

MAD LOVE AND MAD HATE.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

That I, Philip Vanderbrock, deformed in body and repulsive in feature, should fall in love with one so good and beautiful as Anne Gray is nothing to wonder at, for anyone that beheld her, king or beggar, old or young, could not help but become a subject to her sway.

But that one with my deformity and repulsiveness should ask and expect a return of love from one so pure and good, and failing to receive it turn against her with a hate as mad as the love had been, is a different thing.

Aye, it is a mad story of a mad love and a mad hate.

It is a dark night. The dismal hoot of the owl is mingling with the roar of the storm. The thunder rolls long and loud. The lightning flashes with a sulphurous hiss among the bending and creaking trees around and above my lonely hut in the woods. I am old, but the years are but as yesterday. I am alone in the wilderness, but the smiling face of her I sent riding to death is fresh before me. The storm, the thunder, the lightning, the wilderness, the years, cannot hide away from my eyes.

My time is short, and life will soon be at an end. I feel my pulses weaken from hour to hour, but I will live till the story of my mad love and as mad hate is told. I will tell it, if for no other purpose than that the writing of it may divert my thoughts from what is to come.

But I must begin at the beginning. What I was does not matter, what I am you can glean from my story. Enough to say that I did not want for worldly possessions; that my education had been neglected on account of my health and a general waywardness in my nature, that the only thing I had learned with any thoroughness was telegraphy, and that I was an orphan from my early youth.

I came to Wainborough, a small village on the railroad, for my health; there I met Anne Gray. From the first time I looked at her face my life underwent a change. I forgot my bodily deformity, I forgot my hideous face, and had no thought for anything but to be where my eyes could follow this one being who gave me the first faint impression of what an angel in heaven might look like. I succeeded in securing room and board with the Grays, and from that hour I felt happy and contented for nearly a year.

Up to this time, however, I had not thought of Anne in any other way than that she was different, somehow, from other women I had met before. It seemed as if the air I breathed in her presence was purer, fresher, and more invigorating; that life was a boon instead of a burden as it had been to me heretofore, that wherever she was the world looked happier and brighter to my eyes.

It was not until the beginning of the second year of my stay in Wainborough that I was fully awakened to the knowledge that I was hopelessly, madly in love. At this time there was a change of station agents at the railroad. The new agent was a young man and came to board with the Grays. Before many weeks had passed my eyes were opened to the new condition of things. Allen Ashton, the new agent, was very attentive to Anne, and she on her part seemed to give him all the encouragement that was needed to make him fall deeper and deeper in love. This dawned upon me by degrees from day to day until my own love awoke up in my heart and showed me the situation I was in.

It is true at this time that Anne was as smiling and kind to me as ever, perhaps a little more so than she had been, but I noticed, too, that the big Newfoundland dog, Carlo, was treated to more frequent caresses than he was used to get before Allan Ashton came upon the scene.

This is how matters stood until one night when Anne had been playing and singing for us I went out on the long gallery to my favorite place behind the Maderia vines at one end of it, to muse and dream a while before going to bed, as had become my habit. I had been sitting there but a short while when Allan and Anne came out of the house. They went to the farther end of the gallery from me, where they stopped and stood close together. I could hear nothing but the murmur of their voices, but I could see their every motion plainly, for the moon was shining full and bright. Presently Allan's arm wound itself around Anne's slender waist, and she lifted one of her shapely hands and placed it upon his shoulder. They stood thus for a while, and the picture that they made to my eyes is burned into my heart to this day.

Even now, and death is almost upon me, when I think of that scene and what followed my heart and brain seem on fire, and I can hardly suppress the cry of anguish that comes to my lips.

Allan bent his head and touched his lips to Anne's; it was then that I was fully aroused to the consciousness that she was lost to me forever. I felt then that I could, without any compunction, kill the man that had stepped between her and me.

With a wild cry I rushed towards my rival, holding tightly grasped in my hand a dirk that I habitually carried about me.

I do not know by what power I was stopped from killing Allan Ashton. He stood before me, smiling, happy, victorious in love but defenseless for his life. It certainly was no action of his that saved him. Anne's eyes were upon me, and I caught their glance of sadness and reproach. When she spoke to me in her gentle tones the knife dropped from my hand.

"Old Philip," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to scare me so. Please pick up that ugly knife and go and put it away."

Mechanically I obeyed her. Oh!

that instead I had plunged it to the hilt into her lover's heart. But I was powerless.

