TO WOO SWEET SLEEP.

MANY SCHEMES EMPLOYED FOR CONQUERING INSOMNIA.

The Disciplined Brains of Great Soldiers. The Hop Pillow of Our Forefathers—A Plan That Would Cause Architects Trouble—Wet the Head.

If any unusually acute inventor could tell us of an infallible contrivance for going to sleep just when we wish to do so there can be no doubt whatever of the substantial benefit which would thereby be secured for mankind. Some fortunate individuals, like Napoleon I, can command sleep the moment they lay their heads on the pillows; others find themselves all through life sleeping the sleep of the just every night, without difficulty being experienced as to occasional wakefulness, except when illness happens to supervene.

The Duke of Wellington, who always slept on a camp bedstead, had a maxim that when a man turned in bed it was time to turn out; and here it may be remarked that great soldiers appear to be peculiarly constituted in their power to summon sleep at will. Possibly this may be due to the habits of discipline which they have learned. They say to their brains, "Go to sleep," and at once the word of command is obeyed.

WITH HEADS TO THE NORTH.

We are all familiar with the stereotyped advice in cases of this kind to "turn the pillow," to "think of something else," or to imagine and count a number of mountain sheep going through a gate. Many a time and oft has the too wakeful brain worker attempted to carry these and similar prescriptions into practice, usually with results disproportionate to the efforts involved.

It may be said without much exaggeration that the man who can first imagine a flock of sleep, then a half open gate, and then can force his hypothetical sheep to go through one by one without crowding or dodging or turning tail, is fit for treason, stratagems or writing the sublimest poetry. He is no ordinary man, and it is for ordinary individuals that the saving prescription is required.

Among prescriptions of a more or less sensible kind which have been at various times propounded and actually put into use for inducing sleep may be mentioned the hop pillow, in which our forefathers had considerable faith, the narcotic essential oil which produces the hop scent being supposed to be exceedingly soporific.

The hop pillow was used by George III intermittently when that monarch suffered from insomnia. Then S. A. Ellis long ago announced as a grand discovery to the Spiritual Curative Mesmeric Association that sleep was all a matter of which way one's head points.

In a certain direction the electricity of the earth, which is supposed to flow between the poles, passes along the body, and so tends to the enjoyment of repose. Persons seeking to avoid sleepless nights must therefore, Mr. Ellis underwood, always sleep south by north, with their heads pointing in their latter direction, and they must most ridiculously avoid attempting to slumber if their bed lies east and west.

The idea hands some supporters nowadays, but the consequences of its universal prevalence would lead to extraordinary results. For example, architects would have greater difficulties in building suitable private residences than they encounter even now, if they were obliged to put their doors and fireplaces so that every apartment would allow of a bed being situated in exactly the same position all over the house.

Let us imagine also a country house, where the gentlemen all retired to bed about 12 o'clock, the ladies having departed to rest long before. What a rude awakening would ensue for the latter when they were suddenly roused by hearing horrible rumblings as of thunder in the rooms on every side, and above them! They would think it was no earthquake without doubt; whereas, as a mere matter of fact, it would be only that each guest was simultaneously attempting to suit his four poster into consonance with the teachings of electrical science.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

There was, moreover, a London gentleman who years ago really believed he had found an absolutely certain prescription for banishing wakefulness, and he was willing to impart his knowledge to others for a handsome fee on the express condition that the information should "go no further."

When the sleep practitioner died one of his patients informed an expectant world that the grand secret was simply this: A person lying in bed and attempting to sleep usually breathes through his nostrils, and the breath so emitted is in cold weather, quite visible.

All that has to be done is for the subject to think of his own breathing, to imagine that he sees every breath that issues from his nostrils, and in a moment or two he will fall into a refreshing slumber. There may be some virtue in this prescription, though common sense would be inclined to suppose that the mere bother of imagining anything whatever would be so tiresome as to excite the brain and banish sleep much further off than ever.

