SHE:
A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

At last, however, breakfast was cleared away, and Job, at my request, fetched the chest, and placed it upon the table in a somewhat gingerly fashion, as though he mistrusted it. Then he prepared to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, Job," I said; "if Mr. Leo has no objection, I should prefer to have an independent witness to this business, who can be relied upon to hold his tongue unless he is asked to speak."

"Certainly, Uncle Horace," answered Leo, for I had brought him up to call me uncle, though he varied the appellation somewhat disrespectfully by calling me "old fellow," or even, "my avuncular relative."

Job touched his head, not having a hat on.

"Lock the door, Job," I said, "and bring me my dispatch-box."

He obeyed, and from the box I took the keys that poor Vincey, Leo's father, had given me on the night of his death. There were three of them; the largest a comparatively modern key, the second an exceedingly ancient one, and the third entirely unlike anything of the sort that we had ever seen before, being fashioned apparently from a strip of solid silver, with a bar placed across to serve as a handle, and some nicks cut in the edge of the bar. It was more like a model of some antediluvian railway key than anything else.

"Now are you both ready?" I said, as people do when they are going to fire a mine. There was no answer, so I took the big key, rubbed some salad-oil into the wards, and after one or two bad shots, for my hands were shaking, managed to fit it, and shoot the lock. Leo bent over and caught the massive lid in both his hands, and, with an effort, for the hinges had rusted, leaned it back. Its removal revealed another case covered with dust. This we extracted from the iron chest without any difficulty, and removed the accumulated filth of years from it with a clothes-brush.

It was, or appeared to be, of ebony, or some such close-grained black wood, and was bound in every direction with flat bands of iron. Its antiquity must have been extreme, for the dense, heavy wood was actually in parts commencing to crumble away from age.

"Now for it," I said, inserting the second key.

Job and Leo bent forward in breathless silence. The key turned, and I flung back the lid, and uttered an exclamation, as did the others, and no wonder, for inside the ebony case was a magnificent silver casket, about twelve inches square by eight high. It appeared to be of Egyptian workmanship, for the four legs were formed of sphinxes, and the dome-shaped cover was also surmounted by a sphinx. The casket was of course much tarnished and dimmed with age, but otherwise in almost perfect condition.

I drew it out and set it on the table, and then, in the midst of the most perfect silence, I inserted the strange-looking silver key, and pressed this way and that, until at last the lock yielded, and the casket stood open before us. It was filled to the brim with some brown shredded material, more like vegetable fiber than paper, the nature of which I had never been able to discover. This I carefully removed to the depth of some three inches, when I came to a letter inclosed in an ordinary modern-looking envelope, and addressed in the handwriting of my dead friend Vincey:

"To my son Leo, should he live to open this casket."

I handed the letter to Leo, who glanced at the envelope, and then put it down upon the table, making a motion to me to go on emptying the casket.

The next thing that I came to was a parchment carefully rolled up. I unrolled it, and seeing that it was also in Vincey's handwriting, and headed, "Translation of the Unical Greek Writing on the Potsherd," put it down by the letter. Then followed another ancient roll of parchment, that had become yellow and crinkled with the passage of years. This I also unrolled. It was likewise a translation of the same Greek original, but in black-letter Latin this time, and appeared to me from the style and character to date from the end of the fifteenth, or perhaps the middle of the sixteenth, century. Immediately beneath this roll was something hard and heavy, wrapped up in yellow linen, and reposing upon another layer of the fibrous material. Slowly and carefully we unrolled the linen, exposing to view a very large but undoubtedly ancient potsherd of a dirty yellow color! This potsherd had in my judgment once been a part of an ordinary amphora of medium size. For the rest it measured eleven inches in length by ten in width, was about a quarter of an inch thick, and densely covered on the convex side, that lay toward the bottom of the box, with writing in the later Unical Greek character, faded here and there, but for the most part perfectly legible, the inscription having evidently been executed with the greatest care, and by means of a reed pen, such as the ancients often used. I must not forget to mention that in some remote age this wonderful fragment had been broken in two, and rejoined by means of cement and eight long rivets. Also there were numerous inscriptions on the inner side, but these were of the most erratic character, and had clearly been made by different hands and in many different ages, and of them I shall have to speak presently.

