Bellefonte, Pa., April 13. 1900.

ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.

A Dream and Its Consequences. BY REV. CHARLES SHELDON. Author of "In His Steps." "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," Malcolm Kirk," Etc.

(BEGUN IN NO. 12, MARCH 23, 1900.) "He died about an hour ago," said Scoville had received severe internal injuries."

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"Was he conscious?" Mr. Hardy asked the question mechanically, but all the while his mind was in a whirl of out by the side of the lounge. The surremorse.

"Yes; up to the last moment." Mr. Hardy went up to the door and knocked. A woman, one of the neighbors, opened it and he went in. The sight stunned him. The dead man had been removed to a rear room, but his wife lay upon the very same ragged lounge Mr. Hardy had seen in his dream. The surgeon was bending over her. The room was full of neighbors.

The surgeon suddenly arose and, turning about, spoke in a quiet but decided tone:

"Now, then, good people, just go home, will you, for awhile! And suppose some of you take these children along with you. You can't do anything more now and your presence disturbs the woman! Ah, Mr. 'Hardy!" he exclaimed, seeing the manager. "You here? This is a sad business. Come,

now, ladies, I must ask you to retire." Everybody went out except the surgeon, the poor woman's sister and Mr. Hardy. He drew the surgeon over to the window and inquired concerning the particulars. Mr. Hardy had received a shock at the very first, and he trembled violently.

"Well, you see," explained the surgeon, "Scoville was a dead man from the minute of the accident. Nothing could have saved him. When the accident happened, I was down at Bayville attending the men who were injured in the wreck last Saturday. I telegraphed that I would come at once. But there was a delay on the road, and I did not get here until 3 o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile everything had been done that was possible. But nothing could save the poor fellow. This shock will kill his wife. I doubt if she lives through the day."

"What will be done with the children?" Mr. Hardy asked the question mechanically, again feeling the need of time to think out what was best to be done. The surgeon shrugged his shoulders. He was accustomed to scenes of suffering and distress continually.

"Orphans' home, I suppose," he replied laconically. A movement and a moan from the woman called him to her side, and Mr. Hardy, left alone, he thought a moment, then stepped over to the surgeon and asked him if he could go into the other room and see the dead man. The surgeon nodded a surprised assent, and Mr. Hardy stepped into the rear room and closed the door. He drew back the sheet from the face of the man and looked down upon it. Nothing in all his experience had ever moved him so deeply. The features of the dead man were fixed, it seemed to him, in an expression of despair. Mr. Hardy gazed steadily upon it for half a minute; then, replacing the sheet, he kneeled down by the side of the rude bed and

prayed God for mercy.

"O Lord," he groaned in his remorse, "lay not the death of this man to my charge!" Yet, even as he prayed, he could not drive back the thought which chased across the prayer: "I am this man's murderer. I issued the order compelling the Sunday work. I refused a week ago to inspect the retorts which were declared unsafe, on the ground that it was not my business. I compelled this man to work under the fear of losing his place if he refused to work. I compelled him to work on the one day in which God has commanded all men to rest. I, a Christian by profession, a member of the church, a man of means-I put this man in deadly peril upon a Sunday in order that more money might be made and more human selfishness might be gratified. I did it. And this man once saved my life. I am his murderer, and no murderer shall inherit the kingdom of God."

So the wretched man prayed there by the side of that cold body. Yet the world today goes on with men in high places who have it in their power to change the conditions that exact Sunday labor from thousands of weary men and drive the commerce of the world across the continent at the cost of that priceless thing, the soul of man, in order that the owners of railroad stock and the men who get their salaried living from it may have more money. What! Is it not true that every Sunday in this land of Christian homes and hearts many and many a well fed. sleek, self satisfied, well dressed man, with a high salary and well established social position, with a luxurious home and money in the bank, goes to church and sits down in a softly cushioned pew to listen to the preaching of the gospel, while within hearing distance of the services an express train or a freight thunders by upon the road which declares the dividends that

make that man's wealth possible? On those trains are groups of coal begrimed human beings who never go inside a church, who never speak the name of God or Christ except in an oath, who lead lives that are as destitute of spiritual nourishment as a desert of sand and rocks and who are compelled to labor contrary to God's everlasting law of rest in order that man may have more to feed his body and indulge his passions! Do not tell us it is necessary labor. It is labor for

the making of more money. It does not need to be done. The community could dispense with it, and in the sight of God it is a wicked use of human flesh and blood and souls, and the starved spiritual natures of these men will come up at the judgment day before the men who had it in their power to say, "Not a wheel shall turn on these tracks Sunday even if we don't make a little more money." Money or souls! Which is worth more in the thought of the railroad corporation? Let the facts make answer.

