

ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.

A Dream and Its Consequences.

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Under this last item Mr. Hardy wrote in a footnote, "Discuss feasibility of this with Mr. B., influential director. It was now 3 o'clock. The short winter day was fast drawing to a close. The hum of the great engine in the machine shop was growing very wearisome to the manager. He felt sick of its throbbing tremor and longed to escape from it. Ordinarily he would have gone to the clubroom and had a game of chess with a member, or else he would have gone down and idled away an hour or two before supper at the Art museum where he was a constant visitor—that was when he had plenty of time and the business of the office was not pressing. Young Wellman, however, had succeeded to the clerical details of the shops, and Mr. Hardy's time was generally free after 4 o'clock.

He had been oppressed with the thought of the other injured men. He must go and see them. He could not rest till he had personally visited them. He went out and easily ascertained where the men lived. Never before did the contrast between the dull, uninteresting row of shop tenements and his own elegant home rise up so sharply before him. In fact, he had never given it much thought before. Now, as he looked forward to the end of the week, he knew that at its close he would be no richer, no better able to rest till he had personally visited them. He went out and easily ascertained where the men lived. Never before did the contrast between the dull, uninteresting row of shop tenements and his own elegant home rise up so sharply before him. In fact, he had never given it much thought before. Now, as he looked forward to the end of the week, he knew that at its close he would be no richer, no better able to rest till he had personally visited them.

He found the man who had lost both eyes sitting up in bed and feeling in a pathetic manner of a few blocks of wood which one of the children in the room had brought to him. He was a big, powerful man like his brother, the large boned Dane, and it seemed a very pitiful thing that he should be lying there like a baby when his muscles were as powerful as ever. The brother was in the room with the injured man, and he said to him: "Olaf, Mr. Hardy come to see you."

"Hardy? Hardy?" queried the man in a peevish tone. "What do I know him to be?" "The manager. The one who donate so really much money to you."

"Ah!" with an indescribable accent. "He make me work on Sunday. He lose me my two eyes. A bad man, Svord. I will no have anything to do with him."

And the old descendant of a thousand kings turned his face to the wall and would not even so much as make a motion toward his visitor. His brother offered a rude apology. Mr. Hardy replied in a low tone: "Say nothing about it. I deserve all your brother says. But for a good reason I wish Olaf would say he forgives me."

Mr. Hardy came nearer the bed and spoke very earnestly and as if he had known the man intimately: "I did you a great wrong to order the work on Sunday and in not doing my duty concerning the inspection of the machinery. I have come to say so and to ask your forgiveness. I may never see you again. Will you say to me, 'Brother, I forgive you?'"

There was a moment of absolute passivity on the part of the big fellow; then a very large and brawny hand was extended, and the blind man said: "Yes, I forgive. We learned that in the old Bible at Svendorf."

Mr. Hardy laid his hand in the other, and his lips moved in prayer of humble thanksgiving. What, Robert Hardy? Is this that proud man who only the day before was so lifted up with selfishness that he could coldly criticize his own minister for saying that people ought to be more Christlike? Are you standing here in this poor man's house which two days ago you would not have deigned to enter and beseeching him as your brother in the great family of God to forgive you for what you have done and left undone? Yes, you have looked into the Face of Eternity; you realize now what life really means and what souls are really worth.

He went out after a few words with the family and saw all the other injured men. By the time he had finished these visits it was dark, and he eagerly turned home, exhausted with the day's experience, feeling as if he had lived in a new world and at the same time wondering at the rapidity with which the time had fled.

He sighed almost contentedly to himself as he thought of the evening with his family and how he would enjoy it after the disquiet of the day. His wife was there to greet him, and Alice and Clara and Bess clung about him as he took off his coat and came into the beautiful room where a cheerful fire was blazing. Will came down stairs as his father came in, and in the brief interval before supper was ready Mr. Hardy related the scenes of the day. They were all shocked to hear of Scoville's death, and Mrs. Hardy at once began to discuss some plans for relieving the family. Bess volunteered to give up half her room to one of the children, and Alice quietly outlined a plan which immediately appeared to her father businesslike and feasible. In the midst of this discussion supper was announced, and they all sat down. "Where is George?" asked Mr. Hardy. Ordinarily he would have gone on with the meal without any reference to the boy, because he was so often absent from the table. Tonight he felt an ir-

resistible longing to have all his children with him. "He said he was invited out to supper with the Bramleys," said Clara. Mr. Hardy received the announcement in silence. He felt the bitterness of such indifference on the part of his older son. "What?" he said to himself. "When he knows I had such a little while left, could he not be at home?" Then almost immediately flashed into him the self reproach even stronger than his condemnation of his boy. "How much have I done for him these last ten years to win his love and protect him from evil?"

