

A VICTIM OF COCAINE

Gives His Experiences with the Fascinating Drug—Nursed Back to Health.

Dr. Charles D. Bradley's name first came into undesirable prominence in November, 1885, when he was arrested charged with being insane through excessive indulgence in morphine and cocaine, the latter a powerful narcotic of which up to that time little had been heard. He was taken before Judge Prendergast, was declared to be insane, and given a sentence of six months in the Washington home. After a fortnight's stay at the home Dr. Bradley went to Canada, his old home, where he gave himself up entirely to the demands of the drug, the fascinations of which completely enthralled him. Practice and home were gone, and he gave free rein to his vice. He returned to Chicago and was sent to the insane asylum, where a complete cure was effected, and he resumed his practice, only to find himself deserted by his clients and his reputation impaired.

Consolation for the reverses came with cocaine, to which he again became a victim, and there were months when he absolutely lived in the state of mind it produced, securing it by hook or crook until his last possession was gone and his family beggared.

The physician went to the gutter, and a year ago was begging for cocaine at drug stores or securing it by fictitious orders on druggists. Then he disappeared. He was occasionally heard from in Canada and the east until last fall, when the papers recorded his arrest in New York city for endeavoring to obtain a supply of cocaine by representing himself as a messenger sent from one physician to another. In the police court the gaunt, emaciated, ragged man told his story of want and woe, and the causes which brought them about. At that time he was using sixty grains of cocaine a day. He was sent to Bellevue hospital to die. There he was found by the manager of the Christian home, where he was nursed back to mental and physical vigor.

Dr. Bradley was reluctant to dwell on the episodes thus briefly given, but conversed freely on other circumstances of his life.

"Until 1885 there was nothing to dim my prospects," said Dr. Bradley. "It was in that year that cocaine was first brought to notice through a German physician, but it was only known as a practical anesthetic in operation by oculists. There was no method known for using it for other purposes. I was the first man to discover that it could be otherwise used—in fact, to take the place of ether or chloroform. That discovery, so important to the world, was most unfortunate for me. When I announced my discovery physicians laughed and declared I was crazy. I wrote a letter to Mayor Harrison asking him to appoint a medical commission to inquire into the value of my discovery, which was the administration of cocaine hypodermically. I first utilized my discovery by testing it on a cat. I dissected a leg of a cat, exposing tissues and muscles, and kept the animal on my desk for hours watching the circulation. There was no pain, the drug exercising a soothing effect.

"Next I began experimenting on myself. I found that the anesthetic influence of cocaine is limited. I experimented on myself again and again to see just how far this limit extended, and learned just where, when and how to give injections. Physicians then believed that the effects of the drug were similar to those of morphine. To disprove this I tried actual cautery by applying to my body red hot irons, but I felt no pain, and there was not the slightest sensation as the flesh withered under the heated irons. For three months every day for a half hour I experimented with the drug, and often passed several hours of the night in its study before a mirror, watching its effect on myself. But I never realized that it was obtaining a mastery over me. Its fascinating powers were unknown to the profession. I was thunderstruck when I found that the drug was absolutely necessary to my mind and body. I believe I could have conquered the habit then were it not for a misunderstanding with the man from whom I rented my home. He wanted his house, and when I refused to vacate it my weakness was made a point by which I was dragged into an insane court. Persecution and publicity drove me to desperate extremes. At the Washington home no one knew how to treat my disease. Everybody knows the rest—how I went to the gutter and lost everything."

"With all your experience with cocaine, how do you now regard it?" asked the reporter.

"I think it is a grand drug, with remarkable properties, and destined to take the place of ether and chloroform. It can be used without danger of death. It produces no nausea or prostration. It is a great specific for nervous diseases, for certain diseases of the spine, for paralysis, for tetanus, hydrophobia and other convulsive diseases. It will unite with other anti-spasmodics and intensify their action. I think I know more about cocaine than most men, but I have no comprehensive idea of its possibilities. Scientists are only in the experimental stage with it."

"What are the effects of the drug?"

