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The cracker jar has been supplanted by the **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer** box. The box that keeps its contents as fresh as the day they came from the oven. When your appetite craves a fresh, sweet, delicate morsel try a **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer**. Keep the box where you can try them often. Where the children can get them as often as they like.

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Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

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," "Macon Kirk," Etc.

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Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

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On these trains are groups of coal-begrimed human beings who never go inside a church, who never speak the name of God or Christ except in an oath, who lead lives that are as destitute of spiritual nourishment as a desert of sand and rocks and who are compelled to labor contrary to God's everlasting law of rest in order that man may have more to feed his body and indulge his passions! Do not tell us it is necessary labor. It is labor for the making of more money. It does not need to be done. The community could dispense with it, and in the sight of God it is a wicked use of human flesh and blood and souls, and the starved spiritual natures of these men will come up at the judgment day before the men who had it in their power to say, "Not a wheel shall turn on these tracks Sunday even if we don't make a little more money." Money or souls? Which is worth more in the thought of the railroad corporation? Let the facts make answer.

Mr. Hardy did not know just how long he knelt there in that bare room. At last he arose wearily and came out, but his prayer had not refreshed him. The surgeon glanced at him inquisitively, but asked no questions. The sick woman was in a state of semiconsciousness. Mr. Hardy's cook, her sister, sat listlessly and worn out by the side of the lounge. The surgeon rapidly gave directions for the use of some medicine and prepared to go. Some of the neighbors called, and the surgeon let two of the women come in. Just as the two men were going out together, Mr. Hardy still absorbed in his great desire to do something of importance for the mother and her children, his minister, Mr. Jones, appeared.

He looked surprised at seeing Mr. Hardy, inquired the news of the doctor and at once asked if he could see the poor widow. The doctor thought it would do no harm. Mr. Jones whispered to Mr. Hardy:

"She was a faithful member of our church, you know."

Mr. Hardy did not know it, to his shame, he confessed. This sister of his in Christ had been a member of the same church, and he had not even known it. If she had happened to sit on the same side of the building where he sat, he would probably have wondered who that plain looking person was, dressed so poorly. But she had always sat back on the other side, being



The features of the dead man were fixed in an expression of despair.

one of a few poor women who had been attracted into the church and been comforted by Mr. Jones' simple piety and prayers.

The minister knelt down and said a gentle word to the woman. Then, as if in reply to a low voiced request, he began a prayer of remarkable beauty and comfort. Mr. Hardy wondered as he listened that he could even have thought this man dull in the pulpit. He sat down and sobbed as the prayer went on and took to himself the consolation of that heavenly petition. When Mr. Jones rose, Mr. Hardy still sat with his hands over his face. The surgeon was called out by some one. They the minister, after making arrangements with the women who had come in for the funeral of Scoville, started to go out, when Mr. Hardy rose, and they went away together.

"Mr. Jones," said Mr. Hardy as they walked along. "I have an explanation and a confession to make. I haven't time to make it now, but I want to say that I have met God face to face within the past 24 hours, and I am conscious for the first time in years of the intensely selfish life I have lived. I need your prayers and help. And I want to serve the church and do my duty there as I have never before done it. I have not supported your work as I should. I want you to think of me this week as ready to help in anything in my power. Will you accept my apology for my contempt of your request a week ago? I will come into the meeting Thursday night and help in any way possible."

Mr. Jones' eyes filled with tears. He grasped Mr. Hardy's hand and said simply: "Brother, God bless you! Let me be of service to you in any way I can."

Mr. Hardy felt a little better for the partial confession and parted with his minister at the next corner, going down to his office.

CHAPTER IV.

It was now 10 o'clock, and the day seemed to him cruelly brief for the work he had to do. He entered the office, and almost the first thing he saw on his desk was the following letter, addressed to him, but written in a disguised hand:

Mr. Hardy—It is in the casting room don't need no looking after, but maybe the next pot of hot iron that explodes will be next the olla if you thinks we have bodies but no souls some morning you will wake up believing another thing. We ain't so easy let us sum suppose. Better look to house and employ special patrol; if you do we will blab his face for him.

There was no signature to this threatening scrawl, which was purposely misspelled and ungrammatically composed. Mr. Hardy had received threats before and paid little attention to them. He prided himself on his steady nerves and his contempt of all such methods used to scare him. Only a coward, he reasoned, would ever write an anonymous letter of such a character. Still this morning he felt disturbed. His peculiar circumstances made the whole situation take on a more vivid coloring. Besides all that, he could not escape the conviction that he was in a certain sense responsible for the accident in the casting room. It was not his particular business to inspect machinery. But his attention had been called to it, and he felt now as if he had been criminally careless in not making the inspection in the absence of the regular officer. An investigation of the accident would free Mr. Hardy from legal responsibility, but in the sight of God he felt that he was morally guilty. At this moment Mr. Burns came in. He looked sullen and spoke in a low tone:

"Only half the men are back this morning, sir. Scoville's death and the injuries of the others have had a bad effect on the men."

Mr. Hardy crumpled the letter nervously in his hand.

"Mr. Burns, I would like to apologize to you for my neglect of the injured men. Who are they and how badly are they hurt?"

