UNDER AN AFRIC SUN

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Digby seized his friend's arm. "Come away," he said. "No more vegetables while I stay in Isola. Hang it all Fraser, I hope they don't put it among the orange-trees."

"Possibly! Why not? This is the debris of mummies, the remains of the old dwellers here, made of the dust of the earth, returned to the dust of the earth; and the salts here are taken up by plant-life by Nature's wonderful chemistry."

"I say, don't preach science," cried Digby. "Come along."

"Yes, we must go on now," said Fraser thoughtfully; "but we shall have to come and explore these caves. I should like to take back a few perfect skulls."

For the next two hours they wandered on through scenes of surpassing loveliness, following the faint track which led them over the mountains till they could see the sea on the other side of the little island, as they began to descend. Fraser was always busy shipping fragments of pumice and lava; picking rare plants, and making a goodly collection for study at the little venta or hostel where they had taken up their quarters, when a rabbit suddenly darted out across the verdant path they pursued.

"Rather disappointing place as to game," said Digby. "Few birds, too, I say. I expected to see the place with canaries as yellow as gold singing on every bough.—Pst!"

He caught his companion's arm, and they both stopped short to listen to a sweet pure voice singing the words of some Spanish ditty, the notes ringing out melodious and clear, though the singer was hidden among the trees through which the path led.

"There's one of your Canary birds," said Fraser in a whisper; and directly after there was a rustle among the bushes, which were thrust aside; and Digby stood enthralled by the picture before him, as a beautiful girl of about nineteen bounded down from a rocky ledge above the path, her straw hat hanging by its string from her creamy throat, and her sun-browned face turning crimson at the sight of the strangers, who made way for her to pass, laden with flowers, which she had evidently been gathering in the openings among the trees.

"Horace, old fellow, did you see?" whispered Digby, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"Why, you old ascetic!" cried Digby. "An angel. Violet eyes—brown hair—a complexion of which Belgravia might boast. I did not think the Spaniards had it in them."

"Yes," said Fraser slowly. "Some of the old race possessed that fair hair. Mary's Philip was fair."

"But did nou notice her mouth?—Fraser, don't talk of such a vision of beauty as if she were a natural-history specimen."

"Well, don't go on like that about the first pretty woman you see. Only yesterday, you were grumbling about their plainness, and saying that though the women here had lovely eyes, they had men's moustaches—they ought to shave.—This way—to the right, I think," he added, for the road had suddenly forked.

"And—— Well, she is beautiful," cried Digby. "I wonder who she is."

"A Spanish settler's descendant, whom, in all human probability, you will never see again," said Fraser quietly; and they both went on for half an hour in a silence which was broken by Fraser.

"Going wrong, evidently," he said; "this can't be the way round to the town!"

"Well, I thought we were going up hill again."

"Ought to have taken the other turning."

This was so evident, that they turned back, retracing their steps, till, close upon the spot where they had diverged, they came suddenly upon a tall, handsome, well-dressed man, who started and looked at them curiously.

"Will the senor direct us to the town?" said Fraser in Spanish.

The haughty searching look gave place to a winning smile, and the stranger volubly indicated the right road, and then said laughingly in English: "But do you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly," replied Fraser; "and I wish my Spanish were as good as youn English."

Then punctilious words were exchanged, and the stranger passed on.

"Do you believe in first impressions, Horace?" said Digby, glancing back, and then uttering an impatient exclamation.

"No—What's she matter?"

"That fellow was looking after us."

"Well, you were looking after him, or you would not have seen.—What do you mean by your first impressions?"

"I don't like the look of that fellow."

"Insular prejudice."

"Don't care what it is; I don't like him, and I'm sure I never should.—Why, Horace, look there!"

Not twenty yards in front was the girl they had so lately met; and as Digby drew attention to her presence, he stopped and hastily picked up a twig of flowers such as he had seen her carrying, and which her despondent attitude suggested that she had dropped. For she was walking slowly on with her face buried in her handkerchief, evidently sobbing bitterly; and as they followed, she let others of the flowers she had gathered fall.

