





THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1886.

**BILL NYE'S LETTER.**

Sonnambulism and Crime.

A recent article in the London Post on the subject of sonnambulism calls to my mind several little incidents with sonnambulistic tendencies in my own experience.

This subject has, indeed, attracted my attention for some years, and it has afforded me great pleasure to investigate it carefully.

Regarding the causes of dreams and sonnambulism there are many theories, all of which are more or less untenable. My own idea, given of course in a plain, crude way, is that thoughts originate on the inside of the brain and pass on to the surface, where they have their photographs taken, with the understanding that the negatives are to be preserved. In this way the thought may afterward be duplicated back to the thinker in the form of a dream, and, if the impulse be strong enough, muscular action and sonnambulism may result.

On the banks of Bitter creek some years ago lived an open-mouthed man who had risen from affluence by his unaided effort until he was entirely free from any incumbrance in the way of property. His mind dwelt on this matter a great deal during the day. Thoughts of manual labor flitted through his mind, but were cast aside as impracticable. Then other means of acquiring property suggested themselves. These thoughts were photographed on the delicate negative of the brain, where it is a rule to preserve all negatives. At night these thoughts were reversed within the think resort, if I may be allowed that term, and muscular action resulted. Yielding at last to the great desire for possessions and property the sonnambulist groped his way to the corner of a total stranger and selecting a choice male with great, long hair and a pointed beard, he doled him, and on he pressed, toward the dark, uncertain west, till at last rosy morn clomb the low, outlying hills and gilded the gray outlines of the sabbath. The covote slunk back to his home, but the sonnambulist did not.

He awoke at day dawned, and when he found himself astride the male of another slight stranger, he passed the length of his fingers through the hair that he had made his debut as a sonnambulist. He seemed to think who starts out to be a sonnambulist should never turn back. So he on, while the red sun stepped on the awful quiet of the dusty road and gradually moved up into the sky. He slowly advanced another to those who filed away in the dark maw of

Night came again at last, and with it other sonnambulists similar to the first, only that they were riding on their own beasts. Some sonnambulists ride their own animals, while others are content to bestride the steeds of strangers.

The man on the anonymous mule halted at last at the mouth of a cul-de-sac. He did so on the request of another sonnambulist. Mechanically he descended from the back of the mule and stood under a stunted mountain laurel while he began to ascend the tree by means of his neck. When he had reached the lower branch of the tree he made a few gestures with his feet by a lateral movement of the legs. He made several ineffectual efforts, and kick some piece of wood or branch, then, after he had gently oscillated a few times, he assumed a pendent and perpendicular position at right angles with the limb of the tree.

The other sonnambulists then took the male safely back to his corral, and the tragedy of a night was over.

The London Post very truly says that where sonnambulism can be proved it is a good defense to a criminal action. It was so held in this case.

Various methods are suggested for rousing the sonnambulist, such as tickling the feet, for instance, but in all my own experience I never knew of a more radical or permanent cure than the one so imperfectly given above. It might do in some cases to tickle the feet of a sonnambulist discovered in the act of riding away on an anonymous mule, but how could you successfully tickle the soles of his feet while he is standing on them? In such case the only way would be to suspend the sonnambulist in such a way as to give free access to the feet from below and at the same time give him a good, wide horizon to kick at.

**Tough on Deadheads.**

Ned Gilmore was standing in the lobby of Nible's Garden theater yesterday afternoon when a friend called in to see him. Gilmore said: "Did you see that fellow that just went out?" His friend answered in the negative and Gilmore continued: "Well, he wanted three seats because his sister was leading lady of a California theater. I told him he could get them at the box-office, and he left in disgust."

"I suppose you must have a good deal of annoyance from applicants for dead-head tickets," said the friend.

