

# "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By"

By ERNEST JARROLD  
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ROBINSON had worked his way through Cornell university and had been graduated with honors. Having inherited a taste for literature, he decided to go to New York and win fame and fortune with his pen. To a young and ardent man this prospect is a very pleasant one. In the effort a few men have succeeded, but many more have failed for the reason that the road is more stony than the famed rocky road to Dublin. But Robinson's heart beat high and strong. He knew he would have to work, but he was willing. His ambition was to become an editorial writer like Horace Greeley or Henri Rochefort.

When Robinson arrived in New York city in December, 18—, he had one suit of clothes and two ten dollar notes. Having passed through an apprenticeship in economy at college, he knew the value of a dollar, and so he decided to make his cash capital go as far as he could. It was every first time he had ever visited a great city, and a feeling of inexplicable loneliness came over him as he looked into the faces of thousands of men and women and wondered why he did not recognize any of them. Robinson had been reared in an environment of green trees and running brooks, where nature smiles upon man. But to the country boy's perception the tall buildings seemed to frown and addled him, and the noise of innumerable wheels sounded discordantly in his ears.

Tugging his old carpetack, containing his clothing, a copy of Shakespeare, a Bible and a thesaurus, he walked up Broadway in search of a lodging house. He was amazed at the bustle and activity, the indifference of every man for his neighbor and at the indications of a rampant and unbridled prosperity. Up the great thoroughfare he wandered, looking for a home but finding no renting place until he arrived in Harlem. Here, in a quiet side street, he secured a hall bedroom on the top floor of a tenement house by paying \$1.50 in advance. This little room, perched up on the eighth floor just under the eaves of the building, contained a washstand, a washbasin and one chair. Thoroughly exhausted by his long walk, Robinson lay down and fell asleep.

His first impulse on arising in the morning was to examine this great city of which he had heard so much to visit the public buildings and other objects of interest, but he repressed this inclination and began to work. As he came with many young men of like inclination, Robinson was an idealist, a dreamer. He delighted in writing little prose and poetical etchings of scenery and of human emotions. The publishers of newspapers have learned by experience that their readers do not care for this kind of writing. They prefer stories of crime murder, burglary, arson. In short, they like the pepper of sensationalism. Robinson, unfortunately for his pocket, did not take notice of the direction of public taste. Day after day he worked away along ideal lines until at the end of a week he had a dozen sketches and poems ready. Then he discovered that half of his money was gone and he must sell some of his work in order to replenish his pocketbook. Filling his pockets with his stories and poems he started to walk the seven miles in traversing his lodging house and that Mecca of journalistic genius Park row. This is the street where all the great metropolitan papers are located, the street which never sleeps. Under its sidewalks mammoth presses are always in motion day and night. There gaping crowds congregate to read the bulletins of news from all over the world. 'Tis the sign where more American history has been recorded than in any other in the country. 'Tis a cruel place for a stranger with no friends or money to be found, and here it was that Robinson took his first lesson in the sale of manuscript.

Robinson was of a refined and sensitive nature. By the time he had met three office boys who were hired to keep just such as he was away from the editors he was very much discouraged, and yet he felt that his work was good. And so as he trudged back to his room in Harlem with his precious manuscripts still in his pocket he took heart of grace and resolved to start out again on the morrow. The resolution was strengthened by a hand organ grinder who came under his window and played "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." But it was uphill work. In after years Robinson could not remember the various incidents of that eventful week, so crushed and disappointed was he. It was not because the editors were unkind to him, but they had no time to be sympathetic. "Bring us news," they said to him, "and we will print it and pay you liberally. We have no space for literature."

