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When a girl declares it's wrong to kiss, "It's an easy matter to see through it. Like a good Christian, the fair miss. Would rather suffer wrong than do it."—Chicago Daily News.

How Fascinating.

Said the mistress of a Marseilles shop to a young—and impecunious—journalist: "This is the sixth time you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, monsieur. What am I to understand by it?" "Ah, madame," said the witty journalist, "when one sees you one forgets everything."—Le Voleur.

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Patient—Yes, and you seem to forget that it is the lot upon which you have built your palatial home.—Richmond Dispatch.

All He Knew About It.

The judge called the next case and said to a tramp who was ushered in: "Where were you born?" "Sir," said the tramp. "Where were you born?" "Yer honor, I was born where me mother use ter live."—Chicago Times-Herald.

One on Mr. Gulton.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow-boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest.

Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir.—Tit-Bits.

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**"ALAS! HOW EASILY
THINGS GO WRONG."**

BY MABEL H. ROBINS.

"DO you mean to say that you are going out riding alone with that—that bouncer, Osbert Bowden?" Neil Chester's eyes flashed dangerously, and there was an authoritative tone in his voice.

Alyne Fortescue raised her head with a haughty gesture.

"I am going out riding alone with Mr. Bowden," she cried, willfully, "and will you please remember, before you call him names, that you are speaking of a friend of mine!"

"Friend or not," angrily, "I will not allow such a thing. I forbid you to go."

Alyne's eyes blazed.

"You seem to be anticipating matters," she said. "You and I are not married—yet. I have not promised to obey you—yet."

"At least," his tone softening, "an engaged girl should respect the wishes of her fiancé."

"Not when they are unreasonable." "Unreasonable?" hotly. "Do you think it unreasonable because I refuse to allow you to go out with a man with such a reputation as he has?"

"Allow! Allow!" she cried, pettishly. "I will not listen to such a word from you!"

A flash of anger again crossed his face.

"Then you persist in going on this excursion, contrary to my wishes?" "Most certainly I do."

"Then," passionately, "you may choose between us. I will not marry a girl who has anything to do with a scoundrel like Osbert Bowden. Unless you promise to give up this ride, I shall break off the engagement."

She looked at him a little fearfully for a moment, and then she threw her head back and laughed. Of course, he did not mean it—he would never carry out his threat. And it was a great mistake giving in to a man before marriage. What would he be like after?

"That is a matter," she said, proudly, "in which you can do as you like. I certainly mean to ride this afternoon with Mr. Bowden."

Neil's face grew very pale.

"Think of what you are doing," he said, warningly. "I am not a boy to be tossed aside like a woman's plaything. If you send me away now I shall not come back."

Alyne shrugged her shoulders.

"You can do exactly as you please," she answered, defiantly.

She was the darling of her father's heart. All her life long she had been spoiled and allowed to have her own way. She never imagined for a moment that Neil would not give in at once.

He looked at her with stern, angry eyes.

"Then you persist in going out with Osbert Bowden?" he said.

"I have told you so many times," crossly. "Of course, I am going. I promised Mr. Bowden, and I am not one to break my promise. I only wish I had never told you."

"Then," slowly, "there is nothing to do but to say good-by," and he took up his cap and strode toward the door.

"You mean to say that our engagement has come to an end?" she said.

"I mean to say that our engagement has come to an end."

"This is what you have been working for," she cried, passionately. "You never loved me, and you catch at the smallest excuse to break it off. You want to marry Amy Tilden, I suppose; she has more money than I. Oh," recklessly, "it is just as well—just as well. It is better to find out our mistake beforehand."

"Just as well," he said, in a white rage. "For you could not have loved me much to go out riding alone with another man—and such a man! Good-by."

And he turned the handle of the door and went out, and, as if in a dream, she listened to his retreating footsteps until she could hear them no longer.

And then, with a sudden impulse, she sprang up to call him back. But, alas, it was too late. She only caught a glimpse of his tall, straight figure as it disappeared down the drive. Should she run after him? Should she stay him? For a moment it seemed as if she would go, and then pride rose up to deter her.

Nevertheless she concluded that she would not go out riding with Osbert Bowden.

She wrote a little note and sent it round, and then she wondered what she should do. There seemed nothing in the world to do. She wished Neil would come back.

But the day dragged on, and a week dragged on, and still he did not come; a terrible fear began to spring up in Alyne's heart. And then she met the friend with whom Neil had been staying the last few months.

She was too proud to ask him after Neil—she would not allow the world to know they had quarreled. But at last he alluded to him himself.

"No," he said, in answer to a question of hers, "I have done so something since Osbert left."

"Left?" repeated Alyne, almost below her breath, while her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Yes—since he went on this mad expedition of his to Central Africa. I told him he was a perfect lunatic to go."

"Central Africa?" and her voice sounded far away, while all the color fled from her face.

"Yes. Didn't you know?" He looked curiously at the girl. He had imagined from Neil's manner that there had been a quarrel of some sort.

But Alyne turned away—she was too stunned to answer.

"He went off one day last week," he continued; "he seemed upset about something or other. I could not persuade him to stay an hour longer."

A bitter laugh fell from Alyne's lips. "Has he gone to shoot big game?" she cried, harshly. "I hope he will have good sport," and then she nodded her head by way of adieu and hurried away home.

But, alas, her heart was breaking—breaking. Why had she not run after him that day in the drive? A little word, a whisper, would have made it all right. But now it was too late, and he had broken with her irrevocably.

It was two years later. Lady Marshall was sitting in her drawing-room in Mayfair, talking seriously to her niece.

"Sir Neil Chester would be an excellent match, Maud. I am delighted he is coming to stay for a few days," she said. "I do hope you will make the best of your opportunities."

Maud smiled rather too confidently. "From my previous experiences I don't think my task will be very difficult," she answered, taking a furtive look at her fair face in the glass.

"Perhaps not, if prettiness were the only matter in question. But your admirers have been only boys so far. Sir Neil is quite 30 years, and has traveled a great deal; indeed, it is only a few months since he came home from Africa. And a man does not only require his wife to be pretty—it is much more important to him if she is smart and charming; and you know," looking anxiously at her niece, "you do require a good deal of dressing. You look twice as well when your hair is properly done, and Elsie does not understand the shape of your head. You never look so nice as when that girl from Lascelle's in Bond Street has dressed your hair. I really think that I shall have her round here every morning during Sir Neil's visit."

And as Maud was delighted with this idea she wrote off at once.

Sir Neil arrived about tea time, and Maud carried out her purpose and made the most of her opportunities. Chester had altered a great deal during these two years, for he was very bronzed and his hair was growing gray. There was also a stern expression on his face when in repose, and his features rarely relapsed into a smile. He wondered vaguely what had become of Alyne. Of course, she was married—had probably married that brute, Osbert Bowden. And his face would darken at the thought.

He mounted the stairs in Lady Marshall's house a little wearily on his way up to dress for dinner—he was not looking forward to his few days' visit.

His thoughts were so far away that he did not notice a girlish figure coming down until she was quite close to him.

He stood aside at once to let her pass, and a cursory glance assured him that she was pretty, he looked again, and his breath came quickly.

"Alyne!" he cried in a hoarse voice.

The girl shivered a little, and for a moment her large violet eyes met his full.

"I did not think you would recognize me," she said, half nervously.

"Not recognize you?" he repeated, while his eyes devoured her face—that same face that had haunted him so long—paler, indeed, and thinner, but still, thank God, the same.

"Are you staying here?" he cried, eagerly.

A faint smile curved her lips.

"No! Oh, no!" she answered, "I have only come to dress Miss Marshall's hair. I am a hairdresser now, you know, with Lascelle's in Bond Street."

"You!" he cried. "You a hairdresser. You—the daughter of the squire of Bandford? You are joking."

Her face was grave enough now.

"It is no joking matter to me," she said sadly. "My father has been dead more than a year," and she turned away to hide the tears that would come to her eyes.

"But—but," he cried—"he was rich—"

Alyne interrupted him by putting up a warning hand, for the sound of an opening door upstairs fell on her ears.

"I must go," she said, hurriedly; "and please—please do not say that you have—met me before. They know nothing about me, and perhaps it would prevent my coming here again," and without a word of farewell, she hurried down the stairs.

"Alyne!" he cried. "Alyne!"

But she had disappeared, and with a groan of disappointment he ascended the staircase.

He was late for dinner that night. He was longing to ask about Alyne, but his tongue was tied. He could only glance at Maud's head and notice how much better looking she appeared with her hair artistically arranged.

Hoping for some allusion to Alyne, he admired it to Maud later in the evening, but she only blushed and bridled, and took all the credit to herself.

He thought at first that he would go to Lascelle's in Bond Street, and then he felt that it would be futile, and that he would never see Alyne, so he decided to wait until the evening, and if she did not come again he would write. The desire to see her and to talk to her grew stronger with every minute.

But she did come again, and again he met her on the staircase, not only once, but three succeeding days.

But she would never stay. He could never induce her to talk to him for more than a few minutes. He wanted to hear so much—there was such a great deal he could not understand. And she eluded him like a will-o'-the-wisp, until he grew angry and determined that it all should come to an end.

The Marshalls were going to a fancy dress ball, and with great difficulty had persuaded Sir Neil to go with them. There were many preparations to be made, and Maud and her aunt began dressing very early. However, they decided to leave the powdering of their heads until after dinner. Of course, Alyne was much in request, and was very busy with both their hairs and getting up of their faces. This was being done in Lady Marshall's little boudoir.

"Send word to Sir Neil to come in when he is ready; we want to see how he looks," she said to her maid.

And presently Chester came in. He looked very well in his costume of Edward I., and his eyes flashed with pleasure as they fell on Alyne. He had been considerably put out at not meeting her at the usual "rendezvous," and now scorned himself for not at once understanding that the hairdresser would be wanted later in the evening.

He watched her deft fingers as she put a little more rouge on Lady Marshall's cheeks, and scarcely noticed Maud's rapturous remarks about his own appearance.

"Aren't you shocked, Sir Neil," said Lady Marshall, playfully, "when you see how I am getting myself up?"

Chester smiled dreamily.

"Not at all," he said. "I am thinking of following your example. These gay-colored clothes and your wig make me look very pale, and I am sure that was not right for Edward I."

Alyne looked up startled. So far she had taken no notice of him at all. He determined to have his revenge.

"Of course—of course, you must be rouged," cried Lady Marshall. "You must come and sit in this chair, and Miss Fortescue shall do for you."

Sir Neil gave a triumphant smile as he took the chair, but Alyne fidgeted with the powder boxes and did not turn her head.

"I don't think we have any too much time," he said, mildly.

"Indeed, no," cried Maud, "we ought to be off now. So be as quick as you can, Miss Fortescue."

So Alyne reluctantly took up the hare's foot and turned round. But still she would not meet his eyes. She only colored his cheeks a deeper bronze than they already were, but he could feel her hand tremble as she did it.

"And now," he said, "I think I should like my eyes accentuated a little with that sort of dark mark some women have."

Alyne drew a deep breath, and a glorious color mounted to her face as she took up the pencil. She was obliged to look into his eyes now. But what she saw there made her falter, and her hand fell to her side.

"I can't! Oh, I can't!" she murmured, only so that he could hear.

But perhaps something in her glance told him all he wanted to know, for he started from his chair at once.

"I have been 'got up' quite enough," he said, and there was a glint in his voice. "Ought we not to start?"

And so the three went downstairs and Lady Marshall bade good evening to Alyne, and told her that she had ordered her maid to take her some supper in her boudoir.

Alyne drew a deep breath as she heard the carriage roll away, but her tears were falling among the rouge pots, as she began to pack them away.

Ten minutes later she raised her head and listened, for a step was on the stairs—that step which had always the power to set her heart beating, and then in another moment "Edward I." stood in the doorway. For one second they looked at each other in silence—eye to eye and heart to heart, and then he held out his arms.

"Alyne!" he cried. "Is a stupid quarrel of two years ago to separate us for ever?"

And Alyne left her rouge pots and ran into his arms, and in the next moment was crying gently on his breast. But her tears were only tears of joy.

"It is not right," she cried at last, when he would allow her to speak, "it was different before, but now—now—you ought not to marry a hairdresser."

He laughed amusedly as he pressed a kiss on her dark head.

"If the whole world had altered, it would not matter much as long as Alyne was not different."

She glanced up at him shyly.

"I never thought you would go away," she whispered. "I never thought you would be so cruel."

"I was a jealous brute. I found out my mistake under the African sky. If I had been any one else but Bowden—"

She hid her head ashamedly.

"And you did quite right," she said. "He was a scoundrel. It was through him we lost all our money. He persuaded my father to invest in some bogus mine."

"Was it really? Then I abhor him still more, for it was through him you had to earn your living."

She sighed a long, deep sigh.

"It is over now," she said, and then looked up suddenly. "But why are you here?" she cried. "You ought to be at the dance. How was it you came back?"

He smiled.

"I had purposely left my sword behind," he said, "and King Edward could not appear without his sword."

"But you ought to go back," she said, reluctantly. "What will they think?"

"They may think what they like," contemptuously. "But I am not going until I have seen you home. Do you think after quarreling for two whole years it will only take five minutes to 'make it up'?"

And Alyne only smiled. She was too happy to protest any more.—Ledger Monthly.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for June 30, 1901—Quarterly Review.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]

THE LESSON TEXT.

(1 Corinthians, 16:1-8, 54-58.)

1. Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand:

2. By which also ye are saved, if ye keep a memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.

3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures:

4. And that He was buried, and that He rose again, the third day, according to the scriptures:

5. And that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve:

6. After that, He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

7. After that, He was seen of James; then of all the apostles.

8. And last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.

56. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

57. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by His own power.—Cor., 16:14.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Read the whole of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. It forms perhaps as appropriate a text as could be found upon which to base a review lesson.

There are three lines along which a review study, in the present case, could be conducted. One might be strictly a quarterly review. A second might be a summing up of the teachings of the lessons beginning with January 1 of the present year. The third, and very profitably, might be a brief summary of the principles of the kingdom of Heaven as set forth in the teachings of Jesus and exemplified in His life and a statement of the main purpose of the life and death of Jesus.

As a quarterly review the lesson would be confined to the resurrection and subsequent appearances of Jesus. Eleven of these appearances are recorded and have been studied in these lessons. These appearances reached over a period of 40 days, between April 9 and May 18, A. D. 30. There are two other appearances recorded in the New Testament. One was to Paul (or Saul) on the way to Damascus, the other was to John in the Apocalypse. But both of these were subsequent to Jesus' ascension. The main lessons to be enforced from this study are:

1. The resurrection of Jesus (which event is more conclusively proved by competent evidence than is any other event in all ancient history) is the crowning proof of His divine nature.

2. The resurrection of Jesus is proof of a life after death.

3. Into each faithful life may come the Holy Spirit which shall guide disciples of Jesus "into all truth," aid them in overcoming weakness and temptation, and continue in the hearts of men the work that Jesus "began" to do when on earth.

Another method of taking up the review would extend back another quarter and include that part of the life of Christ just prior to the crucifixion and also the death and burial of Jesus. This plan would make possible the drawing of a very effective and instructive contrast. Picture in the first place the apparent triumph of the foes of Christianity, Jesus crucified, the disciples scattered, His whole work seemingly brought to naught. Now picture the risen Saviour, with His disciples together again with stronger hope, more enduring courage, ministers of faith daring all in spreading the glad tidings of salvation among the nations of the earth. Truly

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among his worshippers.

It will be remembered that we have been studying the life of Jesus for the past 18 months. We are now about to take up a series of lessons in the Old Testament. Before doing this, however, it would be of immense advantage to take a swift bird's-eye view over the map of Jesus' gracious earthly ministry, and crystallize in our minds its essential truths. This cannot be attempted in a paragraph, but we might suggest the following points for consideration:

1. The incarnation, or God become man, as the greatest miracle of the ages.

2. Jesus' object in coming to earth; was it merely to "do good" (taking that expression in its more limited and commonly accepted meaning), or was there also the purpose of manifesting the power and glory of God and the "beauty of holiness?"

