

ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS. A Dream and Its Consequences.

He died about an hour ago," said one of the other men. "The surgeon was late in getting around, and after the amputation it was ascertained that Scoville had received severe internal injuries."

"Was he conscious?" Mr. Hardy asked the question mechanically, but all the while his mind was in a whirl of remorse.

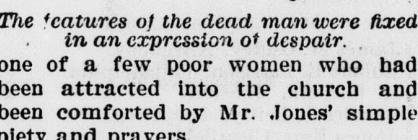
"Yes; up to the last moment," Mr. Hardy went up to the door and knocked. A woman, one of the neighbors, opened it and he went in. The sight stunned him.

the 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 knelt there in that bare room. At last he arose wearily and came out, but his prayer had not refreshed 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 out by the side of the lounge. The surgeon rapidly gave directions for the use of some medicine and prepared to go.

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 he sat, he would probably have wondered 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's simple piety and prayers.

The minister knelt down and said a gentle word to the woman. Then, as if in reply to a low voiced request, he 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. The minister, after making arrangements 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 I 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 meeting Thursday night and help in any way possible."

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

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:

the casting room. It was not his particular 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 inspection in the absence of the regular officer. An investigation of the accident 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 nervously in his hand. "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?" Burns looked surprised, but made answer, describing briefly the accidents. Mr. Hardy listened intently with bowed head. At last he looked up 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 when the men wore out the company 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:

"You may quit work until after Scoville's funeral. The machinery here needs overhauling."

The men stood impassive for a moment. Finally a big Dane stepped up and said:

"We be no minded to quit work these times. We 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."

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 business—all these things crowded in upon him, and still he saw the face and heard the voice of Eternity. "Seven days more to live!"

He sank into a reverie for a moment. He was roused by the sounding of the noon whistle. What, noon already? So swiftly had the time gone! He turned to his desk, bewildered, and picked up his letters, glanced over them hurriedly and then gave directions for the answers of some of them to his impatient clerk, who had been wondering at his employer's strange behavior this morning.

It was just such an occasion as he had enjoyed very many times before, and the recollection brought to mind the number of times he had gone away from his home and left his wife sitting drearily by the fire. How could he have done it? He tossed the gilded invitation fiercely into the wastebasket and, rising, walked his room, thinking, thinking. He had so much to do and so little time to do it in! He thought thus a moment, then went out and walked rapidly over to the hotel where he was in the habit of getting lunch when he did not go home. He ate a little hurriedly and then hastened out.

As he was going out upon the sidewalk two young men came in and jostled against him. They were smoking and talking in a loud tone. Mr. Hardy caught the sound of his own name. He looked at the speaker, and it was the face of the young man he had seen in his dream, the one who had insulted George and struck him afterward. For a moment Mr. Hardy was tempted to confront the youth and inquire into his son's habits.

"No," he said to himself after a pause; "I'll have a good talk with George himself. That will be the best."

He hurried back to the office and arranged some necessary work for his clerk, took a walk through the other office, then went to the telephone and 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 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 make a week such as few men ever made. He was just beginning to realize that circumstances are not always in our control. We are obliged to wait for time to do some things. We cannot redeem seven years of selfishness with seven 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:

Item 1. The dust in the blacksmith shop and in the brass polishing rooms is largely unnecessary. The new England 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 necessity.

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 willful neglect or 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 it would be to look after the religious interests of the employees.

When Nerve Was Needed.

"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 well known St. Paul doctor to a St. Paul newspaperman.

"Of course that was many years ago, and we had considerably more trouble securing subjects for the dissecting room than they have now. About the only way we could get them was to steal them. I was sort of assistant to the professor of anatomy and it sometimes devolved upon me to get the subjects."

"One afternoon the professor told me that a pauper had died in the Catholic hospital in the town, where the college was located, and that as we were out of subjects we must have him. One of our students was in the hospital and the professor told me to take one of the other students and drive to the hospital and get the body. I was to go at 6 o'clock, when all the sisters and nurses were at vespers in the hospital chapel, and induce the student to give me the body."

"We got a buggy from the livery stable which we patronized on such occasions and arrived at the hospital in due time. The hospital student was very much scared when we told him what we wanted, but he finally decided to let us have the body. The other fellow held the horse while I went into the window and got the body. He was a big fellow, but after some trouble I got him out of the window and into the buggy just as the nurses and sisters returned from vespers."

"We propped the subject up in the buggy between us and started as fast as we could to get away before anyone saw us. We had not gone more than a block when we struck a rough piece of road and one of the buggy springs broke. Then we were in trouble. My fellow student said that he would get out and walk along on the sidewalk and if I got in trouble he would come to my assistance."

