these words."

alone are worth living for.

the ghastly ruins of that wreck, my greater sun? soul torn in twain for the love of three in the least?

our accustomed pride or indifference, passionless, selfish.

self. And yet death cannot be comfor power. There were 75 persons kill- ble to the devils of other worlds? ed in the accident. But in the papers his father's name on a check and was not. in the grasp of the law.

rified over it. How many mass meetings nave been held in this town within the last 25 years over the losses of character, the death of purity, the destruction of honesty? Yet they have outnumbered the victims of this late

physical disaster a thousandfold. "And what does mere death do? It releases the spirit from its house of earth, but aside from that death does nothing to the person. But what does life do? Life does everything. It prepares for heaven or for hell. It starts impulses, molds character, fixes character. Death has no kingdom without end. Death is only the last enemy of the many enemies that life knows. Death is a second; life is an eternity. O men, brothers, if, as I solemnly and truly believe, this is the last opportunity I shall have to speak to you in such large numbers, I desire you to remember, when I have vanished from your sight, that I spent nearly my last

and save men. "The greatest enemy of man is not death; it is selfishness. He sits on the throne of the entire world. This very disaster which has filled the town with sorrow was due to selfishness. Let us see if that is not so. It has been proved by investigation already made that the drunkenness of a track inspector was the cause of the accident. What was the cause of that drunkenness? The drinking habits of that inspector. How did he acquire them? In a saloon which we taxpayers allow to run on payment of a certain sum of money into our own treasury.

"So, then, it was the greed or selfishness of the men of this town which lies at the bottom of this dreadful disaster. Who was to blame for the disaster? The track inspector? No. The saloon keeper who sold him the liquor? No. Who then? We ourselves, my brothers; we who licensed the selling of the stuff which turned a man's brain into liquid fire and smote his judgment and reason with a brand from out the burning pit.

"If I had stumbled upon the three corpses of my own children night before last, I could have exclaimed in justice before the face of God, 'I have murdered my own children,' for I was one of the men of Barton to vote for the license which made possible the drunkenness of the man in whose care were placed hundreds of lives.

"For what is the history of this case?"
Who was this wretched track inspector? A man who, to my own knowledge, trembled before tempta-tion; who, on the testimony of the fore-

feelings none of you can ever know its public open return confronted his the preacher for lack of ability. that I look into your faces and say appetite once more, and he yielded and "Shame on us, men of Barton, memfell.

worth living for: The glory of God and I am ushered at last into the majestic church places within our reach. the salvation of man. Touight I, who presence of Almighty God I feel conlook into eternity in a sense which I vinced I shall see in his righteous will not stop to explain, feel the bit-countenance the sentence of our con- to you, church members, hypocrites!" terness which comes from the knowl- demnation just as certainly as if we He would say unto us, 'Woe unto you, edge that I have broken that law and had gone out in a body and by wicked young disciples in name, who have have not lived for those things which craft had torn out the supporting tim- promised to love and serve me and bers of that bridge just before the then, ashamed of testifying before me, "But God has sent me here tonight train thundered upon it, for did we have broken promise and prayer and with a message to the people which my not sanction by law a business which ridicule those who have kept their heart must deliver. It is a duty even we know tempts men to break all the vows sacredly! He would say to us more sacred in some ways than what laws, which fills our jails and poor men who have made money and kept it I owe to my own kindred. I am aware houses, our reformatories and asylums, to ourselves: 'Woe unto you, ye rich that the hearts of the people are shock- which breaks women's hearts and beg- men, who dress softly and dine luxed into numbness by the recent horror. gars blessed homes and sends innocent, urlously and live in palaces, while the I know that more than one bleeding children to thread the paths of shame heart is in this house, and the shadow and vagrancy, which brings pailor into of the last enemy has fallen over many the face of the wife and tosses with thresholds in our town. What! Did the devil's own gice a thousand vic-I not enter into the valley of the shad-tims into perdition with every revoluow of death myself as I stumbled over tion of this great planet about its

"Men of Barton, say what we will, of my own dear children? Do I not we are the authors of this dreadful dissympathize in full with all those who aster. And if we sorrow as a combitterly weep and lament and sit in munity we sorrow in reality for our blackness of horror this night? Yea, own selfish act. And, oh, the selfishbut, men of Barton, why is it that we ness of it! That clamoring greed for are so moved, so stirred, so shocked, by money! That burning thirst for more the event of death when the far more and more and more at the expense of awful event of life does not disturb us every godlike quality, at the ruin of all that our mothers once prayed might "We shudder with terror, we lose belong to us as men and women!

"What is it, ye merchants, ye busiwe speak in whispers, and we tread ness men, here tonight that ye struggle softly in the presence of the visitor most over? The one great aim of your who smites but once and then smites lives is to buy for as little as possible the body only, but in the awful pres- and sell for as much as possible. What ence of the living image of God we go care have ye for the poor, who work at our ways careless, indifferent, cold. worse than starvation wages, so long as ye can buy cheap and sell at large "I know whereof I speak, for I have profits? What is the highest aim of walked through the world like that my- us railroad men in the great whirl of poor cry aloud for judgment and the commercial competition which seethes pared for one moment with life for and boils and surges about this earth majesty, for solemnity, for meaning. like another atmosphere, plainly visi-

"What is our aim but to make money this morning I read in the column next our god and power our throne? How to that in which the accident was much care or love is there for flesh and paraded in small type and in the brief- blood at times when there is danger of est of paragraphs the statement that losing almighty dollars? But, O Ala certain young man in this very town mighty Saviour, it was not for this of ours had been arrested for forging that we were made! We know it was

"To whom am I speaking? To my self. God forbid that I should stand here to condemn you, being myself the like that and worse than that are of frequent occurrence. Nay, in this very than 75 souls are at town of ours more than 75 souls are at this very moment going down into a far blacker hell of destruction than the ence did it make to me that my exambridge, and the community is not hor ence did it make to me that my examof Christ and caused anguish to those to say to you who have beheld the exfew souls who were trying to redeem humanity? To my just shame I make answer that no one thing has driven moral citizen and a good business man; the engine of my existence over the in society there has been no objection track of its destiny except self. And, oh, for that church of Christ that I professed to believe in! How much have I done for that? How much, O financial support, but in the sight of fellow members (and I see many of that perfect and crucified Lamb of God you here tonight), how much have we I have broken the two greatest laws done in the best cause ever known and the greatest organization ever found-

"We go to church after reading the Sunday morning paper, saturated

through and through with the same things we have had poured into us evbreath in an appeal to you to make the most of daily life, to glorify God PRESCRIVOMEN
WAKES STROWOMEN
AND SICK LL.

> "I had female trouble for eigh years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College St., Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none. Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I com-menced taking this medicine I weighmenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pain, and such distress every month but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."
>
> Blck women are invited to consult Dr. Plerce by letter from. Correspondence private. Address Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

a new creature. As I stand here I man at the shops, was and always had ery day of the week, as if we begrudghave no greater desire in my heart been a sober man up to the time when ed the whole of one day out of seven. than to say what may prove to be a we as a municipality voted to replace We criticise prayer and hymn and serblessing to all my old townspeople and the system of no license with the sa. mon, drop into the contribution box to my employees and to these strong loon for the sake of what we thought half the amount we paid during the young men and boys. Within a few was a necessary revenue. This man week for a theater or concert ticket short days God has shown me the self- had no great temptation to drink while and then when anything goes wrong in ishness of a human being's heart, and the saloon was out of the way. Its the community or our children fall into that heart was my own, and it is with very absence was his salvation. But vice scorn the church for weakness and

bers of the church of Christ, that we Robert paused a moment as if gath- "Who says he was to blame? Who have so neglected our own church ering himself up for the effort that fol- are the real criminals in the case? We prayer meeting that out of a resident lowed, and the audience, startled with ourselves, citizens; we who, for the membership of more than 400, living in an unexpected emotion by the strange greed of gain, for the saving of that easy distance of the church, only 60 beginning, thrilled with excitement, as. which has destroyed more souls in hell have attended regularly and over 200 lifting his arm and raising his voice, than any other one thing, made possi. have been to that service occasionally, the once cold and proud man contin- ble the causes which led to the grief Yet we call ourselves disciples of ued, his face and form glowing with and trouble of this hour. Would we Christ! We say we believe in his blessthe transfiguration of a new manhood: not shrink in terror from the thought ed teachings; we say we believe in "There is but one supreme law in of lying in wait to kill a man? Would prayer, and in the face of all these this world, and it is this: Love God and we not repel with holy horror the idea professions we turn our backs with inyour neighbor with heart, mind, soul. of murdering and maiming 75 people? difference on the very means of spirstrength. And there are but two things We would say 'Impossible." Yet when Itual growth and power which the

"If Christ were to come to the earth today, he would say unto us, 'Woe un-



"I am, by the grace of God, a new crea-

laborer sweats for the luxury of the idle! Woe unto you who speculate in flesh and blood and call no man brother unless he lives in as fine a house and has as much money in the bank! Therefore ye shall receive the greater condemnation!"

