THE REVIEW
IS ISSUED
FRIDAY MORNINGS,
—BY—
J. R. N. BELL, - - Proprietor.

One Year - - - - - - -	$2 50
Six Months - - - - - - -	1 50
Three Months - - - - - -	1 00

These are the terms of those paying in advance. The REVIEW offers fine inducements to advertisers. Terms reasonable.

Roseburg Review.

VOL. IX. ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1885. NO. 48.

THE REVIEW
HAS THE
FINEST JOB OFFICE
IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.
CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS,
And other Printing, including
Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills,
Neatly and expeditiously executed
AT PORTLAND PRICES.

J. JASKULEK,
PRACTICAL
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
AND A FULL LINE OF
Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods.
The only reliable Optomer in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First Door South of Postoffice,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

LANGENBERG'S
Boot and Shoe Store
ROSEBURG, OREGON,
On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office,
Keeps on hand the largest and best assortment of
Eastern and San Francisco Boots and Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers,
And everything in the Boot and Shoe line, and
SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH.
Boots and Shoes Made to Order, and Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
I use the Best of Leather and Warran all my work.
Repairing Neatly Done, on Short Notice.
I keep always on hand
TOYS AND NOTIONS.
Musical Instruments and Violin Strings a specialty.
LOUIS LANGENBERG.

HUBBARD
CREEK MILLS
CLARK & BAKER, Props.
Having purchased the above named mills of E. Stephens & Co., we are now prepared to furnish any amount of the best quality of
LUMBER
ever offered to the public in Douglas county. We will furnish at the mill at the following prices:

No. 1 rough lumber	$12 ⅌ M
No. 1 flooring, 6 inch	$24 ⅌ M
No. 1 flooring, 4 inch	$26 ⅌ M
No. 1 finshing lumber	$20 ⅌ M
No. 1 finishing lumber dressed on 2 sides	$24 ⅌ M
No. 1 finishing lumber dressed on 4 sides	$26 ⅌ M

CLARK & BAKER.

L. F. LANE. JOHN LANE.
LANE & LANE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

CHARLEY HADLEY'S
BARBER SHOP
Next Door Live Oak Saloon.
Shaving and Hair Cutting in a Workmanlike Manner.
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

JOHN FRASER,
Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, OREGON.
UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC.,
Constantly on hand.
FURNITURE. I have the Best STOCK OF FURNITURE South of Portland.
And all of my own manufacture.
No Two Prices to Customers.
Residents of Douglas County are requested to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

DEPOT HOTEL,
Oakland, Oregon.
RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.
This Hotel has been established for a number of years, and has become very popular with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
—AND THE—
Table supplied with the Best the Market affords
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
DEALER IN
Staple Dry Goods,
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
Extra Fine Groceries,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND CORDAGE,
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Such as required by the Public County Schools.
All kinds of Stationery, Toys and Fancy Articles,
TO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.
Buys and Sells Legal Tenders, furnishes Checks on Portland, and procures Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and goods shipped with care.
Address, HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE GHOULS' BELL.

O'er the tombs of pious people,
In a quaint and ancient steeple,
Hangs a bell—
A haunted bell!
And ghouls do the knelling;
And people tell,
When the winter blast is swelling
Around each humble dwelling,
Or the summer sun is shining
O'er the tender vines entwining,
How spirits dwell
And claim the ancient steeple as their own;
And they tremble when the tone
Of the bell!
Like the angry wind doth moan,
Like a grieving soul doth groan,
Thro' the dell!

And they cross themselves, the people,
When they gaze upon the steeple—
And the bell,
The haunted bell!
And at midnight when it's swaying
The people tell
Their beads, and keep on praying,
A plea for mercy saying;
And they hear the ghoulish laughter
Ringing from each dusky rafter
And in each hollow knell!
They hear the Erl-king mutter,
And his maledictions utter,
And they swell!
On the dusky folds of night,
With the speed of elfish might,
Thro' the dell!

