

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

INSTEAD OF TONING UP A SICK MAN HE MAY BE "TUNED UP."

Discussion of a Subject That Has Been Suggested by an Eminent Physician of St. Petersburg—Some Tunes That Would Be Inappropriate for Certain Ills.

Professor Tarchanow, of St. Petersburg, lectured recently on "The Influence of Music on the Human Organism," and affirmed that music is of the greatest service in the treatment of disease, and that, by the proper use of music, the system can be "tuned" like a musical instrument. Sufferers from nerve disorders can, he states, be soothed by music, but the remedy must be employed with discrimination, as in some cases it produces an effect contrary to that which is intended.

Well, opium will do that, and so will many other drugs when they are not "used with discrimination," so that is no disparagement to the therapeutic virtue of music. So if Professor Tarchanow is right—and he is a scientific man—the degree of musical doctor, such as was conferred on Sir Arthur Sullivan, is very likely to have a new significance. The subject opens up rather a broad view.

Where will a college for such musical doctors be located? Where can a man studying musical medicine learn the effect of some heroic remedy, like the trombone, without originating a scourge of nervous diseases? It is possible, however, to build the college in the middle of some vast, uninhabited tract, where professors, students and patients can literally wrestle with the problem.

There are of course only a certain number of musical instruments. Will a musical doctor use all of them in his practice, will he make up his pharmacopoeia, or will he become a specialist on one instrument, a first violinist, so to speak, in the grand orchestra of the profession? If he becomes a specialist he must treat different diseases by administering different tunes. The swan song from "Lohengrin" would naturally have one effect upon a man in a fit; "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" another. Professor Tarchanow attributes the frequent failure of music to cure diseases to its being used at the wrong time and in unsuitable cases. So of course the young musical practitioner will exercise the nicest judgment. He can lay down some standard rules like "Wagner in case of stupor," or "Offenbach in melancholia," but he will never dream of giving "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady," when an unfortunate has taken arsenic with suicidal intent, or of prescribing the newest ballet music for a girl suffering with St. Vitus' dance.

The Russian savant expressed the conviction that a time will come when music "in the hands of scientifically trained physicians" will be acknowledged to be an agent of great power for the relief of suffering. It would be now if it were "in the hands of scientifically trained physicians." Their training has taught them to detect human suffering. They can see a man wince when his ear is shocked; they can see him squirm and twist—smiling all the time—while some one sings "The Last Rose of Summer" out of tune. They can in fact hear his teeth grate when his favorite air is played false. Can the ordinary young person at the piano do that; can the leader of the German band; can the fellow with the hand organ?

"How can music fail to relieve," exclaims Tarchanow, "when a series of cases has proved that it is the most powerful regulator of men's moods and feelings which dominate many sides of the physical and physical life of the organism?" A profane critic might suggest that musicians as a class do not exemplify that perfect "regulation" of their emotions which might be expected. The professor has doubtless never seen two bandmasters pulling each other's hair in a fight about the proper tempo of the Dead March in Saul. It is even possible that he has never heard of rival prima donnas scratching and clawing. But this failure to regulate the emotions of musicians may be the result of the tolerance begotten of overuse. The same thing happens in the medicine of the present day. An old morphia fiend can take enough of the drug to kill a dozen ordinary men. Then there are of course those Styrians who, beginning to take arsenic when they are young, are in years able to eat it as some people do garlic.

However all this may be, the sedative effect of music on patients in whom the instrument of mind is "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh" is universally admitted. Canon Hartford, an Englishman, has reported clinical experiments made by the St. Cecilia guild that show that it has a distinctly beneficial effect in certain cases of insomnia. Here, too, one would think the tune employed would have to be chosen with very nice judgment.

Music doubtless will relieve pain, not by acting on the nerve centers, but by distracting the sufferer's attention. This is the true field for music as a therapeutic agency, and it is improbable that it ever can do more. Orpheus made trees and mountains dance to his lute, and the Pied Piper's music purged Hamelin of rats, but it is very doubtful whether Canon Hartford will ever churn away a tumor or rid a tuberculous lung of bacilli. Within limits, however, music may be a most useful handmaiden to medicine, and in this age of "nerves" it might possibly be made to play an important part in the prevention of the many diseases which are fostered if not actually engendered by depression and fatigue. Canon Hartford and his colleagues may be encouraged to persevere in their efforts to press the most spiritual of the fine arts into the service of suffering humanity.—New York World.

Bluff Enough There.

"Do you want to see the Artists' bluff?" asked the White Mountain guide. "No; I go to all the art galleries at home," said the matter of fact tourist.—Boston Transcript.

Electricity and Explosives.

No stronger evidence of the safety of electric lighting installations can be afforded than the fact that a great many explosives factories are now being lit by electricity. It is obvious that in a building where the preparation of inflammable or highly explosive substances is carried on very special care should be taken in order to avoid even the smallest risk, and powder manufacturers now find that the electric light adds a considerable percentage over gas to the chances of safe operation. While electricity increases the safety of this branch of industry in one way it lessens it in another. There is a great deal of free electricity thrown off in various stages of manufacture, and the disposition of this, so far as it can be removed out of harm's way, is a serious question.

The charge of a powder cake press with ebonite plates may practically be considered as an electric pile, and a large amount of friction or electric influence from outside may cause a sufficient electric charge to give off sparks. Several undisputed cases of this kind have been known. Another source of danger from friction occurs during the glazing, rounding and sieving of gunpowder. The powder is subjected to a constant rubbing of its particles against each other and during the glazing especially there is danger of electricity accumulating.

