

# RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

## SIC TRANSIT.

O wondrous life of joy and strength  
While man's young power unspent is,  
Through all the ten years' joyous length  
The hot and eager twenties:

Next comes the decade sweet and strong,  
Years where no harm or hurt is,  
When life pours forth its fullest song—  
The proud and passionate thirties.

Life's summer glows; with flower and fruit  
The long day all to short is,  
And well its glorious splendors suit  
Our mid-day world, the forties.

In this the first approach of night?  
Yes; downward now our drift is,  
As we fare through waning light,  
Slow sinking through the fifties.

Still closer folds our narrowing range;  
Our fate more sure and fixed is—  
For good or ill, small chance of change  
When once we reach the sixties.

Darkens the shadow of the tomb,  
And either hell or heaven 'tis,  
As life, past, present and to come,  
Looks on us through the seventies.

Shut out from manhood's earlier force,  
How sad the growing weight is  
We bear along the dreary course  
That lingers through the eighties!

Still lower dips our weary ear,  
But useless to repine 'tis;  
And yet we long to find a shore  
Somewhere among the nineties.

Come, kindly death, unfeared, long sought,  
Spare us the torturing one dread  
That Heaven has dropped us out of thought  
To leave us o'er the hundred!

—J. Arthur Ross, in Harper's Weekly.

## MY ADVENTURE.

### A Time When I Was Afraid of Being Frightened.

This is only a story of a girl's adventure, but I am sure most of the girls who read it will not wish for anything more tragic in their own experience.

I lived with my parents on the sloping side of Skitchawang, a long, low mountain on the west side of the Connecticut river. The mountain was nearly covered with wood, but the trees of the two sides differed in kind. Sugar-maple, white pine and white beech grow more plentifully on the western slope; blue beech and pitch-pine on the eastern—and the pitch-pine tree was the indirect cause of my adventure.

The events I am about to relate took place long ago, at a time when cone work was, among the young ladies of our section, the leading passion in fancy work. My sister and I had made work-baskets, frames and brackets, using the scales of the white pine cones to make a scalloped edge, and spruce and hemlock, and the pretty little tamarack cones to cover the rest of the wood-work.

But we were dissatisfied because we had no pitch-pine cones in our collection. They were stiff, intractable things, hard to work and of little beauty, but we wanted them because we could not have them. We knew there were pitch-pine trees on the southern slope of the mountain. It was far away—we had no idea how far—from our usual haunts for play or for picnicking, but we were convinced that we should never know happiness till we had some cones from those trees. It was a long, rough climb, we inferred, and we could easily have made a pleasant excursion of it by taking a lunch and spending the day in the undertaking, but this did not occur to us.

Ellen Story was to accompany us after school—after tea, in fact. The school-house was half a mile on our way, but as it was a hastily-formed plan, we were obliged to go home for our tea.

We had some difficulty in persuading mother to consent to our excursion. She was born on the side of Skitchawang, but as she had never been of an adventurous disposition—and it was a standing puzzle that both of her daughters were so different from herself in this respect—she had almost no knowledge of the wilder parts of the mountain.

"Do you know where the trees grow?" she asked.

"O, yes, they're right over the east corner; we go in by Mr. Howard's gate."

This was true as far as it went, and we had no intention of deceiving her, though the truth was none of us had ever seen a pitch-pine tree to know it.

"Are they near the rattlesnake dens?"

"O, no, I guess not. Don't care if they are. You know we always wanted to kill a rattlesnake."

Mother had seen us start on too many such excursions to hold out long with her objections; sometimes we went for chestnuts, and got them by climbing the trees; sometimes we went after moss, or flowers, or acorns, and very often we took a full supply of weapons for killing rattlesnakes; but as we never killed nor even saw one, mother by and by ceased to fear that we would encounter any. So, bidding us take some outside garments and be sure to leave the woods before dark, she turned to the dairy, and we toward Skitchawang.

Although it was late, we strolled along, talking and planning. We stopped to peep in at the school-house window, for old sake's sake, probably, though it was but little more than an hour since we had left it. Turning in through the Howard gate, we stopped to tell our errand. Mrs. Howard discouraged us more decidedly than mother had done.

"It is too late; it will be dark before you get there. It is more than two miles from here."