"To begin with, it is like the effects of any stimulant at certain stages, but it is not stupefying, as is opium. The person taking it has a feeling that everything is lovely and serene, of perfect contentment and universal satisfaction. All things seem perfect. There are none of the frightful illusions which come from liquor or other stimulants. Excessive quantities, though, cause great irritability. The duration of the effect is about

two hours, and is succeeded by a feeling of depression and exhaustion. But there is none of the disturbance of the mind or nervous system that follows drunkenness. The victim loses all strength after each indulgence, and there lies the chief danger in using cocaine. It weakens the action of the heart, making sudden strains or excitements dangerous, as was exemplified in the sudden death of a physician, who engaged in a quarrel with a barber last year and fell dead during the quarrel. He used cocaine. The effects of the drug are degrading. It will deaden a man's perception of right, just the same as whiskey, and pull a victim down to the lowest depths of low cunning and viciousness."—Chicago News.

IMPRESSIONS OF NASSAU.

An Island of Unending Summer Not Far Away—The Lazy Inhabitants.

Nassau is one of the smallest of the Bahama islands, covering a length of twenty miles by an average of five miles in width. The city is built, facing the north, upon the slope of a ridge, running west to east, and nearly 100 feet at its highest. The soil is thin, the island consisting of an old coral reef, elevated gradually from the ocean, and during that period subjected to the action of the waves, leaving it honeycombed and pocketed. This rock is compact, of sand made from disintegrated corals, yellowish creamy in color and soft in texture, so that it is quarried by sawing and chiseling, becoming considerably harder by exposure. The surface of the rock is covered with loose pieces, exceedingly irregular in form. Over this is a very little soil.

The streets are graded through this natural rock, with natural gutters and walks. The streets at right angles to the water front cross the ridge generally through deep cuts in the natural rock in order to lessen the grade. The dwellings of the better sort are square or oblong square, seldom more than two stories high, with low ceilings and low pyramidal roofs. These houses are always surrounded on at least two sides with broad verandas, closed in with slats to keep out the light. For this reason the houses appear larger than they are. Dormer windows abound. The house colors are stone, light yellow, cream; the blinds are brown or green. High stone walls, with broken glass bottles cemented to the ridges, inclose the houses and gardens; ornamented openwork gateways afford a glimpse within.

The cocconut, the royal the palmetto and the silver leaf palms abound. The giant Cuba, or silk cotton tree, oleanders of large size, enormous amaryllids, with the many species of the citrus family, hang up their yellow fruit against the sun. The most jaspodilla just coming into fullness adds a special charm to its background of dark green waxy leaves. The vegetation seems rather sub-tropical than thoroughly tropical. This results not from want of heat, may be, but need of soil.

The city of Nassau is extremely picturesque with the quaint narrow streets, white, deep gutters cut from living rock, large dwellings, with the lower or street story, for warehouse or shop, the outside stairways and balconies. Every building has some special individuality about it which adds much to the sum total of the charm one finds in quietly roaming round the streets.

Here it is literally always afternoon. No one works. Ask a question and it will be answered the day after tomorrow. The few shops open about breakfast time, and are then shut up during that meal, and breakfast time is not early. I went into a wholesale store at noon time. The one clerk was fast asleep in his chair, and I left him undisturbed. The blacks, seemingly twenty to one of the whites, sit lounging, gabbling, chatting, talking loud and laughing, but I have not seen one at work.

The English majesty of law is thoroughly respected here. The principal crimes—profanity, jawing and slander—are among the colored races, and they enjoy defending themselves at law. Shops close at 5 p. m. Saturday is a half holiday and Sunday a Puritanical one.

Back of Nassau proper, over the ridge and down on to lower levels swarm the colored people. Their small garden pieces are walled in with the loose pieces of coral rock. Their cabins are small, with one or many to two rooms, of rock or coral, palmetto thatched. The gardens are bare, honeycombed coral rock, where with a crowbar the banana, the cocconut or maize is planted. They are unkempt, unthrifty, dirty; but everywhere kind mother nature covers the garden walls with lichens and the convolvulus, and the great lobed leaves of the bread fruit, the almana and the palms give to the eye an ever varying, an ever entirely satisfying picture.