"O self, god of the earth yet! With 2,000 years of the Son of God written into its history, still goes up the cry of those who perish with hunger, who break into the sanctuary of their souls because they cannot get work to do and are weary of the struggle of existence. Self, thou art king, not Jesus Christ. But, oh, for the shame of it, the shame of it! Were it not for the belief in the mighty forgiveness of sins I would stand here tonight with no ope of ever seeing the paradise of God. But, resting in that hope, I wish ample of my selfish life I repudiate it all. In the world I have passed as a to my presence on account of my wealth and position; in the church I have been tolerated because I gave it which he ever announced. I have been a sinner of the deepest dye; I have been everything except a disciple of Jesus Christ. I have prayed for mercy. I believe my prayer has been

"I am conscious that some here present may think that what I have said has been in poor taste; that it has been an affront to the object of the meeting or an insult to the feelings of those who have called the audience together. In order that the people may know that I am sincere in all I have said I will say that I have placed in the bank the sum of \$10,000 to be used as the committee may deem wisest and best in the education of children in bereaved homes or in any way that shall be for the best good of those in need. This money is God's. I have robbed him and my brother man all these years. Whatever restitution I can make in the next few days I desire to

"But the great question with us all my friends, is not this particular disaster. That will in time take its place as one event out of thousands in the daily life of this world. The great event of existence is not death; it is life. And the great question of the world is not the tariff nor the silver question nor the labor question nor temperance nor this nor that nor the other. The great question of the whole world is selfishness in the heart of man. The great command is, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' If we had done that in this town, I believe such a physical disaster as the one we lament would never have happened. That is our great need.

"If we go home from this meeting resolved to rebuke our selfishness in whatever form it is displeasing to God. and if we begin tomorrow to act out that resolution in word and deed, we shall revolutionize this town in its business, its politics, its church, its schools, its homes. If we simply allow our emotions to be stirred, our sympathies to be excited to the giving of a little money on this occasion, it will do us and the community little permanent good. God wants a complete trans-formation in the people of this nation. Nothing less than a complete regeneration can save us from destruction. Un-

consecrated, selfish money and selfish education, selfish political power and selfish genius in art, letters and diplomacy will sink us as a people into a gulf of annihilation. There is no salvation for us except in Jesus Christ. Let us believe in him and live in him.

"I have said my message. I trust you have understood it. I would not say otherwise if I knew that I should step off this platform now and stand before the judgment seat of Christ. God help us all to do our duty! Time is short; eternity is long. Death is nothing: life is everything."

Five years after this speech of Robert Hardy to the people of Barton in the town ball one who was present in the audience described the sensation that passed through it when the speak er sat down to be like a distinct electric shock which passed from seat to seat and held the people fixed and breathless as if they had been smitten into images of stone.

The effect on the chairman of the meeting was the same. He sat motionless. Then a wave of emotion gradually stirred the audience, and without a word of dismissal they poured out of the building and scattered to their

Robert found George waiting for him. The father was almost faint with the reaction from his address. George gave his arm, and the two walked home in silence.

We must pass over hastily the events of the next day in Robert Hardy's life. The whole town was talking about his surprising address of the night before. Some thought he was crazy. Others regarded him as sincere, but after the first effect of his speech had worn off they criticised him severely for presuming to "preach" on such an occasion. Still others were puzzled to account for the change in the man, for that a change had taken place could not be denied. How slow men are to acknowledge the power of God in the human heart! Mr. Hardy went about his business very little moved by all this discussion. He realized that only two more days remained.

He spent the afternoon and evening at home, but was interrupted by several calls. After tea the entire family gathered in the room where Clara tay. She still remained unconscious, but living. As Mrs. Hardy was saying some thing to her husband about his dream and the events of the day before Clara suddenly opened her eyes and distluctly called out the words:

"Father, what day is it?" It was like a voice out of the long dead past. Mr. Hardy, sitting by the side of the bed, replied quietly, while his beart beat quickly:

"This is Friday night, dear child." Another question came, uttered in

the same strange voice: "Father, how many more days are

left for you?"

"Tomorrow and Sunday." The voice came again:

"I shall go with you then." The eyes closed, and the form became motionless, as before.

It was very quiet in the room at the close of Robert Hardy's tifth day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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