

EACH ACCUSED THE OTHER.

Jury Could Not Decide, So Convicted Both to Be on the Safe Side.

The most remarkable murder trial ever held in Georgia came to an end in the conviction and death sentence of two men, each of whom charged the other with the crime, says a Jefferson (Ga.) dispatch to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The jury openly decided that, in the conflict of testimony between the two, the safest and best course was to convict both. The crime charged against them was murder of a most horrible sort. Last March M. C. Hunt, a well-to-do merchant of this place, was approached by a farmer named Grady Reynolds with an offer to buy him out. Hunt agreed to sell, and Reynolds told him that the purchase money was in a bank in an adjoining village. In settling up his affairs Hunt secured \$1,800 in cash, and one afternoon started in a buggy with Reynolds to secure the balance of the money due from the latter. A few miles out in the country Hunt was taken from the buggy, shot in the back of the head, beaten nearly to a jelly and buried in a deep and muddy stream of water.

Reynolds came back to this village and took charge of his store. When inquiry was made about Hunt he told the inquirers that the former proprietor had gone out to Nevada to witness the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. Shortly afterward a man named Bud Brooks offered for sale a horse formerly belonging to Hunt, and this ultimately led to a search for the body. When it was discovered both Reynolds and Brooks were arrested, and each told an apparently straightforward story, accusing the other of having killed Hunt and having turned over to the alleged accomplice his valuables. The two were given separate trials, and although the evidence was of an exactly opposite character, both were found guilty of murder in the first degree.

THE MAN IN DEBT.

Here is a Boston Opinion Highly Favorable to Him.

There is no greater spur to a young man of acute intellect and sound health than a thumping debt of, say \$50,000. How inferior are the novels written by Balzac before he had incurred great obligations to those written in hope of freedom from his debt!

Furthermore, a man who owes a large sum of money seems to be respected by the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker more than the thrifty, anxious soul who is disquieted by a trifling unpaid bill. The audacious debtor is pointed out to strangers, not pusilanimously, not with the finger of reprobation, but as a historical building, a landmark in the community. He wears the best of clothes, eats and drinks sumptuously, sits in the chief seats in the theater, and as a rule, spends the summer on a steam yacht. The man who owes \$50,000 is far better off, so far as this world goes, than the man who owes \$50. Are there not banks that lend cheerfully to him who already owes them \$50,000, fearing possibly that, if angered by refusal, the debtor will never pay even a portion of the original debt? Yes, a young man of acute intellect and sound body should contract as soon as possible after he starts in business a thumping debt. The only trouble is the difficulty in finding anyone who will lend the first \$50,000. We have not found him yet, and we have been searching for him since 1879.—Boston Journal.

A Rare Article.

Some years ago it became the duty of a certain nobleman to wait upon the queen whilst she was in residence at Balmoral. A friend having asked his lordship to engage a skilled piper for him, the peer thought that the queen's own piper was the best man to consult upon the matter, and accordingly he sought for an interview with him.

The piper, grand sample of a Highlander and a fine player besides, asked what sort of a piper was wanted, and was told in reply: "Oh, just one like yourself." Whereupon the haughty Highlander remarked: "There are plenty lords like yourself, but very few pipers like me."

Eighty Shots a Minute.

Italy's military authorities are devoting great attention to a remarkable rifle which has been invented by an officer of the Bersaglieri, and which is declared to be superior to the Mauser, to the latest design of Mannlicher and the Lee-Metford. Its characteristic is that 80 shots can be fired in a minute without the weapon being removed from the shoulder.

Arizona's Seaport.

A territorial newspaper claims for Arizona the possession of a single seaport. This is Yuma, at the point where the Gila river joins the red and rolling Colorado. The town is one of the oldest in the territory. Its climate is such that the inhabitants can raise about everything that can be grown in the tropics.

—The city of Los Gatos, Cal., has just dedicated what its people call Bunker Hill park. Soil from the historic hill at Boston was scattered in the air at the dedication ceremony.

—The treasury department figures indicate a decrease of 100,000 in the immigration of the year.

—Lots of people carry musical instruments around that they cannot play.

WITHOUT HER.

A Honeymoon Quarrel—Young Love's Fair Dream and Its Realization.

They had been married ten days and the honeymoon tour was not yet ended. They were at a New York hotel, and he proposed going out alone for a few minutes.

"Without me?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Just for a few minutes, dear."

"Without me, Henry?"

"I'll be right back."

"And leave me all alone?"

"I'll not be gone more than half an hour."

"Half an hour! Why, that is an age! Oh, Henry, to think that you are tired of me already!"

"Why, Maude! I'm not a bit tired of you!"

"You are! You are, too, or you wouldn't want to go off without me like this! Oh, Henry!"

"Now, Maude, listen to reason! Be sensible and—"

"That's right! Call me a fool!"

"I did not call you a fool!"

"I'd like to know if it isn't calling me a fool to tell me to be sensible! I'd be a fool if I wasn't sensible! You'll be striking me next!"

