

A BABY IN THE BATTLE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF HEROIC LORD CHARLES HAY.

Into the jaws of Death He Strode Alone, and, Raising the Helpless Child in His Arms, Carried It Up to the Enemy's Front and Delivered It to the Mother.

"Hello! What's 'Young Salamander' up to now?"

"Mad, I fancy, or else he wants to get killed."

"And so he will, whether he wants it or not, if he goes running in among the bullets like that!"

In truth "Young Salamander" (otherwise Lord Charles Hay of the First Life Guards) did seem to be running a fearful risk without any reason whatever. One of the hardest battles ever fought between the French and English in Belgium was at its hottest. The French army was much the stronger of the two, and although the English held their ground as stubbornly as bulldogs the fight would go. Just then, in the thick of the uproar and confusion, the rolling smoke and the flying shot, young Hay (whose bravery under fire had long since earned him the nickname of "Salamander" from his adoring soldiers) was seen to step forth from the English line and advance straight toward the enemy.

A DESPERATE VENTURE.

A more desperate venture could hardly be imagined, for so thickly were the bullets flying between the two opposing lines that the little jets of dust which they knocked up from the dry earth formed a cloud almost as dense as the smoke itself. Nothing mortal surely could live in such a storm of shot; and what could he possibly be going to do there?

"Come back, my lord; come back, for heaven's sake!" shouted a dozen deep voices at once.

"The young fool's mad—stark mad!" roared the English colonel, recovering from his stupor of amazement. "Come back this minute, you young idiot! Do you want to be killed?"

But Lord Charles still went forward without a moment's pause, as if he had not heard them. Then the English ceased firing in sheer astonishment; but just at that moment the flash and crackle of a fresh volley burst forth like a storm along the glittering line of French bayonets, and all was hidden in smoke. When the smoke cleared again every one expected to see the brave lad lying dead. But no—Hay was still on his feet. His cap had been struck off, and some said that they could see blood on his face, but he was still marching onward as steadily as ever.

And now the French grenadiers, beginning to decry him through the rolling smoke, stopped firing in their turn, supposing that this single man who was coming toward them so boldly from the English line must be the bearer of some message from the British general, and the attention of the two contending hosts was bent upon the solitary figure between them. Just then a sudden gust of wind whirled aside for a moment the cloud of smoke and dust, and every one saw for the first time what Lord Charles Hay was about.

A little to the left of the English line of battle stood a cluster of miserable hovels, and the Flemish peasants who inhabited them, instead of running away when the battle began, as one might have expected, had stayed where they were, seeing that the fight seemed to be rolling away from them, and not liking the idea of abandoning their huts, which, poor and wretched as they were, were the only home that they had. But they soon found that they were mistaken, for a sudden change in the position of the two armies brought these unlucky cottages right into the line of fire, and the terrified peasants, finding the cannon balls falling thickly on every side of them, took to their heels at once, dragging with them their children and what few goods they could manage to carry.

In the hurry of this panic flight a tiny girl, hardly old enough to walk alone, had fallen or been left behind, and was now lying on the ground midway between the French and English lines, crying bitterly, while her mother could be seen in the distance shrieking wildly and tossing her arms in the air and struggling to break loose from her husband, who was holding her firmly, for, counting his child already lost, he had no wish to lose his wife as well.

APPEALED BY THE ENEMY.

Coolly as if on parade the brave young guardsman strode toward the spot where the little child lay, his fair hair and bright young face showing through the billowy smoke like those of an angel in some old Italian painting. He raised it tenderly in his arms, and some who saw it said afterward that the poor little trembler ceased crying at once, as if soothed and comforted by his gentle voice and kindly smile. Then, keeping his own body as much as possible between the child and the leveled muskets of the French, he went straight on, as calmly as ever, toward the dark mass of his enemies.

"Don't fire, comrades—don't fire!" shouted a tall stern looking French soldier, whose grim face was black with dust and gunpowder. "If he were twenty times an Englishman, he's as good as a saint from heaven, for all that!"

At that moment a mighty shout, which was heard high above the roar of cannon and musketry from the other side of the battlefield, burst from the English ranks as they saw their young hero bearing the child unharmed across that deadly space, and scarcely had the cheer died away when it was echoed by an answering cheer from the French, which rolled along the vast plain like a peal of distant thunder. Meanwhile the young officer, passing close to the cruel points of the French bayonets as coolly as if they had been only brushwood, with the tiny face nesting trustingly against his shoulder, went straight up to the distracted mother and placed the child in her arms.

