

A TALK ON DREAMS.

The Events of a Lifetime Portrayed in a Second—Some Remarkable Statements.

A prominent Philadelphia physician, who as a specialist in diseases of the brain has a wide reputation, is engaged in writing a little book about dreams and dreamers. In a discursive mood the doctor talks about the psychological phenomenon commonly spoken of as dreams in a most entertaining way. "Generally," said he, the other evening, "we think of nothing so swift as the electric current, and yet a flash of lightning is a slow coach compared with the rapidity with which upon occasion the human brain operates. Nothing shows this in so striking a manner as the wonderful performances of the mind in dreams. The events of years, to the most minute detail, are recalled in a second, and purely imaginary events, covering years and decades, are pictured so as to be retained permanently upon the mind, and are conjured up in the hundredth part of a minute. Some years ago a friend of mine related to me the particulars of a striking proof of this fact. He had been nursing another friend whose illness was such that he required constant watching. My friend had been at his bedside for nearly ten hours. A little French clock stood in an adjoining room which struck the half-hours, and thus gave notice of the time to administer the patient's medicine. At two o'clock a dose of morphia had to be given the sick man, and the nurse was waiting for the little clock to strike. He was very sleepy, and could with difficulty keep his eyes open. Presently the first tinkling stroke of the hour sounded. At that moment my friend fell asleep in his chair. He dreamed a most wonderful dream, the details of which it would be tedious to relate just now. The events in the dream were spread over three years, during which time he had been to Paris, to London, to New Orleans, and made innumerable trips by land, lake, and river. His vision began with a wedding and concluded with an execution, when the dreamer saw his own wife hanged. The most minute details of life and travel and adventure were distinctly portrayed, and my friend estimated that a novel of two big volumes could be written in merely outlining the events of the vision. When he awoke with a start at the climax of the execution, he heard the French clock strike one. Supposing that he had been asleep several hours, he felt some alarm. His patient, however, was sleeping quietly, and when he went into the other room to look at the clock he was astonished and incredulous to find that the stroke of the clock he had heard upon awaking was but the second stroke for two o'clock, and that his wonderful dream had occurred between the two strokes of the hour.

"But this is not at all an unprecedented occurrence. It is related of an English clergyman who fell asleep in his pulpit during the singing that he dreamed the events of a life before he awoke, to find that his slumber had lasted only during the singing of a single line."

"Can the brain act coherently during sleep?" asked one of the doctor's curious little audience.

"Oh, yes; that is well established, and has but recently, in a striking incident, been further verified. Canon Knox Little, of Manchester, dreamed that he wrote a hymn; remembering it upon waking, he wrote it down on the fly-leaf of a handy book. He then fell asleep again. When he awoke the second time he had forgotten the words of the hymn, and supposed that all of the incident had been a dream, but when he looked at the fly-leaf in the book he found there, sure enough, the verses he had written down, and which are now incorporated in several hymnbooks in England.

"It is a matter of history, as we all know, that the poet Coleridge composed his celebrated fragment 'Kubla Khan' while asleep. He fell into a doze while reading 'Pincha's Pilgrim,' and was in slumber for several hours. When he awoke he remembered an entire poem which he had composed during his sleep. He at once seized a pen and wrote down the part of it that had been preserved, but was called away when he was but half through, and was never able afterward to remember the balance, so that the poem has remained as a fragment. Tartini, the musician, composed the 'Devil's Sonata' under the inspiration of a dream, and mathematicians have solved problems in their sleep which they were unable to master while awake.

