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**A Father's Joy.**  
A farmer lived in the long ago,  
I can't say just how long;  
He had three sons who were his pride—  
They all were stout and strong.  
He wished to see their character  
Well formed without a blot;  
But his ambition was to make  
Each boy an expert shot.  
His barn, just half a mile from home,  
He visited one day,  
And in it saw a staring owl,  
Then made quick haste away.  
To tell his sons what he had seen  
On high up in the shed,  
And that, with ride charged with ball,  
The owl they would strike dead.  
Obdient to their sire's command,  
On to the barn they went,  
And with unerring aim a ball  
Into the owl's brain sent.  
Exultant, with the bird of night  
In hand, to bless their sire;  
One looking back in terror cried,  
"The barn is all afire!"  
Back to the barn the trio ran  
To quench the incipient flame;  
Their efforts were of no avail,  
The barn to ashes came.  
Sadly went the boys to tell  
The ruin they had wrought  
By firing of that little gun  
Their father's pride had brought.  
The father looked as they drew near;  
Upon his brow a scowl;  
"I fear those boys won't amount to much,  
For they ain't got the owl."  
One boy in a quibble  
Cried out, "Don't whip us, papa, dear,  
We set the barn afire!"  
"The barn burnt down? Why how you talk;  
Well, that is pretty bad;  
But that you missed the owl to me's  
A matter much more sad."  
"Nay, father, as the fellow sat  
A-winkin' overhead,  
I took dead aim and down he came,  
Shot through and through the head."  
"Well done, my boy!" the father cried,  
His joy beamed in his eye;  
"The barn is burnt, but that is nought—  
You hit the owl, don't cry."

**LAW OF SUNSTROKE.**  
A Kansas Court Holds That It Is a Disease, Not Accident.  
A sunstroke is not an accident, but a disease of the brain arising from natural and known causes. So, at least, was held yesterday by the United States Circuit Court at Kansas City in suit on an accident policy. The decision may have been perfectly correct from a legal point of view, says the New York Sun, but it suggests the unsatisfactory character of the word "accident." In its general use the word almost always implies a notion of spontaneous chance, or at least of the operation of some unknown cause; but in the world, as we now know it, of unvarying sequence of cause and effect, "accident," in this sense, will soon be recognized as synonymous with "miracle" and with the advance of knowledge will disappear.  
There remains, however, the very common and practical use of the word as designating any event that happens "without the design of the agent," to quote the words of the dictionary. But surely a sunstroke is an accident according to this definition. At some seasons in some tropical countries a sunstroke may follow exposure to the sun as certainly as a wetting follows exposure to the rain. Such is hardly the case in any part of the United States, for here in the severest summer heat only an infinitesimal number of people are sunstruck out of millions equally exposed and equally unconscious of danger. A disease of the brain may be the immediate cause of death, as is the rupture of a blood vessel when a man is killed by a brick from a roof falling on his head; but in each case the efficient cause is a peculiar combination of external conditions.

The word "sunstroke" itself shows that from the practical point of the victim or the bystanders the man might as well be struck down by a falling brick or a thunderbolt. And yet again, if everything that happens to a man without his design is an accident, all diseases not inherited nor rashly and voluntarily risked would be accidents, and the word would lose all definite significance. The meaning of "accident," like the meanings of most English words, varies indefinitely and illogically with the circumstance of its use, but summer tourists may do well to remember that in law it does not apply to a sunstroke.

**FIGHT WITH PIRATES.**  
Twelve of Them Fire on Russian Soldiers With Deadly Effect.  
A St. Petersburg cable says: At Batoum last night a boat containing five Russian soldiers met a strange boat manned by twelve pirates. The officer in command of the soldiers ordered the pirates to stop and allow the soldiers' boat to run alongside of them. The pirates answered by firing a volley from their rifles at the soldiers, killing four of them. The pirates then escaped. The surviving soldier pulled ashore and gave the alarm. A boat manned by four soldiers then went in pursuit of the pirates and overhauled them. Again the pirates fired, killing two, and wounding the two remaining troopers. The wounded Russians managed to pull ashore and report their experience. A third boat better manned was sent after the pirates, but the latter escaped. A Russian gunboat has gone in pursuit of the pirate craft.

