

hair standing on end, and by perspiration breaking in drops on every forehead.

"Ye seen it?" "What was she like?"

"How was she dressed?" "Where did you see her?" were the questions put in swift rotation by Kate and Mary, as they came forward from the dresser.

"A small, dainty creature, no bigger nor a weeny child, dressed in a hooded cloak and hood. While I heard her cry, I went to look out, and sure there it was, foin't my eyes, sittin' as if its heart 'ud break. Wid that I gave a scream, an' clapped the door, an' when Brian came wid the dog he found me lyin' in a faint on the floor, an' no sign good or bad of the banshee about the place, though he searched it over."

A dead silence ensued, in which everyone looked at the pale woman, Euphemia, and Larry alone, half incredulous, sought in each other's eyes the expression of their opinion on the subject; not that they by any means doubted the genuine existence of so well-authenticated a personage; but that the mysterious being should have been brought so close to their own door they held apocryphal; and so each, busy with secret cogitation, maintained profound stillness, until Mrs. Doyle, rising from her wheel, said:

"I dunno, Thady, but it's time to be going down to poor Mooney's wake; I dare say the neighbors are all gathered by this. Ochone, ochone, achishlah machree, but it's herself was the quiet, decent man, that never raised a hand but for to help a neighbor, or to make a sprig of fat or pattern; an' it's could an' dead yer lyin' this night achishlah, wid the salt tears of them that loved ye well fallin' like the rain upon yer bier, och, orra, orra! like poor Mooney!"

"Loversha here," murmured the pale woman standing up to go, "but it'll be the sorrowful herin' the day the seven coffins goes into said Slave Gadoe churchyard; there won't be a dry eye in all the county. An' to think poor Kees O'Brien that I seen this mornin' hale an' hearty warran, standin' on her own floor, givin' a doggin' o' buttermilk an' a male o' cruties to the little lame boggach Shaun aroun'. Firra strua! wirra strua! God look down on the poor souls, the widdy an' orphans left disolate this night; may the Mother o' God comfort 'em. Good-evenin' ma'am, an' God speed ye all. Come on, Brian, a hager, addressin' her husband, who, assenting, placed his duceen in his waistcoat pocket, saying:

"Ay, sure it's time we wor in it; an' I have to be down early the mornin' wid the fishes an' polley for a load of turf to Naas, an' to call at Killeen an' Ballymorestace on the way."

"Good-evenin', alanna, an' sure we'd have seen wid ye, only were promised to go to Mooney's wake to-night; but to-morrow, I'll be goin' over to poor Rose that she left the warrant behind her of a finer neighbor or a better neighbor, wife an' mother, ferriaguer, aroun' m'anima," returned Mrs. Doyle, launching out into earnest sympathy of her deceased friend, as she took care of the couple who set off in that direction; then turning to Peggy Cullin, also replying to go with her husband, Andy, she said: "Ye might as well, alanna, leave in to poor Kevin Kelly's corpse house till to-morrow, an' come wid us to Mooney's—ori, save us! what's that?"

Arrested in her sentence, Mrs. Doyle, with a gasp, and dilated eyes stared wildly at the door, and met only panic-stricken faces, as gentle rapping with knuckles was heard the door; for in the gregarious community, which Mrs. Doyle formed a member, it was understood that the door, ever on the latch, was free ingress to every visitor, and dismission any hour before bedtime.

But incensed in its agony was the dismay every bosom, when a low, moaning cry of stress, accompanied by unknown words, uttered in some strange, unearthly accent, upon their alarmed ears; added to this, a dog, lying upon a turf creel in the corner, up a furious clamor of yelp and bark; a cold gray cat jumped upon the table and looked towards the door; and the black and white hen, roosting on the raft, fluttered uneasily, and showed signs of disturbed rest, all of which warnings seemed to be given at hand. Shown that the door, Johnny Doyle, after some hesitation, opened the little casement to peer cautiously, and swiftly drawing in his head again, ejaculated: "Good Lord! it's the banshee!"

