ALWAYS A SOMETHING.

There is always a something, whatever your lot;
And, oh! how that something annoys!
Though the merest of specks, it becomes a big blot—
A pang at the heart of your joys.
What matters the manifold blessings you've got,
If there's one little cloud in the blue?
There is always a something, whatever your lot,
And if it's not one thing—it's two!

If it wasn't for something left in or left out,
Our happiness would be complete;
'Tis the lack of one room that we worry about,
Or the dwelling is on the wrong street.
If we only were thin, if we only were stout,
If we had something different to do;
There is always a something left in or left out,
And if it's not one thing—it's two!

There is always a something, as certain as fate,
A fly in the ointment we meet;
The rich and the poor, and the lowly and great,
Find bitter mixed in with the sweet.
For each has an if with his neighbors to make,
And it follows this changing life through;
There is always a something, as certain as fate,
And if it's not one thing—it's two!
—Hunter Mac Culloch, in N. Y. Weekly.

As Told at Martin's

By Beatriz Bellido De Luna.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

THE night was warm, and the drinks refreshing to our dusty mouths. Waiters passed noiselessly to and fro, bearing trays laden with tall glasses, the electric fans overhead buzzed with a giddy whirr, and there was a dancer on the stage who was good to look upon. Altogether, Martin's was a much more pleasant place to be than in the sultry atmosphere outside.

"That girl," said Brown, slowly, eyeing the dancer through curling clouds of smoke, as she snapped her castanets, and twisted her lithe figure in the rhythmic measures of a Spanish air, "reminds me of a woman I knew in Cuba."

"Is it a story, Brown?" questioned Lester.

"Well, rather," our friend replied, emphatically. "Like to hear it?"

We assented eagerly, for Brown's stories were usually worth listening to.

"As I said before," he began, "it was in Cuba. I was there for the paper, just before the Spanish-American war broke out, and I saw the conflict through. Most of the time, after hostilities were declared, I was all over the island, wherever the fighting was, but at first I was quartered at Havana, and it was there that I knew Antonina.

"She had come from Paris and was dancing at the Tacon theater. The city was mad over her, after the fashion of the Latin race, and, in fact, she made even my phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon blood run quicker than was its wont. She was hardly beautiful, though I have never seen such eyes before, or since. She had a small wicked face, was slender almost to thinness, and not very tall. But to see her dance! I am sure no one has equaled her. Every motion was daring, poetical, and possessed the very essence of grace. She was absolutely mistress of her art, and of her audiences.

"I don't know what she was, but mostly Spanish blood, although some said she had a strain of French—some said Arabian, and some even hinted at the African, but whatever her nationality, her magnetism was marvelous.

"The gallants flew wildly at her feet. She was looked upon with horror by the church, although it was said—but never mind that. She tantalized her lovers, laughed at them, jilted them, yet chained them to her. Among her most constant admirers was Gen. Ruiz, of the Spanish army. He seemed to be more favored than the others, but was insanely jealous, in fact bereft of all reason.

"Political matters were very much strained—feeling between Spaniards and the Cubans had reached its highest pitch. Not a day passed without a duel, or a quarrel, or an arrest. Yet in spite of this, Antonina danced every night to a crowded house, and the pleasure loving city, although honeycombed by plots and intrigues, forgot, for the moment, all save the moment's enjoyment.

"The man most dreaded by the Spanish officials was one Juan Sanchez, an insurgent leader. He was the son of a wealthy planter who had figured prominently in a former outbreak, and had been exiled to Ceuta, Spain's penal colony in Africa. The son, growing to manhood and finding himself an outcast, embraced the rebel cause and had made himself troublesome. He had gathered his recruits from neighboring provinces, and lived in the mountains, evading every effort of the government to capture him.

