

SIGNIFICANCE OF DREAMS

An Interesting Lecture by a Noted English Scientist.

Superstitions About Various Dreaming Sleep Ruthlessly Dealt With - Physical Ills in Most Cases Are to Blame.

"What the actual scientific view of dreaming now is may be inferred from a lecture which was recently delivered on the subject at the Royal Institution by Dr. H. W. Richardson. In the poet's view," says the London Telegraph, "dreams are visions from the ivory gate, or, as Shakespeare calls them, 'children of an idle brain'; but science is more prosaic and teaches that dreams may be, after all, 'nothing more than the common vibrations of terrestrial media acting upon a corporeal vibratorium.' Like the sound heard on a wire intercom long after it has been struck by the musician. 'All musical instruments dream,' says Dr. Richardson, 'after we cease to play on them' and if we bring the microphone into use we can hear the dream. This is a new poetry as science will permit us to approach in explaining the phenomenon of thought going on during sleep; for the accomplished lecturer proceeded to inform his audience that dreams are all explainable on physical grounds - there is no mystery about them that which springs from 'blindness to facts.'"

"After dividing dreams into subjective and objective, and mixtures of both, he went on to class among the first species, dreams produced by indigestion, pain or fever, while objective dreams are those started by noises or other events going on outside the sleeper. This is a fair sample of the method in which science disposes of 'superstition.' Against the imaginative view of the significance of dreams men of science protest, and will probably continue to protest as long as there are any men of science left. They quote the old lady in the Spectator, who believed that the earthquake at Lisbon had some mysterious but quite unexplained connection with the fact that a few days before she had happened to spill some salt on the table.

"Perhaps the most practical lesson taught at the Royal Institution lecture was one which may assist us to know which of our dreams are signs that something is wrong with our bodily organization. As a rule, said the lecturer, it is better not to dream at all. Dreamlessness is usually a symptom of abnormal health. A child's dreams are invariably signs of disturbed health, and should be regarded with anxiety. For adults it is a good thing to know that our brains are being overstrained when our nightly dreams relate to events of the day, and if we actually seem to sleep to be continuing our daily work this is a danger signal which never must be disregarded. When we feel wearied in the morning very likely it results from dreams we have forgotten, and then the best thing to do is to take exercise. Without coming to any decided opinion as to the supernatural meaning attributed to dreams, we can at least profit by these practical hints.

"Considered as products of bad digestion dreams cannot be reasonably expected to tell us anything of a useful character or to supply us with any warning, except one directed against the continuation of depraved dietetic habits. If it is true that the sleep of health is dreamless, then it becomes difficult to believe that the only persons to whom visions in sleep are vouchsafed should be the victims of indigestion. It is always a puzzle for persons of an unimaginative turn of mind to understand how the future, which does not yet exist, can be supposed to have any effect on the present, and it must be admitted that dreams of warning are much harder to believe in than the 'brain waves' and 'thought transferences' which members of the psychiatric research society take as matters quite in the ordinary course of things. There is a considerable mass of testimony in favor of the power of the mind to produce results at an enormous distance by some system of psychical telegraphy of which nobody has yet discovered the secret. A man who goes to sleep and dreams that his brother is being killed by a wild tribe in central Africa, and who afterwards hears that he did meet with that fate at the precise time when the vision occurred, need not fly to any supernatural explanation of the phenomenon. It is quite different when a dream tells of something which is to happen in a few months' time. In the latter case most people will prefer to join with science in attributing the fact either to a law of coincidence or to a simple delusion.

"We must do science the justice to admit that if she increases the gloominess of life in some directions, as by her doctrine of the struggle for existence, she decreases it in other respects, one of which is by adding in the gradual banishment of any confidence in visions and omens and 'weirdness' generally."

No News. The Boston Budget has a story of a colored man who went into a fish market in Richmond to buy a dinner for his master. After looking about for a few minutes, he stopped before a pile of shad.

Apparently his suspicions were aroused. He took up one of the fish and held it under his nose.

"What do you mean by smelling of that fish?" asked the dealer, indignantly.

"Didn't smell de fish nohow," answered the negro. "Only speakin' to him."

"Indeed! And what did he say?"

"I jes' ax him for de news at de mount ob de ribber, an' he says he done clean forgot, for he ain't seen no water for fo weeks. Dat's all he said."

