



The fancy waists for next season will be quite as elaborate and intricate in their effects and trimmings as those of the summer. The airy yokes, vests, chemisettes, guimpes, and plastrons will merely be changed for those of rich brocade, plain and fancy velvet, tulle and shirred silk, or satin-embroidered wools sheer as India textiles, and countless other rich and effective materials appropriate for the season.

Those who appreciate the dainty freshness of cotton gowns are this summer reveling in them to their heart's content, with the additional and very comfortable sensation of being very much in the fashion, as the popular, every-day fabrics, both here and abroad, include all grades from the delicately woven French gowns, in patterns wonderfully like India silk, to the plain and embroidered batistes, India muslins, zephyrs, dimities, in lovely monochromes or daintily figured.

A very large portion of the smart summer hats are low-crowned, broad-brimmed, tilted well over the eyes, far up at the back, and trimmed right across the front with a number of spreading wings. Three of these are usually arranged on each side, and they are expanded and arranged in a drooping effect, their appearance is instantly associated with a very sick bird which has not physical power to keep its plumage compact and close like a healthy songster, but trails its pinions, too inert to do otherwise. But erect or drooping, the rage is for wings on every sort of summer hat.

The lace yoke on some of the handsome hot-weather evening toilets are shaped deepest on the sides, meeting under the arms and are either curved or pointed upward to shorten them exactly in the center of the yoke front and back.

At a very pretty wedding a group of lovely bridesmaids all wore toilets of pale yellow mousseline-de-sou or of yellow satin duchesse princess slip. The soft, full bodice-fronts were crossed with diamond-shaped patterns of yellow satin ribbon, laid under white lace insertion, and the folded belts were of plain yellow satin ribbon, with many loops and ends falling on the airy skirts at the back toward the left side. The long pale-yellow undressed kid gloves reached the yellow satin shoulder-puffs, draped with Venise lace. The silk stockings and Suede ties were in pale yellow, and the large hats, of finest pale



Outdoor costume, with black surah cloak from Harper's Bazar. Long cloaks are very much used now, not only for traveling, but for general wear and for driving. They are useful garments, but require to be well made and of good material. Our illustration, taken from Harper's Bazar, shows one of the newest styles made of black surah, and long enough to entwine around the shoulders with a full double ruche of surah. Around the neck is another double ruche of the surah, forming a wide ruff. The body of the cloak is made of broadened surah, so transparent that it shows the lining through it, and the lining of salmon pink satin is very effective under the black. There are no buttons, the cloak being fastened with hooks under the full folds. One of the odd features is seen in the sleeves, made of plain black surah in accordion pleats that hang straight from the shoulders, full and wide, and long enough to completely cover the sleeves of the waist. The belt also is of black surah, fastened in front with a large ruche. To wear with this cloak is a round hat of black straw, with the brim turned up at the back, and trimmed with plaid ribbons, white silk quills, and a large blackbird.

in a manner. The circular cape we all remember, cut on the same lines, was guilty of just such untoward conduct, looking thereby decidedly ungraceful and giving a drooping appearance to its wearer that was depressing even to the beholder. Countless times this season among the votaries of the ruling queen, and in the midst of the best that is made and fashioned, have I beheld the circular skirts of beautiful transparent materials that were fashionably made over separate under-dresses of silk, showing at least two inches of the silk skirt just at the back, with quite as much (if not more) excess of the upper transparent skirt trailing on each side below the silk one. No matter what the smart modiste may urge, or how well she may argue, I am now convinced that this drooping defect is ineradicable. The textile must necessarily sag at the part where it is cut entirely "on the cross." That the entire skirt can be cut on the bias is quite impossible. Scores of women have this summer yielded rather unwillingly to the urgent advice of fashionable modistes to have their skirts cut in circular form, and not six or them have been satisfied with their decision.

The wear-defying vicinias will appear in handsome colorings and new guises for the making of handsome tailor gowns. Those for general uses show silky half-line stripes and infinitesimal checks on a surface of an opposite shade. A pleasing relief from the color conglomeration among the fashionable dress fabrics are the new plain-colored, satin-finished, cashmeres, and drap-dete weaves, which every refined woman delights in wearing.

