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**ROBERT HARDY'S SEVEN DAYS.**  
A DREAM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,  
Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Malcom Kith," Etc.

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

If this brief scene thrilled the neighbors with pity, what shall be said of its effect on Robert Hardy? For a moment it seemed to him more than he could bear. He started to his feet and put his hands before his face. Then, calmer than before, he made an effort, he sat down, and his face became almost like a stone in his rigidity. When his wife finally succeeded in getting the woman into the rear room, his face re-



O God, help me! Don't keep me here in this world so long!

laxed and he breathed more easily, but as soon as possible he arose and went out and stood silent there until the body was brought out and placed in the house. Then he went in and spoke a few words to his wife and told Mr. Burns that he would take four or five to the cemetery if they wished to go. Mrs. Hardy would stay with the suffering woman until she came back. Mr. Hardy also whispered something to his minister and gave him a large bill of bills to be used for the family. They went out again.

That ride in the cold gray of the declining winter afternoon was a bitter experience to Robert. He cursed himself at the grave. He heard the words, "Bless us in the death of sin into the resurrection of righteousness," and something like a gleam of hope shot through his heart at the words. Surely there was mercy with him who had completed death for the sake of the human race.

He drove back with more peace of soul than he had thought possible. By the time he had reached the shop the time was growing dark. He drove home with his wife and thought with something of a feeling of pleasure of the evening before him with his family. This second day had been more agitating in some ways than his first.

He had been unmoved at the funeral and had felt remorse more keenly than he had once thought possible. As he reviewed the events of the day with his wife he felt dissatisfied. And yet he had truly tried to do his duty in the light of eternity. What more could he do?

He felt anxious about George and told his wife of the conversation he had with him. Mrs. Hardy felt the same anxiety with her husband. After the horses were put up and the father and mother had gone into the house they continued the conversation. Alice was up stairs with George, and the other children had not come back. It was dark, but husband and wife sat by the light of the open fire and talked together until nearly 6 o'clock.

Mr. Hardy had just said something about Clara, and Mrs. Hardy replied, "Isn't it about time they were here?" when the telephone bell rang in the little office adjoining the hallway, where Mr. Hardy did some of the business of the company, being connected by wire with the shops. He went in and answered the call, and a series of sharp exclamations and questions was soon followed by his coming back into the room where his wife sat. By the light of the open fire she could see that he was very pale. His overcoat was lying on the couch where he had thrown it as he came in. He hastily put it on and then said to his wife:

"Mary, there has been an accident to the 6 o'clock way train between Baldwin and here, and Burns has telephoned me to come down. Don't be alarmed. We will hope for the best."

Mrs. Hardy started up.

"Why, Will and Bess and Clara were coming home on that train?"

"Mary"—Mr. Hardy's voice trembled, but he tried to speak calmly and in comfort—"let us hope for the best."

"What did Mr. Burns telephone? Tell me all, Robert. I can bear it with you."

"He telephoned that the train was derailed and a dozen people killed and as many injured. I must go down the road at once. Oh, my God, spare our dear ones!"

Mr. Hardy was almost overwhelmed by this last stroke, and yet he asked himself how many accidents had occurred this last year on the road, and he had never given much thought to

the suffering of those families afflicted. Now perhaps it had come to him, and, bidding his wife pray and hope, he rushed out of the house and down to the station with the energy and rapidity of the youth who in college days had taken prizes for athletic superiority.

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

Mr. Hardy reluctantly laid the engine on its side, and started on its way of 15 miles, soon at a speed of 25 miles an hour. The engine was fitted in large, modern fashion. It was a great wonder and would have been a fine sight to the people at the engine yard or light on the road. It was a fine sight to the people at the engine yard or light on the road. It was a fine sight to the people at the engine yard or light on the road.

And to the crowd of Robert Hardy's acquaintances who followed.

CHAPTER VII.

