SHE:
A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

a great pair of long-handled iron pincers, and on the other side of the fire was a similar pair. Somehow I did not at all like the appearance of the tray and the accompanying pincers. There I sat and stared at them and at the silent circle of the fierce moody faces of the men, and reflected that it was all very awful, and that we were absolutely in the power of this alarming people, who, to me at any rate, were all the more formidable because their true character was still very much of a mystery to us. They might be better than I thought them, or they might be worse. I feared that they were worse, and I was not wrong. It was a curious sort of a feast, I reflected, in appearance—indeed, an entertainment of the Barmecide stamp, for there was absolutely nothing to eat.

At last, just as I was beginning to feel as though I were being mesmerized, a move was made. Without the slightest warning, a man from the other side of the circle called out in a loud voice:

"Where is the flesh that we shall eat?"

Thereupon everybody in the circle answered in a deep measured tone, and stretching out the right arm toward the fire as they spoke:

"The flesh will come."

"Is it a goat?" said the same man.

"It is a goat without horns, and more than a goat, and we shall slay it," they answered with one voice, and turning half round, they one and all grasped the handles of their spears with the right hand, and then simultaneously let them go.

"Is it an ox?" said the man again.

"It is an ox without horns, and more than an ox, and we shall slay it," was the answer, and again the spears were grasped, and again let go.

Then came a pause, and I noticed, with horror and a rising of the hair, that the woman next to Mahomed began to fondle him, patting his cheeks, and calling him by names of endearment, while her fierce eyes played up and down his trembling form. I don't know why the sight frightened me so, but it did frighten us all dreadfully, especially Leo. The caressing was so snake-like, and so evidently a part of some ghastly formula that had to be gone through. (We afterward learned that its object was to pretend to the victim that he was the object of love and admiration, and so to soothe his injured feelings, and cause him to expire in a happy and contented frame of mind.) I saw Mahomed turn white under his brown skin, sickly white with fear.

"Is the meat ready to be cooked?" asked the voice, more rapidly.

"It is ready, it is ready."

"Is the pot hot to cook it?" it continued, in a sort of scream that echoed painfully down the great recesses of the cave.

"It is hot; it is hot."

"Great heavens!" roared Leo, "remember the writing, 'The people who put pots upon the heads of strangers.'"

As he said the words, before we could stir, or even take the matter in, two great ruffians jumped up, and seizing the long pincers, plunged them into the heart of the fire, and the woman who had been caressing Mahomed suddenly produced a fiber noose from under her girdle, or moocha, and slipping it over his shoulders, ran it tight, while the men next him seized him by the legs. The two men with the pincers gave a heave, and scattering the fire this way and that upon the rocky floor, lifted from it a large earthenware pot, heated to a white heat. In an instant, almost, with a single movement, they had reached the spot where Mahomed was struggling. He fought like a fiend, shrieking in the abandonment of his despair, and notwithstanding the noose round him, and the efforts of the men who held his legs, the advancing wretches were for the moment unable to accomplish their purpose, which, horrible and incredible as it seems, was to put the red-hot pot upon his head.

I sprung to my feet with a yell of horror, and drawing my revolver, fired it by a sort of instinct straight at the diabolical woman who had been caressing Mahomed, and was now gripping him in her arms. The bullet struck her in the back and killed her, and to this day I am glad that it did, for, as it afterward transpired, she had availed herself of the anthropophagous customs of the Amahagger to organize the whole thing in revenge of the slight put upon her by Job. She fell dead, and as she did so, to my terror and dismay, Mahomed, by a superhuman effort, burst from his tormentors, and springing high in the air, fell dying upon her corpse. The heavy bullet from my pistol had driven through the bodies of both at once, striking down the murderess, and saving her victim from a death a hundred times more horrible. It was an awful and yet a most merciful accident.

For a moment there was a silence of astonishment. They had never heard the report of a fire-arm before, and its effects dismayed them. But the next a man close to us recovered himself, and seized his spear preparatory to making a lunge with it at Leo, who was the nearest to him.

