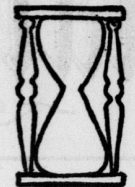


Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
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# ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.

A DREAM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,  
Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Malcom Kirk," etc.

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Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Continued from last week.

"As nearly as I could find out," continued Mrs. Hardy, without replying to her husband's remarks, "cook's sister married to one of the men who were hurt this afternoon. She talks so brokenly in our language that I could not make out exactly how it is, and she was much excited. Suppose it was Scoville, couldn't you do something for them then, Robert?"

"I might," replied Mr. Hardy briefly. "But I can tell you I have more call for my money now than I can meet. Take the church expenses, for example. Why, we are called upon to give to some cause or other every week, besides our regular pledges for current expenses. It's a constant drain. I shall have to cut down on my pledge. We can't be giving to everything all the time and have anything ourselves."

Mr. Hardy spoke with a touch of indignation, and his wife glanced around the almost palatial room and smiled. Then her face grew a little stern and almost forbidding as she remembered that only last week her husband had spent \$150 for a new electrical apparatus to experiment with in his laboratory. And now he was talking hard times and grudging the small sums he gave to religious objects in connection with his church and thinking he could not afford to help the family of a man who had once saved his life!

Again she turned to the piano and played awhile, but she could not be rested by the music as sometimes she had been. When she finally rose and walked over by the table near the end of the lounge, Mr. Hardy was asleep, and she sat down by the table, gazing into the open fire grate, a look of sorrow and unrest on the face still beautiful, but worn by years of disappointment and the loss of that respect and admiration she once held for the man who had vowed at the altar to make her happy. She had not lost her love for him wholly, but she was fast losing the best part of it, the love which has its daily source in an inborn respect. When respect is gone, love is not long in following after.

She sat thus for half an hour and was at last aroused by the two girls, Clara and Bess, coming in. They were laughing and talking together and had evidently parted with some one at the door. Mrs. Hardy went out into the hallway.

"Hush, girls, your father is asleep! You know how he feels to be awakened suddenly by noise. But he has been waiting up for you."

"Then I guess we'll go up stairs without bidding him good night," said Clara abruptly. "I don't want to be lectured about going over to the Caxtons."

"No! I want to see you both and have a little talk with you. Come in here." Mrs. Hardy drew the two girls into the front room and pulled the curtains together over the arch opening into the room where Mr. Hardy lay. "Now tell me, girls, why did your father forbid your going over to the Caxtons? I did not know until tonight. Has it something to do with James?"

Neither of the girls said anything for a minute. Then Bess, who was the younger of the two and famous for starting the family with very sensational remarks, replied, "James and Clara are engaged, and they are going to be married tomorrow."

Mrs. Hardy looked at Clara, and the girl grew very red in the face, and then, to the surprise of her mother and Bess, she burst out into a violent fit of crying. Mrs. Hardy gathered her into her arms as in the olden times when she was a little child and soothed her into quietness.

"Tell me all about it, dear. I did not know you cared for James in that way."

"But I do," sobbed Clara. "And father guessed something and forbade us going there any more. But I didn't think he would mind if Bess and I went just this one night. I couldn't help it anyway. Mother, isn't it right for people to love each other?"

"Isn't it proper to talk about such things on Sunday," said Bess solemnly.

"Clara," said Mrs. Hardy, "Why, you're only a child yet; is it true that James is— Why, he is only a boy!"

"He is 21, and I am 18, and he's earning \$40 a month in the office and is one of the best stenographers in the state. We've talked it over, and I wish we could be married tomorrow, so!" Clara burst out with it all at once, while Bess remarked quietly:

"Yes, they're real sensible, and I think James is nice, but when I marry I want more than \$40 a month for candy alone. And then, he isn't particularly handsome."

"He is, too," cried Clara. "And he's good and brave and splendid, and I'd rather have him than a thousand such men as Lancy Cummings. Mother, I don't want money. It hasn't made you happy."

"Hush, dear!" Mrs. Hardy felt as if a blow had smitten her in the face. She was silent then.

