

ferred maketh the heart sick." It made a "via dolorosa" of what under other circumstances would have been a very delightful trip.

Anxious to do what I could to regain my health, I determined to spend the winter in Hot Springs, Ark., and try what a warm climate and the hot baths would do to relieve my trouble. I was doomed to further disappointment, for my condition steadily grew worse instead of yielding to treatment. When I went to Hot Springs I could manage to get around with a crutch and a cane, but when I left, eight months later, although I had given the baths a fair trial, I had either to be wheeled in a chair, or carried. We accepted an invitation to the old home for the summer, hoping that a summer on the farm might have a restorative effect, and once again I was disappointed.

Up to this time I had not given up the hope of a recovery, and as drowning