WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

O when the roses bloom and waft
Delicious odors through the air,
I'll gather them—the white, the red—
And bring them to my ladye faire.
Sweet roses, all your fragrance lend
When suing at her feet I bend!

White speaks her purity; and red
Denotes the surging, glowing tide
Of fervid love that thrills my veins
Whene'er I seek my ladye's side.
O lend to love your beauty bright,
Sweet roses red and roses white!

White is for constancy; and red,
The crown of love's delicious flower;
I'll take the red rose and the white
To deck my beauteous ladye's bower.
O flowers of snow and flowers of fire
Breathe to her all my heart's desire!

—[Edith M. Norris, in Detroit Free Press.

"A FIDDLE."

Uncle Si's puritanical notions took instant alarm at the very mention of that wicked instrument, that (to him) veritable backbone of Satan, strung with every sin in the calendar, attuned to all the bad impulses of youthful natures.

Aunt Priscilla seemed about to say something, as her gaze wandered from the disappointed face of their only nephew to the stern, not to say hard one, of her husband, but, on reflection, desisted, the gleam in her eye, however, bespeaking a merry thought, possibly a thought of by-gone days.

"But, Uncle Si," said the delicate Abner, "the blind boy does fairly make the thing talk, and talk good, too. Why I almost cried when he played 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Auld Lang Syne!" repeated his uncle, the stern face relaxing somewhat, "on a fiddle? Why, I never knowed you could play on that instrument anythin' 'cept 'money-musk,' and jigs and hornpipes, and sich. Be'nt you slightly mistaken, Abner?"

Abner suppressed a smile, as he met the sharp gaze of his uncle.

"No, sir, I'm not," he answered; "and he plays ever so many tunes, too, the 'Doxology,' and—"

The Doxology on a fiddle! That was too much for the unbelieving old man.

"That's wickeder than all the rest," he interrupted. "Hed you stopped at 'Auld Lang Syne,' I might hev give in and bought the fiddle for ye, but"—and the speaker's face settled into so stern an expression, that Abner knew further argument to be useless.

"'And they played on a harp of a thousand strings,'" quoted Aunt Priscilla, "'and they rejoiced with the trumpet, and brazen instruments,' and no doubt with various stringed ones beside."

"But not on a fiddle," stoutly maintained her husband, picking up his hat, "that's the devil's own instrument," and out he went to close the argument.

"I don't see," testily said Abner, "why Uncle Si has such an antipathy to a violin. Its ignorance, and nothing else, Aunt, which makes some old people so intolerant of modern advancement, in the sciences, and—and—everything."

"It's not exactly ignorance that causes your Uncle's dislike of the fiddle," returned his Aunt Priscilla, with a demure smile. "He never liked one since—since he caught me dancing a contra dance once, with—with—"

"Oh," interrupted Abner, "did you ever dance, Aunt?"

"Yes, and your uncle was very jealous of my partner," and a faint pink flush dyed Aunt Priscilla's wrinkles.

"Oh," cried Abner again. "How funny!" picturing, as he spoke, the bent form of his aunt, capering up and down the long line of dancers, and Uncle Si, leaning upon his stout stick, glowering from under his shaggy gray brows upon his rival.

That "how funny," touched the old lady somewhat, until, divining how the youth's thoughts were tending, she arose, unlocked a drawer in the old-fashioned side-board, and, among the many daguerreotypes therein, selected two, which she laid before the smiling Abner.

"Your Uncle Si was a well-favored lad," said she primly, "as you will see, and—and in those days, I was looked upon as a right bonny lass, too," with which words, and a faint sigh, Aunt Priscilla turned and left the room.

The next day found her and Abner in close consultation. She loved the lad and deeply sympathized with his taste for music.

"We must use strategy," said she. "Arguments are of no avail against the deep seated prejudice of your uncle."

That evening the Farmer's Journal had been thoroughly scanned, even to the last advertisement, and the old man sat half dozing in his chintz-covered arm chair, the old lady opposite, placidly knitting, and near by Abner seemingly intent upon squaring the circle.

Faintly upon the evening stillness broke a note or two of plaintive music. Abner and his aunt exchanged glances.

Like an æolian harp swept by unseen fingers of the air, came, at intervals, those low sweet strains to their listening ears.

