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COLONEL YERGER'S DREAM.

How the Terrors of Night Were Realized in Broad Daylight.

Some folks who have had dreams take great pleasure in describing them, and such a one is Colonel Yerger.

The other day the Colonel moved down one of the principal streets in Astoria, wearing a troubled expression and a new suit of clothes. In his unquiet abstraction he very nearly collided with Judge Peterby.

"Why so pensive?" inquired Judge Peterby, "and why that haunted look?"

"Hello, Peterby!" exclaimed Colonel Yerger. "Excuse me; I did not see you. Well, well, I don't wonder that I look haunted. I have been hunted all night."

"Hunted, eh? 'Tis better to hunt than to be hunted. In what forcible manner were you pursued? Snakes, savages or wild animals? Bad dream or a well-developed case of nightmare?"

"A dream. At least, it was partly a dream, partly a stern reality."

"What were the prevailing symptoms—the principal features, Yerger?"

"In the first place, I imagined myself at El Paso, and that a mad dog tried to scrape my acquaintance and interview me. Now, I despise mad dogs, and want none of their attentions, and consequently I struck right out for Galveston Bay, nine hundred miles distant, southeast. The dog still pursued me, like the villain in the play, and when I reached the Gulf I was not leading by more than two or three lengths at the best; but I went, and the wide-mouthed case of canned hydrophobia plunged right in after me. He bit the brute actually waded, too, waded more than three miles. Those Galveston people never wanted deep water worse than I did. I don't know how much water the dog drew, but he got stuck on the bar, all the same, and I struck boldly out with a full arm, hand-over-hand stroke for Mexico. Pretty soon a playful but heavy-jawed shark got after me, and I was sorry then I had not remained in company with the mad dog. Finally I gained the land somewhere down on Campeche banks, and there I found myself gasping down into the open countenance of the biggo at Aligar or I ever saw in my life. You could throw a Saratoga trunk right down into his hold and not overload him. The alligator smiled, and I bowed deferential. I wanted to keep on the right side of him. That was the outside. But I did wish at that supreme and awful moment, that I had been despatched by the shark. But just as the alligator had made all his little interior arrangements for his reception I awoke. My mother-in-law was looking down on me with the calm eyes of a basilisk, and I was then regretful I had not jumped down the alligator's larynx, and gone into winter quarters. I learned, too late, that all the rest of my torments had been myths. How a horrible thing is to be tortured all night and then at broad daylight be turned over to the enemy?"—Texas Siftings.

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

The Difficulties a Train Captain Has to Keep His Place.

"Railroads do not often renege a man after he has been bonded," said a veteran of the rail to me as we were thundering along his road. "A passenger conductor is generally one who has been promoted from the brakes. Sometimes an engineer is made a conductor, but you will find these things an exception. Companies like to keep good engineers at the throttle. They had rather give them in pay than to promote them. As a rule it is first brakeman on a freight, then conductor on a freight, and by and by the passenger train by mighty slow coaches. Many a passenger conductor has to work as an extra for two years or more before he gets a trial of his own. And then, when the coveted place is in sight, he has a wreck, and if he hasn't a mighty good car and occasionally influence he gets bounced. Then he has to go to some other road and begin at the bottom. I know a man who has worked up this way for ten years. The very first run he had with his regular train there was a smashup, and after the investigation he was fired. He had saved up about \$1,500. He took this money and went on the Board of Trade, and lost every dollar; less than a week. If he went to railroading again, at the brakes on a freight, for another company, and has just been put on as a conductor of a freight on a Western road that kills about six conductors every year. Barring the dangers of an engineer, his place is the best on the road. It is mighty seldom that an engineer, if he escapes, is held to account for an accident. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the strongest and a successful organization on the face of the earth, and is the only one that a railroad director is afraid of. But the place of conductor, especially passenger conductor, is the most ungrateful and uncertain that a man can hold."—Chicago Mail.

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DECAYING ROYALTY.

The Kings of Earth All Broken Up and Going to Pieces.

