Dreams and Dreamers.

Dreams are in the main referred by the savage either to the entrance into him of some outside spirit as among the Feejeeans, who believe that the spirit of a living man will leave the body to trouble sleeping folk—or to the real doings of himself.

When the Greenlander dreams of hunting, or fishing, or courting, he believes that the soul quits the body; the Dyaks of Borneo think that during sleep the soul sometimes remains in the body or travels far away being endowed, whether present or absent, with conditions which in waking moments are lacking. Wherever we find a low state of mental development, the like belief exists. In Mr. im Thurn's elaborate work on the Indians of Guiana we have corroborative evidence the more valuable because of its freshness. He tells us that the dreams which come to the Indian are to him as real as any of the events of his waking life. To him dream acts and waking acts differ only in one respect, namely, that the former are done by the spirit, the latter are done only by the spirit in its body. Seeing other men asleep, and afterwards hearing from them the things which they suppose themselves to have done when asleep, the Indian has no difficulty in reconciling that which he hears with the fact that the bodies of the sleepers were in his sight and motionless throughout the time of supposed action, because he never questions that the spirits, leaving the sleepers, played their part in dream adventures.

In the Scandinavian Vatnsdæla Saga there is a curious account of three Finns who were shut up in a hut for three nights, and ordered by Ingimund, a Norwegian chief, to visit Iceland, and inform him of the line of the country where he was to settle. Their bodies became rigid, and they sent their souls on their errand, and on their awakening, at the end of three days, gave an accurate account of the Vatnsdal, in which Ingimund ultimately dwelt. No wonder that in mediæval times, when witches swept the air and harried the cattle, swooning and other forms of insensibility were adduced in support of the theory of soul absence, or that we find among savages—as the Tajals of the Luzon Islands—objections to waking a sleeper, lest the soul happens to be out of the body. As a corollary to this belief in soul absence, fear arises lest it be prolonged to the peril of the owner, and hence a rough-and-ready theory of the cause of disease is framed, for savages rarely die in their beds.

That disease is a derangement of functions, interrupting their natural action, and carrying attendant pain as its indication, could not enter the head of the uncivilized; and indeed among ourselves a cold or a fever is commonly thought of as an entity in the body which has stolen in, and having been caught, must be somehow expelled. With the universal primitive belief in spiritual agencies everywhere inhaled with the breath or swallowed with the food or drink, all diseases were regarded as their work, whether, as remarked above, through undue absence of the righttul spirit or subtle entrance of some hostile one. If these be the cause of which sicknesses are due, obviously the only cure is to get rid of them, and hence the sorcerer and the medicine man find their services in request in casting out the demon by force, or enticing him by cajolery, or in bringing back the truant soul.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Model Husband at Work.

The Doodlebugs are going out of town. They are hastening for the train. Mr. Doodlebug is getting them off. He is full of business, as becomes the head of the family.

"Here, Emeline, take this little valise and the baby and go on. I'll catch up with you before you get to the station. Hold on, I'll just hook this hatbox on your fingers. There now, that'll carry nicely; got the baby all right? Tommy, you and Billy and little sister run along with mother—great heavens, Emeline, don't let that child run across the street alone; take hold of his hand, can't you? Tommy, come back and get this umbrella and bag of lemons! Emeline! Emeline! You've forgotten the lunch basket. Billy, run here quick and take this lunch basket to your mother! Now, Emeline, do hurry, or you'll miss the train. Never mind the rest of the things; I'll carry them."

Four minutes after Mrs. Emeline reaches the station, having wrestled all the way with a baby, three children and four packages. Mr. Doodlebug arrives, carrying a rattan cane weighing four ounces. He is so tired he has to go into the smoking car and sleep all the way to the station.

The Doodlebugs? Imaginary people? Not by a long chalk, my dear sir. They live right here in Burlington, and everybody knows them. No, I don't know that he is considered much more selfish than some of his neighbors. Mrs. Doodlebug thinks he is a model husband. Yes, I have heard some of her neighbors say she is a fool. But she isn't, I don't think. She is a woman, and consequently loves her husband too well to club him with a coupling pin every once in a while for his own good. She would carry more things for him if she had more arms.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Scotland's Sea Harvest.

The "harvest of the sea," so far as it is gathered in Scottish waters, has just been made the subject of an official valuation by the officers of the Fishery Board, by whom it is estimated as amounting in money to a total sum of £3,286,242. The larger portion, a little over two millions sterling, is derived from the herring fishery, which has for a long period been the most important fishing industry of the country. The haddock is taken in vast quantities by the Scotch fishing boats; 543,568 cwt. were caught during the last twelve months, the estimated value of the catch being £340,693. The Scottish oyster beds, like those of other localities, have largely fallen off in productiveness, only 6,456 hundreds of oysters (of 120 each) having been gathered from the once productive "scalps" of Scotland. The total value of the shellfish taken is set down as amounting to £82,945.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is estimated that 1,400,000 men are employed in operating the railroads of this country.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The policemen of Montreal, Can., are hereafter to be required to be able to speak both English and French.