This was the climax; a no one swooned faintly; but some faces grew ashy and some purple, while all seemed threatened with asphyxia from tightness of breath. The small, tiny voice without meanwhile wailed mournfully on for some moments—ages of sorrow—and then, slowly retreating, waxed fainter and fainter, and died away. There is aminating point, beyond which human emotions of joy, sorrow, pain or fear, may not go; then with the ebb of the wide compass they or reaction; so here, out of desperation, sprang courage to confront the worst;

Thady Doyle, being the first to regain consciousness, opened the door to look out, despite warning caution of his friends. A balmy path of night air and silvery stream of moonlight flooded the obscurity of the night, bringing out in more distinct relief the shadowy forms grouped in the flickering glow of the turf fire, but the sign of living thing without met the eye; a breeze wafted with a gentle motion in the dead branches, and the stars shone brightly in the unclouded heavens above.

"Mother of God! what is it, at all at all?"

Mrs. Doyle, with faltering speech, "Sorra sight o' anything I see, returned husband, 'Johnny, come ye only took me out of us; ye seen nothing barrin' the banshee, an' gosh rachemine, wavin' their heads in the heath."

"Begorra, I did; I seen it standin' on the moonlight as plain as I see myself," persisted Johnny; "A weeny like what Brian Cormac's wife would be, a red cloak an' hood, an' black hair comin' over her face. Achierma, it bates higher!"

"That's the banshee, now loomine, them in some form, with looks and expressive of submission to the divine will, mingled with interjections of sorrow, resigned pensantry expedited their departure to the wake, trooping all together for action, and soon the shelling of Thady's door was deserted by all, save Euphemia, an' Molly had prohibited from going to the wake, much to her regret. Nelly, an' Larry, too, had offered to stay to the company, as had also Kitty; but Euphemia, whose most prominent virtue was unselfishness, with her most prominent feature was a selfless and fearless spirit, rejected an offer she well knew would have debarr'd her of much pleasure. So saying she would bed, she saw them off, and stood looking at them till they were out of sight; then she turned to rake the embers of the fire, and, as if by herself, lapsed into a train of cogitation, but not for long, of mind active for repose. She was on her feet, and to the door. The banshee disappeared her imagination only to set her wits on fire, and give motive to her energy; could like to see it with her own eyes, and to see it with her own ears; she would see it if she met it, and learn what-oddings of which it was the bearer.

The idea, conceived in thought, was not slow to embody itself in purpose. Gently closing the door behind her, and taking the dog, she set off in quest of the banshee, arguing to herself: "It must have gone to some other cabin;—not, of course, anywhere there's a wake, but where she has to warn someone else." And away she sped, the dog leaping and barking beside her, as she took her way towards a remote hut, nestled among mountain paths. The reader may smile incredulous, for it is seldom, indeed, that such pursuit has been crowned with success. Nevertheless, Euphemia's quest was successful beyond her most sanguine expectations, since she had not traversed a hundred yards when, arrested by the dog springing away and barking vociferously at some object concealed in a thick clump of brushwood, she turned towards it, and there with awe beheld the identical banshee cowering in terror from the animal, and looking the very picture of suffering and misery. As lost in astonishment, Euphemia stood still, gazing upon the eyes that peered so wistfully into hers, the mysterious being rose, and made a demonstration of approaching. That was enough—all Euphemia's courage evaporated, and, without asking any questions she meditated a hasty scamper, and had actually made some swift paces, when a shriek of terror attracted a hasty backward glance, and she beheld the object which had evidently followed her rapid flight pincioned and prostrate under the grip of the dog. This brought her to a standstill; her sense told her that if the thing were indeed a banshee, or supernatural visitant the animal could not take hold of it. Reassured, she returned, called off her canine champion, assisted the frightened stranger to arise, and briefly addressed her: "What are you?"

Syllables, strange and unknown, fell upon her ear, and taking hold of her hand, with piteous eyes looking into her face, the little one cried bitterly. Euphemia felt her heart moved to compassion; though still not quite sure of the terrestrial nature of the unknown, who, however, seemed to be in trouble she could not explain. Tales of fairy and genii, which she had been lately reading, came to her mind. What if this should be some enchanted princess, like the White Cat, or some visitant escaped from fairyland, but yet under fairy spell to be broken by talisman applied by mortal hand. Quick as thought her swift intelligence suggested a test: she drew from her bosom a crucifix, and, blessing herself, held it up to the stranger, who, as instantly comprehending the suggestion, took from her own neck a corresponding symbol in gold, and, presenting it, she smiled and laughed and blessed herself in turn. Euphemia perceived that the object was neither banshee, fairy, nor enchanted princess, but a Christian of mortal mould, though where she came from, or who she was remained as yet a dark enigma.