Mr. Hardy did not know just how long he kneeled there in that bare one of the other men. "The surgeon room. At last he arose weariedly and was late in getting around, and after came out, but his prayer had not rethe amputation it was ascertained that freshed him. The surgeon glanced at him inquisitively, but asked no questions. The sick woman was in a state of semiconsciousness. Mr. Hardy's

cook, her sister, sat listlessly and worn geon rapidly gave directions for the use of some medicine and prepared to go. Some of the neighbors called, and the surgeon let two of the women come in. Just as the two men were going out together, Mr. Hardy still absorbed in his great desire to do something of importance for the mother and her children, his minister, Mr. Jones, appeared.

He looked surprised at seeing Mr. Hardy, inquired the news of the doctor and at once asked if he could see the poor widow. The doctor thought it would do no harm. Mr. Jones whispered to Mr. Hardy:

"She was a faithful member of our

church, you know." Mr. Hardy did not know it, to his shame, he confessed. This sister of his in Christ had been a member of the same church, and he had not even known it. If she had happened to sit on the same side of the building where ne sat, he would probably have wonder ed who that plain looking person was, dressed so poorly. But she had always sat back on the other side, being



The features of the dead man were fixed in an expression of despair. one of a few poor women who had been attracted into the church and been comforted by Mr. Jones' simple piety and prayers.

The minister kneeled down and said a gentle word to the woman. Then, as in reply to a low voiced rec began a prayer of remarkable beauty and comfort. Mr. Hardy wondered as he listened that he could even have thought this man dull in the pulpit. He sat down and sobbed as the prayer went on and took to himself the consolation of that heavenly petition. When Mr. Jones rose, Mr. Hardy still sat with his hands over his face. The surgeon was called out by some one. Then the minister, after making arrange ments with the women who had come in for the funeral of Scoville, started to go out, when Mr. Hardy rose, and they went away together.

"Mr. Jones," said Mr. Hardy as they walked along. "I have an explanation and a confession to make. I haven't time to make it now, but I want to say that I have met God face to face within the past 24 hours, and 1 am conscious for the first time in years of the intensely selfish life I have lived. I need your prayers and help. And I want to serve the church and do my duty there as I have never before done it. I have not supported your work as I should. I want you to think of me this week as ready to help in anything in my power. Will you accept my apology for my contempt of your request a week ago? I will come into the meet ing Thursday night and help in any

way possible." Mr. Jones' eyes filled with tears. grasped Mr. Hardy's hand and said simply: "Brother, God bless you! Let me be of service to you in any way

can." Mr. Hardy felt a little better for the partial confession and parted with his minister at the next corner, going down to his office.

CHAPTER IV. It was now 10 o'clock, and the day seemed to him cruelly brief for the work he had to do. He entered the office, and almost the first thing he saw on his desk was the following letter. addressed to him, but written in a disguised hand:

Mr. Hardy-Us in the casting room don't nee no looking after, but maybe the next pot of hot iron that explodes will be next the offs if you thinks we have bodies but no sols some morning you will wake up beleving another thing. We ain't so easy led as sum supposes. Better look to house and employ spesul patrol; if you do we will blak his face for him.

There was no signature to this threat ening scrawl, which was purposely misspelled and ungrammatically com-posed. Mr. Hardy had received threats before and paid little attention to them. He prided himself on his steady nerves and his contempt of all such methods used to scare him. Only a coward, he reasoned, would ever write an anonymous letter of such a character. Still this morning he felt disturbed. His peculiar circumstances made the whole situation take on a more vivid coloring. Besides all that, he could not escape the conviction that he was in a certain sense responsible for the accident in

the casting room. It was not his par ticular business to inspect machinery But his attention had been called to it and he felt now as if he had been criminally careless in not making the in spection in the absence of the regular officer. An investigation of the acci dent would free Mr. Hardy from legal responsibility, but in the sight of God he felt that he was morally guilty At this moment Mr. Burns came in. He looked sullen and spoke in a low tone:

"Only half the men are back this morning, sir. Scoville's death and the injuries of the others have had a bad effect on the men." Mr. Hardy crumpled the letter pers

"Mr. Burns, I would like to apologize to you for my neglect of the injured men. Who are they and how badly are they hurt?"

ously in his hand.

