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Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menses, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ailments and delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to

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which is the true cure provided by Nature for all female troubles. It is the formula of a physician of the highest standing, who devoted his whole life to the study of the distinct ailments peculiar to our mothers, wives and daughters. It is made of soothing, healing, strengthening herbs and vegetables, which have been provided by a kindly Nature to cure irregularity in the menses, Leucorrhœa, Falling of the Womb, Nervousness, Headache and Backache. In fairness to herself and to Bradfield's Female Regulator, every suffering woman ought to give it a trial. A large \$1 bottle will do a wonderful amount of good. Sold by druggists.

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SIRE: Maachard 7084; he by Leduc 7969, she by Monton. Leduc 7969 by Introvuable out of Mellarie.

DAM: Rosette 18099, she by Hercule 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. McBRAVER, Owner.

DANDY LEER.

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 mules being in dark colors—black and bay—with heavy bones, great style and good quality.

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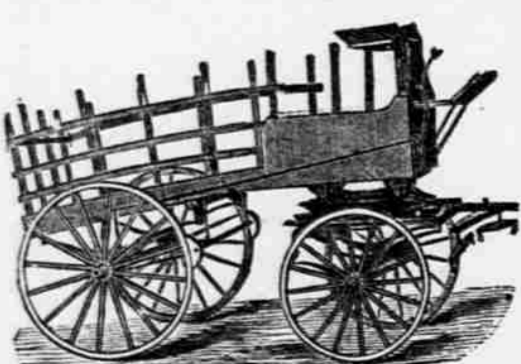
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THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

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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ing to renounce all that they have they cannot be his disciples."

"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."

"Do you think Christ would preach that if he were in Milton?"

"I do. It has been burned into me that he would. I believe he would say to the members of Calvary church: 'If any man love houses and money and society and power and position more than me, he cannot be my disciple. If any man renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.' And then he would test the entire church by its willingness to renounce all these physical things. And if he found the members willing, if he found that they loved him more than the money or the power, he might not demand a literal giving up. But he would say to them, 'Take my money and my power, for it is all mine, and use them for the building up of my kingdom.' He would not then perhaps command them to leave literally their beautiful surroundings. But, then, in some cases I believe he would. Oh, yes! Sacrifice, sacrifice! What does the church in America in this age of the world know about it? How much do church members give of themselves nowadays to the Master? That is what we need—self, the souls of men and women, the living sacrifices for these lost children down yonder! O God, to think of what Christ gave up! And then to think of how little his church is doing to obey his last command to go and disciple the nations!"

Phillip went back through the avenue on which the churches stood. When he reached Calvary church, he went up on the steps, and, obeying an instant impulse, he kneeled down on the upper step and prayed. Great sobs shook him. They were sobs without tears—sobs that were articulate here and there with groans of anguish and desire. He prayed for his loved church, for the wretched beings in the hell of torment, without God and without hope in the world, for the spirit of Christ to come again into the heart of the church and teach it the meaning and extent of sacrifice.

When the eventful Sunday came he faced the usual immense concourse. He did not come out of the little room until the last moment. When he finally appeared, his face bore marks of tears. At last they had flowed as a relief to his burden, and he gave the people his message with a courage and a peace and a love born of direct communion with the Spirit of Truth. As he went on people began to listen in amazement. He had begun by giving them a statement of facts concerning the sinful, needy, desperate condition of life in the place. He then rapidly sketched the contrast between the surroundings of the Christian and non-Christian people, between the workmen and the church members. "Disciples of Jesus," he exclaimed, "the time has come when our Master demands of us some token of our discipleship greater than the giving of a little money or the giving of a little work and time to the solution of the great problem of modern society and of our own city. The time has come when we must give ourselves. The time has come when we must renounce, if it is best, if Christ asks it, the things we have so long counted dear—the money, the luxury, the houses—and go down into the tenement district, to live there and work 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. But this I do believe he would require—ourselves. We must give ourselves in some way that will mean real, genuine, downright and decided self sacrifice. If Christ were here he would say to some of you, as he said to the young man, 'Sell all you have and give to the poor, and come, follow me.' And if you were unwilling to do it he would say you could not be his disciples. The test of discipleship is the same now as then; the price is no less on account of the lapse of 2,000 years. Eternal life is something which has only one price, and that is the same always. Members of Calvary church, I solemnly believe the time has come when it is our duty to go into the tenement district and redeem it by the power of personal sacrifice and personal presence. Nothing less will answer. To accomplish this great task, to bring back to God this great part of his kingdom, I believe we ought to spend our time, our money, ourselves. It is a sin for us to live at our pleasant ease, in enjoyment of all good things, while men and women and children by the thousand are dying, body and soul, before our very eyes in need of the blessings of Christian civilization in our power to share with them. We cannot excuse ourselves on the plea of our own business. This is our first business, to love God and man with all

our might.

