KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO WAYS OF LIFE.

Sir Roland Malet made inquiries about Mr. Denison, and came to the conclusion that he must be an interesting man, whose acquaintance would be worth having. And he was not mistaken. James Denison could talk well, particularly on speculative topics. Sir Roland's large and luminous mind found a congenial mate in his; and it did not concern him in the least that the members "of his circle," as Mrs. La Touche phrased it, were rather shocked by his friendship with a Dissenting minister. He never tried to explain it, save in a few careless words to Sebastian.

"These country people," he said one day lightly, "think their petty distinctions divine. There is always a certain provincialism in the tone of the English mind—especially in the higher realms of thought. Here—here, amongst positive rustics it is intensified tenfold. In the country a man must needs belong to the church, 'as by law established,' before society will receive him. In London people are better off, in certain circles at any rate. Don't you be misled by these little by-laws of society, dear boy. I don't want to see you in conventional trappings. You should be above them."

He smiled and put one arm round the boy's shoulder as he spoke. Sebastian, a handsome lad with keen, dark eyes and a face which in its fine lines strongly resembled his uncle's, listened assentingly. He absorbed Sir Roland through every pore. He at once conceded that it would be very weak and countrified to look down on Mr. Denison because he was an unorthodox Dissenting parson.

"I do not know how long my life may last, but I hope to see you do some worthy work before I die," the uncle went on rather irrelevantly. "We must begin to think of your future. Arms?"

"No," said the boy. "I think there is something better to be done than butchering one's neighbors."

He spoke as Sir Roland had taught him to speak, not at all according to the creed in which his forefathers would have brought him up. Sir Roland smiled, well pleased. He had lately become a member of the Peace Society.

"The law? No. The Church? Certainly not the Church. Who in his senses could swear to believe twenty years hence what he believes to-day? Well, boy?"

"I should like to enter the diplomatic service," said Sebastian, "and be a great ambassador."

"Say rather a vice-consul, in some small Italian town, with liberty to trade," said Sir Roland, mocking him. "Will nothing but an embassy satisfy you? Well, diplomacy may be a fine career, or a very empty one. Your great-grandfather was ambassador at X—, you know that? He kept up great state, I remember. And your maternal grandfather had a post in Asia Minor."

"It seems to run in the family," said Sebastian, with shy boldness.

Sir Roland shook his head. "Many more of your ancestors were soldiers," he said. "Well, there is plenty of time before you. You will have a good start. My interest is good for something yet."

"I should think so. You're a great man," said Sebastian, with almost passionate admiration, while Sir Roland smiled and shook his head. "I should like to be a great man, too, Uncle Roland. It must be splendid to—to—realize one's ambitions." He blushed a little as he spoke. He was a very ingenuous youth.

"I am not sure," said Sir Roland meditatively. "A fulfilled ambition is sometimes life's bitterest disappointment."

"I don't see how it can be that. I don't understand."

Sir Roland pressed his shoulder affectionately. "Let us hope that you never will. And now what do you think of my plan—to let Denison hammer some mathematics and English literature into you, three or four times a week? You will read with Mason at Woodbury too, you know; but Mason's only for good classics. Denison has a mathematical turn, I find."

Sebastian thought that it would be all right, if his uncle liked the plan. He wanted to get on with his studies; he had scholarly leanings, which his uncle saw with delight. He was ambitious of distinction. The thought that he might live without becoming famous turned him pale with affright. But he intended to enjoy himself too. There was not a flower on earth that he wanted to leave unplucked: not a joy but he meant to taste. Youth readily believes itself crowned king over all the world.

Mr. Denison was thankful to supplement his income by any means. He was very poor, and there was within him a fear of becoming poorer still. His chapel had opened in June with a hundred members, mostly of the poorer class. For these he organized a system differing as little as possible from the one to which they had all been accustomed; but he found out very soon that certain alterations had to be made. A sort of superior council to settle disputed points was formed: it consisted of Mr. Bingley the grocer, a pale young druggist generally called "Young Gibbs," and Mr. Denison. It was a drawback that Bingley and Gibbs hated each other like poison. But Bingley had the money, and Gibbs was rumoured to have the brains that were to support the new denomination. And when once Mr. Denison objected to the propositions of either of his supporters, Young Gibbs turned on him with acrimonious arrogance.

