

RANDOM NOTES.

Nearly a year ago there was published a little story which subsequently became known as "Charley Hoyt's Impossible Dream." It was related by the playwright himself, and was in effect as follows:

A Frenchman, who lived during the reign of terror, dreamed one night that he had been sentenced to death by the guillotine and awoke in a state of great fright and perturbation. On the following night he dreamed that he saw the heads of half a dozen unfortunates stricken off, and learned that he was to be the next victim. Again he awakened and told his wife, who was lying at his side, how the horrible realism of the vision had disturbed him. On the third night he dreamed again. This time he thought he had been led out for execution. He bade farewell to the priest who had shriven him and walked forward to meet the executioner. He saw the blue sky over his head and felt the air fanning his brow, and it seemed hard and cruel that in the very flush of his young manhood he should die for a political crime of which he was innocent.

All this was presented to his mind as he approached the instrument of death and saw the black-batted Monsieur de Paris awaiting his coming. Submitting himself to the executioner's attendants, he was stretched out on a long board and pushed forward so that his neck came directly under the edge of the suspended blade. He closed his eyes as he heard a quick order given by the executioner, followed by the swish of the weighted knife as it fell.

At that supreme moment the dreamer, in his extreme terror, breathed so startingly as to alarm his wife. She sought to awaken him by slapping him smartly on the neck. To the sleeping man that touch was the fall of the knife, and the effect was the same as though his head had been stricken from his body. He dreamed that death had come to him—and it did then and there.

The screams of the frightened woman aroused the servants, and when they came in the young Frenchman was a corpse.

Such was the substance of the story, and it ended by some one of the group of listeners asking:

"Well, Charlie, if the man dreamed he was killed, how—?" and so it broke off.

This yarn like most of those of like character, went ricocheting about the country, getting altered a bit here and there, until by pruning and cutting, expanding and broadening, its original form became entirely altered, and when it reached Sidney, New South Wales, it was a seriously and gravely-discussed illustration in the etiology of dreams, as viewed by a society devoted to psychological study. One of the members went to the trouble of writing to a young lawyer in this city, who is interested in the society for psychical research, asking for a more detailed and explicit description of the fatal dream, and inclosing by way of compensation a description of a peculiar dual vision which was alleged to have excited the nerves of the dream sharks in Melbourne. The writer personally attested its truthfulness, as one of twenty witnesses who heard it related.

At the mansion of a wealthy gentleman in Melbourne a large party were chatting over a variety of subjects at dinner, and the talk gradually got around to strange and unusual dreams. In a spirit of fun, it was suggested that each guest should, on the following morning, write out what he or she had dreamed that night, and the most curious recital should receive a prize of a year's subscription to a popular periodical, and the written descriptions form the nucleus for a collection of "odd and strange visions."

There was a sufficiency of Welch rab-

bits to make the entire company out do the Mysteries of Udolpho in their sleeping thoughts' but next morning, out of twenty-one guests, only four had anything worth relating. One of these was the host, who dreamed that he had ridden a long distance on a black horse through a dense forest, and was pursued by robbers, who overtook and seized him. Just as they were about to put him to death, a woman on a white horse came dashing up, and unstrapping a sewing machine from the pommel of her saddle, sewed all the robbers together by the hems of their garments, after which she released the prisoner, who had been bound to a tree, and he, mounting his horse, galloped off with her.

"You must remember," writes the Sidney correspondent, "that this was a written and not an oral account of the dream. No sooner had the gentleman proceeded thus far than Mr. M., one of the guests, exclaimed: 'Well, that is certainly very strange,' and asked leave to interrupt for a moment while she read from a paper in her hand. I dreamed," said she, "that I was on a white horse, in a forest, when I saw a score of men ahead of me surround a horseman and take him from his saddle. I rode forward, and as I did so a sewing machine seemed to be in front of me on the pommel. I dismounted, took off the machine and sewed the coats of the men together so they could not move, and then the gentleman and I rode off together."

"The company was very much astonished at this strange dovetailing of the two dreams. Both the lady and the gentleman declared on honor that there had been no collusion, and that the dream as written was exactly as each remembered it. In further discussion the host and Mrs. M. gave identically the same description of the forest in which they dreamed they met each other, and told the apparent length of time it took them to ride to a place of safety."

Charley Hoyt's dream explains itself, but this New South Wales vision certainly calls for the services of a first class A number 1 Mahatma.

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