Burns looked surprised, but made answer, describing briefly the accidents. Mr. Hardy listened intently with bowed head. At last he looked un and said abruptly:

"Come into the casting room." They went out of the office, passed through the repairing shops and entered the foundry department. Even on that bright winter morning, with the air outside so clear and cool, the atmosphere in this place was murky and close. The forges in the blacksmith room at the farther end glowed through the smoke and dust like smoldering piles of rubbish dumped here and there by chance upon some desolate moor and stirred by ill omened demons of the nether world. Mr. Hardy shuddered as he thought of standing in such an atmosphere all day to work at severe muscular toil. He recalled with sharp vividness a request made only two months before for dust fans which had proved successful in other shops and which would remove a large part of the heavy, coal laden air, supplying fresh air in its place. The company had refused the request and had even said through one of its officers that

could easily get more. Mr. Hardy and the foreman paused at the entrance to the casting room where the men had been injured the day before. A few men were working sullenly. Mr. Hardy asked the foreman to call the men together near the other end of the room; he wanted to say something to them. He walked over there while the foreman spoke to the men. They dropped their tools and came over to where Mr. Hardy was standing. They were mostly Scandinavians and Germans, with a sprinkling of Irish and Americans. Mr. Hardy looked at them thoughtfully. They were a hard looking crowd. Then he said very slowly and distinctly:

when the men wore out the company

"You may quit work until after Scoville's funeral. The machinery here needs overhauling." The men stood impassive for a mo-

ment. Finally a big Dane stepped up and said: "We be no minded to quit work

these times. We no can afford it. Give us work in some other place." Mr. Hardy looked at him and replied quietly: "The wages will go on just the same

while you are out." There was a perceptible stir among the men. They looked confused and incredulous. Mr. Hardy still looked at them thoughtfully.

Finally the big Dane stepped forward again and said, speaking more respectfully than he did at first: "Mr. Hardy, we be thinking maybe you would like to help towards him the



"No. no thanks! I'll do something more." family of the dead and others as pe hurt. I been 'pointed to take up purse for poor fellows injured. We all take hand in't. My brother be one lose his

two eyes." A tear actually rolled down the grimy cheek of the big fellow and dropped into the coal dust at his feet. Mr. Hardy realized that he was looking at a brother man. He choked down a sob and putting his hand in his pocket pulled out all the change he had and poured it into the Dane's hand. Then, seeing that it was only \$4 or \$5, he pulled out his purse and emptied that of its bills, while Burns, the foreman, and all the men looked on in stupefied wonder.

"No, no thanks! I'll do something more.'

Mr. Hardy walked away, feeling as if the ground were heavy under him. What was all his money compared with that life which had been sacrificed in that gas poisoned sepulcher? He could not banish from his mind the picture of that face as it looked to him when he drew back the sheet and look-

ed at it. He hurried back to the office through the yard and sat down at the well worn desk. The mail had come in, and half a dozen letters lay there. What half a dozen letters lay there. What did it all amount to, this grind of business, when the heartache of the world called for so much sympathy? Then over him came the sense of his obligation of the world called for so much sympathy? Then over him came the sense of his obligation. "I said isn't that dam dear?" Then she blushed isn't that dam dear that dam d tions to his family-Clara's need of a father's help, George going to the bad, Alice in need of sympathy, his wife

weeping even now at home, the church and Sunday school where he had been of so little use, the family of Scoville to be provided for, the other injured men to be visited, improvements for the welfare of the men in the shops to be looked after and the routine of his well known St. Paul doctor to a St. Paul business-all these things crowded in upon him, and still he saw the face and days more to live!"

He sank into a reverie for a moment.

He was roused by the sounding of the could get them was to steal them. I was noon whistle. What, noon already? So swiftly had the time gone! He turned to his desk, bewildered, and nicked up. to his desk, bewildered, and picked up his letters, glanced over them hurried- that a pauper had died in the Catholic hosly and then gave directions for the an- pital in the town, where the college was loswers of some of them to his impatient cated, and that as we were out of subjects clerk, who had been wondering at his employer's strange behavior this morn- was in the hospital and the professor told ing. Among the letters was one which | me to take one of the other students and made his cheek burn with self re- drive to the hospital and get the body. I proach. It was an invitation to a club was to go at 6 o'clock, when all the sisters dinner to be given that evening in hon-chapel, and induce the student to give me

or of some visiting railroad president.

It was just such an occasion as he

the body.

"We got thinking. He had so much to do and so little time to do it in! He thought ed from vespers. thus a moment, then went out and

walk two young men came in and josand talking in a loud tone. Mr. Hardy to my assistance caught the sound of his own name. He face of the young man he had seen in the horse a lick and jump. I don't George and struck him afterward. For thing. a moment Mr. Hardy was tempted to confront the youth and inquire into his

"No," he said to himself after a George himself. That will be the

He hurried back to the office and arclerk, took a walk through the other called up the superintendent of the Sunday school, who was a bookkeeper in a clothing house. He felt an intense desire to arrange for an interview with him as soon as possible. Word came back from the house that the superintendent had been called out of town by where it was concealed. serious illness in his old home and would not be back until Saturday. Mr. Hardy felt a disappointment more keen than the occasion seemed to warrant. He was conscious that the time was very brief. He had fully made up his mind that so far as in him lay he would redeem his selfish past and the world that I wanted to see. make a week such as few men ever made. He was just beginning to realseven days of self denial. The death of Scoville revealed to Mr. Hardy his powerlessness in the face of certain possibilities. He now feared that the superintendent would fail to return in time to let him confess to him his just sorrow for his lack of service in the school. He sat down to his desk and under that impulse wrote a letter that expressed in part how he felt. Then he jotted down the following items to be referred to the proper authorities of

the road: shop and in the brass polishing rooms is largely unnecessary. The new Englefield revolving rolling fans and elevator ought to be introduced in both departments. The cost will be but an item to the road and would prolong the life and add to the comfort of the employees. Very important.

Item 2. Organized and intelligent effort should be made by all railroad corporations to lessen Sunday work in shops and on the road. All perishable freight should be so handled as to call for the services of as few men on Sunday as possible, and excursion and passenger trains should be discontinued except in cases of unavoidable neces-

sity. Item 3. The inspection of boilers, retorts, castings, machinery of all kinds. should be made by thoroughly competent and responsible men, who shall answer for all unnecessary accidents by swift and severe punishment in case of

loss of life or limb. Item 4. In case of injury or death to employees, if incurred through the neglect of the company to provide safety, it should provide financial relief for the families thus injured or stricken by death and so far as possible arrange

for their future. Item 5. Any well organized railroad could, with profit to its employees, have upon its staff of salaried men a corps of chaplains or preachers whose business is would be to look after the religious interests of the employees.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.) Trout Season Begins April 16th.

The act of assembly approved June 11th, 1885, provides that trout can only be caught between April 15th, and July 15th. Trout season thereof opens on April 15th. This year the 15th of April falls on Sunday. The act of assembly approved June 3rd, 1878, strictly forbids fishing on Sunday under a penalty of twenty five dollars fine The trout season this year for this reason will open Monday, April 16th. It would be well for the too ardent disciples of Izaak Walton to make a note of this fact and paste it in their hat.

---One of the signs in the grocery store vividly and retired in confusion.

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

When Nerve Was Needed. The Medical Student in the Early Days Had to Be a

Skillful and Nervy Schemer. "The arrest of a St. Paul undertaker the other day reminds me of an experience I had myself when I was in college," said a

"Of course that was many years ago, and heard the voice of Eternity. "Seven we had considerably more trouble securing subjects for the dissecting room than they

"One afternoon the professor told me was in the hospital and the professor told

"We got a buggy from the livery stable had enjoyed very many times before, and the recollection brought to mind arrived at the hospital in due time. The the number of times he had gone away hospital student was very much scared from his home and left his wife sitting when we told him what we wanted, but he drearily by the fire. How could he have done it? He tossed the gilded inthe other fellow held the horse while I
The other fellow held the horse while I

sarily the egg came to grief if it was east. vitation fiercely into the wastebasket went into the window and got the body. and, rising, walked his room, thinking,

"We propped the subject up in the bugwalked rapidly over to the hotel where gy between as and started as fast as we he was in the habit of getting lunch could to get away before anyone saw us. when he did not go home. He ate a We had not gone more than a block when As he was going out upon the sidewalk two young men came in and ioswould get out and walk along on the side tled against him. They were smoking walk and if I got in trouble he would come

