IS A BOSTON DISEASE.

Mervous Complaint Known as "Shift" Attacks All Classes.

Man its Origin in the introduction of Street Care is the Hub and Mxtenda Aven to Guesto at Receptions.

The transition from amnibuses to gatreet cars has been too sudden and too swift for Beston. It has been in a degree like the change from stage coaches to railroads some years ago, when Bostonians did not get over their marrous approbensions of danger for years after the amorting engines went envorting across the commonwealth. Now the staid residents of this town have a new disease which is attributed directly to the coming of the street cars, says a report from that city. It is called "shift" and it makes its appearance in the form of a nervous movement, almost entirely involunwary, causing great fatigue and ennui. These conditions, it may be said, are manually present in the average Bostonian under normal conditions, but they have been so greatly aggravated by the street car disease that nerve specialfats fear the entire city will become affected unless a sudden and radical change is effected in street car meth-

· As is well known, Boston is a densely populated city for its size, and the streets are narrow and crowded. Therefore when street cars were introduced here a short time ago it was found that the cars became growded to their utmost before they "had gone many squares. The street ear company, desiring to squeeze as many nickels as possible out of every gound trip of every car, issued orders to the conductors to fill the cars tightly, as is the custom in Chicago, New York and other cities. With the old eminbases this was not the custom. When all the seats were occupied the "bus took on no more passengers. But the street cars are different. When The scate at each side of the closed car are comfortably filled so that no more space is visible the conductor remembers his orders to squeeze in the passengers, and therefore when another passenger gets on the conducther thrusts his head in at the cur door and calls: "Move up, please." Obediently the passengers move up,

They never dreamed at the start of rementing the instructions of the conduc-Wor, but moved up to make room for one more, and when the next passenger got on they got the order once more: "Move up, please," and they moved up. Finally the seats are all filled so tightly that no more passengers can be squeezed into them and then the latecomers stand in the aisle. But still the conductor is not satisfied. "Step forward, please," is then the command, repeated and reiterated me often in a single trip that it gets to be second nature with the passengers Wo step forward every time the car atops to take on snother passenger.

It would not be so had if the thing stopped here, but right there is where The trouble comes in. It did not. Rida "ing up and down town daily and being admonished so many scores of times to "Move up, please," and "Step forward, please," the Bostonians have acquired the habit of doing these things unconsciously. Even though there are plenty of seats in a car everyone moves up a bit when a new passenger enters, mutil often there are six or seven pasmengers crowded in one end of a seat with plenty of empty seats behind them from which they have "moved up." The nervous complaint *took an even firmer hold on its victims and made itself manifest in private life, however, and that is why the nerve specialists have been called into consultation to check its ravages. Now when several people are in a room at ma evening party or reception and a new caller enters everyone involuntarily moves up one seat or steps forward into the corner, anticipating a command from an imaginary conduc-

So widespread is the complaint and to embarrassing is it to many thoumands of Bostonians that there is a movement on foot to bring pressure to bear on the street ear company to modify or abrogate its orders to the conductors and do away with the moving up and stepping forward. The doctors believe that if this is done the Boston-Same will gradually recover their normal calm and the "Boston shift" will disappear. It is strange that this discase has never appeared in other cities where street cars have been run in the mame general way, crowded to their utmost capacity, but that may be caused by a difference in the temperament of the people. Where street cars have long been an established factor of city life the nervousness occasioned by the conductors' orders has probably given way to callousness bred of long association. People have got used to being jostled about, crowded into corners and jabbed by conductors. This is all mew to Boston, which has so long been content with omnibuses, and the "Boston shift" is the result of its sudden Introduction to metropolitan ways.

Export of Bussian Crabs. Consul Hughes writes from Coburg. nunder date of June 20, 1901: A small gresh-water crab, very much like a dimainutive lobater, is largely imported finto Germany and Austria from Rusmia. During the years 1896 to 1900 75,was hundredweights were imported by Germany slone. Austrian importammount to some \$,000 hundredweights m year. Without much trouble this industry might, I think, be introduced in the United States. Scientific Ameri-

Sixty-Foot Wrought Iron Piller. The largest wrough: iron pillar is at "Delhi, in India. It is 60 feet high and weighs 17 tous,--- N. Y. Suz.

