

### The Sovereignty of Brain.

Matter, force and intelligence constitute the sun of the universe, the Trinity which Spinoza said "I choose to call God." Man is a compound of matter, force and intelligence; an epitome of the universe, in the image of God. Matter without force were dead; force without intelligence were blind. The degree and character of intelligence manifested determines the rank or value of any organization in the scale of being. Intelligence is manifested in two ways—unconscious and conscious. In our own organization, unconscious intelligence presides over the action of the heart, stomach, lungs, and other organs whose functions are not what physiologists term involuntary. Conscious intelligence is manifested in the various modes of thought, and through it we control our external actions and relations. Were we not endowed with the power of thought we could have no consciousness of existence. "I think; therefore I am," said the great French philosopher. We begin to be (as personalities) when we become conscious of existence, and the sum of our consciousness is the measure of our life. The stomach, lungs, etc., being organs of unconscious functions, represent the physical nature. The brain, the organ of thought, represents the intellectual, the human. It is therefore superior, sovereign. The head commands and the body obeys. Nor does the plebeian body ever question the propriety of an order issued by its sovereign, whether it be to wield the dagger of the assassin, run on an errand of mercy, or bow beneath the heaviest cross of toil.

The brain comprises three principal groups of organs, corresponding to three classes of faculties, selfish, intellectual and moral. These are all intelligent; but the degree and character of this intelligence differ greatly, and differing, conflict.

The consciousness of the selfish group is manifested chiefly in desire and effort to benefit itself. The consciousness of the intellectual group is displayed in a search after knowledge. The consciousness of the moral group is seen in aspirations after the good, the true, and the beautiful. This first gives us all our wars, murders, tyrannies, robberies and crimes of whatever sort, as well as all our physical pleasures. The second, all our literature, art and science. The third, all our religion, philosophy, justice, liberty and fraternity.

The relative power of these groups in any given case is determined by their relative size. This being true, we have only to know that the selfish group has ever been, and still is, the largest in the average man, to account rationally for the facts of history and observation that so disgrace our race.

"Tis the mind that makes the man." The strong-limbed, muscular, but ignorant barbarian of primitive times was but a dim prophecy of true manhood. He was a slave to superstitious fears and physical necessities. He cowered before the forces of nature, and toiled as a galley-slave for a meagre and mean subsistence. The element of manhood inherent within him rebelled against a fate so painful and plebeian, and edged the brain for plans by which to secure a better living at a less cost of labor. This discontent and taxing of the brain was continued, and under the activity thus induced, the brain has steadily increased in size and power, and is still increasing. The result is marvelous, both as to magnitude and beneficence. A single brain, once limited to the superintendence of the operations of one pair of hands, may now control machinery representing a thousand pair of hands, and this machinery is run by steam and wastes not one ounce of muscular force. The unwritten prophecy is about to be fulfilled. Man is rapidly emerging from his apprenticeship to the parent of invention, necessity, into the realm of independence of thought and action. The forces and appetites that have so long enslaved him are to be the instruments of his will and ministers of his pleasure.

There is a current and popular legend, to the purport that it was God's original purpose to keep man in ignorance and support him in idleness, which scheme was spoiled by the perversity of woman, as manifested in tasting forbidden joys, and seeking unlawful knowledge. Then God placed man under the curse of toil, saying to him, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The legend is true to those who are able to interpret it, as are all the sacred myths and legends that have come down to us from the venerable past. There was, no doubt, an era when the primitive man leaned like an infant upon the breast of his mother nature, drawing his sole sustenance from the spontaneous fruits of her bosom. From this dream of infancy he at length awoke to the necessities of clothing, and other luxuries which nature had not supplied. To these wants involved labor, and the era of toil was inaugurated. From this hard school of bitter experience the race is to graduate into the era of thought.

