

POETRY.

AT FIFTY-ONE.

Justing is over with me forever, Life is too sober at fifty-one; No longer I worship the witty and clever; Things that amuse me I loath and shun, I have come to the summit and now begin To sink to the vale on the other side; There's a damp in the air, there's a gloom on the sun, Whose waning vapors of Orcus hide.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PHANTOM.

"Ah, true!" "How many covers?" "Count for yourself!" "Is everyone here, your excellency?" "Yes."

Bertuccio glanced through the door, which was ajar. The count watched him. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter?" said the count. "That woman—that woman!"

"Which?" "The one with a white dress and so many diamonds—the fair one."

"Madame Danglars?" "I do not know her name; but it is she, sir, it is she!"

"Whom do you mean?" "The woman of the garden—she that was outside—she who was walking while she waited for—Bertuccio stood at the open door, with his eyes starting and his hair on end.

"Waiting for whom?" Bertuccio without answering, pointed to Villefort with something of the gesture Machet uses to point out Banquo. "Oh, ho!" he at length muttered, "do you see?"

"Him?" "Him!—M. de Villefort, the prosecutor? Certainly I see him."

"Then I did not kill him?" "Really, I think you are going mad, good Bertuccio," said the count. "Then he is not dead?"

"No, you see plainly he is not dead. Instead of striking between the sixth and seventh left rib, as your countrymen do, you must have struck higher or lower; and life is very tenacious in these lawyers, or rather there is no truth in anything you have told me—it was a flight of the imagination, a dream of your fancy. You went to sleep full of thoughts of vengeance; they weighed heavily on your stomach; you had the nightmare—that's all. Come, calm yourself, and reckon: M. and Madame de Villefort, two; M. and Madame Danglars, four; M. de Chateaufort, Renard, M. Debray, M. Morrel, seven; Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti, eight."

"Eight!" repeated Bertuccio. "Stop! You are in a shocking hurry to be off—you forgot one of my guests. Lean a little to the left! Look at M. and Mrs. Cavalcanti, that young man in a black coat, looking at Marilou's Madonna; now he is turning." This time Bertuccio would have uttered an exclamation, had not a look from Monte-Cristo silenced him. "Benedetto!" he muttered; fatal!

"Half-past six o'clock has just struck, M. Bertuccio," said the count severely; "I ordered dinner at that hour, and I do not like to wait; and he returned to his guests, while Bertuccio, leaning against the wall, succeeded in reaching the dining-room. Five minutes afterwards the doors of the drawing-room were thrown open, and Bertuccio, appearing, said, with a violent effort, "The dinner awaits."

The Count of Monte-Cristo offered his arm to Madame de Villefort. "M. de Villefort," he said, "will you take me to the Baroness Danglars?"

Villefort complied, and they passed on to the dining-room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DINNER.

It was evident that one sentiment pervaded the whole of the guests on entering the dining-room. Each one asked himself what strange influence had conducted them to this house; and yet astonished, even uneasy though they were, they still felt they would not like to be absent. The recent events, the solitary and eccentric position of the count, his enormous, nay, almost incredible fortune, should have made men cautious, and have altogether prevented ladies visiting a house where there was no one of their own sex to receive them; and yet both had passed the bounds of prudence and decorum. Stimulated by an invincible curiosity, there were none present, even including Cavalcanti and his son, without standing the stiffness of the one and the carelessness of the other, who were not thoughtful, on finding themselves assembled at the house of this incomprehensible man. Madame Danglars had started when Villefort, on the count's invitation, offered his arm; and Villefort felt that his glance was uneasy beneath his gold spectacles, when he felt the arm of the baroness press upon his own. None of this had escaped the count, and even by this mere contact of individuals the scene had already acquired considerable interest for an observer. M. de Villefort had on the right hand Madame Danglars, on his left Morrel. The count was seated between Madame de Villefort and Danglars; the other seats were filled by Debray, who was placed between the two Cavalcanti, and by Chateaufort, seated between Madame de Villefort and Morrel.

