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Another Version.

The tramp, he tackled a brand new bride and asked her for something to eat: "Will you give me some bread?"

BECOMING AMERICANIZED.



First Chinese Laundryman—Hi, ya! Me goin' to stlike—like Melican man!

Second Chinese Laundryman—What for stlike?

First Chinese Laundryman—More yen, and 19 hours a day, 'stead of 20!—Brooklyn Life.

Quite Different.

He—I suppose the more hair a girl has the longer it takes her to make it up?

She—Certainly.

"I suppose it is different with a girl's mind?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Reassuring.

"I actually believe you like the puppy better than you do me."

"Nonsense, George! You know I would do as much for you, dear, as I would for the dog."—Tit-Bits.

Reward of Merit.

Aunt Julie—Now, Tommy, that's a nice boy! Do the churning, and as a reward I'll let you turn the wringer for the new washing machine.—Harper's Bazar.

Explanations Unnecessary.

Mamma (to Freddie, just returned from a call upon his aunt)—Well, Freddie, what did auntie say?

Freddie (disgustedly)—Don't, Freddie.—Brooklyn Life.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well.



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REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

On the other side of the stream That steals by this earthly shore, I know that our loved ones love us still, Just as they loved of yore.

They carry us in their thoughts, They speak of us when they meet, And ever and ever the truth of old Bides with them warm and sweet.

O patient and constant dead, Whom so easily we put by, Who fade away from our inmost thoughts As the stars fade out of the sky!

We put them so far away, We hide them so deep with God; We think of them snatched to the farthest star As soon as they're under the sod.

Ah! me! it is pitiful so, Dear lovers, so loyal and near, Aye, pressing your faces against the gates Of our hearts and we will not hear!

O, friends, when our sainted dead Pass over that unseen line, They fly not far, to a foreign land, They dwell in your land and mine.

A land that no fire can burn, No element sweep away, The dear long home of immortal love, God's country and ours for aye!

So draw them closer there, As of old time, hand in hand, God meant we should walk through life and death.

In Love's immortal land, —James Buckham, in Congregationalist.

Friends Ever.

BY H. A. KELLER.

THEY had been friends from boyhood, and possessed the same tastes and inclinations concerning both play and study.

When the college days dawned upon the horizon the same old spirit of friendliness manifested itself; they chose the same profession, medicine, and were greater friends than ever in the close rivalry of ambition.

In college they were known as "The Twins," though they were wholly dissimilar as to appearance, stature or complexion. Henry Morse was short, stoutly built, with blue eyes, crisply curling, light hair, and a mouth as sweet and tender as a woman's.

The college days are over, and we find them both attached to St. Mark's hospital, working side by side; ready for the ambulance call, to rattle away over the pavements of the city to administer aid to the unfortunate.

All hospital grounds, flowers, walks and embellishments in the way of landscape gardening look stiff. They mean to be alleviating to the ill ones, charming to the eye; but they never are, for they bear too closely the marks of precision, soldierly care; and instead of appearing natural, they seem surrounded with too much red tape.

After the pair reached the thoroughfare leading to their quarters, situated but a short distance away, Findlay finally found his tongue, and asked: "Whose name did you mention?"

"Well, you must be pretty deeply in it, old man. I did not mention anyone's name," said Morse, withdrawing his arm.

"But you were speaking of some one as we passed through the grounds."

"Then it has just struck you? I was simply saying that the fair Canadian nurse seemed to be a self-possessed sort of person. That's all."

"By the way, she is not fair; and how is she different from the rest, Henry?"

"I mean by fair she is—oh, well, charming, pleasing and pretty. She seems to know how to do things without asking. She has good nerve, too. Why, she did up the smashed leg of that poor fellow who was brought in day before yesterday, before I came, in a manner to equal anything of the sort I ever saw."

"Humph! that's what she is at St. Mark's for—to learn how to do things. As for beauty and all that sort of thing, I—"

"Well, what, John?" asked the other, as the tall, slender fellow lifted his hand to apply the latch key. The other hand was busy with the mustache, pushing one end of it out of sight.

"She may not be charming at all without her hospital garb. Come, let us go in; drop nurses and such trash." He led the way up the wide stairs, and the two were soon settled for the night in their suite of rooms.

