

DREAM'S PROMPTINGS.

There is a constant flow of unconscious thoughts while we sleep.

The physiologists of the first half of the century and more modern writers expressed the belief that dreaming only occurred at the moment when consciousness began to resume its sway.

But in The North American Review, Dr. Louis Robinson says that modern investigators accept the theory of the metaphysicians and believe that there is a certain amount of cerebral action during the whole period of sleep, and that the vast majority of our dreams never come to our knowledge.

Dr. Robinson's article is long and interesting. The conclusions which he arrives at are as follows: "Owing to the unconsciousness of our dream which is a necessary concomitant of our power of intellect, the brain is always in part awake, and is especially active in shifting memorized matter. The cerebral centers connected with the sense organs are continually and indirectly employed in stimulating impressions from without. Certain of the senses, especially that of hearing, remain open to external influences during sleep and convey actual vibrations to the brain."

There is an active and purely involuntary predisposition on the part of the mental apparatus to compare and collate all the messages which come, or seem to come, from without, through the sense channels, and to collate these again with what is brought to the consciousness by involuntary recollection. Associated with this is a tendency to combine the evidence so collected into a coherent whole, and to make the result of either explain the more emphatic thoughts or impressions, or else answer some questions which occupied the attention before sleep began.

"No voluntary power exists during sleep to pick out from the jumble handed in that which is relevant to the problem to be solved, and just as there is no power to discriminate real from false impressions at the outset, so, throughout a dream, we are completely oblivious to the most glaring fallacies and inconsistencies."

Had No Eyes, but He "Saw." "I should like to have the key of the unoccupied house, Wharton street," requested a well dressed man as he entered the office of a downtown real estate agent.

"Yes, sir," and the key was handed over. As the caller departed it was noticed that he kept prodding the floor with his cane as he walked. But his gait was almost as brisk and as straight as though he had no affliction whatever. This was remarked as he left the office.

He returned a half hour later with a step as quick as ever and with business in every motion. "I like the house," he said, as he handed over the key, "but there is considerable repairing to be done. The paint should be renewed. The front bedroom and dining room are sadly in need of repapering," and so he went on until he had enumerated a half dozen things that were necessary to be done.

It afterward transpired that he had acquired all his knowledge simply by the sense of touch. His examination had been as thorough as though he had had the use of two good eyes. It was really a remarkable performance.—Philadelphia Call.

Long Talks. Parliamentarians and orators in general claim that no man could talk coherently on a single subject for more than six hours, yet hundreds of cases to the contrary could be cited. When De Cosmos defended the settlers' land bill in the lower house of the British Columbian parliament, he talked continually for 36 hours. The act confiscating the property of De Cosmos' constituents had to be passed by noon of a certain day; De Cosmos was the only defender. He took the floor at 9:55 o'clock the day previous to the date when the law would become a dead letter and kept it until 12:05 the following day. It is said that his tongue and lips were cracked in hundreds of places and his shirt front covered with blood. A speech 11 hours longer than the British Columbian's famous argument was delivered in the Romanian chamber of deputies in 1887. It was on the occasion of the impeachment of ex-Minister Bratianu, the leading deputy supporting the articles of impeachment talking continuously for 37 hours.—Exchange.

Abandonment of Cronstadt. The harbor of Cronstadt in Russia is to be closed to merchant vessels after 1895, and a new harbor will be opened along a maritime canal just below St. Petersburg. This harbor will be 22 feet deep, cost 1,000,000 rubles, and be the central point for the unloading of coal and the loading of grain and other articles of export. The department of public works is also considering the advisability of constructing a tunnel under the Neva. Like that under the Thames in London, but built in four stories. This abandonment of Cronstadt is of especial interest, for it was Peter the Great who established and indeed created it for the port of St. Petersburg.—Springfield Republican.