"Is there anything more?" asked Leo, in a kind of excited whisper.

I groped about, and produced something hard, done up in a little linen bag. Out of the bag we took, first, a very beautiful miniature done upon ivory, and secondly, a small chocolate-colored composition *scarabæus*, marked thus:

symbols which we have since ascertained, mean "Suten se Re," which is, being translated, the "Royal Son of Ra, or the Sun." The miniature was a picture of Leo's Greek mother—a lovely, dark-eyed creature. On the back of it was written, in poor Vincey's handwriting, "My beloved wife, died May, 1856."

"That is all," I said.

"Very well, answered Leo, putting down the miniature, at which he had been gazing affectionately; "and now let us read the letter," and without further ado he broke the seal, and read aloud as follows:

"MY SON LEO:—When you open this, if you ever live to do so, you will have attained to manhood, and I shall have been long enough dead to be absolutely forgotten by nearly all who knew me. Yet in reading it remember that I have been, and for anything you know may still be, and that in it, through this link of pen and paper, I stretch out my hand to you across the gulf of death, and my voice speaks to you from the unutterable silence of the grave. Though I am dead, and no memory of me remains in your mind, yet am I with you in this hour that you read. Since your birth to this day I have scarcely seen your face. Forgive me this. Your life supplanted the life of one whom I loved better than women are often loved, and the bitterness endureth yet. Had I lived I should in time have conquered this foolish feeling, but I am not destined to live. My sufferings, physical and mental, are more than I can bear, and when such arrangements as I have to make for your future well-being are complete I it is my intention to put a period to them. May God forgive me if I do wrong! At the best I could not live more than another year."

"So he killed himself!" I exclaimed. "I thought so."

"And now," Leo went on, without replying, "enough of myself. What has to be said belongs to you, who live, not to me, who am dead, and almost as much forgotten as though I had never been. Holly, my friend (to whom, if he will accept the trust, it is my intention to confide you), will have told you something of the extraordinary antiquity of your race. In the contents of this casket you will find sufficient to prove it. The strange legend that you will find inscribed by your remote

"And now let us read the letter."

ancestress upon the potsherd was communicated to me by my father on his deathbed, and took a strong hold upon my imagination. When I was only nineteen years of age I determined—as, to his misfortune, did one of our ancestors about the time of Elizabeth—to investigate the truth. Into all that befell me I can not enter now. But this I saw with my own eyes. On the the coast of Africa, in a hitherto unexplored region, some distance to the north of where the Zambesi falls into the sea, there is a headland, at the extremity of which a peak towers up, shaped like the head of a negro, similar to that of which the writing speaks. I landed there, and learned from a wandering native, who had been cast out by his people because of some crime which he had committed, that far inland are great mountains, shaped like cups, and caves surrounded by measureless swamps. I learned also that the people there speak a dialect of Arabic, and are ruled over by a *beautiful white woman*, who is seldom seen by them, but who is reported to have power over all things living and dead. Two days after I had ascertained this the man died of fever contracted in crossing the swamps, and I was forced by want of provisions and by symptoms of the illness which afterward prostrated me to take to my dhow again.

"Of the adventures that befell me after this I need not now speak. I was wrecked upon the coast of Madagascar, and rescued some months afterward by an English ship that brought me to Aden, whence I started for England, intending to prosecute my search as soon as I had made sufficient preparations. On my way I stopped in Greece, and there, for *omnia vincit amor*, I met your beloved mother, and married her, and there you were born and she died. Then it was that my last illness seized me, and I returned hither to die. But still I hoped against hope, and set myself to work to learn Arabic, with the intention, should I ever get better, of returning to the coast of Africa, and solving the mystery of which the tradition has lived so many centuries in our family. But I have not got better, and, so far as I am concerned, the story is at an end.

"For you, however, my son, it is not at an end, and to you I hand on these the results of my labor, together with the hereditary proofs of its origin. It is my intention to provide that they shall not be put into your hands until you have reached an age when you will be able to judge for yourself, whether or no you will choose to investigate what, if it is true, must be the greatest mystery in the world, or to put it by as an idle fable, originating in the first place in a woman's disordered brain.