HOME LIFE OF AN EMPRESS.

There is Much of Beal Domestic Mappiness in the Imperial Pamily of Russia.

The birth and christening of the fourth princess in the Russian royal family has called renewed attention to the ideal domestic life of the imperial couple. The empress is one of the most popular among European royalties, it is said, and was one of the favorite grandchildren of Queen Victoria, says the New York Tribune. Her mother, Princess Alica. grand duchess of Hesse, wrote to the queen when the little princess was a year old: "She is such a sweet, merry little person, always laughing and with a deep dimple in one cheek, fust like Ernie." Her pet name was "Sunny," and the quality indicated by that still is a striking characteristic, say her friends.

The marriage of Princess Alix to the czar was the climax of a pretty love story. Her eldest sister, Grand Duchess Serge, was aunt by marriage to the czar, who, when czarowitch, often met the princess at the house of her sister. They fell in love in the ordinary human way, but both families opposed their marriage, for various reasons. One of the strongest was the difference in religion, the czarowitch belonging to the Greek church and the princess to the Lutheran. The czarowitch was: sent on a tour around the world, in the hope that he might be diverted from his love affair, but returned in a year, as much in love as ever. Finally Queen Victoria and the other members of the family were won over by the young man, but the princess herself was reluctant to abandon her creed. She confided her religious scruples to her brother, the grand duke of Hesse, who asked: "Then do you, not love him?" She answered just as any "mere girl" might: "Oh, yes! indeed I do!"

Finally she was invited to England by her aunt, Princess Louis of Battenberg, and the exarowitch, too, received an invitation. He used his opportunity to such good purpose that the betrothal was announced at the wedding, the next year, of the grand duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg.

Soon came the iliness and death of Alexander III., and the coarowitch became emperor. His mother urged speedy marriage, and the young princess was received into the Greek church on November 26, 1894, and the wedding took place almost immediately.

The empress is greatly interested in philanthropic work, and is at the head of the association for relief of the poor. She is said to have read all the best works on the English laws relating to the poor. Everything in her home life is on the simplest scale possible, and she enjoys herself as any less exalted person might, in riding, rowing, swimming, tennis playing and sketching. Her skill with the brush is said to be considerable, and she often amuses herself with caricatures in pencil of the members of her household in a way that no other artist would dare

She has her children about her almost as constantly as any mother among her people, giving personal supervision to their training in mind, manners and morals.

ODDITIES OF PRONUNCIATION. Some That Are Especially Noticeable Among the People

of London.

The American who believes, as thousands do, that to betray one's nationality is to invite overcharging and extortion in the West End shops of London is not only hard pressed to choose the peculiar words the English employ, but he has quite as many and as deep pitfalls to avoid in the methods of pronunciation, writes Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine. I will not refer to the false or ignorant methods of illiterate persons, but will confine attention to some eccentricities of pronunciation of gentlemen and ladies of education, rank and breeding. They say immejitly, injin for engine, militry, figger and figgers, clark, for clerk, paytent, naytional-and so on through a long list. The peculiarities of their mode of pronouncing their own names of families, places and things are not open to criticism, because if they may not do as they please with their own it is hard, indeed. They pronounce Berkeley, barclay, Cowper is cooper, Cadogan is kerdoggan, Ralph is rafe in some shires, Craven is sometimes crawveen, Derby is darby, Leveson-Gower becomes loosun-gore, Hertford is hartford, and Albany is spoken so that the first syllable shall rhyme with shall, instead of with hall, as

and Trafal-gar, and you must chop the following names very short: Lud-get, Ho-b'n, South-uk and Merrybun whenever you wish to say Ludgate, Holborn, Southwark and Marylebone. I have heard the prince call his own house Mobrer house, though we call it Marlborough house. A Month in the Bath.

with us. I hesitate to say that Chol-

mondeley is called chumly, and that

Beauchamp is beecham, as everyone

knows these eccentricities, yet they

are the most remarkable of all the

liberties the English take with their

language. You must say Balmo-ral

At Kawanaka, a tiny spring near Ikao, in the province of Joshu, Japan, the bathers stay in the water for a month with a stone on their laps to prevent them from floating in their sleep; and the caretaker of this establishment, who is a hale old man of 80, is in the habit of remaining in the bath during the whole winter.-Albany Argus.