After supper Mr. Hardy sat down by his wife, and in the very act he blushed with shame at the thought that he could not recall when he had spent an evening thus. He looked into her face and asked gently: "Mary, what do you want me to do? Shall I read as we used to in the old days?" "No; let us talk together," replied Mrs. Hardy, bravely driving back her tears. "I cannot realize what it all means. I have been praying all day. Do you still have the impression you had this morning?"

"Mary, am I anything even more convinced that God has spoken to me. The impression has been deepening with me all day. When I looked into poor Scoville's face, the terrible nature of my past selfish life almost overwhelmed me. Oh, why have I abused God's goodness to me so awfully?" There was silence a moment. Then Mr. Hardy grew more calm. He began to discuss what he would do the second day. He related more fully the interview with the men in the shop and his visits to the injured. He drew Clara to him and began to inquire into her troubles in such a tender, loving way that Clara's proud, passionate, willful nature broke down, and she sobbed out her story to him as she had to her mother the night before.

Mr. Hardy promised Clara that he would see James the next day. It was true that James Caxton had only a week before approached Mr. Hardy and told him in very manful fashion of his love for his daughter, but Mr. Hardy had treated it as a child's affair, and in accordance with his usual policy in family matters had simply told Clara and Bess to discontinue their visits at the old neighbor's. But now that he heard the story from the lips of his own daughter he saw the seriousness of it, and crowding back all his former pride and hatred of the elder Caxton he promised Clara to see James the next day.

Clara clung to her father in loving surprise. She was bewildered, as were all the rest, by the strange event that had happened to her father, but she never had so felt his love before, and, forgetting for awhile the significance of his wonderful dream, she felt happy in his presence and in his affection for her.

The evening had sped on with surprising rapidity while all these matters were being discussed, and as it drew near to midnight again Robert Hardy felt almost happy in the atmosphere of that home and the thought that he could still for a little while create joy for those who loved him. Suddenly he spoke of his other son: "I wish George would come in. Then our family circle would be complete. But it is bedtime for you, Bess, and all of us, for that matter."

It was just then that steps were heard on the front porch, and voices were heard as if talking in whispers. The bell rang. Mr. Hardy rose to go to the door. His wife clung to him terrified. "Oh, don't go, Robert! I am afraid for you."

"Why, Mary, it cannot be anything to harm me. Don't be alarmed." Nevertheless he was a little startled. The day had been a trying one for him. He went to the door, his wife and the children following him close behind. He threw it wide open, and there, supported by two of his companions, one of them the young man Mr. Hardy had seen in the hotel lobby at noon, was his son George, too drunk to stand alone. He leered into the face of his father and mother with a drunken look that froze their souls with despair as the blize of the hall lamp fell upon him reeling there.

And so the first of Robert Hardy's seven days came to an end.

CHAPTER V. Mr. Hardy was a man of great will power, but this scene with his drunken son crushed him for a moment and seemed to take the very soul out of him. Mrs. Hardy at first uttered a wild cry and then ran forward and, seizing her elder boy, almost dragged him into the house, while Mr. Hardy, recovering from his first shock, looked

sternly at the companions of the boy and then shut the door. That night was a night of sorrow in that family. The sorrow of death is not to be compared with it. But morning came, as it comes alike to the condemned criminal and to the pure hearted child on a holiday, and after a brief and troubled rest Mr. Hardy awoke to his second day, the memory of the night coming to him at first as an ugly dream, but afterward as a terrible reality. His boy drunk! He could not make it seem possible. Yet there in the next room he lay in a drunken stupor, sleeping off the effects of his debauch of the night before. Mr. Hardy fell on his knees and prayed for mercy, again repeating the words, "Almighty God, help me to use the remaining days in the wisest and best manner."

Then calming himself by a tremendous effort he rose up and faced the day's work as bravely as any man under such circumstances could. After a family council, in which all of them were drawn nearer together than they ever had been before on account of their troubles, Mr. Hardy outlined the day's work something as follows: First, he would go and see James Caxton and talk over the affair with him and Clara. Then he would go down to the office and arrange some necessary details of his business. If possible, he would come home to lunch. In the afternoon he would go to poor Scoville's funeral, which had been arranged for 2 o'clock. Mrs. Hardy announced her intention to go also. Then Mr. Hardy thought he would have a visit with George and spend the evening at home arranging matters with reference to his own death. With this programme in mind he finally went away after an affectionate leave taking with his wife and children.

