

ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.

A Dream and Its Consequences. BY REV. CHARLES SHELTON. Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Molech Kirk," Etc. (Copyright, 1900, by Advance Publishing Co.)

"Blind and deaf and dumb!" murmured Mr. Hardy, while his wife sat down and buried her face in the bed-clothes and sobbed. It seemed terrible to them.

The doctor, after a little further examination, said nothing more could be done at present, gave directions for certain necessary treatment and departed after giving a look at Will and Bess and prescribing for them.

Mr. Hardy went down stairs and quietly told James all that the doctors had said. To a man living on the verge of eternity, as Mr. Hardy was, there was no time for evasions or the postponing of bad news or the utterance of soft speeches.

James took the news more calmly than Mr. Hardy thought he would. It was evident he did not realize all that was meant by it.

"Can you love Clara under these conditions?" asked Mr. Hardy, looking at James with a sympathy that the young man could not help feeling.

"Yes, sir; more than ever. Why, is she not more in need of it than ever?" "True, but what can you do with a helpless creature like that?"

"Gold help us, sir! If she were my wife now and were dependent on me, don't you think I could care for her tenderly, better than any one else in the world?"

Mr. Hardy shook his head. "This is a hard blow to me, James. I don't know just what to say yet. But it is possible the poor girl may not have to suffer all that. Let us hope the doctor is not justified in his supposition. Indeed, he said he could not tell for certain that loss of hearing and speech would follow. If it does, I cannot see how Clara can retain her reason when she recovers from the shock. James, I believe you are a good fellow. I have not forgotten my own courtship. I will not stand in the way between you and your love for Clara in anything right and reasonable. I had hoped we might have a good talk together over the matter. This accident has made it impossible for a time at least, but I confide in you as an honest, true man. We must wait for events to take shape. Meanwhile let us pray God to give us wisdom and lead us into the way we need to go."

There was an awkward pause. Then one man spoke up: "We think the company ought to give us the day off."

"What for?" asked Mr. Hardy mildly. Under any other circumstances he would have told the men they might leave for good if they didn't like the pay and the company. He had done just that thing twice before, but things were different now. He looked at the men in a new light. He was a new man himself. Besides, it was imperative that the work in the shops go on. The company could ill afford to lose the work just at this particular time.

All these considerations did not blind Robert to his obligations as an officer of the company. He was only anxious that no injustice should be done, so he said, "What for?" mildly and quietly and waited for an answer.

"The spokesman was not quite ready with an answer. The directness of the question and the mildness of it also surprised him. Another man spoke up: "Our friends were in the accident. We want to go see them."

"Very well. How many men had relatives or friends in the accident who are injured or killed? Let them step forward."

There was a moment of inaction. Then three men stepped out. Mr. Hardy stepped up between the two men before Burns could rise.

Instantly Mr. Hardy stepped up between the two men before Burns could rise. He said: "You may go if you want to. Why didn't you ask for leave off if you wanted it? What reason have you to suppose the company would refuse such a request? Now, what is the trouble with the rest? The company is not in a position to grant a holiday at this particular time, and you know it. Come, be fair, men! I can't shut down the shops all day to let you go and see a railroad wreck. Be reasonable! What do you want?"

"We want more pay and freedom from Sunday work," said a big fellow, the Norwegian who ran the biggest planer in the shop. He had more than once proved troublesome to Burns, but he was a remarkably intelligent and skillful workman, and the foreman had endured much irritation on that account.

Mr. Hardy replied, still speaking pleasantly, "The matter of more pay is one we cannot well discuss here now, but I will say to you and all the rest that as far as it is in my power there shall be no more Sunday work demanded"—"while I live," Mr. Hardy said on the point of saying, but he said instead, "of the men in the shops."

what might. But, to his credit be it said, even in his most selfish moments formerly he had been faithful to his duties at the office. At present no one could take his place at once. He felt that his duty to the company and to the public demanded his services at the time of a crisis in railroad matters.

