

The Cure that Cures
Coughs,
Colds,
Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma,
Bronchitis and Incipient
Consumption, is

OTTO'S
CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY
 Cures throat and lung diseases.
 Sold by all druggists. 25¢ & 50¢.

GUARANTEED \$900
SALARY Yearly

Men and women of good address to represent 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.

STAFFORD PRESS
 23 Church St., New Haven, Conn.
 8-21-18.

WRITER
CORRESPONDENTS or
REPORTERS

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

The Bulletin Press Association,
 New York.

New to Him.

The distinguished personage who had been announced as the speaker of the evening was late in arriving, and an effort had been made to entertain the audience in the meantime by vocal music and short impromptu speeches.

A dozen or more persons began cutting for "Goo-Goo Eyes."

Somewhat perplexed, the professor of philosophy and belles lettres, who was acting as chairman, arose.

"If Mr. Goo-Goo Wise is in the audience," he said, "he will obligingly come forward."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unpatriotic Suggestion.

"What I want to do is to purify the politics of my community."

"Don't let any of the mercantile agents hear you say that," responded the friend.

"I don't see what difference it can make in my credit."

"They are as likely as not to take it for granted that business isn't good, and that you want office."—Washington Star.

What the Matter Was.

"I see Dr. Skoop has got disheartened with the results of his treatment of Fritters and has given up going there. I really don't suppose he was able to find out what was the matter with him."

"Oh, yes; he found out all right enough."

"He did. What was it?"

"Impenetrability."—Boston Courier.

In the Conservatory.

Ida—The grass widow has not been very successful in her game of snaring the old banker. Is she very much disappointed?

May—Indeed she is! One would think she was from Kentucky.

Ida—Why so?

May—She is such a blue grass widow.—Chicago Daily News.

Couldn't Spare It.

Easterner—Why don't you build your courthouse over there?

Westerner—Why, if we did we'd have to cut that tree down.

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it! Man alive, that's the only tree in this neighborhood fit to lynch a man on!"—Philadelphia Record.

Further Proof.

The Music Teacher—Just think! That opera was rejected by 30 managers.

Pupil—Well, its success proves that managers are not infallible.

The Music Teacher—Indeed, they are not! I have had an opera rejected by 351—Puck.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WATMAN.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
 TRADE MARK REGISTERED
 REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, No. 30, 50, 100.

CURE CONSTIPATION.
 Selling Everywhere, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Good Fortune in disguise,
 Crept shyly to my door;
 Want in her haggard eyes,
 Grief in the star in her hair,
 How should I know the guest
 Who came so poorly dressed?

With fear I let her in,
 Who thought to be denied;
 No greeting did she win,
 No welcome to my side—
 This uninvited guest,
 Who stole away my rest.

But in the morning light
 Another face was there;
 I saw a visage bright,
 A beauty strange and rare,
 My dear, deceitful guest,
 Had put my faith to test.

Now Joy and I are friends,
 Who thought to be estranged;
 Now Fate hath made amends,
 And all the world is changed.
 For since I knew my guest,
 I find her gifts the best.

—F. W. Clarke, in N. Y. Independent.

The End of the Feud at Nome.

By Lou Rodman Teeple.

"BOYS," said a miner, elbowing his way through the crowd in the saloon; "boys, Lucky Jack's took up another claim." Peals of laughter greeted this announcement.

"Dis do seven claim him git on an' git off," giggled a low-statured Norwegian. "You see," a red-shirted Californian explained to a new-comer, "every claim Jack has staked out, or went to stake, some one has set up a prior claim to; most of 'em was holding the ground for their friends, but Jack was so good-natured he just give away; we call him Lucky Jack now, he's so durned unlucky."

"Says he won't get off this claim if Billy McKinley wants it." This from a slender half-breed from Idaho.

"Shouldn't wonder if he did though, for a fellow 'd stake that claim more'n two months ago; he went to the states after his family an' never come back; but 'twould be just Jack's luck if he turned up and raised a row. I knew a man at Cripples Creek that—"

"But no one ever heard what the tenderer knew of that man, for the sound of strife drew the crowd in a body to witness the beginning of the feud at Nome.

