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PERSONAL.

Prince Albert Victor is expected to go to the universities, and to study in Germany.

Horace Walpole's Twickenham house, Strawberry Hill, has been bought by an American hotel company.

It is said that Darwin's ardent pursuit of the study of nature originated in his keen interest for hunting in his youth.

On Derby night, the 24th, the Prince of Wales is to entertain the Jocky Club at dinner at Marlborough House.

During M. Gambetta's stay in London the Prince of Wales is to give a banquet in his honor at Marlborough House.

Worth is not in good health. He wears continually in his show rooms his favorite dinner costume, a cashmere dressing gown, drab and yellow lined, and a black skull cap.

The late Dean of Ely was so deaf that when a guest remarked once that six eminent lawyers had died within six months, he gave thanks to heaven "for this and all other mercies."

At a recent court held by Queen Victoria in Buckingham Palace on short notice, the presentation was got through with a rapidity which astonished even the accustomed guests.

Lord Beaconsfield's star of the garter, having found its way into the hands of a London diamond firm, is to be taken to pieces, and its 300 diamonds are to be reset in solitaires and clusters and sold.

Walter Scott, Thomas Moore and Richard Brinsley Sheridan are called English writers by the learned inhabitants of continental Europe, and Scotchmen and Irishmen are probably feeling pretty badly about it.

London *Truth* seems to think that Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge Kennard, who recently entertained the Prince of Wales at their place, found their account in so doing in being invited to the royal wedding and the wedding breakfast.

Mr. Barlow Smythe, whose sister-in-law was recently shot by fanatical Irishmen, was doing everything in his power for the comfort of his tenants, but has now put his affairs in the hands of a non-resident agent and makes no concessions.

Splendid Joke on His Wife.

Dave Gourdy is one of the dryest jokers in the world, and he had just as soon play a joke on a member of his family as not. Dave's wife is a friend of his, so she is subject to his jokes. She hates Indians, and always locks the doors when she sees the beggars who camp around Beaver Dam coming toward the house. Dave knew this so he hired an Indian to go up to the house and get in with a pass-key and beg a pair of Dave's old pants of the good house-wife, which she would gladly give to get rid of him, and then offered the Indian half a dollar if he would go right into the parlor and put the pants on. Dave thought it would be a splendid joke on his wife, and he got a drug-store man named Griffis to go with him and watch the fun from a distance. The Indian got into the house, and when he asked for a pair of old pants, the good lady saw through the joke and she gave him Dave's Sunday pants, and he went into the parlor and was going to put them on. This was too much for her, and she went to the kitchen and got a dipper of hot water. Nobody knows exactly what occurred, but Dave and Griffis suddenly saw an Indian come out of the front door, with one leg in a pair of black doeskin pants, and the other pants-leg dangling in the air, and the Indian yelled as though he was in pain, and he pulled out for the camp up the lake about six miles. As he passed the two gentlemen the Indian said: "Squaw heap spunky. Ugh! hot water," and he was gone. Dave went home and asked what the news was, and found he was out a pair of Sunday breeches, in the pocket of which was twelve dollars in money, and his wife says when he wants to send his friends up to the house for any more pants to do so, by all means. She will be at home.—*Beaver Dam Argus.*

Impoverished Baronets.

From the London Truth

I have always wondered why people are so anxious to become Baronets. A peerage secures a seat in the Uper House, and this, one can imagine, is an object and this, one can imagine, is an object of ambition to some. The Knighthood of an order is a personal distinction. But what can it benefit any one to know that his son and his grandson will be called "Sir?" The title, if there can be no wealth to support it, is an incumbrance, and not infrequently an absurdity. The late Sir Harry Wraxal, Baronet, was a pauper in the Wandsworth Lunatic Asylum, and the present Baronet was educated at a Workhouse school, and is apprenticed to a pawnbroker. If baronetcies are to be continued, it might be well to allow their title. The "Sir" is of no use to a pawnbroker's assistant, but if he were permitted to put it up at auction many a vulgar idiot of my acquaintance would be willing to pay several thousand pounds for it.

CURRENT NEWS NOTES.

London grows 1,200 in population every week.

The Methodist Book Concern last year make $94,520.

Since 1821, 11,000,000 foreigners have arrived in this country.

Guiteau's book, "The Truth and the Removal," fails to sell.

