

INSPIRED BY DREAMS

TRIUMPHS OF THE BRAIN AWAKE OVER THE BRAIN ASLEEP.

Dramatic Achievements That Owe Their Being to the Mysterious Workings of the Mind Under the Subtle Influence of Slumber.

There are numerous authentic cases in which, inspired by a dream, a person has achieved in sleep something that he had utterly failed over when awake and certainly more than one where an artistic triumph has resulted. No doubt, too, there have been instances of the kind where the mystery of such an achievement has remained an irritating problem, as very nearly happened in respect to an artist whose pictures sold well and whose genius for color combinations was considered as astonishing as his output.

The painter used to tell the creepy story of how, going into his studio after breakfast, he would often stand spellbound at the fact that some supernatural "double" had been hard at work upon his canvases during the night, more than once obtaining cleverly an effect in scheme or coloring that he had strained after for days in vain. Here was something to make the strongest brain reel.

As it continued at intervals after he had tried locking the studio door and placing the key under his pillow, the effect could be better imagined than described, and it was only a chance accident that at length burst the bubble. He got up one morning to find his dressing gown streaked with a dry carmine pigment, and fragments of the same material lay strewn about his easel below. Impelled by a dream, he had gone down there in the night to paint, trodden upon the pigment, and, automatically, picked up the pieces before retiring again. And precisely the same thing is known to have happened to a well known worker in mosaics some years ago. His mind continued to work out schemes after his body had "struck," and he would proceed to his workroom and arrange designs, the effect of which simply stupefied him next morning.

At least one enduring piece of music owes its inspiration and production to a dream in the same dramatic way. The singular distinction, in fact, is claimed for several. It occurs at the end of a famous Russian opera. For weeks the composer had struggled with his finale and had all but given it up in despair. The spirit of a certain theme danced vaguely through his overworked brain, but always eluded him when he went to set it down for the orchestra.

One night, as he lay asleep, it came to him, grandly definite. He dreamed that it was an accomplished fact on paper. Events showed that he must have gone down stairs, played it triumphantly over on his organ several times and then written down the chords that had caused him so much anxiety. Next morning the score sheets were found neatly dotted and the finale a great success; but, although his wife had heard the organ going and even remembered the tune played, the composer himself could only recollect the dream itself and was absolutely at a loss to account for the position in which he was found—fast asleep over the keys. The brain had succumbed immediately the dream inspiration had taken a practical shape.

Equally dramatic, again, is the story often told of a struggling musician who had written a song which he could not induce any music publisher to risk publishing. The fact had preyed on his mind. One night he dreamed that he had written a pathetic letter to a popular singer, inclosed it with his scorned masterpiece, walked all the way to the vocalist's house at Hampstead and pushed his envelope through the letter slit there. He recollected little of it next morning, not having occasion to miss his manuscript, and stoutly denied his landlord's assertion that he had left his bedroom and gone for a nocturnal stroll. Shortly afterward, however, he was astonished at receiving a check and a ticket for a concert, and then, especially when he heard his own song rendered at the concert, it all flashed back to him. He had unconsciously acted upon his dream—owed his stroke of luck purely to a somnambulist inspiration.

It goes without saying, too, that the most humorous things are occasionally done by persons who retire to rest with a fixed intention for the morning in their minds and are discovered working out the scheme in their sleep.

The writer knows a gentleman—never suspected of acting upon inspirations evolved in his slumber—who had laid in a stock of enamel paints, with which he intended to decorate his rooms after a pattern not yet decided upon. Some fantastic notion presumably must have presented itself as he slept. All unconsciously he proceeded down stairs in the small hours, mixed all the colors together in a bowl and started to daub the doors and walls with considerably more determination than usual. The result was a polychromatic chaos, to say nothing of a bad shock for the gentleman, who sprang out of his dream at the sound of a cry from his startled wife.—Philadelphia Times.

An Amused Philosophy.
"Keep working," said Senator Sorghum earnestly. "Don't be discouraged by failure, but try, try again. Remember that good old maxim 'Persistency's a jewel.'"

"Are you sure it's 'persistency'?" inquired the young man mildly. "Isn't it 'con' instead of 'per'?"

"Well," he answered thoughtfully, "as life goes nowadays I suppose there's got to be more or less 'con' in it. But it isn't considered polite to lay too much stress upon it."—Exchange.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A Burglar Who Preferred a Kiss to Keeping the Swag.

