

SUPPER AND THEN SLEEP.

When, after a hard day's work, a man comes home and says, "Wife, I am very tired," she isn't a bit surprised. He has a right to be tired. He has earned his supper and his sleep.

But after he has had a good, plentiful feed, what if he should say, "How sorry I am I ate my supper!" Then, on getting up in the morning, suppose he began to growl in this style: "What a fool I was to go to bed; in the morning I feel more tired than I do at night."

On hearing this sort of talk his wife would think he was getting out of his head or that some complaint had seized on him. And she would be quite right.

Yet plenty of people take this apparently absurd attitude; men and women both. They get at odds with things; blessing turns to bane, light to darkness, and Nature's bounties become curses, like singing birds transformed to bats.

"I was always tired and languid," writes a woman, "and ached from head to foot."

This is an instance of what we say. It is unfortunate, and sometimes even wrong. To be *always* tired and languid is out of nature. Flowers themselves seldom wilt and droop until autumn comes.

Some other things she says which may help to explain. "All my life," her letter runs, "I have been weak and ailing. When I was sixteen it was thought that I had consumption. My appetite was very poor, and after eating I had great pain and tightness across the chest, and would swell so much I was obliged to loose my clothing."

This at sixteen! An age when youth should inhabit a heaven of its own, full of strength, bright fancies, without a pain or an ache. But come, we forget the children's legacies. Often when parents can

leave no money they transmit disease. More shame to them.

Well, we must get on. The letter continues: "Frequently I had so much pain I could scarcely draw breath for an hour. I often threw myself on the couch wondering if I could live much longer in this way. I grew to be afraid to eat, *as all food alike disagreed with me.*

What a dreadful thing! It is the same as being choked by pure air. Such a condition is nothing less than diabolical. It suggests the idea of being murdered by one's own best friend.

"I was also much troubled," says the lady, "with sickness, as though something should come up, and sometimes threw up phlegm streaked with blood. I suffered from constant pain and pressure at the heart, which I believed to be heart disease. It was rare that I had a good night's rest, and often awoke with a sense of smothering. I was so bad that sometimes my husband had to knock my back to get my breath into me.

"After a time a short, dry cough fixed upon me, and gradually I got so weak that everybody thought I was in a decline and wasting away. I was just able to drag myself about, and often had to stop and rest. My life was a misery, and it was a trouble to live, yet thus it went on year after year. For 16 or 17 years, time and time, I was under the doctors and no better for all their medicines.

"In September, 1885, my husband begged me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and to please him I did so. After I had used one bottle I was so much better I was glad to buy another myself. Soon my food digested and all pain left me. I have never been so well in my life as for the past seven

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