"That's powerful sweet," murmured Uncle Si, half dreamily, "powerful sweet, I kin tell ye."

Clearer and clearer came the sounds, till presently, with almost a human voice, the instrument sobbed out the notes of "Auld Lang Syne."

Like one electrified, Uncle Si sat upright in his chair.

"We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

The old man's voice rose and fell with the instrument, and when the air was done, neither of his listeners smiled as he drew forth his cotton bandanna and lustily blew a clarion note of emotion.

"That sounded somethin' like a fiddle," he said meditatively, "but," sturdily, "no fiddle could talk like that—leastways I never heard one."

His wife made no reply, for at this moment arose the air of one of Tom Moore's melodies:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so foundly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away."

Uncle Si looked sheepishly at his wife, and she in turn laid down her knitting and smiled happily upon him.

"You turned that tune well, Si, in the old days," she said, beating time to the music with her knitting-needle; "in the old days, Si, when—," she hesitated and blushed like a girl of sixteen.

"Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

The old man's voice, wavering and broken, took up the words, and his faded eyes lingered on the wrinkled face before him with much the same expression they bore, when years ago they had agreed to go down the hill of life together. They were nearing the foot now, but listening to those strains they turned back, and for one fleeting moment stood at the summit again, smiling with youth, and hope, and love.

No one broke the silence after the last sweet note had died away. A heavy sigh or two from the old people, and that was all till a gentle knock was heard at the door.

Abner opened it.

A boy stood there with a half-smiling, half-beseeching expression upon his pinched little face.

Sightless, poor, yet not altogether unhappy, for clasped in his arms was that loved instrument whose voice, at the touch of the bow, rejoiced when he rejoiced, sorrowed when he sorrowed. An insensate creature whose strings, to the blind boy, seemed as vocal chords lent by some divine singer, long since crumbled into dust.

Abner led him to the chair of his uncle.

"Why do you part with the fiddle?" abruptly queried the old man, turning the instrument gingerly about in his hand, "you'll miss it right smart, I reckon."

Tears welled into the sightless eyes.

"It's like selling a brother, sir, but mother and me are going West to find some of our relatives, and we need the money to take us there."

"It's a heap to pay for a crooked piece of wood," said the close old farmer, fumbling the notes which filled his well-worn leathern wallet, "but," with a reflective gaze at the face of the blind boy, where hope and pain strove for mastery, "I reckon I'll take it," reluctantly passing as he spoke, to the lad, two ten dollar bills.

"I can already play some of the tunes you love," cried the delighted Abner, and to the old man's apparent satisfaction he did execute pretty fairly a verse of "Auld Lang Syne."

* * * * * *

Twelve months or more have passed, and nightly had Uncle Si listened to the familiar airs played on that "ere fiddle," as he persisted in calling the instrument. But even his untrained ears recognized that the bit of wood, cat-gut, and rosin squeaked most unmercifully under Abner's manipulation of the bow.

"The critter seems to find its new home and master not to its likin', he would say at such times, discontentedly, not soothed by the uncertain strains, "it 'pears like to be a jawin' back," and more than once had the old man repented him of his bargain.

"But," would remark Aunt Priscilla soothingly, "it enabled Josef and his mother to reach their friends, you know," to which bit of womanly reasoning Uncle Si only replied with a grunt.

Presently, however, other matters, more momentous than the purchase of a fiddle, arose to disturb the old man's mind. A bad investment of his small means, the failure of successive crops, a pinching want of money. Many were the consultations between the old folks, and at last, one day, Uncle Si journeyed to a distant town, to return with a well-filled wallet, but accompanied by a shadow which was from that day to make its home under their once independent roof; a shadow which the next year beckoned another to keep it company; a shadow that in time would develop into a monster, a monster with the grip and tenacity of death.

The homestead was mortgaged!

Diligently these days did Abner practice upon his violin; to it was given all his spare moments.

The shadow of the second mortgage was now darkening the home, when the lad began to make nightly trips to the neighboring town, a town which in the summer months was known as a "watering place."

Uncle Si grumbled not a little when immediately after supper Abner, violin in hand, trudged off during the season.

"He's playin' dancin' tunes like enough," he growled, all his prejudices against the violin returning. "Jigs and sich for the sons and daughters of Belial. I warrant he's not giving them fly-away folks up yonder any' Doxologies, or the old tunes I'm a-hankerin' after. I never would a bought that fiddle, Priscilly, had I knowed what a purpose he'd a put it to."