The repeat was magnificent; Monte-Cristo had endeavored completely to overturn the Parisian ideas, and to feed the curiosity as much as the appetite of his guests. It was an Oriental feast that he offered to them, but of such a kind as the Arabian fairies might be supposed to prepare. Every delicious fruit that the four quarters of the globe could provide was Japan. Rare birds, retaining their most brilliant plumage, enormous fish, spread upon massive silver dishes, together with every wine produced in the Archipelago, Asia Minor, or the Cape, sparkling in whose gorgeous shapes seemed to give an additional flavor to the wine; all these, like one of those displays with which Apicius of old gratified his guests,

passed in review before the eyes of the astonished Parisians, who understood that it was possible to expend £1000 upon a dinner for ten persons, but only on the condition of eating pearls, like Cleopatra, or drinking beaten gold, like Lorenzo de Medici. Monte-Cristo noticed the general astonishment, and began laughing and joking about it. "Gentlemen," he said, "you will admit that, when arrived at a certain degree of fortune, the superfluities of life are all that can be desired; and the ladies will allow that, after having risen to a certain eminence of position, the ideal alone can be more exalted. Now, to follow out this reasoning, what is the marvellous?—that which we do not understand. What is it that we really desire?—that which we cannot obtain. Now, to see things which I cannot understand, to procure impossibilities, these are the study of my life. I gratify my wishes by two means—my will and my money. I take as much interest in the pursuit of some whim as you do, M. Danglars, in forming a new railway line; you, M. de Villefort, in condemning a culprit to death; you, M. Debray, in pacifying a kingdom; you, M. de Chateaufort, in pleasing a woman; and you, Morrel, in breaking a horse that no one can ride. For example, you see these two fish; one brought fifty leagues beyond St. Petersburg, the other five leagues from Naples. Is it not amusing to see them both on the same table?"

"What are the two fish?" asked Danglars.

"M. Chateaufort, who has lived in Russia, will tell you the name of one, and Major Cavalcanti, who is an Italian, will tell you the name of the other."

"This one is, I think, a *serid*," said Chateaufort.

"And that one, if I mistake not, a lamprey!"

"Just so. Now, M. Danglars, ask these gentlemen where they are caught."

"*Serids*," said Chateaufort, "are only found in the Volga."

"And," said Cavalcanti, "I know that Lake Fuzaro alone supplies lampreys of that size."

"Exactly; one comes from the Volga, and the other from Lake Fuzaro."

"Impossible!" cried all the guests simultaneously.

"Well, this is just what amuses me," said Monte-Cristo. "I am like Nero-captus impossibilitatis; and that it is amusing you at this moment. This fish, which seems so exquisite to you, is very likely no better than perch or salmon; but it seemed impossible to procure it, and here it is!"

"But how could you have these fish brought to France?"

"Oh, nothing more easy. Each fish was brought over in a cask—one filled with river herbs and weeds, the other with marshes and plants; they were placed in a wagon built on purpose, and the *serid* lived twelve days, the lamprey eight; and both were alive when my cook seized them, killing one with milk and the other with wine. You do not believe me, M. Danglars?"

"I cannot help doubting," answered Danglars, with his stupid smile.

"Baptistin," said the count, "another fish brought in—the *serid* and the lamprey which came in the other casks, and which are yet alive." Danglars crossed his bearded eyes; the company clapped their hands. Four servants carried in two casks covered with aquatic plants, and in each of which was breathing a fish similar to those on the table.

"But why have two of each sort?" asked Danglars.

"Merely because one might have died," answered Monte-Cristo.

"You are certainly an extraordinary man," said Danglars; and philosophers may well say it is a fine thing to be rich."

"And to have ideas," added Madame Danglars.

"Oh, do not give me credit for this, Madame; it was done by the Romans, who much esteemed them; and Pliny relates that they sent slaves from Ostia to Rome, who carried on their heads fish which they held by the gills, and which, from the description, must probably be the gold-fish. It was also considered a luxury to have them alive, it being an amusing sight to see them die; for, when dying, they change color three or four times, and like the rainbow when it disappears, pass through all the prismatic shades; after which they were sent to the kitchen. Their agony formed part of their merit; if they were not seen alive, they were despised when dead."

"Yes," said Debray; but then Ostia is only a few leagues from Rome."

"True," said Monte-Cristo; "but what would be the use of living 1800 years after Lucullus, if we can do no better than be cold?" The two Cavalcanti opened their enormous eyes, but had the good sense not to say anything.

"All this is very extraordinary," said Chateaufort; "still, what I admire the most, I confess, is the marvellous promptitude with which your orders were executed. Is it not true that you only bought this house five or six days ago?"

"Certainly not longer."

"Well, I am sure it is quite transformed since last week. If I remember rightly, it had another entrance, and the courtyard was paved and empty; while to-day we have a splendid lawn, bordered by trees which appear to be a hundred years old."

"Why not? I am fond of grass and shade," said Monte-Cristo.

"Yes," said Madame de Villefort, "the door was towards the road before; and on the day of my miraculous escape you brought me into the house from the road, I remember."

