

Forty Years in One.

Strange Effects of Living in an Atmosphere of Ozone.

A Physician's Discovery of the Elixir of Life—Forty Years of Existence Pass Away in a Few Months.

[Philadelphia Cor. Boston Glob.]

A familiar figure on Third street for several months past has been that of Dr. John T. Britton. Tall, spare of form and somewhat stooped, he is well known to attract attention in almost any crowd.

He is apparently about 65 years of age; his eyes are dark, piercing, and peculiarly brilliant, and his hair, of which he possesses an abundant growth, is almost snow-white.

Notwithstanding his appearance, Dr. Britton is not yet 40 years old. In age, however, and in the changes it brings, he is as though he had lived close on the allotted span of human existence.

Dr. Britton was a pupil of the well-known Dr. Julius Edmund Detsch, now deceased, who made a life long study of ozone. Toward the close of 1882 it occurred to Dr. Britton that in ozone—that peculiar element of the living-giving oxygen—might consist if not the elixir of life, in pursuit of which the ancient philosophers spent their lives, at least an elixir through which disease might be defied and death be only possible through extreme old age.

He designed an electrical machine with a self-discharging Leyden jar, which was placed on one side of the room, while on the other an ozone machine was made to send a current—generated from a composition containing phosphorus and a number of chemical combinations—across the room. A nozzle was fitted up for the production of oxygen from peroxide of manganese, and this completed the preparation.

When this apparatus was set in motion the effect was instantaneous. The room seemed as filled with chlorine, and sensitized paper was turned a deep blue. Dr. Britton was overjoyed. The success of his experiment so far was all that he could have anticipated. The pungent atmosphere was invigorating and exhilarating, but though he had often been under the influence of ozone before it had been in moderate quantities, where there was more nitrogen than was necessary to allow the respiration of the aliotropic gas with impunity.

The time had arrived for making the grand experiment which might gain for him a reputation among the great discoverers of our century, that of Harvey himself. He resolved to remain in that atmosphere for a period of six months and thus test the effects of such treatment on a person in the full enjoyment of health. Accordingly he made all the necessary preparations. First, the room was made thoroughly airtight, two loops only being left open—one for the admission of natural atmospheric air, and the other to allow the vitiated air to escape. Having made arrangements to have his meals supplied from a neighboring restaurant, he shut himself up.

During the first week the experimenter was excited almost beyond endurance, but as he became accustomed to the atmosphere this soon disappeared, and he began to feel daily in another manner the effects of the powerful treatment to which he had subjected himself. His pulse registered 130 beats per minute, and his blood was at a fever heat.

He had expected these symptoms, however, and the only action he took in consequence was to introduce a little more nitrogen, which had the effect of lessening the pulsations and cooling the blood. He was conscious of the development of increased bodily power, along with which came intellectual maturity and intensified power of ratiocination.

The latter result he at once appreciated. He was conducting other experiments during his confinement, and pursuing his still uncompleted medical studies. He learned the fallacy of many of his most cherished theories and the theories of many of the leaders of his school.

"Wonderful, most wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Truly this is the vital principle, and my discovery may revolutionize the world."

The "Kamsin" of the Sahara.

As to the stories told of this great desert, there is so much that is fabulous connected with them that it is difficult to decide what is true, and what is false. Scientific research has proved that there are no serpents there "whose numbers and venom impede the progress of large armies," that there was no "pestilential blast that killed as soon as it struck," that the whirlwinds of sands were not sufficiently severe to bury vast hordes of men and "innumerable caravans."

But quite enough remains to make us realize that the great desert is one of the most inhospitable and barren places in the world, with quite enough of the terrible to form a barrier difficult to demolish. It may be that before the subtle changes that made the world what it now is, the desert was a part of the bed of the sea, it being now very little higher than the level of the sea. It is never visited by rain, and exhalates no moisture.

The kamsin of hot winds that sweep over it, although severe, are much exaggerated, may blow from the south and southwest, and since the ground over which they blow is scorched by an almost vertical sun, the heat is intense. Its effect is to cause the muscles to relax and make respiration difficult, but it does not, say scientific travelers, "smite with sudden death, as Oriental exaggeration represents."