Aunt Priscilla shook her dear head as she gazed affectionately after the receding form of the lad.

"Abner is a good boy, Si, and he's lookin' forward to doin' his duty by us," but she made no mention, for certain reasons, of the old broken pitcher in the closet, half filled with the dimes and larger silver pieces, which the boy had already earned with that self-same fiddle.

So that evening, as usual, Abner stood, violin in hand, before the principal hotel in the village. Not without a blush, did he draw the bow across the taut strings; a blush which one might construe into an apology for any inharmonious strains.

An old gentleman, lounging upon the piazza, smiled as he listened, but presently those about him, saw that smile replaced by a look of eager, intense interest. 'Twas plain he could ill restrain his impatience till the air was done, then, with an imperious beck of his hand, he summoned Abner to him.

"That instrument, boy! Will you let me see it?"

Abner smilingly put it in his hand.

Like a woman gazing upon an inestimable jewel, did the man gloat upon the bit of turned wood, noting with rapture how the simple, classical outlines blent harmoniously with the graceful curves of the back and belly; the scroll executed with great boldness and the highest finish; the varnish of a deep orange color, brilliant, transparent, velvet-like in texture.

Almost reverently, the man drew the bow across its strings. Full, sweet and noble were the tones which the master drew from the instrument, an evenness of quality from the highest to the lowest register, as rare as it is satisfying to the ear.

Abner, like those about him, stood lost in admiration and wonder.

"'Tis Ole Bull," whispered one to another, "the great virtuoso."

* * * * *

"Hey!" exclaimed Uncle Si the next day, to a remark made by this same old gentleman. "A genuine Straddlevarius, did you say? That ere fiddle worth five thousand dollars! Du tell?" and the look with which he favored the stranger as plainly questioned his sanity as looks could have done.

"Yes," quietly said the stranger, "the violin is a genuine Stradivarius, and fully worth five thousand dollars. The date 1715, you will find here," displaying, as he spoke, the figures to the wondering farmer.

"And you'll give five thousand dollars for them ere figures, eh?" incredulously queried Uncle Si. "Well, I reckon it's a bargain," he chuckled, "fer Abner kin play most like better onto a 1891 fiddle than he could on that bit of ancient wood," and when, a while later, Abner drew his bow across a brand new violin, his uncle found no reason to alter his opinion.

"I don't see," he said critically, "but what that ten-dollar fiddle gives out jes' as good music, Abner, as that ere genuine Straddlevarius. Leastways, the Doxology sounds every bit as solemn—when the thing don't git the squeaks, that is—"

"It was a fortunate day for us, Si," his wife happily remarked, "when Abner and I overcame your prejudices against the violin. But for the Stradivarious, we should never have been able to lift those mortgages."

The old man looked quizzingly from her to Abner, a light slowly dawning upon his understanding.

"H'm, I see!" he replied with a chuckle, "I see. Well, it were an ignorant prejudice, that's a fact, and—mebbe—us old folks what won't keep up with the times, desarve to have a little strategy used onto 'em now and then—eh, Presilly?"

A NEW BONE GROWS.

Remarkable Surgical Case in a Boston Hospital.

Last April Dr. E. H. Bradford, of Boston, removed a diseased thigh bone from the leg of a boy at the Children's Hospital in that city. Since that time a new bone has grown in place, and the prospects are the boy will have a sound limb to walk with before next Christmas.

The operation of sesquiotomy is not new to surgery, but the cases are extremely rare in which so large a bone has been replaced by nature. In this instance the piece cut away was about nine inches in length. The limb was laid open from the knee joint to the hip and the disease bone tissue removed. The periosteum, or skin of the bone, however, was carefully preserved, for upon it depended the success of the operation, it being a well-established fact in surgery that healthy periosteum will reproduce lost bone tissue.

The wound in the leg was kept open to prevent the flesh from healing into the place intended for the new bone. In the course of time delicate shoots, resembling coral growths, appeared upon the periosteum, and these gradually interlaced and knit together, filling the hiatus between the hip and the knee. When the new growth was sufficiently established, the lips of the wound were sewed together and the boy was discharged from the hospital as cured.

