

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Savannah forest, one of the most famous estates in England, has been sold for \$4,000,000.

During her career Sarah Bernhardt has taken in 6,516,000 francs. She began at the Comedie Francaise in 1867 at a salary of 200 francs a month.

Considerable British indignation has been aroused by a fancy dress ball in India in which officers dressed as fiends with horns and tails, danced a quadrille with eight ladies costumed as "reluctant angels."

A statistician, who does not place great confidence in "parental instinct," shows that throughout one-fourth of England, during the year ending the 1st of April, the police courts showed convictions for injuries inflicted on children in the cases of 356 mothers, 347 fathers, 22 stepmothers, 10 stepfathers, 2 brothers, 3 aunts, 2 uncles, 4 grandmothers, 3 nurses, and 131 others.

During 1890 England produced 131,738,000 tons of coal, Wales 25,495,000 tons, Scotland 24,278,500 tons, and Ireland 102,287 tons.

A collie dog was attacked by thirty weasels near Morpeth the other day, and was only rescued after ten of them had been killed.

A young nobleman, whose brief career on the turf has not been very successful in the way of betting, is said to have lost £22,000 at Epsom and Ascot.

The British travelling public have been plunged into a state of great excitement by the report of Sir John Fowler, the eminent civil engineer, on the bridges of the Brighton Railway Company. In consequence of that report the company have resolved to rebuild one half of their bridges, and Sir John declares that the bridges of other railway companies are in no better state.

A shocking accident occurred at Douglas, Isle of Man, a few days ago. At the conclusion of a Recharite festival, in which about one thousand persons, including juveniles, took part, there was a fireworks display at Bellevue Gardens. An iron shell exploded, and one of the fragments struck a boy on the head, carrying away part of his brain. He died in an hour.

A most unusual occurrence took place at St. Amos-on-the-Sea a day or two ago. A wedding party drove up to the Parish Church, the full complement being present—bride, bridegroom, bridesmaid, and best man. The clergyman was in attendance, and everything ready for the ceremony, when the bride's father, most unexpectedly, put in an appearance, and forbade the marriage on the ground that his daughter was not of age, being only eighteen. Of course there was a scene, but the parent was obdurate, and there was nothing for it but to retire with as good a grace as possible under the circumstances.

There seems little doubt that before long Southampton will give place to Plymouth as the final port of departure of the West India Mail steamers. From the reply the Postmaster General made to the deputation which waited upon him the other day in the House of Commons and by the wording of the despatch addressed to the Treasury in April last, it is evident that he is in favor of the change. The Post Office will incur an extra cost of something under £1,400 a year for a special train from Bristol to Plymouth, but believing that this sum would be well spent in securing so considerable an advantage, Mr. Raikes recommends the Treasury to sanction this expenditure.

The Queen of Roumania proposes to revisit Scotland early in the autumn, and she will pass about three weeks in the Highlands.

A remarkable pheasant was hatched on Brotherton policies, Johnshaven, Kincardineshire, some little time ago. It had four legs, all growing distinctly from the back, and the full number of claws on each foot. This freak of nature lived and ate for ten days.

The abstract of the census for Scotland laid on the table of the House of Commons recently shows that the population of Scotland on the census day (5th April) was 4,036,103 persons—being 1,951,461 males, and 2,084,642 females. These numbers when compared with the returns of 1881 show an increase of 297,530—the male increase being 151,986; and the female, 145,544. This gives a percentage of increase during the last decennium of 7.96—the male increase being 8.45 per cent, and the female 7.52.

The other day while the salmon fishers were at work on the River Tay at the "Skin the Goat" station, the net got fast in something heavy in the bed of the river. The obstruction turned out to be an ancient canoe or "dug out," formed from a large oak tree, measuring about 20 feet long, 3 feet broad at the stern, and from 2 to 3 feet deep. Unfortunately, part of the canoe was broken by the fishermen before it was ascertained what it was. It is supposed to have lain where found for several hundred years, a change of current sweeping away the overlying sand and exposing the ancient craft.