I went to my room that night, love and hate fighting for the mastery over my heart. It was a long night and a terrible one, but that is past now.

Next morning I came down for breakfast. I met Anne alone at the table. My appearance must have betrayed to her some of the torture I had suffered during the night, for her eyes had a sorrowful look in them as they scanned my face closely.

"You did not rest well last night, Philip," she said in her sweet and tender voice that almost started the coward tears into my eyes. "You should be careful of yourself," she added, "and avoid all excitement."

I felt as if my heart was leaping up into my throat to strangle me. I looked at her beautiful face, and before I knew what I was about I was kneeling at her feet, holding one of her hands in both of mine, pouring forth the story of my mad love, pleading for hers in return.

She sat still and listened patiently, the tears shining in her beautiful eyes, until the story of my mad love was told. Then she laid her hand gently upon my head and stroked my hair, much in the same manner that I had seen her stroke Carlo's and her voice was wonderfully sweet and low as she spoke to me.

"My poor Philip, I am so sorry," she said. "I have promised to become Allan Ashton's wife, but even without that promise I could never have been anything more to you than I am now—your loving friend. Now I want you to promise me never to speak to me again like you have just done. Will you promise me, Philip?"

How well I remember my promise and the wild pleasure it gave me to give it then. I knew it was the death-doom to my love and happiness, but I granted it. Had she asked my life how gladly I would have given it.

This was my feeling when I was in her presence and under her influence. When I was out of her sight, however, another and a very different feeling took possession of me. I loathed myself, and hated her and her lover. I planned and plotted night and day how to destroy the happiness of them both—I even thought of taking their lives. This idea after a while took complete possession of me, and it was with a sort of eager joy that I watched and waited for a good opportunity to carry it into execution.

It was two months or more before the chance came. In the meantime I mingled with the household as of old—like one of them. I even became on friendly terms with Allan Ashton, and spent hours with him in his office at the depot.

As I have already said, the opportunity came at last. Ashton was both agent and telegraph operator at Wainborough station, but during all my hours with him in his office I never told him that I understood and could read off every click of his "ticker." I had no definite purpose in view in withholding this knowledge from him, only that I was always on my guard to hide and veil my real feelings towards him, and in doing this I took the general precaution to give as little information about myself as possible.

But one day when I was sitting in the office all alone, and I heard a call for Wainborough, I went to the instrument and answered it. The next moment the order came.

"Side track 220, due half-past eleven at Wainborough, till express 49 passes."

I wrote down the order and flashed back "O. K.," then looked at the clock and saw it was a half an hour before the train was due. The minutes slipped away, still Ashton did not make his appearance. Presently, however, I heard his voice outside, and at the same time came the shrill whistle of the locomotive not far away. I was just about to step out on the platform to give the order to him when I heard him say to some one: "You are just in time. There comes the train."

I looked around and saw that it was Anne Gray. She was going to the city on the train that was just coming rushing up, the train that was ordered side tracked till the express passed.

My opportunity had come. I instantly went back into the office and crumpled the order up in my hand. I felt like shouting for joy.

The train came up stopped a few moments, then I heard the conductor shout: "All aboard!"

I looked out through the window of the office. I saw Anne, happy and smiling, wave her hand through the car window at her lover, and as the train passed the office and she saw me, she smiled and waved her hand at me also.

A minute or so afterwards Ashton entered the office looking glad and happy. He came close up to me where I was standing, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, said: "I am the happiest man alive, Philip. Anne has just set the day for our wedding—a month from to-day."

"Foot," I cried, "she will not, cannot keep it."

"What do you mean?"

"Look," I shouted as I straightened out the paper I held crumpled in my hand and held it before his eyes.

"Look! this order came while you were making love. I answered it and now—"

I had no chance to finish the sentence, or Ashton clutched me by the throat and pushed me violently against the wall as if he meant to kill me there and then. To save myself from falling, I caught at a shelf upon the wall. My fingers clutched something hard and cold. In a moment I knew what it was; I had seen it there but a few minutes before. It was Ashton's pistol.

There was a dash and a report, and my hated rival lay weltering in his blood, dead, upon the floor with a bullet through his heart.

duty. They found the telegraphed order in his hand, and his own pistol lying beside him on the floor.

Contested Wills.

