



A Real Doctor's Prescription

FOR THE DISTRESSING COMPLAINTS AND DISEASES OF WOMEN.

What the Most Eminent Medical Authorities Say of the Ingredients Contained in

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,

WHICH ARE:

LADY'S SLIPPER (*Cypripedium Pubescens*)

BLACK COHOSH (*Cimicifuga Racemosa*)

UNICORN ROOT (*Chamaelirium Luteum*)

BLUE COHOSH (*Caulophyllum Thalictrifolium*)

GOLDEN SEAL (*Hydrastis Canadensis*)

Lady's Slipper cures cramps, spasms and convulsions, and has a specific action in painful periods, nervous twitchings, chorea and epilepsy. It quiets irritability of the nervous system, and causes the mind to become calm and cheerful. Its effects are most happy in hysteria, melancholia, sleeplessness, nervous headaches, excitability and sensitiveness. It is also a tonic of great power.

Black Cohosh is efficient in overcoming painful or suppressed periods, leucorrhea, ovarian pains, bearing down feelings, and the other diseases of the uterine system; the headaches which accompany them and those of nervous origin. It is employed successfully in the treatment of nervous excitability, St. Vitus's Dance and convulsions. It is an appetizer of particular efficacy, is used in rheumatic and neuralgic troubles, and is a general as well as a uterine tonic.

Unicorn root has distinctive medicinal properties. It imparts tone and vigor to all of the reproductive organs of women, and removes diseased and abnormal conditions. It is of the greatest service in cases of falling or other displacements of the womb, and it unquestionably makes childbirth easy and safe. It is of great benefit in inflammation of the bladder, dyspepsia, nausea and loss of appetite.

Blue Cohosh prepares women for

childbirth and makes them more comfortable in mind and body. It prevents miscarriages, causes labor to be easier, shorter and less painful, and diminishes the number of the days of confinement. It stops the nausea and vomiting of pregnancy and can be relied upon to produce good results in painful or suppressed periods, leucorrhea, uterine inflammation, and all the nervous symptoms attending the diseases peculiar to women.

Golden Seal is a valuable tonic which is especially useful in all inflammatory conditions of the mucous membranes exemplified by uterine and vaginal irritations, leucorrhea and bladder troubles. It quickly cures nausea, vomiting, indigestion and dyspepsia, and increases the appetite. It is also a regulator of the functions of the liver and the intestines.

All of these statements can be verified in detail by reference to King's American Dispensary, Bartholow's, Scudder's and other recent standard works on the medicinal action of the native drugs of North America.

The marvellously curative effects of the special combination of these remedies in one medicine, namely,

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is testified to by the unanimous praises it has received from many thousands of women, each of whom has been restored to health by it, after suffering from some one or more of the diseases peculiar to her sex. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

IS UNIQUE in that it is the ONE MEDICINE FOR WOMEN, the makers of which make confidants of their patients and tell them exactly what they are taking. This Dr. Pierce gladly does, because the remedy has thousands of cures to its credit, and is made by such an intricate process that it cannot

be successfully imitated. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

IS DISTINCTIVE in that it is made from purely vegetable ingredients, namely, roots gathered in the native woods and which contain the healing principles elaborated by Nature in the earth of the silent forests uncontaminated by civilization's touch. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

IS EXCEPTIONAL in that it contains ABSOLUTELY NO ALCOHOL, and is free from all narcotics and other poisonous principles, and hence can be taken by the maiden, and wife, and the elderly matron and spinster with perfect safety and the assurance that it will never establish a drug habit. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

IS PECULIAR in that it is a remedy devised by a physician with an experience of over one-third of a century in treating women's diseases, and is NOT A PATENT MEDICINE in any sense of the word. It is, however, a household remedy which cures ninety-eight per cent. of the cases for which it is taken, and is so firmly established in popular favor that the carping criticisms and unwarranted denunciations of those who pose as reformers and show their ignorance by acting as amateur advisers of the sick cannot undermine the people's well founded faith in it.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a non-technical medical book of 1008 pages, profusely illustrated, contains many things of interest to ailing women. All of them should read it. It will be sent free on receipt of stamps to cover mailing—31 cents for cloth and 21 cents for the paper bound volume.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate the activities of the liver and bowels safely, painlessly and surely. They are the best laxative known for sick or invalid women.