"Oh no," on the contrary, they afford me a great deal of amusement. A nice-looking fellow came in the other day and, after introducing himself, said that his mother was a star actress and that he kept a hotel. He was anxious to make arrangements so that he could get all the tickets he wanted at the box-office. I was rather puffed with the young man, and suggested that I would give him an order on the box-office that he could present at any time. He smiled sweetly and said that would do very well. I started to write out the order and at the same time said to the young man: "You may as well write me out in order on your bartender so that I can get all the wine or drinks that I may want when passing that way." The young man looked rather staggered at my suggestion, but plucking up courage, said: "But you forget that my mother is a star actress." "That does not make any difference," I replied; "you evidently forget that I was once a bartender." He left.—*New York World.*

The Washington Critic says: "Ab, madame," said a friend to Modjeska yesterday, "why don't you appear again in Romeo and Juliet?" "I shall revive it by-and-by," replied the lady. "But when?" "By-and-by." "Yes, but when is by-and-by?" persisted the friend. "Oh, by-and-by is when my first grandchild makes its appearance. That week I shall play the old lady again in commemoration of the happy event. I have promised some friends to do so, and I will keep the promise."

**MISSING LINKS.**

The last American slave was sold in Virginia in the spring of 1857 for a hundred head of cabbage plants.

No fatal accidents have befallen any passengers on Cayuga Lake during the history of steamboating on that stream. As many as 14,000 tourists are used in the tubular trestle work, a great increase in number and fitness due mainly to chemistry.

Prince Henry of Battenberg recently got a heavy fall while hunting, and Queen Victoria has practically forbidden him to hunt any more.

Mme. Gerster suffers from persistent insomnia, which has so worn out her system that two or three years will be needed to effect restoration.

Archbishop Croke would like much to visit this country, but at his age, above sixty, he dreads the mental and physical strain it would cause him.

It is thought that a dozen shots from the new German bomb, charged with dynamite shells, would destroy the strongest fortifications in the world.

In a letter, written as long as 1861, and now for the first time published, Darwin speaks of himself as one of those miserable creatures who are never comfortable for twenty-four hours.

Prof. L. W. Spring, author of "Kansas" in the American Commonwealth series, will give up the chair of English literature in the State University of Kansas to take that in Williams college. He was graduated at Williams in 1863.

Oscar Wilde is contemplating another trip to this country. He is to be accompanied by his wife, and is to "do" the mining districts in New Mexico before he goes home again. Mr. Wilde does not threaten to lecture during this trip.

Miss Kato-Kin, a daughter of Kato Kiyoto, a shikoku of Tokyo, Japan, has been ordered by the Department of Education to visit the United States to study the routine of normal schools and nursery establishments for three years.

The beautiful red plumage of a South African species of birds has been examined and found to be due to popper. When the birds are kept away from food containing copper they entirely lose the tint produced by this mineral.

Albert Victor Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is described as a sly, pale, boyish-looking young fellow, who does not look his twenty-two years. He is devotedly attached to his mother, whom he resembles in character and features.

There is an old superstition prevalent among river men of the West that the name "Washington" is in every sense an unlucky one for a steamboat, and that one so christened, whether wholly or in part, is sure to be burned, blown up or sunk.

As a curious experience in regard to the changed condition of affairs in the West, it is stated that buffaloes are bred in Kansas for sale, and calves bring \$30 each now where twenty years ago herds of thousands of these cattle ranged over the prairies without interference.

The English Mechanic says that the Y-shaped chain rope is likely to become the driving rope of the future. It can be made to fit any shape of grooves, and works well over pulleys, while it can be put on or shortened in a few minutes and possesses four times the advantage of the round rope.

Establishments for the manufacture of steel nails and steel nail plate are on the increase in this country. These nails, it is alleged, are produced much more cheaply than those of iron, owing to the cheaper process—the Bessemer—in preparing the metal, but their grip is less than that of iron nails.

In the course of a conversation between W. S. Gilbert and Frank Burnand, editor of *Punch*, the former said: "Burnand, I suppose you require quarters for your family—say from outside people, don't you?" Burnand was of his guard, and replied, "Lots." Gilbert's hard face relaxed a little as he added, "Why the deuce don't you put some of it in *Punch*, then?"

