

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

At that resolve she sat and wrote four pages of pleading and prayer and explanation. But having finished her letter, it smote her suddenly, as she folded and sealed it, that it would be a selfish thing to steal away without warning, and leave this poor paper behind her to crush Jason, for though written in pity for him, in truth it was fraught with pity only for herself. As mean of soul as that she could not be, and straightway she threw her letter aside, resolved to tell her story face to face. Then she remembered the night of Stephen Orr's death, and the white lips of Jason as he stood above the dying man—his father whom he had crossed the seas to slay—and, again, by a quick recoil, she recalled his laughter of that morning, and she said within herself, "If I tell him, he will kill me."

But that thought decided her, and she concluded that tell him she must let happen what would. So partly in the strength of her resolve, and partly out of its womanly weakness, and the fear that she might return to her first plan at last, she took up her own letter to Jason, and locked it in a chest. Then taking from the folds at her breast the letter of Sunlocks to herself, she read it again, and yet again, for it was the only love letter she had ever received, and there was a dear delight in the very touch of it. But the thought of that sensuous joy smote her conscience when she remembered what she had still to do, and thinking that she could never speak to Jason eye to eye, with the letter of Sunlocks lying warm in her bosom, she took it out, and locked it also in the chest.

Jason came back at sundown to fetch her away that they might make some innocent sport together because his mill was roofed. Then with her eyes on her feet she spoke, and he listened in a dull, impassive silence, while all the laughter died off his face and a look of blank pallor came over it. And when she had finished, she waited for the blow of his anger, but it did not come.

"Then all is over between us," he said with an effort.

And looking up, she saw he was a forlorn man in a moment, and fell to her knees before him with many pitiful prayers for forgiveness. But he only raised her and said gently,

"Miss Greeba, maybe I haven't loved you enough."

"No, no," she cried.

"I'm only a rough and ignorant fellow, a sort of wild beast, I dare say, not fit to touch the hand of a lady, and maybe a lady could never stoop to me."

"No, no, there's not a lady in all the world would stoop if she were to marry you."

"Then maybe I vexed you by finding my own advantage in your hour of need."

"No, you have behaved bravely with me in my trouble."

"Then, Greeba, tell me what has happened since yesterday."

"Nothing—everything. Jason I have wronged you. It is no fault of yours, but now I know I do not love you."

He turned his face away from her, and when he spoke again his voice broke in his throat.

"You could never think how fast and close my love will grow. Let us wait," he said.

"It would be useless," she answered.

"Stay," he said stiffly, "do you love anyone else?"

But before she had time to speak, he said quickly,

"Wait! I've no right to ask that question, and I will not hear you answer it."

"You are very noble, Jason," she said.

"I was thinking of myself," he said.

"Jason," she cried, "I mean to ask you to release me, but you have put me to shame and now I ask you to choose for me. I have promised myself to you, and if you wish it I will keep my promise."

At that he stood, a sorrowful man, beside her for a moment's space before he answered her, and only the tone of his voice could tell how much his answer cost him.

"No—ah, no," he said; "I, O, Greeba, to keep your promise to me would be too cruel to you."

"There's no need to do that," he said, "for either way I am a broken man. But you shall not also be broken-hearted, and neither shall the man who parts us."

Saying this, a ghastly white hand seemed to sweep across his face, but at the next moment he smiled feebly and said, "God bless you both."

Then he turned to go, but Greeba caught him by both hands.

"Jason," she murmured, "it is true I cannot love you, but if there was another name for love that is not—"

He twisted back to her as she spoke and his face was unutterably mournful to see. "Don't look at me like that," he said, and drew away.

She felt her face flush deep, for she was ashamed. Love was her polestar. What was Jason's? Only the blankness of despair.

"Oh, my heart will break," she cried again, and again she grasped his hands, and again their eyes met, and then the brave girl put her quivering lips to his.

"Ah, no," he said, in a husky voice, and he broke from her embrace.

CHAPTER VI.

ESAU'S BITTER CRY.

Shrinking from every human face, Jason turned his dumb despair towards the sea, for the moan of its long dead waves seemed to speak to him in a voice of comfort if not of cheer. The year had deepened to autumn, and the chill winds that scattered the salt spray, the white curves of the breakers, the mists, the dappled gray clouds, the scream of the sea fowl, all suited with his mood, for at

the fountains of his own being the great deeps were broken up.

