

MOTHER AND PAP TRANSPLANTED.

"Well, Mother, it's done. I guess." Pap hurried up the walk, flogging himself down in a rickety old chair on the back porch and wiped his sweating face with his big handkerchief. "Every last tuckin' bundle on them wagons—more'n twelve hundred bundles, too, in all. That lower corner down near the creek went over forty. The boys said they never see such wheat." "Y' don't say!" said Mother, lifting her hands out of the dishwater. "We've got to get them, can't we, Pap?" "Go! Y' bet we can. We'll tell Charley to get married quick as he wants to now. Why, Ma—you'll never have to cook for thrashers or any kind of hands again. You look clean pestered out."

"I am some," holding up a greasy skillet to wash it. "Mary had to go right home and I had all the dishes to do. But I'm done now, 'most nigh, an' I'm so glad it turned out so well. I been out o' watered that ol' cow to the back end o' the orchard. She's got six o' the prettiest little pigs you ever laid eyes on." "Six? Thought they was seven." "That little yellow runt died. I slung it off 'fore the rest of it." Pap leaned back and hooked his thumbs under his suspenders. "We'll go next week, Mother—right after Sunday, as quick as we can get our horses. Frank thinks we'd oughtn't to buy one just yet—rent 'til we see how we like it. But I says 'no'—like it! 'course we'll like it, after countin' on spendin' our last days in town these ten years back."

"Poor Frank, I s'pect he thinks you'll want that four hundred he owes you." "Oh, we can get on all right. The boys had a hard row—losin' all their hogs an' Em'ly sickly. Golly, I got to pay them extra hands yet!" He jumped up, reached into the cupboard for his money and hurried away to the barn. He paid the few extra helpers—most of the hands being neighbors at whose thrashings Charley would help in return, and saw the engine, dingy old red separator and water wagon, chug-chug out of the gate past the barn. Then he hurried back to the house, and they made plans till sundown, as animated as a pair of lovers making the fitting out of their first cottage. "Now, Pap, what I want is this—nice house, not too big, but comfortable-like, and about two acres of ground. Then you c'd make a garden, an' I c'd raise a few chickens and have a cow an' mebbe a pig or two, an' we'd make pretty near our whole livin'."

"There you are again. Always wantin' a scrub around. Tell you right now, Mother, I ain't goin' to town to run no truck patch." Their lives had been very full, Mother's and Pap's. It had been thirty years since they had come to Kansas and settled on the old homestead. There had been droughts, and grasshoppers, and hard times, but they had battled against them all. They had built the barn—it had been such an effort! Then they had bought the lower place, sent Charley, the youngest, to college, and helped the other children, so that this pleasure and comfort for themselves had been crowded out for a year or longer. Now it was to be a reality, a real reality—they were going this summer, next week—tomorrow! Pap thought of the prayer-meeting; Mother, that she could visit all her friends. It was done almost when the hawling of a cow for her littellie attracted Mother's attention, and she started up quickly. "Why, Pap, it's after seven an' we ain't did no milkin' yet! What's got into us? We never done such a thing!" "Never a calf to feed—never a hog to swell!" murmured the old man, and then they ate a little cold chicken and a piece of raspberry pie that had been left from the thrashing dinner. It was a beautiful evening—there on the farm just at dusk, cool after the day's heat, a gentle wind making the leaves in the big old cottonwoods rustle, while the crickets and katydids were busy.

delicate pattern under their feet. "One, you know, like Mrs. Stewart used to have in her best room; but I never thought I'd get it, and one so nice as this. Minnie says 'ain't' the fashion now to have carpets. You ought to have a thing this way with a border on—she's seen 'em somewhere she's been. I like the border, too, myself."

"Yes, them roses is awful stylish." "And Minnie says y' oughtn't to have it come clear to the wall—leave a space an' piece it out with something else." But I says no, I was goin' to have it plenty big if I had any."

