

PLUMP AGAINST A BIG FACT.

It is not properly any part of my business to enforce lessons in ethics; therefore I commonly leave that responsible task to those whose vocation it is. But no man can continually write on the subject which constitutes the burden of those essays without now and then running plump against a mighty fact in morals. If you will be good enough to read the following short letters I will then try to show why I was moved to speak as I have spoken.

My daughter Annie Jane, writes that young girl's mother, 'now five years of age, was a fine healthy child up to March, 1891, when she began to sicken and fall away. She had no appetite and every particle of food she took came up. She lost strength rapidly and within a fortnight she was thin as a rake, being not much else than skin and bone. For days and days she lay in a half-conscious condition, scarcely moving hand or foot, and to all appearance lifeless. I had a doctor attending her for four weeks, and he said the child was suffering from indigestion, yet so far as we could see, his treatment had no effect. My husband and I, and all that saw the poor baby, thought she was slowly dying, and we were almost heart-broken at the thought of losing her.

Nothing that we gave her did the slightest good, and the child was fading away, when one day, towards the end of April, a lady called, and after seeing Annie Jane, advised us to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. She said she had known the lives of many children saved by this medicine who were down with the same complaint. I hurried to get a bottle from Mr. Kountly, the chemist, in Susan's Road, and began giving it in small doses. In less than twenty-four hours the child began to eat, the sickness stopped, and we could see a change for the better. We kept on giving the Syrup, and in two weeks Annie was as well as ever, and fast getting back her flesh. Since that time—now four years ago—she has never been ill. We consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved her life. You can publish this statement and refer anyone to me. (Signed) MRS ANNIE ALEXANDER, 35, Melbourne Road, Eastbourne, August 1st, 1895.

My son Joseph, writes Mr Joseph Bond, of Salter's Green, Weyfield, Sussex, 'was never strong. He did not come on like other children. He was weak, sickly, and popy. He ate but little, and was usually in pain until he vomited most of it up again. Nothing gave him strength. In February, 1894, his feet and ankles began to fester. Next three abscesses formed on his neck and under the chin, making deep holes. He was merely skin and bone. The abscesses seemed to be exhausting his life's blood. He was in a doctor's care five months, but got no better. From July (1894) he had four months' treatment at the Tunbridge Wells Hospital, without benefit. The doctors gave him medicines and cod-liver oil, but nothing strengthened him.

In December (1894) I concluded to take the case into my own hands, and gave him a medicine that had cured my wife—Mother Seigel's Syrup. To our astonishment and delight he began to improve in a few days. He could eat, and was stronger for it. We kept giving him the Syrup, and he grew better every day. The abscesses soon healed, and he is now a fine healthy boy, nine years old, and strong for the first time since he was born. Publish this letter if you wish and refer inquiries to me. (Signed) JOSEPH BOND, July 26th, 1895.

What, now, is that mighty fact in morals? Ask yourself the question. What justice was there in the suffering of these two little children? For whose sake was it? Why do the majority of the human race die in infancy and childhood? That bundle of laws and forces called 'nature' has no pity, no mercy. Obey and live; disobey and perish, that's the whole story.

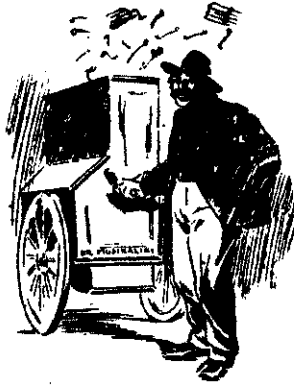
Then how does Mother Seigel's Syrup cure? It cures by bringing the diseased and suffering body back where nature's hand can reach it. It puts the derailed coach back on the rails, it re-launches the stranded ship. The radical trouble of both Annie Alexander and Joseph Bond was of the digestion, the first (a mere baby then) having been seized with acute indigestion, and the boy having, as his father tells us, been born with a feeble stomach. Hence, in his case, the bad blood and the abscesses by which nature sought to remove it. Will parents take warning from these instances? I hope so. Watch the little ones and use Mother Seigel's Syrup whenever you see them inclined to droop or languish.

