

HORRORS OF HASHISH.

A REPORTER EXPERIMENTS ON HIMSELF WITH THE DRUG.

CHAPTERS FROM THE DREAMER'S NARRATIVE. Strange Condition Into Which the Drug Throws Its Victim—Awkward Feeling of Duality—The Waking.

An hour had passed, when of a sudden there shot through every pulse a thrill unexplainable, a choking like that of first love. I knew at last the wizard's wonder-working hand was upon me. Every nerve was a tingle, and the only relief was to tighten every muscle and shew to a tension that seemed like to wreck me. The blood rushed in vast and ever growing volume to my brain and the room was whirling like a flywheel. At my throat and heart was that strangling clutch. There was a taste on my tongue as if I had drunk from a Leyden jar, and a consuming thirst was upon me. I wondered what penalty must be paid for thus trying to steal over the back fence into paradise.

The dear, broad and butter complexion seemed the one thing admirable. Fear grew with the minutes. The sense of isolation was awful. No one was in the same world with me. I must enter upon the abyss alone. A friend came in at the door and I could have screamed for joy. I wanted to fall upon his neck. Again, like a cold chill, came the knowledge he can do nothing. In a voice which sounded strange and louder than common I gave him greeting, then fell back into the chair and went on, holding the book before me. It seemed as though I should fly in atoms, yet, with a mighty effort, I made a pretense of talking to him about the weather. Feet and hands were growing numb. The first sensation of heat had departed. Now the marrow was all gone from my bones, and through the osseous chambers a cold wind crept. The itching of my heart was as hideous as death. I felt the center of life within me freezing up. A great weight held me. To speak was to utter a few ponderous and Arctic syllables, and the act of lips took an age to form them. The movement of an arm was like the motion of a vast machine. I was freezing. Yet all the time, with mighty rhythm, the blood kept beating to my brain. Drowsiness came on, and yet closed eyes would bring no sign of sleep.

VISIONS OF ANOTHER SELF. Here, with the fading eye of reason, I could trace the first sense of that duality which hashish gives. The self material and the self spiritual seemed sundered and moving in different worlds. The more violent the dose the more completely is the outer nature enthralled, until familiar surroundings are swallowed in the vision. It is an incredible characteristic of hashish intoxication or delirium that whatever visions you see you never seem to see them, but, as it were, to see yourself seeing them. In all your wanderings you cannot be alone. There is a sense of companionship—of an attendant, familiar, yet strange. In an instant there is flashed upon you the knowledge of that duality; that companionship is your other self.

The sense of duality is doubly apparent in the talk and action of one under the spell of hashish. His ordinary consciousness of persons and things about him is little impaired. Though he lies in a stupor, and exclaims drowsily at the visions before him, the slightest question will receive a ready answer, but in a vexed tone, as to say: "Go away and let me alone." The hearing is marvelously fine. It seems as if all the outward senses were alert and even had a rationality working behind them, while from the disjectal utterances of the sleeper you may know that behind closed lids he moves in a land of weird and wondrous things. When trying to talk sense, he knows his speeches are broken and wandering. It is a common expression of the hashish eater, waking or sleeping: "I know I am making a fool of myself, but I can't help it." The thought is for an instant, clear and acute upon any subject suggested, but then the ideas flee from utterance, and in their pursuit the victim gets tired and tangled, and in a moment cannot tell what the subject was. Out at the far confines of space there was a great flaming sickle of gold and of infinite circumference. It grew smaller and smaller. Its point curled ever inward. The glittering, wavy edge seemed to smile, while to slow music it girt me closer and painlessly, softly as though I were of air. I felt myself suspended at the equator. The two whirling hemispheres passed away in opposite directions into space. Looking back upon this and other things I marvel how they could have been so real. To sense it seems absurd. Yet the further I pass from that strange experience the more distinct, more vivid, more glorious grows its memory; the more its incipient horrors grow more distinct and are crowded out of remembrance.

THE SCENE GROWS SOMBER. I was drifting downward, heavy with the mist that came from the echoing caverns beneath, and the blue shadow of the calling spirit seemed ever to be denser, ever to clasp me closer to it. The darkness had its genial, damp and simperous creatures, looking from eyes heavy with lethargy. Here and there a malignant grin as the moon, gleaming with light from its black, dripping setting in the hideous and world ribbing rocks. Through the blackness of that place I sank till I was of a weight with the mountains and seemed part of them. The blue water spirit I had gone in pursuit of was not with me, and looking upward I saw her, smiling down, her sad, cold, blue eyes, and the far glistering day. Turning my eyes, I pressed into the darkness and sank from all about me. The denizens of the place made no sound, but black spittle oozed over black teeth and dripped from their ringy lips.

