

find a job. Somehow I got puzzled when I see so many Christians living in luxury and singing, 'Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee,' and remember how my wife died in a tenement in New York city, gasping for air and asking God to take the little girl too. Of course I don't expect you people can prevent every one from dying of starvation, lack of proper nourishment and tenement air. But what does following Jesus mean? I understand that Christian people own a good many of the tenements. A member of a church was the owner of the one where my wife died, and I have wondered if following Jesus all the way was true in his case. I heard some people singing at a church prayer meeting the other night.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus,  
All my being's ransomed powers,  
All my thoughts and all my longings,  
All my days and all my hours,

and I kept wondering, as I sat on the steps outside, just what they meant by it. It seems to me there's an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn't exist if all the people who sing such songs went and lived them out. I suppose I don't understand. But what would Jesus do? Is that what you mean by following his steps? It seems to me sometimes as if the people in the city churches had good clothes and nice houses to live in, and money to spend for luxuries, and could go away on summer vacations and all that, while the people outside of the churches, thousands of them, I mean, die in tenements, and walk the streets for jobs, and never have a piano or a picture in the house, and grow up in misery and drunkenness and sin. The man gave a queer lurch over in the direction of the communion table and laid the grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon the carpet at his feet. A stir went through the congregation. Dr. West half rose from his seat, but as yet the silence was unbroken by any voice or movement worth mentioning in the assembly. The man passed his other hand across his eyes and then, without any warning, fell heavily forward on his face, full length, up the aisle.

Henry Maxwell spoke, "We will consider the service dismissed." He was down the pulpit stairs and kneeling by the prostrate form before any one else. The audience instantly rose, and the aisle was crowded. Dr. West pronounced the man alive. He had fainted away.

"Some heart trouble," the doctor also muttered as he helped to carry him into the pastor's study.

Henry Maxwell and a group of his church members remained some time in the study. The man lay on the couch there and breathed heavily. When the question of what to do with him came up, the minister insisted upon taking him to his house. He lived near by and had an extra room. Rachel Winslow said, "Mother has no company at present. I am sure we would be glad to give him a place with us." She looked strangely agitated. No one noticed it particularly. They were all excited over the fainting of the stranger that first church people could remember. But the minister insisted on taking charge of the man, and when a carriage came the unconscious but living form was carried to his house, and with the entrance of that humanity into the minister's spare room a new chapter in Henry Maxwell's life began, and yet no one, himself least of all, dreamed of the remarkable change it was destined to make in all his after definition of Christian discipleship.

The event created a great sensation in the First church parish. People talked of nothing else for a week. It was the general impression that the man had wandered into the church in a condition of mental disturbance caused by his troubles and that all the time he was talking he was in a strange delirium of fever and really ignorant of his surroundings. That was the most charitable construction to put upon his action. It was the general agreement also that there was a singular absence of anything bitter or complaining in what the man had said. He had through-out spoken in a mild, apologetic tone, almost as if he were one of the congregation seeking for light on a very difficult subject.

The third day after his removal to the minister's house there was a marked change in his condition. The doctor spoke of it and offered no hope. Saturday morning he still lingered, although he had rapidly failed as the week drew near to its close. Sunday morning just before the clock struck 1 he rallied and asked if his child had come. The minister had sent for her as soon as he had been able to secure her address from some letters found in the man's pocket. He had been conscious and able to talk coherently only a few moments since his attack. "The child is coming. She will be here," Henry Maxwell said as he sat there, his face showing marks of the strain of the week's vigil, for he had insisted on sitting up nearly every night.

"I shall never see her in this world," the man whispered. Then he uttered with great difficulty the words: "You have been good to me. Somehow I feel as if it was what Jesus would do." After a few moments he turned his head slightly, and before Henry Maxwell could realize the fact the doctor said, "He is gone."