And the simple village people,
And the quaint and ancient steeple,
And the bell,
The haunted bell!
That ghouls are ringing,
Still do dwell,
Where the flowery vine is swinging,
Where the tender buds are springing.
Where beauty is in hiding
'Neath the German skies a biding.
And the knell
Echoes o'er an azure river
Where the golden sunbeams quiver.
And the smell
Where the violet pale reposes
Near the open-hearted roses
Fills the dell!

—*Alfred Ensign.*

A TERRIBLE HABIT.

The Confession of a Drinker of Hydrate of Chloral.

An Insiduous Drug More Fearful and More Injurious in Its Effects Than Opium—The Horrors of Chloral Mania.

After an apparent forgetfulness of the once famous anæsthetic hydrate of chloral, recent fatal cases seem to have awakened public interest in this effective drug. I need not describe the dangerous drug further than to say it is a salt of burning pungent taste, having a great affinity for water; its basis is chloroform, into which it is supposed to be changed into the blood. In small doses it is stimulant and antispasmodic, in larger narcotic, while an overdose produces death as instantaneously as a flash of lightning. Like opium, the dose must be constantly increased to keep up the same effects. The stimulation, however, is not like that caused by opium or alcohol; it is not exhilarating, and does not incite to action either mentally or bodily. But the subject of the influence rises for a time above all his cares or sorrows or fatigue, and seems to look on life through the medium of a rose-tinted glass. But while care and sorrow are forgotton and a strange, dreamy sense of perfect ease, comfort and happiness takes their place, all affection and love are likewise banished. He is apathetic and cares for nothing save his own sense of comfort. In this state the confirmed chloral taker would stand by the death-bed of his nearest and dearest a passive spectator, if not actually smiling, and for the same reason he would stand quietly on the scaffold until executed. If the same dose is repeated without the chloralist lying down speech becomes indistinct, the eyelids drop, and the gait in walking is affected just as in drunkenness from alcohol. The chloralist drunk in the first degree, is by no means an unpleasant companion. A stranger could mark nothing unusual about him; he is genial, and although rather languid and by no means bright in conversation, he is at all events a good listener, and is easily pleased, although his smiles often partake of the hysterical order, and, too, he is at times easily aroused into an outbreak of furious passion, which dies away just as suddenly as it came, leaving no trace behind. But, of course, every one will not be affected precisely alike, as much depends on the idiosyncrasy or innate peculiarities of the chloralist. In my own early stage of chloral taking I used to take a small pick-me-up dose when starting on a journey by rail. The effect was rather remarkable. All sense of bodily fatigue and even of unpleasant motion was banished. I seemed lifted out of myself—a spirit traveling by rail—and the ever-varying scenery went gliding past me like an enchanted diorama. The difference in the effects of chloral and opium under the same circumstances would be this: Opium is moral and imaginative, and paints things as they really do not exist—throws an artificial halo around them, as it were; chloral merely increases the power of enjoying the real. The picture on the brain of the chloralist is, so to speak, photographic compared to that on the brain of the opium-eater, which might be called phantasmagorical. "I know from experience," said a neighbor to me the other evening, "the work that chloral does. For many months, every night on my return from business, I found my poor wife drunk and my dear children, who used to be so merry, silent and unhappy. But there was no smell of intoxicating liquor in the room, or even about her breath, and all my efforts to unravel the dreadful mystery were unavailing. But one evening after tea she dropped from her chair while trying to speak to me—dropped like a log on the floor, and I carried her to bed. Her face was red and swollen, her lips blue; her arms and legs were marble cold, even hard; she had no pulse at the wrist, but breathed as quietly as an infant. I sat beside her all that long night. Towards morning the sleep was broken by moans and deep catching sighs, and when she at length awoke it was dreadful even to look upon her sufferings and agony. From the doctor's lips I first heard the name of chloral. She is now a nervous imbecile, and must, I fear, soon succumb to her infirmities." Yes, chloral is set moving in society, and thousands annually fall beneath its wheels. Let any reader of the *Eagle* ask any wholesale chemist, and he will be told that tons on tons of this dangerous drug are annually imported (from Germany and other parts) which are not prescribed by medical men, but taken as stimulants by the people themseves. Hydrate of chloral in every shape—unless administered by the hand of a skilful practitioner—is an insidious and fatal poison. It is more tempting than alcohol, more insinuating than opium, and more terrible in its effects than either. An opium-eater, baneful though the practice is, has been known to live to a goodly old age; no chloralist ever lasted over three years.

