

CONSTIPATION, LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS SPELLS.

When your liver becomes sluggish and inactive, the bowels become constipated, the tongue becomes coated, the breath bad, the stomach foul and sick, and bilious spells occur on account of the liver holding back the bile which is so essential to promote the movement of the bowels, and the bile gets into the blood, instead of passing through the usual channel.

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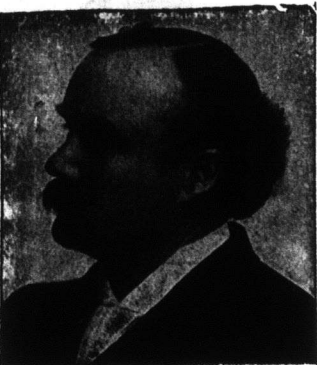
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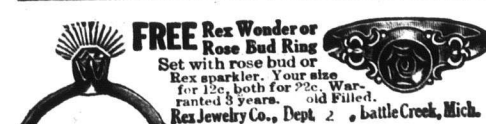
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ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

By Alice Talwin Morris

"Now, Miss Nancy, get into bed this instant-moment, like a good girl, and let me tuck you up. I can't afford to waste any more time with a big pile of ironing waiting to be done, and Nurse too busy to help me with so much as a handkerchief, seeing that your ma's not well and she is wanted up stairs." And Jemima gave several decisive pulls to the little girl's nightdress as she tried to urge her towards the small white bed standing invitingly ready to receive her on the opposite side of the room.

"But I must ask for a Christmas present for mother, because she is ill and can't ask herself," declared Nancy stoutly, clinging to the high fender with all her might. Then, regardless of scorched cheeks and the housemaid's impatience, she leaned as far over the rail as possible, and shouted shrilly into the chimney:

"Please, Santa Claus, bring a present for mother with the other things I asked for. Her room is the big one with two windows, and I think she would like a new baby better than anything, because she says someone must wear out the little clothes which are too small for Maurice and me. And let it be a baby-sister, please," added she as an after-thought.

But at the last words there was a cry of disapproval from a second little white bed, in which a small boy was sitting up very straight, and looking very wide awake indeed.

Maurice had already ordered the gifts which he wished to receive on the morrow, and had thereafter been decoyed into bed by the wily Jemima. He now sprang out again, and pushing his sister aside took her place before the fender and thrust his tousled curly head into the gleaming firelight.

"Hi! Santa Claus!" shouted he. "Don't bring a girl—a boy will be ever so much more fun. Besides it's the turn for a brother, because Nancy came last."

But at this point the patience of the long-suffering Jemima ran out, and both small supplicants were seized and summarily hustled into bed.

"I'll have no more of this nonsense," declared she firmly. "As if Santa Claus would bring a little baby down the nasty black chimney, when everyone knows they come nice and comfortable in falling stars."

"In falling stars?" cried the children in surprise.

"But don't the stars break when they fall?"

"And how do the babies get out of them?"

"And where are the stars which we came in?"

"And why—"

"I'm not a-going to answer one more question. So there!" replied Jemima, tucking up the small beds with rough but kindly hands. "You just shut your eyes and go to sleep directly—minute, and when you wake up you'll see what you will see."

"Will it be a cannon and a motor-car, and a cricket bat and a guinea pig?" asked Maurice, raising himself upon his pillow to see if a long stocky—borrowed from Nurse—was still hanging from the bed-post where he had suspended it.

"And a baby-doll, and a tea-set, and a white rabbit with pink eyes, and a real fur muff?" inquired Nancy.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jemima, as she blew out the candle and placed it with the matches upon the high mantel-shelf.

"And a baby sister?" continued Nancy.

"No, a baby brother?" shouted Maurice.

But the firm closing of the door was the only answer. Jemima had at last escaped to her ironing.

For a few moments after she had gone there was no sound in the room, save the spurring of a little blue flame in the fire, and the fall of a coal upon the hearth. Then Maurice, who had been staring at the flickering light upon the ceiling, spoke musingly:

"I saw a star fall one night when I peeped out of the window after Nurse had gone downstairs. It fell into Carlo's kennel, but it wasn't there next morning, and there wasn't no baby either. There wasn't even a puppy," added he after a few moments' thought.

"Perhaps we should see another if we

peeped out now, and then we could go and pick it up for mother," suggested Nancy. "Christmas is the proper time for surprises, you know."

"Surprises don't come when you are looking for them," replied Maurice wisely. But none the less he scrambled out of bed, and pattered upon bare feet across the room. Nancy followed him, and very soon the two small figures were kneeling upon the wide window-seat and peering down into the garden, now flooded in pale moonlight.

It was very still. The bare branches of the big elms hardly stirred in the faint breeze. The tall evergreens upon the lawn seemed to be looking up expectantly; and the twisted thorn-tree—so like a bent old man—beside the summer-house had surely crooked one withered arm behind its ear. Beyond the wall the straight fir, stripped long since by the rude winds of all but one of its branches, was pointing that one towards the pond, across which ran a shining pathway of moonlight.

"Why are they all watching and listening?" asked Maurice in a hushed voice.

"They must be waiting for mother's star," whispered Nancy, looking up to the clear sky.

But although she stared until her eyes ached at the quietly shining stars, not one moved from its own place to flash with lightning swiftness to the earth.

"I'm afraid Jemima was only pretending," said she dolefully.

And then Maurice, who had been looking down while she looked up, cried eagerly:

"I see something twinkling in the pond over there on the farther side. Look!"

And truly, when Nancy looked, there in the dark water, just where the path of moonlight ended, was a bright spot which sparkled and glistened.

"O-o-o-h!" gasped she, seizing Maurice's hand and squeezing it very hard. "Is it really a star? Can it be mother's present?"

Maurice dragged away his hand, and sitting down upon the hearthrug began to pull on his stockings.

"Of course!" replied he decisively.

"What else could it be? Be quick and dress."

But he was not allowed to finish his lecture, for both children sat bolt upright in bed, two small hands seized his, while two little voices were raised in eager inquiry.

"Is it a baby sister?" cried Nancy.

"Or a baby brother?" shouted Maurice.

The doctor laughed as he rose from his chair and walked towards the door.

"If you go to sleep at once and do not try any more to meddle with Santa Claus's business," said he mysteriously, "I should not wonder if you find in the morning that mother has two Christmas presents—a baby son and a baby daughter."

The children looked at each other with shining eyes as the door closed and they snuggled down once more.

"Mother must have had the biggest and brightest star of all," remarked Maurice.

"And those little ones in the water must have brought new babies to the frogs and the fishes," replied Nancy. "What a good thing we did not take them away!"

A few minutes later a sleepy voice murmured:

"They can play with the cannon, and the guinea-pig, and the tea-set and he white rabbit—"

But here it trailed away into silence, and there was no answer but a snore.

TRULY THANKFUL?

By Clara Marshall

"Make us truly thankful." That is what I have to say when it is my day to say grace, and I suppose I ought to be trulier thankful on Thanksgiving Day than at any other time, but when I can't have anything that I really want very much I can't be anything but unthankful, no matter how hard I may try."

So said Kate Durham to herself and then she went on:

"It was horrid in Tom to say I ought to want freckles and chills and fever, and a gingham frock that came off the same



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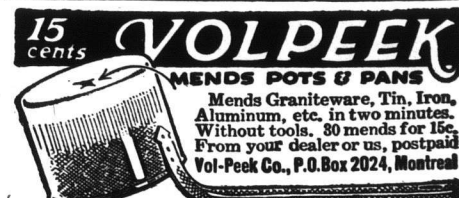


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