

THE LAW OF REST.

A MAN MUST SLEEP IN PROPORTION TO HIS LABORS.

Else He Curtains His Own Ability, Health, Strength and Life—Habits Formed in Childhood—The Greatest Folly of Our Modern Life.

A man must sleep in proportion to his labors. The average demand is eight hours, or one-third of the day. Whoever clips this is sure to clip his own ability, health, strength and life. There is no release from the law. A man may believe himself an exception. For a short time he may seem to be such, but he is doomed to illustrate the law with an emphasis. There is no crash and break up like that of a powerful man, when he gets to the point of a comparative more fragile. He cannot be broken, he breaks. The probability is he will be broken himself to narcotics or stimulants—and after a bondage of that sort go out ignominiously. No, there is one law that must be obeyed. You must sleep or go to pieces. Grant said he could sleep with less than nine hours' rest. He was a man of super sleep; but when his ability to sleep waned his power went with it.

I propose to suggest where the mistakes arise that lead to sleeplessness. First of all there is a vital error with children. A child should be in bed as the fowls are, at sundown at least. And he should be allowed to rise in the morning as soon as he awakes. It is not only torture, but an unhealthy mischief, to compel children to be in bed, awake, two hours, to prevent disturbing older people. I abominate night parties for children. I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exposure, and the eating in the night, and the bad associations formed of a high toned sort, possibly, but the breaking into the sleep habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It forces their brains with blood; and if they sleep they dream. You cannot emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study.

Whatever a child lot of animal nature can do, our American children are sensitive and cannot do—that is, safely sleep two in a bed. No matter how wise you economize, there is a criminal folly in economizing beds. Every person needs his own bed more than he needs his own chair or his own plate at table. And the best bed in the world is a good bed of fresh straw covered with plenty of quilts. No child should be allowed to sleep on feathers or animal refuse of any other sort. But to sleep two in a bed is a vital damage. One is sure to absorb the electric energy of the other. What we must look for is to accumulate constitution for the child, and establish a stout, conservative tendency. Our American life will be sure to make heavy drafts on him. If he has no capital he can pay no interest. This habit of sleeping alone should be retained through life under all circumstances. More mischief, as well as immorality, comes from the opposite course than from any other course.

A good deal of nonsense is sometimes published about sending children to bed with full stomachs. This is well enough so long as a child is an animal and has not awakened to the sense of the brain, but as soon as a child has come to an age of active thought he should have a chance for light exercise and sport after his meals, never, however, allowing him to go to bed excited. Above all things to be deprecated is the stormy season, so frequently indulged in at retiring. The child prefers to sit up, and favorably retires in a storm of passion, added to by the storm of anger or fear. He should be indulged and firmly restrained from all such outbreaks. There is a great difference in children about retiring; some very active brains grow sleepy and desire to retire early, others equally active grow wakeful and excited.

When shall we break up our habits formed in childhood? Most certainly they should be modified beyond the absolute demands of life. The proper time to sleep is as the active hours pass into the passive. All nature at the withdrawal of light is lulled to rest. Man only, with a few predatory animals, resists the impulsion of nature, and makes his either to shorten his sleep or to retard his rest. The latter is far more limited than the former. With the rarest exceptions, each person in turn, sooner or later, breaks down, and must submit to nature or suffer the consequences. We have become a nervous people, because we do not sleep and recuperate. I never have seen five Americans that slept too much. I rarely have known one who slept enough. There is no escaping the one great law that life depends on rebuilding regularly what is used up by daily activity. Therefore, I say, as far as possible, retire at an early hour and a regular hour throughout life. It will lengthen as well as strengthen your days beyond any and all other habits.

The great fault of our modern life is the supposition that there can be any substitute for sleep. The stupidity produced by narcotics is a mischief. It stops waste, to a degree; but it does not assist in any adequate degree in repair. The function of true sleep is repair. Of all the narcotics, that which gives the nervous system to sleep is alcohol. But its operation is so violent that it rapidly degenerates both the heart and the brain. When it does not kill outright, it produces evils that are worse than death—semi-lunacy and heart disease. No drug has yet been discovered that can give us warrant for disobedience to natural impulses. Break up your habit for sleep, and you are at once in danger. Put yourself under the power of a drug, and you will be a slave more completely than any negro that ever obeyed and suffered in a rice swamp. If your bondage has begun, you must break it by returning to natural habits, or you will die miserably. There is no escape from the dilemma. Return to nature, sleep at natural hours, and don't expect to live on your capital, but on the interest.—M. Maurice, M. D. in Globe-Democrat.

Prosperity of New York Magazines.

