

A Hysterical Young Woman.

Felida X., an hysterical young woman living in the South of France, became subject, in 1856, to accesses of what was at first considered as somnambulism—states lasting a few minutes or hours, of which she retained no consciousness on regaining her normal condition. Gradually the duration of these accesses increased, they became considerable enough to rank as a "second state," and it was observed that in this second state Felida perfectly remembered the first state—in the first or normal state she forgot the second. The second state gradually grew upon her till it has become almost continuous, her relapses into the first state occupying perhaps not more than one day per month. And it is remarkable that her second state is in all respects superior to her first. Her health is better; her character is more cheerful and even; her memory perfect for both states. She is aware of her occasional entry into her first state, but she considers that as abnormal, and though not unduly distressed by it she would fain avoid its occurrence. When in the first state, on the other hand, her aches and pains return, and her memory for the second state disappears. She is then truly miserable, even to the verge of suicide, and helplessly bewildered by the vast gaps in her memory, which are so profound and extensive that if her husband or children happen to be out of the room at that moment when she enters the first state she does not know whether they are alive or dead, and waits anxiously to see whether they come in again. She is ashamed of this loss of memory, and tries all her art to conceal it. Of late she has hit on a plan which somewhat lessens this inconvenience. When she feels that an access of the first state is coming on, she writes a letter to her other self, giving an account of the facts which she considers it desirable that that self should know. Thus, for instance, she details the orders which have to be executed, the measurements of chintz, etc. But there are cases where the poor creature is glad to forget. For example, in the second state she learned facts giving her grave cause for jealousy as to her husband's conduct with a female friend of her own. So much did this distress her that she attempted suicide. She was rescued before life was extinct; and then in her new misery she ardently desired the return of the first state, with all its suicidal gloom; preferring, as one may say, to hang herself in forgetfulness of the truth, rather than because she remembered it. She has, since then, in fact, returned repeatedly to the first state, and knows nothing therein of the trouble which has come to her second self. Yet this immunity is not without its inconveniences; for, while in the second state she rejects indignantly all acquaintance with the treacherous friend, she knows that there will be, as it were, intercalary days of amnesty when she will greet her again with cordiality and ease.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A Story from the Life of Dumas.

The following story from the life of M. Dumas, the elder, says the Parisian papers, has never been published before. One day the great novelist had to pay a draft of 5,000 francs. If he could not pay it the doors of the prison at Clichy were open for him. Walking along the boulevards and meditating on his position he came across one of his fellow-workers, as yet unknown, who had only a few days ago been admitted into the Society of Dramatic Authors. His clothes were shabby, his hat of advanced age, he himself was long and thin, with flat feet, and a walking-stick in his hand. "I am saved" thought Dumas, and to the man he said: "Do you want money?" "Of course." "Come along, then, and do as I bid you." They took a cab and drove to Scribe's, where Dumas instructed him to walk up and down the pavement while he went into the house. On arriving, Dumas dashed into Scribe's room, exclaiming, "They have caught me; I must go to Clichy." "Impossible. How much money is it?" "A mere nothing—5,000 francs. Look down there." Scribe stepped to the window and saw the stranger keeping guard near the vehicle. He gave Dumas the money, and the latter took his departure in great haste. His companion received 500 francs and the rest he kept himself. A few days later a meeting was held by the Society of Dramatic Authors, at which Scribe presided. There were only a few members present, and Dumas, with his fellow-worker, sat in the front row. On rising to open the meeting, Scribe recognized the shabby fellow, and angrily called for the servant to throw the police officer out of the room. "Such persons had no business there." In the midst of the general confusion Dumas approached the President's chair, and whispered something into Scribe's ear. The latter burst into a loud laugh, and then composing himself, said: "Pray pardon me, it is a mistake; you may stay."—*St. James' Gazette*.

Flowers in Mexico.

Mexico is the greatest flower-market in the world. All the year round, the gardens bring forth brilliant blossoms—the fragile, beautiful children of this tropic zone. All historians who write of the Mexicans as Mexicans, speak of their love of flowers as one of their principal characteristics. Nor is this trait diminished in the present generation. From the days before the cruel conquest, all through that merciless time, when the Mexicans bore the heavy yoke under their violent masters, the Spaniards, they remained faithful to their love of flowers; the passion is innate.

During even the coldest days that are known in this mild climate, one may go to market and find the simple Indians seated on the sidewalks with their baskets of flowers. I have seen them sitting thus closely together for whole block offering at almost ridiculously low prices great bundles of Roses, Heliotropes, Violets, Geraniums, Heartsease, Pink, and, in short, almost numberless varieties. For 25 cents, one may nearly always buy a large, elegantly-arranged bouquet, composed of the most exquisite flowers, the price of which, in New York, would vary, ac-

cording to the season, from \$3 to \$5 or \$6. In the full flower season one may often buy, for 6 cents, as many flowers as can be disposed of in a parlor of ordinary size. Many of the wild flowers are of exquisite beauty, rivaling the choicest garden plants; in fact, many of them are among our finest greenhouse plants.—*San Francisco Tribune*.

Venezuela Lake Dwellers.

