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Asleep for Years.

MODERN RIP VAN WINKLES.
The story which came from New York recently of the awakening from a two years' sleep of a married woman named Clara Jorgensen is not without a parallel. Mrs. Jorgensen was lying motionless and speechless in the Racine Asylum for this long period.

Throughout it was necessary to feed her like a baby, and although cognizant with the events of the war and aware of every word spoken to her, she was powerless to move until after receiving a visit from her little six-year-old nephew. His childish chatter seems to have caused something to snap in her brain, and her former control over her muscles returned.

A Thirty-two Years' Slumber.
It is just a year ago since Mrs. Dora Muntz, of New York, was afflicted with a similar state of mind and body, which lasted for one hundred and two days and nights. After putting down a kettle for tea she settled down to enjoy "forty winks." In this case Mrs. Muntz appears to have lost count of the winks, for it was not until the one hundred and third day that she woke up again, having been roused by one hour's steady rendering of Schubert's Serenade, someone having remembered her passion for it and hired a professional violinist for the experiment.

Another interesting case was that of a girl of Scottish descent, whose sleep in a trance lasted five months. Following a severe attack of mumps, this girl, of fine athletic build and unusual strength, occasionally lapsed into fits of unconsciousness.

This so alarmed her parents that they consulted the medical authorities at King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill. They were completely baffled, however, and believed nothing short of a miracle could save her. "Does she know you when you speak to her?" a friend asked her father. "Yes, occasionally," he replied. "If I am lucky enough to catch her during one of the short periods of consciousness, but it is terrible work to get her to speak at all."

One of the greatest of sleeping mysteries is that which resulted in the death of Margaret Bangorel, "The Dormouse of Menelles." This young and pretty girl was rendered unconscious as the result of a practical joke, and lay in a comatose state for twenty years. Medical celebrities from all parts of the world flocked to see her, but were unsuccessful in diagnosing the case or arousing her from her protracted sleep, and she died in 1903.

Surly subject for the speculative psychologist is the record sleep indulged in by Caroline Ohlson, a Swedish girl. In 1875, when only a child of fourteen years, she fell into a long trance in the island of Okuno, in the Baltic, and remained unconscious for thirty-two years. Food was administered to her, although she seemed quite unconscious. Nor did she respond to any inquiry during that long time. Then suddenly she awoke, no longer a girl, but a middle-aged woman, and the most careful examination could not reveal

the slightest weakness or mental effect. After coming out of her long trance Caroline enjoyed very good health.—Tit-Bits.

The Admiral's Joke.

Lord Charles Beresford was in the Carlton Club and had just received a shilling's-worth of stamps from the waiter when Mr. Bankes-Stanhope, a fussy old member, reproved him for smoking a cigar, smoking being strictly forbidden in the hall.

"He reproved Lord Charles for his breach of the club rules in, as I thought, quite unnecessarily severe tones" (writes Lord Frederick Hamilton). "The genial admiral kept his temper, but detached one penny stamp from the roll, licked it, and placed it on his forefinger."

"My dear Stanhope," he began, "it was a little oversight of mine. I was writing in there, do you see" (a friendly little tap on Mr. Bankes-Stanhope's shirt, and on went a penny stamp), "and I moved in here, you see" (another friendly tap, and on went a second stamp), "and forgot about my cigar, you see" (a third tap, and a third stamp left adhering).

"The breezy admiral kept up this conversation, punctuated with little taps, each one of which left its crimson trace on the old gentleman's white shirt front, until the whole shilling's-worth was placed in position."

"Mr. Bankes-Stanhope was too frate to notice these little manoeuvres; he maintained his hectoring tone, and never glanced down at his shirt front."

"Finally, Lord Charles left, and the old gentleman, still puffing and blowing with wrath, struggled into an overcoat and went off to an official party."

Empress's Lost "H's."

That the late ex-Empress Eugenie was somewhat weak in her aspirations is illustrated by the amusing reminiscences of Dr. Ethel Smyth, the composer, who lived near the Empress and enjoyed her intimate friendship.

On one occasion there was a gathering of harriers in front of the Empress's residence. She came out on to the gravel sweep and, bowing right and left to the awestruck field, said, repeatedly: "Put on your 'ats. I pray you put on your 'ats."

The Master was then presented, to whom she remarked: "I 'ope the 'ounds will find the 'are near the 'ouse."

Just Folks

Edgar A. Guest

WITH DOG AND GUN.

Out in the woods with a dog an' gun is my idee of a real day's fun. 'Taint the birds that I'm out to kill. That furnish me with the finest thrill. Cuz I never worry or fret a bit. Or curse my luck if I miss a shot; There's many a time, an' I don't know why, That I shoot too low or I aim too high. An' all I can see is the distant whirr Of a bird that's gittin' back home to her—

Yep, gittin' back home at the end o' day. An' I'm just as glad that he got away. There's a whole lot more in the woods o' fall Than the birds you bag—if you think at all.

There's colors o' gold an' red an' brown As never were known in the busy town; There's room to breathe in the purest air. An' something worth looking at everywhere;

There's the dog who's leadin' you on an' on. To a patch o' cover where birds have gone. An' standin' there without move or change.

Till you give the sign that you've got the range. That's thrill enough fer my blood, I say.

