

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

OTTO'S CURE
The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ and 50¢.

Eureka Harness Oil
not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but it keeps the leather soft and pliable. It is the best oil for harnesses and is sold by all druggists. 25¢ and 50¢.

Give Your Horse a Chance!

Experts Baffled
Real diamonds are no better for all purposes than the

Genuine Barrios Diamonds
\$1.00 each

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvelous non-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to genuine diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either

RING, PIN, STUD, EARRINGS
(Screws of 10¢ each)

\$1.00 LEACH
Earrings are \$2 Per Pair.

SPECIAL CAUTION:
Do not confuse genuine Barrios Diamonds with cheap imitations. Barrios Diamonds are the only diamonds that have no artificial backing, are equal to real diamonds in all respects, and will outlast any other diamonds for a long time longer. And is subject to withdrawal without notice.

MAIL ORDERS:
A Beautiful, Brilliant, Genuine Barrios Diamond, mounted in a 14K gold ring, pin or stud, will be sent to you on receipt of one dollar. In ordering, give full directions and state whether small, medium or large stone is desired.

CAMILLE MORGAN, the prima donna of the Waterbury Opera Co., writes: "Barrios Diamonds are just what I need. They are as brilliant as real diamonds and cost much less. I am sure they will be a great success." CAMILLE MORGAN

Money promptly refunded if goods are not as represented.

Beware of Imitations.

Address Mail Orders to
The Pomona Mfg. Co.,
1131 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Mention Middleburg Post.

TRUSSES, 65c, \$1.25 AND UP

65c.

We are selling the very best Trusses made at FACTORY PRICES, less than the price charged by others. And we GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. If you wish to see the Trusses, please send your name and address to the nearest branch office. We will send you a Truss of the size you desire, and you can return it to us if you do not like it. We will refund your money. This offer is good for a limited time only. Write for FREE TRUSS CATALOGUE which shows all the latest styles of Trusses. Including the New 65c. Truss for \$2.75 that never comes out, and which we sell for \$1.25. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. CHICAGO

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup, Lung Tonic, Use in all cases of Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELTON,
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcom Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

Copyright, 1920, by The Advance Publishing Co.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

"I have come to see you about your sermon of yesterday morning," began Mr. Winter abruptly. "I consider what you said was a direct insult to me personally."

"Suppose I should say it was not so intended?" replied Philip, with a good natured smile.

"Then I should say you lied!" replied Mr. Winter sharply.

Philip sat very still. And the two men eyed each other in silence for a moment. The minister reached out his hand and laid it on the other's arm, saying as he did so: "My brother, you certainly did not come into my house to accuse me unjustly of wrongdoing you? I am willing to talk the matter over in a friendly spirit, but I will not listen to personal abuse."

There was something in the tone and manner of this declaration that subdued the mill owner a little. He was an older man than Philip by 20 years, but a man of quick and unobscured temper. He had come to see the minister while in a heat of passion, and the way Philip received him, the calmness and dignity of his attitude, thwarted his purpose. He wanted to find a man ready to quarrel. Instead he found a man ready to talk reason. Mr. Winter replied, after a pause, during which he controlled himself by a great effort:

"I consider that you purposely selected me as guilty of conduct unworthy a church member and a Christian and made me the target of your remarks yesterday. And I wish to say that such preaching will never do in Calvary church while I am one of its members."

"Of course you refer to the matter of renting your property to saloon men and to halls for gambling and other evil uses," said Philip bluntly. "Are you the only member of Calvary church who lets his property for such purposes?"

"It is not a preacher's business to pry into the affairs of his church members," replied Mr. Winter, growing more excited again. "That is what I object to."

"In the first place, Mr. Winter," said Philip steadily, "let us settle the right and wrong of the whole business. Is it right for a Christian man, a church member, to rent his property for saloons and vicious resorts where human life is ruined?"

"That is not the question."

"What is?" Philip asked, with his eyes wide open to the other's face.

Mr. Winter answered sullenly: "The question is whether our business affairs, those of other men with me, are to be dragged into the Sunday church services and made the occasion of personal attacks upon us. I for one will not sit and listen to any such preaching."

"But aside from the matter of private business, Mr. Winter, let us settle whether what you and others are doing is right. Will you tell the other matter rest a moment and let me what is the duty of a Christian in the use of his property?"

"It is my property, and if I or my agent choose to rent it to another man in a legal, business way, that is my affair. I do not recognize that you have anything to do with it."

"Not if I am convinced that you are doing what is harmful to the community and the church?"

"You have no business to meddle in our private affairs," replied Mr. Winter angrily. "And if you intend to pursue that method of preaching I shall withdraw my support, and most of the influential, paying members will follow my example."

It was a cowardly threat on the part of the excited mill owner, and it roused Philip more than if he had been physically slapped in the face. If there was anything in all the world that stirred Philip to his oceanic depths of feeling, it was an intimation that he was in the ministry for pay or the salary, and so must be afraid of losing the support of those members who were able to pay largely. He clinched his fingers around the arms of his study chair until his nails bent on the hard wood. His scorn and indignation burned in his face, although his voice was calm enough.

"Mr. Winter, this whole affair is a matter of the most profound principle with me. As long as I live I shall believe that a Christian man has no more right to rent his property for a saloon than he has to run a saloon himself. And as long as I live I shall also believe that it is a minister's duty to preach to his church plainly upon matters which bear upon the right and wrong of life, no matter what is involved in those matters. Are money and houses and lands of such a character that the use of them has no bearing on moral questions, and they are therefore to be left out of the preaching material of the pulpit? It is my conviction that many men of property in this age are coming to regard their business as separate and removed from God and all relation to him. The business men of today do not regard their property as God's. They always speak of it as theirs. And they resent any 'interference,' as you call it, on the part of the pulpit. Nevertheless I say it plainly, I



"You shall answer for these insults, sir," out of the church during the service and had anticipated some trouble. Philip related the facts of Mr. Winter's visit, telling his wife some things the mill owner had said.

"What did you say, Philip, to make him so angry? Did you give him a piece of your mind?"

"I gave him the whole of it," replied Philip, somewhat grimly, "at least all of it on that particular subject that he could stand."

"Oh, dear! It seems too bad to have this trouble come so soon! What will Mr. Winter do? He is very wealthy and influential. Do you think—are you sure that in this matter you have done just right, just for the best, Philip? It is going to be very unpleasant for you."

"Well, Sarah, I would not do differently from what I have done. What have I done? I have simply preached God's truth, as I plainly see it, to my church. And if I do not do that, what business have I in the ministry at all? I regret this personal encounter with Mr. Winter, but I don't see how I could avoid it."

"Did you lose your temper?"

"No."

"There was some very loud talking. I could hear it away in the kitchen."

"Well, you know, Sarah, the more indignant I get the less inclined I feel to 'holler.' It was Mr. Winter you heard. He was very much excited when he came, and nothing that I could conscientiously say would have made any difference with him."

"Did you ask him to pray over the matter with you?"

"No. I do not think he was in a praying mood."

"Were you?"

Philip hesitated a moment and then replied seriously: "Yes, I truly believe I was—that is, I should not have been ashamed at any part of the interview to put myself into loving communion with my Heavenly Father."

Mrs. Strong still looked disturbed and anxious. She was going over in her mind the probable result of Mr. Winter's antagonism to the minister. It looked to her like a very serious thing. Philip was inclined to treat the affair with a calm philosophy, based

on the knowledge that his conscience was clear of all fault in the matter.

"What do you suppose Mr. Winter will do?" Mrs. Strong asked.

"He threatened to withdraw his financial support and said other paying members would do the same."

"Do you think they will?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't wonder if they do."

"What will you do then? It will be dreadful to have a disturbance in the church of this kind, Philip. It will ruin your prospects here. You will not be able to work under all that friction."

And the minister's wife suddenly broke down and had a good cry, while Philip comforted her, first, by saying two or three funny things and, secondly, by asserting with a positive cheerfulness which was peculiar to him when he was hard pressed that even if the church withdrew all support he (Philip) could probably get a job somewhere on a railroad or in a hotel, where there was always a demand for porters who could walk up several flights of stairs with a good sized trunk.