A friend of mine—an intelligent young man—and myself both commenced the practice of chloral-eating at the same time. We became chloralists in December, 1878. My friend succumbed in the following July. Unfortunately, he did not find out till a week or two of the end that it was the new drug that was doing him to death, and then I believe it would have been too late could he by any possibility have given it up. But he did not and could not, and what is still more sad, I fear he took "one last biggish dose," as he said he would, "to anticipate the inevitable." I had been for some months assistant to a railroad engineer in Pennsylvania. He was one of those men who work their assistants as they would a tired horse, so I was kept at it very hard and close all day, only I had the nights to myself. I sustained about this time a loss which caused me a good deal of grief, and this, combined with the irksomeness of my duties, began to tell upon me so far that I suffered sleeplessness, so that at times I could get no rest till far into the morning hours, and being deprived of sufficient sleep, I was naturally in poor trim for the labors of the succeeding day. It would have been well for me if I had now at once thrown up my employment. But one fine morning, in reading a medical journal, I came across the letter of a practitioner who was loud in his praises of hydrate of chloral. How well I remember the words: Produces sleep almost instantaneously—the sleep is pleasant and dreamless—patient awakes in the morning fresh and clear-brained, with no headache, and merely a little whitening of the tongue; no after effects. "Eureka!" I cried; "this very night I shall be lapped in Elysium." I was lapped accordingly. I took twenty grains of chloral and slept like a stone till morning. Overjoyed with the success of my experiment, I repeated the dose next night, and every night for a week, after which I tried one night without, but found I was entirely unable to sleep, and so had recourse to my draught about three in the morning. Six weeks went past, and although as yet I had felt no illness from the chloral, still I had my misgivings, and resolved that I would give it up some of these days. One thing, however, which I observed was, that on awakening in the morning I felt as if actually no space of time had intervened since I lay down. My life seemed a continuous, never-ending day. I had no satisfaction from my sleep, and felt dispirited in consequence. If I had only taken warning then! But I did not, for this same peevishness is the earliest symptom of that coming irritability of chronic congestion of the brain, which the continuous use of chloral never fails to produce. About two months after I had begun taking chloral I first became sensible of a strange heat on the top of my head, together with a sense of fullness in the head. My nerves, too, began to be shaken, I could do things slowly, but any hurry or excitement at once confused me.

In justice to myself I ought to say that I had no suspicion it was the hydrate of chloral that was doing me all the mischief. I was treating myself for brain congestion. I noticed now that I was losing flesh. Day after day I observed this in the glass; crows' feet began to appear about my eyes, and wrinkles where never wrinkles were before. My pulse, too, got more and more thready. Even at this early stage I had very little hope of ever getting well, and so, day after day, I marked in the glass my thin, worn face, and the gathering wrinkles, and waited and waited for death. Had I died now, or at any time during my illness, I should have died with my finger on my pulse counting even the last beat. My sufferings were now increased by periodic attacks of tic doloureux of a very distressing character, and my remedy was more chloral. A strange thing was that I could never bear any allusion to my illness. Although I felt sure I was dying, I kept the secret secure in my own breast, and made every effort to seem well in the street by walking quicker than my strength would permit, and refusing even the aid of my cane. I had friends and relations who would gladly have come to see me, but I never even told them that I was alive; I preferred death among strangers.