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

The engine, mail car, two day coaches and two sleepers had crashed through and, falling a distance of 75 feet, had partly broken through the roof of the frozen stream. To add to the horror of the disaster the two sleepers had caught fire, and there was absolutely no means to fight it. Mr. Hardy caught confused glimpses of men down on the ice throwing handfuls of snow upon the blazing timbers in a frantic attempt to drive back or put out the flames. He fell rather than scrambled down the steep, slippery bank of the stream, and then the full horror of the situation began to dawn upon him.

The baggage car and tender had fallen in such a way that the tracks rested upright on the ice, and the position of the timbers was relatively that of the train before it had left the track. One day coach lay upon its side but had broken completely in two as if some great hand had pulled it apart, leaving the jagged ends of timbers protruding toward one another in such a fashion that if the two ends of the coach had been pushed toward each other the splintered timbers would have been driven through the roof of the passenger car. The other day coach had fallen upon one end, and the third of the train was not far from the same position. The engine and sleeping car stuck up in the air like a great, red, the pillars of burning brass.

Mr. Hardy saw evidence of all this and in a second he heard the groans of the injured and the cries of those trying to be released from the timbers which, which they had been caught. But his own children! Never had he loved them as now.

The crowd of people had increased to a mob. The confusion was that of terror. Mr. Hardy rushed about the wreck searching for his children, a great throbbing at his heart as he thought of their probable fate, when the sweetest of all sounds, Bessie's dear voice, came to him, and the next minute he had caught up the child as she ran to him and strained her to his breast as in the old days when he had carried her about the house and yard.

"Whoever Will and Clara?"

"Oh, father, they're here, and Will wasn't hurt much more than I was, but Clara has fainted, and she is lying down over here."

Bess changed her father out across the ice to the edge of the bank, where a number of the victims had been laid on the cushions of the seats, some dead, some dying. There lay Clara very white and still, with Will bending over her, himself bleeding from several wounds about the head and hands, but still conscious and trying to restore his sister.

Mr. Hardy knelt down in the snow by his son's side, and Will, seeing him there, was not surprised, but he sobbed excitedly. "Oh, she is dead!"

"No," roared her father; "she is not." Clara stirred, and her lips moved, but she did not open her eyes, and then her father noticed that a strange mark lay over her face.

was not hurt except a scratch or two, because she fell between two car seat cushions that were jammed around her and protected her from injury; how the excitement grew as it was discovered that the dead and dying would number more than 75 instead of 10 or 12, as Burns had telephoned; how finally Robert Hardy and Will and Bess and Clara, with other victims, were taken back to Barton, where a great crowd of anxious, pale faced people was surging through the station and over the track; how James Carston was first to board the train down by the shops at the risk of his neck as in the rainy darkness he swung himself on the dead run up to the platform of the coach; how Mrs. Hardy met her children and husband; how there was sorrow in many a home in Barton that night and for many days to come; how Mr. Hardy finally, a little after midnight, entirely exhausted by the events of the day and night, fell asleep and dreamed the scene all over again—all this and a great deal more might be of interest concerning one of the most remarkable railroad accidents that ever occurred in this country, but would be out of place in this narrative. For it is all true, exactly and literally, only the detailed horrors of it no pen can describe, no words can tell.

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

James had insisted on staying in the house to be of service, and Mrs. Hardy had felt grateful for his presence as she watched for returning consciousness from Clara, who still gave no more sign of animation, although she breathed easily and seemed to be free from pain. Every doctor and surgeon in town had been summoned to the scene of the accident. But Mr. Hardy felt so anxious for Clara as he came in and looked at her that he went down stairs and asked James if he would let him out and see if any of the doctors had returned.

"Yes, sir, I'll go at once. How is she now, Mr. Hardy?" James looked into the face with the look that have torments when it is true and brave.