White crepe, white mousseline de sole, and white taffeta silk, are beautifully combined in elegant fete and evening toilets for the summer. The waists are trimmed with real laces, either Venetian, Honiton, Valenciennes, or Guipure, shaped into deep yokes, collarettes, with extended pieces forming points or bretelles over the sleeve-puffs; also girdles, pocket-fronts, and long diagonal pieces that cross the waist in front. The creamy softness and delicacy of these laces blend charmingly with all the beautiful tints of the ribbons so excessively used this season as sashes, loops, choux, shoulder knots, folded collars, and neckties, and skirt ruches, borders, gathered frills, and puffs. The chief feature of the new collarettes and fichus is the excess of ribbon, lace, and chiffon lavished upon them. With the exception of the trim little boleros accompanying tailor-made traveling costumes, all the models are befrilled and beruched from neck to furthest edge.

A handsome model for an autumn tailor gown is made of pale heliotrope cloth in a bouffant weaves, figured with tufts of white camel's-hair. The jacket of heliotrope cloth turns back with revers of olive-green velvet, showing a blouse of white cloth braided in green and gold, with narrow belt to match. The skirt is open up each side to the waist, revealing panels of white cloth with cloth straps crossing them piped with velvet and almost covered with the green and gold braidwork.

Among the robes de luxe for autumn wear will be those of very rich but exceedingly flexible and lustrous watered silk in black, made in princess form with elaborate trimmings on the front from shoulder to skirt hem. The garnitures vary for those of different ages, size and height. Very elegant waist, revealing panels of white cloth with cloth straps crossing them piped with velvet and almost covered with the green and gold braidwork.

Beware of the circular skirt, unless you have a perfect figure and your goods are of heavy satin brocade or other very firm material. Even then beware of it in most dressmakers' hands. If you are at all stout, even in a small degree, your rounded circular skirt, minus a perpendicular line, will make you look stouter. If you are very thin, it is the worst choice you can make. Its uncompromising shape, with not a fold, line, or break in it, will outline every defect. Then the inveterate propensity of a circular skirt is to dip at each side most distressingly after the skirt has been worn about three times, and with an added propensity to lift just in front and just at the back, in a most ugly and unde-

GENERAL GUY V. HENRY. An Army Officer Who is Doing Splendid Work in Porto Rico. The news of the advances in Porto Rico always mention the name of General Guy V. Henry, whose splendid work in this war, as well as the reputation made in the Civil War and in Indian warfare, have given him a warm place in the hearts of our people. General Henry long ago earned the title of "Fighting Guy." He commanded a brigade in the Civil War, and since then has had a hundred hard knocks in active service.



General Henry graduated from West Point in 1861, and was immediately assigned to the artillery, and fought through the war in that branch of the service. Congress awarded him the medal for bravery at the battle of Cold Harbor. After the Civil War he did excellent and brave service in the West. He has bright blue eyes, but only one is useful, having lost the sight at the same time he received the face wound at Rose Bud Creek in 1876, when he commanded a battalion in General George Crook's Sitting Bull campaign. He is credited the best cavalry drill-master in the army.

NO CURE-NOT PAY. That is the way all druggists sell GROVER'S BARKER'S CURE FOR MALARIA AND FEVER. It is simply iron and quinine in a palatable form. It is the only one that is bitter, nauseating, and... Price, 50c.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

EXPRESSIONS FROM VARIOUS RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Secular Press.

