ROYAL GAME OF GOLF

ITS FAVOR EXTENDING FROM THE EAST TO THE WEST.

Devotees of the Scotch Game in America to Be Found in Every Section—Points on the Coming Season—Eastern Players Will No Doubt Go West This Year—Talk on Rules.

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Golf has now become well known in every part of the United states; the men's championships are to be decided this year in Chicago, and the women's at the Essex County Club of Manchester, Mass. In September next all the golf world will journey to the city by the lake, while earlier a gathering of the elect will take place at Manchester by the sea, within easy reach of the famous Singing beach and the no less famous Masconomo house. The United States Golf Association now numbers seventy-five clubs, whereas two years ago it consisted of only five. There can be no doubt that the stronger this central body becomes the better for golf; it will in time become to the game what the Jockey club is to racing, and will be able to fight for the best interest of the pastime as no one club could ever hope to do.

The last meeting of the U. S. G. A. was a very stormy one. Several questions of burning importance to golf had to be decided, and the advocates and the opponents of the proposed changes fought tooth and nail to carry their points. The proposal to make a standard scratch and handicap basis was beaten after a bitter fight, and it is well that it was so. As one of the members said: "We will let the championship work out its own salvation this year," and it was the best resolve they could arrive at. Perhaps in the future changes may be found advisable, but "Go Slow" should be the motto. This standard scratch proposition consisted, briefly, of a scheme to make up a perfect score for all links; so many strokes for a 300-yard hole, and so many for a 200-yard hole, and so on; no player to be admitted to enter for a championship unless he had previously gone the round of his home links in something near the possible or perfect. This would not be likely to work well in practice, as a 300-yard hole on one course might be an easy five, while on another course more strokes might be necessary. It has been pointed out that should the proposed law go into effect it would probably debar every member of the Tuxedo club from competing in the championships. This question is sure to come up again, and golfers must see to it that it meets the same fate as it did this spring.

Golf has made tremendous strides in public favor during the past year, and it now numbers more followers than any outdoor pastime except wheeling or baseball. Five years ago the game was still an exotic, struggling for recognition; now there are said to be a thousand clubs—including all those not in the association—scattered over the United States and the Dominion of Canada. It was a pity that the invitation given by the Western golfers did not tempt the crack Eastern teams to Chicago last autumn, but the latter now seem to see the error of their ways, and the autumn of the present year will probably find strong teams from the Shinnecock, Newport, Tuxedo, Baltursol and other Eastern clubs competing during tournament week at Chicago.

In order that such competition may be successful it will be necessary for the U. S. G. A. to draw up a set of rules insisting upon a uniform system of team match play during the season. A circuit of matches would seem to be a good idea. Something of the sort was attempted in Massachusetts last season, the Lexington, Nashawtuc, Vesper and Salem clubs playing a series of nine-hole, home and home, team matches, six on a side, and judging by the interest it produced such circuits will be popular. These team matches have made it imperative that players should only play on one team, except by special permission of the governing body. Every player may of course belong to as many clubs as he cares to join, but he may play only on the team of any one of them.

Woman is taking to the game with enthusiasm, and almost every club except St. Andrew's has a large membership of the fair sex, while most of them have separate woman's links. The best lady golfer, judging by her public form, is Miss Beatrix Hoyt; Mrs. Turnure and Miss Nina Sargent, of the Essex County Club, being almost equally good. A. H. Fenn, about whose amateur standing there has been so much discussion, carried off the palm last year with five firsts—three won in medal and two in match play. Whingham, Sands and Tyng ran him the closest. Last year's records are very incomplete, and there is no chance of their ever being otherwise, as secretaries of clubs were new at their work and did not realise the necessity of keeping a full record of all competitions, whether open or club. In fact, the only reasonably accurate record of matches of 1896 are those of the amateur competitions held under the aegis of the U. S. G. A. This year it will be different. According to the records of the U. S. G. A. there were sixty open amateur competitions held under its jurisdiction last year.