"But," continued the Doctor, after a slight pause, "strange as these unaccountable phenomena may seem there is yet a more curious fact in relation to dreaming which has never been sufficiently noticed. If a dream be but a baseless fabric, to what unsubstantial and elusive thing shall we compare the dream of a dream? The thing happens often, but is so frequently mingled with the fantastic medley of the dream itself as to be seldom clearly defined. A very good friend of mine who lives in West Philadelphia some months ago related to me the following dream of this kind which many years ago disturbed his slumbers, and which, because of its strangeness in being a dream within a dream made a great impression upon him and fixed itself indelibly upon his memory. 'I was sleeping,' said he, 'and fell into a dream, in which I imagined that I was in a sick-room talking to a visiting physician about the patient's condition. I thought that I was tired and sleepy, and the doctor kindly advised me to take a nap, offering to remain at the patient's bedside while I obtained some rest. I dreamed that I threw myself upon a sofa and slept, and as I slept I

thought that I dreamed of a terrible thunder-storm, and that I was awakened by a blinding flash of lightning. Opening my eyes I saw the doctor by my friend's bed and spoke to him of my dream. 'Oh!' said he, 'that is easily explained. Your face was toward that window, there, and the wind blew open one of the slats you see there, and the sun was thrown directly in your face, and thus caused you to dream of the lightning.'

"Still, in my dream, I talked some time with the doctor, and then awoke. The doctor, his patient, the sick-room and all had been a dream, during the progress of which I had actually dreamed of the lightning stroke, awoke from that dream, and continued for some time to carry on the thread of the first vision."

"I might multiply such experiences," said the doctor, as he prepared to bid his friends good-night, "but none of them would so clearly illustrate that strangest of all strange things in the phenomena of a sleeping brain—a dream within a dream."

Faith Illustrated.

At an island on the coast of Maine which is much resorted to there is an esteemed local clergyman who is known to the summer residents, nearly all of whom are Bostonians, as the "hen minister." This is by reason of his habit of telling, in season and out of season, a certain story which queerly illustrates the idea of faith. "I preached a sermon one Sunday," the good minister will say, "on the doctrine of faith, in which I taught my hearers the good Christian doctrine that all things may be brought about by faith, instructing them that faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. There was a farmer's wife in the congregation who was greatly edified by the sermon, and came to me and told me that she now understood just what faith was."

"Next Sunday morning I overtook her on the way to church.

"See here, Parson," says she, "I don't think much of your teachin' about faith."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why," says she, "the other day I heard my speckled hen a cacklin' like all to pay." "Now," says I, "here is a chance to see what faith is. That speckled hen's egg is the evidence of things not seen; the substance of things hoped for. I have faith that she laid an egg, and I'm sure that when I'll go out to the shed I'll find it."

So I goes out and looks for it, and there wasn't any egg there, and that speckled hen hadn't laid any. Now, what's your faith good for, I'd like to know?"

"And then," the minister will say, "I told her what was the matter with her faith. 'It was meant for a rebuke to you that you didn't find an egg there,' said I. 'You'd ought to have trusted in God, and not in the hen.'—Boston Record.

The Picture Frames of Commerce.

Among the incidents of a flitting, or of unfurnishing a house, few things leave so disagreeable an impression of dilapidation as the row of framed pictures, large and small, which, taken from their nails, are laid resting on the ground leaning against one another, their faces ignominiously turned to the wall. Then we see revealed pretense and shabbiness in little; the mean edgings of wood; the miserable tacks which keep the thin boarding in its place; the meager strip of brown paper pasted round; the cheap bending rings; the bit of red string; the square of loose glass; the glue—all making up a sort of "ricketty" combination. Such are the picture frames of commerce—the adornment of every correct house, and which exhibit painfully their makeshift character. They are indeed things of shreds and patches; every principle of sound construction is violated in their manufacture. The frame proper, too weak to hold the glass and backboard, and being further weakened by the grooving, is kept together at the corners by glue and a tack, while the thin boarding of the back is held in its place by a row of tacks driven under awkward strokes of the hammer. Finally the engraving is squeezed fast between the glass and the backboard, sandwichwise.—Art Journal.

A PROMINENT farmer of Bowling Green, Howard County, Md., Mr. J. T. Ridgely, said his four children were sick with sore throats and coughs at the same time. Red Star Cough Cure cured them in a week. No opiates.