Lucky Jack was making the dumb stands and quick rushes of a pig that is trying to escape; he was evidently trying to make the cover of his tent; and before him, heading him off each time he tried to pass her, was a little brown-eyed, red-cheeked woman, who, though short enough to have stood under the big miner's outstretched arm, made up for the handicap in size by her amazing quickness and the bewildering effect of a steady stream of threats and assertions. She was no other than Mrs. Brier, the wife of the man who months before had staked out that claim. She had already set up her own tent a few yards from Lucky's, and now, supported by a small boy with snow-white hair and a yellow dog with one blue eye, she was resolutely keeping the miner "off her claim."

"You hard-faced old anticrist!" (she probably meant anarchist); "you've no regard for law or decency. How well you waited till Bill Brier was gone before you jumped his claim! Oh, won't he show you, when he gets here? And till he does come, I'll keep you off!"

"Don't you dodge ahead of me agin," the miner snarled, "I'm agoin' to my tent, and you can go to—" He didn't finish the sentence, but she did it for him as she grabbed him by the collar and shook him as vigorously as she was able while at the disadvantage of standing on the tips of her toes to reach his neck.

"I can go to that place, can I?" she screamed. "Well, you can go there, too, but you can't go to that tent of yours, less'n you want to take it down."

The cursed and harried man jerked his coat from her hands, and replied savagely, "Net much I don't take my tent off this claim, but I'll tear yours down before morning if you don't jamme lone."

"You will, will you?" As the woman spoke she drew a revolver from her dress; and the miner, who was accustomed to seeing a gun used in the same breath it was pulled, seized her wrist and wrenched the weapon from her grasp with no gentle force. As he did so, the little woman reeled and fell at his feet in a dead faint; the astonished man bending over her dropped the gun on her head, which probably hastened her return to consciousness; and while she was getting upon her feet, he took a run for his tent. She picked up the gun and sobbed out, "You just wait till Bill Brier gets here; that's all." The white and white-haired boy wept dolefully, and the yellow dog accelerated the speed of the retreating foe by snapping his heels at every step.

That night the slumbers and causers in the vicinity of the disputed claim heard a sound that rose even above the voice of the wind that was blowing a gale. Investigation showed that the wind had blown down one side of Mrs. Brier's tent, and she, with her head buried under the blankets, was screaming, "Sick 'im, Bilger! Sick 'im! Oh, you murderin', prowlin' old villain, a-tearin' the shelter from over the head of a sleepin' child!"

As the wind, even in Nome, was supposed to be sent by the Almighty, Mrs. Brier's address sounded rather blasphemous. After the visitors had succeeded in convincing her that her tent was being yanked out of place by Providence instead of Lucky Jack, and after they had quietly pegged the canvas down for her, quiet settled for the night over the feudal district.

But morning saw the beginning of hostilities, that, with brief intermissions, lasted for long, weary months. Fruit cans were hurled against the base of one tent at night and fired against the other each morning. The man purposely roared out songs, hymns, lullabies, anything that would keep up a deafening noise at an hour when the woman feign would have laid her armor off and slept. He passed unnecessarily near the door when he crossed the claim. And though the woman was not positively known to hiss the blue-eyed dog on, she certainly laughed heartily every time he got a bite at the foe's heels and openly petted Bilger after such reprisals. Every day the man went to the beach with his rocker to seek for gold, and the woman went to a restaurant, where she washed dishes, and in return received flour and salt; and the white-haired boy, wrapped in a man's old fur overcoat, often sat alone for hours, with no one to speak to but the yellow dog.

One day when Lucky Jack returned to his tent he found Bilger already there, busily engaged in foraging the enemy's stores. Now, Jack's heels were sore from the morning onslaught of his opponent's henchman, and when he found him thus at his mercy, for the first time he felt that the boys had not misnamed him when they prefixed Lucky to his name. Fastening the tent behind him, he took up an ax handle and with the inquisitory, "Bite my heels again, will ye?" he laid the blows on the intruder thick and fast, resolved to leave not a breath in him, but to fling his carcass over to the other tent. The dog, in his turn, tore wildly from side to side of the tent, now trying to dodge under a box that served as a table, now attempting to close in and get his teeth into his tormentor, and at last, thoroughly beaten, he crouched at his conqueror's feet with such piteous howls that, like Hubert before Prince Arthur in the tower of London, Lucky's pity made him unable to do the murderous deed he had intended, and after some more stern advice to his now humble foe, the big man sat down and fed him bread dipped in cold gravy. He even patted the animal's head in his restored good humor, remarking as he did so: "I can't strike a woman, no matter how aggravatin' she is, but, thank Gawd, I kin take it out of the dog."

"Was you a lickin' my mam's dawg?" Jack jumped to his feet as this question was pronounced to him through a hole in the tent. He opened the door and the small boy entered, trailing an old blanket behind him, and repeated his question. Lucky's big heart melted at the forlorn apparition, and he said deceitfully:

"Don't you see I'm a feedin' him?" "Fought I heard 'im a cryin'," suspiciously.

"Sonny, he—he was laughin' at what I was a givin' 'im."

"Be you a tryin' to burn we's tent?" "Well, no, kid, not unless swearin' at it till the air is full of brimstone might set it blazin'; but if that 'ud do it 'ud burned before this." Then there was a pause in which the child watched the dog hungrily; then, with a hopeless little sigh: "Wish I cud a had part o' Bilger's bra-aid."

"Great Hanner, baby, are you hungry nuff to eat with a dawg? Here, wait till I get you some cookies an' coffee."

The child munched the cookies in silence, then he said: "Mam says you'r a hardened sinner, a claim-jumper, an' a mighty tough ole rooster. Am you?"

"No," growled the host, adding, with rising anger, "an' your mam's worse than anything she can call me." Then, as the boy was leaning confidently against his knee, he said: "But you're a nice boy."

Another long pause, and then, as though he were reciting a lesson, the little fellow drawled out: "Wait till Bill Brier, my pap, comes; he'll show you."

"All right, kid; but if it's anything about your mother he's goin' to show 'ee he needn't take the trouble. I've seen enough of her already. But, say, there's only four or five months that your dad can come safe on the steamers; why don't he come?"

"Can't; he's got too much dirt to dig."

"Uh-huh! I thought so; got a claim somewhere else an' workin' it, while his wife holds this one." The boy had wormed a purple little flat into the miner's hand, and he now observed:

"Your hand's warm, ain't it? Nights when I'm awful cold mam holds my hands 'gainst her buzum to git 'em warm, an' cries cause she's so cold she can't git me warm."

"Oh, the Devil!" Jack uttered the ejaculation with such vehemence that the child looked apprehensively over his shoulder. "Why don't you put blankets enough over you to keep you warm?"

"We's on'y got a few, an' they's ragged."

"Well, can't you keep a fire?" "Mam says coal is \$80 a ton up here, an' if she goes an' carries drift wood for a day she can't work at the rooster-ant, an' then we's can't hev many bread that day. See?"

"Well!" After Jack had made this summing up of the situation there was a silence, during which the sad-voiced urchin crowded both hands into the host's warm hand and the dog licked his boots.

"What's your name, little feller?" Jack asked at last.

"Charlie, 'n yours am Lecky Jack." "Yes; and now, Charlie, I'm goin' to bring some things and leave 'em at your ma's tent flap to-night; an' I want you to promise to never say who done it. Will you promise?" "Yep, I'll promise not to tell on you while you'r livin' if you'll swear your criss cross you'll lie an' say I wasn't here if you'r ast."

That night Jack made up a bundle

of fur robes and blankets, muttering all the while: "She orter freeze; good nuff for 'er." Nevertheless, he gladly welcomed Charlie the next time he made his new friend a stolen visit, and with the boy on his knee he asked: "What did your mam say about the bundle she found at her door this mornin'?"

"Mam? Oh, first her says it's a wonder ole Lecky Jack hadn't seen 'em an' stole 'em; an' then she begins to cry an' kneels down an' says a suthin' 'bout 'Him as has 'membered the widder an' the fatherless."

"Why, you ain't fatherless—you've got a father, ain't you?" "Yep, but he can't come with all that dirt o' his'n to die."

"And now it fell out that every little while Mrs. Brier found food, furs and even money at her door that her unknown benefactor placed there and then fled before she could get a glimpse at him."

"Say, Lucky," Charley said one day, "them hairin's all gone, an' I liked 'em awfully."

