

heart beller. He poured it out on the vast audience with little saving of his vitality. And that Sunday he went home at night exhausted, with a feeling of weariness partly due to his work during the week among the people. The calls upon his time and strength had been incessant, and he did not know where or when to stop.

It was three weeks after this sermon on church work that Phillip was again surprised by his strange visitor of a month before. He had been out making some visits in company with his wife. When they came back to the house, there sat the Brother Man on the doorstep.

At sight of him Phillip felt that same thrill of expectancy which had passed over him at his former appearance.

The old man stood up and took off his hat. He looked very tired and sorrowful. But there breathed from his entire bearing the element of a perfect peace.

"Brother Man," said Phillip cheerily, "come in and rest yourself."

"Can you keep me overnight?"

The question was put wistfully. Phillip was struck by the difference between this almost shrinking request and the self invitation of a month before.

"Yes, indeed. We have one spare room for you. You are welcome. Come in."

So they went in, and after tea the two sat down together while Mrs. Strong was busy in the kitchen. A part of this conversation was afterward related by the minister to his wife. A part of it he afterward said was unreportable—the manner of tone, the inflection, the gesture of his remarkable guest no man could reproduce.

"You have moved since I saw you last," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Phillip. "You did not expect me to act on your advice so soon?"

"My advice?" The question came in a hesitating tone. "Did I advise you to move? Ah, yes, I remember!" A light like supremest reason flashed over



There sat the Brother Man on the step, the man's face and then died out.

"Yes, yes; you are beginning to live on your simpler basis. You are doing as you preach. That must feel good."

"Yes," replied Phillip, "it does feel good. Do you think, Brother Man, that this will help to solve the problem?"

"What problem?"

"Why, the problem of the church and the people—winning them, saving them."

"Are your church members moving out of their elegant houses and coming down here to live?" The old man asked the question in utmost simplicity.

"No; I did not ask them."

"You ought to."

"What? Do you believe my people ought literally to leave their possessions and live among the people?"

Phillip could not help asking the question, and all the time he was conscious of a strange absurdity, mingled with an unaccountable respect for his visitor and his opinion.

"Yes," came the reply, with the calmness of light. "Christ would demand it if he were pastor of Calvary church in this age. The church members, the Christians in this century, must renounce all that they have or they cannot be his disciples."

Phillip sat profoundly silent. The words spoken so quietly by this creature tossed upon his own soul like a vessel in a tempest. He dared not say anything for a moment. The Brother Man looked over and said at last, "What have you been preaching about since you came here?"

"A great many things."

"What are some of the things you have preached about?"

"Well—Phillip clasped his hands over his knees—"I have preached about the right and wrong uses of property, the evil of the saloon, the Sunday as a day of rest and worship, the necessity of moving our church building down into this neighborhood, the need of living on a simpler basis and, lastly, the true work of a church in these days."

"Has your church done what you have wished?"

"No," replied Phillip, with a sigh.

"Will it do what you preach ought to be done?"

"I do not know."

"Why don't you resign?"

The question came with perfect simplicity, but it smote Phillip almost like a blow. It was spoken with calmness that hardly rose above a whisper, but it seemed to the listener almost like a shout. The thought of giving up his work simply because his church had not yet done what he wished or because some of his people did not like him was the last thing a man of his nature would do. He looked again at the man and said:

"Would you resign if you were in my place?"

"No." It was so quietly spoken that Phillip almost doubted if his visitor had replied. Then he said, "What has been done with the paragon?"

"It is empty. The church is waiting to treat it to some one who expects to

move to Milton soon."

"Are you sorry you came here?"

"No. I am happy in my work."

"Do you have enough to eat and wear?"

"Yes, indeed. The thousand dollars which the church refused to take off my salary goes to help where most needed. The rest is more than enough for us."

"Does your wife think so?" The question from any one else had been impertinent. From this man it was not.

"Let us call her in and ask her," replied Phillip, with a smile.

"Sarah, the Brother Man wants to know if you have enough to live on."