"Yes, madame," said Monte-Cristo; "but I preferred having an entrance which would allow me to see the Bois de Boulogne over my gate."

"In four days!" said Morrel; "it is extraordinary!"

"Indeed," said Chateaufort, "it seems quite marvellous to make a new house out of an old one; for it was very old and dull too. I recollect coming for my mother to look at it for M. de Saint-Meran advertised it for sale two or three years ago."

"M. de Saint-Meran!" said Madame de Villefort; "then this house belonged to M. de Saint-Meran before you bought it?"

"It appears so," replied Monte-Cristo. "How do you not know of whom you purchased it?"

"No, indeed; my steward transacts all this business for me."

"It is certainly ten years since the house had been occupied," said Chateaufort; "and it was quite melancholy to look at, with the blinds closed, the doors locked, and the weeds in the court. Really, if the house had not belonged to the father-in-law of the king's prosecutor, one might have thought it some accursed place where a horrible crime had been committed." Villefort, who had hitherto not tasted the three or four glasses of rare wine which were placed before him, rose like one who drank it off. Monte-Cristo allowed a short time to elapse, and then said, "It is singular, baron, but the same idea came across me the first time I entered it; it looked so gloomy I should never have bought it if my steward had not acted for me. Perhaps the fellow there, like one of those displays with which Apicius of old gratified his guests,

Villefort; "but believe me, I had nothing to do with this corruption. This house is part of the marriage portion of Valentine, and M. de Saint-Meran wished to sell it; for, if it had remained another year or two uninhabited, it would have fallen to ruin. It was Morrel's turn to become party to it. There was above all, one room," continued Monte-Cristo, "very plain in appearance, hung with red damask, which, I know not why, appeared to me quite dramatic."

"Why so?" said Danglars "why dramatic?"

"Can we account for instinct?" said Monte-Cristo. "Are there not some places where we seem to breathe sadness?—why, we cannot tell. It is a chain of recollections—an idea which carries you back to other times, to other places—very likely, and having no connection with the present time and place. And there is something in this room which reminds me forcibly of the chamber of the Marchioness de Ganges or Deedemona. Stay, since we have finished dinner, I will show it to you, and then we will take coffee in the garden. After dinner the two who remained, the count and the play." Monte-Cristo looked enquiringly at his guests. Madame de Villefort rose, Monte-Cristo did the same, and the rest followed their example. Villefort and Madame Danglars remained for a moment, as if rooted to their seats; they interrogated each other with cold, glassed eyes. "Did you hear?" said Madame Danglars.

"We must go," replied Villefort, offering his arm. Everyone else was already scattered in different parts of the house, urged by curiosity; for they thought the visit would not be limited to the one room, and that, at the same time, they would obtain a view of the rest of the building, of which Monte-Cristo had created a palace. Each one went out by the open doors. Monte-Cristo waited for the two who remained, then, when they had passed, he closed the door with a smile, which, if they could have understood it, would have alarmed them much more than a visit to the room they were about to enter. They therefore began by walking through the apartments, many of which were fitted up in Eastern style. At length they arrived at the famous room. There was nothing particular about it, excepting that, although daylight had disappeared, it was not lighted, and everything in it remained antique, while the rest of the rooms had been re-decorated. These two causes were enough to give it a gloomy tinge. "Oh!" cried Madame de Villefort, "it is really frightful!" Madame Danglars tried to utter a few words, but was silent. Many observations were made, the result of which was the unanimous opinion that there was a sinister appearance in the room. "Is it not so?" asked Monte-Cristo. "Look at that large clumsy bed, hung with black drapery, blood-colored drapery! And those two iron chairs, that have faded from the damp; do they not seem to say, with their pale lips and staring eyes, 'We have seen!' Villefort became livid; Madame Danglars fell into a long seat placed near the chimney. "Oh!" said Madame de Villefort, "this rare you courageous enough to sit down upon the very seat perhaps upon which the crime was committed?" Madame Danglars rose suddenly.

"And then," said Monte-Cristo, "this is not all."

"What is there more?" said Danglars, who had not failed to notice the agitation of Madame Danglars.

"Ah! what else is there?" said Danglars; "for at present I cannot say that I have seen anything extraordinary. What do you say, M. Cavalcanti?"

"Ah!" said he, "we have at Pisa the tower of Uffolino; at Ferrara, the prison of Tasso; at Rimini, the room of Francesco and Paolo."

"Yes, but you have not this little staircase," said Monte-Cristo, opening a door concealed by the drapery. "Look at it, and tell me what you think of it."