"Sometimes I almost think I missed my calling," said Philip, purposely talking about himself in order to make his wife come to the defense. "I ought to have been a locomotive fireman."

"The idea, Philip Strong! A man who has the gift of reaching people with preaching the way you do?"

"The way I reach Mr. Winter, for example?"

"Yes," said his wife: "the way you reach him. Why, the very fact that you made such a man angry is pretty good proof that you reached him. Such men are not touched by any ordinary preaching."

"So you really think I have a little gift at preaching?" asked Philip shyly.

"A little gift! It is a great deal more than a little, Philip."

"Aren't you a little prejudiced, Sarah?"

"No, sir. I am the severest critic you ever have in the congregation. If you only knew how nervous you sometimes make me! When you get started on some exciting passage and make a gesture that would throw a stone image into a fit and then begin to speak of something in a different way, like another person, and the first I know I am caught up and hurried into the subject and forget all about you."

"Thank you," said Philip.

"What for?" asked his wife, laughing. "For forgetting you?"

"I would rather be forgotten by you than remembered by any one else," replied Philip gallantly. "And you are such a delightful little flatterer that I feel courage for anything that may happen."

"It's not flattery; it's truth, Philip. I do believe in you and your work, and I am only anxious that you should succeed here. I can't bear to think of trouble in the church. It would almost kill me to go through such times as we sometimes read about."

"We must leave results to God. I am sure we are not responsible for more than our utmost doing and living of necessary truth," Philip spoke courageously.

"Then you don't feel discouraged by this morning's work?"

"No, I don't know that I do. I'm very sensitive, and I feel hurt at Mr. Winter's threat of withdrawing his support, but I don't feel discouraged for the work. Why should I? Am I not doing my best?"

"I believe you are. Only, dear Philip, be wise. Do not try to reform everything in a week or expect people to grow their wings before they have started even pinfeathers. It isn't natural."

"Well, I won't," replied Philip, with a laugh. "Better trim your wings, Sarah; they're dragging on the floor."

He hunted up his hat, which was one of the things Philip could never find twice in the same place, kissed his wife and went out to make the visit at the mill which he was getting ready to make when Mr. Winter called.

To his surprise, when he went down through the business part of the town, he discovered that his sermon of Sunday had roused almost every one. People were talking about it on the street—an almost unheard of thing in Milton. When the evening paper came out, it described in sensational paragraphs the Rev. Mr. Strong's attack on the wealthy sinners of his own church and went on to say that the church "was very much wrought up over the sermon and would probably make it uncomfortable for the reverend gentleman." Philip wondered, as he read, at the unusual stir made because a preacher of Christ had denounced an ungodly evil.

"Is it, then," he asked himself, "such a remarkable piece of news that a minister of the gospel has preached from his own pulpit against what is without question an un-Christian use of property? What is the meaning of the church in society unless it is just that? Is it possible that the public is so little accustomed to hear anything on this subject that when they do hear it it is in the nature of sensational news?"

He pondered over these questions as he quietly but rapidly went along with his work. He was conscious as the days went on that trouble was brewing for him. This hurt him in a way hard to explain, but his sensitive spirit felt the cut like a lash on a sore place.

When Sunday came, he went into his pulpit and faced the largest audience he had yet seen in Calvary church. As is often the case, people who had heard of his previous sermon on Sunday thought he would preach another like it again. Instead of that he preached a sermon on the love of God for the world. In one way the large audience was disappointed. It had come to have its love of sensation fed, and Philip had not given it anything of the kind. In another way it was profoundly moved by the power and sweetness of Philip's unfolding of the great sub-

HOME duties to many women seem more important than health.

No matter how ill they feel, they drag themselves through the daily tasks and pile up trouble. This is heroic but a penalty has to be paid.

A woman in New Matamoras, Ohio, Mrs. ISABELL BRADFIELD, tells in the following letter how she fought with disease of the feminine organs until finally forced to take to her bed. She says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write to you to tell you that I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think there is no medicine in the world like it. I suffered for nine years, and sometimes for twelve weeks at a time I could not stand on my feet. I had female troubles of all kinds; backache, and headache all the time. Seven different doctors treated me. Some said I would have to go to the hospital and have an operation performed. But oh! how thankful I am that I did not, that I tried your Vegetable Compound instead. I cannot say too much in its praise, nor thank you enough for what it has done for me. I want you to publish this in all the papers for the good of other sufferers."

