

INDIAN HASHEESH.

Its Effects Upon Physicians Who Experimented With It.

"You must have heard of the hashish eaters of India," remarked a well known Cleveland physician to a reporter. When the news-gatherer replied in the affirmative, the doctor continued: "Then you know all about the intoxicating effects the eating of the drug, or herb, or whatever it may be called, has on the natives of India. I have never traveled through that country, but I have frequently read and heard of those who are almost driven mad, wild and furious after indulging in hashish injudiciously."

"What does the preparation consist of?" inquired the reporter.

It is an acrid gum resin, manufactured principally of Indian hemp, which grows in warm climates. The leaves and flowers of the hemp are boiled with butter or some other fatty substance. The result is the hashish we hear so much about. But that is neither here nor there; there is nothing new in hashish, its mode of manufacture, or in its effects upon the natives of India, but what I intended to tell you was something of the effect the drug had on me when I first experimented with it.

"I was then house physician at one of the city hospitals, and had often heard my fellow-students and physicians discussing the effects of hashish and as I am inclined to be of an experimental nature I concluded to try a moderate dose of it and watch the results. One day a friend of mine received some of the genuine material from India, not the weak stuff usually sold in drug stores. I took a very small dose of it and went to work as usual attending to the patients.

"Late in the afternoon when the hashish I had taken that morning almost seemed like a thing of the past, as I had forgotten all about it, I was in the sick-room of a lady patient. Suddenly, without a moment of warning, I felt an irresistible desire to burst out in a fit of laughter without apparent cause or reason, but I restrained myself somewhat, and without explanation to the patient I left the room. When I reached my apartment I was, in my estimation, the happiest man in the universe, and repeatedly laughed outright in the most hilarious manner imaginable.

When the effect wore off I narrated my experience to an older physician who said that I must have taken an unusually small dose, as the effect of a greater amount is of an entirely different nature. In a few days after my first experience I tried it again, but I found that instead of taking too small a dose I undertook too much and swallowed an overdose.

"At first I felt unusually weak and helpless to such an extent that I was obliged to seek my bed, but suddenly everything about me was changed; articles in the room seemed greatly magnified in distance, and in endeavoring to reach for something placed upon a table near by my bed, I imagined it was a mile away. The door seemed further still, and before I had time to make an effort to reach it my symptoms suddenly changed, and I imagined myself on the point of death. I was as helpless as a babe, and could not move any part of my body; my limbs, arms and head were glued to the bed, and, try as hard as I might, I found it impossible to move them. My body was covered with cold perspiration.

"I grew weaker and weaker every moment; the beating of my pulse was almost imperceptible, and apparently the heart ceased to perform its functions. But, strange to say, I retained full consciousness, thought every moment was my last, felt all the symptoms of a horrible death, and my efforts to call for assistance proved in vain, for my voice was gone entirely and I could not utter a sound.

"About the time when I imagined that my last moment had arrived, and looked at my approaching death with comparative calmness and complete resignation, I by degrees felt my strength returning; my heart commenced to beat, first slowly, and by degrees more naturally. Suddenly I regained the use of my arms and limbs, felt strong again, and I need not tell you that I jumped out of that bed as fast as my strength would permit, and for an hour or so I paraded up and down that room like a pedestrian in training, I again told my experience to my friend, and he informed me that I had taken an overdose."

"Did you make any further experiments with the drug?"

"Any further experiments? No, sir; I know when I have had enough of experimenting, and you may rest assured that I shall not try it again. One or two doses of hashish is quite enough for my constitution."

GOOSE BACON.

A New Edible Rapidly Growing in Popularity.

"As a feature of my business," said a Harrison-street packer to a reporter for the *Tribune*, "I am introducing smoked geese breasts."

"And do you find it profitable?" was asked.

"I do, very."

"Will you tell me what you mean by smoked geese breast?"

"Smoked geese breast? Why, it is a kind of delicacy, I suppose, but there are places in the world where they are as common as bacon. It is not always easy to make the business profitable, owing to the high price of fowls. We can only preserve the breast and legs. When the legs are preserved," said the man, smiling blandly, "they are called hams."

"How do you dispose of the other portions of the fowl?"

