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't me has the blood pure.

It is suffice the complexion.

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Celery King cures Nerve, Stomach, Liver and kidney diseases.



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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

A Bit of steelp.

'He told her he would give all he had in the world to make her happy," said Miss Cayenne.

"And what did she do?"

"She married him and held him strictly to his promise."-Washington

Not Up to His Name. "How much money has my husband

In bank?" demanded the woman. "I cannot tell you that, madam," replied the man behind the grating.

"Why, they told me you were the teller." enapped the woman .- Philadelphia North American.

Opportune.

Hobart-So old Jones seemed pleased when you asked him for his daughter's hand?

Harold-Yes, said he was just wishing he had somebody to cuss as I came in.-Judge.

Not Superatitions.

Jamaica-I hear that you are so superstitious you won't sit down to dinner if there are 13 at the table. Flushing-That isn't so. I don't care so long as I have my rabbit's foot in my pocket .- Brooklyn Eagle.

Qualified for the Task.

"Miss Glitter has written a society novel."

"But she doesn't know a thing about society.

"That's why she wrote it."-Town Topics.

"Bridget, I want you to take the tablecioth off the dining-room table after each meal." "Sure, ma'am, thin Oi'll only have the

trouble ov puttin' it on agin."- Detroit Free Press.

A Menaure of Distance.

First Actor-Bloomingville? I don't remember the place. How far is it from Kansas City?

Second Actor-About three days'

No Such Luck.

Mr. Park Slope-Do you believe that the doctors will agree that, after all, salt is the elixir of life?

Mr. Midwood - Never! It's too cheap!-Brooklyn Eagle.

All in the Form The Senior Member-Why are you

eo sad? The Lady Cashier-Because I am so chy.-Town Topics.

Wanted Something Less Notay. Tailor-I've some goods here, sir, that speak for themselves. Customer-Oh, I don't want anything muite as loud as that .- Tit-Bits.

001-1001-1001-1001-1001-1001-10 His Brother's Keeper; > > >

Christian Stewardship

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON, uthor of "in His Steps," "The Cru fixion of Philip Strong," "Hobert Hardy's Seven Days," "Mal-com Kirk," &tc.

PTRIGHT, 1896, BY CONGREGATIONAL

CHAPTER XII

STEWARDSHIP.

For a moment Louise looked at Stuart and Rhens as if she knew them. Then she sat up, partly supporting herself by one hand and with the other seeming to grope after something.

"Father! He's burt! Don't you know, Stuart? The horses ran away. We were thrown out! Why doesn't some one send for the doctor?"

Rhena slipped out of the room and telephoned for Dr. Saxon. Stuart fell on his knees by the bed, and the next half hour was one of the most agonizwept. She kept going over the old times, repeating word for word exactly many conversations between herself and Stuart at the time he had begun to decide on a new life. Everything dated from Ross Duncan's death. There were also mingled with all that was so painful in Stuart's memory a great many expressions and exclamations which made him shudder and put his hands over his ears, words which revealed experiences of the life Louise had known since leaving Champion. Stuart did not dare yet to imagine all that these words meant.

When Dr. Saxon finally reached the house and entered the room, Louise was lying down, moaning. The doctor went right up to her and spoke her name. She opened her eyes and looked him full in the face. She shricked out hysterically: "Doctor, doctor, save me! I'm going mad! I am mad!"

"You poor child!" And that was all

Then Louise began to cry terribly. She spoke her Aunt Royal's name in a voice that made even the doctor quiver a little. And after that, as suddenly as if she had been struck dumb, she fell back like one dead and lay so still that Stuart thought at first the end had come already.

He and Rhena stood pale and stricken. It had all come upon them so suddenly. The doctor did all in his power. There was not much he could do. At the end of half an hour Louise came eut of the condition of exhaustion into which she had fallen and cried again, this time calling out the name of Vasplaine with such terror that Stuart could not endure the sound and went into the other room across the hall. Rhena followed him.

"This is awful?" said Stuart, with a groan. "What do you suppose this all It seems so like—so like clothing Death that"— Rhena had guessed so much. It had come like a sudden blow to them. She stepped up to Stuart and confronted him.

"Please God, we'll save her life!" he cried.

"And her reason," added Rhena gravely. "Pray God we may!"

They went back together into that chamber and, with the doctor, watched through the night, fearing, at the doc tor's suggestion, lest she should suddenly rise and go out into the storn which before morning beat on the mansion in great fury, while the big pines sobbed like a requiem over dead hopes and buried loves.

