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How Many People Have Fifty Dollars.

Some one said the other day that in the entire world the number of people who had $50 or its equivalent in cash at their own command was extremely small; so small, indeed, that they would not outnumber the inhabitants of the little kingdom of Belgium, which has a population of 6,000,000 souls. But this estimate appears to be far below the mark in the light, for instance, of the fact that in the savings banks of France in 1877 there were deposited no less than $153,800,000 by 2,863,283 depositors, the average sum of each depositor being about $60. The number of these depositors continually increases, and they are, to a very large extent, members of the working classes. So in England, also, the number of depositors in the postal savings bank is also very large—not less, on the whole, than 2,000,000—and their deposits, on an average, amount nearer to £50, the limit allowed, than to $50. In Scotland and Ireland the savings of the people are large and constantly increase. In Germany the people do not generally place their savings in banks, but they have comfortable little sums laid away in teapots and old stockings. This also is the case in France. In this country the number of people who have $50 at their command must amount to quite as many as in either France, Germany or Great Britain. The world of working people is not nearly so poor as many imagine it to be.

Gen. Grant's friends says he is worth about $150,000.

TREASURES.

The rose, preserved with tender care,
The perfumed note, the tress of hair
That speak of boyish folly—
From cozy depths of easy chair,
I scan them all with shrugging air
Of cynic melancholy.
The "carte de dance," the crumpled glove;
The netted purse—"with Polly's love"—
(Confound it! which was Polly?)

The posey ring I gave to Bess,
When softly came that whispered, "Yes,"
Which seemed a dream of Heaven,
We turtle doves were wont to plan
(On something very small per ann.)
A dainty cote in Devon.
Ah, fickle Bess! she ran away
With Puller of the Guards, they say,
And died in '27.

A foolscap page of lover's sighs,
To one whom I apostrophize
As "stony-hearted Janet."
I call the damsel cruel—cold,
In threadbare terms about as old
As this discrepit planet.
Ah, well, those self same halting rhymes
Did duty half a dozen times—
They all had hearts of granite!

'Tis sweet to dream of vanished youth,
Of days long dead and gone—in truth,
A pleasing occupation!
Of boyhood's "fitful fever" o'er;
Of follies past—a matter for
Sincere congraulation!
So dusky relics! with a sigh—
(An epitaph unspoken)—I
Consign you to cremation.

Ah, lips of woman—ivory ripe—
The amber mouth-piece of my pipe
To me is twice as charming.
When one arrives at fifty odd,
The arrows of the archer god
Have lost their power of harming.
A wounded heart will ache, no doubt,
But then one finds a twinge of gout,
A trifle more alarming.

The Gypsy.

A tacho Rom, or real gypsy, who cannot in an emergency find his £10, or even £20, is a very exceptional character. As I have, even within a few days, been in company and on a very familiar footing with a great number of Romanys of different families of the dark blood who spoke the "jib" with unusual accuracy, I write under a fresh impression.

The gypsy is almost invariably strong and active, a good rider and pedestrian, and knowing how to use his fists. He leads a very hard life and is proud of his stamina and his pluck. Of late years he kairs, or "houses," more than of old, particularly during the Winter, but his life at best requires great strength and endurance, and this must, of course, be supported by a generous diet. In fact, he lives well; much better than the agricultural laborer. Let me explain how this is generally done.

The gypsy year may be said to begin with the races. Thither the dark children of Chun-Gwin, whether pure blood, posh an' posh (half and half) or churedis, with hardly a drop of kalo-ratt, flock with their cocoanuts and the balls, which have of late taken the place of the koshter or sticks. With them, go to the sorortesses, old and young, and pick up money by occasional dukkerin, or fortune telling. Other small callings they also have, not by any means generally dishonest. Wherever there is an open picnic on the Thames or a country fair, or a regatta at this season, there are Romanys. Sometimes they appear looking like petty farmers, with a bad or even a good horse or two for [illegible] While Summer lasts this is the [illegible] the poorer sort.

This merry time over, they go [illegible] Livinengro tem, or hop land—i. e., Here they work hard, not negleeti[illegible] beer pot, which goes about gayly [illegible] this life they have great advantage [illegible] the tramps and London poor. Ho[illegible] over, they go, almost en masse, or [illegible] in a few days, to London to buy French and German baskets, which they get in Houndsditch. Of late years they send more for baskets to be delivered at certain stations. Some of them make baskets themselves very well, but as a rule they prefer to buy them. While the weather is good they live by selling baskets, brooms, clothes lines and other small wares. Most families have their regular "beats" or rounds, and confine themselves to certain districts. In Winter the men begin to "chix the kosh," or cut wood—i. e., they make butchers' skewers and clothes-pegs. Even this is not unprofitable, as a family, what between manufacturing and selling them, can earn from twelve to eighteen shillings a week. With this and begging and occasional jobs of honest hard work which they pick up here and there, they contrive to feed well, find themselves in beer, and pay, as they now often must, for permission to camp in fields. Altogether they work hard and retire early.