It was Tuesday, and every day thereafter until Saturday he haunted the shore, the wild headland to seaward, and the lonesome rocks on the south. There, bit by bit, the strange and solemn idea of unrequited love was borne in upon him. It was very hard to understand. For one short day the image of a happy love and stood up before his mind, but already that day was dead. That he should never again clasp her hand whom he loved, that all was over between them—it was painful, it was crushing.

And oh! it was very cruel. His life seemed as much ended as if he had taken his death-warrant, for life without hope was nothing worth. The future he had fondly built up for both of them lay broken at his own feet. Oh, the irony of it all! There were moments when evil passions arose in his mind and startled him. Standing at the foot of the lone crags of the sea he would break into wild peals of laughter, or shriek out in rebellion against his sentence. But he was ashamed of these impulses, and would sink away from the scene of them, though no human eye had there been on him like a dog that is disgraced.

Yet he felt that like a man among men he could fight anything but this relentless doom. Anything, anything—and he would not shrink. Life and love, life and love—only these, and all would be well. But no, ah! no, not for him was either; and creeping up in the dead of night towards Lague, just that his eyes might see, though sorrow dimmed them, the house where she lay asleep, the strong man would sob like a woman, and cry out: Greeba! Greeba! Greeba!

But with the coming of day his strength would return, and watching the big ships outside pass on to north and south, or listening to the merry song of the seamen who weighed anchor in the bay, he told himself sadly, but without pain, that his life in the island was ended, that he could not live where she lived, surrounded by the traces of her presence, that something called him away, and that he must go. And having thus concluded his spirits rose, and he decided to stay until after Sunday, thinking to see her then in church, and there take his last tender look of her and bid her farewell in silence, for he could not trust himself to speak.

So he passed what remained of his time until then without bitterness or gloom, lying within himself as often as he looked with bereaved eyes towards Lague, where it lay in the sunshine. "Live on, and be happy, for I wish you no ill. Live on, and the memory of all this will pass away."

But he did not in the meantime return to his work at the mill, which stood as he had left it on the Tuesday when the carpenter fixed the last of its roof timbers. This, with the general rupture of his habits or life, was the cause of sore worry and perplexity to his housemate.

"Aw, reglar bruk—bruk complete," old Davy said far and wide. "A while ago ye couldn't hold him for workin' at the mill, and now he's never puttin' a sight on it, and good good waitin' for him; and showin' no pride—and what he's thinkin' of no one's knowin'!"

Davy tried hard to sound the depth of Jason's trouble, but having no line to fish him he had recourse to his excellent fancy.

"Aw, bless yer sowl, the thick as a haddock I was," he whispered one day, "and me wonderin' why, and wonderin' why, and the thing as plain as plain what's agate of the poor boy. It's divils that's took at him—divils in the head. Aw, yes, and two of them, for it's aisy to see there's fightin' goin' on inside of him. Aw, yes, same as they tell of in Revelations; and I've seen the like when I was sailin' forrin'."

Having so concluded old Davy thought it his duty to consult an old body that lived in a dark tangle of birchwood at Balaglass.

"It's fit to make a man cry to see the way he's goin'," said he, "and a few good words can't do no harm any way."

The old woman agreed with Davy as to the cause of the trouble, and said that Jason must be somebody after all, since what he had was a malady the quality was much subject to; for to her own knowledge the "Clerk o' the Rows" had suffered from it when a little dancing girl from France had left suddenly for England. Yet she made no question but she should cure him, if Davy could contrive to hang about his neck while he slept a piece of red ribbon which she would provide.

It was not easy for Davy to carry out his instructions, so little did Jason rest, but he succeeded at length, and thought he remarked that Jason became calmer and better straightway.

"But bless me, I was wrong," said he. "It was four divils the poor boy had in his head; and two of them are gone, but the other two are agate of him still."

When Sunday morning came Jason made himself ready for church, and then lounged at the doorway of old Davy's cottage by the dial, to watch the people go in at the gate. And many hailed him as they went by in the sweet sunshine, and some observed among themselves that in a few days his face had grown thin.

