

A LOTTERY TICKET.

It is not probable that young Scundling had ever gambled in his life before, unless, perhaps, at school he played marbles for "keep." He was a well-conducted and industrious young man, punctual in his attendance at the office and with a good capacity for business. His salary was small, and the consciousness of this made him carry his natural modesty to an extreme, but he lived within his means and even put a trifle aside for a rainy day. That was Scundling.

The way it came about was that Plimston, the out-of-town clerk, had come into possession of a one-fifth ticket of the Honduras Lottery Company (guaranteed by the Honduras Government). He had invested \$2 in this security, but as it was nearing the end of the week and his finances were at low ebb he proposed to make up a pool of eight among his fellow employees, which would bring his and their interests to the modest amount of twenty-five cents each, which was less like plunging. Scundling shook his head at first when Plimston made the proposal, but when it appeared that his twenty-five cents was absolutely needed to make up the pool he handed over the coin with the remark that a fool and his money were soon parted.

"Oh, I don't know," said Plimston. "That ticket may rake off the capital prize and that wouldn't seem so foolish. Two hundred thousand dollars isn't found growing on every bush."

"You're mistaken," said Scundling. "The bushes are full of 'em. There's millions all around us inviting us to gather 'em in—only they've got a little string to 'em. I don't ever expect to get that quarter back, but I guess I can afford to lose it."

"Make a note of the number, anyway," said Plimston. "I may try to switch it on you. If that isn't a lucky one there's no virtues in nine—four of 'em, d'you see? Nine to be begun with and then eight and one, nine; seven and two, nine, and five and four, nine. See?—8, 17, 25, 4."

"Nine million chances to four that you lose," said Scundling.

The drawing was to be three weeks later and Scundling promptly forgot all about it. He had plenty of other things to think of, the chief in importance being Mabel. Matters were not going well there. Mabel herself was as sweet as ever and gave him no uneasiness, but Mabel's father was getting worse and worse. He had never thought favorably of Scundling as a suitor for his daughter's hand, maintaining that the young man was what he termed a stick-in-the-mud. "I don't hold it out against him that he's poor," he said. "I was poor myself once—poorer than Job's turkey—but I wasn't satisfied to plug along that way, and that chap seems to be. He may be saving, but he's holding down the same job at the same wages he was getting three years ago, when he first came mooning around. That doesn't look well."

So he took a decidedly unfriendly attitude toward poor Scundling, who was doing the very best he could, and went the length of telling him a week after the lottery ticket purchase that he would better cease his visits to the house until his prospects looked a little rosier—and Scundling dejectedly acquiesced.

Scundling was sitting in his room one evening meditating upon his unhappy lot when the insidious demon of chance suddenly whispered in his ear and he straightway extracted from his pocketbook a slip of paper on which was written the figures 9, 817, 254 and looked at them with a dawning interest. What if the number should prove to be the winning one! There really was a chance of it after all. Some number had to win. If it was a swindle, at least it would occur to the swindlers that it would be well to allow one "Yankee" to win if only to encourage the others. He had heard that common card sharpers pursued that policy. Then the magic nine—but that as a supposition, of course. Scundling sat there for perhaps an hour regarding that slip of paper, and by the time he put it back in his pocketbook he had acquired what the vulgar term a "hunch."

In the course of a few days the "hunch" developed into an absolute certainty. Scundling had figured out that his share of the prize would be \$5,000. Well, he had that \$5,000 as good as in the bank. It was all over but the drawing. As he possessed such a capitalist's manner, on a certain dignity and self-assurance which before had been lacking, his face grew brighter as he felt himself relieved from the anxious thoughts of struggling for years on small means, and his air more generally alert. A large part of his burden of modesty slipped from him, and his courage rose to such an extent that he decided to go and see Mabel.

He had enjoyed a delicious half-hour with her, tete-a-tete, in the familiar back parlor before her father entered. Scundling, however, greeted him with a confident and cheerful bearing that seemed to take the old gentleman somewhat aback. Instead of the explosion Mabel and Scundling expected he merely said to the young man: "I'd like to see you a few moments when you can spare the time."

"All right," said Scundling, promptly. "I'll go with you now." And he followed his prospective father-in-law into another room.

"Well," said Mabel's father. "I thought I told you to keep away?"