"I do not believe that it is a fable; I believe that, if it can only be re-discovered, there is a spot where the vital forces of the world visibly exist. Life exists; why, therefore, should not the means of preserving it infinitely exist also? But I have no wish to prejudice your mind about the matter. Read and judge for yourself. If you are inclined to undertake the search I have so provided that you will not lack for means. If, on the other hand, you are satisfied that the whole thing is a chimera, then I adjure you destroy the potsherd and the writings, and let a cause of troubling be removed from our race forever. Perhaps that will be wisest. The unknown is generally taken to be terrible, not, as the proverb would infer, from the inherent superstition of man, but because it is so often terrible. He who would tamper with the vast and secret forces that animate the world may well fall a victim to them. And if the end were attained, if at last you emerged from the trial ever beautiful and ever young, defying time and evil, and lifted above the natural decay of flesh and intellect, who shall say that the awesome change would prove a happy one? Choose, my son, and may the Power who rules all things, and who says, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and thus much shalt thou learn,' direct your choice to your own happiness and the happiness of the world, which, in the event of your success, you would one day certainly rule by the pure force of accumulated experience. Farewell!"

Thus the letter, which was unsigned and undated, ended abruptly.

"What do you make of that, Uncle Holly?" said Leo, with a sort of gasp, as he replaced it on the table. "We have been looking for a mystery, and we certainly seem to have found one."

"What do I make of yet? Why, that your poor dear father was off his head, of course," I answered, testily. "I guessed as much that night, twenty years ago, when he came into my room. You see, he evidently hurried his own end, poor man. It is absolute balderdash."

"That's it, sir," said Job, solemnly. Job was a most matter-of-fact specimen of a matter-of-fact class.

"Well, let's see what the potsherd has to say, at any rate," said Leo, taking up the translation in his father's writing, and commencing to read:

"I, Amenartas, of the Royal House of Hakor, a Pharaoh of Egypt, wife of Kallikrates (the Strong and Beautiful, or the Beautiful in Strength), a Priest of Isis, whom the gods cherish and the demons obey, being about to die, to my little son Tisisthenes (the Mighty Avenger). I fled with thy father from Egypt in the days of Nekht-nebf, (Nectanebes or Nectanebo II., the last native Pharaoh of Egypt, fled from Ochus to Ethiopia B. C. 339.—Editor.) causing him through love to break the vows that he had vowed. We fled southward across the waters, and we wandered for twice twelve moons on the coast of Libya (Africa) that looks toward the rising sun, where by a river is a great rock carven like the head of an Ethiopian. Four days on the water from the mouth of a mighty river were we cast away, and some were drowned and some died of sickness. But us wild men took through wastes and marshes, where the sea-fowl hid the sky, bearing us ten days' journey, till we came to a hollow mountain, where a great city had been and fallen, and where there are caves of which no man hath seen the end; and they brought us to the queen of the people who place pots upon the heads of strangers, who is a magician having knowledge of all things, and life and loveliness that does not die. And she cast eyes of love upon thy father, Kallikrates, and would have slain me, and taken him to husband, but he loved me and feared her, and would not. Then did she take us, and lead us by terrible ways, by means of dark magic, to where the great pit is, in the mouth of which the old philosopher lay dead, and showed to us the rolling Pillar of Life that dies not, whereof the voice is as the voice of thunder, and did stand in the flames, and come forth unharmed, and yet more beautiful. Then did she swear to make thy father undying, even as she is, if he would but slay me and give himself to her, for me she could not slay because of the magic of my own people that I have and that prevailed thus far against her. And he held his hand before his eyes to hide her beauty, and would not. Then in her rage did she smite him by her magic, and he died: but she went over him, and bore him thence with lamentations, and being afraid, me she sent to the mouth of the great river where the ships come, and I was carried far away on the ships, where I gave thee birth, and hither to Athens I came at last after many wanderings. Now I say to thee, my son, Tisisthenes, seek out the woman, and learn the secret of life, and if thou mayst find a way slay her, because of thy father Kallikrates; and if thou dost fear or fail, this I say to all of thy seed who come after thee, till at last a brave man be found among them who shall bathe in the fire and sit in the place of the Pharaohs. I speak of those things that, though they be past belief, yet I have known, and I lie not."