What is the matter with the royalty of the world? It is all broken up and going to pieces. Dom Pedro of Brazil has become almost a chastening imbecile and regent is talked of. Queen Victoria is passing into decrepitude and second childhood, and it is no secret that the Prince of Wales does not expect to ascend the throne, believing that ere it shall be vacant Great Britain will have become a republic. Emperor William has one foot in the grave, and the Kronprinz is battling with what may prove an incurable disease. The czar of all the Russias has faced three successive attempts at assassination in the last six months, and contemplates the probability—nay, almost certainty—that some one of the series still awaiting him will prove fatal. His eldest son and heir apparent is incompetent.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Hungary, is beloved and honored by his subjects. But he is a feeble old man, and when he dies the bonds which unite Austria and Hungary are likely to snap asunder. The Crown Prince is very unpopular, and his mother, the fearless horsewoman, Empress Elizabeth, is almost hated. Spain has no sovereign. It is waiting for a crowned boy to grow up into a Queen. Serbia does not know whether it has a King or Queen or not. Queen Natalia, a Russian officer's daughter, is in exile with the heir apparent. King Milan has ordered that she be never allowed to return. He himself is in Vienna, and Bistic, the Prime Minister, is lying awake nights pondering whether he shall not order both King and Queen to stay out of the country, and himself run the Government.

There is our friend ex-King Theobald of Burma knocked out of his job at Mandalay by General Pendergast and some English soldiers. Then there is Abdurrahman, poor vexed soul, who can't for the life of him tell you to-day whether he is Ameer of Afghanistan or a mere English figure-head. Then, too, there is the fat, economical old Queen of the Netherlands, who has just scandalized Amsterdam by revoking her order for her gay dresses, lest the sick King should die and she have to wear black. The King of Corea has asked to be allowed to quit the sick King's side and she have to wear black. The King of Corea has asked to be allowed to quit the sick King's side and she have to wear black. The King of Corea has asked to be allowed to quit the sick King's side and she have to wear black.

HAPPINESS OF FLIGHT.

The Pure Enjoyment Which Birds Take in Their Aerial Excursions.

May we not infer that all animals whose muscular development is greater in proportion to their bulk than that of man should derive from its exercise a greater intensity of pleasure, greater absolutely in proportion to their attainments, and less interfered with by the greater muscular ease with which they are accomplished. If this is so the majority of the mammalia and almost all birds should in their power of speedy movements on earth or lofty flight in the air possess resources of mental pleasure intense beyond ours and less subject to be dimmed by the pain of overstrained muscles. The power of flight is without doubt associated with pleasures which we can not directly gauge or estimate, but of the value of which our desires can give us some idea. That birds distinctly enjoy the exercise of their powers there can be no manner of doubt. Having once acquired the power of flight or inherited it from their saurian ancestor, they have developed it far beyond all the requirements of their individual or specific life. If it were not pleasurable, then flight would be discontinued when it was no longer necessary. But, as a fact, bird life presents innumerable instances of maintenance of the powers of flight by means essential. The skylark does not soar from mercenary motives; pigeons, domesticated for generations, fly about all day long, though they need to seek neither food nor shelter. It is not necessary to watch birds on the wing for very long to convince one's self that the act of flight is one of pure enjoyment, that it is cultivated and adorned with the refinements which characterize an accomplishment. Such is the evolution of the tumbler pigeon, such of his own. And then, when the coveted place is in sight, he has a wreck, and if he hasn't a mighty good car and occasionally influence he gets bounced. Then he has to go to some other road and begin at the bottom. I know a man who has worked up this way for ten years. The very first run he had with his regular train there was a smashup, and after the investigation he was fired. He had saved up about \$1,500. He took this money and went on the Board of Trade, and lost every dollar; less than a week. If he went to railroading again, at the brakes on a freight, for another company, and has just been put on as a conductor of a freight on a Western road that kills about six conductors every year. Barring the dangers of an engineer, his place is the best on the road. It is mighty seldom that an engineer, if he escapes, is held to account for an accident. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the strongest and a successful organization on the face of the earth, and is the only one that a railroad director is afraid of. But the place of conductor, especially passenger conductor, is the most ungrateful and uncertain that a man can hold."—Chicago Mail.

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AN INTEREST IN LIFE.

How Existence Can Be Made Attractive in Spite of Disappointments.

