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Controlling Dreams.

A Frenchman has recently made some curious experiments upon himself, and as a result has announced to the world that it is possible to control dreams and make them either pleasant or otherwise. His method is to stimulate the brain through the agency of heat, and to place the body in certain positions. He finds that by bandaging his head with a layer of wadding his dreams always become sane and intelligent. As regards the position of the body, the results, so far as the nature of the dreams are varied. When he lay upon his back he experienced luxurious and sensual dreams. To sleep on the right side brought him dreams which were absurd and full of exaggeration, and which brought old matters vividly back to his mind. While lying on his left side the exaggerated character of the visions disappeared. They became sensible and intelligent, and recalled more recent experiences. The phenomenon of speech in slumber was also more apt to be noted while the body lay in this posture.

A sad picture of life in Ireland is drawn by a correspondent of the Springfield Republican. He declares that no one can conceive how wretchedly poor and destitute human beings can be and live until he has ridden by cabins and cribs and all the nameless shifts for shelter that offend the eye between Glengarriff and Killarney. Not one decent home, no comfortable tidy dwelling, not one cleanly, well fed neat human being did he see. Troops of sad, starved children nearly naked, smeared to the eyes with dirt and ashes, followed him mile after mile plaintively wailing: 'A penny if ye please, sur.' Men and women with the dull dead expression of despair in their eyes waded out to gaze upon him from their cabins and holes in the ground or between the rocks, literally ankle deep in mud, and clad in such tattered tatters that Lazarus was attired in princely robes in comparison. Deer stood in the fields and birds sat upon the trees fearless of man, for no Irishman is permitted to have a gun or to touch bird or beast, even though his family starve before his eyes. In the whole long ride of fifty four miles he never saw a dog; and he exclaims: 'Think of a people too poor to keep a dog!'

A St. Louis preacher, never having tasted whisky, bought half a gallon of it, to study its effects, in order the better to describe them in the temperance sermon he was preparing. To avoid publicity and accidents, he locked himself in his study and threw the key out of the window. In less than an hour he was singing and dancing instead of writing. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he climbed out of his window and slid down the lightning-rod, fell into a small barrel, kissed a woman in the street, got locked by two men at different times, broke a window, stole a dog, sassed a policeman, and got run in. The Judge soaked it to him most awfully—30 days—but his church forgave him and took him back on his solemnly promising that he would hereafter discuss the temperance question from a purely theoretical standpoint.—Hawkeye.

A man cannot marry too early after he becomes a marriageable man. But let us understand what marriageableness means. It means a good deal more than being twenty-one years old. It means fixed habits, a promising business as a support for a family, a very clear head and a very long heart towards the woman of your choice. For all this, for the latter especially, time is needed to occur. If you will slow it time and opportunity, love is the most trustworthy of earthly sentiments—indeed, well nigh infallible. But the "first sight" business is exceedingly risky and in many cases "first sight" is mirage.—Richmond Advocate.

A woman in Rome, Georgia, the Courier of that town says, has made from the juice of one water-melon a pint of thick, golden syrup. Georgia papers are agreed there is a fortune for the man or the woman who succeeds in making sugar from melons.

There has been a corner on codfish in Boston, supposed to be caused by the absence of so many members of society for the summer.

For Politicians Only.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under the Government were on a certain day not long ago seated on the tavern porch, when a toper named Joel B.—a person who was loquacious when corned, but exactly opposite when sober, said that he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows: "A certain king, I don't recollect name, had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it happened one day that the king took it into his head to go hunting, and summoned his nobles, and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and they started. While journeying they met a countryman mounted on a jackass. He advised them to return for said he it will certainly rain. They smiled contemptuously on him and went on. Before they had gone many miles they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a shower coming up drenched them to the skin. When they returned to the place the king scolded the philosopher severely. "I met a countryman," he said "and he knows more than you do. He told me it would rain whereas you told me it would not." The king then gave him his walking papers and sent for the countryman who soon made his appearance. "Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain?" "I didn't know," said the countryman, "my jackass told me so."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king: "By pricking up his ears, your majesty," said the rustic. The king then sent the rustic away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him, the jackass, in the office the philosopher filled.

"And here," observed Joel, looking wise, "is where the king made a great mistake." "Why so?" inquired the auditors. "Why ever since that time, said Joel, with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass in the country wants an office."—Clarksville Advance.

Embarrassing Incidents of a Sleeping Car.

