REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Th eEminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Victory Over Pain."

Feer. Notther shall there be any more pa'n." -Revelation xxi., 4.

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is, "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking. What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be

E First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. disappointments Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn, and your brain was racked, and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle, this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties, pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have head domestic disappoint.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointment. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. standing all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace entering the other city, you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the r'alization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up in the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems, the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous barmony, all things better than you had anticipated-the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightler.
Further, I remark, there will be no pain

of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn, these shuttles to fly, these axes to hew, these shovels to delve, these pens to fly, these books to be posted, these

goods to be sold? Ah, the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmakers. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are

Further, there will be no more pain of It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your cost wear out and no mo ey to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unbealthy row and no means to change your habita-tion, to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to belp them in starting, with a mind capable of research and high contemation to be perpetually fixed on questions

of mere livelihood. Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot, but there is no romanes about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelent-ing. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no a mshouses, for they are all princes; no tents to pay, for the resi-dence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshipers; no hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hungerno more, neither shall the sun light a them nor any heat." No more pain!
Further, there will be no pain of parting.

All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, up. We elssp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some even ing, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appear ance, or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on their errand to take us away know it is the last time, and in heaven, where they make ready for our de-parting spirits, they know it is the last time. Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outery to God to help us and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away and walk around about the nouse and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently and to resolve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self-control to suddenly come upon some little cost or picture or shoe half worn out and how self the feeds of the soul bust is one how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted. bot anyhow and anyway you make it it is

On steamboat wharf and at rail ear win-On steambest wharf and at rail car win-flow we may smile when we say farewell, but these goodbys at the deathbed—they just take hold of the heart with iron pinchers and tear it out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine presses, into which our hearts, like red causters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, on every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that bracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there, and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft, hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No folling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limes of the death chill, the test cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchrai gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with pain of this company. He also of this company of Ne corporated last week, which was electric line from Newark throst ford to Hackensack. He held of treasurer in this company. land there are many hand claspings and em-

pital. Scores of diseases, like vultures contending for a carease, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of

anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the cust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak and short breathed and dim sighted.
On every northeast wind come down pleurises and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth grown into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic choleras and ship fevers and typhoids and

choloras and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street and up every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk and adder's sting and crocolile's tooth and horse's hoof and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the information augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1000 gravediggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813 ophthaimia seized

the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where \$0,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of Marius' fight, in which 290,000 fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the em-

pire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of 330,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem, of 1.816,000 of the dead at Troy, and then complets the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Elmund Birke, that the loss by war had been thirty-are times the entire ther present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the lacorations, the gunshot fractures, the scoer wounds, the gashes of the battlexx, the slain of bomb-shell and exploded mine and falling wall and those destroyed under the gan car-riage, and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp levers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that

frosts that shivered, the tropical suos that snote. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Aye, the world has writhed in 6000 years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A desegrent from Severation, coming over to deserter from Sevastopol, coming over to army of the allies, pointed back to the fort-ress and said, "That place is a perfect hell." Our lexicographers, aware of the immense

necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble. have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misery," "winge," "pang," "heartache," "misery," "winge," "pang,"
"lorture." "affliction," "anguish." "tribulation." "wretenedness," "woe." But I have
a glad sound for every hospital, for every
s ekroom, for every lifelong invalid, for
every broken heart. "There shall be no
more pain." Thank God! Thank God!
No malarias float in the air. No bruised
foot treads that street. No weary arm. No
painful respiration. No hectic flush, No
one can drink of that healthy fountain and
keep faint hearted or faint headed. He keep faint hearted or faint headed. He whose foot touches that pavement becomes an athlete. The first kiss of that su nmer air will take the wrinkles from the old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters not one diseased throat. The first flash of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See, the lane man leaps as a hirt and the dumb Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg; that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's halyards; that one died of gangrene in the halyards; that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain. Sure enough, here is Robert Hall, who never before saw a well day, ant Edward Payson, whose body was ever torn of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passed through untold payaleal torture. All well. No more pain. Here, too, are the Theoan legion, a great host of 6565 put to the sword for Christ's aske. No distortion on their for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No fires to burt them, or floods to drown them, or racks to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to bunt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse expansion of the counterful service, and the presence of the counterful service.

changed for temple service, and the pres-ence of Him who nelped Hugh Latimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain. I set open the door of heaven until there blows on you this reireshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day, the ice click in an ice pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far

Country."

Clambering among the Green Mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after awhile, I heard the mountain brook tumb ling over the rocks. I had no cup, no challes so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks, amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen! "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and on your face, and drink out of this great fountain of Cod's consolution. "And lo I heard it God's consolation. "And, lo, I heard voice from heaven, as the voice of mar

A MILLIONAIRE BEHEADED

Francis J. Call man Instantly Killed by a Railros Train.

