

The Cent Memories.

Thursday hands sleep in their daffodil bed,
And sweet with the music of mellow June,
Will you miss some light when the sunset glows,
Till the song of the summer seems scarce in tune;
Will you say how swiftly the June days went
In the fullness of last year's sweet content?

When the world is red with the summer rose,
And sweet with the music of mellow June,
Will you miss some light when the sunset glows,
Till the song of the summer seems scarce in tune;
Will you say how swiftly the June days went
In the fullness of last year's sweet content?

When the reapers rest in the ruddy gold
Of the ripening fields on the breezy down,
Will you think of the time when our tale was told,
And our hopes were ripe for the reaping down,
When the fields of life that flowered of late
Were stripped and swept by the scythe of fate?

When the world is awaiting the spring's sweet
prime,
And the snow lies soft over forest and field,
Will you think how we wept in the winter time,
Ere the pain of our parting was numbed and
healed;
When the "love of your lifetime" was just
new-born,
And your "life-long sorrow" was scarce out-
worn?

A lifelong sorrow! I mind me yet,
When we stood in the glow of the golden
grain;
"Twere better, you said, that I should forget,
"For the greater half of love is pain."
Ah, true! He who loves most, the most
endures;
But the "life-long sorrow" is mine—not yours!
—Harper's Weekly.

AUNT PRISCILLA'S GREEN SILK.

"And to my niece, Arabella Stewart,
I give and bequeath the green silk dress
which has been in my possession for the
last five-and-twenty years."

The old lawyer, who was reading the
will of the late deceased to the assem-
bled relatives, came to an abrupt pause,
and glanced over his gold spectacles
with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.
"Stingy old thing!"

Miss Stewart's vinegary face took on
a more acid expression than usual; she
drew herself up to a fearful erect at-
titude, and glared around the room with
a baffled fury in her ferret-like eyes.

"Stingy old thing," she reiterated,
"to treat me so—the best friend she
ever had! I've waited on her day and
night, toiled and slaved, and borne with
her caprices. Everybody knows she was
rich, and yet she dies and leaves me un-
provided for—me, a poor and friendless
orphan girl—and wills all her money to
charitable institutions. Then, not con-
tent with that, she adds insult to injury
by bequeathing me that old green silk!

Looks as if it had come out of the ark."
Miss Arabella, the "friendless orphan
girl" of some thirty-eight summers (and
winters) dried her eyes—the tears had
not been shed for the loss of her only
relative, but for the loss of the fortune
she had confidently expected to inherit
—and seizing the offending garment,
would have tossed it upon the fire which
blazed and sparkled in the grate.

But a slim little figure started for-
ward, and a pair of small hands caught
the antiquated green silk, while two
pleading blue eyes were turned upon
Miss Stewart.

"Oh, please, Cousin Arabella," cried
a sweet voice, half-choked by tears,
"please don't destroy Aunt Priscilla's
dress! It seems a sacrilege. She's dead
and gone, and we ought to treat her
property with respect. Besides, she
left it to you, and you should—"

She paused abruptly as Miss Arabel-
la's hand came down upon her shoulder
with a firm grip.

"Out of my sight!" shrieked the
irate spinster; "you're always in the
way where you've no business to be,
Nellie Hunter. Since you think so
much of the dress it's a pity she didn't
will it to you instead of leaving you
nothing. You were her niece just as
much as I; yet she forgot your very ex-
istence. Perhaps you'd better take the
dress—I'm sure I don't want it, and re-
fuse to claim it."

The old lawyer, who had witnessed
the entire scene with interest, smiled
slightly.

"If Miss Nellie wishes the garment,"
he remarked, blandly, "I should advise
her to take it."

"She's welcome to it!" snapped Ara-
bella, savagely.

Nellie took the despised dress, and
began folding it carefully.

"I thank you, Cousin Arabella!" she
ventured, timidly.

"Well, you needn't! I want no-
body's thanks! I've been living on
thanks all my life, and now would like
something more tangible!"

Lawyer Wilder's dark eyes wore a
slightly contemptuous look.

"Miss Stewart," he said, mildly, "I
should think you would have some re-
collection of past benefits. You have
lived with your aunt for ten years or
more, and during that time the entire
expense of your maintenance has been
cheerfully borne by the good old lady.