The rivalry between the magazines of New York is very great at present. Their market is the whole country. Their revenues increase with the growth of intelligence. As their success depends on the quality and attractiveness of their contents, there is intellectual as well as business rivalry, and the extent to which this is carried may be seen in the flamboyant promises of the advertisements which they are issuing at this season of the year. Famous names are heralded abroad by the publishers and moving or taking themes or issues are put in competition with others of the kind until one is almost bewildered by the spectacle. All this furnishes opportunity for competent writers in every field of letters, and it is certain that never before were the openings so great for such writers in our country. Young literary aspirants are always desiring each other that there is no learn in the office of every magazine that the competition to secure "genius" is actively pursued the year round.

The influence of the New York magazines upon the literary and artistic culture of the country is very great, and it is a matter of pride that the character of all of them makes them worthy of their fortunes.—John Synlton in Philadelphia Press.

THE SNAPPING OF STRINGS.

Troubles of an Orchestra Man—The Uttering Arm of the Violinist—Style.

Listeners at orchestral concerts, who have been annoyed, as many were at the last Thomas rehearsal, by the incessant snapping of strings, have often wondered if there was not some way to prevent such accidents. If there were such a way the listener might be assured that Theodore Thomas would not endure with such patience the noisy interruption to the music that occurs every now and then in his orchestra. It is an accident that it is impossible to prevent by any means yet known to players. It arises, of course, from the wearing out of the E string, and yet a new string that seems perfectly sound may snap within five minutes after it has been stretched upon the instrument. It is largely due to atmospheric conditions. On damp days the strings in an orchestra are much more likely to snap than upon others. Some players are more likely, also, to meet with this accident than others, because of perspiration at the fingers' ends. This will tend constantly to throw the E string, and the others also, out of tune, and eventually to make the string too susceptible to the strain to which it is subjected.

Another matter which frequently excites uninforming listeners is the endurance which violinists manifest in bowing their instruments. It seems to the spectator as if the constant strain of bowing would tire a man after an hour and a half of playing so that he could not go through another piece. As a matter of fact, the arm of a violinist is rarely weary by the exercise, but he is, nevertheless, very susceptible to fatigue in another direction. His sensitive part is the ends of the fingers of the left hand. An ordinary concert, or an opera even, through which the violinists have to play almost unintermittedly, does not bring any special strain upon the fingers, but several successive days of playing tend to make them sore. This of course will react upon the quality of the performance, and directors recognizing this, frequently forbid the members of their orchestra to play in other bands.

When William Gericke took charge of the Boston symphony orchestra he created a great sensation and greater discontent by making his musicians blind themselves by a contract not to play in any other organization or concert during the entire season. The reason for this action was not alone that musicians may injure their style by playing under different leaders, but because the constant demand for players from the famous orchestras will tend to keep them so active day after day as to make their fingers particularly sensitive to the action of the strings upon them, and thus mar the fine effects of the playing in a symphony concert.—New York Sun.

Indian Annuities at the Agency.

I had not been long at the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, Dakota, when the regular issue of annuities was made to the Indians of the reservation. The Indians received their articles in a room about thirty feet square, surrounded on three sides by counters piled high with annuity goods. Along the other side of the room were the desks of the clerks, inspector, Indian agent, etc. When I reached the building there was a string of Indians pressing against the door like a lot of the gods of the heat of the first night. It was only by actually taking hold of and pushing some of the evil smelling fellows aside that I was able to reach the door at all.

When I entered a blanket full of various articles was being dragged out of the opposite door. With me had entered an Indian to receive his issue. As soon as he entered a blanket was spread on the floor, and a girl-tongued young clerk began to rattle off the list of things that the Indian and his family were to receive. In a moment the air was literally thick with articles. Trousers, pairs, caps, shawls, blankets, stockings, tin plates and cups, woven wire mattresses, butter knives, boxes of axle grease, woolen scarfs, mittens, axes, canyons, needles, thread and cotton shirts, all rained down in the most haphazard manner upon the blanket, which was then gathered at the four corners and dragged to the door, where its new owner received it.

While all of the Indians receive certain articles, those who have made the most progress in civilization and have been most subordinate during the past year are especially favored, and it is the further carrying out of the policy here indicated that is so rapidly turning the Sioux Indians from their savage habits to those of civilization.—New York Sun.

Merits of Milk Drinking.

