

Pretty Children

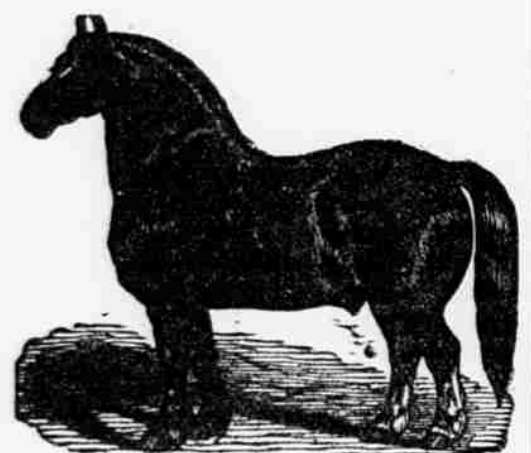
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CALIPSO 6989.



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Calipso is a beautiful black horse weighing about 1,600 pounds. Entered in the French stud book as No. 6989, Vol. 6. He was foaled March 10, 1890, and imported Aug. 20, 1892, by Springer and Willard.

Sire: Maachard 7084; he by Leduc 7060, she by Monton. Leduc 7999 by Introuvable out of Mellarie.

DAM: Rosette 18090, she by Hercules 2602, by Vigoureux, out of Margot; she by Jean Bart 716, by Bayard. Vigoureux by Jean Bart 716, by Bayard.

TERMS: \$10.00 to insure mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

J. S. McBRAYER, Owner.

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Will make the season of 1900 at my barn in McCook, Nebraska.

Dandy Leer was bred by J. M. Leer of Paris, Kentucky. Is a black jack with white points, seven years old, fifteen hands high, very blocky and heavy boned, and has fine style and action. As a breeder he has no equal in Nebraska, his mares being in dark colors—black and bay—with heavy bones, great style and good quality.

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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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age and crowding of families. Clearly the condition of matters was growing serious.

At this time the ministers of different churches in Milton held a meeting to determine on a course of action that would relieve some of the distress. Various plans were submitted. Some proposed districting the town to ascertain the number of needy families. Others proposed a union of benevolent offerings to be given the poor. Another group suggested something else. To Philip's mind not one of the plans submitted went to the root of the matter. He was not popular with the other ministers. Most of them thought he was sensational. However, he made a plea for his own plan, which was radical and as he believed went to the



The Brother Man was kneeling at the side of the bed praying.

real heart of the subject. He proposed that every church in town, regardless of its denomination, give itself in its pastor and members to the practical solution of the social troubles by personal contact with the suffering and sickness in the district; that the churches all throw open their doors every day in the week, weekdays as well as Sundays, for the discussion and agitation of the whole matter; that the country and the state be petitioned to take speedy action toward providing necessary labor for the unemployed, and that the churches cut down all unnecessary expenses of paid choirs, do away with pew rents, urge wealthy members to consecrate their riches to the solving of the problem and in every way, by personal sacrifice and common union, let the churches of Milton as a unit work and pray and sacrifice to make themselves felt as a real power on the side of the people in their present great need. It was Christian America, but Philip's plan was not adopted. It was discussed with some warmth, but declared to be visionary, impracticable, unnecessary, not for the church to undertake, beyond its function, etc. Philip was disappointed, but he kept his temper.

"Well, brethren," he said, "what can we do to help the solution of these questions? Is the church of America to have no share in the greatest problem of human life that agitates the world today? Is it not true that the people in this town regard the church as an insignificant organization, unable to help at the very point of human crisis, and the preachers as a lot of weak, impractical men, with no knowledge of the real state of affairs? Are we not divided over our denominational differences when we ought to be united in one common work for the saving of the whole man? I do not have any faith in the plan proposed to give our benevolence or to district the town and visit the poor. All those things are well enough in their place. But matters are in such shape here now and all over the country that we must do something larger than that. We must do as Christ would do if he were here. What would he do? Would he give anything less than his whole life to it? Would he not give himself? The church as an institution is facing the greatest opportunity it ever saw. If we do not seize it on the largest possible scale, we shall miserably fail of doing our duty."

Saturday night he was out calling a little while, but he came home early. It was the first Sunday of the month on the morrow, and he had not fully prepared his sermon. He was behind with it. As he came in his wife met him with a look of news on her face.