And now that she has died, and left her
fortune elsewhere (being her own she

certainly had a right to dispose of it as
she saw fit), you indulge in unseemly
exhibitions of temper. If any one has
a right to complain, or feel slighted, I
should think your Cousin Nellie was the
one, for she has been literally forgotten
in your aunt's will!"

"And I might as well be!" snarled
Arabella. "But Nellie can have that
old dress, maybe it will serve her as a
wedding dress!"

And the irate spinster dashed out of
the room with head erect and eyes
flashing fire. Lawyer Wilder laid his
hand on Nellie's brown head.

"Don't mind her, little one!" he
cried, cheerfully, "and don't think your
Aunt Priscilla forgot you! She loved
you dearly, and I'm sure there is some
serious mistake in this will, for I have
often heard her say that little Nell was
provided for. Do not be discouraged,
my dear, now that you have no home.

Come home with me, my wife will be
delighted, and—as for Harry—"

The old man paused, and shook his
gray head wisely. Nellie blushed "ce-
lestial rose red."

"You are very kind, indeed, Mr. Wil-
der," she answered, "and God will re-
ward you for your goodness to a home-
less girl. I will accept your offer for a
few days, and at the end of that time I
trust that I shall find employment."

When Arabella discovered that the
despised Nellie had actually been in-
vited to make Lawyer Wilder's house
her home her rage knew no bounds.

"I always said you were a designing
minx!" she cried, "and I know it now.
You have got your eyes on Harry Wil-
der. But let me tell you something—he
does not admire you, and never did. He
told me, only the night before Aunt
Priscilla died, that there was no other
woman in the world like me, in his esti-
mation. What do you think of that,
miss?"

Nellie's face was very pale, but she
answered quietly, biting her lip to re-
press its quivering:

"Mr. Wilder has a right to his own
opinion, Cousin Arabella, and if he likes
you so much, I suppose there will be
but one termination, and—and—I con-
gratulate you."

Arabella smiled and tossed her ring-
leted head.

"Bah! All that is trash, of course.
Resigning with sweetness what you
couldn't get. Make a virtue of neces-
sity and all that sort of thing. Well,
when do you propose going to Mr. Wil-
der's?"

"This evening," replied Nellie, with
dignity. "Since this house must pass
into the hands of strangers, and the
home where we have lived is now the
property of others, I see no way but to
leave at once. Where are you going,
Arabella?"

"I suppose I can find a refuge with
my brother's family for a few days,"
sighed the maiden, dolorously; "but I
trust it will not have to be for long!"

And doubtless her brother's family
shared the same feeling.

In an hour Nellie appeared, arrayed
in a neat black suit, with her little
traveling bag in her hand.

"Going, eh?" sneered Arabella.
"Well, it's the best thing you can do.
I hope you've got that precious dress
with you."

"Yes; I have it in my valise,"
answered Nellie, humbly. "Do you
want it, Arabella?"

"No! Haven't I told you no? I want
nothing belonging to that ungrateful
old woman. Keep it for your own
wedding dress."

"Do so, Miss Nellie."
Nellie glanced up.

Harry Wilder was standing beside
her—tall, manly, handsome. Nellie's
face grew red, and her eyes drooped
beneath his keen gaze.

"You are going to my father's
house, I believe?" he went on, rapidly.
"Well, father sent me here with the
carriage to convey you home. Will you
accompany me?"

And right before the incensed Ara-
bella Nellie accepted the proffered
escort, and soon, seated in the comfort-
able carriage, they were driving down
the wide country road, bound to Lawyer
Wilder's handsome mansion.

"Nellie!"
Harry Wilder's hand was resting on
hers, and his face had somehow gotten
into close proximity to the pretty one
beside him.

"Nellie, will you be my wife?"
She started as with an electric shock.

"Why," she faltered, "I understood
that—that you did not like me—that—
you cared for Arabella."

He laughed merrily.

"I was in the library where father
had sent me for some papers," he ex-
claimed, "and overheard your entire
conversation. Nellie, you must know
that the idea of my caring for that cross
old maid is preposterous. Why, I have
loved you ever since I first met you at
your Aunt Priscilla's house and saw you
toiling away like a young slave, while
your Cousin Arabella sat in the parlor
and played lady. But answer me, dar-
ling—do you care for me? Will you be
my wife?"

