

He Lights His Pipe Once More.

Some fifty years ago the English ship Argos was wrecked on a low-lying key or sand island, of the Bahama group. Only one man, a sailor, was thrown safely on the beach by the waves. In his pocket was a tin tobacco box, a pipe and a flint and steel. Wringing the water from his clothes he seated himself, lighted his pipe, and with true British phlegm proceeded to consider his situation. The moral of which is that when an Englishman, having the means, refuses to smoke, he is in very bad form.

For example, here is a man who says, "I always enjoyed my pipe, but now I couldn't take a whiff." To be sure there was a reason and he puts it in this way: "Up to Michaelmas, 1887," he says, "I was a strong, healthy man. About this time I began to feel bad about my stomach and had no relish for food. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and after eating I would retch and vomit until the water oozed out of my eyes; and so bad was this that my wife had to hold my head. My eyes turned yellow, and I felt low, weak and nervous. Sometimes I would break out into a sweat and then go cold and chilly.

"I couldn't touch food, and for months I belched up sour water; and what I did eat lay heavy upon and seemed to be dead and lifeless in my body. Feeling low and depressed, I had no enjoyment in company.

"Before this I was always cheerful and enjoyed my pipe, but now couldn't take a whiff.

"I had a craving, gnawing pain at the stomach which nothing eased for long together. I had bran poultices applied and took different kinds of medicine, but nothing went to this spot, nothing eased me. After a time I had to give up my work, for I got so weak and nervous I couldn't hit my work iron and my tools and things flew out of my hand.

"For over four months I did not have a single good night's rest. I would turn and turn in bed all night long, and my wife and I often sat up the best part of the night rather than go to bed. I went so thin that my clothes fairly hung upon me. Friends who came to see me told one another that I could not get better, and even my wife said I would do no more work in this world.

"For more than twelve months I had a clever doctor attending me, but his medicine did me no good; then I went to see a physician at Sudbury with the same result. The doctors sounded my lungs, but found nothing wrong and said all my ailments were brought on by bad digestion.

"I now got weaker and weaker and had given up all hopes of recovery when, in the spring of 1889, a lady from London who was staying at the Vicarage at Otten Belchamp heard of my condition. She called at Mr. Goody's, the medicine dealer, and told him to supply me with some Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and she would pay for it. Very reluctantly I took the medicine, for I had tried so many things without obtaining any benefit. However my wife pressed me so hard, that at last I began to take the Syrup. After a few doses I said to my wife, 'I think I feel better for this medicine,' and from that time I commenced to improve. By the time I had taken three bottles I was back at my work, as strong and well as ever, much to the surprise of everybody.

"People all about said I would never get well, but I did, thank the Lord and Mother Seigel.

"Now I tell everyone that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life. I can now eat anything and feel so light-hearted I could jump over a five barred gate. My neighbors all say I look ten years younger."

ELIAS BLAND, Shoemaker,
Belchamp St. Paul,
Clare, Suffolk.

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