"Run for it!" I halloed, setting the example by going up the cave as hard as my legs would carry me. I would have bolted for the open air if it had been possible, but there were men in the way, and besides, I had caught sight of the forms of a crowd of people standing out clear against the sky-line beyond the entrance to the cave. Up the cave I went, and after me came the others, and after them thundered the whole crowd of cannibals, mad with fury at the death of the woman. With a bound I cleared the prostrate form of Mahomed. As I flew over him I felt the heat from the red-hot pot, which was lying close by, strike upon my legs, and by its glow saw his hands—for he was not quite dead—still feebly moving. At the top of the cave was a little platform of rock three feet or so high by about eight deep, on which two large lamps were placed at night. Whether this platform had been left as a seat, or as a raised point afterward to be cut away en it had served its purpose as a stand-place from which to carry on the executions, I do not know—at least I did not then. At any rate, we all three reached it, and jumping on it, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as we could. For a few minutes the crowd that was pressing on our heels hung back when they saw us face round upon them. Job was on one side of the rock to the left, Leo in the center, and I to the right. Behind us were the lamps. Leo bent forward and looked down the long lane of shadows, terminated in the fire and lighted lamps, through which the quiet forms of our would-be murderers flitted to and fro, with the faint light glinting on their spear for even their fury was silent as a bull-dog's. The only other thing visible was the red-hot pot still s' wing angrily e gloom. There was a curious light in Leo's eyes, and his handsome face was set like a stone. In his right hand was his heavy hunting-knife. He shifted its thong a little up his wrist, and then put his arm round me and gave me a good hug.

"Good-bye, old fello[illegible]" he said; "my dear friend— my [illegible]an father. We have no chan[illegible]se scoundrels; they will [illegible] minutes, and [illegible] Good-bye. I [illegible]pe you will forgive [illegible]."

"[illegible] be done," I said, setting my [illegible] prepared for the end. At that [illegible]ent, with an exclamation, Job lifted [illegible]s revolver and fired, and hit a man—not the man he had aimed at, by the way; anything that Job shot at was perfectly safe.

On they came with a rush, and I fired too as fast as I could, and checked them—between us, Job and I killed or mortally wounded five men with our pistols before they were emptied, besides the woman. But we had no time to re-load, and they still came on in a way that was almost splendid in its recklessness, seeing that they did not know but that we could go on firing forever.

A great fellow bounded up upon the platform and Leo struck him dead with one blow of his powerful arm, sending the knife right through him. I did the same by another, but Job missed his stroke and I saw a brawny Amahagger grip him by the middle and whirl him off the rock. The knife, not being secured by a thong, fell from his hand as he did so, and, by a most happy accident for Job, lighted upon its handle on the rock, just as the body of the Amahagger, being undermost, hit upon its point, and was transfixed upon it. What happened to Job after that I am sure I do not know, but my own impression is that he lay still upon the corpse of his deceased assailant, "playing 'possum," as the Americans say. As for myself, I was soon involved in a desperate encounter with two ruffians, who, luckily for me, had left their spears behind them; and for the first time in my life the great physical power with which nature has endowed me stood me in good stead. I had hacked at the head of one man with my hunting-knife, which was almost as big and heavy as a short sword, with such vigor that the sharp steel had split his skull down to the eyes, and was held so fast by it that as he suddenly fell sideways the knife was twisted right out of my hand.

Then it was that the two others sprung upon me. I saw them coming and got an arm round the waist of each, and down we all fell upon the floor of the cave together, rolling over and over. They were strong men, but I was mad with rage, and that awful lust for slaughter which will creep into the hearts of the most civilized of us when blows are flying, and life and death tremble on the turn. My arms were round the two swarthy demons, and I hugged them till I heard their ribs crack and crunch up beneath my grip. They twisted and writhed like snakes, and clawed and battered at me with their fists, but I held on. Lying on my back there, so that their bodies should protect me from spear-thrusts from above, I slowly crushed the life out of them, and as I did so, strange as it may seem, I thought of what the amiable Head of my College at Cambridge and my brother Fellows would say if by clairvoyance they could see me, of all men, playing such a bloody game. Soon my assailants grew faint, and almost ceased to struggle, their breath had left them, and they were dying, but still I dare not leave them, for they died very slowly. I knew that if I relaxed my grip, they would revive. The other ruffians probably thought—for we were all three lying in the shadow of the ledge—that we were all dead together, at any rate they did not interfere with our little tragedy.