So he staid and worked on, praying as he worked for his dear ones and hoping, as no bad news came from home, that Clara was better. He had been to the telephone several times and had two or three short talks with his wife, and now, as it began to grow dark in the office, just as the lights were turned on, the bell rang again, and Mrs. Hardy called him up to tell him that the minister, Mr. Jones, had called and wanted to see him about some of the families that were injured in the accident in the foundry room.

"Tell Mr. Jones I will try to see him at the meeting tonight." (In Barton the church meeting fell on Wednesday.) "And tell him I will have something to give him for what he wants. How is Clara now?"

"No change yet. Will is suffering some from nervousness. He says he had a horrible dream of the accident this afternoon. Bess is about the same. Her escape was a miracle."

"Has George come home yet?" "No. I am getting anxious about him. I wish you would inquire about him at the Bramleys' as you come up to supper."

"I will. I must leave very soon. This has been a terrible day down here. God keep us. Goodby."

CHAPTER VIII. Robert finished most of the work, toiling as never in all his life before, and started for home at 6. On the way he made inquiries concerning George, but nobody had seen him since the evening before. When he reached the house, he found that his wife, utterly worn out, had lain down for a little sleep, and Alice was caring for the patients with a calm courage and quiet cheerfulness that revealed the girl's strong, self-reliant character. Clara's condition had not changed. She still lay as if sleeping. Alice reported that once in the afternoon she had moved her lips and distinctly called for water.

Mr. Hardy and Bess sat down to the supper table by themselves, and Bess again told how she had been saved from even a scratch in that terrible fall. It was indeed remarkable that the child did not seem to suffer even from the general shock and reaction from the disaster. After a brief meal Mr. Hardy went up stairs to Clara again. His chief anxiety now was for her. He believed that if the doctor's fears were realized she would become insane. It was not possible that a person of her temperament and passion could be otherwise in case she should come to consciousness of her condition.

dy, with the request that I read it aloud to the church tonight: To You, My Dear Pastor, and You, My Brothers and Sisters in Christ: I suppose it is known to most of you that three of my children were on the train during the recent accident, and two of them escaped with but slight injuries. But my daughter Clara was seriously injured by the shock, and I am at this moment seated by her side praying that her reason may be spared and her possible injuries prove to be within the region of cure.

I had planned to be with you tonight. I wanted to tell the church of the change that I have lately experienced. I do not need to tell you that for the 25 years that I have been a member of the church I have been a member only in name. I have been cold and even revengeful toward other members of this church. I have been a very proud, un-Christian, selfish man.

In the sight of God I have been an altogether unworthy member of the church of Christ. I do not take any pride in myself in making this confession, but I feel that it is due to you, and something tells me I shall have more peace of mind if I speak to you. I have lately prayed to God. It is not necessary, neither have I time nor strength, to tell you how I have brought to see my selfishness in all its enormity. It is enough for me to say that I most sincerely believe that I have misunderstood very largely the right meaning of human existence. I want to pray with you and for you. You will let me say this also, bearing with me, as this may be my last opportunity to say to you what lies in my heart: Serve the church of Christ, all you who have taken upon you its vows, with enthusiasm and loyalty. Stand by the superintendent of the Sunday school, attend this week night school when you can, making it the most important service of the week, and, more than all, live true, simple, loving Christian lives every day.

It may seem strange to you that I am saying like this to you who have probably done your duty far better than I ever did, but I wish to say what lies deep in my heart to say tonight. If there are any young men in the meeting tonight, I want to say to them, become Christians at the core, not in name simply, as I have been, and, above all, kneel down every morning, noon and night and pray to God to keep you from a selfish life. I have lived—forget of church vows, of the rights of the working poor, of the brother and sister in Christ. Yes, I would be willing that any young man might say, "O Lord, keep me from living as selfish and useless and proud a life as Robert Hardy once lived!" For that is the truth. No one but God knows how I have suffered at the thought of the past. I pray that any who are afflicted at this present time may find peace in him who bore the world's sorrows in his great heart of love. If it were not for my faith in my Saviour at this time, I should be as despairing as I am suffering, but it is not the suffering which follows an eclipse of hope. I believe in the eternal life and in the forgiveness of sins, you, even such sins as mine have been. Forgive so much about myself. It is necessary under the circumstances. I ask your prayers for me as your petitions go up for the afflicted and repentant everywhere. I am, your brother in Christ, ROBERT HARDY.

