

Dangerous Kidney Diseases.

Celery King has cared me of kidney discase. The doctor feared Bright's disease, and tried many remedies that gave me no help. Velery King has made meas well as ever in my life, and it seems almost as though a miracle had been wrought in my case.-Jennie O. Reichard, Springtown, Pa.

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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

Better Luck. The small boy who is steeped in size Soon learns he catches more in school.

Thanks to his little bended pin Than when he Ashes in the pool. -Ladies' Weekly.

PREPARING FOR THE WORST.



Mrs. Newlywed (tearfully) - But ou promised mutt death do us part!

Mr. Newlywed (darkly)-And death, I'm afraid, is about to part us, Ethel Gwendolin. I have just eaten a piece of that spengecake you insisted on making yesterday!-Ally Sloper.

Rensoning by Analogy. Ma Bronston-Mr. and Mrs. Upton

both had on new suits in church today. Mrs. Upton's dress was tailormade. Mrs. Bronston-Huh! How de you

know it was tailor-made?

Mr. Bronston-Because Mr. Upton's elothes were ready-made.-N. Y. Weekly.

Against Her Rule. "Cholly Dinamore proposed to me

last night," confided Miss Bunting to Miss Killduff. "Did you ask him if he could sup-

port you in the style to which you had been accustomed?"

"O, dear, no. I never ask men who propose to me that question."-Detroit Free Press.

Indignant.

"I heard that you gave Mr. Loveman his conge."

"It's untrue! The idea of my giving anything to a man whom I refused to marry!"-Brooklyn Life.

Luck. Turner-Bickers is always com

plaining about his bad luck. Springer-That's better than to be always growling about other people's good luck.-Boston Transcript.

BEST FOR TH BOWELS



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

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 aroun' and fret and fuss And say he had no doubt That somethin' had belallen us 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 than Awaitin' 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 Haw passed the portals of the blest And all are gathered in. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

69484848484848484848484848 ROSH TRAVERS' CAPRICE.

BY BELL BLOSSOM.

>***********

ITHIRTY 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 burt. 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 women 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 for-

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 happi-

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

"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' weak ness. At any time he could take into his arms a crying child and hush its

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.

"Poor little waif. How singularly pretty she is!" he thought.

"What is your name?" he asked. "Pansy, sir," she auswered. "Mam me used to say it was the color of my eyes."

He looked down with a smile in the purple depths, half-shaded by the long lashes, upraised from the brown

"Where is your mother?" be asked. "In Heaven, sir."

"And your father?" "He is dead, too."

"With whom do you live?"

"With a woman who is kind to me,

and whom I pay by selling my flowers. am all alone in the world! "Alone in the world! Who could

realise as he the pathetic eloquence held in the simple arowal? But if to him the word meant so much-to him in the pride and strength of manhood, and position, and wealth-what new meaning did it gather when it included dependence, and poverty, and womanhood?

A sudden thought came to him. It was almost an inspiration. He looked ence more, earnestly, searchingly, into the little, upturned face.

The child was beautiful: the eves were large and truthful; the mouth showed character, which might be molded for good or evil.

"Pansy," he said, scarcely conscious of his own intention until the words had escaped him, "you say that you are alone in the world. So am I. Suppose I make you my little girl? Do you think that you would be hap-

"Do you mean that I am to live with you, and bring you the money for my flowers? Oh, I should like that very, very much."

"I mean that you should live with me, yes; but you will not sell flowers then, though you shall have all that

vou want. The child looked up in wondering amazement. She could not comprehend the words, but Rush Travers

had not uttered them lightly. What he should make of the little waif's future he had not determined. It should greatly depend upon herself; but while he lived she should

never again be friendless. It was an easy matter to gain the consent of the woman with whom it was assured to her if she would acshe lodged. The sum he put into her cept it. Why, then, did he rejoice as KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN hands would more than requite her one and another ret hands would more than requite her one and another retired, heavy-

FORE DADDY'D GO TO BED. Pansy's flower-selling. From the voman, too, he learned something more about the child's history. Her eked out a living by painting flowercurred before Pansy's birth. Then, upon his hand when the little girl was about six she, too, had laid down the weary

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 admiration ran through the room as 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 Rush Travers' eyes fixed on her face. 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 hap- little while?" py, 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 but 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. her cheeks; the rich carmine nature's brush 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-but 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, question-

ingly, "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. 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.