"I fancy," said a handsome woman of 50 or more, "that there is as much truth as poetry in what has been said and is being said about the power of woman's beauty. Of course, it is supposed that only poets know anything about the matter, but I can bear testimony of a different sort, and it is from my own experience. When I was a girl of 20, I was really very pretty and I had no end of gay gallants dancing attendance on me all the time, which was some sign of the truth of my statement, for I was neither very rich nor very bright—just an ordinary, real pretty girl; that was all. But the power was there, though I was not conscious of its strength until after my experience.

"I lived in a southern city of 25,000 people, and one night I attended a dance a half dozen blocks from my home and did not get back until 1 o'clock in the morning, my escort being the gentleman who is now my husband. He proposed to me that night, and when I came into the house I fancy I must have been prettier than I ever was before, for I never was so happy. The house was still, for the only people in it, except two old servants away back in the L, were my father and mother, who had gone to bed hours before. I slipped up stairs to my room as quietly as a mouse and turning up the gas I was confronted by a burglar, who pointed a pistol at me and told me not to make any noise or he would kill me. I didn't faint, because I was so happy that it inspired me, I suppose, and I stood still looking at him. He looked at me, too, dressed in my best gown and shinning with a lot of jewels, for our family had some fine diamonds and other things of ornament that had descended to me, and like most southern girls I liked to wear them even when it was not in the best taste.

"I wouldn't hurt as pretty a girl as you are for the world," he said with a bow; "but I've got to have the shiners, so just take them off and hand them over, while I pick up what I can find lying around loose."

"With trembling fingers I took off my handsome jewels while he gathered up all he could find on my dressing case and put them in his pocket, keeping the pistol pointed at me. He was not a bad looking man, and as I put out my hand to him with the jewelry in it, I smiled at him, as frightened as I was, and asked him if he wouldn't go right away. But he did not take the jewelry and he did not go away. He simply stared at me in undisguised admiration and took out of his pockets the trinkets he had gathered from the dressing case.

"If you will excuse me, miss, for impertinence," he said, "I'll say to you that you are the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life, and I always did admire pretty girls. I hate to rob you like this, and if you will let me kiss you just on your cheek where it is pinkest, I'll leave everything else and take only the remembrance of that as a reward for this night's job."

"This time I did almost faint, but I tried to be strong and succeeded so well that I kept my wits. It was something dreadful to be kissed by a burglar, but he was so respectful and really did admire me, and besides I was saving several thousand dollars' worth of jewels, so I didn't say a word, but just turned my cheek toward him. He took off his cap, bent forward, touched me on the cheek with his lips and stood back with his pistol in his hand.

"Now, if I may trouble you to go to the front door with me," he said, "so that if anybody should see me coming out it will not cause any remarks, I will relieve you of my presence, which, I assure you, would never have occurred had I known as much as I know now."

"I thought I never could do it, but I did, and I stood in the door till he disappeared around the corner; then I collapsed utterly, and the night watchman found me there 15 or 20 minutes afterward and roused the house. By the time I knew enough to tell anything the burglar was far, far away. The story got into the papers, of course, and in a week or two I received a note of regret from my burglar, postmarked Cincinnati, which was the only clew we ever had of him. But the kissing part of the story was not printed. I kept that to myself, and the first person to whom I told it was my husband, and he was gallant enough to say that the burglar had got the better part of the bargain."—New York Sun.

Care of a Lawn Mower.
One of the most necessary and yet one of the most abused of all implements is the lawn mower. To sharpen the knives is not a difficult matter. To do it remove the wheels and slip the cogwheel off the end of the shaft. A little clutch will be found in a slot in the shaft at each end. Simply reverse the positions of cogwheels and clutches from one end of the shaft to the other, so that the reel can be run backward; then replace the outer wheels and fasten them in place with either the nuts or cotter pins. With the oil can run a little oil along the edge of the lower knife. Upon this oil sprinkle medium coarse emery powder. Now turn the machine upside down and push it along the lawn rapidly, the reel turning backward causing the emery to grind all the knives. The wheels may then be taken off and the cogs and clutches reversed, the emery carefully wiped off, the knives adjusted, the machine oiled, and it will be ready for use.—Woman's Home Companion.

Nice and Quiet.
Tommy—Can we play at keeping shop in here, mamma?
Mamma (who has a headache)—Yes, but you must be very, very quiet.

Tommy—All right; we'll pretend we don't advertise.