It is the end of June—the air is beautiful but hot. I crawl down to the seaside and lie for hours sheltered from the sun by a bush. This is the only time in the day I have the slightest freedom from pain and misery. Excepting this solitary walk, it is months since I have been able to go out or keep any company. I am constantly reading or thinking, trying, as the Germans say, to "solve the infinite." My constant prayers had been that I might either get slowly well or speedily die. Hope deferred maketh sick the soul, and all faith in prayer has gone, and all belief in religion and revelation. Sometimes I even doubt the existence of a Supreme Being Himself. My bodily sufferings are very great, and my mind is a mere chaos. My face is so thin and white and worn that I start at my own image in the glass. My eyes are constantly dilated, and the least excitement runs my pulse from sixty to one hundred. Toward evening my head feels as if frozen, and I sit in a benumbed stupor until bed-time. Undressing I feel is one of the labors of Hercules, and has to be done by degrees. I do not take my chloral—three drams, enough to kill as many men—until I am in bed and the house perfectly still, for the slightest noise would necessitate a double dose. When all is quiet, a drink and——

Three months more have passed away. After my friend's death I made strenuous efforts to reduce my dose of chloral, and continued the same for more than a month. What nights of sleepless agony, what days of restless pain! I am now taking three drams and a half at bed-time, and one more at early morning. I have often started from my sleep at midnight with a strange dread of impending death which I can not describe, and found my hand cold and no pulse at the wrist. I can now barely walk a hundred yards without sitting or lying down. The irritability of the brain is charged with a feeling of indescribable agony if I attempt to get up an incline or stair. Superadded to this is a horrible sensation of strangulation, which is nearly always present when I assume the upright position.

Another three months have gone; it is now the bleak December. The end must be very nigh. In the beginning of November I was prevailed upon to see a Philadelphia physician—a specialist. His specialism was heart disease. I did not tell him how much chloral I was taking. I don't know that I had very much hope of life when I went to see this man, but if I had any I left it all at his house, and brought away with me—despair. He examined no part of the body but the region of the heart, and treated the head symptoms as only secondary. Shall I ever forget how deftly his little white fingers glided over other parts of my chest and settled on the region of the heart! "Here is where your trouble is," he said; a little enlargement of the right side—nothing to signify." I heard his instructions and received his prescription, kindly tendered, like one in a dream. All doubt was now at an end, every ray of hope banished; I was literally condemned to death. "I take an interest in your case," he said, "and will watch it." I thanked him for formality's sake, although his words brought me about as much comfort as they would have done spoken by a hangman to the wretch he would soon have to operate on officially. It was as though he had said: "Go home and die, my boy; I'll have much pleasure in watching the symptoms and duly recording them for the benefit of the profession." I dragged myself wearily back to the railroad depot, but I felt no longer the slightest interest in anything that was happening around me. I was in the world, but no longer of the world. Not until I had reached home and retired for the night did I begin to feel the whole horror of my situation. Now it was the awful uncertainty of the kind of death I should die that hurt me most. I knew I should die lingeringly and in the full possession of my senses, feeling the ebbing of my heart's pulse and counting my latest breath. As to any future state, I had no hope at all. I had lost all belief in the existence of a beneficent Creator. I believed in the doctrine of chance, and looked upon the existence of soul as mere poetry and romance. I felt quite convinced that nothing could exist independent of matter; that height and depth, and up and down, the points of the compass, weight, sight and sound, thought itself, and every principle or so-called fundamental truth, had no existence in the abstract, or "beyond an earth." I believed in the after existence for the merely material part of my body, but that would be sublunary. Matter can not die, I reasoned, and I shall live again—live again in the sunny air, in the dew that distils from the clouds—live again in trees, in flowers, and, perhaps, in some other form of animal life, and here, amid all my gloomy speculations, came the ridiculous thought: "I shouldn't like to be a centipede, though, nor a beetle, nor anything creepy." For what was life but change? What was change but motion the result of force, force heat in another form? And what was heat? So I soared away, and got lost in the realms of the abstruse. But it will be thus seen that there was no aberration of intellect, no wandering of hallucination. The brain was clear, though in a high state of exaltation, and my reason was similar to and the conclusions arrived at the same as those of many schools of philosophy—notably those of Germany. And now there began to dawn in my mind a feeling from which I at first recoiled with horror. I constantly saw in the distance the dread necessity of suicide, for the time I knew would soon come when I could bear no more. As a further source of comfort to me my medical adviser had given me a little book, of which he was the author—a book on disease of the right side of the heart, and which described very minutely the different modes of exit from this world specially prepared for the poor wretches so afflicted. This book was bible to me for many days. The easiest style seemed to be to live all your life with continual congestive headache, and expire some fine morning in a fit. Then there was sudden death by heart cramp or paralysis. Oh, it was a merry volume!

