The Unconscious Humor That Crops Out In the Green Isle.

The author of "Irish Life and Character" says truly that one has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Dule and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an The other day lightning struck, and or ten inches apart, the space between old woman remarked:

"Ah! Isn't it the fine reception they're gettin, goin away?"

In 1892 Dublin university celebrated Its tercentenary, and crowds of vislaborers, rejoiced at the general prosperity, expressed their feelings.

"Well, Tim," said one, "thim tarcintinaries does a dale for the thrade of Dublin, and no mistake."

"Oh, faix they do!" said the other. "And whin, with the blessin of God, we get home rule, sure we can have as manny of thim as we plase."

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road, exclaimed:

"Oh, you bla'guard! That's no way to thrate a fellow crather."

"Sure," said a laborer to a young lady who was urging him to send his as the doorway into the inner office, touched a round iron bar, bracing two children to school, "I'd do anything for such a sweet, gintlemanly lady as yourself."

Again, the laborers on a large estate decided that it would be more convenient for them if they could be paid every week instead of every fortnight. One of their number was sent to place their proposition before the land agent, and this was his statement:

"If you please, sir, it's me desire, and it is also ivery other man's desire, that we resave out fortnight's pay ivery week."

An exasperated sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:

"Halt!" Just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin, isn't it?"

JUST A BIT OF LIFE.

A Pathetic Incident of the Pawnshops In the Metropolis.

Sneaking into a small shop in an obscure and poverty ridden locality, the man who "went broke" at the races was realizing on a superfluous article business at that time, for a firm of tors would have us believe. Strolling of jewelry. A woman so poor and pinched in feature, so marked with two doors from Mrs. Chilton's tavern. care and desperation that it made him feel sick to look at her, was holding those days also, as now, and what may in a shady dell, with everything clean something under her shawl and waiting nervously until he should have finished his transaction.

"Wait on her. She seems hurry," he said to the man behind the to her own mother and the Gentleman talk business. The machine was humcounter, and at the word of permission | Son-in-law to his Sister-in-law." a carpenter's plane was produced from the shelter of the shawl.

"How much do you want?" queried the unmoved pawnbroker monotonous-

her troubles in duller fashion. She had a baby's cloak, never costly and much worn, on which she wanted to view of neatness," went on the first borrow money, the same sum as the man, "but on account of an accident other woman had asked for.

diamond felt uncomfortable. "There, string in one of my shoes snapped. It evening. This mill's been weaned, times as much." And, seizing the mon- occurring when it did, just as I had ey, he hurried after the woman who taken my hand from the rail, was a ton of paper on the roll. Gee up, had just left the shop. He was not enough to make me lose my balance. Bess!"-Paper Trade Journal. given to acts of charity, and he felt I felt myself falling to the street. There awkward, the more so as the woman was a trailer on the car, and I was shrank from him as he accosted her. | pretty badly scared, as I thought that |

here's \$5 I have no use for. Perhaps

"No, no!" she cried, drawing further from him.

"For your child," he said gently. with a queer sob, and fled into the labyrinth of alleys and byways that shelters so much wretchedness.-New York Times.

Curious Mexican Laws.

They have some very curious criminal laws in Mexico. For instance, it is twice as much of an offense to mutilate the face of a woman as that of a man. The law seems to be based on the idea that a woman's best posses- | me of one of Whitman's poems!" sion is her beauty and that to mar it does her a great injury.

person should be wounded in an en- his breath to speak, he asked: counter, the punishment to the offender is fixed by the number of days his victim has to stay in the hospital or under a doctor's care. A line is fixed | Chicago Times-Herald. at 40 days in the way of a general division. If the injured man occupies more than 40 days in his recovery, the penalty doubles up.

An Impudent Fraud.

An impudent fraud was perpetrated | tion. upon a Manchester bank by one of its customers, who opened an account with some few hundreds of pounds. his balance, and, selecting a busy day, that window and keep it closed?"presented himself at one end of the San Francisco Argonaut. counter, while an accomplice, when he saw that his friend's check had been cashed, immediately presented his own to a cashier at the other end. Both cashiers referred the checks to the ledger clerk, who, thinking the same of the cockney laughing after a fire. cashier had asked him twice, said "'Jump, yer silly fool!' I says. 'Me an "right" to both checks. The thieves my mite's got a blanket!' An 'e did were never caught.