"It won't take us long to go two miles," we answered, stoutly, though somewhat dismayed. We had not estimated the distance in rods and miles, but I think about half a mile was the distance I had in mind when looking beyond Mrs. Howard's.

"But you don't know anything about it where you are going. You'd be just as likely to go into the dogwood swamp or the rattlesnake dens as anywhere."

"I'm not afraid," said I.

"No, Jane Plumley, I don't s'pose there is anything that you are afraid of. Those that know nothing fear nothing; but I do wonder how you can let me go!"

"O, my dear, I know what I said."

"Well, Jane, do have a care to keep away from the snakes' dens!" These "dens" were a quantity of loose, shelly rocks on the outside of the mountain, where the rattlesnakes were supposed to breed.

Noting that Mrs. Howard was mistaken in the distance, but fearing she was not, we made a little more haste when we started away from her door; but we soon forgot about it, and stopped to gather flowers and ferns and curious lichens on the way. Soon after entering the woods, we found a quantity of white pine-cones so smooth in texture and so rich in coloring that we made a large pile by the foot of a tree, proposing to gather them in our aprons when we came back with our baskets filled with the others.

We all lived in the valley, where we en-

joyed some hours of daylight after we were shaded by the western hill, so we were in no alarm when the sunshine disappeared from the highest tree-tops, and when the darkness was fairly upon us, we thought we had come into a denser part of the forest.

"Let's get out of this dark hole!" said my sister. We hurried along, but finding it grew no lighter, we looked up, and through the leafy canopy we saw the stars.

"Pitch dark! Girls, let's go home." This seemed the only course for us to pursue, and we reluctantly turned back.

"Let's go home by the saw mill," I proposed.

"O no, not that way. There's all sorts of 'boogers' round the sawmill."

"Pooh! Who's afraid! I'm going that way."

In vain the girls urged that the route by the sawmill was longer and rougher; that a piece of marsh-ground lay in the way, and that we must cross the brook on a narrow foot-bridge. I had no argument in favor of my plan, except to say that we should reach the highway sooner by that route; but I was unusually obstinate that night, and repeated: "I shall go by the way of the sawmill. You can go which way you choose."

"But we all want to go together," said my sister. "I asked mother if we might stay with Ellen to-night."

"I don't want to; rather sleep at home. You need not wait for me if you get out first."

Saying which I plunged into a thick growth of underbrush in the direction of the sawmill. The way was rougher than I thought. The bushes were very thick and tangled, but I stumbled along a few rods. Then I heard, or thought I heard, the girls calling me. Quite glad of an excuse to forsake my plan, I turned toward them and called, but received no answer. I called again and again, and ran to and fro to avoid the rocks dimly seen through the increasing darkness, till I grew quite angry with them for not answering, but for a long time I had no thought of being lost.

When I gave up the hope of overtaking the girls, I stopped quite bewildered, for I had lost the points of compass entirely. I could not judge of my course by "the lay of the land," for the mountain rises in combs, and the growth of trees was so dense that I could not see the "dipper," which was the only constellation I really knew.

I began to run back and forth at random, controlled by a fear which every moment grew more intense, till I seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of terror. I ran and ran, and screamed and shouted, beating against trees and stumbling over rocks and boulders, till at last I fell headlong down a precipice, only a few feet, probably, though I seemed to be falling through miles of black space.

Dumb with terror, I lay on the soft bed of leaves where I had fallen. All was darkness and silence, except the sighing of the wind and the cry of a screech-owl in the distance. I was not brought up in the woods to fear an owl, but that low, mournful tremolo, which has brought a chill to many an older heart than mine, added to the gloom of the situation.

My father fell till I became calmer. My fears had been altogether vague, for I had not once thought of rattlesnakes, cats, moths or ghosts, with which the mountain was said to be infested.

I began to reason with myself with such success that I soon came to the conclusion that I had not been frightened at all—at least not much—and then I formed a plan for getting home. I arose, peered carefully round, and started toward the lightest part of the woods, which I hoped indicated a clearing. My way was slow but thickly set, till on putting my foot carefully forward, I set it on one end of some cylindrical object which yielded under my foot, while the other end flew up and hit me near my waist.