Then he kissed the tiny thin little

cheek tenderly, and was just turning away to go back to his own men when a stately old officer with a long gray mustache, whose broad breast was covered with crosses and decorations, stepped forth from the French line and held out his hand.

"Monsieur," said he, bowing courteously, "permit me to have the honor of shaking hands with the bravest man I have ever met."

An hour later Lord Charles Hay was lying face downward upon the earth, sorely wounded by a chance bullet which had hit him just as the enemy were giving way and beginning to retreat. But though his wound was a severe and painful one, and though he lived to become one of the richest and most popular men in all England, he always spoke of that day as the happiest of his whole life.—Montreal Star.

Lincoln's Whiskers.

President Lincoln's kind heart always responded to a child's advances. He indulged his own children, saying, "It is my pleasure that my children are free and happy, and unrestrained by parental tyranny. Love is the chain whereby to bind a child to its parents."

Before his election in 1860 a little girl of 11 years, seeing his lithograph portrait, thought his appearance would be improved should he wear whiskers. She uttered her childish thought in a letter to Mr. Lincoln, and in a few days received a friendly answer, in which he asked:

"As to the whiskers, as I have never worn any, do you not think that people would call it a piece of silly affectation were I to begin wearing them now?"

During his journey to Washington, after his election to the presidency, the train stopped at Westfield, Chautauqua county, at which place the little girl resided.

"I have a correspondent in this place," said Mr. Lincoln, "a little girl whose name is Grace Bedell, and I would like to see her."

She was brought to the station. He stepped from the cars, extended his hand and said: "You see I have let those whiskers grow for you, Grace." Then kissing her, he bade her good-by.

When he stood up at the Capitol to deliver his inaugural address, friends were surprised to see that the president was raising a crop of whiskers. Vexed at his spoiling a face which expressed power and pathos by wearing a coarse, stiff, ungraceful beard of the blacking brush variety, they made inquiries, and learned that he had ceased to shave to gratify a very young lady.—Youth's Companion.

A Hint for Young Girls.

When your sweetheart comes to see you, don't be foolish enough to confine your sweetness to him alone. Have him in where all of the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then the few minutes that he gets with you by yourself will seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving little creature in the world. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people and will see that as you make a small part in one home, you are becoming adapted for the central figure in another.

Never may that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. It's vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned. You two are the most to each other; your love for each should be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves and insist that you have no duties outside your own home. If you do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nice a girl for that. So remember when he comes, this bridegroom of yours, that his heart is bound the tighter to you if the ribbon used to hold it has written upon it in golden letters, "Love and consideration for those at home."—Ladies Home Journal.

Truth Not Always Pleasant.

"Dear friend!" cried the willow, as she bent over the stream, and gazed on her beautiful form reflected on the glassy surface, "how tender and how true you are! I and the flowers around me have not a single charm that is not mirrored on your faithful bosom." And, as the breeze played gently among her branches, they bent to the stream and kissed the placid waters.

Summer passed, and winter; summer and winter; and the willow grew old. Its leaves were few, its branches withered, the flowers around faded.

"How changed you are!" she cried peevishly to the stream. "Once I never looked on you but to rejoice, for all you showed me was pleasant and full of praise. Now, when I try to bend to catch a glimpse, I turn away sad and sorrowful; for what do you bring before me? Not verdure, not symmetry, not grace; but bareness, deformity and decay. You are greatly changed."

"Foolish willow!" answered the stream, "I am too true—that is my fault. There is a change, but it is not in me; but you are not the only one that looks coldly on the truth when it offends the liking."

A Question in Physical Culture.

Sweet Little Daughter—Papa, isn't mamma dreadfully strong?

Papa—No, dear. She's small, you know. It's your papa that is the strong one of the family.

S. L. D.—But, then, I heard mamma telling Mrs. Tollyall last evening that she could just wind you around her finger.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

What a Bucket Shop Is.

Tom—Say, Jack, what's a bucket shop?

Jack—I guess it's where the brokers get their buckets to water the stock with.—Lippincott's.

THE PAY OF CLERGYMEN.

A CLAIM THAT THEIR SALARIES ARE COMPARATIVELY SMALL.

Some Interesting Statistics Containing the Sums Received by Several Noted Men. Some Few Ministers Get Large Salaries, but They Are Exceptions.