It will be some months yet before the leg will be serviceable, but there is every reason to believe that it will eventually become as sound as its mate. During the time required for the growth of the new tissue the limb was extended to its full length by an arrangement of weights and pulleys and kept in position by plaster of Paris bandages. This was to prevent shrinkage and a consequent shortening of the limb.

A similar operation was successfully performed a few years ago by Dr. George F. Shrady at the Presbyterian Hospital in this city. An entirely new bone was reproduced from the shoulder to the elbow in the arm of a man who had lost the original bone as the result of an accident.—[New York Recorder.

Electricity for Rheumatism.

Standing among the electrical devices exhibited at Washington recently an old doctor with nearly half a century of experience told of the use recently made of electricity in a case of sciatic rheumatism. He did not apply the current to cure the rheumatism, but for a very different purpose. The current was so applied that it would run along the patient's leg. That was the part affected. All previous treatment had failed to give relief. As the current coursed along it created no unpleasant sensation save in one particular spot, where it burned so that the patient screamed out. That spot the doctor guessed was the seat of all the trouble. He applied a fly blister directly over the spot. Of course the skin came off. The doctor put on another blister. The result, quickly, was a deep sore which discharged freely for a few days. There was immediate relief from the rheumatism. The sore rapidly healed. The patient left his bed and walked. No other attack has occurred.

"You see," said the doctor, "the trouble was that the sheath of the nerve had become attached to the nerve, and there was an impediment of the nerve circulation and consequent rheumatism of the whole limb. The electric current ran along the nerve until it struck the part where the sheath interfered. There it burned. The blistering started the sore and relieved the interference of the sheath with the nerve. Then the whole trouble was removed.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Leg of Mutton Drama.

A curious affair with a serious ending happened to a butcher in the Central Market in Paris, yesterday. It appears that the keeper of a restaurant in the Ternes quarter bought a ten-pound leg of mutton from him, and to his surprise, about an hour afterwards the butcher called and asked to be allowed to take the joint back again. The restaurant keeper wondered what the reason was and refused; his wonder increased when the butcher offered him $20 for the joint, and it increased still more, when on his refusing, the man doubled his offer. Thinking there must be some reason for this absurd liberality, for the butcher seemed perfectly sane, mine host held off and the butcher made a final bid of $100. This convinced the hotel proprietor that the leg must be stuffed with something valuable, perhaps with gold, as the butcher became very excited. So he refused.

When the joint was cooked and brought to the table the host as he put his knife in, struck something hard, and expecting a rich find removed slice after slice until he came to an iron weight which turned the scale at two pounds. The irate proprietor went to the market, found the butcher, and had him arrested, and to add insult to injury gave him a thorough kicking. Though whether it was for blighting his hopes or for selling iron at the price of meat, he did not condescend to say.—[Boston Transcript.

Timber for Shingles.

Any kind of timber that will split well may be used for shingles, for if they are laid right and painted they will not rot in many years. White pine, red cedar, or cyprus are the best, but all the oaks, chestnut, poplar, and even hemlock will make good shingles if good timber is selected. The roof should be painted as it is lain, each row being coated before the next is laid, and the upper side only needs paint. Iron paint and raw linseed oil is the best.—[New York Times.

The Swiss people are alarmed at the decadence of the watch industry.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Not Changeable—Judging From Appearances—Not as She Meant It—A Base Joke, Etc., Etc.

NOT CHANGEABLE.

"She refused you, then?"

"She did."

"I wouldn't give her up for all that. I would propose again."

"No, I won't, at least not for a week or so. She isn't one who changes her mind quickly.—[New York Press.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

"Is that tall, slim fellow over there a Russian?"

"He looks more like a Pole.—[Epoch.

NOT AS SHE MEANT IT.

"Where is that black cloud going to?"
Asked the boy of his grandma dear;
And the old lady said, as she shook her head,
"It's going to thunder, I fear."
—[Detroit Free Press.

A BASE JOKE.

"How's that, umpire?" asked the pitcher, as the ball flew over the fence and scattered the cackling hens in the farm yard.

"Fowl bawl!" replied the umpire; and the enemy stole a base before the pitcher could catch his breath again.

A KEEN-MINDED SUITOR.

"Why do you send Ethel such handsome presents? Candy and flowers are enough."