"I do not know how it came about, but Ruiz evolved the idea of affecting his capture through Antonina. The general possessed a diamond of enormous value, a family jewel, and this he promised to the woman if she would lure the outlaw to her house. Antonina had long coveted the stone, and had tried every one of her wiles to obtain it, so it can be understood that she readily promised to attempt the task.

"It might be thought that this was a most difficult undertaking, but Ruiz had his spies everywhere, and Antonina her willing slaves. One night, when Sanchez was in the city on a secret mission, he was taken to the theater, by one of his own friends, to see Antonina dance; was introduced to her after the performance, and, like all the others, fell under her spell. To a man of his character no half way method was possible. She dismissed the other of her admirers, and rumor soon spread that Sanchez rode in every night and openly visited her at her house.

"This was what Ruiz was waiting for, and one evening the place was surrounded and Sanchez taken prisoner. He was, of course, sentenced to be shot.

"Antonina, apparently, thought no more of the matter. She appeared at the theater on the following evening, and had never been more charming. The story of her share in the rebel's capture got about, and she was cheered whenever she was seen by the loyalists. Ruiz was more infatuated than ever, and was worse than helpless in her hands.

"The day that Sanchez was to be executed Antonina demanded of Ruiz that he should gain permission for her to see her former lover alone. It was not known what excuse she gave for this seemingly strange request, but, at any rate, it was granted her. What took place at the interview was never disclosed. Immediately after it was over Sanchez was marched into the courtyard, placed with his face to the wall and shot to death. He met his fate with gallant indifference.

"Antonina watched him die, from one of the windows, without a sign of emotion, save a narrowing of the eyelids and a slight compression of the lips. She danced that night, but canceled her engagement for the following week, saying she was going to leave the city for a rest.

"A few days later I happened to be in one of the shabbiest parts of town, and there met a woman whose resemblance to the dancer was so striking that I turned and looked after her as she passed me. She went into a miserable looking hovel and, as I loitered near, hoping to solve the mystery, she came out again, and walked swiftly by me. This time I was convinced that it was Antonina. Much puzzled at her appearance in such a place, I followed her, but soon she disappeared down a narrow side street, and being unfamiliar with that part of the town, I lost track of her.

"Next day I was called away from the city, and when I returned I found the social world in a state of expectation over a grand reception to be given by Gen. Ruiz in honor of some of the American officers. The chief attraction was the announcement that Antonina had been engaged to dance for the entertainment of the guests. I determined to accept my invitation, as the woman possessed a great attraction for me. I was present at the reception.

"The salas were crowded with a brilliant assembly. Scores of beautiful women, and the handsome Spanish officers in their showy uniforms, mingled with the more sober dress of our country, gave a most picturesque effect to the scene. It was nearly midnight when the dancer arrived. She had driven directly from the theater, and was attired in a most magnificent costume, while on her breast glittered the Ruiz diamond. As she came into the ballroom, she was greeted with bravos and was showered with flowers. She paused a moment on the threshold, and responded with a faint, half mocking smile. Then slowly raising her arms, she stepped forward. Instantly the orchestra struck up with the passionate music of El Sol, and the guests drew away from the center of the room, leaving her standing in a blaze of color and jewels—alone on the polished floor.

"I will not attempt to describe the dance. We watched her with deep drawn breaths, and dizzy brains, as she whirled herself from the lazy languor of the beginning to the mad abandon at the end. Ruiz, unable to contain his emotions, caught up a flower that had dropped from her hair, and, unmindful of observers, kissed it. She saw the action, and with a sidelong glance tore the scarlet scarf from her waist, and, still dancing, threw it over his neck. Something gleamed in her hand, and some instinct warned me of mischief. I stepped to Ruiz' side. Antonina streched out her hand, and held me back, and if ever I saw the devil look out from a woman's eyes, I saw it shining then between her half closed lids.

"'Adios, companeros,' she said in clear, ringing tones, 'I go to wait for you in hell.'

"With a swift motion she buried the dagger, which had been concealed in her hand, in her heart, and as the last strains of the music died away she fell to the floor, the wicked smile frozen on her mouth.

