Mon.	Tues-	Wed.	Thurs.	Pri	Sat.	Sun-
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	A DR	SEVI BAM AN	EN D	AYS	NCES.	
Author of	f "In Hu Step	pa," "The Cr	ueifizion of Pi	alip Strong.	" "Malcom E	irk." Etc
Author of	f "In Hu Step	pa," "The Cr	usifizion of Pi	alip Strong.	" "Malcom E	Sun.

[CONTINUED.]

He seemed to come to himself and stared around into the fire as if wondering where he was, and he did not see the tear that rolled down his wife's cheek and fell upon her two hands clasped in her lap. She arose and went over to the piano, which stood in the shadow, and, sitting down with her back to her husband, she played fragments of music nervously. Mr. Hardy lay down on the lounge again. After awhile Mrs. Hardy wheeled about on the piano stool and said:

"Robert, don't you think you had better go over and see Mr. Burns about the men who were burt?"

"Why, what can I do about it? The company's doctor will see to them. I should only be in the way. Did Burns say they were badly burt?" "One of them had his eyes put out,

and another will have to lose both feet. I think he said his name was Scoville." 'What! Not Ward Scoville!"

"I think Burns said that was the

Mr. Hardy rose from the lounge, then lay down again. "Oh, well, I can go there the first thing in the morning. I can't do anything now," he muttered.

But there came to his memory a picture of one day when he was walking through the machine shops and a heavy piece of casting had broken from the end of a large hoisting derrick and would have fallen upon him and probably killed him if this man Scoville, at the time a workman in the machine department, had not pulled him to one side at the danger of his own life. As it was, in saving the life of the manager Scoville was struck on the shoulder and rendered useless for work for four Mr. Hardy had raised his wages and advanced him to a responsible position in the casting room. Mr. Hardy was not a man without generosity and humane feeling, but as he lay on the lounge that evening and thought of the cold snow outside and the distance to the shop tenements he readily excused himself from going out to see the man who had once saved his life and who now lay maimed for life. If any one thinks it impossible that one man calling himself a Christian could be thus indifferent to another, then he does not know the power that selfishness can exercise over the actions of men. Mr. Hardy had one supreme law which he obeyed, and that law was

Again Mrs. Hardy, who rarely ventured to oppose her husband's wishes, turned to the plane and struck a few chords aimlessly. Then she wheeled about and said abruptly: "Robert, the cook gave warning to-

self.

night that she must go home at once." Mr. Hardy had begun to doze a little. but at this sudden statement he sat up and exclaimed:

"Well, you are the bearer of bad news tonight. Mary. What's the matter with everybody? I suppose the cook wants more pay."

Mrs. Hardy replied quietly: "Her sister is dying. And do you know I believe I have never given the girl credit for much feeling. She always seemed to me to lack there, though she is certalely the most falthful and efficient servant we ever had in the house. She came in just after Mr. Burns left and broke down, crying bitterly. It seems her sister is married to one of the railroad men here in town and has been ailing with consumption for some months. She is very poor, and a large



"One of them had his eyes put out," family has kept her struggling for mere existence. The cook was almost beside herself with grief as she told the story and said she must leave us and care for her sister, who could not live more than a week at the longest. I pitied the poor girl. Robert, don't you think we could do something for the family? We have so much ourselves. We could easily help them and not miss a single luxury.

"And where would such help end? If we give to every needy person who comes along we shall be beggars ourselves. Besides, I can't afford it. The boys are a heavy expense to me while they are in college, and the company has been cutting down salaries lately.

If the cook's sister is married to a ran road man, he is probably getting good wages and can support her all right." "What if that railroad man were injured and made a cripple for life?" in-

quired Mrs. Hardy quietly. "Then the insurance companies or the societies can help them out. don't see how we can make every case that comes along our care. There would be no end of it if we once be-

"As nearly as I could find out," continued Mrs. Hardy, without replying to her husband's remarks, "cook's sister is married to one of the men who were burt this afternoon. She talks so brokenly in our language that I could not make out exactly how it is, and she was much excited. Suppose it was Scoville, couldn't you do something to: them then, Robert?"