According to Mr. Grant Allen, "Darwin was not, as most people falsely imagine, the Moses of evolutionism; the prime mover in the biological revolution; he was the Joshua who led the world of thinkers and workers into full fruition of that promised land which earlier investigators had but dimly discerned from the high-top of conjectural speculation."

A Boston writer declares it to be a matter of fact rather than of fancy that there is more nutriment in a dark than a white-shelled egg. The white of the white-shelled egg is like milk of lime-water, while that of dark eggs has substance, is gelatinous in appearance, and will hold together if lifted a few inches, and, it is claimed, is one-third more valuable for any culinary purpose.

A writer on mural painting says: "For ages custom has sanctioned the painted wall of temple, capitol and theatre, but with the glorious opportunities offered by the walls of our colossal railroad stations, our public halls, our mammoth hotels and costly restaurants, our vast stores, paint them, and the people would be brought face to face with art in the daily routine of life, and absorb it as children absorb a foreign language."

John Turner, of Livermore, Me., over seventy, hearty, rugged, once Democratic candidate for Sheriff, for years thought to be rich, is in jail because he won't pay his poll tax. He has transferred all his property to his son, who wants to pay the tax, but the old man refuses to permit him, and says he is past the age when men should pay a poll tax; that he has no property, and will make this a test case as to whether a pauper shall be taxed by a town.

Little Billie Hutchins of Lawrenceville, Ga., is a hero. A can of powder dropped into a basket of chips and was thrown on the fire, before which stood Billie's three little sisters. The boy jumped for the can, but just as he set it off the powder exploded. The little girls were not hurt at all, but the boy was badly burned. Some one asked him why he grabbed the powder. He answered as well as he could, for he was suffering intensely: "To save the girls."

A German investigator has succeeded in producing musical tones from metal plates by electrifying them intermittently from an induction machine. The plate is supported on an ebonite funnel, and is a millimeter in thickness. The connections of the induction machine are connected to opposite sides of the plates by wires, and the path of the current is interrupted so that sparks strike across. The plate then begins to sound, and it continues to sound even if a Geissler tube or a lead wire is interposed in the break.

John Stardevent, the boy preacher, near Raleigh, N. C., who was recently stricken blind for a few days, during which period he preached with great

eloquence, has again come to the front. According to his father he has had another Divine revelation. He is to be stricken blind, deaf, dumb, and his left arm is to be paralyzed. In fact, one report states that the affliction actually took place at the time appointed in the presence of 150 persons. Two expert physicians have examined the boy. They pronounce the case a wonderful one.

In Thracia bread was mixed with powdered dried roots in Syria with dried mulleberries, in Egypt with whole grains. In modern times in Sweden they add to the bread powdered fish; in Ireland and in Iceland, moss, which besides being nutritious, keeps the bread from drying; in Prussia, white clay, which contains alkali salt and makes bread very light; in Russia, powdered bark or finely chopped straw. On the western shore of England a certain kind of seaweed is gathered, washed, and then baked with oatmeal flour; in Africa, powdered dried locusts are mixed with bread; in India, potatoes and pea flour, and, during the famine, stones ground to a fine powder.