"Mr. Denison, sir," he said, "we are endeavorin' to found a new Christian body. One of our first principles is that our minister should not 'serve tables.' What the meaning of that expression is, sir, I leave you to judge. If you don't feel clear about it, and will allow me to occupy your pulpit on Sabbath evenin' next, I will expound the words. At present, sir, it's for me an' Mr. Bingley to make what arrangements we choose a-respectin' of the chapel funds."

Mr. Denison shrank back. He who had once been irritable to a fault dared not say a word to this young upstart who was virtually telling him to hold his tongue. Whether the "collections" on Sundays should go to the poor or to the support of the minister (ah, who so poor as he?) was a question to which, for the sake of his wife and daughter, he could not be indifferent. The matter was decided in his favor mainly by the vehemence of Mr. Bingley; the contents of the "plates" at the chapel door was henceforth to go into Mr. Denison's pockets. Mr. Bingley had guaranteed him a pound a week; which meant that if the Sunday's collections were under twenty shillings, the worthy grocer made up that sum. At first there was no difficulty about it. ("The voluntary system, sir," said Young Gibbs, "is answering capitally—capitally.") There were three pounds in the plate on the first Sunday after Mr. Denison's secession. Next Sunday, there were thirty shillings. For some weeks afterward the sums varied from twenty to thirty shillings; then, in September, a falling-off came with the rains. The road to Kennet's Green was deep in mud, the congregation was small, the pence were few. Mr. Denison long remembered the humiliation of one evening. He had preached with fervor—fervor which defied even the dim light of the chapel, and the scanty number of worshipers dotted here and there in the squalid pews—and had sunk down in the vestry, with his face between his hands, to pray. He was aroused by the sullen clink of copper coin. Mr. Bingley and Young Gibbs were counting the collection out on the vestry table by the light of a single tallow candle. They had not noticed their minister's attitude. Indeed their strange want of reverence for spiritual things often grated on poor James Denison's senses. It was not confined to them only. The cheerfully material, familiar way in which most of his acquaintances spoke of things that appeared to him unutterably solemn had always been a trial. It was agony to-night.

"I expected more than nine an' tuppence," said Young Gibbs discontentedly. "It's a bad sign, a fallin' off like this. Mr. Denison must wake them up a bit."

"It was the bad weather to-day," said Mr. Bingley, glancing at the minister. "But it's a come-down, to be sure. Only nine an' tuppence after two fine sermons such as we've had to-day."

"Fine! Well, that's your opinion," said Young Gibbs. "Mr. Denison gives it us too fine, I think. You must lay the Gospel on a bit thicker than you did to-night, Mr. Denison, if you want to open the people's pockets."

"Mr. Gibbs," said the minister, rising from his chair and coming forward with a pale face and a lambent glow in his deep-set eyes, "I do not preach with that object. I wish to touch people's hearts, not their pockets."

"That's all very well," observed Young Gibbs, in rather an offensive tone, "but our pockets have to be considered if yours hain't. I suppose we've got to make up the sovereign, Bingley?"

"Not a penny," said Mr. Denison in great agitation. "I will take only what is here, I do not desire to despoil you. Truly the laborer is worthy of his hire—but I will take from no man against his will."

"Come, come, come," said Bingley, "don't you bother yourself sir. A sovereign or half a sovereign's neither here nor there. I don't grudge it, whatever Mr. Gibbs may do." He threw a half-sovereign into the tin cup-plate with a lordly air. "There's stenence wanting. P'raps, Mr. Gibbs, you n'wot' object to supply the tenpence."

"I've no coppers," said young Gibbs sulkily.

Mr. Bingley's eyes glistened with humorous light. "Mebbe you've a shilling," he said. "We'll give you tuppence change. There's plenty of bronze."

"Mr. Bingley," said the minister, "I entreat you—"

Mr. Bingley winked at him. "It's all right, sir, a shilling will neither break him nor make him. Here's tuppence, Mr. Gibbs; thankee kindly."

Mr. Gibbs put down a shilling and took his twopence, then retired with a deeply injured air.

"Serve him right," said the grocer chuckling. "Don't you be distressed, sir. He's that mean, is Gibbs, that I wonder he shows his face in a church conducted on the voluntary system. Now look you here at the plate, sir. I put in my half-crown, and so did my missis. All the rest is coppers. Either Young Gibbs gave nothing at all, or he gave pence. I've made him fork out tenpence at any rate. Serve him right. And don't you be cast down, Mr. Denison. You couldn't expect many people here on such a rainy day, you know. Next Sabbath the funds will mount up again, don't you fear."