The first vessel built upon the banks of the Mississippi was in 1542.

A Maine deer has just made a seventeen-foot jump over a board fence.

Stamps for taxation were invented in Holland in the Seventeenth century.

Napoleon Bonapart died on the island of St. Helena sixty-one years ago.

In 1875 sixty tons of human hair were exported from China to Europe.

The net funded debt of New York city on April 30th was $98,608,316.94.

An eletric light of 32,000-candle power into be placed on the tower of the Detroit City Hall.

The surplus amount of rice in Yokohama now available for export is valued at $30,000,000.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express line takes in 27,000 miles, over which are scattered 10,000 agents.

The fashionable hours for evening calls in Washington now are from nine to twelve o'clock.

A clergyman of Worcester says Masonry and Odd Fellowship are the twin evils in the world of the present day.

The consumption of rails, for renewals alone, amounts to half a million of tons annually on the United States railroads.

Several New York firms have sent energetic women on the road as drummers. It is said that they have been successful.

Over 7,000 persons in New York city have permits to carry concealed weapons, but by the new criminal code all permits are revoked.

At $60,000 a mile for the construction and equipment, the 10,000 miles of road projected for construction this year would cost $600,000,000.

Philadelphia babies with whooping-cough are held over the purifying pans at the gas works, and the fumes of ammonia and sulphur often cure them.

In Germany railroad conductors get about $340 a year. In America the roads employ men to find out how much the conductors do get.

A baby repository has been established at Cleveland, Ohio, where working-woman can leave their infants and have them cared for at a cost of five cents per day.

Philadelphia is growing more rapidly at this time, according to the *Textile Record*, than any former period, the increase not being less than 2½ per cent per annum.

Chicago has the largest Hebrew population of any city of its size in the world. There are fifteen synagogues and a total average attendance of about 20,000 Israelites.—*Herald.*

During the year 1881, 1,700 locomotives were made in the United States at eleven establishments, the greatest number at any one time being 554, at the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

An English journal says: "Among American patents in a list before us are five for obliterating small-pox marks, etc. The ingredients are pumice stone, elder-flower, glycerine, soap and fatty-matter."

And now the heirs of one Colonel Jacob Baker, who flourished during the revolution, are laying claim to fifteen acres of land in the heart of Philadelphia, valued at the net sum of $815,000,000.

By an experiment made with a chestnut tree thirty-five years old, to calculate the amount of moisture evaporated from the leaves, it was found to lose sixteen gallons of water in twenty-four hours.

English dealers in ice are buying ice in Maine, and it sells in England for $9 a ton. About 300,000 tons will supply all England for the season, while New York city uses alone between 2,000,000 and 2,225,000 tons.

The three great ports of the world are London, Liverpool and New York. During 1880 they reached their highest trade figures, the imports being at London about 700,000,000, Liverpool, 600,000,000 and New York 539,000,000.

America gave the common potato to the world, and southern Asia, probably the Malay Peninsula, the sweet potato. The common potato is now found wild on the plateaus between the ridges of the Andes in Peru and Bolivia but it is a small underground stem, scarcely edible.

When the Arizona diamond excitement was at its height, certain parties in Denver formed the "Arizona Diamond Company," capital, $1,000,000, and issued shares at five dollars each. Hundreds, if not thousands of these shares were taken without any questions being asked, but when the wind began to blow cold a certain eastern man who had invested about $5,000 and was hanging around for dividends, dropped into the 7x9 office of the company and inquired. "What are the shares worth to-day?" "About 90, I believe." "Has a dividend been declared yet?" "Not yet; we are just getting in good shape to realize, however. As soon as we get our machinery we shall have returns." "Machinery? What do you want of machinery? I thought the diamonds were picked up by hand?" "So they are. That's old way of doing business, but this company can't fool around picking up diamonds by the handful. We have sent for machinery which loads a wagon in two minutes by the watch and if the cussed mules don't balk we'll have the first twenty-four wagon loads here early in June. Fine weather—good day, sir. Next."—*Exchange.*

THE TRUE SIR ROGER.

Recognition of the San Diego Tichborne's Identity.