"May the Lord forgive her for that!" groaned Job, who had been listening to this marvelous composition with his mouth open.

As for myself, I said nothing; my first idea being that my poor friend, being demented, had composed the whole thing, though it scarcely seemed likely that such a story could have been invented by anybody. It was too original. To solve my doubts I took up the potsherd and commenced to read the close unical Greek writing on it, and beautiful Greek it is to have been written by an Egyptian born. The translation was, as I discovered on further investigations, both accurate and elegant.

Besides the unical writing on the convex side of the sherd, at the top, painted in dull red, on what had once been the lip of the amphora, was the cartouche already mentioned as being on the *scarabæus*, which we had also found in the casket. The hieroglyphics, or symbols, however, were reversed, just as though they had been pressed on wax. Whether this was the cartouche of the original Kallikrates, or of some Prince or Pharaoh from whom his wife Amenartas was descended, I am not sure, nor can I tell if it was drawn upon the sherd at the same time that the unical Greek was described, or copied on more recently from the scarab by some other member of the family. Nor was this all. At the foot of the writing, painted in the same dull red, was the outline of a somewhat rude drawing of a sphinx wearing two feathers, symbols of majesty, which, though common enough upon the effigies of sacred bulls and gods, I have never before met with on a sphinx.

On the right-hand side of this surface of the sherd, painted obliquely in bright red on the space not covered by the unical, and signed in blue paint, was the following quaint inscription:

IN EARTH AND SKIE AND SEA
STRANGE THYNGES THER BE.
HOC FECIT
DOROTHEA VINCEY.

Perfectly bewildered, I turned the relic over. It was covered from top to bottom with notes and signatures in Greek, Latin, and English. The first in unical Greek was by Tisisthenes, the son to whom the writing was addressed. It was: "I can not go. To thee, my son Kallikrates."

This Kallikrates (probably, in the Greek fashion, so named after his grandfather) evidently made some attempt to start on the quest, for his entry, written in very faint and almost illegible unical, is: "I started to seek, but the gods were against me. To thee, my son."

Between these two ancient writings, the second of which was inscribed upside down—that, had it not been for the transcript of them executed by Vincey, I should not have been able to read, since, owing to their having been written on that portion of the tile which had, in the course of ages, undergone the most handling, they were nearly worn out—was the bold, modern signature of one Lionel Vincey, "Ætate suo 17," which was written thereon, I think, by Leo's grandfather. To the right of this were the initials "J. B. V.," and below came a variety of Greek signatures, in unical and cursive character, and what appeared to be some repetitions of the sentence "to thee, my son," showing that the relic has been passed on from generation to generation.

The next legible thing after the Greek signatures was the word "ROMÆ, A. U. C.," showing that the family had now migrated to Rome. Unfortunately, however, the date of their settlement there is forever lost, for just where it had been placed a piece of the potsherd is broken away.

Then followed a dozen or more of Latin signatures, jotted about here and there, wherever there was a space upon the tile suitable to their inscription. These signatures were, almost without exception, ended with the name "Vindex," or "the Avenger," which seems to have been adopted by the family after its migration to Rome as a kind of equivalent to the Grecian "Tisisthenes," which also means an avenger. Ultimately, of course, this Latin cognomen of Vindex was transformed, first into De Vincey and then into the plain modern Vincey. It is very curious to observe how the idea of revenge, inspired by an Egyptian before the time of Christ, is thus, as it were, embalmed in an English family name.

A few of the Roman names inscribed upon the sherd I have actually since found mentioned in history and other records. They were, if I remember right,

MVSSIVS. VINDEX
SEX, VARIVS. MARVLLVS
C. FVFIDIVS. C. F. VINDEX.

and

LABERIA POMPEIANA. CONIVX, MACRINI. VINDICIS.

the last being, of course, that of a Roman lady. After the Roman names there is evidently a gap of very many centuries. Nobody will ever know now what was the history of the relic during those dark ages,

(To be continued.)

A LOVER'S LETTER.

