

# BACK SPRAT

By Edith Wyatt

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Lake View there once lived as neighbors two children, a little boy named Milo Cox Atkinson, and a little girl named Pearl Porter.

To this little girl her grandfather, Major Porter, showed an affection so devoted as to be, popularly supposed, almost ruinous. "He just spoils that child," Mrs. Atkinson would say as she looked out of her window and saw Pearl fastening up the major's mustaches with hairpins, and she would turn away with a sigh. It was perhaps this devotion, but more probably a native impulse of the heart, that had made Pearl an unusually vain child.

She was a pretty little thing, with a beating mist of hair and large brown eyes, always beautifully dressed in little, stiff, white embroidered clothes. She was born with a sense of carriage, and she could not help knowing when ladies said in loud whispers, "Isn't she sweet?"

Her reputation as a "prince" came among the children of Lake View had, however, been founded less by her personality than by an incident of her early youth.

When she was only four years old, she had been given a little blue silk parasol with a ivory handle. With this at her side she had been left in the pew by her aunt when that lady went up to the communion rail. When Mrs. Burden had returned and found that those returning might pass her, what was the amusement of the congregation and her own astonishment on seeing Pearl tripping lightly up the aisle with her new blue parasol opened and held gracefully above her head.

The aunt herself was a very dressy lady, and she wore thoroughly than any other member of the family. She paraded with Pearl in her taste for making calls, for wearing kid gloves and for carrying a small cardcase with a rose folded in it.

This aunt, Major Porter's daughter, was a large woman, with long red cheeks, tilted blue eyes and an overwhelming, tightly buttoned figure. At the top of her small forehead, long face and towering bulk she always wore a glittering little bonnet. She lived in Washington, and she was able to pet and indulge her niece only on occasional visits.

On these visits Mrs. Atkinson used to watch with longing those two opposite and fashionable types walking out to the carriage together.

She loved Butter, but she had always dreamed of having just such a child as Pearl.

All Butter's tastes were different from Pearl's. He had no imagination for the world of graceful convention.

His companions were other grubby, freckled little boys, most of them disgruntledly dressed in trousers beginning about two inches below the knee. Butter numbered among his acquaintances a boy who had run away from home, a boy who had a whip tattooed on his arm and a man supposed by Butter's circle to be a murderer. Butter cut the man's grass, and when the man gave him 15 cents—the market price is 10—Butter handed him back the unwearying 5 and said, "No blood money for me." The man had laughed in a puzzled way. Of course if he had done anything else it would have given him away.

Butter also knew a boy who had a printing press, and in partnership with him he had conducted successfully an enterprise of printing pink and green highly glazed calling cards for the ladies of the neighborhood. Besides the cash capital they derived from this source, they realized every summer a large income of pins and newspapers from circuses in the barn.

Major Porter sometimes attended these circuses with Pearl and sat in a box for ten newspapers, and when he was so enchanted with Pearl, he used to watch with a pang of envy Butter's little, wiry frame turning handspicings in the back yard, for though he had never had golden curls or carried a parasol, he had once tumbled on the grass and chased fire engines in a dusty and happy oblivion of the customs of the world.

Once a year a circus came to one of the empty lots of Lake View west of the Porters'. It stayed for one day and then pursued its glorious march in honor of more western cities. This day was one long haze of delight for Butter Atkinson. His ecstasy began in the morning, when he went with his friends over to the lot to see the tent pitched, and it lasted through the concert at the end of the circus.

Mr. Atkinson always took Butter; had never thought of not taking him until one miserable day when an unconsidering vice president elect and his thoughtless wife spent twenty-four hours of being entertained in the neighborhood when the circus was entertaining.

A large afternoon reception was given for the Kendrickses at the Porter home. Mrs. Kendrickses was an old friend of the major. Mrs. Atkinson assisted in receiving. Butter was invited by Mrs. Burden to open the door. She believed this to be a piece of kind consideration. Mrs. Atkinson, too, said that Butter would be glad to remember it when he was an old man, and she could not understand why he looked so morosely at the clean clothes she had with such pleasure put out on his bed.

He walked out to the woodshed after lunch, kicking his heels sullenly and listlessly against each other, and when he came out his eyes were red.

The thought of the white elephant had been too much for him. His father's suggestion that it had been whitewashed was not alleviating. Is a whitewashed elephant an everyday sight? He had visions of running away, but he knew he should not run away. He would stay, scrawling his fingers in unbecomingly gloved and opening Porter's door for dressed up and worthless ladies, perfectly healthy and able to do it for themselves, while amid the sawdust the opening procession was shining and glittering past unseen, nev-

er to be seen, by his longing eyes. He observed in the open window Pearl and Major Porter at their daily after dinner game of "old maid."

