

DAVID LYNCH'S QUEER WAYS

Near the village in which my boyhood was spent lived a man who was at once one of the most intelligent and slackest of human beings. Among the sorts and conditions of men I have come upon since, I never saw any to match him. He was a farmer, and his name was Lynch—David Lynch. His house had never been painted, and the broken windows were stuffed here and there with rags and old hats. His barns were open to the winds, and his cattle and horses nearly froze in winter. His garden was full of weeds, which also choked his crops—when he had any. Everything belonging to David was musty, rusty, and down at the heel. He was always in debt, yet it never seemed to worry him. Surrounded by his own rack and ruin, he died in old age, and lies to-day in a grave without a slab to mark the spot. Still, he was a gentleman, and a good deal of a scholar. He knew a lot, but never applied it to any practical purpose. Yes, yes; a queer chap was David Lynch. And the funniest thing about him was that, although in early life he had mastered the carpenter's trade, he never nailed up the loose boards on his buildings. Why didn't he? Too lazy, you say. Well, let it go at that.

Now take the case of a totally different kind of man, who, nevertheless, failed to repair his house. The story, as he tells it, runs thus: "For many years," he says, "I suffered from weakness and exhaustion. I always felt tired and languid. I had but little energy. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and my tongue was covered with slime. I had a poor appetite, and after meals experienced distress and fullness at the chest. I had an aching pain around the heart, often so bad that I fainted.

"I was very dizzy, too, at times, and when at my work or walking, I was obliged to take hold of something to keep from falling. I got little or no sleep at night, and in the morning I felt worn out and exhausted, worse tired in fact than at night. Every few weeks I had to leave my work, owing to the bad attacks at my heart.

"In this manner I continued for years, and was almost all the time under medical treatment. The doctor said I was suffering from weakness of the heart, but his medicine did me little good.

"In August, 1888, Mr. Prout told me of the benefit he had derived from Mother Seigel's Syrup, and I procured a bottle of it from Mr. Clapp, grocer, in High Street. After taking it I found myself quite a new man. I had less pain at the heart and felt stronger. I persevered with it and felt better than for years: the medicine seemed to drive the languor away. By taking a little of it when needed I have since kept in good health. My family also have found it beneficial. Had it not been for Mother Seigel's Syrup it is my opinion I should not now be alive. You may publish this statement, and refer any one to me. (Signed) John Willey, Manor Place, Honiton, Devon, September 24th, 1896."

Lest I should forget it, I wish to call the reader's attention to certain dates. By looking again at Mr. Willey's letter you will see that he was cured in the latter part of 1888. That is ten years ago now, and he has been well ever since. Therefore the repairs done on his bodily house were substantial and lasting. And that is a great point for Mother Seigel's Syrup as a remedy for chronic dyspepsia—which was our friend's trouble. Furthermore, nothing tears the house down as that disease does. It is like wind, rain, and rot combined. His heart affection, his dizziness, and all the rest, were signs of dyspepsia at work—at work tearing things down; mind you. The carpenter and architect that builds up is Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Now, listen to me ten seconds more and my talk is done—for this time. David Lynch knew perfectly well how to keep his house and barns in good order, but didn't do it. He was a careless, slack man. On the other hand Mr. Willey is an industrious man, who would have kept his body in order if he had known how. No blame to him for that. A building of brick and boards is an easy thing to understand. The body-house isn't. Only He who made it really understands it; but experience shows us some things that can be depended on to repair it. Perhaps the best of these is Mother Seigel's Syrup. At least Mr. Willey thinks so, and an immense lot of people agree with him.



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