



Dangerous Kidney Diseases. Celery King has cured me of kidney disease. The doctor feared Bright's disease, and tried many remedies that gave me no help. Celery King has made me as well as ever in my life, and it seems almost as though a miracle had been wrought in my case.—Janet O. Reichard, Springfield, Pa.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

WRITER CORRESPONDENTS or REPORTERS

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Better Luck. The small boy who is steeped in sin. Soon learns he catches her in school. Thanks to his little-headed pin.



Mrs. Newlywed (tearfully) — But you promised to cherish me until death do us part!

Reasoning by Analogy. Mr. Bronston—Mr. and Mrs. Upton both had on new suits in church today. Mrs. Upton's dress was tailor-made.

Against Her Rule. "Cholly Dinamore proposed to me last night," confided Miss Bunting to Miss Killduff.

Indignant. "I heard that you gave Mr. Loveman his cone."

Luck. Turner—Bickers is always complaining about his bad luck.

Advertisement for 'BEST FOR THE BOWELS' featuring 'CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets'. It includes a large illustration of the product box and text: '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. Force, in the shape of violent purgative pills, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10, 25, and 50 cent boxes. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: LITTLE'S LIVER AND KIDNEY PILLS COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK. KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN'

FORE DADDY'D GO TO BED.

Each night for fifty years or more, "Fore daddy'd go to bed. He'd come 'round tryin' every door 'From front hall to the shed. And then he'd blow the candle out And set it on the bin. And, by and by, you'd hear him shout: "Is everybody in?"

And if it happened one of us Young fellers still was out. He'd walk 'round and fret and fuss And say he had no doubt That somethin' had befallen us Or we'd fell into sin. But when he'd hear our trampin' feet He'd say: "Thank God you're in!"

And now I reckon he's up thar, Awfully 'day by day. To bid us welcome from afar If we should go that way; But one thing's certain, he won't rest Until his kith and kin Have passed the portals of the beat And all are gathered in. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RUSH TRAVERS' CAPRICE.

THIRTY years of age, possessor of a handsome fortune and a handsome face, and already become cynical! Seriously, Rush, I would advise you to become a hermit. I think a few months so spent would raise you to the appreciation of your blessings. Take it into consideration, old fellow. Au revoir!

And Harry Withers, touching his hat, hurried off at the corner of the street the two friends had approached together.

Rush Travers walked on alone. The words to which he had just listened had been lightly, jestingly spoken; but somehow they had hurt. Was it true that he was ungrateful? Did the heart never cry out, in its emptiness, even when filled with the favor of fortune, the good will of men, the caressing smiles of women? Did not the two latter hang upon the former? What man, what woman cared for the man and not the outward surroundings which he owed to chance? The one true heart on which he might have leaned was stilled forever.

Ten years before, in the first flush of his young manhood, he had lost his mother. There now remained to him but a cherished, idolized memory. His father had died in his infancy. He had neither brother nor sister.

At 25 he had fallen in love with a woman whose falseness he had discovered in time to save the wreck of his life, though scarcely of his happiness.

He stood alone in the world—alone on his richly-freighted bark. Could all its treasures atone for the realizing sense of desolation the world imparted.

"Will you buy my violets, please, sir? Only a dime, sir!" It was a sweet, pitiful, pleading voice—a sweet, little, pitiful face, looking at him from beneath the brim of a tattered hat, thrust on to a mass of bright chestnut curls.

Children were Rush Travers' weakness. At any time he could take into his arms a crying child and hush its sorrow.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew therefrom a piece of silver, which he placed in the tiny, outstretched palm; then, from very idleness, he walked on, questioning the little girl, who ran beside him.

Pansy's flower-selling. From the woman, too, he learned something more about the child's history. Her parents were artists; the mother had eked out a living by painting flower-pictures on wood, after her husband's early death, which had occurred before Pansy's birth. Then, when the little girl was about six years of age, two short years before, she, too, had laid down the weary burden of life, and the child was left alone.

Of his new whim Rush Travers said nothing. It leaked out, however, among his fashionable acquaintances that he was interested in a little child, but all supposed it some relative, and looked upon it as a passing caprice. He wished that it should be so. He did not want curious eyes prying into the past of one whose future he intended to make his care.

The world saw little of him in these days. It almost seemed to him like coming home, now that he knew little feet would run to welcome him, little arms clasp themselves about his neck; or later, a little curly head rest on his shoulder, while the lids drooped over the pansy eyes, in happy, careless slumber.

The old housekeeper alone shared his secret. She had abused him roundly at first, as was her privilege. Was he not to her as her own boy? But ere 24 hours had passed little Pansy had crept into the kind old heart; and in the night she had risen from her own bed, and stolen into the room adjoining hers, to see that the clothes were carefully tucked about the little form.

It was a new thing to the child, this watchful care, but she grew and expanded under it like some beautiful flower.