Why should he resent it, rether than welcome it? Had he not planned for her a brilliant marriage? Already

He grew to hate the world anew Now and then would come a quite evening, when, sitting alone in his parents were artists; the mother had library, she would steal softly in, as she had done so often in the old, pictures on wood, after her hus-childish days, and, sitting on a stool hand's early death, which had oc- at his feet, lay her soft, velvet cheek

Would she come to him thus, one years of age, two short years before, day, and tell him that at last she had given away her heart? And would he burden of life, and the child was left be strong enough to give her his bless-

> Ah, he had learned his own secret now!

> One evening they went together to a brilliant gathering. A murmur of 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 court, when, looking up, she saw 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

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, 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

But they heard no more. Paney 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, atmost 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 sovet for my own? It is true what they say, Pansy-trues but it shall be so no longer!"

"True, Uncle Rush! You mean that you love me?

"Yes, my darling. But do not let t 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 leve but you? When other men have wosed me, I have thought of you; and beside you they seem so powerless to win one beat of my eart. How could they, when already it belonged to you? Was the gift so small that you would not claim fit" But he scaled the sweet, quest ips with the first lover's kine 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 Wrothers All Blots But Couldn's Remember the Other Fellew

"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 perpes?" asked the examining surgeon.

"Well, there's Albert and Addie and Henry and Laura and William and Dora, and-and-"

The surgeon looked surprised and the applicant looked foolisi Then he began again: "The bert and Addie, and Henry and Lours.

and William and Dors, and and " The surgeon announced that the were only six. The applicant acknowledged the corn and went over the list sgain and again, invariably balking after the sixth name. The surg could shed no light and saked the applicant if he might not be mistaken as to the number. This was impossible. Then a bright office boy looked up from his work with a grin and

"Say, haven't you left yourself out of the count?"

The surgeon seemed refleved, the applicant seemed more foolish than ever, and the office boy grinned on at his work.

"That certainly was one time," & nally commented the applicant, "that I completely forgot myself."

Wants to Come Hon "It's all right-I'm not kicking," writes a young Washington man w has been buck-soldiering down in the Philippines for the past couple "The experience is be don't mind the hardship a little bit. It trims a fellow up for the game he's liable to stack up against in the foture years. There's nothing wrong with these islands, either.

"But, say, when they begin the Xarine band concerts in the white house grounds, and the fountains are akeeping time with the music, and the birds are asinging up in the leafy boughs, and the girls—Washington girls yum-yum!-are walking about on the grass in their fluffy dresses and trying to make believe that they never heard of any such thing as goo-goo eyes—say, when this is going on, had offer up a little one for me, will you. Bill, that I'll be back there some and day and see ! all again?" Washing ton Post.

& Breakfast Table Dockto "I understand that Jonkins took the thirty-third degree."

"Yes. His wife says th ur again."-Puck

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

19. Por I know him, that he will comtim, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which ne hath spoken of him

20. And the Lord sald, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and be cause their sin is very grievous;

21. I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the try 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 Abra-ham stood yet before the Lord. 23. And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

M. Peradventure there be 50 righteous within the city; wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the 50 rightcous that are therein?

25. That be far from thee to do after this

manner, to slay the righteous with the wick-ed; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from Thee; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?
26 And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom

io 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

28. Peradventure there shall lack five of the 50 righteous; will Thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And He said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it. 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 wil speak; Peradven-ture there shall so be found there. And 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: Perad-venture there shall be 20 found there. And He said, I will not destroy it for twenty's

22. 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

35. And the Lord went His way, as soot se He had left communing with Abraham; nd Abraham rejurned unto his place. GOLDEN TEXT.—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man

availeth much...Jas. 5:16.
NOTES AND COMMENTS.
The Scripture to be read includes the story of the destruction of Sodom and Lot's escape (Gen. 18:1-19:30). Entertaining Angels.-The visit of the angels is marked because it included an appearance of Jehovah Hienself. Abraham did not recognize Him at first, but his eyes were opened before the departure of his visitors. What Abraham did as a welcome to the angels he would no doubt have done for any other travelers. It was the custom of the time and the country, and still is the custom of the land, to welcome visitors as though they

were corferring a favor rather than receiving one. The Intercession for Sodom .-- Abraam, in accompanying his guests as they departed, was still following the custom of the time. The revelation of God's intention concerning Sodom was teken of the honor in which Abraham was held by the Lord. The depar-

ture of the angels left Abraham alone in the presence of Jehovah. It had t been said distinctly that the city was to be destroyed, but Abraham knew enough about the place to be sure that destruction would result. The interession was not only for Lot's sole, lowever, but was made out of pity for all the people. The righteous, in Abraham's sense, were not so much religious men as men who made an honeat attempt to do right. Such an attempt includes some sense, though not always an intelligent one, of the interest of God in the effort. The fearlessness of Abraham's appeal to the justice of God (V. 25) is remarkable. The argument does not hold in practical ife, because the righteous suffer with the wicked; but we are taught that the righteous are the means of delaying and lightening God's judgments (Is. 1:9; Matt. 5:13; 24:22). United with boldness in Abraham's petition is a marked humility. This characteristic appears in his speaking of himself as dust and ashes, and in his deprecatory word in verses 30, 31, 32. The story illustrates the value of prayer to the man who offers H. God was as ready at first to spare Sodom for ten as for

50 righteous men. * The Rescue of Lot .- Lot was a righteous man, but too tolerant of evil. And just here is where so many Christians manifest a fatal weakness. They know the good but are dominated by the evil. Sed tragedy was this in the life of Lot. A tragedy which had its beginning when Lot, on separating from Abraham and his righteous influence, pitched his ten towards Sodom. It was not long ere he was in the city itself. Step by step he became a dweller amidst wickedness if not an actual participant therein. But God plucked him as a brand from the burning. Have we not here a picture of many Christiens who are so in love with the world and the things of the world (1 John 2:15) that at last God will have to save them so as by fire? 1 Cor. 3:15.

Shot and Shell.

Our bitterest tears are shed over our brightest blessings. Goodness may win gold, but gold will ever win goodness.

Most of us would rather watch others than work ourselves. The book that has inspired the race

does not need to prove its own inspiration. A book of plans is a good thing to build a house by but a poor thing to

build it out of. Some Christians imagine that they prove themselves to be of the tree of life by their bark,-Ram's Horn.



THE OUTLOOK

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

Weak woman are made strong

sick women are made well by the

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

the one reliable regulator. It dries feebling drains, heals inflammatic ulceration and cures female weak It nourishes the nerves and invig the entire womanly organism. It make the baby's advent practically pal and gives strength to nursing moth and gives strength to nursing motion in a suffered for twelve years with trouble," writes Mrs. Milton Grimes, of Adair Co., Iowa, "which brought on off cases—heart trouble, Bright's Disease in mess, and at times would be nearly gar Had neuralgia of stomach. I can free your medicines (nine bottles in all fine your medicines). The support of the property of the property would be tired all the time as a dizzy headache, and my nerves would unstrung so I could not sleep. Now I can do no your serves would unstrung so I could not sleep. Now I can do no your serves would unstrung so I could not sleep. Now I can do no you work, something I is done for over eleven years before."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense M.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent free o receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to payer. pense 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 Debrighte had given him several snuh and his time for revenge had come. "Miss De Bright, would you like to

"Well, we will now have a little w ance," 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 pieture of an ape.

see a picture of your future husband?"

"Yes," was the unblushing reply.

saying, impressively: Behold your future husband." There was a second's panse as Miss Debrighte looked at it, then she said,

plessantly: "Why, Mr. Maime, I didn't know that you were a marrying man."—Chicago Tribune. New Is His Chance.

Three summers have flown since she firted.
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 alack! Down deep in her heart she is hoping That little old clerk may come back.

Chicago Record-Herald



She-I would like to have my portrait painted. Could you recommend te me an artist?

He-Yes; go to Rosinsky; he is a flewer painter.-Meggendorfer Black-

Poor Boy.

His mother told him not to swear. 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 core, and-and I asked him.-Tit

Where Charity Begins.

"My good little man," said the risiting 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 Linger long holds her age!

Dolly Swift-Yes, she looks at youthful as she did 14 years : go, 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.

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