'You needn't worry about that,' I told looked at the speaker, and it was the him, 'if anything happens I'll simply hit his dream, the one who had insulted to be caught in the same buggy with this

"Nothing happened, however, and we got to the old barn where we stored our subject until the trouble blew over, withpause; "I will have a good talk with out accident. We hoisted the subject into the hay loft, covered him with hay and left the next morning the hospital authorities discovered the loss and then there was ranged some necessary work for his trouble. They had suspected us before and this time they were sure of us. Early office, then went to the telephone and in the morning the officers arrived to search the college.

"Of course if they found the dead body it meant jail for all of us. The professor told me that he would have to stay and assist in the search and that the best thing for me to do was to get the body out of the way. I thought so too, and started for the barn

'On the way I happened to remember that there was an old doctor in a little town in the southern part of the State who had sent word to the college that he was conducting a class in anatomy and that. care for we might send it to him. And from that minute he was the one man in

for time to do some things. We cannot redeem seven years of selfishness with seven days of self deniel. The death it was of his friendship for me, but I after-

"Whatever his object might have been he helped me and that was more to the point. He found a large trunk about the slope, the ones reaching the bottom unstable and we doubled the body up and put it in the trunk. Then we loaded it on an American practice of this custom is the faexpress wagon and started for the station. a few minutes to buy my ticket and check the trunk and get abroad. The station was surrounded with policemen, but none of them knew me and I escaped unsuspected. Item 1. The dust in the blacksmith I can tell you I breathed more easily after the train started.

"I had provided myself with a number ed all through that hundred mile ride until I was black in the face. No one susected what I had in my trunk and I began to feel more at ease. "But when I started down the stens of the

of the Civil war and all sorts of jobs were ecclesiastical year into the greatest festival being given to cripples, men who had lost arms or legs in the army. The baggageman at the station had only one arm and when he took hold of the trunk to take it out of it was. The result was that it got away from him, bumped across the platform and down into the street, a drop of several feet.

Then I thought the jig was up. I had the trunk check in my hand and stood on the light and stoo steps of the train, my mind made up to throw the check off and go on with the train in case the trunk had broken open.

But it hadn't. I got off and the dressing down I gave that baggageman was a wonder. I told him that I was traveling for a china house and that the trunk was full of samples some of which he must have broken. He wanted to open the trunk and the trunk was if anything was injured but I told him the suddenly saw after the work of the see if anything was injured, but I told him that would be useless. I got an express wagon and delivered the subject to the doctor, receiving many thanks for my kindness. I didn't tell him why I had brought it to him and the authorities and the hospital people never found out what becan of it.

"I'll tell you those were the days when a man had to have nerve to study medicine.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY .- It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern which is not afraid to be generous. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles and have the satisfaction of knowing it has cured thousands of hopeless case Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases are surely cured by it. Call on F. P. Green Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Mad Sheep Kill Themselves.

The epidemic of rabies in Erie county flocks is spreading, and another large flock of sheep has been destroyed. They belong to Elvin Frank, and three weeks ago one was bitten by a mad dog. The disease was communicated to others and many killed themselves by dashing their heads against the sides of their pen.

Lore of the Easter Egg.

Custom That Boasts a Venerable Past. Some Old World Observances. Playing at Ball in Church-A Survival in France-After the Russian Manner-The Artificial Article.

From time immemorial the egg has been regarded as the symbol of creation, or new birth. The Persians believe that the world was hatched from an egg about the time of year of the spring equinox. The Parsees celebrate their New Year at this time, exchanging gifts of colored eggs. In the mysterious ancient Jewish apocalyptic cere-monies and in their bousehold during the paschal season, the egg held a conspicuous position. With the rise of Christianity, however, the paschal egg took on an entirely new aspect, typifying the risen Savior, and the red tint given, it was in commem-oration of his blood shed for sinners on the cross. It is interesting thereof, to know that our brilliant crimson Easter egg is not popular merely because it is a pleasing bright color, but is, also. a survival of this ancient and significant practice.

EGG THROWING IN OLD ENGLAND.