And Nellie did not say no. An hour
or so later the old lawyer and his sys-

cheeked wife were giving the lovers
their blessing in the most orthodox
fashion.

"Couldn't have pleased me better,
Harry," shouted the old man—"not if
you had married the daughter of a mil-
lionaire!"

"But, Mr. Wilder," faltered Nellie,
"I am very poor, you know, and per-
haps people will say—"

"Hang people, my dear," blurted the
warm-hearted old man, "what do we
care for people? It's only you and
Harry, and the good wife and me; no
one to be consulted that I know of.

Come now, my dear, name the wedding
day, and we'll have everything settled
at once."

Since there was no reasonable excuse
for delay, Nellie appointed the day, and
soon dressmakers and sewing machines
made music in the Wilder house pre-
paring for the auspicious occasion.

One day Nellie marched triumphantly
into the sewing-room, holding aloft Aunt
Priscilla's old green silk.

"My wedding dress!" she cried.

Mrs. Wilder glanced up in consterna-
tion.

"My dear," she began; but Nellie
cut the remonstrance short with a kiss.

"Dear Mrs. Wilder," she said, gently,
"really, I prefer to be married in the
dress. It can be remade, and will look
lovely. See! it's real moire; and, as I
am to be married here, in the country,
can I not be allowed to dress according
to my own idea, and not follow fashion
so strictly? Remember I am a poor
girl—"

She paused in surprise. While she
was speaking she held the dress, and
her busy fingers had detected some-
thing hidden away in the lining. Paper
—a piece of paper. A pair of scissors
soon laid the lining open, and Nellie
drew it forth. This was what she saw
written on the paper, properly signed
and witnessed:

"I, Priscilla Burnham, do give and
bequeath all the balance of my estate—
amounting to fifty thousand dollars—to
my nieces, Arabella Stewart and Nellie
Hunter, to be divided equally between
them."

And so it all turned out like a story
book. Arabella—to do her justice—
was overwhelmed by her aunt's kind-
ness, and heartily ashamed of her own
gross errors. She became a wiser and
better woman.

And as for Nellie, there never was a
more deserving heiress, nor ever a
sweeter bride than the one who stood at
Henry Wilder's side one fair spring
morning and was married in Aunt Pris-
cilla's old green silk.

A Night of Horror.

Eduard Toth, the popular but very
poor Hungarian lyric poet and drama-
tist, who died some weeks ago, has left
an autobiographical account of the event
which hastened his end. There seems
to be no doubt that the gifted young
man had the germs of consumption al-
ready at work in him, but probably no
consumptive patient ever took less pre-
caution against the advances of the de-
stroyer, while the last stage was pre-
maturely hurried on by the circum-
stances which he has described. In a
light coat, with no companion but a
walking-stick, and with only five gulden
in his pocket, he set off for a walk
of ten miles across a mountain
path to join a troop of players in a
town which is simply indicated as "K."

He was overtaken by a fearful and
blinding snow-storm. About twelve at
night he saw a light in a house, made
his way to it and found that it was a
miserable little inn of forbidding aspect.

He determined to seek quiet quarters
there, having no other choice, as he
thought, between that and death. After
he had been admitted by the evidently
Jewish landlord he saw two peasants,
of criminal-looking aspect, drinking
and playing at cards. Toth ordered
an omelette and half a bottle
of red wine. He was so dis-
concerted by the evident character
of his host and his fellow guests, that
he thought it better to trust himself to
the snow-storm for the remainder of
the night than to such companions. He
put down his five-gulden piece, at
which the two peasants glanced, and
received four gulden and 70 kreuzers
in change. Warned by the wine he
started off with reinvigorated force. He
had proceeded some distance, when,
to his "great good fortune," as he says,
he slipped and rolled down into a deep
ditch. As he could not find his way
back to the road he made use of the
ditch as a track. The snow had ceased
and had not fallen so heavily on the
downward route as on the ascent. In a
few moments he heard the voices of
the two peasants whom he had left in
the inn. "He must have come this
way," said one, "he cannot escape us."

"Bah!" replied the other, "it is not
worth freezing all night to get four gul-
den and seventy kreuzers. I shall go
back." Toth says that he kept himself
quiet and motionless on the frozen
ground for two or three hours before he
dared to again move. "That night,"
he writes, "killed me, for since its hor-
rors I have scarcely passed an hour
without incessant coughing."—Toronto
Globe.