The Royal Commission appointed to investigate Westminster Abbey, with a view of considering the enlargement now needed, recommend two plans, which will have to be determined subsequently.

For fourteen years a "Son of the Marshes" in Scotland has been trying to get a sight of a wild animal in the act of guarding its young in time of danger. He has tramped day after day for that purpose, but without success.

A commanding officer of a prominent British regiment having requested a drill sergeant to ascertain the religious views of some new recruits, the latter were paraded and the sergeant cried out: "Fall in! Church of England men on the right; Roman Catholics on the left; all fancy religions to the rear!"

To a friend sitting at his death bed The O'Gorman Mahon said that he was sorry to see in some quarters a statement that he had fought over 30 duels. "The number," he added, "was only 13."

The arrest in South Africa of Mr. Du Bedat, the absconding ex-President of the Dublin Stock Exchange, has greatly disconcerted a number of people in Dublin, and it is stated that, in anticipation of Mr. Du Bedat's arrival in custody and the commencement of the prosecution, several have disappeared from the city.

A tragic suicide occurred recently at the Carragh Military Camp in Ireland, when a private of the 1st Wiltshire (Duke of Edinburgh's) Regiment committed suicide.

rifle ranges. He placed the muzzle of his rifle into his mouth, pulled a cord attached to it, and shattered his skull.

A desperate encounter with a lunatic took place recently in a hotel in Cookstown, county Tyrone. A guest, a commercial traveller, became suddenly mad, barricaded himself in a bedroom, and smashed up the furniture and threw it out of the windows. When the police forced the door, he was found in a nude condition, and continued throwing broken crockery at the police until overpowered.

Ireland, which a few years ago was almost an undiscovered land in the touring world, is fast coming into favour as a holiday resort. The influx of trans-Atlantic tourists who begin Europe with Ireland, is greater than usual this year. Since June began, the weather has been lovely. Possibly a phenomenally fine summer may follow the phenomenal winter, which, hard and harsh almost all over Europe, was mild and dry in Ireland. Strange to say, the influenza, so bad in Ireland, did not cross the water.

Preaching at Carnarvon, one night recently, the Rev. E. Herbert Evans, D. D., chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, strongly condemned the prevalence of gambling in aristocratic circles. The Prince of Wales, as heir to the throne and the future head of the Church of England, had disgraced himself in the eyes of the people of this country. He refused to open a hospital at Hull, during Doncaster races, excusing himself on the ground that he had no time. Yet that very week he found leisure to join a gambling party, demeaning himself by consenting to hold the implements of gambling.

Remains of Roman London are continually being turned up in the city. For a month or so men have been employed at a site in Cornhill, which is to be the headquarters of a bank; and here, some eighteen feet below the surface, portions of Roman pavement have been found, though not of sufficient beauty to preserve. At a depth of about twenty-five feet two distinct portions of Roman wall were discovered, joining in a V-shaped angle, and some Roman pottery was unearthed. Perhaps, the most curious find was traces of the bed of a stream, though a good many centuries have passed since water actually flowed there.