A LITTLE MONSENSE.

Fond Mother-'Tommy, you don't seem very well." Tommy-"No, maw. I ain't; I wisht I had let sister eat that third piece uv pie."-Ohio State Journal

"I dislike ill-feeling. I hear feadley says he owes me a gradge." "Don't let that worry you. He's never been known to pay anything he owes."--Philadelphia Times.

"I have a scheme that will make a millionaire of me." "Can't you let me in on it?" "Bure. It is to invert sky-scrapers and let them automatically clean the streets."-Indanapolis News.

Chattel Chatter .- "Did you ever see anything so stuck up as that pump?" remarked the saw-buck. "And why not?" replied the milkingstool. "He's well-connected, you see."-Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Browne-"I've just been to see Mrs. Swellman's new place. She has stained glass all through the house." Mrs. Parvenu-"The idea! Her servants are too lazy to remove the stains, I suppose?"-London Anawers.

Mr. Wunder-"I don't see why that man Timbers always puts LL. D. after his name. Did any college ever confer that degree on him?" Mr. Tellit-"Oh, no. He uses the letters to indicate that he is a lumber dealer."-Baltimore American.

"He speaks of making headway in the 'teeth of the gale,' " remarked the editor. "False!" said the yachting correspondent, who knew there had not been even a ripple. "Ah, then I will put it the 'false teeth of the gale." "-Philadelphia Becord.

Before the Bout .- "Is Mickey in condition?" "He's as fine as silk. Ah, Mickey's a great boy. He's got something up his sleeve that'll astonish all thim other duffers." "What is it, Mister Doolan?" "It's his ar-r-rm."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A STRANGE CITY FARM.

One in New York That Is Operated by Chinamen Who Sell Vegetables.

There is one kind of farm in New York that is not at all common, that has never existed in any other city so far as I know, in ancient or modern times. It is situated, oddly enough, in about the center of the 317 square miles of New York, so well as the center of a boot-shaped area can be located, saya Scribner's Magazine.

Cross Thirty-fourth street ferry to Long Island City, which really does not smell so bad as certain of our poets would have us believe; take the car marked "Steinway," and ride for 15 or 20 minutes out through dreary city edge, past small, unpainted manufactories, squalid tenements, and sad vacant lots that serve as the last resting place for decayed trucks and overworked wagons. A hundred yards or so from the highway will be seen he first of the odd. paper-covered houses of the colony of Chinese farmers who earn their living by tilling the soil of Greater New York.

At short distances are the other huts crouching at the foot of hig trees, with queer gourds hanging out in front to dry and large, unusual crocks lying about, and huge bankets, and mattings-all clearly from thina: they are as different as what could be bought on the neighboring avenues as the farms and farmers themselves are different from most Long Island farms and farmers. Out in the fields, which are tilled in the oriental way, utilizing every inch of ground clean up to the fence, and laid out with even divisions at regular intervals like rice fields, the farmers themselves may be seen, working with Chinese implements, their pigtails tucked up under their straw hats, while the western world wags on its own way all around them. This is less than five miles from the grass-covered parade ground of the Waldorf-Astoria.

They have only three houses among them, that is, there are only three of these groups of rooms, made of old boards and boxes and covered with tar paper, but no one in the neighborhood seems to know just how many Chinamen live there. The same sleeping space would hold a score or more over in Pell street.

Being Chinamen, they grow only Chinese produce, a peculiar kind of bean and some sort of saled, and these large, artistic-shaped melons, seen only in China or Chinatown, which they call something that sounds like "moncha," and which, one of them told me, bring two cents a pound from the Chinese merchants and restaurateurs of Manhattan. For my part, I was very glad to discover these farms, for I had always been perplexed to account for the fresh salads and green vegetables, of unmistakably Chinese origin, that can be found in season in New York's Chinatown.

Raising Truffes.

The pioneer of the new industry of truffle culture was a peasant who, having observed the peculiar attraction of oaks for truffles, had the happy idea of sowing acorns from these baks in soil of a similar character to that in which the tubers had been found. The result was that seven or eight years later truffles appeared near the young oaks. Although that convincing experiment was made nearly a century ago, it is only in recent years that the French have seriously turned their attention to truffle culture. By its means land that was previously worthless, on account of its stoniness and aridity, had been made profitable,---Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Sign. McJigger--What makes you think he

ian't a gentleman? Thingumbob--He insists that he is. -Philadelphia Press.

