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SOMETHING LIKE A CIRCUIT.—The arrangements for the Lord Chief Justice's "American Tour," having, according to a contemporary, at length been "substantially completed by the committee," it is satisfactory to find that the whole undertaking promises to prove a great financial success. It has long, of course, been known in legal circles that the beggarly pay received by the leading lights of the Bench, when taken in comparison with the heavy sums made latterly by their more fortunate rivals of the stage, had led to a tension of feeling on the subject that could only find ultimate relief in some spirited outburst. And the determined and business-like prominence of the Lord Chief Justice at a recent banquet, showed clearly in which way the wind was setting. It is therefore not a matter of surprise to hear that by the engagement of an excellent man of business, Mr. Elliot F. Shepard, Lord Coleridge, and the learned *troupe* who accompany him, have already managed before their arrival in the States, to fill up nearly every one of their dates, down to the very day of their return voyage home again across the Atlantic. It is satisfactory, too, to note that, while business has evidently been the guiding motive of all the arrangements, there will be no lack of recreation for the hard-working luminaries *en route*.

Nor is the Dominion behind-hand in graceful attentions to the hard-working *troupe*. Receptions are offered them freely on all sides. "At Quebec," the report proceeds, "they get a reception and a dinner." This is handsome. At Montreal there is a reception, but no dinner. Ottawa also prefers to indicate its hearty cordiality in the same unobtrusive fashion. There is hand-shaking, but nothing more. But Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Justice Bowen, Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Mr. Ince, Q.C., and the several other distinguished members of the English Bar who make up the clever performing party, are not likely to resent the elimination of the dining element from the tariff of welcome set before them. Even an injudicious sandwich or two might be too much for them, as a glimpse at the rough sketch of their own capital but arduous programme, suffices to show. In fact, a good deal of severe training will be requisite to enable them to get through it at all. Still the programme, as far as can be gathered from the brief details as yet published, appears to have been capitally arranged with a view to securing the patronage of every class of the community, and large takings may be confidently expected.—*Punch*.

JESTING WITH A CHIEF JUSTICE.—Lord Coleridge's speech at the Irving Banquet was not a success. He is not an effective after-dinner orator, and then he needs people to explain their jokes to him. Mr. Toole, for example, was

frightfully depressed on discovering this fact—for which neither he nor the company were quite prepared. The "Mammoth Comique" of the old Folly Theatre made an allusion to the Tichborne trial, and playfully suggested that Lord Coleridge not only invited him to a seat allotted to a member of the Bar, when the case was going on, but to their "consultation" together. "How far," said Mr. Toole, in accents full of serio-comic earnestness, "in our consultation, I was able to assist him in his difficult task must ever remain a profound professional secret between us;" an announcement received, as might be expected, with peals of laughter. Everybody saw that "Johnny" was simply giving "the Chief" a "cue" for a witty reply—and the dismay that seized on the company when Lord Coleridge took the great jester *au sérieux*, and proceeded with ponderous gravity to give an official and formal denial to the fact that he ever held professional consultation with Mr. Toole on the occasion referred to, was a spectacle never to be forgotten. Mr. Toole is said to have congratulated his friend Irving on having had better luck. "Suppose, Henry," said he on going home, "the Chief had mistaken you for a Comedian."—*Punch Court*.

If the "ball," or cushion-like surface of the top joint of the thumb be examined, it can be seen that in the centre—as, indeed, in the fingers also—is a kind of spiral formed of fine grooves in the skin. The spiral is, however, rarely, if ever, quite perfect—there are irregularities, or places where lines run into each other here and there. Examining both thumbs, it will be seen that they do not exactly match; but the figure on each thumb is the same through life. If the thumbs of any two persons are compared, it will further be found that no two are alike. There may be, and generally is, a "family resemblance" between members of the same family, as in other features; there are also national characteristics; but the individuals differ. All this is better seen by taking "proof impressions" of the thumb. This is easily done by pressing it on a slab covered with a film of printers' ink, and then pressing it on a piece of white paper; or a little aniline dye, Indian ink—almost anything—may be used. The Chinese take advantage of all this to identify their important criminals, at least in some parts of the Empire. We photograph their faces; they take impressions from their thumbs. These are stored away, and if the delinquent should ever again fall into the hands of the police, another impression at once affords the means of comparison. The Chinese say that, considering the alteration made in countenance by hair and beard, and the power many men have of distorting or altering the actual features, etc., their method affords even more certain and easy means of identification than our plan of taking the criminal's portrait. Perhaps we might with advantage take a leaf out of their book.—*World of Wonders*.