"Three weeks later, Gen. Ruiz and every one of his subordinate officers died of the most malignant kind of smallpox. Antonina had searched until she had found a case, as we afterward discovered—had exposed Sanches' sword belt to the infection, and thus carried the infection to Ruiz, gaining a vengeance which few brains could have evolved. She had loved the man whose life she had sold for a jewel."

"Why did she take her life?" questioned Lester.

"That," answered Brown, "was a phase of her character which I found hard to understand, though I believe that she preferred death to the loss of her charms, and knew that she surely must have had the dread disease herself. To me the most wonderful thing about her was that she could love so intensely, and never by word or sign betray herself, even when she saw him die, and knew that she was responsible for his death. That is something I have never seen in any other woman, and gave evidence of a will that could have moved empires, had it not spent all its energy on one man."

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THE SOBERING MACHINE.

The Odd Institution That Characterized a Sleepy Old Pennsylvania Town.

"The 'Tattler,' of the Philadelphia Ledger, recently met a quaint and amusing old gentleman, who said: 'A portion of my life was spent in a sleepy Pennsylvania town, which has grown little in the course of a half-century, and still preserves many of the quaint customs of its earliest days. You will find in this idyllic retreat counterparts of all the eccentrics who figure so delightfully in Miss Mitford's 'Our Village.' In my boyhood it had an institution which distinguished it from all outer villages—an institution quite unknown to modern communities. It was called the sobering machine. This consisted of a rude, springless, two-wheeled vehicle, with a board body, drawn by a motley assembly of hummers and roysterers, old and young, who can always be summoned in a country place on the slightest signal when anything exciting is in the wind.'

"When one of the rather numerous town drunkards was discovered in a favorable position, the sobering machine was slyly backed up to the curb, the victim was quickly pushed into the cart, and then pulled through the streets, over every possible obstacle, by the jeering mob that usurped the ropes. The victim, it was assumed, was jolted, jerked and bumped into semi-sobriety by this rough usage. At any rate, few of the town sinners who had tested the tonic virtues of the sobering machine yearned for a second dose. Many of the noisy, ragged crowd who helped to drag the sobering machine over its destined route had themselves taken similar trips.

The rude apparatus, I suspect, did more for the cause of temperance in its day than the more gentle and respectable methods of promoting the reform. The appliance was carefully housed, and all the bloods in the town knew where it was to be found. Sometimes it figured in parades, and, when bedecked and bedizened with flowers, flags and ribbons, it attracted almost as much notice as the little, sputtering hand engine which was supposed to do duty at haystack fires."

YELLOWPLUSH AT NEWPORT.

Eastern Seaside Resorts Attract Many Domestic Employes in Summer.

At such a place as Newport there is, of course, much driftwood, and queer social flotsam and jetsam find their way there. A curious instance is the number of waiters, butlers, second men and domestics of all kinds who are not regularly employed. These do not go to Newport in the hope of securing a permanent position. They do not need it. They give up good positions for the advantages of the summer.

The caterers and other providers are always in need of extra men, and a first-class butler for a luncheon or a dinner commands a very high price. There are many of these who take these transient positions and who find Newport very profitable in the summer. It is the bohemia of the domestic employe, and there is not a butler in one of the large houses who has not a list of men available for any emergency.

A barroom near Bellevue avenue, says the New York Times, is really the waiters' club of the place, and as the rooms upstairs are not unmindful of the green cloth on the turn of the roulette wheel this resort corresponds to the gentlemen's club of Thackeray.

GIVEN CITIZENSHIP PAPERS.

Question of Legality Comes Up When a New York Chinaman Gets the First Documents.

In New York the other day Lee Heng, a Chinaman who had been in this country 25 years, was given his first citizenship papers. This is thought to be a precedent of doubtful legality. At any rate the federal authorities in other cities have invariably refused similar requests by Chinamen.

