

# THE PREY OF DREAMS

Persons Often Obsessed by Hallucinations and Nightmares.

QUEER DREAMLAND DRAMAS.

Visions in Sleep That Have Driven Their Victims to Madness—Odd Cases Culled From the Notebook of a Specialist in Mental Diseases.

"Dreams, dreams, dreams!" began the specialist in mental diseases gloomily. "Dreams have sent me many a melancholy patient.

"I was early impressed with the analogies presented by dreams to insanity, but some years ago I remember this impression was strengthened by an incident which I can never forget. A young man consulted me about a trifling mental ailment. I dealt with his case in the ordinary way, and I was pleased to notice he quickly improved. Some weeks after I had told him he was quite recovered, however, he returned, looking an awful wreck, and, fighting hard to keep the tears back, he begged me to help him. He had become a victim of nightmare.

"Here you are," he whispered nervously, pressing a sheet of paper into my hand. "Here you are. Some of the things I see."

"Sketched on the slip were skeletons, crossbones, a gallows and a coffin. "And you really see these things?" I inquired carelessly.

"See them?" he replied. "See them? Why, I feel them! Feel them! Feel the rope! Smell the coffin!"

"And the poor fellow clutched at his throat in real agony.

"I did my best for him, but he became worse. The last time he called upon me he whispered in my ear that he had been duping me; that he was the man wanted for the B. murder. Just as I feared, nightmare had shattered his reason.

"He went away, and I never saw him again. The murder of B. was explained, but it was not my former patient's name I read in the accounts of the execution. I have every reason for believing that he ended his nightmare in suicide.

"Such are the instances that stud the mental physician's book of dreams. One of my earliest patients was a young man who labored under the delusion, the result of a repeated dream, that he had suddenly come into a large fortune.

"I am not surprised, doctor," he said. "I am not surprised. I am destined to fill important positions, and very naturally the Providence which demands that I serve the state has come to my aid with the means I shall find necessary."

"Then to my astonishment, he informed me that in order to give the proper touch of dignity to his exalted state he had ordered a number of motor cars and horses and carriages and was negotiating for the purchase of a large residence, which a leading firm of house furnishers was to fit out in lavish style.

"I must do these things, you know," he added. "I must."

"Having uttered these words, I recall, he drifted to other subjects and conversed as rationally as any one.

"It was a case in which I took a special interest. The young man had a good face. He was a favorite, I found, with his employers, and when he expressed regret at having to leave them consequent upon his imaginary good fortune his look of sorrow was something to remember. I told his employers so and discovered that the regard was mutual. They closed their eyes to his strange fancies, accepted his notice in gloomy silence, afterward complimenting him on his good luck, predicted for him a great future, and I was doing my best.

"In the end, I am glad to say, I was successful. I found that the young man had actually given out the orders enumerated to me, but these I easily countermanded. The dreaming and the delusion ended when I induced my patient to go to reside in another district.

"He never referred to his visionary fortune again. It passed away from him like the phantom that it was and was forgotten. Indeed, very likely were you to speak of it now he would laugh in his natural quick, business-like way and sarcastically request you to explain the lamentable condition of your mind to the person he does not remember."

"I had scarcely finished with this case, strangely enough, when another of dreamland's dramas came before my notice. Late one night it was the end of an exceptionally busy day. There was a violent ringing at my bell, and a moment later a man burst excitedly into my room and begged me to accompany him to his home.

"Strangest thing in the world!" he jerked. "My wife is ill. First she is covering the baby with kisses; next she is wanting to kill it. Woke up with a scream and wanted to put the infant out of its misery, and it wasn't in misery at all."

"I smiled and accompanied the man to his home. It was not an extraordinary thing for an insane woman to do, and this I remarked to the husband, who at once replied:

"But she is sane as you or I."

"And I smiled again. This horror of insanity in one's family is with us always. The man was, however, partly right; his wife was simply another victim of nightmare. The previous evening she had visited the local theater, and, being very much impressed with the melodrama she had seen there, it had affected her sleep.

"She dreamed that her baby was being cruelly tortured and that she could hear it screaming. Waking up, with a shriek, she rushed to the little cot where the sleeping infant lay, and had her husband not caught her in this nightmare would have been responsible for another tragedy.

"And I have a most vivid recollection, too, of a still more extraordinary instance which came before me in a northern city many years ago. A sergeant of police while going his rounds heard a female voice exclaim: 'Oh, my children! Save my children!' He proceeded at once to the house whence the cries came and eventually found the room and gained an entrance to it.

"Where is it? the woman cried. "Where is it?" asked the sergeant. "Then, with an agonized 'Oh!' she threw her arms into the air and fell down unconscious. 'It' was her baby, and she had thrown it through the window.