The Sunday morning that dawned on the city of Raymond was exactly like the Sunday of the week before. Henry Maxwell entered his pulpit to face one of the largest congregations that had ever crowded First church. He was haggard and looked as if he had just risen from a long illness. His wife was at home with the little girl who had come on the morning train an hour after her father died. He lay in that spare room, his troubles over, and Henry Maxwell could see the face as he opened the Bible and arranged his different notices on the side of the desk as he had been in the habit of doing for ten years. The service that morning contained a new element. No one could remember

when the minister had preached in the morning without notes. As a matter of fact, he had done so occasionally when he first entered the ministry, but for a long time he had carefully written out every word of his morning sermon and nearly always his evening discourse as well. It cannot be said that his sermon this morning was very striking or impressive. He talked with considerable hesitation. It was evident that some great idea struggled in his thought for utterance, but it was not expressed in the theme he had chosen for his preaching. It was near the close of his sermon that he began to gather a certain strength that had been painfully lacking at the beginning. He closed the Bible, and, stepping out at the side of the desk, he faced his people and began to talk to them about the remarkable scene of the week before.

"Our brother"—somehow the words sounded a little strange coming from Henry Maxwell's lips—"passed away this morning. I have not yet had time to learn all his history. He had one sister living in Chicago. I have written her and have not yet received an answer. His little girl is with us and will remain for the time."

He paused and looked over the house. He thought he had never seen so many earnest faces during the entire pastorate. He was not able yet to tell his people his experiences, the crisis through which he was even now moving, but something of his feeling passed from him to them, and it did not seem to him that he was acting under a careless impulse at all to go on and break to them this morning something of the message he bore in his heart. So he went on:

"The appearance and words of this stranger in the church last Sunday made a very powerful impression on me. I am not able to conceal from you or myself the fact that what he said, followed, as it has been, by his death in my house, has compelled me to ask as I never asked before, 'What does following Jesus mean?' I am not in a position yet to utter any condemnation of this people or, to a certain extent, of myself, either in our Christlike relations to this man or the number he represents in the world. But all that does not prevent me from feeling that much that the man said was so vitally true that we must face it in an attempt to answer it or else stand condemned as Christian disciples. A good deal that was said here last Sunday was in the nature of a challenge to Christianity as it is seen and felt in our churches. I have felt this with increasing emphasis every day since, and I do not know that any time is more appropriate than the present for me to propose a plan or a purpose which has been forming in my mind as a satisfactory reply to much that was said here last Sunday."

Again Henry Maxwell paused and looked into the faces of his people. There were some strong, earnest men and women in the First church. The minister could see Edward Norman, editor of the Raymond Daily News. He had been a member of First church for ten years. No man was more honored in the community. There was Alexander Powers, superintendent of the railroad shops. There was Donald Marsh, president of Lincoln college, situated in the suburbs of Raymond. There was Milton Wright, one of the great merchants of Raymond, having in his employ at least 100 men in various shops. There was Dr. West, who, although still comparatively young, was quoted as authority in special surgical cases. There was young Jasper Chase, the author, who had written one successful book and was said to be at work on a new novel. There was Miss Virginia Page, the heiress, who through the recent death of her father had inherited a million at least and was gifted with unusual attractions of person and intellect. And, not least of all, Rachel Winslow from her seat in the choir glowed with her peculiar beauty of light this morning because she was so intensely interested in the whole scene.

There was some reason perhaps, in view of such material in the First church, for Henry Maxwell's feeling of satisfaction whenever he considered his parish as he had the previous Sunday. There was a large number of strong individual characters who claimed membership there. But as he noted their faces this morning Henry Maxwell was simply wondering how many of them would respond to the strange proposition he was about to make. He continued slowly, taking time to choose his words carefully and giving the people an impression they had never felt before, even when he was at his best, with his most dramatic delivery.

"What I am going to propose now is something which ought not to appear unusual or at all impossible of execution, yet I am aware that it will be so regarded by a large number perhaps of the members of the church. But, in order that we may have a thorough understanding of what we are considering, I will put my proposition very plainly, perhaps bluntly. I want volunteers from the First church who will pledge themselves earnestly and honestly for an entire year not to do anything without first asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' And after asking that question each one will follow Jesus as exactly as he knows how, no matter what the results may be. I will, of course, include myself in this company of volunteers and shall take for granted that my church here will not be surprised at my future conduct as based upon this standard of action and will not oppose whatever is done if they think Christ would do it. Have I made my meaning clear? At the close of the service here I want all those members of the church who are willing to join such a company to remain, and we will talk over the details of the plan. Our motto will be, 'What would Jesus do?' Our aim will be to act just as he would if he were in our places, regardless of immediate results. In other words, we propose to follow Jesus' steps as closely and as literally as we believe

### All Right Now.



"Overwork and loss of necessary sleep made me very nervous and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could execute my solos. A friend advised me to give Dr. Miles' Nervine a trial, which I did and received immediate benefit. In a few days I was entirely relieved. I recommend it to all musicians who suffer from overworked and disordered nerves."