Some persons, however, testified to the complete efficacy of the breathing plan. Alfred Smee, the author of "Elements of Electro-Biology," also attempted to solve the puzzle why sleep, when much needed, is often altogether denied. He referred the whole matter to the region of "the bio-dynamic circuit," but the practical prescription was to wet the top of the head with cold water, and he asserts that he has thus often obtained for a sufferer rest when every other means have failed.

All these spirited endeavors are worthy of much praise; but perhaps the best prescription for avoiding sleepless nights or parts of nights is not to take heavy suppers, to go in for exercise and not to sit up late, exciting the brain.—London Standard.

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.

GREAT AND EVIL FORTUNE OF PAULINE BONAPARTE'S NIECE.

Beautiful and Agreeable, She Is Surrounded by the Wise, the Witty and the Powerful—A Great Sorrow That Came Through Her Love for Her Little Daughter.

Never say that one is fortunate till you witness the close of his or her life. You must have seen in your diplomatic wanderings in Paris, Turin, Florence, Rome and Madrid that worthy niece (in regard to beauty and so on) of Pauline Bonaparte, Marie Letitia Bonaparte-Wyse, successively, by her marriages, Comtesse de Solms, Signora Rattazzi and Dona de Rute.

Was there ever a human being whose life seemed so rosy as hers, or whom nature had made more proof to the vexations and troubles which lie heavy on most daughters of Eve? In many respects this fair offshoot of the Bonapartes afforded a parallel to Cleopatra, who Mrs. Jameson says, was bewitching to the last because she exercised the sorcery of good nature. Like Cleopatra, Marie Bonaparte-Wyse was sparkling, genial, magnificent, of a happy-go-lucky temper and Bohemian, if one looks upon Bohemianism as emancipation from cant and mind crippling prejudices, some of which, I own, may have their social uses.

THE GUESTS AT THE "FOLLY."

She had always in her train the most eminent men of the different capitals, in which she turned up periodically to shine out for a short time in splendid belongings and surroundings. She also shone as a muse, whose fingers were never soiled with ink, and who stole from Venus her girdle and cortege of graces. Her house, or palace, or chalet, near Aix, was in the daytime given up to authorship, editorship and preparation for society, and to elegant revelry in the evening. The lady of the house when she saw company (and nobody ever knew when she was not seeing it) was in raiment of dazzling beauty. But she looked as it and in her wondrous jewelry as pleased as a child in a pretty Sunday frock, and courted admiration in a way that enhanced her sorcery.

I never saw Lady Blessington, she having been long before my time. But I fancy that there must have been points of similarity between her Gore house parties and those of the particular great niece of the great Napoleon of whom I speak. A more picturesque or amusing salon than that of Mme. Rattazzi de Rute nobody could fancy. She was constant to old friends, was always recruiting new ones, and was hospitable to all. Old Dumas used to copy manuscripts and help to cook her dinners, while wine served on vermeil plate, with the imperial crown and eagle engraved on them. A few winters ago she entertained four prime ministers, Baron von Beust, De Lesseps, Canovas, and lords from all parts, at a joyous dinner at Trouville.

The most roseate phase of her life was at the Hotel d'Aquila, which she afterward sold to Mrs. Mackay's sister. She was then for three or four years the widow of Sig. Rattazzi, and then the bride of a quite young Spanish deputy, Don Luis de Rute. The Hotel d'Aquila was a "folly" of the uncle of the ex-king of Naples, who ruined himself in building it, and was fitted up by Mme. Rattazzi according to her Cleopatran taste for elegant magnificence. The hall was surrounded by marble busts and statues of the Bonaparte family, and facing the emperor was one of herself letting fall an armful of roses.

THE SORROW THAT CAME.

