

"John," said Susan, "you had better let me send for the doctor. You never had a spell like this before, and it worries me."

"Nonsense, wife," he replied, sharply, "it's a mere cold, and it will work off itself. Do lie down and be still."

But there was to be no rest for either of them. All night long he burned with fever. At times he was light-headed and talked in a disjointed fashion of his business and of little Mary. An hour or two after midnight he fell into a troubled sleep, from which he awoke several times with a cry, as people do from nightmare. Morning came at last, and in spite of his wretched night Bostwick arose, swallowed a cup of strong coffee, and went to his business. The reader may say he was a fool, but John Bostwick had the old-fashioned English grit, and would stick by a friend or fight a foe as long as he could stand up and see. And illness was his enemy.

His wife, less pugilistic, attended to her most pressing household duties, and then sought an hour or two of much needed rest.

Nature loves pauses and intervals. Only one sea-wave out of many is dangerously large. She gives us neither good nor bad without a break. For some time there was no repetition of the miserable experience just related. But John was not himself again. In mind and body he had lost his grip. He grew more and more testy and irritable. Little things fretted him. He mistook molehills for mountains. He acted like a man who expects bad news—he knows not what nor whence. He complained of headaches, dullness and inability to fix his attention on any single object or purpose. The children no longer counted on "Papa," as a playmate. Now and then he would speak so roughly as to send them to their mother in tears and terror. He partook of his meals mostly in silence, eating little and speaking only to find fault. Surely our friend John was getting into very bad form indeed.

Patient Susan bore all this as well as she could. She knew her husband had not changed; it was the mysterious disease which had swept the smile from his face and the loving words from his lips.

John Bostwick was a hopeless dyspeptic. His whole manner told the story. His business friends remarked that he did not show his former sharpness and clear-headedness in buying and selling. He said he had a feeling at the pit of his stomach as though something was *gone*; a sensation that food could not overcome. Quite often he would be seized with sickness and throw up his food because he could not digest it. He had a bad taste in his mouth, especially in the morning, and was disgusted to find a slimy substance on his gums, and when Susan hinted to him how offensive his breath was he angrily told her to mind her own business. Nothing can more forcibly indicate what a change had come over the considerate and gentlemanly John Bostwick. He had pains in his chest, sides and back, and underwent miserable torment from constipation. For the latter trouble his physician prescribed cathartics and laxatives, none of which gave more than transient relief. How tired the poor fellow got of salts—Epsom salts, Rochelle salts, and all the salty tribe. They made him sick and chilled him to the marrow. And as to the pills which he was coaxed to swallow, they weakened and worried him without abating one jot the constipation that gave rise to all his pains and sorrows. Having exhausted nature without curing the disease, the doctors washed their hands of John's troubles and withdrew from the field.

Then his friends took their turn at advising and dosing the luckless man. There was hardly an old woman's decoction or a patent medicine in the kingdom that he did not make a trial of; yet the disease marched steadily on, and through her failing hopes and falling tears poor Susan saw the ap-

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