Without doubt it was a flexible branch, but my only thought was rattlesnake, and with one wild shriek and bound, I started off through the woods, frenzied with fear, beating and bruising myself against the trees. Finding that running was out of the question, I crouched down by the foot of a tree and waited for the snakes, for I felt sure that I was just where Mrs. Howard warned me not to go—in the rattlesnake dens. I fancied I could hear them coming from all directions, creep, creep, creeping along. But they never reached me, and after awhile common-sense came to my aid and instructed me that snakes did not travel at night. I breathed freer till the snapping of a dry twig supplied me with a new terror. Panthers, of course! might was just their time for prowling, and I made no question but that I should be dragged away to make a supper for a litter of young catsamounts within a few minutes. In less than that time I saw something which drove serpent and beast from my mind for the rest of that night.

My father was a singularly fearless man and taught us to be so. He allowed us to explore the mountain and take our chances, which, he said, were ten thousand to one that we never saw a rattlesnake; and the last panther known to have been on that mountain was killed, he told us, eighty years before. As for ghosts, which were said to float unceasingly over the old cemetery on the south slope, we did not even so much as dare mention them in his presence. But if ever mortal eyes saw a ghost, here was one.

Just before me was a little opening, and beyond, under a low, branching hemlock, was the ghostly presence, swaying and beckoning to me in the dim starlight. If I was terrified before I was frozen with horror now, and I felt my hair rising under my pink calico sun-bonnet. Again and again I looked, till I could endure it no longer; then I covered my eyes till the unseen terror was worse than the sight itself.

As I have said, my education in ghosts and hobgoblins had been neglected, but Aunt Chatty, an old woman who sometimes washed for my mother, had told us of various "appearances" on the mountain. As the latest of those apparitions was fifty years before, we felt tolerably secure, but now—ordinary weeks seem short to the time I stood confronting that diabolical whiteness—I shut my eyes and counted fifty, one hundred, even one thousand, but each time I looked, the appearance stood swaying and beckoning before me.

"Speak to a ghost," Aunt Chatty had said, "and it will disappear."

But what should I say? what conversation could one hold with such a shape! but any thing was better than this. I determined to speak, so, closing my eyes and mustering all my courage, I shouted:

"Git about!"

Instantly opened my eyes hoping the count was clear, but there it was, beckoning and swaying; I almost thought it grinned at me.

At last, I thought I might as well go to meet it and die at once as to stand there dying of dread and fear. I closed my eyes again, ran a few steps and opened them quite near to a white birch tree! The low branches of the hemlock had swayed in the breeze before it, but the staid white trunk certainly neither swayed nor beckoned nor yet grinned.

I sat down and cried and laughed in pure nervousness. The noise woke some birds in the nest over my head. I suppose, for I heard the mother chirping a soft lullaby, and the old words: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows;" stole into my heart with inexpressible comfort.

I now felt that I must spend the night on the mountain, and make the best of it. I found a heap of dry leaves near the ghostly birch and broke a quantity of boughs from the swaying hemlock to make me a bed, but before lying down I went back to my old stand and looked for my ghost. It was of no use, it would never be any thing but a stupid tree again.

I nestled into the soft leaves, drew the boughs over me, and, though I was chilled with the night air, soon fell asleep.

When I woke again I could see the waning moon through the opening. I shall never forget how beautiful it looked, sailing through the dark violet sky. I was oppressed with a sense of loneliness and benumbed with cold, but felt no fear. No thought of panther, ghost or serpent crossed my mind. I drew the leaves and branches closer round me and fell asleep, murmuring: "I laid me down and slept; I waked; for the Lord sustained me."

That text hung over the head of my mother's bed. I cried a little at first, thinking of her lying warm and comfortable, with never a thought that I was shivering alone on a heap of dry leaves.

When I woke again it was quite day, but the sky was thickly overcast with clouds. I sprang up with some of my old defiant manner, but the birch tree near had a subduing effect on me. I was forced to admit that Jane Plumley had been afraid, had groveled in the most abject terror, terror of nothing, too. I was accustomed, when my school-mates refused to join some mad-cap scheme of mine, to taunt them: "O, you are afraid you'll get scart!" I had been afraid I should be frightened, mortifying as the thought was.

