There Are Pleasant Dreams as Well as Unpleasant, and There Are Some Folks Who Are Real Dream Lovers – Something About Nightmares.

"Never tell your dreams, for that only makes you dream the more," is the advice that often greets the person who tries to enliven the next morning by telling her adventures in the wondrous land of dreams. But that advice, invented really to ward off the bore of listening, rests in a great and fundamentall mistake. Dream the more? Why, that's just what the real dream lover wants, for she knows there is a pleasure in dream-laden sleep of which sound and visionless slumber knows not the first letter. To explain the real charm of the thing would be like trying to explain the real charm of a play in which the spectator merges her own individualism in that of the actors, or of a novel with whose characters she laughs or weeps in delicious if sentimental style. Dream the more? The argument is fruitless and unavailing. It would be a wiser plan to say the contrary, when you wish to hear no lengthy detailed accounts of the happenings of dreams.

There are dreams that are unpleasant, but these must be endured, just as unpleasant things in every-day life must be endured. The person who likes to dream puts up with the poor ones because of the bright ones, and considers that the pleasure outbalances the reverse in the long run. Dreams and nightmar are not to be confused. In fact, your real dreamer considers that they are not made of the same stuff, for while one is delicious and substantial unreality, the other is a hard and physical fact. There are those awful, heart-breaking races with a dreadful something in pursuit, and just as you think you are going to escape, you find yourself in a blind alley with no way out and the other is a hard and physical fact. There are those long cold tramps through the show that you take in your and the physical fact. Dreams are different. Psychologists may try to explain from the readful something at your heels. That is all very well and good. Your brief the phy

the time you salor you are only in a you want it to end.

There are seldom difficulties so great that you cannot overcome them. When those that are too great do come in, then you may struggle and struggle, but all the time you have a sneaking undercurrent of thought that tells you it is only a dream. You get the same satisfaction that smooths over the hero's difficulties in the first of a novel. He can't be killed off then, for there is the whole volume through which he must pass before the author is through with him.

A dream that comes inside a dream is a funny thing. You dream that you are dreaming, and it isn't always a dream of long ago. There is a sort of double pleasure about it, like a play in which occurs another play to help on the plot. Dreams, to be enjoyed, should be taken without the faintest idea that they mean anything. There are plenty of folks who still insist upon an interpretation for every light and airy vision of the night. Those who are humble enough to be frankly superstitious still buy dream books, while the more enlightened simply call

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS
TOME PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS THAT FAIL TO SATISFY.

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The Sun Shrinks Every Day.

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The usual Christmas course of lectures was begun at the Royal Institution by Sir Robert Ball. The sun, he pointed out, was the source of all the heat received by this earth. Now, it was a well-known fact that most things in cooling became smaller; a poker for instance, was shorter when it was cold than when it was red hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. If we could measure its diameter on two successive days we should find it had decreased by nine inches—that was to say, it was shrinking at the rate of, roughly, five feet a week, or a mile in every twenty years. In view of this shrinkage, some of the younger members of his audience might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, was groundless; he was \$60,000 miles in diameter, so it would take 40,000 years for him to be reduced by 2000 to \$58,000, on one would be able to tell by looking at them which of the two was the smaller. But as the sun was shrinking nine inches every day, and had been doing so for ages, it followed that in the past he was very much greater than he was now. But he always had the same amount of material in him and weighed no heavier than at present; hence the inference was that he was once a huge mass of rarefied gas—a great, glowing nebula.—London Times.

The Master's Compliment

The Master's Compliment.

It was before one of the masters of the instrument that a young lady who had for years been studying the plano, secured permission to play a "trial" so as to satisfy herself as to whether she had been as well taught and well grounded in the rudiments of the art as she believed she had been. The piece she selected to play was one of the brilliant bits such as only an artist can perform satisfactorily. She blundered through it, as she thought, in brilliant fashion, and then leaned back with a satisfied air to hear the pronuncement of the master. He drew a long breath, motioned her aside, took his seat at the piano and played the selection as it should have been played in his opinion. She hardly recognized it. Then he turned to her and said politely as possible:

"Out of the notes that you dropped when you played that piece, Miss, there could be made another brilliant piece, already."—New York Times.

Burns's Cottage to Be Restored.

over of a horizontal piece, already."—New York Times.

Burns's Cottage to Be Restored.

Considerable alterations are in the considerable alterations are in the birthplace of Robert Burns, known as "Burns's Cottage," at Alloway, Scotland, It is intended to remove a hall attached to the back of the cottage, used as a museum and temperance refreshment room, and to transfer the Burns relies from this to a new and large, which have just been completed within the grounds attached to the cottage. The caretaker and his family, who inhabit part of the cottage, have chose and the cottage will thus be restored as far as possible will thus be restored as far as possible to its original condition.—London Mail.

AMERICAN MULES EXALTED

AMERICAN MULES EXALTED:

Growing International Recognition of Their Merits Reported.

One effect of the Anglo-Boer war in South Africa has been to exalt not only in market value, but also in official consideration, the American mule. There has been a constant demand for American mules for service in the military operation of the English. The distinction of the American mule has become international, and it need be no surprise, therefore, that in recent official publications in Washington the mule, no longer the subject of slighting official reference, should have a position of dignity and prominence.

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of slighting official reference, should have a position of dignity and prominence.