"Until I had some better prospects," said Scundling, still sustained by his absurd delusion. "Well, I have."

"May I ask what they are?"

"I don't think I'd be justified in telling you at the present moment," said Scundling, "but I think inside of two weeks I'll be able to satisfy you."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I've always given you credit with being square, if you weren't a hustler, so I suppose you have got some sort of a move on you. I'll suggest that you keep away until you are at liberty to tell me, all the same." He held out his hand in a more friendly manner than he had ever shown and said, "Good night," and Scundling went back to Mabel. "I'll take this evening, anyway," he said to her father. "Then I'll stay away for two weeks if it will make you feel any easier."

"Something's happened to him," said the old gentleman, when he had recovered from the shock. "He's changed, certainly, and I think for the better."

Much the same remark was made by Scundling's employers the next week after Scundling had made an astonishing demand for the position of cashier—no less—which he had been filling temporarily during the illness of the fifty-year-old incumbent. He said he understood that Mr. Dobsey was not going to return and that the firm was looking for somebody to take his place. The firm admitted it—but—

"Of course, I wouldn't have applied otherwise," said Scundling coolly. "But it seemed to me that I could do work better than an outsider, and since I have taken hold of it I have seen where several radical changes might be made in the present system that would be to the firm's advantage. I'll just outline them to you now."

He took a pencil and a pad of paper and proceeded to a demonstration of his plans and in about a minute the two members of the firm were hanging over his shoulder in undisguised interest. When he had concluded they looked at each other.

"Well," said the senior, "we'll take these matters under consideration, Mr. Scundling. Your idea may not be a bad one, but—well, this would be quite a jump in promotion for you."

"I haven't taken any of that exercise for some time," said Scundling, "and it might do me good."

"Well, well, we shall have to think this over," said the senior partner. As Scundling went out he turned to his associate. "Did you think that boy had it in him?" he asked.

"I didn't," said the partner. "Until very lately I thought he was a good plodder—but with no snap to him. He's changed."

A week later the drawing of the Honduras lottery was announced and Scundling's air castles came tumbling down with a crash that nearly overthrew his reason. He came out of the ordeal with a bitter realization of his folly, but with all hope crushed out of him for the time. When he thought of Mabel he was in despair and at the idea of his presumption in applying for Mr. Dobsey's place he blushed to the tips of his ears. The morning he went to the office and saw a new man at his old desk and his heart sank. At the same moment he was called into the partners' room and informed that the firm had decided to give him the position he had applied for, at what seemed a magnificent increase of salary.

When the wedding took place the bride was observed to be wearing a most peculiar breast-pin. It was of blue enamel and in pearls thereon appeared the mysterious numbers 9, 817, 254. It was presented to her by the groom.

"It will remind me that if a man wishes to succeed he doesn't want to trust to chance, but to his own exertions," he said.—Chicago News.

The Czar's "Reforms" Wiped Out.

Some months ago it will be remembered, the whole world congratulated the Czar upon the issuance of a proclamation in which he made elaborate promises as to the extension of local and religious liberties. What these promises amounted to may be judged from the fact that an Imperial decree just issued has greatly modified the right of petition of the zemstvos or provincial assemblies. Under this decree the assemblies have the right to petition the Government only in reference to matters connected with the institutions under their direct control. This is a radical departure from previous conditions for in the past the zemstvos have been permitted to petition the central government in reference to all local matters, and the peasants' banks are named as one of the results of this right of petition. M. von Plehve is supposed to be responsible for this new limitation upon the right to petition, which it is said by one of the radical Russ sheets published in Germany, "makes the right to assembly an empty political log."—Public Opinion.

How the Mink Hunts.

If you will follow a mink's track in the snow any winter day it will usually lead you, before long, to the mute story of a tragedy—just some trampled snow and a red stain. The whole method of the mink's hunting is told by the snow. We see how it follows a rabbit, taking every precaution not to betray its presence while the wretched creature feeds, for then it is alert; how it follows bunny to where it sleeps beneath a log, an upturned root or the snow-covered top of a fallen tree, and then stealthily creeps on the unsuspecting prey.

How sometimes the rustling of a dead leaf warns the rabbit, who leaps forward perhaps just in time to avoid the furious onslaught of the mink; though more often too late, and the red stain tells us that the rabbit has been eaten where it expected to sleep.—Country Life in America.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

Between Seven and Eight Hundred Killed Each Year.

