

Bellefonte, Pa., April 27. 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.

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(BEGUN IN NO. 12, MARCH 23, 1900.) James himself came to the door with his overcoat on and hat in hand, evi dently just ready to go down town. He started back at seeing Mr. Hardy. "Are you going down town? I will not come in then, but walk along with

you," said Mr. Hardy quietly. So James came out, and the two walked along together. There was an awkward pause for a minute; then Mr.

Hardy said: "James, is it true that you and Clara

are engaged?" "No. sir: that-is-not exactly what you might call engaged. We would

like to be.' Mr. Hardy smiled in spite of himself, and James added in a quickened tone. "We would like to be, with your consent. sir."

Mr. Hardy walked on thoughtfully and then glanced at the young man at his side. He was 6 feet tall, not very handsome, as Bessie had frankly said. but he had a good face, a steady, clear blue eye and resolute air, as of one who was willing to work hard to get what he wanted. Mr. Hardy could not help contrasting him with his own prematurely broken down son George, and he groaned inwardly as he thought of the foolish pride that would bar the doors of his family to a young man like James Caxton simply because he was poor and because his father had won in a contested election in which the two older men were candidates for the same office.

It did not take long to think all this. Then he said, looking again at the young man with a businesslike look: "Supposing you had my permission, what are your prospects for support



"James, is it true that you and Clara are

engaged? ing my daughter? She has always had everything she wanted. What could you give her?"

The question might have seemed cold and businesslike. The tone was thoughtful and serious.

A light flashed into James' eyes, but my pen at home"

Mr. Hardy did not reply to this. He said, "Do you know what a willful, quick tempered girl Clara is?" "I have known her from a little child, Mr. Hardy. I feel as if I knew her about as well as you do."

"Perhaps you know her better than I do. I do not know my child as ! should."

The tone was not bitter, but intense ly sad. The young man had, of cours. been greatly wondering at this talk from Mr. Hardy and had observed the change in his manner and his speech He looked at him now and noted the pale, almost haggard, face and his extremely thoughtful appearance.

"Mr. Hardy," said James frankly. "you are in trouble. I wish I could"-

"Thank you. No, you can't help me any in this except," continued Mr. Hardy, with a faint smile, "except you solve this trouble between you and

my daughter." "There is no trouble between us, sir," replied James simply. "You know I love her and have loved her for a long time, and I believe I am able to support her and make her happy. Won't

not children. We know our minds." James was beginning to speak very earnestly. He was beginning to hope that the stern, proud man who had so curtly dismissed him a little while before would in some unaccountable manner relent and give him his heart's

Mr. Hardy walked along in silence a little way. Then he said almost abruptly:

"James, do you drink?"

"No. sir."

"Or gamble?" "You forget my mother, Mr. Hardy."

The reply was almost stern. been ruined by gambling. He had speculation he had threatened her life. James had interposed and at the risk mother's. Mrs. Caxton had been so unnerved by the scene that her health ing out of boyhood. But not a day had | piece of machinery in the shops, but

to stop at nothing in order to get

means for its exercise. Mr. Hardy knew the story, and he not think." Then, after a pause: "Are you a Christian? I mean do you have a faith in the revelation of God to men through Jesus Christ, and do you try to live according to his teachings, with a supreme love for God controlling life? Do you live every day as if it might be

the last you would have to live?" James started. Was Mr. Hardy out of his mind? He had never heard him talk like this before. The idea of Mr. Hardy caring about his religious character in the event of his becoming a son-in-law was an idea too remote for occurrence. He could see, however, that some very powerful change had taken place in Mr. Hardy's usual demeanor. His words also produced a strong effect upon the young man. He was like thousands of young mentemperate, honest, industrious, free from vices, strictly moral, but without any decided religious faith.

"Am I a Christian?" he asked himself, echoing Mr. Hardy's question. No; he could not say that he was. He had never said so to any one. He had, in fact, never been confronted with the question before. So he replied to Mr.

"No, sir; I don't think I am what would be called a Christian. As for living as if every day were to be my last -do you think that is possible, sir?"