Therefore precautions should be taken in order to convey away any charge that may accumulate in the glazing barrels.—New York Telegram.

The Meaning of Blunders.

Examining into the matter of blunders, particularly in tracing the course of the "mistakes, well meant," in our own lives, when we look back upon them with the cooler understanding of later years we are constrained to confess that the "mistake" must have been intended to be there, as well as the correct action, because the plan of our development has included both. Continuing to study clearly and deeply we must acknowledge that the mistakes and errors—nay, the very sins—when forsaken and forgiven, have helped the soul upward; that all have worked together to accomplish the result sought; that they must have been put there and meant so to be, and so that our "blunders" were not blunders at all, but although we sowed and watered often amiss there was always some increase given which achieved the good we aimed at, but failed to reach.

And deepest of all we see that the divine love, which saw the end from the beginning, bore with a tender compassion to look upon our struggles, our weeping, our disheartened sighs. Ah, infinitely greater it is, but like to the love we bear our own children, which is so deep and true that we endure to treat them harshly, and with seeming cruelty behold their tears, knowing surely that one day they will comprehend all the kindness.—Harper's Bazar.

The Localities of the Birds.

All our permanent residents among the birds, both large and small, are comparatively limited in their ranges. The crow is nearly as local as the woodchuck. He goes farther from home in quest of food, but his territory is well defined, both winter and summer. His place of roosting remains the same year after year. Once, while spending a few days at a mountain lake nearly surrounded by deep woods, my attention was attracted each night, just at sundown, by an osprey that always came from the same direction, dipped into the lake as he passed over it for a sip of its pure water and disappeared in the woods beyond.

The routine of his life was probably as marked as that of any of ours. He fished the waters of the Delaware all day, probably never going beyond a certain limit, and returned each night at sundown, as punctual as a day laborer, to his retreat in the forest. The sip of water, too, from the lake he never failed to take. All the facts we possess in regard to the habits of the song birds in this respect point to the conclusion that the same individuals return to the same localities year after year to nest and to rear their young.—John Burroughs in Century.

A Live Snake in a Woman's Arm.

There lives, or did quite recently, near Columbia, S. C., a woman afflicted in a manner that makes one's flesh creep to think of it. For more than the third of a century she has carried a live snake under the skin of one of her arms. How the reptile first found lodgment in its queer situation is as much of a puzzle to the old lady as it is to the hundreds who have visited her for the purpose of viewing the long welt where the unwelcome creature lies encysted.

When the lady first noticed the bow shaped ridge on her arm it was of about the diameter of a pin, and less than two inches in length. During the many years that it has safely nestled in her flesh it has grown from a mere thread to a snake a foot long and as large as a lead pencil. The eyes of the creature are plainly visible through the skin, and the scales can be felt by rubbing the finger along the welt formed by its body.

Physicians pronounce it a most remarkable freak, and have endeavored, without success, to prevail upon the old lady to have it removed.—Philadelphia Press.

Personal Barometers.

A good many old housewives still remain their own weather prophets, and as a consequence one of the most popular of familiar weather sayings is, "When rheumatic people complain of more than ordinary pains in their joints, it will rain." Another homemade barometer is the tender corn or sensitive tooth.—Philadelphia Times.

A Frank Statement.

"Can I—dare I ask that little hand for my own?" pleaded the smitten young man. "It is only—ah—second hand," replied the young widow deprecatingly.—Exchange.

Successful Coasting Amid Difficulties.

For the past two years life has been unpleasant for Dr. William Aestis, George Thorpe and the doctor's daughter.

Thorpe persisted in calling on the girl he loved, and every time he and the irate father met a fight ensued, and each has spent \$100 or more in the courts. For some time past Thorpe and Aestis threatened to shoot each other, and the community expected a duel. It has just now developed that George is the victor, and two weeks since at Marion Miss Aestis became Mrs. Thorpe. That part seemed not so hard as breaking the news to papa.

When the pleading daughter related the circumstance she was made happy by the father insuring his blessing in the future to both, and he now prides himself in having a son-in-law who could woo his daughter under such trying circumstances.—Cor. Indianapolis Sentinel.

Coaching at Newport.

One of our swell coach owners sits on his box seat, with a tan cloth robe buckled across his aristocratic waist and tucked carefully about his high bred loins. A Spanish gentleman says, "He looks as if he were a—and had on a—what is it you would say?" "Do you mean a shoemaker's leather apron?" I queried. "Yes, yes; I could not think the name, but I could see it so plain." It is hideously English in effect, but yet when one carries the lines of a four-in-hand, one has no leisure to keep lap robes well tucked in.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Lucky, but He Died to Win.

Very few people get a life insurance as quickly as the late Jabez A. Bostwick. He left a large fortune and had so great an interest in speculation that he purchased a seat on the New York stock exchange in order to save commissions. He was the very first man out of the 1,100 members to die after joining, and is probably the only member of the exchange who died holding a seat upon which he had not paid a single death assessment. His purchase paid the estate \$10,000 in a single week.—New York Letter.

How to Scare Off Mosquitoes.

Before taking your next outing on the shore or in the woods provide yourself with a bottle of pennyroyal extract. Do not hesitate to rub it plentifully over the face, neck, hands and any exposed part of the body. Even the most determined mosquito will avoid the neighborhood abundantly scented with pennyroyal.

It is a singular fact that although last year enormous fields of ice had begun to invade the so called "steamer lanes" of the Atlantic at the opening of spring, there has been comparatively little ice this year.

A Pittsburg justice decides that it is legal for any householder, from his own premises, to throw water upon an organ grinder who refuses to move on.

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Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered, my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—H. Oukrop, Cleveland, O.

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