George slept heavily until the middle of the forenoon and then awoke with a raging headache. Bess had several times during the morning stolen into the room to see if her brother were awake. When he did finally turn over and open his eyes, he saw the young girl standing by the bedside. He groaned as he recalled the night and his mother's look, and Bess said timidly as she laid her hand on his forehead: "George, I'm so sorry for you! Don't you feel well?"

"I feel as if my head would split open. It aches as if some one was chopping wood inside of it."

"What makes you feel so?" asked Bess innocently. "Did you eat too much supper at the Bramleys'?" Bess had never seen any one drunk before, and when George was helped to bed the night before by his father and mother she did not understand his condition. She had always adored her big brother. It was not strange she had no idea of his habits.

George looked at his small sister curiously; then, under an impulse he could not explain, he drew her nearer to him and said: "Bess, I'm a bad fellow. I was drunk last night! Drunk—do you understand? And I've nearly killed mother!" Bess was aghast at the confession. She put out her hand again. "Oh, no, George!" Then with a swift revulsion of feeling she drew back and said, "How could you, with father feeling as he does?"

And little Bess, who was a creature of very impulsive emotions, sat down crying on what she supposed was a cushion, but which was George's tall hat, accidentally covered with one end of a comforter which had slipped off the bed. Bess was a very plump little creature, and as she picked herself up and held up the hat George angrily exclaimed: "You're always smashing my things!" But the next minute he was sorry for the words.

Bess retreated toward the door, quivering under the injustice of the charge. At the door she halted. She had some thing of Clara's passionate temper, and once in awhile she let even her adored brother George feel it, small as she was. "George Hardy, if you think more of your old stepmother than you do of your sister, all right. You'll never get any more of my month's allowance. And if I do smash your things I don't come home drunk at night and break mother's heart. That's what she's crying about this morning—that and father's queer ways. Oh, dear, I don't want to live. Life is so full of trouble!"

And little 12-year-old Bess sobbed in genuine sorrow. George forgot his headache a minute. "Come, Bess, come and kiss and make up. Honest, now, I didn't mean it. I was bad to say what I did. I'll buy a dozen hats and let you sit on them for fun. Don't go away angry. I'm so miserable."

He lay down and groaned, and Bess went to him immediately, all her anger vanished. "Oh, let me get you something to drive away your headache, and I'll bring you up something nice to eat! Mother had Nora save something for you. Didn't you, mother?" Bessie asked the question just as her mother came in.

Mrs. Hardy said "Yes" and, going up to George, sat down by him and laid her hand on his head, as his sister had done. The boy moved uneasily. He saw the marks of great suffering on his mother's face, but he said nothing to express sorrow for his disgrace. "Bess, will you go and get George his breakfast?" asked Mrs. Hardy, and the minute she was gone the mother turned to her son and said: "George, do you love me?"

George had been expecting something different. He looked at his mother as the tears fell over her face, and all that was still good in him rose up in rebellion against the animal part. He seized his mother's hand and carried it to his lips, kissed it reverently and said in a low tone: "Mother, I am unworthy. If you knew."

He checked himself, as if on the verge of confession. His mother waited anxiously and then asked: "Won't you tell me all?" "No; I can't." George shuddered, and at that moment Bess came in bearing a tray with toast and eggs and coffee. Mrs. Hardy left Bess to look after her brother and went out of the room almost abruptly. George looked ashamed and after eating a little told Bess to take the things away. She looked grieved, and he said: "Can't help it. I'm not hungry. Besides, I don't deserve all this attention. Say, Bess, is father still acting under his impression, or dream, or whatever it was?"

"Yes; he is," replied Bess with much sorrow, "and he is ever so good now and kisses mother and all and is goodly in the morning, and he is kind and ever so good. I don't believe he is in his right mind. Will said yesterday he thought father was non campus meant us, and then he wouldn't tell me what it meant, but I guess he doesn't think father is just right intellectual."

Now and then Bess got hold of a big word and used it a great deal. She said "intellectually" over twice, and George laughed a little, but it was a bitter laugh, not such as a boy of his age has any business to possess. He lay down and appeared to be thinking and after a while said aloud: "I wonder if he wouldn't let me have some money while he's feeling that way?" "Who?" queried Bess. "Father?" "What! You here still, Curiosity? Better take these things down stairs."