**THE SENAPUTTY TO HANG.**  
The Leader of the Murderous Manipuri to be Executed.  
A Calcutta cable says: The Senaputty, second brother of the Maharajah and commander-in-chief of the Manipuri forces, has been convicted of rebellion against the Empress of India and of abetting the massacre of Chief-Commissioner Quinlan, Political Agent Grimwood, and other British officers in March last and has been condemned to be hanged. This sentence is, however, subject to confirmation by the Viceroy of India.  
The attempted reformation of an ideal is as hopeless a task as an attempt at rearranging the rainbow colors of a soap-bubble.  
Joseph Ellinger, a famous Hungarian tenor, died at Buda Pesth recently at the age of 71 years.  
Old Bull's son is soon to make his debut in this country. He has all of his father's talent for music.

**RURAL URUGUAY.**  
A Country of Cattle Ranches and Its Primitive Dwellings.  
Excursions across the territory of Uruguay reveal nothing of very great interest to the tourist. The landscape in parts is pretty; some finely situated estancias are to be seen along the banks of the Uruguay; the vicinity of the Rio Negro, too, is especially interesting and characteristic of the fertile parts of the territory, which present a similar combination of water, wood, and rolling prairie. But, after all, one soon wearies of looking at the same kind of view hour after hour, league after league, and province after province. The fences of posts and wire are varied sometimes by fences of aloes and caetius; the eucalyptus, the poplar, and other trees are also planted to form fences as in Chili; the roads, where one sees long teams of oxen toiling along with huge wagons, are as terrible as those of the Argentine; the prairies are dotted with innumerable herds of cattle and horses; occasionally you see two or three peasants wearing brown ponchos riding and driving animals before them; at long intervals you see one or two ranchos, or huts, where the peasants live. In the Argentine the ranchos appeared miserable enough, but in Uruguay I saw many even more primitive, mere huts of black mud, with a roof of maize straw, a floor of beaten earth, a doorway, but not always a window. The cabins of the Irish peasantry give some idea of the Uruguayan rancho. It is a comfortable, unhealthy, rheumatic dwelling, less civilized than that of the Equinaxians, and more carelessly built than the most ordinary bird's nest.—From "The Republic of Uruguay," by Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine for May.

**FREAKS OF FAMOUS MEN.**  
Stories of Cardinal Richelieu, the Great Conde, and Prince Conti.  
Cardinal Richelieu, the famous French statesman, often gave way to irrepressible proysms of laughter after returning from the secret sessions of the council. If he had been especially clever in outwitting an enemy, he galloped round and round the billiard table, neighed like a horse, pranced, and kicked out right and left like a charger caroling.  
The great Conde, while listening to a long-winded address of welcome from a village magistrate, amazed that worthy official by taking advantage of a low bow to leap over him. The magistrate, on recovering from his surprise, faced round and continued his speech, taking good care not to give the famous marshal a chance for a second spring by making too low a reverence; but his caution was in vain. Conde grasped him by both shoulders and took another jump.  
Prince Conti had the odd trick of barking exactly like a little yapping lap dog, and not infrequently barked at a lady instead of answering her. Once he was seized with a desire to perform this strange antics while in the throne-room of Louis XIV., but knowing how furiously le grand monarque would have resented such an infringement of his royal dignity, Conti hurried to an open window and, leaning out, pressed his handkerchief over his mouth and barked softly to his heart's content.

