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THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

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

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CHAPTER XI.
"I heard your sermon this morning," said Philip's guest while Mrs. Strong was removing the small tables to the dining room.

"Did you?" asked Philip, because he could not think of anything wiser to say.
"Yes," said the strange visitor simply. He was so plain in his dress that it was hard to believe that he was in the house of a man who was so well known in the city. He seemed to be a man of a different class from the man who was sitting at the table with him. He looked at Philip with a steady gaze, and Philip felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world. He felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world. He felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world.

"What did you think of it?"
"It was one of the best sermons I ever heard. But somehow it did not seem to me to be a sermon."
"Why not?" asked Philip almost anxiously. If there was one thing he felt sure of, it was the sincerity of the man who was sitting at the table with him. He felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world. He felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world. He felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world.

"Yes, I understand. You, a minister, are living in this palatial house while other people have not where to lay their heads."
"Again Philip felt the same temptation to anger steal into him, and again he checked himself at the thought: 'The man is certainly insane. The whole thing is simply absurd. I will get rid of him. And yet!'"
He could not shake off a strange and powerful impression which the stranger's words had made upon him. Crazy or not, the man had hinted at the possibility of an insanity on his part which made him restless. He determined to question him and see if he really would develop a streak of insanity that would justify him in getting rid of him for the night.

"Brother Man," he said, using the term his guest had given him, "do you think I am living too extravagantly to live as I do?"
"Yes, in these times and after such a sermon."
"What would you have me do?" Philip asked the question half seriously, half amused in himself for asking advice from such a source.
"Do as you preach that others ought to do."
Again that silence fell over the room. And again Philip felt the same impression of power in the strange man's words.

"The 'Brother Man,' as he wished to be called, bowed his head between his hands again, and Mrs. Strong whispered to her husband: 'Now it is certainly worse than foolish to keep this up any longer. The man is evidently insane. We cannot keep him here all night. He will certainly do something terrible. Get rid of him, Philip. This may be a trick on the part of the whisky men.'"
Never in all his life had Philip been so puzzled to know what to do with a human being. Here was one, the strangest he had ever met, who had come into his house; it is true he had been invited, but once within he had invited himself to stay all night and then had accused his entertainer of living too extravagantly and called him an insincere preacher. Add to all this the singular fact that he had declared his name to be "Brother Man" and that he spoke with a calmness that was the very incarnation of peace, and Philip's wonder reached its limit.
In response to his wife's appeal Philip rose abruptly and went to the front door. He opened it, and a whirl of snow danced in. The wind had changed, and the moan of a coming heavy storm was in the air.
The moment that he opened the door his strange guest also arose, and putting on his hat he said, "I must be going. I thank you for your hospitality, madam."
Philip stood holding the door partly open. He was perplexed to know just what to do or say.
"Where will you stay tonight? Where is your home?"
"My home is with my friends," replied the man. He laid his hand on the door, opened it and had stepped one foot out on the porch when Philip, seized with an impulse, laid his hand on his arm, gently but strongly pulled him back into the hall, shut the door and placed his back against it.
"You cannot go out into this storm until I know whether you have a place to go to for the night."
The man hesitated curiously, shuffled his feet on the mat, put his hand up to his face and passed it across his eyes with a gesture of great weariness.



CHAPTER XII.
In the morning Philip knocked at his guest's door to wake him for breakfast. Not a sound could be heard within. He waited a little while and then knocked again. It was as still as before. He opened the door softly and looked in.

To his amazement, there was no one there. The bed was made up neatly, everything in the room was in its place, but the strange being who had called himself "Brother Man" was gone.
Philip exclaimed, and his wife came in.
"So our queer guest has flown! He must have been very still about it. I heard no noise. Where do you suppose he is? And who do you suppose he is?"
"Are you sure there ever was such a person, Philip? Don't you think you dreamed all that about the 'Brother Man'?" Mrs. Strong had not quite forgiven Philip for his skeptical questioning of the reality of the man with the lantern who had driven the knife into the desk.
"Yes, it's your turn now, Sarah. Well, if our 'Brother Man' was a dream he was the most curious dream this family ever had, and if he was crazy he was the most remarkable insane person I ever saw."
"Of course he was crazy. All that he said about our living so extravagantly!"
"Do you think he was crazy in that particular?" asked Philip in a strange voice. His wife noticed it at the time, but its true significance did not become real to her until afterward. He went to the front door and found it was unlocked. Evidently the guest had gone out that way. The heavy storm of the night had covered up any possible signs of footsteps. It was still snowing furiously.