George spoke with his "headache tone," as Clara called it, and Bess without reply gathered up the tray things and went out, while George continued to figure out in his hardly yet sober brain the possibility of his father letting him have more money with which to gamble, and yet in the very next room Mrs. Hardy knelt in an agony of petition for that afternoon, crying "O God, it is more than I can bear! To see him growing away from me! Dear Lord, be thou merciful to me. Bring him back again to the life he used to live! How proud I was of him! What a joy he was to me! And now, and now! O gracious Father, if thou art truly compassionate, hear me! Has not this foul demon of drink done harm enough? That it should still come into my home! Ah, but I have been indifferent to the cries of other women, but now it strikes me! Spare me, great and powerful Almighty! My boy! my heart's hunger is for him! I would rather see him dead than see him as I saw him last night. Spare me! spare me. O God!"

Thus the mother prayed, dry eyed and almost despairing, while he for whom she prayed, that heartbroken prayer calculator with growing coldness of mind, the chances of getting more money from his father to use in drink and at the gaming table. O appetite, and thou spirit of gambling! Ye are twin demons with whom many a fair broved young soul today is marching arm in arm down the dread pavement of hell's vestibule, lined with grinning skeletons of past victims, and yet men gravely discuss the probability of evil and think there is no special danger in a little speculation now and then.

Parents say, "Oh, my boy wouldn't do such a thing!" But how many know really and truly what their boy is really doing, and how many of the young men would dare reveal to their mothers or fathers the places where they have been and the amusements they have tasted and the things for which they have spent their money?

Mr. Hardy went at once to his neighbors, the Caxtons, who lived only a block away. He had not been on speaking terms with the family for some time, and he dreaded the interview with the sensitive dread of a very proud and stern willed man. But two days had made a great change in him. He was a new man in Christ Jesus, and as he rang the bell he prayed for wisdom and humility.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Bullet in Baby's Head. Child Alone in the House Is Strangely Shot—Found on the Floor With a Fatal Wound. A mysterious shooting took place on Thursday evening at Swedeland, near Norristown, when Ruth, the 4-year-old daughter of Henry Openduffer, superintendent of Hecher's furnace, was found with a bullet in her head. The child was still alive, but is not expected to live.

The Openduffer family resides a short distance from the furnace. Shortly after 7 o'clock Mrs. Openduffer put the child to bed, and then went to visit a neighbor. An hour later boys playing in the vicinity of the home heard a pistol shot and notified the superintendent, who was at the furnace. Mr. Openduffer made an investigation, and found his daughter on the floor. She was unconscious, and there was a terrible wound directly back of her left ear.

On the floor was a 38-calibre revolver with one chamber empty. The weapon belonged to Mr. Openduffer. How Ruth received the wound is a mystery, but Mr. Openduffer is of the opinion that the child found the revolver and while playing with it shot herself.

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 cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases are surely cured by it. Call on F. P. Cull Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

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In a Chinese Harem.

An Interesting Chat With the Wife of a Prominent Celestial in the City of Peking.

For the first time in my life I have been permitted to have a glimpse of a Chinese harem, writes "J. M. R." from Peking, China, to the Chicago Record. I am inclined, indeed, to believe that I am the first white man of any nationality who has talked at length with a royal Chinese princess—in fact, I might say, with several princesses, for although my conversation was principally with one, yet many others came in, and before I left there was scarcely "standing room only" about me. It came about in this way: Leading in the Peking Gazette that the empress dowager had called all the princes of the blood, members of the cabinet and presidents of the six boards to a solemn convocation within the palace, I was certain that some business of more than usual importance was to be transacted and that my business was to find out as rapidly as possible what was on foot. I decided to pay a visit to Prince Tsai Feng and try to obtain from him the event of the day. Fortunately only a few days before his little daughter-in-law whom he is devotedly attached, had come down with measles and he had requested me to send him a fever mixture, and if in the neighborhood to drop in and see her. Remembering this, I decided to visit the child and so interview the father. After a cold ride of an hour in a Peking cart I found myself in the outer court of the Tsai palace, but, alas, was told by the gatekeeper that the prince had been deputed by the empress to hunt incense at a certain sacrificial temple some miles away, and would not be home until after dark. Summoning up all my courage, I replied: "Yes, I know he is away, but he has invited me to see his little sick daughter and I cannot come at any other time. Have the goodness to inform the princess that in obedience to her husband's commands I want to see the child."

"Which princess?" he inquired. "The child's mother," I replied, not knowing what other answer to give. I waited some ten minutes in my cart and then the man returned with a eunuch, saying: "The princess will receive you. This eunuch will lead you within the harem."

