cles they desire. There is called for: curved article that you see every day."

Mr. B——(desperately)—"A—a—pretzel."

"Hope and dell dock" (opodeldoc,)
"paintkiller," "titter rintment," "oum
mare back," and "laddynum."

A Slander on Woman.

Graphic. An old lady of Louisville kept it up in this style for half an hour at the druggist's and with the following re-

Old Lady - "How much is this bottle?" Druggist-"One dollar and thirty cents, ma'am, if you take but one, or welve dollars a dozen."

"How did you say I must keep it? "You must keep it on its side, ma'am, until you want to use it." "Yes. Well, my daughter told me to get this particular preparation. It's

the right kind, isn't it?"
"Yes, ma'am. We only keep that "How much did you say it was?" "One dollar and thirty cents a single bottle; but if you take a dozen—"
"I thought you said it was only \$1:

"Did you say it must be kept on the side until it's used?" Yes, ma'am; and if you uncork it it must be all used at once."

"You're sure it's the right brand?" "O, yes; we keep no-"A dollar a bottle?" "If you take a dozen; but a \$1.30

"I thought you said \$1 a bottle."
"If you take a dozen."
"But I don't want a dozen."
"Then a single bottle will be \$1.30. "And I must keep it on its side until used?"

"Yes, ma'am." Well I've a great mind to take a bottle. I think it's what my daughter wanted me to get. Do you sell less than bottle?"

No. ma'am." And a whole single bottle is \$1.30 Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I think I'll go home and talk to my daughter about it. How much did you say it was?" When Met and Parted.

Now then," says tramp No. 1 to No. 2 as they turned into Montcalm street from Woodward avenue the other day, "here is the game: you walk down the street and ring the bell of some house. When the lady answers, you tell her that Making Calls in Paris.

Making Calls in Paris.

The French madame daily performs these rites of society as devotedly as she says her prayers. In her carriage are placed the necessaries for a long round of calls. She has a bunch of violets or tea roses and near by the hand-glass, the scent-bottle, the pin-cushion, the bon-

[The following curious story is reprinted from rare copy of the Connecticut Gasette of June 28, 1778, printed in New London, for which, says the New London Telegram, we are indebted to the courtesy of an eminent bibliographer, who quaintly remarks that he sends it to us, as it may answer equally well for the present day. It certainly proves that the fashions of a century gone were not considered a whit less extravagant than now, and that feminine

apparel, no matter what form it takes, is always held fair game for the wits of the times.) Of paste and pomatum a pound; Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull, And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colors the rainbow displays
Be these ribbons which hang on her head;
Be her flounces adapted to make the folks gase,
And above the whole work be they spread.

Let her fiaps fly behind for a yard at the least, Let her curis meet just un ier her chin; Let these curis be supported, to keep up the jest With one hundred, instead of one, pin. Let her gown be tucked up to the hip on each side.

Shoes too high for to walk or to jump,
And to deck the sweet creature complete for a bride.

Let the cork cutter make her a rump.

Thus finished in taste, while on Chloe you gaze, You may take the dear charmer for life; But never undress her—for, out of her stays You'll find you have lost half your wife.

HIS HONOR AND BIJAH

His Honor came in with stately tread, And this to Bijah he straightway said: "Old man, how long is the list to-day, Of men and women you've locked away?" And Bijah answered, with a look benigns. "I've counted up and the count is thine."

" The world is wicked," his Honor sighed,

And Bijah he heaved a bigger sigh, And softly said he didn't deny

That drunks and rows were getting to be Every-day sights for folks to see. And family fights they did increase, To help disturb the public peace,

While robbers had become so bold That day-light raids were nothing old. If things kept on he didn't know Where on earth the world would go.

—Detroit Free Press.

JUST WITH YOUR HANDS. BY J. W. RILEY.

O touch me with your hands For pity's sake! My brow throbs ever on with such an ach-As only your cool touch may take away,
And so I pray
You, teuch me with vour hands!