Clara put her arms around her mother and whispered: "Forgive me, mother! I didn't mean to hurt you. But I am so unhappy!"

Unhappy! And yet the girl was just beginning to blossom out toward the face of God under the influence of that most divine and tender and true feeling that ever comes to a girl who knows a true, brave man loves her with all his soul. And some people would have left this subject to the flippant novelist instead of treating it as Christ did when he said, "For this cause"—that is, for love—"shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife."

Mrs. Hardy was on the point of saying something when the sound of peculiar steps on the stairs was heard, and shortly after Alice pushed the curtains aside and came in. Alice was the oldest girl in the family. She was a cripple, the result of an accident when a child, and she carried a crutch, using it with much skill and even grace. The minute she entered the room she saw something was happening, but she simply said:

"Mother, isn't it a little strange for her to come so soundly? I went to see him and spoke to him just now, thinking he was just lying there, and he didn't answer, and then I saw he was asleep. But I never knew him to sleep so Sunday night. He usually reads up in the study."

"Perhaps he is sick. I will go and see."

Mrs. Hardy rose and went into the other room, and just then the younger boy, Will, came down stairs. He said something to his mother as he passed through the room and then came in where the girls were, carrying one of his books in his hand.

"Say, Alice, translate this passage for me, will you? Confound the old Romans anyway! What do I care about the way they fought their old battles and built their old horse bridges? What makes me angry is the way Caesar has of telling a thing. Why can't he drive right straight ahead instead of beating about the bush so? If I couldn't get up a better language than those old duffers used to write their books in I'd lie down and die. I



In came George, the elder boy and the oldest of the group of children. He hung up his hat and coat and strolled into the room.

"Where's mother?"

"She's in the other room," answered Bess. "Father's been asleep, and mother was afraid he was going to have a fever."

"That's one of your stories," said George, who seemed in a good natured mood. He sat down and drew his little sister toward him and whispered to her:

"Say, Bess, I want some money again."

"A wfully? for a special reason. Do you think you could let me have a little?"

"Why, of course. You can have all my month's allowance. But why don't you ask father?"

"No! I have asked him too much lately. He refused point blank last time. I didn't like it the way he spoke."

"Well, you can have all mine," said Bess, whispering.

George and she were great friends, and there was not a thing that Bessie would not have done for her big brother, who was her hero. What he wanted with so much money she never asked.

They were still whispering together, and Clara had just risen to go up stairs, and Alice and Will had finished the translation, and Will was just on the point of seeing how near he could get to the result of an accident when "Cossan" into an ornamental Japanese jar across the room, when Mrs. Hardy parted the curtains at the arch and beckoned her children to come into the next room. Her face was exceedingly pale, and she was trembling as if with some great terror.

CHAPTER II.

The children all cried out in surprise and hurried into the next room. But before relating what happened there we will follow Mr. Hardy into the experience he had just after falling asleep upon the lounge by the open fire.

It seemed to him that he stepped at once from the room where he lay into a place such as he had never seen before, where the one great idea that filled his entire thought was the idea of the present moment. Spread out before him, as if reproduced by a photograph and a magic lantern combined, was the moving panorama of the entire world. He thought he saw into every home, every public place of amusement, every shop and every farm, every place of industry, amusement and vice upon the face of the globe. And he thought he could hear the world's conversation, catch its sighs of suffering—nay, even catch the meaning of unspoken thoughts of the heart. With that absurd rapidity peculiar to certain dreams he fancied that over every city on the globe was placed a glass cover through which he could look and through which the sounds of the city's industry came to him. But he thought that he ascertained that by lifting off one of these covers he could hear with greater distinctness the thoughts of the inhabitants and see all they were doing and suffering with the most minute exactness. He looked for the place of his own town, Barton. There it lay in its geographical spot on the globe, and he thought that, moved by an impulse he could not resist, he lifted off the cover and bent down to see and hear.

The first thing he saw was his minister's home. It was just after the Sunday evening service, the one which Mr. Hardy had thought so dull. Mr. Jones was talking over the evening with his wife.