"That's all right. She eats the candy and the flowers fade. When we get married I get the diamonds back."—[Brooklyn Life.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Wife—For three months now Tommy has refused to wear his new necktie to school; I don't know what I shall do with him.

Husband—You had better let him buy his own neckties.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

BOTH ASHAMED.

Old Gotrox—Look here, to come right down to the solid truth, aren't you just a little ashamed of your old daddy? Honest, now.

Young Gotrox—Why, gov'nor, I cawn't say ashamed exactly, but you know you are not always good fawm, ye know.

Old Gotrox—Well, I don't blame you for being ashamed of me. Every time I look at you and think of what a job I made of your bringing up, I am ashamed of myself.—[Newark Standard.

IN THE TRAIN.

"That fellow over there must feel uncomfortable."

"Why?"

"He tried to shut the window for the girl in front of him, but couldn't do it. After he gave it up the girl tried and succeeded."—[Boston Herald.

WILL SETTLE DOWN.

Cora—I hear that young Wrounder has turned over a new leaf, and that his mother hopes now he will settle down.

Harry—Well, he owes me about $40, and I hope he'll settle up.—[Light.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A lady who wished to weigh her baby, two months old, but who had no scales at hand suitable for the purpose, took the child to a neighboring butcher shop. The butcher put the baby in his spring scales, looked at the dial, and remarked:

"With the bones and all, mum, it's fourteen pounds and a half. Shall I—?"

"How dare you make such a suggestion," screamed the woman, as she snatched her baby and rushed out of the shop.—[Youth's Companion.

THE TYRANNY OF CAPITAL.

"A penny, sir, if you please?"

"What! begging at night?"

"It's my misfortune, sir. I have to work over hours or I couldn't live."—[Philadelphia Times.

SHE WAS NEVER ANYTHING TO HIM.

She—So you loved and lost, did you?

He—No, she returned all my presents.—[Epoch.

FRAGILE.

Maud—The men of the present day seem to be very fragile.

Jack—Why do you say so?

Maud—Because they seldom fall in love without getting broke.

STRANGE.

The very strangest thing alive;
No mortal can divine;
Thermometer at ninety-five
Beneath an ice cream sign!
[Atlanta Constitution.

RATHER AMBIGUOUS.

"Am I as dear to you as ever, George?" asked the wife, caressingly.

"My love," answered George, candidly, "since you took to tailor made clothes you grow dearer and dearer every day."

HER DRESS AND HER ESSAY.

"Your graduating dress is a perfect poem, I understand."

"Oh, it is just lovely! Why, the trimmings cost more than the dress itself."

"So I heard. By the way, what was the subject of your graduating essay?"

"'The Frivolties of Fashion.'"

IN ANCIENT ROME.

"Where's the best place to get board in Rome, Metullius?" asked Hayseedius of Pompeii.

"Bored?" returned Metullius. "Why not try the Augurs?"

POSITIONS REVERSED.

She his amanuensis was
A few short weeks ago;
He wooed and married her, because,
They say, he loved her so.

He used to dictate to her then,
And she with manner prim,
Wrote out his words with facile pen,
She now dictates to him.
[New York Press.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

She—Would you believe it? That vicious little Mrs. Weston has taught her baby to call its father "grandpa."

He—What did she do that for?

She—So that Weston shan't forget he is old enough to be her father.—[Life.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOGGISHNESS.

I'm fond of reading Shakespeare, yet must say
The Bard was mighty mean to write so much.
He might have left a few things for this day,
With all its scribbling, struggling bards, to touch.

A NEW CHAPTER OF PROVERBS.

As a pink pearl in a scullion's ear, so is a fair woman without a good dressmaker.

Whoso telleth the truth concerning his neighbor is not infrequently liable to heavy damages.

Better is a chop with a peer than a seven-and sixpenny dinner with a person of no position.

What is sweeter to a soured woman than the failings of her dearest friend?—[London World.

CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY.

Agent—I am informed, sir, that you are about to build a new house, and I should like to sell you a book on architecture.

Mr. Suburb—Don't want it.

Agent—It may save you a lot of money, sir. May I inquire what sort of a house you intend to erect?

Mr. S.—I have accepted a plan for a $5,000 house.

