

BULGER'S REPUTATION.

We all remember very distinctly Bulger's advent in Rattlesnake Camp. It was during the rainy season—a season singularly conducive to settled reflective impressions as we set and smoked around the stove in Mosby's grocery. Like older and more civilized communities we had our periodic waves of sentiment and opinion, with the exception that they were more evanescent with us, and as we had just passed through a fortnight of dissipation and extravagance, owing to a visit from some gamblers and speculators, we were now undergoing a severe moral revision, partly induced by reduced finances, and partly by the arrival of two families with grown-up daughters—on the hill. It was raining, with occasional warm breaths, through the open window, of the southwest trades, redolent of the saturated spices of the woods and springing grasses, which perhaps were slightly inconsistent with the hot stove around which we had congregated. But the stove was only an excuse for our listless, gregarious gathering; warmth and idleness went well together, and it was currently accepted that we caught from the particular reptile who gave its name to our camp much of its pathetic, life-long search for warmth and habits of indolently basking in it. A few of us still went through the affectation of attempting to dry our damp clothes by the stove and sizzling our wet boots against it, but as the same individuals calmly permitted the rain to drive in upon them through the open window without moving, and seemed to take infinite delight in the amount of steam they generated, even that pretence dropped. Crotalus himself, with his tail in a muddy ditch and the sun striking cold fire from his slit eyes as he basked his head on a warm stone beside it, could not have typified us better.

Percy Briggs took his pipe from his mouth at last and said with reflective severity: "Well, gentlemen, if we can't get the wagon road over here, and if we're going to be left out by the stage coach company, we can at least straighten up the camp and not have it look like a cross between a tenement alley and a broken down circus. I declare I was just sick when these two Mullin girls started to make a short cut through the camp. Darned if they didn't turn round and take to the woods and the rattlers again, afore they got half way. And that benighted idiot, Tom Rollins, standin' there in the ditch, spattered all over with slumgullion till he looked like a spotted tarrypin wavin' his fins and sashaying backward and forrards and sayin', 'This way, ladies, this way.'"

"I didn't," returned Tom Rollins, quite casually, without looking up from his steaming boots. "I didn't start in night afore last to dance 'The Green Corn Dance,' outer Hiawatha, with feathers in my hair and a red blanket on my shoulders, round that family's new potato patch in order that it might 'increase and multiply.' I didn't sing 'Sabbath Morning Bells' with an anvil accompaniment until 12 o'clock at night over at the crossing so that they might dream of their happy childhood's home. It seems to me that it wasn't me did it. I might be mis'aken—it was late— but I have the impression that it wasn't me."

From the silence that followed this would seem to have been clearly the actual performance of the previous speaker, who, however, responded quite cheerfully: "An evenin' o' simple childish gaiety don't count. We got to start in again fair. What we want here is to clear up and encourage decent immigration and get rid o' gamblers and blatherskites that are makin' this yer camp their happy hunting ground. We don't want any more pernickious shootin'. We don't want any more paintin' the town red. We don't want any more swaggin' galleons ridin' up to this grocery and empyrin' their six-shooters in the air afore they light. We want to put a stop to it peacefully and without a row—and we kin. We ain't got no bullies of our own to fight back, and they know it, so they know they won't get no credit bullyin' us—they'll leave, if we're only firm. It's all along o' our d—d fool good nature; they see it amuses us and they'll keep it up as long as the whiskey's free. What we want to do is, when the next man comes waltzin' along—"

A distinct clatter from the rocky hillside here mingled with the puff of damp air through the window.

"Cooks as ef we might hev a show even now," said Jim Rollins, removing his feet from the stove as we all instinctively faced toward the window.

"I reckon you're in with us in this, Mosby," said Briggs, turning toward the proprietor of the grocery, who had been leaning listlessly against the wall behind his bar.

"Arter the man's had a fair show," said Mosby cautiously. He deprecated the prevailing condition of things, but it was still an open question whether the families would prove as valuable customers as his present clientele. "Everything in moderation, gentlemen!"

The sound of galloping hoofs came nearer, now swishing in the soft mud of the highway, until the unseen rider pulled up before the door. There was no shouting, however, nor did he announce himself with the usual salvo of firearms. But when, after a singularly heavy tread and the jingle of spurs on the platform, the door flew open to the newcomer, he seemed a realization of our worst expectations. Tall, broad, and muscular, he carried in one hand a shotgun, while from his hip dangled a heavy navy revolver. His long hair, unkempt, but oiled, swept a greasy circle round his shoulders; his enormous moustache, dripping with wet, completely concealed his mouth. His costume of fringed buckskin was wild and out even for our frontier camp. But what was more confirmative of our suspicions was that he was evidently in the habit of making an impression, and after a distinct pause at the doorway with only a side glance at us he strode toward the bar.