Shaving by Neptune When Crossing the Line

The humorous custom of "shaving at the tub by Neptune" when crossing the Equator Tropics, and Europa Point is of very ancient origin, and is commonly practised on board foreign as well as British ships. On the departure of a vessel from England by either of the aforesaid routes, much ingenuity is displayed by the old seamen to discover the uninitiated, and it is seldom that any escape detection. A few days previous to arrival much mystery is observed by the ship's company, during which time they are secretly collecting salt soapuds, water, &c., and arranging details. The neophytes who wish to get out of the inevitable "shave" then send the captain of the fo'c'sle their "forfeits"—generally a bottle of rum or a few shillings—and these are very seldom refused. On crossing the Tropic a voice, as if at a distance, cries: "Ho, the ship ahoy! I shall come on board." Presently two or three of large stature come seemingly over the bows with hideous masks on, one personating Neptune, the other Amphitrite, and followed by a score of others. All are naked to the waist and have peculiar head-dresses. Then Neptune addresses the captain and intimates that there are many "Johnny Raws" on board who have not paid their dues, and must, therefore, be initiated into the salt water mysteries. Soon some twenty barbers, with razors, brushes, and "soapuds" join the throng, the razors being made of old iron hoops jagged, the second from old tar brushes, and the shaving suds from tar, grease, and something from the cook's rooms. The subjects are soon captured and the following proceedings gone through. Seated on a board across a tub of water, his eyes quickly banded, the victim's face is soon lathered with the horrible composition, and two sharp scrapes are made on either side. Endeavours are then made by compassionate questions to get the victim to speak and, if successful, a splash of the soapuds is rammed into the unhappy individual's mouth; then immediately, the board upon which he has been sitting is slipped and the poor fellow is left to flounder his way out of the tub the best way he can. While making these endeavours his miseries are added to by the dashing over him of bucketsful of water from all sides. This fun generally lasts about an hour and a-half, and although it does not sound well in accordance with the usual discipline of a man-of-war, few captains refuse this old-time privilege to the crews.

Steamer Wrecked.

The mail steamer Potosi, from South America, landed at Liverpool on Sunday the mate and 22 of the crew of the Liverpool steamer Magnus, 1300 tons, wrecked at Otija, about 50 miles from Talcahuano, on the Chilean coast, on May 6. The Magnus, which last sailed from Glasgow, and was owned by Rankin, Gilmore, & Co., of Liverpool, was loading wheat from lighters at Otija, a place noted for its exposure to strong north-westerly gales, which, as in this case, unexpectedly arise. Both anchors were down at the time, but the vessel continued to drag till she stranded, and the surf washed over her. Her crew took to the two boats, and with a rude sail made from a table cloth, they drifted before the wind to a bay, where they landed, but found neither inhabitants or provisions. They again took to their boats, and lower down the coast, after suffering great privations, again landed, and ultimately made their way to Valparaiso, having lost all their belongings. On arrival at Liverpool the men were taken to the Sailors' Home, where they were provided for.

Lady Macdonald as an Author.

Just before her bereavement, Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Sir John Macdonald, completed her first ambitious literary effort in a series of articles for *The Ladies' Home Journal* the first one of which will appear in the August number of that periodical. Last summer Lady Macdonald, with a party of friends, traveled in her private car through the most picturesque part of Canada, and in a delightfully fresh manner she describes her experiences on this trip, in these articles to which she has given the title of "An Unconventional Holiday." A series of beautiful illustrations, furnished by Lady Macdonald, will accompany the articles.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Do you pass a carpenter-shop on your way downtown?" asked Mrs. Bowser the other morning as Mr. Bowser was ready to leave the house.

"Why?" he cautiously asked in reply. "We ought to have a screen-door to the kitchen. There's where all the flies come in. We can use one of those doors we brought with us, but we'll have to have a carpenter to hang it."

"We will, eh? I beg to differ. I don't propose to pay no carpenter three or four dollars for doing what I can do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself."

"But don't you remember, Mr. Bowser—don't you remember that you?"

"That I what?"

"You tried to hang a screen-door last Summer in Detroit and you got so mad you nearly tore the house down."

"I did, eh? That's a pretty yarn for you to stand up there and spin! In the first place, I never tried to hang a screen-door and in the second I never got mad."

"But you—you" she stammered.

"Nothing of the sort! I don't even remember that we had a screen-door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a fly around our house in Detroit. Change of climate seems to have had a very queer effect on you."

"But won't you send up a carpenter?"

"Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be fun for me."

