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The Nightmare's Return

THE GUESSES AT THE ORIGIN OF THOSE HORRIBLE VISIONS WHICH HAVE SCARED US ALL—AT TIMES.

which killed the night-mare, will continue for a time, but will finally slacken its hold upon the mind, and at Christmas, say, will go for a rest of its rules and regulations as to make a plum pudding, roast turkey, and stuffing a possibility, if not a probability, for every family in the land. Then the nightmare will re-

is often a leaden-footed dream. do not dream you are a diver going to walk through quicksands, diving-boots averaging half a pound weight each; you only feel like it. If you were not in a desperate straits it would not so much matter. The Thing is behind you—unthinkable Thing—which you see by any chance, but which is fated to overtake you if you do not instantly put on a spurt.

That Cave of Dread. Another form of nightmare is the dream. Some have thought this dream, as well as the one of horror behind, are pre-natal sur- vivals, reminiscent of the time when ancestors, the cave-dwellers of Stone Age, were liable to be home by some pterodactyl. In

retreating from the danger to the inner fastnesses of their domicile, they were liable to miss their way and lose themselves in the many windings of their caves, until they sank down, exhausted, and the cave became for them a sepulchre.

But whether it be an old or comparatively new dream—as new, at any rate as Christmas-putting—it is a tiresome and distressing nightmare. You are always getting more and more involved in dark passages, which ever grow narrower and lower. You never seem to think of turning back. Sometimes you get involved in frightful sloughs beside which that of Despond was but a dry ditch. But it is the ever-growing narrowness, straitness, which distresses, and gives that sense of suffocation which eventually awakes the sleeper in a cold sweat.

Yes, the more one thinks about it, the more probable it seems that, perhaps after a right royal feed of mammoth ham and foehyossaurus stew, one of our progenitors lay down in the mouth of his cavern and dreamt this dream, which had its prototype in fact for him, for these visitations still seem to follow gastronomic overdoes of plum-putting gorgeous pastries, and strawberry ice.

The Clothes You Haven't Got. Another form of nightmare, though not so terrifying, is still more distressing on account of the shame that accompanies it.

The question the dreamer continually asks is: "What possessed me to leave my house, and actually enter my place of worship on the Sabbath minus my"—whatever articles of common wear one may have happened to omit?

You may be actually in church, or you are walking along "the public causeway of your respectable main thoroughfare where everybody knows you, and where you have a character to lose. Yes, and you are meeting every man-jack of them, too!

If you would rectify this terrible blunder, this inexplicable lapse of memory, it is necessary to "go the same way home," and you shrink from the ordeal. Better to stay and bear the ills you know than fly to others that you know not of. If you do make a start homeward, you never arrive there. You always awake and feel thankful you are in bed, even if you have a headache.

Probably the natives of Borneo and other cannibal islands are the only human beings who are barred from this nightmare dream, because they cannot dream of leaving off an article, or articles, of apparel when they have none to leave off, but I fancy both Adam and Eve must have

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dreamt it after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden.

Why We Fall.

The sword of Damocles dream is another form of nightmare. Something terrible is suspended overhead, suspended by a single hair which may break—nay, inevitably must break—at any moment. Poe translated this dream into actuality in "The Pit and the Pendulum." An even more terrifying nightmare is the sensation of dangling from some star-point over immeasurable abysses of space, supported only by your own clinging hands.

The impression on the harried mind is that the fall is inevitable. It is only postponed. Doom awaits you. The edict has gone out. You must leave go! But you are grimly determined to hang on as long as pos-

sible. When you drop you awake with a jump, and your poor heart nearly leaps out of your bosom, and goes on beating wildly for several minutes.

But you are thankful that it can beat at all.

The old, old dream of falling—falling through space—just as one is dropping off to sleep, is supposed to be an unwelcome relic of those days when our ancestors lived and slept in trees, and sometimes fell out of them.—Answers.

The Largest Battleship.

(From the Westminster Gazette.)

Great interest will be taken by experts and the public in the Hood, the largest ship in the British Navy, of which the Times gives some of the main details this morning. It would be wrong to say that the Hood is as great a revolution in construction as was the Dreadnought, which embodied a new principle. She is a development from the Dreadnought type, and how far that development has gone we may grasp from the fact that the

horse-power of her engines is nearly five times that of the Dreadnought. The new vessel has the speed of a cruiser with the armament of the largest battleships. With engines of 144,000 horse-power she will attain a speed of thirty-one knots, and her

main battery is of eight 15-inch guns. Her tonnage is nearly 14,000 tons greater than that of the Queen Elizabeth. Whether she will have any successors in the navies of the world is doubtful. The controversy has to be decided between the experts who think that the day of the battleship has passed and those who believe that capital ships will always have the final decision in a naval war.

Navy serge dresses, trimmed with bands of bright plaid, are a pretty revival.

The Directoire style of coat or dress is one of the "picture styles" which scarcely ever goes out of fashion.

Angora cloths in Scotch plaids, or with blazer stripes, are used for skating coats.



My ears are often sore and aching, my heart is on the edge of breaking. I hear so much of woe; the men I know are all complaining, their briny tears forever raining, wherever I may go. In some poor chaps grief is abiding be-

cause the cars in which they're riding are made of tin and rust; it makes them sore when costly wagons whiz up the road like fiery dragons, and cover them with dust. Of course to swallow dust is hateful; but it were better to be grateful that they have cars at all, that they have boats in which to travel, at any speed, upon the gravel, and by the junkyard wall. The man on foot is feeling bitter because his neighbor, pompous critter, rides in a boat of tin; upon his tribys he goes toiling, and in his veins the blood is boiling. He scorns the cheer-up-grin. "Green envy, reader, is the answer; it's gnawing like a deadly cancer, in Harry, Tom and Dick; it takes the bloom from human pleasures, it turns to dross the old world's treasures, and makes the spirit sick.

No Complaints, But—

They were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call.

He was leaning against the door-post, talking in low, dulcet tones. She was listening and gazing up rapturously into his eyes.

Suddenly she turned round. The door had opened; and there, just inside, stood her father, clad in a dressing-gown.

"My dear father," she asked, "what is the matter?"

Her dear father ignored her question.

"Jehn," he said, addressing the young man, "you know I've never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain now; but, for goodness' sake, stop leaning up against the bell-push. Other people want to sleep, even if you don't!"

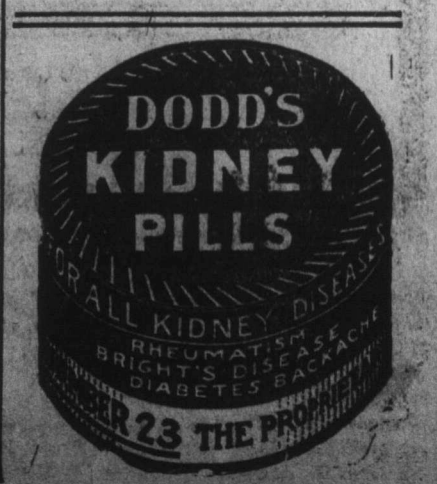
No Free List.

There is one of many good stories told by Irvin S. Cobb, the American humorist, whose book, "Eating in Two or Three Languages," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

A chap named Dave Lewis whom I used to know (says Mr. Cobb) went into the restaurant business. Dave had been "one of the boys," and his pals started to lick their chops in anticipation.

But he was beforehand with them. His first act was to publish a notice which read:

"Dave Lewis begs to notify that he has gone into business on his own hook and started a first-class restaurant, and hopes that his many friends will jolly well stop away and give him a chance."



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