**Those Americans.**

At Chicago, as elsewhere in America, the cultivated minority is lost in the swimming multitude of coarse and vulgar people, and at night you find the streets, and barrooms, and liquor-salons full of dull-eyed men and boys, who whistle, spit, smoke, drink, and talk about sport, muscular, long-limbed fellows who wear their hats tilted back on the crown of their heads, who find only lead to evil, hunted by the vulgar crowd, jostled by tobacco-chewing stock operators, irritated by badly-paved and dirty streets, where the dustbins stand unmolested at all hours of the day, constantly shocked by the want of finish and elegance that pervades all the exterior life of the cities, the lone traveler is tempted to concentrate his observations on the shortcomings of America. He forgets, while in this carping mood, that the country is very young, and that it is not so much the imperfection of its civilization which ought to astonish him, but rather the universality of that degree of material civilization which he actually finds. He forgets the libraries, and museums, and splendid educational institutions that private munificence is creating all over the Union. He forgets the extent, the wealth, the magnificence of the country, the determination of its people, and their unparalleled working capacity, which makes twenty years in America worth more for progress than forty years in Europe. Above all, he forgets that heaven of refined people, those hospitable and charming friends whose sympathies and interests he has found to be so wide and whose social qualities have often struck him as being peculiarly complete. But, how ever violent the feeling, it may be, no observant and thinking man can remain in the mood for long together; he will remember Herbert Spencer's remark that the mixture of the varieties of the Aryan race forming the population of America will eventually produce a type of man finer than hitherto existed—a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needed for complete civilization, and, reflecting upon what has already been achieved, he will be tempted to adopt Herbert Spencer's conviction, that the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.

**Do Bees Hear?**

Mr. A. W. Osborn, who is engaged in bee-keeping on the island of Cuba, writes the *Bee Journal*: "There seems to me to be no doubt that bees hear; not only do I think they hear, but I have been placed in circumstances when I was fully convinced that they could hear, and hear quickly, too. While keeping bees in California, several times I have seen bees attack horses, dogs, cats, and from the time that the first bee attacked these animals it would not be half a minute before there would be a thousand to take part in the battle. Those that have never seen bees attack an animal in earnest can form no idea how short a time it is before the object of their wrath is completely covered with the little stingers. Now, if bees do not hear, how do they communicate so quickly? The numbers and numbers of evidences that I see while handling bees constantly lead me to think that they can hear. At that particular time when they have decided to sting something to death, I would say do not attempt to liberate whatever they are wreaking their vengeance upon, for at that time they show no respect of persons. I tried it once, and I shall never try it again. Although I had a veil on, it was so badly stung that I had to go to bed—the only time in my life that they got the best of me to such an extent. Were it my horse, dog, or cow, and it could not get away from me, I would not take the chances for the price of a good many such animals. Talk about boiled down and concentrated wrath—the words do not express what one sees when a large swarm of bees has fully decided to kill somebody."

Here is a glimpse of Daniel Webster and the usual jeer with which Dignell writes of Americans: "I dined with Lyndhurst yesterday at meet Webster, who is, I believe, considered a very refined and spiritual Yankee, but seemed to me a complete Brother Jonathan—a remarkable twang, as 'ty-rannical' and all that, he also goes to the levee. A brow-lifty, broad and beetled—deeper eyes and a swarthy complexion. He is said, when warmed, to be their greatest orator. Strangford was there, very airy and sparkling; all the rest, American and principally relatives. A good story, and true; Broogham asked Webster verbally to dine with him, and sent him a card next day, headed 'To remind.' Webster immediately answered by another card, headed 'To acknowledge.' Very American, don't you think?"

He was trying to beat a Chatham-street dealer down, on a suit of clothes, and he finally observed, "You'll admit that wool is down, won't you?" "O, yes," "And cotton is down, and labor is down." "Shust so." "Well, then, how can you sell that suit worth \$14?" "My friend, you hat entirely forgotten dot buttons vinas way up. Dot vhas dot buttons I figure on."—*Wall St. News.*

**Beginning at the Bottom.**

Madam, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women, and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, procure a quantity of woolen stockings, not such as you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm in spite of wind and weather; second, if you want to be thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the 1st of October to the 1st of May; make frequent applications of some good oil-blacking; fourth, avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snow-drifts or a flood of water; fifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands; sixth, now, madam, go out freely in all weathers, and believe me, not only will you enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequences of the good circulation in the lower extremities your heart will be relieved of its fullness, and your heart of all palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved, and your health made better in every respect.—*Medical World.*

Advertisements in this column under the heading will be inserted for one cent a word for each insertion. Nothing less than 10 cents accepted for an advertisement.

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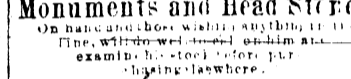
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