

First Sign

Whether in this form of Nervousness, or in a Weariness and Loss of Energy, the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best preparation for restoring a system, and promoting the simulation of food, restoring forces to their normal for purifying, enriching, and blood.

My health began to fail with a distressing Cough, Weakness, and Nervousness, and I was unable to perform my duties more than temporarily. After using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am now as healthy and vigorous as ever.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my opinion, is the best medicine for all the ailments mentioned above. It is a tonic, and restores the system, and promotes the simulation of food, restoring forces to their normal for purifying, enriching, and blood.

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Our House-Hunting

BY H. B. HOLDICH.

"It is too bad," I said, half-crying. "I really can't stand it much longer. We shall have to make another change."

"Making six in five months," says Jack. "I wouldn't mind if we seemed to better ourselves; but I can't see that we do. If our room is not dirty, the parlor is. If the other boarders are not noisy, there is sure to be a piano next door, or a vocalist or French horn across the street, or a church bell around the corner, or something equally objectionable. Here, where it is clean and quiet, we are half starved. What do you say to a flat, Ethel?"

"Oh, not a flat!" I cry, in horror. "I saw enough of that at Aunt Mary's. She had a piano blow her that went all day and all the night, and the gentleman above her had a pleasing habit of coming home in the small hours and dancing a double shuffle in his boots. Then the trouble with servants, and the way the elevator got stuck, and the danger of fire. Oh, Jack, not a flat, what ever we do! I never, never could come down one of those dreadful fire-escapes on a dark night."

"Well, then, what would you think of a house in the country?" says Jack. "A house in the country?" I cry. "But do you really mean it? Could we afford it, Jack?"

"I really think we might," says Jack, pondering. "My salary is to be raised next month, and take it for all in all, I don't believe that a small house in a country town would cost much more than our board and washing in the city. Only we can't go in for luxuries, you know, little woman. A small house and one servant. Do you think you can get along?"

"Get along? Oh, Jack!" I cry, "it would be heaven. To go out of this hot, dirty city that I always did hate, and to have a little house all to ourselves, where I can patter about as much as I like, and perhaps a flower-garden—just a little bit of a one, Jack—oh!" I gasp for breath, unable to express the rapture which fills my soul at the idea.

Jack looks at me, half laughing, half sad, wholly surprised. "Why, Ethel, I had no idea you felt like that about it," he says, kindly. "Why did you never tell me that you hated the city so much?"

"Why should I?" I say. "I thought you had to be here, and—and—I don't love the city as much as I love you, Jack. But you and the country together!" And again I pause and clasp my hands in speechless ecstasy.

So it falls out that one bright day, Jack having obtained leave of absence from the office, we start together on a house-hunting expedition. It has taken us long to decide where to fix our abode, but we have at length settled upon the town of Medfield as the very place for us. It is healthy, it is pretty, the society is good, and it is near enough to the city to enable Jack to go in and out of the city every day. All things considered, and of course provided we can find a suitable house, Medfield seems the very place for us. Jack has provided himself with lists of houses from several agents, and we charter a hack at the station and start upon our explorations.

It will do very well, I think; so a second hack is called, and Jack and I start on our separate ways. There is no use in dwelling upon all my disappointments; but at last—at last I find the very house which I have seen in my dreams. Small, snug, convenient, it is, I am convinced, the very place for us. Time is just up as I leave its door, and I drive to the meeting with a heart swelling with satisfaction, and a very decided hope in my mind that Jack has not been equally fortunate; not that I begrudge him any success, but this house suits so perfectly that I am quite sure no other can do so well, and the comparison and discussion between the two would be only so much time lost. My heart sinks within me at the sight of Jack's beaming face as he comes forward to help me out, and I am quite prepared for his fraternal words.

"I have found the very place to suit us, Ethel."

"So have I," I say, faintly; but Jack does not stop to hear me. "Just such a house as we decided upon—small and compact, yet with plenty of room for us in it."

"It can't suit us as well as mine," I cry. "Mine has three good bedrooms on the second floor."

"So has mine," says Jack, "and another little room besides, which I thought would make a capital den for me."

"Mine has a large, light closet, which will be just the thing for a store-room," I say.

"Mine is only five minutes' walk from the station," says Jack. "Just a convenient distance for me."

"Mine is some distance from the station, I am afraid," I say; "but the lady who lives there now says that her son goes in and out every day. And oh! Jack, it is quite in the country. The street is heavily shaded with trees, and there are no houses opposite—only fields sloping up to a little hill with a grove on it. Think what a change from brick houses!"

"My house has open fireplaces with grates all through it," says Jack. "I looked out for that the first thing. No proper ventilation without open chimneys, you know."

"Oh, Jack!" I cry. "And I told you that we must have a furnace. How can one servant spend all her time making up open fires every day? Now mine has a furnace—a most excellent furnace. The lady who lives there now says she has never needed an extra fire in the house. I suppose your house has a range?"

"Neither could you for that matter," says Jack. "I might as well say that all your roses are wormy, and I dare say that they are."

"Nonsense!" I say, peevishly. "You've just determined out to like my house. What color is yours?"

"Color?" says Jack, looking puzzled. "Well, really—oh, brown, I think; yes, brown, with red blinds."

"Red blinds!" I cry, in horror. "Oh, Jack, I never could stand red blinds—never in the world. They're hot, and they're dreadful for the eyes, and they're just horrid. How could you pick out a house with red blinds, unless it was just to spite me?"

"Well, would," said Jack; "a pot of paint would soon remedy that. Besides, my blinds are not the sort of red you're thinking of. They're so dark that—maybe you would not call them red after all. What color is your house?"

"Gray," I say—"a very dark gray, with brown blinds just hooked out with red. Not enough to hurt, you know, only just a line or two. And, oh, Jack, the parlor is so pleasant! It has a bay-window and two others, and I can make it just lovely."

"My house has a beautiful dining-room," says Jack—"large and light, and looking to the south. A dining-room ought to be the most cheerful room in the house."

"And where is the kitchen?" I ask. Jack looks blank. "Really, I don't know. Downstairs, I think. But it is a good kitchen, I asked particularly."

"Is there a dumb-waiter?" I ask, and again Jack looks puzzled. "I don't know," he says, slowly. "Do houses generally have dumb-waiters in the country?"

"Jack!" I exclaim, indignantly. "Of course they do, when there is a downstairs kitchen. How could one servant spend her time in carrying the meals up and down? Now my kitchen is on the same floor with the dining-room, but separated from it by a short passage, so that the smell of cooking cannot reach it."

"Isn't it a pretty shade of gray, Jack?" I ask wistfully. "And those dark shutters, with their red markings, make such a nice finish to it. But you know yours is much prettier," I add, with a unanimity of which the effect is, I fear, a little injured by a faint sigh.

"Gray, is it?" said Jack. "I never was good at colors, you know; but—well, yes, it's very pretty. I like the shutters too. Brown, you say they are? I never had an eye for colors, you know."

We enter the front door, and the lady—Mrs. Pierson I find her name to be—greet us smilingly. "You have come to look at it together," she says. "That is much wiser. One can always see what the other overlooks."

"Yes," I say. "I liked it so much that I wanted my husband to see it too." But what further I would say is checked by the fact that Jack has turned into the open door of the parlor and calls to me.

"Is it not a pretty room, Jack?" I ask. "A bay-window and two others, just as I told you. And the register is in the floor at this corner."

"And a grate, in case the furnace should not be enough," says Jack, looking about him. "I have never been obliged to use it," I say eagerly.

"But it ventilates the room, all the same," says Jack. "The dining-room is back, I suppose. Yes, a fine light room, just such as I like."

"The kitchen is back of it," I say, "separated by a short passage."

"That settles the question of the dumb-waiter, about which you were anxious, I suppose," says Jack. "That was in your house," I say. "The kitchen was down-stairs in that, you know."

"Oh—ah, yes, I said so, I believe," says Jack. "I may have been mistaken, though. Well, little woman, as we both like the house, I think the best thing we can do is to take it."

AYER'S PILLS

Sugar-Coated Cathartic. If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health. W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to regulate my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them. Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon gained my customary strength and vigor. John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my skin. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with indigestion, and distressing pains in the bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the time became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored. Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

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"THE SIGNAL"

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