As near as may be determined, 713 persons were killed in the United States in 1900, and between 700 and 800 are probably killed each year. East of the 100th meridian thunder storms occur all over the country, but west of it, except in the Rocky Mountains, the frequency of storms diminishes, until on the Pacific coast there are practically none.

The greatest number of storms occur in Florida, in the middle Mississippi valley. The average number of storms in each in 1900 was 45, 35 and 20, respectively. The greatest number of deaths in any single State (1896-1900) was 186—in Pennsylvania. Ohio came next, with 135, Indiana, Illinois and New York having 124 each. As to city and country, the more dense the population the less the rate per 1,000,000 of population, due, of course, to the fact that the territory of the country is far greater than that of the city.

Besides this, the metal roofs, telegraph wires, etc., of cities serve as conductors. Lightning rods, as usually put up, are of no use. A tin roof with gutter spouts leading into the ground is much more effective. Barns with green hay seem to invite lightning.—American Medical Journal.

Radiation in Treatment of Blindness.

Unless we can conceive that the optic nerve, though paralyzed as regards its sensitivity to ordinary light, may yet react to unaccustomed rays, we must reserve our estimate of recent newspaper reports to the effect that a New York child blind since her third year as a result of cerebro-spinal meningitis has had her power of distinguishing between light and darkness restored by the conjoint display before her eyes of the longent rays and the luminous emanations from radium. With our present understanding of the physiology of vision—or, for that matter, of any sensation, general or special—we can hardly admit that a totally paralyzed sensory nerve can react to any sort of impression, no matter what its power or its novelty; but we are willing to learn.—New York Medical Journal.

Indian Poverty.

In a paper which he read before the British Association, Sir Robert Giffen put the annual income of the 300,000,000 people inhabiting British India and the federatory states at \$2,340,000,000, or \$78 per capita. Writing to the London Times, William Digby, the Indian authority, asserts that this is an over-estimate. He says there is not so great an income, actually, for the three hundred millions of day as there was for two hundred and fifty millions of twenty years ago. He says that the total visible income of India in 1900 was \$1,449,799,555 which gives each individual less than \$50 a year to live on. In the Presidency of Madras he estimated that the income of the 34,000,000 inhabitants is 58 of a penny per head per day.

Digestibility of Nuts.

Nuts are commonly ranked among articles very difficult of digestion, but that they are so is due rather to the manner and the time in which they are eaten than to the nuts themselves. The texture of nuts is firm, and unless great care is taken in mastication they are apt to go into the stomach in little hard lumps not easily soluble by the gastric juice. To secure proper mastication it is an excellent thing to eat them with bread. The oil of nuts is in the form of an emulsion, similar to cream. They are a very hearty, nutritious food, which should be eaten at meal time and not just before going to bed, as is often done.

Taking Castor Oil.

To disguise the nauseous taste of castor oil proceed as follows: To one drachm of the oil add the same quantity of glycerine, twenty minims (measure) of orange peel, five minims (measure) of senega, while cinnamon water is to be finally used so as to make up the whole to a half-glass mixture. Such an emulsion is easily taken, even by children. Another formula is: Castor oil, six drachms, glycerine, six drachms; tincture of orange peel, two drachms; tincture of senega, one-half drachm; Water, or cinnamon water, to make up two ounces, and for a dose one teaspoonful.

Photographs on Fruit.

The lack of sun in Paris will be responsible for the failure of King Victor Emmanuel and his queen to receive a pretty and unusual compliment. The chief gardener of the Luxembourg gardens, whose duty it is to furnish fruit for dessert at state banquets, covered a number of apples and pears growing in the gardens with paper in which the silhouettes of the king and queen have been cut. He intended to let the sun do the rest in producing their portraits on the fruits. Unfortunately, there has been little or no sun, and the experiment is a failure.

A Tramp Round the World.

Count Rocca Dianovitch's tour is, as the Temps observes, decidedly original. For almost forty years he has been performing a journey on foot, when possible, round the world. Born at Lissa, the Count commenced his travels at the age of 14, and his hobby has cost him £60,000. He has a collection of 10,000 official documents, duly signed and stamped by the authorities having jurisdiction over the places which he has visited. He has also collected a mass of prison statistics, and he has just passed through Chartres, on his way to Bordeaux.