Discussing the proposed canons of marriage and divorce, the "Church Standard" (P. E.) of Philadelphia says: "The rule of legal construction is that no penal disabilities are to be arbitrarily read into the letter of any law; and the application of that rule to the present subject is imperative. Under the Jewish system, as allowed by Moses, every man had a right to divorce his wife, and when he had divorced her, no one questioned his right to marry another woman. Among the Jews, even in our Lord's time, when monogamy was practically universal, the right of divorce carried with it the right of remarriage on the man's part and also on the woman's part, for the very language of the writing of divorce was that she should 'go and be another man's wife.' Consequently when our Lord admitted the right of divorce for the cause of fornication, it was necessary to restrict it to the right of remarriage, unless with that restriction something to the contrary. Since he said nothing to the contrary, it is presumptuous to read into his language a prohibition of remarriage in the excepted case which there is literally nothing to suggest. It is necessary to insist for this point, because our Lord's authority as Bishop Doane writes as follows: 'The exception implies that the husband may marry if he has divorced his wife for this cause. But, except by implication, it does not permit him. It is an argument in inference. What is the inference? An argument in inference? If the inference is just? Besides, it is the rigorists themselves who are striving to 'infer' a disability which there is nothing whatever to justify, and who are now endeavoring to induce the church to read into our Lord's words an authority as to the right of remarriage, which is forbidden to remarry which our Lord's words neither contain nor imply.'

"Why not a Presbyterian congress? This question has been asked," says the New York "Observer" (Pres.). "But some years ago have been feeling that there should be in our church such an opportunity for full and free discussion of vital topics, and present questions, as is afforded by what is known as a church congress. The object of ecclesiastical congresses do not furnish an opportunity, nor fill this place. Questions of order and business largely monopolize the time. The necessary work of the church boards very properly takes up large space. What is wanted is a meeting for discussion of the great questions which confront the church, and which are really more important than any matters of administration, or of denominational politics. In fact, it has been felt that even the benevolent and missionary work of the church has been too much crowded in the great variety of machinery and the outgrowth of this feeling. And if another opportunity is needed to discuss the special and peculiar work of the church, much more is there need for a wider opportunity of thought. Denominations supposed to be of one faith, and who find themselves gathered together, and find them profitable. There can hardly be any argument against the plan, unless it be the fear of some timid brother that something may be said which shall cause a small shock to the conservative defender of the Westminster standards."

"Christianity is not only a better religion than other faiths, it is also the only religion, in a very unique sense," says the New York "Observer" (Pres.). "It has no competitors. It is not in the comparative, but in the superlative degree. There are many faiths of men; there is only one faith for man. The Christian believer cannot afford to surrender this conviction as to the uniqueness of Christianity, nor allow it to be given up for expediency. Christian faith is an alternative system of belief, one among a number of possible choices, a better way, but not the only way. While there are elements of truth in the teachings of other systems, if systems they can be called, such as Buddhism and Mohammedanism, no believer in Jesus Christ can admit that the profession of any such faith is an adequate substitute for Christianity. And to patronize the devotees of such faiths, in a half-complimentary way, exalting them to seats in the religious congresses of the world, is an inconsistent and dangerous proceeding for a Christian, whose Master came not to parley with objectors, or to make terms with unbelievers, but to demand an unconditional surrender of the human heart and will. The claims of Christianity are absolute and insistent. It can tolerate no belief in any other religion, and it enters no armistice to debate, but ascends a throne to rule."

"Are we shut up to the alternatives that either dependence upon God is not the characteristic quality of religion or that, such is the fact, religion stands hereby dishonored and condemned?" asks the "Christian Register" (Unitarian) of Boston. "Yes, if dependence upon God means that we are not to depend upon ourselves for our best things. No, if 'God cannot make a man of himself' is a motto without an 'and'; if, as Luther said, He cannot get along without strong men. No, if we never depend so much on Him as when we depend upon Him as He incarnates Himself in our flesh and mind and will. There is a dependence upon God which is as debilitating as any other, and it is that of the lazy upon their hard working cousins, or that of the social parasite upon the commonwealth. And this dependence has often carried itself loftily, as something well pleasing unto God and deserving of all good things, and the dependence upon God is a dependence upon the bounty of the Eternal Giver, but above all things for our control over ourselves and the world external to ourselves, and our ability to fashion these according to ideal ends."

"The development of the sense of justice has important relations to theolog-

ogy," says the "Watchman" (Baptist) of Boston. "Indeed, the whole matter of the influence of the prevailing jurisprudence upon theological conceptions is one that has received far too little attention. When a preacher attempts to harmonize the justice and love of God, he must at least show that he entertains a sense of justice that does not make his audience repudiate the very premises of his reasoning. The modern reader of Emmons or Hopkins finds them constantly laying down what it would or would not be just for God to do. But he finds himself absolutely unable to accept these statements as conformable to his own sense of justice. It is hopeless to establish a doctrine of the atonement upon assumptions as to the requirements of justice that would be repudiated by every well informed Judge in our courts."

