gle evening's entertainment for people who don't need it than they give to the salvation of men in a whole year. I protest out of the soul that God gave me against such wicked selfishness. And I will protest if society spurn me from it as a bigot, a Puritan and a boor. For society in Christian America is not Christian in this matter—no, not after the Christianity of Christ!"

"What can you do about it, Philip?" His wife asked the question sadly. She had grown old fast since coming to Milton, and a presentiment of evil would, in spite of her naturally cheery disposition, cling to her whenever she considered Philip and his work.

"I can preach on it, and I will."

"Be wise, Philip. You tread on difficult ground when you enter society's realm."

"Well, dear, I will be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, although I must confess I never knew

"I can preach on it, and I will."

just exactly how much that verse meant. But preach on it I must and will."

And when the first Sunday of the month came Philip did preach on it, to the dismay of several members of his church who were in the habit of giving entertainments and card parties on a somewhat elaborate scale.

He had never preached on the subject of amusements, and he stated that he wished it to be plainly understood that he was not preaching on the subject now. It was a question which went deeper than that and took hold of the very first principles of human society. A single passage in the sermon will show the drift of it all:

"We have reached a time in the history of the world when it is the Christian duty of every man who calls himself a disciple of the Master to live on a simpler, less extravagant basis. The world has been living beyond its means. Modern civilization has been exorbitant in its demands, and every dollar foolishly spent today means suffering for some one who ought to be relieved by that money wisely expended. An entertainment given by people of means to other people of means in these hard times, in which money is lavished on flowers, food and dress, is, in my opinion, an act of which Christ would not approve. I do not mean to say that he would object to the pleasure which flowers, food and dress will give, but he would say that it is an unnecessary enjoyment and expense at this particular crisis through which we are passing. He would say that money and time should be given where people more in need of them might have the benefit. He would say that when a town is in the situation of ours today it is not a time for any selfish use for any material blessing.

"Unless I mistake the spirit of the modern Christ, if he were here he would preach to the whole world the necessity of a far simpler, less expensive style of living and, above all, actual self denial on the part of society for the brotherhood of man. What is society doing now? What sacrifice is it making? When it gives a charity ball, does it not spend twice as much in getting up the entertainment to please itself as it makes for the poor in whose behalf the ball is given? Do you think I am severe? Ask yourself, O member of Calvary church, what has been the extent of your sacrifice for the world this year before you condemn me for being too strict or particular. It is because we live in such times that the law of service presses upon us with greater insistence than ever. And now more than during any of the ages gone Christ's words ring in our ears with 20 centuries of reverberation. 'Whosoever will not deny himself and take up his cross, he cannot be my disciple.'"

Of all the sermons on Christ and modern society which Philip had thus far preached none had hit so hard or was applied so personally as this. The Goldens went home from the service in a towering rage. "That settles Calvary church for me!" said Mrs. Golden as she flung herself out of the building after the service was over. "I consider that the most insulting sermon I ever heard from any minister. It is simply outlandish, and how the church can endure such preaching much longer is a wonder to me. I don't go near it again while Mr. Strong is the minister!" Philip did not know it yet, but he was destined to find out that society carries a tremendous power in its use of the word "outlandish" applied either to persons or things.

When the evening service was over, Philip, as his habit was, lay down on the couch in front of the open fire until the day's excitement had subsided a little. It was almost the only evening in the week when he gave himself up to complete rest of mind and body.

He had been lying there about a quarter of an hour when Mrs. Strong, who had been moving a plant back from one of the front windows and had been obliged to raise a curtain, stepped back into the room with an exclamation.

"Philip, there is some one walking back and forth in front of the house! I have heard the steps ever since we came home. And just now I saw a man stop and look in here. Who can it be?"

"Maybe it's the man with the burglar's lantern come back to get his knife," said Philip, who had always made a little fun of that incident as his wife had told it. However, he rose and went over to the window. Sure enough, there was a man out on the sidewalk looking straight at the house. He was standing perfectly still.

Philip and his wife stood by the window looking at the figure outside, and, as it did not move away, at last Philip grew a little impatient and went to the door to open it and ask the man what he meant by staring into people's houses in that fashion.

"Now, do be careful, won't you?" entreated his wife anxiously.

"Yes. I presume it is some tramp or other wanting food. There's no danger, I know."

He flung the door wide open and called out in his clear, hearty voice:

"Anything you want, friend? Come up and ring the bell if you want to get in and know us instead of standing there on the walk catching cold and making us wonder who you are."

In response to this frank and informal invitation the figure came forward and slowly mounted the steps of the porch. As the face came into view more clearly Philip started and fell back a little.

It was not because the face was that of an enemy nor because it was repulsive nor because he recognized an old acquaintance. It was a face he had never to his knowledge seen before. Yet the impulse to start back before it seemed to spring from the recollection of just such a countenance moving over his spirit when he was in prayer or in trouble. It all passed in a second's time, and then he confronted the man as a complete stranger.

