

FRANKS OF THE BRAIN

How One Imagination May Be
Used to the Advantage of Another.

The delusions and hallucinations of insanity have been remarked upon by all writers on mental derangement. But my intention now is to give a few authentic cases where the excited imagination of people with seemingly sound brains has played them singular tricks.

A report has gone the rounds to the effect that a certain lady residing in Hull called her physician in mortal agony because she had, as she supposed, swallowed her false teeth. She could feel them far down in her throat, and was actually checking to death.

Resistant doctors consulted and agreed to resort to a dangerous operation, to which they were about to proceed when one of them happened to step on some object under the edge of the bed, which on examination proved to be the missing molars. As soon as they were exhibited to the patient her convulsions ceased and she recovered her normal condition.

Gifting the facts from the sensational accompaniments, there remains the delusion as to the teeth, the calling for medical aid, and the finding of the teeth before the doctor arrived on the scene. But even thus modified the case was quite remarkable. It suggests instances of somewhat the same nature.

During the Crimea War an officer had to send a messenger across an opening where the bullets were flying plentifully. He selected a very brave man and cautioned him as to his peril, telling him to ride for his life on reaching the open field. The officer watched him through his field-glass, saw him fling himself behind the flank of his horse for safety, and finally saw him drop from the steed as if mortally wounded.

A second man was sent safely on the same errand, while the wounded soldier was brought back to camp by an ambulance party. He had merely fainted. On coming to he found the surgeon at work over him, and anxiously inquired as to the precise nature of the wound. He was told by the surgeon that he had been hit, and that the injured part could never be made whole again.

"But rest easy," said the doctor, "for the shot only took effect in your brain."

The man had not been injured in the least, but had been deceived by the flowing of the contents of his cherished flask, which under the circumstances he naturally mistook for his heart's blood. The soldier is living yet to laugh over his ludicrous mishap.

A clergyman of renown and as remarkable for his common sense as for his piety, came to a sudden pause in an impassioned discourse to fully 5,000 people. As I happened to be near him, he beckoned me to accompany him to the vestry, while the choir should entertain the astonished congregation during the interim.

My clerical friend solemnly assured me that he was about to die, and that sensations of mingled pain and rapture had seized him such as he had never experienced before, and convinced him that his time had come to depart.

With some difficulty he was led to submit to an examination, when it appeared that a vial of liquid ammonia, which, for some purpose, he carried in an inner pocket, had been broken by one of his more vigorous gestures, and the pungent contents flowing over his chest had caused the peculiar burning sensations described.

After a process of sponging, the revived gentleman was completely relieved of his anxiety and resumed without special explanation his interrupted sermon.

Our Surplus Men.

We are always hearing that in England there are nearly a million more women than men, but in the United States the case is wholly different. According to W. F. Willcox there are nearly 650,000 more men than women in the white population of the United States. He seeks to arrive at a solution of the phenomenon, but does not. He denies that emigration is a sufficient explanation. Vermont, for example, has lost more native males than females. He shows that the six States with the densest population have also the largest excess of females among the white natives. "In some obscure way," he suggests, "there may be a correlation between a dense population and an excess of females." Seven-tenths of all the cities of the United States with over twenty-five hundred inhabitants have an excess of females. There is an excess of females in all the cities of all the States east of the Mississippi except Delaware. Many of these received a large influx of emigrants. This tendency to dissociation of the sexes and concentration of the females in the cities is less marked among the native whites than it is among the negroes of the South and the immigrants of the North.

Character in Eyebrows.

There is a great deal of character in the eyebrow.

As the form and expression of the eyes and the regions about them have largely to do with feelings, pride and self-control, the eyebrows are more particularly connected with the expression of those qualities, or the reverse.

When the eyebrows are ragged, unkempt and shaggy, as we often see them, there is a lack of self-control. When they are straight and orderly, the reverse is the case.

If there is a tendency to pointed brows, with thinness of hair, there is an innate liking for display and variety.

When fluffy and extended deep on the nose, gentility and love are the chief attributes. Light-tinted eyebrows show lack of ambition, while black brows indicate force, and the medium brown shade is indicative of coquetry.

A Desk With a History.

On Cabinet days the President of the United States sits at a desk which has an interesting history. It is made of the timbers of the bark *Reinoldo*, which went to the rescue of Sir John Franklin, and was presented to the United States by Queen Victoria in 1877.

AN IDLE MOMENT

Smallest Creature Ever Known to Have Been a Gunner in an Artillery.

Cape Town, South Africa, claims the honor of possessing the smallest creature ever known to have been a gunner in the Royal Artillery, or any other artillery. The *Brooklyn Times* tell the story of its exploit. At the castle, Cape Town, it appears there is a magnificent gun worked by electricity, used for giving the midday and evening time.