With the gray light of morning a change came. The doctor noticed it first. He had not closed his eyes once. Now he rose and went into the library. signing to Stuart to follow him. "She is out of immediate danger.

he said as Stuart stood there by him, nervous with the strain. "She has had some terrible mental shock. It is doubtful if she can recover. But she has the Duncan constitution. All things are possible. I think she will be quiet through the day. If she isn't, send for me at once."

He wrung Stuart's hand and went down into the town through the storm. and an hour later Stuart saw him dashing up the hill and past the house over the Beury road to attend some

. ... consine Manufacturing Combine.

Philadelphia, April 20.-A special meeting of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Iron Works company was held yesterday and the proposition to amalgamate with four of the largest stationary engine manufacturing companies in the country was accepted. The big combine, it is said, will be launched in a few weeks, with a capital of \$25,000,000. The other four com-Milwaukee, Fraser & Chalmers, Chieago; Gates Iron works, Chicago, and Dickson Manufacturing company of Scranton, Pa.

Practice Makes Perfect. Angela (to whom Edgar has been proposing)-Tell me, Edgar, did you woman before?

Edgar (in a burst of honesty)-My dear girl, do you think that it could be done like that the first time?-Harper's Basar.

The Universal Ego. "Some men," said the quoter, "are born great; some achieve greatness

and-"And the great majority," the cynic interrupted, "believe they come under either or both of those heads."-Catholic Standard and Times.

wonder to all Champion.

As for Louise, she lay in a condition f stuper through the day and the following night. When occasionally she oused at Stuart's calling her name, she seemed to know him, but did not express surprise at being back in her old home. Gradually the truth grew upon Stuart and Rhena that nearly the entire period of Louise's life since her marriage was a blank to her. She would lie for hours silent and without expression in her great eyes, which were still beautiful, although her once lovely face had grown old and haggard. When she spoke, it was with the fretful, complaining voice she had used when Stuart had angered her. To his great surprise and relief, she did not appear to dislike Rhena. She ac- any one." cepted her gentle, loving nursing as a matter of course, neither showing gratitude nor expressing resentment. She There was a look of madness in her grew feebler and more exacting in her demands, so that Rhena had her powers taxed to the utmost in providing at her reflection in the mirror. for her many wants. She asked constantly for the most expensive and difficult articles of food to be prepared. demanded costly flowers for the decoration of the room and was continual-

ly begging Stuart to buy her jewels to wear. He went down town and took ing he ever knew. Louise raved and out of the office safe, where they had been lying ever since his mother's death, a necklace of pearls and another of diamonds, together with a ruby bracelet and several turquoise rings. Ross Duncan had bought these for his wife when he had been able to say that he was worth a million dollors, and the entire value of them would have kept a dozen families in comfort all their lives. Mrs. Duncan had not cared much for these playthings and had seldom worn them. Ross Duncan had willed them to Stuart instead of Louise because of a whim he took one day. He said they were family jewels and ought to remain with the son of the house.

Louise seized on these baubles of light with an eagerness and a love of display that were terrible to Stuart. She wore first the diamonds and then the pearls around her small white neck and finally put them both on, wearing them together with the bracelet and the rings. She cried continually for new dresses, and at last Rhena, at Stuart's suggestion, brought out some of Stuart's mother's silk gowns which had been packed away in a chest in the attic, and with a little changing they were made to fit Louise, who, although she was able to sit up only a few hours, took the most pitiably childish delight in putting on all this finery. with Rhena's help, and then, with a hand mirror constantly within reach, commenting on her appearance with the greatest eagerness.

One day Rhena slipped away from her while she was busy in this manner, and as she was going into the library Stuart came in from the drawing room He had been down superintending the new building.

"Oh, Stuart, Stuart," Rhena almost sobbed as she closed the door so that "It means that he has left her and itself in tinsel and glitter. Oh, the know how to bring her back to reason!

> Only"-"Only what, dear?" Stuart asked. taking her in his arms to comfort her as he remembered how faithful she had been to her great trust in caring

for his sister. "Only-the end is not far off, I fear.

She is wasting away like the snow on the hills in spring." Stuart grouped. "I have seen it

dear. The doctor has done all he can. He gives no hope." He was silent. Then he spoke with calm strength. "I am going down to New York, and I am going to see Aunt Royal and probe the thing to the end. I have written her, but had no reply. And all our efforts to find Vasplaine have failed. The family knows nothing of him. I must go down anyway to see after some necessary materials for the build-

ing. I will be back inside of a week." So that was the way Stuart came to be in New York just before Aunt Royal had planned to pack her trunks and go abroad for the summer.