How Did They Get In? On awakening the other morning a farmer, who lives near Shelby N. C., was much surprised on seeing seventeen rabbits huddled together in a corner of the room. They had entered the house to escape the cold.

BISMARCK'S WIFE.

The Cause of Many of the Iron Chancellor's Troubles.

Although But Little Known to the Outside World the Princess Is a Power Among German Nobles - Her Antipathy for the Emperor.

Bismarck's sorrows were crowding hard upon him. These last years of his life are not happy ones. What few people know is that Princess Bismarck is in reality responsible for many of his misfortunes. The outside world is almost unconscious that she exists, for she keeps in the background, but when she does speak she is likely to show little of that diplomacy which has made her husband famous, says the New York Press. On one occasion when she abandoned her habitual reserve, although she startled her hearers, she revealed herself as the counselor of her husband and as a woman of extraordinary strength of mind and daring.

The occasion will be well remembered - indeed it can never be forgotten - by those who were privileged to be the guests of the prince at his official farewell reception. There were present several members of the cabinet (among them poor Von Bötticher, who had been forced to act all along as a buffer between emperor and chancellor and who not seldom got named on both sides), the whole staff of the foreign office and a large number of dignitaries of state.

Bismarck was usually silent and apparently in a mood of grief rather than resentment. The princess, on the other hand, was almost beside herself with rage. She exclaimed in a loud voice: "It was I who advised my husband to bear no longer with the emperor's petty interferences in matters which he does not understand. But to accept my husband's resignation was an act of infamy which the knaves shall repeat to me. He shall recall my husband on his knees. To dare to treat Germany's greatest man like that! Woe upon him!"

The word translated for want of better interpretation with 'knave' was 'Idiot,' the most offensive term in the German language if applied in the sense of super to a man, and the threat against the emperor was conveyed by the following words: "Das soll mir der Idiot tun."

There was a moment of awful silence and then followed a stampede led by the ministers, who rushed out of the palace as if a pestilence were upon them, and in an incredibly short time the Bismarck family found themselves alone in the brilliantly lighted saloons. I do not believe anybody has dared to repeat the princess' dreadful words of import to the emperor, though, no doubt, the fact of something very shocking having been said by the princess was probably reported to his majesty. When people talk of the mere possibility of a reconciliation between the emperor and Bismarck they are ignorant of the conditions under which they parted.

Many men have, after all, been more unfortunate than Bismarck. He has been well paid; no statesman ever better. He has been raised from the obscurity of a Pomeranian "krautjunker" with an income of estate and only enough worldly possessions to give him a bare living to the dignity of a prince of the empire and the duke of Lauenburg, endowed with a magnificent estate in the Saxonwald, the ancestral estate of Schönhusen, purchased for him by the nation, and the estate of Vartha, clear of mortgages. To put it in plain figures, Prince Bismarck enjoys now a competency closely estimated at fifty thousand pounds a year, and, better than all, he is still the idol of a large part of Germany's population.

INATTENTIVE HOUSE MEMBERS.

A New York Congressman Thinks Their Writing Desks Should Be Taken Away.

"There is but one way in which this can be made a decent legislative body," said a member from New York to a Washington Post reporter as he surveyed the house and heard one man speaking while one hundred and sixty-six others chewed gum or rustled papers, "and that way is to take from the members their desks. They should be given no opportunity to write while legislative business is on tap. If placed upon straight, hard benches with nothing to do save talk or listen they would know more of what is going on. Long, long ago the English realized this fact. In the house of commons there is never disturbance of any kind unless an extremely heated and factional debate is on. Everybody in the chamber hears what the man who has the right of way is saying. If the members wish to write or read the newspapers or swap yarns that used to be funny many years ago they go into a room provided for that purpose. I am not much of an Anglophile myself. In fact, I think that common sense ought to be permanently barred. But there are things other than trousers that we might copy from England and be nothing the worse for it."

A Bright Lad.

There is one Belfast (Me.) youth who will make a general show day, if he properly develops his natural traits as they appear at present. He is but three years and eight months old, but showed engineering skill in getting out of a scrape last week that few big boys would have equaled. While at play in a camp with some other boys he was accidentally locked in, and his comrades all went off to school. Finding himself a prisoner, instead of sitting down and crying, our youngster first built up the articles in the room until he could reach a window, which he promptly smashed. Next he threw out the various articles which he could lift until the pile outside was within safe dropping distance from the window, when he climbed out and dropped to the pile. He was nearly two hours doing the work, but says he wasn't going to take any chances of breaking his neck by jumping from that high window.