When I looked around, I concluded that I had wandered quite over the crest of the mountain and was far down the eastern slope. My wisest course seemed to be to go down to the clearing and ascertain my location. A few minutes' walk brought me in sight of the road with several houses; the river and low land seemed hidden behind a little ridge. I was familiar with the aspect of the eastern slope, but I looked in vain for a single familiar object. I recalled each farm in regular succession, but none of them corresponded with what I saw before me.

Somewhat surprised, I decided to go to the nearest house and seek information.

"I'm not obliged to ask them who lives there, but I can ask the nearest way to Mr. Plumley's."

With this thought I started toward a little brown house whose chimney, crowned with a curling smoke, announced that the occupants were up. Presently I saw a man with a basket; he went to one corner of the garden and began to throw something into a little tub. Apparently he was feeding some baby pigs. I was within four or five yards of him when, with a great start, I recognized him as Mr. Howard, our neighbor! I rubbed my eyes vigorously, for the scales were dropping from them by the dozen.

I was at the very door of the house which I knew better than any other except my own home. Within twenty-five rods was the school-house, the playground, the calico rack, the barn of Giles' farm. So sure had I been in my belief that I was on the east side that I had looked for a half hour on a landscape which was as familiar as the features of my mother's face, and had not known it.

Fortunately, my footsteps on the sward were quite noiseless and I had a little time to recover myself before I was seen. When Mr. Howard turned he called, cheerily: "Good morning, Jane; you are out early."

A sob came with my reply.

"Why, what's the matter? Any your folks sick?" I did not answer. Then, noticing my tears, he asked: "Where'd you come from?"

"Oft' the mountain," (sob). "Been there all night" (sob). "I'm most fresser."

"My senses! Poor child, no wonder. Here, come into the house." I hung back a little, for his kindly words had increased my sobs to a genuine boo-hoo.

"Come, there's a good fire. Why in the world did'n't Hunt Plumley raise the neighbors and bust you up—"

"He thought I was at Mr. Story's." Then I explained why I felt as I did.

"Here, my wife!" he called, as he opened the door; "here's Jane Plumley; she lay on Skitchawang last night, and I'll be hanged if I don't believe she was afraid she should get scart for once. Wasn't you, Jane?"

"Yes," I said, still crying, softly.

"She's a most froze wife. Let me start up the fire and do you whack up a cup of coffee for her."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Howard, almost crying herself. "Of course she shall have coffee and biscuits, too, if you don't burn them to charcoal. Don't you put in another stick, Seth Howard. I'll kill the fatted calf if you say so, but you shan't burn the house down."

She brought warm water and bathed my face which was bruised and blood-stained from my frequent contact with the trees the night before. Then I shared their generous breakfast, while Mrs. Howard plied my plate with every good thing which her pantry or cellar afforded.

"Foolish thing, to think of you being out on that mountain amongst the bears and rattlesnakes all night! I shouldn't 'a' slept a wink if I had known it."

"Pshaw, Bally! I'll warrant they didn't trouble Jane; and you didn't see old Muckleroy either, did you, Jane?"

"No, sir," I replied, emphatically. Old Muckleroy was a prominent ghost seventy years before, and tradition had preserved his fame. You see, I knew positively that I did not see him, though I did think of him at one time.

That is the end of my story. After breakfast I went home. Of course no one had even missed me, but equally of course the fact that I had come out, I inferred no harm from my adventure—perhaps it did me good. At least the girls thought so, for I was not so apt after that to taunt them for their senseless fear of nothing. I had had my own experience.—*Luthers Whitney, in Youth's Companion.*

**A New Sleep-Producer.**

Sulfonal, chemically entitled to the name of "diethylsul-fondimethylmethan," is a new hypnotic introduced by Prof. Kast, of Freiburg. Its action, unlike that of other drugs, appears to be simply the intensifying of the factors that lead to natural sleep, and from five to eight, and even ten hours of refreshing slumber usually follow its use. It is said to have none of the disadvantages of the deadly narcotics, and to be more reliable than the bromides. It is claimed to be entirely free from harmful or unpleasant effects, and to retain its efficacy even when used for a long period. It has already proven valuable in the treatment of mental disorders.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—Poor, sandy soil should not be left uncultivated. Carefully prepare the land, sow to buckwheat, and plow the buckwheat under when the crop is in blossom. In this way the land may be gradually made productive.