"The woman, who ordinarily was quite sane, had been dreaming that the house was on fire. So vivid was the vision that when she awoke she thought she could smell the burning wood and hear the crackling of the flames. Hastily raising the bedroom window, she seized her youngest child, and, calling out to the imaginary crowd below to catch it, she threw it down to the street.

"Not the least remarkable circumstance in this case was the strange statement made by the police court magistrate during the subsequent investigation. He said he considered that it would be a most dangerous doctrine to lay down that because a person was dreaming while committing an offense he or she was not responsible for the act.

"At the subsequent trial, however, the judge viewed the matter more mercifully. If the prisoner, he said, really did this with the idea that it was the best means of insuring the safety of her child, the jury would be justified in concluding she was not guilty. And the jury very properly declined to convict.

"A frequent delusion, particularly among women and girls, is that they are possessed by devils or witches, and invariably the delusion comes of dreaming."—Baltimore Sun.

**DREAM SENSATIONS.**

Causes of Some of the Feelings We Experience in Sleep.

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down the blankets is followed by dreams of arctic relief expeditions or falling into snowdrifts. A gas distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest" or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream, that of falling, falling, falling from a great height, to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to strike and be dashed to pieces, is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first forty-five seconds of sleep. A slip, a change of position of a sixteenth of an inch, is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest" and provides out of its swarming storehouse of images the precipices, flights of stairs, giddy mastsheads and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you, you "strike bottom" with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose just such as your tired body is getting from its "downy couch."

The next common dream, which we have all had scores of times and which, as Dickens quaintly said, he was sure even Queen Victoria, with all her royal wardrobes full of clothes, must have also had, that of suddenly finding yourself in public half dressed, seems almost equally traceable.

The dream, and we can all recall its mortifying vividness, is usually associated with insufficient or displaced bedclothes. This gives our drowsy brain cortex the idea that we haven't sufficient clothes on. Our arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close fitting upper half of the nightgown, the impression of unpreparedness comes most vividly from our unincased lower limbs. Our well trained modesty takes furious fright, and hinc illic lachrymæ (hence these tears).—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in American Magazine.

**Practical.**

The great Marchesi, like other famous singers, was the recipient of valuable gifts from an admiring public. Many of these were of a perishable nature, and some were rich and rare. One only bore the character of absolute practicality. During a concert tour in Switzerland there was one concert in which the prima donna was especially brilliant. She sang a varied programme—a song from Handel, an Italian air, some German songs—and not only through the greatness but the diversity of her gifts roused the audience to a tremendous pitch of enthusiasm. Many persons crowded up to her when the concert was over, overwhelming her with the profusion of the flowers they brought. After the crowd had dispersed a bashful looking girl came up, holding a parcel in her hand.

"You delighted me so very much at your last concert," said she, "that today I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers, however, fade. I therefore beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir which will keep me in your memory."

With these words she unwrapped a silver soap ladle, presented it and disappeared.

**Ice and Glass.**

Ice has the property—peculiar to bodies which expand on freezing—of liquefying under pressure and solidifying again when the pressure has been removed. Consequently the weight of any body moving upon a sheet of ice causes the formation of a thin layer of water which separates it from the ice and thus, by reducing the friction to a minimum, enables it to move smoothly over the surface—i. e., makes the ice more "slippery." On glass, on the contrary, this liquid medium is wanting, so that the two solid and unyielding bodies come into actual physical contact, causing a friction which, in spite of the smoothness of the glass, considerably retards the motion of the body.

If two smooth sheets of glass be taken and a few drops of water sprinkled over the one and the other placed above it, a thin layer of water will be formed, and until this layer has been pressed out the upper glass will move on the other as smoothly as if on ice. This peculiar property of ice is due to the effect of pressure in lowering the freezing point of water, so that whenever ice is subjected to great pressure it partially melts.

**She Believed in Presents.**

An old woman in Orkney was noted for selling whisky on the sly. Her house was a few miles from the town, and the excise officers had often tried, but in vain, to get her convicted. A young officer was appointed to the place, who said, on being told about her, that he would soon secure her conviction. Early one morning he left home and arrived at the old woman's house at 7 o'clock. Walking in, he saw no one. Noticing a bell on the table, he rang it. The old woman appeared, and he asked for a glass of milk. After a little he rang again, and the old woman appeared. He asked if she had any whisky. "Aye, sir," she said, "we aye have some in the bottle," setting it down before him. Then, thanking her, he laid down a sovereign, which she took and walked out. After helping himself he rang and asked for the change. "Change, sir?" said the old woman. "There's nae change. We hae nae license. Fat we tak we gie in presents; fat we tak we tak in presents, so good day, sir." The excise man left the house a sadder but wiser personage.—Strand Magazine.