In the course of a week Robinson visited the editorial rooms of nearly every newspaper office in New York city, but he did not dispose of a line of his work. His nearest approach to an acceptance came from an editor who offered to print some of his stories provided he did not ask for pay. With unconscious irony Robinson said he needed money to buy bread, but when he became famous—which was a certainty—he would be glad to furnish a few specimens of his genius. By this time Robinson's money was becoming scarce, and he decided to take the advice of the editors and hunt for news. It is a fact peculiar to the newspaper business that news is seldom got by searching. An able reporter might start out tomorrow to hunt aimlessly for news and not run across an item in a week. But let him visit police headquarters, where all the crime of a great city is chronicled, or the courts of justice, or shipping offices, or the headquarters of any great industry, and his search is likely to be rewarded. But Robinson did not know this. Besides, being untrained, he did not know what the word "news" meant. He was peculiar if he had run across an item of international importance, he

would not have recognized its value. Two days' work along this line convinced him of the uselessness of his efforts, and he became despairing. Why was it, he reasoned to himself, as he sat on the humble bed under the roof, that he could not get a chance to show what he could do? And the next day was New Year's. What hallowed memory suggests conjure up by that name! What would miss him at the old farmhouse in Cayuga county on the morrow. He could not write home for money, because that would be an acknowledgment of defeat. His relatives expected great things of him. And there was Nellie, the blue eyed girl, to whom he was a veritable Sir Galahad. What would she say when she heard that all those beautiful tales which he read for her in the orchard had been refused by every newspaper of standing in New York? Then Robinson buried his face in his pillow and went to sleep hungry, for only 10 cents remained of his \$20.

In the effort to dispose of his manuscript Robinson had visited every newspaper office in the city except one. This newspaper, by reason of its acknowledged superior quality, had been refused by every newspaper of standing in New York? Then Robinson buried his face in his pillow and went to sleep hungry, for only 10 cents remained of his \$20. In the effort to dispose of his manuscript Robinson had visited every newspaper office in the city except one. This newspaper, by reason of its acknowledged superior quality, had been refused by every newspaper of standing in New York? Then Robinson buried his face in his pillow and went to sleep hungry, for only 10 cents remained of his \$20.

Shaking in every limb, he approached the anteroom behind his rosewood desk. "Well, Mr. Robinson, what can I do for you?" said he cordially. "I called to offer a short sketch for publication in your paper," replied Robinson in a voice strengthened by his kindly reception. "Ah, thank you," said the great man, taking the manuscript from Robinson's trembling fingers and thrusting it into a pigeonhole. "Glad to get it, sir; glad to get it. Always looking for new ideas from you young men. Good day, sir." The editor turned to his mail, and Robinson walked down stairs with his head erect and his shoulders squared. He did not know that, even though his sketch might be accepted, it would probably be two weeks before it would be printed, and then there would inter-



He approached the anteroom. "Talking about being lost," says the girl who has been visiting her grandparents in the old family homestead—"I have been lost in the city and lost in the country, but never in what is anything so horrible as being lost in my own room. It was a very queer room I had at grandmamma's anyway—one of those rooms from which a flight of stairs leads down; rooms such as are only to be seen in old houses. It blew up cold the first night I was in the house, and I got up to close the window. The room, of course, was pitch dark. In getting back from the window to the bed I lost myself. I had not the slightest idea in what direction to turn, and I knew that if I was not careful I should go down those awful stairs. There was nothing to do but sit down on the floor and howl for some one to come and find me, and that was just what I did. If grandpa and grandmamma had not been unusually normal individuals, I should have frightened them to death. As it was, they thought I had had a nightmare, brought candles and located me and showed me my way to bed again."

Something to shoot. The other day a solitary sportsman, his gun under his arm, was wandering down a country lane in Lovershire when he met a small boy making for the bushes. "I say, my boy," he remarked, "is there anything to shoot down here?" The boy looked around for a moment and then answered with eagerness: "Aye, there's a skulkenater comin' ower the hill!"—London Answers.

Professor Was Noting Things. "Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Worth While. She—I should like to know what good cash in the country is something more than \$2,500,000,000, or less than \$20 per capita.

the balls of his feet touched the stones. His heart ached, his head ached, his feet were bleeding, and he wanted to bury his head in his mother's lap. "Hello!" said the managing editor, looking up from his desk at the pathetic figure standing before him. "You're the little chap who was here yesterday, eh? Yes, yes. Wait a minute."