Nye's Introduction.

When James Whitcomb Riley and wood. Bill Nye traveled together giving a joint entertainment, the humorist had great fun with the poet. Once, in introducing Riley and himself to an audience, Nye remarked, "I will appear first and speak until I get tired, then Mr. Riley will succeed me and read from his own works until you get tired."

Too Much Bait For His Fish.

They were passing a good story at the courthouse yesterday afternoon Narrow Margin by Which a Man or concerning a young lawyer who was admitted to practice a short time ago eight by ten, with several feet parti- little wider than the distance between | what he paid for his fine clothes. Prestioned off for the use of his "clerk." the rails, and the ties are placed eight ently he wanted to know what they the door opened slowly, while a voice being open to the river below. ed if the lawyer was in.

isn't quite right. It should be \$1,575. there was not a moment to lose. instead of \$1,525, and before you reyou this morning."

he departed.-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Things They Did In 1700.

sue of a Maryland paper in 1773 shows favored few can offord to use now. A to side, moments seemed hours. coppersmith "from Lancaster" living chocolate pots, stewpans and Dutch

household then with the slaves. Several advertisements refer to them. In one a "Commission and Insurance Broker" "Gratefully acknowledges the favors of his friends, and hopes for a | Economical Way of Doing Business continuance of their correspondence. -He has now for fale, a Pocket of good HOPS, a 10 inch new CABLE- Pulp company tells a delicious story of and wants to buy a NEGRO GIRL, paper making in Connecticut, which about 12 years old."

"taylors" advertise their business as along the countryside in haymaking

be called a society note follows the no- and sweet around it. A look in the tice of a wedding and informs the pub- office showed no one there, and the vislic that "By a late marriage in St. Ma- | itor then wandered over the mill, hopa ry's the Lady is become Sister-in-law ing to find some one to whom he could

A Broken Shoestring.

"There goes a man who may wish before long that he had a good, sound shoestring in his shoe," remarked a "Fifty cents," replied the woman, man to a friend as a rather slipshod with a gulping in her throat and an individual passed them on the street. eager look in her eyes. She clutched The man referred to had a broken one when he got within hearing, "who the money tightly and ran into another | shoestring in one of his shoes, and the | runs this mill?" creature, poor as herself, but bearing other had been spliced in several places.

"I am not talking from the point of that befell me recently. I was about The man who had been offering a to get off a street car when the shoegive me \$50. The stone's worth four had been tightly laced, and the break, stranger; she don't need a nurse. painfully twisted ankle.

"A shoestring is a small thing, but "My child is dead!" cried the woman. after that scare I determined that I tions; discussion, not on the right of shoe."-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Point of Resemblance.

skirts was delightful. The fragrance of fare for guests found its most acof the roses upon her bosom was almost intoxicating. "Ah," she said, looking up into his

face and smiling sweetly, "you remind | tion of charming women, used to pre-A sudden dizziness seemed to seize tables, just as certain coteries of wo-

There is another curious law. If a along in a dream. When he could catch system: "With 12 at table, talk voyages "Which one?"

"Oh, any one!" she replied. "The feet are all mixed up in all of them."-

Tom Corwin's Mouth.

Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explana-

"Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up in the lecture room to relate my experience and I opened my mouth, The man, after a few weeks, drew two Deacon Smith rose up in front and checks, each within a pound or so of said, 'Will some brother please close

A Specimen of Cockney Humor. It consists merely in ignoring the horrible or tragic side of a funny situation. Everybody knows the old story jump, an there warn't no blanket, an

'e broke 'is bloomin neck! Laugh? I

'aven't laughed so much!" - Black-

A girl should never throw away her | the other fellow wonderfully smart, old slippers. They will come in handy but the elderly person who goes up at her wedding-and much handler in against it admits himself to be a fool." after years.-Chicago News.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity babies don't like it any better than do when it comes.

RAN A RACE WITH DEATH.