"My boy," replied Mr. Hardy, laying his hand on James' shoulder, "I don't know. There is something strange about it. Get a doctor if you can. But I know there must be many other and homes today in Barton. Oh, it was horrible!"

He sat down and covered his face, while James with a look of "God help us, sir!" went out in search of a doctor.

Mr. Hardy went up stairs again and, with his wife, knelt down and offered a prayer of thanksgiving and of appeal. "O Lord," said Robert, "grant that this dear one of ours may be restored to us again. Spare us this anguish, not in return for our goodness, but out of thy great compassion for our sins repented of."

Will and Bess lay in the next room, and now that the reaction had set in they were sleeping. Will feverish and restless, Bess quiet and peaceful, as if nothing had happened out of the usual order of things.

"Where is George?" asked Mr. Hardy as he rose from his prayer.

"I don't know, Robert. He started down to the train a little while after you did. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, Mary. God grant he may not!"—Mr. Hardy did not dare finish his thought aloud.

His wife guessed his thought, and together the two sat hand in hand, drawn very near by their mutual trouble and by all the strange events of that strange week, and together they talked of the accident and of Clara and James and their eldest son, and then Mrs. Hardy said as she trembling drew her husband's face near to her:

"Robert, do you still have that impression concerning the time left you here to live? Do you still think this week is to be the end?"

Mrs. Hardy had a vague hope that the shock of the accident might have destroyed the impression of the dream, but her hope was disappointed.

"My dear wife," replied Robert, "there is not the least doubt in my



"Oh, she is dead!"

mind that my dream was a vision of what will happen. There is no question but that after Sunday I shall not be with you. This is Wednesday. How lightninglike the days have flown! How precious the moments are! How many of them I have wasted in foolish selfishness! Mary, I should go mad with the thought if I did not feel the necessity of making this week the best week of my life, only I do not know what is most important to do. If it had been seven months or even seven weeks, I might have planned more wisely. Oh, it is cruelly brief, the time! But I must make the wisest possible use of it. This accident, so unexpected, has complicated the matter. I had not reckoned on it."

How many of us do reckon on accidents? They always come into our (Continued on Page 7.)

# Prices Drop to Zero!

This being the second week of our very successful Clearance Sale, we make the occasion extraordinary by sweepingly slashing to cost prices on seasonable articles of wear of every description. Summer goods must go, regardless of profit.

## Wash Dress Goods.

At a shadow of their former prices. Their colorings and patterns comprise a magnificent assortment of beautiful floral, plaid, spray and stripe designs.

The 39c quality, . . . . . Clearance Sale, 19c.  
The 25c quality, . . . . . Clearance Sale, 15c.

## Ladies' Vests.

Shaped Ribbed Vests, low neck and sleeveless, excellent value at 15c. . . . . Clearance, 10c  
Ribbed Vests, fine Egyptian Yarn, actually worth 19c. . . . . Clearance Sale, 12½c  
Richelieu Ribbed Vests, lace trimmed neck and shoulders, 25c kind, " " 15c  
Black, White, Blue and Pink.



At 49c we are selling an excellent Corset made of net and French sateen, long and short waist—the kind the other stores sell at 75 cents.

## Ladies' Mercerized Silk Petticoats—

Made of splendid quality in all the fashionable shades, umbrella effect, with ruffle, lined and corded, \$3.00 value, Clearance Sale. . . . . \$1.98

We have just received another lot of the Ladies' New Style Summer Felts, in all the latest shapes, specially low priced.

The new raw edge, in pearl and castor, \$1.50 quality, only . . . . . 98c  
Entirely new creation, with fancy band, \$2.00 quality, only . . . . . \$1.29

# THE BIG BALTIMORE

★ THE BARGAIN CENTER OF ASHEVILLE ★

## Special Notices

SEE THE COATS AT MRS. L. A. Johnson's, 43 Patton ave.

GRAHAM and whole wheat flour fresh every few days at Kroger's.