He shook the minister warmly by the hand for at least two minutes, and then retired to find his "missis," who was waiting for him at the chapel door.

Mr. Denison gathered up the money—the gold piece, the silver, and the pence, with a sick heart. How could he preach to people who grudged him this miserable pittance? In the sect which he had quitted voluntary giving was sytematized so that he had never felt it to be a yoke; a certain yearly sum was guaranteed, and supplemented, if insufficient, by grants from the governing body. Here he foresaw that he might have to cringe for every extra pound.

Coming out of the chapel he noticed a figure hanging about in the rain. It was that of Mr. Gibbs, who immediately tacked himself on to the minister's side. "I want to speak to you for a minute," he said. "I'll come into your house and take a bite of supper with you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gibbs, come in by all means," said Mr. Denison hospitably; "I shall be pleased to see you inside my little house; you've never seen it yet, I think."

He did feel really pleased by Gibbs's offer of a visit. He thought that it showed a friendly disposition. The idea crossed his mind that there might not be much for supper, but he had confidence in his wife's powers of management. He scarcely noticed her look of dismay when he introduced Mr. Gibbs into the little parlor, and stated genially that Mr. Gibbs had come to supper.

Mrs. Denison had not been to chapel; Esther had just come in. The table was set for a frugal meal of bread and cheese and coffee. Mrs. Denison went reluctantly to the larder and brought out the cold remains of a tiny joint of meat. She placed it before her husband without saying a word and began to pour out the coffee.

Mr. Gibbs seemed hungry. His plate was twice supplied with beef, his cup refilled with coffee. "Not very strong tipple this," he said with a sneer, when he first tasted it. "I suppose you have your toddy when you go to bed."

"I am almost a teetotaler," said Mr. Denison briefly.

"But you are not," said Young Gibbs, with a sidelong leer at Mrs. Denison.

"No, I am not," Mrs. Denison answered timidly. "The doctor has ordered me to take stimulants. But I am sorry that we have nothing of the kind in the house just now, Mr. Gibbs."

Mr. Gibbs sniffed contemptuously at this apology. He made a good meal nevertheless. He did not talk while he ate, nor did he seem to notice that his entertainers consumed very little themselves. Mr. Denison leaned back in his chair thoroughly exhausted: Mrs. Denison looked weary and worn: Esther darted flashes of indignant anger at him, which he neither saw nor understood.

When he had finished he pushed his chair back a little way from the table, brushed some crumbs from his knee, and said, "I must be going."

"You wanted to speak to me, sir, I think?" Mr. Denison observed with a rather surprised gravity.

"I wanted a snack, sir," said Young Gibbs with a wide smile at his host's simplicity. "I've got a good walk before me, all the way to Woodbury, and if one comes such a distance to hear a minister, I think he should be always ready to give one a bite and a sup. P'raps you'll have some brandy and water for me next time I come. Good-night, Mrs. Denison. Your coffee won't make a man unsteady on his legs anyhow. Good-night, Esther." And Young Gibbs made his exit, leaving his entertainers red or pale as excess of emotion tended to make them.

"The impudent scoundrel!" said Mr. Denison wrathfully.

"Oh, James, how could you ask him to come in?" cried his wife.

"I did not ask him, my love. He asked himself."

"He called me Esther; I hate him!" exclaimed the girl. "And mother, he has eaten all the cold beef, there won't be enough for dinner to-morrow. Father, I hope there was a good collection."

Mr. Denison wearily shook his head. "The minimum," he said, with a glance at his wife. "We must not revile our guests, Esther, or our supporters. But I hope that young man will not expect me to provide him with supper every Sunday night. Now clear away these dishes, Esther, and come to family prayer."

Young Gibbs, with his coat-collar pulled up to his ears and his hands in his pockets, walked down Kennet's Lane, chuckling to himself as if he had done a good action. "Hee, hee, hee! I got the worth of my tenpence any way," he said. "But I call it mean to have no spirits in the house. When a man has come two miles to hear a minister, that minister should not grudge him a drop of grog. I dare say he had it in the cupboard all the time. Mean! MEAN!"