NINETY-NINE TONS OF GOLD.

How Sixty Millions of Bullion Looks All
in One Room—Tugged About and
Weighed, a Hundred Thousand Dollars'
Worth at a Time.

A recent issue of the New York Sun
says: It costs \$1,200 to send \$5,000,000
in bullion from the New York assay
office to the Philadelphia mint. That
is why a room in the assay office is at
present walled around with gold bricks.

The weight of \$5,000,000 is eight tons
and a quarter, or, more accurately,
16,585 pounds. Congress was asked for
\$50,000 to cover the expense of trans-
porting bullion to the mint, but it only
appropriated \$20,000. Between the
second of August last and May 1

\$90,000,000 in gold was received in the
assay office, and for lack of money to
send it to the mint \$60,000,000 yet re-
mains on the hands of Superintendent
Thomas C. Acton. This \$60,000,000
weighs about ninety-nine tons. A man
who should own it would be able to wall
himself up in it as in a well, and the
well would not be so wide or so high
but that he could stand in the middle
and touch every brick. The num-
ber of gentlemen in this country who
could perform this interesting experi-
ment with their own gold is small. The
bricks in the assay office average about
\$4,000 apiece in value. The most of
them are not much to look at. They
are as black and dull in color as a cheap
quality of stovepipe. If you scratch
one with a knife, you make a bright
yellow mark, and this mark will not get
black again. These black bricks are
composed of melted foreign coins, con-
taining about the right amount of alloy
for American coinage, and so the alloy
is allowed to remain in them. When
the melted gold is poured into the
molds the oxygen of the air attacks the
copper of the alloy, and turns it black.
If it were worth while to protect the
bricks from the air until they got cold
they would never get any darker in color
than a gold coin would. Two-thirds
of all these bricks are made of French
twenty-franc pieces. Those bricks
made of gold directly from the mines
are very nearly pure metal, and are as
bright as coins. The drainage from all
this gold, if it were put at interest at
five per cent., would make a golden
stream of \$342 an hour running day and
night.

"I know just as well how much gold
there is in this room," Superintendent
Acton said, as he gazed about at the
piled up wealth, "as I know my own
age, but, notwithstanding that, it must
all be weighed again in anticipation of
the account to be rendered. If we had
had money enough to send it to the
Philadelphia mint, we would not have
the great trouble of weighing it. About
\$100,000 of it only is put on the scales
at a time."

Six men were at work. Down the
faces of all but two of them the sweat
rolled, and their hands were grimy with
black oxide of copper. They tugged at
the gold bars like longshoremen un-
loading pig iron. A heavy platform
truck on four small wheels was rolled
into the room, and on this about twenty-
five bars or bricks, taken from the built-
up golden walls on three sides of the
room, were laid. The truck was then
drawn along the floor by four men, two
pulling and two pushing, into an adjoin-
ing room where the scales were. The
scales are about five feet high, and the
index needle is more than four feet long.
The beam and the pans are suspended
on steel edges as sharp as knife blades,
to avoid friction. When the small
weights had been added to the large
ones to balance the gold, the point of
the long index needle would tremble
over the middle line of the ivory gradu-
ated scale. This pair of scales is of
a kind so delicate that when brought to
a balance with two pieces of paper of
equal size in the pans, the mere writing
of a name with a lead pencil on one of
the pieces of paper will add enough
weight to the paper to turn the scales
in its favor. This has actually been
done on one of the scales in the assay
room, but that pair is protected from
air currents by a glass case.

The men who handle the gold, though
not different much in outward appear-
ance to the casual observer from coal
heavers, are, in fact, men of intelligence,
of approved reputation, and who re-
ceive good pay.

"We would not have all this trouble,"
said the chief weigher, as he put a 500-
ounce weight gently on the scales with
his right hand and wiped off his brow
with his left, "if we had arrived at the
'parliament of man, the federation of
the world.' What we sigh for here is
an international system of coinage.

The most of all this weight came to
this country as good foreign coin, but
its lack of uniformity with our mintage
compels the United States to recoin it,
and me to fight these weights all day."

A larger supply of foreign coins than
usual has come into the country since
August last, because the rate of ex-
change has been in our favor. It was
explained that the most of the gold
other than foreign coin came to the
assay office by express from mines and
from various business houses. It some-
times happened that a deposit of origi-
nal dust, in small flaky grains, was
brought into the office by a bronze-

faced miner in person, who had brought
it East with him on a visit to his former
home.