No man who adopts a ministerial career can be justly charged with mercenary motives, for in no other profession is the monetary reward so small. There are, to be sure, a few instances of preachers who are paid large salaries for their services, but the rank and file of the clergy receive hardly enough to maintain themselves respectably. The average salary paid to ministers in Protestant churches is less than \$1,000 per annum. Even in the large metropolitan parishes, where men of marked ability officiate, the income awarded them is altogether incommensurate with their talents.

Prominent lawyers like Joseph J. Choate, Robert G. Ingersoll and Benjamin F. Butler make all the way from \$75,000 to \$125,000 each year. Among physicians, Dr. Loomis earns from \$50,000 to \$60,000, Dr. Polk from \$40,000 to \$50,000, Dr. Sayre about \$50,000, and a dozen more might be named who earn over \$25,000 annually. Compared to the salaries paid the managers of large financial institutions, the reward of the greatest preachers in the land seems paltry. The president of the Mutual Life Insurance company receives \$50,000; Mr. Depp, as president of the New York Central railroad, gets \$75,000, and there are a considerable number of wealthy corporations that pay their chief officials from \$25,000 to \$50,000 for a year's services. The highest salary paid a clergyman in New York is \$24,000, and Dr. John Hall is the fortunate individual.

SOME WEALTHY PRELATES.

There are perhaps a half dozen other preachers who get from \$10,000 to \$15,000, but it should be remembered that they represent the wealthiest parishes in the city, and that they assume as much responsibility as that devolving upon the heads of great moneyed institutions. This will be apparent when we regard the churches under their direction from a purely financial standpoint. Trinity Church corporation owns millions upon millions in real estate. Its annual income is nearly \$800,000. The bulk of this vast sum is paid out in church work each year, and Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector, presides over its distribution. Dr. Hall's church has a plant—if this term may be allowed—valued at \$2,000,000. The income from pew rents and contributions amounts to nearly \$250,000 per annum. Most of this is spent in missionary work. In 1889 the congregational expenses, including the pastor's salary, the music, and all incidental items, footed up \$65,681. The balance of over \$200,000 was applied to domestic and foreign missions, the relief fund of the Presbyterian church, and to miscellaneous charities. In view of this remarkable showing it cannot be doubted that Dr. Hall earns his salary.

Grace church has an endowment of \$250,000. Its property is worth close to \$2,000,000, and its annual income from pew rents and contributions averages \$100,000. The property of Ascension church, Fifth avenue and Tenth street, represents an investment of \$250,000. Its revenue is about \$50,000 each year. St. Thomas' church and property is valued at \$750,000. Its pews alone rent for \$50,000 each year, and the contributions amount to from \$39,000 to \$40,000 more. St. George's church is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. All the pews are free. Dr. Rainsford, the rector, gets a nominal salary of \$10,000 per annum. He is possessed of private means, however, and returns his salary to the treasury of his church. The property is valued at over \$500,000 and the yearly revenue is between \$100,000 and \$50,000. A large proportion of this sum is spent in parish charities. Calvary church and property is worth at least \$300,000. Its contributions are very large, averaging from \$75,000 to \$80,000. The total income of the parish is not far short of \$90,000 a year, and fully one-third of it goes to general charities.

MUST LIVE EXPENSIVELY.

The Madison Square Presbyterian church, where Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst presides, has an income of between \$50,000 and \$60,000. Its plant is probably worth \$350,000.

Dr. Paxton's West Presbyterian church has an income of over \$62,000. The value of its plant has not been estimated.

Ten large church organizations have been instituted here, representing a combined property worth millions upon millions, from which a total yearly income is derived from pew rents and contributions of about \$1,000,000. This vast sum is, for the most part, left to be disposed of by ten men. At the least, their will is a potent factor in its distribution. It is essential, therefore, that they should each combine first class business qualifications with learning and eloquence; yet the average salary they receive per annum is only a trifle over \$11,000. When it is considered that they must keep up a style of living in accordance with the dignity of the pulpits they occupy, besides answering substantially innumerable private calls on their charity, it is not to be supposed that they can lay by very much money against the time when old age will deprive them of their usefulness.

Nothing has been said so far as to the personal value of a clergyman to the parish under his charge. Experience has proved that the income of a pastor depends mainly upon the qualities displayed by the pastor; so that in nearly every instance he may be said to earn personally the revenue of his church.—John P. Ritter in Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Insuring Against Burglary.

