

the office to which they have been directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has subscribed for it or not, he is held in law a subscriber.

7. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspaper addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

### LOCAL GRINDINGS.

#### "KING BILLIE."

I'm the boss billie goat of all Fort  
Howe,  
My milk is far richer than that of  
the cow,  
My stomach a junk store, my morals  
are sound,  
As over the rocks with my playmates  
I bound.

HIKE LANCY.

\* \* \*

#### BAROMETER LA FOOT.

A little corn, a very tight shoe,  
When these are found together,  
If closely pressed will often tell  
The changes in the weather.

\* \* \*

#### AN ELOPEMENT.—MISS — NAMED.

A gentle maiden	Next day suspicion
In her teens	Her mother felt,
One day skipped out;	But the Mrs. her name
All was serene.	She wouldn't tell 't.

A. R.

## Only A Salesgentleman; or, The Reward of Perspicacity.

"You really love me, dearest!"

"Why, cert."

The scene of my story is the large fancy-goods emporium of Delaine & Co., on the Rue de Sixth Avenue. The first speaker was no other than the daughter of Miguel Delaine, the aristocratic and haughty proprietor of the establishment; the person whom she addressed, and who replied in impassioned accents as above, was Leander Magruder, an humble, yet peerlessly beautiful, salesgentleman in the jewellery department.

Leander Magruder was a scion of one of the oldest families in New York, he being able to trace back his lineage one consecutive generation. An hereditary disinclination to work between meals had prevented his ever acquiring wealth. At Delaine & Co.'s he had an easy position and twelve dollars per week. He knew that he was worthy of something better; he had for years yearned to become the husband of an heiress, or a star actress with four hundred a week income. And now the heiress had come; his employer's daughter loved him madly, passionately. But the utmost discretion must be observed, for old Miguel Delaine was an excitable, impetuous man, and possessed a license to carry concealed weapons.

"How much longer must we hide our love from the gaze of the cold, cynical world?" moaned the girl, leaning heavily upon the

counter and looking up into the soul-lit eyes of the young salesgentleman. "Already I fear papa begins to suspect. Can we not fly together?"

Leander made a gesture of dissent. He was much too fly to embark in any such scheme.

"I have been thinking this matter over," he said, "and have got a big idea. I have been a careful student of your father's peculiarities, and if I mistake not I can ere long, with your assistance, succeed in gaining his favor so that he will refuse me nothing."

"How can I help you?" cried the girl, breathlessly.

The salesgentleman whispered a few words in her ear. She listened intently, then, with an eloquent glance and a pressure of the hand, she hastened in the direction of her father's private office.

Fifteen minutes later Leander Magruder was summoned to the office. The old merchant was seated at his desk. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes sparkled with unwonted brilliancy.

"My daughter informs me," he began, "that the business manager of the Palace Theater is your cousin."

The salesgentleman bowed.

"Could you get me two seats for to-night's performance?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Delaine," was the prompt reply. "I will procure you a box."

"Thanks, thanks, my boy," cried the old man, joyously, and he handed the salesgentleman a forty-five cent cigar.

"I sized him up correctly," muttered Leander as he left his employer's presence. "He is a free pass fiend of the first water. Let me but be wry and politic, and in a few weeks I shall be placed beyond the reach of want."

The young salesgentleman then stepped out and pawned his watch, after which he went to the Palace Theatre and purchased a proscenium box.

That evening Mr. Delaine and his family attended the performance, and the old man was loud in his praises of Leander Magruder.

During the next fortnight the merchant went to the theatre six times at the salesgentleman's expense. By that time Leander had become indispensable to him, and when the youth modestly asked for his daughter's hand in marriage, he folded him in his arms and wept tears of joy and gratitude.

"Ah," mused the salesgentleman on his wedding-day, "it is better, after all, to be born beautiful and gifted than the possessor of large wealth. The tickets which I have bestowed upon papa-in-law he could have purchased for forty-three dollars and a half; but if I am not much mistaken I shall cost him considerably more than that.—*Tid-Bits.*



I AM THY FATHER'S "SPIRIT."—*Hamlet.*