"My dear," he said, "I feel about discouraged. Of what use is all our praying and longing for the Holy Spirit when our own church members are so cold and unspiritual that all his influence is destroyed? And, you know, I made a special plea to all the members to come out tonight, and only a handful there! I feel like giving up the struggle. You know I could make a better living in literary work, and the children could be better cared for then."

"But, John, it was a bad night to get out. You must remember that."

"But only 50 out of a church membership of 400, most of them living near by! It doesn't seem just right to me."

"Mr. Hardy was there! Did you see him?"

"Yes, after service I went and spoke to him, and he treated me very coldly. And yet he is the most wealthy and in some ways the most gifted church member we have. He could do great things for the good of his community if—"

Suddenly Mr. Hardy thought the minister changed into the Sunday school superintendent, and he was walking down the street thinking about his expenses in the school, and Mr. Hardy thought he could hear the superintendent's thoughts, as if his ear were at a phonograph.

"It's too bad! That class of boys I wanted Mr. Hardy to take left the school because no one could be found to teach them. And now Bob Wilson has got into trouble and been arrested for petty thieving. It will be a terrible blow to his poor mother. Oh, why is it that men like Mr. Hardy cannot be made to see the importance of work in the Sunday school? With his knowledge of chemistry and geology he could have reached that class of boys and invited them to his home, up into his laboratory and exercised an influence over them they would never outgrow. Oh! it's a strange thing to me that men of such possibilities do not realize their power!"

The superintendent passed along shaking his head sorrowfully, and Mr. Hardy, who seemed guided by some power he could not resist, continued to listen whether he liked it or not, next found himself looking into one of the railroad shop tenements, where the man Scoville was lying,

awaiting amputation of both feet after the terrible accident. Scoville's wife lay upon a ragged lounge, while Mrs. Hardy's cook knelt by her side and in her native Swedish tongue tried to comfort the poor woman. So it was true that these two were sisters. The man was still conscious and suffering unspcakably. The railroad surgeon had been sent for, but had not arrived. Three or four men and their wives had come in to do what they could. Mr. Burns, the foreman, was among them. One of the men spoke in a whisper to him:

"Have you been to see Mr. Hardy?"

"Yes, but I was at church. I left word about the accident."

"At church! So even the devil sometimes goes to church. What for, I wonder? Will he be here, think?"

"Don't know," replied Mr. Burns curtly.

"Do you mind when he"—pointing to Scoville—"saved Mr. Hardy's life?"

"Remember it well enough; was standing close by."

"What'll be done with the children when Scoville goes, eh?"

"Don't know."

Just then the surgeon came in, and preparations were rapidly made for the operation. The last that Mr. Hardy heard was the shriek of the poor wife as she struggled to her feet and fell in a fit across the floor where two of the youngest children clung terrified to her dress, and the father cried out, tears of agony and despair running down his face, "My God, what a hell this world is!"

The next scene was a room where everything appeared confused at first, but finally grew more distinct and terrible in its significance, and the first person Mr. Hardy recognized was his oldest boy, George, in company with a group of young men engaged in—what! He rubbed his eyes and stared painfully. Yes; they were gambling. So here was George spent all his money and Bessie's too! Nothing that the miserable father had seen so far out into the quick quite so sharply as this. He had prided himself on his own freedom from vices and had an honest horror of them, for Mr. Hardy was not a monster of iniquity, only an honest fish name gambling, drinking, impurity—all the physical vices—were to Mr. Hardy the lowest degradation.

The thought that his own son had fallen into this pit was terrible to him. But he was compelled to look and listen. All the young men were smoking, and beer and wine stood on a buffet at one side of the room and were plentifully partaken of.

"I say, George," said a very flimsily dressed youth who was smoking that invention of the devil, a cigarette, "your old man would rub his eyes to see you here, eh?"

"Well, I should remark he would," replied George as he shuffled the cards and then hepped himself to a drink.

"I say, George," said the first speaker, "your sister Bess is getting to be a beauty. Introduce me, will you?"

"No, I won't," said George shortly. "He has been losing all the evening, and he felt nervous and irritable."

"Ah! We are too bad, eh?"

George made some feeble reply, and the other fellow struck him. Instantly George sprang to his feet, and a fight took place. Mr. Hardy could not bear any longer. He thought he broke away from the scene by the exercise of a great determination and next found himself looking into his own home. It seemed to him it was an evening when he and all the children had gone out, and Mrs. Hardy sat alone, looking into the fire as she had been looking before he fell asleep. She was thinking and her thoughts were like burning coals as they fell into Mr. Hardy's heart and scorched him as no other scene, not even the last, had done.

"My husband!" Mrs. Hardy was saying to herself. "How long it is since he gave me a caress, kissed me when he went to his work or laid his hand lovingly on my cheek as he used to do! How brave and handsome and good I used to think him in the old Vermont days when we were struggling for our little home and his best thought was of the home and of the wife! But the years have changed him! Oh, yes; they have changed him bitterly! I wonder if he realizes my hunger for his affection! Of what value to me are all these baubles wealth brings compared with a loving look, a tender smile, an affectionate caress?"

THE DEACON'S DREAM.

"May you take this lesson home with you tonight, dear friends," concluded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon. "And may its spiritual truths sink deep into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?"

There was no response.

"Deacon White," this time in a louder voice.

Deacon White, will you lead?"

Still no response. It was evident that the deacon was slumbering. The preacher made a third appeal and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the drowsy man.

"Deacon White, will you please lead?"

The deacon rubbed his eyes and opened them wondering.

"Is it my lead? No—I just deal!"

—Detroit Free Press.

BANKER ROUTS A ROBBER. J. R. Garrison, cashier of the bank of Thorville, O., had been robbed of health by a serious lung trouble until he tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Then he wrote: "It is the best medicine I ever used for a cold or a bad case of lung trouble. I always keep a bottle on hand." Don't suffer with Coughs, Colds, or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble when you can be cured so easily. Only 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Green's drug store.

Punctual at Last.

It is said of an up-town woman that when she lay prepared in her coffin for her funeral, it was the first time in her career that she was ready on time.—Athens Globe.

**MY FIRE.**

It starts:  
A sinuous eyelash from the sun,  
A golden, leaf shaped, dancing thing,  
Bending female in a magic breeze,  
And grows  
And saps the virgin forest's strength  
With writhing, biting arms,  
And with its red jaws through the gloom  
Casts elfin shadows round the room,  
And, waxing still,  
It lashes round the knotted wood  
With soft but cruel sting,  
Till, gorged with strength, it fades away  
Beneath a covert of gray,  
And now,  
Like molten sunset from the west,  
Palisades as with living breath  
Till, drying midst the bones its greed has made,  
Its heart is still and ashes mark the grave.  
—A. R. Allan in Morningside.

**Ink as a Witness.**

In a case in the supreme court it was alleged that interlineations had been made in the papers after they were filed, and the papers were submitted to expert chemists to decide whether the interlineations had been made after the papers were filed or at the time the paper was drawn. The process followed by the chemists was simple, though tedious. Hypochloride of soda was the only chemical used by the expert, but the result was the same as that arrived at by the other experts. Tests were made on each line of the document. The soda bleached the ink, and, as the writing in some parts was done many years ago, the first drop of soda was placed on a line which was not in controversy. The writing slowly faded, and it was 51 seconds before it was bleached.

A drop on another interlineation faded the writing in 49 seconds, on another in 51 seconds, and the interlineations made in about 50 seconds on an average. Suddenly the ink of one of the interlineations faded in 15 seconds, and the conclusion was at once reached that it was fresher than the others, as the ink had not had time to thoroughly permeate the fiber of the paper.

Several interlineations were found to fade in from 13 to 16 seconds, and these were marked as having been made at a more recent date.

After all interlineations had been so marked, the next step was to ascertain as nearly as possible at what date the interlineations were made, and for this purpose many manuscripts in which similar ink was used on the same kind of paper were taken. The exact date of the writing of each manuscript was known, and the ink was dropped on each, beginning with the date of writing of the manuscript in controversy. The time necessary to fade the ink gradually decreased from 52 and 50 seconds as the soda was dropped on the manuscripts of more recent years.