I turned my head, and as I lay gasping in the throes of that awful struggle I could see that Leo was off the rock now, for the lamp-light fell full upon him. He was still on his feet, but in the center of a surging mass of struggling men, who were striving to pull him down as wolves pull down a stag. Up above them towered his beautiful pale face crowned with its bright curls (for Leo was six feet two high), and I saw that he was fighting with a desperate abandonment and energy that was at once splendid and hideous to behold. He drove his knife thro h one man—they were so close to him and mixed up with him that they could not get at him to kill him with their big spears, and they had no knives or sticks. The man fell, and then somehow the knife was wrenched from his hand, leaving him defenseless, and I thought the end had come. But no; with a desperate effort he broke loose from them, seized the body of the man he had just slain, and, lifting it high in the air, hurled it right at the mob of his assailants, so that the shock and weight of it swept some five or six more of them to the earth. But in a minute they were all up again, except one, whose skull was smashed, and had once more fastened upon him. And then slowly, and with infinite labor and struggling, the wolves bore the lion down. Once even then he recovered himself, and felled an Amahagger with his fist, but it was more than man could do to hold his own for long against so many, and at last he came crashing down upon the rock, falling as an oak falls, and bearing with him to the earth all those who clung about him. They gripped him by his arms and legs, and then cleared off his body.

"A spear," cried a voice—"a spear to cut his throat, and a vessel to catch his blood."

I shut my eyes, for I saw the man coming with a spear, and myself, I could not stir to Leo's help, for I was growing weak and the two men on me were not yet dead, and a deadly sickness came over me.

Then suddenly there was a disturbance, and involuntarily I opened my eyes again, and looked toward the scene of murder. The girl Ustane had suddenly thrown herself on the top of Leo's prostrate form, covering his body with her body, and fastening her arms about his neck. They tried to drag her from him, but she twisted her legs round his, and hung on like a bull-dog, or rather like a creeper to a tree, and they could not. Then they tried to stab him in the side without hurting her, but somehow she shielded him, and he was only wounded.

At last they lost patience.

"Drive the spear through the man and the woman together," said a voice, the same voice that had asked the questions at that ghastly feast, "so of a verity shall they be wed."

Then I saw the man with the weapon straighten himself for the effort. I saw the cold steel gleam on high, and once more I shut my eyes.

As I did so—I heard a voice of a man thunder out in tones that rang and echoed down the rocky ways—

"*Cease!*"

Then I fainted, and as I did so it flashed through my darkening mind that I was passing down into the last oblivion of death.

WHEN I opened my eyes again I found myself lying on a skin mat, not far from the fire round which we had been gathered for the dreadful feast. Near me lay Leo, still apparently in a swoon, and over him was bending the tall form of the girl Ustane, who was washing a deep spear wound in his side with water preparatory to binding it up with linen. Leaning against the wall of the cave behind her was Job, apparently unhurt, but bruised and trembling. On the other side of the fire, tossed about this way and that, as though they had thrown themselves down to sleep in some moment of absolute exhaustion, were the bodies of those whom we had killed in our frightful struggle for life. I counted them: there were twelve besides the woman and the corpse of poor Mahomed, who had died by my hand, which, the fire-stained pot by its side, was placed at the end of the irregular line. To the left, a body of men were engaged in binding the arms of the survivors of the cannibals, behind them, and then fastening them two and two. The villains were submitting with a look of sulky indifference upon their faces that accorded ill with the baffled fury that gleamed in their somber eyes. In front of these men, directing the operations, stood no other than our friend Billali, looking rather tired, but particularly patriarchal with his flowing beard, and as cool and unconcerned as though he were superintending the cutting-up of an ox.