Railway Bridge Won. A high trestle bridge more than a and recently hung out his shingle. His quarter of a mile long, supporting the office isn't a very pretentious affair, single track of the Nickel Plate railbut he didn't think it necessary to road, spans the velley of Grand river, apologize to his friends for his little east of Painesville, O. The bridge is

charged with a strong Irish accent ask- A young man who crossed recently had a thrilling experience on the "James," said the rising disciple of bridge. He had just passed the center Blackstone, getting up from a couch when a fast train rounded the curve Itors were attracted to the city. Two at the time, "I wish you'd step around behind him. As the engine whistled to the First National bank and tell he quickened his pace. With every them that the amount of that draft step the train was rushing nearer, and

> Once the young man stumbled and turn drop into Mr. Johngre's office and seemed about to fall, but quickly retell him I've collected that \$3,500 claim gained his balance and hurried on. As for him. While you're there, step he reached the place for which he had across the hall and inform Mr. Fogo- started the train was close behind, and boll that unless that note for \$10,000 is he had just time to swing himself over paid in the morning I shall begin fore- the side of the bridge as the locomotive closure proceedings. Don't lose any thundered by. The ends of the ties time, as I've a great deal of work for were slippery with grease from dripping axle boxes, and his foot slipped "Be hivins!" gasped the client pro- wide as he left the track. His right spective, who had progressed as far hand, stretched blindly out before him, "this be's no place fer me wid er two parts of the bridge, and, with a grip dollar fifty cint claim ter k'lect." And like that of a drowning man, his fingers clasped around it. For a moment and whistled. he swung in empty air. In another his left hand had found a place beside his An advertisement in a facsimile is right, and his feet touched the wel- zine. come edge of a brace below. With that the housewives of that day used | bleeding fingers clutching the slender cooking utensils of a kind that only a | iron bar that vibrated widely from side

At last the train passed, and the "Baltimore-Town" advertises copper young man was able to climb slowly to fish and wash kettles, copper and brass | the track above. Unnerved by the trybrewing kettles, saucepans, coffee and | ing experience, he lay for a moment stretched across the rails and, then rising to his feet, with blanched face There was plenty of help in the and unsteady limbs, made his way to firm ground.—Cleveland Leader.

THE MILL RUNS ITSELF.

on a Connecticut Farm.

Joe McCormick of the International shows that operating a mill is not such Women were in certain kinds of a serious matter as these big proprietime, Mr. McCormick happened on a People liked to hear a little gossip in little paper mill which buzzed merrily ming along, and it seemed impossible that there should be no one in attendance. But even shouting failed to bring forth signs of life, and Mr. McCormick was about to leave when he spied some men in a hayfield some distance away.

"I say," he called out to the nearest

"I do," was the reply. "Well, who's the owner?"

"Why, I am, to be sure."

"Do you mean to say that the mill runs itself?"

"Cert. We start her up at 6 in the morning, and she runs till 6 in the While I'm getting in hay she puts half

Table Talk.

Rather curiously Roxane in "Cyrano "I beg your pardon," he began, "but I stood a good chance of getting a leg de Bergerac" belongs to the modern under the wheels. Luckily I made a type which dates from the days of final effort to straighten myself, and I | the Hotel de Rambouillet and has algot clear with nothing more than a ways had its votaries in France. To those precieuses mere conversation was une betise. They liked declamawould always have a good one in my woman to the ballot, but whether she should be held a little higher than the angels or consent to be beloved. This phase of preciosity led up to the They were dancing. The music was French salon, where that hothouse heavenly. The swish of her silken fashion of preparing an intellectual bill ceptable phase.

Mme. Campan, whose advice may be said to have formed a whole generascribe the subject of talk for dinner him. It was as if he were floating men prescribe it today. This was her and literature; with eight, the fine arts, science, invention; with six, politics or philosophy; with four, sentiment, romantic adventure; with two, talk of yourself; egoism belongs to the tete-atete." - Ellen Olney Kirk in Lippin-

A Race With the Sun.

The London Daily Mail says if an aerial machine were capable of traveling at any rate up to 1,000 miles an would always be to him 10 a. m. Should be find his unending day monotonous, he could reverse his direction and get a quick succession of phia Call. short days and nights of some six hours' duration, but he could regulate the length by the speed of his machine. Suppose he traveled from London one night at 10 o'clock westward at a speed of 1,000 miles per hour. He would soon experience the sensation of seeing the sun rising in the west where it had set a short time before.