When they appeared at the hospital the next morning they were asked to step into the office where "Old Ice," the pet name bestowed by the young fellows upon Roger Thorn, M. D., the best surgeon in the city, was awaiting them.

"Good morning, gentlemen; sit down; I want to tell you something," uttered the celebrated surgeon, in his peculiar, jerky words.

"Either of you want to die? Ha, ha! Good joke, that—stop! Don't say a word until I get through. I'm not much of a talker; I like to finish what I've got to say before the other chap begins, though. Some men are born soldiers, and do not know what fear means.

"If 'Old Ice' felt as he said he did, he failed to show any signs of it in the slightest. He looked as ready to perform a great piece of work as he ever did. John Findlay, who could contain himself no longer, ventured to say:

"I never joke. I may play jokes with nerves, bones, muscles and such; but what is commonly called joking—I never indulge in the foolish practice. To come right down to the facts of the case, I will simply say that I am about to take a great, a very great risk. I am obliged to call upon my young men to take the same risk."

"Ah! that's the sort of spirit I like to see in my young men," said "Old Ice," good naturedly. Then fixing his deep, hazel eyes upon the face of John Findlay, raised his hand and punctuated the air with his long forefinger as he spoke: "It is an easy matter, young men, to remove a limb or sew and plaster a wound; nothing easier—in our line—in the world. But when a surgeon takes his life in his own hands and attempts to heal a poor mortal of a fatal infection, and is liable, ten chances against the rest, to incur himself a fatal infection, how about it, eh?"

"Well, doctor, what is the case?" asked Findlay, without glancing at his bosom friend, who was bending eagerly forward, with a rosy flush spread over his fair face.

"John Findlay quit gnawing his mustache; he straightened up in his chair and looked for a brief instance into those clear, hazel eyes fixed upon him. Then he rose and said, hesitatingly:

"Dr. Thorn, I am very sorry to say that we do not care to assist you in the case."

"You mean yourself—not I," broke in a sweet-toned voice.

"Eh? You—why bless my stars!" broke from the surgeon, as he gazed at the fair speaker.

"My friend is only joking. Come, Henry, let us go." Findlay went to the door and laid his hand upon the brass knob. He opened the door and stood for a brief instant upon the threshold, as though waiting for his friend to part with him. He only sat there, smiling back at the hazel eyes of the sandy-headed man who was looking at him in astonishment.

"I thought he had the most nerve," said the surgeon.

"So did I."

"I had picked him out from among the entire lot of young fellows to help me in this affair. Well, I was mistaken."

"So was I."

"And you will join me in this case, young man?"

"With the greatest pleasure in all the world, doctor." A pair of hands clasped there in the little square room where many a life or death verdict had been pronounced.

"Do it, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and John Findlay leans back and begins to push his inky mustache out of sight. Again, the figure of the nurse standing upright, and with arms folded across the breast, and a pair of searching eyes penetrate to the innermost heart of the false friend.

"The sick man stirs uneasily, the lips part, and upon the quiet air of the room there falls softly, slowly:

"Friends—ever."

"Go, please; I can attend to him now without your help," she said.

Findlay rose, gave one glance at the sick man's face, and then left the room, fusing with his mustache in the old, tiresome manner.

Up in the Canadian woods, where Henry Morse went with the fair girl he married, he found health rapidly. Once—only once—he asked her why his friend Findlay had left him so suddenly. His wife shrugged her shoulders, and said nothing.

"I had an idea, dear, that he fancied you."

"John is queer—but he and I are to be friends ever."

But the two were destined never to meet again upon this world.—Good Literature.

question she asked. She turned her face away from him, and looked down at the gold-fish darting hither and thither in the shaded pool at her feet. He asked her a question, but she did not answer; she continued to look down, drew in slightly her under lip, and gave a dainty shrug of her shoulders. When she lifted her face again, he was at the gate. Then she murmured:

"He is grand, but I thought the other was the strong, brave one of the pair."

The day passed, and the subject of the operation to be performed upon the following morning was never mentioned between the two friends. Once, only once, Morse bending his eyes toward the dark face turned over a book. The black eyes were fixed upon the page, and the fingers of one hand were crowding the inky mustache out of sight.