For two years past there has been an insurance company against burglaries, flourishing in London. According to the regular rates you can insure the contents of your residence, or the damage to it through burglary, or any special article you desire.—London Letter.

WHAT IT COST HER TO DRESS.

A Thousand Dollars a Year Now, but \$250 Would Do After the Wedding.

The young man had been sitting in deep thought for several minutes looking at his best girl and judging as well as he could by the dim light the cost of her apparel. They had been engaged for several months, and having passed that period of ecstatic bliss which obscures all thoughts of worldly affairs, they were able, at odd moments, to speculate about the future. The parlor was elaborately furnished, and everything about the dear girl, from the tips of her dainty patent leather shoes to the gold pin in her hair, was suggestive of wealth.

The night was clear and cold, and this was one reason why the young man had the power to look at things in a cold, worldly fashion. The night on which he had flopped on one knee and laid his heart at the feet of the fair creature had been wild and stormy. She had accepted him in a particularly wild burst of rain and wind, and thereafter on every stormy night visions of bliss swept over him and made his rather poor prospects glitter with unnatural brilliancy. On this night, however, he saw things in their true light, and after the heavy tread of his dear girl's mother had given way to a low rumbling snore, he suddenly cried:

"How much did that dress cost?"

He touched the garment lightly, and looked beseechingly up in the girl's face.

"The material cost \$15, making it cost \$18."

"Phew! Can you make dresses?"

"The idea! Of course not."

"How many dresses do you get in a year?"

"Well," she said, contemplatively, "when I go away in the country I usually take six new ones with me. They cost on an average \$45 each. Then I give four receptions a year, and, of course, a new dress is necessary each time. The four cost about \$240. Then I suppose I have about five other dresses, which come cheap; perhaps about \$10 for each one."

The young man buried his face in his hands for a minute, and then said:

"Hats and shoes pretty expensive?"

"Oh, my no," replied the girl, with a little cry of scorn. "I suppose my hats and shoes do not cost more than \$300 a year."

"Now, look here, Jess," said the young man desperately, "what I am trying to get at is how much it costs to dress you. You do a little figuring and let me see what the result is."

Jess bent her dear little head over an ivory tablet and scribbled away industriously and bit her pencil thoughtfully for five minutes. Then she submitted this table:

Dresses.....	\$740	Wraps.....	\$50
Hats.....	125	Linens, etc.....	100
Shoes.....	75		
Gloves.....	30	Total.....	\$1,080

The young man read these items over and over again.

"Great Scott, Jess," he said, "that's pretty steep, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied.

"That is only a small part of what I cost, for you have no idea what an expensive girl I am. You know I usually spend a month every summer at some watering place, and then I get rid of an awful lot of money in helping the church along, in car fares, bonbons and such things."

"What does it cost to run this house, any way?" asked the young man, savagely, for he felt that the idol of his heart was slipping away.

"I don't know exactly," replied Jess, "but, maybe, \$8,000 a year will do it nicely."

"Humph! Let me do a little figuring."

The young man's figuring was like this:

Probable cost of furniture, \$1,000; yearly	
instalments.....	\$300
Rent of flat (in Brooklyn).....	400
Wages of servant.....	180
Wife's clothing (her estimate).....	1,080
My clothing (my estimate).....	100
Necessary recreation, vacations, and charity	500
Food.....	150
Total.....	\$2,410
My salary.....	2,400

Deficit..... \$10

Jess bent her head over this table and studied it intently.

"Are you estimating what it will cost us to keep house?" she asked.

"Yes," was the dreary reply.

"I think I can improve on that list," she said. "Now, cut off from my estimate of clothing \$50 and add \$150 to your estimate of your clothing. Deduct \$100 from the cost of recreation and so forth, and another \$100 of the rent. Reduce the servant's wages \$30. I am sure our furniture won't cost more than \$700, but you can let the yearly instalments stand. I think you had better add \$25 to the cost of food. Now, how much difference does that make?"

"Eight hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"And the \$10 deficit you make by your figuring reduces this to \$875. I can live on this if you can."

And he said he'd try it if she would.—New York Sun.

Lincoln's Funeral Car.

While sitting in our office this morning a train passes the town. It is running wild and is composed of an engine and one passenger car. This car is old in fashion and appearance. It has not seen paint for years, though it still bears the faded lines of former elegance and refinement. Now it is only a construction car, used to convey men to wrecks and accidents, and holds one of the humblest positions in the car service of the Union Pacific system.