Raffles Story

drawing room windows open on the lawn. Dunny, it's the psychological moment. Where's that mask?"

I produced it with a hand whose trembling I tried in vain to still, and could have died for Raffles when he made no comment on what he could not fail to notice. His own hands were firm and cool as he adjusted my mask for me and then his own.

"By Jove, old boy," he whispered cheerfully, "you look about the greatest ruffian I ever saw! These masks alone will ruin a nigger, if we meet one. But I'm glad I remembered to tell you not to shave. You'll pass for Whitechapel if the worst comes to the worst and you don't forget to talk the lingo. Better sulk like a mule if you're not sure of it, and leave the dialogue to me; but, please our stars, there will be no need. Now, are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Got your gag?"

"Yes."

"Shooter?"

"Yes."

"Then follow me."

In an instant we were over the wall, in another on the lawn behind the house. There was no moon. The very stars in their courses had veiled themselves for our benefit. I crept at my leader's heels to some French windows opening upon a shallow veranda. He pushed. They yielded.

"Luck again," he whispered; "nothing but luck! Now for a light."

And the light came!

A good score of electric burners glowed red for the fraction of a second, then rained merciless white beams into our blinded eyes. When we found our sight four revolvers covered us, and between two of them the colossal frame of Reuben Rosenthal shook with a wheezy laughter from head to foot.

"Good evening, boys," he hiccupped. "Glad to see ye at last. Shift foot or finger, you on the left, though, and you're a dead boy. I mean you, you greaser!" he roared out at Raffles. "I know you. I've been waitin' for you. I've been watchin' you all this week! Plucky smart you thought yourself, didn't you? One day beggin', next time shammin' tight, and next one o' them old pals from Kimberley what never come when I'm in. But you left the same tracks every day, you bugger, an' the same tracks every night, all round the blessed premises."

"All right, savvy," drawled Raffles; "don't excite. It's a fair cop. We don't sweat to know 'ow you bring it off. On'y don't you go for to shoot, 'cos we 'int awmed, s'help me Gord!"

"Ah, you're a knowin' one," said Rosenthal, frowning his triggers. "But you've struck a knowin' one."

"Ho, yuss, we know all abah't that! Set a thief to catch a thief—ho, yuss."

My eyes had torn themselves from the round black muzzles, from the accursed diamonds that had been our mare, the pasty pig-face of the overtired pugilist, and the flaming cheeks and hook nose of Rosenthal himself. I was looking beyond them at the doorway filled with quivering silk and plush, black faces, white eyeballs, woolly pates. But a sudden silence recalled my attention to the millionaire. And only his nose retained its color.

"What d'ye mean?" he whispered with a hoarse oath. "Spit it out, or, by Christ, I'll drill you!"

"Whore price that brikewater?" drawled Raffles coolly.

"Sh!"

Rosenthal's revolvers were describing widening orbits.

"Whore price that brikewater—old I. D. B."