WANTED—At once, first-class cook for boarding house. Address M. B. Gray, Citizen. 7-14-dtf

MRS. R. O. PATTERSON will open the Waldheim as a first-class boarding house for the summer. 7-21-d1w

MRS. PRESSER will resume her piano and violin lessons on August 1, at 69 Charlotte street. 7-23-d1w

J. B. BOSTIC company sold today nine residence lots on Vera street to W. B. A. Moore, \$250. 7-23-d1w

FOR RENT—Three desirable unfurnished rooms; three blocks from postoffice on Penland street. 7-23-d1w

SUBURBAN board, near golf links, 15 minutes' walk to cars; high ground, fine view, new house, choice table. Mrs. Gulliver, Ottard, Box 47. 7-23-d1w

WEEK WANTED—A roller top process. Must be in good condition and bargain. Weaver & Alexander, 25 Patton avenue or P. O. Box 24. 7-14-d1w

WANTED—A good family horse—gentle and sound, not too old. W. A. Egan, at Dr. E. C. Smith's drug store. 7-14-d1w

WANTED—A 2 or 3 room cottage, with a good kitchen, on or near Patton street. Address M. B. Gray, The Citizen. 7-21-d1w

DELICIOUS place for rest and quiet at "Sunshine Cottage," near car line. Number: choice table, Mrs. Kimberly, Bartlett Street Terrace. 7-20-d1w-rod

THE FINEST lot of new Dressers to be found in the city are now at my place at astonishingly low prices. W. L. Moore, No. 11 west Court Square. Phone 372. 7-21-d1w

JERSEY—For sale, one-half Jersey grade milk cow; fine condition; 41-2 gallons sold milk per day; calf two months old. Address box 114. 7-5-d1w

A PRIVATE FAMILY IN THE suburbs, convenient to street cars, will take a few boarders for the summer. Address SHADY LAWN, this office. 7-9-d1w

I HAVE several six-hole ranges with water backs. Also several oil and gasoline cooking stoves, all at reasonable prices.—W. Turner, 35 North Main street. Phone 226. 7-21-d1w

WILL exchange two lots in good locations in Chicago for house and ground in Asheville; value of lots \$3000.00. Address M. J. Kenny, Chicago, Ill., 71 E. Randolph St. 7-23-d1w

PRIVATE BOARD—Newly arranged house, cool and shady verandas, handy to churches and postoffice, popular street and fine view. Mrs. S. L. Gray, 104 South Main street. 7-21-d1w

LOST—Between Chestnut street and the city pumping station, paper box containing gold watch, rings, etc. Reward of \$100.00 if returned to H. W. Howe, 138 Chestnut street. 7-21-d-wk

WANTED—A GOOD MALE COOK (white) to cook in a logging camp for about 16 men. Also a good white girl for general housework. Address Union Lumber Co., W. I. Boyer, supt., Jarrett's, N. C. 7-10.

STRAYED from pasture at Woolsey, a black and white spotted cow, weighing about 800 pounds. Finder will be liberally rewarded.—Zimmerman & Whithead, City Market. 7-23-d3t

VERY DESIRABLE rooms with bath; new house, furnace heated, electric lights and bells, superb view on paved street, near churches and postoffice. Mrs. F. A. Hall, 103 South Main street. 7-27-d1w

FOR RENT—A 10-room house, newly papered and painted; less than one-half mile from postoffice and about three minutes' walk from street cars; in good neighborhood; fine shade trees. Apply to R. G. Hunt, city postoffice. 6-25-d1w

THE annual election for the purpose of choosing 11 directors of the Asheville Board of Trade will be held at the office of the Secretary on Friday, July 28, 1900, between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p. m. B. M. Jones, Secretary. 7-13-d1w

FOR SALE—New 30-room hotel with \$50 worth of furniture in same; one-half mile of thriving town, near station. Finest summer resort in country. 40-acre good land belonging to it, \$1250—half cash, balance on good terms. Apply J. M. Campbell. 7-23-d1w

