

were deducted from the results of the sale of his business.

A VERY SMALL FANCY STORE was established by a young girl in a little Shropshire village, much frequented for its breezy hills. Her stock consisted mainly of what are described as "view goods"—small albums, needle cases, boxes, card trays, inkstands, &c. The views of the neighbourhood were in the first place photographed by a local artist, at the expense of the little woman of business, who forwarded them to a London house, to be copied and used to adorn the multitude of articles she intended speculating in. She sold out completely by the end of the season, and then employed the dreary winter months in dressing a number of dolls, of all sizes, and in all sorts of costumes, Welsh being predominant. These goods sold equally well during the next season. It is but five years since the little shop was opened, and now it has blossomed out into a bazaar, where tourists may obtain almost every variety of fancy goods. The young girl has blossomed, too, into a very comely woman of business, and the cheery expression which illumines her face assures one that she is on the right track to make her fortune.—*From Self Help for Women, a Guide to Business by a Woman of Business.*

PENMAN'S paralysis is said to have found a remedy. It is in the form of a new magnetic pen, the holder of which "by the warmth of the hand evolves a thermoelectric current, which operates upon the blood, nerves and muscles of the hand and muscular system of the fore-arm, and in an almost marvellous manner alleviates and is a preventative of the disease mentioned." Therefore, clerks, book-keepers and business men, editors and others, will rejoice to learn that they need no longer fear one of life's most perplexing ills.

I have handled a pen considerably in my life time, and have never yet had this peculiar kind of palsy, I imagine that the disease, if such it be, must result from a want of vitality.—*TRADE LOUNGER, in American Statesman.*

MR. HENRY GRAY has learned that, in the thirty two novels of Sir Walter Scott, no fewer than six hundred and sixty-two distinct characters appear. From "Count Robert of Paris," the date of which is 1093, down to "St. Ronan's Well," the story of which is supposed to take place in 1812, there is but one century, the thirteenth, which has not furnished a historical background for one of the fictions. The gap in question lies between "Ivanhoe," which opens in 1194, and "Castle Dangerous," the date of which is 1306. Three of the stories are assigned to the sixteenth century, seven to the seventeenth and thirteen to the eighteenth.

THAT the small coins of all nations may be a most potent factor in disseminating disease is a discovery due to the researches of Dr. Reinch. Taking specimens of coin which had long been in circulation he scraped off the thin organic incrustations, which he then divided into small pieces and dissolved them in distilled water. Microscopic inspection of the solution disclosed abundance of bacteria and vegetable fungi. After this there is ample reason for caution in handling money made of metal; of the dan-

ger of filthy paper currency the public has long been aware. Application to coins of a boiling weak solution of caustic potash will, however, free them of their organic impurities. Withdrawal from circulation of old, dirty dollar bills and replacing them by new ones is perhaps the best way to prevent paper money acting incidentally a not inconsiderable role in the mechanism of epidemics, as well as of mercantile exchange directly.

BOOKSELLERS are often made aware, in a manner that is more painful than pleasant, that there are such things as book-worms in existence. However, it is not many booksellers who have ever seen one, for, despite its large ravages, the worm itself is very rare. Mr. G. Suckling discovered three in London at Messrs. Sotheran's Strand house a few days ago. They were half way through a bundle of quires, and were evidently on their second or third journey, judging from the number of perforations. They are tiny wax-like creatures, resembling a Stilton maggot.

THIS appears to be the centenary year of printing in relief for the blind. The method is of French origin. In 1784 VALENTINE HAIIO, a resident of Paris, having got the idea from a map in relief that he had seen in Germany, produced several books in relief, the characters being substantially the same as the Roman letters. Some important improvements have been made since that time.

N. P. WILLIS.—What bookseller has a copy of his works on their shelves? Yet "before the war," before the drawing of that great dividing line in the United States, in all its internal relations, Willis was looked upon as the leading writer of "polite literature," and not without good reason.

What finer fancy than that in his last letter "To the unknown purchaser and next occupant of Glenmary," a farm which it had been his delight to occupy, and from which he dated his several letters.

"Sir, in selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter in this bright spot of earth, the waters on their way to the sparkling brook, the tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung the coming summer by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward nature.

"How can you buy the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees! How I can sell it you is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"'Lord of the Soil' is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment perhaps in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilacs and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded