



A Great Nerve Medicine.

Celery King cleanses the system and builds up. It purifies the blood pure. It brightens the complexion. It cures constipation and liver disorders. It cures headache and most other aches.



Eureka Harness Oil
not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last—twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Give Your Horse a Chance!
GUARANTEED \$900 SALARY Yearly

Men and women of good address to represent us, some to travel appointing agents, others for local work looking after our interests. \$900 salary guaranteed yearly, extra commissions and expenses, rapid advancement, old established house. Grand chance for earnest man or woman to secure pleasant, permanent position, liberal income and future. New, brilliant lines. Write at once.

WRITERS CORRESPONDENTS OF REPORTERS

Wanted everywhere. Stories, news, ideas, poems, illustrated articles, advance news, drawings, photo graphs, unique articles, etc., etc. purchased. Articles revised and prepared for publication. Books published. Send for particulars and full information before sending articles.

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

Not Up to His Name.
"How much money has my husband in bank?" demanded the woman.

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

Not Superstitious.
Jamaica—I hear that you are so superstitious you won't sit down to dinner if there are 13 at the table.

Qualified for the Task.
"Miss Glitter has written a society novel."

Aburd.
"Bridget, I want you to take the tablecloth off the dining-room table after each meal."

All in the Form.
The Senior Member—Why are you so sad?

Wanted Something Less Nasty.
Tailor—I've some goods here, sir, that speak for themselves.

His Brother's Keeper; or, Christian Stewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps," "The Cross," "Eaton of Philip Street," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," "Malcolm Kirk," etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CONGREGATIONAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XII. STEWARDSHIP.

For a moment Louise looked at Stuart and Rhena as if she knew them. Then she sat up, partly supporting herself by one hand and with the other seeming to grope after something. There was a look of madness in her eyes.

"Father! He's hurt! 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 agonizing he ever knew. Louise raved and wept. 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.

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 shrieked out hysterically: "Doctor, doctor, save me! I'm going mad! I am mad!"

"You poor child! And that was all he said." 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 out of the condition of exhaustion into which she had fallen and cried again, this time calling out the name of Vaspaline 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 means? What has that villain done?" "It means that he has left her and that"—Rhena had guessed so much. It had come like a sudden blow to them. She stepped up to Stuart and confronted him.

Stuart came out on the hills. How almost dead with sleep was always a wonder to all Champion.

As for Louise, she lay in a condition of stupor through the day and the following night. When occasionally she roused 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 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 at her reflection in the mirror.

"When did Louise leave New York for Champion?" he 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 Vaspaline'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 Vaspaline'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 Louise."

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."

all, if"—Stuart paused, and his heart almost stood still as he caught the expression on Aunt Royal's face. He was not looking at her, but at her reflection in the large cheval glass.

"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. Vaspaline had begun to drink. There was trouble, of course. But when he finally left her I was as much surprised as any one."

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 at her reflection in the mirror.

"When did Louise leave New York for Champion?" he 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 Vaspaline'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 Vaspaline'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 Louise."

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."

ed like something almost human as he closed that door behind him 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 ease 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 acquaintances.

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 Vaspaline 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 Vaspaline 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 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 force of the best workmen he could find. All this, of course, meant that he and Andrew, Eric and Rhena and the doctor, together with other good people in the town, had given a vast amount of thought to the plans and purposes of the building.

At the same time Stuart was beginning the foundations of his own home down 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.

shide the first thing, the extravagant fellow! Think of all the dollars it take to run these other departments. I have questioned some of the practicability of all these rooms being out from the main hall."

"Why, you did the planning for yourself, little woman. What's the matter with them?" "The question I raise is how all these different things will help the people. Now, here, for instance, is the space we have left the Salvation Army hall. I admit it looks beautiful on paper, and it will doubt look fine when it is done in wood and stone, but will the army feel home in it? Will they be able in it to reach the very people who now come into the old hall?"

"Why, you critical soul, what do you want us to do—make a specimen hall like the old shanty we have ready and knock out a dozen passages and stuff miners' hats and defunct remnants of old clothes into the holes to make the place appear homelike and attractive?" "There's a good deal of sense in your wife says, just the same," Andrew. "If the Salvation Army were to be too refined, it won't be the Salvation Army any more, and it won't be the army's work."

"Christ wore good clothes, didn't he?" asked Eric bluntly. "Everybody was silent a minute. They all knew what he meant. And still the army stood for a distinct way reaching humanity, who could tell the result might be if that special was to be disturbed?" "Don't worry about that," Stuart finally said, with much homely sag in his thought of the future. "If we are going into a decent, well lighted, warmed and seated room is going to destroy the army's usefulness, we'll turn it into the old barracks again. Rhena and I have discussed that a good deal. It's the only thing we ever disagreed over, and we don't really disagree over that."

"These kindergarten rooms on the side of the building are going to be models," cried Andrew with enthusiasm. He had suggested these rooms and had superintended the plans and specifications. "That's the right idea!" cried Eric. "I'm like the doctor in thinking a good many of the older folks among us are fools or numskulls. But in the children lies the hope of the entire race. If they have the right start."

They were all bending over the table now, discussing the numerous features of the hall with its almost bewildering multitude of appliances. There were to be a model reading room and library; several rooms for social gatherings and various amusements; bath rooms and gymnasium; a picture gallery; a room fitted up expressly for the use of a lantern and photography, and other rooms where classes could be gathered if the time ever came when it seemed wise to reach out with the helping hand farther than they were at the way clear yet.

"There's one thing we haven't reckoned upon much," said Eric almost moodily at last. "What use can these people make of the various things that you are going to give them if, after all, they have to spend the bigger part of their lives, in the day time at least, underground? And who is going to say that all these fine things thrust into the men's minds will produce a discontent that will result in time in greater misery than the condition they are now in?"

"Why, you old pessimist, would you say to the human race, 'Don't smile that flower today, because you know you may not have any tomorrow and that will make you discontented?' Because a man's life is devoid of all pleasant things, shall we keep him in that condition, for fear he may grow discontented by knowing something better?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

NO SHADOW
Of outward misfortune can darken the 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 complexion dull. The first step toward health is to cure the diseases which undermine the womanly strength.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries disagreeable humors, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. The wonderful cures of womanly diseases effected by the use of "Favorite Prescription" place it at the front of all put-up medicines especially prepared for the use of women.

"I was troubled with female weakness for eight years, and suffered more than I can tell. I tried many remedies, but nothing helped me. Then, against my doctor's advice, I bought a box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, and also followed the advice given in the Common Sense Medical Adviser. I continued this treatment for three months and to-day am as healthy and well as a woman can be. I cannot thank Dr. Pierce enough for his kind letters to me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.