Otto H. Shemmer,  
2318 State St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Dr. Miles' Nervine**  
is sold by all druggists on guarantee, first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free.

Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

he taught his disciples to do. And those who volunteer to do this will pledge themselves for an entire year, beginning with today, so to act."

Henry Maxwell paused again and looked over his church. It is not easy to describe the sensation that such a simple proposition apparently made. Men glanced at one another in astonishment. It was not like Henry Maxwell to define Christian discipleship in this way. There was evident confusion of thought over his proposition. It was understood well enough, but there was apparently a great difference of opinion as to the application of Jesus' teaching and example.

Henry Maxwell calmly closed the service with a brief prayer. The organist began his postlude immediately after the benediction, and the people began to go out. There was a great deal of conversation. Animated groups stood all over the church discussing the minister's proposition. It was evidently provoking great discussion. After several minutes Henry Maxwell asked all who expected to remain to pass into the lecture room on the side. He himself was detained at the front of the church talking with several persons there, and when he finally turned around the church was empty. He walked over to the lecture room entrance and went in. He was almost startled to see the people who were there. He had not made up his mind about any of his members, but he had hardly expected that so many were ready to enter into such a literal testing of their discipleship as now awaited them. There were perhaps 50 members present. Among them were Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page, Mr. Norman, President Marsh, Alexander Powers, the railroad superintendent; Milton Wright, Dr. West and Jasper Chase.

The pastor closed the door of the lecture room and stood before the little group. His face was pale, and his lips trembled with emotion. It was to him a genuine crisis in his own life and that of his parish. No man can tell until he is moved by the Divine Spirit what he may do or how he may change the current of a lifetime of fixed habits of thought and speech and action. Henry Maxwell did not, as we have said, yet know himself all that he was passing through, but he was conscious of a great upheaval in his definitions of Christian discipleship, and he was moved with a depth of feeling he could not measure as he looked into the faces of these men and women on this occasion.

It seemed to him that the most fitting word to be spoken first was that of prayer. He asked them all to pray with him, and almost with the first syllable he uttered there was a distinct presence of the Spirit felt by them all. As the prayer went on this presence grew in power. They all felt it. The room was filled with it as plainly as if it had been visible. When the prayer closed, there was a silence that lasted several moments. All the heads were bowed. Henry Maxwell's face was wet with tears. If an audible voice from heaven had sanctioned their pledge to follow the Master's steps, not one person present could have felt more certain of the Divine blessing. And so the most serious movement ever started in the First church of Raymond was begun.

Every one turned toward her. Her face glowed with a beauty that no loveliness could ever create.

"I am a little in doubt as to the source of our knowledge concerning what Jesus would do. Who is to decide for me just what he would do in my case? It is a different age. There are many perplexing questions in our civilization that are not mentioned in the teaching of Jesus. How am I going to tell what he would do?"

"There is no way that I know of," replied Mr. Maxwell, "except as we study Jesus through the medium of the Holy Spirit. You remember what Christ said speaking to his disciples about the Holy Spirit:

"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of Truth is come, he shall guide you into all the truth, for he shall not speak from himself. But what things soever he shall hear, these shall he speak, and he shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine and shall declare it unto you. All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine; therefore said I that he taketh of mine and shall declare it unto you."

"There is no other test that I know of. We shall all have to decide what Jesus would do after going to that source of knowledge."

"What if others say of us when we do certain things that Jesus would not do so?" asked the superintendent of railroads.

"We cannot prevent that, but we must be absolutely honest with ourselves. The standard of Christian action cannot vary in most of our acts."