Many people who smile at mention of Jake Sharp and his bottle of milk are not aware of the fact that a strong and healthy man can live on milk alone. I see a man on the street every day who is in appearance and in fact healthier than the average man, and he lives on milk alone. I say he is healthy, and so he will continue to be as long as he sticks to milk, for solid food would disagree with him. One thing about milk that is not generally known is that it is the only beverage that will satisfy the craving for alcohol in a person who has drunk a great deal in his time and is on a swear off. If such a person finds that aching void which his insinuated milk means that he wants a drink of whiskey will only step into a barroom or restaurant, or up to one of those little dairy stalls that are becoming so popular on the streets, and take a foaming goblet of good milk, he will find his thirst quenched and the craving allayed. He need not be afraid of drinking too much milk. It will do him no harm, and he is not liable to want as many milks as he was wont to take beers or whiskies. Milk and seltzer make a palatable drink that is cooling and soothing to the liver.—Dr. Joseph Leslie in Globe-Democrat.

An English Horseback Game.

A merry game of rounders is capital exercise on a cold day, but the most spirited and prettiest outdoor game the writer has ever seen went by the homely name of "potato picking," and is worth describing for the sake of those who have good and handy ponies or horses, and good nerves into the bargain. Some sticks about six feet high are placed round a field with a potato struck on the top of each; the players, each mounted on their pony and armed with a basket, have to gallop round the field and fill their baskets with as many potatoes as possible. This may sound easy, but it requires a certain amount of good riding, skill and pluck, which fortunately many Englishwomen possess.—Home Journal.

Apples for Horses.

"Professor, did you ever use any drugs in the management of your horses?" "A good many years ago I tried 'oil of rhodium' and 'oil of cammin,' but I never could discover that any benefit was derived from either. I would rather have apples twice over than any drug that has ever been advertised. Drugs have no vicious effects upon animals as upon individuals. For instance, I have tried morphine hypodermically on some vicious horses with excellent effect, while on others it has acted in precisely an opposite way. You can never tell how it will operate until you have experimented, which makes it dangerous."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CHAT ABOUT DRUGS.

A FEW OF THE MEDICINES THAT PATIENTS HAVE TO SWALLOW.

What a Physician Has to Say—Applications of the Most Important Drugs. Watching for the Leading Symptoms. A Professional Secret.

"What are some of the most important drugs and their applications?" said a leading physician as he repeated the reporter's interrogatory. "Why, you will be surprised," he said, "when I make the statement that not even the best and oldest drugs upon the shelves of any city prescription store are in general use among the profession or considered important in combating disease. No need for astonishment, it is a fact; and my experience from day to day, based upon observations in an extended practice, leads me to the conclusion that there is only one drug—quinine—which can be relied on to produce uniform results. Quinine approaches a specific more closely than any other remedy known to medical practice. All other drugs vary, and at times to an alarming extent, in the results produced by their administration, but quinine is very nearly infallible in the treatment of malarial and about one-half the mortality of the world may be traced to those diseases. In fact in all cases of blood poisoning this drug is the favorite. In the valley of the Loire, in France; along certain portions of the Thames river, in England; the River Campagna and the Pontine marshes, in Italy; the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and the mangrove swamps of the tropical regions, where malaria is endemic, the continued use of quinine is an absolute necessity, and from these regions no dire results have ever been recorded against it. Is there a quinine habit? I have never met but one case. The effect of the drug is not specific enough to have its use deteriorate into a habit.

"Next to quinine iodide and bromide of potassium lay tribute on the profession, although their action at times is sadly erratic. The former with iron constitutes the basis of blood purifiers, so called, although such a thing as a blood purifier, in the popular acceptance of the term, is unknown in medicine. It exists only on the cure all placards of the patent medicine compound, and in the materia medica of the quack. Iodide of potassium acts as an absorbent in the blood, and its efficacy as a remover of impurities is brought about in that way.

"Bromide of potassium and with it chloral are used principally in the treatment of nervous diseases. They lessen the flow of blood to the brain, moderate nervous activity, and calm exciting emotions, producing a state of mental rest. Thus they are used largely in the treatment of the insane, and in cases of mental exhaustion. Digitalis is probably entitled to the next place from its importance as a heart tonic. We refer to its cases of weakness of the heart, and in most cases of disease affecting that organ, although its use does not cover every species of heart disease. Bismuth and pepsin are the remedies the profession considers the most efficacious in the treatment of the internal organs of digestion. The former is used in disturbances of the stomach and bowels, while the latter is supposed to supply the lack of acid, which is one of the instruments by which food is digested in the stomach. In surgery carbolic acid and iodoform are the principal drugs used. The acid acts as a disinfectant, the other has important properties in healing.