He took the manuscript in his hand as a practical gambler might take a pack of cards. He glanced down each page with what seemed incredible swiftness to the palpitating Robinson. Within two minutes he had taken in all the beauty of imagery, all the grace of expression, all the earmarks of conscientious effort. They had looked up at the pallid face beside him, the blood-shot eyes, the hard lines about the tense mouth, and a look of deep tenderness and compassion came into his eyes as he said, gently as a woman: "My dear boy, that is just the kind of stuff we want. If you have any more of it, bring it along."

Robinson gasped and turned away, for the editors of his paper were looking to look. As he went the editor looked around the corner of his desk. He saw the worn shoes, the tattered coat, and he shouted: "Come back, Robinson. You've forgotten something." And he placed in the young man's hand a small piece of glazed paper. Robinson reached the sidewalk in a daze, but when he had picked up the slip of paper and read the following words: "NEW YEAR'S DAY, JAN. 1, 18—, Cashier, New York— Pay to George Robinson the sum of \$100.00 in full of sketch called 'Mountain Brook.'"

That night Robinson's supper consisted of two pounds of fried ham, a plateful of old fashioned John Brown fried potatoes, half a pumpkin pie and two cups of coffee. As he sat back in his chair and lit his cigar the consciousness that it was New Year's day came to him in full force. He smiled as he reflected that he had not killed the editor. How bright and happy the waiters all seemed! The tarished tableware glistened in the gaslight. The world seemed a very good place to live in after all. He peripatetic planed stop in front of a restaurant. The instrument was out of tune, and the tune was uneven, but no orchestra had ever played such seraphic harmony as the first selection, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

A PLATE OF SOUP. Its Effect Upon General Scott's Presidential Aspirations. Serving dinners in courses is comparatively a modern fashion, first introduced in diplomatic circles in Washington and imitated from France. Up to the date of President Polk's administration the course dinner among Americans had made no further progress than that of serving fish and soup separately. Soup was regarded as such a foreign frippery that a note written by General Winfield Scott in which he explained that he was "just sitting down to a hasty plate of soup," covered him with such ridicule as to materially contribute to his defeat as a candidate of the presidency.

Sup in the early days of the republic was considered as food for invalids or poor people only. Later, when the social splendors of the court of the Empress Eugenie attracted rich Americans in flocks to Paris, French table manners and customs pushed the old English dinner fashions to the wall. It is doubtful, however, if soup ever found a place on the dinner table of the wealthy Maryland or Virginia planter, unless green turtle, which was really a stew, might be so called. The object of an old time dinner party was to eat, whereas that of the course dinner is to delight the eye rather than the palate, and yet to have say that the sight of a well filled dinner table where an array of silver covered dishes gives forth a bouquet of appetizing odors falls to make an agreeable impression on all the senses?—Lippincott's Magazine.

Lost in Her Own Room. "Talking about being lost," says the girl who has been visiting her grandparents in the old family homestead—"I have been lost in the city and lost in the country, but never in what is anything so horrible as being lost in my own room. It was a very queer room I had at grandmamma's anyway—one of those rooms from which a flight of stairs leads down; rooms such as are only to be seen in old houses. It blew up cold the first night I was in the house, and I got up to close the window. The room, of course, was pitch dark. In getting back from the window to the bed I lost myself. I had not the slightest idea in what direction to turn, and I knew that if I was not careful I should go down those awful stairs. There was nothing to do but sit down on the floor and howl for some one to come and find me, and that was just what I did. If grandpa and grandmamma had not been unusually normal individuals, I should have frightened them to death. As it was, they thought I had had a nightmare, brought candles and located me and showed me my way to bed again."

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VERBAL ALIASES. WORDS THAT GET TOO FAMILIAR TO SUIT SOME TASTES. The Scientific Pad of Clothing Old Things in New Terms—Some Words the Meanings of Which are Commonly Misunderstood. When the report was recently circulated that a prominent public man had lost his life through accidentally inhaling a quantity of carbon dioxide, the man in the street began at once inquiring what carbon dioxide was.

As a matter of fact, carbon dioxide is merely another name for carbonic acid gas, one of the products of combustion and a constituent of atmospheric air. Carbonic acid gas is known by several different names, as, for instance, carbon dioxide, carbonic oxide and carbonic anhydride. Consumption as a name for a terrible and widespread disease is known and understood by practically every man, woman and child in England. But the medical fraternity, ever on the lookout for something new in the way of professional nomenclature, elected some years back to call it phthisis, and then just when that unspelling word began to be known and recognized they evolved yet another—tuberculosis.