Don Luis de Rute was a nephew of Rosas, the Spanish liberal, a man of many accomplishments, and the undoubtable countryman of Don Quixote. If ever a man was held in willing bondage by a woman, he was by his wife, of whom he was the devoted, humble servant, never seeking to curtail her liberty or objecting to any of her friends. The glamour she cast upon him when he first saw her in a music at Madrid, surrounded by a court of bards and statesmen, never faded from his eyes. She valued his devotion to her and to a beautiful daughter whom she had had by Rattazzi, and became deeply in love with him. Mme. de Rute presented her husband with twins, one of whom died at its birth. The surviving one was called Dolores or "Lola." It seemed a ridiculous misnomer. All that was joyous and rosy in the mother's life appeared to be incarnate in the child, which was a paragon of infantile beauty and precocious wit and intellect. Dolores became the idol of the household, and was sunshine wherever she went. People used to say what luck her mother had to be so blessed in her maternity. But wait a bit. The luck was to bring forth an eternal blight and sorrow upon sorrow.

Lola was playing in her mother's grounds at Aix. A horse near which she ran lashed out and kicked her on the forehead. The child was taken in dead to father and mother, with her brains oozing out through a gash. I could not have conceived the latter broken hearted and utterly crushed had I not seen her. Since this calamity she took no interest in anything but portraits and busts of Lola, which she tried to paint and model from memory. The unfortunate De Rute said to me: "The least thing would now kill me. Since Dolores was taken from me I feel an old man, though not yet forty-five. The gashed forehead of the little beauty is always present in my mind. It's a misfortune to have a tender heart, because heart sufferings are so excruciating." I see in the papers that a small thing did carry off this distinguished and amiable Spaniard. He caught a cold at Granada, which developed into inflammation of the lungs and killed him. He died with a cross in his hand in which a lock of the child's hair was set, and which he cut off when she was brought into him lifeless. I wonder which is the more to be pitied—the empress of Austria or poor Mme. Rattazzi de Rute?—Paris Cor. London Truth.

MAMMOTHS IN ALASKA.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY MADE BY THE ALASKA FUR COMPANY.

Monster Creatures Twenty Feet High and Thirty Feet in Length—Tusks Weighing 250 Pounds—Gorges "Sans" and Glaciers Side by Side.

"Alaska is a country of paradoxes!"

That is what Mr. Otis F. Fowler, of the Alaska Fur and Commercial company, said in answer to the question of a reporter respecting his late field of operations.

"During all that time, up to two months ago, when I resigned and started for home," said Mr. Fowler, "I have had my headquarters at Kodiac, which is the most northern station occupied by agents of our company. We have our headquarters in San Francisco, and trading stations all over Secretary Seward's purchase. As yet Alaska is almost a terra incognita. The country immediately surrounding some of the principal rivers like the Yukon, Snake and Stickeen has been explored, and a few miles inland from the coast line, but the great interior is almost unknown. What we have learned of it is a surprise, and was the foundation of my answer to your question.

"Alaska is certainly a country of paradoxes. You who live here in the states look upon it as a land of perpetual ice and snow, and yet you would be astonished if I told you that I grew in my garden at Kodiac abundant crops of radishes, lettuce, carrots, onions, cauliflowers, cabbages, peas, turnips, potatoes, beets, parsnips and celery. Within five miles of this garden was one of the largest glaciers in Alaska, and between the fertile coast slip and the interior is reared along the entire coast boundary a continuous mountain of perpetual ice and snow.

"During your twelve years' residence in Alaska what was the most wonderful thing you ever saw or heard there?

Mr. Fowler smiled at this question, and, after a moment's hesitation, said: "Two years ago last summer I left Kodiac for a trip to the headwaters of the Snake river, where our traveling agents had established a trading station at an Indian village. The chief of this family of Innuits was named Toleetlinz, and to him I was well recommended. He received me hospitably, and I at once began negotiations for the purchase of a big lot of fossil ivory which his tribe had cached near the village. The lot weighed several thousand pounds, and was composed of the principal and inferior tusks of the mammoth, the remains of thousands of which gigantic animals are to be found in the beds of interior Alaskan water courses. I subjected the ivory to a rigid inspection, and upon two of the largest tusks I discovered fresh blood traces and the remains of partly decomposed flesh.