"This problem before us calls for all our Christian discipleship. Every heart in this church should cry out this day, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' And each soul must follow the commands that he honestly hears. Out of the depths of the black abyss of human want and sin and despair and anguish and rebellion in this place and over the world rings in my ear a cry for help that by the grace of God I truly believe cannot be answered by the church of Christ on earth until the members of that church are willing in great numbers to give all their money, and all their time, and all their homes, and all their luxuries, and all their accomplishments, and all their artistic tastes, and all themselves to satisfy the needs of the generation as it looks for the heart of the bleeding Christ in the members of the church of Christ. Yea, truly, except a man is willing to renounce all that he hath, he cannot be his disciple. Does Christ ask any member of Calvary church to renounce all and go down into the tenement district to live Christ there? Yes, all.

"My beloved, if Christ speaks so to you today listen and obey. Service! Self! That is what he wants. And if he asks for all, when all is needed, what then? Can we sing that hymn with any Christian honesty of heart unless we interpret it literally?"

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Lo! so much do I desire to give,
Myself to God, I would I could!"

It would partly describe the effect of this sermon on Calvary church to say, what was a fact, that when Phillip ended and then kneeled down by the side of the desk to pray the silence was painful, and the intense feeling provoked by his remarkable statements was felt in the appearance of the audience as it remained seated after the benediction. But the final result was yet to show itself; that result was not visible in the Sunday audience.

The next day Phillip was unexpectedly summoned out of Milton to the parish of his old college chum. His old friend was thought to be dying. He had sent for Phillip. Phillip, whose affection for him was second only to that which he gave his wife, went at once. His friend was almost gone. He railed when Phillip came, and then for two weeks his life swung back and forth between this world and the next. Phillip staid on, and so was gone one Sunday from his pulpit in Milton. Then the week following, as Alfred gradually came back from the shore of that other world, Phillip, assured that he would live, returned home.

During that ten days' absence serious events had taken place in Calvary church. Phillip reached home on Wednesday. He at once went to the house and greeted his wife and the Brother Man and William, who was now sitting up in the large room.

He had not been home more than an hour when the greatest dizziness came over him. He sat up so much with his chum that he was entirely worn out. He went up stairs to lie down on his couch in his small study. He instantly fell asleep and dreamed that he was standing on the platform of Calvary church preaching. It was the first Sunday of a month. He thought he said something the people did not like. Suddenly a man in the audience raised a revolver and fired at him. At once from over the house people aimed revolvers at him and began to fire. The noise was terrible, and in the midst of it he awoke to feel to his amazement that his wife was kneeling at the side of his couch, sobbing with a heartache that was terrible to him. He was instantly wide awake and her dear head clasped in his arms. And when he prayed her to tell him the matter she sobbed out the news to him which her faithful, loving heart had concealed from him while he was at the bedside of his friend. And even when the news of what the church had done in his absence had come to him fully through her broken recital of it he did not realize it until she placed in his hands the letter which the church had voted to be written, asking him to resign his pastorate of Calvary church. Even then he fingered the envelope in an absent way, and for an instant his eyes left the bowed form of his wife and looked out beyond the sheds over to the tenements. Then he opened the letter and read it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Phillip read the letter through without lifting his eyes from the paper or making any comment. It was as follows:

Rev. Phillip Strong, Calvary Church, Milton:
As clerk of the church I am instructed to inform you of the action of the church at a regularly called meeting last Monday night. At that meeting it was voted by a majority present that you be asked to resign the pastorate of Calvary church for the following reasons:

First.—There is a very widespread discontent on the part of the church membership on account of the use of the church for Sunday evening discussions of social, political and economic questions and the introduction into the pulpit of persons whose character and standing are known to be hostile to the church and its teachings.