These cabins of the colored people (our inheritance from Spanish cruelty) literally swarm with children. The traditional stair of from five to twelve little pickaninnies is found in every cabin. "Massa, gib me copper for bread!" They are inveterate beggars. They say they can't get work, or if they do get any but little is paid—twenty-five to fifty cents a day. The truth is, there is no desire, perhaps no incentive, to work, no ambition to satisfy. Hunger is easily satisfied by fruit, sweet potato, yams and fish. But little fruit is exported, and that from the outlying islands, not from here. Sponge fishing is the one industry which here is active.

For the climate, I would judge we had in the United States no spot equal to this for unending summer. For people advanced in life who desire to avoid our winters, for tired brain workers, for cases of low vitality, for the beginning of throat and lung troubles, I should say Nassau is the place.—Fred Stearns in Detroit Free Press.

HUDSON'S BAY PEOPLE.

Family Life of the Eskimo Who Dwell Near the Great Inland Ocean.

In the summer each family has its own house, but in winter two or more families live together for the sake of increased warmth and economy of fuel. The summer residence is a tent made of sealskins with the hair scraped off, giving much the appearance of yellowish parchment, which is stretched over poles of driftwood arranged in the ordinary cone shape. The door always faces toward the water by whose side they are camped, and at the opposite side of the tent is the bed, composed of moss covered with sealskin. As they sleep with head pointing downward, they necessarily lie down hill, owing to the natural slope of the land toward the shore. This does not seem either a comfortable or healthy position, but apparently they are none the worse for it. On either side of the doorway is their lavator, consisting of exceedingly repulsive looking piles of seal meat and blubber, which give forth an odor that Samson himself, with his hair at its longest, could hardly wrestle with successfully, so overwhelming is its strength.

The winter habitations are made entirely of snow, and are generally built under the sheltering lee of a rock, in the drift that accumulates there. The builders begin by marking out on the snow a circle about fifteen feet in diameter, which represents the inner side of the walls, and with a saw or long bladed knife they cut out blocks of snow, from three to six feet long by a foot thick and high, from inside the circle they have marked; then, placing the blocks around the circle, they carry the walls up spirally (not in tiers), until they meet in a keystone above, at a distance of about nine feet from the excavated level of the floor. The result is, except, of course, as to color, the production of a gigantic beehive, over the door or in the center of the roof of which is set a big block of fresh water ice to serve the purpose of a window in lighting an interior that, although stainless white at first, is soon blackened by the ever smoking, evil smelling lamps the inmates use.

The furniture of these human hives is very simple, as may be readily supposed. It consists of a bed place or divan along the side of the "igloo," opposite the door, and two fireplaces, one on either hand as you enter. These are made of firmly packed snow, and raised about three feet above the floor, the divan having its outer edge faced with a pole to prevent it from crumbling away when used as a seat in the day time. The beds are made up in the following manner: First, a layer of moss spread over the snow; next, a layer of sealskins; then a layer of bear or deer skins; and finally the sleeping bags, which resemble exaggerated pillows, only that fur takes the place of linen, and the fur is double, so that there may be hair both inside and outside. Into these bags, of which each adult has one, the Eskimo, stripped to the bare buff, creeps for the night, and sleeps very comfortably. Up to the age of 10 the children share their parents' bag; after that they are promoted to having one of their own.

Their fires are nothing more than lamps rudely fashioned out of soapstone, and so arranged as to be self-supplying, a mass of blubber being hung in such close proximity to the flame that the fat is converted into oil, which, dripping into the bowl below, is consumed by means of a moss wick. As the lamp has no chimney, and both oil and wick are of the poorest, the result is the reverse of brilliant, neither light nor heat being obtained in what we would consider a satisfactory quantity. Just above the lamps a sealskin is stretched to prevent the heat shawing the roof away, a precaution that seems hardly necessary, seeing that the ordinary temperature of these snow huts is 27 degs. at the roof and 24 degs. at the level of the beds; in other words, from 5 to 8 degs. below freezing point.

In order to keep out as much cold as possible, the doorways are very low and narrow, a fact which explains the curious phrase with which the hosts speed their parting guests, namely: "Tabourike aperniak in air"—that is: "Good-by; don't bump your head."—J. Macdonald Oxley in American Magazine.

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Little Benny—Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute.

Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall.

Little Benny—Well, if she does fall, she can't fall very far.—Texas Siftings.



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Beatrice—You must before I can—if I'm an angel.

Guy—Mix!

Beatrice—Dolt!—Pack.

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