The Great Seal of the United States.

The seal is circular and about two
inches in diameter.

The device for the great seal, as
adopted by act of the Continental Con-
gress on June 20, 1782, and readopted
by the new Congress September 15,
1789, provided for an obverse and a re-
verse, but there is no evidence that the
reverse was ever made.

In the obverse as originally made the
eagle holds in his sinister talon a bun-
dle of thirteen arrows, and the first seal
was thus made; but when in 1811 a new
seal was made to take the place of the
old one, which had become worn, only
six arrows were put in the eagle's tal-
ons. No one knows whether this change
was made by accident or design; there
is no law authorizing it.

The obverse, which is the same as the
impression affixed to the commission
described above, has an eagle with a
shield on its breast, arrows in the left
talon and an olive branch in the right.
Above appears on a scroll in the beak
of the eagle "E Pluribus Unum," be-
neath a halo encircling thirteen stars.

The reverse (which, as mentioned
above, is believed never to have been
finished) was designed to have a pyra-
mid of bricks unfinished, and at its
base "MDCCLXXVI."

Above there is an eye in the apex of
the pyramid, surrounded by a halo. At
the top of the seal is engraved "Annuit
Coepit" ("God has favored the under-
standing,") and at the bottom, "Novus
Ordo Seclorum" ("A new series of
ages,") meaning that a new order of
things had begun in this Western world
with the new republic.

When the new nation was but a few
hours old a proposition was made in the
Continental Congress to order a great
seal for the republic. There was a com-
mittee of three appointed to consider
designs for one the very day the Declara-
tion of Independence was signed.

The three were Dr. Franklin, John
Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Many
designs were submitted in the course of
the next few years, one by Jefferson
himself, but none proved satisfactory,
and at last that now in use was accepted
in 1782.

Meantime Adams had been sent to
England (in 1779) to negotiate for
peace, and while there Sir John Prest-
wich, a baronet of the west of England,
who was friendly to the colonies, culti-
vated his acquaintance. This gentle-
man learning from Adams that no de-
sign for a coat of arms for the United
States had been adopted, suggested one
which pleased Adams, who sent it to
Philadelphia, and after several designs
made on this side of the water were re-
jected, this one was submitted and
finally accepted, being simpler in de-
sign than, as well as equally as signifi-
cant as, any of the others proposed.

The Isle of Man.

Little is definitely known about the
early history of the Isle of Man. The
people are of Celtic origin, the Manx
language has strong affinities with the
Irish and the Gaelic of the highlands.

The island was long under the rule of the
Earls of Derby, from whom it passed by
succession to the Dukes of Athole, and
it was not till 1829 that the crown ob-
tained full possession of it, by the pur-
chase of the rights and privileges of the
latter family. It has never been repre-
sented in the imperial parliament, but
possesses an independent form of gov-
ernment, to which it adheres with the
utmost tenacity. The executive power
lies in the governor, who is appointed
by the crown. The parliament, or as it
is called, the Court of Tynwald, consists
of the governor and council, forming
the upper, and the house of keys, form-
ing the lower house. In 1866 a reform
bill was passed, enfranchising the people
who elect the members of the house of
keys, a general election taking place
every seven years. Justice is admin-
istered by two deemsters, or judges ap-
pointed by the crown, and by the high
bailiffs of Douglas, Ramsey, Castletown
and Peel. The tax gatherer and the rate
collector are almost unknown in the
Isle of Man. There is neither income
tax nor poor rate, and only in the towns
is there any local rate, and that but a
small one.—Chambers' Journal.

Bells.

The history of bells is one of the
most interesting in the record of inven-
tions. They were first heard of about
the year 400, before which date rattles
were used. In the year 610 we hear of
bells in the city of Sens, the army of
Clothaire, king of France, having been
frightened away by the ring of them.

In 960 the first peal of bells was hung
in England, at Croyland Abbey. Many
years ago it was estimated that there
were at least 2,262 peals of bells, great
and small, in England. It has been
thought that the custom of ringing bells
was peculiar to England; but, in fact,
the Cathedral of Antwerp, celebrated for
its magnificent spire, has a peal of
bells ninety in number, on which is
played every half hour the most elab-
orate music.