"Drugs," the doctor continued, "and their administration is the least arduous part of a physician's business; the great field that exercises skill and acknowledges ability in the profession and out of it lies in the determining of disease or the study of its symptoms. Here is where the physician pauses. We only know disease by its symptoms, and when we are called to attend to the sick, our own energies are bent to discover the most prominent existing symptoms, and, knowing these, the great traditions of the science and our own experiences point out the remedies that are applicable. And here let me say that there is scarcely such a thing as wrong treatment, so often beset by the members of the profession when they fail to effect a speedy cure. As I have said, we always treat the leading symptoms first. This is the invariable and only rule that can guide us, but frequently the drugs that have done most efficacious work in combating exactly the same symptoms appear perfectly useless in the present case; this is owing, of course, to the existence of the latent symptoms, which will determine the nature of the disease, and for which we are compelled to wait—unless dismissed in the meantime as incompetent in the opinion of the patient or his friends, and a new man called."

"Do many people consult you, doctor, whose life is extraordinary?" interrogated the scribe. The doctor smiled and relighted his cigar.

"In answering your inquiry," he said, "it will be necessary for me to unload a professional secret, but I guess it has leaked out before this. Many of our office consultations are with applicants are laboring under the apprehension that they are about to become invalids. Why, a case of that character left my office not an hour ago. He is a railroad engineer, and thought his kidneys were affected, an idea produced, I suppose, by an occasional pain in the muscles of the back caused by the continued position which those men are compelled to assume. I gave him a prescription and told him he would be all right, although he didn't need it any more than you or I. I'll guarantee, though, that that prescription, which will fill a large bottle, will not hurt him, for it's nothing but a little syrup and water, with sufficient sarsaparilla added to color it. Why did I give it to him? Because if I told him that he needed no medicine he would in all probability go to some other physician 'who knew his business' and get the worth of his money, as he would term it. By giving him that prescription I have saved him another foe. I used to tell such people when I first began practice that they need no medicine, but I found that my honest advice was attributed to ignorance on my part of their hypothetical disease. Strange, isn't it, but it is a fact, that the majority of persons who visit a physician want something for their money, and generally the more medicine they can get and, as a consequence, the larger their druggists' bill becomes the better 'you please them.'"

The King's Head.

The king's head was first used as one of the hall marks on an English silver in 1704. The story is that George III, having attended a dinner at Goldsmith's hall, was greatly impressed with the rich display of plate used on that occasion. His majesty was in need of money, it being just after the close of the American war, and the idea was suggested that silver plate was a good article for taxation. Soon after the duty act was passed, which imposed a tax of sixpence per ounce on all silver made in England, and also enacted that the additional stamp of the king's head or duty mark should be placed on all articles as an evidence that the duty had been paid. The sovereign's head is the fifth mark, therefore any piece of English silver with only four marks is certainly over 100 years old. There are many fine specimens of the earlier period owned in Boston.—Boston Transcript.

The Oath a Chinaman Takes.

In the case of Ah Chuck, before Justice of the Peace Ogden and a jury, on a charge of selling lottery tickets, the justice has formulated an oath for the Chinese witness like the following: "I swear by the Chinese gods, the forefathers' god, the God of heaven and earth, that if I am a liar in this case my head will be cut off, and the same as this chicken's head is cut off, and that I will be drowned in the ocean and never get back to China," and while repeating the oath the Chinaman held a cleaver in his hand, with which he severed a chicken's head from the body when he had finished the words.—San Francisco Call.

THE WILD TURKEY.

HUNTING THE CUNNING GOBBLER WITH A SPANISH CROSS BOW.

Maurice Thompson Describes a Genuinely Thrilling Sport—Patient Waiting of the Hunter—A Very Cautious Old Bird—A Moral Question.

Spring used to be the favorite time for shooting turkeys, and although the practice was laid and has been abolished justly I recall with intense pleasure many a morning spent in the bush chirping through the spruce to allure a "gobbling" turkey cock to his death. I have seen the birds roosted in the heavy timber of the swamp and before daybreak I used to go to a spot near the roost and hide myself in a "brush blind"—a sort of tent formed of bushes. There with my rifle or my cross bow (as the long bow was not suited to the purpose) I began imitating the cry of the turkey hen. This would soon be answered by the gobble of a cock who was perched in the dense top of some giant oak or pine in the swampy jungle of a southern river "bottom." Many a time I have called a turkey to me before it was yet light enough to see how to aim my weapon. Usually the distance was so short, however, that the necessity of shooting was not required. For this last popular method of retarding the cross bow was the best weapon of all, because it made so little noise when fired that one could call up and kill bird after bird without alarming the rest. I recall several instances in which I killed from two to six turkeys from the same blind during the space of an hour or two.

GENUINELY THRILLING SPORT.