Major Porter was not a kindergarten, and he was almost invariably "old maid," each time, with ringing shouts of gloe from his victorious grandchild poised elegantly on the window sill.

But today her poised seemed less airy in its light ease. Butter heard no shouts, and when she turned and waved her hand to him he saw that her eyes, too, were red.

Major Porter was smiling his head with despair and chagrin at being a third time doomed to a single life and eliciting from his opponent only a very faint smile.

Was Pearl, too, not going to the circus?

Far from it. For days her grandfathers had been bringing home handbills and posters; for days he had discussed with Pearl what they both should wear, what time they should start, how many glasses of lemonade they should have, whether they should look at the animals before or after the performance, and now all this was to be on the day

of the reception. There were to be only ladies at the reception. There was no reason why Major Porter should remain at home for it, and his enthusiasm for the circus had shown no change, no abatement.

In the presence of his mistaken devotion Pearl could not endure to confess even to her mother that her heart was torn at the thought of her new fringed sash, the gift of her aunt, and how now she could not wear it at the reception or walk around with the ladies. She had the dignified delicacy of many honorable little girls, and she felt that it would be disloyalty to her grandfather to acknowledge that she was no longer interested in the circus.

Her aunt said she had cried because the news made her nervous.

"She doesn't look to me able to go toting off to that hot circus, father," she said, coming up to the window.

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Porter, following her. "Do you care so much about it, darling?"

Pearl's eyes filled again at this.

"Oh, Snooks 'll be all right for the circus," said Major Porter, with hasty, blind consolation, as Pearl's mother started into the house with her to bathe her eyes. It was his fixed belief that the circus was the most ecstatic pleasure of every child and any alternative an outrageous disappointment.

"Never mind if you are not all right, pet," said Mrs. Burden, with inspired delusion. "Here's Butter. He isn't going, and doesn't want to go. He wants to see Mrs. Kendrickses. And, Butter, Mrs. Kendrickses has some little boys of her own—such nice, polite little boys. I wish you could know them."

Butter looked submissive as Mrs. Burden's benevolent, unperceiving eyes were impressively fixed upon him.

"Why isn't Butter going to the circus?" inquired Major Porter. Butter made no reply.

"Father, too busy, I guess," pursued the major. "That'll?"

"Butter is going to see Mrs. Kendrickses this afternoon," replied Mrs. Burden. "He is going to open the door for the ladies."

Major Porter whistled. He looked suspiciously at Butter's red eyelids.

## FOUGHT AT SIX PACES.

Sanguinary Duel That Took Place in London in 1803.

Duelling in England in 1803 was often a very sanguinary business. On a Friday morning in March of that year a most extraordinary duel took place in Hyde Park, London, between Lieutenant W. of the navy and Captain J. of the army. The antagonists arrived at the appointed place within a few minutes of each other. Some dispute arose respecting the distance, which the friends of Lieutenant W. insisted should not exceed six paces, while the seconds of Captain J. urged strongly the rashness of decreasing a distance and insisted on its being extended.

At length the proposal of Lieutenant W.'s friends was agreed to, and the parties fired per signal, when Lieutenant W. received the shot of his adversary on the guard of his pistol, which tore away the third and fourth fingers of his right hand. The seconds then interfered to no purpose. The son of Neptune, apparently calm to pain, wrapped his handkerchief round his hand and swore he had another which never failed him.

Captain J. called his second aside and told him it was in vain to urge a reconciliation.

"They again took their ground. On Lieutenant W. receiving the pistol in his left hand he looked steadfastly at Captain J. for some time, then cast his eyes to heaven and said in a low voice, "Forgive me!"

The parties fired as before, and both fell. Captain J. received the shot through the neck and instantly expired. Lieutenant W. received the ball in his left breast and immediately inquired of his friend if Captain J.'s wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked heaven he had lived thus long, requested a mourning ring on his finger might be given to his sister and that she might be assured it was the happiest moment he ever knew. He had scarcely finished the words when a quantity of blood burst from his wound, and he expired almost without a struggle.—Glasgow Herald.

## GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

## The Gloomy Sentries.

To and fro march the sentries in front of Buckingham palace, meeting face to face for a moment and then separating without a word, as if their feud were too deep for speech. This spectacle is watched with sympathetic interest by American visitors, who occasionally intervene. The sentries were glaring at each other one morning when a stranger stepped close by remarked, "Come, boys, make it up." Another American proposed to heal the breach with a little friendly conversation.