So why should I care if they get away? Fact is, there are times that I'd rather miss Than to bring 'em down, coz I feel like this—

There's a heap more joy in a living thing Than a breast crushed in or a broken wing.

An' I can't feel right an' I never will When I look at a bird that I've dared to kill.

Oh, I'm just plumb happy to tramp about An' follow my dog as he hunts 'em out.

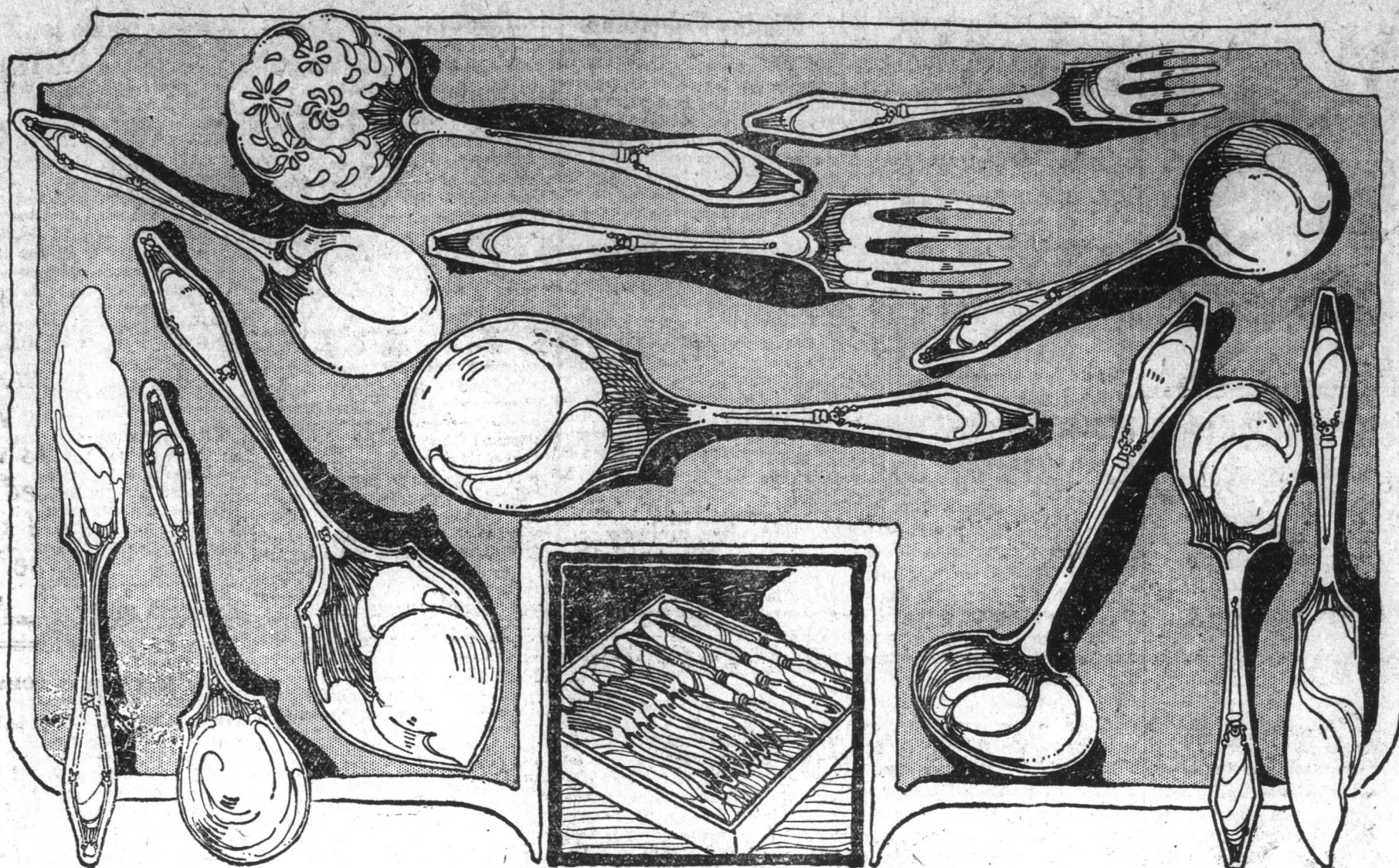
Just watchin' him point in his silent way Where the Bob Whites are an' the partridge stay.

For the joy o' the great outdoors I've had. So why should I care if my aim is bad?

Charms for Lovers.

In the chimney of an old Derbyshire cottage has been found a dried pig's heart stuck full of thorns. This is a relic of the old belief that a jilted lover, by taking such a heart and sticking it full of pins or thorns, might so cause pain and suffering to the faithless sweetheart.

The belief in love charms is not dead, and is not likely to die. The writer knows of a girl who wears around her neck on a silken string a carbuncle which, she believes, will



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"I'm An Imbecile!"

How the police are sometimes nonplussed is illustrated by a story told by Colonel Repington of Lady Beresford.

The latter was stopped in her car by a policeman for using petrol without authority. He demanded her name. She looked out at him furiously and said, "My good man, can't you see that I'm an imbecile?"

The policeman was so taken back that he dropped his pencil and notebook and told the chauffeur to drive on.

Nouriture Laxative Infallible, "LES FRUITS."—dec9,11

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