Science of Divine Providence. Not a great while ago a learned ignoramus delivered a sermon on "The Science of Divine Providence." "Sir," said a genuine student, at the close, "will you not favor us with a lecture on 'The Faith of Geometry?'"—Christian Advocate.

A BIT OF RAINMAKING.

An Effort in the Hebrides Islands That Was Fruitful of Success.

Lieutenant Boyle T. Somerville of the English navy, who lived many years in the Hebrides islands, tells the following interesting tale regarding the work of a professional native rainmaker. Toward the end of the year, annual period of drought, so that an inland tribe in the island of Ambrym went to its rainmaker and demanded his immediate attention thereto.

He at once set to work to weave a sort of hurdle of the branches and leaves of a tree famed for its rain-producing qualities, which, being finished, was placed, with proper incantations, at the bottom of what should have been a water hole in the now parched bed of the mountain torrent. There it was then held in place with stones. Down came the rain; nor did it cease for 48 hours, by which time it had become too much of a good thing. Soon the rain producing hurdle was quite 10 feet under water in the seething torrent, and the people, much to their dismay, saw that their rains and the surrounding earth were beginning to wash away down the hillside.

The lieutenant continues: "Now mark what comes of fooling with the elements! No man of the hill country was able to dive to the bottom of the water hole to pull up the hurdle with its weight of stones, so the merciless rain still held on. At last the shore natives, accustomed to swimming and diving, heard what the matter was, and some of them coming to the assistance of the compeller of the elements was recovered from its watery bed and the rain stopped!"

It is such a coincidence as this, happening perhaps once in a decade, which causes this people, now thoroughly Christianized, to refuse to give up their rain doctors, although all other outward forms of rank superstition appear to have been freely abandoned.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cracking of Trees. The catalpa never shows the "sere and yellow leaf" in autumn like the sycamore, hard maple, etc., for the reason that its leaves are caught in a green, unripened state by the first severe frosts. In one night their bright green is turned to a dingy black. This sudden check gorges the cambium layer and new wood of the stem with water. An excess of water swells the protoplasm of the cells to such an extent as to rupture the elastic bark, and in trees where the cell structure of the wood is not ripe the crack will extend into the wood often with a noise like an explosion. This often occurs in the fall when it is not cold enough to stop plying. Sometimes we have much loss in nursery in this way with varieties not fully ripe when the first frosts come. Sometimes indeed it injures very hardy varieties. In such cases the swelling of the protoplasm comes from the water absorbed at the ground surface when combined wet and cold come together in autumn. The cracking of cherries and pears comes from the same cause, that is, by absorbing water on wet days, causing an expansion of the protoplasm. With trees the best treatment is to cover the rupture with moist clay and then wrap to exclude the air as much as possible.—Iowa State Register.

The Crawfish and the Levee. "Whenever I hear of a break in the levee down in my district, I know that nine chances to one a crawfish have caused it. The assertion may sound slightly exaggerated, but it is a fact nevertheless that the troublesome little crawfish work more damage to the levee than does the water. On a big rise, when the bed of the river is stretched from embankment to embankment, the crawfish burrow into the levee and live there in the moist earth. They multiply faster than maggots and loosen up the earth worse than moles.

"The levee may be completely sodded with grass and you see no external evidence of the damage going on within, but when the next big rise comes you will see it. I have frequently known the water to break through the levee two or three feet from the top, and you can attribute it to nothing but the destructive work of crawfish. This was particularly true of the break at Offit's in 1889, when a portion of the town of Greenville was submerged. The builder of the levee in the future will have to take into account the crawfish as one of his most stubborn foes."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Sweating. It may be said without exaggeration that sweating forms an important factor in the masculine vocabulary of nearly every civilized nation. Great writers like Shakespeare knew this. A collection of Shakespearean catches and epigrams with their etymology would fill a volume. Shakespeare realized that they were inseparable from a faithful portrayal of virile human character; that no truthful picture of common life would be possible without the use of that strong rebelem language in which men express their emotions. But conventionality forbids to nineteenth century writers what the Elizabethan age not only tolerated, but approved.—Philadelphia Press.