"Say, does your king live here?" he opened genially. The two sentries stared impassively and then resumed their tramp. Up came a policeman.

"Can I tell you anything, sir?" said he. "Yes," answered the American. "Tell me why these young hearts are silent and sore. Anyhow, why can't they whistle, 'We never speak when we pass by?'"—London Chronicle.

## A Will and Three Weddings.

In Warsaw a banker died and left his entire fortune to whichever of his three nieces—daughters of three different brothers and sisters—married first. The parties interested in this provision were present when the will was read, and all of them took immediate steps to secure the prize. By procuring special licenses and taking other unusual measures it was found that the earliest possible time for a wedding to take place was at 8 o'clock on the morning of the tenth day after the will had been read. Before noon on that day all three nieces appeared at the notary's office with certificates showing that they had all become wives between 8 and 8:15 o'clock that morning, though none of them had been engaged when the will was read. As three claimed the fortune, and the courts solved the difficulty by dividing it into equal parts.

## The Genius of Labor.

Two hundred persons, waiting for a train, intently studying an old man driving six inch spikes with an iron maul. Now, there is nothing unusual or extraordinary about driving spikes with a maul, even though the head of a spike is only three-eighths of an inch square and that of the maul only three-quarters. But there was a fascination in this old man's work. His genius for driving spikes was marvellous. He never missed a blow. He never needed more than three blows to send a spike home with its head buried in the plank. He always gave three. There was a rhythmic harmony in his task that appealed to all. In his particular line he excelled. That is the genius of labor.—New York Press.

## The Lady and Her Nose.

There is a washerwoman in Paris who is in great trouble. Two years ago she had a fight with her husband, in the course of which so much skin was taken from her nose that some new had to be grafted on. Recently she made the horrid discovery that a fine coat of hair was growing in her new nose and then learned that the doctors at the hospital who had treated her had used skin from a human scalp for grafting purposes. The poor washerwoman then went to the courts to ask for a divorce, urging cruelty as a cause, because it was her husband's brutality which took the original skin off her nose, and because of the hair grafting, the hair and the ridicule of her neighbors.

## NONSMOKERS HEALTHIER.

People Who Do Not Use Tobacco Develop More Rapidly.

"There is an easy way, if you are a cigarette smoker, to tell whether or not the habit injures you," said a physician. "Do you feel, after smoking, a languor, a sinking and a great depression? Do you feel melancholy, hopeless, weak? If you do you should abandon smoking at once.

"The tendency of tobacco is to weaken the action of the heart. But in very strong, robust persons this weakening effect is very slight. It is not felt at all, and these persons tobacco cannot be said to injure. But in persons whose hearts and constitution are frail the effect is strongly felt, the symptoms being those that I have just described, and such persons ought not to smoke."

This specialist has tabulated the records of all the smoking and nonsmoking medical students of his acquaintance for a period of nine years. He has found that the smokers are shorter in stature than the nonsmokers and that they do not develop as well. In the course of four years nonsmokers gain 24 per cent more in height and 26 per cent more in chest girth than the smokers. The former, too, are quicker with the latter. They learn quicker, walk quicker—excel in the speed of all the physical and mental acts.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## A Remedy For Snake Bites.

There is a most remarkable account of the exploring trip of an orchid hunter named Andre through an unexplored part of Venezuela. The party met with terrible hardships and privation, and only about half of them got back to civilization. They were in continual danger from snakes, and the native remedies, the only ones at hand, were severe ones. One day Mateo Ramirez, one of the men walking through the jungle, was bitten just above the elbow by a snake. He suspected that the bite was not poisonous, but Mateo was in mortal terror and allowed his friends to subject him to a remedy worse than the disease. Throwing him to the ground, they wound a strong creeper around his thigh until it cut into the flesh and then burned the wound with a live coal until the patient shrieked in agony. The nasturtium shade from those of pale golden yellow to deep brown yellow tones and harmonize most beautifully with the color of the dress and the brown of the collar. A band of this same embroidery trims the skirt just above the hem and forms the cuffs. This frock is an excellent model for cashmere or other light woolen materials of light colors.

The extremely plain up and down effect of these tailor made suits is not becoming to every one, so that the box plaited coats, which suit underdeveloped figures, will still be used.

The latest of these have immensely long skirt coats, extending almost to the hem of the skirt. They are fastened down the front as far as the waist line by silk cord loopings over a double row of buttons. These buttons are a decidedly striking feature of the suit.

## Mannish Materials.

So called mannish materials will be much affected this autumn, says the New York Evening Post. Tweeds, serges and other rough cloths lead in popularity, and plaid effects promise to be prominent. Grays, browns, greens and several shades of purple will be fashionable colors, the last named being reserved for more elaborate gowns. Brown will probably be seen on the street more than any other color.

## An Attractive Hat.

Hand plaited braid of a rushlike straw forms this attractive hat, the

## Not Used to Pulling Corks.

A slight fire occurred on the fourth floor of a downtown establishment. An Irish work on the same floor at the time the fire started, after it was put out Pat was called into the private office of the manager.

"Pat, why didn't you try to put that fire out yourself? You could easily have extinguished it with a hand grenade; there's plenty of them up there," said the manager.

"Well, see," returned Pat, "I had four of them on the back, but couldn't get the corks out in time, begorra."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## The Jewels of a Saint.

The idea of sanctity usually carries with it a suggestion of poverty, and it may seem a contradiction to refer to the jewels of a saint. It has been customary for painters who choose for their subjects saints or martyrs to treat them with the utmost simplicity. In a majority of cases they are depicted as devoid of ornaments or decoration, and in the few exceptional instances, as when the subject of the picture is a ruler or king, the gems are few and purely symbolic, being sufficient only to denote the rank of the individual portrayed.

St. Raphael, who was perhaps the greatest painter of religious subjects the world has known, has been most successful in adhering strictly to this rule, but in the head of "St. Cecilia" is to be noticed a departure from it. A row of pearls, to which are attached three pendants, ornaments her gown at the neck, and this is her only jewelry. The hair is simply arranged and without a jewel of any kind. The single row of pearls, however, emphasizes the simplicity of the face.

## Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill pen maker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing tool in books of the literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

For a Little Girl. For afternoon wear little gowns like the one illustrated are very modish for little girls. The one shown is made of merrized linen in its natural color, and is made with a full gathered skirt held out around the bottom by properly ruffled petticoats and a blouse waist



## AFTERNOON GOWN.

tucked around the shoulders. The sleeves are also full and are tucked both at the shoulder and above the cuff. Trimming the neck is a shaped band collar forming points over the shoulders and crossing in front of darker brown linen embroidered with yellow nasturtiums with their pale green leaves. The nasturtium shade from those of pale golden yellow to deep brown yellow tones and harmonize most beautifully with the color of the dress and the brown of the collar. A band of this same embroidery trims the skirt just above the hem and forms the cuffs. This frock is an excellent model for cashmere or other light woolen materials of light colors.

## The Tailor Makes For Fall.

As in other years, the first fall suits are strictly tailor made affairs. They are a relief to the eye after the over-ornamentation of the summer frocks.

The long skirt coats seem to have settled themselves for the winter, but they have lost even the pretense of stoic or shoulder cape. The seams are generally strapped in corset fashion.

They are single breasted, with hip and breast pockets, and the V neck is sharply pointed and finished with a narrow coat collar of the material or velvet.

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## A NEW BRAID HAT.

sole trimming of which is a long ostrich plume in white. The feather encircles the crown and the tip droops on the hair at the back.

## Linon Mesh Dress Shields.

Dress shields of linen mesh are recommended. They have on the side to be worn next the dress a surface of fine fabric, while the mesh side next to the skin has been rendered impervious to perspiration by special treatment. Unlike rubber shields, they are not heating.

## Like a Woman.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the woman invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Feminine Think.

He—Think twice, love, before you refuse me.

She—Why should I think twice? He—Because, my dear, a woman never thinks twice the same.—London Today.

## ROASTING MEATS.

A Chef Says the Proper Process is Almost Unknown.

"A good part of the dyspepsia that prevails in America," said the chef of an exclusive hotel to a Philadelphia Record writer, "is due to the custom of baking instead of roasting meats. We say we roast our meats. We talk glibly of 'roast beef,' 'roast chicken' and so on, but what we should say is 'baked beef' and 'baked chicken,' for anything cooked in an oven is baked, not roasted. We don't talk of roast bread, do we? Yet we cook our meat in the oven as our bread is cooked.

"To roast meat you must cook it on a spit before the fire. You must turn it constantly. Every little while you must baste it. It is in every way better than meat baked. It is tender, sweeter and more digestible. Also its appearance is more appetizing, and the appearance of a 'stain' has a tremendous effect on its digestibility.

"Experiment, actual experiment, has shown that the sight of an appetizing dish starts the gastric juice to flowing instantly and that such a dish digests much more quickly and thoroughly than an unappetizing one. Altogether, we ought to go back to the genuine roasting process of our ancestors, and our health would improve and there would be less talk about vegetarianism.

"Of course I and all good chefs actually roast meat. But roasting is with the average cook in the average American house an unknown process."