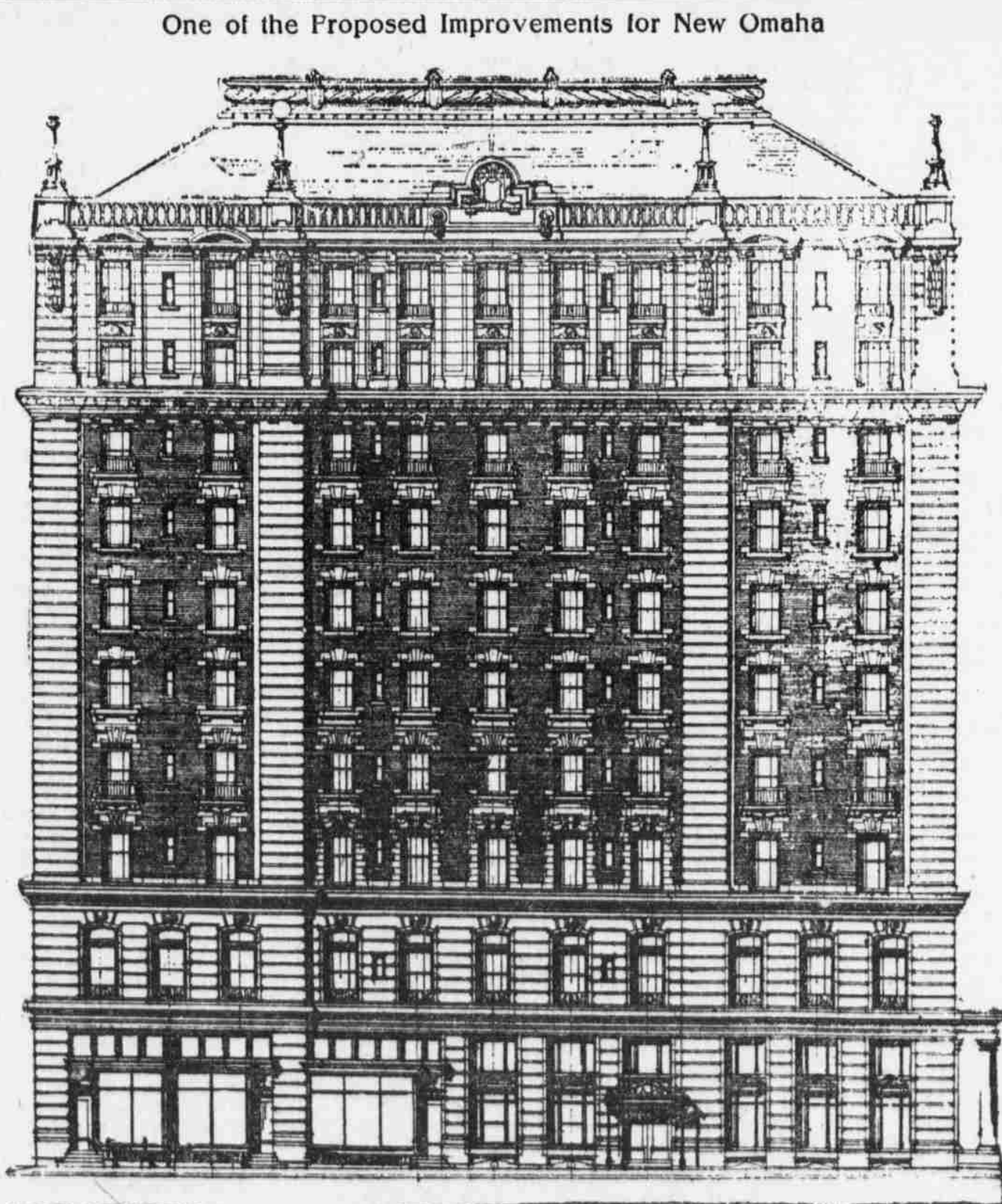
"Where in hell did you get hold o' that?" asked Rosenthal, with a rattle in his thick neck, meant for mirth.

"You may well ask," says Raffles. "It's all over the place where I come from."

"Who can spread such rot?"

"I dunno," says Raffles; "I 'rat the gentlemen on yer left; p'raps 'e knows."

The gentleman on his left had turned livid with emotion. Guilty conscience, never declared itself in plainer terms. For a moment his small eyes bulged like currants in the sunset of his face; the next, he had pocketed his pistols on a professional instinct, and was upon us with his fists.



HOWARD STREET FRONT OF THE ILER GRAND HOTEL PROJECTED BY P. E. ILER—Hordensberg of New York.

"Police be damned! I've had enough of the blessed police."

"Then we'd better get back and make sure of the other rotter."

"Oh, make sure o' yer skin. That's what you'd better do. Jala, you black hog, if I catch you skulkin'!"

I never heard the threat. I was creeping from the drawing-room on my hands and knees, my own revolver swinging by its steel ring from my teeth.

For an instant I thought that the hall also was deserted. I was wrong, and I crept upon a Kaffir on all fours. Poor devil, I could not bring myself to deal him a base blow, but I threatened him most hideously with my revolver, and left the white teeth chattering in his black head as I took the stairs three at a time. Why I went upstairs in that decisive fashion, as though it were my only course, I cannot explain. But garden and ground floor seemed alive with men, and I might have done worse.