Let me describe some of the experiences of a Pullman's palace-car. If the cars are full it is embarrassing to a shy man. What must it be to the fairer sex? I had noticed that American couples are rather demonstrative in their endearments both on the "car" and the steambaths, but this beats all. In the "sections" of a railroad car, as in the wooden house, even whispered remarks are very audible especially at night when everything is still. For example one evening when we had retired, a low voice was suddenly heard from the centre of the car: "Fanny, Fanny, give me a kiss, and say you forgive me." Then a little louder: "Fanny, Fanny, I can't sleep unless you forgive me. Give me a kiss and say you forgive me." At last the voice of the penitent husband, regardless of the tittering from the surrounding partitions, spoke again: "Fanny, Fanny, just one kiss and say you forgive me." At last a peppery old Indian officer, down at the end of the car, popped his head out and shouted: "Oh, Fanny, for goodness sake! do give him a kiss and let us get some sleep." Even then, amidst the outbreak of laughter from the other passengers, you could hear the poor man catching a curtain lecture.

"There! I told you so! Now you see what you have done! I know every one could hear you."

But at last peace reigned, and possibly Fanny gave him ten narcotic kisses of reconciliation. Austin Sheldon, the hermit of Pike County, Pa., desires to marry. He has proposed to several girls in his neighborhood, but they have declined possible because he declares he will not quit the cave in which he has lived for forty years. This abode is twelve by fourteen feet, with a gravel floor. The furniture consists of four blocks of wood for chairs, a dry goods box used as a table, a fireplace over which he does his cooking, and an old rickety chair in which he sleeps. He has not slept in a bed for years.

A Peripatetic Mourning.

"Have you got time to do a little figuring for me?" asked a seedy man leaning over the book-keeper's desk. "Just a little figuring!" "What is it?" demanded the book-keeper impatiently. "Put down 22,673," replied the seedy man humbly. "Go on," said the book-keeper. "Got it down already? You are quick at figures. Now put down 7,921." "Go ahead." "Now make another column: Put down 624." "Come! hurry up!" "And 2,463. Put that under the 624." "Well, what next?" "Commence another column with 1-436, and add the whole business up." "How's that?" demanded the book-keeper. "Add up the separate columns and then add them together!" "Add 'em all at once, if you'd rather," replied the tramp with humility. "How much does it make?" "It makes 34,817," replied the book-keeper. "Could you walk that number of miles?" asked the seedy man. "I shouldn't like to try," rejoined the book-keeper. "If you saw a man who had got that far to walk before he could plant a stem on the grave of his poor old mother, wouldn't you lend him a quarter until he got back?" The stony heart of the book-keeper was not proof against this appeal, and the mourner went away happy.

Natural History.

This is the lark. Take a good look at the picture, so that you may recognize the original when you walk out. "Is the lark an early bird?" "Very early. He is always out of bed by the time the first saloon is open." "What are his chief virtues?" "He hasn't any." "Doesn't he sing?" "He does. He sings his best about midnight, and he has been known to walk up policemen sleeping in a stairway four blocks distant." "Is he easily domesticated?" "Oh! yes. He will sometimes permit himself to be carried half a mile on a wheelbarrow, and it is very rare that he evinces any timidity in the presence of a large Central Station crowd." "What is his chief value?" His right to vote and his readiness to sell it to the highest bidder." "Wouldn't it be a sin to kill a lark?" "It would be against the law. There is no need to kill him, however. His life is short and full of cold and hunger, and rags and insults and hard knocks, and nobody remembers where he is buried or cares what becomes of his bones."—Ex.

Writing with Lemon Juice.

Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, who was confined and cruelly tortured in the Tower of London at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was in the habit of writing letters in orange or lemon juice to his friends. The manner in which he thus baffled the vigilance of his jailors is thus described in detail in his highly-interesting biography, published a few years ago by the Rev. John Morris. Father Gerard says: "Now, lemon juice has this property, that what is written in it can be read in water quite as well as by fire, and when the paper is dried the writing disappears till it is steeped afresh, or again held to the fire. But anything written with orange juice is at once washed out by water, and cannot be read at all that way; and if held to the fire, though the characters are thus made to appear, they will not disappear, so that a letter of this sort, once read, can never be delivered to any one as if it had not been read. The party will at once see that it has been read, and will certainly refuse and disown it if it should contain anything dangerous." One result of Father Gerard's orange-juice correspondence was that, with the aid of zealous friends outside, he effected his escape from the Tower in 1597.

A nurse was telling about a man who had become so terribly worn out by dissipation that he could not keep any food on his stomach, when one of her listeners asked, "what does he live on, then?" "On his relations, ma'am," answered the nurse.

Democratic Platform.