He was ushered into the great drawing room of the mansion on the avenue and remained standing by one of the windows waiting for Aunt Royal to come down. His heart was heavy as he thought of Louise. He tried to compose himself for the interview, remembering his Christian faith and all that it required of him in all circumstances.

Her entrance was hardly noticed by him when she finally appeared. Velvet carpets are made to deaden the footsteps of market gardeners' daughters who have made their money by investing in tenement and saloon property.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Stuart, I am sure," said Aunt Royal in her usual polite, gentle voice.

"You know what I am here for, panies are the E. P. Allis company of aunt?" Stuart asked, coming to the point at once.

> "No; I don't know that I do. I suppos some business in connection with your philanthropic schemes in Champion. I hear the strike is all over. I suppose the miners have learned sense by their folly."

"Aunt," said Stuart firmly, ignoring ever say anything like this to any all she said, "I have come down here to learn the truth about Louise. Tell me all you know about it. It may help to restore her reason before she dies. For God's sake, aunt, if you know what I ought to know, let me have it."

Aunt Royal's face paled just a trifle. Restore her reason?" "Yes," replied Stuart, with some sternness of tone, "her reason. She is out of her mind. Her memory of events since her marriage is a blank. She must have received some great sho

so est on the hills. How all, if'- Stuart paused, and his heart of like something almost human as he almost stood still as he caught the expression on Aunt Royal's face. He was not looking at her, but at her re-Section in the large cheval glass. And it was the reflection of an absolutely selfish and heartless enjoyment of social standing, unruffled by the coarse sins and miseries and aches of a dying

Aunt Royal's voice came to his ears

with its usual placid smoothness. "Louise left me on her wedding tour immediately after her marriage. They went south and then took a trip out west. When they returned, they took rooms in the Avenue hotel. I saw them often, but not intimately. Vasplaine had begun to drink. There was trouble, of course. But when he finally left her I was as much surprised as

She paused suddenly, and Stuart was silent. The great gilt clock on the marble mantel dropped a silver ball into a bowl, and Aunt Royal turned her head slightly toward it. Stuart still looked

"When did Louise leave New York for Champion?' be finally asked.

"I don't know anything about it," replied Aunt Royal, with the first mark of irritation she had shown.

"Do you mean to say, aunt, that after Vasplaine's desertion of her, Louise never came near you?" asked Stuart. turning full upon her and looking into her face almost as resolutely as if he really knew the facts.

Again Aunt Royal's face paled. She could not control her blood, even after so many years of artificial repose in the exercise of society manners.

"I tell you I did not see her after Vasplaine's disgraceful desertion of her. He turned out to be a gambler and a dissipated fool of the worst sort and flung Louise's property and money away like a madman. I don't know where he is now."

"I have not asked about him," said Stuart dryly: "I am anxious for Lou-

He remained a moment more in silent thought. He could not help believing that this woman had not told the truth. but he was powerless to prove his belief. At last he found his heart so sick at the thought that he longed to escape from the house.

"You will stay to lunch?" Aunt Royal asked politely as he rose and moved

to go. "No, I thank you," replied Stuart quietly. "I must start back to Champion this afternoon."

"I hope poor Louise will recover." she said, and was about to add something more, when one of the servants came into the hall and announced an important message at the telephone from some one connected with Aunt Royal's proposed summer tour.

"Excuse me while I answer this. I will let you see yourself out!" she exclaimed with her conventional politeness, and was gone.

Stuart was just going out when the servant, who had opened the door for him when he came in, spoke to him. "I can tell you something about your

sister, sir, if you will wait a minute." "Of course I want to know all I can." Stuart was surprised, and reflected that this man might be simply a talebearer, or trying to earn a fee, but the the gainer by knowledge he might

learn of her quieted Stuart to listen. "I haven't time to tell it all out," whispered the man hurrledly. "But Mrs. Vasplaine, she came here one night about a week ago, and I couldn't help hearing what went on in the drawing room. She begged her aunt to take her in and shelter her till she could find a place. Her husband had run off with another man's wife and gambled away all the money, as near as I could make out, and the poor lady was almost crazy over the shame and ruin of it. She begged and begged, but her aunt wouldn't listen to taking her back, with all the scandal. You understand, sir, how people in society look at those things, and so at last Mrs. Vasplaine went away. She looked as if she would drown herself, sir. I felt so sure of it I slipped out back way and followed her, and saw her take a depot bus, and then I lost her. I don't mind telling you, sir; this is



"This is an unexpected pleasure, Stuart," truth. I leave her this week, anyway. I'd as soon live with the devil's wife as with her, and no mistake, begging pardon if she is your relative."