"Stop!" whispered Fraser hastily, as he caught his companion by the arm.

"Going to see if I can——"

Digby did not finish his sentence, for the girl had evidently heard the harsh whisper. She turned, gazing back at him in an affrighted way; and as they caught sight of the tearful convulsed face, she darted down a side-track, and was gone.

"What do you think of that?" cried Digby excitedly.

"A Spanish woodland romance," said Fraser dryly—"What do you think about it, Tom?"

"That I should like to go after that haughty-looking Spanish customer and ask him what it all means.—Shall I?"

"No. Be sensible for once.—Ah, you can see the town from here.—Come along."

CHAPTER II.

The accommodation at the venta was of the humblest description; but the place was cleanly, the hostess was attentive, and she was evidently proud of being honored by those she termed the illustrious strangers, who had come from the main island to her unfrequented house.

The homely dinner was discussed, the cooking declared to be not so very bad, the Malvasia an outrage on the name of wine, and the magnificent view from the open window a banquet in itself.

"Yes," said Fraser; "I'd have braved a worse voyage to see what I've seen to-day."

Digby, who was toying with an orange which he had begun to peel, and then left untasted, looked up sharply, and his face flushed a little as he exclaimed; "Yes; wasn't she lovely?"

"I was talking about the scenery," said Fraser coldly.

Digby turned impatiently away, and began to fill his pipe as he gazed out over the flat roofs of the houses among which the leafy crowns of stately palms arose.

"Don't turn like that, Tom," said Fraser, after a few moments' silence; and he rose to lay his hand upon his young companion's shoulder.

"Turn like what?"

"Huffy, my dear boy. I wouldn't, Tom; let's be sensible. You must not be so inflammable. We have come to admire the beauties of Nature and to collect in this, one of the least visited of the Canaries. You must not try to work up a romance by taking a fancy to the first pretty Spanish maiden you see."

Digby flushed more deeply, and as he gazed up in his companion's face, sober quite Horace Fraser could not help marking what a frank handsome young Englishman he looked there, with the golden rays of the westering sun bathing his countenance in its glow.

Digby's eyes for the moment looked resentful; but a smile came upon his lips directly. "All right, Horace," he said. "I am an awful donkey, I know; but that girl's sweet face impressed me; and then seeing her evidently in trouble directly after that Spanish chap had left her, seemed to raise my bile."

"How do you know that gentleman had just left her?"

"Eh? Oh, of course! I couldn't know, could I?—There; it's all over, and I'll return to my duty like a man.—Let's have a look at to-day's collecting; and to-morrow I'll swallow my repugnance, and we'll do some of your ghoulish ethnology in the mummy caves, eh?"

"And to-night, let's go up in the cool and call on Mr. Redgrave. I want him to give us a few hints about what we ought to see and how to get a guide."

"Right. Let's go at once, before sunset."

The walk was delightful, the western side of the island being glorious in the glow of radiance in which it was bathed, while the sea and the islands around seemed glorified by colors that were almost beyond belief.

"Better than sitting in that stuffy little room, Tom."

"Bless you, my son, for bringing me here," cried Digby merrily.—"Cheerful kind of growth to tumble among," he added, pointing to the prickly-pears which abounded on one side of the narrow rocky path they were ascending, the other side being furnished with an abundance of ragged-leaved bananas.

"There's a house in that nook yonder," said Fraser; "that must be it."

"And this chap coming is our man, for a shilling," said Digby, as a tall, sturdy, middle-aged personage came toward them smoking a huge cigar. "An Englishman, by the way he keeps his hands in his pockets."

"Hush!" whispered Fraser, as the man approached; and then, addressing him in Spanish, he asked to be directed to Senor Redgrave's house.

"Suppose you ask me in English, sir," said the other bluffly. "You are Mr. Fraser, I presume; and this is Mr. Digby?—Glad to see you, gentlemen. I had your letter, and was coming down to the venta to hunt you up. Don't often see a countryman here; so, before we say any more," he added, after warmly shaking hands, "I'll give orders for your traps to be fetched up here, and you can make this your home while you stay."