"Can't you speak English, or French, or Irish, and say where you come from and what is your name?" continued Euphemia. "I think, after, after all, you're only a child like any other. If I could but understand what you say! I don't know your language."

The stranger, in response, only shook her head, yet seemed as if with greedy ear she strove to take in every word of the speaker, who, at length disappointed, set off homeward, the stranger, to her amazement and annoyance, keeping close beside her. Together they arrived at the threshold; Euphemia entered, and the stranger, uninvited, followed. With concentrated attention she appeared, half-shy, half-inquisitively to scan the interior, till spying a piece of griddle cake upon the shelf, she made eager sign to have it, and Euphemia, giving it to her with a mug of milk, she ate with the avidity of one who had been long fasting, after which, with the hand of Euphemia, which she had repeatedly kissed, looked in hers, she sat down upon the hearth before the roused up fire, leaned her head upon her lap, and dropped off into a deep slumber. Returning at dawn from the wake, the Doyle family, called by Kitty Burke in advance, stood all upon the threshold at sight of Euphemia fast asleep in the carpenter's arm-chair, and the banshee reclining along with the dog at her feet.

Roused by their entrance, the children wakened up, and the stranger, shrinking behind Euphemia, appeared to shun the prying eyes, all seated upon her with acute scrutiny.

"Gosh machree a colleen ague! it is a banshee, or what is it, at all?" exclaimed Kitty Burke, staring hard at the paradoxical young face before her, while the others took note of the silk stockings and red morocco boots in which the tiny feet were encased, and the blue velvet frock, and dark crimson mantle of fine Spanish cloth that arrayed the small figure, and the black silky hair that clustered in tangled tresses round the clear, olive-complexioned cheeks, and the lustrous brown eyes shining beneath heavy, arched lashes. "Arrah, masha, it ain't a banshee, but some child that's strayed, an' belongin' to rich people, too," said Kitty, fearlessly taking in her arms. "Spake, a'mama machree, sure yer could enough to tell yer story, barrin' yer dumb, poor thing, for ye must be eight years old, anyway, an' a cute little one, I warrant."

Masha, Miss Phemia, how did she come in?"

"I went to look for her, and found her in the bramble clump under the hawthorn hedge, and she followed me home," said Euphemia.

"Glory be to God, alanna!" exclaimed Mrs. Doyle, whose apprehensions were not dissipated by this account; "Ye had best not meddle with the creature, Miss Phemia. What if her own people—that's the good people (fairies)—be lookin' for her, and find her here, sure it's murthered we'll be."

"Sorra fear, Molly," returned Kitty, whose long t.wn residence had not by any means weakened her faith in the lore of fairy; but she had spied, and now held up to view, the little crucifix suspended round the child's neck. "No leprechaun or slueishie iver dared face the like o' that. No, achorra, she's a Christian child, an' one of our persuasion, too, an' no heretic, by the same token, howsoever she comes here."

Satisfied by this assurance, and no longer gazing on the uncanny thing with scared vision, Molly Doyle leading the example, all crowded round the little stranger seated peacefully and confidingly on Kitty's lap, and looking with eyes of yearning trust into theirs.

"Queen o' glory, but it bates Banagher!" ejaculated Mrs. Doyle, emboldened to take the crucifix in her fingers, but for the prudent purpose, entertained in secret, to make sure that no delusion had been practised upon their optical sense.

"An' it is dumb the little creature is, or can she spake at all?" cried the honest carpenter, who had been lovingly sprinkling himself and family with holy water, to secure them from the spell of witchcraft and other evil, till sight of the holy symbol, backed by Kitty's assured speech quite banished all dread from his bosom.

"She's a purty little colleen anyway," observed Mrs. Doyle. "Take off her cloak and let's have a good look at her. Masha, but she's a rule little princess. Look at the darlint lace frill an' cuffs trimmin' the neck an' sleeves o' her beautiful velvet frock," continued the carpenter's eldest daughter, as she untied and threw off the hooded mantle which enveloped the child's figure. "Lord bless us! where's she from, at all at all?"