In twos and threes they passed, while Davy rang the bell from the open porch, and though Jason seemed not to heed any of them, yet he watched them one by one. Matt Mylechreest he saw, and Nary Crowe, now toothless and saintly, and Khne Wade, who had trudged down from Ballure, and his wife Bridget, grown wrinkled and yellow, and some bright young maidens, too, who gave a side-long look his way, and John Fairbrother—Gentleman John—who tripped along with

silken bows on the toes of his shoes. But one whom he looked for he did not see, and partly from fear that she might not come, and partly from dread lest she should pass him so closely by, he shambled into church with the rest before the bell had stopped.

He had not often been to church during the four years that he had lived on the island and the people made way for him as he pushed up into a dark corner under the gallery.

There he sat and watched as before out of his slow eyes, never shifting their quiet gaze from the door of the porch. But the bell stopped, and Greeba had not come; and when Parson Gell hobbled up to the communion rail, still Greeba was not there. Then the service was begun, the door was closed, and Jason lay back and shut his eyes.

The prayers were said without Jason hearing them, but while the first lesson was being read, his wandering mind was suddenly arrested. It was the story of Jacob and Esau; how Isaac, their father, seeing the day of his death at hand, sent Esau for venison, that he might eat and bless him before he died; how Jacob under the person of Esau obtained the blessing, and how Esau vowed to slay his brother Jacob.

"And Isaac, his father, said unto him: Who art thou? And he said, I am thy son, thy first born Esau."

"And Isaac trembled very exceedingly, and said, Who? Where is he that hath taken venison, and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest, and have blessed him, yea, and he shall be blessed?"

"And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father."

"And Isaac, his father, answered and said unto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and the dew of heaven shall be upon thee, and thou shalt dwell by the spring, and thou shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

"And Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him. And Esau said in his heart, The days of mourning for my father are at hand; then will I slay my brother Jacob."

As Parson Gell at the reading-desk mumbled these words through his toothless gums, it seemed to Jason as though he were awakening from a long sleep—a sleep of four years, a sleep full of dreams, both sweet and sad—and that everything was coming back upon him in a dizzy whirl. He remembered his mother, her cruel life, her death, and his own vow, and so vivid these recollections grow in a moment that he trembled with excitement.

A woman in a black crepe bonnet, who sat next to him in the pew, saw his emotions, and put a Bible into his hands. He accepted it with a slight movement of the head, but when he tried to find the place he turned dizzy and his hands shook. Seeing this the good woman, with a look of pity and a thought of her runaway son who was far off, took the Bible back, and after opening it at the chapter in Genesis, returned it in silence. Even then he did not read, but sat with wandering eyes, while nervous twitches crossed his face.

(To be Continued.)

Among the best debaters in the senate are Chandler of New Hampshire and Spooner of Wisconsin. Chandler is the keener and more caustic of the two. Spooner has the advantage in the spectacular surprises of a running debate. Chandler is more feared as an opponent than any other man. He has a genius for discovering the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor, and he is merciless in sending his weapons home. Both he and Spooner are invariably good-natured. Neither of them was ever known to lose his temper in debate.

Three exceptionally clever men have become recognized experts in guessing, or estimating, as they call it, the annual crops of wheat, corn and cotton. Millions of dollars are invested in futures on their published opinion. When Neill says that the cotton crop will be a million bales, short prices rise. When his confreres send out estimates on corn and wheat the market is instantly affected. More attention is paid to these individual judgments than to the reports by private wire of all the banking and commission houses combined.

Dewey Arch Goes to Charleston. The navy arch in New York City is not yet to depart into the rubbish heap—though it is to be disposed of as rubbish, for President Guggenheimer of the municipal council says that under the city charter there is no other way. So the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian exposition will receive the arch, which will be taken down with all the care possible, and transported to Charleston, where it will be reconstructed.

Referred Him to One Who Knew. A new bit of Washington gossip tells how one day last winter Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, being about to enter the senate chamber from the public corridor was accosted by one of two little girls, who had wandered in there. "Mister, what does it cost to go in there?" said the child. At that moment Chandler saw Clark, the Montana millionaire, coming around the corner. "Ask that man," said the New Hampshire man, "He knows all about it."