And as with consumption so with most other complaints. A quarter of a century ago even eminent physicians were content to speak of typhoid fever, of lockjaw. Today they are called variola, enteric and tetanus respectively. A doctor when giving evidence before an ignorant east end jury the other day said that the immediate cause of death was "a violent and prolonged fit of combined epistaxis and stomatorrhagia." It would, one would think, have been far easier for him to have spoken of a bleeding at the nose and mouth, and he would at all events have had the satisfaction of making himself understood.

Most people now living can remember the time when bacteria were known generically as animalcules—a very strictly scientific definition, perhaps, but one easily understandable, and conveying, moreover, a distinct idea of any one of ordinary education and intelligence. For that very reason, doubtless, the title in question was voted out of date and old-fashioned and the word "bacteria" was substituted. This means, literally, "little sticks," certainly a most novel definition, but one that scarcely strikes the average lay mind as being either lucid or suitable. Nevertheless, it was accepted, and at last became familiar to the man in the street.

Of course, of course, could not be tolerated. Imagine a bacteriologist, using a word which conveyed any meaning to anybody outside his own charmed circle! The idea is both degrading and preposterous; so he set to work forthwith and invented a whole host of terrific verbal aliases. He called them, for example, schizomycetes, neuromuskeltellen, megacocci and polymorphonuclear leucocytes, as well as half a hundred other things; while for the chemical substances incidental to the science he invented such delightful terms as "tetrahydropropylmethylolamine" and "tetramethyl diamido-triphenyl-carbinol-oxalate."

The craze, too, is getting common among other than scientists. Take the word "reeking," for instance, and ask your friends what they understand by it. "Reeking?" one will say. "Why, reeking means dripping with moisture, soaked with wet." You will derive some amusement from his surprise when you tell him that reeking means "smoking, steaming." A chimney can reek. When a horse reeks with moisture, it is because its flanks smoke and steam. The change from the real meaning to that given it in popular, present day phraseology can easily be traced. Anything very wet will reek in frosty weather; so the wetness has been assumed to be the real characteristic of reek.

Then there is "lurid," which nine people out of ten use in an entirely wrong sense. Ask a man what color lurid is, and he may answer correctly, but the chances are that he will say, "Red flame, orange or bright yellow." Of course, lurid means smoky or dull color. London fog is lurid. Thick, suffocating smog is lurid. Lurid and lurid are almost synonymous. Lurid flames are flames choked and hidden by smoke. A lurid sunset is not a brilliant one, but one dull and gray and cheerless. Of course, the use of verbal aliases is not an absolutely new departure. It is only that we of this generation in our wild strivings after novelty have so enormously increased and multiplied them. The taste of our grandfathers and great grandfathers may rather in the direction of using over and over again two or three long and uncommon words.

Thus honorificabilitudinitatibus, as a synonym of fame, eminence, occurs and recurs with almost depressing regularity in the plays of old pre-Elizabethan dramatists and is even used by Shakespeare on occasion. It was partly in ridicule of the silly custom of using this and other similar verbal verbal doubles, which had survived in part until his time, that Rabelais makes Pantagruel speak of "morcrocatesbezestegregrizequoquoer, gascachoezeineinaffreding my poor eye" and ask angrily of Mr. Mauhouud whether it was not enough to say "morcrocatesbezestegregrizegoscopodillatons" as all in our star members, but you must also apply such morderegrizpabrofricidiam-burduregumelungimpunaments to our shinbones?"—London Tit-Bits.

Gifted Conversationists. "She has wonderful conversational powers," said Miss Cayenne. "But she doesn't talk a great deal." "No, I never knew any one who showed such discretion in the selection of things to be left unsaid."

SPOILING A SCENE. An Incident That Ended Mary Anderson's Straining After Realism. Did you ever hear Mary Anderson's pet story of how she was cured of her love of realism? In a big drama in which this great actress took part the heroine in a scene of intense emotion is made to exclaim, "Hark, I hear the wheels of carriages!"