"Spake, achishlah. If ye've got a tongue in yer head, say somethin'," cried Kitty, coaxingly, and sagaciously she added: "Sure if it's from any foreign parts she is, Miss Phemia knows enough o' French to discourse her."

"Or Larry, there, that's illigant at the Latin," said Johnny, first with as much curiosity as the rest, looking at his brother standing by, also immersed in wonder.

"Complying with the general appeal of all, Larry pronounced some interrogation in Latin. The child stared hard, evidently straining with eager attention to catch the sense of the words, but in vain, and she shook her head hopelessly.

"That ain't a good sign, I'm afraid," observed Winnie Doyle, a crone who had accompanied the Doylees from the wake. "Shure if she wor a Christian she'd know somethin' o' the blessed Latin."

"Arrah masha! how much do ye know of it yerself, that goes the round of all the stations, let alone a weeny bit of a colleen," retorted Thady Doyle with scorn. "Ye talk to her, Miss Phemia, arvon."

"Tisn't any sense, Thady," cried Euphemia, standing by Nelly, more practically employed lighting the fire and washing a pot of potatoes to put down to boil for the breakfast; "I spoke to her in every language I could think of, and it's all Greek to her."

At that moment the weary child, either becoming impatient or frightened, began to cry and whimper cabalistic words in an unknown tongue.

"I tell ye she isn't lucky," she's under a charm," exclaimed the crone, blessing herself vehemently. "Did ever any one hear the like o' such spache, for all the world like the voice o' the wind upon a fairy cleeshie, or the pipes of the coelshie by the haunted rath? Put her out, I tell ye, or there's no end to the soith o' misfortune she'll bring to the house; the Lord protect us!"

"Go long wid yerself an' yer prate," angrily cried Thady Doyle, observing the effect of the speech upon the simple auditors, and taking the child in his arms. "There, dearie! Wint, machree! don't cry. See what I've got here." See what I've got here, he extracted from his pocket a piece of sugar-stick some hawking vendor of sweets had given him at the wake.

"Very well, Mr. Doyle, have it yer own way," said Winnie Doyle, as bitterly offended at her opinion being discomfited as the most scientific proponent of a new theory or dictator of a new creed could be at finding his argument rebuffed or cavilled at by an audacious sceptic. "All I've to say is, if ye spake to the herb woman, Stacie Mulroon, maybe ye'd heed her, arvon, or the fairy man, Shamus Beg Dorig, that found out the witches that used to milk Naas Casey's cows in the night, an' this escape before morn, in the shape o' hares up to the hill. Anyhow, as I haven't no wish to be fairy-struck, I bid ye good-mornin', an' Molly, afore, keep an eye to yer milk an' butter, I bid ye."

"Go along wid yerself for an old blathermuck," said Thady, sitting down with the child on his knee, and stroking her head. "I never knew barrin' cum o' doing a good turn yet to man or baste; an' shure, colleen, if ye belong to the good people itself it ain't an evil turn agin them as befriended ye y'd do. Maybe it's a creek o' gold instead ye'd be lavin' wid us, arvonmorn. An' come, Molly, stir yerself aroun, an' hurry the breakfast, an' let's get off in time for the berrin'."

"What berrin', Thady? Sure they're not going to the churchyard before to-morrow?" cried Euphemia, who was busy skimming milk at the dresser and filling the fowl, while Kitty Burke was feeding the pig at the door, and Johnny was, with his sisters Mary and Kate, setting off with the pails to milk.

"Ay, are they, did masha?" responded Mrs. Doyle, taking the bellows out of the hand of Nelly, who was supinely sitting on her heels, was intently surveying the strange child reclining quietly upon her father's bosom. "Father Murphy, God bless him! come down to the wake, an' tould us that, as he had to go down to day to Ferns and Ennisceorthy, an' there wor signs o' trouble with new regiments of soldiers comin' down—Lord Roden's Fox-hunters to the Carrigah, an' Beresford's Bloodhounds, an' the Ancient Britons, an' lots o' Hessians an' foreign soldiers billetin' on every cabin—it was best the bodies decently interred in time. Lord save us! I dread but there'll be massacre!" and she gave the pipe of the bellows a thrust into the fire, and vigorously blew up a strong blaze under the bubbling boiler suspended upon a hook above it.