Stuart clinched his hands tightly, and in his heart he uttered a groan.

There stood Aunt Royal, her face flaming. She had come into the hall through a side door right behind the servant. How much of the man's story she had heard Stuart could not tell, but it was enough to let her know that Stuart at last knew.

"It's a lie, a miserable lie!" she screamed. It was the only time Stuart ever saw her in a passion. He had his back to the door, and for a moment he looked her in the face, and then, without a Of course we know Vasplaine has de | word, he turned around, opened it and secreted her. And she is dying. After walked out. The warm sunshine necu-

closed that door behind bim and walked away. He knew the truth now. At last there was no doubt in his mind that Louise had been denied a shelter in her greatest need by this society woman, who would risk hell itself rather than the possible loss of society standing and her own selfish case and pleasure. And that he was right in believing the servant's story was shown by after events as well as by items of news which came to him from various sources through New York acquaint-

Putting all he could gather into a connected series, he managed, before returning to Champion, to learn in general what must have been Louise's experience after Vasplaine had ruined her financially and then brutally abandoned her.

She had found herself practically without friends in New York. The only relative there was Aunt Royal. She naturally turned to her in the hour of her trouble. She was probably at that time well nigh crazed with the succession of blows that had fallen upon her It seemed to Stuart incredible at first that Vasplaine in so short a time could get possession of Louise's money and squander it. But the more he learned of his career the less he wondered. Louise had trusted him, fascinated by

a certain attractiveness such men often possess. And when he finally left her she found herself alone in a great city, ruined. Her aunt's refusal to receive her added the final stroke to the weight of her shame and misery. Stuart never knew what Louise had done after leaving

her aunt's house before she appeared so unexpectedly in Champion. There were at least two days when he supposed she must have wandered about or taken the wrong train to get home, all that time fast losing her reason and yet with enough left to shape her way back to the old home. The shock of her experiences told the story of her condition as Stuart found her when over that." he lifted her up from the doorstep

that rainy night. All this gave Stuart bitter thoughts as he hurried back to Champion. He almost dreaded to get off the train for fear the doctor would meet him, as he did before when his father had died. but no one was there with any news. and when he reached the house he was surprised to find Louise sitting up and looking no worse than when he went away. 'He tried to take courage for her. The doctor said she might linger on through the summer, but gave no hope of mental recovery. With this constant shadow of death in their home, therefore, Stuart and Rhena with thoughtful and serious hearts, their love for each other refined and strengthened by this affliction, went forward with their great plans for the

brotherhood of Champion. The Hall of Humanity was going up rapidly now. Stuart had determined to have it ready for dedication before winter set in if possible. He had employed a very large forc. of the best workmen he could find. All this, of course, meant that he and Andrew, Eric and Rhena and the doctor, togeth er with other good people in the town had given a vast amount of thought to the plans and purposes of the building. thought that Louise might possibly be At the same time Stuart was beginning in the town. The Hall of Humanity stood on one side of the square nearly opposite St. John's church. Stuart had owned several small buildings there and had torn them down to make room for the new building. His own house

was to be near by. A few days after Stuart's return Eric and Andrew had come up at Stuart's request and with him and Rhens were sitting in the library at the Duncan mansion discussing the plans that were now beginning to take visi ble shape. Eric had gone back inte the mines with the other men and seemed to be passing through an ex perience of bitterness. He had not yet recovered from his humiliation at the loss of his influence over the men He was able to be present at the con ference on this occasion, owing to s half holiday which the miners were celebrating in one of the numerous lodges.

"I don't understand this arrangement here," said Andrew, who was examining the plans of the hall, which lay spread out on the table.

Stuart explained the particular point, and then they all began to talk about the building.

"What is your exact idea about the use of the big hall?" asked Eric as he pointed at the diagram marking the place of an immense auditorium.