Now, it was easy enough to obtain the effect of wheels on gravel, but no resource of the stage mechanism was adequate to imitate the stamping of all the feet of horses as they were drawn up at the door. Every device was exhausted when a bright idea occurred to the actress herself. It was that a donkey should be hired to trot up and down behind the scenes on gravel laid for the occasion. This was done, and at rehearsal all went well. The illusion was perfect. The first night came. The heroine gave the cue. The wheels were heard, but they stopped, and the rest was silence. A pause, and again the actress spoke her words. A terrible scuffling began and then "Hoo-haw, hoo-haw," in stentorian tones from the back of the stage as the indignant donkey protested vigorously against his ill treatment by energetic carpenters and supers. It was one of the most serious situations of the play, yet audience and actors joined in paroxysms of mirth until the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

A Bold Scotchman. The late czar of Russia was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the Prince of Wales and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Macintosh, a well known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough spoken Scotchmen who didn't know fear of God or man. In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar, "You're reeked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales kicked the Scotchman under the table, and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment: "Reoked? Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong, whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the czar, "I dare say you're often reeked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

Big Trees of Florida. It is difficult even to guess at the age of the ancient live oaks, but some of them must number centuries, and the oldest and greatest of them all is a monarch of the forest, with its outer branches sweeping the ground in a circle 120 feet across, with limbs as great as ordinary trunks of trees and bearing a garden of aerial ferns and air plants upon their barks. This venerable tree is supposed to be the largest live oak in Florida. Enormous grapevine trunks arise sinuously from the ground and lose themselves amid the quarter acre of foliage that crowns this tree. The saplings that once gave their support have disappeared long years ago, their only record being the angles and curves of grapevine stems to which they lent their transient aid to climbing skyward.—Country Life in America.

So Easy Too. Suppose your wife-it is a wild supposition of course, but let us just imagine it for once—set up her own judgment against yours in some vital matter. Try this way out of the difficulty. Say to her: "My dear, you know that my judgment is above criticism, for I had inspired wisdom to select you from among the many, but you, on the other hand, cannot place absolute reliance upon your judgment if, after accepting me, you find yourself wavering as to your confidence in my ability to direct our ways." You will readily see that a wife in wisdom cannot protest against such a diplomatic assertion of domestic leadership.

A Clever Cat. A young lady bookkeeper has been in the habit for some time of giving the office at a piece of meat for its lunch every day. Precaution is taken to lay a piece of paper under the meat to avoid greasing the floor. The other day at lunch hour, when there was no meat, pussy begged for some in her most intelligent fashion and at last, going to the wastebasket, dragged forth her regular paper tablecloth and laid it properly for the meat. "Grandpa, how old are you?" "I am eighty-seven years old, my little dear." "Then you were born eighty years before I was?" "Yes, my little girl." "When a long time you had alone waiting for me?"—Current Literature.

Reasonable Explanation. Customer—You charged me \$14 for this one garment? I think that's pretty high. Tailor—Well, the bill, as I made it out at first, was for \$13, but that is such an unlucky number I thought you'd rather pay a dollar more.—Chicago Tribune.

Kindness Brought Tears. Mother—Oh, you cried! You were making your brother cry. Algeon—No, mummy; I'm not. I'm only sharing my cod liver oil with him, wot you said was so nice.—Washington Star.

Some of the people who think they were born to command do not discover their mistake until they get married.—Puck.

ASSORTED LAUGHTER. The Kind That Is Good and the Kinds That Are Bad. Is laughter a good thing—the laughter which is directed to something "which fails to comply with a social requirement," which is compelled by the sight of incongruity or by sudden surprise? All events, at all events, is not good. The giggle and the titter are laughter debased. People who titter with laughter, wrote Carlyle, "only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffing, husky cabination, as if they were laughing through wool." But though the snigger is detestable, you can still have too much of hearty laughter, of the roar of Teufelsdröckh.