From such scenes as these Mr. Denison was glad to escape to the soothing atmosphere of Kersham Manor, where Sebastian awaited his instructions three afternoons a week. Sebastian was a willing scholar. The boy's rare intelligence, his grace, his wit, fascinated the master. The lessons in literature and mathematics were so pleasant to Mr. Denison that his natural irritability sank into abeyance during these happy hours. He attributed his own smoothness of temper to Sebastian's remarkable ability, and was enthusiastic in his praises of the lad to his wife and daughter. The fact was that the beautiful old room in which he sat, the glass of good wine and the biscuits always brought to him on a silver salver when he went in, the very sight of Sebastian's beautiful boyish face with the earnest eyes and smiling mouth, were sufficient to give the jaded man a sense of happiness and well-being. After the lesson, Sir Roland sometimes took the minister to his own private study for a quiet chat and a cup of tea. These were James Denison's blissful moments. To speak as he felt without fear, without constraint, to listen to the words of a man whose knowledge and intellect alike were great—these were joys which he had hardly ever tasted. He never spoke to Sir Roland of his private affairs, of his money troubles, of his anxieties about the chapel. The two men rose at once into a higher region; and the finished diplomatist, the subtle thinker, found a congenial spirit in the thin, shabby little Independent minister of Kennet's Green.

Mr. Denison spoke half apologetically of his friendship to his wife. "I never thought," he said, "that men of the world possessed so clear and lofty a sense of Divine things as this man does. Sir Roland has a devout spirit, together with great breadth—some might say great laxity—of dogma. I used to think that churchmen—especially those engaged in state affairs—must necessarily know little of the saving grace of the Gospel. I find a spirituality in this man which I fail to discover in my own deacons, in Mr. Bingley or Mr. Gibbs. Perhaps it is my fault," and he went away to his study with a sigh.

Sir Roland expressed the same feeling about Mr. Denison, in his own way. He always talked to Sebastian as if the lad understood and sympathized with his views.

"You know my idea," he said one day, "that the life of the spirit, the inner life, is one and indivisible in all men. I call it the Impersonal Life. There are plenty of ways in which it manifests itself. The man of science has it, the philosopher, the poet, the lover of humanity; and—perhaps in full measure—the religious man. It is the life which centers in an ideal outside one's self. Those who possess it have a sure refuge against the ill of life. Get away from personal interests, Sebastian, if you would be happy, for they all tend to harass and kill the inner life. It is the perception of this common spiritual bond which will give you your highest friendships, your noblest lover. I feel the bond," he said, smiling and dropping into a lighter tone, "when I read La Mennais and Milton; I feel it also when I talk with Mr. Denison and Miss Meredith."

The boy listened with dreamy eyes. He could not quite understand what his uncle meant, but the remembrance of his words remained to influence him a little in years to come.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. LA TOUCHE.

"Who is't can read a woman?"
Cymbeline.

Mrs. La Touche was a far-seeing woman. She had been quite shocked at the idea that Sebastian should have lessons from Dissenting minister; but when the tutor proved satisfactory in every way, she began to consider ways of making use of him. She did not say so outright. That was not her habit. She began operations a very long way off. She was seriously concerned about Sebastian's health.

She was sure that he grew thinner every day. She had noticed that he coughed a good deal. His color was not natural—when you remembered that his poor mamma died of consumption. Education was all very well; but what was education without health? And from all that she had heard, the morality of our public schools was not— The long and short of it was, she did not think that Sebastian should go back to Eton.

It was easy to excite the anxiety of Sir Roland and the Squire. They went about with troubled faces, listening to the lad's cough (he certainly had a cold that autumn) silently prognosticating evil things. They had prejudices in favor of Eton: it was always an advantage to have been a public-school man, but the boy's health was the first consideration, as Cousin Selina said. And when once the idea was fairly implanted in these two masculine minds, it was not likely to be quickly removed. It was a delightful idea—to have Sebastian always and all day long. As to his studies, there was Mr. Denison for mathematics and English, and Arthur Mason, a young Oxford man resident in Woodbury, for his classics. Sebastian went to Woodbury for his lessons from Mr. Mason; but the afternoon lessons with Mr. Denison might very well be continued—

This was where Mrs. La Touche's little plan came in. Nina could share the lessons!

It would save Mrs. La Touche a great deal of trouble and expense. For of course the Squire would not let her pay anything to Mr. Denison for dear Nina's lessons. And then the expensive governess who now taught Nina might be dispensed with, and a Swiss nursery governess obtained for Cecily. It would save Mrs. La Touche quite forty pounds a year.