**The Spring Bride at the Market.**  
In a close-fitting tailor-made dress and a light-colored cape of Persian lamb, she appeared before the stall keepers at a noted Harlem market. She carried a Russian leather note book with a gold pencil, and the most artistic little willow basket imaginable.  
"Oh, the dear little piggies," she exclaimed, walking up to where a number of pigs were incarcerated. "How much are they a pair?"  
"Forty shillings, mum," said the butcher.  
"Isn't that pretty dear?" she asked timidly.  
"I guess I'll take some oysters, instead," she said, walking over to where the men were busy opening the emblems of silence. "I want some oysters sent up, scalloped oysters," she said, "with plenty of raisins in them."  
"Oh! those lovely pure pumpkins," she said, walking over to a stand where a lot of Wollongong cheese was displayed.  
"I'll take four of these. I know it's plebeian, but Reginald does like pumpkin pies."  
"Are all hams yellow like these?" she asked, pointing to a counter full.  
"No, miss, that's only the cover," said the man in charge.  
"Those lovely pink onions will just match my china. How do you sell them a dozen?"  
"Seventeen and six a hundred," said the huckster.  
"Send me up two hundred weight," she said.

**The Value of "May" and "Should."**  
A Terre Haute, Ind., despatch says: The use of the word "should" instead of "may" gives a convicted murderer a chance for freedom. Harry Tregon was found guilty of the murder of Hays Sanders and given a three-years' sentence. In his instruction to the jury the judge said: "You should consider also the statements he makes, whether they are reasonable or unreasonable," etc. The defence held that the Supreme Court had decided the word "may" should be used instead of "should," and the instruction was in error. The judge granted a new trial on that ground.

**Smash-up on the Big Four.**  
A Litchfield, Ill., despatch says: A passenger train on the Big Four road was run into yesterday morning by a freight train at Right Angles, wrecking the baggage car and one coach. About twenty passengers were in the coach, all of whom were more or less hurt. Thomas Clegg, of Mattoon, Ill., was fatally injured. Conductor Dixon and Brakesman Miller were severely injured.  
If your dogs and cats disturb the neighbors by howling in the night, it is your fault, not theirs. You have no more right to let them disturb neighbors by howling in the night than you have to go out in your back yards and howl yourselves; and if by reason of your neglect they are poisoned or otherwise killed, it is your fault.—Our Dumb Animals.

The most quietly entertaining people are those who speak a variety of truth without intending it and are fantastically witty without knowing it.

**SWALLOWED A SNAKE.**  
It is in Benjamin Gilbert's Stomach and He Believes It is a Foot Long.  
A Garrison, N. Y., despatch says: The case of Benjamin Gilbert, an exciting great interest at this place. Gilbert is the man who swallowed a small frog or reptile of some sort recently, while drinking water from a brook at night. Gilbert is about 35 years of age. He is a hod carrier and is employed on a new house now being erected in the mountains by Mr. Wm. Osborn, son of the railroad magnate of that name. I saw Gilbert to-night at 11 o'clock at his home. He boards in a little brown house three miles east of this place in the heart of the mountains at the home of Mrs. Margaret Robinson. Gilbert had the adventure referred to last Monday night, while returning home from a lark with some convivial fellows. He put his head out of an upper window to-night after I had repeatedly rapped on the door. He refused to come down stairs and be interviewed, saying that he was too ill from the effects of the reptile he had swallowed to do so.

Gilbert is naturally a heavily-built man but during the last few days he said he has lost a great deal of flesh. He informed me he was on a mountain road when he had the unpleasant experience of swallowing what he thought was a reptile. He added that, as he took a long draught of water, he felt something smooth glide down his throat. He ceased drinking at once, put his fingers in his throat as far as he could and attempted to draw the thing back, but Gilbert says the only catch he held of the tail of the reptile, or whatever it was, and it slipped through his fingers. It went on down his throat and into his stomach. He claims to have experienced no inconvenience from it until the next afternoon. Then he began to feel a gripping sensation at the pit of his stomach. He placed his hand upon his stomach and could plainly feel something wriggling around there.