Second.—The business men of the church, almost without exception, are agreed and so expressed themselves at the meeting that the sermon of Sunday before last was exceedingly dangerous in its tone and liable to lead to the gravest results in acts of lawlessness and anarchy on the part of people who are already inflamed to deeds of violence against property and wealth. Such preaching, in the opinion of the majority of

new owners and supporters of Calvary church, cannot be allowed or the church will inevitably lose its standing in society.

Third.—It is the fixed determination of a majority of the oldest and most influential members of Calvary church to withdraw from the organization all support under the present condition of affairs. The trustees announced that the pledges for church support had already fallen off very largely, and last Sunday less than half the regular amount was received. This was ascribed to the sermon of the first of the month.

Fourth.—The vacation of the parsonage and the removal of the minister into the region of the tenement district have created an intense feeling on the part of a large number of families who have for years been firm supporters and friends of the church. They feel that the action was altogether uncalculated, and they think it has been the means of disrupting the church and throwing matters into confusion, besides placing the church in an unfavorable light with the other churches and the community at large.

Fifth.—It was the opinion of a majority of the members present that, while much of the spirit exhibited by yourself was highly commendable, yet in view of all the facts it would be expedient for the pastoral relation to be severed. The continuance of that relation seemed to promise only added disturbance and increased antagonism in the church. It was the well nigh unanimous verdict that your plans and methods might succeed to your better satisfaction with a constituency made up of nonchurch people and that possibly your own inclinations would lead you to take the step which the church has thought wisest and best for all concerned.

It is my painful duty as the clerk of Calvary church to write thus plainly the action of the church and the specific reasons for that action. A council will be called to review our proceedings and advise with reference to the same. In behalf of the church,

Phillip finished the letter and lifted his eyes again. And again he looked out through the window across the sheds to the roofs of the tenements. From where he sat he could also see, across the city, up on the rising ground, the spire of Calvary church. It rose distinct and cold against the gray December sky. The air was clear and frosty, the ground was covered with snow, and the roofs of the tenements showed black and white patches where the thinner snow had melted. He was silent so long that his wife became frightened.

"Phillip! Phillip!" she cried as she threw her arms about his neck and drew his head down nearer. "They have broken your heart! They have killed you! There is no love in the world any more!"

"No, no!" he cried suddenly. "You must not say that. You make me doubt. There is the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. But, oh, for the church, the church which he loved and for which he gave himself!"

"But it is not the church of Christ that has done this thing."

"Nevertheless it is the church in the world," he replied. "Tell me, Sarah, how this was kept so secret from me." "You forget. You were so entirely absorbed in the care of Alfred, and then the church meeting was held with



"Phillip! Phillip!" she cried. "They have broken your heart."

closed doors. Even the papers did not know the whole truth at once. I kept it from you as long as I could. Oh, it was cruel, so cruel!"

"Little woman," spoke Phillip very gently and calmly, "this is a blow to me. I did not think the church would do it. I hoped"—He paused, and his voice trembled for a brief moment, then grew quiet again. "I hoped I was gradually overcoming opposition. It seems I was mistaken. It seems I did not know the feeling in the church."

He looked out of the window again and was silent. Then he asked: "Are they all against me? Was there no one to stand up for me?" The question came with a faint smile that was far more heartbreaking to his wife than a flood of tears. She burst into a sob.

"Yes, you have friends, Mr. Winter fought for you—and others."

"Mr. Winter—my old enemy! That was good. And there were others?"

"Yes, quite a number. But nearly all the influential members were against you, Phillip, you have been blind to all this."

"Do you think so?" he asked simply. "Maybe that is so. I have not thought of people so much as of the work which needed to be done. I have tried to do as my Master would have me. But I have lacked wisdom or tact or something."

"No, it is not that. Do you want to know what I think?" His wife fondly stroked the hair back from his forehead as she sat on the couch by him. "Yes, little woman, tell me." To his eyes his wife never seemed so beautiful or dear as now. He knew that they were one in this their hour of trouble.

"Well, I have learned to believe since you came to Milton that if Jesus Christ were to live on the earth in this century and become the pastor of almost any large and wealthy and influential church and preach as he would have to the church would treat him just as Calvary church has treated you. The world would crucify Jesus Christ again even after 2,000 years of historical Christianity."

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