8

It is a wise ohild that knows its own father, and that child is the daughter of Theophilus Youngs. The latter will be remembered as the central figure of a case which has occupied the attention of a Referee appointed by the New York Courts for several weeks past. The question to be decided was one of identity, and it has puzzled the lawyers even more than did the same issue in the celebrated "Tichborne case. Youngs disappeared some five years ago and a body supposed to be his was subsequently recovered in Boston harbor, recognized by his wife, and burried as such. The widow bought and wore her weeds and overything went along merrily until a few months ago, when Youngs, or somebody claiming to be Youngs, turned up and proposed to take a hand in the administration of his estate. Mrs. Youngs, however, who had, as she believed, or elaimed, buried her husband, refused to recognize the returned wanderer, and hence the litigation in the New York Courts .--The evidence pro and con as to Younga' identity was very evenly balanced up to Tuesday, when the daughter of the couple, who was between 7 and 8 years of age at the time of her father's disappearance and who is now a very bright miss of 13, was confronted with the claimant. The recogaltion was not immediate, but it was soon brought about. Both the Youngs, father and daughter, had had a finger scarred, and a little mutual questioning and the exhibition of the disfigured members soon established the relation, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Youngs. To make the story dramatically complete and to give it a fitting climax father and daughter should have immediately embraced after this little episode, but they did not do anything of the kind. Mrs. Youngs snatched her daughter's hand and left the room in disgust. in which Youngs remained to receive the congratulation of his friends. The cause of all this trouble is \$60,000, to which Youngs has fallon heir since his disappearance and which his wife was trying to get 30 nonsecution of.

The nuptial craft of an unsophisticated laborer employed on the Somerset and Cambria Railroad, near Johnstown, Pa., has been torsed on a sea of trouble at the outset of his voyage. For more than a year he had been an ardent lover, and at last his juamorata consented to name the day. This was about six weeks ago, and the twain started to Johnstown to become one. On the train their billing and coolng attracted the attention of a wag, who made hold to ask them if they were recently married. They were not married at all, they said, but they hoped to be soon. Why not have the job over at once, the stranger asked. He was a 'Squire from Johnstowe, he said, and his name was Burke. The two were willing, and the civil marriage formula was gone through with. The stranger took the regular fee and left the train at the next station .--The happy couple entered upon their married life at once, but a day or two ago they learned that there was no 'Squire Burke in Johnstown. Realizing the fact that they

