

## OLDEN FESTIVITIES.

### WILD REVELS CELEBRATED THE CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO.

Survivals of the Roman Saturnalia and the Feasts of Janus—Episode of the Fourteenth Century in Paris. When Four Nobles Perished at Court.

In spite of clerical protests, in spite of anathemas, in spite of the condemnation of the more thoughtful and the more virtuous, Christmas in the earlier days frequently reproduced all the worst orgies, the debauchery and indecency of the bacchanalia and the saturnalia. Even the clergy were whirled into the vortex. A special celebration called the feast of fools had been instituted in their behalf, with a view, said the doctors of the church, "that the folly which is natural to and born with us might exhale at least once a year."

If even among the clergy heathen traditions survived so strenuously, what wonder that they survived among the laity? The wild revels indeed of the Christmas period in olden times almost stagger belief. License was carried to the fullest extent of licentiousness. Even in the seventeenth century, when no festivities had been slightly toned down, Master William Pryne discovered in them the vestiges of paganism which are apparent enough to the historians of today.

"If we compare," he says in his "Historio-Mastix," "our bacchanalian Christmas and New Year's tides with these saturnalia and feasts of Janus, we shall find such near affinity between them both in regard of time—they being both in the end of December and on the 1st of January—and in their manner solemnizing—both being spent in reveling, epicurism, wantonness, idleness, dancing, drinking, stage plays, masques and carnal pomp and jollity—that we must needs conclude the one to be but the ape, or issue, of the other."

Yet the practices which Stubbes and Pryne condemned were mild and tame compared with the excesses practiced at the French court for centuries. Inebriety ran rampant. No wonder that in the period of torches and wooden palaces accidents frequently occurred which more than once involved provinces in mourning.

Memorable above all other episodes of this sort was the catastrophe which occurred at Paris in 1393. The Christmas festivities had been partaken of in the wildest spirit of riot and disorder. But the court was not yet satisfied. Then Sir Hugonin de Guisay, the most reckless among all the reckless spirits of the period, suggested that as an excuse for prolonging the merriment a marriage should be arranged between two of the court attendants. This was eagerly agreed upon.

The management was intrusted to Sir Hugonin himself. He was well fitted for anything wild and unusual. He was loved and admired by the disorderly as ardently as he was hated and feared by the orderly, for it was his pleasant habit to exercise his wit upon tradesmen and mechanics, whom he would accost in the street, prick with his spurs and compel to creep on all fours and bark like dogs before he released them. Such were the traits which endeared him to the courtiers of his most gracious majesty and Christian king of France.

The marriage passed off in a blaze of glory with an accompaniment of attendant gargantuanousness. At the height of the ceremonies Sir Hugonin quietly withdrew with the king and four other wild ones—scions of the noblest houses in France. With a pot of tar and a quantity of tow the six conspirators were speedily changed into very fair imitations of the dancing bears then very common in mountebanks' booths. A mask completed the transformation. Five were then bound together by means of a silken rope cut from the tapestry. The sixth, the king himself, led them into the hall. Their appearance created a general sensation. "Who are they?" was the cry. No one could answer.

At this moment entered the wildest of all the wild dukes of Orleans. "Who are they?" he echoed between hiccoughs. "Well, we'll soon find out." Seizing a brand from one of the torchbearers ranged along the wall, he staggered forward. Some gentlemen attempted to stay him. But he was obstinate and quarrelsome. Main force could not be thought of against a prince of the blood. He was given his way. He thrust his torch under the chin of the nearest of the maskers. The tow caught fire. In a moment the whole group was enveloped in flames. Presence of mind or common sobriety might have saved them. But there was none of the latter there and but two instances of the former.

The young Duchess of Berry seized the king and enveloped him in her ample robe. Thus he was saved. Another masker, the lord of Nantouillet—known for strength and agility, rent the silken rope with a wrench of his strong teeth, pitched himself like a flaming comet through the first window and dived into a cistern in the court, whence he emerged black and smoking, but almost unhurt.