For the first fortnight in December never less than five drams of the hydrate of chloral was my nightly dose. From the time I arose in the morning my sufferings were extreme. I had now lost all power of reading, writing or speaking aloud, any attempt to do either was excruciating brain agony, and if persevered in fainting followed. I could hardly move my head from the pillows or sit erect, while my eyes seemed starting from their sockets if I attempted to walk. But toward night—well, if all of mental, all of bodily suffering I ever have endured in my life could be compressed into one hour, it would not exceed the torment I then underwent. Every vein in my body seemed swollen to double the size and inflamed along the whole length, while the restlessness was so distressing that I could not lie for five minutes in any one position. Add to this that time seemed indefinitely long—minutes as hours and hours as days—and you will have some faint notion of my experience of the "grand remedy for sleeplessness that had no after effects."

Then came a day when my landlady took fright and went of her own accord for a medical man to come and see me. I was worse that day than ever I had been. This gentleman hardly stopped a minute with me, and as he went out I heard him say to the landlady: "You ought to have sent for me before—weeks ago. He can't last many hours now." So, then, it had come at last. I was almost face to face with the grim enemy. I went quietly to bed and took my chloral. The doctor was to come at ten in the morning and I was anxiously awaiting his arrival. He came at last. The first thing he did was to glance up at the windows to see if the blinds were down, and I think he was disappointed that they were not. I did not like this man, and lay perfectly still, with closed eyes, when he came in. He felt my pulse gently enough, and then stood looking at me for a few moments with his hands in his pockets. "Wondering what you will put in my death certificate, eh, doctor?" said I, opening my eyes." "I am," he replied, bluntly. "Then," said I, "here is the verdict—*felo de se*. Now, good-bye; I can't bear talking." He went away accordingly, thinking, no doubt, I was slightly distracted. Hardly had the sound of this man's carriage-wheels died away in the distance when a hale, hearty, bluff old gentleman stepped into my room. He was a medical man I had often heard of; he had a good deal of business about him, but bid a kind heart behind a rough exterior. He soon elicited from me the whole history of the chloral. Then he stood at my bedside and offered to bet me five to one that if I followed his instructions to the letter I would be a different man and in good health in five months. He examined my heart; said it was weakened by the poison imbibed, but nothing more. Though his words seemed to me only a cruel mockery, I promised faithfully to obey him in every particular. Then he destroyed all my chloral, and asked me if had any hidden store. I had no chloral that night, and such a night I never passed before, and I trust I never shall again. Sleep, of course, was impossible; but I tossed about all the long, long hours in a bath of perspiration, yawning, stretching and sneezing. The most painful feeling was a sensation of rending at my heart, as if some monstrous crab were gnawing out my vitals. I never slept a wink for over a week, and then sleep came in fitful snatches. I was, of course, too much prostrated to leave my bed. On the second night I was delirious, and so on for several nights following. My delirium, too, took at first a strange form. Some presence seemed to be ever with me asking me question after question in rapid succession, which I was impelled to answer in rhyme. Words or meter never once failed me, and in one night I am certain I composed sufficient verses to set a dozen poets up in life; in fact, I had been suddenly transformed into a living, breathing, rhyming dictionary; but the distress this form of delirium caused me can hardly be imagined. On the third night there was an entire change in the performance: the rhyming power left me, my eyes no more rolled in fine frenzy, and the delirium was changed to a dioramic entertainment—to-wit, in my travels and voyages around the world, I had gazed on many a beautiful coast scene from my cabin; these scenes were framed, as it were, by the round porthole, and very pretty pictures they often made, each one varied as the weather or climate varied, but always having the sea in the foreground, weather calm and serene, or ruffled and angry; the sky above, whether blue with flocks of snowy cloudlets or dark and lowering with the coming storm, and the landscape in the middle. Now back from the realms of memory came those circulating pictures, one by one, and by the hundreds gliding before my half-closed eyes like dioramic scenes of enchantment. My recovery was a long one, but hope had renewed in my heart, and in three months I could walk as many miles. Sleep, too, returned to bless me, and I felt indeed a new man. Blessings on the rough kindness of that good and clever doctor.—*Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.*

VOLCANIC RELICS.