In proof of the assertion that first-rate golf is not limited to any age, it may be mentioned that H. B. Hollins, W. B. Cutting, jr.; L. Tappin, E. H. Moeran, jr.; F. C. and R. O. Havemeyer, R. Terry, jr., and T. B. Gannett, jr., are college boys, while H. C. Leeds, who is very near the top of the tree, is old enough to be a grandfather. This probably explains why golf has drawn so many former devotees of lawn tennis from the court to the links. The man who can put up a stiff game of tennis after 30 years of age is a rara avis; most of the cracks are from five to ten years younger, while golfers of 50 may still hope to be in the front rank. Not that the Scottish game is a pastime for invalids, but it does not demand the agility which never exists after the first flush of youth has passed.

It is predicted that an average of one new course will be laid out in the United States every day of the coming season. In a good many cases professional skill will be called upon, but in a majority those who are to use the links will also have to lay them out. With a little judgment and care this can be done by an intelligent golfer. The full course is eighteen holes, but those generally laid out in this country consist of nine holes, and have to be negotiated twice. Once around a nine-hole course means a walk of at least a mile. In the West, where there is more room, eighteen-hole courses are likely to be laid down.

The distance between each teeing ground and hole may vary from 150 yards to 500 yards. Good sound turf is the best possible covering for the links, and if the course have plenty of hazards in the shape of trees, banks, fences, ponds and such, and one or two sandpits, or bunkers, it will probably give satisfaction. But it must be remembered the best links are usually by the sea, though there are places in the interior of the United States west of the Mississippi that seem in the eye of the enthusiastic golfer to have been intended by high heaven for links. There are parts of the bad lands of Dakota that should be set aside by the government for the use of golfers in perpetuity.

A few years ago all golfing implements were imported from Great Britain, but they are manufactured now in this country, and there is absolutely nothing to choose between the home-made and the imported article. Our makers have copied closely the best imported clubs and balls, and as a result, were it not for the trade marks, few could say which was English and which American. In Europe no self-respecting player attempts to play a round without being accompanied by a caddie, or assistant, whose duty it is to carry the clubs; here, owing party to improved stick bags, caddies are often dispensed with, the player gaining in independence and saving his money.

A full list of clubs is a very formidable document, but of late there has been a tendency to limit the number and to rely more upon the iron than heretofore. The beginner may get along very comfortably with three clubs—a driver, iron and putter, though a brassy and a cleek will each be found a serviceable addition to the collection. The jargon of the golfer is indeed an awful mystery to the uninitiated. Such uncouth words as brassy, bulger, niblic, slice, draw, tee, hazard, bunker, putting green and caddie vex the soul of the tyro, but in a very short time he becomes accustomed to them, understands their meaning, and would resent their disuse as much as the old sailor did the question of the landlubber.

"Why do you call that stick a mainboom?" queried the landsman.

"What in h— else could you call it?" retorted the old salt. So with the niblic and the putter.

CHARLES A. BRAMBLE.

THE WINNING OF THE HAZZARD.

Steel Freight Cars Possible.

As steel bridges naturally follow steel rails, steel cars naturally follow steel bridges. Incidentally steel elevators have a turn. It looks as though in railroading the days of wood's usefulness were numbered. Simultaneously with the announcement that the Great Northern will build a steel elevator at Buffalo with a capacity of about 3,000,000 bushels, comes another that a certain Eastern railroad has decided to build 200 steel cars. An advocate of steel cars in the Railroad Gazette, the most conservative of all railroad journals, especially in matters pertaining to the transportation department, estimates that 5,000 pounds in dead weight would be saved by each steel car, as compared with a wooden one, while the cost of constructing it will be about the same. One thousand cars would thus save 5,000,000 pounds in haulage, or 2,500 net tons. Computing the cost of hauling one ton of dead weight per annum at $10, this equipment would save $25,000 per annum. If the 1,250,000 in the United States were all steel cars the estimated saving would be $3,250,000. What would be saved by reduced wear and tear, greater durability and increased safety is not included in this estimate.

MY CANARY.

I have a companion, a dear one,
And if I should lose him I'm sure
I never could find such another.
Who would all my complaining endure,
In the morning his gladness at greeting
To me is a pleasure so sweet,
That I call him such fond names I think of,
And I wonder he acts so discreet,
For he tells me quite plain when he's singing,
And I don't think it one bit absurd
That he loves me and wants me to know it,
My canary, my sweet little bird.

