MYSTERY OF DREAMS

Whence Come the Warning Visitors We See In Sleep?

TWO VERY PUZZLING CASES.

One Where Mother and Son Both Got Tidings of Disaster at the Same Time and One Where a Child Saw Her Father Saved In a Shipwreck.

Out of 149 dreams of a very striking kind investigated by one of the leading psychic research societies no fewer than seventy-nine related to a death, and perhaps the rarest of all these dreams is the case where two persons dreamed the same thing on the same night, and the episode came true. This striking instance is reported by the Rev. R. B. Elrington:

"A woman parishioner of mine," he says, "whose husband was a fisherman, at that time on the sea, dreamed one night in terribly vivid fashion that his little craft had been cut in two by the towering steel bows of a great liner. Her eldest son was with the husband, and as she woke she screamed out, 'Oh, save my boy, my boy!' This was remarkable enough, considering the sequel, but almost at the very moment the poor woman was in her distress, yet still asleep, another son was pounding at her door, half asleep and half awake, and crying, 'Oh, mother, where is father?' The terrified woman now rose and let the boy in. He was crying. He told her he had distinctly heard his father's heavy tread coming up the stairs and his ponderous kick with sea boots against the door, as had been his manner when returning abruptly from a long cruise. Next morning the alarmed mother and wife told all the neighbors, and before the day was out the dreadful news came that every detail of her dream was true. The little trawling lugger had been run into by a coasting liner, nearly cut in two and sunk with all hands, including her husband and son."

Premonitory dreams occupy a large part of the psychological records, and the following case is a very puzzling one: A Mrs. Spruit lived at Balmain, or ... burbs of Sydney, Austra... nd was a sea captain ...e Atacama, a wooden ...which had arrived in ...ing state and was ...y a firm known as ...or $3,500. Twice as ...in repairs, and then ...acat... sent up the coast ...a car... al. She delivered this and next ... t for San Diego.

But when 500 ... es out from Sydney she sprang a leak, and Captain Spruit decided to put back. In spite of the pumps the water gained, and soon there was a depth of eleven feet in the hold. Spruit now resolved to abandon the ship and launch the three boats. The captain himself, with one seaman, the steward, boatswain and an apprentice, was in the twenty-four foot lifeboat, while the rest of the crew, twelve in all, were in the other two boats. Heavy seas were running, and the boats were nearly swamped. As Spruit could not swim, he was nearly drowned. Some of his men were lost. Their situation was indeed fearful in boats half filled with water and exposed to a fierce gale 400 miles from land. Again and again was Spruit washed out, but at last his boat was picked up when its occupants were in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue, exposure and lack of food. A reporter of the Sydney Morning Herald called to interview the captain and found him barefooted, with terribly swollen legs, covered with severe cuts and bruises.

Now consider Mrs. Spruit's report to the Psychical Research society, which is most remarkable.

"Last Thursday week," she writes, "at 3 o'clock in the morning my thirteen-year-old daughter Lily came into my bedroom and woke me by a tap on my forehead. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried in a breathless whisper, 'I'm so frightened!' I tried to soothe her, but she only covered her face with her hands and whispered tremblingly: 'Oh, look! My papa's ship is all wrecked! Papa's come home all in rags, with his feet and legs cut, and I see two or three of his men drowned out of the boat.'

"I told Lily sternly it was all nonsense.

"'It isn't!' she said passionately. 'I've seen it in my dream, and I know it's all true!'

"But I coaxed her off to bed. The girl kept worrying about it until the next Sunday. A week after her dream my husband returned, and Lily found me crying when she came in from school.

"'Oh, mamma,' she cried sharply, 'is the Atacama wrecked?'

"I told her evasively her papa had come home.

"She was not to be denied, however, and asked with strange persistence, 'Are papa's legs cut?

"I said they were.

"And the very first thing she said to her father was: 'Why, you didn't have those clothes on when I saw you! The ones you had on were all torn in the wreck.'

Lily Spruit herself furnished a report to the Psychical Research society. She said she woke in terrible fright, having seen every microscopic detail of the shipwreck and its sequel. She saw her father get into the big boat and keep close to his ship for some time. She watched his boat capsize and the boy Allen drown. What woke her, she said, was the howling of the wind about the wreck, and the last she saw was the other men pulling her father back into the waterlogged boat.—William T. Fitz-Gerald in New York Tribune.

TOLD BY THE THUMB.

One Way, So They Say, of Reading a Person's Character.

The closer the thumb is set to the wrist, the greater the amount of amiable qualities a person possesses. And, conversely, the higher on the hand the thumb is set, the lower the order of his mental and moral makeup.

Monkeys' thumbs abut from the hand at a point close to the fingers. The closer to this formation a human being comes the more monkey-like intelligence and character he is apt to have.

A thumb set very close to the wrist shows sympathy for all in distress, great generosity, independence, love of liberty for self and others and a readiness to share with the unfortunate.

When the second phalanx of the thumb is much longer than the nail phalanx there is a discordant relation between reason and will.

Reason preponderates to such an extent that the entire life is spent in planning what to do without ever doing.

A person of this kind sees clearly what is best for him, but lacks determination to put it into execution.

He sees the goal and the steps necessary for attaining it, but in the same glance he takes in all the obstacles, and while he is pondering the matter the opportunity to win success escapes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Seeking the Light.

At a dinner during an Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him:

"Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who after dinner sought his host.

"I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B.'s. She alisked if butter flew because tomahtoes could. Pray tell me what the point is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Thoughtful Tyrant.

Major Hayford Thorold, second in command of the First battalion, Duke of Wellington's regiment, had an odd experience in Matabeleland in 1896 when sent to restore order in a little township called Gwelo. On arrival there he found the acting commandant, an ex-storekeeper, in a state bordering on delirium trêmens, so he had him locked up. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following wire:

Chamberlain, London:
Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

English Army Horses.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to himself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354 will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called his "veterinary history sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.—London Army Journal.

Something Comic.

Brownbigge (to waitress who has handed him a newspaper)—Ain't yer got nothing comic? I likes to have something funny to look at while I'm a-heating. Waitress—There's a looking glass straight in front of you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

An Unhappy Outlook.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. Caretaker—Yes, sir. Some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor molding next door, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Mutual Reluctance.

"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."

"Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.—Pascal.

His Idea of Him.

Bill—Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill—Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have got was a shingle."—Yonkers Statesman.

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