Again the scene changed. The clear, blue sky of night was all about me. Shimmering infinity a beam of light was thrust at my very side, and hurled into the heavens a handful of shining stars. It was as when a sewer exists dead. They leaped away broadcast, left lines of trailing brightness across the vault in their waking, and took up their stations, like sentinels of the night, about the blue serenity. When glories passed, what vaporous I drank, among what strange people did I move! I could hear their cries, yet all attuned to softest harmony. All was radiance. There was no human sorrow, no earthly suffering.

I lay entranced for hours. I remember looking down from the gallery of a church and seeing myself neatly laid out in a coffin at the altar. The mourners passed around and peered into the face, on which a strong light fell. It was as white as the linen that wrapped it. I remember admitting with some candor that as a corpse I was not altogether repulsive and that I seemed to excite rather more interest and attention in that condition than in life. I felt no hesitation in confessing that my wedding with hashish had met only my just deserts. Waking, I wandered in the moonlit streets for a long time. The mist yet lingered in my mind and the parents reverberated under me like the thunders of Sinai. Returning home, I went to bed, and came to in the morning like one returned from a long journey.

"K. M." in New York World.

"helping mother," but honestly assuming the labor which belongs to us—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

French Girls and Society.

The French girl can hardly be said to "come out" in society. She is brought out, and is never seen without her mother or some other respectable and watchful chaperon. Everything, to the last minute of dress, is planned and managed for her. She is not supposed to have a will or judgment of her own, least of all in the matter of marriage. I am speaking, of course, of the average French girl of society. I have known some exceptions outside of Mme. Greville's novels—some remarkably intelligent, independent girls, whose hearts chose for them and whose hands were allowed to go with their hearts. But the average mademoiselle, modest and docile, usually accepts the choice of her parents without much ado—sometimes with alacrity. He, the elect man, is profoundly unknown, but that fact gives to him the vague charm of mystery. Watched and restricted as she has been since her school days ended, she sees in marriage no bondage, but release. Through it will come a new name, new dignity, a chez moi and a coup de coeur.

And when she is married, how she blossoms out! She revels in emancipation. She who the season before could go nowhere by herself, could not even see her betrothed for five minutes alone, can drive about unquestioned, visit and be visited, can indulge in her likings and caprices, even when they take in her own husband. It is not till after the marriage that the French woman is really brilliant, for it is not until then that she is unconstrained; so, many a man finds that all "unbeknownst" to himself he has won a clever and charming woman. It is strange how often those made up, haphazard marriages prove happy and harmonious. I know they ought not to, but the imp of the perverse manages so that they do, while many a union of poetry and passion drags a tangled web of scandal, intrigue and misery through the mire of the divorce court.—Grace Greenwood in New York Graphic.

Garments for Stout Women.

In the first place if a woman is inclined to "embonpoint" she must wear her dress as long as possible and well trimmed at the bottom. The object of this is obvious—to render her girth the lesser. As an example, look at a fat woman in the street with a plain skirt and a rather full drapery above, gathered up between knee and waist, then a short wrap ending just below the waist, and, as is frequently seen at the present time, trimmed round this already overladen portion of anatomy with the hideous fur balls. Does such a woman ever calculate the number of inches she has thus added to her bulk? Not a bit; she has gone to buy a wrap, and she has bought it. She would have bought it if the prevailing fashion had been polar bear. She wanted a wrap. To complete her toilet she will wear a bonnet pitched together as tightly as possible, never stopping to consider that bonnets and hats are to the head what a frame is to the picture. But if diminutive bonnets are the fashion she is going to wear one, no matter if her face is twice as big as the bonnet.

The remedy is in every woman's own hands. She must learn to use the brains that presumably a beneficent Creator has given her. When she sees a dress that attracts her, she should reflect before buying how it will suit her, and if the effect she admires cannot be produced in a modified form, then she must use some other style. I am speaking particularly for stout women, who are the most difficult to dress. When a woman is short as well, still greater care is necessary. She must absolutely abandon the idea of wearing garments of the same fashion as would be becoming to a slender figure. In doing this she need not fear looking dowdy or remarkable. If she wears that which is simple and quiet, she will always look at her best. It is by not attracting attention that one does not challenge criticism.—Selina Dolan in Globe-Democrat.

Utilizing the Drippings.

