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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 Kirk," Etc.

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**CHAPTER X.**

Mr. Hardy began in a low, clear tone: "Men and Women of Barton—Tonight I am not the man you have known me these 25 years I have been among you. I am, by the grace of God, a new creature. As I stand here I have no greater desire in my heart than to say what may prove to be a blessing to all my old townspeople and to my employees and to these strong young men and boys. Within a few short days God has shown me the selfishness of a human being's heart, and that heart was my own, and it is with feelings none of you can ever know that I look into your faces and say these words."

Robert paused a moment as if gathering himself up for the effort that followed, and the audience, started with an unexpected emotion by the strange beginning, thrilled with excitement, as lifting his arm and raising his voice, the once cold and proud man continued, his face and form glowing with the transfiguration of a new manhood: "There is but one supreme law in this world, and it is this: Love God and your neighbor with heart, mind, soul, strength. And there are but two things worth living for: The glory of God and the salvation of man. Tonight I, who look into eternity in a sense which I will not stop to explain, feel the bitterness which comes from the knowledge that I have broken that law and have not lived for those things which alone are worth living for.

"But God has sent me here tonight with a message to the people which my heart must deliver. It is a duty even more sacred in some ways than what I owe to my own kindred. I am aware that the hearts of the people are shocked into numbness by the recent horror I know that more than one bleeding heart is in this house, and the shadow of the last enemy has fallen over many thresholds in our town. What! Did I not enter into the valley of the shadow of death myself as I stumbled over the ghastly ruins of that wreck, my soul torn in twain for the love of three of my own dear children? Do I not sympathize in full with all those who bitterly weep and lament and sit in blackness of horror this night? Yes, but, men of Barton, why is it that we are so moved, so stirred, so shocked, by the event of death when the far more awful event of life does not disturb us in the least?

"We shudder with terror, we lose our accustomed pride or indifference, we speak in whispers, and we tread softly in the presence of the visitor who smiles but once and then smiles the body only, but in the awful presence of the living image of God we go our ways careless, indifferent, cold, passionless, selfish.

"I know whereof I speak, for I have walked through the world like that myself. And yet death cannot be compared for one moment with life for majesty, for solemnity, for meaning, for power. There were 75 persons killed in the accident. But in the papers this morning I read in the column next to that in which the accident was paraded in small type and in the briefest of paragraphs the statement that a certain young man in this very town of ours had been arrested for forging his father's name on a check and was in the grasp of the law.

"And every day in this town and in every town all over the world events like that and worse than that are of frequent occurrence. Nay, in this very town of ours more than 75 souls are at this very moment going down into a far blacker hell of destruction than the one down there under that faded bridge, and the community is not horrified over it. How many mass meetings have been held in this town with in 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 breath in an appeal to you to make the most of daily life, to glorify God 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 temptation; who, on the testimony of the foreman at the shops, was and always had been a sober man up to the time when we as a municipality voted to replace the system of no license with the saloon for the sake of what we thought was a necessary revenue. This man had no great temptation to drink while the saloon was out of the way. Its very absence was his salvation. But its public open return confronted his appetite once more, and he yielded and fell.

"Who says he was to blame? Who are the real criminals in the case? We ourselves, citizens; we who, for the greed of gain, for the saving of that which has destroyed more souls in hell than any other one thing, made possible the causes which led to the grief and trouble of this hour. Would we not shrink in terror from the thought of lying in wait to kill a man? Would we not recoil with holy horror the idea of murdering and maiming 75 people? I would say 'Impossible!' Yet when I am numbered at last into the majestic presence of Almighty God I feel convinced I shall see in his righteous countenance the sentence of our condemnation just as certainly as if we had gone out in a body and by wicked craft had torn out the supporting timbers of that bridge just before the train thundered upon it, for did we not sanction by law a business which we know tempts men to break all the laws, which fills our jails and poorhouses, our reformatories and asylums, which breaks women's hearts and beggars blessed homes and sends innocent children to thread the paths of shame and vagrancy, which brings pallor into the face of the wife and tosses with the devil's own glee a thousand victims into perdition with every revolution of this great planet about its greater sun?