**JAPANESE LACQUER.**

The Evergreen Tree from Which the Lac or Gum is Obtained.

Japanese lacquer has been a familiar name to the entire civilized world for so many years that it is a matter of surprise to discover how little it is understood. Recourse to the ordinary books of reference does not repay the trouble, and only serves to give a greater realization of the prevailing ignorance. Exhibitions have shown the surface of articles from China and Japan of marvellous beauty and finish, and have afforded information in regard to their cost without being able to give the practical knowledge which an intelligent public demand. The little volume entitled "Oriental," printed for the use of visitors to the Walters galleries, has been for the last four years the most reliable source, and it stands alone to-day in the matter of exact information. The facilities afforded for a careful study of the artistic individuality in the choice collections of lacquer, to which the public have access in those galleries, bring enhanced interest to such facts as can be gleaned.

The rubs vernicifera, an evergreen tree, from which the lac or gum is obtained, is cultivated in every section of Japan. As long ago as the sixth century an edict of the Emperor required every landholder to plant a certain proportion of his acreage with this lacquer tree, just as he was compelled to cultivate and maintain a certain number of mulberry trees, and but for this governmental support it is doubtful if the art, even then widely practiced, would have attained its great perfection. Every tree, when tapped to obtain its gum, died in the course of two years. The amount obtained from a tree five years old seldom exceeded three ounces. In the mountainous districts the tree was of slower growth, and was permitted to grow for ten years before the gum was drained. The gum varied in quality according to the part of the tree which excluded it, that from the twigs being most esteemed and drying with superior hardness.

Among other uses in very remote periods lacquer served in finishing coffins, probably for ornamentation as much as because it rendered the wood impervious to moisture, but its everyday uses were those which gradually raised it more and more to a place among the arts. The gum, when applied to the prepared wood, can be prepared with either oil or water. Modern lacquers contain scarcely a trace of the true gum, and hence it comes that they do not possess either the enduring qualities or beauty of older work. True lac will not blister or peel from the wood, and does not change appearance from subjection to water or heat. The most conclusive test of this property was in 1873, when the steamer Nile, returning to Japan, with the specimen purchased for the Yeddo museum, founded in twenty-five fathoms of water. Eighteen months after divers employed by the Government recovered 200 cases from the steamer, and the ancient lacquers were as perfect in joints, color, and polish as when they left the hands of their makers.

It is worthy of note that although the woods most valued as a basis of lacquer work are not of kinds which have ever been esteemed valuable for their durability, yet, when imprisoned in the coatings of this gum, they have remained as sound for centuries as when first fashioned. And this is true of many specimens 700 years old, examples of which may be seen in the cases of the Walters galleries.—*Baltimore American.*

**RESURRECTION PLANT.**

It Apparently Dies, But Comes to Life Again When Wet.

"This is the resurrection plant," said a street peddler to a reporter, who had stopped to look at the former's stock in trade. In the middle of his table was a basket filled with dried and curled up masses of a vegetable growth. Around it were saucers of water in which plants were growing. The peddler explained that the plants so green and thrifty-looking in the saucers were the brown and apparently dead bunches in the basket after placed for a short time in water.

"They grow in Chihuahua, Mex.," said he. "The Mexicans call them siempre viva, which means, 'always life.' The plants exist in the crevices of rocks, and are subjected to long-continued and severe drought. After a rain they open and turn green, but after the water dries up they begin to turn brown and curl up again, and in a day will seem dead. It is only after showers that they can be found readily, as when they dry they are too near the color of the rocks to see without a close search. I go to Mexico every spring and pick them by the barrel to sell through the summer."

The dried plants were each about the size of a large hen's egg, with the leaves rolled tightly in toward a common center. There was a small root of fibers almost as fine as hair, and attached to some were minute pieces of rock and traces of sand. The peddler said he never knew one so old that it would not unfold when wet for a short time. He also had several varieties of Mexican cactus, that he claimed were rare in the United States. One was diminutive in size, hardly larger than a thimble. This was said to be the smallest cactus known. Another kind was ribbed lengthwise, with long spines standing out in two directions from each rib. A third was a thick growth of short but needle-like prickles. All were small, the biggest not being over four inches tall.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

**SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.**

—The canning of shrimps is becoming a great industry in New Orleans. Fully 100,000 cans a day are packed there during the season.