"What a wicked looking, crooked staircase," said Chateaufort, smiling.

"I do not know whether the wine of Chios produces melancholy, but certainly everything appears to me to be certain in this house," said the count.

Ever since Valentine's dowry had been mentioned, Morrel had been silent and sad. "Can you imagine said Monte-Cristo, "some yellow, sun-stony, dark night, descending the stairs step by step, carrying a load which he wishes to hide from the sight of man, if not from God?" Madame Danglars half faintly on the arm of Villefort, who was obliged to support himself against the wall. "Ah, madame," cried Debray, "what is the matter with you? How pale you look!" "This is what is the matter with her," said Madame de Villefort; "it is very simple; M. de Monte-Cristo is relating horrible stories to us, doubtless intending to frighten us to death."

"Yes," said Villefort, really count, you frighten the ladies."

"What is the matter?" asked Debray in a whisper, of Madame Danglars.

"Nothing," she replied with a violent effort. "I want sir! that is all!"

"Will you come into the garden?" said Debray, advancing towards the back staircase.

"No, no!" she answered, "I would rather remain here."

"Are you really frightened, Madame?" said Monte-Cristo.

"Oh, no, sir," said Madame Danglars; "but you suppose scenes in a manner which gives the appearance of a reality."

"Ah, yes!" said Monte-Cristo, smiling; "it is all a matter of the imagination. Why should we not imagine this the apartment of an honest family woman? And this bed with red hangings, a bed visited by the goddess Lucia? And that mysterious staircase, the passage through which, not to disturb their sleep, the doctor and nurse pass, or even the father carrying the sleeping child?" Here Madame Danglars, instead of being calmed by the soft picture, uttered a groan and fainted.

"Madame Danglars is ill," said Villefort; "it would be better to take her by her carriage."

"Oh! I had forgotten my smelling-bottle!" said Monte-Cristo.

"I have mine," said Madame de Villefort; and she passed over to Monte-Cristo a bottle full of the same kind of red liquid whose good properties the count had tested on Edward.

"Ah!" said Monte-Cristo, taking it from her hand.

"Yes," she said, "at your advice I have tried."

"And you have succeeded?"

"I think so."

Madame Danglars was carried into the adjoining room; Monte-Cristo dropped a very small portion of the red liquid upon her lips she returned to consciousness.

"Ah!" she cried, "what a frightful dream!"

Villefort pressed her hand to let her know it was not a dream.

M. Danglars was sought, but little interested in poetical ideas, he had gone into the garden, and was talking with Major Cavalcanti on the projected railway from Lagnon to Florence. Monte-Cristo seemed in despair. He took the arm of Madame Danglars and conducted her into the garden, where they found Danglars taking coffee between the Cavalcanti. "Really, madame," he said, "did I alarm you much?"

"Oh, no, sir," she answered, "but you know, things impress us differently, according to the mood of our minds." Villefort forced a laugh. "And then you know," he said, "an idea, a supposition is sufficient."

"Well," said Monte-Cristo, "you may believe me if you like, but it is my belief that a crime has been committed in this house."

"Take care!" said Madame de Villefort, "the king's prosecutor here?"

"Ah!" replied Monte-Cristo, "since that is the case, I will take advantage of his presence to make my declaration."

"Your declaration!" said Villefort.

"Yes, before witnesses."

"Oh, this is very interesting," said Debray; "if there really has been a crime, we will investigate it."

"There has been a crime," said Monte-Cristo. Come this way, gentlemen; come M. Villefort, for a declaration, to be available should be made before the competent authorities." He then took Villefort's arm, and, at the same time, holding that of Madame Danglars under his arm, he dragged the proctor to the plain-tain-tree, where the shade was thickest. All the other guests followed. "Stay," said Monte-Cristo, "have in mind, unless you are stamped upon the ground, I had the earth dug up and fresh mould put in, to refresh these old trees; my man digging, found a box, or rather the iron-work of a box, in the middle of which was a small, round, silver vessel, containing Monte-Cristo felt the arm of Madame Danglars, while that of Villefort trembled. "A newly born infant!" repeated Debray; "this affair becomes serious."

"Well," said Chateaufort, "I was not wrong just now, then, when I said that houses had souls and faces like men, and that their exteriors carried impressions of their characters. This house was gloomy because it was remorseful; it was remorseful because it concealed a crime."

"Who said it was a crime?" asked Villefort, with a last effort.

"How is it not a crime to bury a living child in a garden?" cried Monte-Cristo. "And pray what do you call such an action?"