The new command is, "Develop your brain and use it in an intelligent manner;" for the time is not distant when there will be no room in this world for him who shall have naught to sell but his muscle; who can do nothing but toil with his hands. It is written upon the wall of the Temple of Fate, "Become a thinker, or perish." Nor is this a hard doom. To the intellectual alone is life a blessing. The ignorant man begins his career in a cheerless childhood, passes through a toilsome and anxious manhood to a sorrowful old age, sinking at last into a nameless grave.

The only possible, complete remedy for the evils that now afflict society, and

of which workingmen and philanthropists so justly complain, is to abolish the monopoly of brains by making thought universal. This done, and the monopoly of wealth and power will pass away forever.

### An Artificial Sun.

An electrical engineer of Boston is about to try the experiment of lighting Holyoke, Mass., in a manner that will strike the present generation as novel. It is proposed to build a tower seventy-five feet high overlooking the town. This is to be surmounted by an immense lantern of such illuminating capacity as to put all previous lamps in the category of trifles. At present only one tower will be built, but if the principle should prove a success, seven or eight towers will ultimately be erected, that the city may be rendered as light as day, and gas and kerosene completely superseded. The idea of the inventor is to charge the upper strata of the atmosphere with luminous vibrations in the same manner as is done by the sun, and thus to produce the same effect that is obtained during the day from the reflected, refracted and diffused light of that popular orb. It is believed that electric light can thus be made to permeate spaces which are inaccessible to direct rays by the same law by which daylight diffuses itself—that is, by virtue of an expansive property which is constantly illustrated on the large scale of polar illumination, but has no place in our text books on optics. The light given by the solar orb a few minutes after sunset, when only the upper strata of the atmosphere are directly affected by the solar beam, furnishes the best example of the diffusion and expansion that the Boston engineer proposes to imitate artificially. His plans provide for an illuminating power from each lantern equal to 300,000 candles, which is nearly twenty times larger than that of any electric lamp yet manufactured, but is not all impracticable, as it involves only an increase in electrical volume and pressure, and a corresponding increase in the diameter of the carbons. The cost of the tower, lamp and generator for a single lamp will be \$15,000, irrespective of the engine power required to run the latter. If this experiment succeeds Edison will have to look to his laurels.

### The Climax of Love Stories.

It was, we think, with Jane Eyre that it began to be supposed that the hot encounter of two lovers, with all their juxta-positions and all their quarrels, heats and coolnesses, was the only object of fiction—disastrous discovery which has done more damage in the world than many a more important mistake. Taking Shakespeare's example, however, we may say that a story which is pure love and nothing else, must end in a catastrophe. It is an intolerable state not to be supported by the great mass of beings who are not in love, and its suddenness, and the overpowering brief current of its potency, the pity of the strange and tragic conclusion, the bitter sweet of that union which is ending, are component parts of its power over us, and justify its acceptance as the supreme romance, the one typical tale of youth and passion. There is no looking behind or after in that sudden rapture—it is all concentrated in the moment, the hour, the one point of everlasting duration, which to ordinary mortals is beat out upon the clock in the shortest spell of time. But when the youthful pair occupy their real position in a real world, the interest of their story not only gives zest to the study of more ordinary existence, but it gives the indispensable composition, the necessary beginning and ending which every tale requires.

### The Russian Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar of Russia, is described by a foreign writer as a maritime Chesterfield. He has a ready compliment for every one who approaches him in society, and has a good deal of light chat for all sorts of persons. But in private his speech is curt, and he deals in those expetives without which the sailor's vocabulary would be incomplete. The Grand Duke was married young to the handsomest Princess in Germany—a blessing he never much valued. He travels abroad by himself, and the Grand Duchess Constantine by herself. Constantine has navigated and circumnavigated a good deal as an officer of the Russian navy, of which he is now the Lord High Admiral. As he grows elderly he stiffens and shows hereditary pipe-clay. His carriage has the bolt upright stiffness of the Prussian officer, and his trousers fit as if held down with straps. His trunk is clothed in a kind of naval pea-jacket. His step is, for so tall a man, curiously mincing. It is a dancing master's step, and enables him rapidly and without fatigue to cover a deal of ground. The Czar has an *ennuie* look, and gives the impression of a man who never had a friend that was not a valet. Constantine looks as though he felt himself watched by spies, and glances about without turning his head. He is very fond of animals, and has in his park in Russia a "Zoo" of his own, in which there are remarkable specimens of Asiatic goats, buffaloes and yaks.