The impression made by the reading of this letter was profound. The stillness that followed was deathlike. The faces of the oldest men in the room rose and in a prayer of great power prayed for the absent man and thanked God for his guided strength. The prayer was followed by others, and then one and another of the members who had not been on really good terms with Mr. Hardy arose and confessed and asked forgiveness. The hearts of the people were greatly moved. Mr. Jones, contrary to his usual habit, asked as the meeting drew to a close if there were any present who wanted to begin that Christian life at the core of which Mr. Hardy spoke.

Canine Jim's Jeweled Tooth. A Gold Crown Set With Diamonds in the jaws of a Bull Terrier. Jim is a bull terrier whose pedigree runs back through many generations of distinguished ancestry. He is an aristocrat, born into luxury, and his five years of life have been a continuous round of contentment and ease.

Everything that a pampered canine could possibly desire is lavished on Jim. The choicest tidbits fall to his portion. The smartest of up-to-date collars adorns his neck, and every night he is tucked up in his own bed with the clothes well up under his chin, "just so," before he will shut his eyes to sleep. Yachting trips and country holidays made his summers pass pleasantly, while his winter quarters are such as befitted a dog of his position and accomplishments.

In point of luxurious living Jim is not more favored than hundreds of other Boston pets. He has one great claim to distinction, however, which makes him peculiarly interesting—he is a regular customer at the dentist's.

Some time ago Jim's master realized that something was the matter with his prize dog. He investigated and found two decayed teeth. Accordingly they were pulled out. The operation was not unattended with difficulties, but Jim seemed to know that the ordeal was for his ultimate good and he behaved much better than the man or woman who undergoes such a dental chair. This time a more delicate operation had to be undertaken, which the patient bore with fortitude. An entire gold crown was fitted, giving the appearance of a solid gold tooth. More than that, three sparkling diamonds were set in the polished surface. The largest is near the gum and the smallest at the point of the tooth. Much of the work was done before the crown was adjusted, so the operation was probably not as painful as might be imagined, although Jim has never expressed himself on the subject. He knows when this remarkable tooth is to be exhibited. He cocks his head to one side and relaxes his jaw so that it can be seen easily.

CONTRAST. Within a dreary narrow room That looks upon a noisome street, Half fainting from the stifling heat, A starving girl works out her doom. Yet not the less in God's sweet air, The little birds sing, free of care, And hawthorns blossom everywhere. Swift, ceaseless toil scarce wins her bread; From early dawn till twilight falls, Shut in by four dull, ugly walls, The hours crawl round with murderous tread. And all the while, in some still place, Where intertwining boughs embrace, The blackbirds build, time flies apace. And if she be alive or dead That weary woman scarcely knows But back and forth her needle goes. In tune with throbbing heart and head.

The Case of the Turk. The announcement of the strained relations existing between the governments of the United States and Turkey will be received with satisfaction by quite a number of Americans. These would like nothing better than that the trouble should be patched up but that matters should culminate in a show of guns and even in the use of them. They have long had a strong prejudice against the "unspeakable Turk" and they feel that Uncle Sam could not be in a better business than giving him a well deserved thrashing. To such all the Turks are infidels and barbarians whose many alleged crimes against Christianity and civilization merit no mercy. The Sultan they hold to be no better than the rest of his people and in fact to be considerably worse as being the head and chief offender of them all. It would therefore give Americans holding these views the keenest satisfaction to have Admiral Dewey sent post-haste to Constantinople with a big fleet of our finest warships with orders to batter down the Vildiz-Kiosk, or Sultan's palace, about his ears without further ceremony upon his refusal to keep his agreements with this country concerning the payment of indemnities acknowledged to be due. Some folks who would like to see this summary action taken are deterred by the fact that complications might result with other European powers. The latter would, however, hardly be likely to do more than use their good offices to secure a peaceful settlement.

Many years ago the government of Naples or the Two Sicilies refused to settle for damages inflicted within its jurisdiction upon American property and it was brought to terms by the appearance of an American squadron on its shores, the commander of which made it clear that he meant business. The result was a securing of complete satisfaction within a very short time. The United States was much weaker then than it is to-day and Europe proportionately very much stronger but the powers of the latter did not prevent our government from pressing its claims and obtaining their recognition. It might be thought that the converse of the Monroe doctrine would be applied by the European powers to prevent the United States from getting satisfaction from Turkey. If the United States should seek to annex any European territory belonging to Turkey such a doctrine might be invoked, but it could not hold good against a mere attempt to this country to collect damages from Turkey. A precedent upon this subject was created upon our own continent only a few years ago. The British took possession of Corinto, a port of Nicaragua, and applied the customs receipts of the port to the payment of damages claimed by British citizens. The United States government was appealed to prevent this as a violation of the Monroe doctrine, but it was very properly held that as long as the British contemplated only a temporary occupation and not a permanent annexation or occupation the doctrine did not apply. The United States in the case of Turkey would have exactly the same rights as Great Britain asserted in Nicaragua.

It is probable that there are American fleets to appear in Turkish waters the European powers would advise the Sultan to keep the engagements of his government and pay the money due, and they would perhaps provide the latter for him in order to keep the Americans off European soil. The Sultan and many of his people, it may be remarked, are not so unfavorably viewed by many intelligent Americans who have had the opportunity of acquaintance with them. F. Hopkinson Smith, the well-known traveler, writer and lecturer, declared while in Pittsburg some years ago that the Sultan was the ablest ruler in Europe. He had asserted by far the most difficult questions to deal with by reason of the diverse character of the peoples subject to his sway and because of his anomalous position in Europe and he has accomplished great things in the way of bettering the government and conditions of his subjects. Mr. Smith contended that the Turks were not by any means alone to blame for the troubles in Armenia and elsewhere, but that the fault was to be attributed to Christians as well as Mohammedans. Other Americans who have visited Turkey, take the same view, which is, however, strenuously denied by still others. It would not be strange if the enmity which for centuries has existed between the different classes in Turkey should have resulted in members of both being guilty of more injustice toward the other. The European powers had great trouble in Crete recently in keeping the Christians of the interior of that island from massacring and robbing the Mohammedans who were largely compelled to seek retaliation upon the Christians. There is no doubt that the Sultan has his hands full and his failure to keep his pledges to the United States may be due not so much to unwillingness as inability to do so, a fact which however constitutes no valid excuse.

Slaughtering Filipinos. This War, or Only Plain Killing? It cannot have escaped notice that recently the dispatches cabled from the Philippines, whether press dispatches or "official" communications from the military "Governor of Manila," as General Otis has been happily styled, day for day less in the nature of reports of fighting done by our troops than simple records of the number of Filipinos killed by them from day to day or week to week. Thus on April 24th and 25th we had detailed accounts furnished of the number of killed during the week, including April 16th, which seems to have been a regular field day for our troops. Thus on that day General Otis reports some 334 natives killed at Batoc, in Northern Luzon, by the troops operating under General Young, our loss at the same time being 2 killed and 4 wounded. A press correspondent, referring to the same affair, says that to the number killed by actual count there should be added at least an equal number of natives who died from their wounds owing to the lack of surgeons and hospital appliances among the Filipinos, their wounded dying uncared for in the jungle. One thousand, according to this correspondent, was a reasonable estimate of the total of the Filipino losses in killed, wounded and prisoners, as against the 2 killed and 4 wounded on our side. Officers arriving at Manila from Nueva Carceres, province of Camarines, in Southern Luzon, give details of a "fight" stated to have occurred there also on the 16th of April, in which 80 Filipinos were killed by a detachment of the Forty-fifth infantry, with two Maxim guns, operating under orders from General Bell. The Filipinos are described as being armed only with bolos, or long knives, and equipped with helmets, coats and shields made of buffalo hides. It is naively added that the bolomen never got near enough to the Americans, provided with Krup-Jorgensen rifles and Maxim guns, to inflict any damage. "Therefore, proceeds the account, 'none of the Americans was even wounded.'" It is added that "General Bell's two regiments are hard-worked clearing up the country. They meet many small squads of bolomen. Last week they killed a total of 125."

In another "fight" a lieutenant, whose name is given, it is stated, by 20 cavalrymen cornered 50 bolomen in a river and shot every one, the bodies floating away. Further, on the same lucky day—April 16—in the province of Albay three companies of the Forty-seventh infantry are reported as having routed a large force of natives, "mostly bolomen, killing 53. No mention is made of any 'casualties' upon our side nor of any prisoners being taken. The nature of the 'clearing-up' operations in which our troops are engaged, as well as of the sort of 'fighting' encountered, may be easily inferred from these occurrences of a single week. The bolomen appear to be easy game—almost too easy to afford very exciting sport to our soldiers. The meagre details furnished in official reports and press dispatches serve, however, to recall the statements contained in soldiers' letters, published earlier in the "war," about the fun to be derived from "potting niggers."—Baltimore Sun.

A Real Fish Story. "How's business?" he asked of the manufacturer of the genuine "Hunger-Bitters." "Great!" exclaimed that gentleman. "Miss Helen Ripley Benedict, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elias C. Benedict, who was married at Greenwich, Conn., on Monday to Thomas Hastings of New York, a member of the firm of Carrere & Hastings, architects." The gift of Mr. Benedict to his daughter, it was said, was a check upon a New York banking house for \$1,000,000. Mr. Benedict is a banker.

Wedding Gift of a Million. One of the most notable weddings that ever occurred in New England was that of Miss Helen Ripley Benedict, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elias C. Benedict, who was married at Greenwich, Conn., on Monday to Thomas Hastings of New York, a member of the firm of Carrere & Hastings, architects. The gift of Mr. Benedict to his daughter, it was said, was a check upon a New York banking house for \$1,000,000. Mr. Benedict is a banker.

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A Mystery. Frozen Body of a Woman in a Box Upon a Railway Platform Since April 24. A box containing the frozen body of a woman, packed in sawdust, has been standing on the Erie railway platform at Cambridge Springs, Crawford county, since April 24th. The discovery was made on Tuesday. The whole affair is a mystery. About midnight on April 24 two men appeared at the night operator's window and informed him that they had a box on the platform for shipment to Vermont. The agent started to make out a shipping bill, but when he asked for the name of the town the men had disappeared. Since that time until Tuesday the box stood on the depot platform. The Wells-Fargo agent, A. L. Cottrell, decided to open the box, which for the past week has been looked on as somewhat of a mystery. A large crowd assembled to witness the opening, which disclosed the entirely nude body of a woman packed in sawdust. The body was doubled up, but shows no external marks of violence.

An autopsy was held on the body on Tuesday evening in connection with coroner Stockton's inquest, and it was decided that the woman had died from pneumonia, although the physicians would not say positively that there had not been foul play. Every organ except the lungs appeared normal. The only mark found on the body was a scar about an inch long near the navel. The woman was about 40 years old, and had never been a mother. She was of symmetrical build, brown-eyed, with dark brown hair tinged with gray; 5 feet 5 1/2 tall; 135 pounds in weight, and had a handsome face.

The box had not been embalmed, but had been frozen, and is in a good state of preservation. The box in which the body was found was 25 by 29 inches square and 17 inches deep, of 1-inch pine lumber. The body had been forced in and packed in ice and sawdust. The box, as shown by the outside markings, was originally from New York and had contained calico shipped to a dry goods merchant at Conneaut, O., on August 1. The box was left on the railway platform at midnight, April 24, by two men, who drove a pair of bay horses attached to a light road wagon. One of the men is described as 5 feet 9 inches tall, 160 pounds in weight, curly hair and smooth face. He wore a brown overcoat. The other, who remained with the horses while his companion interviewed Ray Crowe, the night operator, is described as shorter, more portly, with flushed face and dark mustache.

The taller man called operator Crowe out to the platform and showed him the box, saying he wanted to express it to A. Mossman, at Burlington, Vt., and stated that Frank or Grant Prondit, of Edinboro, was the consignor. While Crowe was making out the shipping bill the men got into their wagon and drove away.

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