

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"THE SICK GENERAL" AS A SERMON'S SUBJECT.

God Does Not Want This World to Be Full of Happiness, Least We Should Want to Remain Here—The Sorrows of Every Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1873—Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisy or rheumatism or consumption, but with a disease worse than all of these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If its breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hostler who blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes, Everybody has something he wishes he had not. David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a ternaigant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore he sends aches, and annoyances, and sorrows, and bereavements of all sorts to push us on, and push us up toward riper fruits, and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors, who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But O, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bangs as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands, and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say: "No cure; no cure." I think that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employees of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was: one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid. "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land can not cure that leper there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night,

breaking my father's and mother's heart? And many a time I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them! I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No, forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the sufferings of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction. O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say: "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the divine physician? "O," you say, "it was my little Annie, or Fred, or Charley, that clambered on my knees, and looked into my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grand-parents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the divine physician? "O," you say, "my child—my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. O, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on his dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for someone who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize, and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people can not see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." O, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God, and Christ, and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing, or wait until, in the wretch of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer: "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to the waysider: "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says: "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of a speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout: "What!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out; you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming, and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick, and the Lord wants you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you; and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions, and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited, and waited, and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy; the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant: "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the River Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out: "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me, or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband?' is it well with thy child? and will he treat a poor unknown woman like that, and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait, and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Chariot-

eer, drive on! Wash in Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! I won't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper-paved river of Pharrar. Besides that, we have in our country another Damascus river, Abana, with foliaged bank, and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharrar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

After all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon, and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river, and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, general, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time in the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants a wild, "Huzza! Huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance, because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics, or terrorists, or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said: "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, the whole household Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the gospel, and "went away in a rage."

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chief. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the king's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord, God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

It is possible to become bad under the best of circumstances.

Perils of Politics. "My friend," said the candidate for sheriff, drawing a one-eyed stranger close to his means of livelihood, "do you want to make \$5 easy to-night?" "Yep."

"All right. When I say in my speech, 'Is there a man among you who will deny this statement?' you jump to your feet in the rear of the hall and shout: 'Yes, sir; I will. You are a liar, and I can prove it.' Then I will call you down and make you ridiculous, but you will get the V. nevertheless. Is it a go?" "Nope."

"Why not?" "I tried the same thing in Wild Cat Gulch a year ago, and the candidate jumped on me so hard that the audience kicked me out of the hall and rode me out of town on a rail. I didn't get the five, either. Try it on some one else—I've been there."—Boston Herald.

The Passing of the Press. A writer in Scribner's Magazine prophesies the displacement of the newspaper by the phonograph. Says the writer: "The voices of the whole world will be gathered up in the celluloid rolls, which the post will bring, morning by morning, to the subscribing hearers. Valets and ladies' maids will soon learn how to put them in place, the axle of the cylinder upon the two supports of the motor, and will carry them to the master of mistress at the hour of awakening. Lying soft and warm upon their pillow, they may hear it all, as if in a dream—foreign telegrams, financial news, humorous articles, the news of the day."

LONDON'S GAS COMPANY.

A Gigantic Corporation Successfully Run on the Profit-Sharing Plan.

An account of the recent half-yearly meeting of the Great South Metropolitan gas company of London, gives such an idea of its activities and exhibits its operations in a light so favorable that from the ordinary point of view it would seem to be an ideal corporation, and, indeed, to present a near approach to a millennium, so far as the conditions of an illuminating supply may bring it about. At first glance, therefore, one might be at a loss to account for the well high unanimous popular demand for a change. The supply of gas by private companies in London is hedged about by very stringent provisions, imposed by act of parliament in the interest of consumers, says the Boston Herald. One of these requirements is that the rate of dividend cannot be increased without a corresponding reduction in the price of gas. It appears that to this end the South Metropolitan company last March reduced its price by one penny, making the rate about forty-eight cents, which was equivalent to a saving of nearly \$140,000 a year for consumers. In consequence there had been a large increase of business, equal to five and three-fourths per cent over that of the corresponding period of the corresponding year. The number of consumers and of gas stoves in use had increased to a remarkable extent. The company puts out gas stoves on hire, and the number of these increased from 21,600 to 29,705 in one year. The practice of putting in penny-slot meters and small gas stoves—first introduced, we believe, by the city of Birmingham with its municipal supply—has been adopted with great success by this company, meeting a demand of the working classes without making, it is claimed, any surplus profit. The number of penny-slot customers is now 20,000, who used 240,000,000 feet in one year, at a profit of about \$60,000, of which nearly \$35,000 went to a further reduction of price.