Articles of food fried in drippings are not only more palatable than those fried in lard, but more wholesome. Indeed, there are many persons whose stomachs will fight against any food fried in lard, yet take kindly to that where drippings have been used. It may be utilized, too, not only for frying, but for pastry purposes, in the making of which good beef drippings are far preferable to the common butter generally used. Therefore, to the family in which economy is any object, the proper care of drippings is of considerable importance.

The manner of clarifying the drippings, though simple, requires a little time and care. First, every particle of fat should be melted down, and this, with whatever superfluous quantity you may have in your meat pan, should be poured into a bowl with some boiling water. Stir it afterwards for three or four minutes, and set it away until the next day. Then take the cake from the bowl, and remove with a knife whatever impurities may have settled on the bottom of it. Put it into a saucepan, adding a little salt and some boiling water, and allow it to simmer for twenty minutes, skimming off the impurities if any rise to the surface. Then pour it again into a bowl, and when cold, free the bottom of the cake as before, melt and strain it through a sieve, and when quite cold, put away for use in a covered stone crock. Drippings may be used for frying purposes over and over again, but should be clarified after each using.—The Household.

Women in Business.

Women who go into business, either from choice or necessity, should acquire business habits, adopt business methods, and possess themselves of all knowledge of details and general information. There should be no sentiment about it; they should expect no immunity from disagreeableness on the score of being "ladies"; their prospect of marriage should have no more effect on their work than it has with that of men. Their dress should suit the requirements of the occupation. In no dress does a girl look neater, prettier or more graceful than that adopted for gymnastics or lawn tennis, both of which give fullest play for all movements. How much lighter would many working girls look and feel and work in such dresses than in the gaudy, tawdry finery so many of them wear. These should have their business suits just as men do. They should also realize that in obtaining employment weak backs and pale faces and general debility are at a discount. They should expect no favors on the score of sex; they should call for no privileges; they should call for no foolish notions as to chivalry and deference and all that. Business is business, and this is not an age of chivalry, but of political economy and the survival of the fittest.—Bessie Bramble in Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Armor of Sweet Dignity.

Let at least the passerby read in your face your desire to be courteous. If you cannot remember him, at least give him a pleasant bow if he bows to you. Such salutations hurt nobody, not even a lady, who, if alone, must be circumspect. In the polite bow of a lady, full gravity and good will, masked with dignity and respect, the man of iron-

her life finds as profound a check to insult as in the haughty disdain of one who perhaps overestimates his admiration.

There is no armor like a sweet dignity. It seems to be one of the best qualities of woman, and it teaches her intuitively how to bow, how to smile, how to receive her friends and how to dismiss a bore. Women whose manners are too familiar never have much power. People do not care for that which they gain easily, and yet cordiality is a very necessary adjunct to good manners. A woman who can express the true shade of cordiality by a bow is very fortunate.

If a gentleman comes up to a lady at a crowded watering place and claims an acquaintance, if she has no idea who he is, she should bow and frankly tell him her dilemma and ask his name. She can say to him that she has a poor memory for faces; that she sees many people, and that she begs he will forgive her. Few men are, and never ought to be, so ill tempered as to object to this inquiry. If they are so ill skinned as to care the acquaintance may as well stop there.—Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in Chicago News.

A Hostess at Times.

The woman who can truthfully be said to lead a narrow life in the sense of being a neighbor is she who passes all her time between the four walls of her house—who has no interest whatever beyond her husband and children and recognizes no outside claims at all upon her—who does not visit her sick neighbor, nor belong to any book club or sewing society or church society. Her painting, her embroidery, her books, flowers, music and dainty food are expended only on her own home. No one, save those who share her family joys, receive any pleasure, any benefit from her. No one is more likely to think on than the sweet home-keeping woman devoted to her husband and children, but in thinking on her the picture naturally includes a woman who is a gracious hostess at times, who is a busy member of some small, pottering society of some kind or other, and who is an adorable Lady Bountiful to at least one sad heart beyond the cheerful charm of her own bright home and fireside.—New Orleans Picayune.

Between Parents and Children.

I sometimes observe the comity which exists in families—that is, the reciprocal sentiments that pass between parents and children. I never saw a boy yet who discovered much affection for "the old man" who licked him upon occasion. He did it again and he did about it, too, if it would release the whip. In families where they keep a whip you do not see much caressing.

The little boy, when he comes home tired all out, does not drop into his father's arms and kiss him as he falls asleep. Little boys think they observe the ways and the temperaments of men. A boy always looks in a man's face when he passes by. He is ever watching for little acts of courtesy or a recognition from older persons. Speak to him pleasantly, and notice what a joy pervades his face and shines out in his eyes. He sees the little manhood that fills his jacket is recognized and he goes on his way happy.—William Allen Wallace in Granite Monthly.