"Guess who is here?" she said in a whisper.

"The Brother Man," replied Philip quickly.

"Yes, but you never can guess what has happened. He is in there with William. And the Brother Man—Philip, it seems like a chapter out of a novel—the Brother Man has discovered that William is his only son, who cursed his father and deserted him when he gave away his property. They are in there together. I could not keep the Brother Man out."

Philip and Sarah stepped to the door of the little room, which was open, and looked in.

The Brother Man was kneeling at the side of the bed praying, and his son was listening, with one hand tight clasped in his father's and the tears rolling over his pale face.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the Brother Man had finished his prayer, he rose, and, stooping over his son, he kissed him. Then he turned

ed about and faced Philip and Sarah, who almost felt guilty of intrusion in looking at such a scene. But the Brother Man wore a radiant look. To Philip's surprise he was not excited. The same ineffable peace breathed from his entire person. To that peace was now added a fathomless joy.

"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. Yet he welcomed this event in his home. It seemed like a little brightness of heaven on earth.

"I have not seen him for years. He was my youngest son. We quarreled. All that is past. He did not know that to give up all that one has was the will of God. Now he knows. When he is well, we will go away together—yes, together." He spread out his palms in his favorite gesture, with plentiful content in his face and voice.

As spring had blossomed into summer and summer ripened into autumn every one had predicted better times. But the predictions did not bring them. The suffering and sickness and helplessness of the tenement district grew every day more desperate. To Philip it seemed like the ulcer of Milton. All the surface remedies proposed and adopted by the city council and the churches and the benevolent societies had not touched the problem. The mills were going on part time. Thousands of men yet lingered in the place hoping to get work. Even if the mills had been running as usual that would not have diminished one particle of the sin and vice and drunkenness that saturated the place. And as Philip studied the matter with brain and soul he came to a conclusion regarding the duty of the church. He did not pretend to go beyond that, but as the weeks went by and fall came on and another winter stared the people coldly in the face he knew that he must speak out what burned in him.

He 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 was suspicious, the other was indifferent. Something was radically wrong, and something must be done to right the condition that faced the churches of Milton. That was in his soul as he went his way like one of the old prophets, imbued with the love of God as he saw it in the heart of Christ. With infinite longing he yearned to bring the church to a sense of her great power and opportunity. So matters had finally drawn to a point in the month of November. The sick man recovered slowly. Philip and his wife found room for the father and son and shared with them what comforts they had. It should be said that after moving out of the parsonage into his home in the tenement district Philip had more than given the extra thousand dollars the church insisted on paying him. The demands on him were so urgent, the perfect impossibility of providing men with work and so relieving them had been such a bar to giving help in that direction, that out of sheer necessity, as it seemed to him, Philip had given fully half of the thousand dollars reserved for his own salary. His entire expenses were reduced to the smallest possible amount. Everything above that went where it was absolutely needed. He was literally sharing what he had with the people who did not have anything. It seemed to him that he could not consistently do anything less in view of what he had preached and intended to preach.

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. His attitude toward Philip had grown more and more friendly.

It was a gathering of personal friends of Mr. Winter, including some of the church people. The moment that Philip stepped into the spacious hall and caught a glimpse of the furnishings of the rooms beyond, the contrast between all the comfort and brightness of this house and the last place he had visited in the tenement district smote him with a sense of pain. He drove it back and blamed himself with an inward reproach that he was growing narrow and could think of only one idea.

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 disturbance 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. He did not know how long he talked. He knew there was a great hush when he had ended. Then before any one could change the stream of thought

some young woman in the music room who had not known what was going on began to sing to a new instrumental variation "Home, Sweet Home." Coming as it did after Philip's vivid description of the tenements, it seemed like a sob of despair or a mocking hypocrisy. He drew back into one of the smaller rooms and began to look over some art prints on a table. As he stood there, again blaming himself for his impetuous breach of society etiquette in almost preaching on such an occasion, Mr. Winter came in and said:

"It does not seem possible that such a state of affairs exists as you describe, Mr. Strong. 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? In the name of Christ will you see what humanity is sinning and suffering not more than a mile from this home of yours?"

Mr. Winter hesitated and then said: "Yes, I'll go. When?"