**Professorial Standing.**

A professor of English literature in one of our universities once brought to me to publish in this magazine a learned piece of writing. It seemed to me a pretty dull thing and not important, according to my judgment, to anybody and not possibly interesting to more than a mere handful of special students. I told him this as politely as I could. He soon came to me again and smilingly took me into his confidence. "I hardly expected," he said, "that you would publish that 'study' that I offered you—in fact, I care little about it myself. I wrote it because my professional standing demands that I shall produce something at certain intervals, but now I have a piece of writing that I do take great pride in, and I want you to publish it without betraying the authorship to any living being. It would hurt my professional standing if it became known that I wrote this." It was a novel!—Walter H. Page in Atlantic.

**Hard to Please.**

"George, dear," said the newly made wife, "if you became a Mormon or a sultan and were allowed six wives, whom would you choose for the other five?"

George was diplomatic. "I'd select," he replied, "five duplicates of your own pretty self."

"Oh, you nasty thing!" she sobbed. "When we were engaged you often said there wasn't another girl in the world like me!"

"But, my dear Gertrude," he replied, "it was you who suggested the problem, and, anyhow, I should never become a Mormon or a sultan."

"Oh, you wretch!" she shrieked. "You mean that if you found any others like me you wouldn't marry them? I'll pack my trunk now and go home to mother!"

It was the first time.—London Answers.

**Too Much Sound.**

In Dean Ramsay's book of anecdotes there is one which refers to a conversation between a Scotch minister and a sexton. The minister was a stranger to the gravemaker and discussed with him the doctrines of the neighboring clergy. As one after another was mentioned the sexton wagged his head gloomily and said, "He's no sound."

At last the minister, who was, by the bye, a long winded and rather empty preacher, mentioned his own name and inquired, "Mr. — now, isn't he sound?"

"Oo, aye," said the sexton, with a twinkle in his eye. "He's aw sound."

**Breakfast Table Revenged.**

Breakfast is an excellent meal to which to invite one's enemies. There would be a certain wild joy in dragging one's best hated friends out of their comfortable beds at unearthly hours of the morning and then providing them with a "good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast" which they probably could not eat.—London-Gentleman.

**An Elastic Standard.**

Contributor—Has that poem any merit? Editor—Oh, yes. If it hadn't I would throw you out of the window. But it is good enough to permit you to steal quietly down the back stairs.—Life.

**Literary Motives.**

"Do I write for posterity?" repeated Hackett. "I do, sir—ten of 'em."—Puck.

**Paradise.**

Hear the merry sleigh bells ringing through the streets of Paradise. The ple social held in the Grange hall Wednesday evening was a decided success.

We are pleased to hear that P. M. Syphrit, of near Troutville, is making his business as a contractor and builder a success.

Tillie Norris visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hillis, Sunday.

We are sorry to hear Charles Hollenbaugh is leaving this week for Oklahoma.

Miss Margaret Reynolds entertained a few of her friends Thursday evening in honor of Margaret Cathers, who is visiting there.

Miss Elda Barnett spent Sunday with her parents near Punxsutawney.

The principal of the "Paradise Academy" is attending teachers institute this week.

Floyd Yohe made a business trip to Reynoldsville Saturday.

A valuable mule named "Tow" owned by P. M. Wells, died suddenly Friday evening of heart failure. George Sheesley was physician in attendance and James Norris night watchman.

Mrs. Nancy DeHaven, of Bradford, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert Norris. Mrs. Norris expects to accompany her daughter home.

Clay Vineburg, of Homer City, visited Paradise Grange Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Cochran report a very nice time while attending State Grange. While they were gone they visited Philadelphia and other places of interest.

**Window Glass Condition.**

From the December issue of Patton's Monthly, published by the Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., we clip the following:

"The past thirty days may be properly referred to in the window glass world as the month of discord. There has, as yet, been no note of harmony sounded between the official bodies representing the manufacturers and skilled workers; and, in fact, neither crowd has been agreeing any too well among themselves. Several meetings have been held with a view to adjusting the wage question to meet present conditions, but the results, according to reports received, have been meager and not satisfactory to the majority of those interested.

Factories representing more than two-thirds of the pot capacity have not attempted to make glass this fall, and several of the plants which have been trying to run have been experiencing various difficulties. Some factories which were started a few weeks ago have already shut down, presumably because the owners are unable to see a profit in the business at the present cost of manufacture, when selling glass at prices freely offered by factories more favorably situated in several respects.

While the production has been limited, buying has also been below normal, due in part to the unsettled condition of the window glass industry, and in some cases to the financial situation. Until conditions change to such an extent that glass will be more freely taken by the trade, the present producing capacity is ample care for the country's requirements."

**WANT COLUMN.**

Rates:—One cent per word for each advertisement.