It is only the unrestrained or the irresponsible man who laughs tempestuously often; and indeed, as a man grows older and gets a wider view of the world he laughs, no doubt, less loudly. Professor Sully thinks that as a nation we have lost some of the mirth of our forefathers. If by that he means the noisier, self abandoned mirth of 200 years ago, it is not perhaps to be regretted. It is true that hearty laughter is often an index to a honest soul. Carlyle was probably right when he said that "no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether bad." But there is a better laugh than Teufelsdröckh's, and that is the deep found chuckle of kindness and experience together. Perhaps we laugh more wisely, even if more rarely, than our forefathers.—London Spectator.

The Black Bottle. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the great temperance advocate, once met a laborer walking along the road with the old familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket. "Empty that cursed stuff away," said Sir Wilfrid vehemently, pointing to the bottle. "Drink something better than that poison." The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man a shilling, he said: "Take that, my good fellow. It will buy you something better." The man, to the intense disgust of Sir Wilfrid, immediately entered a public house and spent the shilling in beer. On coming out Sir Wilfrid accosted the laborer and asked why he had spent the money for beer. "Faith, your honor, 'twas that I thought you wanted me to drink, for the bottle of poison I was after throwing away was cold taw!"

What to Make of the Boy. There is an old Lancashire custom of putting a number of articles before a child and prophesying by the article which the child touches what he may become. The story goes of a Lancashire man who was at his wits end to decide what to do with his offspring. So he placed on a table a sword, a Bible, an apple and a box of pills. If the child touched the first he was to be a soldier, the second a clergyman, the third a greengrocer and the last a doctor. It was a somewhat heterogeneous mess of professions, true enough, but it offered the advantage of a wide range of choice. After the experiment was over he met a local friend. "Well, Jimmy, how did it get on?" asked the friend. "Did he take the sword or?" "He took th' lot, so I'm goin' to make him a lawyer."

Burglary in England. Burglary cannot be committed in the daytime. The English rule is that if the intruder there is no burglary. This, however, does not include moonlight, for a housebreaker entering after nightfall, however brightly the moon may be shining, is legally a burglar—that is, if it is reasonably certain that he has entered with the intent to commit felony, for while a tramp breaking into a house to sleep may be a housebreaker he is not in the proper sense of the word a burglar. Burglary, however, may consist in breaking out as well as breaking in, for one who hides in a house before nightfall to steal and after stealing breaks out to get away is just as much a burglar as he who so effect his purpose breaks in.

Where "Sterling" Came From. Sterling signifies money from the legalized standard of coinage of Great Britain. According to one theory, the term originated as follows: It is a corruption of Easterring, a person from north Germany, on the continent of Europe, and therefore from the east in geographical relation to England. The Easterrings were ingenious artisans who came to refine the silver money, and the coin they produced was called moneta Easteringorum, the money of the Easterrings.

Her Station. A little boy and girl were playing at trains, says the Western Mail, and the boy was calling out all the station names he knew. The first stop was Cardiff, the second Newport, the third Swansea, and then he paused for a name. At last, with a rush, he came out triumphantly with "Reverend." "Top," cried the sister. "I think I'd do out here."

The Faithful Retainer. "Why do you always refer to your 'let as your retainer?'" "Because he always keeps everything he finds."—Portsmouth News.

In order to be a gentleman many a man has to forget himself.—Saturday Evening Post.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE. Importers and Dealers in BOOKS, NEWS, WRITING and STATIONERY. CARD STOCK. "Straw and Binders' Board." Tel. Main 108. 5 SAN FRANCISCO.

# ANOTHER CITY EDITOR

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Editor Kneiple, editor and proprietor of the California Journal, the German paper of 42 Montgomery St., San Francisco, interviewed: Q—Will you help us convince the people that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are positively curable by entering to our recovery? A—'I've told it to a great many myself, and some of them profited by it and were cured. Q—How long ago was it? A—About six years ago. I was so ill with Bright's Disease that the doctors, being unable to help me, advised me as a last resort that I try some of the springs. Before going I heard of the Fulton Compound and took it and didn't care to tell you I began to get better, and kept on with it till I was finally well as ever. Q—Any symptoms of a return of it? A—None, although I don't permit a year to pass without taking some of it. Q—Now say but I'm afraid of getting Bright's Disease that the doctors, being unable to help me, advised me as a last resort that I try some of the springs. 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