"It's awful nice," said Pap, rocking back on his jerky chair. "I'll miss the organ some. Seems like it ought to be sitting over there, but Minnie says 'twouldn't do at all with all this nice stuff. But say, Pap," turning to him, her hands on her hips, "what'er we goin' to do, now we're here?"

"Do! Why, we ain't going to do nothin'! We didn't come here to work." "Oh, yes, that's so, I forgot," she said absently. How they enjoyed themselves those first few days! They didn't get up till nearly seven o'clock, ate their breakfast, and just leaved. Pap trimmed up the yard and painted the back fence, and Mother trained a scraggy red ramble to climb to the upstairs window. Then they went to all the meetings of the church. Mother joined the Ladies' Aid Society, and planned to have them meet with her some time.

That fall was a sunny one. Charley stowed their apples and potatoes away in the cellar, and his wife brought in a few quarts of peach butter and some sauerkraut. "La, Minnie, you'd oughtn't to do it," said Mother. "My, how good they are to us, Pap!" "Aw, let 'em work. Y' mind apple pickin' last year, and how you shook them tree-tops? I never could climb, but you was that supple. Never another tree to shake, Mother, as long as you live." The old woman folded her hands placidly in her lap. "An' yet I didn't want to mind it, Pap—things always smelt so good in the cellar. Sometimes I almost wish I still they were enjoying their freedom. It seemed so queer, so pleasantly queer to be able to sit with their busy, roughened hands folded and rest as much as they pleased. In the morning Pap went down town and ordered up groceries. "Just tell me what you want, and they'll bring it right to your door, an' all y' got to do is just pay 'em. Did ever y' see anything half so handy?"

Mother shook her head. "But we're spendin' lots, Pap. Just think o' buyin' tomatoes!" Winter came on, and they chuckled to themselves as they heard the wind outside and knew that they were only a block from the grocery, and had no shivering cattle to care for. And yet, this freedom from responsibility weighed upon them somehow. Mother pieced rag carpets, one for Mary and one for Frank's wife, but poor old Pap's hands were idle. He just wanted to be "out home" and help Charley in the wood-log, and occasionally hunt. He was always more cheerful afterward, and yet he was getting old, getting old rapidly. His back was a little more bowed, and he coughed at times. It was an effort even to walk over to the postoffice and the grocery store. He felt that he was giving away, saw himself as an old man. For the first time in sixty-eight years he had been out of a job.

"Well, Mother," he shook his head sadly, "we're out of life now—we ain't any use any more. Y' mind how much cordwood I chopped last winter?" "They ain't no need for you to work no more, Pap. We've plenty in the bank." "We ain't any use any more!" There was such a note of pathos in that voice. He looked out of the window across the valley to the southwest where a clump of tall cottonwoods held up their bare branches. A white cable gleamed through them; beyond was the barn with its oopole where pigeons nested. He knew every foot of the place—the washout on the south forty, the wood-lot beyond.

"There's Minnie and Charley, they are what we were once, but our time's up." "Oh, now, Pap, you're downhearted. We're some use—'course, or the good Lord wouldn't be leavin' us here the way He is." "T'won't be long, Mother—'twon't be long till He gets things ready over yonder, that we'll reach the Golden City." He stepped out of the door, down the steps to the postoffice. He stopped on the sidewalk and looked pathetically to the southeast. The wind blew through his beard. He was a shriveled up old man, and what is more touching than this coming of old age, with its period of inactivity, to the busy man? He is like the worn-out wagon, cast aside. Younger ones have his place. The world goes on, but he has no part in it, is not even missed. Then "the grinding in his low" and he turns his eyes on heaven.

"Poor old Pap!" Mother gazed after him. There were tears in her eyes. "He's agin' somethin' awful. My, ain't I glad we come to town! He takes such comfort in goin' for the mail and at the store, too. An' the prayer meetin'—he couldn't do without 'em. Ain't I glad I didn't cross him, if I do miss 'em out home so?" And she, too, gazed down the valley to the old homestead.