"Well, some of it we are compelled to throw away. Other portions can be used in making goose-lard. That, you know sells at forty cents per pound. We get from one to two pounds from each fowl. This is a small yield, you must understand, but we do not hunt for fat geese in buying for the trade. We want those that seem to have plenty of meat, but as little fat as is consistent with their health and flavor. The breasts, when smoked and dried, weigh on an average about three pounds. Three and a half pounds is about as heavy as we can get them generally. They are cured almost the same as pork hams except that we add a little garlic to the sugar and salt. When offered for sale the meat is as dry as beef, and is chipped and eaten raw. To tell you the truth there is nothing better in the way of dried meats. I ship a great deal of the dried meat or "goose-bacon" to New York, and some I sell here, where the other material is always disposed of. The only product sold in its green or fresh condition is the livers. These I sell under contract to one man, who pays me fifteen cents apiece for them. You know they are very small. All healthy livers are, though the most unnaturally enlarged ones bring the most money."

"You speak only of geese; do you distinguish between them and the ganders?"

"Oh, no! there is only a trifling difference, if any, in the flavor, and we pay no attention to sex in replenishing our stock of fowls."

"Who are your patrons?"

"They are divided chiefly among the Jews and the Germans, and by both goose-bacon is considered a rare delicacy. You would be surprised to see the kind of people who buy of me. I have people who come here in carriages to make purchases and leave orders. I often have more orders than I can fill. During the last cold spell I was unable to do much business on account of the high price of fowls. The price always advances, by the way, whenever it grows cold enough to ship the dressed fowl East."

To Tell Good Butter.

The steward of a Detroit hotel said to a *Free Press* reporter: Any house-keeper can prove the honesty of her grocer, or his butter, by melting it. Pure butter melted produces a pure, limpid, golden oil, and it retains the butter flavor. Melt oleomargarine, and the oil smells like tallow, and a scum rises to the surface. Butterine is a mixture of dairy butter and fats. Melt that and the butter oil will rise to the top. Pour this off, and you will find the fats at the bottom, whitish in color and giving off a disagreeable smell.

A Legal Opinion.

"I notice in the papers," said the wife of a well known judge, "that some lawyers are advocating that judges should be clothed in silken gowns."

"Yes," he replied, straightening himself up. "How do you think I would look in a silken gown?"

"I hardly know," said the lady. "You might look well or you might not, but it is about time that somebody in the family had a new silken gown."

An American Farmer in Russia.

"A camel can carry a ton."

Robert Eldridge of Cincinnati, who has recently returned from Russia, where he has been rearing goats and camels, says he has seen good pack camels carry more than a ton on their backs, but a ton is considered a fair burden.

"Are there many camels reared in Russia?"

"The industry is not important in a commercial point of view. I have been engaged at it four years. I have figured that there are 25,000 camels in the Kuldsha and Erivan districts, the Kalmucks have about 20,000, and the Khirgese not far from 180,000. Camels are bred for their labor principally but also for their hair and milk. A camel will shear from eighteen to twenty-two pounds of hair. This is worth in the open market about \$2.50 a pound."

"You also raised goats?"

"Yes, I had about 800 on my ranch when I left. There are over a million and a half of goats in European Russia. The industry is the most important in the mountainous portions of the Caucasus. The Angora and Cashmere breeds are bred in some of the governments for their milk, meat and hair. In 1880 the export of goat down amounted to \$38,000, while the coarser qualities of hair about doubled it. The largest export was in 1876, when it reached \$400,000 for down and coarse hair combined."

"What do you know of bee culture in Russia?"

"In Little Russia and Lithuania, the great linden forests render bee-keeping very profitable. The finest honey I ever saw is produced in Kovno. Largest quantities come from the governments of Yekaterinoslay and Pollova. There are over 450,000 hives in those two districts. Kaluga produces annually about 1,760 poods of honey and 3,500 poods of wax. A pood contains about thirty-six pounds. The annual production in the Don Cossack country amounts to \$50,000 in round numbers."

"In Volhynia and Bessarabia the combined yield of honey reaches a value of nearly \$200,000 a year. The annual yield of the whole empire is not far from \$400,000, or about 18,000 tons. To this must be added nearly 5,000 tons of wax, worth \$2,000,000. This is about all consumed in Russia, the exports being very small."