I turned into the first room I came to. It

was a bedroom—empty, though lit up; and never shall I forget how I started as I entered, on encountering the awful villain that was myself at full length in a pier-glass! Masked, armed and ragged, I was indeed fit cartoon for a bullet or the hangman, and to one or the other I made up my mind. Nevertheless, I hid myself in the wardrobe behind the mirror; and there I stood shivering and cursing my fate, my folly, and Raffles most of all—Raffles first and last—for I dared not move. The wardrobe door was swung suddenly open; they had stolen into the room without a sound; and I was hauled downstairs, an ignominious captive.

Gross scenes followed in the hall; the ladies were now upon the stage, and at sight of the desperate criminal they screamed with one accord. In truth I must have given them fair cause, though my mask was now torn away and hid nothing but my left ear. Rosenthal answered their shrieks with a roar of silence; the woman with the bath-sponge hair swore at him

shrilly in return; the place became a Babel impossible to describe. I remember wondering how long it would be before the police appeared. Purvis and the ladies were for calling them in and giving me in charge without delay. Rosenthal would not hear of it. He swore that he would shoot man or woman who left his sight. He had had enough of the police. He was not going to have them coming there to spoil sport; he was going to deal with me in his own way. With that he dragged me from all other hands, flung me against a door, and sent a bullet crashing through the wood within an inch of my ear.

"You drunken fool! It'll be murder!" shouted Purvis, getting in the way a second time.

"What do I care? He's armed, isn't he? I shot him in self-defense. It'll be a warning to others. Will you stand aside, or d'ye want it yourself?"

"You're drunk," said Purvis, still between us. "I saw you take a glass of rum since you come in, and it's made you drunk as a fool. Pull yourself together, old man. You ain't a-going to do what you'll be sorry for."

"Then I won't shoot at him, I'll only shoot 'an' 'roun' the beggar. You're quite right, old feller. Wouldn't hurt him. Great mistake. Roun' 'an' 'roun'. There—like that!"

His freckled paw shot up over Purvis' shoulder, mauve lightning came from his ring, a red flash from his revolver, and shrieks from the women as the reverberations died away. Some splinters lodged in my hair.

Next instant the prize fighter disarmed him; and I was safe from the devil, but finally doomed to the deep sea. A policeman was in our midst. He had entered through the drawing room window; he was an officer of few words and creditable promptitude. In twinkling he had the handcuffs on my wrists, while the pugilist explained the situation, and his patron reviled the force and its representative with impotent malignity. A fine watch they kept; a lot of good they did; coming in when all was over and the whole household might have been murdered in their sleep. The officer only deigned to notice him as he marched me off.

Raffles Story

"We know all about you, sir," said he contemptuously, and he refused the sovereign Purvis proffered. "You will be seeing me again, sir, at Marylebone."

"Shall I come now?"

"As you please, sir. I rather think the other gentleman requires you more, and I don't fancy this young man means to give much trouble."

"Oh, I'm coming quietly," I said. And I went.

In silence we traversed perhaps 100 yards. It must have been midnight. "We did not meet a soul. At last I whispered:

"How on earth did you manage it?"

"Purely by luck," said Raffles. "I had the luck to get clear away through knowing every brick of those back garden walls, and the double luck to have these tops with the rest over at Chelsea. The helmet is one of a collection I made up at Oxford; here it goes over this wall, and we'd better carry the coat and belt before we meet a real officer. I got them once for a fancy ball—ostensibly—and thereby hangs a yarn. I always thought they might come in useful a second time. My chief crux tonight was getting rid of the hansom that brought me back. I sent him off to Scotland Yard with ten bob and a special message to good old Mackenzie. The whole detective department will be at Rosenthal's in about half an hour. Of course, I speculated on our gentleman's hatred of the police—another huge slice of luck. If you'd got away, well and good; if not, I felt he was the man to play with his mouse as long as possible. Yes, Bunn, it's been more of a costume piece than I intended, and we've come out of it with a good deal less credit. But, by Jove, we're jolly lucky to have come out of it at all!"