Thus, recently, there has appeared a bulletin concerning the number of mules in large cities from which it appears that there are nov 600 mules in New York City, 559 in Chicago, 213 in Boston and thirty-seven in Detroit, these being the cities in which mules are least esteemed. In Philadelphia the number is 1500, in Baltimore 1000, in Kansas City 2400, in 8t. Louis 2800, and in New Orleans 3400.

The former distinction of Memphis as the great mule city has been obliterated in the marbe of progress of the mule to belated distinction, and the total of Memphis is exceeded by Louisville, a city much further north, the industrial interests of which are not such as to make many calls for the purchase of mules.

The distinction of tae American mule as recognized officially does not stop short with mere enumeration, for there appears also a statement showing "the number of mules per 100,000 inhabitants in certain cities and groups of cities of the United States," Thus it appears that there are 1195 mules to each 100,000 inhabitants in Washington, in which mules are but poorly represented.

In New York City it may be of interest to the future historian to know on official authority, there are seven mules for each 100,000 inhabitants in the borough of Brooklyn, twenty-two in the borough of The Bronx there is no accompanying official explanation,—New York Sun.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Selfishness insults love.

Abiding achievement is greater than restless activity.

We do not have to be blind in order to see eye to eye.

Evil fastens on us only because it finds affinity in us.

A good man not only knows how to live; he knows how to die.

The adder on a jeweled tray is as dangerous as its fellow in the dirt.

The approbation of seif is seldom born of the approval of conscience.

He that deals fairly with dis neigh-bor does not have to flee from him.

bor does not have to flee from him.

He who will not listen to the teachings of failure shall never hear the voice of success.

It is hopeless consulting the compass of conscience when you lay the load-stone of lust beside it.

The roots of a strong tree do not make much rustle, but they do the hanging on in time of storm.

Charity draws from an exhaustless fountain; the more it gives, the more it has to give.—Ram's Horn.

Euglishmen and the Queen.

fountain; the more it gives, the more it has to give.—Ram's Horn.

Englishmen and the Queen.
Curiously enough the great mass of Englishmen knew little or nothing of the sovereign as their ruler. They had only the vaguest idea of the part she took in the government of her realm and her people; they knew practically nothing of the controlling and dominant force she exercised in international and domestic politics. But about this they cared nothing. It was sufficient for them to know that she was a good woman, a woman whose heart always went out to her people, who shared with them their joys as well as their sorrows, who was keenly interested in everything that could make them better and happier. And perhaps more than anything else was the knowledge that she was a woman who had suffered much, whose heart had been sorely wrenched, and whose spirit often tried, and yet through it all she had remained serene, hopeful, always an inspiration to the weary and the afflicted. Perhaps that was the real secret of the devotion which she inspired in Englishmen the world over.—A. Maurice Low, in Harper's Weekly.

Pleasant For the Parents.
A gentleman invited a certain lectur-

Pleasant For the Parents.

A gentleman invited a certain lecturer to his house to take tea.

Immediately on being seated at the table a little daughter of the house said to the guest abruptly:

"Where is your wife?"

The lecturer, who had recently separated from his better half, was surprised and annoyed at the question and stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know?" repeated the child.

"Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogations, despite the mild reproof of the parents, he decided to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once, so he said with calmness:

("Well, we don't live together. We

caimness:

"Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

not."

He stiffed a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree? Then why don't you fight it out, the same as father and mother do?"

A Freacher's Predicament.

A few weeks ago a noted minister went to one of the local railroad stations to meet a friend, says a Cleveland paper. Upon entering the station and looking around he saw an elegantly dressed woman, who apparently was about to board a train.

She was carrying a number of parcels in her arms, and besides had with her three of four children that with great difficulty she was trying to help along. The clergyman approached the lady and offered his assistance, which she accepted, afterward thanking him very graciously for the kindness. The train moved out of sight, and he went on his way thinkir of the endless opportunities one has for doing good, when all at once he discovered that he was carrying a beautiful silk umbrela with pearl and gold trimmings. The reverend gentleman is now enduring distress of mind, fearful that the victim of his absent-mindedness may some day discover him in the pulpit.

Public Bequets Made Last Year.

Some day discover him in the pulpit.

Public Bequests Made Last Yenr.

During the year recently ended the total amount of public bequests in this country was \$62,461,644, against \$79,749,995 in 1899. The amount given to educational institutions in 1900 was \$34,932,644; to charittes, \$13,621,-722; to churches, \$\$,800,605; to museums and art galleries, \$2,145,333, and to libraries, \$2,961,000.

Distribution of Victoria's Wealth.

It is reported in England that Queen Victoria's will bequeathes \$700,000 cach to the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, and includes liberal legacies for the Duchess of Albany and a number of the late queen's grandchildren. The bulk of her private fortune, however, goes to King Edward, and both Balmoral and Osborne Houses are given to the king. Two small houses on the Osborne estate are given to Princess Beatrice.

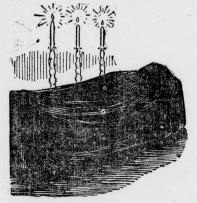


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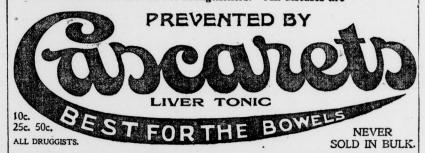
Average Dose: One-half glassful on arising in the morning. Every druggist and general wholesale grocer in the world sells it.

BLUE Label with Red Centre Panel.



places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean in-side—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, or any other of the dreadful diseases that desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives

of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS. Perfect disinfectant and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are



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