In many parts of the world, particularly in Europe, there are remains of the structures of an ancient people known as Lake Dwellers, from the fact that they lived in houses built over the water. In that beautiful sheet of water in Switzerland, Lake Geneva, there are such remains; but there are savage tribes in Oceania who illustrate the ancient practice to-day, dwelling in huts built upon poles, at a considerable distance from land. In America, the only instance of this mode of house-building is found in the lake of Maracaibo, which lies in the north of Venezuela. Whether or not this habit of living suspended above the water is indicative of special characteristics, in which fear of enemies is the chief element, we are not ready to say; but it seems altogether likely that such is the case, as the tribes who live in this isolated fashion are generally distinguished by a peaceable or non-warlike disposition.

In regard to the Maracaibo Indians, who are believed to be an offshoot from the Venezuela Indians, this is true, as it is related that many years ago a violent war arose among the Indians of Venezuela, and the conquered were driven out. Taking to their boats, they sailed away for the purpose of seeking a new region in which they might dwell.

This lake, which is about 100 miles in length and 60 wide, is connected with the Gulf of Venezuela by a strait 25 miles long. The conquered Indians had purposed to pass through the strait on their way in search of a new country, but a violent storm came up, and compelled them to make their boats closely, and tie them together with bamboo poles for protection. This maneuver enabled them to meet the storm successfully; and it suggested the idea of their building pile houses over the lake, which would be safe from fire and flood, and give them security against their enemies. They proceeded to carry out the idea; and, ere long, a village of bamboo houses sprang up, as it were, out of the water. Strong poles driven firmly into the bottom of the lake, and secured at the top by cross-pieces, constitute the foundation on which their houses are built. The roofs are formed of a framing of bamboo, and neatly thatched.

For sleeping purposes, they use hammocks. The hygienic conveniences of these houses are superior; ventilation and drainage are matters of nature's own provision, and cases of pulmonary disorders are unknown. These houses are built near enough together for access between them by means of short foot-bridges.

Living, as these people do, directly over the water, they subsist largely by fishing. They also make many articles of bamboo, and gather shells on the beach and fruit on the neighboring land, which they sell in the city markets of Maracaibo. It is said that they have a stronger disposition to industry than the natives of Venezuela further inland. But this may be due to their mode of living, and in being compelled to exert themselves to obtain the necessities of life.—*Phrenological Journal*.

A Journey in Japan.

The trip to Nikko is worth the taking for what may be seen on the road. While every path and thoroughfare in the land has much of beauty to recommend it to the traveler, the road from Tokio, the point of departure for those going from Yokohama to the mountain-city, is usually attractive, as it passes through a portion of the country that is as highly and carefully cultivated as any portion of the empire. It is during the month of August that the vegetation of Japan that has the care and attention of the husbandman is at that stage of growth that the land is covered with generous promises of rich returns for the labor bestowed upon it. Flora is generous in Japan at all times, but especially so in August, when there is no end of her gifts to gladden the eye and perfume the breezes. As the traveler proceeds from the capital he leaves behind the more pronounced innovations of Western intercourse that have been partially developed in all the cities open to foreigners, coming in contact with that which is more purely Japanese. On the entire journey, covering a distance of some ninety-two miles, it is not possible to procure other than Japanese food, pure and simple, while the sleeping accommodations are of the native style; though, for that matter, there are only three public places in Tokio where a meal in foreign style can be obtained, and only one hotel where a bed can be had. On the most traveled routes scant accommodations are furnished to meet the demands of Western notions. It is no uncommon thing for a foreigner to be refused admittance into the public houses in the interior towns and villages. This may be and probably is, in many instances, because of the trouble that is entailed upon the proprietor of the house in consequence of the official inspection that is imperatively necessary in connection with the passport of the traveler.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle*.

Might Have Tried Yellow Fever.

A New York young lady not feeling well caused the family physician to be summoned.

After looking at her tongue, feeling her pulse, etc., he said:

"I do not wish to alarm you, Miss B., but your symptoms are plainly those of scarlet fever."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, in consternation; "surely not, Doctor!"

"Yes," he said, "you are certainly threatened with scarlet fever."

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" she moaned, in great distress. "Oh, Doctor, couldn't you throw it into some other kind of fever? Scarlet is so trying to my complexion."—*Philadelphia Call*.

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Do Birds Think?

Do birds think? Let me tell you of a little bird I once owned. The little bird was a female mocking-bird who had a nest of young ones about a week old. The baby birds were never healthy, inheriting weakness from their father, who had asthma. Early one morning I was awakened by the mother bird standing on my pillow pouring into my ear the most mournful notes I ever heard. I knew something was wrong and arose at once. The mother flew to her nest, and looked to see if I was following, which I was. As soon as I had reached the nest she took hold of one of the baby bird's wings, pinched it gently with her beak and watched it eagerly, I think, to see if it moved. Then she took hold of one of the little feet and pinched it in the same manner, and, finding it did not move, she looked up at me in a pleading way, as if she wanted me to waken them. I reached my hand out toward the nest. She stood aside and looked on with as much interest and feeling as any young human being.

I examined the lifeless little bodies, and when I withdrew my hand the mother hastened to hover over the little ones, seeming to think that if she could warm them they would awaken. In a few moments she hopped off the nest, looked up at me in a pleading way, as if she wanted me to waken them. I reached my hand out toward the nest. She stood aside and looked on with as much interest and feeling as any young human being.

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