Your letter came, and its wings are folded
Here on my beating heart. Don't laugh,
That is strictly true. In my left vest pocket
I have laid it over your photograph
And the little brown silken tress you gave me
(I think your hair looks so lovely curled)—
I carry my treasures all together,
My only wealth in this whole wide world!

Dancing, rowing, yacht sailing, riding,
And all the gayety, all the fun;
Yet you tell me still, it is dull and stupid,
(Good girl!) and you wish it over and
done:
And you "long to feel the old pavements
under
Your your feet once more, and the dreamy
charm
Of the avenue breeze through the twilight
blowing,
And . . . your hand on somebody's
strong, kind arm.

For me, I work till the day is ended,
Then smoke and dream, while the street
lamps shine,
And think of the time we will sit together,
Your cheek on my shoulder, your hand in
mine,
And look out over the sleeping city
With the beautiful bright dark sky above,
Too poor for Newport or Narragansett,
But rich as misers, in faith and love.

I smoke and dream, while I build my castles—
Such wonderful structures, so bright and
fair;
No space for sorrow, no room for weeping—
Too bad their basis should be but air.
Yet I dream and hope till sleep comes to
claim me,
My castles vanish; I quench the light,
But I breathe your name in a little prayer,
dear,
While you are dancing. Sweetheart, good
night.

—M. S. Bridges.

RELIGIOUS.

Cardinal Newman contemplates publishing a volume of autobiographical reminisces during the fall.

A minister in Somerset county, Maine, has his sermons printed monthly and sends them to those his parishioners who do not go church.

The Rev. Dr. William G. Farrington has retired from the editorship of the "Episcopal Church Almanac," a position he has held for the past twenty years.

Dr. DeSota is interested in the restoration of the festival of St. Mary's Magdalen to the Episcopal prayer book. It is now observed as a fast by the White Cross crusade.

Rev. Dr. Henry Shudder has given in his old church in San Francisco a farewell lecture on Japan, preparatory to going to that country to spend the remainder of his life.

It is reported from Rome that the most Rev. John McEvilly, archbishop of Tuam, Ireland, will shortly be raised to the cardinalite. At the present time there is no cardinal attached to the Irish church.

A Great Difference.

Puck: Deacon Haddem—"Put that air picterbook daoun, immejetly, Jonathan Haddem! Don't ye know it's a sin ter read sech literatoor on the holy Sabbath? Nex' y' know ye'll be wanting ter tak th' Peter Parleys off'in th' best-room mantel afore church!" (Grabs book from his son's hands and is soon buried head over heels in its contents himself.)

Jonathan—"I don't see why I can't read it if you do, dad. It's just as much Sabbath for you's 'tis for me!"

The Deacon—(guiltily.) "I—er—wa'n't readin' it, my son; I wuz jest—er—er—secin' what it said."

A YOUNG BUTCHER'S LUCK.

He Wins $15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

"I want to see a reporter," said an unusually happy-looking individual as he entered the Cronicle building. On being introduced to one of the staff he commenced by saying that his name was A. J. Trefts and that he lived in Butchertown. As there was a very large fire recently in that part of the city there was apparently no great reason for such unusual joy as that manifested by Mr. Trefts. He however, was very anxious to communicate the news of the Godsend which had fallen to him soon after he had been burnt out.

"I am the fellow. I won it. Just bought one ticket and got $15,000. That's luck isn' it?" said the jovial Trefts.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the number," said he, "52,749. I looked at my ticket and turned it over and laid it down beside the paper and compared it and then I began to think I was the luckiest man I ever met. Just think, one ticket and all that money for $1!"

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Trefts," asked the interviewer.

"I am going to extend my business right away for that fire nearly did for me. I didn't believe much in The Louisiana State Lottery before, and I just thought to myself when I bought the ticket 'well, I've lost enough already, this dollar will never be missed,' and now you may be sure I never stop thinking how glad I was I bought it, and so I thought I would drop in and tell you all about it."—San Francisco (Cal) Chronicle, July 2.

Turf Slang in the Parlor.

Saratogian: A clergyman calling on a Washington street family was ushered into the parlor, where Miss Betty was seated at the pianoforte. He asked the young lady, a member of his Bible class, to "play one of her favorites." "I'm not playing favorites any more," she said; "I'll take the field against them every time."