On the day following, and on Thursday also, Gilbert says he felt so ill that he could not work, but still he declined to have a doctor, hoping to get relief from his trouble without medical assistance.  
On Friday and Saturday he was at work, however, and on the latter day spoke for the first time about his trouble. He said that all to-day he had been troubled with nausea and severe headache. He says he can still feel the reptile in his stomach, and is now thoroughly alarmed concerning his condition. He informed me that if he lived until to-morrow morning he would have a physician and get what help he could. He also declared that his recent loss of flesh was due to the effect of the snake in his stomach. Gilbert remarked that he was sure he had swallowed a young black snake, which was probably about a foot long. He is one of three ruggedly built brothers, all of whom live here in the mountains.

**RIOTOUS LONDON LAUNDRESSES.**  
They Raid Laundries, Maltrait "Black-legs," and Redraggle Linen.  
A London cable says: At an early hour this morning there was a meeting of laundresses in North London, and, after speech-making and some wrangling, 300 of the women announced their intention of striking, and they did. The laundresses demand the eight-hour day and 42 pence for a day's labor. The demands are considered excessive by the employers. The strikers, enraged at the fact that all the laundresses in North London did not join in the strike, marched in a body to the establishments where the "blacklegs" were employed, and, after smashing the windows of such establishments, the striking laundresses invaded the laundries, and with many taunts and jeers, dragged the "blacklegs" away from their work, upset or emptied the washtubs, overturned the ironing tables, knocked over the clothes horses, and played havoc generally with the mass of clean linen. The police were utterly powerless to prevent the demonstration.

**CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.**  
A Farm Hand Dies from the Effects of a Fall from His Wagon.  
A London despatch says: Henry Forsyth, living in the gore of London, fell off a load of manure while at work on the farm of H. K. Talbot, market gardener, last evening, and died at midnight. The deceased was a laborer, and worked for several farmers near his home. He was on a load of manure with Mr. Talbot's son at the time of the accident, and when going over a rough spot he was jolted off and struck the ground heavily on his head, stunning him. He regained consciousness shortly afterward, but complained of a pain in the head, and a doctor was called and found him suffering from concussion of the brain. The unfortunate man again soon lost consciousness and died. He leaves no family.

**Signor Corte As Munchausen.**  
A Rome cable says: The *Fanfulla* states that Signor Corte, late Italian consul at New Orleans, at the request of Premier Rudini, has prepared a report on the New Orleans affair. Corte admits that the victims belonged to no particular society, but were murdered simply because they were Italians and were competing in the labor market against natives; that immediately after the murder of the Italian prisoners his American servants ran away, and that he himself and his secretary barricaded the consulate and armed themselves with revolvers, the lynchers having threatened to attack the consulate, and being prevented only by influential citizens intervening.

**Scientific Whipping.**  
*Pall Mall Gazette*: The "anti-baby-beating" society is, we understand, in favor of the juvenile whipping bill, but urges upon Parliament (1) that the opportunity of the bill should be taken to totally abolish juvenile imprisonment; and (2) that a schedule of regulations should be introduced into the bill, strictly defining (a) the size of the birch, (b) the place, (c) the reasonable manner of its application, (d) the number of strokes for 7 years old, asked for each subsequent additional two years of age, and (e) finally, that the birching ought not to be inflicted at a prison or police station, but at the offender's house.  
"Look at the crowd around the corner. What's the matter?" Bagge—Oh, nothing, only a policeman killed by an accident and discharged of duty.

**TRIALS OF AN AUTHOR.**  
The Check of a Woman Whose Poem Was Declined.  
There came to a man who has been a success in literature which we should envy did we not all agree that he deserves it, says Arlo Bates in the *Book-Buyer*, a lady who was neither young nor fair, but who had the assurance of youth in combination with the obstinacy of advancing years.