Touch-touch me with your hand Smooth back the hair
You once caressed and kissed and called so fair
I even dreamed its gold would wear alway,
And lo, to-day—

O touch me with your hands! Just touch me with your hands.

And let them press
My weary eyelids with the old caress,
And lull me till I sleep—then go your way That death may say:
"He touched me with his hands!" -Kokomo Tribune.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

For some weeks the engagement between the Earl of Beauvray and Miss Millicent Moyle had been chronicled in the fashionable intelligence of newspapers, and the marriage was appointed to take place in July. There were many who considered Miss Moyle a lucky girl, for Lord Beauvray was not only of ancient family, young, immensely wealthy and well looking, but he was popular everywhere, owing to his sunny temper and uprightness of character. Lord Beauvray had been merry without being dissolute. He was the most irreproach able of gentlemen, just as his betrothed, Miss Moyle, was the fairest flower among that bouquet of pretty girls who had been presented at court in the same season as herself. Millicent Moyle was a rich heiress as well as a pretty girl; but this was about all that could be said of her. Her father, Josiah Moyle, a bill discounter of Lombard street was

a "new man" of the city plutocracy. It was said that the peer's relatives had been much scandalized on hearing of His Lordship's intention to marry the daughter of a man whose antecedents were just a little misty. One sunny afternoon just a fortnight before the date fixed for the marriage a brougham with a coronet on the panels clattered up to Mr. Moyle's busines house and Lord Beauvray alighted ghastly pale. The hall porter was startled by his appearance not less than by the broken voice in which he inquired if Mr. Moyle had left. Just then Mr.

Movle himself strutted out, all glorious with a geranium in his coat and a white hat perched seock on his pointed gray head, "Ah! Beauvray!" cried he, with cheerful welcome, but perceiving the look on the peer's face he exclaimed: "Why, what's the matter? Not ill, I

"No, not ill, but I want to speak to you in private," said Beauvray, hoarsely.
"Shall we go off in the phaeton?" stammered Mr. Moyle, full of unessi-

"No, into your room; but let us be

missed for presuming to make love to fond of Mr. de Vray, why don't you get

"He wants to find out whether our

"He wants to find out whether our Millie loves himself or his title," reflected the moneyed man. But in a moment this idea was dispelled by Lord B auvray displaying the contents of his envelope—a marriage certificate and a number of letters which substantiated the story. Then he entered into explanation. It seems that his uncle, the Hon. Col. de Vray, being in garrison at Malta, had privately married an Italian actress named Timburelli. After a year's union this fickle person deserted him, leaving her child to his care, and soon afterward she died. Under the soon afterward she died. Under the circumstances the Colonel, though he provided for the boy's maintenance, deemed it convenient to conceal his marriage, and eventually he died suddenly without having acknowledged it. Apparently, however, his conscience truth during his lifetime, he had left evidence by which it might be known of quarrelling lovers sat. after his death. Unfortunately the envelope containing his marriage certificate had lain mixed up with some other documents in a box which Lord Beauvilles Miss Moyle that I am going to the war have litted a heavy weight from my cate had lain mixed up with some other documents in a box which Lord Beauvray (who inherited the deceased's papers) had never thought of examining till that morning, when he had begun

to sort his family papers in view of his marriage. Suddenly the bill-discounter crumbled all the papers in his hand with a feverish grasp, and looked at Lord Beauvsides me of this secret?"

"No; I came to you first, as in duty bound." "Then what prevents us from destroying the papers? I shan't say anything about it. That young Timburel is a skunk and a snob; it will be ridiculous to see him a lord, and he'll ruin himself, or become mad with conceitso foolish is he. I say, Beauvray, if I throw this envelope into the fire, who

will know anything about it?" "I shall," answered Lord Beauvray, quietly, and he held out his hand for The shifty glance of the money man quailed in the light of unquenchable tion of the campaign as Major General honesty in that of one who happened to Sir George de Vray.

be a nobleman in something more than the name. There was a pretty hubbub in society when it became known that the Earl of Beauvray—or George de Vray, as he lady and now simply called himself—was going to a week.