Considering the lives they lead, gypsies are not dishonest. If a gypsy is camped anywhere and a hen is missing for miles around, the theft is always at once attributed to him. The result is that, being sharply looked after by everybody, and especially by the police, they cannot act like their ancestors. Their crimes are not generally of a henious nature. Chiving a gry or stealing a horse is, I admit, looked upon by them with Yorkshire leniency, nor do they regard stealing wood for fuel as a great sin. In this matter they are subject to great temptation.

As for gypsy lying, it is so peculiar that it would be hard to explain. The American who appreciates the phrase "sit down and swap lies" would not be taken in by a Romany chal, nor would an old salt who can spin yarns. They enjoy hugely being lied unto, as do all Arabs or Hindoos. Like many naughty children, they like successful efforts of the imagination. The old dyes or mothers are "awful beggars," as much by habit as anything; but they will give as freely as they will take, and their guests will always experience Oriental hospitality. They are very fond of all ladies and gentlemen who take a real interest in them, who understand them and like them. To such people they are even more honest than they are to oneanother. But it must be a real affection, not merely amateur affectation of kindness. Owing to their entire ignorance of ordinary house and home life, they are like children in many respects, though so shrewd in others. Among the Welsh gypsies, who are the most unsophisticated and most purely Romany, I have met with touching instances of gratitude and honor. The childlike ingenuity which some of them manifested in contriving little gratifications for myself and Prof. E. H. Palmer, who had been very kind to them, were as naive as amiable. I have observed that some gypsies of the more rustic sort loved to listen to stories, but, like children, they preferred those which they had heard several times and had learned to like. They knew where the laugh ought to come in. The gypsy is both bad and good, but neither his faults or his virtues are exactly what they are supposed to be. He is certainly something of a scamp—and, nomen est omen, there is a tribe of scamps among them—but he is not a bad scamp, and he is certainly a most amusing and eccentric one.

There is not the least use in trying to ameliorate the condition of the gypsy while he remains a traveler. He will tell you piteous stories, but he will take care of himself.

The only kindness he requires is a little charity and forgiveness when he steals wood or wires a hare. All wrong, doubtless, but something should be allowed to one whose ancestors were called "dead meat eaters" in the Shastras. Should the reader wish to reform a gipsy, let him explain to the Romany that the days for roaming in England are rapidly passing away. Tell him, for his children's sake, he had better rent a cheap cottage; that his wife can just as well peddle with her basket from a house as from a wagon; and that he can keep a horse and trap and go to the races or hopping "generally." Point out to him those who have done the same and stimulate his ambition and pride. As for suffering as a travaler, he does not know it. I asked a gipsy girl who was sitting like a model, if she liked the drom (the road) best, or living in a house. With sparkling eyes and clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "Oh! the road, the road!"

Love in the Appenines.

Beppa, who gives us much information, thus describes the mountain custom of making love: "When a young man who has never had any thought of marriage sees, at last, a certain maiden, he says in his own heart, 'That girl would suit me.' So he goes and speaks to her, saying, 'Good damsel, are you betrothed?' If the girl answers 'Yes,' he has to give up thinking about her; but if she blushes and says, 'Nobody has asked for me,' he demands, 'Will it please you to let me make love to you, and then if we like each other I will ask you of your father?' (Che ti piacerebbe di far l'amore con me? E poi se ci piaciamo l'uno all altro vi domanderem per sposa.) So," adds Beppa, "he makes his court to her, and after a time asks, 'Well, do you like me well enough to marry me?' If she says, 'Yes,' he 'asks' for her, and they begin to get their corredo ready." "But supposing the father will not give his consent?" we suggest. "Why, then," quoth Beppa, "either they must give each other up, or if they cannot live without each other, and if her father won't let her go out at the door, she jumps out of the window, and they go [illegible] s do not [illegible] on, for [illegible] th to a [illegible] oint in [illegible] mean [illegible] unsay, [illegible] ch it is [illegible] as also [illegible] nuptial [illegible] es the [illegible] te parts [illegible] of Italy a great ceremony is made of sending home the corredo. The mountaineers have a very pretty way of calling dead children angels. You never hear of a child being morta. They say, 'Adele's or Gigia's angel is to be carried away to-day.' If you ask after a lost infant they will say, 'Ah buon anima, good little soul, he was made an angel on such a day.' When a child is baptized, they say it is 'made a Christian,' and that until it is baptized the witches have power over it. They can make no use of anything which has not been signed with the cross."