GREAT RAILWAY STATIONS.

Traffic of the Principal Centres of the United Kingdom.

Whatever may be said against the British railway companies, it cannot be alleged that they have not provided us with fine railway stations. Twenty-five stations, picked at random in this country, have an area of 618 1/2 acres, almost as great as that of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens together. Perhaps the most remarkable of all these stations is that at Crewe.

Great and costly works are in progress to enable the Northwestern Company to deal efficiently with its enormous traffic at that point. The new goods station is now completed, and the alterations in the passenger station have just been begun. The old station, including the goods and passenger area, covered ninety-three acres; now it has an area of 223 acres.

In the new goods station the space roofed in is 40,000 square feet, or eight acres; there are 220 sidings, with a length of thirty-one miles, and 4,000 wagons are made up and dispatched every day. Of 130 acres newly acquired accommodation for 2,500 wagons at one time is provided, and these wagons extend over some eight miles of line.

Through the passenger station as many as 1,000 trains pass in twenty-four hours at Christmas time, and on an August bank holiday the number has been 1,250. The length of the station from one end to the other is two and a half miles, and there are also two and a half miles of platform in the passenger section, though that provision will be much extended when the works now in progress are complete.

Crewe will be a great station when this work is done, but the largest passenger station in the United Kingdom is neither Crewe nor Liverpool street, as many suppose, but the Waverley Station at Edinburgh, which has also been enlarged enormously in the last few years. The extensions and reconstructions there have cost no less than 1,500,000. It covers an area now of twenty-three acres, of which eleven and one-half acres are under one roof.—Tit Bits.

Music Made the Mare Go.

Often old war-horses that have been sold where they can no longer hear the bugle notes have pined away; but it has usually been put down entirely to their missing the accustomed notes.

Now news comes that a racer has been revived in spirits by a musical box. Three months ago Fire Island, a mare belonging to Mr. W. C. Clarke Frost, was sent to Mr. Goby's Stable to train. She went off her food, however, and seemed discontented with her surroundings.

Various remedies were tried in vain, and gloom settled on the stable. "You can't make a horse win races when she won't eat," is an obvious stable maxim. Then came the suggestion to try music, and music was tried in the shape of a musical box borrowed from a lady in the neighborhood.

It was set working and almost instantly Fire Island's gloom gave way to cheerfulness. Her appetite doubled in three days, and in a week she won a steeple chase at Wokinghampton. On Friday last also she won the Berkshire Handicap Hurdle race at Hawthorn Hill.—London Dispatch.

The Fox Took to the Kitchen.

An exciting incident occurred in connection with yesterday's meet of the Belyoif Hounds at Newtonbar. A fox found in Newton Wood was pressed so closely that he endeavored to cheat his pursuers by entering the grounds of a neighboring farmhouse. Here he climbed into a thick shrub forming part of an arbor but was dislodged, and he then got back to his original quarters with hounds in close pursuit.

The fox then sought a fresh hiding place. Entering by the open door of the back kitchen he took refuge in the copper, squeezed himself between a dinner pot and the chimney. The hounds, however, discovered his sanctuary and a mob of chairs, tables and wash-basins being overturned in the room.

The fox was eventually brought out and broken up on the lawn in the presence of the field and many excited villagers. London Mail.

Elected.

One night, some three years since, a rising sculptor was proceeding homeward by way of Piccadilly. Passing Burlington House, he suddenly remembered that it was the night of a Royal Academy election and stopped to enquire of the porter at the gate whether the election was over. "Long ago, sir," was the reply. "Can you tell me who has got in?" asked the sculptor. "No, sir, that I can't. You see I'm only employed out of doors, sir; but if you go over to that 'pub' at the corner, there's sure to be some indoor men there as can tell you. The sculptor hesitated. The hour was late, and he was not particularly interested in the result of the election, except on behalf of a friend. However, curiosity triumphed, and he went over to the "pub."

"Gentleman, sir. Over long ago 'AS Mr. — got in? No, sir, 'e ain't, but I can tell you who 'as. There's Mr. Tuke, Mr. Belcher, an' Mr. Drury." "Wha-a-at? Mr. Drury?" "Yes, sir, Mr. Drury. No, sir, there ain't no mistake. Mr. Drury's him. You've upset your glass, sir. Friend of Mr. Drury's! Lor, sir, I wish 'e was 'ere now, sir. What? Five shillins to drink 'is 'ealth, sir, Thankee, sir. Good night, sir." Thus did Mr. Alfred Drury, A. A., bear of his election.—A. P.