When spring came it was better, for they planted a garden, and were busy most of the time. Pap straightened up an inch or more as he drove stakes and marked out rows, while Mother put in seeds and onion-sets. "I just tell you what," he exclaimed, sharpening his hoe, "I feel like a boy goin' fishin'. Say, d' y' like to go with me?" thought y' would?" She pressed the moist earth around two or three onion-sets and turned her face away. "Yes, Pap, better. I'd miss the church so. Don't you?" "You bet!" His voice was crisp and cheerful. "See how much work I got out of."

"I'm going out there and do his cutting." "Why, Pap, you ain't fit. You might get a sunstroke. Your head, it—" "Can't help it, can't help it, get on yer bones! Charley never had it a binder—I'm afraid he ain't much as managin'." That Walter A. Wood, it was—

"But, Pap—well, if you must go, I'll put in some jars and help Minnie with the berries. She said they'd be ripe this week." "All right, hurry up." It was but a few minutes till they were in the little low buggy and the room were covering the four miles between town and the old home. Pap found Charley flat on his back under the new machine, trying to adjust a bolt.

"Hi there, boy, what y' doin' under there?" "Dagged if I know!" "Get right out and let the old man in." "Well, dad, where'd you come from?" "I come out here to keep you from playin' hob with this new consarn. It'd been a day and a half sooner we'd 'a' been a hundred and twenty-five dollars better off."

"That old Wood was all gone up." "Never see it out better'n it did last year. Gimme the monkey-wrench." He wiggled himself under, and Charley handed him his tools. "There, I guess that's all right," shoving himself out. "Might ought, dad. What are y' goin' to do with this cuttin'?" "Go on! This is a hot day and you're soft, dad. You never can stand it. Go on to the house." "Bring them horses! Howdy! ever set on without a hand?"

"Oh, Minnie helped me some and I should up yer night." "Yer woman! Golly, that ain't no way to treat a girl!" The horses in their places. Pap climbed up on the seat and swung the long whip. The team started, the great machine swung, lumbered forward, the reel measured off the grain level followed the rhythmic music of the sickle. "Get up, Coaly—Prince!" It was the same field, the same horses and the new machine. The morning was bright and gave promise of a hot day, but it was still pleasant; a breeze lifted a gray lock from Pap's forehead. He chuckled again to the horses. Ah, this was life! The machine hummed and he kept time with it.

"We're climbin', climbin' up Zion's hill." At noon he was red, dusty, perspiring, tired, but he had not been over-heated, and he relished indeed Minnie's fried chicken and gravy. "Well, Pap, I never see y' eat such a meal!" "I'm working, Mother, don't you see?" "What'd y' think of the wheat this year, dad?" Charley asked as they rested during the noon hour.

"Oh, fair, but I've raised better. Fly's in it pretty bad." In three days the grain was all in shock. It had been hard work for the old man. He was tired and said so, but there had been the happiest three days since he had moved away. "Y' got a good chance here, boy. Ain't you'd like better to be young like you folks and bustle around on a good quarter like this here. Oh, I'd never been in town if it hadn't been for your ma. She likes it so, women coming in and all. She's earned it, too, but, boy, it's tough on the old man."

In the cool of the evening they harnessed up the little roan, Mother packed in fruit jars, and they started back toward town. "My, that's an awful pretty place, Pap, with the vines climbin' up," said Mother as they drove away. "And Minnie keeps things just like I used to—them hollyhocks and all." Mother, he been living these last few days, he don't y' wish we'd young!" "I've got seventeen quarts of berries, an' Minnie says to come and get some more." Pa drew the roan into a walk. He let one foot hang outside of the buggy and looked down at the foot-stay.