LOCUSTS IN CHINA.

They Are Regarded as a Calamity from Heaven.

The Singular Methods Adopted by the Celestials for Exterminating the Pests - A Queer Occupation for Soldiers.

The great province of Kiang-Soo, China, is being devastated by locusts. Consul Jones at Chin-Kiang sends the state department an account of the curious efforts made by the afflicted sections to dispel the scourge, says a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Some of the methods resorted to are as striking as the suggestions offered to the Kansans people when they were suffering from a similar visitation some years ago. When the locusts make their appearance in one of these Chinese districts there is consternation among the unfortunate peasantry, who assemble in the fields with wild clamor and din of gongs, and with long bamboo with streamers attached, and vainly endeavor to drive off the terrible invaders who are settling down in myriads and devouring their crops before their eyes. Every leaf and twig is covered thick, giving the appearance of some lilac or yellow fruit or plant. A faint, sour smell, like that of fermented vegetable matter, is always perceptible in the neighborhood. It comes, no doubt, from the droppings of the insects.

There is a curious and widespread belief among the Chinese in the existence of a "king" locust - "wang" he is called - of colossal size and quasi-supernatural character, who hovers invisibly in the upper regions of the air, directing and controlling the migrations of the different swarms. At some places the leading officials have publicly sacrificed and made offerings to the king of the locusts in order that he might be influenced to spare their localities.

"I know of few sights," writes the consul, "more extraordinary than a swarm engaged in pairing. The air is filled with clouds of locusts drifting, circling, crossing and recrossing, with a faint, whirling noise, and settling on the ground in thousands of couples. They are greedy feeders and grow rapidly. By the eighth or ninth day wings have budded and the color begins to change, yellow spots appearing, and in about a month they are full grown.

The destruction, by suitable measures, of this formidable pest, involving, as it does, the prevention of famines, fever epidemics and riots, is a matter of grave public concern. One company bears of mandarins losing their buttons and being disgraced as the penalty of remissness or failure to destroy the enemy. Consul Jones says the Chinese consider that the visitation of the locusts is a calamity from Heaven, and that there is no help for it. Chinese records chronicle many instances of the appearance and the calamities inflicted by locusts in former times. Locusts have no peculiarly effective means of destroying them. The government usually issues proclamations ordering the soldiers and encouraging the farmers to destroy them. The latter are given a bounty for their destruction.

The soldiers, with their officers at their head, are used against the locusts as against an adverse army in the field. Instead of a gun or a lance, however, each soldier is armed with a course bumper bag attached to a bamboo pole, which, with wide-open mouth, is waved back and forth among the swarms until filled, when they are killed and the action renewed.

Sailors' Superstitions.

The superstitions of sailors would fill a book and so would those of sailors. But this says the Boston Home Journal, has affected the greater yachtsmen, who are men of education and who might be expected to laugh at it. Notice the names of creek racers of late years, and it will be seen that the magic seven has entered most largely into their selection. In 1881 the "Adams boys," as they are called, had a boat called the Beatrix (notice the seven letters) which was very successful. She was altered and renamed the Linneus, which, in addition to the seven letters, had a lucky six. The Tippson had the lucky seven letters and the lucky six, and was eminently successful, therefore. It is also lucky to have double consonants in the middle of the name. The Gosson, a cutter owned by the Adams boys, won all the races in her class in 1880, and in a peculiar way these same yachtsmen miswrote a word for the sake of gaining the lucky combination, and called a boat the Rabboon.

Magnificent Temple.

The temple of the sun at Palmyra covered a square of twenty-two yards on each side. It was approached by a magnificent avenue over half a mile long, lined by rows of columns and statues. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred and twenty-five feet broad, and with statues and ornaments innumerable. Of this magnificent structure not a trace remains even of the foundations.

A MUSICAL BEAR.

The Novel Experience of a California Girl.

Her Piano Playing Attracts the Attention of Bruin, and He Falls in Love with the Young Lady and the Instrument.

