

extensive knowledge and information concerning a great variety of diseases was plain to me. *She had remained with the patients day and night, watching every symptom and the effect of every remedy used, while the doctor stays with the sick only a few moments every day.*

I asked the old lady how she came to make this discovery of the Syrup, and what causes led to its extensive use? Laying down her glasses, and smoothing out the folds of a neat Quaker costume, she began as follows:

The Story as Related in Her Own Words.

"In the year 1852, while nursing a very sick patient of the celebrated Dr. Von Schmidt, I was deprived of my rest every night for more than a month. I was completely broken down; my nervous system was shattered; my digestion was impaired; I suffered with shifting pains all over my body; my appetite was gone; my bowels were constipated; there was a bad taste in my mouth in the morning, and a blur was before my eyes continually.

"I applied to a physician for relief, and followed his advice for many weeks, but gradually grew worse. I applied to several other physicians, who also prescribed for me, but in spite of all they could do I grew worse and worse. Weakness had brought on disease peculiar to the female sex, which, together with many other diseases, made me feel that death would indeed prove a blessing. My suffering was so severe that I longed to die. I tried first one doctor and then another, until my means were exhausted, and I was reduced in flesh to a mere skeleton.

"While tottering through the lots near my living spring, as you see yonder by the side of that old stone wall (pointing to a stone fence in sight of her window), I picked up a little sprig and thoughtlessly commenced chewing the leaves and small

branches. Without thinking or knowing what I was doing, I chewed this coarse wild pasture bush until I reached my home again. As I entered the house one of my grandchildren exclaimed, 'Poison, grand-ma! poison!' This arrested my attention, and I saw that I had been chewing what we all supposed to be poison.

"'Well,' said I to myself, 'death will be better than this awful life of suffering and distress.' So I waited calmly for the result, not caring how soon I might be borne hence, and find relief in a better world. Agnes and my other children were alarmed, and insisted upon vomiting me, and resorting to other means to undo what was believed to result in death; but I felt so calm and so quiet, and resigned to my impending doom, that I insisted on remaining undisturbed, and desired to be allowed to sleep. I slept, surrounded by my friends, who believed I would never awaken, and who were happy to see that after two years' incessant misery I was enjoying at least temporary repose, and that I should probably fall into the sleep of death unconsciously. I awoke in an hour, refreshed, and arose, declaring that I felt better, and, against the urgent entreaty of my dear children, I sauntered again alone to the place where the supposed 'Poison' grew. I picked bunch after bunch, and hid them away in my pocket, for I knew it would distress my children to see me with the supposed deadly herb.

"I felt better; my stomach felt easy; the pain in my side, shoulders and back was easier; the palpitation of my heart had ceased, and a light moisture was upon my forehead. I felt that the herb had helped me; in fact, I knew it was doing me good. I chewed more of the plant during the night, and arose in the morning feeling more strength in my limbs and more life than I had known for weeks.

"I determined, therefore, to steep some

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Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup removes indigestion and health and happiness returns.

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