

deliver the lecture, and that I should also sue the superintendent of police who arrested me. No hall could be hired in the town, and nearly all the open land being under military jurisdiction, it was impossible to secure a field for an open air meeting. Devonport, Stonehouse and Plymouth form one fortified and garrisoned town, divided by the River Tamar. I procured a large boat, on which a temporary platform was built, and had it moored in the river, on the Devonport side, about ten feet from the shore. Placards were circulated, announcing that I would lecture "near the Devonport park gates." A large force of police had been placed in readiness for my arrest, but to their astonishment I walked past the gates, and stepping into a small boat, was rowed to the large one from which I delivered my lecture to my audience, who occupied an open wharf, all within the jurisdiction of Devonport, and only ten feet outside. The Mayor and his twenty-eight picked policemen were disgusted, and I very much fear that the members of the Young Men's Christian Association did not limit themselves to prayers and blessings on that famous Sunday. I opened suit against the Superintendent of police, as I had promised. The case was made a special jury case. I won it, but the Devonshire jurymen gave me only a farthing damages, and Mr. Baron Clannell refused to certify for costs, so I carried the case to the court in *banco*, where I argued it in person for two days, before Lord Chief Justice Erle, and a full bench of Judges, who sustained the decision of the lower court.

Reporter—How did you stand during our late war, Mr. Bradlaugh?

Mr. Bradlaugh—My feelings and sympathies went with what I am glad to say was the feeling of the great mass of the English people—in favor of the government—while the aristocracy were openly exulting in what they conceived to be the probable break up of your republic.

Mr. Bradlaugh is a well-formed man of strongly marked features, large, bright blue eyes, large mouth, a chin betokening firmness, high cheek bones, and great breadth of forehead. He wears his hair combed back, and with his smooth face in repose might easily pass for an old-fashioned backwoods preacher of the south-west. His voice is round and full, his language pure, and with his heart full of the subject which engrosses him he cannot fail to enlist the warmest sympathies of the American public.—*N. Y. Sun, Sept. 18.*

Briggs' Blessing.

Thomas Briggs, asserts the Detroit *Free Press*, has a boy-baby about ten months old, who is admitted at the beginning of this article to look just like his father, and to be the smartest boy-baby of his age in Detroit. The other morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six large coat buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat and started to finish the apple. A bit of the skin got into his throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed in the air and rolled over on his head. "Oh, them buttons! he has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother, as she yanked him up and shook him. "Pound him on the back!" yelled the other woman, trying to hold the baby's legs still. "Run for the neighbors," cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other, as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed his stomach, and joggled about all sorts of ways until he got mad and went howling. Then a boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for a doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew those six big buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face, and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil and put mustard across him and wept over him, and the mother said she never could forgive herself. Boys drove by, calling out "Slab wood

for sale!" and the scissors man went by, shouting, "Sharp, sharp!" but that distressed crowd held the baby down and shed their tears over his whole length. The doctor was looking serious and Briggs was thinking that he had not done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling angel to her bosom and called him her "wopsy, topsy, hopsy, dropsy, popsy little cherub."

Too Sharp to be Caught.

Innocence is a beautiful attribute of young womanhood, but if innocence and worldly wisdom are incompatible, we prefer rather to see young girls sufficiently world wise to escape the snares and pitfalls with which all large cities abound, than to be so innocent as to walk unsuspectingly into dangerous places, and to their own destruction.

A short time ago a young girl, looking for a position by which she might earn a respectable livelihood, noticed an advertisement, ostensibly of an unmarried lady of means, who wished "a young woman as companion."

Arming herself with references, the young girl alluded to, made her way to the house indicated in the advertisement, and ringing at the door, was shown into a darkened parlor, the walls of which, when she became accustomed to the dim light, she to her horror found covered with pictures of the most obscene and disgusting character. At once, being a city-bred girl, she comprehended that she had been decoyed into a house of ill-fame, and without waiting for the advent of the mistress of the establishment whom she had been told would see her in a few minutes, she proceeded to the door, intending to depart without giving any notice to the inmates of the den.

To her surprise, she found the door firmly fastened and the key withdrawn from the lock. Nothing daunted, she pulled the bell wire, and thus brought out the servant, key in hand, who had let her in. When the girl saw her, she, in a sharp voice, says: "Get back to the parlor wid ye; what are ye's doin' here?" "I only came to speak to my brother who is waiting outside," said the young girl, with rare presence of mind; and with great quickness she snatched the key, placed it in the lock, and opening the door ran speedily down the steps and out into the street, and scarcely lessened her speed until she came up with a police officer, to whom she told her story, and obtained a promise that he would keep his eye on the house into which she had been entrapped, and see that no other young woman entered therein.

Now, the girl thus escaping from a well-known den of infamy was a city girl, sharp and world-wise; had she been a country lass, innocent and ignorant, the adventure might have had a different termination, and another recruit would have probably been added to the great army of fallen women, many of whom have been snared to their own ruin.—*Philadelphia Sunday Dawn.*

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THE Highest Cash Prices paid for Dried Peaches, Butter, Eggs and other Produce, at the Produce Department of Z. C. M. I.

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THE

WILSON Sewing MACHINE

TAKES

Five Medals

AT THE

WORLD'S FAIR at VIENNA!

Three separate dispatches from Vienna combine to dispel all doubt as to what sewing machine has won the first honors of the great Exposition. The first was a special to the New York press on Monday, and was as follows:

VIENNA, August 15, 1873.

The Wilson shuttle sewing machine was awarded the grand prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best sewing machine.

RAYNOR.

The second was the regular Associated Press report, compiled from a long special to the New York Herald, in which the "Wilson Sewing Machine of Cleveland, Ohio," was named as among the exhibitors which received gold medals, for merit, "the highest class of premiums awarded at the Exposition."

The third was a private cable telegram received yesterday from Vienna by Mr. Wilson himself, which was as follows:

VIENNA, August 19.

You have received five medals—two for merit and three co-operative.

The meaning of this is then explained to be that the Wilson Machine has received the gold medal as the best sewing machine, and a second gold medal as the machine best manufactured—that is, embodying the best mechanical workmanship. Besides these, a special medal was given for excellence of workmanship on the machine, another for the best sewing on leather, done by the Wilson, and the other medal for best samples of family sewing and embroidery, done on the Wilson machine.

This sweeps the entire board. Not only has the Wilson Sewing Machine been pronounced the most capable and efficient sewing machine in the world, but its work, on both dry goods and leather, is pronounced superior to that of all other machines. This verdict at a World's Fair, where all the leading sewing machines of both continents have competed before a thoroughly competent committee for more than three months, is the most complete triumph ever won by a sewing machine.

The above is taken from the Cleveland Leader, of August 20.

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