It seems very difficult nowadays to draw a will that will answer the purpose for which it was made. The heirs of the late Mr. Tilden, one of the most sagacious of lawyers, are contesting his will. The will of the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart is in court, and numerous other prominent instances might be cited to prove the assertion that it is not such an easy matter to draw up a will that will carry out the wishes of the testator. There seem to be more truth than poetry or fiction in the sad wall of a Western journalist when he writes: "At last man sleazeth with his fathers and his heirs fight over his property until the lawyers gobble it all up. And this is the end of man."

Such may be the end of some men, but there are numerous exceptions to the rule. There was no prolonged contest over the estate of a gentleman in Northern Texas. He had no relatives or property and he died in the almshouse. A New York farmer made the following last will and testament: "I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the residue to the poor."

The frequency with which wills are broken has narrowed the question to one of preference—whether you will leave your money when you die to people who, in your opinion, should not have it, or allow your money to leave you while you live.

There is a well-founded suspicion that some lawyers draw up wills so that there will be a contest over them just as some dentists drill holes in sound teeth so they will be subsequently called on to repair the damage. The following conversation is believed to have actually occurred:

Old Lawyer (to young partner).—"Did you draw up old moneybags' will?" Young Partner—"Yes, and so tight that all the relatives in the world cannot break it." Old Lawyer (with some disgust).—"I was afraid you would do that. The next time there is a will to be drawn I'll do it myself."

Perhaps there is no time when a man feels less his own master or more helpless than when he delivers himself into the hands of his lawyer to have his last will and testament put into shape. He may be a shrewd man of business, he may know much of the markets, of languages, something of medicine, a good deal of politics and be an adept in the ways of common life, and yet not be able to make his own will. Our laws are so complicated that it needs the study of a life to master them. Hence the testator is compelled to resort to a lawyer, and even then he has no feelings of security that his last will is going to be carried out.

It was probably an appreciation of this fact that caused Jonas Waters, of Missouri, to sell his farm, build himself a monument, pay his funeral expenses in advance and burn all his money before he died, which he did, feeling pretty sure that his heirs would go into litigation over his last will and testament.

How to Save Your Teeth.

"What should a man use to clean his teeth?" asked a reporter of a well-known dentist recently.

"Nothing but water. There are more good teeth ruined by so-called dentifrices than by all other causes in the world put together. The object of the makers of these dentifrices is, of course, to produce a preparation that will, with very little rubbing of the brush, make the teeth look perfectly clean and white. To accomplish this they put pumice stone and sometimes strong alkalis in their preparations. Pumice stone will unquestionably take all the enamel with it. An alkali will make a yellow tooth look white in a few seconds, but before a week has passed it will have eaten away nearly all the enamel and utterly destroyed the tooth."

"In walking along the street you often see a 'lakir,' by way of advertising his patent dentifrices, call a small boy from the crowd near by, and opening the boy's mouth, rub the dentifrice on his dirty teeth, and in a minute almost takes off all the tartar and makes the teeth look perfectly pure and white. Now, a man like that lakir ought to be arrested for he has forever destroyed the boy's teeth. His preparation, composed of a powerful alkali is eating away the enamel of the boy's teeth, and in a few months the boy will not have a sound tooth in his head. The dentifrices, composed chiefly of pumice stone, are not as bad as those containing an alkali, because they will not destroy the teeth so quickly; but if used habitually, they will certainly destroy them in the end. I should advise any man by all means to use no dentifrice of any description, unless it be prepared chalk. If this is used not oftener than once a week it will not injure the teeth, and may help to cleanse them, but it should on no account be used every day. Oris root does the teeth no harm and gives a pleasant odor to the breath, and if all our dentifrices were composed simply of oris root and prepared chalk they would be harmless enough if not beneficial."

"My own plan is to use a moderate hard brush and plenty of cold water, and nothing else, and my teeth are in excellent condition. If people would only pick their teeth carefully after each meal, making sure that not the slightest particle of food remains near the gums or between the teeth, and would, also, before retiring at night, run a piece of soft thread through their teeth, they would not have any necessity for a dentifrice. Of course, sweetmeats and candies are bad for the teeth; so is smoking, or taking very hot or cold drinks; but, bad as all these undoubtedly are, I really think the worst enemy the tooth has is the so-called dentifrice. Take the advice of a dentist and never use anything for your teeth but a brush and good cold water."