Lost—Ladies gold watch; Dec. 25, 1905, engraved on case. Please leave at SVAR office.

For Sale—Sleigh and buggy at a bargain. Philip Koehler.

Found—Lady's pocketbook. Owner may recover same by calling at gas office and paying for this advertisement.

FOR SALE—Show case, cash register and all store fixtures at a bargain. Cash New York Hackett store.

FOR RENT—Six room house in West Reynoldsville; water and gas; \$6.50; G G Williams.

FOR RENT—House next to Presbyterian parsonage on Grant street, with bath. Inquire of H. Alex Stoke.

FOR SALE—A number of hogs at 10 cents per pound dressed. L. M. Hetrick, R. F. D. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Sohmer piano at a rare bargain. Inquire at THE STAR office.

FOR SALE—Two cows. Joseph McKernan.

FOR SALE—A half dozen young Rhode Island Red roosters. J. M. Hays, Reynoldsville.

FOR SALE—Six room house, barn and lot 60 x 150 feet on Hill st. Inquire of E. Neff.

FOR SALE CHEAP—An Edison moving picture outfit in No. 1 condition, with extension lens, large curtain views and films to give an evening's entertainment. Also large Edison phonograph, with nearly one hundred of the best selected records. M. C. Coleman.

**A Real Wonderland.**

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mound City, in the home of Mrs. E. D. Clapp, a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat trouble. "Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes," writes Mrs. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him."

Guaranteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles, by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co., Reynoldsville and Sykesville 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

**Here's Good Advice.**

O. S. Woolever, one of the best known merchants of Le Raysville, N. Y., says: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured me for good 20 years ago. Cures every sore wound, burn or abrasion. 25c at Stoke & Feicht Drug Co. stores, Reynoldsville and Sykesville.

J. O. Johns, merchant tailor, next door to National hotel.

New winter hats and caps at Millrens.

Gibson's optical examinations are thorough. Glasses only given when needed. Only first-class work done. For his dates see adv. in this paper.

The finest line of suit cases and bags can be bought at Bell's.

**Shareholders Meeting.**

Reynoldsville, Pa., Dec. 11, 1907. This regular annual meeting of the shareholders of the Peoples National bank, of Reynoldsville, Pa., for the election of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before it, will be held at its banking house on Tuesday, January 14, 1908 at 3:00 p. m. F. K. ALEXANDER, Cashier.

**Annual Meeting of Stockholders.**

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens National bank of Reynoldsville will be held in their banking rooms on Tuesday, January 14, 1908, at 1:30 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business that may properly come before that body.

J. W. HUNTER, Cashier.

**Stockholders Meeting.**

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Reynoldsville, Pa., for the election of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before it, will be held in the Banking Room on Tuesday, January 14th, 1908, at 3:00 p. m.

K. C. SCHUCKERS, Cashier.

Cards of thanks and obituary poetry are charged for at rate of 5 cents per line.

**The First National Bank**  
OF REYNOLDSVILLE.  
Capital and Surplus \$165,000.00  
Resources \$550,000.00

JOHN H. KAUCHER, Pres. J. C. KING, Vice-Pres. K. C. SCHUCKERS, Cashier  
HENRY C. DEBBIE, Director DANIEL NOLAN, Director JOHN H. CORBETT, Director  
HENRY C. DEBBIE, Director J. S. HAMMOND, Director R. H. WILSON, Director

Every Accommodation Consistent with Careful Banking

**How About that Boy of Yours**

Are his feet dry? Just the time of year they should be dry. Buy him a pair of Burley & Sturns high or low tops, carried by us. We are showing an unlined shoe for boys, made of Kangaroo, with hand-nailed bottom. Our Mud shoe for boys is a winner. We never showed a better variety of Men's and Women's fine footwear.

SOMETHING NEW—A Ladies' Foothold put up in a rubber lined bag. Can be carried in pocket or pocket-book. Price 75c.

**Nolan, the Shoe Man.**

**This Coupon**

is Worth \$1.70 to You

**\$2.70**

worth of **SANTAL**

for a \$1.00 bill

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.  
4266 Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Enclosed find \$1.00, for which send me the assortment of 10 Santol products as offered. Deliver through my druggist whose name is \_\_\_\_\_  
H. L. McEntire  
Yearly \_\_\_\_\_  
Month \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

Cut out this coupon in upper right hand corner and send to The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company, of St. Louis, with a \$1.00 bill and our name, and they will deliver you through us the complete assortment of ten full size packages of Santol as illustrated. These are the most satisfactory toilet preparations in the world and the regular total retail price of these articles is \$2.70.

**H. L. McEntire**  
DRUGGIST  
Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania

FOR SALE—Sleigh and buggy at a bargain. Philip Koehler.

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