Left His Law Books in His Office. The late Senator Davis was known as one of the foremost students of Shakespeare of the present day, and in his home he had a magnificent library. A remarkable thing about this library was that there was not a single law book in the collection, for during the last twenty years of his life he made it a rule never to bring his business cares to his fireside.

Avoid Intoxicants, which destroy those cells.

THE TARIFF HUMBAG

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS AS GAUGES OF THE TIMES.

Does Exporting More Than We Import Make Us Prosperous?—It Is Rather a Sign of Prosperity Among Those Who Buy of Us—Low Prices Still Rule.

October's commercial record outshines that of any month in completed calendars, reaching an export total of over \$163,000,000. If that rate were kept up for the year it would aggregate pretty nearly \$2,000,000,000 and it affords one among many other reasons why Bryan's tale of woe about the calamities of the country produced so little effect on his hearers.—New York Tribune.

The "thick and thin" Republican spellbinders report abounding prosperity without any regard for the truth. In the same paper from which the above clipping is taken we find a report from R. G. Dun & Co., saying that the failures in November carried liabilities of over \$12,300,000, while for the corresponding month last year they were only \$5,046,848. An increase of 50 per cent in liabilities from last year, yet we had a month of unprecedented prosperity. Don't that paralyze you?

And we exported more than we imported and this shows further prosperity. We sent out \$163,000,000 more than we got, and obtained great riches by giving away our substance.

During the same time Great Britain imported an immense amount of goods more than she exported and Great Britain also got rich. We make scads of money by excessive exports. England makes scads of money by excessive imports. There is a big lie out somewhere. Who is telling it—Johnny Bull or Brother Jonathan? All we know about it is, that England has every year during the last half century imported vastly more than she has exported and has thereby achieved the reputation of being the richest country in the world. Can we do the exact opposite from that which England has been doing and become rich thereby? We do not believe a word of it. If we get rich by this process, England ought to be the poorest country in the world, but she isn't the poorest country in the world—not by a long shot.

Egypt and India have been exporting more than they imported for centuries and Lazarus would be a millionaire compared with those countries. And yet we are told that what has made England rich will make us poor, and that which has made India and Egypt beggars among the nations will make the United States rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

RICH AND POOR.

Why do great riches and great poverty live alongside of each other? Why is New York the richest and also the poorest city in America? Why does immense wealth or grinding poverty never live alone? Where there is no riches there is no poverty. It takes a thousand paupers to furnish the gilding for one millionaire. If there were no millionaires there would be no paupers. When one man gets too much other men must get too little. The rich man has got hold of the property that of right belongs to the poor. There is wealth enough in New York to support every citizen in comfort and even in affluence, but on account of unequal distribution some men are richer than the fabled Midas, while a million are as poor as Lazarus.

Out in the agricultural portion of Nebraska there is neither great riches nor great poverty—no man has a million and no industrious man comes face to face with destitution. All the immense fortunes are in the city and the grinding poverty is there also—the city is the natural home of both wealth and poverty—one attends as hand madden on the other. Why is this so? There is no mystery about it—it is plain, simple and natural. To make one millionaire it is necessary to exploit a thousand other men—a man can only make a million by appropriating the toil of others—the millionaire grows rich by using the labor of the poor, and the man in moderate circumstances becomes a pauper because some other man enjoys the fruits of his toil. There is property enough in New York City to give every family ten thousand dollars, but if one man gets fifty millions, many men must necessarily have nothing. It takes ten thousand Lazaruses to make one Rockefeller, and so long as there is one Rockefeller in the world the Lazaruses will serve and starve. Can this be remedied? Yes. Let the state take Rockefeller's millions with an income tax and with the money thus obtained give Lazarus a good job at fair wages. Will this be done? Not very soon, and possibly never. What will be the consequence then? The proletariat will level up the existing conditions with a sword and a gun and after a cataclysm in which Rockefeller and those like him will perish the world will start new.

AN ADJUSTABLE ARMY.