The White Water of the Arabian Sea.

With reference to the phenomenon of
what is known as the "white water" of
the Arabian sea a correspondent writes
as follows: If the call of duty or
pleasure should at any time induce any
of your readers to undertake the over-
land journey to India they must not
fail to give instructions to be called
from bed should the nocturnal pheno-
menon of the "white water" occur.

It is more frequently seen in the
months of July and August, and is prin-
cipally confined to a narrow belt to the
eastward of the island of Socotra, known
in the charts of that sea as the Line of
the Strongest Monsoon, and wherein
the rain-clouds on quitting Central
Africa on their passage eastward are ap-
parently confined. Should the moon be
above the horizon an undisturbed
night's rest may be anticipated, as the
writer has never known the phenomenon
to occur in the presence of that orb.

To give the reader some idea of this
remarkable and striking appearance,
we will suppose ourselves in a steamer,
about 250 miles to the eastward of
Socotra, in the position named, and in
the latter end of July; time, 1 a. m.

The monsoon is blowing strongly and
steadily—the night, starlight and clear
—a light fleecy sea occasionally pass-
ing rapidly to the eastward, and the
good vessel bowling along at the rate
of fourteen or fifteen knots an hour.

Suddenly we discover a light hne in
the water, which in a short while as-
sumes a snow-white aspect, and in the
course of a quarter of an hour extends
to the horizon in all directions. The
transformation of the water is perfect,
the usually green color of the sea hav-
ing been replaced by an appearance of
whiteness like that of milk. And yet,
if you draw a bucket of the water for
inspection and analysis, you will find
that it is beautifully clear, not a vestige
of anything white being visible; nor
can the microscope discover anything
over and above the ordinary quantity of
minute life always present in sea water
within the tropics.

The deception seems to me to ad-
mit of easy explanation, it being the
result simply of reflection of color. The
vessel is passing through a light
misty atmosphere, inappreciable to the
eye while within its influence; and the
white watery vesicles held in suspen-
sion are, in some favorable condition of
air and water, reflected on the surface
of the latter.—Chambers' Journal.

A Desperate Situation.

Truesdale was detailed to shovel
grain from one of the bins to the chute.
Through this bin ran a perpendicular
flange screw elevator, which, being
attached to the shaft by a belt, was
kept constantly in motion. By some
accident the unfortunate man slipped
while near it, and his foot being caught
in the rotating flange was drawn down
the shaft in which it works until the
knee joint was level with the floor.

Knowing that unless something was
speedily done his whole body would be
ground to pieces in this new sausage
machine, he, with a presence of mind
that was extraordinary, raised his body
until it reached the belt which turned
the flange, and by sheer strength of
muscle held the machinery still, thus
putting his strength against the strength
of a twenty-horse engine. In this con-
dition, with his crushed and mangled
limb still in the machine, he held out
against the engine for three-quarters of
an hour, when he was rescued by other
workmen, who had come to see what
was the matter with the machinery.

He was taken to the Sisters' hospital,
and Dr. Bigger says he will ultimately
recover the use of the injured member.
Truesdale is about six feet high, and
weighs only 170 pounds, but is a perfect
giant in muscle. The forty-five min-
utes he spent in holding the machinery,
he says, will always be a horrible re-
membrance.—Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

War Material in the Brain.

The death of a soldier who had car-
ried a bullet in his brain for sixty-five
years was reported recently. The wound
was received at the battle of Waterloo.

The bullet entered at the right eye, de-
stroying it, of course, and traversing the
brain, lodged in the back and lower part
of the head. After the outer wound was
closed he suffered no special inconve-
nience from the presence of the bullet,
although always, when turning himself
in bed, he could feel that the ball dropped
into a different position. He was un-
usually healthy, and he died of old age.

Another remarkable case is cited. A
young military officer was carelessly
manipulating a musket, when the barrel
burst in his hand. The pieces fractured
his skull so frightfully that fragments of
the skull had to be removed, and even a
part of the begrimed brain substance
was amputated, but the terrible wound
soon ceased to trouble him, and he
lived for several years. Dying at last
of a fever, an examination of the brain
was made, and it was discovered that
almost the entire lock of the gun had
been imbedded for years in the base of
the skull. It is said that no impairment
whatever of the mental faculties had
been observed.