

Drinks That Make Maniacs.

"The difference between civilized and uncivilized man," said the Major, looking lovingly into his glass, "is seen no where more clearly than in the matter of drinks. The follower of civilization drinks for the flavor, as an offering to his refined sense of taste, and the effect is a side issue, a very undesirable side issue, I may say, occasionally. The man who is beyond the confines of civilization drinks for the effect purely and drinks savagely until he gets it."

"How does that distinction work in the case of the confirmed inebriate?" asked the lawyer. "He isn't likely to care much what he swallows provided he can get properly drunk on it."

"Proves my point," replied the Major. "A confirmed inebriate isn't within the pale of civilization, hardly within the pale of humanity, in fact. The noble red man of the plains, with whom I have had some experience, here the Major rubbed an arm which has never been quite as good as new since a Sioux arrow broke against the bone, 'is a confirmed inebriate by nature and also in practice whenever he can get hold of the material to confirm himself. Like an ex-civilized dipsomaniac in the last stages he would prefer a pint of cheap, raw new whiskey to the choicest vintages to be found in the cellars of this club."

"And he would probably make less trouble and fuss by the quicker process of his cheap whiskey," suggested the doctor, who has had opportunities to study the liquor habit.

"Well, he misses the intermediate stages of course," said the Major. "Still, a big buck with his skin full of alcoholic poison isn't as pleasant a man to meet as a friend who is looking for you to pay up his last night's losses."

"I agree with the doctor's general proposition," put in the railroad man. "The longer it takes a man to accumulate a hard case of jag, the worse it is for those around him. The meanest jags I have ever seen are those acquired on hard cider, and I've seen plenty of them up in Connecticut, where they don't drink much of anything else. You never can tell just what notion a hard cider case is going to take into his head, but on general principles it's safe to assume that he's going to try to murder somebody before he's through. It's a slow jag and a mean one."

"If it's any meaner than a cheap alcohol performance I don't want to see it," said a young broker who had strolled into the circle. "I ran into that experience last fall up in the wilds of Canada where I fell in with a camp of Frenchmen who were getting logs down the river. One of them came back from the nearest town with a bottle of raw alcohol and he and his pal diluted it with water and filled up on it. They were both little men but they cleaned out that camp in a shake and for five minutes they did a devil's dance around the place that I wouldn't care to see repeated. Then both of them collapsed in a heap and it was a job to save their lives."

"Must be something like wood alcohol," remarked the lawyer. "That's the great drink in Pennsylvania woodland districts where they have the acid factories. One good-sized drink of wood alcohol would, I suppose, lay out any of us cold." The doctor nodded. "Those fellows down there go on regular bates on that poison and they get so that regular whiskey isn't strong enough for them. A wood alcohol drunk is a pretty dubious proposition. He's likely to be weeping on your neck and telling you his troubles one minute and the next he'll have a knife between your ribs. It's rather a slow process for those fellows who are pickled in the stuff and you can always tell a man who has the habit by a curious shiny appearance of the skin about the eyes and a drawn expression of the face as if his skin were too tight for him."

"It kills in time," said the doctor. "Methyl alcohol isn't good for the interior. I've seen much the same symptoms in my practice here, though from a different variety of stimulant. That's bay rum."

"Come, come," exclaimed the Major, "you don't mean to tell us that any such person drinks bay rum!"

"I wouldn't swear to the same part of it," answered the doctor. "It depends what your definition of sanity is; but I've had more patients than I can stop to reckon up here, who had the bay rum habit. All women, and all refined women. It isn't a pleasant feature of my practice," added the physician with a wry face.

"I saw a man go under once from this Chinese stuff, saki," said the man about town. "He had a curiosity to try it and as he had a copper lined stomach and a fire

proof head, he was sure he could keep pace with the Chinamen who were hitting it up in the Mott street restaurant where he went. After about three whacks at it my friend decided that he was Joss and tried to do a ceremonial dance with one of the big dragons painted on the wall. The Chinamen who had drunk three to his one, very kindly helped me to get him out of the place and strongly advised me against running him up against that variety of rum again. 'No plitty good for Melican man,' they said, and I guess they were right."