"I questioned Toleetlinz [illegible] assured me that [illegible] before a party [illegible] examined, a [illegible] fifty miles [illegible] canoes, and [illegible] two, an old [illegible] quest he sent [illegible] ing party, [illegible] dian, and [illegible] his adventure [illegible] that the [illegible] tinct. T[illegible] and I le[illegible]

"He[illegible] a dry [illegible] found [illegible] the le[illegible] in u[illegible] with [illegible] spr[illegible] the [illegible] inland, and [illegible] in the vicinity of the [illegible] for some time. The chief immediately called about him his warriors, and the party, under the leadership of the scout, approached the streams.

They had nearly reached it when their ears were suddenly saluted by a chorus of loud, shrill, trumpet like calls, and an enormous creature came crashing toward them through the thicket, the ground fairly trembling beneath its ponderous footfalls. With wild cries of terror and dismay the Indians fled, all but the chief and the scout who had first discovered the trail of the monsters. They were armed with large caliber muskets and stood their ground, opening fire on the mammoth. A bullet must have penetrated the creature's brain, for it staggered forward and fell dead, and subsequently, on their way back to their camp ground, they overhauled and killed a cow 'big teeth,' which was evidently the mate of the first one killed.

"I asked the hunter to describe the monster, and, taking a sharp stick, he drew me a picture of the male animal in the soft clay. According to his description it was at least twenty feet in height and thirty feet in length. In general shape it was not unlike an elephant, but its ears were smaller, its eyes bigger and its trunk longer and more slender. Its tusks were yellowish white in color and six in number. Four of these tusks were placed like those of a boar, one on either side in each jaw; they were about four feet long and came to a sharp point. The other two tusks he brought away.

"I measured them and they were over fifteen feet in length and weighed upwards of 250 pounds each. They gradually tapered to a sharp point and curved inward. The monster's body was covered with long, coarse hair of a reddish dun color. I took a copy of the rude sketch made by the Indian.

"By the way, our late governor, the Hon. Alfred P. Swineford, has pretty carefully investigated the matter, and he is certain from a thorough sifting of native testimony that large herds of these monsters are to be found on the high plateaus in interior Alaska about the headwaters of the Snake river."—Philadelphia Press.

A MORNING WALK.

Through [illegible] and dew of
Charged [illegible] morn, my dream and I,
Then still as beauty on the earth and glory in the sky.

The world had not awaken yet
With [illegible] and commotion not cold,
But in dream and slumber on the happy harvest gold.

Spirit [illegible] the night is stirring
In [illegible] hearts and strings—
Let [illegible] the windy [illegible] with [illegible] immortal [illegible]

Life [illegible] all a dream,
A mortal struggle, [illegible] and immortal,
Where [illegible] and shadow lie across the silence of the stream.

Where [illegible] place lies
The [illegible] over the stream
Of the young [illegible] a [illegible] of shiny, shrunk green.

Dear [illegible], [illegible] heart,
Than mighty Nature [illegible] the [illegible]?
Fare [illegible], [illegible] while [illegible] time
Shall [illegible] the better part.

Are the high heavens [illegible],
A vault of [illegible] and sapphire [illegible],
Merely to [illegible], [illegible] my dismal discontent?

Would [illegible] into the [illegible]
Of the [illegible] make the thoughts that make [illegible] [illegible]
View the [illegible] [illegible] through the [illegible] of a tear?

The [illegible] time [illegible]
Then [illegible] to make [illegible]
Where with the [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] a glorious world to glad

The [illegible] to weep for it
When [illegible] by the [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

While [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]
Where [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] before the hurricane.

An! there are still [illegible]
But in the [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] days and nights.

The world is not yet [illegible]
Of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Though the day [illegible] [illegible] from us [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible].

Our life is all [illegible] [illegible]
The world has [illegible] too wonderful for [illegible],
Too [illegible] with the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

So though we said good-by
With [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!—
Then [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible] with [illegible].

—Cornhill Magazine.

The Poetic Bath Cashier.