Sarah came in and sat down. It was dark. The year was turning into the softer months of spring, and all the outdoor world had been a benediction that evening if the sorrow and poverty and sin of the tenement district so near had not pervaded the very walls and atmosphere of the entire place. The minister's wife answered bravely: "Yes, we have food and clothing and life's necessities. But, oh, Phillip, this life is wearing you out! Yes, Brother Man," she continued, while a tear rolled over her cheek, "the minister is giving his lifeblood for these people, and they do not care. It is a vain sacrifice." She had spoken as frankly as if the old man had been her father. There was a something in him which called out such confidence.

Mr. Strong soothed his wife, clasping her to him tenderly. "There, Sarah, you are nervous and tired. I am a little discouraged, but strong and hearty for the work. Brother Man, you must not think we regret your advice. We have been blessed by following it."

And then their remarkable guest stretched out his arms through the gathering gloom in the room and seemed to bless them. Later in the evening he again called for a Bible and offered a prayer of wondrous sweetness. He was shown to his plainly furnished room. He looked around and smiled.

"This is like my old home," he said; "a palace, where the poor die of hunger."

Phillip started at the odd remark, then recollected that the old man had once been wealthy, and sometimes in his half dazed condition Phillip thought probable he confounded the humblest surroundings with his once luxurious home. He lingered a moment, and the man said, as if speaking to himself, "If they do not renounce all they have, they cannot be my disciples."

"Good night, Brother Man," cried Phillip as he went out.

"Good night, Christ's man," replied his guest. And Phillip went to his rest that night, great questions throbbing in him and the demands of the Master more distinctly brought to his attention than ever.

Again, as before when he rose in the morning, he found that his visitor was gone. His recent comments accounted for his sudden disappearance, but they were disappointed. They wanted to see their guest again and question him about his history. They promised themselves he would do so next time.

The following Sunday Phillip preached one of those sermons which come to a man once or twice in a whole ministry. It was the last Sunday of the month and not a special occasion. But there had surged into his thought the meaning of the Christian life with such uncontrollable power that his sermon reached hearts never before touched. He remained at the close of the service to talk with several young men, who seemed moved as never before. After they had gone away he went into his own room back of the platform to get something he had left there and to his surprise found the church sexton kneeling down by one of the chairs. As the minister came in the man rose and turned toward him.

"Mr. Strong, I want to be a Christian. I want to join the church and lead a different life."

Phillip clasped his hand, while tears rolled over the man's face. He stood and talked with him and prayed with him, and when he finally went home the minister was convinced it was as strong and true a conversion as he had ever seen. He at once related the story to his wife, who had gone on before to get dinner.

"Why, Phillip," she exclaimed when he said the sexton wanted to be baptized and unite with the church at the next communion, "Calvary church will never allow him to unite with us!"

"Why not?" asked Phillip in amazement.

"Because he is a negro," replied his wife.

Phillip stood a moment in silence, with his hat in his hand, looking at his wife as she spoke.

REDUCED RATES TO CHICAGO.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad for the National Prohibition Convention, June 27-28.

For the benefit of all persons wishing to be in Chicago during the National Prohibition Convention, the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will sell round-trip tickets to Chicago at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold and good going June 25 and 26, and returning, after proper validation by the Joint Agent of the terminal lines at Chicago, leaving Chicago to June 29, inclusive. A fee of twenty-five cents for each ticket will be collected by the Joint Agent when tickets are validated for return passage. 6-14-31.

Reduced Rates to Charleston, S. C., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Charleston, S. C., July 7-13, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its line to Charleston at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. Tickets to be sold July 5 to 8, inclusive, and to be good to return until September 1, inclusive. On the return trip stop-over will be allowed at Washington on deposit of ticket with Joint Agent and on payment of fee of \$1.00. 6-21-31.

REDUCED RATES TO KANSAS CITY

Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the National Democratic Convention to be held at Kansas City, July 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Kansas City from all stations on its line at rate of one first-class fare for the round-trip. Tickets to be sold and good going July 1, 2, and 3, and to return until July 9, inclusive. These tickets will be good on all trains except the Pennsylvania Limited, and must be used for continuous passage. 6-14-31.

An Epidemic of Whooping Cough.

Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for croup and naturally turned to it at that time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure.—John E. Carrigan, Proprietor, Norwood House, Norwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by all Druggists.

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ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

AN IDEA FROM KANSAS.

How to Build a Cyclone Refuge in the Cellar Which Affords All the Security Needed.

It is not always convenient for the farmer to build a cave of refuge from the cyclones that are liable to occur at any time in the spring and summer. Much safer and more economical—safer because the family will be at all times within a few steps, and convenient because at the word of warning all can quickly reach safety without exposure to the storm of wind, rain and hail that may be raging outside, and when the danger is passed the house can be reached without going two or three

rods in the downpour of rain that follows the wind.

The safety is built in the cellar underneath the house. In an ordinary cellar one would be anything but safe should the house be lifted or blown over, for the chimneys, upper foundations and debris of the house usually fill the cellar. The safety is to guard against being crushed by these. It is constructed in the form of a table, in the southwest corner of the cellar. Posts large enough to withstand the greatest weight should be in pairs about four feet apart and the tops of the pairs should be cut with shoulders on corresponding sides, upon which rest the plank that the protecting floor is to be spiked to. These plank are bolted to the posts, and should be of oak. The covering plank should also be of three inch oak and fastened with large spikes.

The side should be boarded up or extra posts put in to guard against rebounding stones or timbers. It should cover as large a space as convenient. An ax, crowbar, spade, saw and hatchet should always be kept inside. Boxes also upon which to sit should be provided. This is much cheaper than the cave and as safe as any refuge can be. —Orange Judd Farmer.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

When All Wagons Have Wide Tires the Good Road Question Will Become Less Serious.

This is one of the most important questions of the day. The question is: Shall the improvement be made in the roadbed, in the wagon or vehicles, or both? It is hardly necessary to say that the narrow-tired wheels of the wagon of to-day do great damage to a roadbed in rainy and thawing weather. I believe that the day is not far off when the wide-tired, low-wheeled wagon will take the place of the present farm wagon. A great number of these low-wheeled wheels have already been put in use. On most of these wheels the tires are from three to six inches wide. A wheel of this kind helps to make a good road, whereas the narrow-tired wheel is the greatest manufacturer of chuck holes on earth. Should we not take heed to the great amount of good roads in France and some of their ways of keeping them in good order. You will certainly agree that if a roadbed be graded as is customary in this country, and continually rolled, and the narrow-tired wheels, with their heavy loads, kept off of them it would soon become an excellent roadbed, but, even then to put on these narrow wheels with their loads, they would soon make it a rough, ordinary highway such as this country is full of to-day. In France the heavy loads are drawn on a wagon with tires from four to ten inches wide. The front truck is just enough narrower than the rear so that the outer edge of the front wheel tracks meet the inner edge of the outer wheels. This keeps continually rolling the road-bed. When this country adopts such a wagon the good road question will become less serious. —Progressive Farmer.

Trees Prevent Evaporation.

Tree planting for an unusual purpose has been recommended to residents of the western irrigation districts by W. L. Hall, assistant superintendent of tree planting of the division of forestry, who has recently been in New Mexico on an investigation. Agriculture in that region depends largely on irrigation, and the streams and reservoirs are much depleted by evaporation due to the heat and dry winds. Mr. Hall recommends that belts of trees be planted along every ditch and reservoir, not only to shade them, but to shelter them from wind. The problem of preventing evaporation is very important, not only on account of the loss of water, but because the percentage of alkali in the quantity remaining becomes excessive.

A Million Dollars a Day.

The poultry interests in this country now aggregate over \$300,000,000 a year, and a well-advised statistician predicts that when the returns of the census of 1900 are in they will show that "the hen" produces \$1,000,000 a day. Big thing, isn't it? It makes some industries large enough to be a basis for stock gambling to sink into insignificance. But you can't very easily corner the hen. She is "too fly." —National Stockman and Farmer.

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