Beauvray—or George de Vray, as he lady and a week.

He no

who had been a city clerk. Of course George de Vray's marriage was postponed. The turn in his for-tunes had thrown so much business on his hands that it was impossible he could devote a month to honeymooning until it was disposed of; besides which, he felt bound to make Mr. Moyle the offer of releasing his daughter from the engagement. At first this proposal was poohpoohed equally by the bill-discounter and Miss Moyle herself. Millie, who was not quite so sensible as

she was pretty, wept a good deal at not becoming a Countess; then she wept at the nobility of George's action, which everybody was praising. Now there was staying in the house of the Moyles a poor little cousin of Millie's, named Gertrude Brown. She was a soft-eyed brunette of eighteen, very quiet and lovely, who acted as a companion to Millie, and had to bear much from the whimsical humors of this spoiled child. Gertie had always received marked kindness from Lord Beauvray, who treated her as if she had been his sister; and she looked upon him with admiration as the most noble being sne had ever seen. His renunciation of rank and wealth had struck her as an

act of surprising heroism, and she could not so much as allude to it without tears gushing from her eyes. A shrewd, merry little thing, too, in her way, she quite alone," repeated the Earl, and he himself led the way to the office.

Plumping down into the arm-chair at the writing-table, Mr. Moyle stared in man of money like her Uncle Moyle.

A Piece of Arkansas Romance. him to marry you? That would be two A very singular termination to a love affair has just occurred near this city

"I was not aware of those particu-lars," said Lord Beauvray; "but young Timburel is the man; he bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and ceased speaking about George and be-Timburel is the man; he bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and we used to think he was the natural son of my second uncle; but his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say that Timburel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wits at this moment with not a shilling in his pocket Pil bound—do you mean to say he has bewith not a shilling in his pocket Pil bound—do you mean to say he has become Earl of Beauvray?"

"Not only that, but he becomes absolute owner of all my estates and property. My poor father left me a mere pittance. When I have put Timburel in possession of his own, I shall have nothing but my commission in the Guards and about three hundred a year."

"Come, come, don't say such bosh," blurted out old Moyle, grasping his nose again. It had just occurred to him that Lord Beauvray was hoaxing.

"He wants to find out whether our of Millie's coldness and irritability. At the least thing she would snap and sulk; and one afternoon, when George innocently made some inquiry about that he loved her, and Susan told James that she loved him. James asked Susan bear that she loved him. James asked Susan bear that he loved him. James asked Susan bear of in the drawing room whenever visitors come. She is only a pauper cousin whom we have taken in from charity."

"It's queer charity, dear, if you talk of it in that way," laughed George.

"I don't consider proverty a disgrace, either."

"No, but it's very inconvenient," rashly in engaging myself to her. It

Millie, I will return with a new career, and, perhaps, an income before me." "Oh, wait two years to become a sol-

think a man should marry a woman's when he doesn't love her, merely ta preserve his honor." dier's wife, and go out to live in baking. Indian heat!" exclaimed Millie, pout-ing. "I never bargained for that!" Just at that minute Gertie Brown had tormented him so, that while lack- came in. She had a message to deliver ing the moral courage to speak the to Millie from Mr. Moyle, and blushed

> "Miss Brown," said George rising to "You are going to the war! Oh, Mr. de Vray—if anything should happen to you!" exclaimed Gertie, and the tears

started to her eyes. "Thank you for those tears," said George, gratefully, "I shall know that one person here, at least, will feel inray. There was an expression in his terest. Now give me as a keepsake that dull eyes as of a light behind an uncleansed pane of glass. "I say," he your hand, I will bring back the ribbon whispered, "have you told anybody be with something hanging to it." "The Victoria Cross, perhaps," tit-tered Millie, rather uncomfortably. "I declare that's quite poetical. Well,

declare that's quite poetical, good-bye, Mr. de Vray; we part as "Excellent friends," answered George as he lifted both her hands to his lips and kissed them playfully.