"As there don't seem to be no hotel hereabouts, I reckon I kin put up my mustang here and have a shakedown behind that counter," he said. His voice seemed to have added to its natural depth the hoarseness of frequent overstraining. "Ye ain't got no bunk to spare, you boys—hev ye?" asked Mosby evasively, glancing at Percy Briggs, without looking at the stranger. We all looked at Briggs also—it was his affair after all; he had originated this opposition. To our surprise, he said nothing.

The stranger leaned heavily on the

counter. "I was speakin' to you," he said, with his eyes on Mosby, and slightly accenting the pronoun with a tap of his revolver butt on the bar. "Ye don't seem to catch on."

Mosby smiled feebly and again cast an imploring glance at Briggs. To our greater astonishment Briggs said quietly: "Why don't you answer the stranger, Mosby?" "Yes, yes," said Mosby suavely to the new comer, while an angry flush crossed his cheek as he recognized the position in which Briggs had placed him. "Of course, you're welcome to what doings I hev here, but I reckon these gentlemen over there," with a vicious glance at Briggs, "might fix ye up suthin' better; they're so pow'ful kind to your sort."

The stranger threw down a gold piece on the counter and said, "Fork out your whiskey, then," waited until his glass was filled, took it in his hand, and then, drawing an empty chair to the stove, sat down beside Briggs. "Seen as you're that kind," he said, placing his heavy hand on Briggs' knee, "mebbe ye kin tell me if there's a shanty or a cabin at Rattlesnake that I kin git for a couple o' weeks. I saw an empty one at the head o' the hill. You see, gemmelen," he added confidentially, as he swept the drops of whiskey from his long moustache with his fingers and glanced around our group. "I've got some business over at Bigwood [our nearest town], but ez a place to stay at it ain't my style."

"What's the matter with Bigwood?" said Briggs abruptly. "It's too howlin', too festive, too rough; that's too much yellin' and shootin' goin' on day and night. That's too many card sharps and gay gambolion cavortin' about the town to please me. Too much pernickious soakin' at the bar and free injams. What I want is a quiet place whar a man kin give his mind and elbow a rest bewixt grappin' his shootin' irons and crookin' in his whiskey. A sort o' slow, quiet, easy place like this."

We all stared at him, Percy Briggs as fixedly as any. But there was not the slightest trace of irony, sarcasm, or peculiar significance in his manner. He went on slowly:

"When I struck this yer camp a munit ago, when I seed that that ditch meanderin' peaceful like through the street, without a hotel or free saloon or express office on either side; with the smoke just a-curlin' over the chimney of that log shanty, and the bresh just set fire to and amoulderin' in that potato patch with a kind o' old-time stigin' in your eyes and nose and a few women's duds just a-flatterin' on a line by the fence, I says to myself: 'Bulger—this is peace! This is wot you're lookin' for, Bulger—this is wot you're wantin'—this is wot you'll hev!'"

"You say you've business over at Bigwood. What business?" said Briggs.

"It's a peculiar business, young fellow," returned the stranger gravely. "That's different men ez has different opinions about it. Some allows it's an easy business, some allows it's a rough business; some says it's a sad business, others says it's gay and festive. Some wonders ez how I've got into it, and others wonder how I'll get out of it. It's a payin' business—it's a peaceful sort o' business when left to itself."

"It's a peculiar business—a business that sort o' b'longs to me, though I ain't got no patent from Washington for it—a business that's my own." He rose and said: "Let's meander over and take a look at that empty cabin and ef the suits me, why I'll plank down a slug for her on the spot and move in to-morrow. I'll pick up suthin' in the way o' boxes and blankets from the grocery, and ef that's a corner whar I kin stand my gun and a nail to hang up my revolver—why I'm all that!"