"But who said it was buried alive?"

"Ah," said Madame de Villefort, "this garden has never been a cemetery."

"What is done to infanticides in this country?" asked Major Cavalcanti innocently.

"Oh, their heads are soon cut off," said Danglars.

"Ah, indeed!" said Cavalcanti.

"I think so; am I not right, M. de Villefort?" asked Monte-Cristo.

"Yes, count," replied de Villefort, in a voice now scarcely human.

Monte-Cristo saw that the two persons for whom he had prepared the scheme could scarcely bear it, so, wishing to carry it too far, he said, "Come, gentlemen, some coffee, we seem to have forgotten it," and he conducted the guests back to the table on the lawn.

"Indeed, count," said Madame Danglars, "I am ashamed to own it, but all your frightful stories have so upset me, that I must beg you to let me set down; and she fell into a chair. Monte-Cristo bowed, and went to Madame de Villefort.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"In my office, or in the court, if you like, that is the surest place."

"I will go."

"At this moment Madame de Villefort approached. "Thanks, my dear friend," said Madame Danglars, trying to smile; "it is over now, and I am much better."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now of Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, who suffer from indigestion, wasting of the system; Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the head, itching of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, itching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be excited by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, dexter for indigestion, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden circles, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, redness of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quiet than the first, pains about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUTON, 24 Macdonell Ave, Toronto, Canada.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM.—Mr. W. H. ROYCE, of Foot Lane, London, E.C., states he had rheumatism 12 years; suffered severely from swelling of hands, feet, and joints. He used Jacobs Oil with marvellous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1888, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine months and have been greatly benefited by the use of Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Granda, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 5, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured."

STRAIN.—Mrs. M. F. PRICE, 14 Thames Street, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kingston St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "My husband and I were both cured of lameback by the use of Jacobs Oil. It enabled me to go about in a day."

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

JACOBS OIL

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year, When stomach and liver are all out of gear, When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night, And nothing gives relief and nothing goes right, Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill—'The Golden Medical Discovery' just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Charley Horsey—I don't think a 230 horse is very fast, do you? Miss Tennis looking at the clock.—Well, it's a great deal faster than a 1130 man, don't you think?

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

Gentlemen—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, and started to use B. B. B., and soon found that there was nothing equal to it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.

Chawles—I have made my plans to spend all next summer at the fair. Ethel—Won't that be nice! Shall you go as a visitor or, or as an exhibit.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This need not be where Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivaled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung disease. Price 25c and 50c. Sold by druggists.

Mistress—How is it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night? Mad—I dunno, mamma, unless you was peekin' through the keyhole.

It is the testimony of all men who have tried it that "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has the most delicious flavor of any tobacco in the market, and that it leaves none of the unpleasant effects in the mouth that most tobaccos do. The reason for this is the high and pure quality of the leaf, which is the finest known in Virginia, and the absence of all deleterious matter in the manufacture.

Easily Amused—The bald-headed man is easily amused. Do you think so? Yes, it tickles him to have a fly creeping around the bald spot on his head.

RACKED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Dear Sirs—For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B. B. B. I have not suffered from it at all. I am also freed from the dyspepsia, which has not troubled me since using the B. B. B., and I therefore think it a splendid medicine. Mrs. AMELIA BERRY, Hayesland, Ont.

A sneeze ain't got much business enterprise, said Tommy; every one's got to sneeze in the nose a minute 'or it goes off.

DOUBLY COMMENDED.

Sirs—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. I can not do without it.

Mrs. W. C. H. PERRY, Sea Gull, Ont.

Dear Sirs—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used.

Mrs. F. STEPHENSON, Oakland, Ont.

Buy me a pair of cream-colored gloves, she said. And, being city bred, bought her a pair of pale-blue kids.

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones,weeney, stifles, sprains, new and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Goat! exclaimed Joseph Funkertson, as he gazed at the leopard in the menagerie, 'jest look at them freckles!

A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS: "I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

You are the world to me, he whispered. All right, she answered. You can be the sun. I'm going to marry your father.

King among Liniments is Johnson's Anodyne, because it can be taken internally by everyone.

Mrs. Figg—Where is that custard I put away this noon? Tommy—I—I guess it vanished into the empty heir.

Feed a Cold

Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

strengthens Weak Lungs, checks all Wasting Diseases and is a remarkable Flesh Producer. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Prepared only by Scott & Borne, Baltimore.

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4 Doz. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned from the Best Meat Choppers in the country—well established fact. The tinned is much better than the Garolized form.