"It was not my intention," said P. G. Murphy yesterday, who has been before mentioned as taking a deep interest in the identity of the San Diego claimant to the Tichborne estate; "it was not my intention to have noticed anything regarding the Tichborne matter, as I felt that in the discharge of my duty towards a client newspapers are not generally any great assistance in the conduct of a case, but when called upon by your reporter recently I gave a promise to him that if at any time I thought fit to make any statement it should be made. Now, however, that an evening paper has asserted that General Barnes had repudiated the claimant, owing to his being a fraud. I deem it right, in the interest of a client, to give that statement a most unqualified denial. Instead of repudiation, General Barnes has been most considerate and of great assistance, and as the result of a former publication which appeared at his request, it has led to valuable information, which has been furnished from different parts of this State. He has given me personally and the interest I represent all the aid in his power to arrive at the truth.

THE CLAIMANT IDENTIFIED.

"On last Saturday," Mr, Murphy continued, "for the first time since the period between 1836 and 1850, three respectable and worthy American citizens who were formerly in the employ of the Tichborne family met 'Mr. Tichborne' in my office. The fact that all were in the country was also up to that time unknown to each. After several hours' conversation about the circumstances of the claimant and the visitors' early life. 'Mr. Tichborne,' who was there, was then and there declared by them all to be the son of Sir James, and nephew of Sir Edward, the owner of Upton."

"Would you object to giving the names of these recognizers?"

"Certainly not. One was Charles Burden of Sonora, Cal.; the second was Mrs. Lane of Fruit Vale, and the third her husband, James Lane. Charles Burden is a man of irreproachable integrity, and has filled the office of Coroner and Administrator in Tuolumne county on different occasions, and is personally well known and esteemed by the Right Reverend Bishop Kip, N. P. Cole and others."

"And what were his reminiscences?"

"He was," said Mr. Murphy, "page boy in the service of Sir Edward Doughty in the year 1835 and 1836, when young Roger first visited Upton, and it was his duty to attend particularly on the young lad. He was in the same capacity in subsequent years when Roger paid other visits to Upton, and in 1852, previous to Roger's going abroad, met him at Upton House when engaged in doing business as a carpenter. Upon that occasion they had a long talk regarding the incidents of their early life."

"What recollections had Mr. and Mrs. Lane?"

"Mrs. Lane was also in the service of Sir Edward Doughty during Roger's boyhood. She went to live with the family at the early age of 12, and lived with three distinct members of the Tichborne family. So great was the respect the family had for her that she was married at their own request in their own private chapel. Then Lane, the husband, was gardener in the employment of Sir. Henry Tichborne. In addition to this, I may state that the esteem they entertained for Mrs. Lane has lasted, and I have seen letters from Lady Dormer to her, written in what could almost be called a friendly vein.

A MUTUAL RECOGNITION.

"Was the recognition on the part of these three and claimant a distinct and mutual one?"

"Yes, completely so, Burden emphatically declaring that before all the world he could say the claimant was Sir Roger, and that he had answered him questions which no one could reply to except the genuine heir to the estates."

"Did the affirmation take any form except this verbal one?"

"Yes," replied the attorney; "for my own satisfaction, though I know it would be no legal evidence in London, I got Mr. Burden to make an affidavit, of which you can, if you please, make a copy. Here is the original."

City and county of San Francisco, State of California—ss.: I, Charles Burden, of Sonora, Tuolumne county, California, being duly sworn, make oath and say: That I was in the employment of Sir Edward Doughty, Bart, (who resides at Upton House, near the town of Poale, county of Devonshire, England,) in the years 1835 and 1836; that during my residence aforesaid, Upton House was visited by Roger C. Tichborne, the nephew of said Sir Edward Doughty, and I was constantly in attendance upon the said Roger C. Tichborne; that subsequently, in years after, previous to the said Roger Charles Tichborne going foreign, and about the fall of the year 1852, I had a conversation with the said Roger Charles Tichborne at Upton House, aforesaid, when we spoke of several matters that occurred during his boyhood. That on the 16th day of May, 1882, I met the same person known as the said Roger Charles Tichborne at San Francisco, in the State of California. I have carefully questioned him regarding circumstances that occurred during the early period of our lives, to all of which he has answered truthfully and unreservedly. His resemblance and manner closely assimilate to the said Sir Edward Doughty's, and I unhesitatingly make oath and say that he is the same Sir Roger Tichborne, known to me at Upton House previous to my leaving England.

(Signed) CHARLES BURDEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of May, A. D. 1882.