## THE TRICKY BRAIN CELL.

What Happens When We Know a Name Which Escapes Us.

The anatomy of the nervous system, and consequently its physiology, was regarded in the past as very simple. Cayal showed that the specific brain cell is an independent unit provided with multiple processes, by means of which it is capable of acting not through one nerve alone, but several. This independent brain unit or cell is called a neuron. A simple illustration of how the neuron works is furnished by our not infrequent hunt for a name or an idea which we know we possess. We feel that the name is there, but we cannot recall it. We get various names near it, beginning even with the same letter as the name we seek, yet only after minutes or even hours does it actually occur to us.

What is supposed to happen is that the particular cell of intelligence which we are using throws out its process among the cells of memory for names, and though this process is brought in connection with cells containing similar names, it is only after a more or less prolonged search that it hits on the right one. It is as if the telephone operator in the central office felt around blindly for the connection wanted, and only after putting the plug into various holes eventually struck the proper one.

## The Elusive Lead Pencil.

What becomes of the lead pencils as an insoluble a problem as what becomes of pins. No one ever really uses up lead pencils; no one drinks them, so to speak, to the very dregs, unless it is one of those admirable people who keep journals and cash accounts and who usually carry a sort of penholder arrangement in which they insert a half length pencil and go on and on using it and sharpening it until it is all gone. Very few people ever get pencils worn down as far as a half length. They disappear before that stage is reached. What becomes of them all? They are used by thousands of them annually are lent to young children and never seen again, but what do the children do with them? Do they eat them up? Possibly.

Everybody has seen lead pencils the upper end of which have been chewed into a brush, but children do not possess such ostrich stomachs as would enable them to consume all the pencils that disappear.

## Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it." "But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin' you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me 'g to get to earn his salary."—London Tit-Bits.

## He Knew.

"I don't see how a man can be so mean," expostulated Mrs. Cobwigger. "Just because I'm going a few miles out of the city to spend a day or two with an old school friend you rave like a madman about the expense. You know very well, Henry, the railway fare is only 40 cents."

"I know that, my dear," replied Cobwigger, "and I know also that every time you go on one of those little trips you spend at least \$25 for the things you say are absolutely necessary to make you presentable."—New York Times.

## A Timid Plunger.

"I'll bet a dollar if I should ask you to marry me you'd refuse," ventured Gussie, trying to inject a little more spirit into the conversation.

"My, but you're a cheap one!" responded the girl.

"Why? why?" stammered Gussie. "Because you won't bet more than a dollar on a sure thing."—Baltimore American.

## Just Passing.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tubby?"

"Yes; we have a passing acquaintance."

"Oh, as much as that?"

"Yes. We were at the same card table once. She passed, and so did I."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Do not presume too much that you are intrusted in any person's friendship.—Schoolmaster.

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## Bright's Disease

Not Rare, but Common—All Kidney Disease is Bright's Disease  
—The 8th to 10th Month It Becomes Chronic and Incurable by All Known Means Except the New Fulton Compounds, which Record 87% of Recoveries.

We have before us a little work on kidney disease by Joseph P. Edwards, M. D., of Philadelphia, that contains some things that every one ought to know. Many people imagine Bright's Disease is rare, when, in fact, it covers the whole gamut of kidney diseases. This book sets out that the kidneys have but one function, viz., the elimination of the waste products, and that all interference with that function is a disease. Bright's Disease, Dr. Edwards adds: "For the benefit of patients who may read this book I will give a list of the cases which I attribute to Bright's Disease, viz.:

Albuminuria.  
Congestion of the Kidney.  
Fatty Degeneration of the Kidney.  
Inflammation of the Kidney.  
Trauma of the Kidney.

"Think all kidney disease being Bright's Disease, the serious question is, Is it acute or chronic? In other words, is it in the primary or secondary stage? After the eighth month month it becomes chronic and is then, incurable by all known means except the new Fulton Compounds. The kidneys are not sensitive. There is often no notice of the trouble till it is already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first stage the Fulton Compound will cure it quickly. It is of course true that the standing it is the only thing known that will cure it. In proof of this I will give you a list of all medical work which I have seen to this time. There has been nothing that cures Chronic Bright's Disease. The doctor in San Francisco, J. Fulton Co., business and professional men of San Francisco, are the first people in the world to announce a positive cure, presenting a definite percentage of recoveries (87 per cent), and giving out the lists of the cured. All among purely chronic, well-defined cases. If you have any of the above named diseases, write to the Fulton Co., 48 Washington Street, San Francisco, for a list of cases. Free analyses for patients. Sample free. We are the sole agents