THE CHORD.

It was evident that she did not love him, and yet it was announced that she was to marry him. I was only a guest in the house, but the affair troubled me, and I sought long and earnestly for an explanation of it.

So far as I could judge, Mary had a distinct aversion to Ralph Weston rather than an affection for him, but nevertheless she seemed to dominate her life. She feared him, but for some reason chose to keep secret the cause of that fear. I could see her almost shrink from him when he called, but she dared not refuse to see him or break the engagement, which her father had sanctioned.

What was the secret of his power? I asked myself. Why did she not go to her father—easy-going, blind old Mark Tottenham—and tell him she could not marry this man? I could see no reason why she should sacrifice herself. Her father was wealthy and Weston was not. Surely the latter had no hold on the old gentleman that made such a marriage imperative.

On the contrary, my observation led me to believe that Mr. Tottenham thought that he was acting for the best interests of his daughter. He liked Weston—who could be extremely entertaining when he wished, although usually rather taciturn—but there was nothing to indicate that he had his heart set on the match.

Yet Mary shuddered when her accepted suitor called, then greeted him with a show of cordiality, and went blindly with him to the little reception room, from which from time to time strains of music were wafted.

Weston was a musician of no mean ability, and occasionally entertained us all with selections on the piano, but the ditty way in which he played when they were alone together impressed me as rather strange.

He seldom played a selection through in those circumstances, but seemed to run over the keys idly, improvising, or giving a few bars from one air and then a few from another.

Once when he was doing this I thought I heard a wild, veering cry of "Oh! don't," and then a half-smothered shriek, and when he played for us all the frightened look in Mary's eyes was enough to haunt a man for life. Apparently, however, I was the only one who noticed it.

Finally, overstepping even the liberty accorded to an old friend, I spoke freely to her. I told her it was plain she did not love him, and asked her why she did not go frankly to her father, tell him so and break the engagement. The bare suggestion seemed to frighten her, and she shuddered as she answered:

"I dare not—I dare not. He'd kill me!"

"Kill you?" I exclaimed. "Nonsense! Your father has only your welfare at heart and—"

"No—no; not my father," she interrupted. "I mean Mr. Weston. He has the keynote."

The keynote? I was more mystified than ever, but she gave me no chance to ask for an explanation. She hurried away, as if already alarmed at what she had said, yet it seemed to me that she regarded me after that as one who was more in her confidence than others and to whom she might look for protection from some impending evil.

Still I could not understand what she meant by the "keynote," and she avoided the subject as if it were fraught with great personal danger. When I asked her to explain she trembled and shook her head.

"No one would believe me," she said. "It is so strange, so weird, and he would kill me. He has threatened to and I know he would."

"Your nerves are overwrought," I replied. "Unless I misjudge the man, he would not know one end of a revolver from the other, and this is not the age for that sort of thing."

"But you don't understand," she insisted, laying her hand on my arm as if that gave her confidence, but nevertheless looking about her in a frightened way. "He has the keynote."

"That's what you said before," I returned, taking both her hands and holding her in front of me. "What do you mean by it? Tell me frankly, I'll believe you and I'll help you."

"If I thought you would," she said, doubtfully.

"I will," I asserted, earnestly. "Tell me."

She seemed on the point of telling me her story, but evidently thought better of it.

"Wait," she said. "You shall see for yourself. He is coming to-night and I will hide you behind the curtains. But don't let him kill me. If he tries to do it knock him down—brain him—drive him away from the piano at all cost."

There was a world of pathos in the earnestness with which she said that, and for the first time I began to understand the affair.

There is a keynote to everything, as science has demonstrated. Just the right chord will make a glass shiver into a million pieces. If the keynote of the largest building should be discovered the structure might crumble into dust, and it is not an unknown thing for articles in the vicinity of great organs to fall to pieces. Indeed, I myself have felt the sudden emotional thrill that comes from the striking of a certain chord.

That evening I was carefully concealed behind the window draperies when Weston called, and it is needless to say that my interest was intense. She shuddered as he drew her toward him, but remained passive in his embrace.