Presently he turned, and perceiving that I was sitting up, advanced to me, and with the utmost courtesy said that he trusted that I felt better. I answered that at present I scarcely knew how I felt, except that I ached all over.

Then he bent down and examined Leo's

Leo seized the body of the man, and hurled it right at the mob of his assailants.

wound. "It's a nasty cut," he said, "but the spear has not pierced the entrails. He will recover."

"Thanks to your arrival, my father," I answered. "In another minute we should all have been beyond the reach of recovery, for those devils of yours would have slain us as they have slain our servant," and I pointed toward Mahomed.

The old man ground his teeth, and I saw an extraordinary expression of malignity light up his eyes.

"Fear not, my son," he answered. "Vengeance shall be taken on them such as would make the flesh twist upon the bones merely to hear of it. To *She* they shall go, and her vengeance shall be worthy of her greatness. That man," and he pointed to Mahomed, "I tell you that man would have died a merciful death to the death these hyena-men shall die. Tell me, I pray of thee, how it came about."

In a few words I sketched what had happened.

"Ah, so," he answered. "Thou seest, my son, here there is a custom that if a stranger comes into this country he may be slain 'by the pot,' and eaten."

"It is hospitality turned upside down," I answered, feebly. "In our country we entertain a stranger, and give him food to eat. Here ye eat him, and are entertained."

"It is a custom," he answered with a shrug. "Myself I think it an evil one; but then," he added, by an after-thought, "I do not like the taste of strangers, especially after they have wandered through the swamps and lived on wild-fowl. When *She-who-must-be-obeyed* sent orders that ye were to be saved, she said naught of the black man; therefore, being hyneas, these men lusted after his flesh, and the woman it was whom thou didst rightly slay who put it into their evil hearts to hot-pot him. Well, they will have their reward. Better for them would it be if they had never seen the light than that they should stand before *She* in her terrible anger. Happy [illegible] those of them that died by your hands

"Ah," he went on, "it was a gallant fight that ye fought. Knowest thou that thou, long-armed old Baboon that thou art, hast crushed in the ribs of those two who are laid out there as though they were but as the shell of an egg? And the young one, the lion, it was a beautiful fight that he made—one against so many—three did he slay outright, and that one there," and he pointed to a body that was still moving a little, "will die anon, for his head is cracked across, and others of those who are bound are hurt. It was a gallant fight, and ye and he have made a friend of me by it, for I love to see a well-fought fray. But tell me, my son, the Baboon—and now I think of it thy face, too, is hairy, and altogether like a baboon's—how was it that ye slew both those with a hole in them? Ye made a noise, they say, and slew them—they fell down on their faces at the noise!"

I explained to him as well as I could, but very shortly—I was terribly wearied, and only persuaded to talk at all through fear of offending one so powerful if I refused to do so—what were the properties of gunpowder, and he instantly suggested that I should illustrate what I said by operating on the person of one of the prisoners. One, he said, never would be missed, and it would not only be very interesting to him, but would give me an opportunity of an installment of revenge. He was greatly astounded when I told him that it was not our custom to avenge ourselves in cold blood and that we left vengeance to the law and a higher Power, of which he knew nothing. I added, however, that when I recovered I would take him out shooting with us, and he should kill an animal for himself, and at this he was as pleased as a child at the promise of a new toy.

Just then Leo opened his eyes beneath the stimulus of some brandy (of which we still had a little) that Job had poured down his throat, and our conversation came to an end.

(To be continued.)

American Husbands.

Temple Bar: It is a fact, which had already struck me, and which I had frequently remarked upon, that American wives, if they are not allowed so much latitude in flirtation as English ones, receive much more deference and a greater share of less petitus soins from their husbands. An American husband himself pays his wife those little attentions which in English society usually devolve upon another man if the lady happens to be pretty and agreeable, and which she does without if she is neither. It is possible that the superiority of the American system may be due to the ease with which a divorce can be obtained in some states, and which, to use a homely expression, put a pair "more upon their p's and q's" with each other. It may arise from a higher development of the sentiment of chivalry in the breast of the American man. At any rate, he shows to advantage in the domestic as well as in the business relations.