"The herring? Oh, yes; well I'd brought you some more, but I'm allus afraid your mam will watch."

"And watch she did, and one night, seeing Jack (as she believed) in the very act of stealing a parcel that had been generously left for her, she caught up her gun, and that she fired without aim was perhaps the reason she brought down her man with a bullet in the breast. The sound of shooting brought the men from the saloon and little Charlie from his bed."

"This man was stealing—stealing things from my tent door," cried Mrs. Brier, wringing her hands in an agony of excitement.

"Oh, mammy, he wasn't! he wasn't! 'Twas him that brought all the things to us—the blankets an' everything!" Charlie was wild with grief, and Bilger licked the white face of the man whose blood was crimsoning the snow where he lay; but he turned his head and whispered: "Oh, Charlie, you promised not to tell!"

"I didn't tell—not while you's livin'," sobbed the child, "but look at the bleed—oh, Lecky! you's dead now, sure."

"No, no, he isn't dead. He mustn't die! Men, carry him into my tent, where I can take care of him. I won't let him die."

And she was as good as her word. Never had man a more faithful and devoted nurse. For the first time since childhood the big, rough fellow knew the soothing touch of a woman's hand; and her patient sweetness and little schemes to amuse and interest him, when in the days of convalescence he began to chafe at his inactivity, were a source of endless wonder to him. And as he watched the quick-moving little figure and studied the brave, bright face of his quondam foe, he realized that though his lung had healed and was as sound as ever, his heart had got a wound from which it must ache while he lived. So he steadfastly refused Mrs. Brier's offer that he should take half the claim, and insisted that he would return to Tacoma.

"But you are doing well here; why do you go away?" the nurse asked for the twentieth time.

Driven to the wall, he replied: "Well, because—oh, hang it! I've used up all my excuses—here's the truth: I love you, Mollie. I just long to work for you, to keep care and trouble away from you. And I could do it, if—dam Brier, anyway! Oh, I don't mean that, but, Mollie, I want to take you in my arms—"

"Then why don't you, Johnnie?" she asked, demurely.

"Great St. Benedict! What'd Bill Brier say when he comes?" he gasped.

"He won't say anything, poor man,"—she was laughing and crying both together—"cause he'll never come. He died when he came back after us; but we's all packed up to come, and he said we could hold his claim; so, after he was buried we come on—an'—an' I thought you'd be scared to stay on the claim if you thought my man was comin'. Why—there—you great, big silly man—don't! Charlie'll see you."

And when Charlie did put in an appearance Jack privately inquired: "What'd you say your pap was diggin' for, youngster?"

"Cause, if he were comin', as mammy said, he had ter dig dirt, an' a lot o' it; I seed 'im, an' 'is box is buried under a awful heap o' it."

Jack—comprehensively—"Oh," then tenderly, "Did you know your mother was goin' to have me now?" "Yep, I heerd you a fixin' it up."—Radford Review.

A Discoverer.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for August 11, 1901—God's Promise to Abraham.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Genesis 15:1-15.)

1. After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision saying, Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.

2. And Abram said, Lord, God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus?

3. And Abram said, Behold, to me Thou hast given no seed; and, lo, one born in my house is mine heir.

4. And, behold, the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, This shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir.

5. And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward Heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be.

6. And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness.

7. And he said unto him, I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it.

8. And he said, Lord, God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?

9. And he said unto him, Take me an heifer of three years old, and a goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon.

10. And he took unto him all these, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another; but the birds divided he not.

11. And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away.

12. And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and, lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him.

13. And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict thee 40 years.

14. And also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge; and afterward shall they come out with great substance.

15. And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

16. But in the fourth generation they shall come hither again; for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full.

