

RUM REMINISCENCES.

THE INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF A GOLD CURE GRADUATE.

How a Candidate for a Drunkard's Grave Was Brought to See the Error of His Ways—Medicine, Not Moral Suasion, Wrought the Reformation.

(Special Correspondence.)

FREMONT, Neb., May 5.—For several years the liquor dealers of four western states had been booming me for a drunkard's grave, and my election to that important office seemed inevitable when certain friends held a caucus last January and decided that it would be better for me to withdraw from the race. They accordingly took possession of me one evening when I was doing some artistic decorative work in Omaha and bundled me off to a quiet village where there is an institute for the cure of the disease of drunkenness by the gold chloride method. I would like to say here in parenthesis that the modern philanthropist who pronounced drunkenness a disease instead of a habit deserves a vote of thanks. There is nothing fascinating about a drunkard, but an invalid is always interesting.

It was on a cold and cheerless January morning that I first fell in line with the sixty odd patients who constituted the institute's army of patrons, and the environments were scarcely encourag-

ing. In one corner of the large room designated as the clubroom a veteran of the civil war, with a snow beard and Caesarian profile, was earnestly engaged in killing imaginary rats with a poker; and in another corner a sorrow victim of morphine sat jabbering incoherently, his few wits in hopeless confusion, and "round about on every side" there were standing the "jags," as patients are termed, in every stage of redemption, the novice dependant and the older ones exultant.

I had arrived the previous evening in a blaze of alcoholic glory, and had been furnished with a good deal of whisky by the institute, with the assurance that I could have all I wanted, and I was determined that my breath should be a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night so long as the barrel held out. On that first morning of treatment I was in my normal condition of inebriety before 10 o'clock, and maintained that high standard day after day. At regular intervals the physician in charge gave me an injection of a pale pink fluid, presumably the famous chloride, in the left arm, and at equally regular hours I took two ounces of an internal medicine which tasted of cinchona and left a bad taste in the mouth.

The doctor would frequently ask me, in an expectant way, whether whisky tasted the same to me as it used to, and when I would reply in the affirmative a wave of sadness would sweep over his face and he would seem discouraged. "A man generally goes back on whisky on the third or fourth day," he said to me once, "but you have been here more than a week and consume as much liquor now as you did at first. I don't understand it."

I fancied that I understood it, however. I was making no effort whatever to cure myself. I was willing that that pleasing task should devolve entirely upon the institute, and as the whisky was good and free and in abundance, I could see no reason why I shouldn't drink it. There was a gentleman from Denmark among the patients, who viewed the matter in the same clear and logical manner; he had been there six days, and was drinking quite fluently when the doctor administered what is known as a "cross shot." A layman cannot explain the nature of this injection, but the results are marked and easily understood. A man who receives it becomes violently sick at the stomach, as though he had swallowed a powerful emetic, and discharges all that he has recently swallowed with so much agony that he thinks he will never swallow anything again. It invariably cures him of drinking whisky most abruptly, and by the time he has recovered his breath he is anxious to deliver his valedictory and go home to his wife and children.

When I had been under treatment about a week I noticed that my eyesight was not reliable. There was only one clock in the clubroom, but it seemed to me that I was in a jewelry store, and every object was multiplied by seven; there were also pains and stiffness in my limbs, as though the muscles had been drawn into a bunch and tied. I fancied that I was contracting rheumatism and complained to the doctor, but he smiled wisely and said that the symptoms mentioned were indicative that the medicine was securing a firm grasp, and he predicted that I would not drink whisky more than a day longer. But he was disappointed again, for another week passed by, as weeks will pass in this western country, and I was still drinking from twelve to twenty ounces a day. There was some consternation in that institute, and the stockholders looked at me reproachfully when we met, as though to remind me that although I secured the whisky free they had to pay

for it in coin in realm. But a day of retribution was coming. It was on the fifteenth day of my sojourn in that quiet village that I became conscious of the existence in my mouth of a taste which would require the brush of a Raphael to portray. I had fancied that I was familiar with all the bad tastes, imported or domestic, but that newly organized bichloride of gold taste was something so utterly and abnormally new that I was astonished and appalled. A dry, decomposed, sepulchral taste that reminded the bearer of an omelet of last year's feathers. That taste is a part of the cure, and generally overwhelms a man in a mild form about the fourth day of his experience; the longer one avoids it the more heart-breaking it is when finally inaugurated. I complained about it to the doctor and he was quite jubilant.