Quilts of Cheese Cloth.

Cheese cloth quilts are the new coverlets, and commend themselves, being warm and inexpensive. The materials needed are ten yards of the cheese cloth and five one pound rolls of cotton. The cheese cloth when cut into lengths of two and a half yards is placed on the table, over this is laid a layer of cotton batting, which has previously been placed before a hot fire or register, unrolling it from the bundle over a chair or clothes horse. This causes the cotton to expand to twice its first thickness. A second layer goes crosswise, and so on until all the cotton has been utilized. Over the last layer is placed the second and last layer of cheese cloth, and the whole tied with worsted in bed quilt fashion. A feather stitching completes the edge.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Visit the Schoolroom.

It is possible that not one woman in ten in this city has ever been in the schoolroom in which her children are being educated, and where they spend at least six hours of their day? She does not know what sort of desks and seats are provided, anything about the ventilations of the rooms or anything, in fact, that concerns the healthfulness and comfortableness of the place in which her children remain for so long a time. It is as much her duty to inform herself of the condition of the school at which her little ones attend as it is to see that the child's brain is not crowded and that she goes off in the morning neatly dressed and presentable.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Rational Companion.

The husband needs to be taught that his wife is not simply a slipper provider, and a dinner orderer, and a pleasant, babbling stream of small talk to soothe his domestic evening, but a rational and competent companion—a good comrade, quite able to converse with him upon the same topics his male companions introduce, and also privileged to be weary, and silent, and in need of entertainment when the day's duties are over as well as himself.—Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Warning Against Rope Jumping.

A physician says: "I would warn children against rope jumping, and would advise parents and teachers to prohibit it under all circumstances." Not only is there danger of injury to the bones and joints of the legs, and to the spine, but young girls frequently receive other injuries which cause them to suffer for years, if not for life.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is well to remember that too much bluing renders clothes yellow after a time. Inexperienced or careless servants think the more bluing in the water the better for the wash, and it is difficult matter to convince them that the clothes will look far better if only a small quantity is used.

If, when obliged to be on your feet all day, you change your shoes several times for a fresh pair, you will be astonished how much it will rest the tired feet, for no shoes press the fit in the same part.

Turpentine mixed with carbolic acid and kept in open vessels about the room will, it is said, greatly lessen the risk of contagion in scarlet fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases.

Nice tablecloths and napkins should not be allowed to become much soiled, so that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or in hot water.

Soap should be bought by the box, taken out of the wrappers and stood in a dry place, as it improves by keeping.

A small bag of sulphur kept in a drawer or closet that is infested with red ants will quickly disperse them.

To clean windows, try baking soda on a damp cloth. It is also said to be excellent to clean glassware.

A solution of equal parts of gum arabic and plaster of paris cements china and earthenware.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HOUSE-KEEPERS AND HOME-KEEPERS.

A Fine Daughter of the King—"Mother's Work"—Utilizing "Drippings"—French Girls—Dress—Sweet Dignity—Women in Business—Hints and Helps.

What I set out to tell you was the difference between houses, and how you would discover it. The end is that women also are of two kinds. Bless us, had you not discovered it? Yes, there are two kinds of women, and it stands you in hand to know which kind you select for a wife. There are the home-keepers and there are the house-keepers. They are distinct species. The house-keeper keeps her house; don't imagine she will keep you, unless it be as one of her "girls-a-lance." She will select you for that purpose, and you will be compelled to possess such. "Yes, my dear Mrs. Jones, you have secured a treasure—a real, genuine Savres! Ah, but mind! Indeed, if I must own it, I was cheated. He is a good enough sort of husband, industrious, kind, and minds his own business; but he is crumpled." He would like a house full of children! Hates society! And his room! Bless my soul, my dear Mrs. Jones, but you should see it! But I can't show it to you. He always carries the key in his pocket—says it's the only room in the house fit to live in." Yes, there are two species. Bless the Lord! there are two, and they are not alike.