"I have decided," she said to him, that I must earn my living by writing poems. I sent a poem to the *Blank Magazine* and they returned it with a printed slip. Now, I want you to write to the editor and tell him that he made a mistake."  
It naturally seemed to the author that he had to deal with a humorist or a mad woman; but the lady was certainly in earnest and apparently sane. He endeavored to show her that it was not his business to interfere with the decisions of editors of magazines, who might be supposed to know their own business.

The lady insisted, however, and at the end he was forced to decline point blank to do what she asked. Thereupon she turned upon him, and declared that he was one of those who endeavored to keep others out in order that they may have the field to themselves, and who are mainly jealous of other authors who are sure to eclipse them if they are but heard.  
"It is all a ring," she declared with vehemence. "I have been told so before, and now I am sure of it. I can't make you do justice to me, but I can show you up."  
Her method of "showing him up" has been to send letters of bitter invective to the papers, one of which fell into my hands. Of course nobody would print them, but she perseveres, and in addition to this she sends to the luckless author, whose crime it was that he did not make the editor print the rhymes of an unknown woman, a letter once a week.

Of course he burns them unopened, and it is not easy to see what satisfaction it can be to the woman to keep on with this sort of thing; but the fact remains that she does. The story is not of profound importance, but it throws a curious bit of side light upon the life of the successful author of to-day.

**WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION?**  
Brooklyn Navy Yard Authorities Puzzled by a Strange Occurrence.  
A Brooklyn despatch says: This afternoon a loud explosion startled the men at work in the Navy Yard, and smoke was seen arising from the new cruiser, Philadelphia, lying at the dock at the foot of Main street. There was no powder on the ship, and what it was that exploded could not be learned this afternoon. The explosion occurred in the magazine forward below the berth deck, and Joseph James, captain of the hold, was knocked insensible and severely hurt. He was taken to the hospital. The fire was put out without much damage to the Philadelphia. A rigorous investigation is to be prosecuted as to the cause of the explosion. A wild rumor was prevalent that one of the crew attempted to blow the ship up, but Captain Rogers, of the Philadelphia, and Captain of the Yard Kane, scouted the idea.

**Lincoln's Prediction.**  
Abraham Lincoln was a patriotic seer, and withal the tortuous turned of his public life discerned coming events which were foreshadowed but dimly in his time. Often to intimate friends he spoke of the unsettling of values and the spendthrift use of vast sums of money during the war, giving rise to various wild and unscrupulous forms of speculation by which money was diverted from the pockets of the masses to those of millionaires. Foreseeing the results of this tendency, he expressed, only a few days before his death, the following prediction:  
I see in the near future a crisis arising which unnerve me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned, and an area of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this time more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my fears are groundless.

In these latter days we have the utterance of Jerry Simpson, one of the new "off" departure school of politicians, to the effect that slavery never made a millionaire, while "the system which grew out of the war made a thousand millionaires in the single city of New York."  
Mr. Lincoln was a plain, hard, matter of fact man. Every plan he formulated proved greater or less practical intrinsic value. He was not given to vagaries. He frequently, in confidence, expressed to friends, his omitions that the enemy of popular government was the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and the substitution of the influence of the moneyed class for that of the people's voice at the polls. Does not the present situation more or less verify Lincoln's prediction and warning.—*Rochester Herald*.

**Where Criminals Come From.**  
Philadelphia Public Ledger: Social conditions and environments undoubtedly have much to do with shaping the lives of the young for good or for evil. The child born into a home of intemperance, ignorance, sloth, vice or crime, and environed daily and hourly during the formative period of the mind, is much more likely than not to form his character in accordance with his surroundings, and to make his life of a kind with the lives of those with whom he is constantly in intimate communication. Idleness at a time when youthful blood flows warmly and eagerly, when the passions are developing, becomes a strong and persistent incentive to crime.

"No, Miss Amy," remarked young Dr. Paresia, "as a physician I cannot accept the Biblical account of such longevity as Methuselah's." "O, I can," replied Miss Amy, sweetly, "there were no doctors in those days."  
"Who held the pass of the Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class said: "Father, I reckon; he holds a pass on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."