As for the other four, they whirled hither and thither through the horrified mob, struggling with each other, fighting with the flames, cursing, shrieking with pain. Women fainted by scores. Men who had never faltered in a hundred fights sickened at the hideous spectacle. All Paris was roused by the uproar and gathered, an excited mob, about the palace. All sorts of reports were current, that the princes were engaged in deadly strife being the one most credited. At last the flames burned out. The four maskers lay a black and writhing heap on the floor. One was a mere cinder. A second survived till daybreak. A third died at noon the next day. The fourth—no other than Sir Hugonin himself—survived for three days, while all Paris rejoiced over his agonies. "Bark, dog, bark!" was the cry with which the citizens saluted his charred and mangled corpse when it was at last borne to the grave.—*W. York Herald.*

## THE LONDON CABBY.

Dramatic Little Incidents Connected With the Reception of His Exact Fare.

Everybody who has lived in London has witnessed the dramatic little incidents connected with cabby's reception of his exact fare. His hirer, having alighted, stands on the pavement and feels for his purse. Cabby meanwhile leans over the railing of his seat with a benignant and ingratiating smile. That smile, it may be stated at once, is a fraud. It is not a genuine beam of good nature, but is one of cabby's business "props." It is a smile of much meaning, and cabby throws his whole soul into it. It is trusting and confident. It insinuates that cabby feels that he has met in you a man in whom he recognizes a peculiarly generous nature. It means that cabby has no anxiety. He knows that you are going to give him something for himself.

But as a matter of fact, if you watch cabby closely, you will see the hollowing of his professions. Cabby's eyes are very wide open, and he is scanning a great deal more carefully than his fare the little pile of silver that gentleman is turning over in his hand. Then he stretches down his hand, broad and fat, but trustingly, assured that he is about to be treated as a man should be. The fat palm ascends again, but as his fare turns to depart, the smile dies away. For a moment, as if dazed, he gazes blankly into his hand; then a look of mingled contempt and indignation passes over his expressive face. He turns fiercely on his prey.

"Ere, wot's this?"  
"Your fare," floats back to him.  
"My fare!" in a tone of scathing scorn—"my fare!"  
Then rapidly and with a businesslike manner, as if the time for emotion were passed now.

"Ere, 'old 'ard; I wants another tanner."

By this time his fare, if he knows anything at all about cabmen, is well under way. Cabby, standing up, dashes the offending shilling on the ground with a gesture of ineffable loathing, as at some unclean thing. No good. His fare is disappearing, unconcerned, and cabby, convinced that the game is up, but loath to relinquish his indignation, slowly unwrathes himself from the folds of his voluminous blanket, descends as slowly, picks up the innocent shilling still more slowly, mounts again, gathers up his reins with one final blighting look behind him and drives away, his face that of a man who never till that moment had sounded the hideous depths of sordid human nature.—*London Sketch.*

## Mesalliance.

Mesalliance is always interesting—when it occurs outside of our own immediate circle of relatives and friends. A man or woman sacrifices social instincts, bids defiance to conventions and follows the simple promptings of the heart—and the results? Disagreeable to those most nearly concerned, but fascinating to the outside world. There is no subject so fruitful for the novelist. A well known novel, now widely read, was saved by this. I will not name it, for I cannot break literary confidences. The writer, a favorite living novelist, had reached a point in his story when everything, characters and events, seemed to settle down to a deadly low level of dull commonplace. He was in despair. A friend, an experienced man of the world, gave him a word of advice: "Introduce a mesalliance. That never fails to enliven things." The novelist did so, and his book is selling briskly today.—*Vogue.*

## A Little Tin Mouse.

A Manayunk man who has a pet cat bought one of those new fangled mouse toys from a vender on Market street on Saturday afternoon. When he arrived at his house in the evening, he brought out the mouse and began to run it up and down the dining room floor. Tabby, who was lying on a rug, suddenly gave a jump for the supposed rodent. This scared the head of the house so much that he jumped back and in doing so upset the supper table, breaking nearly all the dishes and mixing up the evening meal into a boarding house hash. The family dog secured the choicest beefsteak, and the cat began to lap up the spilled cream. Mr. Housekeeper had a big sized row with his wife and ended up the scene by getting gloriously drunk. The tin mouse, the cause of all the estrangement, was crushed in the melee.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## Contagion.