"He who scorns religion is a superficial person who knows but little of his own nature," says the New York "Examiner" (Baptist). "So far from being a mere trifling work on which languid fancy climbs, as the shallow minded sometimes assert, faith is a necessary support of the rational and emotional nature—as essential to elevation of spirit as expansion of thought and refinement of body are to the life. Without it man would be, as without it he always has been, a moral monster, a ruthless anarchist, a sanguinary fiend. It is claimed, we know, that on the individual plane there have been good men without religion. It is true, but the good men without religion who have been pointed out to us usually have been sceptics whose legal morality is upheld by stoicism and pride. Badness, we must remember, does not always manifest itself in literal breaches of the moral law. He is among the very worst of men who, in the name of religion, and contradiction, would deprive his fellows of the comforts that come to them through their faith."

"Congregationalism has been called the 'solvent of the sects,' but it is probable," says the "Advance" (Congregational) of Chicago, "that the sects which have been cut off from their fellow Christians by the sharp edge of this or that separated truth or truths, or by this or that narrow prejudice, will never be completely dissolved, by even so good a denominational chemical as Congregationalism. Under that name all might be crystallized into one perfect ecclesiastical body, let us say, ideal Congregationalism. There is no such solvent, unless it be the pure love of Christ, and its operation in Christendom thus far has not prevented the multiplication of denominations. But Congregationalism, in the sense of being a solvent of the sects—a taking figure, but snacking too much of the laboratory—is well adapted to take a leading part in the federation of Christian brethren who are separated by the non-essentials of certain angles at which truths are seen, or by methods of doing things, but are united in the great essentials of Christian faith and practice. In its form of government Congregationalism illustrates ecclesiastical federation in its most perfect form."

Crack Shot of the Army. All of the soldiers in the American army and all of the gunners in the American navy have made a record for themselves as experts in accuracy of firing, but there is one man who enjoys the distinction of being known as the crack shot of the army, and that man is Richard N. Davidson of the Sixteenth United States Infantry. He has beaten all records at all distances, in all positions, and under all circumstances, and at Santiago he picked off the Spaniards like clay pigeon targets. Some of the records are these: He was proud of him and willing to pit him against any man in the world. He can put a rifle ball through a man's heart at 800 yards, and his comrades say that when Davidson draws a "bead" on a man "he is gone."

Davidson entered the army in 1886. He was somewhat green, and was the butt of all the jokes, but he is one of those stolid men who are not moved by a jest, and when in 1890 he won a bronze medal for marksmanship in the third-class department and proudly spent most of his time in putting his treasure, he answered the jests of the men with a statement that he would win a medal some day that would not need polishing. He more than kept his word, for he now wears six solid gold medals presented to him by the Government in recognition of his wonderful ability. In 1891 he won a gold medal as the best marksman in the Department of the Platte, and the next year he carried off the gold medal with a score of 620 out of a possible 800 points, a score which has never been beaten or even equaled since. A few months later he entered the great contest at Fort Sheridan, Chicago, where the contestants fired at moving targets, which moved as fast as a man ordinarily walks. The targets were 800 yards away, but Davidson punched holes in them one after another and made a record that was not even approached by any of the other experts. He was in his glory during the fight at Santiago, and the men who went with him testify that at least two-thirds of his shots brought down one of the enemy. Davidson is proud of his record, but attributes it to the number of Spaniards he had winged, shook his head and replied: "I am not certain that I hit a single one." That is one peculiar trait about the American soldier—you can not get him to admit that he ever killed one of the enemy, not when approached by the subject matter, and that should Davidson will turn to another subject as soon as possible. Just think of a man being able to put a hole through a target at 800 yards—a half mile—620 times out of a possible 800! Is it any wonder Uncle Sam's army should be invincible?—Des Moines Register.