"The young man who gets cheated," said the corn fed philosopher, "thinks -Indianapolis Journal.

When old bachelors kiss babies, the 2240 B. C. the old bachelors.-Chicago Record.

A Doubting Father.

One warm midsummer day Steve found himself seated under the old Baldwin apple tree, with the half hull of a red hearted watermelon in his lap. Old Mr. B., busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job, how many cigars he smoked in a day, what they cost and called his boy on the road-conductor, brakeman or what?

"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.

"That's a mighty big name, Steve." "Yes, father; it's rather a big jeb,

"But ye don't do it all, Steve. Ye must have hands to help you load and unload?"

"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help!" "And the company pays them all?"

"Yes." "How much do they pay you, Steve-\$2 a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw the he had guessed too low.

"Three?" he ventured.

"More than that, father." "Ye don't mean to say they pay ye as much as fi-v-e?"

"Yes, father; more than 25." The old man let the empty hull fall between his knees, stared at his boy

"Say, Steve," he asked earnestly, "are ye worth it?"-Lippincott's Maga-

The Inquisitive Damsel.

A girl who took up photography not long ago and endeavored to get some valuable snap shots had bad luck with her first pictures. There were funny streaks of white all through them when there was any picture at all, and she couldn't imagine how they came there. Neither could an experienced amateur who assisted in developing her first negatives and who took the usual precautions in loading the camera and taking the plates.

"I can't imagine what is the matter," he said as plate after plate came out either good for nothing or with only a little of the picture visible. "Those ought to have been good

"Neither can I," said the girl. "They looked all nice and smooth and white if that is the way they ought to look."

"Looked all right!" exclaimed her instructor in dismay. "You hadn't looked at them before we put them in the

camera, had you?" "Oh, not enough to hurt them!" said paper from each plate just the littlest crack in the world. I just couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how nice they looked and think of the lovely pictures I was going to have on them." -New York Times.

Her Handy Money Stocking.

ductor of a Main street car, viciously of Columbus, which was exhibited at ringing up a fare. "Some people do the World's fair at Chicago. A Chicarry money in queer places. Now. that Chinaman in there kept me waiting over two blocks while he untied a 000, for a genuine autograph of gordian knot in his cue, where he had | Shakespeare if brought to him within his cash. Some people keep me wait a year of making his offer. It was a ing five blocks or more while they fish safe bluff, for since the tragic fate of around for their money.

Main street, when, at the corner of Adams, two women got on the car. 1 waited a minute or so and then went in for the fares. The women looked sort of dashed, and then one of them began to fumble in her purse. Empty! Then her companion made a dive at the bottom of her skirts.

"Well, sir, it beat all. That woman deliberatery unlaced her shoe and took it off and through a hole in her stocking fished out a dime." - Memphis Scimitar.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May, for then all the heaps and drifts had disappeared except one upon Kinder scout, which lay until Whitsun week.

A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1620, the snow falling 13 days and nights with little or no intermission. One of the heaviest falls on a single

day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from 10 to 12 feet deep.

Court and Witness Agree.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was hour a traveler in it, starting westward | making a very lengthy cross examinafrom London at a speed of 660 miles tion of an old lady when he was interan hour, would arrest the progress of rupted by the judge with the remark, time. If he started at 10 a. m., it | "I think you have exhausted this wit-

feel very much exhausted."-Philadel-

The Wheelman's View. Mrs. Sprocket-George, what in the world happened to the pipe organ in

church this morning while you were

singing that solo? Mr. Sprocket (who always talks bicycle)-Why, the organist was coasting on easy grade with her feet off the pedals when she ran into some sharp notes, and the old thing punctured .-

Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.

Ohio State Journal.

BILLS OVER A CENTURY OLD

They Show Ten to Have Been a Cam-

bridge Student's Favorite Drink. There is a bill for groceries, etc., furnished for an undergraduate at Cambridge in the year 1788. The bill contains one or two items of furniture, Apparently the undergraduate took over rooms already furnished at a valuation, and certain articles had to be bought new, such as a hearth brush, a pail, a mop and a "Holland gotch." One knows not what this means, but it cost 2 shillings 9 pence (43 cents).

