

of the roots, leaves and twigs and drink the tea.

"The next day I felt still better, and I continued to feel better day by day until I was entirely well; and from the year 1855 neither my children nor myself have ever suffered one day's illness. After my own speedy recovery, I prepared an extract from the plants, and was in the habit of giving it to the sick and suffering of the peasantry, as well as giving it to many persons whom I was nursing from time to time, and who were considered by their doctors past all human aid. From time to time I added other roots and plants, such as I found to be good.

"I found at last that I was successful in nearly *all* diseases—in fact, I may say *all* diseases—for, wherever I used it I found it invariably to work the most speedy and almost miraculous results. It is the best purifier of the blood I have ever heard of; it cleanses out the entire system of foul and unhealthy humors, and leaves good and pure blood, upon which all the organs of the body must thrive. At last the demand became so great I found myself called upon to send it to all parts of the empire, and I was compelled to build a house for the purpose of assorting, drying, compounding and putting up the Syrup for use. It has made me rich, but I have always striven to be free with what I have. I have always supplied the wants of the poor free of charge (I afterwards learned that this was so from the neighbors, and from the physicians at Berlin, who had employed her as nurse for years), and wish for a long life, that I may make it useful to those about me."

Such was the old lady's simple but impressive story, and it was told in such a way as to carry conviction to my heart. Honesty was delineated in every feature of good old Mother Seigel's pleasant and wholesome countenance, and I feel that she was like a mother to me—stranger in the land. I went to Germany prepared to pay the old lady

\$10,000 for the recipe of this valuable blood cleanser, and my surprise can be imagined when she told me she should charge nothing for all the information she was able to give me concerning the preparation and uses of her Curative Syrup; for she said: "I am rich; my aim is to do good; every one in Germany knows me and my Syrup; but if I can give the sufferers of the New World something for which to be thankful to Mother Seigel, I shall die feeling that I have left nothing undone which I could do. This recipe," she said, "I give to thee, believing that, as thee has come so far to get it, thee will do well with it, now that thou art the possessor of it." My gratitude was unbounded. I felt that I had a legacy indeed, that was worth more to me and the world than loads of diamonds and rubies. I promised to be faithful to her in granting her all honor for its discovery, and just to sufferers in preparing it as she had herself directed.

She took me to her buildings prepared for the putting up of this remedy, and there, indeed, I found a study of itself. She tripped along as lightly as a young girl, stopping to point out the various points of interest connected with the arrangement of the buildings. She explained to me the necessity of gathering the herb in its proper season, when all the juices of the plant are retained in the stalk and leaves. She explained to me the importance of her process of drying the herbs; then all the other important features connected with the preparation of the Syrup. After remaining with her six weeks (a period fraught with much anxiety as well as interest, for I had left behind me a dear friend, low with hereditary disease), and becoming familiar with the entire process of the preparation of Seigel's Syrup or Shaker Extract of Roots, I bade adieu to my steadfast friend and returned to my home in New York. On my passage home I resolved that in justice to Mother Seigel and the world, I should use every means to make this valuable remedy



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No such pleasant physic in the world as Mother Seigel's Operating Pills.