

*Recipes.*

The recipes prepared by a color mixer for the use of his employers in the manufacture of their carpets are held, in *Dempsey v. Dobson* (Pa.) 32 L. R. A. 761, to belong to the employers, so far, at least, as to give them the right to the use of the various colors and shades produced by them; and where he entered them in a book of his own, instead of a book furnished him for that purpose, the employers have a right to some record or register of the recipes.

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*A CURIOUS CASE.*

The motives inciting crime are, as shown by judicial annals, many and varied; but among them none more incomprehensible can be found than that which urges a man weary of life to commit a capital offence solely for the purpose of perishing by the hand of the law, thereby avoiding incurring the guilt of suicide. Such instances have been known. Among them the following case, which occurred in Philadelphia in 1760.

Captain Bruluman had been brought up a silversmith, a business he left to enter the army, where he became an officer in the Royal American regiment, but was degraded for being detected in counterfeiting or uttering base money. He then returned to Philadelphia, and growing insupportable to himself, and yet unwilling to put an end to his own life, he determined upon the commission of some murder, for which he would be hanged by the law. Having formed this design, he loaded his gun with a brace of balls and asked his landlord to go out shooting with him, intending to slay him before his return; but the lucky landlord, being particularly engaged at home, escaped the danger. He then went out alone, and on his way met a man whom he was about to kill, but recollecting that there were no witnesses to prove him guilty, he suffered the person to pass. Afterwards going to a tavern, in the tap he drank some liquor, and hearing people playing at billiards in a room above that in which he sat, he went upstairs and entered into conversation with the players, in apparent good humor.

In a little time he called the landlord, and desired him to hang up his gun. Mr. Scull, a party engaged in the game, having struck his antagonist's ball into one of the pockets, Bruluman said to him, "Sir, you are a good marksman; now I'll