—J. M.

Burlington Service.

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Tell him you want your ticket to read via Billings, Mont., and the New Short Line, and it will read that way.

Tell him you want it to read via St. Paul and the Burlington Route, and it will read via St. Paul and the Burlington Route.

The service over both lines is as good as it can be. To Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and the South, the time via Billings is several hours faster than via St. Paul. To Chicago it is about the same.

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Some men can take new furniture and make it look as if it was made a century ago, says an exchange. So can some children.

AN ORIENTAL PLAGUE

A YOUNG ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCE ON THE LOWER NILE.

Some Random Observations on the Cholera and the Black Death—Both "Rather Nuisances"—How a Party of Oriental Natives May Sometimes Be "Sanitated" With a Whip Butt.

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CAIRO, Feb. 25.—"Plague coming?" said the young civil engineer, as he unfolded his dinner napkin. "I suppose so. May get it hot, come high Nile. Hope you're quite fit this evening. Got a beastly throat myself. Lost apot of money today. This betting is bad business; bad; bad. I'm a broken and despairing man. Have to sell my pony if I cawn't get back some of my piastres next Thursday. But that was a fine steeple chase, though. Oh, I must get to work again, that's all. This being on leave is too expensive. Must get to work."

"Where do you camp this year?" I asked.

"Don't camp at all, worse luck. Go into office in Alexandria. Beastly place. Oh, of course, it's a 'step,' promotion, don't you know; but it's a bore. Tentlin's a jolly lot better, especially with the plague careering along. Camp's the place in plague time. Can do as you like there. Cholera? Same thing as cholera? Huh, not much! Cholera's easy. There's cholera every high Nile. There's plague, too, oftener'n folks know, s'far's that goes. They call it typhus, aggravated typhus, don't you know. But cholera? Cholera is as much healthier than this pimply Johnny they're having down east as—as beer is healthier than water;" and the young engineer, who, with his smooth, fresh face looked little more than a boy, drained his glass with a sigh of satisfaction.

"We'll get it hot," he resumed in the long waits of the table d'hote service. "Soda'll be dear. Cholera is deucedly expensive. Smallweed—you know Smallweed—tubed himself in fizz water all last summer. Talk about Cleopatra's milk baths! Good sort, Smallweed, but boiled walter is a fairish tub for me.

"Cholera is nothing. It was bad, though, two years ago. Saw 'em in Fayum carrying out the dead every night. Dozens. On donkeys. Did 'em up in bags like grain. No cholera there, you know. Natives wouldn't report it. No doctor sent for. Howled all night, though, so a fellow couldn't sleep. Dead give away. Ha, ha! Dead give away. Joke, don't you see? Here nowling gave the dead away. Here, you boy, hat moyeh barlden, bring some more fish, you son of Mohammed, do you hear?"

"You were in camp that season?" I asked as the tall Arab waiter hurried to obey.

"Yes, lost my leave. Got my notice same as always. 'You are entitled to six weeks' leave.' Down at the foot they'd written in, 'Sir So and So will be pleased if you do not take leave this year.' What could a fellow do? Hard work, too. Moved camp every three days. Kept things clean. Thirsty work, too. We have weather up the Nile. It's not so beastly cold as it is in Cairo. I have a nasty throat here all the time. Didn't drink a drop of water in six months. Beer? Rather not! Not in cholera time. Went into a chemist's. Saw some kind of fizz water. Asked him how much he'd got. Said he had ten dozen bottles. 'I'll take the lot,' says I. Used to have it sent to camp a little at a time. There's a heap of money in soda in high Nile.

"You ought to have seen the sanitary rules I had in that camp. That's the beauty of camp—you get something like your own way. I had kit inspection twice a day, before meals, to see if those fellows hadn't smuggled in some stomachache stuff—cucumbers or radishes, don't you know. Eat green truck? My men had their bacilli cooked for them, if you please. What did they drink? Water, boiled. Took on five extra men; put 'em on the government. Kept 'em boiling water all day. Men washed in boiled water, when I was looking anyhow. That sort of thing made paraffine stoves dear. Wood, too. Olive wood don't burn well. A palm trunk's a find. Men used to have a jolly good scrub before eating. Nearly took the hide off 'em. As for the one that went to the village for supplies, I offered to boil him. Didn't take me, though.