By this time we were no longer astonished when Briggs rose, and not only accompanied the sinister-looking stranger to the empty cabin, but assisted him in negotiating with the owner for a fortnight's occupancy. Nevertheless, we eagerly assailed Briggs on his return for some explanation of this singular change in his attitude toward the stranger. He coolly reminded us, however, that, while his intention of excluding ruffianly adventurers from the camp remained the same, he had no right to go back on the stranger's sentiments, which were evidently in accord with our own, and although Mr. Bulger's appearance was inconsistent with them, that was only an additional reason why we should substitute a mild firmness for that violence which we all deprecated, but which might attend his abrupt dismissal. We were all satisfied except Mosby, who had not yet recovered from Briggs' change of front, which he was pleased to call "crawfishin'." "Seemed to me his account of his business was very satisfactory. Sorter 'fillin' the bill all round—no mistake thar," he suggested with a malicious irony.

"I like a man that's outspoken," "In course you did. Only when you've settled in your mind whether he was describing horse stealing or tract distributing, mebbe you'll let me know."

It would seem, however, that Briggs did not interrogate the stranger again regarding it, nor did we, who were quite content to leave matters in his hands. Enough that Mr. Bulger moved into the empty cabin the next day, and with the aid of a few old boxes from the grocery which he quickly extemporized into tables and chairs and the purchase of some necessary cooking utensils, soon made himself at home. The rest of the camp, now thoroughly aroused, made a point of leaving their work in the ditches, whenever they could, to stroll carelessly around Bulger's tenement in the vague hope of satisfying a curiosity that had become tormenting. But they could not find that he was doing anything of a suspicious character, except perhaps from the fact that it was not outwardly suspicious, which I grieve to say did not null them to security. He seemed to be either fixing up his cabin or smoking in his doorway. On the second day he checked this itinerant curiosity by the initiative himself and quietly walking from claim to claim and from cabin to cabin with a pacific but by no means a satisfying interest. The shadow of his tall figure, carrying his inseparable gun, which had not apparently "stood in the corner," falling upon an excavated bank beside the delving miners, gave them a sense of uneasiness they could not explain; a few characteristic yells got boisterous hilarity from their noontide gathering under a cottonwood somehow ceased when Mr. Bulger was seen gravely approaching, and his casual stopping before a poker party in the gulch actually caused one of the most reckless gamblers to weakly recede from "a bluff" and allow his adver-

sary to sweep the board. After this it was felt that matters were becoming serious. There was no subsequent patrolling of the camp before the stranger's cabin. Their curiosity was singularly abated. A general feeling of repulsion, kept within bounds partly by the absence of any overt act from Bulger and partly by inconsistent over-consciousness of his shotgun, took its place. But an unexpected occurrence revived it.

One evening as the usual social circle were drawn around Mosby's stove, the lazy silence was broken by the familiar sounds of pistol shots and a series of more familiar shrieks and yells from the rocky hill road. The circle quickly recognized the voices of their old friends the roysterers and gamblers from Sawyer's Dam; they as quickly recognized the returning shouts here and there from their new companions who were retaining them. I grieve to say that in spite of their previous attitude of reform from a smile of gratified expectancy lit up the faces of the younger members, and even the older ones glanced dubiously at Briggs. Mosby made no attempt to conceal a sigh of relief as he carefully laid out an extra supply of glasses in his bar. Suddenly the oncoming yells ceased, the wild gallop of hoofs slackened into a trot, and finally halted, and even the responsive shouts of the camp stopped also. We all looked vacantly at each other. Mosby leaped over his counter and went to the door. Briggs followed with the rest of us. The night was dark, and it was a few minutes before we could distinguish a struggling, vague, but silent procession moving through the moist heavy air on the hill. But to our surprise it was moving away from us—absolutely leaving the camp! We were still staring in expectancy, when out of the darkness slowly emerged a figure, which we recognized at once as Capt. Jim—one of the most reckless members of our camp. Pushing us back into the grocery, he entered without a word, closed the door behind him, and threw himself vacantly into a chair. We at once pressed around him. He looked up at us dazedly, drew a long breath, and said slowly:

"It's no use, gemmelen! Suthin's got to be done with that Bulger! And mighty quick."

"What's the matter?" we asked eagerly. "Matter," he repeated, passing his hand across his forehead, "matter! Look you! Ye all heard them boys from Sawyer's Dam coming over the hill? Ye heard their music—mebbe ye heard us join in the chorus? Well, on them come, waltzin' down the hill, like old times, and wewatin' for 'em. Then—just as they passed the old cabin, who do ye think they ran right into—shootin' iron, long hair, and moustache and all that—standin' thar plump in the end? Why, Bulger!"