WANTED—To buy from 100 to 500 acres of rich, fertile land, preferably with a stream of water running through it, state full particulars and references, and lowest spot cash price, principals only dealt with. Address J. Bradley, Stamford, Conn. 7-23-d-wk

TYPEWRITERS OF ALL MAKES—We buy, sell and rent typewriters of all makes. If you intend buying a new machine, we recommend the Remington, which is beyond doubt the "standard." Its lasting qualities and all-round excellence cannot be approached.—Typewriter Exchange, 23 Patton avenue. 7-23-d1w

FOR RENT ONLY—A large fine residence; 16 rooms; furnished; servants' house and carriage house; large grounds; central location. \$125 per month. Owner and one daughter will board with renter and allow liberal discount from rent. Apply to John M. Campbell, Real Estate Agent, No. 8½ North Main st. 7-23-d1w

FOR SALE AND RENT—7 room cottage Chestnut st., furnished; 8 room house Charlotte st., furnished; 8 room house Cumberland ave., furnished; 2 unfurnished cottages, 6 rooms each. For Sale—2 choice lots Merrimon ave.; pretty little grove lot East st., on car line; bargain in 9 room house Cumberland ave.; choice lots on Vance and Oak sts., prices low; big bargain 7 room house Starnes ave.; timber lands, 2000 acres, 10,000 acres, 400 acres, all fine hardwood in virgin state. Nat. Atkinson Sons' Co., Real Estate Dealers. 7-23-d1w

WANTED—BOARDERS; IN COUNTRY; private family; 10 minutes' walk from Biltmore and Asheville Street Car line; pleasant, elevated home; fine views; overlooks the Biltmore village and Swannanoa valley; large, airy rooms; table supplied with fresh vegetables and fruits from farm, Jersey milk and butter; rates reasonable; no consumption taken. Mrs. Chas. R. Whitaker, Biltmore, N. C.

FOR RENT—NO. 110 HAYWOOD street; 18-room house, steam heat, electric lights and call bells to each room; 2 baths; large verandas; elegant location on Battery Park hill and within three blocks of center of the city. Also 2 lovely flats of 5 and 6 rooms, furnished or unfurnished; electric lights and all modern improvements; hot and cold water and range in kitchen. Apply to O. D. Revell, 22-34 Patton ave.

WANTED—MORE IMPROVED and unimproved property to sell to parties prepared to pay cash for same, particularly for vacant land on Haywood road in the vicinity of the University school. I have several inquiries by prospective purchasers for desirable sites in this last neighborhood. Parties having such property will find it to their advantage to address or call upon A. J. Lyman, offices 13 Church st., telephone No. 24.

## CITY MARKET.

Corrected by Clarence Sawyer, wholesale and retail grocer. These prices are being paid by the merchants of the city today:

Country butter, . . . . . 19 to 20  
Eggs, . . . . . 10½  
Chickens, . . . . . 12½ to 20  
Turkeys, . . . . . 30 to 1.50  
Ducks, . . . . . 35 to 20  
Potatoes, Irish, . . . . . 60  
Turnips, . . . . . 25  
Onions, . . . . . \$2.00 crate  
Cabbage, per pound, . . . . . 3-4 to 1c  
Beans, per bushel, . . . . . \$2.00 to \$2.50  
Peas, . . . . . \$1.00 to \$1.25  
Apples, . . . . . \$2.00  
Apples, dried, . . . . . 3 to 5  
Wheat, . . . . . 85  
Corn, . . . . . 65  
Meal, . . . . . 41  
Oats, . . . . . 34 to 15  
Honey, . . . . . 20 to 25  
Sorghum, . . . . . 12½ to 25  
Beeswax, per pound, . . . . . 24  
Hay, ton, . . . . . \$18 to \$  
Apples, . . . . . 40 to 80

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