He returned at noon, having a heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. Bowser asked about the contents he cut the string and replied:

"Just a few tools. Come handy to tinker with. Every man ought to keep a few tools and do his own repairing. I think I saved us at least \$200 last year."

"Well, I hope you won't fly mad over your work. A screen-door is a very particular thing to hang."

"Oh! it is! You've hung lots of 'em, I presume!"

"I know that it takes a skillful workman."

"You'd better write a book and call it: 'What I Know About Screen-Doors.' I ought to feel awful proud to think I have such a smart wife! Run right in, now, and begin on the first chapter of your book!"

Mr. Bowser descended to the cellar, where he found four screen-doors of different sizes. He selected one he thought would fit and carried it up. It was six inches too high. The next was four inches too short. The third was almost long enough to make two such door as he wanted. He had the fourth one, which was almost a fit, in the back yard, when Mrs. Bowser came out to say:

"If you had first measured the opening and then measured your doors, you wouldn't have had to lug up this one."

"Wouldn't I? Perhaps you understand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"

The door had to be sawed off about an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, made a scratch on the door with a nail, and was about to use the saw, when she asked:

"Aren't you going to strike a line across there?"

"For what reason?"

"If you don't you can't saw straight."

"Can't I? Perhaps I am blind!"

When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the opening it was plain that he had run his saw at an angle.

"I told you so," she quietly observed.

"Told me what!" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I don't know what I'm about! Do you imagine I wanted a straight top on that door! If you know so much go ahead and finish the job!"

Mrs. Bowser went into the house, and Mr. Bowser held the frame up again to see that he would be obliged to tack on a strip or leave an opening for all the flies in New York State. He was sawing a piece off one of the other doors to make this strip when Mrs. Bowser appeared and said:

"You'll spoil that door, too Mr. Bowser. Why don't you take a piece from this box? If you had put a straight-edge on the other and marked it you would have been all right."

"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he laid down his saw, "am I a purblind child five or six years old, who must be brought in when it rains, or am I the man of the house, forty years of age and generally supposed to have sense enough not to sit down under a pile-driver to eat my dinner?"

"But you'll never make that door fit," she protested.

"If I don't no other man on earth need try!"

She went in again and he sawed off a strip and nailed it on the other door. Then he held it up to find the frame half an inch too long. Mrs. Bowser reappeared and was about to say something, but he glared at her so savagely that she went back without a word.

"The infernal old kitchen is either lifting up or settling down!" he growled as he held the door up. "I've got to saw a piece off the bottom to make a fit, and she'll either fit or down comes the shanty!"

He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to see:

"What good is a door there if you leave all those cracks?"

"Cracks! Cracks! You can't find one!"

"Look here—and here—and here! Mr. Bowser, even the bumble-bees of New York would have no trouble in flying in there! And how are you putting that spring on?"

Mr. Bowser laid down the hammer, the gimlet and the screwdriver, and after wiping off his flushed face he stood erect and pointed into the kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared without a word. Then he inspected and found cracks.

"Confounded old door-way is out of plumb, and that's the matter!" he growled, as he set to work to unning it. When he got the door off he racked it this way and that and tried it again. More cracks than before. He took it down and sprung on the top with all his might, and this time, as he held it up, there was a crevice through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it flat on the ground, but fell forward, tumbled over himself and sprawled on his back.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser from the back door.

Mr. Bowser, slowly arose, looked all around for the axe, and not seeing it he jumped at the screen-doors and kicked with both feet

until they were reduced to strings and strips. Then he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting and perspiring and pale-faced, and hoarsely whispered:

"This is the last time—the very last! Next time you coax me into doing any such infernal puttering work around the house I'll go—go, never to return!"

"When did I coax you?"

"Never you mind! It's all right!"

"But I say—"

"Just—keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together ten billion years longer don't you ask me to even bore a hole in a table-leg for a castor! This is the limit. I'm dangerous from this on!"

VICTORIA'S FATHER IN AMERICA.

