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ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.

A Dream and Its Consequences.

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"I see a number here not professing Christians. Are there any who would like to say that they want to become Christians and will try to live the Christ life every day?"

In the pause that followed James Caxton, who had been sitting in the back seat, felt as if some power within and without him were forcing him to his feet. He grasped his chair as if to hold himself down, but the Holy Spirit whispered to him, "Son, this will be the beginning of a new life to thee."

And so James Caxton arose and said he wanted to be a Christian, and from that moment he dated his strong, consecrated life, a life that bids fair to become famous in the world yet, and his action was the beginning of a new life in that church and community, but we cannot dwell on that in the course of this history.

Oh, Robert Hardy, the good God is blessing thee in this thy week of trial!

And so James Caxton arose and said he wanted to be a Christian.

For was it not thy word that first started this young, manly soul to consider what he owed to Jesus the Christ?

To come back to Robert. He had written the note, beginning it just a little after the bell ceased ringing, and as he finished James had come over to see if he could be of any service. The church was near by, and Mr. Hardy asked him to take the note over. He went over to the church, with the result described. He did not come back at once, and Mr. Hardy watched on with Alice.

Will slept irregularly, being troubled with his dreams of the accident. Mrs. Hardy woke and begged her husband to lie down and get a little rest. He did so, but was aroused about 10 o'clock by the doctor coming in. He had just finished a visit near by. He saw the light and was anxious, as the case was an extraordinary one, to come in. He examined Clara's face very keenly and then sat down by the bed for an instant. After giving certain medicines he found that he was in need of another article, which was at his house.

"I will go and get it, doctor. It's not far, and I think a little fresh air will do me good and help me to remain awake better," said Robert.

He went down stairs, and the doctor followed him as he went out into the hall and flung on his overcoat. Mr. Hardy turned before he opened the door:

"Doctor, tell me the truth about my girl? What is her condition?"

"It is serious, but more than that I cannot say. There is a possibility that by means of a slight operation the disastrous consequences of the shock to her eyes may be averted, and it is possible that the other results which I hinted may be altogether different. It is not in medical power to decide with certainty."

So Mr. Hardy went out into the night with a glimmer of hope in his breast. It was snowing again, and a strong wind was blowing, so he buttoned his big coat close up, drew his hat down over his brows and, leaning forward, walked as rapidly as he could against the wind in the direction of the doctor's house. The streets were almost deserted. The lights at the corners flickered and showed pale through the lamps.

As he turned down a narrow street, intending to make a short cut across a park that lay near the doctor's, he was suddenly seized by three or four young men, and one of them said in a tone which betrayed a drunken debauch:

"Hold up your hands and deliver! You've got plenty of chink, and we haven't! So no squalling, or we'll shoot you for it!"

Mr. Hardy was taken completely by surprise. But he was a vigorous, athletic man, and his first impulse was to shake himself loose, to knock down two of his assailants next to him and make a run for it. His next glance, however, showed him the nature of the group of young men. They were not professional robbers, but young men about town who had been drinking late and were evidently out on a lark and were holding him up just for fun.

Mr. Hardy guessed exactly right. What could he do? Two of the young men were known to him, the sons of the Bramleys, who were well to do people in Barton. Mr. Hardy's next impulse was to discover himself to them and beg then to quit such dangerous fooling and go home. The three other young men were in shadow, and he could not tell them. All this passed through his thought with a flash. But before he had time to do anything a police officer sprang out of a doorway near by, and the group of young men, dropping their hold of Mr. Hardy, fled in different directions.

The officer made pursuit and after a short run captured one of the young men, whom, after vigorous resistance, he dragged back to where Mr. Hardy stood, exclaiming:

"Here's one of the rascals, sir. I heard 'em when they held you up. We've been looking for this gang some time now. Just identify this one if he is the one that just now grabbed you, sir."

Under the light of the lamp the policeman dragged the form of his victim and roughly struck up his hat. At that instant Mr. Hardy looked into his face and cried out:

"George! Is it you?"

And the son replied as he started back:

"Father!"

The two looked at each other in silence, while the snow fell in whirling flakes about them.

And this was the end of Robert Hardy's third day.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Hardy looked at his son sternly, standing at the little distance off he had recoiled after that first recognition of the boy. It would be difficult to describe his emotions. He had never been an affectionate father to his boys. He had generally given them money when they asked for it and had not questioned them about its use.