PINE FORESTS BY BOTTLE.

Essential Oil from the Needles Makes a New Medicine from Which Much is Expected.

The balmy and invigorating odor of pine forests may now be bought by the bottle, says the New York World.

With the sid of this new product, one may enjoy in his own home many of the advantages of life in the forests. The new medicine, for which many virtues are claimed, is known as the essential oil of pine needles. A large factory for preparing it has been established recently in Oregon. The oil is claimed to be a cure for insomnia, besides being excellent for

throat and lung troubles. It takes 2,000 pounds of the pine needles to make ten pounds of the essential oil. All the virtues of the forests are said to be condensed in

this potion.

It is well known that people troubled with insomnia have been cured by sleeping on beds of pine needles, and that weak throats and lungs have been healed and strengthened by merely breathing the odor of the pines. The new medicine is supposed to have these valuable medicinal qual-Ities in condensed form.

An inferior quality of this oil was made in Germany before the American factory was started. The German government, however, will not allow the factory to use any but the pine needles which have fallen to the ground.

The needles which grow in Oregon are 20 and even 30 inches long, while the German needles are but two inches long. The American product is far superior to the German, and great results are expected of it.

There is already a great demand for the American oil. Its manufacture has been discouraged by the government until recently, but all legislative restrictions have now been removed. The forestry department has been investigating the work for some time. It was at first believed that the forests might suffer from losing the needles, but it was finally decided that since the main object of the forests was to raise timber rather than foliage, the work would be more beneficial than otherwise.

The needles are gathered in two crops every year. The first crop is taken in April and the second in Octoher. Of the two crops the first is the lighter. The leaves of the young trees are preferred, as they seem to yield a better class of ofl.

The needles are stripped from the trees by women and men, who are paid for their work as the hop-pickers are paid in the east. The average price paid by the manufacturers is 25 cents a hundred pounds. The pickers make on the average \$1.50 a day.

The needles are first subjected to a mild crushing and are then boiled, and the oil is finally distilled. The by-product of the process is also very after the oil has been removed may be utilized in several ways. It is elastic and strong and can be woven.

When mixed with other substances it makes excellent material for mattreases and pillows, since it still retains the odor of the pine forests.

STORY OF THE ROYAL SAVAGE

Old Wreck of the Schooner in Lake Champlain is Searched by Divers.

Recent recovery by a Chicago diver of various relies from the wreck of the schooner Royal Savage, in Lake Champlain, south of Valcour island, is a reminder that the beautiful lake was a scene of naval warfare long before Commodore MacDonough won his famous victory on its waters in August, 1814, says the Buffalo Commercial.

The Royal Savage dates back to 1776, and belonged to an expedition under command of Benedict Arnold. After an attack by the British she was grounded and abandoned by her crew. Then the boat was set on fire by the enemy and sunk. The hull is still intact, but no one supposed that it contained any relics of value, until the diver the other day brought to the surface several gun carriages, a large number of ten-pound solid shot, grapeshot, buttons from officers' uniforms and other articles.

Benedict Arnold's private papers were lost at the time of the engagement, and it is possible they may still exist somewhere in the wreck of the old ship. Should they be recovered they might prove a very peculiar contribution to revolutionary history, especially if they should tend to show that Arnold was even then plotting to betray his country.

The enterprising diver, however, appears to have struck a snag. The wreck lies in New York waters, and the United States officials at Plattsburg have been after him on a charge of violating section 5:358 of the revised statutes of the United States, which provide for the punishment of every person who "plunders, steals or destroys any money, goods, merchandise or other effects from or belonging to any vessel in distress, or wrecked, lost or stranded, or cast away, upon the ma or in any other place within the admiralty or maritime jurisdiction of the United States."

He got out of range temporarily by moving his boat into Vermont waters. He claims, however, that the law has not been violated, as the wreck of the Royal Savage has never been reclaimed by the American government, and though it lies in American waters it long ago became public property. In any event, the government might well make an exception in this case and allow the explorations to proceed.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There are 1,700 Indians in Arizona owning farms.