"I might," replied Mr. Hardy briefly. But I can tell you I have more calls for my money now than I can meet. Take the church expenses, for example. Why, we are called upon to give to some cause or other every week, besides our regular pledges for current expenses. It's a constant drain. I shall have to cut down on my pledge. We can't be giving to everything all

the time and have anything ourselves." Mr. Hardy spoke with a touch of indignation, and his wife glanced around the almost palatial room and smiled. Then her face grew a little stern and almost forbidding as she remembered that only last week her husband had spent \$150 for a new electrical apparatus to experiment with in his laboratory. And now he was talking hard times and grudging the small sums he gave to religious objects in connection with his church and thinking he could not afford to help the family of a man

who had once saved his life! Again she turned to the plane and played awhile, but she could not be rested by the music as sometimes she had been. When she finally rose and walked over by the table near the end of the lounge, Mr. Hardy was asleep. and she sat down by the table, gazing into the open fire drearily, a look of sorrow and unrest on the face still beantiful, but worn by years of disappointment and the loss of that respect and admiration she once held for the man who had vowed at the altar to make her happy. She had not lost her lave for him wholly, but she was fast losing the best part of it, the love which has its daily source in an inborn respect. When respect is gone, love is not long in following after.

She sat thus for half an hour and was at last aroused by the two girls. 'lara and Bess, coming in. They were vidently parted with some one at the loor Mrs Hardy went out into the

"Hush, girls, your father is askep! You know how he feels to be awakened suddenly by noise. But he has been waiting up for you."

Then I guess we'll go up stairs without bidding him good night," said Clara abruptly. "I don't want to be feetured about going over to the Cax-

No. I want to see you both and have a little talk with you. Come in here,' Mrs. Hardy drew the two girls into the front room and pulled the curtains together over the arch opening into the from where Mr. Hardy lay. "Now tell tow, girls, why did your father forbid harmless and reliable. your going over to the Caxtons'? I did got know until tonight. Has it something to do with James ?"

Neither of the girls said anything for t minute. Then Bess, who was the votinger of the two and famous for startling the family with very sensalonal remarks, replied, "James and lara are engaged, and they are going a be married temorrow."

Mrs. Hardy looked at Clara, and the girl grew very red in the face, and then, to the surprise of her mother and A. R. BREMER CO., . Chicago. less, she burst out into a violent fit of rying. Mrs. Hardy gathered her into er arms as in the olden times when she was a little child and soothed her uto quietness.

"Tell me all about it, dear. I did not know you cared for James in that

"But I do," sobbed Clara. "And father guessed something and forbade us going there any more. But I didn't think he would mind it if Bess and I went just this one night. I couldn't help it anyway. Mother, isn't it right for people to love each other?"

"'Tisn't proper to talk about such things on Sunday," said Bess solemnly. "Clara!" said Mrs. Hardy. "Why. you're only a child yet! Is it true that James is- Why, he is only a boy!"

"He is 21, and I am 18, and he's earning \$40 a month in the office and is one of the best stenographers in the state. burst out with it all at once, while Bess close examination It was found that remarked quietly:

"Yes, they're real sensible, and think James is nice, but when I marry I want more than \$40 a month for caudy alone. And, then, he isn't particularly handsome."

good and brave and splendid, and I'd rather have him than a thousand such men as Lancey Cummings. Mother, I don't want money. It hasn't made you

She was silent then.

am se unhappy!"

Unhappy! And yet the girl was just unto his wife."

ing something when the sound of peculiar steps on the stairs was heard. and shortly after Alice pushed the curtains aside and came in. Alice was the oldest girl in the family. She was a cripple, the result of an accident when a child, and she carried a crutch, using it with much skill and even grace. The minute she entered the room she saw something was happening, but she simply said:

ther sleeps so soundly? I went up to him and spoke to him just now, thinking he was just lying there, and he didn't answer, and then I saw he was asleep. But I never knew him to sleep so Sunday night. He usually reads up in the study."

"Perhaps he is sick. I will go and

Mrs. Hardy rose and went into the other room, and just then the younger boy. Will, came down stairs. He said something to his mother as he passed through the room and then came in where the girls were, carrying one of his books in his hand.

"Say. Alice, translate this passage for me, will you? Confound the old Romans anyway! What do I care about the way they fought their old battles and built their old one horse bridges! What makes me angry is the way Cæsar has of telling a thing. Why can't be drive right straight ahead in stead of beating about the bush so? If I couldn't get up a better language than those old duffers used to write their books in I'd lie down and die. I



"Say, Bess, I want some money again." cau't find the old verb to that sentence anyway. Maybe it's around on the other page somewhere, or maybe Cæsar anghing and talking together and had left it out just on purpose to plague us

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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#### He Came Near Being Badly Hurt. Little Johnny Smith of S. C. came to

Asheville with his papa. While standing on the corner of Court Square looking at the Vance monument and beautiful court house he failed to notice his father had left him until he spied him across the street. He made a dash across the street and was run over by a grocer's wagon. Like nearly all country boys, he had his lunch with him, which consisted of pie, cake and bizcult which was made with the Rumford baking powder. Johnny made a dive and saved his bis-cuit. Of course the usual crowd gathered and, finding Johnny was not hurt We've talked it over, and I wish we at all, thought it was strange, as the could be married tomorrow, so!" Clars | wagon was filled with boxes; but on the boxes contained Rumford baking power, which of course solved the mystery. Johnny got off a funny re-mark; said the reason the eclipse of the sun did not take place in Asheville was that there was too Rumford used, as Rumford made things light.

"Hush, dear!" Mrs. Hardy felt as if a blow had smitten her in the face.

Clara put her arms around her mother and whispered: "Forgive me, mother! I didn't mean to hurt you, But I

beginning to blossom out toward the face of God under the influence of that most divine and tender and true feeling that ever comes to a girl who knows a true, brave man loves her with all his soul. And some people would have us leave this subject to the flippant novelist instead of treating it as Christ did when he said. "For this cause"-that is, for love-"shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave Mrs. Hardy was on the point of say-

"Mother, isn't it a little strange fa-



#### Notice. North Carolina, Buncombe County-In the Superior Court, Before the Clerk. W. Y. Hemphill and others, plaintiffs, vs. W. Y. Porter and wife, T. Porter and wife, W. C. Gilliam and wife, J. P. Gilliam and wife and T.

L. Gilliam and wife, defendants-Publication of summons. To J. P. Gilliam and wife, W. C.

wife, the non-resident defendants above named: You will take notice that an action en-

titled as above is now pending in the Superior court of Buncombe county, Carolina, to which you are proper parties; that said action is in behalf of the plaintiffs, as some of the heirs at law of W. Y. Porter, deceased, against the defendants, the re-Hair, maining heirs at law, and that said action is one seeking to have all the real estate belonging to the estate of the said W. Y. Perter, and owned by the plaintiffs and defendants as tenants in common, sold for partition,

You will also take notice, that as to you, publication of summons has been ordered, and that you are hereby diected and required to appear at the office of the cierk of the Superior court of Buncombe county. North Carolina, on or before the 8th day of August, 1900, then and there to answer or demur to the petition now on file in said cause or the relief demanded will be granted. This June 23d, 1900. MARCUS ERWIN,

Clark of the Superior Court, Buncombe County, N. C. 6-25d6t-mon

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Notice. OBTAINED a deed in trust executed to me by R. ADVICE AS TO PAYENTABILITY Notice in "Inventive Age" Book "How to obtain Patents" R. Rawls, on the 15th day of September, 1897, to secure the payment of a

certain note described therein, which Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawrer, Washington, D. C. said deed in trust is registered in book 43. on page 538, of the register of deeds' office of Buncombe county, North Car-

olina, and default having been made in the payment of said note, I will, on

17TH DAY OF JULY, 1900, at 12 m., at the court house door in the city of Asheville, Buncombe county, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said note and interest, the following des-

ribed parcel of property, to-wit: The Swannanoa hotel situated on Gilliam and wife and T. L. Gilliam and South Main street in the city of Asheville and all the furniture and fixtures therein as well as the furniture and fixtures in that portion extending over the Asheville Tobacco Warehouse, said furniture and fixtures mentioned is meant to include whatever property interest whether real or personal said R. R Rawls has in said hotel, said land on which said hotel stands is described as follows: Beginning at a stake in the southern margin of Willow street and the western margin of said Main street and runs with the western margin of South Main street one hundred and nine and one-half (109%) feet to the northeast corner of the Asheville Tebacco Warehouse company's land; thence with the northern bounthence with the northern boundary line of said company west hundred feet two hundred feet to a stake, the southwest corner of E. T. Clemmons lot; thence with the line of said lot north to the southern margin of Willow street thence with the southern margin of Willow street to the begin-

> This June 16th, 1900. C. T. RAWLS, 6-18d20d.

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Ar Spartanburg ..... 3:10pm Ar Hendersonville ..... 5:11pm Ar Asheville .... 6:15pm Lv Asheville .... Spartanburg ......11:45am 4:109 Greenville .... 12:01pm 4:00 Laurens ..... 1:37pm 7:30

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