It was in Indianapolis, or somewhere around there. He was a modest clerk in the bank, with all the usual Sunday school connections and religious reputation. It was in winter, when the directors took special note of attendance. The cashier died and they gave him the vacant post. He was a man of feeling and had a great deal of poetry and sentiment besides. He was deeply touched by the death of his friend, whose place he took. So he took a page of the cash book where his friend's account closed, ruled it around in artistic style with broad bands of black, and in the center he wrote a beautiful, touching, poetic eulogy, which beautiful [illegible] to the eyes of the board of directors. [illegible] surprised. Later [illegible] quite between the [illegible] an extraordinary [illegible] balance between [illegible] ought to be and [illegible]. He left, and they [illegible] beautiful obituary [illegible] feeling tribute [illegible] sage of his career [illegible] are much against [illegible] ier's advantage. [illegible]

[illegible] a Poet.

[illegible] ago I was in [illegible] book store—a [illegible] and muddy [illegible] figure of a [illegible] had, his [illegible] along the [illegible] like a poet as [illegible] was. That is [illegible] Holmes' hermit. "Well, I want to know that man; and I got to know him, and we have been the best of friends ever since. A more genial, genuine, delightful man and a finer conversationalist I never know. A copy of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' which he sent me, contains an interesting letter, giving me his reasons for beginning the papers in the Atlantic Monthly, which magazine he says he named.

"As I spent a thousand faces pass before me. None more gentle and kind than that of Emerson. He visited me, with his daughter, a tranquil, lovable man, and he wrote me letters. It is a pity, by the way, that I failed to preserve my correspondence; much of it, doubtless, would be now of considerable interest."—George W. Childs.

A False Fisherman.

Quite an idea upon the aim and purpose of fishing came to light in Vienna last week, when a fellow went fishing down on Gum creek. After selecting a nice, shady place and a comfortable seat, he threw his hook into the stream and took from his pocket a newspaper and was soon lost in its columns. Directly his cork began to bobble, then a strong pull from the water caused the cork to go clear under the water. Deliberately laying his paper aside, he picked up his pole and, as he began to wind up his line, remarked that a man couldn't fish in peace there, and he was going home.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Not a Man of His Word.

"W-w-will you b-b-be m-mine, Miss Laura? C-can't you t-trust me th-through l-life, my angel?" asked the stuttering young man.

"I am afraid not, Mr. Jenkyns," replied the object of his devotion. "I am a little afraid to trust you. You have broken your word a half dozen times in the last two minutes."—Terre Haute Express.

The nickels of the patriotic school children of Kansas, aggregating $1,000, and coming from 20,000 children in sixty-three counties and 203 schools, the same being contributed to the Mount Vernon Ladies' association, are to be used to rebuild the old servants' quarters attached to the historic mansion of the Potomac.

A HANGING POSTPONED.

CHANTAUQUA TWO-LEGGED TO PLAY A PENNSYLVANIA TOWN.

A Big Racket Prevented by the Failure to Hang a Man as Per Programme—Kit Indulging in a Siege—The Hawk and Buzzard Raised Warmer.

Some few years ago I played Frank Chantrau over the Pennsylvania circuit, and as it was my first experience on the "road" I was particularly anxious that the tour should be a success, not only for my immediate benefit, financially, but also for the purpose of creating a reputation with the other stellar attractions whom I proposed to take over the same territory later on. I also desired to stand well with the local managers, enabling me, as it would, to make advantageous arrangements as to terms, etc., etc.

APPLAUSE KIT'S WEALTH.

The "country" manager, as a rule, is a peculiar individual, combining, as he often does, the various duties of janitor, bill poster, ticket seller and stage manager. He is usually a clever fellow, and as his expenses are almost nothing, he usually earns a handsome income, no matter how small the business may be for the star or company, his share of the receipts being quite all profit.

But where he particularly shines and brings his latent talents to the fore, is his readiness to assume such a bad name and be hissed out of town during the season, with a prompt and reasonable excuse, so that in the event of business being unsatisfactory he may calm down the irate manager and disgusted star, and induce them to again visit the village on some future occasion. The following is a true illustration. We had played all through the coal regions, Kit proving a nugget, and we were piling up the dollars. We continued the tour into the western portion of the state, but on reaching Lockhaven we found that we had met our Waterloo.