Some of the diseases which flesh is heir to are contagious in every sense of the word. A contact so slight that it does not reach even skin contact, but merely contact with the air which smallpox patients breathe, is sufficient to cause smallpox in man. So, too, mediate contact—that is to say, the handling by the well of material touched by the sick—has been proved to be the cause of many diseases, of which erysipelas and scarlet fever may be cited as examples. The products of certain other diseases—typhoid fever, for example—require to be taken into the economy to become maleficent. Still others, such as glanders, must be introduced into the blood current itself before they are dangerous. These facts have been proved by long observation and are not to be disputed.—*Baltimore Sun.*

## Ideas in Bad Dreams.

People have been known to eat indigestible suppers in order to produce dreadful dreams. For instance, a painter of the last century was noted for the horrible nature of his pictures. Report says of him that he used to eat raw beef and underdone pork chops for supper and so bring on nightmares, which gave him fresh ideas.—*Exchange.*

## Chrysanthemum Craze.

A new fabric is chrysanthemum craze, in which narrow riblike cords weave crosswise of half-inch grooves made by an almost imperceptible crimping. Like the waved chiffon the coloring is perfect, all the varied chrysanthemum shades and many more being shown.

## QUEER AND GIFTED.

### AN ARTIST WHO PAINTS MONEY LIKE THE REAL THING.

A Soldier, Sociologist, Artist and Journalist, and He Has a Hobby—His Great Regard For Rabelais—Some of His Remarkable Paintings Described.

Poor Victor Dubreuil, who lives in Forty-fourth street, paints United States currency so that it looks real, and yet he rarely has in his pocket two coins to jingle together.

Over the bar of a Seventh avenue saloon hang several of his pictures. One is called "Barrels of Money." The barrels, or kegs, are of good, stout oak, set in a row three deep, and from their yawning mouths \$1, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$25 and \$50 and \$100, \$200 and \$500 bank notes, apparently fresh from the United States treasury, are escaping by hundreds. The bills in some of the barrels are weighted down with heaping shovelfuls of gold coin of the larger denominations. These seem to glitter in the light, and so do the diamonds and turquoises which have fallen from the kegs and lie sparkling beside them on the floor. With them are large bank note sandwiches done up in paper wrappers, over the edges of which crisp new edges of the bills curl temptingly.

To the left of this painting hangs another of about the same size, which, as it not only tells a story of its own, but is the key to the life, struggles and aims of the man who produced it, is the most important and interesting in the place. The spectator appears to be standing inside the railing of a bank or large mercantile counting house. Before him is the teller's or bookkeeper's desk, upon which, cleverly foreshortened and painted, lies a ledger, the ruling and writing on the pages of which are well simulated. To the left of the book is a bottle of ink, from which a pen protrudes. Under the desk lies an overturned stool. The cash drawer, with its brazen handles, is open, and a desperate looking man, with unkempt, tawny brown hair and long beard, squints along the glistening barrel of a loaded seven shooter on the other side of the grating around the desk, while an aged crone in a red cloak stands beside him, and with her skinny arm thrust through the open window in the grating transfers, with a greedy and triumphant leer, bulky packages of realistic bank notes from the drawer to a fold of her skirt.

Stand in what part of the room you will, you are compelled to gaze down the barrel of the revolver, which covers the spectator at all points, and to shudder at the hungry leer of the woman, which, strange to say, is unmistakably seen to linger upon her careworn face, although her eyes, those windows of the soul, are hidden by her blood red cloak. The woman is the artist's ex-washer-woman, now gathered to her fathers. Her desperate looking accomplice with the pistol is the artist himself, and the entire picture is the key to the aspirations, disappointments, joys and sorrows of Victor Dubreuil, ex-finance, soldier, journalist, organizer, porter and stableman, and at present artist, author and socialist agitator.

