

or a door slams, or a chair creaks, each trifle calls forth an exhibition of disagreeable temper, which ruins the comfort and peace of the household for an hour. Many a woman is addicted to this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most devoted wife and mother in the world. Yet if she is obliged to delay her dinner for any member of the family, if she is called from one task to perform another, if the children scatter their playthings, or leave their school books in the parlor, she indulges in such petulant scolding that a gloom settles over the whole household. She would consider it no difficult thing to die for that household, if it were demanded of her. But to control her irritable temper is a task too great to demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed, and the children grow up eager to get out of the home where everything is uncomfortable, and the parents wonder why all their sacrifices are so poorly appreciated.

DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.

"I have made a study of sudden deaths," says an uptown physician to a MAIL AND EXPRESSMAN "and I have become convinced that most of them are due to nightmares and bad dreams. Rather a peculiar idea, I admit, but one that is correct, I am convinced. I do not claim that unpleasant dreams are directly responsible for the sudden taking off of a man while asleep, but they frequently frighten the victim so badly as to bring on an attack of heart disease, and the latter finishes the job.

"How often have we awoke startled, confused and in a terrible state of perspiration, the effect of a horrible nightmare? How do you suppose that sort of agitation affects a weak heart? Well, I'll tell you. The victim may survive the shock once only or perhaps a dozen times, but it's going to catch him eventually, and when it does he's going off like a popgun.

"I dare say thousands and thousands of able-bodied but weak hearted men have died at night from heart attacks that were superinduced by bad dreams. There's no way of learning positively, but I know and you know and everybody knows, how frightened we find ourselves after awaking from a slumber that was interrupted by an unpleasant dream, how in that dream we imagine ourselves as being pushed or thrown over a precipice, in a great shipwreck and drowning, or being crushed or eaten by some hideous monster. There is no question, in my opinion, that death comes in that way.

"I have under my care some forty business men of this city who are suffering from what is called smoked hearts. That is they have heart affection as the result of too much indulgence in smoking tobacco. I wouldn't give five coppers for their lives if they got a bad attack of nightmare. Their hearts are so weak from cigar and pipe smoking as to make them entirely susceptible to an attack of heart trouble.

"Several of these have become so convinced of the wisdom of my theory of bad dreams and heart weakness, that they never retire until they fasten some knotted ropes or bed linen to their backs, that they may not roll on their backs while asleep and thus invite bad dreams and nightmares. A man dreams more

rapidly, graphically and tragically on his back than on his sides.

"I am aware that the truth of my belief will be questioned by some, but I cannot understand why it should be. My advice to a man with a weak heart is not to dream. That, in my opinion, is the only way to stop a sudden death."

WAS MARSHAL NEY EXECUTED?

Rev. James A. Weston of Hickory N. C. has won considerable notoriety by asserting in the most positive fashion that Marshal Ney was not shot, as history alleges, but escaped to America, and died at a good old age in Rowan county, N. C. That there was a Peter Ney, a school-teacher is certain. He appeared about 1818, and established his school in a small village in western South Carolina. One day in the autumn of 1819, says the New York Recorder, a number of French refugees came to the village and were introduced to the school-teacher. Afterward they confessed that they had recognized Ney as the great marshal. Hearing of this, Ney hastily left the town and went to Cheraw, where he opened another school. All went well until 1820, when Ney rode on horseback to Columbia. Riding in a procession through the streets, Ney attracted applause by his magnificent horsemanship. As he passed along he was described by some French veterans in the crowd, who shouted in uncontrolable excitement:—

"It is Marshal Ney! It is Marshal Ney!"

Hearing their shouts, Ney rode rapidly forward, telling his pupils to follow him, and dropping from the line of the parade as soon as possible, he left the city in such haste that he forgot a gold watch which he had brought in to be repaired, and moved into North Carolina, where for many years he taught school, and finally died, November 15, 1846, at the house of Mr. Osborn G. Foard of Rowan county, in that state, says the Baltimore News.

As is well known, Marshal Ney's father was named Peter Ney, as was his brother, who was killed in battle. This may account for his choice of the name Peter. It is also well known that the great marshal himself was known as "Peter the Red" by his soldiers. This name of "the Red" and his other title of the "Red Lion" were given Ney because of his fiery red complexion and hair. The same red complexion and hair were noticeable characteristics of Peter Ney, the school-teacher.

Napoleon's death was a great grief to the schoolmaster. He always admitted having been in Napoleon's army, and held firmly to the belief that Napoleon would escape from St. Helena as he had done from Elba. After the death of Napoleon it appeared the dream of Peter Ney's life to see the young Napoleon on the imperial throne from which the father had been driven.

When, therefore, the death of the young Napoleon occurred in 1832, all the hopes of Peter Ney were blasted, and those who knew him at the time say that his grief was terrible. For three weeks he lay dangerously ill with fever and delirium, and when he finally recovered he declared again and again:—

"My life is ended."

Peter Ney is described by those who knew him as a most lovable and exem-

plary man, but he had one great fault. He would occasionally drink to excess.

Upon one occasion he became overcome with drink and lay down by the roadside to sleep. Some friends laid him on the back of a horse to take him home. Waking up, Ney cried with indignation:—

"What! Put the duke of Elchingen on a horse like a sack! Put me down at once!"

It will be remembered that Marshal Ney held that title.

But most remarkable of all were Peter Ney's words upon his deathbed. Loving friends had gathered about his bedside when one of them said to him:—

"Before you die, Mr. Ney, tell us who you are."

With the stamp of death upon his brow, and the light fast fading from his brilliant eye, Peter Ney said slowly and decidedly:—

"I am, or was, Marshal Ney of France," and in a very short time was dead.

But history says that on the morning of December 7, 1815, Marshal Ney was taken to the Luxemburg gardens, there shot by a squad of soldiers, his body taken to the hospital Maternite, near by, and buried that night. Hon. Quentin Dick, by chance, witnessed the supposed execution and wrote an account of it in his memoirs.

Sir William Frazier in his "Words on Wellington" quotes these accounts, together with many other facts, and states as his deliberate opinion that Marshal Ney was not shot. Yet Frazier had never heard of Peter Ney.

As has been said before, the fact stated and many others relating to the later life of the remarkable man, Peter Ney, are well known in the Carolinas, and it would be hard to find one of the many who knew him who doubts for an instant that Peter Ney and Marshal Ney were one and the same.

Many of the books formerly belonging to Peter Ney are still preserved by his former friends in the Carolinas. Some of these, notable books of French history relating to the Napoleonic wars, contain many marginal notes in Ney's handwriting. Those who have examined carefully these annotations declare unhesitatingly that they could only have been made by one who was not only an eye-witness of the scenes described, but thoroughly conversant with Napoleon's plans.

THE LITTLE JAPS.

The Mikado of Japan is seriously dissatisfied with the stature of his people. They are too little to suit him, and have not enough physical endurance, so he has appointed a commission to investigate the matter, and report what, if any, measures should be adopted to rectify the trouble. The commission, after investigating the matter for a long while' have made a report that in their opinion the fault lies in the too exclusive vegetable diet of the people. Neither rice nor fish, which articles constitute the main diet of the masses, possess the sustaining and strengthening power of meat. They recommend that the people should be put on a meat diet. The government has approved the report and hereafter Japan will be a better place for butchers.