**THE JUGGERNAUT JOGS ON.**  
2,000 Men Drag It and 20,000 See It Roll.  
The annual procession of the Juggernaut Car will take place this month at Serampore, about fourteen miles from Calcutta. The car is forty feet in height, though appearing rather less from the fact that it was photographed from the top of a house. It was made principally of iron, and weighs about forty tons.  
The colors in which it is painted are bright red and yellow. On the top platform is placed the image of the god Juggernaut, covered at first with a veil. The withdrawal of this veil is the signal for setting the car in motion.  
It is dragged away by means of three ropes, by about 2,000 men, to a spot some hundred yards off, where it is left for eight days, and then retaken to its former resting place.  
It is estimated that 50,000 Hindoos come from different parts of India to celebrate the festival.

**Observations.**  
No man is accountable for the mistakes of his friends.  
Don't call a spade a spade when it is a shovel.  
No man ever yet minded his own business who didn't get into trouble.  
However great some men's abilities are, their liabilities are always greater.  
A man is frequently known by the company he keeps out of.  
Honesty is the best policy, because it is the only policy which insures against loss of character.  
Don't lose sight of an honorable enemy; he'll make a good friend.  
The soaring hawk has no ear for music, and rates the cry of the partridge above the song of the nightingale.  
After a while the king will do no wrong, because he will never have a chance.  
The man who believes in ghosts may be a better citizen than the one who does not believe in his fellow-creatures.  
Fashion and decency should be always on good terms.

**English Mourning.**  
Here are some of the latest regulations a l'Anglaise: Mourning for a parent is worn for twelve months, six months with crape, six months black without crape, then slight mourning, such as gray or black and white, is worn for a few months longer. The same rules apply to parents' mourning for children. For quite an infant mourning is not worn more than three months. For brothers and sisters mourning is usually worn for the same period as for a parent, though some persons consider six months a sufficient length of time. In each case the exclusion from society is for two months, though of course on this, as on many other points, one must be guided by personal inclination and circumstances. For a grandparent, from six to nine months is the time mourning is generally worn, half the period with crape, the latter half without. The time of seclusion from society is from three weeks to a month. For an uncle, aunt or cousin, nephews and nieces, mourning is worn for three months, generally without crape, and few persons go into society for a month. For more distant relatives mourning is only worn for a month, and seclusion from society is not necessary.

**A Haunted Berth-Deck Removed.**  
A newspaper which generally furnishes authentic and reliable marine news, the *Chicago Times*, is responsible for this: It is stated as an actual fact that the berth deck of the United States man-of-war Monongahela has just been reconstructed on account of the ghost of old Surgeon Keiser. Whole crews who had been in the ship testified that "No. 3, port side," was haunted. Men who slept in that room alone would wake up and find the cold corpse of Keiser in bed with them, his one eye set in a fishy stare, the red beard matted with seaweed. Not more than one person ever saw the ghost at the same time, but the berth was always found literally soaked with icy salt water.

You won't make any mistake if you drink plenty of lemonade this season of the year at all or any hours, but for the preservation of the teeth, which are not improved by acids of any sort, straws should be provided. In their absence use a spoon, so as to swallow the refreshing liquid without letting it touch the denture.  
That the United States is a beer-drinking nation is evidenced by the fact that for the year ending April 30, 1891, they consumed 30,000,000 barrels of the amber fluid.  
A Scotch gentleman of fortune on his deathbed asked the minister whether, if he left a large sum to the Kirk, his salvation would be secured. The cautious minister responded: "I would not like to be positive, but it's well worth trying."  
The Queen of Roumania has undertaken to write on the subject of Bucharest for a great illustrated work on the capitals of the world, which is now being prepared in Paris. Vienna will be treated by Mme. Adam and Tokio by Judith Gautier.

**The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.**  
The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.  
The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC COUGHS, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 68c. 1.00.  
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