It was decided that Sebastian did not go back to Eton. She carried her point so far. The next thing was delicately to hint her wishes about Nina's lessons. But here Sir Roland, who saw her aim clearly enough, brought her to a standstill by a gentle intimation that if Mr. Denison had another pupil he must have double pay. And he did not offer to provide the pay. Neither did Stephen Malet, the Squire.

"How mercenary and unkind Roland is!" she thought to herself. "He might know that I have so many expenses that I really can't get dear Nina the advantages I desire for her. It would be so nice if she could study with Sebastian: it would be such a bond between them in after years. Mademoiselle Saurin, the French girl that Lady Grey told me about, is a good musician and speaks both French and German, and, as she is absolutely friendless, poor thing, I dare say I could get her cheap." Mrs. La Touche did not use periphrasis in private. "With her to teach Nina music and languages in the morning, and Mr. Denison in the afternoon, she would be getting an education at scarcely any cost. I wonder whether it cannot still be managed."

Certainly it could, if mortal ingenuity were to have its way. Mrs. La Touche remembered that Mr. Denison had a daughter, little older than Nina, and according to Miss Meredith, receiving no education at all. What a pity and what a shame! The poor girl would no doubt have to earn her own living one day, and was not being prepared for her future career. It would be a charity—a real charity—to offer her a few lessons. If she were nice and ladylike, she might come to the Dower House and have some instruction in music and French from the Swiss governess; then Mrs. La Touche would give her—yes, absolutely give her—luncheon three days a week, and would let her go across to the Manor where she and Nina could be present at Mr. Denison's lessons to Sebastian. Then the girl could walk home with her father, and that would be so nice for both of them. Surely nobody could object to this arrangement; it was redolent of charity—the charity that begins at home.

The first result of Mrs. La Touche's schemings was an invitation for Esther to come one afternoon with her father to the Manor, there to have tea with Nina La Touche and Sebastian.

"It would be so nice to ask her—just once," said the lady to Sir Roland. "Miss Meredith says she is a dear little girl and if her father is as clever and refined as you say, Roland, the child cannot be quite vulgar. It would be such a complete change to her to come for one afternoon to this dear quaint, beautiful old house of Stephen's."

"I dare say it would. But what would Sebastian do with her? He cannot entertain young ladies," said Sir Rolandh a wit laugh.

"Young ladies! A child of that age and station! You might send her to the housekeeper's room—but perhaps you would not think that hospitable. I will bring Nina over for the afternoon," said Mrs. La Touche benevolently, "the two little girls can amuse each other while Sebastian is at his work, and she can be sen home before dinner."

Sir Roland assented indifferently. Sebastian made no objection; and the invitation was duly given and accepted. Only Nina protested.

"Mamma, why should I have to go and play with a common girl like that? I am sure she won't be nice. I shall not speak to her."

"You will do what I wish, Nina; you may be sure that I have my reasons for it," said Mrs. La Touche with dignity. And Nina knew that when her mother spoke in that tone she must obey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DUNDER AND THE CATS.

Another Convincing Proof that Advertising Always Brings Results.

"Sergeant, vhill you come oop by my place mit der patrol wagon?" exclaimed Mr. Dunder as he rushed into the police station yesterday and stood panting before the sergeant's desk.

"What's the matter?" calmly asked the fat policeman as he wiped the ink from his pen.

"I vhas being killed ten times oafer, und I like about one t'ousand peoples arrested! Please get out dot wagon und go oop on a gallop!"

"Mr. Dunder, you are excited, please sit down and calm yourself and——"

"Of course I vhas oxcited? I vhas neffer so oxcited in my life! I doan' sit down und be calm until I haf one t'ousand loafers in state prison!"

The sergeant talked to him in a soothing way for a few minutes, and after awhile Mr. Dunder cooled down enough to say:

"Vhell, you see, she vhas like dis. Our cat runs off about two weeks ago, und my oldt woman feels so bad dot I like get another. I vhas willing to pay $1 for a fine cat, und somebody says I shall advertise in the paper. I advertise dot I like a cat of fine fur und good habits, und before daylight Monday morning somebody pounds on my door. I look oudt at him und he yells to me:

"'Come down here, Mr. Dunder. I haf got fife sober, industrious, und respectable cats for you to select from. Come und take your pick!'"

"Advertising always pays," said the sergeant, as he scratched the end of his nose.

"It shall neffer pay me again! Dot man throws fi e cats into my yard und goes off, but in feefteen minutes somebody vhas pounding again. I look oudt, und she vhas another loafer mit a cat under each arm, und he says to me:

"'Mr. Dunder I can positively guarantee der correct habits of dese cats, having known 'em from infancy. It vhas $1 for one, or two for $1.50. Come down und see 'em.'"

"I yell at him to go away," said Mr. Dunder, as he grew excited again, "und he throws dose cats in my yard, calls me a liar, und goes off. Seex different times before breakfast I haf to shump oudt of bed and see some loafers mit cats, and vhen I goes down shtairs I find twenty cats howling in my yard. I goes by my saloon, but before she vhas swept oudt a loafer throws two cats in der door and yells:

"Advertising always pays. Here she vas, Mr. Dunder—der finest of fur und der highest standard of morality, und I doan' sharge you a cent!"

"Then you got a cat?" asked the sergeant.

"How I got a cat?" shouted Mr. Dunder. "Didn't dose cats shump all oater shairs und tables und me und run in der back yard? I doan' recofer myself before somebody heaves a bag of cats into der door und screams oudt at me:

"'Seex cats, Mr. Dunder, und all vhas so respectable ash nefer vhas! Some vhas married und some single, but all vhas der highest society!'"

"Then you got a cat?" repeated the sergeant.

"How in dunder und blitzen I got a cat vhen I vhas drifen oudt of my place und almost kilt?" yelled the victim as he pointed to the scratches on his hands.

"Oh! I see? It is curious how many people read the advertisements in a newspaper. I suppose you got a cat later on?"

"Yes, ten t'ousand of 'em—more ash one t'ousand a day! Dose loafers brought me cats in baskets und boxes—cats under deir arms und in bags—cats of all colors und sizes. Aboudt eafery fife minutes all dis week a cat comes in by der door or window und somebody yells:

"Hello, Mr. Dunder! Here vhas your feline of fine fur und correct habits! If you look all oafer America you doan' find a cat whose conduct vhas so irreproachable in all particulars!'

"Seems to me you ought to have got the cat you wanted out of the lot," mused the sergeant.

"How so?" demanded Mr. Dunder, as he galloped around. "Can a man select some cats before daylight? Can he select 'em vhen day vhas shumping aroundt und spitting und drifing eaferbody oudt doors? Can he select some cats when dey vhas on his back und trying to kill him? If some loafer vhas yelling at you und eighteen cats vhas fighting on der floor, could you do some peesness?"

"But they are not coming yet?"

"Of course. More ash fife hoonered before I left home, und shust ash I come oudt doors a feller unloads a barrel of cats off an express wagon und rolls 'em into my place und yells.

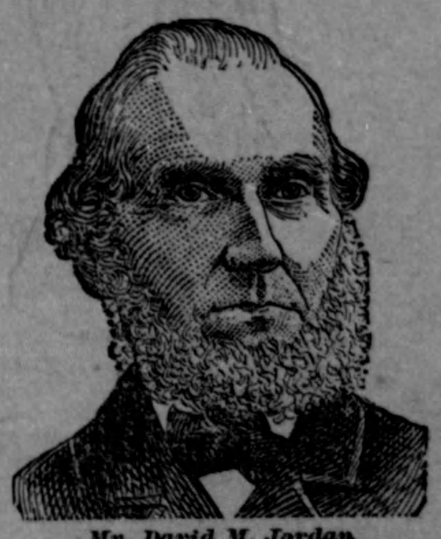
"'Here vas does reespectable cats, Mr. Dunder, und I vill call dis eafnings for der money!'"

"Well, I'll see what can be done," said the sergeant as he turned to his report.

"Now—right off, queek?"

"In a day or two."

"Sergeant, exclaimed Mr. Dunder, as he drew himself up, "you needn't put yoursef oudt for me! I shall go home! I shall kill one t'ousand loafers und ten t'ousand cats mit a club before night, und vhen I vhas arrested und hanged maype you vhas tickled oafer her! Good day, sir! Doan' be at some troubles on my account!"



Mr. David M. Jordan
of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I **ate nothing but gruel.** I was badly emaciated and had no more color than **a marble statue.** Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the **inflammation of the bladder** had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I **began to feel hungry.** After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.