He was not familiar with his older son's habits and only within the last few days had he known that he was what the age popularly designates as "fast." He had never made a companion of his son. He had not grown up with him, so that now as he faced him under the strange circumstances that had brought them together he was actually at a loss to know what to do or say.

The thought that his son was guilty of a crime which might put him behind prison bars did not yet occur to his mind. He was only conscious of a great longing to get back home and there have a thorough talk with his boy in the hope of winning him to better things. But he must say something to George.

The police officer stared in wonder after the first startled cry of "Father!" on the part of the young man, but he did not loosen his hold on him. He took an extra twist in the coat collar of his captive and looked sharply at Mr. Hardy as much as to say, "He may be your son, but he's my victim, and I mean to keep a good clutch on him."

George was the first to speak:

"Father, you know I wouldn't do such a thing really. We were only out for a little fun. We didn't know you, of course. We didn't mean any real harm. We were only fooling."

"It was dangerous fooling," replied his father.

He still stood apart from the boy and spoke quietly, but his face was pale, and his heart was wrung with torture for his firstborn.

Ah, how careless of him he had been! How little companionship the two had had! How very little help the boy had received from the man!

Now, believing that only four more days lay before him to use to the glory of God, Robert Hardy felt the sting of that bitterest of all bitter feelings, useless regret, the regret that does not carry with it any hope of redeeming a selfish past.

After his father had spoken George sullenly remained silent. Mr. Hardy bowed his head and seemed thinking. The officer, who had been waiting for another move on the part of the older man, said:

"Well, we must be moving on. It's warmer in the lockup than out here. So come along, young fellow, and do your talking tomorrow morning with the rest of the drunks and disorderlies."

"Stop!" cried Robert Hardy. "This is my son! Do you understand? What are you going to do?"

"Well, governor, that's a pretty question at this time of day. Do! I'm going to jug him for assault with intent to commit highway robbery. It's an affair for the 'pen,' I can tell you."

"But you heard him say it was all a joke."

"A pretty joke to try to hold a man up on the highway and demand his money! Oh, no! That's carrying a joke too far. I'm bound to obey orders. We've been after this gang of young chaps for a month now."

"But, officer, you don't understand! This is my son!"

"Well, what of that? Don't we jug sons every day for some deviltry or other? Do you suppose you are the only father whose son is going to the devil?"

"O God, no!" cried Mr. Hardy, with sudden passion. "But this is my older boy. It would kill his mother to have him arrested and put in jail for trying to rob his own father. Yet he was once innocent— What am I saying? He might be now if I had done my duty."

Mr. Hardy confronted the officer with a certain sorrowful dignity which even that hardened defender of the law understood.

"Officer, let the boy go. I will answer for it if any blame falls on you for it. He was not at fault in this matter. He was not the one who assaulted me. He did not touch me. You could not get a particle of testimony against him. And, besides that, it is necessary that he return with me. This is a case for the law of God. This belongs to a higher court."

The officer hesitated; Mr. Hardy stepped nearer his son.

"George," he said as if forgetting for a moment that the officer was present, "did you know that Clara and Bess and Will were in the accident last night?"

George turned pale and tremblingly replied: "No, father. Were they hurt? Was Bess"—

The boy seemed moved as his father had not yet seen him.

"No; they were not—that is, Bess was not hurt at all. But Will was severely bruised, and Clara still lies in a state of stupor or unconsciousness, and we do not know what the end will be. I was on my way just now to get some needed articles from the doctor's house. You must come back with me. The law has no hold on you."

"Maybe the law hasn't any hold on him, but Michael Finnerty has. I don't just like the idea, mister man, of letting the boy go yet," replied the stubborn and unusually dutiful officer.

Mr. Hardy began to appeal to the man's love of his own children. It did not seem to move him in the least until he mentioned the fact that it was cruelty to keep the suffering girl at home waiting for her father's return.

Finnerty finally loosened his hold on George and said slowly and painfully:

"And if I lose me job I'll be knowing who was to blame for it. I always told Michael Finnerty that he was too soft hearted to go on the force!"

"You won't suffer, officer. Many thanks! Come, George."

And father and son moved off together, while the defender of the law stood irresolute, watching them disappear through the storm and muttering to himself: "I'm a soft hearted fool. I ought to 'a' been born a female hospital nurse, I had."