The home-keeper has only one bit of furniture in the house, that is her own husband. Go where you will, it is her that you see and feel, and everything is done in her presence—and the babies! they are her also. What the mother is, that also will the young ones be. So, so, and what better can one want than a house full of a kindly and honest presence—that you can trust, and that gives you more rest than a dozen palace rockers, and more inspiration than a gallery of antiquities? A house should be inspired. I do assure you a good soul gets into the walls and the furniture, and you will be the better for such a one, go where you will—even to the parrot. And a bad soul—that, too, in everywise, and it gets into you and into the atmosphere you breathe. But what can one do about it? Be sure to get a good soul to go into the house with you, and there stay, to be a home-keeper. That is what I mean by home-keepers, and by home-keepers. The first kept nothing else, alas, but houses; the second kept also that which turns a house into a home.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

True Daughter of a King.

She was a demure looking girl of 18, with rosy cheeks, a fluffy bang of blonde hair, and light brown eyes. Half concealed by the lapel of her sueque was a silver cross tied with royal purple ribbon. This proclaimed her one of the King's Daughters. As she entered the Sixth avenue elevated car at Fourteenth street yesterday afternoon she attracted general attention. The car was well filled, but a seat was offered to her immediately, and she sat down beside an elderly woman.

"I see you wear the cross of the King's Daughters," said the matron, as she exhibited one she herself wore. "Are you able to do much?"

The badge made them confidants at once, and the younger Daughter of the King quickly replied: "Oh, not near enough, but I have just discovered a new and effective little way to work. I have tried it a dozen times this afternoon, and it hasn't failed once. You see, I have been greatly annoyed by seeing women who were out shopping with their children, shake or smack them when their little ones attempted to use their impetive facilities. Today I saw a woman vigorously shake a little girl of three or four years old, and to comfort the child I smiled and nodded to her. The little thing seemed to appreciate it, and looked timidly at me and then at her mother. But the mother looked even more pleased than the child, as though it had awakened all her maternal pride. She smiled at me, looked tenderly at the child, and apparently drew her gently forward, so she might appear to the very best advantage. There was not a trace of vexation left in the mother's face then, and when they passed on I saw she was still regarding her child with love and pride. I felt so encouraged I tried it successfully all the remainder of the afternoon."

Then the train reached Thirty-third street, and as the writer on reaching the platform turned to get another look at the young Daughter of the King she had just risen to give her seat to a shabbily dressed woman in black that got on the train at that station. Somehow the bright spring day seemed all the brighter for having seen such a smug Daughter and overhearing her story.—New York Evening Sun.

It is Called "Mother's Work."

One chapter of Mrs. Diaz's "Bybryn" to Beacon Street" is so full of sound sense that it deserves to be quoted entire, and not partially, and we must quote it. In brief, the mother of a family, after a hard forenoon's work, has given up to tears, for her girl and boy had gone away leaving their tasks undone, and the burden of the day seemed to be growing greater than she could bear.

Her husband, finding her thus discouraged, inquired into the matter, and came to the conclusion that the children should be made to realize that a part of the household work belonged to them; and not that they were generally "helping mother" when they gave assistance.

"So one evening, after Laura had finished her examples, her father asked her to write down all the different things I had to do in the different days of the week. She began to write, her father and Fred prompting when her memory failed.

"The list covered both sides of the sheet. Husband wrote at the beginning for a title, 'Mother's Work,' and then remarked that it was a good deal of work for one person.

"I help her some," said Laura.

"Yes," said he, "I suppose you call what you do helping her, but after all you are only helping yourselves. Mother eats a small part of the food she cooks, and wears a small part of the clothes she makes and washes and irons and mends. So all this work is not really hers, but only hers to do."

"Then he rubbed out the title and wrote in its place: 'The Family Work which is Called Mother's Work.'

"Now, I should like to know," said he, "if any members of the family consider it a favor to mother when they do parts of their own work."

"For instance, I have noticed that to get a meal and clear it away there must be wood and water brought, vegetables got, cleaned and cooked, other things cooked, the table set, dishes washed, knives scoured, and some tidying of the room afterwards. Now it doesn't seem right for one person to do all this labor and for other persons to feel that their part is only the eating part. That isn't fair play."

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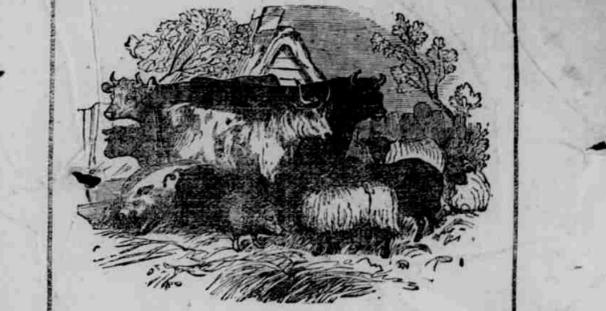
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WM. NEVILLE.

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