Let the Trial Proceed.

Arabi Pasha when he heard he had been denied the benefit of English counsel, promptly fortified himself with a bottle of Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters and quietly remarked: Let the trial proceed. All genuine bear the signature of J. H. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

—Mme. Popp, for fifty years editor of the Bruges Journal, has written no less than 18,000 articles, each containing from 3,000 to 4,000 words.

Seeds That Germinate Quickly.

The human system is a fruitful soil, and among seeds that germinate most rapidly in it are those of rheumatism and neuralgia. A slight cold brought on by sitting in a draught, wet feet or damp clothes, will develop either of those abominable painful maladies with unpleasant rapidity. The proper preventive of this agonizing vegetation is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which nullifies a tendency to either of the maladies named, and soothes the aches which they cause. Nor is it less effective as a remedy for rheumatism than as its preventive, a fact as amply attested as any other relating to its curative properties. Mariners, miners, frontiersmen, and others, have ever found it a faithful preservative of health in unfavorable regions, and a benign remedy for malarial disorders, and stomach, liver and bowel complaints. It is a fine promoter of appetite and a capital tonic.

—Governor Vance said that all he knew about finances was that it took two better names than his to get money out of a bank.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

—The little tyrant stood at the open front door this morning with a toy whip in his hand and with vengeful spirit cried out: "If you don't let me go I'll break my whip." A moment later, "Mamma, mamma, my whip is broken!"

Coming Home to Die.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands nature makes upon it, many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken down constitution, and her functions deranged, to go to an early grave. If she had been wisely counseled and given the benefit of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.

Ilma di Murska, the famous Hungarian singer, will come to this country next fall.

—The Pall Mall Gazette which plumes itself on having a quite altogether utterly infallible knowledge of things in America, is having a good deal to say about United States Senator Wayne MacVeagh.

Davenport Business College, complete in all departments. For catalogues, address, J. C. Duncan, Davenport, Iowa.

—There is an outcry against the Chinese pheasant. It is not more voracious than the native pheasant, but its name is against it.

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—A St. Louis (Mich.) dentist advertises weekly the names of his patients and the number of teeth extracted for each.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye water. Druggists sell it; 25c

—Mr. Blaine is stated by correspondents to have been given the cold entree of several London clubs.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

—Look out for a cold wave in this vicinity. A gentleman last evening stepped upon the train of a dress worn by a quick-tempered woman, and the look she gave him froze the ground to the depth of fifteen feet.

—The Chicago Journal says the work of the funny man on the newspaper is certainly improving. No reform ever had more room to slash round in.

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It will be to your advantage, when writing to advertisers, to say you saw their advertisement in this paper.

Is the lady shown in these portraits, and they are given here to benefit other ladies by showing how their forms may be superbly developed, combining Beauty, Grace, Strength, and Health.

☞ The pictures here are poorly printed, but I will send colored ones correct as to every detail to any lady asking for them; and pictures of many others, who have given me permission to do so. This delightful change was made by using

THE SPANISH SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

GUARANTEED a superb bust development in young and middle-aged ladies and after nursing; fine modeled shoulders; rounded, symmetrical limbs and arms; a pure, lovely complexion, free from sallowness, freckles, eruptions, black-heads, moles, and all female weakness promptly cured. Spanish women owe their celebrated beauty to this System. See the book for details.

$5 WORTH FREE to any responsible lady who will privately say a good word for the treatment after using successfully. See page 9 of book.

BOOK FREE with many beautiful portraits, which I have permission to send, showing results of treatment on Form, Complexion and Health.

HOME TREATMENT: Do not mistake: home treatment is sent by express, prepaid by me, with just the same results as if taken at the Institute. Write immediately for the Free Book, with portraits, references and all details to enable you to enjoy all the good of this system. It has been used for four centuries by the Spanish ladies, and they are world-famed for their beauty and health.

CONFIDENCE: Never forget that all names are held sacred. Some give permission to use their names, but I never ask it, and without such permission no name is mentioned or case referred to.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Mrs. Switzer is a member of the Pacific Dental Association, and is well known in this city.

