

WAS SAVED BY A DREAM.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF AN ARTIST IN WAR TIME.

He Had a Vision Which Made Him Change His Plans—His Life Was Saved for the Reason that He Heeded the Warning that Came to Him.

The Westminster Gazette gives the following account of a conversation with Mr. Melton Prior, the well-known war correspondent of the Illustrated London News:

It happened in this wise. After a conversation on camps and quarters with the famous war artist we fell a-talking on the queer and unexplainable in human experience. I mentioned certain odd incidents in my own life, and referred to the fact that another war correspondent had confided to me the story of a curious dream vision, which, in the matter of premonition, had this demerit—that it did not quite realize itself.

We were in Mr. Melton Prior's office at 198 Strand, and he took a cigarette out of his case, lit it, looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, and then he said:

"I could tell you a story of that sort."

"Do," said I, "I've never spoken much of it to anybody, unless it might be to an intimate friend over a glass of whisky and a pipe. A traid of brine chaffed, I suppose. Never mind. You want an interview, so I'll do the indiscreet."

"And it's a dream vision?"

"Come, that is interesting," I remarked: "and now as to time and place?"

"Well, I was going out to Zulu war in one of the Union Steamship Company's vessels, the German, Capt. Coxwell was our skipper. On board this steamer I dreamed on two successive occasions—that is to say, I had two dreams precisely similar in their tenor—that I was shot dead and then buried. In fact, I saw myself killed by a bullet and witnessed my own funeral in all its dreary detail.

"Shortly after my arrival at the Royal hotel in Durban I had a letter from my mother, in which she stated that she had had a dream, which I found to be precisely like my own, and begged me to be careful, and, if possible, not to go to the relief of Etchowe."

"And you were still more upset?"

"Yes; much as I regret it now this dream coincidence certainly had an effect on my mind, and in a weak moment I decided I would not go. 'I'll be hanged if I go up to Etchowe,' I said to myself, and I didn't."

"And your war artist work, Mr. Prior?"

"It so happened that I heard of a gentleman in Durban, who could sketch very well, and when I had put myself in communication with him, he offered to take my place and send the sketches down to me, so that I could touch them up and send them to England."

"Not as your own sketches?"

"No, certainly not," returned Mr. Prior, with indignant emphasis. "Not for a moment as my own sketches, of course, for I communicated with the proprietors of the Illustrated London News, informing them of the whole incident, and what I had done."

"Not of the dream vision, surely, Mr. Prior?"

"Certainly," said he, flicking the ashes off the end of his cigarette. "of the dream vision and everything. Indeed, I wouldn't tell you this for publication, for my office to read, and all the rest of the world, if I hadn't been perfectly square in the matter."

"What did they say to your reason for remaining in Natal? I suppose they were astonished at it?"

"Well, Mr. William Ingram—now Sir William Ingram—sent me a telegram, 'Regret,' I ran, 'your not going into battle at Etchowe. Perhaps our special artist is preserved for better things to come.'"

"And you were never affected in this fashion before or after?"

"No," said Mr. Prior. "And it's a very curious thing that out of the sixty or more battles I've been present at and witnessed and sketched such an idea as that of keeping out of it has never occurred to me."

"So that you have no fear of your courage being challenged?"

"Rather not. I've given so many proofs of it—been through so many fights and scenes of peril—that I do not feel at all disturbed on that score. If I had only been in one action, or say two things, would wear a different complexion. But, seeing what my record is, I think I can run the risk of admitting that once I fought shy of going into the fray."

"And this gentleman from Durban, did he prove successful as a locum tenens?"

"'Unusually enough, the man who went up for me was one of the first killed in the fighting.'"

"And your personal impression was that the dream vision was a sort of premonition, a kind of warning that you should not go up to the fighting at Etchowe?"

"Certainly; or I should not have acted as I did."

"Were the dreams vivid?"

"Yes, very. I ought to mention that I had a second touch of sunstroke on board the German—I have had three altogether—and that might account for it."

"Still," said I, "it would not cover the coincidence of your mother's dreams."

"No, it would not," said he. "Anyhow, it's a thing I've never much cared to talk about, and I scarcely know how you've managed to get it out of me."

How Esquimaux Use Tobacco.

Perhaps there is nothing more peculiar about the Esquimaux of Point Barrow than their methods of using tobacco, which, of course, they procure from the whites. They know good from bad tobacco.

The habit of chewing the weed seems to be universal. Men, women, and even unweaned children, keep a quid, often of enormous size, constantly in the mouth. The juice is not spit out, but swallowed, without producing any symptoms of nausea.

These people, for the sake of making their tobacco go further, cut it up very fine and mix it finely with chopped wood, in the proportion of about two parts of tobacco to one of wood.

of his pipe with a little picker of bone, plucks from his deer-skin clothing in some conspicuous place a small wad of hair. This he rams down to the bottom of the bowl, the purpose of it being to prevent the fine tobacco from getting into the stem and clogging it up. The pipe is then filled with tobacco, of which it only holds a very small quantity. The tobacco is then ignited, and all of it is smoked out in two or three strong whiffs. The smoke is very deeply inhaled, and is allowed to pass out from the mouth and nostrils.

The method of smoking would be found to be very trying to any white man. These people carry their fondness for tobacco so far that they will actually eat the foul, oily refuse from the bottom of the bowl, the smallest portion of which would produce nausea in a civilized person.

PREFER THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

New York Heiresses Marry Englishmen Rather Than the Anglo-Americans.