The Waste of War. A shell thrown from a 24-ton quick-firing gun rushes through the air at the velocity of 4,300 feet per second, striking its object with a force equal to that of 11,230 tons falling one foot. And yet, comparatively speaking, they are very harmless. Thus during the one-day bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet of twelve ships, lasting from 7 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., no less than 1,167 shells were thrown into the town, yet not more than 800 Egyptians were killed—that is, it took, roughly speaking, six shells to kill one man. Again, during the Franco-German war, the Germans threw 390,000 shells into Belfort, only killing sixty Frenchmen, or 500 shells to kill one Frenchman. At Strasburg, in the same war, it took eighteen shells to kill every man. And at the siege of Paris 150,000 shells only killed 107 and wounded 209.

Paradise Incomplete. Teacher—Now, Johnny, why did Adam and Eve leave paradise? Weren't they satisfied with it? Johnny—No; they didn't have no wheel—Judge. Save money by buying your tea and coffee of J. McMorry, 531 M.

AN OLD HAWAIIAN LEGEND.

THE "RECORD-UNION" RESURRECTS OLD STORY OF MAUI.

The Islands Present a Vast Field for the Novelist and Student of History.

It is quite likely that the Hawaiian Islands will yet furnish a fruitful field for the novelist, as well as for the student of history. It is not generally known that the islands abound in legendary lore of a character that is not met anywhere else in the world. In spite of the fact that Professor Alexander of Honolulu, and Dr. Emerson of the same place, have written a great deal concerning the early history of the people, who are supposed to have come from Polynesia, there is much rare and interesting learning that has escaped the publisher.

The "Record-Union" is able to present to its readers this week one of the prettiest of all the legends that have come to light. The writer, who spent a year in the islands, will not vouch for the truth of the legend in all its details, but it is enough like the story of the original to make the matter interesting to the historian, as well as to the student of general literature. The story, or legend, which is called "The Lovers and Mauna Kea," has caused much discussion among the masters of Hawaiian lore. It is based on the reported discovery of an old manuscript in a burial cave on the island of Maui, and adapted from the famous masterpiece of Buel, which it closely follows. It is apparent that the difficulties of language have made it necessary to invent non-Hawaiian names in lieu of which many names like those of American Indians have been substituted. The story is as follows:

"Minneola was the daughter of Nanketuka, chief of the Petonahs. She lived like a queen in the sun-lit realms of Hawaii, and grew to be the flower of the islands. Maui, the god who subdued the sun, made the ropes by which in her checks and drew the shadows from her life. Her beauty was warm and mellow as the sunny hours, and her form graceful as the bow of heaven. The dews of Paradise were in her eyes, and the spring buds above the sun. He bathed in the life-giving light of her eyes, and drooped like a perishing flower in her absence. To him her tiny feet seemed too small to mark out the rugged paths of life alone. So loved Minneola by Nanketuka, the lion father, whose heart was as indelible as Mauna Kea, the mountain, hated Pocatacus, and sought to bend the love of his lovely daughter toward Wonomeda, the crafty warrior of the isle, falling thus in his endeavors, Nanketuka imprisoned Minneola in a lonely mountain cave, with secret known only to Wonomeda, who visited the maiden and poured his love into her fretful ear, promising her freedom and the rarest treasures the womb of earth could bear. But she saw no favor in his offer, for her heart was like the dewdrops that sparkle only in the sun, and pined she for Pocatacus, the elixir of her life.

"Unrelenting in his purpose, the chief considered not the happiness of his lovely daughter, and with bitter rage he seized Pocatacus and cast him into a cave on the opposite side of the mountain. Here he lingered in great anguish, caring not for his affliction, but with grief for Minneola. Here, while weeping in desolation, pouring out his lamentations in the damp and dungeon cavern, he cast his useless eyes around him, and perceiving in the distance a light of flickering brightness, his heart leapt with emotion, then with anguish, lest it be messengers from Nanketuka to execute his death.