Curious Natural Formations to Be Seen in Northwestern New Mexico.

During the past summer Captain C. E. Dutton, of the geological survey, has been studying some remarkable relics of ancient volcanic action in the northwestern portion of New Mexico. They consist of a multitude of needle-like peaks rising out of the broad valley bottoms to altitudes varying from 1,000 to 2,200 feet. They are called chimneys by the residents. They are composed of black basaltic lava, having a beautiful columnar structure like the basalt of the Giant's causeway. They are remnants of lava which once rose up out of the earth through the strata and congealed in the volcanic pipes or vents. In later periods the strata which inclosed them have been dissolved away and removed by the general erosion of the country, leaving these basaltic cores projecting many hundreds of feet in the air, as casts of the volcanic pipes or passages through which the ancient towers rose to the surface. The proof of this origin is conclusive. Around the valleys in which they stand rise lofty tables or plateaus known in the west as mesas. These are capped with heavy sheets of basalt, and beneath them are the stratified sandstones and shales of the western coal fields. In the walls and upon the slopes of these mesas may be seen many of those chimneys in every stage of partial disinterment, some nearly excavated, some half disentombed, and some just beginning to appear, as the mesa walls still have remnants of the old cinder cones upon their summits, while from those which are wholly or in the greatest part excavated all traces of the cinder cones have disappeared. Thus the veritable roots of the ancient volcanoes are unearthed and laid open to the inspection of the geologist. The locality where these volcanic "necks" (for this is the technical name given them by geologists) are seen lies along the eastern flank of Mount Taylor, one of the great extinct volcanoes of the west. It is about sixty miles west of Rio Grande, and seventy miles northwest of Albuquerque.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A curious question of jurisdiction has risen in the case of the sunken British frigate Hussar, which is said to have gone down somewhere about 1780 in Long Island Sound with $5,000,000 of gold on board. Recently the Secretary of the Treasury transferred the contract of raising the wreck from a New York man to a Providence firm, the Government to receive all relics and ten per cent. of the money recovered, and now it is claimed than the State of New York owns the alleged sunken treasure and that the National Government has no right to meddle with it.—*N. Y. Mail.*

HEALTHY SLEEP.

Conditions Which Assure the Best Results to the Subject.

I think we may safely say that every one requires six hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and very many men and women, not to mention fools, require even more. Certainly, too much sleep is harmful; but too little is vastly more so. I would let each man regulate his hours of sleep by what he feels are his real requirements; always urging him to avoid the suspicion of laziness, to take into consideration the bed he lies upon, and to watch the effect on his health of any system of sleep he adopts. If you get up when you first wake, providing you have had six hours of sound, refreshing sleep, you can scarcely get wrong. But make sure of your six hours' minimum, and be wonderfully suspicious of the necessity for further sleep, as it is apt to become, not necessity, but indulgence. Wellington could sleep at any moment; Baron Bunsen could sleep for half an hour at any time in the midst of his studies, awaking refreshed, and resuming his work with increased vigor. A blessed gift this; such a faculty, combined with that of early rising, is as good as a fortune to a capable man, or, indeed, to almost any man. Sleep is heaviest in the first few hours, gradually becoming lighter, and probably disturbed by dreams, as time wears on, until a slight noise disturbs us, or our rested system resumes full work of its own accord. Everybody knows that in dreaming part of the brain is awake and at work, while the other part is asleep—as much as the brain can sleep; at all events, exercising lessened function. It is therefore obvious that dreamless sleep is most useful, as dreams are evidence of work by some part of the brain, detracting from a perfect rest.