We congratulate the people of North Carolina on the era of peace, prosperity and good government which has been unbroken since the incoming of a Democratic State administration; upon the pure and impartial administration of justice and the honest enforcement of the laws; upon the efficiency of our common school system and great advance made in education, and the general improvement and enterprise manifested in every part of the State, and we pledge ourselves to exert all efforts to advance the material interests of all sections of the State in the future as we have done in the past. As we challenge a comparison between a Democratic administration of our State affairs and the crimes, outrages and scandals that accompanied Republican misrule. Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles as defined in the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati in 1880: Resolved, That we regard a free and fair expression of the public will at the ballot-box as the only sure means of preserving our free American institutions, and we denounce the Republican party and the interference of its federal officials for their gross frauds upon the elective franchise, whereby whole districts, States and the Union have been deprived of their just political rights; and we believe the corrupt and corrupting use of federal patronage, and of public money drawn by taxation from the people, in influencing and controlling elections, to be dangerous to the liberties of the State and the Union.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the entire and immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, with its attendant corruptions, and that we denounce the present tariff laws as grossly unequal, unjust and vicious. We favor such a revision of the tariff as will produce a revenue sufficient for the economical support of the government, with such incidental protection as will give to domestic manufactures a fair competition with those of foreign production. That there should be an immediate repeal of all laws imposing a direct tax for the support of the government of the United States, but if it should prove impracticable to abolish the internal revenue system with all its attending demoralization, fraud and corruption, then we urge upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress the importance of so amending the law that the revenue officers who now receive in North Carolina alone more than \$500,000 shall be elected by the people of the localities to which they are assigned.

Resolved, That the course of the Democratic party since its accession to power in North Carolina in furtherance of popular education is a sufficient guaranty that we earnestly favor the education of all classes of our people, and that we will advocate any legislation looking to an increase of the fund for that purpose that will not materially increase the present burdens of our people.

Resolved, That while we are not wedded to any particular form of county government, we recognize the fact that a large part of the taxes of the State are paid for the common benefit by the white people of our eastern counties, and that we consider it the bounden duty of the white men of the State to protect these people from the oppressive domination of ignorant blacks, and pledge ourselves to such legislation as will secure this end.

Resolved, further, That the Democratic party will resist such recovery and the payment of such bonds by every lawful means.

SMALL BITES.

The New York Star is betting that the Brooklyn Bridge will be finished in the year 1900.

Woolsey's Egyptian motto is "Nile desperandum," which means I will win glory or bust.

Eighty men with bayonet wounds are lying in the Dublin Hospitals, victims of the late riots.

The path to glory in Egypt must be in a condition good enough for mules and wagon trains to pass over.

According to Lamarine "The most effective coquetry is ignorance;" but the professional coquette never has it.

There is a bonanza for illustrated journals in the Cincinnati Exposition. The management offers to furnish electrotype cuts of the Exposition free.

Tug Wilson has gone to England to bring his wife and three children to this country. He is a sweet faced husband and a tender father, though a tough man.

The United States Hotel at Saratoga employs 200 waiters in the dining room. That's the reason guests have to wait twenty minutes to have an order filled.

The Buddhist believes there is no heaven for woman. He should be nipped in the bud, and be made to understand that there can be no heaven without woman.

Money spent in giving your son or daughter a good education is well invested. There is always room at the top. Well educated men never have occasion to starve and rarely go to the poor-house. A broadly educated man always has a choice of occupations. If he cannot find employment in the line he would choose, he can take to some other line and find employment there. A thousand dollars given to a child is soon spent; a thousand dollars worth of education given to a child can never be expended. The interest on the thousand dollars is sixty or seventy dollars a year; but the difference in position which two or three years of schooling will give to a boy is worth anywhere from three hundred dollars to one thousand dollars a year. Investments which pay from thirty three to one hundred per cent. interest are not common; education is such an investment.—Christian Union.

Wanted to See a Rebel.

Down below Montgomery I came across a man from Port Huron Michigan and after we had shaken hands he said: "Seen any rebels down here?" "Why, yes. That is I've seen hundreds who were in the Confederate army."

"But have you come across one who hasn't surrendered yet—a real old un-terrified who wasn't licked and still hates the flag?"

"No."

"Well, I wish I could see one. I've been down here two weeks and I haven't come across him. I thought the South was chucked full of such chaps, and I dotted on an interview."

I went up to the hotel and told the boys, and they sent over to the cooper shop for Sam. He was not in the war at all, having lately moved from Texas, but he was the most "rebellious" looking man south of the Ohio river. He had long hair, matted whiskers, a long, sharp nose, eyes like a wolf, long arms, ragged clothes, and he looked to be a tough case. The boys told him what was wanted, and he walked down the street to a barber shop where the Port Huron man was waiting to get shaved. Standing in the middle of the shop he threw his old hat down, jumbled three feet high and cracked his heels and yelled out:

"Whoop-yah! War's that Yank who's been hanging around this town for the last three days—y! y! y! darn Uncle Sam for an old buzzard! I fit with Wheeler, I did, and I never surrendered! There aint Yanks enough in North America to walk me off—whoop!"

The man from Port Huron had finally got what he was looking for. He rose up, and was edging for the door, when Sam jumped for him and yelled: "Whoop-ee! You're the cantankerous invader I'm after! Come down here and burn our gins will ye! Come and slay our—!"

Alas! the Michiganian was on the full skip by this time. He took the road for the country, turning out for nothing smaller than a four mule team. Next morning I received a telegram from him, dated at a town eleven miles off, asking to pay his hotel bill and bring along his satchel.—Detroit Free Press.