But that old weatherbeaten car has a history and it was honored by a grief-stricken people as no other car in the Union has, for under its faded old top lay the remains of the martyred president, Abe Lincoln, when they were borne in state from Washington to Springfield. Through that car poured grief-stricken people at every stop on the journey—sorrowing, weeping women, men whose pulse beat meant sorrow and resentment, children who are now the mainspring of this republic.—Fort Lupton (Colo.) Cyclone.

WOMEN IN THE OIL MARKET.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR SPECULATIONS ON 'CHANGE.

The Strange Story of One Woman's Experience—Devoting Her Life to the Recovery of Her Husband's Money, Which She Lost—An Oil Company of Women.

There have been some pretty big female plungers in the oil market at one time and another. There are still women speculators in most of the oil exchanges in the region, but there are few, if any, of the "high rollers" left. Oil City has had more women speculators in petroleum than any other town, although at one time Bradford had a fair quota. The Globe-Democrat correspondent learned today that there are but three women who still visit the Oil Exchange daily and make a regular business of toying with the oily tiger. These ladies have been familiar figures about the exchange for several years, and are all that are left out of several women speculators.

These ladies do not come on the floor of the exchange, and are not, in fact, members, but are in their seats in the ladies' gallery as soon as the exchange opens, and remain tolerably regularly until the close at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They deal, of course, entirely through brokers, a nod being a sufficient order for a broker to buy or sell 1,000, 5,000 or 10,000 barrels of oil, as the case may be. It is not often that they go beyond a deal of 1,000 barrels, as the ladies who are left in the exchange, to put it in the phraseology of a broker, are "flying light." With a few exceptions, the ladies who have entered the jungles of the oily tiger have got the worst of it. The three who still cling to the exchange are content to deal in 1,000 barrel lots, and it is not always they can do this.

A number of ladies prominent in the charitable organizations and in society here have been successful speculators in oil, and two or three of them have been interested in some large deals. They were not regular habitués of the exchange, and were frequent visitors to the gallery, which is open to the public. All their deals in the market have been made through brokers. When there was more activity in the market than there is at present it was a universal theme of fireside gossip. Everybody speculated in oil, from the minister down to the porter in the hotel, and it is no wonder the ladies fell under the fascinating spell of the "bull ring," as the pen like place where the deals are made on "Change is called.

During exciting times in the market it has been discussed quite as much in the drawing room as in the counting room. In the system of speculating in oil the persons of small capital and no capital at all have not been overlooked, and the servant girl is given an opportunity to "take a flyer in oil" if she is so inclined. During one big whirl in the market, following the collapse of the Cherry Grove field, it was well known that a large number of servant girls lost their little bundle along with the big fellows. This was the most disastrous panic the oil country ever knew, and it marked to a great extent the end of speculating by women. So many of them lost all their money that only a limited number of them have had the courage to venture back into the speculative whirlpool.

The history of one woman's speculations in the Oil City exchange is curious. Her husband had been in business in the oil country for several years and had accumulated considerable property, in all worth about \$16,000. He concluded to go west, and went to several of the western cities to look around for an investment. He had effected a sale of his property before leaving Oil City, and his wife remained behind to settle up some details, collect payments not yet due and join him in the west, where they were to make their future home. The woman collected the money, and, doubtless, wishing to carry a pleasant surprise to her husband, she put the money into the oil market to "make a turn." The turn went the wrong way and she lost.

In the hope of getting it back she made other investments, with the usual result. It was not long before she had lost every dollar of the money that she was to carry to her husband. It was some time before she ventured to break the news of her folly to her husband, and this she did only after he had written repeatedly for her to come on with the money. At last she told him the story of her loss in the oil market, where she had gone in the hope of doubling their money. The husband had taken enough money with him to buy a small farm, and with this he was contented to begin the business of money getting over again, but his wife refused to share his lot until she had restored to him the money she had lost. She declined to go west, but remained in Oil City in the hope of recovering her lost fortune.

This was ten years ago, and the woman is still a daily attendant in the gallery of the Oil Exchange. She has had varying luck, but has never got enough money ahead to make good the loss to her husband, or anything like it. The Globe-Democrat correspondent was told that in this time she has several times been reduced to the extremity of doing the work of a servant. When she would get enough money together to buy a "put" or a "call" she would again try her luck in the market. She always dresses in solemn black, and evidently has but one purpose in life, namely, to recover the money she foolishly risked in oil and restore it to her husband.