A Real Phenomenon.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times, writing about Laura Bridgman in the institution for the blind at South Boston says:

"There is a blind and deaf-mute child who seems to go far ahead of Laura Bridgman—Helen Keller, of Tusculumbia, Ala., a child over whom Mr. Anagnos' enthusiasm seems to be unbounded. She was born in June, 1880, and at nineteen months had a violent congestion of the stomach which resulted in total loss of sight and hearing. She is now under the charge (in Alabama) of Miss Annie Sullivan, one of Mr. Anagnos' graduates. He says of her: 'It is no hyperbole to say that she is a phenomenon. History presents no case like hers. In intellectual alertness, keenness of observation, eagerness for information, in brightness and vivacity of temperament she is unquestionably equal to Laura Bridgman, while in quickness of perception, grasp of ideas, breadth of comprehension, insatiate thirst for solid knowledge, self-reliance and sweetness of disposition she certainly exceeds her prototype. For obvious reasons the greatest difficulty and most perplexing part of the task of introducing blind deaf-mute persons to the mysteries of language is to make them understand that all objects have names which can be expressed by arbitrary signs. This is the most important part in the whole undertaking. As the French say, it is the first step that costs. This initiative step has been invariably slow, uncertain and not infrequently vexatious. It was nearly three months before Laura Bridgman—the brightest and quickest of them all—caught the idea. It was not so with Helen. The thought flashed across her marvelous brain as soon as it was manifested to it by one of its lackeys or scullions, in the sense of touch. In three lessons she perceived clearly and distinctly that words stood for objects, and in less than a week's time she was in possession of the mystery of this relation in the fullness of its meaning, and became mistress of the whole situation. 'I would like to give some of the details of the progress of this remarkable child—her love of letter-writing, her rapid acquirement of words, her poring over books, and her screams of delight when she comes to those she knows—but this letter is too long already.'"

Stellar Chemistry.

It is one of the triumphs of modern science that has revealed to us the composition, to some extent, of the sun and stars. The course by which this result was reached is easily traced. Newton decomposed, with the aid of the prism, the sunlight into seven primary colors. These colors make up the solar spectrum.

But the spectrum is not continuous. Wallas detected black lines across it. These were for a long time a mystery. A German scientist made a study of these lines, and from his name they are called Fraunhofer lines.

It is only since 1860 that any use has been made of these lines in determining the chemical composition of incandescent bodies. It was found that the different chemical elements gave out distinctive characteristic kinds of light when in an incandescent, or glowing, state. The difference of light was shown by the lines on the spectrum. An examination of this revealed what was present, and what was wanting in the composition of the source of light. This process is known as spectrum analysis.

Among the terrestrial elements which this analysis has shown to be present in the photosphere of the sun, are iron, nickel, copper, zinc, tin and hydrogen. The brilliant fixed star Aldebaran shows the presence of iron, mercury and hydrogen. The other fixed stars are found to resemble the earth in their composition. It will be understood that the planets and the moon cannot be studied in this way because they only reflect the sunlight. If we were to examine a moonbeam we should find it nothing but a sunbeam taken at second hand.

There is one curious piece of information which this analysis gives us in regard to the comets. It is that the nucleus, or head, of the comet is luminous, shining by its own light; while the tail is seen by reflected light. This light appears to be sunshine, as in the case of the planets and moon.

This process of analysis is so delicate that an inconceivably small quantity of an element will reveal its presence in the light of its burning, and so exact is it that four new metals, the existence of which had not been suspected, have been discovered.

What Does It Profit a Man?

Philip D. Armour, the many millionaire pork packer and provision dealer, has gone abroad for his first real vacation in twenty years. He looked "pale and care-worn," was suffering from rheumatism, and had evidently come to the point where his "going to Carlsbad for his health" is a necessity.

If Mr. Armour shall succeed in "taking a rest" he will be more fortunate than many active men before him have been, who, after "working like a steam engine" for twenty years, with no lay off for repairs, found their capacity for resting fatally impaired. Work had become so much a habit with them that they could not stop without "going to pieces."

What does it profit a man to gain \$1,000,000 or \$10,000,000, and lose his ability for the enjoyment thereof? How much more rational it is to take a little vacation each day and a long one each year. "We pass this way but once." By taking rest, and pleasure as the days go by, not only is one sure of his fun and the full total of enjoyment swollen to its agreeable dimensions, but he is fitted to live longer in the possession of all his faculties. —New York World.

Sleep and Sleeplessness.

St. James's Budget.

