



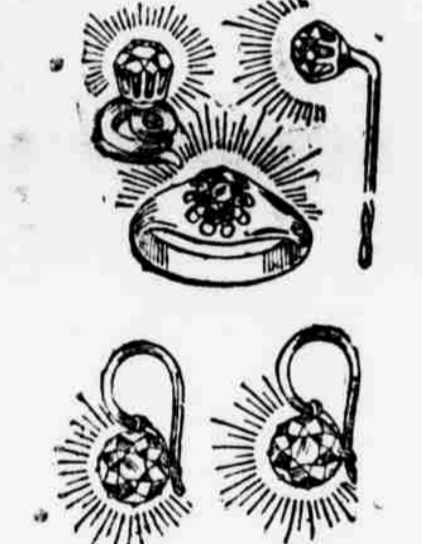
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THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

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

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CHAPTER XXI.

When the Brother Man had finished his prayer, he rose, and, stooping over his son, he kissed him. Then he turned about and faced Philip and Sarah, who almost felt guilty of intrusion in looking at such a scene.

"Yes," he said very simply, "I have found my son which was lost. God is good to me. He is good to all his children. He is the All Father. He is Love."

"Did you know your son was here?" Philip asked. "No; I found him here. You have saved his life. That was doing as He would."

"It was very little we could do," said Philip, with a sigh. He had seen so much trouble and suffering that day that his soul was sick within him.

"I had been a year in Milton. Every month of that year had impressed him with the deep and apparently hopeless chasm that yawned between the working world and the church. There was no point of contact.

One evening in the middle of the month he was invited to a social gathering at the house of Mr. Winter. The mill owner had of late been experiencing a revolution of thought.

He could not remember just what brought up the subject, but some one during the evening, which was passed in conversation and music, mentioned the rumor going about of increased dis-

turbance in the lower part of the town and carelessly wanted to know if the paper did not exaggerate the facts. Some one turned to Philip and asked him about it as the one best informed.

"It does not seem possible that such a state of affairs exists as you describe," Mr. Strong said. "Are you sure you do not exaggerate?"

"Exaggerate! Mr. Winter, you have pardoned my little sermon here tonight, I know. It was forced on me. But"—he choked, and then, with an energy that was all the stronger for being repressed, he said, turning full toward the mill owner: "Mr. Winter, will you go with me and look at things for yourself?"

"I do," he answered. "I will go with you. The mill owner sat down and visited with Mrs. Strong a little while. Finally she was called into the other room, and Mr. Winter was left alone.

"Come in and see him," said Philip. He brought Mr. Winter into the little room and introduced him to the patient. He was able to sit up now.

CHAPTER XXII. As they were going out of the house the patient called Philip back. He went in again, and the man said, "Mr. Strong, I wish you would tell Mr. Winter all about it."

"Would you feel easier?" Philip asked gently. "Yes." "All right; I'll tell him. Don't worry. Brother Man, take good care of him. I shall not be back until late."

"I suppose the law could do something," replied Mr. Winter feebly. "The law!" Philip said the two words and then stopped. They stumbled over a heap of refuse thrown out into the doorway of a miserable structure.

A door in one of the houses near opened. A group of people passed in. The glimpse caught by the two men was a glimpse of bright, flower decorated rooms, beautiful dresses, glitter-

tering jewels and a table heaped with luxuries of food. It was the paradise



"Christians must give themselves to humanity."

of society, the display of its ease, its soft enjoyment of pretty things, its careless indifference to humanity's pain in the lower town.

"Do you mean literally, Mr. Strong?" asked the rich man after a little. "Yes, literally, sometimes. I believe the awful condition of things and souls we have witnessed tonight will not be any better until many, many of the professing Christians in this town and in Calvary church are willing to leave, actually to leave their beautiful homes and spend the money they now spend in luxuries for the good of the weak and poor and sinful."

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there with the people. I do not wish to be misunderstood here. I do not believe our modern civilization is an absurdity. I do not believe Christ if he were here today would demand of us foolish things.

"You have saved my life, snatched me from the brink of the grave almost, and I wish to thank you. About eighteen months ago I was a total wreck, physically. I had been troubled with leucorrhoea for some time, but had given hardly any attention to the trouble."

"At last inflammation of the womb and ovaries resulted and then I suffered agonies, had to give up my profession (musician and piano player), was confined to my bed and life became a terrible cross. My husband summoned the best physicians, but their benefit was but temporary at best. I believe I should have contracted the morphia habit under their care, if my common sense had not intervened."

"One day my husband noticed the advertisement of your remedies and immediately bought me a full trial. Soon the pain in my ovaries was gone. I am now well, strong and robust, walk, ride a wheel, and feel like a girl in her teens. I would not be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is like water of life to me. I am very grateful and sincerely your well-wisher, and I heartily recommend your remedies. I hope some poor creature may be helped to health by reading my story."—MRS. COL. E. P. RICHARDSON, RHEINLANDER, WIS.

PHILIPPINES CASUALTIES.

Two Hundred Rebels Killed and 130 Surrendered Last Week.

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Senior Buencamino last Thursday sent to Aguinaldo, by means of Aguinaldo's mother, the amnesty resolutions adopted by the meeting of representative Filipinos here on June 21, together with Gen. MacArthur's answer to them and other documents bearing upon the restoration of peace.

The Relief of Kumassi.

London, July 24.—Advices just received here say that Col. Willcocks, the commander of the relief column in Ashanti, describes his entrance into Kumassi, July 15, as presenting a scene of horror and desolation, burned houses and putrid bodies being visible on all sides.

No Trouble in Venezuela.

New York, July 24.—Luther T. Ellsworth, United States consul at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, was a passenger on the steamship Olinda, which reached her dock yesterday. "All reports about war in Venezuela are false. I left Venezuela July 8, and there was no trouble there whatever," said Consul Ellsworth.

Mrs. Col. Richardson SAVED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 72,896)

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Farmer and Furrows

A farmer is known by his furrow as the carpenter is known by his chips. It takes a firm hand and a true eye to turn a straight furrow. No wonder the farmer wears out, spite of exercise and fresh air. One day's work on the farm would tire many a trained athlete. And the farmer works hardest of all. The first up and the last to bed, feeding his team before he feeds himself, his work is practically never done.

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