17. And it came to pass, that when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces.

18. In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates.

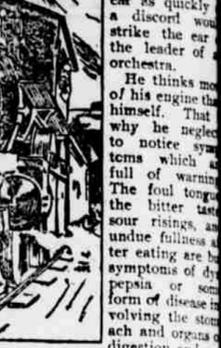
GOLDEN TEXT.—I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15:1.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Read chapters 13, 14 and 17 to make continuous the story of Genesis. But for our purpose of impressing moral and religious truths we need advert to but one incident in these chapters outside of the lesson text printed above. That one incident is the institution of the rite of circumcision. Some one has said that this has ever been the rite of the Jews, as baptism since then has been the sign of the Christian's covenant with God. It was in a certain sense a symbol of God's covenant with Abraham. But it really meant more to the Jewish nation and people than any ordinary religious rite. It made them in more senses than one a separate and peculiar people. It effectually set them apart from their heathen neighbors. It was a sort of recognition of the law of environment. The principle was illustrated when Abraham was called to leave the city of Ur, a center of heathen worship in the very ancient world, and to establish the worship of Jehovah, the only true God, in the wilderness on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean sea. Here it is illustrated again by the institution of this rite. God foresaw that even here His people would be surrounded by a numerous heathen population. What more effective barrier to outside influences could He raise than this very rite of circumcision? In connection with the study of the institution of this Jewish rite it will be interesting to note Paul's references thereto. See especially, Rom. 3:1; Gal. 5:6; Col. 2:11; Phil. 3:2.

The Engineer

Leaning from the cab window does me with his ears than his eyes. The rumble and grumble and roar" of his engine are to him articulate speech, and a tale note in that just



would catch a discolor would strike the ear the leader of an orchestra. He thinks more of his engine than himself. That why he neglects to notice symptoms which are full of warning. The foul tongue the bitter taste, the undue fullness after eating are but symptoms of dyspepsia or some form of disease involving the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. In time the heart, liver, lungs or other organs are involved, and the engineer has to lay off.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his Pleasant Pellets a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief, as I had suffered so much, and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to 125 pounds, and was unable to work at all. Now I weigh 160 and can do a day's work on all. My wife has recommended your medicine to several, and she always has a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

Bound to Believe.
 "In spite of the lucky stone you carry in your pocket, you lost all your money and a sign fell on you and broke your arm."

"Yes; but wasn't it fortunate I had that lucky stone? Think what might have happened to me otherwise!"—Chicago Post.

Feminine Charity.
 Bess—Mame is a perfect little hypocrite.
 Nell—One wouldn't think so from her innocent ways.
 Bess—Oh, they are a good deal like the complexion—all put on.—Chicago Daily News.

A Victim of Tobacco.
 Twynn—Poor Beckett's death resulted from his fondness for tobacco.
 Triplett—I heard that he was killed by an explosion.

Twynn—Well, he opened a keg of powder with a lighted cigar in his mouth.—Leslie's Weekly.

My Barometer.
 The sunshine came from my lady's eyes. Her frown was my stormy weather. I dreamed in the light of gray-blue skies. When she and I were together. The first frost came from those gray blue skies.

A freeze from her hand—another. Then zero weather from her cold hard eyes. And I am—only a brother.
 —N. Y. Sun.

NATURAL GAS EXPLOSION.
 Smith—What was the cause of the fire?
 Brown—There was a woman's rights meeting, and—
 Smith—Ah, I see—natural gas explosion.—Chicago Tribune.

Caught in a Trap.
 Billings—I wish I knew what people say about me when I am not present.
 Tollman—They say you are a fraud.
 Billings—Don't you know that the bearer of gossip is just as bad as the gossip?—Boston Transcript.

Made a Bad Break.
 The Boarder—I protest against drinking any such water as this. It is positively warm!
 The Lady of the House—Gracious man! that's not water! That's your coffee!—Yonkers Statesman.

Charitable Hope.
 Mrs. Widder—My first husband always worried over the ice bills.
 Mr. Widder—Well, let us hope he is where he has none to bother him now.—Baltimore American.

Demotion.
 "How would you define diplomacy?" asked the student.
 "Diplomacy," answered the man of experience, "is the art of conducting a quarrel without becoming visibly angry."—Washington Star.

Costs More.
 Dyer—Marriage is something like joining a secret society.
 Dwell—Except that the initiation fees are higher.—Brooklyn Life.

DON'T TOBACCO

You can be cured of any form of tobacco habit easily, by made will, strong, magnetic, full new life and vigor by taking **NO-TO-BAC** that makes weak men strong. Cures all forms of tobacco habit. Cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Let and advice FREE. Address **ST. LOUIS REMEDY CO.**, Chicago or New York.