Making a Home in the West.

With only a team and a few dollars the emigrant determines to make himself a home in the wilds of Nebraska. His first care is to build a sod house, as he must have shelter. This done, about the middle of May he commences breaking prairie, and if he has a good horse team, succeeds in getting from forty to sixty acres broken by the middle of June. A few acres of first breaking are usually planted with corn, dropped into a cut made through the sod with an ax, which incision is closed again by the foot of the planter. This cannot be cultivated, and is wholly at the mercy of the season. Half the time it is a failure, but if a favorable season, yields twenty or thirty bushels to the acre. Melons and pumpkins usually do well on sod, and turnips sown in mid-summer seldom fail. In the fall he "back-sets" his ground with his breaking plow, taking an inch or so of ground from below the spring breaking. The ground should not be plowed deeper than it is thoroughly rotted. The ground is now ready for the crop, and his wheat is sown the last of February, or in March. He has plenty of work to do, and hard work at that. No chance to make money escapes him. The first year or two is almost invariably one of hardships and privations for the average household. The weak or shiftless ones usually give way in despair and turn eastward. The resolute ones stay, and soon have comfortable homes. But no young man should go West unless he is prepared to work hard in the face of many difficulties.

Quarterly.

"How often do you present your bill to that young fellow?" said a gentleman to a cigar store man, whom a dude told to charge him with a package of cigarettes.

"Quarterly, sir."

"What? You don't mean to say you trust him for three months?"

"Oh no, of course not. Quarterly in this case means every time the bill amounts to a quarter."

JOHN CHINAMAN'S WAYS.

Peculiarities of the Almond-Eyed Orientals Residing in Utah.

A year in no other place can afford more amusing incidents than a twelve-month in Utah among the Chinese scattered in numbers throughout the Territory.

To use the word Chinese, erroneously implies both sexes; there are only men. Many of these keep tea stores and china shops, but they are principally engaged in laundrying and gardening. Some few find situations as house servants in private families, and most of the hotels employ Chinese cooks, but any hotel engaging in this capacity tries to conceal the fact. The prejudice against them is so great that mine host fears to injure his house by acknowledging them to be cooks.

This prejudice is not political, but arises from a suspicion of their cleanliness.

The Chinamen are successful as peddlers, and clutter about over the wooden sidewalks in the Western towns, making a patter in their queer wooden shoes, stopping at every door to sell vegetables, out of picturesque panier-shaped baskets, which hang at their sides from each end of a pole, as the scales are represented on the statues of Justice, only the Chinamen carry this pole across the back of the neck, bending the neck slightly forward to hold it in place.

When the vegetable season is over, during the midwinter on the Pacific Slope, they peddle wares they bring from China and Japan; lacquered trays, fans of ivory, sandal wood, feathers and paper, carved boxes, parasols, puzzles and shallow porcelain cups cased in wicker, which they say is to make them proof against breaking when Chinese babies, having finished drinking tea from them, throw them to the floor.

They are very persistent, and as patient watching for a trade as is a cat watching a rat-hole. They take infinite pains to show you all their wares, which they carry around on their heads in huge clothes baskets. They will unload a whole basket of frail things, and are as polite if at the end of an hour you have bought nothing, as if their labor had been well rewarded.

They all carry around face powder, of a chalky white, made of fish-bone, and tablets of rouge, which they are fond of giving to lady customers who buy generously of their wares.

Their rouge is very peculiar. It is a green, glassy-looking tablet, which, when they moisten by touching the finger first to the tongue, then to the tablet, rubs off a beautiful vivid rose-color, but is ghastly and unnatural on the skin.

It is interesting to the stranger to meet two or three Chinamen walking along together chanting to each other instead of talking in a conversational tone. They sing everything to each other in a recitative strain. They have childlike voices usually; and a bearded Chinaman is almost as rare as a bearded woman. They are so small in height and so slight that the forms of the oldest men look childlike, and their faces are so thin and yellow and their eyes so dull that the faces of the youngest boys look like old men.