Of course a Chinaman born in this country becomes an American citizen without the aid of the courts, and in the west, particularly in San Francisco, there are many such. Very few of them, however, attempt to exercise the right of suffrage.

The New York Chinaman who took out his first papers did so in order that, should the exclusion act ever be repealed, he might get his full citizenship papers immediately. At least he gave that reason. On the other hand the authorities here contend, says the Philadelphia Record, that the government has entered into a contract which it cannot consummate.

London's Unique Slot Machines.

Slot machines providing meals have been introduced in London. The refreshments are arranged on a long buffet behind a glass screen. On putting four pennies into a slot another lets the slot the screen rises and a tray holding a teapot, milk jug, sugar bowl and cup and saucer comes within reach. The teapot contains tea leaves and hot water can be drawn from a spigot tank. Two pennies produce a roll with butter, or sandwiches, or bath buns, and other slots yield temperance drinks and confectionery.

Origin of the Term.

Jovial once meant the type of character supposed to belong to all persons who were born when the planet Jupiter, or Jove, was in the ascendant. They were supposed to possess more of the cheerful elements of character than others, and hence to partake of the broader qualities attributed to the father of the gods.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

What this Boy's Mother Says

has been said by the mothers of many other boys and girls, regarding the wonderful curative and strengthening qualities of

Dr. Miles' Nervine

HASTING, NEB.

"Our little boy, Harry, had spasms for 3 years and we feared the disease would affect his mind. Though we doctored continually he grew worse and had ten spasms in one week. Our attention was directed to Dr. Miles' Nervine and we began its use. When he had taken the fourth bottle the spasms disappeared and he has not had one for five years. His health now is perfect." MRS. B. M. TINDALL.

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists on guarantee to benefit or money refunded.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

The Latest Yarn.

A Pittsburg drummer tells this yarn. I always carry a bottle of Kemp's Balsam in my grip. I take cold easily and a few doses of the Balsam always makes me a well man. Everywhere I go I speak a good word for Kemp. I take hold of my customers—I take old men and young men, and tell them confidentially what I do when I takes cold. At druggists, 25c. and 50c.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day, Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Rasberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to day 10 cts.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phebe Charley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old, I now am now able to do all my housework." It overcomes Constipation, improves Appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at Dr. Kremer's drug store.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their system. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

Bagpipes for the Sultan of Morocco.

It would appear that the sultan of Morocco has become deeply fascinated with Highland music. His love for the bagpipes, for Scottish music and for the tartan is simply unique for one who is not a native of Scotland. Ten years ago a piper became one of the institutions at his court, and very recently he commissioned a well-known Glasgow piperaker to furnish him with a set of bagpipes for his own use. Possibly this set of pipes now furnished is the most ornate and costly that has ever been made in Scotland. They are mounted with 18-carat gold and cost £200. The credit of introducing both the bagpipes and the highland dress to the notice of the sultan is, no doubt, largely to the influence of Kaid Maclean, one of the chief officers of the court of his majesty.—London Telegraph.

His Interest at Heart.

He—Darling, would you like a little supper after the play?

She—Yes, dear, but remember, now, I must insist for your sake that it doesn't cost more than $25.—Harper's Bazar.

GIRL WOMEN.

The general standard of measurement for womanhood is "grown-up-ness." When a girl is emancipated from school and arrives at the dignity of trailing skirts and elaborate hair dressing she is looked upon as a young woman. But nature knows nothing of such standards. When the womanly function is established, womanhood is attained according to her standards, and there is need of womanly care and caution. It is sinfully ignorance or neglect at this critical time which often results in long years of after misery.

Mothers who appreciate the evil effects of functional derangement in young girls should promptly avail themselves of the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, invigorates the nerves and tones up the whole system.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

WANTED AS WIVES.

American Hearts Fired by Tale of Beautiful Hawaiian Heiresses.