When the fading took place in 20 seconds, manuscripts but a month apart in writing were used, and the fading in 14 and 15 seconds was thus fixed in a certain month. The examining chemists knew nothing of the points in the controversy, and the report was made that certain interlineations were probably made in the specified month. The attorneys in the case were amazed, as the month named was that in which they believed the more recent writing had been done.—Indianapolis Press.

**Uses For Bicycles.**

There are many uses to which an old bicycle can be put. It is said that a theater manager has made rather an excellent chandelier out of his old wheel. He also uses an old tricycle for producing the effect of wind, hail and railway trains. A navy yard is said to have made a clock almost all out of parts of an old machine. The bell strikes the hours, and a length of solid rubber tire holds the pendulum, which is a bicycle fork. At one small place a man has turned a discarded wheel into a kind of pump, and the tires do duty for the pipe hose. Another has made a treadle sewing machine out of his wheel. A grocer has turned part of a cycle into a coffee grinding machine, and a bell ringer, being rather feeble in the arm, has an old cycle which he has raised and fixed in one position, and so by a pulley arrangement he can when gently pedaling ring the bell vigorously. Many folks use their old wheels for flower stands, and there is a man who is making quite a decent living by turning old bicycles into conveyances on which washerwomen can take home the weekly load.—London Globe.

**The Crusades and Embroidery.**

The crusades had a marked effect on the demand for embroidery, as besides the decoration of their cloaks and pouches the kings and their followers wanted gorgeously worked hangings for their tents and heraldic blazons for their banners. The last were difficult of execution, and new stitches were invented, and applique work was introduced about this time. The Spaniards are said to have learned the use of spangles and other metal and bead ornaments as applied to stuffs from the Saracens. Later precious stones and pearls were used, and in 1414 Charles of Orleans spent about £40 for 960 pearls which were to be used in ornamenting a great coat on the sleeves of which were embroidered the verses of a song beginning with "Madam, I am all joyous." The musical accompaniment of the words was also embroidered.—Spectator.

**Worth Seeing.**

A Newcastle laborer recently resolved to treat himself to a night at the theater, and, entering the pit by the back of the orchestra, he happened to see the double bass viol set up against a music stand. Having never seen anything of the kind before, he leaned his arm on the orchestra rail and stood transfixed with amazement. The pit was filling rapidly, and an acquaintance, tapping him on the shoulder, said if he didn't take a seat they would soon be all occupied.

"Wey, wey, himmy," he exclaimed excitedly, "never heard a seat. And I want is a look of the chap that's can put that fiddle under his chin!"—London Fun.

**Bad Enough.**

Patient—It is such a terrible thing to die of consumption!

Doctor—Perhaps you would like to have me call in other physicians in consultation?

Patient—No, I don't know that a complication of diseases would be any better to die of.—Detroit Journal.

A 5-year-old boy fell out of a third story window in Paris, and his life was saved by his falling on a man wearing a silk hat.

**The Deacon's Mistake.**

The Annapolis valley, or the famous "Land of Evangeline," gives more opportunity for the study of human nature, perhaps than any other locality along the entire Atlantic seaboard. The scenery of this region is beautiful beyond description, and tourists soon become well acquainted with its people "to go altogether to the kirk and altogether pray."

One Sunday the parson in a village church delivered with special emphasis an able sermon on putting off the "old man" and getting on the "new." This signal feat, he stated, was accomplished by simply going down into the waters of baptism and burying the "old man" and coming out of the waters a new creature.

After the service a wealthy deacon inquired of a certain wayward individual who occasionally presented himself to the gracious influence of the church how the sermon impressed him. He said it was the only sermon that ever touched his heart. The deacon, putting on a smile of gratification, gave him a hearty handshake. For quite awhile he had been trying to persuade him to submit to baptism. In this he had an ax to grind.