"How can you be so absurd? I—"

"Go on! Go on! It's all plain to me now! You never really loved me! I doubt if you even cared for me at all! You are sick and tired of me, and would be glad to cast me off! Very well, Henry! I will go home to my mother if you want me to! She truly loves me!"

"So do I, Maude."

"No, you don't, Henry! If you did you wouldn't want to go off without me in this cruel, cruel way!"

"Now, see here, Maude; let's have an understanding about—"

"An 'understanding'? Oh, Henry! Henry! That sounds exactly like a-a-boo—boo—a divorce! Heaven help me if it has come to this! I will leave you if I want me to, but I beg of you not to ask me to endure the publicity of a divorce! It would kill me! My God! My God! Is this the end of all my fair dreams? And I to go home to a deserted wife! Oh, Henry, may you be forgiven for the anguish of this moment!"

"Oh, well, Maude, if you're going to feel so badly about it I'll not go out without you. Put on your things and go with me."

"My own dear, noble, beautiful boy! My own sweet, precious— But we will spare the feelings of our readers and draw a veil over the 'making up' of Henry and Maude.—N. Y. World.

THE PAGE THAT KILLS.

Hurry is a Pestilence That Makes Way with Many.

Not many Americans actively engaged in any pursuit but complain at the close of the day of tiredness. They think that it is because they have done so much. More likely it is because they have been in such a hurry. It is hurry that affects the nerves; worn nerves rather than application make fatigue. We can undergo an extraordinary amount of labor if we will but save our nerves, without feeling it. Worry, friction, harassment which come from the nerves, exhaust and kill, not direct, downright hard work. He who practices deliberation will be fresh when he who hurries is spent. "Go slow and you will go far," is a maxim based on experience. Going slow leaves the nerves undisturbed, for it avoids worry, oils the wheels of the mental and moral machinery. A non-hurrier will last and be half to 70, when a hurrier will be in his grave at 50. Fully two-thirds of our nervous disorders arise from haste, which is a kind of unfeared and unrecognized pestilence.

Nervous prostration, now a very common, well-ascertained disorder that often proves fatal, may be traced to haste as a beginning. As a disease it is easily managed at first, but after a certain while it is apt to defy control. It is alarming because it is insidious and it is wholly indigenous.—Junius Henri Browne.

Race Color.

The colors of the different races depend upon the pigment in the epidermis, especially in its deeper strata. M. Breul, recent French authority, finds, according to Science, that the coloring matter is in the interior of the epithelial cells, "while even in the negro the intercellular spaces are white. The pigment itself may be quite black, or of any shade up to a light yellow. It may be confined to the nucleolus, or extend over the cell, a process, such as that which on June 22 turned the dingy streets of London into roads of 'Cockaigne,' or other fairytale. It is the old taste for 'pageants' in another form.

BRITISH LOVE OF PRINCES.

An English Paper Philosophizes About Its Lesson.

It is a positive fact, which to future historians will seem incredible, that readers by the half-million are pleased to know the movements of ladies and gentlemen whose names they cannot pronounce and of whose comparative rank among each other they are entirely ignorant, judging it, usually, as they do, by the fallacious index of the title, which to them signifies that a duke, say, of Tethan, is a greater person than a count who happens, like Compte d'Eu, to be a Bourbon, and married to the heiress of a throne only yesterday, imperial, says the London Spectator. The Almanach de Gotha is translated for the newspapers and devoured not by a caste or even by a section of the community, but, so far as appears by the entire division of the people which buys newspapers in the street. We cannot doubt on the evidence that any journal which was able to give any special information about these people, say to publish a reasonably accurate estimate of their incomes, would immediately add thousands to its circulation, the single fact about them which would be accounted wearisome being the only one which has a reasonable interest, namely, the historic origin of their position in the forefront of European society. The readers who are delighted to see that Count Zichy is running a horse, or that Countess Zichy prefers emeralds, do not care to know that before his countrymen quitted the shores of the Caspian to conquer and be defeated in the west and settle down on the great Hungarian plain they regarded the Zichys as princes possibly from the farthest east.

It is the funniest kind of curiosity, and we confess that the usual explanation of national snobbism does not strike us as sufficiently explaining its existence. Why should the English alone in Europe be snobs in this particular way? They are not expecting anything of these personages; they do not reverence them; they would be wild with anger if they were in any way, however trifling, annoying or injurious. They are not quite free of the feeling that they are as a lot "furnishers," and as such contemptible, and that in particular, for all their showiness, they have no money, a fact which but for their titles would take from them in this country most of their claim for respect. We cannot but think that their existence appeals to some latent feeling, some desire to break the monotony of life or to gratify an unconscious liking for the sumptuousness which has disappeared from the life of the middle classes. It is like the pleasure felt in the sight of brilliant uniforms. The English people have ceased to wear characteristic clothes or brilliant clothes of any kind; but they will go miles to see a regiment in its dress uniform, or a bevy of ladies going to court, or a procession, such as that which on June 22 turned the dingy streets of London into roads of "Cockaigne," or other fairytale. It is the old taste for "pageants" in another form.

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