One year passed. There had been triumph of the British arms in India, and the name of Colonel de Vray was associated with it. His name was in everybody's mouth. He had received promotion and other honors, and was returning to England after the termina-

As for Millie Moyle, she was betrothed to the Earl of Beauvray, and when Sir George arrived in London one of the first things he read in the paper was lady and his cousin was to take place in

He no longer cared now. He went to Mr. Moyle's house on the very day of his return in the afternoon, and was ashered into the dining-room, where luncheon was taking place. He was re-selved like a hero, for Mr. Moy'e liked to be on good terms with successful men, and Millie was anxious to obtain something like forgiveness for her jilting. She received it fully and freely, so far as could be judged from the young General's manner, for he was frank and pleasant, but after the first greetings were over he addressed himself principally to poor little Gertie Brown, who sat radiant and trembling. At last, when a toast had been drunk to George's honor and Millie's happiness—honest Mr. Moyle acting as toast-maker—the General drew a parcel from his pocket and extracted from it tertie's

book-marker. There were hanging from it the Cross of the Bath; a Victoria cross and something else-a wedding "Will you take all three, Gertie?" said George, approaching Millie's little

"Brave, Sir George," exclamed Mil-lie, clapping her hands, though she turned a little pale, "I always said that Gertie and you were intended for each other.

"So did I," said the worthy Mr.
Moyle; "But I say, hullo, what's that?"
There had been a loud knock at the door, and a footman entered with a telegram on a tray. Mr. Moyle opened the missive, and uttered an exclamation the following answer: of horror and dismay. "Great heavens, my Lord, read this!" he faltered. The telegram announced that the new Lord Beauvray had been killed in a railway accident. So the Indian hero rhymes are expected to turn them on as got his title and estate again.

Old Moyle had sunk in a chair, helpless. His face was a thing to see.

ACLERGYMAN was recently prosecuted watch all the morning, and never see

and is fully prepared to do work with NEATNESS, Bis-

THE PROPERTY VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Be sure to give us a trial before contracting with any one else!

THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY.

Punn and sincere affection is beyond amothering by the showers of misfor-tune. On the contrary it is strengthened and invigorated, as are the flowers by the rain.

Excessive prudence becomes imprudence; therefore let your conduct of action be so just and charitable as to be guarded at all points from the attacks of petty jealousies or envy.

No power excels that of character. Upon it we look as the fountain from which flows respect, influence, success and all the other attributes of happiness and satisfaction .- Mullen!

In educating youth it is needful that they should be sutored in all that con-tributes to preparing them for the tolls and strifes that manhood must pass

through ere old age is reached as A PERSONAL PERSONAL PROPERTY PROPERTY PROPERTY IN A PERSONAL PROPERTY IN THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE PER most other virtues; therefore weigh well your words before utlering them that a proper estimate will be placed upon you for reliability and character. BE firm in the control of yourself. For if you can conquer yourself and be able to say no, emphatically at the right

time, to every appetite of your nature, you have then accomplished a great Twixy children's lengther and ages to are
Lies manbaced's summer of sweat and pain,
The dawn of youth and the night of years
Are cleft by the struggles of heart and brain.
Or all attainments none are noblet
than fame itself. It can only be gained
by following the strict law of duty.

The exercise of charity, and close application to all that elevates and ennobles, but once attained, it lives for all time while the body has sunk into dust. How seldom is a true friend found; one that remains firm regardless of the opinious of others as to his action. For there are cases where the poison of the "No, do you?"