(To be continued.)

**\$100 REWARD \$100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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**Chinese Women.**

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The Chinese Boxers hate Rufford Baking Powder because it elevates and improves.

If you do not like to have your flour or health improved, why you had better not use Rufford.

# Women Who have the Blues

**Despondency in women is a mental condition directly traceable to some distinctly female ill. Well women don't have the blues, but comparatively few people understand that the right medicine will drive them away.**

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

**Overcomes the blues, because it is the safeguard of woman's health.**

**It regulates the entire female organism as nothing else does. When the dragging sensation and the backache go, the blues will go also.**

**Read the letters from women appearing in this paper—women who have tried it and know. There are a million such women.**

## DAIRY BUILDING FOR TENNESSEE UNIVERSITY

**\$8000 BUILDING NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION.**

Knoxville, Tenn., July 30.—At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the University of Tennessee an appropriation was made for the erection of a dairy school building for the department of agriculture of the university. This building, together with the apparatus to be placed in it, will cost something over \$8000. It is one of the first buildings, if not the first, designed for student instruction in this important subject in the south.

This dairy hall will be located on the university farm. The main building will be 40 by 80 feet, with a boiler and milk testing room attached, 25 by 31 feet, making in all something over 4000 square feet of floor space devoted to dairy instruction. The work of construction is in progress and it will be equipped with modern machinery and ready for the use of students in the courses in agriculture and dairying commencing next January. It will be a handsome one-story brick building finished in white mortar.

There will be nine rooms in the building, each devoted to a special purpose. In the first or general work room will be placed the milk and cream vats, separators, churns, butter workers, etc. This room will be provided with marble top printing tables and with ample closet room under the milk receiving platform, the building being so constructed that milk can be carried to any part of it by gravity. In the rear of the work room will be found the wash room and the refrigerator well. Just across the hall the lavatory will be situated. This contains lockers for the white suits the students will be required to wear when at work. Down the hallway will be the pasteurizing, sterilizing and bottling room. On the opposite side of the hall will be the cheese curing room. This will have brick walls so that a uniform temperature may be maintained, as the curing is the difficult part of cheese making. The rear part of the main structure will be devoted to cheese making. The machinery here will be of the latest and best design and this room, like all the others, will be large, admirably lighted and adapted for its intended use. In the annex will be situated the boiler and engine room and the milk testing laboratory.

**THE IRONY OF FATE.**

From the Chicago Tribune.

Lounger—Jerry, who is that dried-up, consumptive little fellow who requires so much attention and seems to have so much money to spend?

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Every one in the lot readily worth \$15.00. Entirely new goods that haven't been in the house at the present writing more than an hour. It is a remarkable lot of new crisp Taffeta Silk Skirts, with values, as above stated, up to \$15.00.

## The New Summer Felt Walking Hats

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\$1.50 WALKING HATS, in gray and tan, . . . . . 98c  
2.00 WALKING HATS, in gray and tan, . . . . . 1.23  
2.50 WALKING HATS, in gray and tan, . . . . . 1.98

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Are offered for the next three days at unsurpassed low prices, convincing you of our leadership as bargain givers.

At 98c choice of all wool Crepons, such as we sell regularly at \$1.50.  
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- WANTED**—A GOOD MALE COOK (white) to cook in a logging camp for about 15 men. Also a good white girl for general housework. Address Union Lumber Co., W. L. Boyer, supt., Jarrrett's, N. C. 7-19.
- BOARDERS WANTED**—Location elevated, with large shady yard, house just completed and newly furnished, private bath; everything strictly first-class and at most reasonable terms. Mrs. Ossie Henry, 70 Orange street. 7-28-dlw\*
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- 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.—Type-writer Exchange, 23 Patton avenue.
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- 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 properties will find it to their advantage to address or call upon A. J. Lyman, offices 13 Church st., telephone No. 244.
- LOST**, on Cumberland ave. or W. Chestnut st., a black ribbon belt, with buckle attached. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to Mrs. W. H. Lord, cor. Flint and W. Chestnut st. 7-30d2\*

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