

WOMEN TELL OF DREAMS.

TIDINGS, VISIONS, WARNING THAT
CAME BY NIGHT.

Stories of Death Presentiments That Were
Realized—Instances of Telepathy—Sym-
pathetic Visions—A Dream Which the
Other Women Pronounced a Good One

They were talking of dreams.

'It is quite as impossible,' said the woman with big grey eyes, 'to pick a dream to pieces, to analyze and classify it as it would be to make a shirt waist out of a pink cloud or to explain why a cream or white chrysanthemum, planted in with a clump of red chrysanthemums changes to red. Yet there are strange enough, these presentiments, incidents of telepathy, various, dreams or what you will. Many that are weird and wonderful have come under my own observation. For instance, I know a woman who sat at her desk late one night finishing a letter to a friend. She was dressed for bed, but she added a hasty postscript. This was the postscript:

'Don't burn my letter if you love me. I have the feeling that, if my letters are burned, I myself shall some day meet with the same terrible fate. How horrible! To be burned, to be burned!'

She rose and stood before the grate. Her long hair swept into the blaze and caught, her night dress caught and she was burned to death before they could burst open the door which had been locked. They found her letter on the table.

'That I know to be true, but this is my own experience: A few years ago my mother-in-law died at my house. The nurse and I were with her. When we found there was no hope I said to the nurse, 'I wish Von Herlich were here'—Von Herlich was our rector—she was always a pious woman; it only he were here to say a prayer' and, kneeling by her bed, I watched her die, still longing for Von Herlich. The next morning Von Herlich came to the house. He was amazed to see crape on the door, and he stammered as he told me his dream of the night before. He dreamed that I stood by him and said to him, 'There is somebody dying. I wish you could be here.' My look was so troubled and my presence so vivid that he awoke. He looked at the clock. It was 12, exactly the hour that, kneeling by her side, I was wishing for him.

'These are not cheerful dreams; but happy people have few dreams and presentiments, even as they have no histories. It is only in trouble that signs and wonders present themselves, in death and sickness and worry of mind and of body. I knew of a grandmother once who lay dying. Her daughter, who lived a hundred miles away, could not be with her. She sat at home by the cradle of a very sick child. Suddenly the grandmother attempted to rise. She was assisted to a sitting posture by the nurse. She was past speaking but, raising a trembling forefinger, she pointed upward. At the same time her daughter, looking up at the corner of the room above the child's head, saw a trembling forefinger pointing straight down at the cradle. The child and the grandmother died that night at the same hour.

'Of course all of us have scores of jumbled, meaningless dreams, but a dream which leaves a lasting impression generally carries with it some warning or premonition. At least that has been the case with me. One particularly was a vivid warning. I was in Chicago at the time visiting my sister. My visit was drawing to a close, and as usual I wrote to my servant, an Irish woman by the name of Mary, to get the house in readiness for my return. That night I dreamed of Mary, I thought I saw her in a common room without a carpet. She was stretched upon a cheap iron bedstead. Her hands and arms were bandaged with white cloths and her body was covered with a comfortable. I felt that she had been hurt in some way, but my dream did not tell me how. Her hair was spread out on the pillow and her eyes were closed. She appeared to be in a sort of stupor. I would hardly believe that I dreamed this dream except that I told it the next morning at breakfast to my sister.

'The next night I started for home, arriving there on the following evening at 7 o'clock. The news awaited me. Mary, upon receipt of my letter, had gone to the house at once. She had taken up every rug, hung the portieres on the line in the back yard, and was preparing to wax the floors. In her hurry she heated the paraffine, which she was in the habit of using on the floors, over the gas burner of the kitchen stove. It was in a shallow pan. In taking the pan off, the paraffine ignited and splashed over her. The catastrophe which followed was horrible; so horrible that even now I cannot bear to think of it.

'I went to her home. There was the bare floor of my dream, the iron bedstead and Mary lying on it, her hands bandaged with

white cloths. A comfortable covered her poor charred body. Strange to say, her face and head had not been burned. Her hair lay on the pillow just as I had seen it in my dream, and her features wore a look that was almost calm, produced by the drugs that had been given her to alleviate her sufferings. The thing haunted me until I was on the verge of nervous prostra-

tion. I called to him to wait for me, but he seemed not to listen. He did not turn his head. I sank at the foot of the stairs weeping. I woke convulsed with sobs. He was so very ill that I did not tell him of my dream, but later in the day he told me of his. Just at dawn—my dream was at dawn you see—he said his mother came to him



(EDDIE CONNOLLY, THE ST. JOHN LIGHT-WEIGHT WHO FOUGHT AND WON IN YONKERS.)

tion, and, to make matters worse, my friends swarmed about me relating similar incidents until the whole world seemed on fire and filled with poor, screaming creatures fleeing from the flames. When, later, I gave up the house, I was glad. For me it was filled always with terrible visions of the burning woman.

It appeared that the subject of presentiments was a special hobby with the gray-eyed woman.

'It is a common thing with me,' she continued, to write to a friend with whom I am in sympathy and to receive a letter from him written on the same day, often at the same hour, in which he discusses the same things I have talked of in my letter to him. In some mysterious way our minds have crossed the realm of space dividing us and communed together. Also, I have time and again dreamed of places I have never seen, visited them afterward and been reminded of my dream.

'Strange things, seemingly trivial, constantly happen to me. I have a little girl at boarding school. The other day, on my way home, I passed a shoe store, and stopped to look in the window, thinking it was about time for Sis—I call her Sis—to be sending to me for shoes. When I got home there was a letter waiting for me. It was for Sis. She said her shoes were worn to tatters, and she must have another pair. It quite startled me, though I would have been still more startled if she had written without asking me for something or other. I should have been afraid she had fallen ill.'

