

week's illness in the whole sixty years of his life. One day this summer (1887) he was found at home, and in the course of the talk that sprang up, Braddock told the following story, which we print because it will interest many besides himself.

He said: "Perhaps you have already heard about my case, and if so, it's no use my telling it all over again."

"I heard it alluded to in Manchester," was the answer, "but I should like to hear it from your own lips."

"Well, sir," said James, "I'll run it over for you. I've told it lots of times, and it's always done good to somebody. It was two years ago this summer that I was taken very bad with indigestion. How ill I was, and how I finally got cured, is no news to the people in this part of the country, sir. Scores of them came from far and near to see me and talk to me about it. I first noticed a dull feeling all over me, and my appetite failed so that I could eat nothing without forcing it down, sir; and then it lay like a heavy weight on my stomach. Food used to make me feel strong for work and exercise, but now it seemed to do me no good at all. My mouth tasted bad, and when I looked in the glass I saw my skin and eyes had a yellow colour, and people said I was dreadfully bilious, my liver was out of order, and my blood all full of poison. And so I believed, for my head ached and my legs and arms ached, as though I had some manner of fever hold of me. I took pills, and a hundred other medicines, but they only made me feel a little easier for a day or two, and then I was worse than ever.

"After a bit, sir, I began to be short of breath, you know, and had to sit down and rest, when once I could tramp all day without being tired or once fetching a long breath. I couldn't make out what was the matter with me or whatever brought it on, but I kept on getting worse, and that much I was sure of. My heart would flutter and get

weak and faint in my breast, and that frightened me more than the stomach trouble, for I didn't know then that the indigestion and dyspepsia were really the cause of it all, sir. People kept telling me I had the heart complaint, and was likely to fall down dead any minute. You may fancy how this took all the courage out of me, and I thought my work was done in this world. So it went on, sir, and neither my friends nor the doctors appeared to understand what was ailing me.

"One day I was taken with such a queer spell, it almost scares me to think back to it. I couldn't get my breath. I was choked as though a strong man had me by the throat, and I was sure I was going to die. The people fanned me and gave me whisky, and after a while I came out of it, weak as a cat, sir, and all in a cold sweat.

"But my stomach got worse afterwards, and I was afraid the choking might come back, and the next time it would certainly kill me. It was about this time, one day, I picked up a North Cheshire newspaper and began to read of a case like mine being cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I thought half-a-crown would na' break me, and I bought a bottle. The first few doses did me good, sir. You wouldn't believe it, neither would I, but it did. In a few days, maybe two weeks, sir, my stomach began to act, and my victuals stopped on it, and my strength begun to come back."

"You had no more choking, then?" said the visitor.

"No, sir, not after that. The fluttering of the heart troubled me no more, and the yellow went out of my eyes and skin; and, to put it short, sir, after taking two bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup I got as well as ever I was in my life. What this medicine is made of I don't know, but I'm sure that it's not like anything else. If I hadn't seen that account of it in the paper, and been led to use it, as certain as I talk to you now, sir, I believe I should have been under the sod months and months ago. I tell about it to everybody, and will do so as long as I have a tongue in my head, sir."