"Well?" "Well—whatever it was—don't ask me—but dun my skin ef after a word or two from him them boys just stopped yellin'—turned round like lambs, and rode away peaceful like along with him. We ran arter them a spell, still yellin', when that thar Bulger faced around, said to us that he'd come down here for quiet, and ef he couldn't hev it he'd have to leave with those gentlemen who wanted it, too. And I'm good darned of these 'gentlemen'—you know 'em all—Patsy Carpenter, Snap-Shot Harry, and the others—ever said a darned word, but nodded 'So long,' and went away!"

Our astonishment and mystification was complete, and I regret to say the indignation of Capt. Jim and Mosby equally so. "If we're going to be bossed by the first newcomer," said the former gloomily, "I reckon we might as well take our chances with the Sawyer's Dam boys, whom we know."

"If we're goin' to hev the legitimate trade of Rattlesnake interfered with by the cranks of some hidin' horse thief or retired road agent," said Mosby, "we might as well invite the hull o' Joaquin Marietta's gang here at once! But I suppose this is part of Bulger's business," he added, with a withering glance at Briggs.

"I understand it all," said Briggs quickly. "You know I told you that bullies couldn't live in the same time together. That's human nature—and that's how plain men like you and me manage to send along without getting plugged. You see Bulger wasn't goin' to hev any of his own kind jumpin' his claim here. And I reckon he was pow'ful enough to back down Sawyer's Dam. Anyhow the bluff told—and here we are in peace and quietness."

"Until he lets us know what is his little game," sneered Mosby.

Nevertheless, such is the force of mysterious power, that although it was exercised against what was firmly believed was the independence of the camp, it extorted a certain respect from us. A few thoughtful men, and even took care to relate the discomfort of the wicked youth of Sawyer's Dam for the benefit of a certain adjacent and powerful camp who had looked down upon us. He, himself, returning the same evening from his self-imposed escort, vouched no other reason than the one he had already given. Preposterous as it seemed we were obliged to accept it, and the still more preposterous inference that he had sought Rattlesnake camp solely for the purpose of acquiring and securing its peace and quietness. Certainly he had no other occupation; the little work he did upon the tailings or the abandoned claim which reached his little cabin was scarcely a pretense. He went over on certain days to Bigwood on account of his business, but no one had ever seen him there, nor could the description of his appearance evoke any information from the Bigwoodians. It remained a mystery.

It had also been believed that the advent of Bulger would intensify that fear and dislike of Rattlesnake which the two families had shown, and which was the origin of Briggs' futile attempt at reform. But it was discovered that since his arrival the young girls had shown less timidity in entering the camp and had even exchanged some polite conversation and good-humored badinage with its younger and more impressive members. Perhaps this tended to make these youths more observant, for a few days later, when the vexed question of Bulger's business was again under discussion, one of them remarked gloomily:

"I reckon there ain't no doubt what he's here for!" The youthful prophet was instantly sat upon after the fashion of all elderly critics since Job. Nevertheless, after a pause he was permitted to explain.

"Only this morning when Lance Forester and me were chirping with them gals out

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on the hill who should, we see hanging around in the brush but that d—d Bulger! We allowed at first that it might be only a new style of his interfering, so we took no notice except to pass a few remarks about listeners and that sort o' thing, and perhaps to jokin' and bedevil the girls a little more than we'd hev done if we'd been alone. Well, they laughed, and we laughed—and that was the end of it. But this afternoon as Lance and me were meanderin' down by their cabin, we sorter turned into the woods to wait till they'd come out. The all of a sudden Lance stopped as rigid as a pointer that's fished somethin', and says: 'B'gosh! And thar under a big red wood sat that slimy hypocrite Bulger, twistin' that long moustache and smiling like clock-work alongside o' little Meely Baker—who you know he's—the poetest of the two sisters!—and she smilin' back on him! Think of it!—that unknown, unwashed, long-haired tramp and bully—who must be forty, if a day—and that innocent gal of sixteen. It was simply disgustin'!"

I need not say that the older cynics and critics already alluded to at once improved the occasion! What more could be expected? Women the world over were noted for this sort of thing! This long-haired, swaggering bully, with his air of mystery, had captivated them as he always had since the days of Homer. Simple merit, that sat lowly in the barrooms, and conceived projects for the public good around the humble, unostentatious stove, was nowhere! Youth could not too soon learn this bitter lesson! And in this case youth, too, perhaps was right in its conjecture, for this was no doubt the little game of perfidious Bulger! We recalled the fact that his unhalloved appearance in camp was almost coincident with the arrival of the two families. We glanced at Briggs; to our amazement, for the first time he looked seriously concerned. But Mosby in the mean time leaned his elbows lazily over the counter, and in a short voice added fuel flame.