Mr. Hardy did not answer. He walked along thoughtfully. In the course of the conversation they had reached the corner where the young man turned down to his office, and the two paused. "I want to have another talk with you." Mr. Hardy said. "Today is Tuesday; say tomorrow evening. I want to see your father also, and"- Mr. Hardy was on the point of saying that he wanted to ask the elder Caxton's for-

giveness, but for some reason he stopped without doing so. James exclaimed eagerly as Mr. Hardy turned to go:

"Then you don't forbid my entertaining some hope of your good will in the matter of my love for Clara?" He lowered his voice and spoke very strongly. "You don't forget your own youth and the way in which you yourself began your home?"

Mr. Hardy answered never a word to this appeal, but looked into the young man's face with a gaze he did not forget all day, then wrung his hand and turned on his heel abruptly and

walked rapidly down the street. James looked after him as he disappeared among the crowds of people going to their business, and then turned to his own tasks. But something in him gave him hope. Another something appealed all day to his inner nature, and he could not shake off the impres sion of Mr. Hardy's question, "Are you a Christian?" And even when he went home at night that question pursued him more strenuously than any other and would not give him peace.

CHAPTER VI.

Robert Hardy reached his office just in time to see Burns, the foreman, go out of a side door and cross the yard. The manager followed him and entered the machine shop in time to see him stop at a machine at the farthest end of the shop and speak to the man at work there. The man was a Norwegian, Herman by name. He was running what is called a planer, a mahe said simply: "I am in a position to chine for trimming pieces of cold metal make a thousand dollars a year next just from the foundry or the casting spring. I earn something extra with room. He was at work this morning on one of the eccentric bars of a locomotive, and ic was of such a character that he could leave the machine for several minutes to do the planing.

Burns talked with this man for awhile and then moved across the floor to the other workman, a small boned, nervous little fellow, who was in charge of a boring machine which drove a steel drill through heavy plates

of iron fastened into the frame. Mr. Hardy came up just as Burns turned away from this man and touched him on the shoulder. The foreman started and turned about, surprised to

see the manager. "Well, Burns, how goes everything

this morning?" asked Robert. "The men here are grumbling be

cause they don't have a holiday same as the men in Scoville's department." "But we can't shut down the whole business, can we?" asked Mr. Hardy, with a momentary touch of his old time feeling. "The men are unreasonable."

"I'm afraid there'll be trouble, sir. I can feel it in the air," replied Burns. Mr. Hardy made no reply in words. but looked at him. Within the blackyou give your consent, sir? We are ened area of the great shop about 200 men were at work. The whirl of machinery was constant. The grind of steel on iron was blended with the rattle of chains and the rolling of the metal carriages in their tracks. The Genius of Railroading seemed present in the grim strength and rapidity of several machines which moved almost as if instinct with intelligence and played with the most unyielding substances as if they were soft and pliable clay. In the midst of all the smashing of matter against itself, through the smoke and din and dust and revolution of the place, Mr. Hardy was more than usually alive this morning to the human Mrs. Caxton's younger brother had aspect of the case. His mind easily went back to the time when he himself come to the house one night, and in a stood at one of these planers and did fit of anger because his sister would just such work as that big Norwegian not give him money to carry on his was doing, only the machines were vastly better and improved now. Mr. Hardy was not ashamed of having of his own life had probably saved his come along through the ranks of manual labor. In fact, he always spoke with pride of the work he used to do in had suffered from it seriously. All this | that very shop, and he considered himhad happened when James was grow- self able to run all by himself any passed that the young man did not see he could not help envying these men

vice so debasing that it ignored all the | seven months or years, while 1- Why | all of life before you. You can make tender ties of kindred and was ready should these men complain because they are not released from toil? Isn't toil sweet when there are a strong body and a loving wife and a happy home? exclaimed: "Forgive me, James. I did O God," he continued to think, "I would give all my wealth if I might change places with any one of these men and know that I would probably have more than a week to live.'

Mr. Hardy walked back to the office. leaving the foreman in a condition of wondering astonishment.

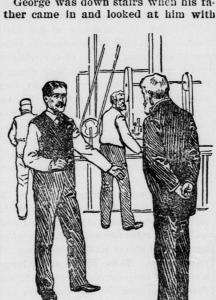
"Something wrong in his works, I guess," muttered Burns. Mr. Hardy sat down to his desk and wrote an order releasing all the men who desired to attend Scoville's funeral in the afternoon. He did not have it in his power to do more, and yet he felt that this was the least he could do under the circumstances. The more he thought of Scoville's death the more he felt the cruel injustice of it. The injuries were clearly accilow after righteousness." dental, but they might have been avoided with proper care for human life, and Robert Hardy was just beginning to understand the value of hu-

He worked hard at the routine of his office work until noon. He did what seemed to him the most necessary part of it all with conscientious fidelity. But his mind a good part of the time was with the men in the shops. He could not escape the conviction that if a railroad company had the willingness to do so it could make the surroundings of these men safer and happier without getting poorer work or even losing any money by it.

manity.