But Fraser would not hear of it. "We are in capital quarters," he said, "and will not impose on you.—But if you will have us, we'll come up pretty frequently for a chat."

"You shall do as you like, gentlemen.—In here, please."

"By George!" cried Digby involuntarily, as they passed through a gate into a lovely villa-garden, "what a paradise!"

"Well, pretty tidy. You see, everything rushes into growth here with little trouble. I am a bit proud of my home, and make it as English as I can. It was my poor dead wife's favorite place, the garden." He raised his hat slightly as he uttered the last words, and a silence fell upon the group.

"Forgive me," said the host the next moment, as he looked in the eyes of his two visitors. "You are Englishmen, and can sympathise with one who has lost a dear companion out here in a strange land. But there, that's fourteen years ago, gentlemen," he said cheerly; "and I'm not quite alone.—Here, Nelly!" he cried; "where are you? Visitors from home, my dear."

The sun was low now, and it turned the porch, covered with Bougainvilleas and a lovely scarlet geranium, into a frame of gold, into which suddenly stepped, as it were out of the inner darkness, the picture wanting to complete the scene.

"My daughter Helen, gentlemen," said their host; and both the visitors stood speechless, Digby even spellbound. For there before him, winning in her beauty, stood the lady of the semi-tropic wood, whose sweet notes he had heard, and whom he had seen in smiles and tears; while, as he gazed at her, the bright look of welcome in her eyes changed to one of pain, and it was as if a dark shadow had been cast across her.

It was no seeming. The edge of the sun was kissing the western wave, and the tall dark shadow of a man was cast across her as a click of the gate was heard, while Mr. Redgrave turned sharply and said in rather a constrained tone of voice: "Ah, Senor Ramon, you here?"

Digby and Fraser turned sharply, as if to seek the cause of Helen Redgrave's troubled face. The Spanish gentleman they had encountered in the woodland was coming toward them hat in hand.

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, my dear sirs, I cannot conceive a more delightful climate. Winter is unknown, and you can suit your taste by selecting the heat you prefer. Africa down by the sea-shore; Italy where you stand a few hundred feet higher in the mountains, France; then England; and, Norway and its snows at the top of the volcano. A man ought to be happy here."

"And you are not?" said Fraser drily.

"No, and yes. Of course, I'm happy in my garden with my child, but—There, hang it all, my dear boys!" he cried, in a good-humoured angry tone, "how can a man be happy with a load of debt?"

Digby listened, but his eyes were directed to the garden.

"Yes," continued Redgrave; I've been so confoundedly unlucky. Too speculative, perhaps; but I came out here twenty years ago as a speculation, and I am a stubborn Sussex man, sir; I will not be beaten. But I've got hold of the right thing at last."

"And what's that?"

"Sulphur, sir. I'm working up that at the top of the mountain. You shall see the place, if you'll come—Ah, here's Nelly. We never ventured to import a piano, gentlemen; but we have a guitar and I'll be bound to say if we petition rightly, we shall get a song."

"Do you wish me to sing, father?" said the girl, colouring slightly as she met Digby's earnest gaze.

"Yes, my dear, if you are not too tired."

"Oh, no," she said hastily; and she crossed the room to reach down a guitar hanging by its ribbon from a nail in the wall.

The two Englishmen had been a fortnight in Isola, and, attractive as the place had proved with its wondrous vegetation, gorge, hill, and crater, Redgave's pretty half-English villa seemed to be the spot which drew them to it again and again. The days would be passed in penetrating the most out-of-the-way parts of the island and adding to Fraser's collection; then they would return, tired out, to the little venta, where their dark-eyed moustached landlady had prepared a substantial meal after which there would be chocolate and a cigar, followed by: "I say, Horace, what do you say to a walk up to Redgrave's? He will not see much English society when we are gone."

Fraser always looked uneasy, hesitated and seemed on the point of refusing but he invariably ended by rising to go, till it became almost a matter of course to find father and daughter standing by the rough gate between the prickly-pears, Redgrave smoking one of his home-made cigars, and Helen watching with a sadness of expression in her eyes which seemed to grow night by night.