Wanted to Be a Wizard.

The advance agent of a barn-storming wizard had just landed in the country editor's office.

"I want an ad. in your paper," he said.

"What for?" asked the editor.

"For the greatest and only living prestidigitator. He can do anything and everything, change water into wine, and wine into water. Take a twenty-dollar note out of a cat's mouth; take a ten out of a turnip; take a fiver out of a man's hat every time he puts his hand in, and so on."

"Do all that, can he?" queried the editor.

"You bet he can, and not half try."

"Can he take a dollar out of an editor's pocket?"

"Course he can; a hundred of them, for that matter."

"Well, he's the man I'm looking for, and if he can't teach me how I can do it, I'll be darned if he can't have his ad. in every column of my newspaper, free, and I'll get out a supplement besides."

BABY fails and bumps its head. Baby bawls, they think it's dead. Mamma gets St. Jacobs Oil. Rubs the baby; stops turmoil.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, express, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Preventive of Hydrophobia.

Mr. Jacob Streamer, druggist, of Pontiac, Ill., sends the following cure or preventive of hydrophobia, which was discovered by a distinguished French physician: Take two table-spoons of fresh chloride of lime, in powder, mix it well with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed and frequently renewed. The chlorine of gas possesses the power of decomposing this tremendous poison, and rendering mild and harmless that venom against whose resistless attacks the medical science has been so long directed in vain. It is necessary to add that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite. The following are the results of this treatment: From 1810 to 1824 the number of persons admitted into Breslau Hospital was 184, of whom only two died; from 1783 to 1824, of the number admitted into the hospital at Zurich 23 persons were bitten by different animals (182 by dogs), of whom only four died.

The Only Way to Conquer Dyspepsia.

It is perfectly preposterous to introduce pepsin and other artificial solvents into the stomach, in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting on the food itself. They will not. Nor is it possible thus to overcome dyspepsia. The only way to conquer that disorder, and prevent the numerous diseases and disabilities which it assuredly provokes, is to renew the activity of gastric action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most invertebrate forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs, and those which are tributary to them. The liver, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves, no less than the stomach, experience the invigorating effects of that standard tonic, which possesses alterative properties that greatly enhance its beneficial influence, and give a permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

Altogether Too Particular.

A guest at a hotel in Florida tasted of the butter and asked what it was. The servant didn't know, and the head-waiter was called. He professed his ignorance, and the guest sought the landlord.

"That," said the host, as he tasted it, "probably represents butter."

"But don't you know?"

"Not exactly. I've got a steward who is great on experiments, and whether this is creamery, dairy, common, artificial, or the Chicago butterine, I can't say. James, take this gentleman out and introduce him to the steward, and see that it is charged extra in his bill."

"And then," the minister will say, "I told her what was the matter with her faith. 'It was meant for a rebuke to you that you didn't find an egg there,' said I. 'You'd ought to have trusted in God, and not in the hen.'—Boston Record.

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DELIQUENT diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"SWANS sing before they die." They have to, if they sing at all.

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over \$500 a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Cleans out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, beetles, insects, skunks, jack rabbits, sparrows, gophers. 15c. At druggists.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." Quick relief, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions. 15c.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, children, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. jars.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

"ROUGH ON PILES."

Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of piles. 50c. At druggists or mailed.

SKINNY MEN.

Wells' "Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, nervous debility. For weak men, delicate women. \$1.

WELL'S HAIR BALM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A tonic restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

RELIEF is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the cause and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas, and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room, as a tender woman's face," asks George Eliot. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induces feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

THE man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been trying to spin a mountain top.

Best Goods Are Put in Smallest Parcels.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

WHEN a fellow rushes from a house into the street in a towering passion, it is an out-rage.

A COUGH, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

THE elements that go to make up a mad dog are a tin can, a string, and a small boy.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Bladder, Constipation, Diseases, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Phlegm and all arrangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

A positive cure for Scrofula and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

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