When noon sounded, he went home resolved to do something as far as lay in his power to make the men feel that they were regarded as something more than machines.

George was down stairs when his fa-



"I'm afraid there'll be trouble, sir. I can feel it in the air." curiosity rather than with any feeling

of shame for the scene of the night before. After lunch was over Mr. Hardy called his son into the study for a little talk with him before going down to the funeral. began his father quietly, but with feel-

ing, "that I felt the disgrace of your drunkenness last night very bitterly. You cannot know the feelings of your father and mother in that respect. But I did not call you in here to reproach you for your vices. I want to know what you intend to do in the face of the present conditions."

Mr. Hardy paused, then went on again: "I am perfectly aware, George, that you regard my dream as a fancy and think I am probably out of my mind. Isn't that true?"

Mr. Hardy looked George full in the face, and the young man stammered: "Well-I-ah-yes-I-don't just understand"-

"At the same time," went on his father, "I realize that nothing but a conviction of reality could produce the change in me which you and all the rest of the family must acknowledge has taken place. And you must confess that I am acting far more rationally than I did before my dream occurred. It is not natural for a father to done it. It is not rational that he should spend his time and money and

strength on himself so as to grow intensely selfish, and I have done that. who was induced, under alive here after next Sunday. I am trying to live as I ought to live under those conditions. My son," Mr. Hardy spoke with dignity and a certain impression which George could not but feel. "I want you to do as you know you ought to do under the circumstances. When I am gone, your mother and the girls will look to you for advice and direction. You will probably have to leave college for a little while We will talk that over this evening. But I want you to promise me that you will not touch another glass of liquor or handle another card as long as you

George laughed a little uneasily and then lied outright: "I don't see the harm of a game once in awhile just for fun. I don't play for stakes, as some fellows do."

"George," said his father, looking at him steadily, "you have not told the truth. You were gambling only a few nights ago. It is useless for you to deny it. That is where the very liberal squandered."

George turned deathly pale and sat with bowed head while his father went on almost sternly: "Consider your mother, George, whose heart almost broke when you came in last night. I don't ask you to consider me. I have not been to you what a father ought to be. But if you love your mother and sisters and have any self respect left you will let drink and cards alone bearing. He loathed the thought of a seven weeks to live and most of them you for. You are young. You have F. P. Green. Druggist.

a splendid record if God spares your

"I would gladly give all I possess to Only a shower of silvery notes that dropped stand where you do today and live my In tremulous outpouring, and then stopped; life over again. I can't do it. The past is irrevocable. But one can always repent. George, believe me, your mother would rather see you in your coffin than see you come home again as you did last night. We love you"-

Mr. Hardy, proud man that he was, could say no more. He laid his hand on the boy's head as if he were a young lad again and said simply. "Don't disappoint God, my boy," and went out, leaving his son sitting there almost overcome by his father's pow- When the white apple blossoms drift along, erful appeal, but not yet ready to yield | And for this one faint lay, the whole world steep kimself to the still small voice that spoke within even more powerfully and whispered to him: "My son, give me thine heart. Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Cleanse thy ways and fol-

It was 1 o'clock when Mr. Hardy came down stairs, and as he came into the room where Mrs. Hardy and the girls were sitting he happened to think of some business matters between himself and his only brother, who lived in the next town, 20 miles down the road. He spoke of the matter to Mrs. Hardy, and she suggested that Will go down on the 3 o'clock train with the papers Mr. Hardy wanted to have his brother look over and come back on the 6 o'clock in time for dinner.