One bank in El Reno made \$25,000 by agreeing to give notice of prizes drawn in the recent land lottery, and then the newspapers gave the notice quicker than the bank could.

The thrift of the French may be inferred from the fact that one-fourth of the whole population are depositors in savings banks and that the amount of their credit is over 4,000,-000,000 franca.

In all his business life, which he began at a salary of \$500 a year, Secretary Gage was never discharged and never sought a better position than the one he occupied. All his promotions came to him unsolicited.

Among the Romans an invisible ink was made with the milky juices of certain plants. Its manufacture was a state secret, death being pronounced on any who should disclose it, and all important dispatches from the capital to the provinces, or vice versa, were written in this ink.

Yu Keng, the Chinese ambassador at Paris, is quite an adaptable Celestial. His wife is only half Chinese. having had an American father. His ellidren speak perfect English, and the family takes, in western stiyle, to excursions, amateur photography, private theatricals and other fads.

In 1820 pens began to be made by Gillott, who manufactured them of stoel finely tempered. The pen was hand-made throughout, and though very inferior to the machine made article of the present day, was still as great advance upon the iron-barreled pens that had been previously made.

On the British steamship lines the captains receive from £300 to £1,200 a year, without perquisites. If, at the end of the year, a British commander's boat has met with no accident he gets a bonus. The British lines think this system of reward has a tendency to make commanders more

SEEDLESS WATERMELONS.

Colorado Statesman Experimento in Planting and Produces a Melon Without Beeds,

The millenium of the colored man has arrived at last. The seedless watermelon is a fact. The credit of the discovery is laid at the feet of a Colorado statesman, formerly a state senator there. His name is Swink, and down to posterity his name should go along with other benefactors of the colored race, says the New York World.

The news will undoubtedly bring joy to a population estimated at 10.000. 660 in the southern states alone. To how many segregated colored hungerers after the red-lined luscious melon up north can only be vaguely estimated.

The news is true, however. Let it be disseminated throughout these United States. Now is the time, more-Over.

It seems that ex-Senator Swink, the discoverer and propagator of the seedless melon, lives in Rocky Ford, Col. Here is the great melon center of the west. Water and musk melons are shipped thence by the thousands of boxes as far east as New York and westward to California. They are first choice in all high-class fruit stores throughout the country.

The ex-senator has been working for years on the seedless meion proposition. He saw not only the African's joy, but the pleasure of the Caucasian as well, and, incidentally, a lot of money for himself.

Daylight often found him examining microscopically the seeds of the luscious watermelon, and his experiments in planting often kept him up at night, experimentally planting and digging up again melons.

Early one morning he rushed breathless into the house.

"I've got it, I've done it!" he exclaimed, and he promptly fell over in a fit of joy, so his family say. They knew what he meant.

But they had to wait, just the same, for weeks and weeks until the young melons grew to rotundity and ripe-

Only the other day was the discovery proven to be as true as the eminent ex-senator had prophesied. He came into the house carrying a 20-pound watermelon. With one slash of his knife he cut the big meion in two, and lo and behold, as it lay riven apart, not a single seed was to be seen.

Of course, Mr. Swink has not revealed the secret of his discovery, but he is satisfied that he can grow the seedless melon.

Raspberry Vinegar,

Put a gallon of red raspberries into a large stone jar and pour over them one quart of strong vinegar. Keep it covered closely for two weeks, then strain, mashing all the flavor out of the fruit, and pour the vinegar over two quarts of fresh berries. Let them atand a week before straining again. To each quart of the fruit vinegar add 11/2 pounds of sugar, bring to the boiling point, skim, bottle and cork very securely, using new corks. Blackberries may be used in exactly the same way as red raspberries. -- Good Housekeeping.

Not Parallel Cases. Mamma-I really believe you're the worst boy that ever lived. You keep me fretting all the time.

Tommy-Well, ma, it was no fault of mine that I came into this family. With ps, now, 'twee different.-Boston Transcript.

Just as Bad, Bizzer-Did you ever have to wear a plaster cast?

Buzzer-No. but I've worn finnel -Ohio State Journal.

underwear guaranteed not to shrink.

12 % TO MARRY OR NOT.

A Really and Truly Modern Novel Which is of the Sublimely Soulful Sort.