Some of the Communications Received by Honolulu Representative at the Pan-American Exposition.

Miss Rose C. Davison has returned from Buffalo where she represented Hawaii as commissioner at the Pan-American fair. While she was in Chicago, a newspaper made her say that the Hawaiian girls were all beautiful and heiresses and just waiting for American youths to ask them to marry. Miss Davison denied the interview, says a Honolulu report in the New York Sun, but it brought her a flood of letters from American youths. Here are some samples of her correspondence:

"As I see by the papers that you are representing the Hawaiian island people at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo and seem to put much stress upon the golden opportunities which are afforded to Americans to gain fortune besides a beautiful woman, I take upon myself the liberty of addressing you a short epistle concerning the climatic conditions of the islands, and also the advantages offered one without means. If I am not intruding upon your good nature too much I would be pleased to have a response from you upon this subject and also the cost of transportation. If I can secure the proper information which would warrant one in going there, I would have no hesitancy in doing so. Are the people of the islands conversant in the English language and do they mix readily with the American people?"

"As you will see from the letterhead, I am a dentist and would like, if possible, to locate in a climate milder than this. I would be greatly obliged to you if you would tell me whether or not you consider it probable that I would find a favorable opening for one of my profession in the Hawaiian islands. I am a white man, 30 years of age, graduate of a first-class dental college (the Chicago Dental college), and have been in practice four years."

"I and a friend of mine would like to become acquainted with some of those girls. We are both sober and industrious men and would thank you ever so much if you would do us the favor of sending us the names and addresses of two pretty Hawaiian girls, who want good, handsome while husbands, as we wish to correspond with them."

"I am led to believe that you would marry if you found the right man. If this be the case, I beg to open a correspondence to acquaint us with each other, in order to speed matrimony. All that I am looking for, is a loving wife."

"Be good enough to let me know how much truth there may be in the statements, as my experience, covering the last six years, has convinced me that a young man of my age (26) might do considerable worse than to select a wife outside of a country which produces young ladies in the middle condition of life that leave considerable to be desired in the way of intelligence and morality."

"I see you speak of your nice and lovely Hawaiian girls, who want white husbands. You say the girls are very wealthy. There are nice men, honest and honorable, who would trade color for wealth in this country, but very few of them have money to take them to Hawaii. Could they only meet both these conditions matters would be bettered."

"I am only 34, and lately lost what little money I had in an investment with other gentlemen which proved a failure, and would like a little information on the subject on which the inclosed article treats. And if you would do me the honor to enlighten me, I will be grateful for the service."

"I am 29 years old, have had good business training, am energetic and steady and can give first-class references, covering my entire life from school days to the present. I have never had time to consider matrimony but would not be averse to it under certain conditions, but would like the opportunity of growing up with your country. I am five feet seven inches in height, weigh 150 pounds, and am well built and in perfect health. Now, if you can put me in a way to open a correspondence with the proper parties, I will feel greatly obliged."

Southerners Seldom Have Gout.

A writer says that typical southerners very rarely have gout in their lower extremities, and he explains his statement as follows: "The moment one sits down, he looks about for some object upon which to elevate his feet usually resting them on a chair or window sill if indoors or the balustrade if on the porch or piazza. Now, the location of gout being simply a question of specific gravity, it does not descend to the feet because of this habitual elevation. If it should get there it would be obliged to climb. The smallness of the southern foot is accounted for in the same way—that is, of course, the southern man's foot. The women never elevate. Englishmen have whopping big feet, which they keep plastered right down on the ground or floor at all times, as if afraid of letting something get away from them. They have gout in their feet in consequence."—N. Y. Press.

Beans Grow Long in Kansas.

"Jack's" gigantic beanstalk would have attracted comparatively little attention in Jasper county, where the soil is so fertile that almost any old growth in vegetation may be expected. As evidence of this, even in a year of unprecedented drought, there are shown in a Carthage store window bean pods some of which are 37 inches in length. They are the product of a local garden.—Kansas City Journal.