Agent (triumphantly)—Well, sir, this book shows you how to build a $5,000 house for only $10,000.—[New York Weekly.

BEGINNING ON THE OLD MAN.

"Your son has been graduated?"

"Yes."

"Now the question is, will he be able to make his knowledge useful, to impart it to others?"

"I guess so. He has begun to impart it to me."—[New York Press.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"My son," said the venerable man, as he sent his boy forth to do battle with the world, "select your calling, stick to that one thing alone, and you will succeed."

The boy selected the calling of village lawyer, stuck to it faithfully, and now he is known for miles around as the best checker player in Pike County.—[Chicago Tribune.

A CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT.

"Sir, I take the liberty of saying that you have my umbrella."

"Very well, you take the liberty; I'll take the umbrella."

AMERICAN GIRL.

American Girl (at Windsor Castle)—Porter, is there any chance to get a glimpse of the queen?

Gentleman at the gate—I am not the porter. I am the Prince of Wales.

American Girl—How lucky I am! Is your mother in?—Good News.

GOOD ADVICE TO A SON.

Closefist, Jr.—You don't seem to think that a fellow wants to sow his wild oats.

Closefist, Sr.—Don't sow 'em, plant 'em, and make the hills wide apart.

COLD BUT FLUENT.

"Miss Hypatia Bluesocks, of Boston, cold as she is, has a nice flow of language."

"Yes, an ice floe."

GRADUATED RATES.

Hotel Clerk—This guest has been here over two weeks. Nothing was said about rates. Shall we charge him by the week or by the day?

Proprietor—What's in that package he left in the safe?

"Bonds."

"Charge him by the day."—[Good News.

EVIDENCE.

"I read your spring poem, Binks."

"That wasn't a spring poem."

"It must have been. It gave me those tired feelings right off."—[New York Sun.

OFFERING AN INDUCEMENT.

"Where are you going this Summer?" asked the steamship agent.

"Don't know; guess Europe's good enough."

"Why don't you go down to Hayti? I can sell you tickets at a bargain."

"What would I do in Hayti in Summer time?"

"No end of fun if you like excitement. They're going to assassinate the President and kill off half the Cabinet. It's the chance of your lifetime."—[New York Recorder.

CREDULOUS.

Mrs. Briggs (reading from the morning paper)—I see they've discovered a wonderful wild orange grove in Mexico.

Old Briggs—That's the way with those newspapers. Always discovering some wonderful thing a long ways off. Let 'em discover a wild orange grove right here in this State and I'll believe 'em.—[New York Recorder.

What is Worsted?

A woolen yarn is soft and fluffy, while a worsted yarn is hard and firm, possessing a much greater tensile strength. In the woolen yarn the fibers are tangled and crossed, and drawing is avoided as much as possible in preparing the raw material for spinning, so as to leave the natural curvature of the fibers undisturbed and afford the greatest freedom of action to the felting quality of the wool. In worsted yarns the object is to obliterate the felting quality and to secure elongation and parallel arrangement of the fibers.

In the early days of the manufacture the best results were only attainable in worsted yarns from long-fibered fleece. The English wools are commonly called combing-wools for this reason, and it was the possession of this fleece of an unrivaled quality which made England the birthplace of the worsted manufacture, and has kept it at the front in this process.

One of the results of improved machinery has been to remove any distinction between woolens and worsteds based upon the difference between the wools employed in the two processes. Short wool of merino blood can now be combed as successfully as the longer staple. The processes of treatment, however, continue to differ radically. This difference, as already seen, is primarily created by the introduction of the combing machine, an instrument unknown to the wool manufacture proper.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Effect of Various Intoxicants.

Dr. Shorthouse has been diagnosing the effect of various intoxicating liquors on different parts of the cerebellum when imbibed not "wisely but too well," and the tendency of the result of his investigations is to indicate that inebriety can be reduced to an exact science so far as its subsequent demonstrations are concerned. Dr. Shorthouse finds that good wine and beer indiscreetly imbibed have the effect of making a man fall on his side; whisky, and especially Irish whisky, on his face, and cider on his back, these disturbances of equilibrium corresponding exactly with those caused by injury to the lateral lobes and to the anterior and posterior parts of the middle lobe of the cerebellum respectively.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully, WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, LA., May 3, '90.

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Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours, MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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