These winds, where the surface is thoroughly exposed, with nothing to break their force, raise whirlwinds of sand to considerable heights, which then fall in heavy showers, unpleasant, but not in the least dangerous to travelers, "except," says Mr. John Kenrick, "as it affects their track." According to four or five authorities, the kamsin, or, as the inhabitants thereof call it, "simoom," a corruption of the Arabic word for "poison," begins about the 2d of May, and not in March, continuing about fifty days, "fifty" being the meaning of the kamsin, or kamsin.

Like every one else, we are constantly annoyed at our office, and during business hours, with applications for labor. We are oftentimes puzzled to know whether the man is deserving, poor, and willing to work, or whether he is an idle mendicant, bunning for existence. If poor and willing, he must not be turned away, if a vicious idler, he must not be encouraged. We have hit upon an expedient that is inexpensive and satisfies our conscience.

Our residence is two miles from our place of business. To the apparently sincere and honest man, who really seems to work, we give the number of our residence, with our card and \$1. If he applies, he finds a wood pile and saw. If he is a fraud, he steals our dollar and does not seek the wood pile. If he is a suspicious character, we give ourselves the benefit of the doubt, and give him a half-dollar. If he looks to be a stalwart and idle bum, we risk a quarter, on the principle of angels unawares. If he is an unmistakable dead-beat, we give him a dime.

This is the way it works. The fraud pockets the money and does not go near the wood-pile, and, having robbed us once, never comes back again. If he goes for the work and does it, we have received our money's worth and given employment to a worthy man. To the idler of bums we have but given a dime, and even they must live. Let our readers try it, and they will be surprised how few men there are in San Francisco poor enough to earn \$1 by a half-day's work at wood-sawing.

The Waning of Genius.

The man of genius is severe on his own execution because his conception of the idea transcends his power of expressing it. But the man who has nothing but talent views with satisfaction what he has done—there is little difficulty in expressing his ideas.

The great composer, or sculptor, or painter, or orator is alarmed when he discovers that he is satisfied with his execution. He looks upon the feeling as a symptom that his genius is waning, and will no longer suggest to him ideas beyond his power to express.

"Has anything distressed you?" asked a friend, finding Thorwaldsen one day in low spirits. "Yes," replied the sculptor, in a mournful tone. "My genius is decaying."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished friend. "Why," answered Thorwaldsen, his face growing sadder, "here's my status of Christ: it is the first of my works, that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again."

A PORTABLE AURORA BOREALIS.

Simple Means by Which the Beautiful Stage Effect is Produced. (Chicago Herald.) If the old axiom that the most insignificant, even ridiculous, causes produce the most powerful effects is all true, it certainly holds good of scenic effects in spectacular pieces. The illusion is well-nigh perfect under the efforts of modern stage mechanism. Even if one knows that the raging ocean is in reality but a piece of canvass, under which perspiring supers hump themselves, that the wig of the staturesque Galatea is but cotton waste, that electric light is used in counterfeiting the heavenly artillery of Jove, that the lights of London are produced by carving holes in a worn-out drop curtain; that the pure and silent Luna is a disk caused by the reflection of the stereopticon lens; that Juliet's balcony is a tottering ladder, steadied by a grimy carpenter; that the beautiful moon-lit Alhambra scenery is but a conglomerate of incandescent daisies made with a whitewash brush upon canvass—even if all that is known, the effects from the auditorium are nevertheless thrillingly real.

The growing craving for realistic scenes upon the stage has taxed the ingenuity of the property man sorely, but he has so far been equal to the occasion. When the play demanded an aurora borealis, this magnificent natural phenomenon of polar latitudes, it "had to be had," and done by is with the most beautiful effect imaginable. Softly the wonderful colors of the arctic light steal over the background of the dark horizon, filling the seemingly infinite waste of etherial expanse with all the splendor of a gigantic rainbow. The impression is marvellously soothing and peaceful. Then as if all the lightning of heaven had been unchained, the electric currents in dazzling brilliancy shoot through the illuminated sky in every varying rays of light. The audience, spell-bound in the beginning, is wild with delight and craves for an encore. It comes again, the wondrous beauty of the arctic scene—the stage carpenter turning a little crank at a pine box, 2x12 feet.