"That taste," he said, "is the revolt of a rejuvenated system against alcohol. In less than twenty-four hours, even the smell of liquor will be intolerable to you." But it was his destiny to be rudely shocked once more. When twenty-four hours had elapsed I was as thoroughly pickled in strong drink as ever, and my longing for more was as insatiable; I had never missed a "shot" nor a dose of medicine since my arrival at the institute; I had seen drinkers come and go away again, and yet, on the twenty-first day of my stay there I was consuming whisky with as much easy grace and versatility as ever. But on the twenty-second day a strange thing happened.

I raised a flagon of bourbon to my lips and it did not smell inviting. There was a suggestion of garbage in its perfume. With Spartan valor, however, I swallowed the liquor and then stood doubting, "dreaming dreams no human being ever dared to dream before," for there was a protest entered against that whisky by my interior department. It didn't fit in the accustomed groove, and I became sick—and was cured of drinking. I remained at the institute five weeks in all, taking treatment with charming regularity until the end, and when I emerged, after having taken 140 hypodermic injections of chloride of gold and 245 two ounce doses of internal medicine, I was a constant revelation and study to my friends, who had never expected to see me radically sober until prepared for burial.

The flowing bowl hath no longer any charms for me, and my relief at being free from the gigantic thirst which was only acquired after years of experiment and research in the leading saloons of four states, must be nearly equal to the relief experienced by the directors of the institute when the bulletin was issued that I had finally quit calling for whisky. The new life of sobriety is charming, but has its embarrassing features; for instance, to one who has long been accustomed to sleeping in his boots and overcoat the matter of disrobing every night seems inconvenient and unreasonable.

But in time I hope to become accustomed to the new conditions. Every day I meet "graduates" of the institute who say that they never think of blowing the froth from cups of tea any more, and that it seems quite natural now to open their doors with latchkeys instead of match safes; and the future has a good deal of promise in it for those who have higher ambitions than to order mixed drinks and wait until the free lunch is ready.

ADDITIONAL DRAMATIC.

Continued from First Page.

RHEA IN HER NEW PLAY. "La Czarine," the play which Rhea will present at Funke's Friday evening, is Eugene Scribe's great drama in which Rachel appeared nearly fifty years ago. The last act especially is superb. Rhea, crowned, with scepter in hand, looks every inch an em-



press. As for her dresses, she was, and always will be one of the most exquisitely dressed actresses on the stage. Her dress in the second act is white velvet with white fur and the "kakoshlick" or "Russian head-dress" is a dream of loveliness. Each and every member of the company wears costumes of extraordinary richness and design, and are strictly historically correct of the period, from plates furnished. Seats go on sale Tuesday morning at usual prices.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT WEDNESDAY.

Prof. Hill now has all arrangements completed for a most brilliant entertainment at the new Y. M. C. A. hall Wednesday evening. The following program speaks well for what may be expected:

- Orchestra
Shakespeare Reading. From David Copperfield... Dickens
Mr. Hill
'How Miss Edith Helped Things Along'... Bret Harte
Miss Thompson
Joan of Arc in Prison... Mrs. Case
Miss Steen
Vita Galia... Trio
Miss Burr, Messrs. Curtice and Blyston
Josiah Allen's Political Aspirations... Holly
Miss Eaton
Naughty Zeil... L. B. Griffin
Miss Dobbs
A Ride Against Time... Tourgee
Miss Day
Orchestra
The Irish Philosopher... Anon
Mr. Hill
Jack the Fisherman... Phelps
Miss Eaton
Soldier's Joy... E. D. Banks
Concert Waltz... Irene
Miss Thompson
Miss Burr, Messrs. Curtice and Blyston
The Happy Little Cripple... J. W. Riley
Miss Dobbs
Caleb's Courtship... Anon
Miss Day
Marble Dream... E. D. Banks
Miss Steen
Admission will be 25 cents, tickets obtainable at the door.

An interesting romance of history and fact marked the recent engagement of Alexander Salvini at the Pike opera house, Cincinnati. The night that President Lincoln was assassinated, Junius Brutus Booth, the elder brother of Wilkes Booth, was playing "D'Artagnan," in "The Three Guardsmen," on the stage of Fike's opera house, that city.