When I use a gun I conform to the strictest rules of the gunning craft, but when I take up the gun of the savage then I do as the savage shooter does. After all, however, why is it any more savage to call a turkey up to you and shoot it with a cross bow than it is to lay its neck on a block, as your butcher does, and cut it in two? The gunner (and I am one) sometimes says that it is ignoble to shoot a bird before it flies. So it is, in a sportsman's view, if you use a shotgun loaded with 200 or 300 pellets of shot, but if you use a cross bow and one quarrel then it is very noble to shoot your game as you best can. And speaking of genuinely thrilling sport, I know of none so fine as this lurking under cover and firing a turkey to your shot, when your weapon's accurate range is not more than twenty-five yards.

Let the morning be a clear, sparkling, starry, frosty one, with perhaps just a bit of fog hanging low in the woods and a streak of daylight cracking the east. Take down your heavy old Spanish cross bow and your broad headed quarrels, swallow a small cup of coffee and go forth to your blind near the roost. Be very careful in approaching, so as not to let the birds know, and as soon as you are hidden begin their turkey "yelp" or creak. The sounds will have a strange effect as they break the stillness and go echoing through the woods, and it may try your patience waiting for a response, but at length it will come, a noise quite indescribable and inimitable, the gobble of the cock, far out in the thickest part of the forest.

A VERY CAUTIOUS BIRD.

It always excites me, this first answer of the game, and I have great difficulty in getting full control of my nerves, so eager am I for the shot. He is a very cautious and patient bird, never hurrying, no matter how much you coax. Inch by inch, as it were, he creeps along, stopping here and there to let fall his wings and strut, or to stand and listen, but he does not fail to gobble at irregular intervals as he journeys toward you, on his zigzag route through the dense underbrush, and there is something in his manner which, although you cannot see him, assures you that he is sure to come into view at last. Now you draw back the string of your cross bow and set it securely in the neck of the cock, and lay a heavy quarrel in place. Meanwhile you have not stopped yelping at proper intervals. Soon enough you hear a slight rattle in the old dry leaves left over from winter. He is coming very near. Hark, that low, rattling sound is the sound he makes when he struts. Look out now, for if he sees you first your chance is gone. A low hiss shallers right before you not more than twelve yards away. He is there. His dark outlines appear creeping along under the low hanging sprays of crisp winter foliage left over till spring. Now take your aim, and be very quick and steady. The stock of the cross bow may jar your jaw, your finger is on the nut trigger. A moment and then the dull sound of the bow's recoil is followed quickly by the swift whistle and heavy blow of the quarrel. The missile has been true. It has passed through the bird's body, killing it almost instantly. This may appear cruel, but why more cruel than taking a tame bird out of a coop and shooting it because it has become too cruel to kill it than to eat it after it is killed? You see I rather like to put hard questions to soft people. It cases my conscience and worries theirs.

Many a Thanksgiving turkey have I stalked with the long bow, many a one have I taken on the wing with my trusty double barrel and many a one have I shot upon its lofty roost at night with a cross bow, and I never yet have found the person who was too humane and tender of conscience to eat a choice bit of these game royal birds.—Maurice Thompson in New York World.

Some of the "Cusses" of Florida.

The western sky showed red and warm through the trees behind us; the mocking birds were flying this way and that. The air was of that kind that makes you wonder how you ever condescended to breathe any other.

"If it want for the air," said a convalescing consumptive to me the other day, "there ain't a single human being that could endure the cusses of this kind of living."

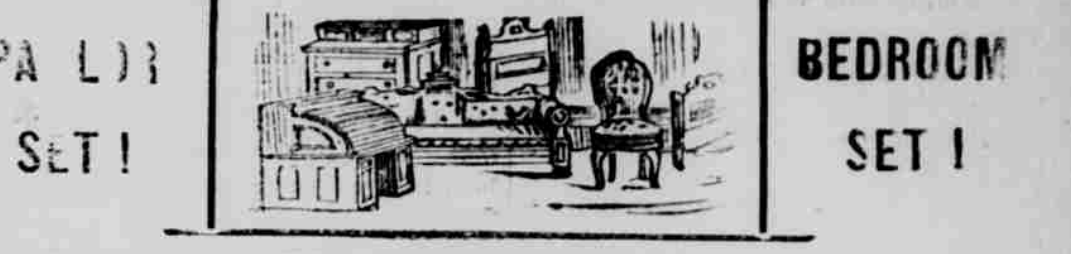
The speaker was a poor man who had made many sacrifices to come down from the north, and who could not modify or remove any of these "cusses" as a person with money might have done.

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