This will be better understood when it is explained that the title of the picture is "A Prediction For 1900; or, a Warning to Capitalists."

"I am vat you peeps call vairsteel," said the artist. "I paint ze steel life, ze genre, ze landscape, ze portrait—any-zing vat-ever. I come to Amerique. I have no monnaie. I go to Theophile Keeck, ze bankaire on Clinton place. I work zere as stapleboy dwendy-two hours a day for four mons. I get dwelf dollaire a mons. By my economie I safe forty-five dollaire. Zen I say: 'Dubreuil, you owe monnaie. You must pay heem. You cannot get reech as a stapleboy. Vat, zen, will you do?' I suit, 'I will peccome arteest.' So I do so."

Besides being an artist, M. Dubreuil has been a soldier, serving with the French army in Mexico. He was clerk in a banking house and then went into the business on his own account. He became interested in the formation of a company which should do for France and Africa what the East India company did for England and India, with the difference that through Dubreuil's company the workingman, not the capitalist, was to reap the reward. To further this scheme, he became a newspaper man, and for six months published *La Politique d'Action*. Judging by his own statements, this journal was so searchingly and caustically truthful as to arouse first the ire and then the fear of capitalists, who, according to his story, ruined him.

During his good fortune and his bad there has been one occupation that has always engrossed this soldier-banker-socialist-artist. It has been the study of Rabelais, with the intention of explaining him to his fellow countrymen and the world.

In the quiet retirement of his studio, on West Forty-fourth street, the self taught artist toils day and night to finish the annotations on Rabelais' works, which are nearly done, and at which he has been laboring for 18 long years. These, he declares, will open wide the eyes of the entire world, and with intentions at which he has been toiling will bring him in by next year sufficient means to return to France, liquidate his indebtedness centime for centime, crush his enemies and reorganize his African Development company. Dubreuil believes that Rabelais has foretold for all time the outcome of the capital and labor situation, and that it is only necessary to make the laboring classes read the great satirist through his spectacles in order to start them on the right track toward working out their temporal salvation.

Besides the Rabelais commentary and the inventions, which include a new motor for vessels, suggested by the recoil of cannon, and a patent suspender, which he is arranging to sell to the American government, the artist is painting an allegorical conceit which he calls the "Apotheosis of Liberty."—*New York Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

## OLD CHRISTMAS SONGS.

Familiar but Reverent Treatment of the Sacred—Words of a Simple Folk.

For the most part the old songs speak with the voice of poverty appealing to wealth, and so it is not strange that Christ's humble birth should be dwelt upon. On that ground at least the supplicants seem to feel their nearness to the Man of Sorrows who had nowhere to lay his head. The ever recurring plea to the rich to give alms of their goods—"gifts of the day's gladness"—is a reminder of the one who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The familiarity with which sacred things are touched is not irreverence, but rather the innocent freedom of the child to whom God seems a kind father and Jesus a gentle elder brother.

The holy names are almost always coupled with some adjective expressive of affection—"sweet Jesus." "Mary mild"—and the pretty Cornish carol tells how the Virgin was called *Modryb Marya*, "our dear Aunt Mary," by the people on the Tamar side. The honest Christian must often feel inclined to avert his face from the asperities, controversies and persecutions of warring creeds, but in these strains that survive from an age that is past we find only the loving and tender side of religion—the words of a simple folk who were not afraid to creep close to the Father's knee and lay hold upon his robe.

In many of these old songs the good cheer peculiar to the day is dwelt upon, with a frank delight which reminds one of the child's "innocent joy of anything sweet in the mouth." Thus runs one exultant strain:

O you merry, merry souls,  
Christmas is a-coming,  
We shall have flowing bowls,  
Dancing, piping, mumping.