Mary Carter was practicing her music and was all alone in the house. But for some reason she was always alone when she did so. As soon as she struck the first note of her exercises everybody went outdoors and stood there regardless of the style with which she went over the scales. Mary, according to the Elmira (N. Y.) Telegraph, was a San Francisco girl who had gone to spend the summer with her sister, who married a rancher that lived away up in the mountains near the headwaters of American river. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Matthews, was well-to-do and fixed the little house to which he took his bride in fine style. Things were so elegant it was hard to imagine that the place was nearly fifty miles from civilization. When he was buying furniture he was persuaded to take a splendid grand piano, which in due time arrived at the ranch, and it was on this that Mary was practicing. She did not like the idea of being alone at first, but as she found it impossible to persuade her sister to stay with her she had to make the best of a bad job. She went over the scales carefully every few minutes, taking a look out into the garden to see that her relatives did not get too far away. After finishing one piece she rested a moment, thinking of what she would play next. Suddenly she heard a shuffling sound, and turning around, she saw a large, brown bear standing in the doorway leading to the back part of the house. She was paralyzed with fear and could neither move from her chair nor scream.

She saw the bear come nearer, and she trembled like a leaf. Oh, how she wished she could faint. But she was a strong girl and couldn't, and the bear kept coming closer, and soon had his paws round her. She gave herself up for lost as she felt the grip, which she knew was deadly, tighten around her and the warm breath of the creature on her face. Looking through the window she could see her relatives lounging around peacefully in the shade of the pines and tried to call them, but her tongue would not move and she closed her eyes, expecting to open them in that happy land of which she had been taught from childhood. But what was this? The bear was not hurting her. He held her gently but firmly in his paws, and was actually licking her face, like a pet dog. She opened her eyes, and the world was the same as usual. She could not tell whether she was frightened or not, but somehow she did not try to scream. She just kept quiet, hoping something would happen to end the agony, which she did not understand. The bear did not hold her more than a second, although it seemed ages to the girl. He did not want to hold her, for he threw her on the floor. She was still frightened and expected the bear to jump on her and devour her at his leisure. But instead he turned around, commenced to claw the piano and was evidently delighted with his performance, for he kept time with his feet and looked around approvingly. The people outside heard the clatter but did not pay any attention to it, as they afterward said it was not unusual. Mary has never forgiven them for this. The bear began to play furiously, and Mary, seeing a way to escape, took advantage of it and ran away screaming from the room. Her relatives at first refused to believe her story, but hearing the clatter ran to the window and looked in. Bruin was still at it, and by this time had become so enthused that he was performing a sort of can-can to his own accompaniment. He was in the height of his glory and had found out where the bass keys were, and with these he was particularly delighted. The deep, continuous rumble seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure, and he would execute a bar that sounded like the cadenza of "A Storm at Sea."

He howled and jumped and whined, and at last concluded his concert by getting on the piano on all fours and executing a jig. At this time Mr. Matthews thought he had better take a hand, and he ran into the room with an ax, as that was the only weapon available. The bear did not seem surprised, but got out of the way, and had there been room would have left the house. He was struck several times with the ax, but did not show flinch, and the man thought he must have found a tame bear, although he could not imagine where it came from. He then changed his tactics and tried to capture it, as it did not appear dangerous. He got hold of it and tried to tie it in the piano cover. But at this the brute's wild nature showed itself, and it got ready to make an attack. Before the man could realize what was coming he heard a deep, angry growl, and the next moment was clutched angrily by the monster. The bear could have killed him but it did not want to. It just gave him a good squeeze and threw him violently against the wall. After looking at him a moment the bear went out the door and walked leisurely into the yard. Mrs. Matthews and Mary rushed in and soon had Mr. Matthews back to consciousness. He got up and looked out of the window and saw the bear walking quietly over the hill in the direction of the mountain.

Thawing Out a Field.

So much trouble has rarely been taken to prepare athletic grounds for a match, as at Cardiff not long ago. The occasion was a football match for the championship of England and Wales. Two hundred braziers or perforated fire buckets were set up on the field, and bonfires were kindled in many parts of it, the flames being kept going until the frost was thawed out of the ground. Then the field was covered with straw to retain the heat, and just before the match began a small army of men cleared and raked the ground.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOME.

Arrangement of the Apartments at Windsor Castle.

Rooms Into Which None But Members of the Royal Family Are Permitted to Enter - Rich and Costly Decorations.