When their day's work is done, the old men amuse themselves by playing ball and flying kites, which is considered a very praiseworthy pastime. They have a legend that many centuries ago a great earthquake shook the Chinese Empire to its center, and only those escaped death who were engaged at the moment flying kites. They have looked upon it ever since as an occupation which must be pleasing to the gods.

The older a Chinaman grows, the more time he gives to play—while the youth work without relaxation. They make a life-work of carrying out the advice of the adage: "Business before pleasure."

Female Detectives.

A superintendent of detectives in New York says of female detectives: "We do not employ women, because it is our firm conviction that women cannot be relied on. We have tried them and found them wonderfully quick at divining the source of a mysterious crime, patient in testing a plan for capturing a suspected person, and—yes, uncommunicative. There is just one reason, and only one reason, why they are not to be trusted—no one can tell who has the most influence over them. Anyhow, we can't afford to take the risk of employing them and being betrayed by them."

Flowers in the Sick Room.

The "superstition," as he called it, that plants are not healthful in sleeping or sick rooms, was vigorously attacked by Dr. J. M. Andrews, in a lecture before the social meeting of the alumni of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. The deleterious matter that they gave out, the doctor declared, is too small to have any appreciable effect, while their positive value in a sick room is great. They fulfil two functions—that of the generation of ozone and exhalation of vapor, by which the atmosphere of the room is kept in a healthful condition of humidity. Tests made by the doctor at Christ Hospital showed that in two rooms, alike in all respects except that one contained some flowers and the other none, that containing the flowers was cooler by 1½ degrees than the other.

The ozone, which is generated by budding and flowering plants, the doctor had found to have great sanitary value, in that it purified the air, ridding it of disease-breeding germs and of vapors of decomposition. For consumption ozone is of great benefit, arresting the course of the malady, and by living among flowers constantly consumptives have been known to reach an advanced age. Of thirty florists whom the doctor visited, he found none who had the consumption, though among the families of several it was hereditary. Foliage plants, the doctor found, produced no ozone, and so far as he had experimented, he had found no difference between odoriferous and non-odoriferous plants.

Choking a Wildcat.

We have laughed over the fable of the man who had the tiger by the tail, and dared not let go. That the man himself in such a position does not feel much like laughing, a resolute farmer from Indiana can testify very positively—and he only caught a very small kind of a tiger, either.

While visiting in Vinton County, Ohio, lately, he suddenly encountered a wildcat in the woods. Having no weapon to defend himself with, he threw his whole weight on the cat and crushed it to the ground, at the same instant, by strange good luck, grasping the animal's neck with both hands.

His weight held the wicked little fighter close to the ground, with his feet, its only weapons, under it, while by main strength he slowly choked the life out of the animal. Even after life was seemingly extinct, the farmer says he was afraid to loosen his hold, and only did so when the cramp in his fingers compelled him. He exhibits the skin of the animal as a trophy, but says he is not looking for other worlds to conquer.

Saying and Doing.

The man who is all the time saying what he is going to do when he accumulates five thousand dollars, seldom does it. Ten years ago, two poor but honest young men, named William Henry and John Thomas, sat upon a rail fence trying to pry into the future. Said William Henry, "When I accumulate five thousand dollars I am going West to buy a herd of cattle, and in a short time I'll be a rich man." John Thomas did not reply, but got down off the fence and went West while the walking was good. To-day William Henry does not own a solitary cow, bull or steer, while John Thomas has more horned cattle out in Wyoming than you could count in a week.

Peacocks' Feathers.

A correspondent, in writing on the question of the unluckiness of peacocks' feathers, says, that the peacock's feather is the emblem of an evil eye or an ever-watchful traitor in the house. The story is this: Argus was the vigilant Minister of Osiris, King of Egypt. When Osiris started on his Indian expedition he left his Queen, Isis, Regent, and Argus her chief adviser. Argus, with his one hundred eyes—or rather secret spies—soon made himself so formidable and powerful that he seized the Queen-Regent, shut her up in a strong castle and proclaimed himself King of Egypt. Mercury was sent against him with a large army, and he him captive and cut off his head, whereupon Juno metamorphosed him into a peacock and set his spies in his tail.