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Cheap Munie,

Fair Customer-Have you a piece called the "Moonlight Sonata?" Clerk-Yes, madam - "Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata." Here it is.

"What is the price?" "Only 20 cents."

"Oh, that's too cheap. Show me something better."-N. Y. Weekly.

Origin of the Feud. "Deacon Passwip and Deacon Hayrake don't seem to be on speaking

terms." "No; you see, Deacon Hayrake prayed for rain when Deacon Passnip's hay was down!"-San Francisco

Bulletin. The Han to Pattern After.

The man who tries is a man to praise-But wait a moment, wait!-The man who does is the man, my son, For you to emulate.

-Chicago Record-Herald.

THE TRIALS OF WEALTH,



"I'm glad I wasn't born rich. Just tink of havin' ter go around dressed like dat kid."-N. Y. Journal.

It Would Seem So.

From the beginning of things, it seems. Woman insisted on having her way: But something's wrong if she only talks, When she has something to say. -Chicago Daily News.

His Economic Difficulty

"Did you ever notice how Wabsley hestitates and seems to grope for the right expression when he is talking?" "Yes; his supply of words is never

equal to his demand."-Chicago Trib-

Culinary. "There are only two kinds of

cooks."

"For instance?"

"Those that can't cook and will cook-and those that can cook and won't"-Chicago Record-Herald.

BAD Breath



CURE CONSTIPATION.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-

Wild Motherhood.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE deep snow in the moose yar! was trodden down to the moss, and darkly soiled with many days of occupancy. The young spruce and birch trees which dotted the trodden space were cropped of all but their the wall of loftier growth which fenced the yard was stripped of its tenderer twigs to the utmost height of the tall bull's neck. The available provender was all but gone, and the herd was in that restlessness which precedes a move to new pastures.

The herd of moose was a small one bulk of his forequarters, the massive west of north. depth of his roughmaned neck, the weight of the formidable antlers, the length and thickness of his clumsy, hooked muzzle with its prehensile upper lip-his lean and frayed hindquar-Surprised by three days of blinding snowfall, the great bull moose had been forced to establish the yard for his herd in an unfavorable neighborhood; and now he found himself confronted by the necessity of a long march through snow of such softness and depth as would make swift movement impossible and fetter him in the face of his enemies. In deep snow the moose can neither flee nor fight, at both of which he is adept under held high, following that scent up the fair conditions; and deep snow, as he knew, is the opportunity of the wolf herd had no choice. It was simply take the risk or starve.

That same night, when the moon his herd off northward between the ite bowlders. He moved slowly, his imfore him, the bony array of his antlers laid back level to avoid the hindrance of elinging boughs. Here and there a hollow under the level surface would set him plunging and wallowing for a moment, but in the main his giant strength enabled him to forge his way shead with a steady majesty of might. Behind him, in dutiful line, came the three cows; and behind these, again, the culves followed at ease in a clear trail, their muzzles not outstretched like that of the leader, but drooping almost to the snow, their high shoulders working awkwardly at every stride. In utter silence, like dark, monstrous specters, the line of strange shapes moved on; and down the bewildering, ever-rearranging forest corridors the ominous fingers of long moonlight felt curiously after them. When they had journeyed for some hours the herd same out upon a high and somewhat bare plateau, dotted sparsely with clumps of aspen, stunted yellow birch and spruce. From this tableland the streaming northwest across his narrow eyeballs. But he winds had swept the snow almost did not spring at once to the attack. clean, carrying it off to fill the neigh- He was surprised. Moreover, he inboring valley. The big bull, who ferred the calf, from the presence of knew where he was going and had the cow apart from the rest of the no will to linger on the way, halted herd. And a full-grown cow moose, only for a few minutes' browsing, and then started forward on a long, swinging trot. At every stride his Though she was hornless, he knew the loose-hung, wide-cleft, spreading force of her battering front, the swift, hooves came sharply together with a flat, clacking noise. The rest of the line swept dutifully into place, and the herd was off.

But not all the herd. One of the calves, tempted a little aside by a forthwith, to-night he knew that he thicket of special juciness and savor, took alarm, and thought he was go- the blue and white rocks was depending to be left behind. He sprang ing on his success. His mate, wound forward, a powerful but clumsy ed and heavy with young-if he let stride, careless of his footing. A treacherous screen of snow-crusted she must perish miserably. With scrub gave way, and he slid sprawling to the bottom of a little narrow gully or crevice, a natural pitfall. His mother, looking solicitously back-ward, saw him disappear. With a heave of her shoulders, a sweep of and sullen front. By this means he her long, hornless head, an anxious easily concluded that the calf was a flick of her little naked tail, she prisoner in the pit. This being the swung out of the line and trotted swiftly to the rescue.

The crevice was some ten or twelve dozen paces, and sat upon his feet long and five or six in width, haunches contemplatively to weigh with sides almost perpendicular. The the situation. Everything had turned calf could just reach its bushy edges with his up-stretched muzzle, but he could get no foothold by which to clamber out. On every side he essayed it, falling back with a hoarse bleat from each frightened effort; while the mother, with head down and piteous eyes staring upon him, ran round and round the rim of the trap. At last, when he stopped and stood with palpitating sides and wide nostrils of terror, she, too, halted. Dropping awkwardly upon her knees in the snowy bushes, with loud, blowing breaths, she reached down her head to nose and comfort him with ber sensitive muzzle. The calf leaned up as close as possible to her caresses. Under their tend rness the tremblings of his gaunt, pathetic knees presently ceased. And in this position the two remained almost motionless for an hour, under the white, unfriendly moon. The herd had gone on without

In the wolf's cave in the great blue and white wall of plaster rock, miles back beside the rushing of the river, there was famine. The she wolf, heavy and near her time, lay agonizing in the darkest corner of the cave, licking in grim silence the raw stump of her right foreleg. Caught in a steel trap, she had gnawed off her baired, round-faced boy slept, with ewn paw as the price of freedom.

was bad that winter in the forests by the blue and white wall. The wapiti deer had migrated to safer ranges, and her gray mate, hunting alone, was hard put to it to keep starvation ***************** from the cave.

The gray wolf trotted briskly down the broken face of the plaster rock, in the full glare of the moon, and stood for a moment to sniff the air that came blowing lightly, but keenly, over the stiff tops of the forest. The wind was clean. It gave him no toughest and coarsest branches, and tidings of a quarry. Descending hurriedly the last 50 yards of the slope, he plunged into the darkness of the firwoods. Soft as was the snow in those quiet recesses, it was yet sufficiently packed to support him as he trotted, noiseless and alert, on the broad-spreading pads of his paws. Furtive and fierce, he slipped through three gaunt, rusty-brown, slouch- the shadow like a ghost. Across the ing cows, two ungainly calves of a open glades he fleeted more swiftly, lighter hue, and one huge, high- a bright and sinister shape, his head shouldered bull, whose sweep of swinging a little from side to side, palmated antiers bristled like a for- every sense upon the watch. His diest. Compared with the towering rection was pretty steadily to the

He had traveled long, till the direction of the moon shadows had taken , a different angle to his path, when suddenly there came a scent upon the wind. He stopped, one foot up, arters looked grotesquely diminutive. rested in his stride. The gray, cloudy brush of his tail stiffened out. His nostrils, held high to catch every waft of the new scent, dilated; and the edges of his upper lip came down over the white fangs, from which they had been snarlingly withdrawn. His pause was but for a breath or two. Yes, there was no mistaking it. The scent was moose-very far off, but moose, without question. He darted forward at a gallop, but with his muzzle still

Presently he struck the trail of the and the hunter. But in this case the herd. An instant's scrutiny told his trained sense that there were calves and young cows, one or another of which he might hope to stampede by light wolf track among the heavy was rising round and white behind his cunning. The same instant's footprints of the moose. Suddenly it the firters, the tall bull breasted and scrutiny revealed to him that the trod down the snowy barrier, and led herd had passed nearly an hour ahead of him. Up went the gray cloud of hemlock trunks and the jutting gran- his tail and down went his nose; and then he straightened himself to his mense muzzle stretched erraight out be- top speed, compared to which the pace wherewith he had followed the scent up the wind was a mere casual sauntering.

When he emerged upon the open plateau and reached the spot where the herd had scattered to browse, he slackened his pace and went warily, peering from side to side. The cow moose, lying down in the bushes to fondle her imprisoned young, was hidden from his sight for the moment; and so it chanced that before he dis covered her he came between her and the wind. That scent-it was the taint of death to her. It went through her frame like an electric shock. With a snort of fear and fury she heaved to her feet and stood wide-eyed and with lowered brow facing the menace.

