

A Mob Chase & Wins.

Thirty or forty years ago a New Orleans mob seized in behalf of a negro slave and undertook to avenge his master's wrongs. Not only this, they pursued and would have slain the owner of the unfortunate slave. Their victim was a beautiful woman, immensely wealthy and the giver of sumptuous entertainments. The story is one of the most thrilling in the history of the city.

It was shameful that the lady in the case ill treated certain of her slaves, kept them chained in a dungeon and subjected them to starvation. She was, however, a woman of great wealth and influence, and managed to quiet those rumors. A few occurred on her name, but nothing serious. When slaves fled to the place and began to sue for their freedom the mob chased them out.

The fury of the mob was fearful. They besieged the palace of the beautiful woman, who, with unparalleled boldness, ordered her cookhouse to drive to her door, and insisted in her most brilliant manner and with much ceremony, as if she were taking her place among the gods, stepped in and seated herself to write up his losses. The mob fled, but did not dislodge them. She never became one of the slips in the history and we expect to Paris.—Richmond Times.

The Old Slave.

We have been shown a curious chair, owned by N. B. Hunter, of Newburyport. It was found in an old house recently demolished, which was built in 1799. The upper is of oak, and closed with six staves. The side and back are of one piece and made of wood. The upper is fastened to the side with common tacks, the edge of the side being mortised into the thickness of the upper leather to receive it. Across the top the backs are beaten. On the under edge of the side from the neck is a band of iron, like a miniature horseshoe, channeled to receive the side. The back may have been similarly bent, but if so it has been worn off, and the wooden head is well rounded by wear. The chair is fastened by an iron clasp, which in its day was considered sumptuous. It is one of the curiosities of history, and we would like to know its history.—Lyman Moore, Duxbury.

A Short Talk.

Ferdwick William King of Prussia, and cousin-prince of the present emperor, was extremely averse to long speeches, and talked, whenever he was possible, in infinitesimal cuts. While taking the waters of Teplitz he heard of a Hungarian magnate who never made long speeches. "Must be decent fellow," thought King. "Like to know him," muttered the king, and when a day or two afterwards the Hungarian magnate sat on his bath, the king stepped up to him and the famous following conversation took place: "Bath?" "Take water." "Soldier?" "Magnate." "Indeed?" "Politician?" "King?" "Congratulations." And they each went on their way well satisfied.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Gold D.

The modern system of advertising makes the public familiar with the names, and in some cases with the circumstances of inventors and manufacturers, and so strong is the power of association that on seeing one of these small inventors' names, a person unfamiliar with it, is difficult for some persons to refrain from asking him instantly about the article to which his features seem to be bound a sort of trademark.

A lady who was making an evening call met a man of the name of Brown, who had invented an ingenious button-hole making attachment for a sewing machine, and whose name preceded by a hideous caricature of his face, had been prominent in the advertisements for some time. He had two charming daughters, and the lady had even sent her boy to school, whom she had been greatly pleased.

During the entire call she had succeeded in addressing Mr. Brown by his rightful name only by great mental exertions, as another word was constantly troubling on her lips.

At last he rose to go, and with a sigh of relief she bade him "good evening," to which she responded with her sweetest smile, and added, "Please remember me kindly to the Misses Butterson!"—*Youth's Companion*.

One of A. T. Stewart's Tricks.

An old employee of the A. T. Stewart, the millionaire dry goods merchant of New York, tells an instance which shows the means sometimes employed by that gentleman for enforcing the rules of his store. There was a rule to the effect that no person employed in the building should carry matches under a penalty of dismissal.

One evening as Mr. Stewart was passing through the store on his way home he suddenly turned to a number of clerks who were standing near the door and said:

"Will you give me a light with a match?"

No one answered for a moment, till one of the men, prompted by courtesy and thinking his employer would not take advantage of him, replied, "Certainly, sir; here is one."

"You are discharged," was the ungracious response. "Go to the desk and get what is due you."

And with a "Good evening," Mr. Stewart passed on to his carriage.—Washington Post.

Justice at Last.

In Paris the advertisement must be true. A Paris humorist, who had perhaps been in America, advertised a certain cigar to be "the best in the world for five cents." He was arrested, failed to prove it, "the best," and was fined three dollars for "statements too much to do with."

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