One day the military and civilians of Cape Town were surprised to hear the gun go off at half-past ten in the morning. The general commanding the station sent to inquire what such irregularity meant; the brigade-major did the same. The commanding officers of each regiment and battery stationed in Cape Town sent messengers, but no one could be found upon whom to lay the blame. The officials could give no explanation; they were as much surprised as anybody.

The general in command of the station became furious at such an unheard-of infringement of discipline. He was sure there was mismanagement somewhere, or the act would not have been possible. Strict search was ordered to be made, but although the order was carried out to the letter, the culprit remained undiscovered.

Then, when the search had been practically abandoned, the little gunner was accidentally discovered and arrested. There he lay inside the instrument that transmits the electric current from the Royal Observatory of Cape Town to the great gun. This instrument is called a relay, and is in the central telegraph office of the station. The action of the current going through the instrument's main moves a sort of light tongue which is so finely set that the slightest touch will affect it. The tongue forces the current into what are termed the time fuses, which fire the gun at the castle.

Right inside the relay was found the little gunner. He was discovered by an official who was examining the instrument, and who was surprised to see inside—a big brown spider. In its explorations within the instrument the spider must have touched the tongue sufficiently to move it, and thus fired off the gun.

The general sent the spider to the Cape Town Museum, where it is now to be seen with a card underneath entitled it the "Little Gunner," and giving a full account of its exploit with the Cape Town midday gun.

A Living Flag.

At the grand encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Paul two thousand children of the public schools were dressed in red, white and blue caps, toques and other garments in such a way that, when massed together and deployed, they formed a living representation of the stars and stripes. Marched upon a slope, the veterans of the Grand Army, as they passed on parade, saw and saluted with the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" this copy of the flag for which they had fought, made up of the very flesh and blood of a rising generation.

It was to them not only an impressive spectacle, but a significant emblem of future devotion on the part of the boys and sinews of the country to the foundation principles of the republic. For the flag itself is of no meaning without the people who stand behind it; it may even be a menace and a danger to the people's liberties, if its colors are waved aloft by some demagogue or public enemy who takes its name in vain. The emblem must not be exalted in such a way that the principle it represents or symbolizes is lost sight of in mere veneration for the symbol.

Unless the children of the public schools can be made to understand that they themselves, with all other acting and thinking Americans, are the real "Old Glory," undue display and almost worship of the flag may work harm instead of good. Out of the abuse of symbols the world's mischievous idolatries, destructive of the nations themselves as well as of the purity of their faith, have grown.

It was a promising sign, therefore, to see these public school children making a flag out of themselves, as if betokening their understanding of the fact that the country is not something above and beyond them, but of them.

The Happiest Life.

Self-indulgence is a hindrance hard to lay aside, but the sacrifice must be made if we would run lightly. The pleasures which have no better recommendation than that they "do no harm," are weights to be cast aside. Life is too short to waste in doing negative things. Positive good is what we need, in pleasure as in all else. When wholesome amusements are so many and so varied, we are not wise if we choose those which at best are doubtful.

A strong, earnest, helpful, loving Christian life is the happiest one possible for everybody. It is well worth the effort it costs to cast aside the little weights which hinder us from enjoying it to the utmost; for as the race is easier to the runner whose muscles have freedom to work naturally, that life is sweeter, better, happier, which is divested of every trifle that would hinder its most perfect development.

A Roundabout Message.

The utter annihilation of time and space by electricity was never better illustrated than by an incident which occurred on the coast of India, where two English ships were repairing a telegraph cable, near Bombay.

The two ships were but half a mile apart, one of them holding the shore end of the cable in close communication with Bombay, the other having the sea end, which was connected with Aden. It became necessary for the two ships to communicate with each other, in order to complete the work. This was done by one of them telegraphing to Bombay and thence around to Aden, and the other from Aden around to Bombay. Thus, as a speedy means of sending messages half a mile, they were sent around by a route nearly four thousand miles in length.

Broken Value of Nickels and Cents.

The metal in a five-cent nickel piece is worth about half a cent, and fifteen cents will purchase copper enough to make two dollars' worth of cents.

AN IDLE MOMENT

If you love me your deeds will tell me so.

The Bible is full of one available faith, hope and love.

The man hath the most friends who needeth not a friend's assistance.

It is said that women criminals have larger hands and feet than average women.

A cube of cast iron one inch each way will be crushed under a pressure of ninety tons.

We speak of a man as being in the autumn of life when his head has lost its foliage.

Plato laid down the proposition that the faculties of men and women were precisely alike.

If we knew the day of our death it would overstimulate the wife and paralyze the fool.

The men who expect to accomplish everything by their own strength are doomed to bitter disappointment.

No answer: Cholly—"What do you suppose I said when she called me a fool?" She—"What could you say?"

Where she got it: "Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that?" "That it was unkind of her to take it from you."

Artist—"I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer (after inspecting it)—"Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."

Miss Ann Tique—"Do you think it would be safe to go in where all those young men are?" Bath-house keeper (sarcastically)—"Oh, yes! Them young men ain't afraid of nothin'."

Truly great: Ethel—"Who was that man you just bowed to?" Penelope—"That was Dobson, the great composer." "A composer, did you say?" "Yes; he manufactures soothing-syrup."—Judge.

The New York Sun says that every lady in the land should know how to swim. It might be just as well first to have all the men learn how to swim; then they could have the fun of teaching the women at the seashore in the summer.

Discouraging opinion: Mr. Tenor Cleff—"Don't you think I am in better voice than usual to-night, Holjack?" Mr. Thomas Holjack—"No, I think not. Your voice is no better. In fact I think it is beyond hope. There is no remedy for it."

Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can at dinner.

GILDED WORDS.

The follower of fashion never leads men.

When is a cabbage like a book? When it is red.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.

When is a plaid dress like an apple? When it is a tart up.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.—Shakespeare.

He who is ashamed of his friend is a friend to be ashamed of.

Life is the vanishing stage on which we personate our dreams.

The ship of life can barely float her ballast to say nothing of freight.

To live long is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

Is an aged landsman an old salt when he is corned?

A step toward Christliness is taken whenever we show loyalty to a friend.

Education may not prevent crime; but it is a crime to prevent education.

The cultivation of the camphor tree has proved a great success in Florida.

Shoes with heels six inches high were worn at the court of Louis XIV.

As fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.

A man that is variable is not esteemed by his neighbors.

The success of many great men is due to their use of men's brains.

The light of home fails to give comfort when the house is on fire.

The milky way marks the course of the old cow that jumped over the moon.

In a Nebraska college, not an unconverted student has graduated for five years.

Only one-fifth of the boys of India attend school, and only one-fiftieth of the girls.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hair.

There is no physical happiness which can come to mortals like that of perfect health.

Happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked in the stranger's gardens.

The negro race embraces about one-tenth of the world's population, 150,000,000 persons.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

Foul is his heart whose tongue runs to slander, but he who gives it a free ear outranks the slanderer.

The Suez Canal yields an annual profit of thirteen million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Philosophers tell us that nature never errs. They certainly cannot mean human nature.

"Thank God, madam, I have contracted no bad habits." "No, sir; you have expanded them."

He—"Don't you think my friend made some pretty broad remarks?" She—"Yes; broad enough, but not very deep."

You can't tell a man's character by the way he shakes hands. He may be annoyed at the tightness of his new suspenders, and hardly grip at all.

Mrs. Shoddy pucker up her mouth gently, and to a gentleman friend that one of her lovely daughters was a "blunder" and the other a "brouse."

Standing in our own light and gazing upon our own shadows, we murmur at the darkness of our pathway, and imagine that fortune has been unjust to us.

HOW TO EAT WATER-BEDS

When you sleep, do not forget to eat.

As I look out now to the water-bed, I see a little fellow named Lee. He has broken the law of nature, and all now very ill, and he is already struggling through the rift of his mind.

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"PRAISE YOUR WIFE."

Andrew Lee came home from his shop, where he had worked hard all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said, at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew rose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find fault with the chop nor the homemade bread nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" These were the words on his lips; but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing and taking the things into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cloth over the table, and placing a fresh-trimmed lamp (which Andrew had bought for her) on it, heaving her husband along with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stopped still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, set down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the paper before him, and he read on:

"Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake; give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered:

"Oh, yes, that's all very well—praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sulky and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her. She doesn't expect it. It will make her eyes wider than they have been for ten years, but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written expressly for him, and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife. She had always made her home as comfortable for him as she could make it, and had offered the light return of praise of commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from the closet placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew it was for him she was at work.

"Praise your wife," These were the words before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that was lying spread out before him, and he read the sentence, "A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself awhile longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, and yet he feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advance with a rebuff. At last, leaning toward her and taking a hold upon the shirt-bosom at which she was at work, he said in a voice that was carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing your work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to notice that she lost almost instantly the rigid earnestness with which she had been sewing; her face became more cheerful, her eyes more sparkling.

"How do you like the shirt-bosom?" she asked.

"I like it very much," said Andrew.

"I am glad to hear that," said Mrs. Lee.

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