[N. S.] GEORGE W. KNOX,
Notary public, city and county of San Francisco, State of California, United States of America.

"In the statement made some time ago by General Barnes," said the reporter, "he affirmed that you were acquainted with some of the officers of the regiment in which Sir Roger served. Is that so?"

"Yes, I knew several of them. Edward McEvoy, who was at one time member of Parliament for Meath, who was married to a daughter of Andrew Brown, of Mount Hazel, of our county, and several others besides. I did business professionally for two of the officers of the regiment, and was very intimate with them. I have carefully questioned Mr. Tichborne regarding those gentlemen, their habits, appearance and manners, and he has satisfied me that he occupied the position which he says he held in the Sixth Dragoon Guards, commonly known as the Carbineers."

SIDE DISHES.

Springfield *Republican:* The worldly way: It was Longfellow who slyly described the lady as wearing flowers "on the congregation side of her bonnet."

A tipsy Bostonian, who was arrested while making vain efforts to clutch at a barber's pole, exclaimed as the policeman drifted him in the direction of the station-house, "Stranah, I never saw'r 'oora borealish a'near before."

Thorough: A gentleman about to leave town for a couple of days lays his parting injunctions upon his servants: "Joseph, I shall be gone three days—possibly four. If my friend John calls, tell him I will certainly be back on Tuesday." "Very well, sir, and if the gentleman doesn't call what shall I tell him?"

Norristown Herald: In a western town recently the "star" who shoots an apple off a man's head missed his cue and killed the apple-holder. The audience was so delighted that it demanded an encore, and the manager came forward and said that owing to the prodigious expense of shipping a corpse East they would be obliged to reluctantly forego a repetition.

Brooklyn Eagle: Ice on the front step: Miltiades Morrowfat listened to a conversation one evening between his parents, in the course of which Mr. Marrowfat observed that he had no sympathy for Charles Francis Adams because he belonged to a class of cold men. Next morning when the ice man stopped in the area to collect his bill, Miltiades went to the foot of the stairs and bawled up at the pitch of his voice: "Come down as soon as you can, mother; Mr. Adams is waiting for you."

Brooklyn Eagle: Specimen pension sion case: "Did you go to war?" "No, but I was in camp at Elmyra for ten days." "Were you accidentally wounded?" "No." "Have a heavy fit of sickness?" "No." "Contract rheumatism?" "No." "My friend," said the lawyer, as he looked at him in a fatherly way, "Some pension agents agents might be discouraged over your case and refuse to touch it, but I shall at once forward your papers for a pension on the ground that you were broken of your usual rest during those ten nights. Call again in sixty days for your back pay. Good morning, sir—next!"

George W. Childs, the other day, gave P. T. Barnum the overcoat which Charles Dickens wore while in America the last time. We remember now that Mr. Dickens told us, as we took leave of him on the steamer which took him back to England, that he couldn't imagine who in the world had got away with the overcoat.—*Boston Post.*

One of the prominent uses of trees lately developing very rapidly appears to have been overlooked by the Forestry Convention. We refer to the use made of them by lynching parties. The Forestry Convention should adopt a resolution on this point applying to localities where lamp-posts are not indigenous to the soil, American traditions must be preserved.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Handsomest in the Drove.

When he had finished the climate, soil and productions of Idaho, one of the group asked:

"How about education facilities?"

"That's the only thing we lack," replied the old man, with a mournful sigh. "We've got schools enough, but we can't keep no teachers."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, take my school, for instance—only two miles from the nearest house, eminently situated on top of a hill, and paying the highest salary. We can't keep a teacher over two weeks."

"Do they die?"

"Some do, though it's no place for dying. We had a young man from Ohio, and he me met a grizly and whistled for him. The grizly cum. We had another, and a widder run him down and married him inside of a month. The third one was lame, and the Injuns overtook him. Then we tried women folks. The first one got married the night she lit down there; I took the second about the middle of the third week; and the next one was abducted by a stage robber."

"Why don't you get the ugliest, homeliest woman you can find—some perfect old terror, like that lantern-jawed, razor-backed female over by the ticket window?"