To Say Nothing of Getting Married.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Blykins, "I'm surprised at my own courage."

"Why, you never went to war," answered his wife.
"There are other risks than those of the battlefield. Every time I pick up a paper I find an article on 'the dangers to our political system,' 'dangers to public morals,' 'danger of eating,' 'dangers that lurk in the atmosphere' and so on without end. I tell you it takes a mighty nifty man to go on eating and breathing."—Washington Star.

Painful.



The Bug—Get off my corn!—New York Journal.

He Was Better Off.

"When I rejected you the other day," she began with affected sweet confusion, "I did not."
"You did not know I was wealthy," he interrupted coldly.
"Not at all. I knew you were well off, but."
"I didn't know when I was or I shouldn't have proposed to you."
Her confusion then was not affected, neither was it sweet.—Philadelphia Press.

Because She Loved Him.

"Will you always love me like you do now?" he asked the Boston girl.
At this juncture, dear reader, comes in the remarkable feature of the affair. She did not correct his grammar. She merely said "M!"
All of which foregoing goes to show that love is a leveler beside whom a steam shovel looks like 30 denarii.—Indianapolis Press.

His Ambition in Life.

"That boy seems to have no ambition in life."
"There's where you do him an injustice. He wants to be the husband of an actress, and no one has worked more industriously than he to acquire the necessary liking for fur lined coats, champagne and diamonds."—Chicago Post.

Modest, as He Always Is.

The pirate pauses as he is about to pass finally on the scene.
"But who among you will persons swear like when I am gone?" he asks sadly.

Nobody answers, but the goldfish is seen to blush modestly and cast down his eyes.—Detroit Journal.

Horrible Diet.

Towne—Heut has conceived a horrible idea.

Brown—What is it, an infernal machine?

Towne—It's infernal, sure enough. He proposes to set some of Brown's poems to Wagner's music.—Philadelphia Press.

Comforting Reflection.

"Well, there's one thing certain," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, who was watching a boy dangling over the pier and holding a fishing pole in both hands. "The capitalists can't organize any happiness trust."—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Said It.

Bobbs—My wife told me last night that I was the smartest man on earth.
Dobbs—Huh! She was talking through her hat.

Bobbs—Oh, no. She was talking for her hat.—Baltimore American.

Heard in the Restaurant.

Knicker—Jones is a self made man. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Bocker—Maybe that's why he has his knife in it now.—Brooklyn Life.

When He Painted It.

Auctioneer—Lot 52. A genuine Turner. Painted during the artist's lifetime. What offers, gentlemen?—Punch.

A Candidate From Pohlke.

I'm feeling patriotic, and I want it understood that I am willing to be active to promote my country's good.

They say they want a president who never had a taint

Of politics about him, who has wakened no complaint

Because he's associated with a syndicate or trust

An such wicked institutions of our social upper crust.

I talked to 'Mandy' 'bout it. She advised me fair and straight:

So start your pratin presses. I am now a candidate.

She took me fairly by surprise when, after I'd explained,

She showed enthusiasm which could scarcely be restrained.

Says she: "If they are lookin' with an ardor so intense

For a man to run for office who has no experience,

Who is innocent as guileless as a robin rapt in song

An is ready far to buy the first gold brick that comes along.

Why, gits your speeches ready jes' as speedy as you can.

There ain't no doubt 'bout it. You're the long expected man."

Fling out your starchy banners! Start your torch-lights on parade!

Fur 'Mandy says it's all O. K. You needn't be afraid!

There is eastern aspirations, there is booms out in the west,

But I'm the only feller that kin truly meet the test.

Of course I don't know what it is a president must do,

But I'm willin' fur to learn it, if it takes a week or two.

So gash!—I want good people—I'm a prize—any grab me quick!

You want to get a candidate from Pohlke on the crick.

SELECTIONS

A KNOWING FROG.

The Novel Manner in Which He Secures Meals of Fines.

"One of the most knowing little animal pets I ever had is a frog about half grown," said a well known artist the other day to a reporter. "I made the jumper's first acquaintance one morning two weeks ago, when he hopped from the garden through an open French window into my studio, where his frequent daily visits afford me much amusement during idle moments. He is so tame that he will take worms from my fingers and perch upon my hand like a bird and sing and croak as long as I choose to hold him.