The Duke of Kent Lived in Nova Scotia for Seven Years.

About seven miles west of the center of Halifax, near the head of Bedford Basin, is a beautiful spot, now much used as a picnic ground, which every Haligonian knows as "The Prince's Lodge." It is part of the estate in old times leased by Sir John Wentworth to the Duke of Kent for his royal residence during the seven years that that prince, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Nova Scotia. Sir John Wentworth had his country mansion there, and called it, in allusion to Romeo and Juliet, "Friar Lawrence's Cell." The duke enlarged the original house until it was a fine two-story villa, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south, and a great hall and drawing-rooms in the center.

Back of the house were stables for his horses, and the grounds, though rustic, and having all the marks that nature had originally put upon them, contained many charming surprises. His Royal Highness, who was at this time commander of all the forces in North America, had a telegraph battery on an adjoining hill, by means of which he could send his orders to the citadel in town. In the neighborhood of the lodge were artificers of various sorts, so that the place was like a little feudal town. Indeed, the Prince himself used to put his hand to the jack plane or drive the cross-cut saw, and I fancy there was little that went on that he did not personally oversee.

He was a strict disciplinarian, but was very kind and affable in social life, and especially interested in young men, for whom he often did much. His life had not been a luxurious one, and he inherited many of the simple tastes of his father, plain old "Farmer George," which, on the whole, commended him to Nova Scotians. Society in Halifax in those days was very gay, and it is said that the Prince, by his moderation in the use of wine, and by refraining entirely from cards, had a good influence over the young men of the town. To cure intemperance among his men, it is said he used to make them turn out at 5 o'clock in the morning for drill, which, of course, made late hours away from the barracks impossible.

His punishments were very severe. For one poor soldier he ordered 1000 lashes on his bareback, and on the grounds of the lodge is shown a cave where another was confined for two or three years until he died. Once or twice, it is said, men committed suicide from fear of his punishments.

Prince Edward's friend and companion during his Nova Scotia life was a clever French woman, Mme. Alphonsie Therese Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortissen, whom he first met in Martinique, and who, when he married the Queen's mother, retired to a convent.

The Halifax people were dazzled by the presence of royalty among them, and when the Prince's seven-year term had expired it took society a long time to settle down to its normal condition. In 1800 the Duke of Kent began the erection of the present citadel in Halifax, first removing the old insecure fortifications, and then building the massive walls that now enclose the fort. A conspicuous monument of his Royal Highness still remains in the square wooden clock tower below the glacis, directly above the middle of the town.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Escape of Convicts From a Train.

A report is to hand of an extraordinary escape achieved by certain members of a gang of life convicts who were being sent down from Allahabad to Calcutta for transshipment to the Andamans. The men, 62 in number, were handed over by the Central Gaol officials to the railway police. When between Ahirora Road and Chunar seven of them, who were travelling in our compartment, appear to have overpowered their police guard, and then, jumping from the train, escaped. Four of them were afterwards captured by the police. They had taken to the barren hills which border the line near Chunar, where they jumped out. What with their injuries and want of food they were in a sorry plight. One convict was killed on the spot by his fall from the train; and therefore only two now remain at large. A plucky policeman who jumped from the train after them was a good deal hurt, and has been taken back to the hospital.

New Railway in Burmah.

The new railroad line in Burmah, from the sea to Mandalay, is paying its expenses, and good dividends as well, though it passes through a country where white men would not have dared to travel ten years ago. Railroad enterprises have always thrived in Burmah, and there is not a railroad in the country which is not a profitable property. The French, emulating Burmah, will see what railroads can do for the development of Tonkin. They have just opened the first section of their new railroad from Phulang Thuong to Lang Son, on the Chinese frontier. This line passes through a large region which was abandoned by its inhabitants on account of pirates three years ago. As the French have been making it very warm for the pirates of late, the country is becoming prosperous again, and new villages are springing up. It is likely that the new road just going into operation will awaken the resources of Tonkin, for railroads seem to flourish in these Oriental countries if they have half a chance.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—The following makes an excellent cordial and will be found invaluable for summer complaint: Take two quarts of juice of fresh blackberries, add one pound of loaf sugar and one ounce each of the following spices: Pulverized nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Boil together a short time, and when cold add a pint of best brandy. Bottle and administer several times a day in teaspoonful doses.

THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

All London Showering Honors and Tributes Upon Her.

The Queen has requested her presence at Windsor, and honors and tributes of various kinds are showered on every side upon the young heroine of Manipur—the girl-woman of twenty-two who went through the awful disaster and has come back to tell the tale. Not just yet, though; it is too near, too terribly real to be discussed in all its details; but some future day when the dark picture has somewhat faded and when Mrs. Grimwood can think quietly of the fatal days that ruined her happiness suddenly and completely and brought death and destruction into the peaceful little camp, she hopes to write a full account of the disaster.

We picture her, the young and comely three-year-old wife of the late British Resident at Manipur, remaining with her husband when danger threatened, although it had been arranged for her to come to Europe during last April. Then, when the sad disaster had come which we so much deplore, Mrs. Grimwood, herself badly wounded in the arm, displayed all those qualities which only a devoted woman could display. Although

THE BULLETS WERE FALLING

around, she tended the wounded in the cells of the Residency and found them food, quite oblivious to her own needs. Then when the Residency was evacuated, the trials that had to be borne recall the days of the Mutiny. Starting in only her house shoes, Mrs. Grimwood soon wore these out, and had to don a pair of ammunition boots. She was ten days without taking her clothes off, and one can imagine the relief experienced when the refugees encountered a body of Ghoorkas. At that time Col. Butcher had two cartridges left—one for the unfortunate lady and the other for himself, if capture was imminent. Mrs. Grimwood is still suffering from a sprain incurred on this memorable journey.

It is a pathetic figure, that of the girl-widow, dressed in deep mourning, which makes her tall, slender figure appear taller than she really is. The face is still pale and thin. But it is not the pallor and not the fragility which make it so pathetic. There is a look in the large blue eyes and an expression round mouth which it is always sad to see in one so young. And no smile steals over the fair face; never once do the eyes lose the

LOOK OF SADNESS,

and very often when she speaks the tears are in her voice and brim over in her eyes. She is so natural and simple, as she sits in her low chair with the rows of books behind her; but there is that dignity about her which is said to denote what is generally called "highest breeding," and which is innate refinement and can never be acquired.

"I cannot say much about it yet," she says very quietly, and with a deep sigh.

"It is too near. Later on, when all the present excitement about it is over, I hope to write it all down, from first to last and publish it in book form. But not yet."

"Yes," she went on, musingly and with a far-away look in her eyes, "it is so near, though some times it seems as if it were such a long, long time ago since we lived there quietly and peacefully. We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputti; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the Residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewelry and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and I had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along, trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do nothing but

BURN THEIR VILLAGES

in sheer self-defence. Fortunately, I knew the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me.

"Can you imagine what it was to be the only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were, one and all, more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she recollected herself almost immediately and went on.

"The first thing I heard after we reached our territory was what had really happened; and what I heard was the worst I had to fear."

"A dear friend came to me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason. I am now getting better and stronger, thank you; but my ankle is still very bad; it takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences."

"No, fortunately, I have no children. If there is anything that could have made things worse than they are it would have been if I had had a little child with me. What would have become of it?"

"And you have been out in Manipur for some time, Mrs. Grimwood?"

"Yes; I was married when I was eighteen and went there with my husband. All had been pleasant and friendly so far, and then all at once this came, and all was changed."

Show respect for old age. Youth does not always last.

Have no friends you dare not bring home. One-to-day is worth a thousand yesterday.