Then there would be more chocolate out there, in the delicious evening, with the scent of orange blossom floating around, and the boom of the great Atlantic billows, softened by the distance, coming up like a bass murmur from far below.

Delicious dreamy evenings, with sea, sky, and shadows of the coming night, and the slowly developing stars, all tending to give an indefinable something to the place, which seemed to hold the visitors as in a thrall.

It had been so night after night, with the only drawback to the pleasure in the presence of Senor Ramon, who seemed to be quite at home at the villa, and polite and friendly, to a degree; but whose warmth never seemed to thaw the two Englishmen.

This night, Ramon was absent at his home, a quarter of a league on the other side of the little port; and as soon as the guitar strings had been tuned, Helen sang first one and then another of the old ballads of home, the room growing darker, and the faces of those present more distinct, till suddenly Redgrave started up as his child's sweet sympathetic voice ceased, the last note of the guitar vibrating in the fragrant air.

"Room's too hot," said Redgrave huskly.—"Come and have a walk round, Fraser."

"Poor papa!" said Helen, raising as he left the room, followed by Fraser with unwilling step.

"Is anything wrong?" said Digby, laying his hand upon the guitar, as if in protest.

"It was my mother's favorite song," said Helen sadly. "She used to sing it. I remember the air, and found the words one day in her desk. I sang it to him one evening as a surprise, and his emotion frightened me; but ever since he makes me sing it whenever I take down the guitar. He says it brings him back the past; but it always makes him sad."

There was a few moments' silence, embarrassing to both. Dibgy had words rising to his lips which he longed to speak; but he checked them, as he felt that he had no right.

To be continued.

HARD TIMES IN NEW YORK.

Men Fight Desperately for Jobs at Cleaning Snow.

A fall of seven inches of snow in New York City made a demand for about 4,000 shovellers. Several waggon-loads of shovels were taken to the busiest streets, and the unemployed, knowing the demand for work, congregated in crowds and fought desperately for possession of the implements of labor. Every shovel handed out was fought for by the needy with fierceness aroused by hunger and the prospect of earning a dollar. Some fell on their knees, holding the shovels to their breasts, and crawled out among the feet of the struggling crowds. Several cases of serious injury were reported. When one waggon was emptied the disappointed crowd would run away to another and join in the struggle for the few remaining shovels. When the last was given out a shout of protest went up from the crowd who had been defeated in the struggle. Many waited around all day, eager to seize the chance for work when a shoveller grew tired of his job. But most of the fortunate ones worked on through the day and the night, only relinquishing their shovels to the patient waiters when exhausted nature forced them to give up the struggle.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Florence Nightingale has probably caused nearly as many girls to engage in the noble calling of nursing as Robinson Crusoe has sent boys to sea. But the deeds she did and the good she accomplished belong so entirely to events that have been relegated to the domain of history, that the world for the most part regards her as a historical figure, and forgets that she is still living. Yet the other day, when 50 out of the 72 survivors of Balaclava met around a dinner table at Birmingham, a telegram arrived expressing heartfelt sympathy to the veterans, signed "Florence Nightingale."

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

A small but brilliant diamond adorns a front tooth of Mr. J. Von Craenbroeck of Chicago, and is distinctly seen when he smiles.

A rabbit, chased by a dog at Jasper, Fla., ran into a gopher hole, followed by the dog, and a rattlesnake killed both of them.

Eugene Monroe, of Lyme, Conn., fired into a flock of wild ducks, near Poverty Island, and with a single shot killed fifteen birds.

A lobster 40 inches long, and 17 inches round, weighing 19 1-2 pounds, was recently caught in a smelt weir in South Bay, Eastport, Maine.

The election winnings of a Madison, Ky., man—a hat and a butcher knife—were exchanged for a horse, and the horse he sold later for $1.50.

Two cows, two pigs, eighteen hens, a greyhound pup, and a bull were given to an agent by an Abilene, Kan., farmer, for a cabinet organ.

A Chinaman advertises in newspapers of the City of Mexico a first class American restaurant where fresh oysters will be supplied whenever called for.