"As an illustration of the little fellow's cunning, I was one morning feeding my favorite cat with a saucer of bread and milk, all of which pussy did not eat. The food that the cat left soon attracted quite a number of flies. The observant frog noticed this, and, hopping into the saucer, he rolled over and over until he was fairly covered with a batter of bread and milk, having done which he lay perfectly motionless and awaited developments.

The flies, enticed by the prospect of a good meal, soon began to circle around the scheming batrachian, and when one passed within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the frog makes a regular business of rolling himself in the cat's left over dinner.

"One day I wanted to paint him in a picture and tried to take a profile view. But he evidently had a dislike to being sketched, for whenever I placed him in the right position he would hop around so as to face me and then go on my drawing paper. Then I would put him on a plate with some water so that he might be more comfortable. This plan answered very well as far as keeping him off the paper went, but when I turned the plate so as to get a side view he hobbled around and would face me. Then I tried edging around the table, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to hold him sideways while I drew him. But whenever I raised my head to look at him he raised his, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint, and so we went on nodding at each other like two Chinese mandarins."

A Scheme That Failed.

With a market basket filled with pieces of bank and treasury notes an old woman, who said she lived in Camden, appeared at the subway and stated that she wanted the bits of money redeemed, says the Philadelphia Record. It required only a hasty examination for the officials to determine that the pieces of notes were all from the edges and corners of bills of various denominations.

The woman was asked how she became possessed of the pieces, which information she failed to give. Then she was bluntly told that the government would allow her nothing for the remnants of money, because it was plainly evident that the pieces were all clipped from whole notes. This the woman denied, yet she was obliged to go away without receiving passable cash for her offering.

The officials found that, though there were corners and edges from \$20, \$10, \$5, \$2 and \$1 notes, there was not a piece of a center in the entire collection, so that it would be impossible to make even one bill by pasting pieces together. There were enough bits, however, to equal a hundred notes in size. Judging from the paper and style of notes, it had required about 20 years to collect the pieces.

The Key to Washington Society.

The words army and navy are an open sesame to the best elements of social life everywhere in our country, and among the leaders of Washington society are found many whose husbands are in one or the other. Washington is the natural rallying point of the army, and even after the active professional life is ended they find there the pleasantest resting place.

Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Logan have chosen their homes there and hold sway over a large circle of friends. The widows of other prominent officers drift to Washington from time to time, and in the inner circle of Washington's pleasantest social life Admiral Dewey has found in General Hazen's widow a gracious woman to hold sway over herself and his home.

At the last New Year's reception Mrs. Custer, known for her own charming personality as well as because of her gallant husband's fame, stood beside Mrs. Miles and received with her during the afternoon.—Mary Breckinridge Hines in Woman's Home Companion.

A Vacant Garter.

According to the London Chronicle, there is now a Garter vacant, and if a plebiscite decided on whom it should be bestowed there is not a doubt but that K. G. would be placed after the name of the field marshal commanding in South Africa, who most certainly merits the distinction quite as much as Lord Elgin, on whom it was so properly conferred by Lord Salisbury. In the last two centuries the Garter has only been three given for military services—to Marlborough, Wellington and Lord Anglesey—and, strange to say, no naval commander appears to have had it, not even Nelson.

Special Delivery Letters.

During the past year the government sold \$5,200,000 worth of special delivery stamps, and special delivery messenger boys traveled 2,525,000 miles, or as far as 1,160 times around the world.—Iowa State Register.

NUN'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Ends Her Life by Jumping into the Sea.

New York, Aug. 27.—A chapter of tragic and pathetic features was the voyage of L'Aquitaine, the French liner, from New York to Havre and back again to New York. The steamship arrived here on her return trip, with 1,045 passengers.

One of the second cabin passengers who boarded the vessel at Havre was a beautiful but sad faced English woman, Miss Margaret Minnehan. She jumped overboard early last Thursday. The body was recovered with a little life still in it, but Miss Minnehan died in the ship surgeon's arms.

Miss Minnehan was 36 years old. She was not in good health when she went on board and became the patient of Dr. Potel, L'Aquitaine's surgeon. She had a hallucination that she was being persecuted. The woman, who was tall and of fine figure, left her room on the starboard side of the promenade deck at 9 a. m. on Thursday. She was fully dressed and wore a large hat. She carried a satchel. To a fellow passenger the woman remarked:

"Watch and you will see something sensational today."

She handed a dollar to a steward and said in French: "This is for you. You have been very attentive."

Crossing the promenade deck, Miss Minnehan slung the satchel overboard amidships. She quickly climbed the rail and followed the satchel, crossing herself as she plunged headlong.