The wives and mothers of America are given to overwork. Let them be wise in time and at the first indication of female trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice. This advice is promptly given without charge.

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 sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, advising and helping by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

ject. Men who had not been inside of a church for years went away thoughtfully impressed with the old truth of God's love and asked themselves what they had done to deserve it—the very thing that Philip wanted them to ask. The property owners in the church who had felt offended by Philip's sermon of the Sunday before went away from the service acknowledging that the new pastor was an eloquent preacher and a man of large gifts. In the evening Philip preached again from the same theme, using it in an entirely different way. His audience nearly filled the church and was evidently deeply impressed.

In spite of all this Philip felt a certain element in the church had arrayed itself against him. Mr. Winter did not appear at either service. There were certain other absences on the part of men who had been constant attendants on the Sunday services. He felt, without hearing it, that a great deal was being said in opposition to him; but, with the burden of it beginning to wear a little on him, he saw nothing better to do than to go on with his work as if nothing unusual had taken place.

CHAPTER IV.

Pursuing the plan he had originally mapped out when he came to Milton, he spent much of his time in the afternoons studying the social and civic life of the town. As the first Sunday of the next month drew near, when he was to speak again on the attitude of Christ to some aspect of modern society, he determined to select the saloon as one of the prominent features of modern life that would naturally be noticed by Christ and doubtless be denounced by him as a great evil.

In his study of the saloon question he did a thing which he had never done before, and then only after very much deliberation and prayer. He went into the saloons themselves on different occasions. He had never done such a thing before. He wanted to know from actual knowledge what sort of places the saloons were. What he saw after a dozen visits to as many different groceries added fuel to the flame of indignation that burned already hot in him. The sight of the vast army of men turning into beasts in these dens created in him a loathing and a hatred of the whole iniquitous institution that language failed to express. He wondered with unspeakable astonishment in his soul that a civilized community in the nineteenth century would tolerate for one moment the public sale of an article that led, on the confession of society itself, to countless crimes against the law of the land and of God. His indignant astonishment deepened yet more, if that were possible, when he found that the license of \$500 a year for each saloon was used by the town to support the public school system. That, to Philip's mind, was an awful sarcasm on Christian civilization. It seemed to him like selling a man poison according to law and then taking the money from the sale to help the widow to purchase mourning. It was full as ghastly as that would be.

He went to see some of the other ministers, hoping to unite them in a combined attack on the saloon power. It seemed to him that if the church as a whole entered the crusade against the saloon it could be driven out even from Milton, where it had been so long established. To his surprise, he found the other churches unwilling to unite in a public battle against whisky men. Several of the ministers openly defended license as the only practicable method of dealing with the saloon. All of them confessed it was evil, and only evil, but under the circumstances thought it would do little good to agitate the subject. Philip came away from several interviews with the ministers sad and sick at heart.

He approached several of the prominent men in the town, hoping to enlist some of them in the fight against the

After Marriage

They are going to be together just as much as before; going to ride the wheel, take little pleasure jaunts, etc., enjoying everything together. Isn't that what many a young couple promise each other? And yet, how very soon the wife begins to say: "No, I don't think I care to go. You go alone, dear." Young women don't reckon on the great physical changes which follow marriage. How can they when they are allowed to grow up in entire ignorance of vital physiological facts? They feel languid, weak and nervous. Sometimes there is headache and backache. The pulse no more leaps in answer to the thought of a spin on the wheel. Women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, know how promptly the languor, headache, backache, nervousness and weakness are cured by this medicine. Many husbands write in gratitude to Dr. Pierce for the medicine which gives them back the wife's companionship, as it gives her back her health.

"All praise is due to you for your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mr. John W. Coffman, of Ellensburg, Casey Co., Ky. "My wife suffered with female irregularity, was confined to bed every three weeks. After using two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she was cured, and has not suffered any derangement since. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is a boon to delicate women."

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.