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Philip followed the sexton into the room. The son of the old slave master

He had commenced his sermon and had been preaching with great eloquence for ten minutes when he felt a strange dizziness and a pain in his side that made him catch his breath and clutch the side of the pulpit to keep from falling. It passed away, and he went on. It was only a slight hesitation, and no one remarked anything out of the way. For five minutes he spoke with increasing power and feeling. The church was filled. It was very quiet. Suddenly, without any warning, he threw up his arms, uttered a cry of half-suppressed agony and then fell over backward. A thrill of excitement ran through the audience. For a moment no one moved; then every one rose. The men in the front pews rushed up to the platform. Mrs. Strong was already there. Philip's head was raised. Philip's old friend, the surgeon, was in the crowd, and he at once examined him. He was not dead, and the doctor at once directed the proper movement for his removal from the church. As he was being carried out into the air he revived and was able to speak.

"Take me home," he whispered to his wife, who hung over him in a terror as great as her love for him at that moment. A carriage was called, and he was taken home. The doctor remained until Philip was fully conscious.

"It was very warm, and I was very tired, and I fainted, oh, doctor? First time I ever did such a thing in my life. I am ashamed. I spoiled the service."

Philip uttered this slowly and feebly when at last he had recovered enough to know where he was.

The doctor looked at him suspiciously. "You never fainted before, eh? Well, if I were you I would take care not to faint again. Take good care of him, Mrs. Strong. He needs rest. Milton could spare a dozen bad men like me better than one like the dominie."

"Doctor," cried Mrs. Strong in sudden fear, "what is the matter? Is this serious?"

"Not at all. But men like your husband are in need of watching. Take good care of him."

"Good care of him! Doctor, he will not mind me! I wanted him to stay at home tonight, but he wouldn't."

"Then put a chain and padlock on him and hold him in!" growled the surgeon. He prescribed a medicine and went away, assuring Mrs. Strong that Philip would feel much better in the morning.

The surgeon's prediction came true. Philip found himself weak the next day, but able to get about. In reply to numerous calls of inquiry for the minister Mrs. Strong was able to report that he was much better. About 11 o'clock, when the postman called, Philip was in his study lying on his lounge.

His wife brought up two letters. One of them was from his old chum. He read that first. He then laid it down and opened the other.

At that moment Mrs. Strong was called down stairs by a ring at the door. When she had answered it, she came up stairs again.

As she came into the room she was surprised at the queer look on Philip's face. Without a word he handed her the letter he had just opened and with the same look watched her face as she read it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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 affliction 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.

Philip reverently raised the arm and laid it on the bed. The sexton rose, and while the tears rolled over his face, he gazed long into the countenance of the son of his old master. No division of race now; no false and selfish prejudice here. Come, let the neighbors of the dead come in to do the last sad offices to the casket, for the soul of this disciple is in the mansions of glory, and it shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the darkness of death ever again visit it, for it shall live forever in the light of that Lamb of God who gave himself for the remission of sins and the life everlasting.

Philip did what he could on such an occasion. It was not an unusual event altogether. He had prayed by many a poor creature in the clutch of the last enemy, and he was familiar with his face in the tenements. But this particular scene had a meaning and left an impression different from any he had known before. When finally he was at liberty to go home for a little rest before the evening service, he found himself more than usually tired and sorrowful. Mrs. Strong noticed it as he came in. She made him lie down and urged him to give up his evening service.

"No, no, Sarah! I can't do that! I am prepared. I must preach! I'll get a nap, and then I'll feel better," he said.

Mrs. Strong shook her head, but Philip was determined. He slept a little, ate a little lunch, and when the time of service came he went up to the church again. As his habit was, just before the hour of beginning, he went

into a small back room. "He is going fast. I didn't suppose he was so fast. I would have asked you to come, I didn't think he was falling so."

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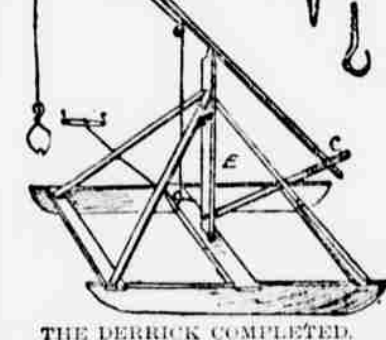
STRONG HAY DERRICK.

If Properly Made and Used It Will Be a Valuable Addition to the Haymaking Machinery.

The base of this derrick should be made of 3x12 stuff, 14 feet long, the center crosspiece of 8x8 and the outside crosspieces of 2x8, all mortised in as shown in cut and securely bolted, one bolt at each corner passing through foot of brace, which should be made of 4x4 stuff. The post (c) may be either round or square (if square 8x8 is none too large), and should be 9 or 10 feet high.

The pole (a) should be 35 or 40 feet long, depending upon the size of stack or rick to be made, and should be of good stiff timber. White oak is good, and seasoned elm first class. Slash off butt end to save handling unnecessary weight. Have your blacksmith make a fork (b), and fit in old buggy spindle on top of post for fork to work in. The piece (c) is made of straight-grained 2x5, hinged to post and bolted to pole. The two hooks for pulleys are made as illustrated to bolt through pole and short end to enter shallow hole to prevent pulley jumping off.

The derrick should be set to the windward of the stack and if it does not swing over stack when load is clear of ground tilt the far corner a little by putting block under it. If properly made and used it will be a valuable addition to the haymaking machinery for those who stack their hay in the meadow. The writer stacked ten acres of good clover last year in a little over half a day with no one else on the stack from beginning to finish. You would never dream there was so much hay in the stack, it was so well packed by the dropping of the heavy loads. — Orange Judd Farmer.



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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. CLIFFORD, Proprietor, Norwood House, Norwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by all Druggists.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, Sunbury & Lewistown Division. In effect May 23, 1900.

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