3. The purpose in the death of Jesus, or Christ's atonement.

4. The life of sacrifice, as exemplified by Jesus.

Figs and Thistles.

Idleness is the devil's industry. The ideal determines the real. Righteousness is the best ritual. Thunder in the pulpit does not lighten the world.

He who desecrates his body dishonors his Creator.

Holiness surpasses morality as love surpasses law.

God gives riches to our hands when our hearts are not fixed on them.

When earthly goods become our highest good they become our greatest evil.

The doctrine of grace fall flat from our lips except when our lives have the grace of the doctrines.

The kingdom of heaven will not come till men come to make its laws supreme and His will greater than the word of majorities.—Ram's Horn.

Well Trained.

"He seems to have a trained mind."

"That's right. Did you notice how quick he was in answering 'Yes, my dear,' when his wife called him?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irreparable Loss.

He—He's lost a wealthy aunt.

She—Really? Whom did she die?

He—Oh! she isn't dead; but her niece has just filted me.—Tit-Bits.

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In Danger.

Every one is in danger who neglects the warnings of declining health. The warnings are not as startling as the sudden shriek of a locomotive, but they are just as ominous. When the body begins to lose in flesh, when the cheek is hollow and the skin sallow it is Nature's warning that the body is failing of proper nourishment. It is a condition of "weak" stomach, and "weak" stomach soon involves other organs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and cures through the stomach diseases seemingly remote, but which have their origin in the disease of the stomach and its allied organs.



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"Before I commenced to use your medicine I was in a bad condition (for eight years) and four doctors treated me," writes Mrs. Betie Askew, of Garysburg, Northampton Co., N. C. "They, of course, gave me at the time some relief, but it did not last long. I was some days in my bed and some days I dragged about the house. I have used five bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and five of the 'Pain-Expeller' and four vials of the 'Pell-Ex.' Now I feel like a new woman, and I want the world to know it."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, paper binding, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only, or 31 stamps for it in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Possibly the next piece of cheese you buy may lack what Bill Nye said all good bread ought to have, that is, "air holes."

Certain chemists—these chemists are great detectives, in their field—have been searching around in the cheese world to find out if there wasn't some quicker, cheaper and better way of ripening cheese than the old method. Among those who have been studying this subject are Profs. Babcock and Russell, of the University of Wisconsin. Some time ago they announced the discovery that all good milk contains a small percentage of a ferment which tends to digest it. This ferment they called "galactase." Experiments were made in curing cheese with it which proved entirely successful and saved a great deal of time, as it was not necessary to keep cheese in the curing room, but it could be shipped direct to the cold storage warehouses in cities like Chicago and kept there until ready to be distributed. A large cheese dealer in Chicago has already contracted for the entire product of a Wisconsin cheese factory where cheese is made on this plan. The only question is whether the people will like this kind of cheese as well as that they have been used to. If they don't like it and can't be taught to like it, the discovery will be of little commercial value. If you get a piece of this cheese, taste it very carefully and see what you think of it.

A German scientist has recently described the symptoms of love as follows: "The oscillations in the interior of a person's body, as may be seen in the case of vibratory attraction, are in harmony—that is to say, they are at the first movement in complete concordance with the oscillations in the interior of some other person's body. It is, of course, necessary that the reactionary sentiment in the case of the two subjects should be of an agreeable nature, since the two vibrations facilitate the movements of the atoms which in this case accumulate and emit their rays without disturbing the diffusion."

That scientist may have the correct scientific idea, but the most understandable symptoms appear when a fellow gets the crazy notion into his head that he can't exist another minute unless he is given the privilege of paying a girl's board bill for life.

An odd dispute is reported from Cygne, Kan., where a bank failed recently. A man was at the wicket getting his money on a check for \$275, when the deputy bank commissioner walked in and took possession. The cashier had paid the man \$200 in big bills, and was counting out the \$75 in small change when the commissioner stopped him. The commissioner claims that the man should pay back the \$200; the man claims that the commissioner should have allowed him to receive the \$275.

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