A fair young woman with hair of a Titian shade commonly called red began to tell her story. She was a widow. Her black gown beautifully accentuated the pearliness of her skin.

'When my husband was ill,' she said, 'I took care of him myself, sitting up with him night after night. Just about dawn on the day before he died, exhausted from the want of sleep, I dropped off into a dose. I dreamed then that I stood at the foot of a long flight of stairs. He was half way up and I was trying to follow him. Try as I would I could not; but looking up I saw a woman standing at the head of the stairs holding out her hand to him.

'He wearily mounted the remaining steps and held out her hand. She was at the head, he said, of a long flight of stairs. He climbed the stairs, took her hand and went with her somewhere, he could not tell where exactly, but it was a long road into a very beautiful country. That night he went the way of his dream.

'A dream has no business to foreshadow

death,' said a quiet little woman over in one corner who had not yet spoken. 'Death comes to us soon enough, and brings with it enough of sorrow. A dream should do some real substantial good once in a while, and I know of one that did. It revealed a secret which, through the mistaken kindness of friends, a wife is always the last to know. One night her husband, coming home very late, as was his custom, rubbed her from this dream. She sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes open and told it to him. She laughed as she told it.

'You can't guess what I have been dreaming,' she said. 'I thought I saw a wide stairway, a curious stairway of some sort of apartment house, and then a room furnished with a little suit of oaken furniture. There were lace curtains at the windows. These curtains were traced in a pattern of ivy leaves. There was a cheval bureau in one corner with drawers up the side and a long narrow glass, and you stood in front of this glass arranging your necktie. I could see the back of your head and your face in the glass. You looked cross.'

'Her husband turned white. He must have fancied she was half a witch, for she had described the room he had just left. While she dreamed of him he stood there before the mirror thinking angrily that he must go home to her. Perhaps his thought communicating itself to her, produced the dream.

'It was not without good results. It was so vivid in fact that almost in spite of herself she found the curious wide stairway, the room with the oaken furniture and the lace curtains with their pattern of ivy leaves. Later she also found her freedom from an unworthy husband.'

'A good dream,' murmured the woman with the big gray eyes, and the others echoed, 'A good dream, a good dream!'

A Popular Verdict.

The verdict of all who have seen the new picture "THE THIN RED LINE," which is given to "Family Herald and Weekly Star" subscribers this season, is that it is far the best premium picture ever issued by that magnificent paper. "The Family Herald and Weekly Star," of Montreal, has certainly surpassed all previous efforts and deserves all the praise it is being accorded. Such a magnificent paper and such a beautiful picture—all for One Dollar—is an offer Canadians will not be slow to take advantage of. Renewal subscriptions, it is said, are pouring in months ahead of time, so anxious are subscribers to get an early copy of the picture. New subscribers also are joining the great army of "Family Herald and Weekly Star" readers by the thousands. The verdict of all that the equal of these two combined for One Dollar is not to be found anywhere.

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From the Warder, Lindsay, Ont.

Mr. Robert McGee, of the 9th concession of Fenlon, Victoria county, says in speaking of his cure from this terrible malady:—'I am 35 years of age and live on the old homestead where I was born and have lived always since, and where my own little family was born. This part of Fenlon is known as McGee's Settlement there is so many of that name living in the vicinity. Never in my life did I know what a days sickness was until March, 1895, without any known cause and without any warning I was stricken down with epileptic fit. It came on in the night, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for myself I neither felt nor knew anything that was going on about me. After coming out of the convulsion, which they tell me usually lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes, I would fall into a heavy sleep from which I would awake with a dull, heavy feeling, and all the muscles of my body would be sore. This would pass away and in a day or two after the attack I would be able to attend to my farm work, but strange to say every four months after as regular as a clock I would be seized with a fit, which always came on in the night. Various doctors and specialists were consulted and I took several different medicines, but without effecting a cure. Several doctors said the disease was incurable. I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the newspapers and was advised by friends who had experienced cures from other seemingly incurable ailments, to try them. In November 1896 I commenced and kept on taking them regularly for a year. The dreaded period passed and passed again and again without a repetition of my trouble, and I felt that I was at last released from this terrible malady. I am now in the best of health, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In conversation with Mrs. McGee she said her husband's trouble was the cause of most seriously affecting her nerves and general health, as she was living in dread, and could never enjoy a night's rest. The slightest noise would startle her, and if it had not been for the kindness of a neighbor who always came and stayed at the house over night, she believes she would have broken down altogether. She also is thankful for the great change that has been wrought, and is only too glad to let others know that there is a remedy for this terrible disease.

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Before the "Charge."

'One of the questions that I am most often asked—in fact the one,' said an ex-cavalryman who was a trumpeter in Afghanistan under Lord (the Sir Frederick) Roberts, 'is how I felt when I

was in battle. I never thought to make out that I felt anything but very bad. I was in the march from Cabul to Candahar, and in one day took part in three charges. How ever much I tried I could not make you understand what my feelings were when I was waiting for the order to sound the 'Charge.' We were just standing still, doing nothing, and the faces of the Lancers all about were just like I'm sure my own was—white. I had my bugle in my right hand, hanging by the saddle, and while we were waiting I felt positively as if I had not the power to raise it to my lips. But that feeling changed like magic when the captain shouted, 'Now, trumpeter, sound the 'Charge!' For one thing there was discipline, and I'd got an order to obey; but, like the rest of us, I was only too glad to end the strain of having to keep still and see men and horses shot without being able to do anything but bide our time.'

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