The materialistic bard waxed enthusiastic over

The larders full of beef and pork,  
The garners filled with corn,  
and each stanza of one of the carols winds up with the appetizing burden, "Plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pie and roast beef." Father Christmas was esteemed as "entering like a man," when "armed with spit and dripping-pan." After a year of hard work and hard living the poor folk looked forward to a lavish feast, and it is small wonder that their minds dwelt chiefly upon such dainties as

Delicate minced pies  
To feast your virgin;  
Capon and goose, likewise  
Brawn and a dish of sturgeon.

From Sedding's "Ancient Christmas Carols" is taken "Masters, In This Hall"—one of the quaintest and most pleasing of the lays that were sung by the Yuletide minstrels in the days of old:

To Bethlehem did they go, the shepherds three,  
To Bethlehem did they go, to see where it were  
so or no,  
Whether Christ was born or no,  
To set men free.

Masters, in this hall,  
Here ye news today  
Brought over sea,  
And ever I you pray,  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!  
Sing we clear;  
Helpen are all folk on earth  
By God's Son so dear.  
—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## When Christ Was Born.

Now, it happened when the Saviour was born that certain wise men in the far east had seen a star.

They knew the meaning of the light, and they repaired on camels across the desert to the city of Jerusalem.

Arriving at the court of Herod they inquired, saying: "Where is he that is born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him?"

Herod was sorely troubled by this question, and he asked of the wise men where this ruler was born.

"And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judaea; for thus it is written by the prophet:

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Herod was wrath and jealous of this new monarch, who seemed to be destined to overthrow him.

He told the wise men to go on to Bethlehem, and after they had found the Saviour to return to him with the news of his whereabouts.

Guided by the star, which had gone before them for many weeks, they arrived at the little home where the Saviour was dwelling.

They fell upon their knees and worshipped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented him with gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Hence it is that every year in the beautiful Christmastide the parents give presents to their children in celebration of the Saviour's birth.

## Christmas Pleasantries.

Lord Henry Bentinck, though he was shortsighted and had to wear glasses, was an admirable rider and a most popular master of hounds. It was he who inquired from a rash cavalier who was overriding his hounds, "May I ask, sir, do you smell the fox?" and who said to a large landed proprietor suspected of vulgar acts, on his remarking that he regarded a particular wood as quite a seminary for foxes, "I think, general, you mean cemetery."

Spending Christmas with a friend, Lord Henry was asked at luncheon by the rector after service in a church which had been profusely adorned with evergreens, but in which the congregation had been small, what he thought of the decorations. "I thought," he replied, "that there was plenty of cover, but very little game."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

## An English Christmastide Custom.

In Staffordshire, England, the children when hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve repeat the following rhyme addressed to the good fairy of Christmas, believing that it will infallibly insure the bringing of whatever gift they most desire:

Christmas fay of Christmas day,  
Let me wish what wish I may,  
If I think, with love, of you  
You will make my wish come true.

## UNCLE SAM, FLORIST.

### A GLIMPSE OF THE BOTANICAL GARDEN IN WASHINGTON.

Finest Collection of Palms in the World. The Victoria Regia, a Lily Which Will Hold Up a Child—Plants Included Among Congressional Perquisites.

Uncle Sam's botanical garden in Washington occupies a tract of between eight and nine acres of land almost in the shadow of the capitol.

If you are a newly elected member of congress and have not been initiated into the full scope of your perquisites, you will probably receive within a short time after your arrival a letter from some person you never knew and never heard of, asking you for an order on the superintendent for some choice ferns, palms or hanging baskets to be filled at their own suggestion. Perhaps the letter comes from some resident of Washington, for there are many here who are on the outlook for new members of congress, especially those who do not bring their families with them, or it may come from one of your own constituents, who is well versed in all the congressional perquisites. So it will not be long before you learn that there is a vast variety of things beside seeds and congressional reports, which only await your order informing the custodians where the articles may be sent.

