

**SELF-POISONING.** The Boston *Transcript* of last evening reports a remarkable case:

Mr. P. B. Randolph, a chemist, after going to bed last evening at his studio, No. 87 Court street, discovered that he was suffering from the effects of "bang," a deadly Eastern poison, which he had taken by mistake instead of a dose of composition which he intended to take for a cold. He sent for a doctor without success, and finally went to Church's drug store, corner of Cambridge and Staniford streets, where he procured the only antidote applicable, in the shape of three ounces of citric acid. He had at this time become almost insensible and was brought back to his room by officer Rollins of station three. Sergeant Bates and officer Kendall of station two were called. Dr. Randolph, at one o'clock gave up all hope of recovering, and expressed a desire to see Mrs. Thompson, his niece, his only relative in this city. He then prepared for death by setting his things in order, and, at the time of writing, was battling with his tendency to sleep.