

A JUDGE once said that no man should go to the bar without the clear prospect and certainty of five years' independent income. *Apropos* of this, M.A. and LL.B. say that "Sir Charles Russell could surely not have had the income of a for-five-years independent gentleman when he donned his forensic robe, otherwise he would hardly have accepted the post of a recording angel in the press gallery of the House of Commons. The satirical *Saturday* was for long years indebted to the pen of a ready writer wielded by Mr. Asquith, Q.C., M.P., etc. Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., did not disdain the rôle of a London correspondent. Mr. Finlay, Q.C., M.P., was not above doing 'something for his living,' bred, as he was, a doctor in Scotland. Mr. Candy, Q.C., weary of the drudgery of a tutor's life—(the starting-point, by the way, of the late Baron Huddleston)—worked at something else, and 'unbeknownst' laid a foundation by his journalistic advocacy of the cause of the Licensed Victuallers in the pages of the *Morning Advertiser*." These things are as interesting as they are authentic.—*London Law Times*.

IT was just after the first sickening crash of the collision, and the air was filled with shrieks and groans, mingled with the hiss of escaping steam.

The dark, sinister man with the smooth face lay motionless where the shock had thrown him. Around him were scattered broken timbers and twisted iron rods, but by a seeming miracle the débris had not fallen upon him, and his limbs were free.

"He's dead," sadly whispered the rescuer who saw him first.

The lips of the dark, sinister man moved. "Not by a jugful," he observed audibly.

The rescuer hastened forward. "Are you hurt?" he anxiously inquired.

"No." The dark man was positive. "Not a scratch," he declared.

The rescuer was unable to repress an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, why don't you get out of the wreck?"

The sinister man gazed at the twinkling stars above him.

"I just about know my business," he calmly replied.

"I've been in collisions before. I'll stay right here where they threw me until I'm moved. Then perhaps"—a faint smile played about his lips—"the company can't work the contributory negligence racket on me when I sue for damages. Oh, no, I don't object to your carrying me away if you like; but I call on you to witness that I take no active part in the process myself. I know my business."

And the man with the sinister face laughed a hard, metallic laugh.—*Ex.*