

A LONG NERVOUS STORM.

If you ever watched a dentist draw a nerve out of a tooth, you will remember how much it looked like a little snip of wet, white cotton thread. How can so contemptible a thing inflict such a mountain of agony? And why does it do it? "Disease," you say. Ah, surely. A simple and obvious answer; yet in what way does the true nerve-fibre, wrapped up and coated, as it is, like the wires in a submarine cable, get to be diseased?

Yet, somehow, these soft strings do become fearfully out of order, or our friend Miss Hunt, alluding to the neuralgia from which she once suffered, would not say, "*Sometimes I was almost mad with the pain.*" And that is but one of many forms of torture imposed on us by the nerves; yet without these nerves we should be but lumps of clay—lacking feeling and power of motion.

How can we cure these dreadful nerve-pains? The drug shops abound in so-called remedies for them, yet they are only as a breath to cool the air of a torrid summer day. The real cause and cure are among Nature's deeper secrets. Can we find them?

"Nearly all my life," says Miss Hunt, "I have suffered from indigestion of an aggravated kind. I felt low, weary, and weak, having little or no energy. My appetite was variable. At one time I would eat voraciously, and at other times I could not touch a morsel of food.

"After eating I had great distress at the chest and around the sides. I suffered martyrdom from the horrid pain in my stomach and limbs. As the years passed by, my nerves became totally unstrung, and I endured untold misery from neuralgia. My lips and half my face were almost dead from this distressing malady."

[The lady will pardon the writer. In the sense of being objects of use and pleasure, they were in truth practically dead; but in another sense they were horribly alive, as the sky is when it is pierced and rent with the lances of the lightning.]

"I consulted," she adds, "doctor after doctor, but in spite of all their medicines and applications I found little or no relief. *Sometimes I was almost mad with pain.*"

[Not a doubt of it. Under such circumstances the body is a poison-house of keen suffering, and people have not infrequently taken their own lives to escape it. Only acute rheumatism or gout can be compared with neuralgia, and (please observe) the whole three are forms of the same thing—results of the same cause. Hence sufferers from the former two ailments will be wise also to read this essay to the end.]

"In June, 1886," continues the letter, "a book was left at my house in which I read of many persons who had been cured by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I bought a supply from a chemist in New North Road, and soon my indigestion got better, the pain in my head and limbs was easier, and I felt stronger than I had done for years.

"I think it only right that others should know of what has done so much for me. You have, therefore, my permission to make this statement public if you like. (Signed) Miss S. Hunt, 57 Dale View Road, Stamford Hill, London, June 30th, 1896."

Our correspondent is a schoolmistress, and, as her letter shows, a woman of fine intelligence. At the outset she names the radical and only real disease she had—namely, indigestion, or, as we indifferently call it, dyspepsia. Starved from the want of nourishment, and poisoned by the products of food constantly decomposing in the stomach, her nervous system was thrown into wild disorder, and protested and cried out with the thrilling voice of pain. No applications, no emollients are effective to remedy symptoms springing from a cause so profound and firmly seated.

Would we stop the writhing of the trees during a gale? Ah, they cannot be bound or held. We must employ, if we possess it, a power which can say unto the wind, "Peace be still."

Something akin to this Mother Seigel's Syrup did when it abolished the digestive trouble. It enabled the stomach to feed the feeble body, and with returning strength the nervous storm subsided into the calm and harmony of Health.



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