The clergyman of a prominent and fashionable uptown church in New York was talking to a Sun reporter recently about the outbreak which the papers usually make when a New York girl marries a foreigner, and particularly an Englishman. "A number of the members of my congregation," he said, "have contracted such marriages and I have yet to learn of any of the horrors which you read so much when these unions are made. The girls who contract these marriages are heiresses, as a rule, and as such they move in good society. It seems to be the general opinion that they should marry stalwart, self-made, independent American young men, instead of Englishmen of fashion. The critics of heiresses forget that those young women do not meet stalwart and independent American young men, by any means. The only men they know are the men in New York society. These are the dancing men, art amateurs and fortune hunters. Most of them are bachelors of 40 years of age or thereabouts, and all of them are Anglo-Americans. They talk a peculiar and almost unintelligible jargon, which is supposed to be English, and they ape grooms, butlers and men servants in their fashion of speech. The heiress has the opportunity of marrying one of these cheap imitations of an English nobleman or marrying the genuine article. In my judgment she shows her good sense in marrying the real thing instead of a poor imitation."

The Situation Was Open.

Before the war there came into the public room of a hotel in Canada, near the frontier, one day, a bright-looking negro. "I suppose you're a runaway slave," said one of the men in the room, looking sharply at the newcomer. Feeling that he was pretty well away from bondage, the darkey responded in the affirmative.

"Well, we're glad enough that you've got away; but you don't seem to look very poor. Have good clothes down South?"

"Sittingly, sah; same clothes as my massa."

"But you got a good many thrashings, eh?"

"Nebber had a whipping in my life, sah."

"Nebber thrashed! Well, but I suppose you don't always get enough to eat, do you?"

"Always had enough, geymen; nebber went hungry."

"What!" said the persistent interrogator. "Good clothes, no punishment, plenty to eat? Now, just think of it," he said addressing a group of loungers. "This fellow has left a position where he enjoys all these privileges for an uncertainty."

"Geymen," replied the darkey, "all I've got to say respectin' dem privileges is dat if any one wants to avail himself ob 'em, de situation am still open!"

Gambling and Morality.

Since it is not the province of the civil law to make men internally moral, but rather to safeguard the security of his social rights; since it cannot effectually appeal to his conscience, he can shake the lash over his head, we have conditions which prevent a man from exercising his rights. This condition is called Public Policy. The law does not argue that it is morally wrong to gamble, but it can and does say that gambling acts shall be punished or not, as they oppose public policy or not.

Whether gambling is immoral or not, is not to be answered by yes or no. The doing of acts prohibited by the state is immoral, the gravity of the offence to be determined by the circumstances of each act. It may be moral for Joe Doe to gamble, whereas it would be immoral for Richard Roe. No one will pretend that the day laborer whose dollar represents food and clothing to his family has the same right to squander his dollar that a millionaire might have. Neither is excessive gambling to be judged by a different moral canon from excess in any other form. If two millionaires should meet and gamble away \$1,000, it would be less of an offence against public policy than if a poor man were to spend 10 cents.—(Donahoe's Magazine.)

Something He Had Not Known.

A French scientist was at his work before a glowing coal fire when some one tapped at the door, and a young girl, belonging to a family who lived in the "flat" above him, came in.

"Sir," she said, "would you kindly lend me a five cent, or two to start our fire with? It's gone out."

"Certainly, my dear," said the savant. "But you have brought nothing to carry it in. Take my shovel."

"Oh, no, sir," answered the child. "I will carry the coals in my hand."

"In your hand? What do you mean? You'll be burned."

"Oh, no, sir. I'll show you how."

The child dipped up some ashes from the grate and placed them in the hollowed palm of her left hand. Then with the tongs she laid two burning coals on the top of the little heap of ashes. Then she bowed, smiled and went out, bearing her coals unharmed.

"Well, well!" said the man of science to himself. "Here I've been studying natural philosophy forty years, and never had the wit to do that."

How Much Paint is Needed.

It is difficult to give an exact rule for ascertaining beforehand the quantity of paint that will be required to cover a given surface, for the age of the surface to which the paint is to be applied, the kind of wood, whether or not it has been previously

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To Keep Out the Devil.

A well-bred man puts his hand over his mouth when he yawns, but not one well-bred man in ten thousand knows why. The reason is this: Four or five hundred years ago there was a superstition common in Europe that the devil was always lying in wait to enter a man's body and take possession of him. Satan generally went in by the mouth, but when he had waited a reasonable time and the man did not open his mouth the devil made him yawn, and while his mouth was open jumped down his throat. So many cases of this kind occurred that the people learned to make the sign of the cross over their mouths whenever they yawned in order to scare away the devil. The peasantry in Italy and Spain still adhere to this method, but most other people have dispensed with the cross sign and keep out the devil by simply placing the hand before the lips. It is a most remarkable survival of a practice after the significance has perished.

Nourishing and Agreeable.

The Pelee Island wines for which Mr. E. G. Scovil, of 62 Union street is the maritime agent, have constantly grown in popularity in these provinces within the past two years. Some particulars of these wines can be found in the advertising columns of this paper today. They are made from the pure juice of the grape and are very nourishing as well as agreeable.

A Clever Bit of Work.

Mr. J. S. Climo has painted a pretty little scene of the Collin estate near the Nerepis. It is but seldom that the well known photographer takes the brush in hand but his work then delights his friends and himself.

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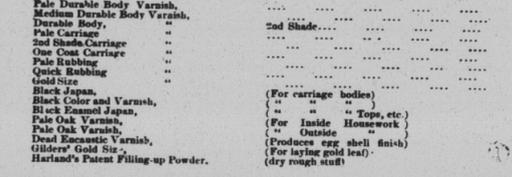
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