A very important factor in securing healthy sleep is the kind of bed we lie upon. Feather beds I can not commend; indeed, luxuries—and this is an undoubted one—are not to be sought by him whose aim is perfect health and strength. A spring mattress is very excellent, and the harder your couch, to be comfortable, the more likely are you to secure healthy, refreshing sleep, not unduly prolonged. It is a difficult matter to rise early from a feather bed, difficult to awake in a reasonable time, and more so to leave its warmth and coziness in winter. But the luxury must be sacrificed to the more healthful influence of the mattress. The clothing should be light and warm; and I can not but recommend the sheet of paper placed between two blankets as being very warm, for paper is a poor conductor of heat. You get warmth by this means without undue weight of clothing. Then your bedroom must be well-ventilated, for you require to take in an extra stock of oxygen during the night to help out the supply for the day. You will sleep too much if the air is impure.

If, then, you have taken care, that your bed is very warm and comfortable, without either being oppressed with clothing or too soft, and your room be fully ventilated, and you can't sleep, what must be done? Perhaps you ate too much supper, and must await its more perfect digestion; or, being squeamish, you ate less than usual, and the cravings of the stomach must be satisfied before sleep is obtained. In this case a glass of new milk, kept handy for use, with a biscuit, will probably satisfy your requirements, and you fall asleep readily. A friend of mine who was hot and restless, and could not go to sleep on one occasion, procured due repose by going into the street and rolling in the snow. Another person describes the means he adopted for sleeplessness as consisting in watching the reflection from a light he could not see, in a tumbler of water placed near him. A few turns up and down your room may assist you if you fail to discover any chilliness, pain, or discomfort as causing insomnia. For myself, *I persistently think of nothing when I can not fall asleep.* I work until quite weary, then, tumbling hastily into bed, I usually find sleep immediately. On those rare occasions when sleep evades me, I check my thoughts immediately they begin, and concentrate my attention on a blank. This refusal of thought nearly always succeeds. If you can not sleep, and are worried to death with cares of the business and the family, ask your chemist to give you ten or fifteen grains of the bromide of potassium in an ounce of water, and this repeated for a few nights will allay the worry, and cause a return to your healthy condition.—*Cor. Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.*

RETIRED FROM POLITICS.

Why a Citizen of Wyoming Decided It Was Not Healthy to Discuss the Political Situation.

A politician and a quiet-looking person sat at a table in the Griswold House dining-room, last night. The politician turned to the unassuming stranger and asked:

"What do you think of the political situation?"

"I have retired from politics. I never discuss it any more."

"Retired? May I ask when?"

"You may. I was out in Wyoming a month ago, and a dozen cowboys and myself were attempting to discuss the merits of the National candidates. I touched upon the brilliant war record of Logan, when a cow puncher six feet five interrupted me by saying that it was a lie; Logan never saw a battle; he was a horse-thief up in the Laramie country."

"You denied it, of course."

The modest gentleman laid down his knife and fork, took a long draught of coffee, wiped his mouth, and then gazing long and earnestly at the politician, replied:

"Stranger, if you should ever talk politics to a gentleman in Wyoming with a very strong aroma of bovine about his person, and he should assert that Arthur and Jesse James played poker together, or that Brigham Young and Henry Ward Beecher ran on a Presidential ticket in 1860, just agree with him and turn the conversation into other channels. Stranger, I am going back to Wyoming. That's why I am out of politics.—*Detroit Journal.*

—Red hair is considered the most beautiful in Turkey.

BRAIN SURGERY.

The Lessons Taught by the Practice of Vivisection.

An extraordinary surgical operation, marking almost a new era in physiological knowledge as well as surgical performance, is reported in the London *Times*. The success of the operation is important for two reasons: it demonstrates the possibility of what had hitherto been considered impossible, and it illustrates the practical benefits to humanity of the experiments in vivisection of animals that have been so fiercely assailed as wanton cruelty.

A patient had been admitted to one of the London hospitals who had for some time been afflicted with epilepsy and paralysis of the brain. His sufferings had reduced him to the verge of exhaustion, and an examination of his case showed that no medicines could save him or drugs do more than partially alleviate his tortures. Under all previous methods of treatment there was nothing before him but months of painful misery and an agonizing death. It was evident that his was a case of tumor of the brain and that no relief could possibly be obtained without removal of the tumor.