"Why don't we! Stranger, you Eastern folks will never understand us pioneers in the world—never. That's my wife—the identical school teacher I married, and she was the handsomest one in the drove."—*Detroit Free Press.*

We are gratified to learn that Rear-Admiral Nichols will act as Secretary of the Nrvy during the absence of the Secretary. It would never do to leave our weak and puny navy a day or two without a protector. What would become of our country if our navy was to get lost and the Secretary fifty miles away? It is hoped that Mr. Nichols will not over-exert himself and burst a blood-vessel while he is acting as Secretary of the Navy.—*Norrstown Herald.*

FOR THE LADIES.

New cloths for walking dresses are mottled. Instead of plain blue or wine-colored cloth, each of these colors has dashes of black upon it, and the costume is made up in monoquetaire style, with a collar and vest of white cloth, and will be worn with long white castor gloves drawn up outside the sleeves.

When the Princess of Wales gave a juvenile ball to celebrate her eldest daughter's fifteenth birthday the entertainment began at four o'clock in the afternoon and ended at eight. What a pity that only the follies of high life are copied in America. Fancy a New York girl of fifteen submitting to such sensible hours.

Formerly a sash and a young girl were as closely connected in our ideas as a teething baby and an India rubber ring. The former injunction we are now taught by *la mode* to dissociate in a measure, for pointed waists and broad sashes are increasingly worn by women of every age and size,

Dark colors will be used for light straws. For instance, Leghorns are trimmed with dark green, caroubier or reddish brown. Straw hats will also be lined with dark-colored plush to match the ribbons. The laces employed by modistes are ecru and twine-colored Spanish laces, twine laces, black and white blondes, and silk laces. The shade to predominate this year will be twine-color.

One of the new caprices among imported dresses is the use of velvet on cotton dresses; for instance, the turned-over collar, cuffs, belt and bows on a dark blue percale dress are of velvet of the same color. The quaintest little buttons of Dresden china are used for fastening such dresses. The ficelle or twine lace is used alike on cotton dresses and on the richest costumes of the season.

The Semper is a suit for a boy from three to ten years old, loose trousers to knee, and a jacket that fastens on the shoulders diagonally for outdoor wear, and on dress occasions can be opened and turned back, with reverse on either side, showing a simulated waistcoat; this is fastened to the jacket by invisible buttons, and may be either white or of cloth like the jacket. This simple arrangement commends itself to mothers, who are apt to be puzzled how to provide dress suits for evening parties, and how to wear them out subsequently.

Colored grenadines are again fashionable, and are imported in armure designs, with lines or large dots of contrasting color; thus sapphire blue armure grenadine has penciled lines of red satin, and will be made up over red, while green grenadine of olive tints and dark cypress-shades has lozenge-shaped ecru figures upon it, and will be lined throughout with ecru, and trimmed, as it is now the caprice for trimming green, with black lace frills.

The newest idea for sleeves is to make the coat sleeve slightly full at the top, gather it in at the armhole, and put a little padding inside to make the sleeve stand upward. This padding is put in a separate piece of silk lining, and when basted near the armhole has a very pretty effect. Wrists are close, or else the sleeve may reach only to the elbow, or it may be half wry between the elbow and wrist. Two soft puffs of satin turned downward toward the hand are preferred to frills or plain cuffs; if embroidery is used, the scolloped edge is turned upward.

Brewster Modified.

One of the peculiar effects of newspaper comments is shown in Attorney-General Brewster's modifying some of his peculiar eccentricities. The appearance of the carriage which attracted so much attention on account of its yellow wheels and absurd heraldic blazonry has been modified considerably, so that to-day his equipage as it passes up and down the avenue does not attract any more attention than the others do. The body of the carriage is a dark blue. The glaring yellow wheels have been changed to a deep claret color. The coat-of-arms of the Brewster family has been removed from the carriage and a modest monogram placed instead. The harness has also lost its gaudy blankets upon which the Brewster arms—a huge double eagle—used to stare in artistic fashion at plebeian pedestrians. All this change can be credited to the lively newspaper comments which Attorney-General Brewster's first startling equipage brought out.

A Family of Actors.

Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who played the part of *Mrs. Dunstan Kirke* at the Opera-house last week, is a remarkable lady. She was the wife of the late celebrated E. L. Davenport, who died about two years ago. Although nearly 60 years of age, she does not appear to have turned the shady side of forty. She has been on the stage ever since a mere girl, and is rapturously taken up with her profession. During her husband's star engagements she acted as leading lady, and supported him in every city in the United States. Her ancestors for generations before her were actors, her father at one time being manager of a London theatre. She has five children living, two sons and three daughters, and all of them are actors. Fanny Davenport is her eldest daughter, and her youngest was married only three weeks ago to the manager of the Madison Square theatre, New York. The two sons are at present playing throughout New York State. For a year past she has been connected with the Ellsler-Couldock "Hazel Kirke" party, and the management declare that they could find no more suitable person to take her part. After forty-five years' experience on the stage, this is no wonder. She travels unattended, and mingles with no society except that furnished by the members of the company, to whom she is greatly attached and who have the utmost regard and respect for her.

CONSOLATION.

Bill Nye in a Reflective Mood, in which He takes a Philosophical View of Life.

Dear friend, do you ever stand in the doorway of memory, when the golden sun lights up the road over which you have traveled, through the dust and heat of former years, and while you look out over the field of your great struggles, and victories and defeats, do you ever wish yourself back again beyond the hour when first ambition filled your heart and made your present seem distasteful, and poor and mean in your eyes? Did you ever figure gains and losses, and look with weariness and unrest upon your achievements? Does it not sometimes occur to you that you have dearly bought your position and wealth?

Ah, who can buy the joyous hope and bounding health of sore-toed boy-hood? What wealth can procure the free and unalloyed satisfaction of those days when you ate your fish-bait and stay in water up to your eyebrows all day? Would President Arthur to-day madly fling away his sceptre of power and resign his lofty position if he could once more be placed back at the threshold of life, with his pantaloons hanging by one home-made suspender?

How empty and how vain are the glories that crown the hero of a thousand battles. How worthless are the faded laurels that crown the bilious, pimply brow of greatness. We contest with all humanity for a proud position, and just as we get our name in print we find that our digestion has gone back on us, and the overtaxed gastric department must be sent to the shops for repairs.

It is a proud day to the ambitious statesmen, when in the flush of victory he stands before the applauding host of those who carried him upward to this glorious moment, when he feels his own strength and calmly surveys the gory fields over which he fought. But when every man, who voted for him, has asked and petitioned him for a nine dollar postoffice at his old home and threatens to bolt all nominations and disrupt the party if he cannot have it, there steals over the senses of the great statesman the fruitless wish that he may be taken back to the old home where he snared gophers with an old fish line, or pasted blue mud all over his freckeled skin and ran along the beach in the warm July air, and scared the frisky horses of the young lovers who drove along the pebbly shore.

Greatness is to be sought for and desired because it stirs the stagnant ambition of man and helps him to kill time, but fresh laurels and bronze medals cannot minister to a pair of torpid kidneys.

The world is full of great men, men who when they write their name on hotel registers are sure that they will be interviewed by newspaper men and their words printed before breakfast; men who wear Prince Albert coats every day and talk grammatically even when they are mad; but the collection of happy men—men who laugh and have fun and never miss a meal—is comparatively small.

If we could look at this life philosophically and live on soda crackers and calm, the consuming ambition which tortures, the great would not come nigh us, and when we died, the human hell-hounds who survived us would not dig up our crumbling bones, and spread our errors out before our gasping, grinning world, while our widow and orphans suffer a thousand agonies, helpless against the slanderers of the dead. Blessed is the dead whose worthless dust belongs alone to his sorrowing relatives and to his God. The public did not feed him during life, and in death it cannot blacken his name.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Save.

Children who have little money ought to practice saving something. Many boys and girls of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than to spend it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible. To such, a lesson of self denial and economy is important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds, by and by. Without gaving the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than the spendthrift ever knows.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it comes. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last days of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations by the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud. Let the young make a note of this.

"You are looking bad," remarked Snowberger to Colonel Percy Yerger, "what's the matter?" "The doctor says that my lungs are affected, and that I must not take more than three drinks a day." "I would try some other doctor." "I did, and he said the same thing." "Well, then, if each one of them said you could take three drinks a day, that makes six drinks." "I never thought of that before. I'll see the rest of the doctors in Austin, and if they all say I can take three drinks a day, that will make about sixty drinks a day, and that is as much as is good for and invalid.—*Texas Siftings.*

Frenchmen regard Mr. Bradlaugh as a loud and persistent talker, but a light weight intellectually. At least, French Atheists, considering him as an atheist, so judge him.