"Foreign concoctions are the deuce and all for a white man," agreed the globe trotter. "I tackled palque once down in Mexico, and though I didn't take as much as the average greaser would consider a fair starter for a day's work, it put me out of business for nearly a week. As a friend that sticketh faster than a brother, that stuff beats anything I know of. But after all, for pure frenzy there's nothing like the religious drunk of the Mohammedan in India. I don't know what liquor they mix their religion with, but it seems to be something mighty powerful and when a batch of them breaks loose and heads for paradise, any stranger within their gates wants to climb a tree and yell for the police. In the course of my wanderings I've seen pretty much everything in that line, but the fanatical jag is by far the worst I've seen yet, and I guess I've encountered, at least one case of ever kind there is going, except the doctor's bay rum."

"Did any of you ever happen to run across a cinnamon drunk?" asked a young civil engineer who had been listening to the talk.

"Can't say I ever did," replied the globe trotter, suspiciously. "Must be something like a chewing gum orgy, isn't it?"

"Not just exactly," said the civil engineer. "It's not so mild as it sounds, and it has this peculiarity, that a man never gets drunk on cinnamon more than once. 'Lose his taste for it?" asked the Major.

"Well, yes, in a sense," replied the other, "and for anything else. There's always a funeral after a cinnamon drunk. If

it's a mild drunk only the celebrators are buried; quite often, however, some of their friends are planted with them."

"Somebody has been putting up a game on you," said the doctor. "A man can't get drunk on cinnamon."

"Can't be?" said the civil engineer quietly. "Well, you needn't call it drunk if you don't want to. Perhaps it's a form of mania; but the cinnamon is the agency. Nobody put up a game on me, because I happened to see a case of it myself last summer and it wasn't by any means an extraordinary case either. I was doing some surveying down in the forest region of West Virginia and had got out of my reckoning when I ran across a bridge path that took me to a lumber camp. It was the Fourth of July and nobody was working, but I could see the minute I got there that something was wrong and everybody was worried. The superintendent of the camp told me I was very welcome if I wanted to stay, but that there was likely to be trouble before the day was over, because the camp store had been broken into the night before and the supply of cinnamon extract had been stolen. Nothing else had been taken, so they knew that some of the boys were out for a cinnamon drunk. Two of the biggest and best lumbermen in camp were missing and when they came back it would be a case of look out."

"I can't get it into my head what they do it for," said the superintendent. "We've had a dozen cases in this region in a couple of years, and the men know its sure death, but every now and then some of 'em break loose. Jed and Horace are sure to be back by evening and I'd advise you to go down to the river and fish till then. There's mighty good bass fishing there and if you stay here you're liable to see things that'll make you sorry you came."

"I'd heard about the cinnamon drunk before, and I made up my mind that as long as there was one on I'd see it. Besides, from having to be so much in the wilds I'd learned a little about medical practice, and I thought I might be of some use. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the thermometer might have been somewhere about 100, there was a roaring from back of the camp, and everybody said, 'Here they come.' A couple of minutes later two of the most terrific creatures I ever laid eyes on burst out of the underbrush. Both were big men, over six feet tall, and both were stark naked

and bleeding from hundreds of scratches where they had plunged through wild black-berry patches. One of them brandished an axe, and the other had a small log, which he handled as if it were a feather. As they came into the clearing they let out another roar, and I give you my word there was nothing human in it. Those lumbermen are pretty tough specimens, and it isn't easy to scare them, but the whole crowd broke and ran for the thicket of the cover when those madmen hove into view, except the superintendent and myself. I suppose the reason I stood my ground was that I was too amazed and paralyzed to start. The superintendent felt that, as captain of the outfit, he had to stay; so he just drew his revolver and waited. The man with the axe made straight for me. I thought it was murder, sure, and I jumped for a tree to dodge around it, but the man never changed his course, and then I saw that his eyes were red, and he probably didn't notice me or anything else. Have any of you ever seen a rabid dog run? Well, this man ran like a rabid dog. He wasn't after anything in particular, but if anything got in his way it was all day with it. Three times he rushed around that clearing below and then went down in a heap.