The undergraduate would seem at first sight to have consumed tea in a most reckless manner. On Oct. 24 he is charged 2 shillings for Hyson and 1 shilling 6 pence for Congo. On Nov. 1 he is charged 2 shillings for tea and on the same day, which looks odd, 6 shillings 6 pence for tea. On the 9th of the month he buys a new teapot, the old one, one supposes, worn out with hard service. However, this tea lasts him till the end of the term, so that his tea costs him for the two months no more than 11 shillings, or \$2.75, and as the price of tea at this time varied from 8 shillings to about 25 shillings we may conclude that he got through

no more than a pound during the term. In other words, this young man took for breakfast a slight repast of weak tea and bread and butter. Dinner was then served at 12, so that breakfast was only what the Indians call a "chota hazri." On sugar he spent 4 shillings, which means six pounds at 8 pence a pound. On candles he spent 24 shillings 8½ pence, or about 3 shillings a week. He burned wax candles, mold candles and "wax twist." Salt was a shilling a packet. On two occasions he bought sand. Was, then, the floor of his room sanded? It would seem so.-St. Louis Republic.

SOME COVETED SCRAWLS.

Rare Autographs For Which Im

mense Prices Have Been Paid. The most prized autographs in the world are those of Shakespeare. Only seven are claimed to exist, three signatures to his will (each with a different spelling), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful) and one in a Tudor translation of Montaigne. This last is in the British museum and cost over 3.000 guineas.

One thousand guineas was the price given by the late Mr. Alfred Morrison of Carlton House terrace for an autograph letter written by Marie Stuart to the archbishop of Guise. the girl. "I just lifted up the black This and two other letters (one to the pope and the other to the king of ly arise through the brain becoming France) were written by the unfortunate queen of Scots on the morning of her execution. The letter to the French king was destroyed during the days of the terror, while that to the pope is

still preserved at the Vatican. The well known bookseller Bernard "Yes, you are right," said the con- Quaritch gave £1,000 for an autograph cago autograph dealer is said to have offered to give \$100,000, or over £20, Chatterton no forger has cared to "Yesterday I was going north on tackle the quaint scrawl of the Bard of Avon.-Collier's Weekly.

Jimmy and the Baby.

Jimmy's mother kept cows and sold milk. Jimmy himself had nothing to do with the cows, though sometimes he used to carry the milk pail to his mother's customers. The customers all liked Jimmy, with his round, freekled face and bashful grin, and they used to ask him how business was, for, although Jimmy was only 13 years old, he had a business. He made coffinsbaby coffins-and sold them to the undertaker. They were nice pine coffins, with all the edges carefully joined. Jimmy received 50 cents for each one. One day Jimmy stopped at the house of one of his mother's customers to leave some milk. A little boy met him

at the door. "We've got a new baby!" said the little boy. "Would you like to see it?" Jimmy nodded. The little boy's aunt laughingly led Jimmy to the cradle where the new baby was. Jimmy gazed at the infant for some time, speechless with admiration or some such emotion.

"What do you think of it, Jimmy?" asked the aunt.

Jimmy grinned. "I guess I'll have to make a nice little coffin when I go home," he said .-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Boers Great Pioneers.

The Boer is the ideal pioneer. From the days of the great trek, in 1837, and even before that he opened up coun- the foregoing cases shows that certries hitherto unexplored by a white tain specific groups of brain cells have man. A great deal of fuss has been come under the baneful influence of made of mighty travelers, English and the guiding spirit called talent or foreign, who have traversed Africa, to genius, which has used up all the enthe vast pecuniary benefit of their publergy stored in each cell and each group lishers and with no small meed of fame of cells, to the detriment of the whole, to themselves, but there was scarcely with the result that their ceasing work "Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do one of the old voortrekkers and hunt- has brought about various types of ers of the forties and fifties who did insanity as depicted or, to phrase it not accomplish feats of endurance, more softly, induced disturbance of pluck and lengthy travel which were the mental equilibrium. ten times as trying.-London Mail.

Successive Waves.