The most ancient account that has come down to us of a systematic attempt to vanquish sleeplessness is probably the one which is to be found in the Book of Esther. We there learn that Ahasuerus, on an occasion when he could not sleep, "commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles, and they were read before him." The book of records of the chronicles stood in the lieu of the newspaper, and a newspaper is still employed by many as an inducer of sleep. But newspapers and the light by which to read them are not always at the disposal of wakeful persons. Mr. William O'Brien, for example, had no newspaper when he was in prison, and he has told us how, in order to soothe sleep, he was in the habit of recalling one by one the counties of Ireland and their connection with his own history. A person who is inclined to wakefulness at improper hours may, of course, and virtue neither in the device of Ahasuerus nor in that of Mr. O'Brien, but there are many other devices which should be tried before recourse is had to such dangerous aids as morphia and chloral. Save by those who are suffering from actual brain disease, sleep may generally be secured without the use of drugs, if pains be taken to induce those conditions under which alone natural and refreshing sleep can be enjoyed.

Chief among the conditions which accompany natural sleep is the comparative freedom of the brain from blood. The difference is, indeed, sufficient to cause a sensible falling off in the temperature of the head of a sleeping person. A second condition is the comparative freedom of the brain from oxygen. Alexander von Humboldt seems to have been the first to suggest this, and his theory is now very generally accepted, although several writers—and notably Dr. Frederick Scholz, of Bremen—have recently attacked it with considerable energy. But this condition exists only at the commencement of sleep. It is apparently the cause of mental fatigue, and as the proportion of oxygen increases, the fatigue and the consequent need of sleep decrease. The activity and usefulness of every organ of the body are carried on at the expense of consumption of animal fuel, and this process exhausts much of the oxygen of the system. We take in oxygen in the air we breathe, but we do not take in quite enough for our waking needs. The deficiency is supplied from the oxygen which we store up within us while we sleep. During the day we gradually exhaust this reserve, and as the supply of oxygen falls, so the fires of our vitality diminish. Long deprivation of sleep is, therefore, dangerous to the well-being of the body, for, in default of proper fuel, the bodily fires consume the body itself. Nor is this all. Oxygen is necessary for strength; and it is to the lack of it in the tired body that the phenomenon, which is so often to be observed in a sleepy person may be attributed. The muscles of the neck, for the nonce improperly fortified, grow weak, and the sufferer involuntarily nods. At a later stage all the muscles are similarly affected. The third condition which tends to produce natural sleep may be called periodicity. Man is essentially a creature of habit, and the advent of bedtime is, even in the case of people who suffer from wakefulness, the most favorable opportunity for seeking rest. If, then, the time be propitious, the position appropriate, and the degree of fatigue sufficient, the ordinary person goes to sleep. But one or more of the conditions may be lacking, or there may be mental conditions which seem to forbid sleep even when time, position and fatigue are all favorable. The commonest of these adverse conditions is more or less intense mental preoccupation. This tends to drive blood to the head, and the evil may be remedied either by intellectual exertion in a less absorbing direction or by mechanical means. Boerhave recommended his sleepless patients to lie where they could not avoid listening to the regular falling of drops of water into a resonant vessel. Jean Paul Richter suggested the picturing in the mind of an endless garland of flowers which stretched away into measureless space. Other people advise the sufferer to count to himself, or to conjure up visions from the pattern of the paper on the wall or from the shadows in the room. Among the mechanical means for withdrawing the excess of blood from the brain, the use of a hot bath may be recommended; but the prescription of Professor Preyer, of Jena, is perhaps the best. He makes his patient stand with one arm outstretched until the limb aches violently. This conducts an excess of blood to the arm and seldom fails to relieve the brain. The worst thing a sleepless man can do is to make use of chloral or morphia. The more he takes it the more he needs it, and scores of instances are on record of men who, having taken one or the other for a few nights in succession, have never again been able to sleep without the assistance of the drug. Sleep is so good a thing for the body that it may always be enjoyed with advantage whenever it can be obtained; but the amount of sleep that is absolutely necessary for the recuperation of the faculties varies greatly with different people. Eight hours' sleep, eight hours' work, and eight hours' recreation is, perhaps, the best division of the day and night for most persons; but stout people generally require more sleep than lean ones, and old people less than young ones.

Fort Mills military reservation has been taken possession of by squatters. A circular was recently mailed to the citizens of the town, which is near the reserve, telling them to erect and be prepared to take possession. A large number obeyed and the reserve is now all taken up. This will probably do like all of the former attempts, in the squatters being ordered off by the guards.