"But when nearly it approached him he perceived the bearer was a maiden on whose head was a crown of stary splendor—it was the Spirit of the Cave. Coming nearer, she addressed him, saying, 'Why have you invaded the precincts of the phantoms? Come into the shadows where mortals must not be? Speak, lest the fire I hold consume thee, and thy life be taken here.' "Then answered Pocatacus and told his love for the maiden, and with head bowed low before the phantom, bade the Spirit consume his anguish, but the anger of her face uplifted, and, with pity stealing o'er her, she gave her

hand to the lover and answered 'Follow me!' "Straightway the two went forward and the cavern walls rolled backward, clearing a pathway before them, until, sitting in the distance, waiting and despairing, he saw his Minneola, and soon clasped her in his arms. It was like the blending of the waters, the meeting of the sunbeams, the union of the flowers, or the kissing of sweet incense, so clasped they each other lest some sorrow come between.

"While the lovers were thus raptured, dwelling in the fragrance of their own sweet meeting, the spirit passed their minds and Wonomeda and their angered tone of vengeance came ringing through the cave. Fear and sorrow brooded o'er the lovers, but the Spirit gave them promise of protection. Then the rocks heaved heavily, and one by one rolled together until the granite walls inclosed them, and of earth they saw no more. Still the chieftain sought his daughter, the lovely Minneola; sought her in the caves and forests, mourned her long and prayed for pity—but he found her nevermore.

"There, beneath the somber mountain, by the base of Mauna Kea, it was said the crystal water through the valleys and the trees, lives the athlete Pocatacus and his sweet wife Minneola. Passed from life into the shadows, from the body to the soul life, without passing through the portal where the body rusts and bleaches, they passed their time eternal with the Spirit of the Cave. There they live in blissful splendor with the beautiful Stalacta, in the cavern walled with diamonds and with floors of precious gems; corridors with golden columns arched with porphyry and studded with emeralds; passed their music floats throughout this bright elysium with swells and undulations like the swimming air, and the laugh of happy spirits rings its melody through the halls. Down in Happy Hollow, when the brook dries up its babble, and the pipes of the forest hush their music with the trees, in the peace of perfect quiet may be heard the peals of laughter from Minneola and her lover in the palace of happy spirits, in the paradise of Stalacta, in the cave of Love Eternal."

The Sign. "Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."—Boston Traveler.

Why isn't the engagement ring a questionable result?

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes. BEECHAM'S PILLS. FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Flushing of the Face, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Bloating of the Stomach, Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be A WONDERFUL MEDICINE. BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure Sick Headache. For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver in Men, Women and Children, Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival. And have the LARGEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World, 25c. at all Drug Stores.

Burlington Route. Overland excursions. Personally conducted—in tourist sleepers. Cheap, Quick, Comfortable. Leave Los Angeles every Wednesday, San Francisco every Thursday. Through to Boston via Salt Lake, Denver, Omaha, Chicago and Niagara Falls. Particulars at So. Pac. ticket offices or of W. D. SANBORN, Gen'l Agent, 35 Montgomery St., San Francisco.



Proud of His Strength! THE PERFECTION OF THAT GREAT FORCE KNOWN AS STRENGTH IS A WORK of nature. Thousands of men have been gifted with a constitution fit to build such a physical structure upon, but they have wasted the material that makes the muscle vitality. A man who has exhausted his vital strength by excesses and bad habits has weakened his physical structure, and he will always be a weak "half man" until he gets it back. There is one great vitalizer. Sanden's Electric Belt. It is a magnificent remedy for building up power. It cannot be equalled. It charges the body daily with electric energy, and vital power grows from this very fact. It does not take long to build up a perfect state of strength. Are You the Man You Should Be? Study yourself. You can be a stronger man than you are. You should be stronger. You should have more confidence in yourself. Steel your nerves with this electric current. Feel its warming glow as Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt saturates your body with it. Call and test this wonderful Belt, free. See what it has done for others; 10,000 cures! If you can't call, send for the book about it, free. Call or write to-day. Don't put it off. Address DR. A. T. SANDEN, Box 8, 708 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Office hours—8 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Sundays, 10 to 1. Branches—Los Angeles, Cal., 294 1/2 South Broadway; Portland, Or., 23 Washington St.; Denver, Col., 35 Sixteenth St.; Dallas, Tex., 255 Main St. NOT IN DRUG STORES. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is never sold in drug stores nor by traveling agents; only at our office.