### Rambling Talk.

Still the flood of gold and of immigration tends toward the United States. Europe rears her children, and when they reach maturity, instead of becoming soldiers to defend their native States, or instead of engaging in business to help bear the burdens of their fatherland, their footsteps turn to the West, and from the nearest seaport they sail away and are thereafter forever lost to native land. This year half a million have come, next year it is expected a round million will seek our shores. A million of people. That means that in one year, from Europe's strength there will be drawn almost as many people as are now in our Republic west of the Rocky Mountains. One-fiftieth as many as our Republic now possess after a hundred and fifty years of colonial life and more than a century of National life. And with the people the gold of Europe is also coming, though so many are coming those who remain have to buy so much American material that it more than counterbalances American recklessness and extravagance, and makes heavy drains upon the aggregated wealth of the Old World. Here are lessons for the nations beyond the sea, and a great lesson also for us. This state of affairs is a notice served upon Europe that her vast armies must be disbanded, that the young must be permitted to marry and to work for a home, and that whatever else is withheld from the people, they must be given the right to think as they please, and to read whatever a free press may throw off. When our Declaration of Independence was written, that was a notice served upon the world that sovereignty was soon to pass from kings, and that the people were to assume their divine prerogative. Europe has been slow to bail the signal; it may require a great many tears and many a blood bath yet to wash the mists from the people's eyes but the earthquake is upon its march and no chains can be welded which can restrain it in its course. The people there are restive now in wearing out the best part of their lives in holding bayonets as props to thrones; what will be their condition fifty years hence when this Republic becomes a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night to a watching world, and when 150,000,000 of people chant in chorus peans to Liberty? And for us the lesson is that as a people we must take higher ground; must prepare the youth of the country for nobler work. With the great West all exposed, with a curtailing of the fields of labor, and with from half a million to a million common laborers coming to our country annually, the children of our people must be given an education which will train eye and hand and brain to do some necessary thing better than foreign artisans can do it, our manufacturing must be encouraged, the laws must be modified which govern our shipping, and the rich must be taxed to fill the seas again with our sails that the nations which have to buy will buy of us, and the daily lesson which should never be missed in our schools should be that our native land deserves all the love, all the respect and the perpetual defense of its children.

### A Petrified Woman.

There are lots of rare things in Ohio that have not been dreamed of in your philosophy. Ohio has the President, his successor the Chief Justice, General of the Army, Secretary of the Treasury, Minister to France, and other honors too numerous to mention, and now, down at Quincy, Shelby county, in that State, a petrified woman has been discovered. She is no Cardiff giant, but a Mrs. Kellison, who used to live in Illinois. Five years ago at the age of seventy she visited her son, who in duty bound gave a bountiful dinner in honor of the event. He says that his mother ate very heartily, so much so in fact that the next day she was taken suddenly ill, and after a few hours illness died. Mr. Kellison, who is an intelligent farmer, had his mother buried in a "limestone gravelly" knoll on his farm. Recently on selling the farm he was compelled to remove her remains, when it was discovered that the body had turned to stone, and it took a dozen men with ropes and pulley to drag the remains from the grave. The old lady was 70 years of age, in good flesh and weighed about 130 pounds when she died. When exhumed the petrification was perfect, and the only part of her body lacking is a small portion of the left ala of the nose. The weight of the body is now estimated by good judges to be at least 1,000 pounds. The remains have been laid away in Prospect Graveyard, Quincy, Ohio, where they now are, but Mr. Kellison promised them to a scientific gentleman, who intends to present them to one of the medical museums of the State.

Even at this early stage of the game the nervous turkey is beginning to feel bad.