Whistling on Shipboard. If you want to see a disgusted man, just whistle on shipboard before a sailor. You never knew a sailor to whistle. He will tell you all about "whistling down the wind," but he could not get up a pucker to save his ship. You remember that old story about a sea captain who refused to take aboard a woman who whistled, and knowing the old superstition feared that with her on board he would be sure of shipwreck. I do not know how it is with the captains of vessels now, for almost every woman seems to know how to whistle and keeps up the fashion.—Detroit Free Press.

WATER LOCATION SENSE.

The Strange Faculty Possessed by Some Reptiles Even When Deceptively Possessed and Betrayed by the Water Location Sense.

My attention was first called to this by my brother, who, while engaged in a natural history expedition in northern Texas, had what at the time was both considered a unique experience with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised some distance from the water, among the sand dunes that line the gulf shore, and on being overtaken had its head chopped off preparatory to serving as a very toothsome addition to our diet. Much to the surprise of the party the tortoise, as it continued on its way toward the water.

Several times it was turned around, entirely or part way, but every time it was able to right its position perfectly and again make directly for the water. At the time this was narrated to me I was of the opinion that there must have been something in the contour of the land that enabled the tortoise to regain the correct direction in each case.

Since then I have had numerous proofs that this ability belongs to a number of species of these animals in the West Indies and that the loss of the eyes and nasal organs of the entire head and neck, in fact, apparently works no inconvenience to them in this particular. This is a family characteristic which, so far as I have been able to find, is not alluded to in any work concerning them.

The same singular ability may be observed in certain species of water frequenting snakes. The common water snake, often erroneously called the "water moccasin," almost invariably finds its way to the water, if not too far away, when its head is cut off.—St. Louis Republic.

The Color of Man. The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend says that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man, and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the great being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.—Exchange.

Soap For Chapped Hands. "Contrary to the general notion," said a well known chemist, "good toilet soap is the best preventive against chapped hands that can be used. I don't mean its general use in washing, but as a salve or balm, just as you would apply camphor ice or vaseline. While the common soap generally used for cleaning the hands is of an alkali nature and chaps the skin terribly, a good toilet soap is neutral and acts as a balm to the irritated skin. In my business I have to wash my hands a great number of times a day. At first I had great trouble, for my skin, being naturally tender, chapped easily, making large cracks in the flesh which made it dangerous for me to work in acids. At last I discovered by covering my hands with good toilet soap after I had washed them—rubbing it well into the skin—that I not only prevented chapping, but kept my hands in elegant condition. Vaseline and salves are very good, but none of them can do the work of a first class toilet soap. As I said, a toilet soap is neutral. A person could eat it without injury. Why, many of the pills which are prescribed for you are made out of nothing more than toilet soap."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was Foggy. Brazil is the hotbed of "provarical" existence at Ananias club, and rumor credits Judge Silas D. Coffey of the state supreme bench with the presidency. The judge tells a good story at the expense of John Vanez, proprietor of the Vanez boiler works, and a cousin to Carnegie, the iron king. He said that one morning while a party were camping at the judge's cottage they awoke to find the thickest fog on record. Vanez was missing, and a search was instituted. He was found just outside the door, where he was cutting out slices of the fog with a cornknife and spreading it with sardines molasses for breakfast. Vanez denies this and says he was cutting loose the shadows of night that had got caught in the fog.—Brazil (Ird.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Force of Habit. Speaking of force of habit, some years ago there was an iron railing around the capitol grounds at Washington. The appropriation bill provided for a watchman to close and lock the gates every night at a certain hour and open them at a certain hour every morning. In the course of time the railing or fence was removed, but the gates swung between their Egyptian pillars for a long time, and all that time the watchman came and went regularly, closing and opening the gates according to law and drawing his salary.—New York Herald.

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