

apt to be cross and irritable, even though sweet tempered enough usually. The kidneys—left by the liver to do the work of both—are overloaded, which causes heat in urination and pain in the back.

Now, the main fault in all this mischief is with the stomach, which, being overworked itself by its foolish owner, has put more work on the liver than it can do. Hence the bile has "backed" into every vein and tissue in the body. In such a state of things as this we must first cleanse the clogged stomach and bowels with full doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup. The Syrup will then stir up the liver to remove the bile which lodges in the blood. This will relieve the kidneys, and presently we shall have the troublesome and dangerous bile either out of doors or back in its place. What wonderful yet quiet and painless power this Syrup possesses to bring about this transformation is well known to grateful multitudes who have trusted and tried it.

Girls of the Right Sort.

"My daughter, unless you can work the ship off the coast she will soon strike the rocks and we shall all be lost."

So said the captain of a fine merchant vessel to his daughter. He was right; it was their only chance. The bark *Anina*, 700 tons, was bound from Cuxhaven to Rio with a general cargo. She had scarcely left port when the captain was disabled by a broken leg. A mutiny followed. Under threat of bad weather the *Anina* anchored in a bight of a bay on the dangerous coast of Cornwall. Here the officers and all of the crew deserted. A furious cyclonic southwest gale arose. The anchors dragged and the girl burned a flare on deck. The lifeboat responded, but was staved against the ship's side by a sea. All the boat's crew were lost except the coxswain, who gained

the deck. He was not a sailor, yet with him alone under her orders, this girl, who *was* a sailor, cut both cables, set some headsail and got out into the open. It was touch and go, but true grit won. Three weeks longer the girl commanded before help came. Yet it did come finally, and so did the wedding of the handsome young coxswain and the captain's beautiful and heroic daughter.

And yet there are some fools left who say we must look to men chiefly for courage and intelligence. Stuff and nonsense. Any woman will scream when she sees a mouse (that's mere nerves), and ten minutes later she will meet disaster or death with a quiet smile. Then too, women have a genius for throwing in a suggestion exactly where it is wanted.

A man writes this way:—"I came home dejected," so he goes on, "and didn't know what to do, but my daughter said —."

But avast a minute. Before we hear what his daughter said, let's have his story from the start, shipshape and Bristol fashion. He says: "In December, 1890, I was suddenly taken one day with an excruciating pain in the pit of the stomach and in the right side. For over twelve hours I could neither sit nor lie down. The medical man who examined me gave me some medicine, but on the second day jaundice set in, and from that time I suffered from a similar attack about once every three weeks. Every remedy was tried without avail; nothing did the slightest good. The kidney secretion was something frightful, being a mass of matter, blood and bile

"This continued five months, and I grew weaker and thinner every day. My friends thought nothing could save me. Many urged me to have further advice, as at this time the secretions were much worse and the motions resembled white clay. Another

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