### He Couldn't Help It.

There was another case yesterday of a boy who couldn't help it. A prominent and dignified citizen was looking out through the third story window of a block on Jefferson avenue which he had thoughts of renting, when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear. He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind his shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid half of his body was all right the lighter was over the window sill. In addition to the weight of the sash any movement of his body was accompanied by pain. The sash could not be reached with his hands freely enough to lift it, and it soon occurred to the prominent citizen that he ought to have help. He could not expect it from behind, for he was alone in the store, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away. "Hello, boy! hello!" called the citizen. "Hello yourself!" cried the boy as he looked up. "Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you." "Not much, yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal scuttle on my head." "But I don't mean to." "Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?" "Boy, I want your help." "So does yer aunt! Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you are!" "I'm caught in this window and want to get out." "So would I! Been prospecting for old junk, eh? You'll get six months for that!" "If you'll come up-stairs and help me out I'll give you a dollar!" "A dollar! You can't play no dollar store on me, old man! If you make up another face like that at me I'll hit you in the eye with this old lemon. I don't look starched up, but I don't let any man insult me, all the same." "Don't you know who I am?" softly asked the citizen. "Naw, I don't, but I'll bet the perleece do. You've got one of the hardest mugs on you I ever saw, and I've a good mind to give you one, just for luck! Look out now." He made as if he would throw, and the citizen dodged. This was such fun for the boy that he kept it up for three or four minutes, and the offer of \$2 had no effect on him. Then he gathered six or eight old lemons and oranges together, and said: "I believe you are the boss hyena who knocked dad down at the canons, and I'm going to drive your nose back exactly an inch!" "The sooner ye call the sooner ye'll be juggled! Here's to hit you square on the nose!" The opening of the back door of a store and the appearance of a man disconcerted the lad's aim, and the lemon struck the citizen's hat instead of his nose. His yell brought a climax, but the air was full of tropical fruit even as the boy dusted down the alley and turned a corner. The boy couldn't help acting that way. He was born so. It wouldn't have been a bit like a boy to run up stairs and release the man. He didn't have a fair show with his spoiled lemons, but boy soon get over disappointments.—[Detroit Free Press.

### Already Punished.

If it has ever been in print we are innocents, as it comes from that traveling encyclopedia of fun, the drummer. The firm, consisting of two brothers, Jacob and Isaac, in New York, had failed for a large amount, and announced their ability to pay only ten cents on a dollar.—[This having been done, Jacob said to Isaac: "Isaac, dod vos der biggest day's peenness we efer done, hah?" "I ped you." "Isaac, ve vill der celebrate. Ve vill pig deener by der Delmonico, hah?" "All rhiad." They went to Delmonico's and ordered a sumptuous meal, for which they were charged \$15. Said Jacob, presenting a \$5 bill to the cashier: "Gif me dree dollars und a half in shange." "How can that be?" asked the cashier. "Your bill is \$15, and that is but \$5." "Oxactly, dot's rhiad. You see ve vos baengrubt, undt pay not no more as den cents on ebery tawler, ain't it Isaac?" But the cashier failed to see it that way, and sending for an officer he made Jacob produce the correct amount. "Got vill bunish you for dees," said Jacob to the cashier. "He bunish you for shead a man who only gan pay den cent on der tawler, ain't it, Isaac?" Isaac said nothing, and the brothers started out, Jacob still assuring the cashier that "Got vill bunish you for dees dings," and when they got into the street Isaac said cautiously to Jacob: "Yaob, you vas rhiad." Got vill bunish dod man, Yaob," he continued running his hand in the breast pocket of his overcoat and pulling out something. "Got haif already bunished dod maen, vor I got me von tozent hees zilver sboons." A California justice, in a moment of anger, said that the lawyers in a case on trial before him were no better than horse thieves. Then he apologized and fined himself for contempt of court.