Two Kentuckians in a contest for the championship of the Cumberland Mountains at horseshoe pitching continued play for three days and were tied then.

William H. Manson, the sailor who carried Farragut ashore on his back at the siege of New Orleans, died at his home in York, Me., the last of January.

To while away the time until the spring work begins, farmers in the vicinity of Marling, Ala., are to hold weekly horse swapping conventions there on Saturdays.

At Taberville, St. Claire county, Mo., a barn 60 by 100 feet has been built, 36,000 feet of timber and 70,000 shingles being used in putting it up. It is the largest in the county.

Sam Cravens, of Spottsville, Ky., was as happy as a feast could make him on a recent Saturday night when he got three 'coons and four pailfuls of honey from one tree.

An Emporia woman who, tiring of a physician, had adopted Christian science, immolated a poodle in the delusion that in that way only could her children escape being poisoned.

In the last twenty-five years, as indicated by life-insurance statistics, the average life of woman has increased from forty-two years to forty-six years, an increase of over nine per cent.

In Vanceburg, Ky., is a man 35 years old who has three families. He was divorced one afternoon recently from his third wife, and he was married to a fourth on the following evening.

An Iowan has invented a machine, which he hopes to have in operation by the next harvest season, for cutting corn and separating the ears and stalks at the rate of fifteen acres a day.

Sugar beets are to be planted in Summit county, O., next summer, as an experiment. If the beets yield 12 per cent. of sugar, capital is ready to establish the beet sugar industry there.

While skating Charles E. Dow of Burlington, Vt., captured a gull. He took it home and found that it would eat the food of ordinary domesticated birds, and seemed not averse to becoming a pet.

One of the lawyer members of the Montana Legislature at Helena, requiring the sworn verification by a Butte client of a legal paper, called him up and had the oath administered by telephone.

Near Lakewood, N.J., there is a ferret farm, where these useful animals are raised. Their chief service is to capture rats in dwellings and storehouses. Last year 2,000 ferrets were raised on the farm.

Arizona people have been for nearly a month felicitating themselves upon their climate, birds having been reported as building their nests on Jan. 19 at Safford, and buds having begun to swell soon afterward.

In the neighbourhood of Wahoo, Neb., the Russian thistle is no longer inveighed against, the cattle having detected in it a staple food supply; and the law intended to encourage its extermination has been repealed.

Having summoned his friends and neighbors to an outdoor beef roast, a Greensbury Point, Md., doctor, after his beef had been praised, informed his guests that he had fed them on an eight-month-old colt to dispel prejudice.

A citizen of Suffolk, Va., has offered a factory site free to any one who will establish a manufacturing industry there, and one of the inducements held out by a local paper is that "the morals of the people are equalled in few other places."

Professional strong men have equals in various respects in private life. It is asserted of Alonzo Lowe of Greenfield, Ind., that he has lifted one of his horses clear of the ground and that he can shoulder alone and carry a barrel of sugar.

Fire starting on an upstairs hearth in the home of United States Marshal James McKay, at Tampa, Fla., burned through the floor at 2 a.m., and severed the cord of a picture, the fall of which aroused the family, who sought burglars and found the fire.

Careful perusal of Western records shows that the South does not monopolize odd names. This is evident from the divorce in Missouri of Buck Sigerflip and the marriage in Kansas of Pete Juggersnap. At Carthage, Mo., Miss Trott is secretary of the Keep Pace Club.

The receipt of a large sum to be devoted to the needs of any destitute family of the town, led to a diligent investigation by a charitable institution of Morgantown, W. Va., with the result of establishing the fact that there was not in the town or adjacent country a family so poor that it needed the money.

Taking a hint from a Louisiana drummer, a Tampa, Fla., proprietor of a shooting range where business had become slack because people were tired of firing at a negro's head, had a new target made representing Weyler with the bull's eye over the heart. Immediately Cubans and their sympathizers swarmed about his place, forming in line to await their turn at the rifles. Some of the excitable ones offered a bonus to be allowed to stab it and to beat the effigy with clubs.