That box contains revolving disks of colored gelatine, these produce the colors of the rainbow. There are also two disks of sheet iron, perforated with prismatic figures and revolving in opposite directions; these give the electric fluid. The machinery is moved by a common crank, and the box is placed on a piece of scantling about six feet high. In front of the box is a dark blue drop, representing the sky, and behind the simple mechanism is the lime fuse of a strong calcium light, fed from the condensers by means of a battery. This plain outfit is all there is to the magnificent aurora borealis—but the latter is nevertheless magnificent in splendor as seen from the auditorium.

Hunting Wild Turkeys. (Sporting Journal.) Hunting the wild turkey is considered very good sport, but as they are only in season during the cold months it requires a hunt of endurance to find them. In the mountains they have a curious way of getting a shot. After building a "blind" of boughs to hide behind, the hunter throws a quantity of grain upon the ground within easy gunshot, and drops a few grains in lines radiating probably for 100 yards in every direction through the woods. There is then a plan upon the ground like the hub and spokes of a wheel.

rarily in the morning the wandering flock of turkeys will find one of these spokes and go along it eating as they go, until they reach the feast of corn at the hub. This is where the hunter is concealed, and you can imagine the rest. They get to the feast, but like Polonius, it is a feast "not where they eat, but where they are eaten."

Another device for luring them within gunshot is the turkey call, a sort of whistle made often from a wing bone, and with which the voice of a turkey can be very well imitated. The man birds answer and gradually approach, and breatheless interest on the part of the sportsman, until bang! bang! off go both barrels, and it frequently happens, off go the turkeys with only the loss of a few feathers.

The gobler is an ill-natured churl and will break up his wife's nest and smash the eggs every time he gets an opportunity. Worst of all he kills the young, not alone of his own family, but also of his neighbor's. This treacherous mother turkey hides her nest away and to guide her young so they will not be discovered by the male. The instinct clings to them in domestication and they require close watching to prevent the nest from being hidden away.

Story of a Barkeeper. (Philadelphia Item.) There was once a barkeeper who fell into a decline, lost his appetite, couldn't sleep and so on. His doctor advised him to try a change of air, and recommended the Maine woods. He started for the woods, and on his way halted over night at Portland. During the evening there was a terrible hail storm. Standing at one of the windows of the office of his hotel the barkeeper watched the fall of the hail stones—many of them nearly as large as a hen's egg.

While thus engaged he was observed by the hotel-keeper to shed a pool of scalding, passionate tears. The hotel-keeper was a tender-hearted person, ever mindful of his guests, so, softly approaching the weeping barkeeper, he begged leave to inquire the occasion of his sorrow. "Oh, it's nothing; I'll feel all right again presently," said the barkeeper, "but with a glance at the descending hail it pains me to see so much cracked ice wasted on a prohibition state."

About Contagion Diseases. (Et'ic Magazine.) Professor Tyndal thus endeavors to explain the immunity obtained against a second attack of a contagious disease: "One of the most extraordinary and unaccountable experiences in medicine was the immunity secured by a single attack of a communicable disease against future attacks of the same malady. Small-pox, typhoid or scarlatina, for example, was found as a general rule to occur only once in a lifetime of the individual, the successful passage through the disorder apparently rendering the body invulnerable. Reasoning from analogy, I have ventured to express the opinion that the rarity of second attacks of communicable disease was due to the removal from the system, by the first parasitic crop, of some ingredient necessary to the growth and propagation of the parasite."

In a clinical lecture delivered recently Dr. Bartoliouss said that, "as a rule, the criminal classes have an imperfect ear development, especially hereditary criminals. A full, distinct, well-developed lobe indicates high mental development." The Fashionable Cud. (Inter Ocean.) A Chicago authority states that Horvitz is fast becoming the popular substitute for chewing gum among the ladies. It is the root that at present furnishes the fashionable cud of contentment.

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