—A remarkable photo-engraved chart of the Pleiades, showing 2,326 stars from the third to the seventeenth magnitude, has been produced at the Paris observatory.

—An eastern inventor has perfected an electrical type writer, by means of which a message may be transmitted over a telegraph wire to almost any distance, and printed at the other end.

—In a report on "Steam Boiler Explosions," recently made to the Liverpool Engineering Society, it was stated that "the actual percentage of explosions to boilers at work is very small, being at the rate of one explosion to every 2,500 boilers in use."

—A patented material, said to have all the properties of lignum vitae, is prepared in Leipsic, by M. Stockhardt, from ordinary soft wood. The wood is first impregnated with oil, then subjected to great pressure, causing considerable increase in density.

—Potatoes are dried, as fruits are, for use on ships and in mining camps, where the fresh vegetables can not be easily procured. The potatoes are sliced and dried in a common evaporator, just as apples are, and when used are soaked in water twelve hours to soften and freshen them.

—The new sodium-preparing process, by which caustic soda is distilled with an intimate mixture of coke and very finely divided iron, is said to prove capable of successful working on a large scale, and it is expected to reduce the cost of sodium to less than a fourth of its present price; also to cheapen the production of aluminum.

—Variation in sound is regulated by the number of vibrations; the more numerous these vibrations the higher the sound. The deepest, gravest tone that is possible for human ear to hear has thirty-two vibrations per second. The highest and shrillest has about 70,000. Man's voice can scarcely go below a sound that gives 164 vibrations, nor woman's voice higher than 2,088 vibrations per second.

—An interesting collection of commercial products, made by Dr. Forbes Watson, has been acquired by University College, Dundee. It contains some 7,500 samples, embracing between 700 and 800 fibers, over 500 dyes and dyestuffs, 500 oils and oil-seeds, 600 or 700 gums, resins and guttas, nearly 2,000 medicinal substances, and more than a many samples of food-stuffs.

—Prof. Haupt has calculated that the opening of two diagonal streets in Philadelphia (850,000 inhabitants) would reduce the extreme distances by one mile and a quarter. The annual number of passengers carried by the cars being 125,000,000, the total saving would reach about \$180,000 per mile traveled. The passengers would gain 3,565 years in time and would save more than 8,000,000 horse power in motive power.

**THE IVORY TRADE.**

An Industry That Has Been Killed by the Introduction of Celluloid.

A pair of magnificent elephant's tusks adorning the window of an East Side down-town store and indicate to the passer-by that ivory goods are sold there. The proprietor of the establishment told a reporter that the tusks are the largest and most valuable in the country, and that they came from Africa nearly a score of years ago and have been in his possession ever since, the tusks are nine feet long, weigh 130 pounds each and are valued at \$400.

"Is there much doing in ivory at the present time?" asked the reporter.

"Nothing at all," was the reply, "or next to nothing, I should say," he continued, "for of course there will always be more or less of a demand for ivory, but practically the business is dead and celluloid has killed it."

"Why," he went on, "every thing that was made of ivory a few years ago is made of celluloid to-day, and a great many other things besides. How many pianos in these days have ivory keys do you think? Only the most expensive, and then, too, combs and brushes, umbrellas and cane handles, billiard and pool balls, and even dice. Yes, I saw a set of dice the other day that were made of celluloid that you could scarcely tell from ivory, so perfectly were they done."

"The latest thing, however, in the celluloid line that I have heard of is in the shape of playing cards. It is said that they are in every way superior to the ordinary pasteboard articles, for they can be easily washed when they become soiled, and are so prepared that the colors will not wash off. Another attraction, their cheapness, will undoubtedly make them popular, and I believe they will supplant the old fashioned cards altogether when they become more generally known."

"To what use are old and broken billiard balls put?" inquired the reporter.

"Well, those that are only slightly chipped or broken are readily turned down into balls suitable for bagatelle or parlor games, but those that are badly broken are thrown away as useless. If the billiard rooms should all close up we would find little to do in our line. All first-class billiard saloons are provided with ivory balls, for the celluloid imitations have found but little favor in the eyes of billiard players. With the pool table, however, the case is different, for the majority of pool sets in this city are made of celluloid. Where we sold one hundred set of pool balls a few years ago, even without considering the natural growth of the trade, we sell less than twenty to-day."