I forget now just what our receipts were that night, but it was in the vicinity of $12 or $13.

Chantrau was simply mad. It was his first visit to that town, and he vowed it would be his last, and, after the performance, when the local manager joined us at the hotel, the genial Frank did not mince his words, and, it is well known, that his curses could be remarkably loud and deep on occasions.

"What kind of a town is this?" still he shouts anybody but Jerry. Do they ever come to the theater? Here we bring you a New York success, with a first class company, and we don't pay enough money to pay for heating the house."

"Now, my dear Mr. Chantrau," replied the man of the opera house, "you must know that we have had a show here every night for the past six weeks, and our people are drained of money. Wagg's & Sugmaw's company had eight dollars take in $8, and Pill's "Goldline" had to leave their trunks for their hotel bills. Definitely, this is a wing chair town, and you can play to the money. You made a hit to-night and will be the talk of the town. Now, if you could be sure on Friday the house wouldn't be big enough to hold the people."

"What cyclone is going to come then?" asked Chantrau.

"Why, we're going to hang a man here next Friday, and all the people will come from miles around. You come back and play, and I'll give you 10 per cent. of the receipts and hang your damages free. What do you say?"

Chantrau looked at me and I looked at Chantrau, and as he seemed to mutely ask my opinion, I accepted the proposal, and there and there signed contracts for the return date.

The next day I wired several towns, changed dates, canceled the Friday night where we were originally booked, and, at much trouble and some expense, arranged matters so that we could give the good folks of Lockhaven and vicinity one more opportunity to witness "The Arkansas Traveler."

Friday came and we rode all day, making a long jump, and arrived about 7 o'clock. As it was too late for supper we hurried to the opera house.

One thing struck me as being curious, and that was the total absence of people on the streets. Not a man, woman or child was in sight, and the town seemed like a city of the dead. When I had mentally footed forward to a gala night—shows open, citizens promenading up and down the main street and every seat in the house sold before our arrival.

At 8:30 o'clock, and with nobody in the theatre, I timidly suggested to the manager that he had better put on his gas, as we would give no performance, and asked him to come with me and explain matters to Mr. Chantrau. He did so and we proceeded to Frank's dressing room at once.

"What is the matter now? Where is that man you were going to hang today?" said my furious star.

"Why, Mr. Chantrau," replied the local director, "we postponed the hanging for another month."—Boston Globe.

Evening Dress.

A gentleman riding along a country road after a heavy rainfall, came to a rickety old cart and a horse to match the wobble stuck fast in the mud. The driver was an elderly negro, by his side sat his wife, and behind them were seven or eight little piccaninnies of all ages. All were decked out in a great variety of faded and second hand finery, but all were barefooted.

The man stood up and belabored the poor old horse, urging it on to the impossible task of pulling the cart out of the mire.

"The horse can't start the wagon while all of you are in it," said the gentleman. "Why don't your get out and lighten the load?"

"Cause, sah," was the reply, "we's all going to a party, sah, an we's got our best wahdrobe spoiled to the ragsah, an we don't gib out in de road an den go on lookin' like nobody!"—Youth's Companion.

THE SQUEERS [illegible]

DOTHEBOYS HALL [illegible] DICKENS [illegible]

The Old Institution of Dotheboys Hall Still Standing—Its Image Is Going to Disappear Forever.

[illegible]

Of course, all [illegible] pilgrimage. [illegible] the place. If [illegible] the school, [illegible] that he knows nothing about [illegible] famous Dotheboys [illegible]

Of course, all [illegible] those prejudices [illegible] Squeers [illegible] Dotheboys Hall [illegible] Squeers [illegible] Dotheboys [illegible] the place. If [illegible] the school, [illegible] that he knows nothing about [illegible] famous Dotheboys [illegible]

Of course, all [illegible] those prejudices