—A microscopist has discovered that the brick walls of our houses are fairly alive with infusoria. Have they ears? —*Chicago Herald.*

—The strength of the Brooklyn bridge was shown in the last earthshake. Though the shock was felt at both the entrances of the bridge and at the depots, no jar whatever was noticed on the span and in the center of the bridge. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—Professor Julius E. Meyer, the eminent musical composer of Brooklyn, has the finest collection of butterflies in America, several specimens being valued at $100 each. During a six weeks' stay in Livonia, N. Y., he collected over 1,700 specimens.—*Brooklyn Union.*

—The natives of Stonington, Conn., assert that it has not rained there on the 10th of August for one hundred and one years. That is the day they celebrate, and the weather record, they say, has been accurately kept in the borough ever since the first anniversary of the battle of Stonington.—*Hartford Post.*

—Fort Sumter is now a very insignificant place compared to what it once was. It has been razed to one story and looks quite dilapidated. It has on it a few guns, not more than half a dozen, and the foundation of the traverses of the best guns are rotten and unfit for even ten minutes of service.—*Washington Post.*

—"My son," asked a proud father, after the usual greetings upon the young man's return home from college, "have you a microscope among your traps?" "A microscope dad," replied the astonished youth. "Yes, my son; you have been in college, you know, four years, and I thought if you had a microscope handy I should like to see how much you had learned."

—Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the orchestral leader, has been a great hero in Coney Island ever since the earthquake. The tune then in hand was "My Country, 'Tis of Thee;" but while the music stand was shaking Patrick S. raised his baton, hushed the music and whispered to his players. Then there burst upon the ears of the startled multitude the first chord of "O, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It is said that the only portrait of Pocahontas that was ever painted was engraved by Simon de Passe, and published in a volume early in the seventeenth century, which was issued shortly after her death. Says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries:* "It has never been discovered who painted this portrait. It somehow came into the possession of the Rolfes, of Tuttington, and from them passed into the family of the Elwins, of Booton Hall, near Aylstam. It is said to have once hung on the walls of Heacham Hall, which is not improbable, as the Rolfes of Heacham were blood relations of Pocahontas' husband, and connected by marriage with the Eiwins."

Lakes of Red, White and Blue.

Mr. Will R. Guilfoyle, Director of the Botanic Gardens at Melbourne, Australia, writes as follows to a friend at Middletown of a charming sight in Queensland: "I was perfectly charmed with the beauty of a series of small lakes which ran for some miles through a valley. They were literally covered with water lilies of three distinct colors, pink, blue and white. I have often thought since that these lakes ought to be generally knows as 'the lakes of Red, White and Blue.' I must say that I never beheld a more beautiful sight in my life than those water lilies. The growth of the pink species (Nelumbium we call it botanically) was very singular. The flowers, nearly as large as a dinner plate, stood about a foot above the surface of the water, while the massive leafage, green as emerald, was supported on long stalks far above the flowers and standing parasol-like to shield the floral gems from the scorching sun.

"The blue water plant (Nymphœa) was less fortunate, though quite as beautiful as its pink neighbor, by having its flowers and foliage lying flat on the surface, and it was remarkable that those flowers which shared the shade of the pink lily's leafage were of a much brighter blue. The white variety then came in to soften still more, or perhaps I should say to intensify, the brilliancy of the picture, for, like diamonds, they glittered among the sapphires and rubies."—*Hartford Courant.*

A Near View of Mexico.

Howard A. Easton, of Philadelphia, who has just returned from a business trip into Mexico, says of that country: "It is a diamond in the rough, with a good deal of rough. Mexico is a country of immense resources, agricultural and mineral, and when Yankee enterprise is able to gain the mastery over the ignorance and prejudices of the people, it will be a very valuable neighbor. Four railroads now cross the Mexican frontier, a large portion of which, however, is wild and uninhabited. But in the course of time towns will spring up and prosperity will reign. I found a number of Americans in Mexico. Something that ought to be known is the condition of our consuls. They are mostly Frenchmen and Germans, many of whom can speak the English language, and they are not particularly friendly to our tradesmen. You see, the Germans and French have controlled that trade for 150 years, and have intermarried with the natives. They buy enough American goods to say they have them in stock, but recommend something else all the time. They do all they can all the time against our trade. I tested them time and again. I cannot say, however, but that American merchants are more or less to blame. I have known a firm to send half-inch lumber and bill it inch, and sell a boiler through a Mexican agent and then tell him he must look to the man it was sold to for his commission. The Mexicans will not tolerate swindling, not at any rate when they are the swindled parties."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Hooghly Pilots.