"Meantime the other man was pursuing an entirely different course. With his club held up he went sneaking along by the big shack where the man slept, as if he were looking for something. All of a sudden he swung the great piece of wood back, rushed toward the front wall and let the thing go like a battering ram. It went clean through the wall as if the house were built of paper. Then the cinnamon drunk turned and rushed back across the clearing with the speed of an express train. Both the superintendent and I yelled at him, for we saw what was going to happen, but you might as well have called to a mad bull. He went headforemost into a big oak tree and fell dead. I suppose his neck was broken. I went over to attend to the first man, who was lying face downward and breathing heavily. His face was streaked and bleached with purple and red, and you could hardly see his eyes. I started in to do what I could, while the superintendent blew the horn to let the other men know it was all over.

"There's no use you're trying to help him," said he. "He'll be dead in an hour."

"And he was. He died with his eyes open, rigid, like a man in convulsions."

There were other details just before the end that I have since been industriously trying to forget—they were such that some of the men lay down and cried, and others begged the superintendent to shoot the sufferer and put him out of his agony. When I got back to the nearest city, some forty miles away, I saw a paragraph in the local paper headed, "Two More Dead of Cinnamon. If any sceptic," he concluded, looking at the doctor, "doubts the facts I have got the clipping with some other clippings on the same subject at home."

"It is up to me," admitted the doctor. "Gentlemen, in ordering kindly confine yourselves to the beverages of civilization."

DAINGEROUS PERSONNE.

Hunting the Leopard Is a Sport Fought With Danger.

Old Joe Massey, a famous hunter of Natal, some of whose reminiscences are printed in the Cape Magazine, was paying a visit to his old friend Jim Neil, who had given up elephant hunting and settled in the thickly wooded country, which borders the Mooi River. On account of the depredations of a wary leopard, the settler had been compelled to confine his sheep at night in a shed built of rough stones. Even this precaution had proved ineffectual.

One day, after the arrival of Massey, Neil returned from town with a huge steel trap. But the leopard disappeared for a time, and the men were about to let the flock sheep outside again when the natives reported another victim. Thereupon the trap was set, and the next night an excited native rushed in.

"Baas, baas! De teiger cot! De teiger cot!" he cried.

Seizing their guns, the two hunters rushed out. It was a dark night, the natural obscurity being increased by a thick mist. Neil called for a light and a native presently brought a lantern. Guided by its rays, they entered the enclosure and flashed the light on the trap.

A huge leopard was crouching by it, its eyes flashing in the darkness. Neil took careful aim and fired. The leopard which had been caught by its hind leg, bounded up with a roar, and in its wild rush tore up one of the stakes that secured the trap. Then with desperate energy it threw itself from side to side to work clear of the snare.

At this juncture the native, in his fright dropped the lantern, and the hunters were left in darkness, in close proximity to the fierce animal. It was not a pleasant position, but eventually a Zulu put a large lantern on the end of a whip-stick and passed it over into the enclosure. The writer says:

"I heard a report, and can now recall the wild roar of mingled fury and triumph with which the leopard, freeing himself by a last tremendous effort, dashed past me and sprung upon Neil. In the fitful light I could hardly make out the old man, as with gun clubbed he fought off the savage brute.

"Again man and beast struggled into the light and then disappeared as the rolled together on the floor of the kraal. I was afraid to fire, as the least mistake might be fatal to my companion, yet immediate action was necessary, for the old man's strength was ebbing fast.

"Bearing the lantern aloft, and holding my gun pistol wise, I approached the combatants. A chance move of the leopard's as he gained the ascendancy exposed his body, and I drew the trigger. The charge a heavy one of slugs, passed through his lions, and with a growl he loosened his hold and slunk away into the darkness.

"With the assistance of the natives, I carried Neil into the house, and although much scratched and torn, he was soon on a fair way to recovery. The leopard was found in the morning dead near by, and the old man almost forgot his wounds in contemplating the animal's skin.

A Guide to Character.

"You can tell a man's disposition by noticing what he drinks," said the observant boarder. "Now, a man who drinks milk is always pleasant and agreeable."

"That is not to be wondered at," put in the young man who does not care what happens to him; "the cow is naturally kind-hearted."

"I can recommend the traction cars as health restorers," said the lean man. "I got in one this afternoon, and in a half hour's ride increased my weight considerably."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, for one thing, I tendered the conductor a two dollar bill and received a bushel of coin in exchange."

HORSES AND CATTLE have colic and cramps. Pain-Killer will cure them every time. Half a bottle in hot water repeated a few times. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.



THE SCHOOLMASTER.