"I wouldn't hev spoken of it before," he said, with a side glance at Briggs, "for it might be all in the line o' Bulger's 'business,' but suthin' happened the other night that for a munit git me I was passin' the Bakers' shanty and I heard one of them gals a-singin' a camp-meetin' hymn. I don't kalkilate to run again you young fellers in any sparkin' or cannoodin' that's goin' on, but her voice sounded so pow'ful soothin' and pretty that I just stood there and listened. Then the old woman—old Mother Baker—she joined in, and I listened, too. And then—durn my skin!—but a man's voice joined in—it's belching out that cabin!—and I sorter lifted myself up and kem away. That voice gentlemen," said Mosby, lingering artistically as he took up a glass and professionally eyed it before wiping it with his towel, "that voice, cumf' bly fixed thar in the cabin among them wimen folks, was Bulger's!"

Briggs got up with his eyes looking the darker for his flushed face. "Gentlemen," he said huskily, "thar's only one thing to be done. A lot of us hev got to ride over to Sawyer's Dam tomorrow morning and pick up as many square men as we can muster; there's a big camp meetin' goin' on there, and there won't be no difficulty in that. When we've got a big enough crowd to show we mean business, we must march back here and ride Bulger out of this camp! I don't hanker arter vigilance committees as a rule—it's a rough remedy—it's like drinkin' a quart o' whiskey ag'in rattlesnake poison—but it's got to be done! We don't mind be sold ourselves, but when it comes to our standin' by and seein' the only innocent people in Rattlesnake given away—we kick! Bulger's got to be fired out—this camp! And he will be!"

But he was not. For when, the next morning, a determined and thoughtful procession of the best and most characteristic citizens of Rattlesnake Camp filled in Sawyer's Dam, they found that their mysterious friend had disappeared, although they met with a fraternal but subdued welcome from the general camp. By any approach to the subject of their visit, however, was received with a chilling disapproval. Did they not know that lawlessness of any kind, even under the rude mantle of frontier justice, was to be deprecated and scouted when a means of salvation, a power of reorgan-

ization such as was now sweeping over Sawyer's Dam was at hand? Could they not induce this man who was to be violently deported to accompany them to Sawyer's Dam and subject himself to the powerful influence of the "revival" then in full swing?

Rattlesnake boys laughed bitterly, and described the man of whom they talked so lightly. But in vain. "It's no use, gentlemen," said a more worldly bystander in a lower voice, "the camp meetin' got a strong grip here and betwixt you and me there ain't no wonder. For the man that runs it—the big preacher—has got new ways and methods that fitches the boys every time. He don't preach no cut and dried Gosp!; he don't carry around no slop-shop robes and clap 'em on you whether they fit or not, he samples and measures the camp afore he wades into it. He scouts and examines; he ain't no mere Sunday preacher with a comfortable house and once-a-week church, but he gives up his days and nights to it, and makes his family work with him, and even sends 'em forward to explore the field. And he ain't no white-choker shadbelly, either, but fits himself like his Gospel to the men he works among. His tent is just on your way. I'll go with you."

Too dejected to offer any opposition, and perhaps a little curious to see this man who had unwittingly frustrated their design of lynching Bulger, they halted at the outer fringe of worshippers who packed the huge enclosure. They had not time to indulge their cynicisms over this mass of emotional, half-thinking, and almost irresponsible beings, nor to detect any similarity between their extreme methods and the scheme of redemption they themselves were seeking, for in a few moments, apparently lifted to his feet on a wave of religious exultation, the famous preacher arose. The men of Rattlesnake gasped for breath.

It was Bulger!

But Briggs quickly recovered himself. "By whar name," said he, turning passionately toward his guide—"does this man—this impostor—call himself here?"

"Baker."

"Baker!" echoed the Rattlesnake contingent. "Baker!" repeated Lance Forester with a ghastly smile.

"Yes," returned their guide. "You oughter know it, too! For he sent his wife and daughter over after his usual style to sample your camp a week ago! Come, now! What are you givin' us?"—Bret Harte.

The Expert Knew.

A good good-dust story is told on George Wilson, who owned the famous Paris mine in Park County, Montana. Wilson was visited by some Englishmen one day, among whom was an expert of the English pattern—one who knew all about mines and a great deal about everything else, in his own opinion. They wanted to see some of Wilson's gold, and he handed out some very fine colors for their edification.