"Shake, old boy. Recollect, we are friends, ever."

"Friends, ever," echoed Findlay, as he took the warm palm between his chill fingers.

"Good-night, John, my friend."

The door between the long, wide, waiting-room and the operating room opened, and "Old Ice," leaning heavily upon the arm of the fair-faced young student, emerged from it. The hazel eyes were not as bright as usual, and the generally ruddy face of the great surgeon was ashen. He was helped into his office, where he took a glass of wine, after which he seemed to recover some of his old-time spirits. He left the hospital afterwards—and inside of ten days was a dead man. The cause of the old surgeon's death was pronounced to be blood-poisoning.

Upon the evening of the day of the surgeon's funeral, Henry Morse was taken to St. Mark's ill, weak, nervous.

"There seems to be something wrong with the boy," said Findlay, after his friend had been placed upon one of the snowy cots, in a cool, quiet room.

A white hand was laid upon the sick man's brow. Findlay turned to meet the calm gaze of the Canadian nurse.

"—It is now a struggle between life and death. I pray God I will win," she said, softly.

"You?"

"Yea, I shall be his nurse."

"There are others who can nurse him."

"There is no one but myself who can do so much for him," said the sweet, low voice of the fair girl.

"Why you, more than any other nurse?"

"That, no one but he has a right to ask," replied she, as she pointed toward the face upon the pillow.

And then commenced the great battle for the mastery. Medical science said the brave young fellow should die. Close, careful and skilled nursing, backed up by youth and manhood that had never known any ill, said he should not die. Every change, no matter how slight, was watched by his friend, John Findlay, who seemed to be always by the sick man's bedside.

It is midnight, and the crisis is at hand. The face upon the pillow is livid. The blue lips are drawn back, and the white teeth gleam in the shaded light. By the side of the bed sits the young student, Findlay, holding the feverish hand of his friend. The tinkling of the fountain falls upon his ears. The rattling of wheels over the pavement comes from the distance. The sleeve of the sick man's robe is pushed back, and the arm with the turgid veins is disclosed. The small figure in hospital garb stands with back turned to Findlay. A long, lean finger produces from the vest pocket something that glitters in the light. A careful hand guides the object to the thick part of the forearm, and then—like a phantom, as quick and as noiseless—a small figure leans over the bed and pushes one slender white hand between the instrument's keen point and the bared arm. A pair of black eyes are raised to the now livid face of Findlay, and a pair of tightly-drawn lips huskily whisper:

"Do it, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and John Findlay leans back and begins to push his inky mustache out of sight. Again, the figure of the nurse standing upright, and with arms folded across the breast, and a pair of searching eyes penetrate to the innermost heart of the false friend.

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But the two were destined never to meet again upon this world.—Good Literature.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for August 4, 1901—Abraham and Lot.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT.

(Genesis 13:1-18.)

1. And Abram went up out of Egypt, he, and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the south.

2. And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle; and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land.

3. And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren.

4. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.

5. And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar.

6. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed east; and they separated themselves the one from the other.

7. Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom.

8. But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly.

9. And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward:

10. For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever.

11. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth; so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.

12. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee.

13. Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord.

14. GOLDEN TEXT.—Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do even so to them.—Matt. 7:12.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the chapters (Genesis 13 and 14) which should be read in connection with the verses assigned for the present lesson, we have an opportunity for a further study of the character of Abraham, which is made to appear the stronger by its contrast to that of Lot.

The character study of both men may well be perused in the order of the various incidents related:

A Family Quarrel.....13:1-18 The Land Given to Abraham.....13:14-18 Lot Taken Prisoner.....14:1-12 Abraham Rescues His Nephew.....14:13-24 A Family Quarrel.—Speaking literally and by the book, this was strictly not a family quarrel, but might easily have been but for the peaceable disposition evinced by Abraham. It was really a quarrel between the servants of the two men. It was a case of two much prosperity. Both men were exceedingly prosperous. Both had great herds of cattle and great flocks of sheep. So great were these flocks and herds that there was not place for all to graze in the place selected. The shepherds and herdsmen came to words and blows with each other over securing the best pastures. With the retinue of servants upon each side (numbering in Abraham's case 318 men capable of bearing arms), we can readily see how serious the quarrel could have shortly become. Abraham acted as the peacemaker. He suggested to Lot that inasmuch as there was not room in that place for both, that they should separate, one going to the east, the other to the west. The way Lot settled this question is, considering all the circumstances, quite indicative of the character of the man. The plains on either side were rich and fertile. But to the west the land was still new and unoccupied. To the east was Sodom and other cities. We remember that Abraham came westward to get away from the idolatrous city of Ur of the Chaldees. Lot, choosing to pitch his tents near Sodom, inevitably suggests that he still had in his heart some of the old love for worldly pleasures.

The Land Given to Abraham.—On the westward side of the Jordan was the land of Canaan. It was here that Abraham's cattle were to graze. And here Abraham had another of his visions of God, and God revealed to Abraham that his descendants were to be as the dust for number. The building of an altar to the Lord in the plain of Mamre is another of the many indications given of Abraham's religious nature.

Lot Taken Prisoner and His Rescue by Abraham.—This incident is a further illustration of the noble character of Abraham. The kings of the plain of Jordan made war upon each other. The kings of Sodom and Gomorrah met defeat, and in their precipitous flight fell into the slime pit; their cities fell into the hands of the enemy, and Lot and his family and servants and all his possessions also were taken. Abraham gathered together his men and went in pursuit. By a night attack he scattered the enemy and rescued all the goods that were taken and Lot, his nephew.

When Abraham returned, he gave thanks to God for his victory, gave tithes to Melchizedek, the high priest, and returned not only the prisoners he had taken but also all the goods, and this, in the light of the ancient customs of victorious leaders, shows a character far in advance of the then current standard.

Spear Points. Faith is the force that makes motives.

You cannot claim a monopoly of the consequences of your sins.

The dividends of sin come back in the same coin as the investments.

There can be a cheerful face only where there is a faithful heart.

God does not count the cash put in so much as that kept out of the collection.

The trouble with some people is that they are talking of Christian perfection before they have begun to practice it.—Ram's Horn.

"Common Sense"

Is the thick sole of the modern woman's motto in matters of health?

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You Know Him. He so eagerly tells all he knows. We scarcely next step to ask. The reason why, for it is because it is such an easy task. —Marion Life.

WILLING TO SUFFER. Girl—Are you a lover of music, professor? Professor—Yes, I am; but it does not make any difference. Just go on and play away.—Hatter Weit.

Could Testify Otherwise. "It's all a lie," the tempter roared. As he quickly ran to cover, While the mischief all around him flew, "That the world adores a leaver!" —Chicago Tribune.

At No Disadvantage. "We have a deaf and dumb member of our Woman's club," said Miss Gabbagh to young Mr. Dugglesh. "Indeed," gurgled the youth, "I should think she would be a disadvantage."

"Oh, my, no. Why, we let her make all the motions." —Baltimore American.

Wrong Diagnosis. "What's the matter, pet?" "That big, ugly man you sent me to look at poor Fido says he has a temper, and I told him it wasn't true, and I wanted him to go away. There's nothing at all the matter with Fido's temper. It's his poor little stomach!" —Chicago Tribune.

The New Baby. Happy Father—We've got a new baby up at our house. Friend—So? What do you call him? H. P.—We don't call him; I do all the calling himself.—Detroit Free Press.

An Apology for Heave Mrs. Crimsonbeak—It seems strange to me, if matches are made in heaven, that there should be so many unhappy marriages.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Oh, you forget; it is the matches that are made ere—not the misfits.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Jewel. Ethel—Papa says he likes your book of poems immensely! Cholly—Aw—really? Ethel—Yes—he says it's the only thing he can throw at cats tonight and not care whether he finds fignin or not in the morning.—Judge.

Natural Question to Ask "We must have an interview with the heroine of that scandal," said the managing editor of the sensational sheet.

"But the details are all known; presented the city editor. 'What is there left to ask her?'"

"She should be asked," replied the managing editor thoughtfully, "whether it is her intention to write a novel or go on the stage." —Chicago Tribune.

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