The wolf heard that snorting challenge, and saw the awkward bulk of her shoulders as she rose above the scrub. His jaws wrinkled back tightly, baring the full length of his keen white fangs, and a greenish phosphorescent film seemed to pass suddenly with the mother fury in her heart he knew to be a dangerous adversary. sharp stroke of her hoof, the dauntless intrepidity of her courage. Further, though his own courage and the avid urge of his hunger might have led him under other circumstances to attack must take no chances. The cave in himself get disabled in this hunting prudent tactics, therefore, he circled at a safe distance around the hidden pit; and around its rim circled the wary mother, presenting to him ceaselessly the defiance of her huge case he knew that with patience and his experienced craft the game was There was nothing she could do. safely his. He drew off some ball out most fortunately for his hunting and food would no longer be scarce in the cave of the painted rocks.

> That same night, in a cabin of unatterable loneliness some miles to the west of the trail from the moose vard a sallow-faced, lean backwoods man was awakened by the moonlight streaming into his face through the small square window. He glanced at the embers on the open hearth, and knew that for the white maple logs to have so burned down he must have been sleeping a good six hours. And he had turned in soon after the early winter sunset. Rising on his elbow, he threw down the gaudy patchwork quilt of red, yellow, blue and mottled squares which draped the bunk in its corner against the rough log walls He looked long at the thin face of his wife, whose pale brown hair lay over the bare arm crooked beneath her cheek. Her lips looked pathetically white in the decolorizing rays which streamed through the window. His mouth, stubbled with a week's growth of dark beard, twitched curiously as he looked. Then he got up very noiselessly. Stepping across the bare hard room, whose austerity the moon made more austere, he gazed into a trundle-bed where a yellowthe chubby, sprawling legs and arms

She could not hunt; and the hunting of perfect security. The lad's face red pale to his troubled eyes.

"It's fresh meat they want, the both of 'em," he muttered to himself. "They can't live and thrive on pork an' molasses, nohow!"

His big fingers, clumsily gentle, played for a moment with the child's yellow curls. Then he pulled a thick, gray homespun hunting shirt over his head, hitched his heavy trousers up under his belt, clothed his feet in three pairs of home-knit socks and heavy cowhide moccasins, took down his rifle, cartridge pouch, and snowshoes from the nails on the mosschinked wall, cast one tendeer look on the sleepers' faces, and slipped out of the cabin door as silent as a shadow.

"I'll have fresh meat for them before next sundown," he vowed to himself.

Outside, amid the chips of his chopping, with a rough well-sweep on one hand and a rougher barn on the other, he knelt to put on his snowshoes. The cabin stood, a desolate, silver-gray dot in the waste of snow, naked to the steely skies of winter. With the curious improvidence of the backwoodsman, he had cut down every tree in the neighborhood of the cabin, and the thick woods which might so well have sheltered him, stood acres distant on every side. casins quite to his satisfaction, he straightened himself with a deep breath, pulled his cap well down over his ears, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and started out with the white moon in his face.

His long strides carried him swifty through the glimmering glades. Journeying to the north of east, as the gray wolf had to the north of west, he, too, before long, struck the trail of the moose, but at a point far beyond that at which the wolf had come upon it. So trampled and confused a trail it was, however, that for a time he took no note of the caught his eye-one print on a smooth spread of snow, emphasized in a pour of unobstructed radiance. He stopped, scrutinized the trail minutely to assure himself he had but a single wolf to deal with, then resumed his march with new zest and springier pace. Hunting was not without its relish for him when it admitted some savour of the combat.

The cabin stood in the valley lands just back of the high plateau, and so it chanced that the backwoodsman had not far to travel that night. Where the trail broke into the open he stopped, and reconnoitered cautiously through a screen of hemlock boughs. He saw the big gray welf sitting straight up on his haunches, his tongue hanging out, contemplating securely his intended prey. He saw the dark shape of the cow moose, obstinately confronting her foe, her hindquarters backed close up to the edge of the gully. He caught the herce and anxious gleam of her eyes as she rolled them backward for an instant's reassuring glance at her young one. And though he could not see the calf in its prisoning pit, he understood the whole situation.

Well, there was a bounty on wolfnouts, and this fellow's pelt was worth considering. As for the moose, he knew that not a broadside of canon would scare her away from that hole in the rocks so long as the calf was in it. He took careful aim from his covert. At the report the wolf shot into the air, straightened out, and fell upon the snow, kicking dumbly, a bullet through his neck. As the light faded from his fierce eyes, with it faded out a vision of the cave in the painted rocks. In half a minute he lay still; and the cow moose, startled by his convulsive leaps more than by the rifle shot, blew and snorted, eyeing him with new suspicion. Her spacious flank was toward the hunter. He, with cool but hasty fingers, slipped a fresh cartridge into the breech, and aimed with care at a spot low down behind the fore-shoulder.

Again rang out the thin, vicious report, slapping the great silences in the face. The woodsman's aim was true. With a cough the moose fell forward on her knees. Then, with a mighty, shuddering effort, she got up, turned about, and fell again with her head over the edge of the crevice. Her awkward muzzle touched and twitched against the neck of the frightened calf and with a heavy sigh she lay still.

The settler stepped out from his hiding place, and examined with deep satisfaction the results of his night's hunting. Already he saw the color coming back into the pale cheeks of the woman and the child. The wolf's pelt and snout, too, he thought to himself, would get them both some little things they'd like, from the cross-roads store, next time he went in for cornmeal. Then, there was the calf-no meat like moose veal, after all. He drew his knife from its sheath. But no; he hated butchering. He slipped the knife back, reloaded his rifle, stepped to the side of the pit, and stood looking down at the baby captive, where it leaned nosing in piteous bewilderment at the head of its dead mother.

Again the woodsman changed his mind. He bit off a chew of black tobacco, and for some moments stood deliberating, stubby chin in hand. "I'll save him for the boy to play with and bring up," he at last decided.-Canadian Magazine.

Wise Beyond His Years. Young Cheekleigh-Sir, I wish to marry your daughter.

Old Gotrox-But she is only schoolgirl of 12. "I am aware of that, sir; but

same early to avoid the rush."-Chi-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for August 25, 1901-Abraham and laner.

THE LESSON TEXT. (Genesis 22:1-14.)

1. And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham; and he said, Behold, here 2 And He said. Take now thy son, thine

only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of M/rish; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of. 3. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt of-

fering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had teld him. 4. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

5 And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide we here with the ass; and I and the

lad will go yonder and worship, and come

again to you.

6. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them to-

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said. My father; and he said. Here am I, my son. And he said. Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the

lamb for a burnt offering?

8. And Abraham said, My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offer-ing; so they went both of them together. And they came to the place which God When the woodsman had settled the had told him of; and Abraham built an thongs of his snowshoes over his moc- altar there, and inid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the alter upon the wood.

10. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

II. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of Pleaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham; and he said, Here am I.

12. And He said, Lay not thine hand upon

the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God. seeing thou hast not withheld thy son thine only son from me.

13. And Abraham lifted up his eyes and caught in a thicket by he horns; and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his 14. And Abraham called the name of that

place Jehovah-jirch; as it is said to this day. In the mount of the Lord it shall be GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up loans, —Heb, 11:17.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. Continuing the story of Genesis, read chapters 20, 21 and 23. The stery of

chief interest and conveying the most important teaching is that which centers in the lesson text proper. Birth of Isaac .- Isaac means "hughter," and the name was given because

Sarah had mocked inwardly at the promise (18:12, 13) and because her delight in the birth of her son was so Hagar and Ishmael.-Ishmael's con-

duct at the time of the feast was probably not only irreverent, but made Sarah fear that his influence over Isanc would be bad. Abraham did what he could to make the sending away less harsh than it otherwise would have been. Ishmael was not the child of promise but was born "after the fiesh." (Gal. 4:23.) How sharply God drew the line between that which se of the spiritual, and that which is of the fiesh. · Abraham and Abimelech .- Chapter

20 is probably misplaced in the chronological order, as a woman over 90 years old would scarcely have such charms as to endanger her husband's life. Abraham's sin at Gerar was even worse than that he had committed in Egypt.

The Offering of Isaac.-There is an instinctive feeling among men that they ought to offer the best they have to their gods; and they have nothing more precious than their children. The proving, rather than the tempting, of Abraham was based upon this feeling, which no doubt the patriarch shared. Its purpose was to develop the character of both Abraham and Isaac, not merely though chiefly in the matter of confiding obedience to God. but alse in correcting his understanding of the nature of God and His requirements. Abraham sacrificed Isaac n what he did as truly as though he had actually put him to death. From Beersheba to Mount Moriah, where afterwards Solomon's temple was built, was about 60 miles. The subjection of the son to the father in the patriarchal household was so complete that Isaac would not think of contending with his father even for his life. The words of verse 12 do not of course hint that God did not know Abraham's heart without putting him to the outward test. But an outward test often strengthens the inner purpose. Abraham had given up kindred, home, ease, that he might do God's will; but it did not follow from that that he would give up even the child on whose life the fulfillment of God's promise depended. It seems preposterous to think that God intended the sacrifice, or that He should have judged Abraham's faith insufficient unless he was willing to kill his boy. Abraham may have interpreted God's voice to him in the light of the practice of his day. The command not to slay the lad was the most significant thing in the whole transaction. The provision of a wild ram for the offering was an indication that God de-