There is not much likelihood that she will ever succeed. Her husband continues to urge her to abandon her self-imposed task and join him on his farm in the west, but she resolutely refuses to do so. He has made two or three trips to Oil City to prevail upon her to give up the market, but she cannot be shaken from her purpose. She says she is in it for the money she lost or for her life. She lives in the most frugal manner, even when making some money, but the chances are remote of her ever recovering her losses. Her dealings recently have been in a very small way, and she barely makes enough to support herself.—Oil City (Pa.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Egypt's Former Khedive.

It reads like a passage from comic opera when we find that in the beginning of 1880 "business was practically suspended in nearly all the government offices in order that those of their staffs who knew French might be employed in translating the 'Cai Creve,' the 'Belle Helene,' the 'Marie de Mardi-Gras' and other chefs d'oeuvres of Offenbach into Arabic for the use of the harem ladies." In May the khedive gave a grand ball to celebrate his accession. One of the items of expenditure on this occasion was the throwing of a temporary bridge over the Nile, at a cost of \$8,000.

And then in November came the crowning splendors of the opening of the canal. The empress of France, the emperor of Austria and the crown prince of Prussia were the most notable of the guests; but there was a multitude—amounting, it is said, to thousands—of less distinguished persons, who were entertained in a most extravagant style, £4 per head being paid for the hotel bills of each guest at the canal and £2 12s. at Cairo. The whole expenditure of the fetes came to considerably more than £1,000,000. Even literature got some pickings out of this gorgeous outlay, the author of an official history of the ceremony being paid £1,000 for "copy."

Doubtless Ismail fancied that by this costly outlay he was building up an absolute independent throne. If so, it must have been a grievous disappointment when he had to sell to the porte his new ironclads, especially precious symbols of independent power. Year after year things went on, the financial situation growing steadily worse and worse. The great Dierabi coup of purchasing the khedive's canal shares set him on legs for a time, but the end was approaching.—London Spectator.

Origin of Names of Fabrics.

Everything connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. They may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the names of the following goods: Damask is from the city of Damascus; satins from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mosul, in Asia. Alpaca from an animal in Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven.

Buckram takes its name from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tably from a street in Bagdad. Cambric from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize for Bajaz; dimity from Danietta, and jeans from Jann. Druggat is derived from a city in Ireland. Droghda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of wools into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woolen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as it is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian vellute, woolly (Latin vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit sala, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from the Indian word to bind or tie, because it is tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz from the Indian chint. Delaine is the French "of wool."—Trade Journal.

Frenchmen Surprised at Snowballs.

The first snow of the season reminded an artist friend of a snow storm which he experienced at Avignon, in the south of France, a year or two ago. No snow had been seen at Avignon for twenty years previous, and the surprised Frenchman knew not what to make of it. An amusing sight it was to see them try to make snowballs and pelt one another. Experience had never taught them the art which every New England boy learns as soon as he leaves his cradle, and they handled the snow as delicately as does a cat when she lifts her paws one by one in a surprised manner, and sinks them before she puts them down again. Two American artists found great delight in making snowballs and engaging in the fray, and they soon put the entire village of Frenchmen hors du combat. "You put stones in them!" they cried when they felt the power of an especially hard snowball. They were shown that this was not true, but they could not understand how the Americans could make their missiles so hard or throw them with such force and accuracy. The villagers of Avignon will no doubt long remember their Waterloo at the hands of the two American artists.—Boston Advertiser.

No Bunko.

It having been rumored that a prominent Detroit had been bunked out of \$100 in New York city, a friend called upon him and told him what was said, and asked him if there was any truth in the report.

"Not an iota, sir!" was the indignant response.

"It's singular how the report started."

"So it is, and if I could trace it back I'd make the liar eat his words."

"I thought it was odd."

"So it is. The only thing I can think of to give rise to such a story is the fact that I met a young man in New York, who said he had drawn two valuable books in a lottery. He offered me one of them if I would go along and get it. I went and found that he had a lottery drawing in the same room. I bought \$400 worth of tickets and drew a Waterbury watch, but I was never lucky in such things. The idea that I could be taken in by such a bunko man! I'd like to get my hands on some of those fellows who start such lying reports!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not All He Seemed.

Ethel—Who was that jolly old fellow that kept the table in a roar?

Edward—That was Nophlowers, the obituary editor of The Weekly Casket.—Pittsburg Bulletin.