"But that isn't gold," pronounced the youthful expert, after a critical examination. "Me deah fellah, I am a graduate of the English School of Mines, and I know gold when I see it, you know. That is iron."

Wilson didn't say much. He just leaned over and took the alleged expert confidently by the shoulder: "Mebbe it isn't," he said, "but don't go and give it away to those fellows down at the Denver mint, for I have been selling this stuff to them for gold all along."—Butte Inter-Mountain.

A Little More of the Same.

Little 4-year-old Florence was caught wading in a mud puddle in front of her home.

"Now," declared her mother, as she led her in the house by the arm, "I am going to whip you first, then send you to bed, and you can't get up again till tomorrow morning, all because you disobeyed me and went outside in the mud."

After a deal of preparation that was intended to be impressive, Florence was duly spanked, and she boo-hoed lustily.

"Now, then, I am going to put you to bed."

"Oh, don't, mamma," begged Florence; "whip me some more, mamma, please, and let me stay up."

NEEDLESS ALARM.

Whether the suffering which people undergo from disease is more physical than

mental is a point not easy to decide. It depends largely on the nature of the disease, and the make-up of the individual. Experience seems to show, however, that in one prevailing disease—indigestion or dyspepsia, the two kinds of suffering are very evenly divided, and both very great, the mental disease being chiefly due to the illusions and deceptions which attend it. For example, though dyspepsia is solely an affection of the digestive organs, it has power to set up disorders in others which always alarm the sufferer, and often perplex his medical advisers. These symptoms or sequences may relate to the head, the heart, the sight, the hearing, the lungs, or to other organs or functions. Take an illustration or two.

"In the spring of 1891," says Mr. Edward Tatham, "I fell into a low, weak state of health. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and was constantly spitting up a thick phlegm. My appetite was poor and after eating I had fullness and pain at the chest—the latter seemed to be puffed or swollen. What made me most anxious was my breathing, which came to be so difficult and short that at times I could only catch my breath by an effort. I was led to fancy that something must ail my lungs, especially as so great a quantity of mucus gathered in my throat and mouth. It was usually worse at night, and I got very little sleep on account of it; sometimes none at all. In a morning I would be quite worn out."

"As time went on I became very weak and was much put to it to get about. I took all kinds of medicines and got no proper relief from anything. In February 1893, Mr. William Bardsley, grocer, Cotmanhay Road, told me how he had been cured of a like trouble by Mother Seigel's Carative Syrup. Acting on his advice I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Tatt's Drug Store, Awsworth Road, and after taking it felt quite another man. My breathing was easier, and my food agreed with me. I continued using the Syrup, and got stronger and better every day. When I had taken four bottles I was as well as ever, being free from all pain or discomfort. My wife, who has suffered for years from liver complaint, has taken the Syrup with the same good results as in my own case. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this statement. (Signed) Edward Tatham, Tatham's Lane, Cotmanhay Road, Ilkeston, Derbyshire. March 21st, 1895."

"In October, 1888," writes another, "I began to feel weak, heavy, and tired. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had distress at the stomach, together with shortness of breath, and a good deal of pain across the chest. Sometimes I would be taken with sudden dizziness, as though I must fall to the ground. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over and I trembled from head to foot. Finally, I got so weak I could scarcely walk to my work; indeed, I had occasionally to leave my work; I have been away as long as a month at a time. In this way I suffered for about two years."

"In August, 1890, Mr. Thompson, the grocer in Church Street, urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. After taking only one bottle I felt better. My food agreed with me and I was stronger. Continuing with this medicine, gradually all pain left me, and I completely recovered my health. Since then I have kept the Syrup in the house for use in time of need. You are free to publish this statement. (Signed) William Mallowder, 71, Robinson's Buildings, Newhall, Wath, near Sheffield, October 11th, 1895."

Cases of supposed disease of the heart, of the nervous system, of the kidneys, &c., constantly prove to be, not organic affections of those parts at all, but merely local or functional disturbances caused by the toxic or poisonous principles thrown into the blood by the decomposition or fermentation of food in the stomach; otherwise, by dyspepsia or indigestion. But until they are discovered to be so they are mistakenly treated; and serious, often fatal, results follow. Until pronounced and undeniable symptoms of organic mischief show themselves (which is not the case once in a hundred times) you may take it for granted that your ailment is some form of dyspepsia, easily curable by Mother Seigel's Syrup, as demonstrated by the two instances cited above.