One of the most satisfactory ways to cook beets is to bake them. When boiled, even if their jackets are left on, a great deal of the best part of the beet is dissolved, and so lost. It will, of course, take a little longer to bake them, but this is no objection. Allow them fifteen to twenty minutes longer for baking; slice and season them as you would if they were boiled. One pleasant way to serve them is to chop them fine after they have been cooked and season them with pepper, salt and butter. Turnips are also nice served in the same way.

DR. MARY WALKER.

How She Once Tried to Prevent Two Gentlemen from Smoking and Failed.

"Dr. Mary Walker? Oh, yes, I know Mary very well. I made her acquaintance way down in Texas shortly after the war."

The speaker was Henry P. Sanger, who leaned back in his chair and puffed meditatively at his cigar. "I was on my way," he said, "to attend the first state fair held in Texas at Houston. I took the steamer at Galveston—and a mighty fine steamer that was, too, with great board decks and reclining chairs, and commanded by officers who were perfect gentlemen,—for Houston, and there was a mighty big crowd on board. There were some distinguished people, too, including Judge Jere Black, the noted Pennsylvanian.

"About two minutes before the gang-plank was hauled in and the order given to cast off, a carriage came rattling down the street and stopped on the wharf. Satchels, bandboxes, and shawls began to issue from the vehicle in endless profusion, and were followed by a mite of humanity dressed in the half-male, half-female garb which has advertised the name of Dr. Mary Walker throughout the land. She flew about on the wharf issuing peremptory orders to the porters, the ship's officers, and in fact everybody within reach of her voice. She was accompanied by a tall, lank individual of uncertain age, with oiled locks which hung over his shirt collar, and a carefully-waxed mustache, the ends of which were reduced to a point fine enough to thread a needle. He conducted the great Mary—or rather, Mary conducted him,—up the gang-plank with considerable ceremony, and they disappeared from the view of the curious passengers.

"When the dinner hour arrived I went down to the dining saloon with a friend. We found the room uncomfortably crowded, and concluded to go to the after-deck and smoke until the crowd had thinned out. Smoking was not prohibited on the after-deck, but we found a couple of ladies there, and so asked their permission before lighting our cigars. We smoked and chatted away there for several minutes when the rasping voice of Mary Walker fell upon our ears.

"Throw those nasty cigars away!"

"We smoked on, pretending not to have heard the command, when the voice sounded more emphatic, 'I want you men to throw those nasty cigars away at once. They are offensive.'

"My companion bowed toward the two ladies near by and inquired, 'Is our smoking offensive, ladies?'

"Oh, no, no!" they expostulated, 'keep your cigars, gentlemen.'

We renewed our conversation and calmly smoked away. The doctor grew warm. 'Men, don't smoke,' she exclaimed. 'Only brutes in the form of men will defile their mouths with vile tobacco. Any man with a mother, wife, daughters, a sweetheart, or anybody whom he respects is a disgrace to her or them, and to his race if he smokes or chews tobacco.'

"This was delivered with an attempt at oratorical effect that was really laughable.

"'Sir,' began my friend.

"'Don't sir me!' screamed the now excited woman. 'I am Dr. Mary Walker, and you know it. Don't pretend that you don't know my sex.'

"Well, then, madam, I just want to say right here that I have a mother. I also have a wife and five children. Some of 'em are girls. I have a grandaunt and seven other aunts, and the last time I counted I had thirty-nine female cousins. My sweethearts are as numerous as the stars in the heavens, and I kiss 'em every chance I get. I have chewed tobacco like a veteran for forty-seven years, and I smoke whenever I feel like it.

"The doctor danced around like a bug on a hot griddle. At this juncture the ship's steward appeared upon the scene. She laid hands upon that official and demanded that 'those dirty loafers' be required to throw their cigars away.