The army will be increased. There will be 50,000 or 60,000 regular soldiers and the president will be authorized to increase it to 100,000 whenever he shall think necessary. It used to be the province of congress to fix the standard of the army, but congress has resigned its prerogative. Hereafter the president will have an army large or small as suits his convenience. Two years ago we practically conceded to the president the power to levy war, to make peace, to contract alliances—under the last power he has contracted an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the sultan of Sulu—now we give him power to establish an army. That is a power

that no constitutional monarchy ever assumed. We rank with Russia and Turkey in that regard instead of Great Britain and Germany. The president has been granted the power of an absolute monarch. Do you suppose the Parliament of England would allow the queen to levy an army and carry on a war according to her own sweet will? The first Charles—he of gracious memory and beamish reputation—lost his head for the exercise of less power than the president of this republic is exercising every day. The congress and the supreme court are subordinate powers. The president is supreme. He exercises absolute power under the direction of rings and syndicates. He is the nominal head of this plutocratic power and exercises complete dominion in the manner that his rulers and owners suggest. No autocratic sovereign on earth exercises such absolute power as McKinley. He is the whole push and the congress is composed of a lot of cheap clerks who register his will. This is what the people voted for, and the people should have their wishes gratified.

UNSPEAKABLE OUTRAGE.

Senator Stewart has introduced a bill in congress which appoints five judges for the Philippines and gives them a salary of \$25,000 each. Isn't that a pretty steep price? Isn't that all the traffic will bear and more too? We get a pretty good class of judges in Nebraska at \$2,500 a year. Why should we pay eight times as much in the Philippines?

Common laborers get \$1.50 a day in Nebraska and our judges get \$2,500 a year. Laborers get 15 cents a day in the Philippines and judges are to get \$20,000 a year. We are paying too much in Asia or too little in America. Judge Sullivan or Judge Helcomb would probably be able to decide causes between Tagals and Chinamen and we get such men in this state for \$2,500.

Stewart says that the salary is made high in order to get men of character and professional standing for the office of judge. The men they will get will be broken down political hacks, with neither credit nor character at home or abroad. In a thousand years they will not get a man so competent or so honest as have been on the supreme bench of Nebraska for thirty years. It is nothing but a fat office to be given to some Rathbone or Neely to pay him for dirty work done for some Hanna or Addicks. It is a mean, cowardly, dirty steal—it takes the money from the gaunt hands of poverty and gives it to dishonest and disreputable politicians.

CROKER'S INCOME TAX.

When Mr. Croker landed in London the tax collector was waiting for him and demanded \$5,000 of his honest dollars as a contribution to the income tax; \$5,000 of his money to be spent in strangling liberty in South Africa. Mr. Astor and Mr. Bradley-Martin had also to pay an income tax on their princely fortunes. Mr. Croker didn't like it, and neither of the other gentlemen were pleased.

Our rich men go to England and are taxed to carry on the British government. They stay at home and it doesn't cost them a cent for the enjoyment of their mighty incomes. Doesn't it strike you that "Thompson's colt" was wise when compared with American legislators? The only men that pay no taxes in America are the very men who could pay a very large tax and never feel it. If an American judge had not had a changeable mind we would have been collecting tax off of the superfluities of the rich instead of the necessities of the poor. John Rockefeller would have paid three million dollars a year into the national treasury instead of raising that money on revenue stamps at two cents apiece.

We are glad they stuck these rich Americans and we hope that this country may learn a lesson from our wise cousins over the sea.

WHAT ARE LAWS FOR?

It is very evident that most laws are not made to be obeyed unless convenient, for the reason that while they may appear on first reading to be plain, a further reading, or another law on the same subject, will introduce technical points to hinder its operation. If it is more convenient to obey the plain letter of the law than to contest the matter in court, it will be obeyed, but if obedience will inconvenience a person more than a lawsuit then the law is disobeyed with impunity and the technical provisions are relied on to avoid punishment. This is the exact situation with regard to our "corrupt practices" act. It clearly forbids certain things and the honest man obeys the law. The dishonest man looks farther and finds a lot of technical provisions of procedure behind which he can hide his guilty head (if he has money), and he disregards the law and expects to go scot free.

A GOOD PLATFORM FOR 1904.

1. Direct legislation or the initiative and referendum.

(The question of whether we are to have a peoples' government is greater than any question of administration of a hypothetical government.)

2. The right to issue currency must be taken from the banks and the government must issue all money and make it all equally a full legal tender, and must abolish the fraudulent pretense of redeeming one kind of money with another kind of money.