Pilots for the Hooghly do not cruise much to pick up vessels; they have a regular station near a lightship, and if it is thick weather it is nice work to fall in with them just right. Their vessels have always been full rigged brigs manned by heavy Lascar crews, and are about the last thing afloat to tell of the days of the old East India Company. Their signal is a white flag with a red cross, and they are supposed to brave all sorts of weather, maneuver through a cyclone if necessary. Soon we had the Eastern lightship in sight, and in an hour's time (nine a. m.) were close to the brig. She hove to, launched a heavy surf or lifeboat in fine style, and in it sat eight Bengal sailors with their oars a peak, waiting the movements of the pilot. In the meantime we had our mainsails brailed up and ran slowly down by the brig. The turbaned Lascars looked strangely through their rigging and over their high bulwarks at us, and the brass-bottoned pilots and officers took a searching look at the Conception as she forged slowly ahead. We hauld sharp around under her lee, laid the main and crossjack yards to the mast and there waited with all hands at the braces ready to fill away as soon as the pilot came. He was now in the boat with several others in the stern sheets coming for us. They had so much luggage that the chief officer sang out from the forecastle deck: "I guess they are coming to stay." It was a pretty sight. The noble ship, the brig, bowing and courtesying to us, her bright red, pure copper flashing in the Bengal sun, the boat shooting by our stern, the oars of eight trained oarsmen keeping perfect time. My heart took a great leap of joy but I gulped it down and hastened to the gangway to meet my long wished for and welcome visitors. "Stand by your braces, now, men," I said, as the boat touched the side. A fine, intelligent, bronzed faced veteran sailor stepped over the rail with "you are the Captain, I suppose?" "Yes, and you are the pilot, I presume?" "I am," he said, rather showing the badge of his office, the royal crown and anchor. "And you are welcome to the Hooghly, sir." "Welcome on board the Conception; my name is ——." "And mine, sir, is Edson." A nautical glance aloft revealed the Stars and Stripes, so rarely seen now, and he said, "American, I see. A fine ship, sir. We can always tell them. How much water do you draw? Twenty-two feet, did you say? That is, in salt water, you will draw twenty-two six in the river; fresh water, you know, makes a difference." The eager sailors were at the braces listening, waiting for their orders. "Yes, you may fill away, but we shan't get farther than Saugor to-night. Put your wheel up there and keep her for that buoy. Let me introduce you to a brother pilot, who wishes to get to town; he has a ship there ready for sea." In the meantime a cart-load of dunnage (baggage) had been hauled up in charge of the pilot's servant, a Mohammedan, who always accompanies his master. He was a strange looking customer to our sailors, who had never been east of the Cape. He had a dark visage, jet black eyes, hair and beard. He wore a small, black, skull cap, a long, white, tight-waisted tunic, had bare legs, with sandals on his feet. The pilot spoke to him in Bengalees, and called him Abdul. "This is my boy," he said to me, "who will look after my luggage, and please let him assist your steward in any way he can be of any service." There was a swinging cot bed, a bag, a trunk or box, for each pilot, and then there was an assistant pilot, called a "leadsman," a young amateur English sailor, whose duty it was to heave the lead and thereby gain a thorough knowledge of the soundings, preparatory to taking up the profession of a pilot. No common sailor is trusted with the lead going up the Hooghly, but a man is sent into the chains to help him (the leadsman) haul the line in, on account of the exhaustive heat. These young men are from good families in England, sent out after some years of practice in a training ship. He must have ability and an irreproachable character, or else he is not wanted. *Cor. Boston Journal.*

The American Hat.

The question of a man's right to wear his hat in court—or rather of the court's right to make him remove it—is in a fair way to be tested. In a Justice Court on Staten Island a few days since a spectator was commanded by an officer to remove his hat. He refused to obey the order, alleging that he was bald and that the preservation of his health required him to wear his hat so as to avoid draughts of air upon his unprotected scalp. He was arrested, however, and fined for contempt; and upon refusing to pay the fine he was committed to prison for five days. He threatened to bring suit for damages and try the question of the Justice's authority.

If he does, it will be an interesting trial. Courts do universally insist on uncovered heads, and always have in this country, except in the earliest days, and in the case of Quakers, whose religious scruples would not permit them to remove their hats. But have they any real right to insist? Have they any more right to compel a man to remove his hat than to demand the removal of his coat or his boots? The notion of honor or dishonor, respect or disrespect, in wearing or not wearing the hat is purely artificial. It has no foundation in the principle of things. If it had it would be a contempt of court for ladies to appear with covered heads, as they invariably do, even in the witness box.

It would probably shock the judiciary of the country almost off the bench if it were decided that the American citizen, under the Declaration of Independence and the "ægis of liberty"—whatever that may be—has a right to wear his hat when and where he pleases.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GOOD FOR THE CHILD.

The ailments of childhood need careful attention and wise treatment. Some people think "anything is good enough for a child, and there isn't much the matter with it anyhow." But judicious mothers know better, and do as Mrs. H. W. Perry, of Richmond, Va., does. She says: "I take Brown's Iron Bitters and give it to my children with the most satisfactory results." Sold everywhere.

AN EDITOR'S TESTIMONIAL.

A. M. Vaughan, Editor of the "Greenwich Review," Greenwich, O., writes: "Last January I met with a very severe accident, caused by a runaway horse. I used almost every kind of salve to heal the wounds, which turned to running sores, but found nothing to do me any good till I was recommended HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE. I bought a box, and it helped me at once, and at the end of two months I was completely well. It is the best salve in the market, and I never fail of telling my friends about it, and urge them to use it whenever in need."

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