"Beastly nuisance, that's what cholera is," resumed the young engineer, after stowing away a generous portion of salad. "Used to sleep with one ear open. Had to go after the men when they ran away. They'd break for town in the middle of the night to get a bellyful of raw germs. Had to saddle and gallop for them. Do? Round 'em up, as you Americans say, and give 'em the butt of my whip if they wouldn't trot back to camp peaceably. Tie 'em up when I got 'em there. My lickin's did me good when I was a kid. These Arabs are grown-up kids. They know when they need a tannin' and feel better when they've got it. Of course the regulations of the service don't mention whip butts, but I couldn't have work interrupted and a dozen breaks in my canals, just because some fool Arabs chose to tumble down with cholera. Rather not!

"Had only one case in my camp. Pulled him through. Joke on Inglis. Had the next camp to mine, Inglis did, and one of his Yussufs went wrong in his insides same time as mine. Won a fiver of Inglis, betting whose man would get along best. Awful bore, having to work all day and keep hot plasters on a man all night. Fellow gets tired after a while. Oh, Lord, that's nothing to horse racing, though. I'm a broken man and the image of despair. Fancy I can recoup Thursday, if my throat's better. It was my throat went back on me today."

The young engineer looked as unscarred by care and as innocent of the world as a baby. He may have been three and twenty. At a pinch, a year or two older.

"Lots of cholera among the Bedouins," he began again. "Died by hundreds in the oases. I wouldn't let anybody come into my camp except our own men. Kept a revolver handy. Fired over their heads if Bedouins hove in sight. Got so they didn't dare come within five miles of me. Why, they'd sneak in in the night and sleep in a man's blanket if it wasn't for gunpowder."

"Where's the plague now?"

"Tell you exactly where it is. Its at Djeddah. You know what that means. Seaport for Mecca. Place where pilgrims get together and have a happy time and exchange diseases. Remember reading about the 'black death' in the school histories; how it used to start in the East and travel through Europe like a new music hall song and kill a few hundred thousand on the homestretch in London? That's the plague. Same old Johnny they're having such a jolly time with in India now. Black death! Very able-bodied sort of plague, you know. Fellows it reaches for it generally gets and finishes about 95 per cent. of 'em. Breaks out in black spots, like Nile boils, you know. Highly decorative, but not recommended for the health by the faculty. Not like cholera. You can keep that out by bein' shy what you eat or drink. Cholera infectious, plague contagious, don't you know."

"How do they fight it?"

"Don't know yet. Expect to find out when it gets here. Quarantine's no good. They quarantine the Mecca pilgrims regularity. I knew a fellow got through three cordons last year for seven piastres, 35 cents. Got to pay men better if they're to refuse backshish. Government hasn't got the money. There you are. But I shan't run away. Be a lovely time for promotions. 'Nother lift would do me good just now. Tell you I lost a heap of money today. You can see what a wreck I am. Oh, this betting's bad business; bad; bad. Think I'll pull out right Thursday, though. By Jove! It's getting late! Must be off to the boxing match. Tommies. To a finish. Won't you come along? Cards afterwards. Oh, but there's a game lot of Americans here. Poker and baccarat. No limit. Two hundred and fifty pounds on the turn of a card. Saw Rosenfeld—he's the man that broke the bank three times at Monte Carlo—saw him win £1,400 night before last. English, I think. And there's Pat Sheedy. Plays a lovely gentlemen's game with gentlemen. Knows a gentleman from a gambler, too. But this is no town for me. Time I was getting back to work. Won't come to the fight? Well, good-by."

Tall, handsome and with the easy bearing that comes of perfect unconsciousness of self, the young engineer lit a cigarette and sauntered out of the hotel. As he passed the mastaba, or bench, by the door, a good-looking native of perhaps 50 years greeted him with a low salaam.

It was one of the "boys" from the cholera camp.

ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

SAW 'EM IN FAYUM CARRYING OUT THE DEAD EVERY NIGHT.