The existence of tumors of the brain has been proved by post-mortem examinations, and their symptoms have been ascertained by ante-mortem bedside studies. But while clinical and pathological observations supplied the knowledge which enabled the skilled practitioner to detect the existence of the tumors, they have not afforded any clue to the situation of the morbid growths in the brain-mass. The vivisection experiments of Prof. Ferrier on rabbits and monkeys, rendered unconscious of pain by anæsthetics, demonstrated the localization of sensory and motor functions in cerebral hemispheres, so that the position of any diseased process by which they might be invaded could be definitely determined. In many cases it is possible to map out the seat of certain pathological changes in these hemispheres with so much nicety and certainty as if the skull and its coverings and linings had become transparent, so that the surface of the brain was exposed to direct inspection. Dr. Hughes Bennett, in charge of the epileptic patient, had watched the experiments of Prof. Ferrier with close attention, and by means of their revelations was able to interpret the meaning of the convulsive twitchings of his patient's muscles and trace them to a certain point in his brain. Here, Dr. Bennett concluded, was a small tumor, located in the ascending frontal convolution on the right side, which was silently and relentlessly eating its way into surrounding textures.

The experiments of Prof. Ferrier had not only enabled the skilled diagnoser to locate the seat of the disturbance, but had also proved that an operation, if performed with nice skill, would not necessarily be fatal. Dr. Bennett explained the situation to his patient. He pointed out the impossibility of a cure by medicines, or even of retarding the progress of the destroying growth. Then he offered him the chance of an operation of a formidable nature, one never before performed on a human being, under which he might, perhaps, sink and die, but from which he might, perhaps, obtain complete relief. The man had faith in his doctor and eagerly chose the operation. On the 25th of November, Mr. Godlee, surgeon to University College Hospital, in the midst of an earnest and anxious band of medica men made an opening in the scalp, skull, and brain membranes of the patient at the point where Dr. Bennett had placed his finger, the point corresponding with the convolution where he declared the trouble was seated, and where it was actually discovered. In the substance of the brain, exactly where Dr. Bennett had predicted, a tumor the size of a walnut, was found and removed without difficulty. At the time the account was written, sixteen days after the operation, the man was convalescent, having never had a bad symptom, and was full of gratitude for the relief afforded him. He has been snatched from the grave and from much suffering, and there is a good prospect that he will be restored to a life of comfort and usefulness.

The importance of this case can not be over-estimated. Hitherto cases of epilepsy and paralysis caused by abnormal growths in the brain have been deemed absolutely incurable. Now, thanks to the experiments of Professor Ferrier, this dreadful affliction can be conquered by surgical skill. Without those experiments on chloroformed rabbits and monkeys it would have been impossible to localize the malady or attempt its removal. The successful operation here recorded opens up new and far-reaching vistas of hopefulness in brain surgery. No one who has watched for months and years the progress of the dreadful malady, witnessed the tortures of the sufferer, and realized the utter helplessness of family, friends and medical skill to stay the progress of the disease or mitigate its tortures, but will recognize the magnitude of the blessing to humanity that has resulted from the experiments in vivisection.—*Cleveland Herald.*

"Old Isaacs."

"Old Isaacs" is a well-known disorderly character of New York, who spends most of his time in prison. The other day he received a ten day's sentence, and the next one called was a pretty and well-dressed girl of about eighteen. "Drunk" was the charge against her. The girl's tears failed to soften the judge, and the customary sentence of $5 was awarded. Neither she nor her companion had the money, and the court officers were leading her away sobbing as if her heart would break when "Old Isaacs" shambled up to the clerk's desk, and diving into his inner vest pocket, drew forth a dirt-begrimed wallet, from which he took a carefully folded bill, laid it down on the desk, and said in a half whisper, "There's the fine for her," jerking his thumb toward the girl. "She's too pretty to go to jail, and I had a daughter like her once." Then, shambling back, he took his place in the line again.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The barnyard is the field for winter work. Manure saved is manure made.