"To-morrow," he said, "we will be quietly married."

"No," she replied, and I could see that it was only with an effort that she forced herself to say it.

"But I insist!" he exclaimed. "I will no longer run the risk of losing you, and you promised me yesterday."

"I've changed my mind," she answered shortly.

"Have a care," he returned, menacingly, retreating her and moving toward the piano.

Whether it was my presence that inspired her I know not, but for the first time, as she afterward told me, her spirit was roused and she dared him.

"Kill me if you will!" she cried. "Since the fateful night you first accidentally struck that chord and saw the effect it had on me I have lived in almost constant fear of death or insanity, which is worse. I have trembled whenever you have touched the keys, even in the presence of others. You have played, as it seemed to me, on the live nerves of my body and from very fear forced me to acquiesce in whatever you proposed, but I am done with it. I will not marry you to-morrow or at any other time."

"Think again," he said, softly, but nevertheless threateningly, as he seated himself at the piano, and idly ran his fingers over the keys. "Remember! This is a power I shall have always. I have no fear that it will kill you, but wherever I may find you I inflict upon you the excruciating torture that you dread. Even at the altar this chord—"

He never finished the sentence, for as he spoke she uttered a sudden cry. Her face became deadly white and she swayed and shook like a leaf. I sprang from behind the curtains, but before I reached her he had struck the chord again, and with a moan she collapsed and sank in a heap on the floor.

I did not handle him very gently, and when the others came in, attracted by the noise, he was in a fit condition to interview a doctor. He said when he left that he would find an opportunity to carry his threat into execution, and that she never would be able to escape that chord so long as both he and she lived.

Mary and her father left for a continental trip a week later, and Weston disappeared soon after. He intimated that it was his purpose to follow them. If he did and her father remained in the same humor in which I last saw him, I am satisfied that there is one musical genius occupying a grave somewhere on the continent. But I have heard of no such tragedy.—E. F., in Illustrated Bits.

Like a Piece of Fiction.

In this commonplace world of ours now and again we have to record some event which gives a justification to the wildest devices of the most sensational novelists. The trial of the Count and Countess Vesterski Kwllecki has all the appearances of a properly thrilling work of fiction. We have the ancient family represented by the Count and Countess, who have, to their great grief, no male heir; and we have the rival line which can scarcely disguise its joy at the prospect of the property reverting to its branch of the family. Then we have the unexpected acquiescence of the Countess at the age of 50, and the birth of a fine boy. At this point the necessary slanders and suspicions are not wanting. The rival line circulates diligently the rumor that the boy is supposititious, a rumor which culminates in the trial of Count and Countess Kwllecki in a criminal court. Nor is the conclusion less satisfactory to the lover of old-fashioned, happy ending fiction. The likeness of the boy to his alleged mother is generally recognized; the jury take a common sense view, in spite of the amazing threats of the public prosecutor, and all the accused, Count, Countess, and their three supposed accomplices, are triumphantly acquitted. So virtue triumphs even in the actual, sober atmosphere of a Berlin criminal court.—Pall Mall Gazette.

German Army Decadence.

Considerable sensation has been made in Paris by the appearance in the Gil Blas of an article entitled "The Greatness and Decadence of the German Army." The author is evidently very familiar with conditions in that service. The points he makes are that the general discontent and spirit of revolt in labor circles is extending to the army, being taken there by the youths from the towns and cities. By them it is communicated to the youth from the country, who, at the end of their service, take it home with them. The immediate results are seen in the increasing unwillingness of the youth of the country to join the colors, for they know beforehand the severe treatment they are likely to receive. The author says also, that the average German officer is not only lacking in enthusiasm in his duties but is actually cold toward them, accepting them as the dull routine.

Odd Coincidences.

There were two cases of odd coincidence in the law courts last week which it is worth while recording. In a libel case tried in the King's Bench Division by Mr. Justice Wright, the plaintiffs were Mr. James Wright and Mrs. Charlotte Amelia Wright, and the action arose out of a probate suit concerning the will of a Miss Wright. A coincidence of another kind occurred in the vivisection trial. It was presided over by the lord chief justice, the defendant was a son of a lord chief justice, and the chief witness on the defendant's side was Miss Lind of Hageby, who is a daughter of the late lord chief justice of Sweden.—London Daily Chronicle.