Miss Passay—I think this talk about appendicitis is all nonsense. Why, when I was a child I used to swallow grape seeds and all sorts of things without the slightest bad effect.

Miss Rosebud—Yes; but you must remember that appendicitis hadn't been invented then.—Brooklyn Life.

A Piece of Parchment,

When unwritten on, is not more colorless than the cadaverous countenances of those unfortunate persons whom we are accustomed to call "confirmed invalids." What a misnomer! implying, too, despair, a giving up for lost! As long as the vivifying power of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can be felt, and that is possible so long as there is no absolute collapse of the faculties, fresh vitality can be infused into wasted, feeble frames; color and flesh can be brought back to wasted, pallid cheeks with this grand sheet anchor of the debilitated and the sickly. It is a tonic of the greatest potency and the utmost purity, and a remedy for and preventive of dyspepsia, bilious, malarious, rheumatic, nervous and kidney complaints. Appetite and sleep are greatly aided by it; it counteracts the effects of undue fatigue, or excitement, and nullifies the often perilous consequences of exposure in inclement weather or damp clothing.

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Expert Treatment at the Nominal Rate Fee of $5 a Month---Trial Treatment Free to Those Applying in Person.

Great numbers of people suffer from the malign poisons of catarrh, as from other subtle chronic maladies, without any correct or definite idea of the nature of their affliction. The following symptoms have been carefully arranged by Doctor Copeland to enable many sufferers to understand just what it is that ails them. Many diseases, known under various specific names, are really of catarrhal origin and nature. Every part of the mucous membrane, the nose, throat, eyes, head, lungs, stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, and bladder, are subject to disease and blight by catarrh. The proper course for sufferers is this: Read these symptoms carefully over, mark those that apply to your case and bring this with you to Doctor Copeland. If you live away from the city send them by mail and ask for home treatment.

Doctor Copeland's home treatment is very successful in the cure of catarrh in all its various forms. Persons in all parts of the country are under treatment now, and every day letters are received from grateful patients who have been cured. With the aid of this symptom table plainly marked the Copeland experts can intelligently diagnose your case, just as well as if you came to the offices.

CATARRH OF HEAD AND THROAT.

The usual starting point in the progressive inflammatory envelopment of all the mucous surfaces—yields readily to the Copeland treatment.

"Is the breath foul?"
"Is the voice husky?"
"Do you spit up slime?"
"Do you ache all over?"
"Do you blow out scabs?"
"Is the nose stopped up?"
"Do you snore at night?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Does your nose bleed easily?"
"Is there tickling in the throat?"
"Do crusts form in the nose?"
"Is the nose sore and tender?"
"Do you sneeze a great deal?"
"Does the nose itch and burn?"
"Is there pain in front of head?"
"Is there pain across the eyes?"
"Is there pain in back of head?"
"Is your sense of smell leaving?"
"Do you hawk to clear the throat?"
"Is there a dropping in the throat?"
"Is the throat dry in the morning?"
"Do you sleep with the mouth open?"
"Are you losing your sense of taste?"
"Does the nose stop up toward night?"

CATARRH OF THE EARS.

Catarrh extends from the throat along the Eustachian tubes into the ears causing defective hearing. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Is your hearing failing?"
"Do your ears discharge?"
"Do the ears itch and burn?"
"Is the wax dry in the ears?"
"Are the ears dry and scaly?"
"Is there a throbbing in the ears?"
"Do you have a ringing in the ears?"
"Are you gradually getting deaf?"
"Have you a pain behind the ears?"
"Is your hearing bad cloudy days?"
"Are there cracking sounds heard?"
"Do you have earache occasionally?"
"Are the sounds like steam escaping?"
"Do you constantly hear noises in the ears?"
"Do your ears hurt when you blow the nose?"
"Is there a roaring like a waterfall in the head?"
"Do you hear better some days than others?"
"Do the noises in the ears keep you awake?"
"When you blow your nose do the ears crack?"
"Is your hearing worse when you have a cold?"

CATARRH OF BRONCHIAL TUBES.

An inflammatory condition of the bronchial immediately sympathetic with catarrh of the throat—yields readily to the Copeland treatment.