Each member of congress is entitled to a certain amount from the botanical garden each year, the kind and the amount being of course subject to the rules of the superintendent. If a senator should send for one of the rare specimens of palms or cactuses, it is very doubtful about the request being honored. The last specimen of a rare plant would not be given up under any circumstances. The most of the orders sent in are for roses, geraniums and blooming plants, of which there is a great supply. If the representative or senator prefers to have his quota of plants sent to his greenhouse in his native town or city, he is furnished by the clerk of the house of representatives with a wooden shipping box, in which the plants are securely packed and shipped by express to their proper destination.

Upon entering the botanical garden by the west gate you will notice on each side of the broad walk an endless variety of cactuses, in all of the varied conditions of growth and scratchiness. Some seem to grow after ideas peculiarly their own, as if their chief charm lay in their scrawny ugliness. Others are very pretty and would help wonderfully to adorn any conservatory or bay window. This avenue extends for about 250 feet, when the decorations of the avenue change, and you find yourself amid an avenue of palms.

You may have hurried by the great variety of cactuses, but you will certainly loiter along among the choice collection of palms gathered from every quarter of the globe where palms grow.

The largest of all the conservatories is the palmhouse, with its immense dome shaped roof. The building has to be a large one to accommodate some of the immense palms which it contains, many of which are 40 feet high. Here you will find palms from Mexico, Brazil, Central America, South America, New Caledonia, Australia and the South Sea islands; palms with long trunks, palms with thin leaves, with broad leaves, with long names and with short names, that you read and forget with an ease that is wonderful, so that the most you carry away with you is a memory that you have seen the largest variety of palms in the world.

In the large basin, 90 feet in diameter, is the Bartholdi fountain, which was purchased at the Centennial exposition of 1876 by the library committee for the botanical garden. The fountain is of cast iron and cost \$6,000. In the basin of the fountain grows the Victoria Regia, the largest species of water lily in the world. The lily is an annual, and as the season in Washington is too brief for the lily to reach its maturity, the seed has to be imported each year. The plant is a native of Brazil, and the seeds are imported in water, for if they were kept dry during the length of time which would be required for transportation the seeds would be worthless. In August the Victoria Regia is in its full glory, and it is during this month that the amateur photographer delights himself by posing a small child upon one of the immense leaves. By this novel experiment we are better able to judge of the size of this gianness of the lily family.

Among the other wonders of the botanical garden is a large bed of elephant grass, which grows to the height of 18 or 20 feet. As a rapid growing plant this grass seems to be the first in its class, but during the winter season it dies down to the roots. When in blossom, the bed looks like a small section of the jungle transplanted to American soil.

The trees in the botanical garden have been selected more with a view to their adaptability to the soil and climate and to their worth as shade trees rather than to illustrate peculiar kinds or varieties of trees, and altogether the general effect of the tree planting has been very successful, in that the requisite amount of shade has been secured as well as a harmonious touch of general embellishment of the garden.—*Boston Herald.*

## National Flowers.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, flower-de-luce (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.

## Mixed Metaphor.

"Brethren," said an earnest exhorter to a body of religious workers, "brethren, remember that there is nothing which will kindle the fires of religion in the human heart like water from the fountains of life."—*Springfield Republican.*

## It Does Almost Seem So.

"I like the Staybolts' way of forbidding their children to talk slang, or to call each other by nicknames, and all that," said Mrs. Billotts to her husband, "but I think they are almost too precise about it. This afternoon I heard little Mabel Staybolt asking our Clara if she heard the Katherinedids sing last night. Now I think that is carrying it to extremes, dear. Don't you?"—*New York Sun.*

## A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

The Potent Factor It May Become In the Problem of Life.

"I am trying to cultivate a sense of humor and a sense of proportion," I heard a clever woman say the other day, "and you have no idea what a wonderful help they are to me." I have since had a practical illustration of the potent factor that the latter sense may become in the problem of life, and now I fairly appreciate her statement of the power of proportion.

Having lingered very late over a more than usually fascinating game of chess the night before, I was beguiled into an extra nap in the morning, making me late for the early train which I wished to catch in order to keep an important appointment in town.