The following waif is going the rounds of the state press: We are told absorbed in his study of some particof a young lady in a neighboring town ular subject and lends his whole who waved her hand at a stranger, and mind to thought that the hard thinkin three days they were married. Two ing disorganizes the groups of cells days later the young lady waved a employed in the process of reflection. flatiron at her husband, and the next their tentacles being turned all one evening he came home waving a di- way, to the detriment of mental acvorce.—Nashville Banner.

Spanish Are Charitable.

charitable people on earth. Without a | inception and does all manner of queer Chinese coinage in the shape of a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,- things because he is not conscious of knife has been traced back as far as | 000 self supporters feed a pauper pop- what he is doing .- Pearson's Magaulation of 5,000 or more.

HUMAN BRAIN CELLS.

THEY REFUSE TO WORK UNDER TOO HIGH A PRESSURE.

Put on Too Much Steam and These Minute Organisms Go on Strike. Why Men Go Crazy or Become Ab-

sentminded. Keeping pace with scientific thought and progress certain problems which in the past have been shelved for want of light being thrown upon them have been taken up again one by one to undergo further examination by the aid

of improved science. The newest revelation in this direction tends to the science of the mind and includes the following problems: Why does a man act queerly when he is intoxicated?

Why is a man absentminded on occasions?

Why does a nan sometimes become violently insage, often a dangerous, raving lunatie?

Such questions as these have puzzled our immediate tathers, who have hardly ever satisfactorily explained them away or indeed thrown much reliable light upon them The human brain is composed of ceas, and each cell is a simple bit of nerve substance, from one end of which, like an octopus, spring a number of tentacles, while from another part arises an arm different from them and of great length. The long arm is intended for transmitting impressions from one portion of the brain system to another, it being made to touch the tentacles or short arms of the next one to it, the latter in its turn effecting contact with a third cell, and so on.

Thus a message is conveyed and the mind gets its news. The entire brain is made up of these cells, whose number is legion and whose full strength is grouped in systems, these systems in turn being arranged in communities, the communities in clusters and finally the clusters in constellations. by which divisions they are known to physiologists.

So long as the mind is in a healthy condition each little cell, or brain octopus, attends to its business faithfully and gives no trouble, but as man generally is an animal who usually refuses to live the life spanned out by nature and adopts instead the life laid down by the modern artificial process of living, instituted for sooth by civilization, mental disturbances frequentabused in various ways, from over-

work and alcohol principally. Your octopuslike brain cell is a living little thing, and it can endure a great deal of abuse from you, but if you should go a little too far it rebels and refuses to work any longer by breaking contact with its companion cells, which it can do by withdrawing its long arm and getting itself out of circuit. But this rebellion is conducted by whole groups of cells acting to-

gether in full harmony. Now, the object of this "strike" is simply to avoid overwork, for each tiny cell has stored within its minute space only a certain amount of energy, but if you put on the high pressure this is easily consumed by the operation of the brain, and the organism breaks down from exhaustion. Now, take the first of the problems just stated. When a person takes too much to drink, the cells in those patches of the brain that are responsible for the conduct of muscular movement be-

come affected and the man staggers. When the dose is very large, the cells, which, although stupefied, have tried to keep their master on his legs, now cease working, and the man sleeps like one dead. Finally, if more than enough of alcoholic drink be taken, the effect on the cells is to paralyze

them, and the unfortunate man dies. There is some relation between extraordinary activity of the mind and insanity. Geniuses are apt to exhibit symptoms of mental alienation, and, singular to relate, their children are usually inferior to those of average

For instance, not to go out of England for example, Cromwell was a hypochondraie and had visions, Dean Swift inherited insanity and was himself not a little mad, Shelley was called by his friends "Mad Shelley," Charles Lamb went crazy, Johnson was another hypochondriac, Coleridge was a morbid maniae, Milton was of a morbid turn of mind, nearly approaching insanity (modern ideas of hades are largely formed on the description evolved by his diseased imagination), and Byron sald he was visited by

ghosts. This mental alienation occurring in

The remaining problem is absenmindedness. This is produced by a temporary disjunction of certain groups of cells. A man becomes so tion generally, and so the man with the tentacles of his brain cells turned in the one direction passes along the The Spanish are among the most streets lost to all observation or mental