No one detected her in an untruth. She avowed her faults boldly. She laughed, she sang, she cried, as other children; yet about her was a singular charm, a half-sadness, strangely unlike the carelessness of childhood.

Thus two years rolled away, and again Rush Travers determined to go abroad. Pansy must be educated, too, but he knew now what he meant to do with her future. The child was dear to him as his own, and his own she should be. He would give her such an education as his own daughter should have had, had he possessed one. He would make her a brilliant woman. She should be worthy of some man whom he would choose for her husband. She would never know loneliness more, and in the fullness of her life's promise he would forget the emptiness of his own.

"Uncle Rush," she called him. The past was already to her like a dream. She parted from him in bitter tears when he left her at her new home, the school at which she was to be educated.

Little did Madam Arnaud dream that she was receiving among her select and fashionable pupils a street flower-girl. Was the girl not the niece and ward of the aristocrat? She had never welcomed a pupil with greater pride, nor did the years, as they came and went, lead her for one moment to suspect the truth.

Among all this fair bevy of girls none were so fair as she who owed the smooth outer current of her life to Rush Travers' passing caprice. The deep blue eyes had borrowed even more of the pansy's purple tint; the bright rose-flush of health was on her cheeks; the rich carmine nature's blush alone can paint was upon her lips. In the sunny waves of the chestnut hair played gleams of rippling gold. Her hands and feet were small and dainty. Her figure had developed into exquisite grace.

The eight years of study had marked themselves upon the lovely face in its bright expression and sparkling intelligence. Rush Travers might well be proud of her to whom he had given his proud old name. In all this time he had seen her but once—once he had returned to his native land.

In the twilight he stood awaiting her in Madam Arnaud's private room; but when the door opened, he started at the radiant vision which entered.

She threw herself upon his breast, with a glad sob, then started back. "Uncle Rush," she said, questioningly, "you are not glad to see me?"

He had recovered himself by then, and welcomed her warmly; but something had arisen between them her womanly perception was first to recognize. Already this meeting, to which she had looked forward with such gladness, was marred.

From all sides, that night, Mr. Travers was met with congratulations on the beauty and brilliance of his ward, who had received the first honors of her class. Was the old cynicism growing on him, that he turned from it all as though weary?

For the first time, glancing casually in a mirror, he discovered that the thick, brown hair was streaked with gray, and the sight hurt him. Why? He neither asked the question nor answered it.

There was no doubt now of Pansy's future, he told himself, as, having thrown open his hospitable doors, the world flocked there to welcome this new aspirant to its honors; but, almost to his surprise, he found that he could not remain quietly in the background, a spectator. Women still smiled upon him, still murmured sweet nothings in his ear, or uttered gentle reproaches at his obduracy.

Was he never to be lured from his solitude? Some one soon would steal from him the bright star which now lighted his home. Would he be content to leave it in darkness? Thus they whispered in his ear.

He grew to hate the world anew. Now and then would come a quiet evening, when, sitting alone in his library, she would steal softly in, as she had done so often in the old, childish days, and, sitting on a stool at his feet, lay her soft, velvet cheek upon his hand.

Would she come to him thus, one day, and tell him that at last she had given away her heart? And would he be strong enough to give her his blessing?

Ah, he had learned his own secret now! One evening they went together to a brilliant gathering. A murmur of admiration ran through the room as she entered it, but something in it all wearied her to-night.

She refused the many eager claimants for the dance, and stood watching the gay scene, surrounded by a little coterie, when, looking up, she saw Rush Travers' eyes fixed on her face. With a sudden impulse she moved swiftly to his side.

"I am tired, Uncle Rush," she said. "The garden is thrown open. Will you take me there with you for a little while?"

He drew the little gloved hand in his arm, and together they passed through the French window into the lantern-lighted space beyond. Neither spoke, when, as they were in the shadow, voices reached them.

"A beautiful girl—yes. Rush Travers' caprice' they call her. There is some mystery about her. For my part, I don't believe she's any relation, and I think the man's in love with her. You know the old story about him?"

But they heard no more. Pansy felt the strong quiver which ran through him as he drew away.

"Oh, Uncle Rush," she murmured, "I am so, so sorry!" "Sorry for what?" he answered, almost harshly. "For keeping my secret so poorly that it is a football for the world? For selfishly gloating when other men were unsuccessful in gaining the treasure I so madly covet for my own? It is true what they say, Pansy—true; but it shall be so no longer!"

"True, Uncle Rush! You mean that you love me?" "Yes, my darling. But do not let it frighten you. I have not forgotten that I am almost an old man, while you are on the threshold of your young life. You shall marry some good, noble man, Pansy, and I shall be happy in your happiness."

"I shall never marry," the girl answered, softly, "unless—unless—oh, Uncle Rush! I never guessed my own secret. But I know it now. Whom could I love but you? When other men have wooed me, I have thought of you; and beside you they seem so powerless to win one beat of my heart. How could they, when already it belonged to you? Was the gift so small that you would not claim it?"

But he sealed the sweet, questioning lips with the first lover's kiss which had ever rested there.

