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LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

CURE

Such Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, nausea, drowsiness, distress after eating, pain in the side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here. Those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in no way less than they will be in curing the ailment to which they are so well adapted.

ACHE

Is the name of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In 25c boxes of 50 pills each. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Tuesday, July 13.

MY WEDDING DAY

"Mr. Smith," I said, "I am afraid the tea will spoil your coat."

"Dear me, dear me!" he said; "what shall I do. They will go in, and I cannot put the tea down, and the tea will be spoiled. Dear me, what shall I do?"

"Shall I pin them up for you?" I asked.

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Ruston, if you would," he answered gratefully.

I managed to get my bucket down and steady it with my foot while I pinned the tails of his coat together behind, so that it looked like a demented swallow tail.

"Thank you, thank you, very much, indeed," was all he said just then; but when he got to a place where we could not see our heads down and rest, he observed as he gazed at his muddy legs: "Really, Mrs. Ruston, I am afraid this kind of work is detrimental to my cloth."

At last we reached the top, and found the men hard at work. The fire had come upon them before the had expected. Where a track was already burnt they easily stopped it; but just where they were having a hard fight. So much we learned from one and another as they stopped to swallow a panikin of tea and then rush back to their work again. How hot they looked; hot and tired, with faces scorched and grimy, and eyes red with a stinging smoke. I had seen this before, though not so bad as this. Mr. Smith had not. I watched them. Face grew very grave as he watched them.

"Well, parson," said one, as he drank the tea, in a husky voice and weak with exhaustion, "you are a Christian for this, if you never said a prayer."

The little clergyman looked distressed; he was a little shocked at first, I think, then he heard him murmur to himself: "cup of cold water. I never knew what it meant till to-day."

We got down again, he insisted on making another trip at once. I could not help admiring him as he started up the hill again with a bucket in each hand, this time without his coat.

"Well," said Biddy, looking at him, "he has got some pluck in him in spite of his coat."

"He's a brick," said the children, and I quite agreed with them.

The fire was stopped on the hill behind the house, and the men had gone along the ridge to stop it further on. We had dismantled the neglected breakfast table and rearranged it with more regard for comfort; and at last the long hot day was nearly over. Having nothing particular to do, I went and sat under the back veranda to rest. Mrs. Jones did likewise, and leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands gazed silently upward to the smoke that told her of the fight still going on.

Mrs. Brown seized a broom and proceeded to sweep up the leaves scattered about by our discarded decorations, talking meanwhile about other bush fires she had seen. Now that the fight was no longer in sight, the sense of excitement and conflict we had felt all day in some degree abated. Peaceful home sound—the crying of a calf, the musical sound of milking from the barnyard close by, and the cheerful tinkling of tea-spoons in the kitchen—contrasted strangely with the lurid glare of the smoke still clinging to the distant roaring of the flames. In a gum tree close by there was a crowd of pines that had been screaming away from the fire, and were watching it intently, now and then bursting into a flood of angry song; while once or twice a flock of parrots whizzed shrieking overhead.

I paid little attention to Mrs. Brown's conversation, but fell to thinking of Jack, of course—till Biddy came across to the dairy with the buckets of milk, and Mrs. Green came out and called the children into tea. They came scampering in, discussing the day's events with a vivacity which put day-dreaming out of the question for the time being.

During the talk was still bush fire; no one ever talks of anything else while one is burning. Afterwards, when Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had departed to their respective homes—castigons a little distance off—and Mrs. Green and Biddy were preparing for the men, whom they expected soon, I sat on the veranda and tried to talk the children into a calm state of mind before bedtime. It had been a wildly exciting day for them, and a continual feast as well; for now and then, carrying off their booty to be devoured in some place in view of the fire. They implored me not to speak of bed at first; but in spite of themselves they got ready to say "good-night."

When they had gone I lost myself in my own thoughts again. How long I sat there dreaming I do not know. The sun had set, the short twilight was over, and the smoldering logs shone out like large stars from the blackened hearth above, when I noticed a strong light to my left. Going to the end of the house, I saw a line of fire coming toward us along the flat. A smoldering log must have rolled down from above and lighted the grass. "Fire, fire! here here!" I shouted.

"Mr. Green and Biddy rushed out and

look in the situation at a glance. Biddy

threw back her head, put her hands to

her mouth and "oo-ee-ee!" loud and long.

"Get a can and wet the grass at the end

of the house, Mary," Mrs. Green called to

me as she ran round the house shutting the

windows to keep the sparks out.

"Biddy," she continued, "throw water on

the roof; it's dry as tinder."

Biddy gave one more long "oo-ee-ee," and

seizing a bucket, fell to work, while Mrs.

Green disappeared into the house, returning

with the children, blinking and bewildered.

Rolling them in blankets, she deposited

them in the bed of a dried up creek near

the house. Meanwhile I had been running

backward and forward with two large water-

ing cans from the tubs we had used in

morning, trying to soak a strip of grass to

check the fire in its advance on the house.

My task was only half finished, however,

when the fire came up. I caught up a

branch and called to the others for help.

We beat and bent with all our might, but

the wind was high and the grass long and

it seemed as if we could not keep it back.

The heat was intense and the smoke choked

and blinded us, but we kept on, till I felt

as if each blow would be the last, and dimly

wondered what would happen when I

gave in, as I must do anon.

I do not know how long we worked; it

seemed hours, but I suppose it was not many

minutes. All at once we heard men's voices

and running feet, and a dozen strong arms

were beating beside us. It was a sharp

tunnel, but they got it under, and were just

congratulating themselves on arriving in the

nick of time, when a voice—Jack's voice—

was heard calling for help, and they saw

that the fire, though turned away from the

house, was making straight for the wood-

shed, which stood on a slight rise a little

beyond. Jack was fighting it single-handed.

It seemed to be getting the better of him;

then, while I looked, I saw him fall, and the

fire rushed onward. And then I suppose I

fainted, for I remembered nothing more till

I felt myself slowly coming back to life in

my own little room. At first I was only

conscious of a deathly sick feeling, then I

remembered that something had happened,

something dreadful. What was it? Ah! I

Jack. I believe I called his name aloud;

and then—could it be true—I heard his dear

voice answering me, and felt his strong

arms and his knees on my face. It was no

dream, but Jack himself. I hid my face on

his shoulder and sobbed. I had a dim re-

membrance of hearing someone say: "She'll

do now!" then the door was shut, and we

were alone. I had my arms round his neck,

and clung closely to him, unwilling to lose

my hold even to look up at his face.

"Hush, Mary," he said—"Hush my dar-

ling, I am here, safe and sound. Look up,

dear, and see for yourself."

At last I did look up. Could that be

Jack? It looked more like a badly blacked

Christy minister. "Why, Jack, I cried,

"you're as black as—," and I paused for

want of a simile.

"A kettle," he suggested. "Come, little

woman, don't call names. I fancy there's

a pair of us," he added, looking laughingly

at me.

Of course I sat up at once and looked

toward the glass to see what was the matter,

and this is what I saw—Jack kneeling by

the side of the couch, looking like a sadly

disheveled sweep, for one of his shirt sleeves

was burnt off to his shoulder, and he was

more or less burnt all over, his eyes were

red, and his teeth, displayed just now by a

broad grin, showed a negro's from beneath

the singed and stubby ends of what

had once been his mustache. As for me,

my light cotton dress was ornamented by

sundry prints of a human hand in black,

while round my waist was a broad band of

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