"You needn't worry about that," I told him, "if anything happens I'll simply hit the horse a lick and jump. I don't want to be caught in the same buggy with this thing."

"Nothing happened, however, and we got to the old barn where we stored our subject until the trouble blew over, without accident. We hoisted the subject into the hay loft, covered him with hay and left him there. All went well that night, but the next morning the hospital authorities discovered the loss and then there was trouble. They had suspected us before, and this time they were sure of us. Early 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 it was concealed."

"The way I happened to remember was 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, whenever we had a subject that we didn't care for we might send it to him. And from that minute he was the one man in the world that I wanted to see."

"The liveryman was a friend of the college and particularly a friend to me. I went to him and told him the whole story and explained what I proposed doing with the body. He was as anxious as I was to get the body away. I thought at the time it was of his friendship for me, but I afterwards concluded it was because the body was on his premises."

"Whatever his object might have been he helped me and that was more to the point. He found a large trunk about the stable and we doubled the body up and put it in the trunk. Then we loaded it on an express wagon and started for the station. There was a train about due and I only had a few minutes to buy my ticket and check the trunk and get abroad. The station was surrounded by policemen, but none of them knew me and I escaped unobserved. I can tell you I breathed more easily after the train started."

"I had provided myself with a number of strong cigars and at once went into the baggage car and sat down on the trunk. I thought, for reasons that are obvious, that smoke would be a good thing, and smoked all through that hundred mile ride until I was black in the face. No one suspected what I had in my trunk and I began to feel more at ease."

"But when I started down the steps of the car after our arrival at my destination I had another scare. It was just after the close of the Civil war and all sorts of jobs were being given to cripples, men who had lost arms or legs in the army. The baggage man at the station had only one arm and when he took hold of the trunk to take it out of the baggage car he didn't figure how heavy 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 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 baggage man 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 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 became of it."

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

Love of the Easter Egg.

A 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 Egg.

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 gift of colored eggs. In the mysterious ancient Jewish apocalyptic ceremonies and in their household 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 Saviour, and the red tint given, it was in commemoration 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 natural of this ancient and significant practice.

EGG THROWING IN OLD ENGLAND. Pasch, Pace and Paise, were old names for what is now universally called the Easter egg in all English speaking countries. At Easter tide, 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 anthem being sung meantime. As necessarily the egg came to grief, if it was not caught every time, eventually the more substantial and ball was used instead. In France, in olden times, all the men 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 trimmed 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 Anglesey, 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. They announce their coming by means of a large clapper so that the door may be open for them.

BOOTS HELD FOR RANSOM. An old Northumberland custom seems as curious as any. There, when a man asks a woman 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 people 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," and receive the answer, "He is risen indeed." After services in the churches priests and laymen click hens together, just as we do glasses when giving a toast, as an evidence of kindly feeling.

Our practice of "pick you upper," is practiced in many parts of rural England 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 slope, the ones reaching the bottom uncracked winning the weaker ones. An American practice of this custom is the famous White House egg trundling on Easter Monday. Here, since the beginning of the century, the children gather on the White House lawn on that day and trundle Easter eggs down the slope.

Easter, the festival of the resurrection, was instituted in or about A. D. 68, and may have been observed earlier, as it is alluded to by the first Christian writers as well known in their time. The word is of Saxon origin, being applied in English 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 origin it was an easy matter for them to convert the greatest day of the Jewish ecclesiastical year into the greatest festival of Christianity.—Ex.

A HORRIBLE OUTBREAK.—"Of large sores on my little daughter's head developed into a case of scaldhead," writes C. D. Isbill of Morgantown, Tenn., but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured her. It's a guaranteed cure for Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and Piles. Only 25c at F. P. Green.

A Martyr for Children. John Carlson died at Ridgway a few days ago from the effects of injury received nearly two years ago. Mr. Carlson was riding a bicycle on April 30th, 1898, when he suddenly saw ahead of him two small children. To avoid running into them Mr. Carlson threw himself from the wheel. He fell with great violence, injuring his spine beyond 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 remarkable, 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 Johnny and me best! Just think, she was out mother long before she was yours!" Johnny (scoffingly)—"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.



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

family of the dead and others as well 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 his 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 sulphur? He could not banish from his mind the picture of that face as it looked to him when he drew back the sheet and looked 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 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 obligations to his family—Clara's need of a father's help, George's need of the bad, Alice in need of sympathy, his wife