During that walk home, after Mr. Hardy had gone around by the doctor's with George, not a word was exchanged. The storm was increasing. The two walked along in silence, but when George walked into the hall at home he turned and saw a look on his father's face that smote him to the heart, for he was not yet a hardened soul.

Mr. Hardy had lived years in that experience. No one could tell how his heart had been tortured by what he had endured that night, but the mark of it was stamped physically on his face, and he knew that he would bear it to his grave.

Mrs. Hardy came running down stairs as the two came in, and as George turned and faced her she held out her arms, crying:

"My boy! My boy! We have been so anxious about you!"

What, not one word of reproach, of rebuke, of question as to what he had been doing all this time that the family had been suffering! No; not one word.

Ah, mother love! It is the most wonderful thing on earth, next to the love of God for the sinner. It is even that, for it is the love of God expressing itself through the mother, who is the temple of the loving God.

George dashed away a tear and then, going up to his mother, laid his cheek against hers, and she folded her arms about him and cried a little and asked no questions, and after a moment's silence he stammered out a few words of sorrow at having caused her pain, and she joyfully accepted his broken explanation of how he had not known of the accident to Clara and the others.

It was true he had gone out the evening before, fully intending to go down to the scene of the accident; but, coming across some of his old companions, he had gone off with them and spent the night in a disgraceful carouse and throughout the day had been under the influence of liquor more or less, dimly conscious that a great disaster had happened down the road, but not sober enough to realize its details or its possible connection with those of his own home.

The sudden meeting with his father had startled him out of the drowsy intoxication he had fallen into as the day progressed. Now, as he felt his mother's arms around him and realized a little what the family had been called upon to endure, he felt the shame and disgrace of his own conduct.

Mr. Hardy went up stairs and consulted with the doctor, who wondered at his protracted absence. There was no change in Clara yet. She lay in a condition which could not be called a trance nor a sleep. She did not seem to be in any great pain, but she was unconscious of all outside conditions.

After a little talk with his mother George came up and inquired after Bess and Will. They were both sleeping, and after the doctor had gone out the father and mother and son sat down together in the room where Clara lay.

Mr. Hardy did not say a word to George about the incident of the evening. The shame of it was too great yet. When men of Mr. Hardy's self contained, repressed, proud nature are pained, it is with an intense inward fire of passion that cannot bear to break out into words.

George had sense enough to offer to relieve his parents of the burden of watching during the night, and during the exchange of watchers along toward morning, as Mrs. Hardy slipped into the room to relieve the boy, she found him kneeling down at a couch with his face buried in the cushions. She raised her face in thanksgiving to God and went softly out.

The morning dawned gray with snow which still whirled in wreaths about the sorrowing homes of Barton, but Robert Hardy thought of the merciful covering it would make for the ghastly piles of ruin down under the bridge and along the banks of the river.

He said to himself: "This is my fourth day. How can I best spend it? What shall I do?" He kneeled and prayed and rose somewhat refreshed.

The forenoon went rapidly by, and before he knew it noon was near. The time had passed in watching Clara, visiting with Bess and Will and doing some necessary work for the company in his little office down stairs. He did not feel like saying anything to George yet.

James Caxton had been in, and the first thing he had mentioned had been his own act in the meeting the night

Mrs. Hardy found him kneeling down at a couch.

before. Mr. Hardy thanked God for it, and a prayer went out of his heart for his own son, that the Spirit might touch him in his sin and bring him into the light of Christ.

A little after noon the storm cleared up, and Robert prepared to go down to the shops. Clara had not yet come out of her stupor. The doctor had called and done what he could. There was nothing in particular that Mr. Hardy could do in the case, so he went out about 1 o'clock and entered his office at the shop, hoping as he went in that he would have no trouble with the men.

Mr. Burns reported everything quiet, and the manager, with a sigh of relief, proceeded with the routine duties of the business. Nothing of any special interest occurred through the afternoon. The storm had ceased entirely, and the sun had come out clear and warm. People were clearing off the walks, and the ringing of sleigh bells was distinct in the office, even over the incessant hum of the big engine.

Toward 3 o'clock one of Mr. Hardy's old friends, an officer of the road, came in and said there was a general movement on foot through Barton to hold a

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Spruce Creek Operator.