"Say tomorrow night. Come down to my house early, and we will start from there."

When Mr. Winter came down the next evening, Philip asked him to come in and wait a few minutes, as he was detained in his study room by a caller. 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. The door into the sick man's room was partly open, and he could not help hearing the conversation between the Brother Man and his son. Something that was said made him curious, and when Philip came down he asked him a question concerning his strange boarder.

"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. At mention of Mr. Winter's name he flushed and trembled. It then occurred to Philip for the first time that it was the mill owner that his assailant that night had intended to waylay and rob.

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." He kissed his wife and joined Mr. Winter, and together they made the round of the district.

As they were going through the court near by the place where Philip had been attacked he told the mill owner the story. It affected him greatly, but as they went on through the tenements the sights that met him there wiped out the recollection of everything else.

"How many people are there in our church that know anything about this plague spot from personal knowledge, Mr. Winter?" Philip asked after they had been out about two hours.

"I don't know. Very few, I presume."

"And yet they ought to know about it. How else shall all this sin and misery be done away?"

"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.

"Oh, what this place needs is not law and ordinances and statutes so much as live, loving Christian men and women who will give themselves and a large part of their means to cleanse the souls and bodies and houses of this wretched district. We have reached a crisis in Milton when Christians must give themselves to humanity. Mr. Winter, I am going to tell Calvary church so next Sunday."

Mr. Winter was silent. They had come out of the district and were walking along together toward the upper part of the city. The houses kept growing larger and better. Finally they came up to the avenue where the churches were situated—a broad, clean, well paved street, with magnificent elms and elegant houses on either side, and the seven large, beautiful church buildings, with their spires pointing upward, almost all of them visible from where the two men stood.

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, glittering jewels and a table heaped with luxuries of food. It was the paradise of society, the display of its ease, its soft enjoyment of pretty things, its careless indifference to humanity's pain in the lower town. The group of newcomers went in, a strain of music and the echo of a dancing laugh floated out into the street, and then the door closed.

"Mr. Strong, if you preach to the people to leave such pleasure as that we have just glanced at to view or suffer such things as are found in the tenements, you must expect opposition. I doubt if they will understand your meaning. I know they will not do any such thing. It is asking too much."

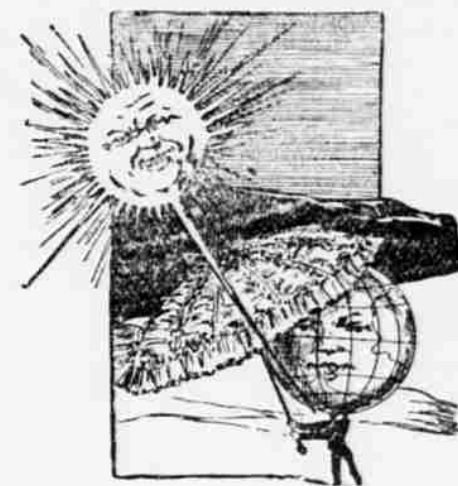
"And yet the Lord Jesus Christ, although he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich." Mr. Winter, what this town needs is that kind of Christianity, the kind that will give up the physical pleasures of life to show the love of Christ to perishing men. I believe it is just as true now as when Christ lived, that unless they are will-

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It is said that the feet of the empress dowager of China are only four inches long, and her head doesn't seem to be much longer than that.

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 That can with her face compare.
 Her lips are red, her eyes are bright,
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On any of them you can buy tickets to Hot Springs, Custer (Sylvan Lake), Deadwood, Spearfish and Sheridan, Wyo., at a rate of one fare plus \$2 for the round trip.

Tickets will be good to return until October 31—the longest return limit ever made for tickets sold at so low a rate.

Unless you have been there you have no idea of the attractions of the Black Hills resorts. At Hot Springs, for instance, you can bathe, ride, drive, bicycle and play golf all day and every day. The pure air and the wonderful healing waters will rejuvenate and strengthen you as nothing else can do. Sylvan Lake, besides being the prettiest spot in the Black Hills, is one of the most popular. Go there if you would escape midsummer's heat. The railroad ride to Spearfish is one of the experiences of a lifetime. Thousands make the trip every year. Spearfish Canon, through which the railroad runs, is worthy of comparison with the finest scenery in Colorado.

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