Clara asked if she couldn't go, too, and Bessie added her request, as she had not seen her aunt for some time. Mr. Hardy saw no objection to their boy. Clara had asked no questions concerning the interview with James. and her father simply stated that they could have a good talk about it in the evening.

wife had gone down to the house in

cemetery. Most of the neighbors present looked at him and his well dressed wife in sullen surprise. She noticed the looks with a heightening color, but Mr. Hardy was too much absorbed in his thoughts of what he had done and left by the behavior of those about him.

from John's gospel appropriate to the in the room above, voices expostulate ing in alarm and growing louder, followed by a rapid movement in the narrow ball above, and with a scream of frenzy the wife rushed down the stairs like the millinery trade may make a few and burst into the room where the dead body of her husband lay. She had suddenly awakened out of the fainting stupor in which she had been lying since her husband's death and realized what was going on in the house with a quick gathering of passion and strength, such as even the dying sometimes are known to possess. She had escaped from her sister and the neighbor who were watching with her and, crazy with grief, flung herself over the coffin, moaning and crying out in such heartbreaking accents that all present were for a moment flung into a state of inaction and awe.

value.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Made a Mistake in the Trees.

Some time ago the city of Richmond, Ind., had to pay \$2,000 for destroying a large shade tree. A dangerous tree had been menacing the life and limb of pedesneglect his own children, and I have trians on a sidewalk and the city council instructed the chief of police to notify the owner of the tree that it must be cut down 'instanter." The sergeant of police served the notice on the wrong property owner, My son, you may doubt me, but I am down two of the finest shade trees in the firmly convinced that I shall not be city. The mistake has been discovered and the owner wants substantial damages. If the city has to pay \$4,000 for the two trees the bondsmen of the police sergeant will be asked to contribute.

A City of Roses.

The Capital of the Transvaal Presents Many Delight-

Pretoria is about 37 miles from Johannesburg, in an upland valley, surrounded by the Witwatersburg hills, about 4,500 feet above the level of the sea.

The town nestles among hedges of roses, which grow everywhere in profusion. Lines of willow trees and blue gums border the hedges, and streams of clear water flow down the sides of the broad streets, which are laid out in straight lines.

There is quite a continental air about Pretoria. The place is lighted with a fine installation of are lights, which at night time, as they shine through the foliage, irresistibly suggest the boulevards of Paris or Brussels. Some of the buildings at Pretoria are truly palatial. First among them comes the "Raadzaal," or government building. It has a frontage of 175 feet wide, a depth of 220 feet and a height allowance I have given you has been of 125 feet from the ground up to the winged figure of Liberty which surmounts the principal dome.

Altogether Pretoria will not fail to delight "Tommy Atkins" when he has at last fought his way to that delectable place. It will be a welcome change from the veldt.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE.—Would New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick scientific principles, helped by study and and Nervous Headaches. They make pure research in chemistry, etc., but the most

THE FIRST ROBIN

Hark! Is it spring? waked, and heard a robin sing; While from a window nigh saw a little singer flying by,

As scorning to retreat Although the sullen winds that moan and beat Had frozen the tears of April, as they fell, to

With steadfast claim

This messenger of gladness came, To welcome in with joy the tardy spring, And, from the winter's cold farewell, to bring One measure of delight Foretelling miracles of sound and sight-Of south winds blowing strong,

ed in song. In your belief, are strong and true; By storms undaunted, with your notes of cheer You sing, and we grow blither as we hear, Till, echoing your content,

With larger faith we lift our heads, low bent And, by past sorrows, know What may have seemed life's desolating snow Only prepares the soul for summer's flowers

Boston Transcript.

Save the Birds.

The following address by Wm. Dutcher, treasurer of the American Ornithologists' union, has received the endorsement of the

Pennsylvania Audubon society:

According to the census of 1890 there were in the United States the enormous number of 4.564,641 farms with a total acreage of 623,218,619. The valuation of acreage of 623,218,619. The valuation of these farm lands is placed at the sum of \$13,279,252,649. The labor of the farm of truit growers is tenaid by products to going, only he reminded them that he and fruit growers is repaid by products to wanted them all back at 6. Alice vol- value of \$2,460,107,454 per year, but it is unteered to amuse George at home said that insects and rodents destroy prodwhile all the rest were gone, and Mr. ucts annually to the astonishing money and Mrs. Hardy departed for the fu- value of \$200,000,000, even with the birds neral, Mr. Hardy's thoughts still ab- as protectors. Just imagine what the adsorbed for the most part with his older boy. Clara had asked no questions destroyed. They are fast being exterminated, and unless that large class of the population, the agriculturists, awaken to awkward and brusque, in personal habits the gravity of the situation and absolutely demand that no more birds be killed for any purpose whatever, they will soon feel The tenement at No. 760 was crowd- the shortsightedness in actual dollars and ed, and in spite of the wintry weather cents. A difference of one per cent. in the large numbers of men and women value of the farm products amounts to the stood outside in the snow. Mr. Hardy enormous sum of \$24,641,074. The birds had ordered his sleigh, and he and his are killed for two purposes only: for food and millinery ornaments. For food, only a very few are shot, i. e., the game birds, that, ready to take some one to the and those only during restricted portions of the year, so they do not materially af-The simple service as it began was feet the result. There is no excuse for exceedingly impressive to Mr. Hardy. shooting the second class of birds, as their value as millinery ornaments is far less than their value as insect destroyers. sides this, contrast the difference in the money value of the two interests that are opposed to each other. By the census of 1890 we find that the total capital invested in the millinery and lace trade is \$22,undone in this family to be influenced 939,430, and the cost of the materials used that year was \$27,345,118. Place the two greeting of the child who saw him at din-Mr. Jones offered a prayer for the interests side by side, thirteen billion as comfort of God to rest on the stricken against twenty-three millions. Again, an family. He then read a few words annual product of 2,212 millions as against 27 millions. I ask, and I wish I could occasion and said a few simple words. | Shout my question and said a few simple words. | shout my question and child in mostly addressed to the neighbors this broad and of ours could hear it—have present. The poor widow had been rethe milliners, with their paltry interests, moved to a small room up stairs and any right to jeopardize the safety of the lay there cared for by the faithful sis- agricultural interests? Ponder! A differter. The minister had nearly conclud- ence of only one per cent in annual product ed his remarks when a voice was heard of our farms and gardens amounts to more than the entire millinery and lace interests in the United States. Will the farmers and fruit growers remain silent much longer and permit the birds, their best friends, to be killed that a trifling interest

> Knowing now our birds are being diminished, and also the value they are from every point of view, let us endeavor to discover some method by which they may be protected. Before Christ 1451 years, when the old Hebrew lawgiver Moses, formulated a code for the children of Israel he enacted the following: "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or upon the ground whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in anywise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." That was a plain commonsense direction, which I do not think has ever been repeated. Probably ever since the day that first law was enacted there has been laws of some sort for the protection of birds. At the present time the statue books are full of them; some are good and some are worthless, but none of them are observed, as they should be, and they are usually conflicting in their requirements. What is necessary is a uniform law throughout the United States and Canada, absolutely prohibiting the killing of any birds, and they should only be allowed to be killed for a period not to exceed two months in the fall and winter eason. The law should be very clear and explicit upon this point, that the possession of the body or plumage of any of our native wild birds shall be conclusive proof that the same was obtained in violation of the statute. This would stop the traffic in wild bird plumage at once and would afford the survivors absolute protection. Laws, however, no matter how good they may be, are useless unless they are enforced, or unless there is a public sentiment in favor of bird protection. This sentiment is the very goal that all bird lovers are striving for, and it may be attained in many different ways. For want of space I suggest but two of the many methods that could be used to

create sentiment: first let the members of the Christian Endeavor societies, the Ep-worth Leagues and the Young People's Christian associations have an additional aim. It is to love God's wild birds as well as his human children. If all the male members of these three bodies will pledge themselves to refrain from killing their little brothers in the air, and the females members absolutely refuse to wear the plumage of any wild birds as ornaments, then a great advance will have been made towards the better protection of our birds econd, let the farmers' clubs and institutes take up the subject of bird protection, for it is of vital importance to them. There is no other class to whom the subject appeals farmers of the present day are much more advanced in their methods than were their quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's ancestors, even those a few generations back. Farming now is largely done on passed that the young man did not see a sad result of that great gambling passion in his own mother's face and passion in

being destroyed simply because the farmer has not made himself acquainted with the good they do him. The birds protect the farmer; they work for him more faithfully and continuously than any other helper he can get; let the farmers recognize this, and in turn let them protect the birds. It would be a wise investment in actual dollars and cents for every farmers' club and institute in this land to employ a naturalist to teach the names of the birds about them and the part that each one takes in the preservation of nature's balance. I believe that when the farmers, their wives and children once become well acquainted with the good the birds do in the meadow and orchards, the gardens and forests, it will be dangerous for anyone to destroy one of the feathered helpers. Hasten the day.

Courtesy in Children.

People of other countries criticise with great severity, and with justice as well, we are forced to admit, the behavior of American children. They are said to be the worst manuered children of civilization, and we are pointed to the obedient German boy or the gentle Japanese girl by way of contrast. As a matter of fact, we all know scores of little gentlemen and ladies, products of refined homes and careful training. These are the children who are not permitted to make themselves terrible in public, and who are therefore overlooked in the generalization. Upon such children as these the reputation of America is to rest, if we are not to be known as a nation of boors. This is the oak of the future, and it seems a far call from that to the acorn of the present, which consists in requesting your boy to stand when his mother enters the room, to lift his hat as soon as he ceases to wear an elastic band under his chin, and to avoid using the coarse tones and coarser well to remember the magnitude of the re-

sult. A brilliant preacher recently left the city pulpit which he had occupied but a short time because, as one of his parishioners exconversation abrupt, in general manners careless, yet in the pulpit he was a man of force, sincerity, and intellectual ability.

An old lady of ninety, when told of his failure, remarked, "If he had a mother,

she is the one to blame." It is a truism to say that the incitment to courtesy in a child is courteous treatment of that child. An ill-mannered little guest in the household of a woman of many cares was won to much better behavior in two weeks' time by the application of this principle, and that without a word of fault finding. The proverbs of all time insist that riches beget riches, love begets love; like begets like, says science; courtesy begets courtesy-let it stand so, for the analogies

are conclusive. There are people who disdain to say, "excuse me," having hurt a child; who take child service for granted, omitting the "thank you" of recognition: there is and there a pastor who overlooks the timid ner or tea when the minister was a welcome guest in the lad's home. The boy remembers, pulls off his cap, and is amazed to see no response in the face he thought he knew. Then he goes home and says, de-

fiantly: "Mamma, why should I take off my hat to Dr. B——? he doesn't even look at me." The answer to this is difficult, to

say the least. Course tones are more of a problem, for boys learn them from each other, and the healthy young animal exults in noise. It was wisely managed by the aunt of a bright lad of ten, who had been making the day hideous with unearthly sounds, to the great discomfort of guests on the piazza. The opportunity for which the aunt was waiting came quickly; a lady near her said, more dollars at the sacrifice of so much 'Why do you permit Francis to make such that is beautiful as well as of economic

vulgar noises?" The wise woman put her hand upon the shoulder of the listening boy, who, beyond everything aspired to be a man. "Francis is only a child," she explained, "and he does not realize how silly and ill-mannered this seems to grown people. When he outgrows his babyhood he will not think of

doing this." Francis flushed and fled; his aunt told me she never heard the sounds repeated. Sometimes children seem simply perverse, when there is something more behind. A well trained small boy of eight was walking beside his father, who noticed with surprise that the child never lifted his hat, although he had been carefully instructed. Inquiry, suggestion, comman failed to reveal the secret of the obstinate discourtesy. At last it came out that his school teacher, a learned man, but a man whose half Indian blood was to blame for his wholly barbaric manners, had forbidden the children in his class to greet him or each other in the conventional fashion. The small boy, told at home to obey his teacher, was in a very hard place, and was doing the best he could. Luckily for him and his future, he had a wise father, who

saved punishment until he could gauge the need for it with accuracy One thing more. It is a mistake to expect children to conform perfectly to drawing room conventions; too much "manners" is as bad as too little "manners." The ordinary polite usage of the home should be the rule for every member of the household great or small, and from great to small, as well as vice versa .- By Grace Duffield Good-

win in The Congregationalist. The Long Bridge at Rockville.

The construction of the great stone viaduct over the Susquehanna river at Rockville, the western end of the Harrisburg vards of the Pennsylvania railroad, is now fairly started. Two contractors have the masonry contract and the understanding is that the one who completes his portion of the contract first will be given the rest of the work, which will cover a period of at least two years. There will be a slight curve on the bridge, which will have forty eight piers. Meanwhile the enlargement of the yards of the Pennsylvania there is under way, and when the general changes are completed the company will have expended not less than \$2,000,000. Much land has recently been purchased by the Pennsylvania and Reading companies for yard purposes in Harrisburg. Fifteen new tracks are being added to the Pennsylvania yards, besides an entirely new system of interlocking switches.

"OF A GOOD BEGINNING cometh a good so strongly from the economic side as to the agriculturist or the fruit grower. The la to purify your blood you are making a good beginning, and the good end will health and happiness. This medicine cures all humors of the blood, creates a good appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and imparts vigor and vitality to the whole system. It is America's Greatest Blood

Medicine. Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills. 25