French Servants.

The Philadelphia Telegraph's Paris letter has the following: I was recently the interested witness of a very odd interview between a friend of my own and her cook, wherein the proverbial thrift of the French nation was very incongruously, albeit tearfully, set forth. The facts in the case were as follows: The cook in question had got married to my friend's coachman something over a year before. In due course of time she presented her husband with a little son, who was welcomed with great delight by both parents—the happy father declaring that he would grow up a sturdy fellow and be ready to fight the Germans when the great day of "la revanche" should come. The poor babe, however, was but a sickly mite, and when placed out to nurse in the country, according to French fashion, speedily languished and died. It was its death that the cook came to announce to her mistress in my presence. Amid floods of tears she sobbed out, "From first to last, madame, that child did not cost me less than 300 francs, and it only lived six weeks!" The mixture of thrift and woe was, to say the least of it, decidedly queer. But French servants are often exceedingly odd under any circumstances. I know of one who, being a lady's maid to an extremely wealthy American lady, gave her mistress warning because she had entrusted to her certain dresses to be arranged and put in order. "But did you not tell me when you came to me that you were accustomed to make and alter dresses?" asked the lady in some surprise. "Yes, but not for a lady as rich as madame. It is not convenable for a lady of madame's wealth to wear made-over dresses." Her sense of les convenances was far stronger than her appreciation of the advantages of a good place.

Zach Chandler leaves a fortune estimated at $3,000,000.

A Sleeper's Position.

Position affects sleep. A constrained or uncomfortable posture will often prevent repose. Lying flat on the back with the limbs relaxed would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhaustive diseases and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side, but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus, in weakly states of the heart and blood vessels and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually stoop in their gait and work, there is consequently some distress on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so when in that position, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue and that organ falls back so as to partially close the top of the windpipe. It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence of special chest diseases, rendering it desirable to lie on the weak side so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand, it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show how this must be. Many persons are deaf in one ear and prefer to lie on a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be chosen and the body rolled a little forward, so that any saliva which may be secreted shall run easily out of the mouth, if not unconsciously swallowed. Again, sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches during sleep, and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping.—Medical Journal.

The Last shall be First.

The Christian Advocate has the following as a bona fide sermon by the Rev. Plato Johnson: "Brudders, de lub of de Lord am a wonderful ting. Nobody would tink that a poor ole darkey's life was wuff much ennyhow; but de Scripter says de fust shall be last and vice versy, and dat is de chief hold we hab; for I 'clude from dat sayin' dat de called pusson wot shines boots and charges only de reg'lar price has a tol'able show for de next world, though he ain't much ob a chance here. From a 'ligious p'int ob view, it's just as 'portant to shine boots as well as run a first class saw mill. De Lord he nebber axes you wat you been doin', but how you been doin' it! an' when you get to de judgment day some of you poor washerwomen who wasn't mean 'bout de starch but put plenty ob it in clothes, will be a flutterin' ob your wings in Paradise, while de white man wat made yer wait for yer munny will be a-lookin' for a shady spot an' a-wishin' he had a bit ob ice. You know what I'se tinkin' just at dis time? I'se tinkin' dat some of dese white folk wat 'magines dey'll hab a feather bed in de next world, an' free or four angels to keep de flies off, will fin' when dey'se lookin' round for der reserved seat in glory dat dey's got a cinder in dere eye an' can't see it. How'll you feel, white man, when yo' fin' yo'selt 'mongst a big crowd of onary folks way up in de family circle, while some poor darkey, who did your cho'es like an honest man, is 'ducted by de hebbenly ushers to an orchestra seat, right down clus to de music? An' how'll you feel, brudder, when dose angels say to you, "Tain't no matter what color you be, your name's ben called, an' we's d'rected to show you a seat on de platform!" Yer ole black faces 'll shine like the moon, an' you'll feel like strikin' out wid a dubble shuffle right on de golden pavement 'Member all ob you, dat it ain't de pocketbook, nor de color, but de shape ob de soul, wot gibs you a right to a front seat up yander."

Wholesale Waste of Timber.

Among the indictments found by the United States Grand Jury at the close of its recent session in San Francisco, were two against persons charged with unlawfully cutting timber on lands owned by the Government. This practice of stripping the Government lands in California of their timber prevails to a greater extent than might be supposed. There are in fact a great many persons who make this their sole business. It is carried on under the seeming sanction of law for the most part, the timber thief pursuing his calling in the following manner: He first makes application for a patent for 160 acres of timber land, and then entering on it, as he has a right to do, he goes to work cutting the timber and taking it away for sale. He has six months to do this, and during that time cuts down and sells all the timber contained in the 160 acres, and finally makes a clean job of it by selling the "stumpage" to Chinamen at the rate of 50 cents a cord. In the mean while a bona fide settler may desire to pre-emyt the land, but is unable to do so, the timber thief's claim being on file ahead of him. Now that the United States authorities have taken up the matter, it is possible that an end may be put to this practice, which is working a serious injury to a large class of settlers.—Oakland Tribune.