Mr. Francis J. Callanan was instantly kil ed at Rutherford, N. Y. in attempting to g aboard ad Erie Railroad train before stopped. The rain had made the steps of th cars slippery and he fell between the car-His head was severed from his body. He had been in the habit of getting on the train before it stopped in order to get a seat in the smoking car. The conductor had warned

him of the danger, but he disregarded it. Francis J. Callanan was a street railway millionaire. He was forty-two years old and was born at Utica. He began railway life when a boy in the office of the Midland Line in Utica, and afterward became secretary and treasurer of the Utlea City Railway, which position he held for years. He built the People's Line of Syracuse and bought

Afterwards he moved to Rutherford and managed his interests from his office on Wall street, New York. He organized the People's Railway Company, of Brooklyn, which was to build an immense electric line encompassing the entire city. He was made president of this company. He also organized the Union Traction Company of New Jersey, incorporated last week, which was to build an electric line from Newark through Ruther ford to Hackensack. He held the position

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

MISS ELIZABETH FAIRFAX GAINES, of Worrenton, Va., was married the other day to Chief Justice Thomas Smith, of Mexico. Four clergymen officiated in the ceremony and there were twenty-six bridesmaids,

ROBERT T. SMITH, one of the old-time temperance lecturers, is still living in Baltimore, and celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth on Monday. He began his crusade against the cup that inebriates more than it cheers in 1837 as secretary of the Franklin society of Baltimore County.

Miss Wrede is Findland's prison angel. For the last twelve years she has visited ever prison and every prisoner in Finland at least once a year, and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useul lives through her efforts. Her mission absorbs her entire time.

THE Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made-the "Henry Clay Sobranos," which cost nearly five shillings. They are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedarwood cabinets. These millionaire princes buy three cabinets at a time, containing 42,000 cigars.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE has been elected a trustee of the Troy (N. Y.) Female Seminary, She is the first woman on whom the distinction has been conferred. It is in recognition of the valuable gift made to the institution by her husband known as Russell Sage Hall, which will soon be completed at a cost of \$150,000.

Land Yung-Fu, the noted ex-chief of the Black Flags of Tonquin, who is now naval brigade commodore of Namoa, Kwangtung, has written to the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, offering his services and the services of his old Black Fings, of whom he says he can still get together several thousands, to fight against the Ja-

HENRY BIGELOW WILLIAMS, of Boston, became a bankrupt in 1878, owing nearly \$200,-00). Recently he was released from bankruptcy by due judical process, after paying dollar for dollar and 6 per cent, interest, Some of the creditors who objected to receiving interest were told by Mr. Williams that they must take all or nothing. Henry, old boy. shake! Interest in calamity cry runs from

COOK GANG HEARD FROM AGAIN.

They As:ault Two Women and Commi: Various Out_

An assault was committed on 2 women living nine miles west of Coolagab, I. T., by 4 of the Cook gang, headed by their captain, Cherokee Bill. Reports have come to this town of other outrages by the same gang near Skiatook and Bartlesville. They have that section of the country under their control, and people are afraid to go out, lest they be shot. Four masked men held up the postmaster and two storekeepers at Shattuck in the Cherokee Strip, robbing them of money and a large amount of goods.

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It Is Now Inhabited and Posseses a Little

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez-the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived so many years-is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and there now stands little village of small buts scattered round a long one-storied building with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilian Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilian families

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like a m of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about £200 a year. The rent is raid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegtables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels

CRUSUES ISLAND.

Town

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years ago the Chilian Government thought that a good way to get rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernande. Here, under the direction of Chilian soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the cares have since been slowly

rumb ing away. The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship Topaz. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valtaraiso to Juan Fernandez island. The round trip is made in six days, and three of these may be spent on the island in fi hing and visiting those lonely, but beautiful, spots which near y 2.0 years ago were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

H . Snored While the Storm Raged. During a voyage across the Atlantic several years ago, says a traveler, a terrific storm arese and it seemed as if our boat would be surely ost. The passengers crouched in their cabins in mortal terror, expecting every moment to go down to the bottom. The caytain assured them that there was no danger, but all expected that their time had come-all save one. This fellow, who was an inveterate snorer, lay peacefully in his cabin soun' asleed in the midst of the uproar. His wife rushed in the cabin crying: "Lucien, O Lucien, the vessel is sinking."

Lucien torned over, partially awoke, and murmured: "Sinking, are we? (Snore.) Well, let her snore) sink. What are you (snore) going to do (snore) about it?

His remarkable coolness partially served to allay our fears and the storm shortly after went down.

Funny Bank. An old pair of boots was found in an outhouse by William Langsdorf, of Bee County, Texas. He needed them, and while putting one on his foot met with an obstruction. It proved to be a roll of greenbacks, amounting to \$500.

A PATCHED PONY.

Tricky Indians Make Use of a Rabbit Skin. These stories of Indian troubles in

the Southwest remind me of an experience that I had down in New Mexico," said Henry Davidson, of Albaquerque. "I was new to the region then, and although I had heard all sorts of strange toles about the tricking ness of the Indian, I did not know that he was as shrewd as I afterward found him to be.

"I wanted a pony for some reason, and I communicated my desire to a friend of a crowd of the greasy citizens of the outskirts. The next day I was besieged with offers. I looked all over the lot and picked three or four to make my selection from After several hours I settled on an animal that I thought to be in the pink of condition and form. I took him for a good round sum and a trade thrown into the birgain.

"I rode home on the animal. As I got into my quarters I noticed that the horse ap eared to be uneasy, as if suffering from in ury. As I live, I found that a patch of skin several inches square had come off his tack. I looked into it and discovered that the horse was raw there, and that he had been patched up with rabbit or some other skin for the time being. Those Indians stood by each other, too, for I could never locate the scoundrel who had swindled me. I have since concluded that they were all wrong, and that had I bought the outfit I would have found the oddest assortment of pat hed horses that it was ever the iortune of a white man to look upon.

Hypochondrical, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men -those who suffer from /backache, weariness, d loss of en-

ergy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with

uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands, have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

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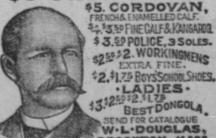
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