WHERE THE QUAKE COMES FROM.

The greatest depth at which earthquakes are known to originate is about thirty miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same depth.

THE LATEST FAD.—THE MUSIC CURE.

AFTER the water cure we now have the music cure, and the French and German papers are devoting some attention to it—Daily Paper.



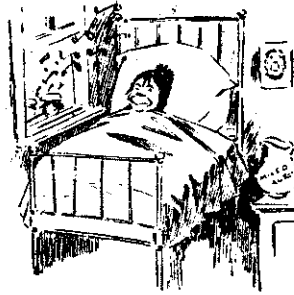
Throw away the medicine chest
And cast aside the horrid pills.
For music now will stand the treat
Of curing all our earthly ills.



When grandpa, with his rheumatism,
Complains it hurts to even sneeze.
A dose of bagpipes quickly mix.
Then watch the way he takes his ease.



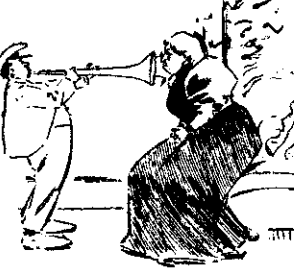
When baby howls at dead of night,
With tum tum ache he's sore distressed.
Send out and find a drummer bright.
And let his music do the rest.



Or if the cook should have a head,
Because she drank mixed ale that day,
Just tuck her snugly in her bed
And get a German band to play.



At supper time when papa dear
Asserts his head with aches will split,
Let little Willie stand quite near
And play the tambourine a bit.



Mamma-in-law, when she falls sick,
And talks the milk out of a stone,
She might recover very quick
If dosed each day with slide trombone.



And sister Sus, when she has chills
Which shake her bones like very sin,
Let her young man perform some trills
And quivers on his violin.



And after all has been arranged
Drugs won't be wanted any more.
The chemist's shop will all be changed
Into a first class music store.

ANCIENT JAPANESE LAWS.

PRIVATE conduct was regulated in Japan (says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*), by some remarkable obligations entirely outside of written codes. A peasant girl, before marriage, enjoyed far more liberty than was permitted to city girls. She might be known to have a lover; and unless her parents objected very strongly, no blame would be given to her. It was regarded as an honest union—honest, at least, as to intention. But having once made a choice the girl was held bound by that choice. If it were discovered that she met another admirer secretly the people would strip her apron—and drive her in mockery through every street and alley of the village. Afterward the girl was sentenced to banishment for five years. But at the end of that period she was considered to have expiated her fault and she could return home with the certainty of being spared further reproaches.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obligations. In time of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

This obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters; everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick. For example, the entire village might be ordered to make a *sendo mairi* on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the *Kumi-cho* (each *Kumi-cho* was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house crying, 'Such and such a one is very sick; kindly hasten all to make a *sendo mairi*!' Thereupon, however occupied for the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple, taking care not to trip or tumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a *sendo mairi* was believed to mean misfortune for the sick.

A TERRIBLE CASE OF ECZEMA

CURED BY Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. E. Wyatt, of Port Road, West Hindmarsh, S. Australia, writes of the sad condition of her little daughter, whose portrait she also sends:



"My daughter was afflicted with Eczema of the most aggravated type. The disease first appeared in eruptions on her head, then her hair began to fall out, and in spite of the best medical advice and treatment she grew steadily worse. The sores were full of matter and were extremely offensive. Her eyes became affected, and she was, in truth, in a terrible state. My neighbors were very sympathetic and took great interest in the case. They persuaded me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I am most thankful to be able to say that this wonderful medicine completely restored my daughter's health. She has now as good a head of hair as anyone could wish, her eyes are perfectly well, and she is a fine girl of eight years with every prospect of growing up to be a strong and healthy woman."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA
Sold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.