Half the unhappiness in life comes from the want of some active outside interest—something to take the person out of himself; chiefly through out of herself, and give her things to think of beyond her own sensations—things to sympathize with beyond her own vague disappointments and shadowy desires. The spiritual barrenness of egotism and selfishness makes life a very desert, where no green thing flourishes, which no dew from Heaven refreshes, nor living water rejoices. Self-centered and uninterested, life to such an one is but a poor entertainment for the senses; and the deeper emotions and affections have no share therein. The order of the day, with all its necessary circumstances of food, and gradual wearing of the morning through the noon to evening, and the sleep, which is only the continuation of the lethargy of the waking hours—is one long round of weariness and dissatisfaction. Like withered boughs which bear no roses, not an hour has its moment of delight, not an action has its hope of joy or fulfillment of pleasure. The dull day creeps glacially from dawn to dusk, and not a new thought has been awakened nor a new sensation aroused. Marion in the "Moated Grange" was not more dreary than the man or woman who has no outside interest, and whose life is bound up in self, and no prisoner ever haled the free air of Heaven with more rapturous gratitude than would such an one if set in the way to make that interest and enlarge those boundaries. For we must never forget that many things which look like faults, and pass under the name of faults, are in reality misfortunes—the result of conditions made for us and not by us, and which we pay for by such energy as we possess.

In this our world instead lies the heart of the matter. With energy we make an interest for ourselves, in spite of the poverty of our circumstances. Without it, opportunities of rich enjoyment pass by unutilized; and we let slip all chances for bettering our fate. It is a misfortune to be born one of the passive, the negative, unenergetic, who divide the world with the active and energetic. Most things in life that are worth having at all have to be sought and pursued, if they are to be captured and held fast. Neither fortune nor pleasure knocks persistently at any man's door, but each has to be at the least looked for up and down the street, and invited in if it is desired to enter in either. But the unenergetic take no pains to find these good things. If they do not come unbidden, they do not come at all; and the flowers and gems borne by the English stream on its bosom are left to drift into the great ocean of things unobtainable, because of the want of energy to seize them as they pass. The energetic, on the contrary, are of those who improve their holding. No matter how poor the soil—how unpropitious the surroundings—they know whence to gather rich material and fertile soil for the better harvest of the heavier crop. If they are of those whose circumstances preclude the need of exertion, they make some extraneous interest for which they have to work and think, and in a manner sacrifice their comforts, and break up the deadly monotony of their self-indulgent existence, when indulged in without a break, and which makes the very misery of the rich.

No matter what the interest so long as we make one for ourselves. From art to religion, and from philanthropy to needle-work, all is useful, if so no forms are purer and nobler than others. Many people do very bad art—paint pictures that are caricatures; sing in voices to which tin kettles are as silver bells; write books, innocent of the very elements of composition—but all the same they have an interest which has lifted them out of the dullness of the past. If they have no higher vocation, and their powers are not capable of attaining greater results, it is better for them to use that money they have left than not to; and the world befits, at least in so far that they are thereby rendered happier—with the consequent result of greater happiness radiated on to others. If they are well endowed they do good work in itself, and the world is the richer by the achievement.—Chicago Standard.

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Half the unhappiness in life comes from the want of some active outside interest—something to take the person out of himself; chiefly through out of herself, and give her things to think of beyond her own sensations—things to sympathize with beyond her own vague disappointments and shadowy desires. The spiritual barrenness of egotism and selfishness makes life a very desert, where no green thing flourishes, which no dew from Heaven refreshes, nor living water rejoices. Self-centered and uninterested, life to such an one is but a poor entertainment for the senses; and the deeper emotions and affections have no share therein. The order of the day, with all its necessary circumstances of food, and gradual wearing of the morning through the noon to evening, and the sleep, which is only the continuation of the lethargy of the waking hours—is one long round of weariness and dissatisfaction. Like withered boughs which bear no roses, not an hour has its moment of delight, not an action has its hope of joy or fulfillment of pleasure. The dull day creeps glacially from dawn to dusk, and not a new thought has been awakened nor a new sensation aroused. Marion in the "Moated Grange" was not more dreary than the man or woman who has no outside interest, and whose life is bound up in self, and no prisoner ever haled the free air of Heaven with more rapturous gratitude than would such an one if set in the way to make that interest and enlarge those boundaries. For we must never forget that many things which look like faults, and pass under the name of faults, are in reality misfortunes—the result of conditions made for us and not by us, and which we pay for by such energy as we possess.

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