CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. 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 cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives 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 gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Monday, Nov. 17.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Author of "SOLDIER'S THREE," Etc.

"And you do care?" For the first time in the past few minutes their eyes met and spoke for them who had no skill in speech.

* * *

"Oh, Dick, don't! please don't! It was all right when we said good morning; but now it's all different!" Amomma looked on from afar. He had seen his property quarrel frequently, but he had never seen kisses exchanged before. The yellow sea-poppy was wiser, and nodded its head approvingly. Considered as a kiss, that was a failure, but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world that either had ever given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each other's hands and saying not a word.

"You can't forget now," said Dick at last. There was that on his cheek that stung more than gunpowder.

"I shouldn't have forgotten anyhow," said Maisie, and they looked at each other and saw that each was changed from the companion of an hour ago to a wonder and a mystery they could not understand. The sun began to set, and a night wind thrashed along the bents of the foreshore.

"We shall be awfully late for tea," said Maisie. "Let's go home."

"Let's use the rest of the cartridges first," said Dick; and he helped Maisie down the slope of the Fort to the sea—a descent she was quite capable of accomplishing at full speed. Equally gravely Maisie took the grimy hand. Dick bent forward clumsily; Maisie drew her hand away, and Dick blushed.

"It's very pretty," he said.

"Pooh!" said Maisie, with a little laugh of gratified vanity. She stood close to Dick as he loaded the revolver for the last time and fired across the sea with a vague notion at the back of his head that he was protecting Maisie from all the evils in the world. A puddle far across the mud caught the last rays of the sun and turned into a wrathful red disk. The light held Dick's attention for a moment, and as he raised his revolver there fell upon him a renewed sense of the miraculous, in that he was standing by Maisie, who had promised to care for him for an indefinite length of time till such date as —— A gust of the growing wind drove the girl's long black hair across his face as she stood with her hand on his shoulder, calling Amomma "little beast," and for a moment he was in the dark—a darkness that stung. The bullet vent singing out to the empty sea.

"Spoilt my aim," said he, shaking his head. "There aren't any more cartridges; we shall have to run home." But they did not run. They walked very slowly, arm in arm. And it was a matter of indifference to them whether the neglected Amomma, with two pin-fire cartridges in his inside, blew up or trotted beside them; for they had come into a golden heritage, and were disposing of it with all the wisdom of all their years.

"And what shall it be——" quoth Dick, valiantly. Then he checked himself: "I don't know what I shall be. I don't seem to pass any exams. But I can make awful caricatures of the masters. Ho! ho!"

"Be an artist, then," said Maisie. "You are always laughing at me trying to draw; and I will do you good."

"I'll never laugh at anything you do," he answered. "I'll be an artist, and I'll do things."

"Artists always want money, don't they?"

"I've got £125 a year of my own. My guardian tells me I'm to have it when I come of age. That will be enough to begin with."

"Ah, I'm rich," said Maisie, "I've got £300 a year when I am 21. That is why Mrs. Jennett is kinder to me than she is to you. I wish, though, that I had somebody that belonged to me—just a father or a mother."

"You belong to me," said Dick; "for ever and ever."

"I know I do. It's very nice." She squeezed his arm. The kindly darkness hid them both, and, emboldened because he could only just see the profile of Maisie's cheek with the long lashes veiling the gray eyes, Dick at the front door delivered himself of the words he had been boggling over for the last two hours.

"And I—love you, Maisie," he said, in a whisper that seemed to him to ring across the world—the world that he would to-morrow or the next day set out and conquer.

There was a scene, not, for the sake of discipline, to be reported, when Mrs. Jennett would have fallen upon him, first for disgraceful unpunctuality, and secondly for nearly killing himself with a forbidden weapon.

"I was playing with it and it went off by itself," said Dick when the powder-pocked cheek could no longer be hidden, "but if you think you're going to lick me you're wrong. You are never going to touch me again. Sit down and give me my tea. You can't cheat us out of that anyhow."

Mrs. Jennett gasped and became livid. Maisie said nothing, but encouraged Dick with her eyes, and he behaved abominably all that evening. Mrs. Jennett prophesied an immediate judgment of Providence and a descent into Tophet later, but Dick walked in paradise and would not hear. Only when he was going to bed Mrs. Jennett recovered and asserted herself. He had bidden Maisie good-night with down-drooped eyes and from a distance.

"If you aren't a gentleman you might try to behave like one," said Mrs. Jennett, spitefully. "You've been quarreling with Maisie again."

This meant that the regulation good-night kiss had been omitted. Maisie, white to the lips, thrust her cheek forward with a fine air of indifference, and was duly pecked by Dick, who tramped out of the room as red as fire. That night he dreamed a wild dream. He had won all the world and brought it to Maisie in a cartridge-box, but she turned it over with her foot, and, instead of saying "Thank you," cried:

"Where is the grass-collar you promised for Amomma? Oh, how selfish you are!"

CHAPTER II.

Then we brought the lances down, then the bugles blew,
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two and two.
Ridin', ridin', ridin', two an' two,
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra,
All the way to Kandahar, ridin, two an' two
[Barrack-Room Ballad].

"I'm not angry with the British public, but I do wish we had a few thousand of them scattered among these rocks. They wouldn't be in such a hurry to get at their morning papers, then. Can't you imagine the regulation householder—Lover of Justice, Constant Reader, Paterfamilias, and all that lot—frizzling on hot gravel."

"With a blue veil over his head, and his clothes in strips. Has any man here a needle? I got a piece of sugar-sack."

"I'll lend you a packing-needle for six square inches of it, then. Both my knees are worn through."