"I don't think that he should. By there are cases where the poison of the the way, Sue, I think that it would be alanderer's tongue temporarily as-

better for us not to get married. I have sumes huge proportions, and but for the been mistaken; I don't love you. I few, true and tried friends would hope that you will forgive me. Have seriously damage one's standing. IN our every-day life we meet with those so careless in wards and action, so indifferent to the feelings and rights and heart. I do not love you, and the fear privileges of others, that we shudder as of fatal results has ever kept me from we look upon or listen to them. Avoid breaking our engagement." them for they can no more change their "Is that so?" asked James, astonished a course than can the leopard change his them for they can no more change their

BE not unmindful of the respect de-manded by the dignity of old age, for "The heary head is a crown of glory." There is no friendship more beneficial than that existing between oge and "Now, let's look at this business a lityouth. The former needs to be tolerated tle closer. We are both very frank with youthful impetuosity and enthusi-

I think that frank people make the best asm, while the latter must be equally as husbands and wives. We understand watient with the infirmities of ripe old each other first rate. Tell me, don't some that is, don't you entertain some. THE 'I told you so's' constitute quite THE "I told you so's" constitute quite a numerous class in every community. "Y-yes. Don't you for me?"

"Yes. Suppose, as we understand each other so well, that we get married."

"All right," and the ceremony was performed in a country church last the idea that they know precisely what Sunday. Cruelty to Women.

[Providence Journal.]

The conservative London Lancet has taken up one phase of the modern civilization of whattaken up one phase of the modern civilization of whatever report or charge may have been ilization, in a protest against that the source of their exhibition of supe-"craelty to women" which is exercised in the large retail establishments, especially in London. Young women who come up from the country in robust health are rapidly consigned to a life.

The Gardner Gun.

A gun which can fire 5,000 shots in thirteen minutes was recently tested in Washington. The Gardner is a machine gun, like the Gatling. It has too bar-rels made of steel, encased in brass. This is an auxiliary to small arms, and is simply a gun which, by the ingenuity of the designer, is calculated to do the work of a number of muskets, and do reply of the merchant is simply that it more rapidly and effectively. It can-not, probably, shoot as accurately as a onstant attention is necessary to the success of business. The discipline in some of the houses is termed "fatuous" musket, but if properly handled must be fearfully destructive, especially when directed against a line or an advancing column. Its caliber is 45-100 of an meh, and the same cartridges are used as in ordinary rifle practice. The and the hall weighs 405 grains. It is mounted on a small field, carriage, and mounted on a small field carried by two men. The whole length of the gun is only four feet. It can be fired five hundred times in a minute, its capacity in this direction being only limited by the question. Would the right to sit in the store interfere with the proper discharge of duty? So far there has been little steam could apply the motive power, and it could be fed fast enough there is no telling how rapidly it could be fired. The firing is done by turning a crank in the rear of the gun, and it is fed through a fint-shaped box, into which the cartridges are placed in blocks holding twenty each. They fit down neatly into this box, which holds attention paid to this subject here, yet in some of our larger cities it has at about fifty cartridges, and as fast as the crank is turned they drop down into a channel and are carried forward for discharge and the empty cartridges returned and dropped beneath. Pive thousand were fired in thirteen minutes, High School, wrote to Oliver Wendell Homes for a poetical contribution to the school literary association, and received "My dear young lady: If you knew

three men relieving each other at

Rome is by far the most English city on the Continent of Europe, and for-eigners visiting the place or frequenting Roman society often wonder how it is that there is scarcely a Roman lady or ACLERGYMAN was recently prosecuted in in England for stealing an umbrella, which he had taken from a shop in a shower. He was released, the judge doubtless charging the jury "Let him who is without sin among you aim the first umbrella."—Buffolo Courier.

A LITTLE boy who accompanied his father to the theater to see the play called "Drink," asked his parent if it was thus called because so many young men went out between the acts.—Norrisons Herdid.

A MAN was asked the other day how many children he had, and he replied, "Five boys, and each boy has two sisters."

Original of the morning, and answer see duck or goose except yournels as no that there is scarcely a Roman lady or that there is carcely a Roman lady or that there is carcely a Roman lady or that there is scarcely a Roman lady or that there is scarcely a Roman lady or that there is scarcely a Roman lady or that there is carcely a Roman lady or the that there is carcely a Roman lady or the that there is carcely a Roman lady or the that there is carcely a Roman lady or that the that there is carcely a Roman lady or the that there is carcely a Roman lady or t