Philip went into his study for the forenoon as usual, but he did very little writing. His wife could hear him pacing the floor restlessly.
About 10 o'clock he came down stairs and declared his intention of going out into the storm to see if he couldn't set down to work better.
He went out and did not return until the middle of the afternoon. Mrs. Strong was a little alarmed.
"Where have you been all this time, Philip? In this terrible storm too! You are a monument of snow. Stand out here in the kitchen while I sweep you off."
Philip obediently stood still while his wife walked around him with a broom and good naturedly submitted to being swept down, "as if I were being worked into shape for a snow man," he said.
"Where have you been? Give an account of yourself."
"I have been seeing how some other people live. Sarah, the 'Brother Man' was not so very crazy after all. He has more than half converted me."
"Did you find out anything about him?"
"Yes; several of the older citizens here recognized my description of him. They say he is harmless and has quite a history; was once a wealthy mill owner in Clinton. He wanders about the country, living with any one who will take him in. It is a queer case. I will find out more about him. But I'm hungry. Can I have a bite of something?"

"I cannot tell. It almost chokes me to eat when I think of it."
"Now, Philip, what makes you take it so seriously? How can you help all that suffering? You are not to blame for it."
"Maybe I am for a part of it. But whether I am or not there the suffering is. And I don't know that we ought to ask who is to blame in such cases. At any rate, supposing the fathers and mothers in the tenements are to blame, blameless by their own goodness, does that make innocent children and little boys suffer any warmer or better clothed and fed? No, I have seen things in these four hours' time that will make any man's heart ache and his eyes fill with tears."
Mrs. Strong could not help but admit that Philip was right. She felt that she was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world. She felt that she was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world. She felt that she was looking into a pair of eyes that had seen much of the world.

"I have never had a return of the trouble since."
"I was so weak I did not have breath to walk across my room," writes Miss Miller of New Providence, Calloway Co., Ky. "My periods occurred too often and the hemorrhage would be prolonged and the blood very excessive. I also had spells which the doctor said were fainting fits. I did not gain strength from one monthly period to another; was very weak and nervous all the time. Was confined to my bed for three months and the doctor told me I would never be any better. I lived in this way from sixteen years old to twenty-three. I was at last advised by a kind friend to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did, and before I had taken two bottles of it I could work all day. I took in all six bottles of the Favorite Prescription, and about five weeks of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. I used no other medicine. I have never had a return of the trouble since."

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From Mrs. Sutor to Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 76,244]
"One year ago last June three doctors gave me up to die, and as I had at different times used your Vegetable Compound with good results, I had too much faith in it to die until I had tried it again. I was apparently an invalid, was confined to my bed for ten weeks. (I believe my trouble was ulceration of womb).
"After taking four bottles of the Compound and using some of the Life Pills and Sanative Wash, at the end of two months I had greatly improved and weighed 155 pounds, when I never before weighed over 135. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever used, and I recommend it to all my friends."—MRS. ANNA LYVA CENTER, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Mrs. Barnhart Enjoys Life Once More.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been sick ever since my marriage. Ten years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhoea, pain in back and legs; dyspepsia and a nervous trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—MRS. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.

Quintessence of Life. It is true that I have organized a bureau for the care and maintenance of those in want of the members of Calvary church, with other churches at this time, have done something to relieve the immediate distress of the town, but how much have we given of ourselves to those in need? Do we reflect that to reach souls and win them, to bring back humanity to God and the Christ, the Christian must do something different from the giving of money now and then? That must give a part of himself. That was my reason for urging you to move this church building away from this street into the tenement district, that you might give yourselves to the people there. The idea is the same in what I now propose. But you will pardon me if first of all I announce my own position, which, I believe, is demanded by the times and would be approved by our Lord."
Philip stepped up nearer the front of the platform and spoke with an added earnestness and power which thrilled every hearer. A part of the great conflict through which he had gone that past month shone out in his pale face and found partial utterance in his impassioned speech, especially as he drew near the end. The very abruptness of his proposition smote the people into breathless attention.

"The parsonage in which I am living is a large, even a luxurious, dwelling. It has fine furniture, and is familiar with its furnishings. The salary this church pays me is \$2,000 a year, a sum which more than provides for my necessary wants. What I have decided to do is this: I wish this church to reduce this salary one-half and take the other thousand dollars to the fitting up the parsonage for a refuge for homeless children or for some such purpose."

Figure it for yourself. From the age of fifteen to that of forty-five a woman gives one-third of her time to the suffering incident to the recurring periodic function. Ten years of suffering! And this condition of things is popularly accepted as natural, and endured as a feminine disability for which there is no help! Is there no help? There is help for every woman and for almost every woman perfect healing in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It insures regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is a temperance medicine—non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.
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Pain Unnecessary in Childbirth.

Pain is no longer necessary in childbearing. Morning sickness, swollen limbs, and labor are readily controlled, and womb diseases cured. Never so safe, and so quick. Thousands of women have been cured. Lady Pender, of this city, writes: "I have never had a return of the trouble since." I was so weak I did not have breath to walk across my room. I was so weak I did not have breath to walk across my room. I was so weak I did not have breath to walk across my room.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

ALTON, O., Jan. 8, 1900.
"We have sold many dozens of your St. Vitus' Dance Specific, and every case has been cured by it. It has proved a long-seller here." ALLEN CLARK, DRUG CO.

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