"Have you a cough?"
"Are you losing flesh?"
"Do you cough at night?"
"Do you take cold easily?"
"Have you a pain in the side?"
"Is your appetite variable?"
"Do you cough until you gag?"
"Do you raise frothy material?"
"Are you low-spirited at times?"
"Do you spit up yellow matter?"
"Do you cough on going to bed?"
"Do you cough in the mornings?"
"Is your cough short and hacking?"
"Have you pain behind the breastbone?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Is there a tickling behind the palate?"
"Have you a disgust for fatty foods?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
"Is there a burning pain in the throat?"
"Do you cough worse night and morning?"
"Do you have to sit up at night to get breath?"

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

An inflammatory envelopment of the mucous surfaces of the stomach, usually due to catarrhal poisons received directly from the throat and usually called dyspepsia or indigestion—yields readily to Copeland treatment.

"Is there nausea?"
"Are you costive?"
"Is there vomiting?"
"Are you lightheaded?"
"Do you belch up gas?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Do you hawk and spit?"
"Have you water brash?"
"Is there pain after eating?"
"Are you nervous and weak?"
"Do you have sick headaches?"
"Do you bloat up after eating?"
"Is there disgust for breakfast?"
"Is your throat filled with slime?"
"Have you distress after eating?"
"Do you at times have diarrhoea?"
"Is there rush of blood to the head?"
"Is there constant bad taste in mouth?"
"Is there gnawing sensation in stomach?"
"Do you feel as if you had lead in stomach?"
"When you get up suddenly are you dizzy?"
"When your stomach is empty do you feel faint?"
"Do you belch up material that burns the throat?"
"When the stomach is full do you feel oppressed?"

CATARRH OF THE LIVER.

The liver is affected by catarrh through the disease extending from the stomach into the tubes in the liver. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Are you irritable?"
"Are you nervous?"
"Do you get dizzy?"
"Have you no energy?"
"Is your memory poor?"
"Do you feel miserable?"
"Do you have cold feet?"
"Do you get tired easily?"
"Do you have hot flushes?"
"Is your eyesight blurred?"
"Can't you explain where?"
"Have you pain in the back?"
"Is your flesh soft and flabby?"
"Are your spirits low at times?"
"Is there a bloating after eating?"
"Have you pain around the loins?"
"Do you have gurgling in bowels?"
"Do you have rumbling in bowels?"
"Is there throbbing in the stomach?"
"Do you suffer from pains in temples?"
"Do you have sense of heat in bowels?"
"Do you have palpation of the heart?"
"Is there a general feeling of lassitude?"
"Do these feelings affect your memory?"

CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Catarrh of the kidneys and bladder results in two ways, first by taking cold, second by overworking the kidneys in separating from the blood the poisons that have been absorbed from catarrh, which affects all organs. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Do your hands and feet swell?"
"Is this more noticeable in the mornings?"
"Are they cold and clammy?"
"Is there pain in small of back?"
"Is the urine dark and cloudy?"
"Does a deposit form when left standing?"
"Is there a desire to get up at night?"
"Do you see spots floating before the eyes?"
"Are the eyes dull and staring?"
"Is there a bad taste in mouth?"
"Have you pain in top of head?"
"Is your hair getting gray?"
"If so, is it silvery white?"
"Is the skin dry and harsh?"
"Is the hair dry and brittle?"
"Is there nausea after eating?"
"Has the perspiration a bad odor?"
"Is there puffiness under the eyes?"
"Are there dark rings around the eyes?"
"Is the skin pale and dry?"
"Has the skin a waxy look?"
"Do you see unpleasant things while asleep?"
"Have you chilly feelings down the back?"
"Do the joints pain and ache?"
"Do the legs feel too heavy?"

DR. COPELAND'S BOOK FREE TO ALL.

If you live out of the city write for Doctor Copeland's book containing a description by Doctor Copeland of The Treatment That Cures, Doctor Copeland's Monograph on Deafness, Doctor Copeland's Monograph on Catarrh, and Doctor Copeland's famous symptom questions, describing disease in its different forms. The book will be mailed to you FREE.

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