A stingy gentleman has given a young crossing sweeper a dime. Crossing Sweeper (running after gentleman.)—"Oh, if you please, sir, it's a bad un." Stingy Gent (complacently)—"A bad one, is it, my boy! Well, no matter, keep it for your honesty!"

The Scientific Recognition of God.

If asked to deduce from the physical interaction of the brain molecules the least of the phenomena of sensation or thought, we must acknowledge our helplessness.

The mechanical philosopher, as such, will never place a state of consciousness and a group of molecules in the relation of mover and moved. In passing from the one to the other we meet a blank which the logic of deduction is unable to fill.

Physical considerations do not lead to the final explanation of all that we feel and know.

We meet a problem which trancends any conceivable expansion of the powers which we now possess.

We may think over the subject again and again, but it eludes all intellectual presentation.

Having thus exhausted physics and reached its very rim a mighty mystery still looms beyond us. We have, in fact, made no step toward its solution. We try to soar in a vacuum, when we endeavor to pass by logical deduction from the one to the other.

Religious feeling is as much a verity as any other part of human consciousness, and against it, on its subjective side, the waves of science beat in vain.

I could see that his (Carlyle's) contention at bottom always will that the human soul has claims and yearnings which physical science cannot satisfy.

It seemed high time to him (Virchow) to enter an energetic protest against the attempts that are made to proclaim the problems of research as actual facts, and the opinions of scientists as established science.

We ought not, Virchow urges, to represent our conjecture as a certainty, nor our hypothesis as a doctrine; this is inadmissable.

The burden of my writings in this connection is as much a recognition of the weakness of science as an assertion of its strength.

If asked whether science has solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of the universe, I must shake my head in doubt. Behind and above and around us the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages.

There ought to be a clear distinction made between silence in the state of hypothesis and science in the state of fact.

And inasmuch as it is still in its hypothetical stage, the ban of exclusion ought to fall upon the theory of evolution.

After speaking of the theory of evolution applied to the primitive condition of matter, as belonging to the dim twilight of conjecture, the certainty of experimental inquiry is here shut out.

Those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they only yield to it a provisional assent.

In reply to your question they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life.

I share Virchow's opinion, that the theory of evolution in its complete form involves the assumption that at some period or other of the earth's history there occurred what would be now called spontaneous generation. I agree with him that the proofs of it are still wanting. I hold with Virchow that the failures have been lamentable, that the doctrine is utterly discredited.—Selection from Prof. Tyndall's articles in Fortnightly Review.

The British Clodhopper.

The British clodhopper is not always so dense as he is made out to be. A Liberal would-be M. P. for Notts, canvassing in a retired village, came upon a small occupier leaning over his gate, and after a flourish of trumpets about his regard for the agricultural interest, solicited his vote. Hodge calmly answered, "I shan't vote for you." Being again solicited, Hodge still quietly replied, "I shan't vote for you." At last, vehemently urged, and getting somewhat savage, Hodge indignantly blurted out, "They say you're a bad landlord." "Indeed," said the would-be M. P., "but really I am not a landlord. My father is a landlord, and to convince you that he is a good one, I need only say when we had a farm to let a short time since we advertised for a tenant and had forty applicants." Hodge had him in a moment. "Aye," he said, "if you had been good landlord you needn't to have advertised. The Duke of —— had a farm to let the other day and had eighty applicants for it without advertising." The canvasser has had a higher opinion of agricultural laborers ever since.

Awfully Forrid.

As might be expected, the following is the product of that lively camp, Bodie, and the Standard is the authority for it:

A tall, limber-jointed, freckled-faced young man, in a blanket over[illegible] walked gingerly into Judge Pete[illegible] court room the other day, with a ra[illegible]portly red-haired girl, dressed in a r[illegible] and black shawl and a Roman nose, on his arm. He announced in a mysterious manner that he and Sary were from the Owen's River country and wanted to get spliced. The Judge did the job, and when it was over, the groom leaned across the table and whispered:

"Say, Judge, can't you date this thing about three months back—an extra $5 haint no object?"

"Why, what do you want it dated back for?" asked his Honor.

"Why, said the Benedict, hesitating and scratching his head, "You see, the climate down our way is awfully forrid."

The Judge informed him that it could not be; that the license would give him away. At this the groom's face fell, and catching the bride's arm with "Come, Sary, less go," went out.