### Progress of the Electric Light.

The electric light seems to be coming into use in England almost as fast as in America. It is the Anglo-American Electric Light Company that controls the Jablokoff system, but having become satisfied last winter that the Brush was the better system, it purchased the English patents for \$150,000. In the meantime a commission, appointed by Parliament, made a report filling a large volume, which, after months of investigation and a thorough test of the Siemens, Gramme, Wallace and other systems, awarded the Brush light the superiority over all others by 40 per cent. in the results attained. The government immediately cabled the Brush Company at Cleveland an order for \$80,000 worth of apparatus. The fact was telegraphed all over the world, and was in the TELEGRAM'S Associated Press dispatches last February. Since then the Anglo-American Company have sold enough machines to make the aggregate reach nearly 1000 lights. The Government lights are used in the Royal navy, in the ship yards and offices. It requires 80-horse power to drive twenty-seven Siemens lamps, of 2000 candle power each. To drive twenty-seven lamps of the Brush system, requires 24-horse power. It requires a separate machine for each Siemens lamp. One machine drives forty Brush lamps. The greater economy in fuel with the saving in wire and machinery must at once be apparent. The Brush French patents have been bought for \$250,000. To run forty Brush lamps requires but thirty-four-horse power. The machines can be run for fifty per cent. less than gas can be manufactured here, and as the plant can be bought for less than one-sixth of the amount expended in expensive pipe systems, it furnishes an inviting field for capital. The wires being run into the stores the same as telegraph wires are run, does away with the expense of making connections, and there is no loss from leakage. The light is being used in churches East, and is said to be advantageous for both churches and large halls, although it does not answer for dramatic performances where at times absolute quiet is required, the carbons occasionally making a slight noise when feeding. It will probably be introduced in churches here, there having been correspondence for that purpose begun with Eastern pastors where the light is used. As nearly all the business houses using light are closed Sunday night, the power can very well be employed for furnishing the electric light to churches.

THE APACHE WHO COULD RIDE A "BRONCO."—Tom Newland has an Indian who place a high estimate on his equestrian ability. There was a horse to be brought into town a few days ago, and the Indian was given the job. He was told he was a "bronco," but it was, "esta bueno, me sabe." Hitching the animal to a tree, he carefully placed the sweat cloth on him; then the blanket, the bridle and the saddle; at each performance giving voice to a satisfied "Ah, hah," each ejaculation growing intenser until he got into the saddle. All this time the "bronco" looked as unlike Alexander the Great's war horse, Bucephalus, as a carpenter's saw horse. The Indian started; he gained the crest of the hill where the scrub oak was thickest; he turned and gave another "Ah, hah," which was followed so closely by "whoa" that it sounded like a compound word. Then something rose a few feet in the air, went back, and rose again. There was a cloud of dust, a heap of Apache talk, a flash of bright colors, and—silence. When Tom went up, he found the horse grazing in the most orthodox fashion, and a strip of white breech cloth, and a pair of brown legs surmounted by red stockings and iron clad shoes sticking up from the middle of a scrub oak like a new sort of plant. Tom got him out of the brush, and when he said "Ah, hah," the Indian looked as though he wanted to go on the war-path.

Grandfather Licksingle entered the office of the Petroleum World and said if there was anything he could not abide it was to see history "all balled up, as this max .Esop had done it." He told the reporter to get out his shorthand pencil and quote him word for word and he would make .Esop sick: "As to the fable of the boys and the frogs," said he, "these air the facts, for I wuz present an' saw the whole business. You see, some boys who was playin' near a pond saw eight or a dozen frogs in the water, an' boy like, amused themselves by pelting them with stones. After several wuz killed, one of the frogs, a big green feller, lifted his head out of the water and cried out: 'Pray stop, my boys; what is sport for you is death to us!' Now, there is where .Esop stopped. But that 'aint where the boys stopped. Not much, Mary Ann. They laughed at the frog's remarks and cried aloud: 'Bat him in the mouth!' and gathering up each a handful of rocks they batted him with great combativeness. Moral—boys will be boys."