Almost a year previous the prospective convert stole a mail out of the deacon's sawmill and more than once flatly refused to return it. The deacon finally decided that an ecclesiastical course of bamboozle would have more influence over him than harsh words. If he could make him a Christian, he felt sure the mail would be forthcoming. So that Sunday morning he solemnly entreated this wayward individual, whose heart was already softened, and won his consent to submit to baptism.

When he arose out of the water, the deacon greeted him as "brother," and cordially congratulated him in that he had buried the "old man" and put on the "new." The deacon, now feeling that the long lost mail was going as good as returned, went on his way rejoicing. Next day the "new man" sallied into the deacon's grocery store. As usual the place was crowded with brethren, discussing the merits of Sunday's sermon. When they had all congratulated him upon his baptismal regeneration, the deacon, believing the golden opportunity had come, addressed him with the utmost confidence:

"Well, my brother, now I am sure you will return the mail you took out of the mill last summer."

The reclaimed wanderer hesitated and then meekly replied: "I am sorry, deacon, but you've got the wrong man. The 'old man' who stole the mail went down into the water yesterday and was buried."—Pittsburg Press.

**His Idea of Humor.**

A janitress living on Washington square had an adventure one day which she will not soon forget. It seems that the building which she has under her care was at one time used by a trust company, and afterward it was turned into an apartment house. When this was done, the vaults were left intact, and they were very seldom opened. The janitress was showing a party of gentlemen through the building and pointed out the desirability of the vaults as refrigerators. When she opened the vault and stepped in, one of the party, who has a rare idea of humor, shot the door suddenly and imprisoned the janitress. That was all right so far as it went, but the lock was a spring affair, and the janitress had the keys on the inside. The room hunters were thoroughly frightened and begged them to run for a locksmith in haste. Luckily a neighbor, who is an expert locksmith, came into the place and in a few minutes succeeded in releasing the woman, who was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. The room hunters made themselves very scarce before the enraged janitress came forth.—Philadelphia Record.

**In the Same Pen.**

"One of the boys at the hotel put me on to a little poker game," said the dry goods drummer, "and I went around to see what it was like. There were about 30 respectable looking people in the room, and one of them was trying to teach me the value of the cards, when the police broke in and made a clean sweep of everybody. Next morning, when arraigned at the police court, I wanted a lawyer, and there was a general laugh in court as his honor replied:

"I don't know where you'll get one. There are nine in town, but all are in the pen with you."

"It was so," continued the drummer, "and things might have gone hard with us had it not been for the fact that the judge was there, too, but had just stepped out as the rail was made. Nothing was said about it, of course, but he let us off with a fine of \$2 each and a lot of fatherly advice."—New York Sun.

**He Was Very Thoughtful.**

A north country miller noted for his keenness in financial matters was once in a boat trying his best to get across the stream which drove his mill.

The stream was flooded, and he was taken past the point at which he wanted to land, while farther on misfortune again overtook him to the extent that the boat was upset.

His wife, realizing the danger he was in, ran frantically along the side of the stream, crying for help in a pitiful voice, when, to her sheer amazement, she was suddenly brought to a standstill by her husband yelling out:

"If I'm drowned, Molly, don't forget that four's gone up 2 shillin' a sack!"—London Telegraph.

**Not All Tasty.**

"Can you tell me who Ananias was?" asked the old man of the proprietor of the bookstore.

"Of course I can," was the reply. "He was the champion liar of the world at one time. Did any one call you Ananias?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, he called me Ananias, and darn my buttons if I didn't think he was giving me a bushel of praise. Next man calls me Ananias you've not know what cause fell on him!"—Washington Post.

**Bread In Havanna.**

Havanna's bread carts are usually two legged—that is, bread is carried about the streets in large, shallow baskets borne on top of men's heads. It is served in sticks as long as a baseball bat or in loaves or ponos, one of which is supposed to serve for the morning meal of an ordinary citizen.

**Congratulations.**

"I am pained to say that I did not spend a dollar to secure my election."

"I congratulate you," answered Senator Storcham. "You got off cheap. But you took a terrible risk."—Washington Star.