Pasch, Pace and Pase, were old names for what is now universally called the Easter egg in all English speaking countries. At Eastertide, in medieval times, priests and choristers had an odd game of ball with the Pasch egg, throwing it from one to the other in the name of the church, an sarily the egg came to grief, if it was not caught every time, eventually the more substantial hand ball was used instead. In France, in olden times, all the hen roosts were ransacked for the largest eggs which

were then presented to the king.

Easter morning, immediately after the high mass in the Chapel of the Louvre, pyramids of gilded eggs, in verdure trim-med baskets, were brought into the royal cabinet by men servants and by them given out to all those about the court in the

presence of the king.

There is a survival of an old custom still extant in a few of the more remote parts of France, where the priest goes around at the Easter season and blesses the homes of his parishioners, who recompense him with

gifts of eggs both plain and painted.

An old practice formerly prevalent all over Wales, and in parts of England. and Scotland, still obtains in Anglesay, North Wales. There, from Monday until Saturday the week immediately preceding Easter, the children go from house to house soliciting eggs; if no eggs are forthcoming, they will take their equivalent in copper. him there. All went well that night, but They announce their coming by means of a large clapper so that the door may be open

BOOTS HELD FOR RANSOM. An old Northumberland custom seems as curious as any. There, when a man asks a voman for an egg and she refuses it, he takes off her boots holding them until she pays the penalty, and when he refuses her the Pasch egg requested, she snatches off his cap and will not return it until he pays the forfeit. Her deed is much easier of accomplishment than his, and one wonders

just how he manages it if she objects. EASTER IN RUSSIA. Perhaps of all countries. Russia exceeds

all others in the attention it pays to the Easter egg. Almost universally the peowhenever we had a subject that we didn't ple may be seen carrying a number of eggs with them wherever they go on Easter Day for presentation to their friends. In giving them, they say, "Christ is Risen," "The liveryman was a friend of the colcive the answer, "He is risen indeed," lege and particularly a friend to me. I After services in the churches priests and ize that circumstances are not always went to him and told him the whole story laymen click hens together, just as we do in our control. We are obliged to wait and explained what I proposed doing with glasses when giving a toast, as an evidence

Our practice of "pick you upper," is parts of rural England wards concluded it was because the body and continental Europe, the same rule controlling, the weaker egg becoming the spoil

of the stronger. Another popular European Pasch egg contest is to trundle the eggs down a hill or mous White House egg trundling on Easter There was a train about due and I only had Monday. Here, since the beginning of the

---Easter, the festival of the resurrection, was instituted in or about A. D. 68. and may have been observed earlier, as it of strong cigars and at once went into the is alluded to by the first Christian writers baggage car and sat down on the trnnk. I as well known in their time. The word is thought, for reasons that are obvious, that of Saxon origin, being applied in English smoke would be a good thing, and I smok- to the festival from the name of the goddess Eostre, whose festival was held in the spring. The word in Acts 12:4, translated "Easter," means "passover," time as the Jewish Passover, and as many if not most of the early Christians were of Jewish car after our arrival at my destination I had origin it was an easy matter for them to another scare. It was just after the close convert the greatest day of the Jewish

A HORRIBLE OUTBREAK .- "Of large sores the baggage car he didn't figure how heavy on my little daughter's head developed into a case of scaldhead" writes: C. D. Isbill Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and Piles. Only 25c at F. P. Green.

A Martyr for Children.

John Carlson died at Ridgway a few days threw himself from the wheel. He fell with great violence, injuring his spine be-yond recovery. He suffered in agony from that time until Monday when he expired. He was 35 years old, and is survived by his wife and two children.

BELLEVILLE FAMILY.-Belleville, Pa., March 30th, 1900.-Mrs. Levi B. Yoder of this place says: "We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in the family for dyspepsia and liver complaint and for a blood purifier. We think it unexcelled for these troubles.' The cures of dyspepsia that have been effected by this medicine are indeed remarkble, and in all stomach troubles it seems to have a magic touch.

-Johnny (who is jealous of mamma) - "Mamma likes me better than she does you!" "Evelyn (who enjoys teasing)-Why, no, Johnny, of course she loves Betty and me best! Just think, she was our mother long before she was yours!" Johnny (scornfully)—"Hoh, what of that! You are nothing but a sample copy, anyhow! But I'm the real thing!"

Mrs. Hix-Is your daughter happily married?

Mrs. Dix-Indeed, she is. Her husband shakes in his boots every time she speaks. -From the Chicago Daily News.