There was nothing remarkable about him. He was poorly dressed and carried a small bundle. He looked cold and tired. Philip, who could never resist the mute appeal of distress in any form, reached out his hand and said kindly: "Come in, my brother; you look cold and weary. Come in and sit down before the fire, and we'll have a bite of lunch. I was just beginning to think of having something to eat myself."

Philip's wife looked a little remonstrance, but Philip did not see it, and wheeling an easy chair before the fire he made the man sit down, and, pulling up a rocker, he placed himself opposite.

The stranger seemed a little surprised at the action of the minister, but made no resistance. He took off his hat and disclosed a head of hair white as snow and said in a voice that sounded singularly sweet and true:

"You do me much honor, sir. The fire feels good this chilly evening, and the food will be very acceptable. And I have no doubt you have a good, warm bed that I could occupy for the night."

Philip stared hard at his unexpected guest, and his wife, who had started out of the room to get the lunch, shook her head vigorously as she stood behind the visitor as a sign that her husband should refuse such a strange request. He was taken aback a little, and he looked puzzled. The words were uttered in the utmost simplicity.

"Why, yes, we can arrange that all right," he said. "There is a spare room, and—excuse me for a moment while I go and help to get our lunch." Philip's wife was telegraphing to him to come into the other room, and he obediently got up and went.

"Now, Philip," she whispered when they were out in the dining room, "you know that is a risky thing to do. You are all the time inviting all kinds of characters in here. We can't keep this man all night. Who ever heard of such a thing as a perfect stranger coming out with a request like that? I believe the man is crazy. It certainly will not do to let him stay here all night."

Philip looked puzzled.

"I declare it is strange! He doesn't appear like an ordinary tramp. But somehow I don't think he's crazy. Why shouldn't we let him have the bed in the room off the east parlor. I can light the fire in the stove there and make him comfortable."

"But we don't know who he is. You let your sympathies run away with your judgment."

"Well, little woman, let me go in and talk with him awhile. You get the lunch, and we'll see about the rest afterward."

So he went back and sat down again. He was hardly seated when his visitor said:

"If your wife objects to my staying here tonight, of course, I don't wish to. I don't feel comfortable to remain where I'm not welcome."

"Oh, you're perfectly welcome," said Philip hastily, with some embarrassment, while his strange visitor went on:

"I'm not crazy, only a little odd, you know. Perfectly harmless. It will be perfectly safe for you to keep me overnight."

The man spread his thin hands out before the fire, while Philip sat and watched him with a certain fascination new to his interest in all sorts and conditions of men.

Mrs. Strong brought in a substantial lunch of cold meat, bread and butter, milk and fruit and then placed it on a table in front of the open fire, where he and his remarkable guest ate like hungry men.

It was after this lunch had been eaten and the table removed that a scene occurred which would be incredible if its reality and truthfulness did not compel us to record it as a part of the life of Philip Strong. No one will wish to deny the power and significance of this event as it is unfolded in the movement of this story.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REDUCED RATES TO PHILA.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

On account of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, June 19, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia from all stations on its line at rate of one fare for the round trip (minimum rate 50 cents). Tickets will be sold and good going June 15 to 19, inclusive, and returning to June 23, inclusive. 5-17-5t.

The ancients believed that rheumatism was the work of a demon within the man. Any one who has an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demonic enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by all Druggists.

Lady—Well, Baron, how do you like me in this Grecian costume?

Baron—Splendid, dear madam; you look like an antique goddess!—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Sad Case.

"So you suffer from insomnia, do you?" said the physician after the patient had indicated his ailment.

"I do, doctor. The only part of me that goes to sleep readily is my feet."—Puck.

Pedigree No Obstacle.

"Percy Perkins is hunting up all his discreditable ancestors."

"What for?"

"His idea is to show what a fine fellow he is in spite of them."—Chicago Record.

Had Its Effect.

Jack—Did the lecture you gave your wife on economy make any impression on her?

Tom—Well, yes; she's economical with her smiles now.—Philadelphia Press.

A Modern Test.

"He's a very great man," said the awe-stricken young woman.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "I haven't seen any magazine articles written by him about himself."—Washington Star.

An Explanation.

Mrs. Stubb (reading)—Report from Africa says the Ninth lancers are missing. John, who are the lancers?

Mr. Stubb—Why, the surgeons that wield the lancets, Maria.—N. Y. World.

Comparatively Cheap.

Cassidy—It cost me two darlers last nolght to tell the gang phwat me baby said!

Costigan—Yez got off aisy, Cassidy! Suppose yez had tripletsl—Puck.

High Light.

Wife—You used to call me the light of your life.

Husband—So I did, but I had no idea the light was going to be so expensive.—N. Y. Journal.