3. We demand the public ownership of public utilities.

When a sure-thing man takes another in out of the rain it is apt to be a questionable transaction.

Skilled Debaters in the Senate.

Among the best debaters in the senate are Chandler of New Hampshire and Spooner of Wisconsin. Chandler is the keener and more caustic of the two. Spooner has the advantage in the spectacular surprises of a running debate. Chandler is more feared as an opponent than any other man. He has a genius for discovering the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor, and he is merciless in sending his weapons home. Both he and Spooner are invariably good-natured. Neither of them was ever known to lose his temper in debate.

Can't Pay a 5-Cent Fare with \$20.

Some time ago Ida Balk tendered a street car conductor in Toledo a \$20 bill in payment of one fare. The conductor refused to accept the bill on the ground that he did not have change for that amount and ejected the woman from the car. She brought suit against the company for damages and the case was decided against her. Judge Pugsley said in deciding the case that it was unreasonable to expect the street car conductor to carry that amount of change.

To Raise Georgia Preachers in Africa.

A shipment of 100,000 young peach trees from Georgia nurseries, bound for Cape Colony and Natal, South Africa, will be made next week. They go largely into Natal, and a large number of the trees going to that country are consigned to Ladysmith. Cape Colony fruit growers get less than half of the shipment.

MR. AYERS NOT DEAD.

Very Much Alive and Out With a Letter Telling How He Was Saved.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 23.—(Special.)—Few who knew how ill Mr. A. E. Ayers of this city had been with Bright's Disease and Diabetes ever expected he could live. Four doctors gave him but three or four days to live. He recovered through the prompt and continued use of a well-known remedy, and has given the following letter for publication. It is dated at Bath, N. Y., where Mr. Ayers now resides.

Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y.

Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—I wish to tell you what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. As far as I am concerned they are the best in the world, for they not only saved my life, but they have given me new life and hope. I lived in Minneapolis for forty-nine years, and am well known there by many people. I suffered severely with Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Four well-known physicians gave me up to die. In fact they gave me only three or four days at the longest to live. I had spent nearly everything I had in the effort to save my life, but seeing an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I scraped what was nearly my last half dollar, sent to the drug store and bought a box. I had very little hope of anything every doing me any good, as from what the four doctors had told me, it was now a matter of hours with me. I commenced to take the Pills, and from the very first they helped me. I took in all about forty boxes. I doubtless did not need so many, but I wanted to make sure, and after all, \$20 is a small amount of money to remove the sentence of death and save one's life.

I have since recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to hundreds of people, and I have yet to hear of the first one that did not find them all that you claim for them. I can remember of two people to whom I had recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills, and who afterwards said to me that they received no benefit. I asked to see their Pill boxes, and behold, instead of Dodd's Kidney Pills, it was ———— Kidney Pills, an imitation of the genuine Dodd's, and not the real thing at all that they had been using. I gave each of them an empty pill box that Dodd's Kidney Pills had been put up in, so that they could make no more mistakes, and they afterwards came to me and told me that they had bought and used the genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills, and were cured.

I still continue to use the Pills off and on, and would not be without them if they were \$50 a box. I think that every old gentleman in the world would be healthier and better if he would take one after each meal.

I wish I could think of words strong enough to express to you my gratitude for what your Medicine has done for me. It is not often, I suppose, that a man who is staring death right in the face, is permitted to live and tell of the means which saved him, and as that is my position, my heart is overwhelmed with thankfulness to God for His mercy to me in permitting me to see the advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when it seemed that I was beyond all earthly power to save that I cannot express my real feelings.

If anyone doubts the statement I have made, they may write to me, and I will try and prove to them that all I have said in this letter is true, and more than true. There are hundreds of people in Minneapolis who know all about my case and the way Dodd's Kidney Pills pulled me through, when I had been given up by the four doctors of Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and had practically lost all hope. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial which I give you from the bottom of my heart, and I sincerely wish that I could find the right words to express my feelings of gratitude to you and to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for my restoration to life and health.

(Signed) A. E. AYERS.

Late of Minneapolis, now at Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y.

Mr. Ayers is only one of thousands of aged gentlemen who say that their lives have been prolonged and their declining years made worth living by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.