Office of Mrs. Anna Switzer, Ladies' and Children's Dentist, No. 3 Fulton Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6, 1886.

DEAR DR. HARMON:—

I want to say that, in consideration of the great good your Spanish Treatment has done me, and for your constant courtesy, I will be glad have you refer any one interested in the same way to me. Show them this letter if you wish, and hand them my card, a number of which I inclose, and ask them to call at my office. With much esteem, ANNA SWITZER.

Mrs. Smyth is a lady of wealth and culture, formerly of this city, but now residing at her Oakland residence across the bay.

DR. HARMON—

Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from your Development Treatment, and you can use my name and address any time you desire to do so. My residence is given below and I will cheerfully answer any question personally or by note.

A friend spent Thursday with me and remarked that I was growing younger and wanted to know what kind of padding I used to get myself up so well with. I gave her your little book, and she will come to see you soon.

Yours truly, MRS. S. G. SMYTH.

Box 196, Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. C. B. Moss (name given by permission), aged 27, used both the Development and Complexion Treatment. She says:

"As I told you when I first wrote you, my bust was never fully developed, and nursing two children spoiled what I had in my girlhood. *Now I can wear as low dresses in the evening as anyone, if I want to.* My limbs have filled out, too, and in every way I am vastly improved. The Complexion Treatment has done me much good, clearing my face of all black specks, pimples, etc., making it fair and fresh looking. I use no powder now and never will again. Show this letter to any one interested, and refer them to me. Two ladies have sent from here for your treatment, and more will follow."

(See her portraits on page 20 and 21 of book.)

"Your Developing and Complexion Treatment have worked most admirably in my case. Although I am 42, and have nursed 4 children, spoiling my form entirely, padding having been resorted to for several years, I now have a *full, firm bust.* My complexion is *fair, clear, velvety,* and free from those hateful eruptions."

"My form is just what I want it to be, and my health generally is much improved. No one thanks you more than my husband, who says he is as proud of me as on our wedding day."

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but I am as plump, and my bust fuller, larger and more beautifully rounded than at 20—eleven years ago; and I feel *perfectly well*, a thing quite new to me."

"You know, Doctor, that after reading your pamphlet which fell into my hands by chance, I ordered your development Treatment for my **health** only. In a former letter I told you of my complete recovery from the dreadful weakness I described to you. But believing that you always liked to hear good news, I will tell you now that more than health has been achieved. My whole form is much improved, the bust especially being all that I could ask. Having rather passed middle life, this is indeed a gratifying surprise to me, as is the suppleness of limb and youthful feeling that abide with me day after day."

I could add fifteen hundred more of the same kind if it were necessary.

See what that popular weekly, *The Ingleside*, said of Dr. Harmon almost two years ago:

"Dr. Harmon does not claim as much for himself as for his system. He is an English physician and does not pretend to perform miracles. But what he says he will do he will do. Dr. Harmon wishes it particularly understood that any case he undertakes he will give satisfaction or charge nothing for his services. More than this, his patients may rely absolutely upon his discretion. Indeed, they can safely do so. * * * What does Dr. Harmon do towards the beauty of the sex? Why, everything that science can do. A bad complexion vanishes under his care in a few weeks. A thin and wasted form becomes rounded and suggestive of every noble charm of womanhood. Dr. Harmon has done no little good service in denouncing the vacuum machine horrors so ably exposed in the *Crucible*. This torturing air-pump he relegates to the times of the inquisition as a good means of trying the souls of martyrs, but a trammel to beauty rather than an aid. Any lady who wishes her eyes to sparkle, her skin to be like satin, and her figure like that of a goddess, should consult Dr. Harmon.

LADIES: Four years' *successful* practice here among the best class, is my greatest claim on your confidence. And I ask you to pay only for success. Get my Book and see the abundant proof. Perhaps I can refer you to some lady right in your own town who has used the treatment.

CAUTION.—All claims of a business connection with my Institute made by a certain "Madame" are false. I recommend no vacuum pumps, lotions, nor other silly quackery. Write for proof. Pay fee *after using.*

☞ *Name this Paper and Address,*

Dr. LOUIS C. HARMON,
2226 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case.

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

JEALOUS DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhœa and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite