

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 4, 1900.

## ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.

A Dream and Its Consequences.  
BY REV. CHARLES SHELLDON.  
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road at once. Oh, my God, spare our dear ones!"  
Mr. Hardy was almost overwhelmed by this last stroke, and yet he asked himself how many accidents had occurred this last year on the road, and he had never given much thought to the suffering of those families afflicted. Now perhaps it had come to him, and, bidding his wife pray and hope, he rushed out of the house and down to the station with the energy and rapidity of the youth who in college days had taken prizes for athletic superiority.

At the yard he found a special train just ready to go to the scene of the accident. It consisted of a wrecking car, a caboose and one coach with tender and engine. He mounted the engine with a feeling that it was a little nearer the fatal spot and would reach there first. At the last minute no more definite news concerning the particular persons killed and injured had been received.

Mr. Hardy felt almost glad of the uncertainty as the engine pulled out and started on its run of 15 miles, soon attaining a speed of 55 miles an hour. The snow was falling in large, moist flakes. It was growing warmer and would rain before morning. He gazed at the narrow band of light on the track ahead and leaned forward as if to help the engine go faster. He did not speak, and so the train rushed through the night.

And so the second of Robert Hardy's seven days drew to a close.

CHAPTER VII.  
As the engine drew near the scene of the wreck a great crowd could be seen standing about the track. Before the train came to a stop Robert Hardy leaped down from the cab and struggled forward, uttering cries of which he himself probably was not conscious. The accident had occurred upon a bridge which spanned a small river in the vicinity of Baldwin, near which town Mr. Hardy's brother lived.

The engine, mail car, two day coaches and two sleepers had crashed through and, falling a distance of 50 feet, had partly broken through the ice of the frozen stream. To add to the horror of the disaster the two sleepers had caught fire, and there was absolutely no means to fight it. Mr. Hardy caught confused glimpses of men down on the ice throwing handfuls of snow upon the blazing timbers in a frantic attempt to drive back or put out the flames. He felt rather than scrambled down the steep, slippery bank of the stream, and then the full horror of the situation began to dawn upon him.

The baggage car and tender had fallen in such a way that the tracks rested upright on the ice, and the position of the timbers was relatively that of the train before it had left the track. One day coach lay upon its side, but had broken completely in two as if some giant hand had pulled it apart, leaving the ragged ends of timbers projecting toward one another in such curious fashion that if the two ends of the car had been pushed toward the middle the splintered beams would have fitted into place almost as if made on a pattern. The other day coach had fallen upon one end, and one-third of the entire coach was under water. The other end, resting partly against the broken car, stuck up in the air like some curious, fantastic pillar or leaning tower. Mr. Hardy was conscious of all this and more as he heard the groans of the injured and the cries of those begging to be released from the timbers under which they had been caught. But his own children! Never had he loved them as now.

The crowd of people had increased to a mob. The confusion was that of terror. Mr. Hardy rushed about the wreck searching for his children, a great throbbing at his heart as he thought of their probable fate, the sweetest of all sounds, Bessie's dear voice, came to him, and the next minute he had caught up the child as she ran to him and strained her to his breast as in the old days when he had carried her about the house and yard. "Where are Will and Clara?"  
"Oh, father, they're here, and Will wasn't hurt much more than I was, but Clara has fainted, and she is lying down over here!"  
Bess dragged her father out across the ice to the edge of the bank, where a number of the victims had been laid on the cushions of the seats, some dead, some dying. There lay Clara very white and still, with Will bending over her, himself bleeding from several wounds about the head and hands, but still conscious and trying to restore his sister.

Mr. Hardy knelt down in the snow by his son's side, and Will, seeing him there, was not surprised, but he sobbed excitedly. "Oh, she is dead!"  
"No," replied her father, "she is not." Clara stirred, and her lips moved, but she did not open her eyes, and then her father noticed that a strange mark lay over her face.  
How Mr. Hardy succeeded in carrying the girl to the top of the bank; how he left her there in the care of brave-hearted women while he went down into that well's pit to rescue victims imprisoned and groaning for help; how Bess related the accident of the night and tried to explain how she was not hurt except a scratch or two, because she fell between two car seats cushions that were jammed around her and protected her from injury; how the excitement grew as it was discovered that the dead and dying would number more than 75 instead of 10 or 12, as Burns had telephoned; how finally Robert Hardy and Will and Bess and Clara, with other victims, were taken back to Barton, where a great crowd of anxious, pale faced people was surging through the station and over the track; how James Caxton was first to board the train down by the shops at the risk of his neck as in the rainy darkness he swung himself on the dead run up to the platform of the coach; how Mrs. Hardy met her children and

husband; how there was sorrow in many a home in Barton that night and for many days to come; how Mr. Hardy finally, a little after midnight, entirely exhausted by the events of the day and night, fell asleep and dreamed the scene all over again—all this and a great deal more might be of interest concerning one of the most remarkable railroad accidents that ever occurred in this country, but would be out of place in this narrative. For it is all true, exactly and literally, only the detailed horrors of it no pen can describe, no words can tell.

Mr. Hardy woke about 8 o'clock rested, but feeling very lame and sore from his exertions of the night. His first thought was of Clara. When he went to sleep, the girl seemed to be resting without pain, only that strange mark across her face made them all anxious. It was not a bruise, but it lay like a brand across the eyes, which had not opened since her father found her lying by the frozen stream.

James had insisted on staying in the house to be of service, and Mrs. Hardy felt grateful for his presence as she watched for returning consciousness from Clara, who still gave no more sign of animation, although she breathed easily and seemed to be free from pain. Every doctor and surgeon in town had been summoned to the scene of the accident. But Mr. Hardy felt so anxious for Clara as he came in and looked at her that he went down stairs and asked James if he wouldn't run out and see if any of the doctors had returned.

"Yes, sir; I'll go at once. How is she now, Mr. Hardy?" James asked him in the face with the look that love means when it is true and brave. "My boy," replied Mr. Hardy, laying his hand on James' shoulder. "I don't know. There is something strange about it. Get a doctor if you can. But I know there must be many other sad homes today in Barton. Oh, it was horrible!"

He sat down and covered his face, while James with a brief "God help us, sir!" went out up stairs again and with his wife, knelt down and offered a prayer of thanksgiving and of appeal. "O Lord," said Robert, "grant that this dear one of ours may be restored to us again. Spare us this anguish, not in return for our goodness, but out of thy great compassion for our sins repented of."

Will and Bess lay in the next room, and now that the reaction had set in they were sleeping. Will feverish and restless. Bess quiet and peaceful, as if nothing had happened out of the usual order of things. "Where is George?" asked Mr. Hardy as he rose from his prayer. "I don't know, Robert. He started down to the train a little while after you did. Haven't you seen him?"  
"No, Mary. God grant he may not!"—Mr. Hardy did not dare finish his thought aloud.

His wife guessed his thought, and together the two sat hand in hand, drawn very near by their mutual trouble and by all the strange events of that strange week, and together they talked of the accident and of Clara and James and their eldest son, and then Mrs. Hardy said as she trembling drew her husband's face near to her: "Robert, do you still have that impression concerning the time left you here to live? Do you still think this week is to be the end?"  
Mrs. Hardy had a vague hope that the shock of the accident might have destroyed the impression of the dream, but her hope was disappointed.

"My dear wife," replied Robert, "there is not the least doubt in my mind that my dream was a vision of what will happen. Do not question but that after Sunday I shall not be with you. This is Wednesday. How lightninglike the days have flown! How precious the moments are! How many of them I have wasted in foolish selfishness! Mary, I should go mad with the thought if I did not feel the necessity of making this week the best week of my life, only I do not know what is most important to do. If it had been seven months or even seven weeks, I might have planned more wisely. Oh, it is cruelly brief, the time! But I must make the wisest possible use of it. This accident, so unexpected, has complicated the matter. I had not reckoned on it."

How many of us do reckon on accidents? They always come into our lives with a shock. Yet it seems possible that a man who lives very close to God every day might be so ready for everything that not even the most terrible catastrophe could make much difference to his plans for daily life, least of all deprive him of his reason, as it has so often done. Robert Hardy was just beginning to realize dimly that life is not one thing, but many things, and that its importance is the importance which belongs to the character of God himself.

He began to talk calmly with his wife concerning what he would do that day and was still talking about it when James came in with a doctor, who at once went up stairs. He was just from

the scene of the accident and bore marks of a hard night's work. His first glance at Clara was hard and professional, but as he looked he grew very grave, and an expression of serious surprise came over his weary face. He laid his hands on the girl's eyes and examined them, raised her hand and dropped it upon the bed again. Then, turning to the father and mother, he said gently:

"You must prepare yourselves for a terrible fact resulting from the accident to your daughter. She has suffered a shock that will probably render her blind as long as she lives."

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy listened, pale faced and troubled. It was hard to think of the girl, so strong, willful, so passionate and yet so capable of noble impulses and loving desires, as all her life shut up within the darkness thus. It was bitter to think of this for her. What would it be to her when she awoke to the whole consciousness of it?

The doctor spoke again slowly: "There is another thing you ought to be prepared for. In rare cases like this it happens sometimes that a loss of hearing accompanies the loss of sight." Then, after a pause: "And with the loss of sight and hearing it is possible the peculiar shock has deprived your daughter of the power of speech. I do not know yet whether this has happened, but I decide you for the worst."

### Imperialism.

Figures Showing Cost of our Imperialistic Policy.  
Before the civil war broke out in 1861, the expenses of the federal government ranged from 50 to 60 millions a year, and only in one year reached as high a figure as \$73,000,000. During the Mexican war the expenditures were \$54,000,000. The year the civil war commenced the expenditures were only \$66,650,000, but they mounted very rapidly after Fort Sumpter reached her maximum in 1865, the year the war ended, with a million soldiers in the field and the enormous total being 1,285 millions of dollars. There was a big drop after the war closed, and in 1866 the expenditures were \$19 millions, then falling to 242 millions in 1885-86, the first year of the Cleveland administration. After the senseless legislation of the next year there was a rapid increase, and in 1898 the expenditures went up over a hundred millions and were \$443,000,000.

Secretary Gage on Monday, as required by law, sent to congress estimates for the appropriations for the next fiscal year ending July 1, 1901. The aggregate is \$631,081,994, or 38 millions over the estimates for the current year and 34 millions over the appropriations.

The total on account of pensions is \$145,230,232, which is an increase of \$3,380,000 compared with the current year, from which it would be supposed that pensions are on the down grade, but the West India and Philippine pensions remain to be heard from. Our army and navy expenditures are increasing. For the next year 1901 a big drop is asked, and for the navy 76 millions an increase over the current year in both branches of the Service of 52 millions.

Our army, navy and pension expenditures for the coming year foot up the enormous sum of \$411,812,772. Less from the grand total the sum of \$219,269,221 for all other purposes of government. We are not only nearing but passing the totals of European imperialism. Nearly two-thirds of the enormous aggregate of national expenditures goes to war and navy and the pensions of past wars.

President McKinley's national book-keeper figures up he will need for the closing year of the McKinley administration the sum of \$621,000,000. The average rate of expenditure of Cleveland's last administration was \$270,000,000 a year, and for his second administration \$365,000,000, the increase resulting mainly from the dependent pension law, which he vetoed his first term and became a law in the Harrison interregnum.

To state the case fully, the appropriations and expenditures of the four years of the McKinley administration, accepting Secretary Gage's estimates for the closing year, will be as follows:  
1897-98.....\$443,368,563  
1898-99.....700,093,564  
1899-1900.....969,908,112  
1900-01.....631,081,994

The difference between 631 millions of dollars a year and 270 millions of dollars a year represents the difference in cost between Cleveland's American policies and McKinley's imperialist rage. Are we not paying a little too much for our whistle? And yet President McKinley at the outset of his message declares that the conditions of the country "are unusual in prosperity, of universal good will among the people at home and in relations of peace and friendship with every government of the world." We are paying at the rate of six and seven hundred millions of dollars a year for it, for every penny is drained from the pockets of the people by taxation. It is their substance that is being thrown away on anti-American policies.

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.  
A hornet is the smartest bug that flies. He comes when he pleases and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a fellow he knows it, and never will stop talking about it as long as his friends will listen. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not make any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Pittsburg paper recently stated that "Governor W. A. Stone has appointed General John A. Wiley, of Franklin, to succeed George E. Snowden, of Philadelphia, as Major General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. The commission of the present commander expires July 25th. General Wiley is at present not assigned. When the war with Spain started he was at the head of the Second brigade. He was made a Brigadier General in the United States volunteer service, and Chas. Miller, of Franklin, succeeded him in the state militia. When peace was declared, General Wiley returned to the Guard, but had no assignment." General Wiley is a fine officer, and the honor could not fall to the head of a more enthusiastic national guardsman and competent commander.

To Cure Lagrippe in Two Days.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c. 41-6m.

ing same we beg leave to further report. That we have visited and inspected the county buildings and find them in good condition with the following exceptions and recommendations to wit:

First—We recommend the replacing of the old water closets and bath tub in the jail by new ones of modern style and the replacing of the old gate in the jail yard by a new one.

Second—We recommend the continuance of the work of remodeling the prothonotary's office and the other offices in the court house, where same has not been completed.

We respectfully tender our thanks to the honorable judge and district attorney for their courtesy and assistance rendered us during our deliberations.

W. GALER MORRISON, Foreman.  
THE SECOND WEEK OF COURT.

The civil week in court hardly came up to the short record made by the criminal list last week and by the middle of Tuesday afternoon the session had adjourned and the court house assumed its usual solemn appearance.

Only four cases went to trial, but a number were settled or disposed of as follows: C. K. Sober vs J. C. Condo; feigned issue; general issue; judgment was confessed for costs in favor of the plaintiff. Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs Beaver Lumber Co., Mary I. Ardell, et al; ejectment; plea, "not guilty;" case continued.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs Geo. Lucas, et al; replevin; plea, "non cepit and property;" case continued.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs David Hoover, et al; replevin; plea, "non cepit and property;" case continued.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs A. J. Griest; replevin; plea, "non cepit and property;" case continued.

John P. Harris, W. T. Gray and Samuel T. Gray vs Jacob Thielman, Samuel Marsh and Geo. Chapman; replevin; plea, "non cepit and property;" case continued.

John P. Harris, et al vs Morrell Marshall et al; ejectment; plea, "not guilty;" case continued.

Frick Co. vs W. M. Lutz; assumpsit; plea, "non assumpsit;" case continued.

John G. Love, et al, Exrs of Adam Hoy, deceased, vs. The German-American Insurance Co., of New York; assumpsit; plea, "non assumpsit." This case being "special" was continued.

Wm. I. Harvey vs Thos. I. Lucas; replevin; plea, "non cepit and property;" case continued.

Robert Kinkead vs Rosa L. Pearce; assumpsit, plea, "non assumpsit;" case continued on account of the illness of Rosa L. Pearce, the defendant.

Samuel Wilkinson, et al vs Richard O'Neill, overseer of the poor of Rush township, and P. R. Gorman supervisor of Rush township; feigned issue; case continued.

S. S. Messenger & Son vs John Wert and James Wert; assumpsit; plea, "non assumpsit;" case settled by the parties.

Henry Wohlfort vs Nathan Hough and Emeline Hough; trespass; plea, "not guilty;" case continued.

Nannie Lucas vs the Twp. of Boggs; trespass; plea, "not guilty;" case settled by the parties as per agreement filed.

Mary Nyman vs the Twp. of Boggs; trespass; plea, "not guilty;" case settled by the parties as per agreement filed.

First National bank of Bellefonte vs Peter F. Collins, Adm. of Thos. Collins, to recover on a note. Judgment for plaintiff in the sum of \$989.85.

Wm. Witmer vs W. J. Sowers. Feigned issue to prove title of some personal property levied on as belonging to James Witmer, a son of plaintiff. Plaintiff claimed property and a verdict in his favor was rendered.

Austin Swisher vs John and George Brusser. Trespass. Some land claimed by Swisher was taken possession of by the Brusser in Huston township about 1894 on an article of agreement. The land was first sold to Bennet by Swisher on an article but the purchaser threw it up. Meanwhile Hugh Adams issued on it for obligations of the Bennets held by him and it was sold at sheriff's sale; Adams buying it and selling to the Brusser and Swisher brought suit against them. Verdict for defendant.

David Spotts vs S. R. Pringle and Martin Cowher. Trespass. Spotts was occupying a farm in Worth township bought at sheriff's sale by S. R. Pringle. The owner wanted possession and repeatedly notified the tenant of his desire, but the latter, for various reasons, was unable to move until a year or more had elapsed, when Pringle, with Cowher and several others, went to the premises, forced the door and set Spotts' furniture out on the road, where it remained exposed to the rain and weather for a week and five days. Spotts sued to recover \$300 damages to his effects. Verdict for defendant.

Fanny Barnhart vs the Boro of Bellefonte. Suit to recover \$5,000 for injuries sustained by a fall on Curtin street during the fall of 1898. The young lady was walking along that thoroughfare, where a new grade had lately been established and the walks were at different levels. She fell on one of the grades and injured herself in such a way as to effect a permanent injury to her health. The case would have been an exceptionally interesting one, but owing to the discovery of some late evidence by the defense the court granted a petition of continuance and the case went over to the August term at the expense of the Boro.

An Example and a Warning.  
"I'm afraid," said the patient wife, "that yours will be the fate of Abel."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished husband.

"Well," she replied, "Abel was killed by a club, and your club will be the death of you if you don't come home oftener."  
—From the Chicago Daily News.

A FAST BICYCLE RIDER—Will often receive painful cuts, sprains or bruises from accidents. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and heal the injury. It's the cyclist's friend. Cures Chafing, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Burns, Ulcers and Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Try it. Sold by E. P. Green druggist.



O God, help me! Don't keep me here in this world any longer!



"Oh, she is dead!"