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THE WOMAN WHO WAS LOST

TO WELLVILLE

Mrs. Richard Roe had started for Wellville, and had missed the way. She had been wrongly directed by well-meaning friends. While she was pondering the situation, she saw a fine healthy woman coming toward her, and asked her: "Do you know where Wellville is?" "Of course I do," was the answer, "I live there." The stranger gave Mrs. Roe exact directions as to the way to Wellville and passed on. But Mrs. Roe stood still. "Suppose," she said to herself, "that this woman is deceiving me. Perhaps she doesn't live in Wellville or know the way." And while she was still pondering, another woman came by and Mrs. Roe accosted her. "How can I get to Wellville?" she asked. Again the way was pointed out and the stranger passed on. But Mrs. Roe still stood in the road, wondering whether the directions given her were trustworthy.

One would say that Mrs. Roe must be a very singular woman. She wanted to go to Wellville, could not find the way, and yet doubted the information given her by two of her own sex who had no motive in the world for deceiving her. But Mrs. Roe is not at all singular. There are many like her. They are sick and want to be well. Not two women, but scores and thousands, say, "We know the way to be well. We are well after years of sickness, and we can tell you, as a matter of experience, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well." But still the Mrs. Roes stand hesitating, wondering whether they are being deceived by the women who point the way to health.

Often there is a natural reason for this doubt and hesitancy. Directions given by friends have been perhaps followed without result. Perhaps the local physician has said there is no way by which you can regain health. But a large number of the women who have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have gone through the same experience. Friends advised this or that medicine but it failed to cure. Doctors said: "There is no hope of health for you," and at the last, the use of "Favorite Prescription" healed disease and restored perfect and permanent health.

"You have my heart-felt thanks for the kind advice you sent me," writes Mrs. Florence Archer, of Eason, Macon Co., Tenn. "Words fail to express what I endured for about eight years with female trouble. The awful pain that I had to endure each month, no tongue can express. These bearing-down pains, backache, headache, distress in my stomach, and sores in my breast, cramp in limbs—they have all left me and health has taken place of these distressing troubles. What caused them to leave? It was the best medicine on earth—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the first three or four days after taking the medicine I got worse. Had you not told me that I should be apt to feel worse I never would have taken another dose; but in one week's time I began to feel better. After taking six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment you advised I felt like a new woman."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. Hundreds of thousands of women testify to that fact. It has cured in cases where every other available means and medicine had utterly failed to give more than temporary relief. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. For expectant mothers it has no equal. It prevents or cures morning sickness, tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. It gives great muscular vigor and elasticity and so makes the baby's advent practically painless. It is the best known tonic for nursing mothers.

"Without solicitation from you I feel it my duty to suffering women, to make known the virtues of your 'Favorite Prescription,' in curing me of a complication of diseases," writes Mrs. Mary J. Weida, of Allentown, Pa., 391 Oak Street. "I had heart trouble for about three years and was so weak and run-down that I had to force myself to attend to my household duties. The least excitement would cause my heart to flutter, and during its normal periods it would every now and then seem to lose a beat, which affected me through my whole system, even the raising of my hands above my head, would make me so weak that I had to sit down awhile to recover myself. All these ills have given way to the curative power of your 'Favorite Prescription.' The greatest relief was received prior to the coming of my little one, during the six previous experiences I was afflicted with morning sickness from beginning to end of each period, but after using your remedy for one week, I was entirely relieved of that distressing affliction. No one can appreciate what a relief that was, save those who have actually experienced it."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free*. All letters are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription," because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

THE WAY TO WELLVILLE, *or, in other words, the way to be well and keep well is perfectly pointed out in Dr. Pierce's great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This book contains over a thousand large pages, and more than 700 illustrations. It is sent entirely FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume.*

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The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $412,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

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