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THE CZAR AND HIS MONEY.

The fact that the czar has just made a little contribution of \$100,000,000 from his private purse to the Russian war fund reminds us that Mr. Rockefeller is not the only rich man in the world, says the Saturday Evening Post.

Most royalties are very small potatoes financially compared with any one of several millionaires. Mr. Rockefeller could put all the sovereigns of Europe except the czar, on his pay roll at their present wages without depriving himself of a single bowl of crackers and milk or even lacking a quarter to drop into the contribution box on Sunday.

But the Russian emperor is in a different class. In the imperial budget the allowance for his household is figured at the meager rate of about \$8,000,000 a year, but that is merely the beginning of his resources. He owns a great part of Russia as his private property—mines, forests and illimitable stretches of arable lands.

But beyond all this, the emperor is the absolute master of the national treasury and all its varied sources of income. In England the king talks in his speeches of "my army," "my navy" and "my exchequer," but all this is understood to be a legal fiction. Everything is regulated by parliament, and the king can not touch a penny that is not appropriated to his use.

This suggests an interesting theme for speculation. What would become of our American millionaires if they had the czar's opportunities?

IS LOVE A DISEASE?

News comes from London that one of those curious discussions over the most unlikely topics, of which the English seem so fond, is now raging, says the Post-Intelligencer.

This time grave and ponderous letters are being inflicted upon the newspapers and the public arguing that love is or is not a disease and even the dignified and conservative Lancet has brought its formidable batteries of medical knowledge into the fray.

Particulars of the arguments used by either side to this momentous controversy are not at hand, but there is no need of them. It is difficult to understand where there is room for debate.

Of course love is a disease, to one form of which every human being is subject at least once in his life, and whose symptoms correspond closely to those of other diseases which are unhesitatingly treated with drugs.

Its symptoms are so universal and obvious that the diagnosis is easy. It is a nervous disease affecting the mind with pronounced accompanying physical disturbances. For instance, trembling when in the presence of one who could by no possibility produce such an effect in a normal person by mere propinquity; unnatural readiness to blush and changes in appetite are among the physical symptoms.

of judgment, and the impirment, if not total loss, of the power of will much resemble the symptoms of mild hypnosis.

Love a disease? Who that was lovesick ever doubted it? And any cynical old bachelor will tell you that it is always a disease. So why ask a doctor?

President Eliot, of Harvard university, has passed one half of his life of seventy years as president of the oldest of American academic institutions. It has sometimes been said that his is the longest presidency in any American college. It is the longest to be found at Harvard college by some three years, but it is not the longest even of presidencies that are still continuing.

One thing that has marked President Eliot's career from the start has been good health. From the time when he was an undergraduate he pulled with lusty stroke an oar on the first shell the Crimson university ever launched upon the Charles, the famous educator has always been strong and vigorous.

A member of Rockefeller's Bible class, accused of grand larceny, spent three weeks in the Tombs for the want of anyone to go bail; which is likely to cool the enthusiasm of members of the class who look upon it as a good business investment.

The fact that Mr. Cleveland is being criticised will not spoil his recreations. There is nothing that he seemed to enjoy more than to arouse a turmoil of censure, and then go fishing.

The earthquake gave Boston such a scare as she has not experienced since the days when Cervera's fleet was suspected of being in the immediate vicinity.

Russia is confident of its ability to come off victorious, but still thinks that universal peace suggestion some time ago was an exceedingly good one.

Russia reports that the Vladivostok fleet is preparing to make a dash. If the commander is wise he will make his dash away from the Japanese.

Cotton King Sully may find consolation in the thought that his loss of \$17,000,000 represents only the value of only half a pound of radium.

Perhaps it would be as well for the Mormons who persist in polygamy to emigrate once more and colonize under the sultan of Sulu.

Governor Pennypacker may yet realize that it is when a man is overlooked by the newspapers that his career is almost in danger.

Some of the members of the house will probably be glad to learn that there is not as many Bristows in office as has been reported.

If Mr. Shaw really wants to arouse Mr. Cleveland's anger he should deliver an address on the blood-thirstiness of duck hunting.

When the police get a riot call at Atlanta it is pretty certain to be for duty at either a lynching or a republican convention.

After the boll weevil and the speculators get through with cotton the manufacturers get a chance at it.

Turkey has been buying more firearms. That country insists on being in constant danger of explosion.

Mr. Bryan is now an editor, and can defy throat trouble with a fountain pen.

New Jersey, the mother of trusts, will soon begin to have maternal anxieties.

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GET READY FOR TRAINING.

Jeffries and Munroe Begin to Prepare For Fight.

New York, April 8.—Jim Jeffries, the champion heavyweight pugilist, will start today for San Francisco to prepare for his fight with Jack Munroe the latter part of next month.

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