—N. Y. Letter.

**FOR FLESHY PEOPLE.**

An Outline of the Schwenger Treatment for Obesity.

The system of Prof. Ernst Schwenger for the treatment of obesity, which was introduced here about two years ago, has by this time been sufficiently tested to demonstrate that any body who will determinedly follow the regimen prescribed by it can reduce his flesh to any reasonable degree desired, it being understood, of course, that his physical condition is not such by reason of incurable heart or kidney disease as to make reduction perilous. And there is just one thing about it that is hard to get used to. That is the absolute prohibition of all liquids during meals and for an hour before and an hour after each meal. It does not seem so difficult to do without fluids to wash down one's food until it is tried, and the iron pressure of habit in sipping and even gulping water, wine, milk, tea, or coffee while eating is realized. The very fact of prohibition seems to make one more intensely thirsty, and the juiciest food takes on the astringent dryness of chewed pomegranate rind. Of course, one becomes accustomed to it after awhile, eventually does not feel any desire for liquids at the prohibited times, and even finds less disposition to drink at any time than he had before. Then his reward comes, not only in the reduction of flesh, but in a surprising diminution of the nuisance of perspiration, which is the misery of all fat men.

It must not be supposed that this shutting off of liquids is the whole of the treatment, though it appears to be the most important requirement. That ranking next to it is that one must not gorge with food, especially food in which sugar and starch are largely component parts.

The Iron Chancellor still lives by Schwenger's rules and in doing so keeps down his tendency to growing fat and remains a wonder of vitality and vigor at his advanced age. No longer ago than last April one of the special dispatches told how he restricted himself in eating to a light breakfast and substantial dinner, with no liquids at meals and only a glass of wine daily, taken just before retiring. One experiment with the bogus system of Bismarck would doubtless afford Germany another first-class fueral.

There is no royal road to relief from corpulence that may be traveled with ease and safety, and without self-sacrifice. Nostrums are from time to time advertised as affording it—such as one now boomed in England, and finding not a few dupes here—but they do not. Starvation is a Banting, and the nostrum cures that profess to reduce guttums while practicing their gluttony if they will only "take a wineglassful at each meal," are alike dangerous humbugs. Renouncing liquids seems to be demonstrated the safest and best thing when accompanied by due moderation in eating. But in no case is it absolutely safe for a fat person to adopt any really effective measures for reducing weight without thorough preliminary knowledge of the actual condition of his vital organs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**POOR MARBLE HEART.**

He Meets the Man With the Iron Fist and Learns a Lesson.

A young man from some interior town, who was in that condition known as "sprung," was seeking a skirmish at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues yesterday. He said he was the young man of the Marble Heart, whatever that is, and that he felt lonesome because he hadn't shed somebody's blood for three long hours. The policeman on the beat warned in a fatherly way to scatter himself over the city, but he replied:

"Not a scatter! Honor chains me here. I am the man of the Marble Heart."

"Yes, but you don't want to be locked up, I take it," protested the officer. "There's no use in getting into trouble because your heart isn't made on the regular plan."

But he wouldn't go. He wanted gore and other high-priced summer goods, and waiting until the officer was a block away he bristled up to a man with a basket on his arm and dared him to look cross-eyed.

"I warn ye to kepe off!" exclaimed the man as he moved along.

The man of the Marble Heart moved after him. Then the basket dropped, the young man went into the gutter in a heap, and a sport declared him knocked out in the first round. The policeman returned and picked him up and called the wagon, and it was not until the victim reached the station that he spoke. Then he said:

"S'all right. Man of the Marble Heart can't stand up to the Man with the Iron Fist. Didn't know it before, but I shall remember it now—always remember it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The following from a San Diego newspaper tells of Southern California's bursted boom: "Eight restaurants closed in one day, 16 clerks discharged from one dry-goods store, 1,600 empty rooms in lodging-houses, hotel rates reduced \$2 per day, shaving reduced from 25 cents to 10, coffee from 10 to 5. Real estate agents leaving by the score."

—Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp; "I'm hungry and cold. I slept out-doors last night, and the rain came down in sheets." "You should have got in between the sheets," said the woman kindly, as she motioned him to "the gate."