Now on Trial for Murder at Huntingdon.

The trial of Charles Robinson, the young telegraph operator at the Spruce Creek tunnel, who sent seven bullets into the body of John O'Neil, killing him instantly, because of the latter's attentions to Mrs. Robinson is on trial in the Huntingdon county court.

It will be remembered that Robinson intercepted letters from O'Neil to his wife, in which was laid bare the plot of an elopement. He procured a revolver from a friend on the morning of January 16th, and got a substitute for a few hours in order that he might meet his wife and O'Neil at his home. He came upon them unawares, and without further ceremony, sent seven bullets into O'Neil's body. He then carried the dead body out of the house, returned to the telegraph tower and refused to leave his post of duty until relieved by a substitute.

The testimony of Elsie Ronsali, a young sister of Mrs Robison and one of the three who saw the killing, was the most direct. She told of Robison's coming to the house, of his killing O'Neil and of the maddened threats towards the witness and her sister. The women left the house with Robison flourishing his revolver at them.

The commonwealth rested with the conclusion of the testimony of Mrs. Maggie Banks and John T. Duff.

Mrs. Banks testified that after the shooting Robison came up to her and remarked: "It's a pretty note that you people knew of this all the time and never told me." It was Robison's opinion that the neighbors were aware of the relations between his wife and O'Neil. Mr. Duff met the defendant immediately after the shooting, and, according to his testimony, said, "Charley, what's wrong? You oughtn't to shoot your wife, you should shoot the man," to which Robison replied: "There's a good deal wrong. The man's dead, go down and take charge.

Many witnesses have been examined on the side of the defence, and while much of the testimony is in contradiction of the stories elicted by the commonwealth, the major portion of it seems to go to show that Robison was irresponsible at the time of the killing, being temporarily insane on account of the revelation of his wife's infidelity.

Adopting the Ideas We Warred Against In '76.

From the Springfield (Mass) Republican.

The Republic, which had its origin in the Declaration of Independence, is being driven by the party in power into a capitulation to the British conception of government. The territorial expansion which this administration has brought about is not of the American type, which resulted in new States and Territories like California and Arizona, but of the British type, as is now exemplified in the "crown colony" of Porto Rico. The new doctrine of the absolutism of Congress over territorial possessions, unhampered by constitutional restrictions, is the British doctrine of the Parliaments of George 111, for the overthrow of which Massachusetts, New York and other Commonwealths went to war.

——"Your daughter didn't attend the cooking school?"

"No; she said if she didn't learn to cook she wouldn't ever have to do it."

——Customer—Have you got any of "Pillsman's Popular Pellets" in yet?

Drug Clerk—Yes, sir. They came this morning.

Customer—Good. I've been asking for them for a week back.

Drug Clerk—Are you sure you don't want a porous plaster?

——"Which school does the doctor belong to?"

"Some commercial school, I guess.

"Eh?"

"Where they teach making big bills.

——Lady—I would like "Rienzi's Address" if you have it.

Bookseller—Well, there's the city director. You can look it up.

Read these Rules and be Weather-Wise.

Observe the Sky and a Few Other Things and Become an Oracle.

Thunder on Sunday is considered by the weather wise the sign of the death of a great man; on Monday, the death of a woman; on Tuesday, if in early summer, it foretells an abundance of grain; on Thursday, an abundance of sheep and corn, the farmer may reckon upon; on Friday, some great man will be murdered; on Saturday a great pestilence and great mortality.

Friday's weather shows what may be expected on the following Sunday, that is, if it rains on Friday noon, then it will rain on Sunday; but if Friday be clear, then Sunday will be fine as well.

The twelve days immediately following Christmas denote the weather for the coming twelve months, one day for a month. The day of the month the first snow storm appears indicates the number of snow storms the winter will bring. For example, the first snow storm comes on November 29th—look out then for twenty-nine snow storms.

A gale moderating at sunset will increase before midnight, but is it moderates after midnight the weather will improve.

No weather is ill
If the wind is still.

If the full moon shall rise red expect wind.

The sharper is the blast the sooner 'tis past.

A light yellow sky at sunset presages wind.

When you see the northern lights, you may expect cold weather.

Heavy weather is said to prognosticate frost in winter, snow in spring, fair weather in summer and rain in autumn.

Storms that clear in the night will be followed by a rain storm.

Three foggy mornings will surely be followed by a rain storm.

If the ice on the trees melts and runs off rain will come next; while if the wind cracks off the ice snow follows.

When the leaves of trees show their under side there will be rain.

When the perfume of flowers or the odor of fruit is unusually noticeable rain may be expected.

When the sky is full of stars expect rain.

If a cat washes itself calmly and smoothly the weather will be fair. If she washes "against the grain" take your mackintosh with you. If she lies with her back to the fire there will be a squal.

Cats with their tales up and hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind.

If pigs are restless there will be windy weather; pigs can see the wind.

The direction in which a loon flies in the morning will be the direction of the wind the next day.

Magpies flying three or four together and uttering harsh cries predict windy weather.

Flocks of crows signify a cool summer.

When the owl nests look out for a storm.

When the swallows fly low, rain will come soon; when they fly high expect fine weather.

If the rooster crows at night he will "get up with a wet head."

Six weeks from the time the first katydid is heard there will be frost.

How the First Operation of its Kind Will Restore a Cripple.

From New York comes the story of another wonderful operation—the first of its kind on record.

A tumor was removed from the sheath of the spinal cord of Bache M. Schmidt, a young broker, and to get at the growth the spinal column was laid open for nearly one-half its length and six vertebrae were cut in two.

The operation was the work of Dr. Robert Abbe, whose remarkable operation on Walter Duryea has brought him world-wide notice.

Duryea, diving in shallow water, struck his head with such force on the bottom that his neck was broken. Dr. Abbe removed the splintered vertebrae, and so adjusted the spinal column that the patient is now well on the way to complete recovery.

If the Schmidt operation results in the recovery of the patient it will be as remarkable an operation as was the removal of the stomach when it was first performed. And there is very hope that Schmidt will be a well man in due time.

Schmidt, until he read of Duryea's mishap and Dr. Abbe's subsequent operation, despaired of ever getting relief. Since the summer of 1897, and until the time of the operation, his had been a living death.

From a man handsome, athletic, six feet in height, and 190 pounds of muscle to his credit, he has been reduced to an emaciated skeleton, too helpless to brush a fly from his face—so crippled that if by any means he could be placed upright he would be less than five feet in height.

But he is happy these days as he lies, weak and dependent, in St. Luke's hospital, for he has all faith in Dr. Abbe and the assurances of the doctors that in all probability he will recover much of his old-time vigor.

Bache Schmidt, then 29 years of age came running down the stairs to the drawing room floor of his house one August morning in 1897 and stepped too heavily on the rug at the foot. It slipped on the polished floor of the hall and he came down at full length striking his neck against the edge of the lowest step.

In his condition such a fall was nothing, and in a couple of days he had forgotten all about it.

That fall, when he began taking up golf again at the Ardsley links, he began to feel pains in his neck and shoulders. He sought a physician after a week of suffering and was told he had muscular rheumatism. Treatment for that did no good, and it was then decided that he had myelitis, and was placed in a plaster of paris jacket; then it was decided that the trouble was with his circulation, and he was wrapped in medicated tissues.

All these were of no avail.

His legs became not only paralyzed, but so drawn up and contorted that his heels now press upon his thighs. He cannot move his head and his arms are so drawn and paralyzed that he is absolutely helpless.

All this time there had been no thought of that Summer morning's fall. Mr. Schmidt was the only one of his family at home at the time, and he had never thought to mention it.

When Dr. Abbe came with Drs. Dana and Fowler to Mr. Schmidt's bedside on their first consultation, Dr. Abbe's first remark was: "When did you have a hard fall?"

Bache couldn't recall ever having one, but the old housekeeper remembered the incident and told about it.

"I believe that did it," said Dr. Abbe, "and the trouble is here" (placing his finger between the third and fourth cervical vertebrae).

And there it was when his skillful fingers cut open a sheath of the spinal cord and exposed a tumor about two inches long. The tumor is, like the operation, unprecedented in the records of surgery.

Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting.

From the Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

For nearly two years it has been stoutly asserted and as stoutly denied that this country is fitted to have charge of a colonial dominion, assertion and denial being founded alike on theoretic assumption. Meanwhile, the march of events has brought us to a clear, practical test of our fitness; we need contend no longer for rival theories, but may instantly and unerringly decide ourselves fit or unfit, according as we bear up or fall under this test. And this conclusive, crucial test is furnished in the bill for the government and taxation of Porto Rico, which has just passed both branches of Congress.