"Why not six square acres, while you are about it? But lend me the needle, and I will see what I can do with the selvage. I don't think there is enough to protect my royal body from the cold blast as it is. What are you doing with that everlasting sketch book of yours, Dick?"

"Study of our Special Correspondent repairing his wardrobe," said Dick, gravely, as the other man kicked off a pair of sorely worn riding-breeches and began to fit a square of course cavas over the most obvious open space. He grunted first disconsolately as the vastness of the void developed itself.

"Sugar-bags, indeed. Hi! You pilot-man, there! Lend me all the sails of that whale-boat."

A fez-crowned head bobbed up in the stern-sheets, divided itself in to exact halves with one flashing grin, and bobbed down again. The man of the battered breeches, clad only in a Norfolk jacket and a gray flannel shirt, went on with his clumsy sewing, while Dick chuckled over his sketch.

Some twenty whale-boats were nuzzling a a sand-bank which was dotted with English soldiery of half a dozen corps, bathing or washing their clothes. A heap of boat, rollers, commissariat-boxes, sugar-bags, and flour-bags, and small-arm-ammunition-cases showed where one of the whale-boats had been compelled to unload hastily; and a regimental carpenter was swearing aloud as he tried, on an insufficient allowance of white lead, to plaster up the sun-parched gaping seams of the boat herself.

"First the bloomin' rudder snaps," said he to the world in general; "then the mast goes; an' then s' 'elp me, when she can't do nothin' else, she opens 'erself out like a cock-eyed Chinese lotus."

"Exactly the case with my breeches, whoever you are," said the tailor without looking up. "Dick, I wonder when I shall see a decent shop again."

There was no answer save the incessant angry murmur of the Nile as it raced round a basalt-walled bend and foamed across a rock-ridge half a mile up the stream. It was as though the brown weight of the river would drive the white men back to their own country. The indescribable scent of the Nile mud in the air told that the stream was falling and that the next few miles would be no light thing for the whale-boats to overpass. The desert ran down almost to the banks, where, among the gray, red, and black hillocks, a camel-corps was encamped. No man dared even for a day lose touch, of the slow-moving boats; there had been no fighting for weeks past, and throughout all that time the Nile had never spared them. Rapid had followed rapid, rock rock, and island-group island group, till the rank and file had long since lost all count of direction and very nearly of time. They were moving somewhere, they did not know where, to do something, they did not know what. Before them lay Nile, and at the other end of it was one Gordon, fighting for dear life, in a town called Khartoum. There were columns of British troops in the desert, or in one of the many deserts, there were columns on the river, there were yet more columns waiting to embark on the river; there was fresh drafts waiting at Assiut and Assuan, there were lies and rumors running over the face of the hopeless land from Suakim to the Sixth Cataract, and men supposed generally that there must be some one in authority to direct the general scheme of the many movements. The duty of that particular river column was to keep the whale-boats afloat on the water, to avoid trampling on the villagers' crops when the gang "tracked" the boats with lines thrown from midstream, to get as much sleep and food as was possible, and, above all, to press on without delay in the teeth of the churning Nile.

[For continuation of this story see next Wednesday's issue.]

The Coon Mistook Him for a Tree.

Hiram G. Bacon, of West Paris, had a genuine thrilling experience one night not long since. He was aroused by hearing his dog bark, and went to ascertain the cause, taking with him his $40 double-barreled shotgun. Upon arriving where the noise came from he found that the dog had cornered a coon. He sent the contents of both barrels at the coon, hitting but not killing him. The coon then had a pitched battle with the dog, and Mr. Bacon occasionally got in a lick at the coon, but Mr. Bacon, being a very tall man, the coon undoubtedly took him for a tree, for he commenced to climb him, and not until after a hard fight on the part of Mr. Bacon, in which he had the misfortune to break his gun, did he succeed in disposing of the animal.—[Lewiston Journal.

A Mystery of the Tunnel.

Without a moment's warning the train plunged into a tunnel.

There is something frightful in this sudden change from the garlish light of day to the profound gloom of Cimmerian darkness.

One moment we see flashing past us a wide-spreading landscape on either hand. All is gaiety, animation, abounding life. The next moment everything is blotted from sight.

The noises of the train that came to the ear with a gentle, diffused murmur are now focused into a deafening, terrible roar that assails the senses like the maddened rush of John L. Sullivan into the field of dramatic art.

The timid traveler, with wide-open eyes straining to pierce the horrible gloom, braces himself to meet the shock whose coming he feels with that vague sense of alarm that is worse than the absolute foreknowledge of the impending danger.

The train plunged on into the darkness.

At high noon of that day Eulet Melone had wedded Glycerine McCurdy, and the blissful pair had started on their wedding journey.

In one of the crowded cars of that train sat Eulet Melone and his lovely bride.

In the spectacle of young wedded love on its first journey there is something inexpressibly weird and touching.

The manly, protecting devotion of the young and tender husband, the seraphic glow on the cheek of the gushing, artless bride—these, with the knowledge that people are rushing blindly into this kind of thing every day in the year, move the observer to reverie.

* * * * * * *

"Were you alarmed, dearest?" inquired Mr. Melone after the train had emerged into daylight again.

"N—not much, Eulet," answered the blushing bride.

"If I had not been afraid this tunnel was a short one, Glycerine," he whispered, "I should have taken advantage of the darkness and kissed you, my love."

"Didn't you kiss me, dear?" exclaimed the wondering bride. "Somebody did half a dozen times!"

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Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. z

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JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, P.L.D., D.C.L., F.G.S.,
Public Analyst for the District of Montreal and Professor of Chemistry.

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