As the sky was lowering, indicating rain, I pulled out a pair of old shoes and did not discover until I was at the breakfast table that a little nail in one of them had come through the inner sole and was piercing my heel.

It was too late to change them, and the pricking made me cross. I am quite sure that I snarled at the dear little woman who had increased my joys and lessened my sorrows these several years past, and that I scared my young folks into unwanted silence.

I actually hobbled on my way to the station, the little nail stung so venomously, and before I arrived there I fancied that my shoe must be half-filled with blood from its laceration.

I hardly returned Papa Clipston's courteous greeting, and let somebody else help old lady Sturgis on the train, which neglect would have cut my wife cruelly and ought to bring me to shame.

The office boy slunk into the remotest corner as I slammed into the room, and the man from Chicago will no doubt retain to the day of his death a supreme conviction of the disagreeableness of Bostonians as poor example exhibited to him on that occasion.

When at last there came a lull in the rush of the day, I removed the shoe and sent it out for repairs. In 10 minutes it came back, the offender removed, and peace was restored.

It was then that bright woman's remark came back to me, and I felt its truth. That little piece of iron, penetrating the sole of my foot, had put awry my whole body, brain, nerves and temper.

What a gigantic disproportion between cause and effect! And, besides the consequences to myself, there was the reaction upon my wife, making her unhappy all day long—for, strange as it may seem, the dear soul loves me—and the awful example of irascibility that I set to the office boy, and nobody knows how much dislike and distrust of Bostonians was planted in that hospitable Chicago breast, which will permeate through generations yet unborn.

And all for a tiny shoe tack!

Don't you see now how wise it would be to cultivate a sense of proportion?

As for a sense of humor, I have seen, for I can smile even over a coal bill.—*Boston Herald.*

## A Clerk's Stupidity.

A clerk in a dry goods store told us a humorous incident which had for its heroine a well known society girl. The young man has in charge a department where paper patterns are sold, and the other day in walked the aforesaid young woman anxious to buy the pattern of a wrap for her aunt. "What size?" queried the clerk. "Oh, I do not know," answered the girl. "Cannot you give me some idea?" went on the youth, anxious if possible to make a sale. "She is rather large and above the average height," laughed the fair maid, but this answer was not one bit helpful, so she was obliged to go away without the desired pattern, but as she was leaving the store a bright thought struck her, and she returned to the counter, and with evident triumph in her face and manner announced, "I can get it now; she's 45 years old," and she could not understand why this vivid description did not enable the stupid person behind the counter to give her the exact size that she required.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## McMahon and Grevy.

In Paris, in the revolution of 1830, a law student was soundly kicked by one of the king's officers for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away. Nearly a half century later—in 1879—the officer called upon the student to bid him good-bye, having just resigned the presidency of the French republic on account of a radical difference with the majority of the national assembly on questions of state policy. He combined with his adieux, also, a graceful word of congratulations on the student's election to succeed him in the presidential chair. The student was Jules Grevy; the officer was Patrice de MacMahon, who died ripe in years and honors.—*Kate Field Washington.*

## Ancient Child Burial.

There was an order in the Church of England up to the year 1532, that if a child died within a month of baptism, he should be buried in his christom in lieu of a shroud. The christom was a white baptismal robe with which in mediæval times a child when christened was enveloped. A sixteenth century brass in Chesham Bois church in Buckinghamshire represents Benedict Lee, christom child, in his christom cloth. The inscription underneath the figure stands thus:

Of Rogr. Lee, gentilia, here lyeth the son, Benedict Lee, crysom whos son he was.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

## It Does Almost Seem So.

"I like the Staybolts' way of forbidding their children to talk slang, or to call each other by nicknames, and all that," said Mrs. Billotts to her husband, "but I think they are almost too precise about it. This afternoon I heard little Mabel Staybolt asking our Clara if she heard the Katherinedids sing last night. Now I think that is carrying it to extremes, dear. Don't you?"—*New York Sun.*