We may hold it as evident truth that no country governing its colony as these North American colonies were governed before 1776 is fit to possess that colony; that only on condition of granting better government than was known to George III is there a moral right to govern at all. To believe otherwise would be to condemn our forefathers for resisting the British tyrant. And this Porto Rico bill, as passed by Congress, is a proposition to treat that colony as George III undertook to treat us. In the words of our declaration:

"He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

"He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

"He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions, and unacknowledged by our laws giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation: * * *

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

"For imposing taxes on us without our consent," etc.

It was not because the potentate that imposed those burdens—armies of occupation, military domination, restriction of trade, taxation—bore the name of monarch that our fathers arraigned him in their Declaration. Nor did they even complain of the amount of their taxation; of the number of troops for which they must find quarters, or of the degrees to which their trade was repressed. The grievance of the colonists was explicitly stated to be that those things were done without their consent — that legislation was enacted by a body in constituting which they had no part. We remember that the King's partisans laid stress on the lightness of the burdens his dependencies were made to bear. The Declaration does not argue that point; in its, view, anything done "without the consent of our Legislatures," by "a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions," was an attack on human rights.

It was as far as possible from the mind of Jefferson and his associates to claim any especial and peculiar immunities for themselves or their nationality. On the contrary, they were ready and emphatic in pointing out that they based their Declaration on the inalienable rights of "all men." If the success of the revolution is accepted as vindicating their position, it marks for all a clear distinction between what is and what is not admissible in the government of dependencies. So the British Empire accepted the verdict, and from the day when it lost its best colonies to this, it has forborne to pursue toward its remaining possessions the policy against which the Declaration was launched.

The parallel between our Porto Rico dependents to-day and our ancestors in 1776, between the mighty men of our Republic and George of England, is not in every way precise: but there are many curious analogies between the cases. It is on the broad, grand principle involved that every heir of the heroes who fought or fell in the Revolution ought to be of one mind—the principle for which they struggled and bled—that the voice of the humblest colonial dependency has a right to be heard and heeded on the question of its own government, and that, where the inalienable rights of all men are at issue, equality between its inhabitants and the citizens of the proudest sovereign state must be recognized. That principle the people of the United States have had an illustrious share in establishing, and no people could be worse disgraced than they by proving false.

The claim that the federal Constitution does not hold wherever the authority of the United States extends is difficult to entertain with patience. The alternatives are brute force and anarchy, there can be no other. If acts of Congress have any validity in possessions of the United States they derive that validity from the "rules and regulations" provision of the Constitution; if a President or military commander may enforce obedience thereby any sanction better than that of the strong arm, it must be as an officer acting under and bound by the fundamental law. What is the precise sense of the requirement that "duties and imports shall be uniform throughout the United States.?" Chief Justice Marshall was decidedly of opinion that the said requirement applied not to the States only, but to everything under them, and Marshall has always been a particularly difficult man to reverse. Whatever sense the requirement has applies to island as well as continent. And on another point, even more important than the construing of constitutional clauses, there is no room for an instant's doubt; that if our organic law does not compel us to fair treatment of Porto Rico our sense of right and equity does. To extend to our helpless dependents the same fair measure of freedom on which we insist for ourselves is an obligation to enforce which no provisions of written law should be required. Fair treatment can only be accorded by granting them free entry into the States. Since their trade will be paralyzed and prosperity impossible until this is granted, it becomes our "plain duty," as the President declared.

It is important, highly important, that we should faithfully follow the letter of our national Constitution, but no special interpretation of that letter is vital or to be accepted as a test of the nation's fitness for the charge of colonial dependencies. So it is highly important that we should discharge to the full the promises that have been accepted in good faith as representing the national mind and purpose, but no guilt attaches to recognition of the fact that it is for the lawmaking power and not for commanders of armies of occupation to make binding promises. That real test of the nation's trustworthiness it will meet by a free, uncompelled granting to those at its mercy of every right it claimed and won in the revolution—by an unswerving faith in and scrupulous observance of the great principles laid down in its immortal Declaration of Independence.

——"Fortune favors the brave." It is also favorable to those who purify their blood at this season by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.