For four years the company has tried a profit-sharing system, and the experience, in promoting efficiency of service on the part of employees, has been so gratifying as to justify the increase of the bonus, on condition that one-half be invested in the company's ordinary stock. Employees, therefore, now receive 1 1/2 per cent on their salaries and wages for every penny at which gas is sold below 65 cents a thousand. In five years over \$250,000 has thus been paid to employees, one-half of which is deposited with the company at 4 per cent. The company pays a dividend of 13 per cent, but being entitled to pay 13 1/2 per cent the remainder is carried to the reserve fund. Referring to the deputation which waited upon Hon. James Bryce the other day, in behalf of public ownership of the gas supply, the chairman of the company very naturally found grave objections to such a course; it would mean an outlay of something like \$250,000,000 for the purpose, and he doubted the ability to manage the business as a public enterprise, a doubt that seems hardly justified by the experience of other large cities in Great Britain. He held that consumers would have the worst of it, and would have to pay more for their gas in order that consumers of electric light might pay less. But that dividend of thirteen per cent annually is what sticks in the crops of consumers. If the company earns such a profit as to equal its entire capital stock in less than every eight years they reason that under public ownership the capitalization might soon be wiped out, and the consumer be given the advantage of the present enormous profit in the shape of low rates for their gas.

A Good Investment for 1895. Every one appreciates good value. The Youth's Companion for 1895 offers the largest amount of reading and its attractive reading for \$1 a year's subscription.

To new subscribers The Companion will be sent free until January 1, 1895, and a year free thereafter, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Holiday Numbers.

It comes every week, at a cost of \$1.75 a year. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

We are never so strong as when we are thankful. The daily receipts of Chicago saloons are estimated to be \$12,500.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh gives immediate relief, allays inflammation, restores taste and smell, heals the sores and cures the disease. In proportion as people love they become unselfish.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Vintage of France. Returns of the French vintage of 1894, just received, report a yield of 30,000,000 hectoliters (660,000,000 gallons), only three-fifths of the yield of 1893, while the qualities of the red wines is apt to be inferior, owing to a cool summer and a very late vintage. The best vintage in France this year has been in Champagne. There is no fear of immediate scarcity of good French wine, however, as the last seven years (1887 to 1893) have been rich years both for quantity and quality, and the storehouses are full of ripening wine. For 1894 the yield of the leading Bordeaux vineyards is as follows: Medoc, 1,000 hogsheads of forty-eight gallons; Chateau Lafitte, 700 hogsheads; Mouton Rothschild, 550; Cos d'Estournel, 600, and Pontet Canet, 700.

You Deserve a Good Shaking. And chills and fever will give it if you don't take defensive measures to escape the periodic scourge in a region where it is prevalent. The best safeguard and remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is free from any objections applicable to quinine, and is infinitely more effective. Wherever on this continent and in the tropics malarial complaints are most virulent and general, the Bitters is the recognized specific and preventive. It does not irritate, but eradicates chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake. For rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, for constipation, biliousness and nerve inquietude, it is of the greatest efficacy, and the unsolicited testimony in its behalf of eminent medical men leave no reasonable doubt that it is one of the most reliable family medicines in existence. Use it continually, and not by fits and starts.

He Explained. Two strangers in a first class railway carriage have got into somewhat friendly conversation. The windows have just been let down on account of the closeness of the day, and the desultory chatter is consequently turned to the subject of ventilation.

"I make it," says one of the two, "I make it an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom window open all the year round."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other. "I perceive that you are a doctor."

"Not at all," was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am—a burglar."

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Syllogistic. Forty years since "Porte Crayon" was down on Albermarle sound and told a native that there were men with mouths eight inches wide. The native declared that was a fish story. Porte Crayon, in honor for his incredulity and pointed out that deductions from down facts proved this statement. "We know," he said, "that oysters must be eaten whole. We know that there are oysters eight inches across the minor dimension. Therefore there must be mouths eight inches wide to take them in, or the beautiful chain of harmony in the universe is broken."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WELL-MAGINERY. Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. Best Paper. Have been tested and all warranted.

Patents. Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No. 1117. Free and full Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

W. N. U. Omaha—47 1894. www Advertising Advertisements kindly mention this Paper.

Milk. It is strange that with all the scientific tests applied to milk suspicion there is no recognized standard of the purity of milk. Science cannot as yet distinguish the difference between watery milk from a poor cow and good milk adulterated with water. The cheap grades of condensed milk are generally skim milk, and even the best is not as nutritious as fresh milk.—Pomona.

A Child Enjoys. The pleasant favor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results will follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

Qualified Forgiveness. "You ought to have been at the prayer meeting last night," said Deacon Sober. "Bill Aberford got up and told how he had forgiven you for that boss you sold him."

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure or money returned. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Wesslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

98% of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like palliatives.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery."

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will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength. For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children. Buy only the genuine with our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.