put in the form of an oath. All Wheat, No Chaff. He who submits is not subdued. "The poor always with you" is not

sired a beast and not a boy for such

sacrifice. Abraham's words, "God will

provide Himself a lamb," were

prophetic and found their perfect

fulfillment in Christ. God's covenant

was given new sacredness by being

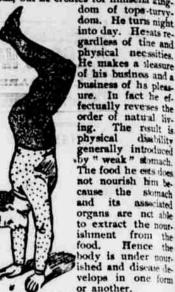
promise. Your promotion cannot be measured by your locomotion. The family can only be saved by

family religion. He who compounds with the devil is likely to be impounded by him. We are all inclined to watch Christ while He works and sleep while He

watches. The majesty of a man cannot be measured till he is seen standing in s magnificent minority.—Ram's Horn.

Topsy-turty.

That's a favorite attitude of the small boy. And in this again "the tild is the father of the man." The mu does not essay to walk through life on his hands, but he creates for himselfa king-



of his busines and a business of hs pleasure. In fact he effectually reveses the order of natural liv. ing. The result is physical disability generally introduced by " weak " stomach. The food he cuts does not nourish him because the stomach organs are not able extract the nourishment from the food. Hence the body is under nour-ished and disease de-

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures through the stomach diseases which originate in a diseased condition of the stomach and its allied organs. Hence, it eures "weak" lungs, "weak" nerves and other forms of so-called weakness.

"I had been troubled with catarrh of the stemach and heart trouble," writes Mr. W. D. Merchant, of Tylersburg, Clarion Co. Penna "Rad doctored for some time without rela-then I began to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-ical Discovery. I took seven bottles. Refore! kal Discovery. I took seven bottles. Refere! began to take it I weighed 119 pounds, and now I weigh 176. I am working steadily and fed like a well man. I send you many thanks.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

The Tramp's Epitaph.

Beneath this stone, forever hid, There rests a life-long prowler. The only work he ever did Was when he worked the growler. -Judge.

JUST BEFORE THE QUARREL.



Hetty-Jack called last evening, and I think he had been drinking. Betty-Yes, I saw him afterwat and he said you looked beautiful-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pentiment.

I love the flag-the noble flag. Fair emblem of the free; And next to that the cold-wave flag Is the flag I long to see. -Washington Star.

"The Sins of the Father," Etc. Tommy (studying his lesson) say, pa, where does the Merrimac is and into what sea does it empty? Pa-I don't know, my son.

Tommy-You don't know, eh? And to-morrow the teacher will lick me to account of your ignorance.-Harles

An Absurd Rivairy.

"When I started out in life I didn't have a dollar to my name," said the man who boasts.

"That's nothing," answered the setirical friend, "when I started out! didn't even have all of my name. was several weeks before I was christened."-Washington Star.

Thoughtful.

"Charley," said the affectionate little wife, "didn't you tell me those blat ships cost a dollar apiece?" "Yes." "Well, here's a whole box full of all

solors that I bought at the bargain sounter for 75 cents."—Harlem Life. A News Agency.

Mr. House-It doesn't seem to me

that our new cook is a great success. Mrs. House-Not as a cook, I grant you; but she has lived in nearly half the families in town and her converse tion is so entertaining!-Bostes Transcript.

Enough to Kill.

Doctor-I see what the matter is It's dyspepsia. All you have to do ista laugh heartily before and after each meal.

Mrs. Binks-Impossible. I get then myself, and wash the dishes.-N. L. Weekly.

The Difference.

Mrs. Throop (timidly)-But isn't poker an awfully wicked, gambling

Mrs. McDonough Street-Oh, but # are not going to play it for money only for a \$50 Tiffany vawse as a prize! -Brooklyn Eagle.

His Taste Has Changed. Mrs. Benham-You used to si that I was the apple of your eye.

Benham-Well, what of it? Mrs. Benham-Nothing; except that you don't seem to care as much for fruit as you once did .- Town Topics

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