She stood on the threshold. Goeffrey D'Odenreid was sitting, or rather crouching, before a fire whose jets illumined his tall, bent figure. A covert coat was thrown across his shoulders; he held it together about his throat with one hand. There was something imposing in his attitude and his colitariness, says the Washington Star. The room was dark except for the fitful flicker of the fire, and for a radiant moon which hung in the wisdow pane, flooding the apartment from floor to ceiling. It drew strange traceries of cold light and weird shadow upon the floor and the yellow damask

At the sound of her footstep he turned; he looked dazed a moment. She noticed that he was deathly pale, He sprang to his feet, jerking the cost from his shoulders. It fell to the

She hesitated and wavered a moment on the threshold.

"Ah." he murmured, "I thought you would come to me, queen of my noul." "Yes," she said, as if not heeding his words, "I have came."

"You see," he continued, "it was useless for me to continue to struggle. From the first I knew that I was yours. You see, I needs must feel that the worship I give to you has for an hour, at least, made our souls one. I sometimes think you must have seen it all on that first night. I knew that my soul had found its master in a tenderness illimitable. Ah, from the first L saw you as you are-angel and goddess. There is no act of self-sepression, no set of self-immolation man may not commit for you-no fond and foolish thing one has read of, but has scarce believed. You bring enchanting, elevating thought; why, you fill with joy the whole horizon of the world. Until I met you I did not live -I slept. But now I am awake. Yet I love you, you see, and would like to whisper it in your little ear. But I would not dare. All I would dare is to fall at your feet so-looking up-mayhap you would be kind. I might catch the murmur of your low voice, listen to its music, and see love shape himself on your sweet lip. You saw it, did you not, darling, the very first time? You know that never before had I caught sight even of love's finttering garment. Why, it must have been so plain to your deep heart. If you doubted II, if would have been calumny--not to me, but to yourself, your loveliness. You knew from that hour that all else, all else, all othersdo you hear?--were chaff borne on the winds, froth lashed away to nothingness on the first breaker of a fathom-

Bertha Detracourt Le Moyamenaing stood motionless, clasping and maclasping her hands. In her whiteness she looked like a vision from some other world. Only on her face a strange glow was growing, growing up from her mouth, irradiating her low, broad, moun-touched forehead. "Jeff." she said, slowly, culting him-

by the dear diminutive she always gave to him when he fell into one of his talking spells, "if you mean business, cheese that lingo and give me plain English; but if you are just doing a language stunt, keep moving-you're hitting it up to beat the band."

BEDBUGS SPREAD DISEASE.

baid by Medical Authority to Be as Bad as Mosquitors in That Respect.

Acting Assistant Surgeon S. Hodgson, of the marine hospital service, believes he has discovered a valuable remedy to be used in yellow fever eases, says a special dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. Dr. Hodgson has been stationed at Progreso, Mexico, for two years, and he has made a thorough examination of yellow fever cases there. In a letter to Surgeon General Wyman, of the marine hospital service, he calls attention to the fact that while valuable work has been done in China in demonstrating beyond question that yellow fever can be and is transmitted by the mosquito, another insect almost as numerous, and certainly as pestiferous, which may be quite as active an agency in spreading this disease so the mosquito has been entirely overlooked, namely, the cimex, or, as it is popularly known, the bedbug. "In the fropies," Hodgson says, "the

bedbug is all-prevailing, and his stealthy movements are more liable to accomplish the desired end than the buzzing mosquito.

"Among the remedies used in Central and South America as an antidota for the stings of insects and bites of snakes, the zed, or bean of cedron, has been found to be a specific. A tincture is made from the grated or mashed zed, which is also made into a fluid extract. I made a tincture from the bean and used it as an antidote for the stings of insects and the bite of a anake, and found that the action was almost immediate and the relief complete. The antitoxic properties of this remedy were so great that I thought it might be of some benefit , in yellow fever, and had opportunities to try it in several cases of that disease, and from the results concluded " it is as specific for yellow fever as quinine is for malaria."

Dr. Hodgson says the cases he treated were in Costs Rica, when he was government physician at Jiminez, and while he kept no notes of the cases, everyone treated with the tineture ofcedron recovered.

It relieved the headache, stopped the nauses, and in the cases where it was injected early in the disease there was very little congestion. He used the tineture by hypodermic injections of about 20 minims three times a day.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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