I passed through the four different court yards, each lined with buildings, and then entered a fifth court, at the head of which, raised 10 feet above ground, stood a building of the ordinary style of Chinese architecture of one story, only it was larger and more gorgeously painted than the others. Upon the platform in front of the door stood a lady arrayed in many-colored silks, and with face painted a bright vermilion. I passed up the steps, and, bowing low before her, entered the room ahead of her, as the Chinese custom is, and proceeded to the k'ang, which was covered with handsome skins and soft rugs. She seated herself opposite me upon the k'ang, separated from me by a little square table eight inches high.

"The eunuch tells me my husband has requested you to call, and I am very sorry; he has apparently forgotten the appointment, for he said nothing to me about it. But as you cannot call again I have decided to see you and show you the child."

"Many thanks," I replied. "It is very good of you. The journey to your place is long and cold, otherwise I should come again. How is the little girl?" "Oh, ever so much better," she replied. "When we commenced speaking only the lady, myself and two eunuchs were in the room, but by this time the three doors leading into the apartment were filled with painted faces and silk robed wives, concubines and attendants of my much married friend, Tsai Feng."

The little girl was carried in by a eunuch and upon my pronouncing her quite well the mother was very much pleased. "How many children have you?" I ventured. "Alas, alas," she answered, "four girls, but no boys."

"You are nearly as bad off as your emperor, K'uang Hsu," I replied. "Oh, do you know that?" she asked. "Poor man, he is to have a son appointed for him to day, and if I mistake not it will be either the son of Prince Lien, Prince Tuan or Duke Lan."

"Too bad you have not a son," I remarked. "Then you might some day be mother of an emperor."

"No, that would be impossible," she replied, "as we are not of the generation from which a prince can be chosen emperor. We are descended from the emperor before Hsien Feng, and the choice must lie in the lower generation."

"I suppose the emperor will be pleased to have a successor named will he not?" "Not at all. Ever since last autumn a year ago, when the emperor sent Yuan Shih Kai down to Tientsin to bring up troops to kill the empress dowager, who seized the throne and executed all the evil advisers of the emperress she could get hands on, the dowager has hated the emperor, and now that she is with the consent of the princes and cabinet ministers appointing his successor it may not be long before he passes away."

"But he never wanted to kill her," I interposed. "He only wanted to send her away in seclusion where she could no longer interfere in the matters of government."

"Do you think foreign clothes so very ugly?" I asked. "Well, they are certainly not pretty," she frankly replied. "Your men's clothes are too tight and thin looking, and I saw several of your ladies from my sedan chair window a few weeks ago, and they looked like hour glasses, all squeezed together in the middle, so that I wondered how the poor creatures could eat. Don't you yourself think our costumes much prettier?" she asked, giving herself a contented going over in a little looking-glass she had suspended from her waist by a silk cord. Then I lied most tremendously assuring her I hoped the time would come when our ladies would see the advantage of changing to the Chinese costume. She was very pleased and assured me it would surely come in time.

At this juncture the princess directed her attention to my attire, upon which she commented unfavorably. "Not in my time," I sighed. "Well, then, you could take a Chinese wife," she suggested. "But I have an American one already," I objected. "Oh, that's no matter. Ru Kuli (her husband's personal name) has three besides me—and her, and her, and her," pointing to three rather pretty but awfully painted dandies standing now quite in the room, all of them much younger than herself—the second about 40. "Why don't you take a second wife, one of our Chinese girls? I hear some of your countrymen have done so."

and if I know the lady's mind at all well. I am sure she would object. "Would she, indeed? How funny," and all the room laughed at and pitied me. "I was now served for the second time and I say it was a signal for my departure. I risked one more question. "If the successor of the emperor is chosen to-day, will the emperor at once abdicate?" I asked.

"Oh no. The dowager empress is too intelligent to force that at once. She really rules everything and everybody at present. She fears if the emperor lives he may furnish a pretext for the friends of K'ang Yu Wei and the so-called reformers to form a revolution to reseat him on the throne, consequently she is anxious to get him out of the way. But she is too astute to be precipitate. She will first have a successor safely appointed, some boy whom she can control. After the little excitement that move creates has subsided say in a year. K'uang Hsu, on plea of good health, will really abdicate. Then, as he is no longer a figure of interest, he will disappear without making any stir. Clever, isn't she?"

"Very," I replied. She must be a very nice old lady—something like our English mothers in law."

"Thank you, her highness for seeing me and bowing low three times at the door to which she escorted me. I followed the eunuchs back to the second court, where the prince's male attendants awaited me and saw me to my cart.

The next morning I received the following note from the prince: "Esteemed friend: My wife yesterday committed a great indiscretion in receiving you in my absence, as it is against all rules of Chinese etiquette, but as it was to see our sick child in an excusable fault. Kindly however, mention it to no one in Peking, or it would injure us in our circle, as you can well understand. Her conversation which she has repeated to me touched upon several political questions. Please consider her remarks but silyly badly. Wishing you golden peace, your slave, Tsai Feng."

Upheaval of Land. What Had Once Been the Bed of a River Is Now a Hill 10 Feet High. A tremendous upheaval of land is reported to have occurred on Nooksack river, ten miles west of Mount Baker, Wash., on March 27th. What had once been a valley and bed of the Nooksack river is now a hill seventy feet high. The noise of the upheaval was heard at Hamilton, ten miles away. A report of the occurrence was brought to Tacoma by D. P. Simons Jr., who was in the neighborhood at the time looking over timber lands.

Simons says that he heard the noise of the upheaval, which sounded like the heavy rumbling of thunder. He and his party were very much disturbed and began an investigation. They journeyed in the direction from which the sound came and were very much astonished to see a huge mound of earth, nearly a quarter of a mile square, where formerly there had been a valley. In one place the mound was seventy feet high. Nooksack river had been turned from its course and ran around the side of the hill. Nearly in the center of this high bank of earth was a large lake. A forest had formerly occupied the ground, and trees which had escaped destruction here and there in the mound large enough to engulf a horse and wagon. There was a smell of sulphur in the air, and it is Simon's impression that the disturbance was caused by gaseous pressure beneath the mountains.

Another theory ventured by settlers is that the disturbance is nothing more than a landslide from Mount Baker. This, however, could scarcely be possible, judging from the odor of sulphur and the cracks which appeared. William Hadley, a trapper, who has miles of snares in the vicinity and whose wrecked cabin now stands in the center of the mound, was absent at the time of the upheaval and thus probably escaped death. His cabin was split in two, Simons says he was accompanied by H. B. Banning. They left Nooksack April 2nd.

Wisconsin's "Lumber King." Went to Work at \$6 a Month; Died a Millionaire. Former United States Senator Philatus Sawyer, the "lumber king," whose death at Oshkosh, Wis., has been reported in the news columns, was an interesting character. He was born in Whiting, Addison county, Vt., on September 22nd, 1816. His parents removed to Crown Point, N. Y., at that time the center of the lumber trade of the Lake region, where his boyhood days were spent. When fourteen years old he went to work for \$6 a month. When he became seventeen he purchased from his father for \$100 his own home, until he should be twenty-one years old, borrowing the money from an elder brother. At the age of thirty-one he found himself the possessor of \$2000, which he had earned by logging and lumbering in the Adirondacks.

With his savings he emigrated to the lumbering region of Wisconsin, where he invested his capital in a saw mill and the purchase of timber land, laying the foundation for his future wealth. Mr. Sawyer married in 1841 Miss Melvina M. Hadley, who died in 1858, leaving a son and two daughters. In all his business dealings, Mr. Sawyer was noted for his shrewdness and his integrity. He was systematic in his gifts to charitable enterprises, setting aside \$1000 a month for this purpose. Mr. Sawyer celebrated his eightieth birthday at his home, in Oshkosh, in September, 1896, with a most elaborate entertainment, to which he invited nearly one thousand friends from all parts of Wisconsin.

Mr. Sawyer served for ten years in the House of Representatives, and for twelve years in the United States Senate.

Not Enough to Go Around. A young married lady had just acquired a new coach and a new footman to match. "John," she said one day, "we will drive out to make a few calls. But I shan't get out of the carriage; you will, therefore, take the cards that are on my dressing table and leave one of them at each house we stop at."

"Very good, ma'am," answered John, and he ran upstairs to get the cards. After they had driven about a considerable time, and cards had been left at a large number of houses, the lady remarked: "Now we must call on the Dales, the Framptons and Clarks."

"We can't do it," they broke in the footman, in alarm; "I've only the ace of spades and the ten of clubs left. Larry—You remember our old tom cat that used to run if a kitten looked at him? Well, he kin kick the hould ally by himself now. Denny—Phwat brought about th' change? Larry—Wae toid a grane ribbon aroun' his neck.—Atlanta Constitution.