The state dining-room at Windsor castle is, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, a very fine apartment in the Prince of Wales' tower. It was redecorated shortly before the jubilee in gold and white, after a very tasteful design chosen by Princess Beatrice. The furniture is of a Gothic pattern, and is said to have been designed by Welby Pugin. The doors are ornamented with most exquisite Chippendale work. In the center of the north window, which looks out on the north terrace, the Home park, and Eton college, is displayed a massive gold punch-bowl, which was designed by Flaxman for the prince regent. The table, which is a very fine piece of work, is made in the form of a trochilus shell. The whole cost two thousand guineas. This room was nearly destroyed by fire in 1836, and again by water in 1891. It is only used on grand occasions, when the queen's party is over sixteen. When it is under that number the queen prefers to dine in the oak-room, which looks out on the inner quadrangle, and contains fine pictures of the queen's four daughters-in-law. When the party is too large for the dining-room St. George's hall is used.

The three drawing-rooms are connected with the dining-room, with the corridor, and with each other by folding doors, and all the doors are decorated with the same unique Chippendale work. The three drawing-rooms face the east and look down on the splendid east terrace and gardens over the broad expanse of the Home Park towards Datchet, Old Windsor. The crimson drawing-room is next to the dining-room. It is decorated and upholstered in crimson satin brocade, which, together with the richness of the embellishments and the wealth of gilding with which it is adorned, gives this room a very gorgeous appearance. Superb carvings, the finest ormolu work, and the most exquisitely inlaid cabinets line the wall, and conspicuously placed in one of the windows is a large malachite vase, which, like the one in the grand reception-room, was given to the queen by Czar Nicholas, of Russia.

The crimson drawing-room opens into the green, which is similarly decorated, and furnished in the richest satin brocade, but the prevailing color, as might be expected, is green, by which I do not by any means mean emerald green, but green of a somewhat crude shade. The principal feature of this room is the magnificent collection of Sevres china, which is said to be the finest in the world. This is another product of the extravagant tastes of George IV., and the sight of the innumerable lovely pieces, delicately molded and colored, is enough to make a collector mad with envy. However, as a rule, collectors have not much time to examine very closely, for it is only on rare occasions, such as a state dinner party or by special favor, that her majesty's subjects are admitted into the green drawing-room.

The white drawing-room is furnished in crimson and gold damask with white walls decorated in an essentially French style. The walls of this room are hung with numerous portraits of the royal family, while a number of exquisitely worked cabinets and a table beautifully inlaid with Florentine mosaic in the form of flowers and fruit are among the principal ornaments. It is in the white drawing-room that the queen holds private investitures of the knights of the Garter, when a few ministers are summoned from town in order to form a council for the occasion. Luncheon is held first in the dining-room. The queen then proceeds by the corridor to the white drawing-room, while the company pass through the crimson and green rooms to the same destination.

The drawing-rooms were cleaned not long ago and the furniture rearranged, but otherwise they have been left untouched. The hangings and stuffs with which the chairs and sofas are covered might with advantage be altered, for though they are very rich the style is old-fashioned, belonging to the early period of her majesty's reign, and shows only too clearly and somewhat plainly to the eye the advances that art has made since then. The queen, however, is very conservative in her tastes, and she likes the old fashions. One of the curiosities of this portion of the private apartments is Mozart's old harpsichord which stands in one of the tall windows which overlook the private garden. It is a quaint, rather shabby-looking instrument with a double set of keys. These fine rooms are all connected by the grand corridor. It is very handsomely decorated, the ceiling in gold and cream and the walls in sage green and gold. It is hung on one side with pictures of the events in this reign from Wilkie's "First Council" to Linton's "Marriage of the Duke of Albany." The other side is lined with portraits of statesmen, including Augustus's picture of Lord Beaconsfield. Among the numerous curiosities are some magnificent china, a bust of Gen. Gordon, and his pocket Bible in a glass case.

Reverend Jokers.

In a certain western town, according to Texas Sittings, the clergy of the various religious sects were very tolerant toward each other. On the occasion of the Jewish rabbi's silver wedding, he invited the Protestant clergyman and also the Catholic priest. While the reverend clergymen were enjoying the good cheer set before them, the Catholic priest said to the rabbi: "I know that you are a very liberal-minded gentleman but could you bring yourself to eat porridge?" "Certainly I could relish some ham, at least on one occasion." "And that would be?" "At the marriage dinner of your reverence."

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