"Rush Travers' caprice," they called it, darling! he whispered. "But they were wrong—it was Rush Travers' inspiration!"—N. Y. Weekly.

WHERE HE FORGOT HIMSELF.

Named His Sisters and Brothers All Right But Couldn't Remember the Other Fellow.

"We are seven," laughingly quoted the man who was an applicant for life insurance when asked to give the number of children in his father's family, relates the New York Times.

"And their names?" asked the examining surgeon. "Well, there's Albert and Addie and Henry and Laura and William and Dora, and—"

The surgeon looked surprised and the applicant looked foolish.

Then he began again: "There's Albert and Addie, and Henry and Laura, and William and Dora, and—"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for August 18, 1901—Abraham's Intercession.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Genesis 18:16-33.)

16. And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom; and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way.

17. And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?

18. Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?

19. For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.

20. And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous;

21. I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know.

22. And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom; but Abraham stood yet before the Lord.

23. And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

24. Peradventure there be 50 righteous within the city; wilt thou also destroy and spare the place for the 50 righteous that are therein?

25. That be far from thee to do after this manner: to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that he far from thee? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

26. And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom 50 righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.

27. And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes:

28. Peradventure there shall lack five of the 50 righteous; wilt Thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And He said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it.

29. And he spake unto Him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be 40 found there. And He said, I will not do it for forty's sake.

30. And he said unto Him, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak; Peradventure there shall be 30 found there. And He said, I will not do it, if I find 30 there.

31. And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And He said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.

32. And he said, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once; Peradventure ten shall be found there. And He said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

33. And the Lord went His way, as soon as He had left communing with Abraham; and Abraham returned unto his place.



THE OUTLOOK.

For a woman's happiness in the marriage state depends less, as a rule, upon the man she is to marry than upon her own health. The woman who enters upon marriage, suffering from womanly weakness, is "heaping up trouble against the day of trouble."

Weak woman are made strong and sick women are made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the one reliable regulator. It drives out feeble draining humors, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and invigorates the entire womanly organism. It makes the baby's advent practically painless and gives strength to nursing mothers.

I suffered for twelve years with female trouble," writes Mrs. Milton of Adams, Adams Co., Iowa, "which brought on other diseases—heart trouble, Bright's Disease, nervousness, and at times would be nearly paralyzed. Had neuritis of stomach. I can truly say my medicines (nine bottles) in all five years of my life, did me no good. I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Kidney and Bladder Cure. I can truly say that before I would be tired all the time and have a dizzy headache, and my nerves would be all unstrung so I could not sleep. Now I can sleep and do a big day's work, something I have never done for over seven years before."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Peeping Into the Future.

There was a triumphant expression on the smart young man's face as he entered the dining-room. Miss DeBright had given him several smiles and his time for revenge had come.

"Miss DeBright, would you like to see a picture of your future husband?" "Yes," was the unblushing reply.

"Well, we will now have a little glance," continued the smart young man, making a number of mysterious motions and, as the eyes of all the boarders were directed toward him, he held up a hideous picture of an ape, saying, impressively: "Behold your future husband."

There was a second's pause as Miss DeBright looked at it, then she said, pleasantly: "Why, Mr. Maime, I didn't know that you were a marrying man."—Chicago Tribune.

Now Is His Chance.

Three summers have flown since she flirted with a poor little clerk from town. And when she got home in the autumn she cruelly turned him down! She is starting again for the seashore—Three years! Time is fleeting apace! Down deep in her heart she is hoping "That little old clerk may come back."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FELICIOUS FLATTERY.



She—I would like to have my portrait painted. Could you recommend to me an artist? He—Yes; go to Rosinsky; he is a flower painter.—Megendorfer Blätter.

Poor Boy. His mother told him not to sweat. His father taught him golf. He minded both with utmost care—Brain fever took him off.—Judge.

Why She Was Sure. George—I see nothing but for us to elope. Do you think your father would forgive us? Ethel—I am sure he would. George—How can you be sure? Ethel—I felt a little nervous on that score, and—and I asked him.—Tit Bits.

Where Charity Begins. "My good little man," said the visiting pastor, "I am afraid you've been fighting! A black eye! Don't you want me to pray with you?" "Naw," said the good little man. "Run home and pray with your own kid. He's got two black eyes."—Philadelphia Press.

Holding Her Own. Sally Gay—How well Miss Lingering holds her age! Dolly Swift—Yes, she looks as youthful as she did 14 years ago, and acts only a trifle younger.—Town Topics.

The Usual Way. Ethel—I think that vase is awful homely, don't you? Maude—Yes. I have dropped it on the floor three times, but it won't break.—Somerville Journal.

Advertisement for 'DON'T TOBACCO SPOIL YOUR LIFE' with text: 'You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of life and vigor by taking DON'T TOBACCO. Many cases cured in ten days. Over \$500,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Write for advice FREE. Address: STELLINGMANN REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.'