"And yet what one church member thinks Jesus would do another refuses to accept as his possible course of action. What is to render our conduct uniformly Christlike? Will it be possible to reach the same conclusions always in all cases?" asked President Marsh.

Henry Maxwell was silent some time. Then he answered:

"No; I don't know that we can expect that. But when it comes to a genuine, honest, enlightened following of Jesus' steps I cannot believe there will be any confusion either in our own minds or in the judgment of others. We must be free from fanaticism on one hand and too much caution on the other. If Jesus' example is the example for the world, it certainly must be feasible to follow it. But we need to remember this great fact—after we have asked the Spirit to tell us what Jesus would do and have received an answer to it we are to act regardless of the results to ourselves. Is that understood?"

All the faces in the room were raised toward the minister in solemn assent. There was no misunderstanding the proposition. Henry Maxwell's face quivered again as he noted the president of the Endeavor society, with several members, seated back of the older men and women.

They remained a little longer, talking over details and asking questions, and agreed to report to one another every week at a regular meeting the result of their experiences in following Jesus in this way. Henry Maxwell prayed again. And again, as before, the Spirit made himself manifest. Every head remained bowed a long time. They went away finally in silence.

There was a feeling that prevented speech. Henry Maxwell shook hands with them all as they went out. Then he went to his own study room back of the pulpit and knelt down. He remained there alone nearly half an hour. When he went home, he went into the room where the dead body lay. As he looked at the face he cried in his heart again for strength and wisdom, but not even yet did he realize that a movement had been begun which would lead to the most remarkable series of events that the city of Raymond had ever known.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### IT'S DIFFERENT

**THE NORTH AMERICAN (PHILADELPHIA)**

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it prints all the news, and all the news it prints is true.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it's bright and brisk, up-to-date and vigorous, but not yellow.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because its only policy is to tell the truth. It has no covert or personal interests to promote. It serves no political ambition, no creed, no class prejudice, no mere partisan purpose.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it advocates equal taxation and battles against the existing system, which favors the rich corporation at the expense of the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer and the wage-earner.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it stands for Republican principles, and makes war upon all who, under the stolen name of Republicanism, are disloyal to those principles.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it believes manhood and not money should rule. Therefore it upholds the rights of all, as against the aggressive power of the privileged few.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because no boss, no corporation, can control one line of its space.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it is non-sectarian and broad; every party, every faith, every class, and the workingman equally with the millionaire, gets a fair hearing in its columns.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it upholds faith in humanity, and the progress of mankind toward higher ideals, larger hopes and better living.

**IT'S DIFFERENT**, because it will continue to be different. Watch The North American and see it grow.

### A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42-301]  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhoea and kidneys were affected.  
"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for some time past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

**A Plea.**  
"So!" exclaimed the Ohio Judge scornfully, "you are the kind of man who would try to get a divorce from your wife simply because she had an artificial optic."  
"It wasn't simply that, your honor," said the man, defiantly. "She made life a burden to me asking me if her eye was on straight."—Washington Star.

**A Great Man's Return.**  
In school the other boys with one contrived to snub him down.  
To-day they're making costly plans.  
To welcome him to town.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Sunbury & Lewistown Division.  
In effect May 22, 1899.

WESTWARD		EASTWARD		
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	
2:13	10:57	Sunbury	9:23	7:30
2:19	10:12	Sellingrove Junction	9:28	7:22
2:24	9:27	Sellingrove	9:34	7:15
2:28	10:21	Lewistown	9:39	7:08
2:32	10:34	Kremer	9:44	7:01
2:34	10:27	Meiser	9:44	6:58
2:40	10:33	Middleburg	9:54	6:52
2:46	10:28	Bender	9:52	6:46
2:55	10:46	Bevertown	9:48	6:45
3:00	10:41	Adamstown	9:59	6:42
3:07	11:57	Rains Mills	9:51	6:25
3:13	11:03	McLure	9:52	6:19
3:22	11:13	Wagner	9:48	6:12
3:26	11:16	Shrode	9:45	6:10
3:30	11:21	Painterville	9:59	6:06
3:45	11:37	Matfield	9:48	6:04
3:45	11:32	Lewistown	9:55	6:05
3:47	11:47	Lewistown (Main Street)	9:53	6:03
3:50	11:40	Lewistown Junction	9:50	6:00

Train leaves Sunbury 5:25 p.m., arrives at Sellingrove 5:45 p.m.  
Trains leave Lewistown Junction:  
4:52 a.m., 10:18 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:52 p.m., 7:07 p.m., 11:58 p.m. For Altoona, Pittsburg and the West.  
For Harrisburg and Washington, 7:55 a.m. and 1:02 p.m. For Philadelphia and New York, 6:28 a.m., 1:02 p.m., 4:33 p.m. and 11:16 p.m. For Harrisburg, 6:45 a.m. and 9:36 p.m.