Tim Olin, a 10-year-old boy who because of an accident is compelled to wear two wooden legs, lives high up in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, near the Virginia line. Having heard that forest fires were doing great damage on the other side of the range, he climbed to a peak and saw that in the track of the flames was a cabin where two aged sisters and their blind brother lived. Although not fit for travelling over a mountain path he made the best of his way to them, hitched their horse to a sled, and got them all away safely. The fire reached the cabin that night.

Residents of the western portion of Louisville, Ky., and of Shippingport enjoyed an unusual spectacle and sport on one morning when the air was clear and cold and very light and the sun shining. As it is described, "suddenly large balls of pure, crystallized frost, shaped after the form and size of thistle-bloom "balloons" that children use as playthings, began falling in profusion, and before the shower abated the ground was covered with frost balls. The pretty visitors came down slowly and lighted on the ground so easily that the small arms that extended from the centre of each ball was not broken." Some persons caught the balls on dishes.

A FATHER'S MURDEROUS FRENZY.

Wounded His Daughter, Attacked His Sister, And Killed His Boy and Himself.

John Mars killed his four-year-old son John, shot his fourteen-year-old daughter Helen, tried to kill his sister Ida, and killed himself a little before 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, at Lexington, Ky.

Marrs was about forty years old and had been a member of the firm of M. Kaufman & Co., clothiers, for years, owned a great deal of real estate and was regarded as one of the most successful of Lexington's younger businessmen. When the servant girl went into his room on Saturday morning, Marrs sprang from his bed and the girl fled from the room. When half down the steps she heard a pistol shot. Mrs. Marrs and her sister-in-law, Miss Ida Marrs, a teacher in the public schools, ran to the room. They heard two more shots as they were going up and Mrs. Marrs fainted at the head of the steps just as her daughter, Helen, ran out of the room and fell. Miss Ida ran into the room. Marrs felled her with a blow and as she fell he fired a pistol at her.

Neighbors forced the door and found Marrs with his throat cut from ear to ear, his head being almost severed from his body. In his left hand was a large razor covered with blood, on the floor a large old-fashioned revolver with four empty chambers. On the bed was the boy with a bullet hole in the centre of his forehead, and his throat cut from ear to ear, and three pieces of flesh cut from the right cheek.

Helen Marrs was picked up in the hall unconscious. A bullet had struck her in the back of the head, gone downward and lodged in her neck. She will recover. Ida Marrs's wounds are not dangerous, but she is prostrated by shock. Mrs. Marrs is suffering from nervous prostration.

Ten years ago John Marrs showed signs of insanity and was placed in the eastern Kentucky asylum. He was discharged as cured after six months. He was taken violently ill a month ago with a peculiar headache and was to have been taken to a physician. His father J. Marrs, was many years Treasurer of the city of Lexington, and the family has always stood high in business and social circles.

FOLLOWING THE FASHIONS.

There has been a symposium in an English magazine under the heading "Should Sensible Women Follow the Fashions?" The most common sense reply seems to come from Mrs. Rentoul Esler, who says: "The sensible woman is pre-eminently she who does follow the fashions in moderation. Being sensible she has learned that there is always a good deal of merit in existing things; that the person who pursues a course indicated for her, whether in minor matters or in great ones, saves herself much wear and tear; that the momentum of the multitude will always overbear the individual, and that resistance is folly—or heroism. The sensible woman does not want to be a martyr, she leaves that thankless role to cranks and enthusiasts; her ambitions are towards pleasant things, smooth roads for the wheels of her chariot, and cushions beneath her person since some jolts are inevitable."

Another woman writes: "I do not like to see a woman dowdily dressed, but the better one's taste and the keener one's artistic sense, the greater the temptation to spend undue time and thought over it; the less money one has, the more thought is required in order to spend it to the greatest advantage. We are all, I think, apt to forget that dress is not an end in itself, but simply a means to make ourselves attractive and ourr lives pleasanter and more useful to others."

Emma McCue, 50 years old, who married George McCue, three years older, at Franklin, Ind., last December, on his promise to support her in ease and comfort, has sued for divorce because she has had to do farmhouse drudgery.

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SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

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EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

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