"And so they're all to go out to-day," murmured Euphemia, in tones of disappointment. "I thought I could have got over on the pony to Miles, and asked him to let me go to-morrow. I hate Miles, he's so cross and proud; and if Hugh were here, and gave me leave, I'd go in spite of him, and."

"Hush, darlint," said Kitty, coming in. "Mather Miles is very good to ye, ye wouldn't vex him by stubbornness an' disobedience, after he forgave what ye done before. Stay at home, alanna, an' read yer story book, an' play wid this little one, an' make her."

"An' I'll have ye sugar an' currants for a cake o' pardin', an' ye have eggs an' cranberries, achishlah," said Mrs. Doyle, poking the potatoes with a stick, to find if they were done.

Euphemia yielded sullen submission to fate, envying the happier destiny of Nelly and Larry, who were at that moment engaged in driving back a couple of restive pigs which had broken from their sty and made resolute demonstration of inviting themselves to breakfast with the family, and, in a fit of heroic sulks, observed: "I don't want any cake or pudding, and I wouldn't be bothered with that little leprechaun; so you may take her with you," to neither of which gracious assurances Kitty or her foster-mother paid the least attention.

The meridian sun, like a shield of gold, was blazing in the blue dome of heaven, unclouded by a single vapour, when a low funeral train, composed of many hundred persons, wound up the hill, zigzag read leading to the ruined mountain cemetery of Slieve Gadoe. No passing-bell announced that the earthly tenements of souls gone home were being conveyed to congregate dust with dust, until the sounding of the Archangel's trumpet shall call them once again to put on the cast-off garment, and stand living men in the flesh once more, face to face with friends and foes. But far away—far away over the purple, heath-clad hills, over the desolate moor, dotted with mounds and stagnant fens, where the rabbit had been disported, and the plover and bittern screamed; over lonely plains traversed by devious footpaths and meandering streams; over tangled copse and wastes of yellow furze, browsed by goats; over solitary hamlet and dark, waving woodland, floated upon every breeze, redolent with the perfumed breath of spring, the fragrance of her garland of violets, hawthorn, meadow-sweet, woodbine, dogrose, daffodil, cowslip, and primrose, with countless balsamic herbs, almost oppressive in their surfeit of fragrance, but for the light, airy flush of the frequent

zephyr's wing, scattering cool freshness around, and sprinkling, as with unctuous, every brow. Upon every such breeze was borne a wild, weird, melancholy strain of music, which, heard blending its symphonies with the hush of twilight, or the mystic beams of moonlight, had been superlatively awful; but heard even now, in the full bloom of nature, and the open eye of day, the vibrating pulsations of the mournful chant, the Celtic cooing the wild *ulla ulla*, the ethereal refrain of the Irish death song, now swelling in sublime pathos aloft, now dying in weeping numbers; now waiting fitfully broken upon the ear, now gushing like a tuneful rill, plaintive and low, it thrilled every nerve with sympathetic emotion, irresistible to the most callous, and yielding to the infection of sorrow gliding into the bosom, an unwanted sadness, at least, should conquer natures that could not dissolve in tears. Amid such *requiem* dirge, waiting the prayer of intercession to heaven's gates for the departed souls, the corpses of their murdered neighbours were laid to rest beneath the walls of the old abbey, and then, Father Murphy, standing upon a little eminence, waving his hand to impose silence, addressed the people, who thronged and pressed around to hear him:

"My children, and has been the office imposed upon us this day, even that of laying the green sod over the cold remains of those who yesternow were like yourselves, and among yourselves, in the flesh, with our tears, and wearying heaven with cries for their spirits' pardon and rest in glory. But, my children! (his voice faltered), while I weep with you, ay, burning tears of sorrow and indignation, shall I not, your father, guide and friend, also reprove the impulsive ardor which led you to disregard my earnest entreaties, my solemn warning, even while I lament the persecution that goaded you to resistance—that resistance to law and authority which I have never ceased to deprecate. Carried away by passion you forgot, some of you, my counsel, nay, my command; and when the oppressor smote you in his tyranny, instead of committing your cause to Divine vindication, you must needs vindicate yourselves. So, behold the result! What availed your strong hands, and your sharp knives, and your pitiful numbers, but to give that pretext to the enemy for which he hungered, to slaughter you and your wives and children without mercy, to wrack your little homes, and send you forth naked upon the world. O children! I have not time to say to you now all that my heart yearns to pour forth, for business calls me hence; but once for all, I pray, I conjure you, hear me voice, and obey my injunction. Let this hour of luncheon and dark disaster blow over in peace. Brave not the wrath of evil men, armed both with the will and the power to afflict you. Strive by submission and patience to court at least a respite, till his angry passions cool down and better feelings animate his breast. Should it be God's will to permit them still to wield the scourge, bend in acquiescence to each stroke. Remember the early Christians, your forefathers, what things they suffered to enter into that glory which no man can take from them, and where, sitting upon eternal thrones, crowned with sunbeams and clothed in the hues of the rainbow, with every tear they shed shining like a gem upon their garments, they look down upon you waging your earthly strife with the demon, exulting in your victory, and impatient to receive you into their bliss. Come, every man, pledge me once more that, whatever betide, he will not madly rush upon destruction by being his own avenger; but commit himself to the care of the Almighty, whose blessing I here invoke upon every head."

Slowly, reluctantly, dubiously the congregated peasantry yielded to the prayer of their pastor, who fervently called down benedictions upon them. Many, indeed, impatient of his exhortations, murmured among themselves.

Johnny Doyle whispered, *sotto voce*, to Terry O'Loon, beside him: "Ay, ay, what's the good o' the pikes to us now? It's just foolishness his reverence is talkin'. Is a man if he's attacked not to defend himself, does he mane?"

"Paix, I'll hold my grip o' the pike, any way, come what will," grunted Terry, whose brother was among the slain.

"Och, masha, his reverence is too hard," observed Molly Doyle, much dissatisfied, to Kitty. "Shure a poor-spirited hen 'ud fight for her chickens, if they were attacked by a cur; an' it's a mane baste wouldn't defend it's you g'in danger. I know if I seen my child're in jeopardy, it 'ud go hard wid me to stay quiet—an' I wouldn't."

"Troth I dunno; he must mane it only in raised," suggested Kitty, puzzled a good deal. "I'd be sorry, if a fellow rit my Ned, to see him take it like a poltroon; I'd be ashamed of his father's son, so I would."

"All I know is," said O'Brien the ploughman, stalling away, "I'll meddle wid no man that doesn't wid me or mine; and that does I'll hit him a lick of my clough alpen, if it wor the colonel o' the regiment."

"I've made ten score stout pikes," growled Mooney the blacksmith, "an', by Jabers, I'll not stut the lorn o' em nor the use of 'em neither, if so an' they be wantin'."

"Lord send we'll have no need for 'em," said Thady Doyle, "but sure if we have, it's well to have 'em to the fore, anyway. Johnny has got five stowed away in the hickory. Come home, Thady, you an' the gossoms, an' have a bit o' bacon an' cabbage; I've axed poor Terry an' two or three more, an' we'll take a bit at Cavanagh's to keep up our hearts while the wife, wid the girls an' Kitty, goes on afore to have the dinner agin we get home."

Mooney, being agreeable, they adjourned to a *shebeen* on the way, while his helpmate, with her sons and daughters, Kitty, and a few female friends, discussing the events of the times, trudged before, to arrange the domestic concerns, and inveigh to their hearts' content against the pacific disposition of their pastor.

(To be continued.)

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTA BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTA BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The name of N. H. Downs still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public.

All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica & Oil Liniment on the chest.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy, the mouth has a bad taste especially in the morning. A sort of sickly smile collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when sitting up suddenly. The bowels become constipated, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste: this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a very large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it. J. S. McArthur, 25, Highgate Road, London:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicine, and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from this—(Thos. Chapman, West Auckland)—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

N. Darvell, Glen, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and I recommend it.

John Barker, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value. A. Armstrong, Market Street, Dublin:—I have used it for some time, and find it to be a great remedy for all kinds of ailments, and I have found numerous cases of cure from this—(Thos. Chapman, West Auckland)—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicine, and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from this—(Thos. Chapman, West Auckland)—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

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