"I don't know that I have very many 'exact' ideas about any of the uses of the building except that I want it to ion dull. represent in general the great word helpfulness. I have thought of great singers and players and lecturers who could be induced to come up here at moderate prices, understanding our object, and then pack the hall full of men and women and children at a small sum within their reach to pay. I believe we could attract up here some of the best talent in music and speech in all the world and give the miners of Champion a taste of some of the world's best beauty. Then I would have a week or two of fine picture exhibitions or fine art exhibits and so on with, say, four times a year a great flower exhibit. I am a convert to your idea, Eric, of music and flowers for everybody. We could let Andrew here have charge of the flower show if he would promise not to ruin us wi*

hothouse extravagances." Andrew was so excited thought that he got up pace the room.

"My!" he exclaim a hall the size of th around with chrys or orchidal You'll

shids the first thing, the extram fellow! Think of all the dollars he take to run these other departs Stuart. I have questioned some practicability of all these rooms ing out from the main ball."

Why, you did the planning for s yourself, little woman. What's matter with them?"

"The question I raise is how , all these different things will me all these different things will re help the people. Now, here, for stance, is the space we have left the Salvation Army hall. I admit looks beautiful on paper, and it will doubt look fine when it is done in w and stone, but will the army feet home in it? Will they be able in the to reach the very people who now a into the old hall?"

"Why, you critical soul, what do want us to do-make a specimen a hall like the old shanty we have ready and knock out a dozen page glass and stuff miners' hats and defunct remnants of old clothes the holes to make the place appr homelike and attractive?" "There's a good deal of sense in w your wife says, just the same,"

to be too refined, it won't be the Si tion Army any more, and it won't the army's work." "Christ wore good clothes, o

he?" asked Eric bluntly.

Andrew. "If the Salvation Army

Everybody was silent a minute. T all knew what he meant. And still the army stood for a distinct way reaching humanity, who could tell at the result might be if that special w

was to be disturbed? "Don't worry about that," Stfinally said, with much homely se in his thought of the future. "If ing into a decent, well lighted was ed and seated room is going to desp the army's usefulness, we'll turn it into the old barracks again. Bh and I have discussed that a good dr It's the only thing we ever disagre over, and we don't really disar

"These kindergarten rooms on side of the building are going to models!" cried Andrew with entisiasm. He had suggested these room and had superintended the plans a

specifications. "That's the right idea!" cried Es "I'm like the doctor in thinking a go many of the older folks among us fools or numskulls. But in the d dren lies the hope of the entire lab question if they have the right start'

They were all bending over the ul now, discussing the numerous featur of the hall with its almost bewilden multitude of appliances. There we to be a model reading room and brary; several rooms for social gath ings and various amusements; bet rooms and gymnasium; a picture p lery; a room fitted up expressly for the use of a lantern and photography, a other rooms where classes could gathered if the time ever came who it seemed wise to reach out with th

helping hand farther than they a the way clear yet. "There's one thing we haven't red oned upon much," said Eric almo moodily at last. "What use can a these people make of the various ne things that you are going to give then if, after all, they have to spend the ger part of their lives, in time at least, underground? And wh is going to say that all these fine thing thrust into the men's minds will be produce a discontent that will result time in greater misery than the could

tion they are now in?" "Why, you old pessimist, would go say to the human race, 'Don't small that flower today, because you know you may not have any tomorrow as that will make you discontented? Be cause a man's life is devoid of all pless ant things, shall we keep him in the condition, for fear he may grow de-contented by knowing something bet

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

smile of the loyal wife and loving mother. But when disease comes the smile slowly fades, and in its place comes the drawn face and tight closed lips which

tell of the constant struggle with pain. When the delicate womanly organism is diseased the whole body suffers; the form grows thin, and the complexfirst step to sound health is to cure the diseases which undermine the womanly

strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-tion establishes regularity, dries disagreeable

flammation and ulceration and cure female weakness. The wonderful curs womanly diseases effected by the us "Favorite Prescription" place it at "Favorite Prescription" the front of all put-up medicines spec-ally prepared for the use of women.

ally prepared for the use of women.

"I was troubled with female weshness eight years, and suffered more than I can it writes for Mr. Goat. Moser, of Owando. Derivid writes for Mr. Goat. Moser, of Owando. Derivid years an extent that to say a pleasant work such an extent that to say a pleasant work such as we was almost an impossibility.

"I had two operations performed by our the most suffled surgeons of the West, the most surgeons of the West, the most surgeon of the West, the West, the most surgeon of the West, the west surgeon of the We

Control of the Contro