"'But smoking is allowed on the after-deck,' expostulated the steward.

"'You are no gentleman, so there, now,' replied the great Mary.

"'I'll send the captain,' said the steward, alertly withdrawing from the doctor's grasp. 'Perhaps he'll fix matters to suit you.'

"Presently the captain appeared. He quietly listened to a repetition of Dr. Walker's tirade and the volunteer explanations of about fifty passengers who had by this time surrounded us, and then quietly laid his hand upon her shoulder. 'I am captain of this ship,' he said, 'and my word here is law. If you don't go into your stateroom at once I'll put you in irons, and Mary went.

"Then everybody smoked. Men who didn't smoke once a year lighted cigars, and even the ladies smoked cigarettes. I never saw Dr. Walker but once after that. She was in New Orleans and in the custody of a police officer, who arrested her for 'masquerading in male attire."—*Detroit Post.*

A Suggestion.

A Dallas lady was giving her daughter instructions in etiquette, and how to acquire a husband.

"If a gentleman enters the room, etiquette demands that you arise from your seat, and advance a few steps to meet him with a bright, sunny smile."

"But suppose no gentleman ever comes into the room?"

"Then of course you don't change your position; you remain just as you are."—*Harper's Magazine.*

—Wong Chin Foo in a magazine article asks, "Why am I a heathen?" We give it up. After living fifteen years in the land of churches, boodle aldermen, free schools, Sunday base ball games and anti poverty cranks, he ought to be ashamed to confess that he is still a heathen.

Misery After Eating

is avoided by dispepties who, guided by the recorded experience of thousands, begin and systematically pursue a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persistance in the use of this pure and highly meritorious stomachic is the sole and agreeable condition of the entire removal of the obstinate forms of dyspepsia, no less than a temporary fit of indigestion. In connection with the use of this specific, it is desirable to avoid articles of food which individual experience has shown to be difficult of digestion by the stomach sought to be benefitted. Each dyspeptic's past observation of his digestive capacity should enable him to be his own guide and mentor in this particular, not trusting to any set of dietic rules too general to be suited to particular cases. Billiousness and constipation heartburn, wind upon the stomach, sour eructations, headache and mental despondency, are among the concomitants of dyspepsia, and we put it to flight by the bitters.

—"Do you play?" inquired Miss Bell of the young traveling man who was walking with her as she approached the piano. "Well—I—er—an occasional game of draw, but never to excess, you know."

—About 87 per cent. of the oyster is water. It is this fact that makes a man of experience take a drink of straight liquor immediately after eating a dozen raw oysters.

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate human sufferings. "Last fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "And everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.

—To test jelly drop a little into cold water or on a cold plate, stirring it for a few seconds. If it coagulates it is done. The best jelly requires only five minutes' boiling.

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—Julius Cæsar is a Grand Rapids, Michigan mail carrier. He says the name is appropriate, because J. Cæsar carries a suit of mail.

—The names of the members of the new Bulgarian cabinet are published, and they are composed almost exclusively of consonants.

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Chicago Lady—I want them quite dull, for eating pie, you know.

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—H Rider Haggard's "She" is to be put on the stage. As the heroine "She" is 2,000 years old, she will probably lead the ballet in person.

"Royal Glue" Mends Everything!

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—The empress of Japan, who is coming to this country next month, will travel incog. Two or three of the imperial princes will escort her.

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

—A trunk went over the Michigan Central railroad recently on which was printed: "Carrie Crittenden. Blood and Fire! Salvation Army. God is Love. Repent or Perish!" It is needless to say that Miss Carrie is a shining light in the army.

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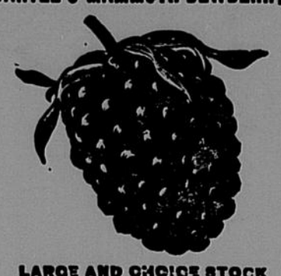

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LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. LAZARUS, Esq., *275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of *161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASE, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montmorenci, S. C.*, writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

Consumption.—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith, Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though