"Mother," he said slowly, "I've always tried to be good to you." "Yes, Pap, I know." "And do what I thought you'd like." "Yes." "But I'm done—I can't stand it in town no more, and I'm going home. Charley, he's got to move in the old house." "What! Why, Pap, I thought you liked it up there. You took such an interest—" He shook his head sadly. "What's this you been tellin' me all along?" She pushed back her bonnet and looked him squarely in the face. He shook his head solemnly. "I knowed y' liked it. I tried to, but I can't stand it—I can't!"

Mother drew herself up. There was more severity in her face and tone than had been there for many a year. "Now, Pap, you knowed I never wanted to leave the old place. I thought it—I did so, and it was you, you from the very first." "I never! Why, Mother, you know you said—" "Never mind, I guess it don't make no difference now. Are we going back—Pap, are we going sure, Pap?" "Yes, by the great horn spoon!" "And Charley, an' he wiped her eyes on her apron. "Mebbe Charley won't—" "La, he's got to. It's been a year and his contract's run out." "Well, Pap, what are we going to do with them things—the new carpet an'—?" "Take 'em to the second-hand store." "They ain't soufled a bit. I'll tell you what, we'll trade with Minnie, she always admired that carpet so. And the organ—don't you s'pose we could coax it back somehow from Frank's girl?" "La, now, Mother, I'd hate to. The girls set store by it. And Katie's right handy, too. She plays 'Rook of Ages' real good now, so it's sounds like it."

go, stood up "prond-like" in a corner of the parlor; the rag carpets and drawn rug found their usual places, while Mother looked on it all with a deep feeling of satisfaction, true happiness brimming up in her soul. Pap brought in an armful of wood as she was getting the berries ready for supper that first night.

"Well, Mother, I've been and agreed with Charley to buy them horses back. An' say, warn't it a plaguey foul notion for two good, strong, right-minded folks like us to think of goin' to town? The Lord, He never'd 'a' give us such beauty strength if He didn't mean 'em to use 'em." "No," said Mother reverently. "They ain't no such thing as a shirk in the Kingdom of Heaven, and they'd oughtn't to be upon earth."—By Abby E. Beckwith, in *Watson's Magazine*.

The Tameness of Wild Animals. That wild animals become extremely tame is well known. The wild quail of southern California will enter gardens, and nest there; and the quail of the season I have seen a flock standing in country roads, a jaunty male between them and my horse, not twenty feet away; moving only when I moved, and then with reluctance. Several years ago some residents on one of the Channel Islands of Southern California introduced a number of black tailed deer which were protected to such an extent that in time they discovered that they were privileged characters, and assumed nearly the absolute contempt for human beings held by the sacred bulls of India, that crowd men and women from the road.

The persistent in entering gardens, day and night, destroying the plants, and finally to locate them the dwellers on the island had built fastenings to them. One buck made his home near the town of Cabrillo and walked about the place and over the hills with the freedom of a dog. When a boat landed off the pier the buck ran down to the shore, and when the boat was close, he became a welcome guest at the lobster and clam bake. As time went on this deer through attention became extremely arrogant and began to resent any lack of attention; in a word, like many persons, he could not stand prosperity, so one day when an old lady refused to allow him to eat her lunch and finally drew off and bowed the lady over, this seemed to open up a new field of pleasure to the deer (and women particularly appeared to be the object of his enmity), which at last became so pronounced that the animal had to be placed in confinement.

Nearly all animals live in protected at this island. I have counted half a hundred bald eagles in an eleven-mile run; have seen them take a large fish from the water within easy gunshot, and they build their nests on pinnacles that are not difficult of approach. The sea birds are equally tame. Gulls gather in flocks a few feet from the shore and feed them; in the winter flocks of cormorants swim into the bays and are so tame that they merely divide when a boat passes, and fishermen find that the cormorants take off bait almost as fast as they can put it on. Gulls dash at bait, and I have seen a long-winged petrel-like bird follow my line under water in a cove, using its wings to fly along, and take the bait; and at times scores of sea birds are seen inshore feeding upon small shrimps, paying no attention to observers photographing them.

The most remarkable illustration of tameness to be seen here is that of the sealions. For ages the animals have held possession of a mass of rock on the shore of the island. A few years ago many were killed by vandals, but laws were passed and for a number of years the sealions have been protected and the rookery is increased in size until a split has recently occurred and another settlement has been established half way up the island. It has been the custom for years for fishermen in cleaning their fish to toss the refuse into the bay, and the sealions formed the habit of coming down to the bay at this time to dine thereon. At first only one or two came; now a band of two large bulls and several females make their headquarters at the bay, or spend most of the time there, constituting a valuable sanitary corps, as they eat every fragment of fish, the gulls joining in the feast. When not feeding, the sealions pass the time lying within a few feet of the beach, sleeping or playing, the females and young leaping from the water and going through various tricks of interest to the looker-on.

But a few feet away from the sealions are the boatmen of the fishermen and boatmen, and boats are moving out and over the sealions constantly; yet they are apparently oblivious to the men, who never molest them. This has had a peculiar result. The enormous animals have become so tame that they almost allow the men to touch them, and really come out upon the shore to feed from their hands. It so happened that I was upon the sands when no sealions were in sight, and upon asking a boatman where they were, he dog and to whistle, as though calling for a dog, and to call, "Here, Ben!" repeating the call several times, whereupon a sealion among the anchored boats appeared not only Ben, but two large bull sealions, which must have weighed half a ton, followed by two or three smaller females. The boatman tossed some pieces of albacore into the water, which the sealions dashed for, and down upon their heads plunged several scores of gulls, paying not the slightest attention to the huge animals cavorting about. The sealions seized the dead fish under water, brought it to the surface and with a violent swing back and forth, tore the fish in pieces, the birds taking the debris, while several large pelicans floated in the immediate vicinity ready to pounce upon any fragment that came their way. Not ten feet from the interesting scene floated several boats containing spectators, yet the wild animals paid no attention to them, affording a remarkable illustration of the tameness of animals when protected. When this first was disposed of the boatman took a large albacore by the tail and walked down the beach, calling the sealion by name. The animal responded at once, coming inshore with a rush, followed by two fishers. The boatman gradually retreated up the beach, the huge animals following, in their clumsy waddle, resembling gigantic slugs more than anything else, finally taking the fish from the man's hands. The scene was so remarkable, the confidence in the man so complete, that I requested a local photographer to photograph the group. The rookery where the animals make their headquarters is about two miles distant, and the sealions are so tame here that they can be approached with ease, and are the constant objects of amateur photographers who visit the locality in yachts and boats of various kinds.—By Charles Frederick Holder, in the *Scientific American*.

"Doctor," said the man who wanted to work him for a free prescription, "what would you give for a sore throat?" "Nothing," replied the doctor promptly, "I don't want a sore throat."

STUART DODGED CORPORATIONS

Councils Records Full of His Delinquencies.

FRESH CHAPTER OF DETAILS

Shield From Everything That Might Make Boss Martin Think Him Too Aggressive to be a Docile Mayor.

SPECIAL FEAR OF RAILROADS

On Nearly All Important Corporate Issues the Journals Record Penrose's Nominee as Absent or Not Voting.

Edwin S. Stuart, head of the McNichol-Martin-Penrose state ticket, is making a few fine promises of what he would do in Harrisburg if elected governor. Unfortunately for Mr. Stuart, nature never intended that he should be a public officer, and he, after five years' experience as a select councilman in Philadelphia and four as mayor, ought to be as well convinced as all well-informed people in that city are, that he has been utterly unable to make the slightest improvement upon nature in his essaying the performance of public duties. In private life Mr. Stuart is amiable, honorable, and in all his dealings between man and man perfectly trustworthy. But he was not born to fight, and he won't do it. He has never done it. He can't do it. He tries. Being as gentle as a refined woman and utterly devoid of aggressiveness, it would be as reasonable to set a dandy lap-dog against a ferocious bandit as to expect Stuart, in a gubernatorial clash with the public-plunder bosses, to get the best of them. A fresh chapter of pointers from the journals of the Philadelphia select council ought to convince any doubters in this matter.

It is a fair conclusion that a member of select council who, throughout the five years preceding his election as mayor, was a chronic dodger from the most important of the votes during that period, is not the warrior wanted in the executive chair at Harrisburg in these times. In this particular the contrast with the life-long, constantly active foe of law-defying corporations and monopolies, Lewis Emery, Jr., is as the penny dip to the unclouded noon-day sun. Mr. Stuart's incapacity for dealing with the capitol looters and the whole outfit of public plunderers would be sufficiently demonstrated by his refusing the urgent requests from his fellow-citizens to help them against the gas-works robbers and franchise thieves in Philadelphia, last year, when he was put upon record as declining to permit his name to be used in connection with the non-partisan town meetings of protest against the attempted steals. But there are more unanswerable arraignments than that against him in the select council journals.

No Other Member Dodged So Often.

A general idea of this voluminous indictment was given in many newspapers of the state a week ago. Now let some parts of his record as to select council votes on railroad and street railway bills be inspected by an impartial public. Some of these bills, of themselves, have little interest for the "country," but they were momentous for the city, and either to the rural or the urban citizen, Stuart's attitude toward them proved him to be, in public matters, "afraid of his own shadow." On May 19, 1887, he dodged the vote on the Rapid Transit resolution, passed by 14 to 12, urging the governor to approve the Rapid Transit measure for which the people of the city were clamoring. He was present but "not voting" when the relative strength of the friends and foes of rapid transit was tested on several occasions in the summer of that year. The details would take too much space in this paper, but any citizen wanting particulars can get them in the public libraries of the city, as well as in the offices of the clerks of councils.

Some votes that he ventured to cast upon those rapid transit questions were to place upon the projects restrictions which had the effect of delaying for 26 years the relief for the congestion of passenger traffic in Philadelphia. On a "great railroad day" in the chamber, December 13, 1888, as on 25 other very important occasions during his term, Stuart, according to the official record, was absent. On that particular day there came up the bill for the construction of the Schuylkill River East Side railroad, passed finally, and the Germantown passenger railway extension measure, which caused a very hot fight while the non-combatant gubernatorial candidate was away. He was present on February 21, 1889, but is not recorded as voting on the bill to extend the tracks on many important streets. Nor did he vote on the next following measure, the Gallowhill Street wharf lease, which might have been made a wholesome precedent for preventing the present disgraceful handicapping of the city's commerce by the railway corporations' hogging of the most important wharves along the Delaware.

Impeded Grade-Crossing Abolition.

But, behold! When these two bills had been disposed of, Stuart was not afraid to vote on the subsequent innocuous measures. At a later session there was in the house at Harrisburg a bill for the abolition of steam railroad grade crossings. Ever since that year, 1889, that question has grown with intensity of popular indignation over the large number of persons killed

annually at those grade crossings. A resolution in select council, on April 13, urged passage of the bill pending in the legislature. Stuart, breaking his rule to be absent or a dodger, when such vital measures came up, voted to refer the resolution to a committee. Next he voted for indefinite postponement, which would have killed the resolution, an extremely moderate measure, as it merely indorsed the legislative bill's declaration that there should be no additional grade crossings except where "avoidance of them was not reasonably practicable." Stuart, in three different votes on that day, stubbornly set himself against that modest provision for the prevention of the great loss of life that has since resulted from the corporation control of councils and the legislature. This is one of the most loudly-crying evils in Philadelphia today.

Extremely Timid on Big Issues.

A select councilman might plead sickness or unavoidable absence for a number of apparent delinquencies, but how is the Republican candidate for governor going to explain away the fact that his presence and voting upon matters that the whole people were watching, or that would involve him in some little controversy, was the rare exception. His councilmanic record is proved to have been one prolonged career of dodging. There is no other record like his as a dodger, among all the members with whom he served during those five years. The Germantown & Norristown railroad bill, on June 20th, did not get him recorded, although he was present, and he was absent a week later when a Union railway bill presented itself. Was it this or the coming up of a street-opening damage bill affecting the vicinity of his own house, that kept him away on that day?

On September 26 he was present but did not vote on the 13th and 15th street railway bill for additional tracks, turnouts and switches. On October 17 the ordinance for an entirely new line, the Catharine and Bainbridge Streets, aiming to gridiron Stuart's own southern part of the city, found him present, but, of course, not a voter. The fact that that bill passed finally on that day with only two opposing votes, and Stuart dodging a proceeding directly affecting the welfare of his own adjacent wards, illustrated his extreme timidity. As a candidate for mayor, or governor in the present days, he could not so behave himself with impunity, but at that time his conduct was the proper thing to suit "Dave" Martin, the Combine boss, who later made Stuart the city's elastic-spined chief executive.

Wanted: Brains to Dissect.

It may not be generally known that all over the civilized world there is a strong demand for brains that are a little above the average in quality; not intelligence, or intellect, or genius; but, ideally, that part of the human organism which is contained within the skull and is known as the brain.

Scientists who devote themselves to the study of comparative anatomy have for the most part nothing better to dissect than the brains of papuers and looters. These, however, have much to be desired, and it is to the interest of the human family that the brains of cultured and learned people should be placed at the disposal of those patient and laborious men who were engaged in the vastly important work of unraveling the secrets of the working of the mind. But it must not be supposed that a certain number of such brains are not forthcoming. Comparatively speaking, they are few, but, still, more numerous than most people imagine. In the great majority of cases they are bequeathed by their respective owners. On one occasion Sir William Fowler, the famous authority on comparative anatomy, in a lecture before an audience of cultured men and women, spoke of the difficulties he and his fellow workers had to contend with in having little else than the brains of people of low intellect to dissect, and went so far as to appeal to the audience to help science in this matter in the only possible way. On the conclusion of his address several members of the audience, including a few ladies, promised to bequeath their brains to him, and, it is said, proved as good as their word. More than one man of great eminence has regarded it as something in the nature of a duty to do this in the interest of science. Prof. Goldwin Smith, for instance, some time ago formally willed his brain to Cornell University.

Some remarkable brains have been sold, not given. An Englishman who calls himself Datus has disposed of his to an American university for \$10,000. He is a man of little education, and for many years worked as a coal miner. But he has a marvelous memory, especially for dates, and is now earning a handsome income on the music-hall stage. Any member of the audience may ask him the date of some occurrence, and is answered instantly. It is considered that his brain must show some very unusual development, and there was not a little bidding to secure it after death.

It stands to reason that the brain of a man of intellect offers a much richer field for observation than the brain of a papuer or some other human dervish. The brains of great men vary very much; more, in fact, than do those of non-intellectuals. It is found that men of encyclopedic mind have large and heavy brains—Gladstone had to wear a very big hat—with an enormous bed of gray matter and numerous convolutions; on the other hand, men whose genius is concentrated upon one line of thought are of small brain and, consequently, have a small head. Newton, Byron, and Cromwell belonged to his class, and each had a small head. Yet many people imagine that this is a sign of small mental capacity. A visitor who was shown the skull of Cromwell was so disappointed at its size, that the caretaker of the relic endeavor to console him by saying that this was the skull of the great Roundhead when he was a boy. Prof. Symes-Thompson told this anecdote in a recent lecture, and he also mentioned that Newton was so small when born that he could be put inside a quart pot.

"Yes, sir," said the noisy party, "I am a self-made man." "Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you," rejoined the quiet party. "Keep your mouth shut and no one will ever suspect it."