Captain Simon put the vessel about, and Second Lieutenant Bourdeaux with six sailors quickly dropped into a lifeboat. They picked up the woman, who was unconscious, and raised her in a sling to the deck. Dr. Potel tried to restore her, but Miss Minnehan died as he was treating her.

One of the saloon passengers said that the woman had confided to a fellow traveler that she had been a nun in England, but had fallen in love with a young man and renounced the veil to marry him. Her lover was a false wooer, and she had fled from her home to begin again a life of consecration.

WARSHIP AS COLLECTOR.

United States Enforces Its Demand Against Morocco.

Tangier, Morocco, Aug. 27.—A United States warship has arrived here to support the claim arising out of the murder last June of Marcos Essagin, a naturalized American citizen who was the manager of the Fez branch of the French firm of Braunsweig & Co.

Essagin, while riding on horseback through a narrow street in Tangier, jolted against the mule of a Moroccan religious fanatic, and a dispute ensued, the crowd siding with the priest. In self defense Essagin drew his revolver and fired, wounding a native. This was the signal for a general attack upon the American, who received dozens of knife wounds and whose body was burned, according to some accounts, before life was extinct.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Results of Yesterday's Games in the Different Leagues.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At St. Louis... R. H. E.
St. Louis... 1 0 0 0 3 2 0 0 —6 14 1
Chicago... 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 —3 7 3
Batteries—Jones and Criger; Callahan and Chance.

At Cincinnati... R. H. E.
Cincinnati... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —1 3 0
Pittsburg... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —0 4 8
Batteries—Hahn and Kahoe; Phillips and Schriver.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

W. L. P. C.
Brooklyn... 48 37 411 Chicago... 48 31 408
Pittsburg... 55 47 539 Cincinnati... 48 53 475
Philadelphia... 59 48 510 St. Louis... 46 51 471
Boston... 49 49 500 New York... 39 57 406

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Buffalo—Buffalo, 7; Cleveland, 3.

At Milwaukee—Milwaukee, 7; Minneapolis, 3.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

At Rochester—Rochester, 4; Toronto, 3.

At Syracuse—Syracuse, 4; Montreal, 1.

At Providence—Providence, 7; Hartford, 2.

Youthful Incendiarists.

Westboro, Mass., Aug. 27.—Two boys, Daniel C. Johnson and Edward McNulty, inmates of the State Lyman Industrial School for Boys, set fire to a barn belonging to the institution by igniting the hay. The barn was totally destroyed.

The loss, with contents, is \$11,000. The boys were caught in the act by Superintendent C. Chattrin. They confessed to the crime, Johnson giving as a reason for his act his desire to be sent to Concord jail. Three firemen were overcome by heat in fighting the flames.

Jumped From a Steamboat.

Portland, Me., Aug. 27.—Mrs. Harriet Wilson Kimball of Newbury, Me., jumped from the New York boat while on the way to Portland. She was a stateroom companion of Miss Adele Burnham of New York. Miss Burnham awoke to find Mrs. Kimball leaning out of the window, and when she spoke to her the woman made a reply which indicated that her mind was wandering, and then she sprang out. The boat was stopped and a search made, but the unfortunate woman could not be found.

Trouble Over Cows Causes Murder.

Columbus, O., Aug. 27.—Charles Horner, an inspector on the Norfolk and Western railway, was stabbed to death by James Geisler, a farmer, at the station at Valley Crossing, eight miles south of this city. Geisler was arrested. The men had trouble over cows from Horner's farm getting into a cornfield on Geisler's place.

The Colombian Rebellion.

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 27.—Mail advices received from Colon, Colombia, report fighting near Cartagena, where the rebels have been holding out in the hope of gaining some voice in the government from the new conservative party.

Roberts Ready to Advance.

Cape Town, Aug. 27.—Lord Roberts has arrived at Belfast, a few miles west of Machadodorp, where he met Sir Redvers Buller, General French and General Pole-Carew. Everything is now in readiness for the advance.

American Coal For British Ships.

London, Aug. 27.—The British admiralty, according to The Daily Mail, is buying large quantities of American coal for the use of the fleet in home waters and the Mediterranean.

Noted Physician Dead.

Chicago, Aug. 27.—Dr. Ernest Schmidt, for 30 years head of the consulting staff of the Alexian Brothers' hospital, died here of Bright's disease.

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