By a singular coincidence young Salvini was also appearing in Cincinnati in the same play and on the stage of the same theatre on the night of the 27th anniversary of the dread tragedy. The remarkable coincidence was the subject of much comment on the part of Cincinnatians during the Salvini engagement and recalled to them the fact how the similarity of names proved sufficient in the excited condition of the public mind, to draw down upon Junius' devoted head, the ire of the populace, after the reception of the news from Washington. A great crowd gathered in and about the theatre and Junius was compelled to flee for his life as though he had been a murderer in fact. He ran to the Burnett House, where he was a guest, followed by the rabid throng who seemed bent on taking his life. Even in the hotel he was not safe, and making his escape by the rear door, by the ready assistance of friends he reached the depot where he took the first train out of the city. He would certainly have fallen a victim to the anger of the mob had he been captured at that time.

Boston undergoes change of sentiment and conditions with the rest of the world. Forty years ago there was in that city such a profound reverence of the sanctity of the Sabbath day that theatrical performances and like entertainments were by law forbidden to be given on Saturday night, but that city, on the evening of Sunday, May 1st, it was this law that caused the Saturday matinee to come into favor there for it was long the custom to give only five performances a week at a theatre. The Saturday night prohibition was removed soon after, but there has always been a strict legal injunction against Sunday nights theatrical performances. A few Sunday nights, however, the record was broken at the Holla Street theatre and comic opera songs let loose with a vengeance.

DRAMATIC DOTS.

Joseph S. Haworth closed his season last week. Stuart Robson closes his season, the most prosperous he has ever had, at Buffalo tonight. "Rory of the Hill," James Connor Roache's new Irish play, was produced at Hartford April 18th, and made a hit. Grattan Donnelly's new play, "Her Ladyship," is to be produced at the Philadelphia Broad street theatre May 16. Agnes Huntington made her first appearance in San Francisco in "Paul Jones" on Monday and made a strong hit. And now it is said that Max Figman, the comedian of the Casino, will star next season in a comedy he wants someone to write for him.

During R. B. Mantell's engagement at the Park theatre, Philadelphia, he will produce Espy W. H. Williams' one act tragedy, "Forthasius." George W. Lederer's company playing "Pompador" with pretty Sadie Martinot as the star, went to pieces at Philadelphia last Saturday. Most of the company walked back to New York, as no salaries had been paid for two weeks.

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EVERY ONE WILL GO -TO THE- FÊTE OF DAYS To be given in the New Y. M. C. A. Building By the Ladies of Lincoln. This grand exhibition will begin Look Out For It It Will Be Here Soon. Admission to the Building - 25c Each Entertainment - 10c extra

See those Pattern Hats at Thornburn Sisters, 1242 O Street. Finest bread in Lincoln at the Bonton bakery, Twelfth and P streets. The elite resort for ladies and gentlemen is Browns cafe removed to 1225 O street. We carry a complete line of flower and garden seeds. Griswolds Seed store 130 So. 11th. "Your Market," 1429 O street handles the freshest and choicest line of meats. Give them a call. Finest ice cream in the city and hand-somest refreshment parlors, at the Bonton-Poehler's old stand, Twelfth and P streets. Latest studies and a full line of artists materials at popular prices at the new Lincoln frame and art company, with Elite studio, 236 south Eleventh street. Mrs. Gospers millinery store is now head quarters for all the latest in spring headwear for the fair sex. No lady should buy a spring hat until she has seen Mrs. Gospers attraction line. If you want anything in rubber goods you have now the greatest chance of your life to secure them at less than manufacturer's prices at the closing out sale of the Lincoln Rubber Co., 1236 O street. Fountain syringes of all kinds, ladies' gossamers and everything in the rubber goods line's being sacrificed in order to close up the business of the Lincoln Rubber Co., 1236 O street. Now's your chance. LINCOLN Business College AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP. Short-hand and Typewriting is the best and largest College in the West. 80 Students in attendance last year. Students prepared for business in from 3 to 6 months. Experienced faculty. Personal instruction. Beautiful illustrated catalogue, college journals, and specimens of penmanship, sent free by addressing LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln, Neb.



WALT MASON.