Our Glorious Country.

Our is a great country. This is not an original remark, but it has a large quantity of truth in it. And we are continually growing greater in very many respects—including some that are not of a character in which we can take any pride. But it is in population that we are making the most gigantic strides. St. Louis Globe Democrat shows our present and prospective positions in this respect as follows:

"The United States has a population of at least 62,000,000 at this moment. This makes it second in this particular among the great civilized nations of the world. Keeping in view the ratio of growth of the countries named between recent census periods, there are about 88,000,000 inhabitants in European Russia, 47,000,000 in Germany, 40,000,000 in Austria-Hungary, 38,000,000 in France, 37,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, 30,000,000 in Italy; and 17,000,000 in Spain. The population of none of the other countries in Europe reaches 10,000,000—Turkey's inhabitants outside of Asia aggregate scarcely half that figure. Russia alone of the great powers of Christendom exceeds the United States in population. Even Russia must soon be left far in the rear. On July 1, 1890, when the next national enumeration takes place, the United States will have 97,000,000 inhabitants. It will have 96,000,000 in the year 1900 and 124,000,000 in 1910. This computation is based on the average growth of the country during the century. Employing a like basis for Russia, that nation before 1910 will have dropped to second place, the United States taking the first.

"Forty years ago the United States stood sixth in the population among the civilized nations of the globe, and twenty years ago it stood fifth. Twenty years hence it will stand first."

A Man Adopted by Rabbits.

There is an old man out in Mound Valley, Nevada, who has been adopted by a lot of jack rabbits. Their friendliness and good feeling have become so obtrusive that the old fellow would be thankful if something would happen to alienate their affections. He is a sort of hermit, living all alone on his ranch, where he devotes all his time to cattle and horse raising. As he doesn't try to raise vegetables, the rabbits could do him no harm, and so he never tried to drive them away. They soon became very tame, and as the jack rabbit is an affectionate animal anyway they kept making more advances and trials of friendship until they and the old man have become quite sociable. When he goes out after his cows two or three dozen rabbits come trooping along after him, leaping around him, running between his legs, and nibbling his fingers. Very often a drove of them will gather around his cabin and cut up all sorts of pranks in front of his door, leap on his bed, jump into his chair—if he isn't occupying the only one himself—and nose around among his kettles and dishes for something to eat. Several of the most intelligent he has singled out for special favors. He has taught them a number of tricks such as jumping over a bar or through a ring, walking on their hind legs, and jumping over one another like leap frog. But the rabbits have developed such a liking for civilization that they are about to take possession of his house, and have begun to rear their broods in it, so that the old man hardly knows now whether he owns the house or simply lives there with the rabbits.

An Inconsiderate Order Obeyed.

On the Russian frontier it once happened that an officer was playing at cards with a friend, when a Jew was trying to smuggle himself into the Russian empire without proper visa of his passport. The sentinel on guard arrested him and reported to the officer. "All right," said he. Hours afterward the sentinel again asked what he was to do with the Jew. The Captain, furious at being interrupted, shouted, "Why, d— the Jew! Hang him!" The Captain went on playing until the morning, when, suddenly remembering the prisoner, he called the soldier and said, "Bring in the Jew!" "The Jew?" said the amazed soldier; "but I hanged him, as you ordered." "What?" said the Captain, "you have committed murder!" He arrested him, and the judgment—death—went up to the Emperor. Inquiring, before signing so serious a document, and learning how matters stood, the Emperor decided that the soldier who, without reasoning, had implicitly obeyed so extraordinary an order of his superior, was to be made a corporal; that the officer who, while on duty, for the sake of gambling had given the murderous order, was to be sent to Siberia, and that his pay was to go to the family of the poor Jew who had so iniquitously been murdered.

Curious Coincidences.

Boston Globe.
A London telegram relates an amusing incident that occurred in a case on trial in one of the civil courts. One of the attorneys in the case was Mr. Henry F. Dickens, son of the novelist, and during the progress of the trial he brought down the house by calling as a witness John Pickwick. Quoth the presiding Baron: "What an appropriate witness to be sworn for a Dickens!" This caused immense merriment, which increased when Mr. Dickens asked: "By a still more curious coincidence the witness is a descendant of the Mr. Moses Pickwick, proprietor of the Bath coach, from whom I have reason to believe the character of Mr. Pickwick was taken, and I verily believe that one of the reasons why I was retained in the case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick."