



Miss Lettie Huntley is the sister of Mr. W. S. Huntley of Cortland, N. Y., a well known carpenter and builder. Her frank statement below gives only the absolute truth concerning her illness and marvelous recovery by the aid of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She says:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Dear Sir: Twelve years ago I began to have hemorrhages and four years ago became so low that the physicians told me I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were rashes continually renewed with blood from my mouth. I could eat nothing and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the same was wrong in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make me more comfortable, and asked if I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told her it would be a waste of money.

"I had found it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the itching began to subside, I seemed to feel a little stronger, but thought it only fancy. I was so weak I could only take ten drops of Sarsaparilla at first. In two weeks I was able to sit up a few minutes every day. In a month I could walk across the room. One day I asked what they were to have for dinner, and said I wanted something hearty. My mother was so happy she cried. I was told:

There Was No Hope and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were rashes continually renewed with blood from my mouth. I could eat nothing and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the same was wrong in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make me more comfortable, and asked if I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told her it would be a waste of money.

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First Time I had Felt Hungry for Two Years and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were rashes continually renewed with blood from my mouth. I could eat nothing and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the same was wrong in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make me more comfortable, and asked if I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told her it would be a waste of money.

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The New Man at Rossmere

CHAPTER X.

OFFENSIVE AND DEFENCE.

And so it came about that, at the close of the called meeting of the lake planters, as they were locally known, which was held in the parlor of Stirling Denny's house, he found himself invested with the grave responsibility of directing the movements and advising the disposition of labor throughout his neighborhood, for purposes of resistance to a foe that advanced upon them with the silent resolution of fate.

Although many years the junior of most of the men around him, there were two potent reasons for assigning him this leadership. One was his superior acquirements as civil engineer; the other, the fact that the entire colored population, regarding him as the apostle of that liberty for which so much precious blood had been spilled, followed eagerly wherever he chose to lead; or, as Squire Thorn tersely put it, "he had every nigger in the country under his thumb."

While perhaps not as familiar with the topography of the country as the squire, Mr. Southmead, or any other one of the planters who had spent their lives in that one spot, he brought to bear upon the momentous task of preserving it from the threatening floods a keenness of vision, clearness of judgment, and energy of action that was not conspicuous in the others, who, inured to a long succession of disasters, had come, as a rule, to regard any fresh possibilities in that line with stolid patience and fatal apathy.

Manton Craycraft stood looking down admiringly upon his brother's earnest face as, with a map of the neighborhood, drawn by himself, and now spread out upon the table for the convenience of the assemblage, he explained the need of raising the crown of the levee at one point, of strengthening its base at another, of forming a run-around at a third, and of watching the whole line as men watch for the approach of an invading enemy.

"You seem to have the whole lake bed down there, major," he said. "You have evidently been posting yourself." "I have been riding around a good deal lately," Stirling answered, quietly. "I have been anticipating this rise, and I believe that very few points between Cairo and New Orleans will escape inundation. Among the few, with the help of God and our own right arms, friends, we may be able to include this little nook of ours."

He spoke pleasantly and encouragingly. There was no display of triumph over the fact that in this, the hour of their extremity, some of the very men who had ignored him as a neighbor, some who had openly denounced him as a Yankee carpet-bagger, some who had doled out bare civility to him, were all content to place the safety of their homes and their possessions in his untried hands. They saw something about the man that inspired confidence in the most timid; but no one was more unconscious of this than himself.

"Squire Thorn," he continued, proceeding to roll his map into a scroll, "I find the very weakest portion of our levee-line is on your place, just below your 'ash slough.' It will require watching day and night. That will be too much of a strain upon you personally. Is there no white man upon your premises beside yourself? With all due respect for the muscle and the good intentions of our colored friends, we can not rely upon them for this most important branch of our work. They are too sleepy-headed to make patrolmen."

Answering under impulse of resentment that anyone should impugn his ability to stand as much as the youngest man among them, the squire said, with clumsy facetiousness: "When the strain gets too severe on me, major, I'll notify you, as capt'n of this 'ere brigade of marines."

"That's fair enough," said the major, ignoring the spite and accepting the promise: "only, see that you don't fail to do so, please, for when the all of an entire community is at stake we can't afford to stand on points of etiquette. That place must be watched."

"I was about to say to my friend Squire Thorn," said Manton, who had promptly claimed a renewal of last summer's acquaintance, "that as I am a sort of outsider here, a rover in the game, as you may call me, with more leisure than I well know what to do with, I should like to place myself entirely at his disposal, promising to act under his orders day and night. I really begin to feel my share of the universal anxiety, and will feel mortified if no one will consent to make use of me. Promise me you will accept me as a sort of sub, squire, I'll act as your orderly sergeant by day, and sentinel by night."

The major glanced quickly up into the handsome, laughing face of his brother. It was no slight thing for Manton to offer up dearly loved ease on the altar of mere acquaintanceship. He caught the eager gleam in his bold black eyes. He had no confidence in this pretense of service. He put a cold veto on this effusive offer of help.

"No doubt, Craycraft, if Squire Thorn finds that he needs assistance, he can procure it at much more experienced hands than yours."

This interference settled the matter in Manton's favor. With the proverbial injustice of a small soul, Squire

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor to a sure cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor Enquirer, McArthur, Ohio.

Thorn mistrusted every word or act that could not be squared by his own narrow rule and compass. Denny, he immediately concluded, must have some hidden motive for not wishing this friend of his to give this proffered aid. Moreover, Craycraft had artfully offered himself in a subordinate position. Pride of place was big in the squire; love of supremacy still bigger. He spoke aggressively, as if putting under foot some offending opponent. He gave Manton his entire attention.

"I'm obliged to you, young man. I don't think things are quite as blue as the major finds 'em, but in case of need I'll remember your friendly offer and call on you for help. There ain't but one nigger on my place I'd trust further'n you could swing a bull by the tail, and as he ain't made of cast iron—wish he was—him and me's both likely to give out, in the course of nature." "Anyways," he added, with growing friendliness, "come up and see me. If you're a stranger in these parts I may be able to amuse you. Reckon you never saw cotton planted, nor been fire-huntin', nor torch-gizzin'?" "Oh, we manages to put up a few frolics, if we ain't got theaters and the rest," the squire ejaculated, vainly.

Warmly, and accepted eagerly, then flung defiance at Stirling's gravely rebuking eyes with a light reckless laugh. After a little more discussion of ways and means, the men dispersed with the understanding that they were to hold themselves and their laborers in readiness to do the major's bidding so long as there was anything to be feared from the river that was already flinging its swollen, angry current in majestic wrath against the feeble barriers that puny man opposed to its might.

Only those who have lived through such experiences can form any just conception of the intense yet un-demonstrative anxiety that held possession of the leaguered planters for the next six weeks. A line of twenty miles of levee was to be protected from foes without and within. The levees along the river-line were notoriously frail. The lake planters, placing no faith in these outer works, had entrenched themselves behind a private levee which girdled the nine plantations constituting the bed of the lake. An immense culvert pierced the levee on the Rossmere place, for draining purposes. The levee about this culvert was a source of common anxiety to all. Wherever the line might give way, all would suffer alike. Through one small bayou the waters of the lake communicated with the river to which it pays tribute, and back through which the surplus waters are poured in time of a rise. Day by day, hour by hour, the muddy water crept inch by inch higher against the grass-saddled slope of the levee. All day the patient, cheerful freedmen trod to and fro with the flat-headed barrows laden with cart dug fr on the land inside the levee, piling it on the sunken crown. Experienced eyes watched for the deadly crawl-fish holes, and the faintest line of trickling water was sufficient to send a man galloping in hasty alarm to report the "sipe" at headquarters. The lake, so blue and crystalline in its normal condition, grew turbid and muddy from the influx of river water, the current of which was defined by the slowly moving procession of ugly black driftlogs. All day long the slow, threatening swell heaved against the sodden embankment. The men almost lived in their saddles, and the women spent lonely days at home, bearing the harder burden of waiting. A foe of yet another sort was to be guarded against. The wind and the crawl-fish were not the only dangers. If the levee protecting the bed of the lake should break, the lands outlining the outer circle of the lake would be saved. In every emergency are men to be found whose instincts of self-preservation overtop all sense of honor. There were men in this emergency, men who were ready, by a single stab in the dark, one bold incision of a sharp spade in a weak spot of the levee, to send the water in a rushing torrent upon the beleaguered lake-planters, and not to take to themselves any consciousness of crime. With such vital interests at stake, men fear to trust the freedmen on sentinel duty. Where they were faithful in intent they were physically unfitted for the wide-awake vigilance necessary. This made the task of watching bear very heavily on the few white men. But no one shirked or faltered. Mrs. Thorn felt an access of respect for the sturdy powers of endurance developed by her husband in this trying time.

To her this experience came in shape of a novel and absorbing distraction from unwholesome introspection. She extracted a feverish sort of entertainment from watching the stealthy advance of the silent foe and more healthy occupation in aiding her husband's efforts to resist it.

Behind the levee work was progressing as if the making of the crop would not be left to chance; plows running at regular work-hours; corn sowed in

The Spring. Of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, less confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health and overcomes that tired feeling.

drills and cotton planted as usual. One slender line of green earth between hopeful industry within and surging destruction without!

Men discussed the probabilities for and against saving the levee as besieged soldiers discuss the holding of the fort. Stirling Denny seemed ubiquitous. Wherever his piercing eye and cheerful voice were last seen and heard, there hope seemed strongest and effort most intelligent. Manton was almost always at his side. His brother designedly kept him as busy as possible. There was an underlying current of uneasiness in his bosom about this returned prodigal. He was never sure of what mischief Manton might concoct. It was toward the close of a day nearly a fortnight after the levee meeting at Rossmere that the two men drew rein in front of Squire Thorn's gate, dismounted and reached the gallery steps without being observed by the inmates of the house.

On an iron couch at one end of the front gallery, the old man of the house lay sound asleep. His face looked hard and worn. The rugged lines that seemed and crossed it were haggardly visible. The stern mouth looked more than ever uncompromising in repose. His breathing was slow and labored. "Pretty well pulled down!" said Manton, nodding toward the lounge as they stood irresolute on the ground. "He isn't a sleeping beauty, though, is he?"

Mrs. Thorn appeared noiselessly from somewhere in the interior. She greeted them both with that slight, distant bow of hers, which one of the men at least regarded as a great improvement on the local habit of universal hand-shaking. She glanced toward the lounge not unkindly as she said:

"Mr. Thorn is sleeping heavily. I think the anxiety and loss of rest are telling on him; but he will not give up. Shall I waken him, major?" Manton spoke with a quick abruptness that forestalled any answer on his brother's part:

"The squire needs assistance. He promised me I should act as his assistant. With his permission I will stand watch for him to-night."

Sound of their voices aroused the sleeper. He rose to a sitting posture with some difficulty, holding both hands to his back when he had struggled to gain his feet. He gazed around stupidly for half a second, then laughed mirthlessly.

"Caught me napping, eh? Mrs. Thorn, why didn't you shake me up when you saw 'em coming? Wanted 'em to think the old wheel-horse had given out, did ye?"

"I thought you needed rest, and I was sure Major Denny would not mind," Agnes said, steadily ignoring Manton and his offer.

"It's going to blow big guns to-night," the old man said, walking stiffly to where they were sitting near the door. "Big guns, I tell you. And the swell of them waves is going to be mighty tryin' to the weak places in the levee. I was just tryin' to get forty winks to make sure I could hold out all night. This pesky shoulder of mine," rubbing the offending member, "'s been giving me hail Columbia with the rheumatism; but I reckon I can pull through. Leastways, I've got to keep on the go. No time for swoppin' horses now."

"You need me, squire," says Manton, coolly walking to the end of the gallery to examine the sky; "you should have sent for me sooner."

"If the major could spare you, I won't deny I'd like to have you."

Stirling tapped his boot-tops impatiently with his long riding-whip, and stared out at the swollen lake. He would infinitely prefer that Manton should ride away with him when he should leave Rossmere. The squire settled the matter in his own abrupt fashion:

"Mrs. Thorn, will you please call Jim from the back gallery I see him go into the kitchen a while back; to take Mr. Craycraft's horse; I reckon you'll have to spare him to me, major."

"I can spare him," Stirling answered, coldly; and then, as Agnes turned from them, so quietly self-possessed in her bearing, so emotionless in her womanly dignity, he felt rebuked for the solicitude that was so nearly an impertinence.

But, whenever or wherever had Manton once gained a foothold and trouble of some sort not followed? He rode away alone presently, turning his horse's head in the direction of Tievina. The sun was sending long, level rays through a pile of steel-blue clouds, tipping their edges with lurid light. The green of the water-willows was strangely intensified in the stormy sunset; the water held black shadows of the clouds, in dark reflection; there was nothing pleasant in the outlook. The heavens above, with their fast-drifting cloud-mountains; the earth beneath, with its passionate ground-swell of evil emotions; the waters looming into such sinister prominence, all teemed with suggestions of darker things yet to come.

Without any preconceived intention of taking the Southmeads in his day's rounds, he was not at all surprised to find himself, later on, throwing his bridle over one of the big spikes on the tree that answered for a horse-rack at Tievina, and walking toward the

house with the freedom of established intimacy. It seemed so perfectly natural not to pass the gate, especially just now, when, having been the entire circuit of the lake, he had quite a budget of river reports to discuss with Mr. Southmead. Then he had a proposition to make to Frederic, which he thought would please the lad, and an unfinished model of a tug-boat in his pocket for Carl. It was evident the male members of the Tievina household were very interesting to the new man of Rossmere.

TO BE CONTINUED.
A Long Regret.

"She was such a tired little girl!" said the pretty old lady, thoughtfully, folding her hands in her lap as she sat in the sunshine. "I was nine years old, but I can still see her big, blue, tearful eyes. She was meagrely dressed, with a thin, eager face, but clean and sweet as a rose; she carried in tissue paper a little apron of darned net which she had been trying to sell all that July day. Her mother made it, she said. Her mother wanted so much to earn a little money! Her father was ill. She asked a dollar and a quarter for it, and I had just that sum in my money-box. My mother was busy and did not care for net aprons, but she spoke kindly, and told the child where she thought she might sell it. It was a house almost a mile away. The little girl went, looking back wistfully. At the end of the long, hot afternoon she came again. She had not sold the apron; nobody wanted aprons—and she looked at me. I thought of the dollar and a quarter in my box, and of the book I had planned to buy with it. I wondered if my father would call it 'sensible' to buy a thing I did not need to please a young child. I revered my father's opinions without always understanding the principles on which he acted. Then I thought of the book again—and shook my head. The tears came into her eyes and she turned silently and went, oh, so lonely, up the street! This time she did not look back."

At dinner my mother, who had had callers when the child came the second time, but who was not without compunctions, related the incident. My father pushed back his chair from the table as if the food choked him.

"In Heaven's name, why did none of you buy it?" he demanded. "Have it your blood in your veins? A child with a sick father—and walking all day in this heat!"

"I stole away, leaving my plate untouched, with a load on my heart that lay there many days. I had been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"Such a tired little girl!" repeated the old lady wearily, lying back in her chair, and turning her face from the sunshine. "It was the first time I consciously refused a soul in need, and it has haunted me all my life. I pray it may not haunt me through eternity!"—C. C. Pratt, in Kate Field's Washington.

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What is He?

What is a drunkard? I have gone through the whole creation that lives, and I find nothing in it like the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened. The drunkard is the self-made wretch, who has depraved and has gratified craving of the throat and body until he has sunk his self so far that it is lost in his flesh and has sunk his very flesh lower down beyond comparison than that of the very animals which serve him. He is a self-degraded creature, whose degradation is made manifest to every one but himself: self-made miserable being, who while he is insensible to his own misery, afflicts every one else around him or belonging to him with misery. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind like some foul, ill-boding and noxious animal to nestle, torment and disgust everything that reasons or feels, while the curse of God hangs over the place, and the gates of heaven are closed against him.

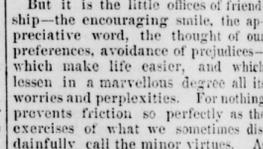
Drunkennes is never to be found alone, never unaccompanied by some horrid crime if not by a wicked crowd of them. Go to the house of the drunkard, consider his family, look on his affairs, listen to the sound that proceeds from the house of drunkennes as you pass, survey the insecurity of the public ways and the night streets; go to the hospital, to the house of charity, and the bed of wretchedness. Enter the courts of justice, the prison and condemned cell. Look at the haggard features of the prone criminal. Ask all these why they exist to distress you and you will everywhere be answered by tales and recitals of drunkennes. And the miseries and the vices, and the sorrows and the scenes of suffering that have harrowed up your soul were almost without exception either prepared by drinking or were undergone for procuring the means for satisfying this vice which springs from it.

The Sweet Courtesies of Life. Life is so complex, its machinery so intricate that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction. There is a continual straining of every nerve to gain and keep a place in this overcrowded busy world. What wonder if in the hurry and push the rights of others are trampled or completely ignored, when every individual is in such haste that time fails for the "small, sweet courtesies of life."

But it is the little offices of friendship—the encouraging smile, the appreciative word, the thought of our preferences, avoidance of prejudices—which make life easier, and which lessen in a marvellous degree all its worries and perplexities. For nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercises of what we sometimes disdainfully call the minor virtues. As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet lacking prudence and delicate insight and circumspection, would with sharp needle pricks the sensitive hearer. We do not care to be constantly reminded of our failings. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but friends too often show a fondness for the scalpel, and lay bare our pet weaknesses in a truthful but exceedingly uncomfortable fashion.

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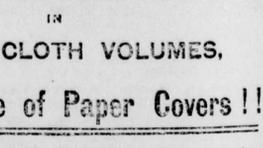
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