### Philadelphia & Erie R.R. Division.

**NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY**  
Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday:  
1:21 a.m. for Erie and Philadelphia  
4:20 a.m. for Baltimore, Erie and Canadana  
9:45 a.m. for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West  
1:10 p.m. for Harrisburg, Kane, Tyrone and Canadana  
5:45 p.m. for Harrisburg and Erie  
9:25 p.m. for Williamsport  
Sunday 5:10 a.m. for Erie and Canadana  
9:45 a.m. for Lock Haven and 9:25 p.m. for Williamsport

6:55 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 2:00 p.m. and 5:45 p.m. for Williamsport and Hazelton  
7:00 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 5:45 p.m. for Shamokin and Hazleton  
Sunday 9:55 a.m. for Williamsport  
Trains leave Sellingrove Junction:  
10:00 a.m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 10:00 p.m. New York 5:30 p.m. Baltimore 9:11 p.m. Washington 4:30 p.m.  
5:34 p.m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 10:20 p.m. New York 8:53 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 p.m. Washington 10:50 p.m.  
7:22 p.m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 1:30 a.m. New York 1:23 a.m. Baltimore 2:30 a.m. Washington 4:05 a.m.  
Trains also leave Sunbury:  
2:27 a.m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 6:02 a.m. Baltimore 6:35 a.m. Washington 7:45 a.m. New York 9:33 a.m. Week days, 10:35 a.m. Sundays.  
7:50 a.m. week days arriving at Philadelphia 11:45 a.m. New York 9:08 p.m. Baltimore 11:51 a.m. Washington 1:00 p.m.  
1:35 p.m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 6:22 p.m. New York 9:30 p.m. Baltimore 6:50 p.m. Washington 7:15 p.m.  
Trains also leave Sunbury at 9:50 a.m. and 5:25 and 8:25 p.m. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Pass Agent



### THE DIETZ DRIVING LAMP

is about as near perfection as 50 years of Lamp-Making can attain to. It burns kerosene, and gives a powerful, clear, white light, and will neither blow nor jar out. When out driving with it the darkness easily keeps about two hundred feet ahead of your smartest horse. When you want the very best Driving Lamp to be had, ask your dealer for the "Dietz."  
We issue a special Catalogue of this Lamp, and, if you ever prowled around after night-fall, it will interest you. It's mailed free.

**R. E. DIETZ CO.,**  
60 Light St., New York.  
Established in 1840.

**MONEY** To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscriptions to The Patent Record, 50c per annum.

### THE PACKER BICYCLE

Is a model wheel, and one that will out wear any wheel on the market



### REPAIRING

of all kinds neatly done. I have spent a number of years at the business under an experienced instructor. Call and see before buying a bicycle.  
**WALLACE TEATS,**  
Globe Mills, Pa.



### Shade and Light

Blend most softly and play most effectively over a festive scene when thrown by waxen candles.  
The light that heightens beauty's charm, that gives the finished touch to the drawing room or dining room, is the mellow glow of  
**BANQUET WAX CANDLES**  
Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.  
Manufactured by  
**STANDARD OIL CO.**  
For sale everywhere.



### REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.  
THE GREAT  
**FRENCH REMEDY**  
produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indigestion, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, and other. It can be carried in vest pocket. Price \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Advice and circular free. Address: **Royal Medicine Co., CHICAGO, ILL.**  
For sale by Middleburg Drug Co.

### ON SALE EVERYWHERE



### SAYO

**A Throat Comfort.**  
5c PACKAGES.  
**Wallace & Co.,** New York City.