Burns looked surprised, but made answer, describing briefly the accidents. Mr. Hardy listened intently with bowed head. At last he looked up and said abruptly:

"Come into the casting room."

They went out of the office, passed through the repairing shops and entered the foundry department. Even on that bright winter morning, with the air outside so clear and cool, the atmosphere in this place was murky and close. The forges in the blacksmith room at the farther end glowed through the smoke and dust like smoldering piles of rubbish dumped here and there by chance upon some desolate moor; and stirred by ill omened demons of the nether world. Mr. Hardy shuddered as he thought of standing in such an atmosphere all day to work at severe muscular toil. He recalled with sharp vividness a request made only two months before for dust fans which had proved successful in other shops and which would remove a large part of the heavy, coal laden air, supplying fresh air in its place. The company had refused the request and had even said through one of its officers that when the men wore out the company could easily get more.

Mr. Hardy and the foreman paused at the entrance to the casting room where the men had been injured the day before. A few men were working sullenly. Mr. Hardy asked the foreman to call the men together near the other end of the room; he wanted to say something to them. He walked over there while the foreman spoke to the men. They dropped their tools and came over to where Mr. Hardy was standing. They were mostly Scandinavians and Germans, with a sprinkling of Irish and Americans. Mr. Hardy looked at them thoughtfully. They were a hard looking crowd. Then he said very slowly and distinctly:

"You may quit work until after Scoville's funeral. The machinery here needs overhauling."

The men stood impassive for a moment. Finally a big Dane stepped up and said:

"We be no minded to quit work these times. We no can afford it. Give us work in some other place."

Mr. Hardy looked at him and replied quietly:

"The wages will go on just the same while you are out."

There was a perceptible stir among the men. They looked confused and incredulous. Mr. Hardy still looked at them thoughtfully.

Finally the big Dane stepped forward again and said, speaking more respectfully than he did at first:

"Mr. Hardy, we be thinking maybe you would like to help towards him the



"No, no thanks! I'll do something more."

family of the dead and others as he hurt. I been 'pointed to take up purse for poor fellows injured. We all take hand in't. My brother be one lose his two eyes."

A tear actually rolled down the grimy cheek of the big fellow and "popped into the coal dust at his feet. Mr. Hardy realized that he was looking at a brother man. He choked down a sob and putting his hand in his pocket pulled out all the change he had and poured it into the Dane's hand. Then, seeing that it was only \$4 or \$5, he pulled out his purse and emptied that of its bills, while Burns, the foreman, and all the men looked on in stupefied wonder.

"No, no thanks! I'll do something more."

Mr. Hardy walked away, feeling as if the ground were heavy under him. What was all his money compared with that life which had been sacrificed in that gas poisoned sepulcher? He could not banish from his mind the picture of that face as it looked to him when he drew back the sheet and looked at it.

He hurried back to the office through the yard and sat down at the well worn desk. The mail had come in, and half a dozen letters lay there. What did it all amount to, this grind of business, when the heartache of the world called for so much sympathy? Then over him came the sense of his obligations to his family—Clara's need of a father's help, George going to the bad, Alice in need of sympathy, his wife weeping even now at home, the church and Sunday school where he had been of so little use, the family of Scoville to be provided for, the other injured men to be visited, improvements for the welfare of the men in the shops to be looked after and the routine of his business—all these things crowded in upon him, and still he saw the face and heard the voice of Eternity. "Seven days more to live!"

He sank into a reverie for a moment. He was roused by the sounding of the noon whistle. What, noon already? So swiftly had the time gone! He turned to his desk, bewildered, and picked up his letters, glanced over them hurriedly and then gave directions for the answers of some of them to his impatient clerk, who had been wondering at his employer's strange behavior this morning. Among the letters was one which made his cheek burn with self reproach. It was an invitation to a club dinner to be given that evening in honor of some visiting railroad president.

It was just such an occasion as he had enjoyed very many times before, and the recollection brought to mind the number of times he had gone away from his home and left his wife sitting drearily by the fire. How could he have done it? He tossed the gilded invitation fiercely into the wastebasket and, rising, walked his room, thinking, thinking. He had so much to do and so little time to do it in! He thought thus a moment, then went out and walked rapidly over to the hotel where he was in the habit of getting lunch when he did not go home. He ate a little hurriedly and then hastened out.

As he was going out upon the sidewalk two young men came in and jostled against him. They were smoking and talking in a loud tone. Mr. Hardy caught the sound of his own name. He looked at the speaker, and it was the face of the young man he had seen in his dream, the one who had insulted George and struck him afterward. For a moment Mr. Hardy was tempted to confront the youth and inquire into his son's habits.

"No," he said to himself after a pause; "I will have a good talk with George himself. That will be the best."

He hurried back to the office and arranged some necessary work for his clerk, took a walk through the other office, then went to the telephone and called up the superintendent of the Sunday school, who was a bookkeeper in a clothing house. He felt an intense desire to arrange for an interview with him as soon as possible. Word came back from the house that the superintendent had been called out of town by serious illness in his old home and would not be back until Saturday. Mr. Hardy felt a disappointment more keen than the occasion seemed to warrant. He was conscious that the time was very brief. He had fully made up his mind that so far as in him lay he would redeem his selfish past and make a week such as few men ever made. He was just beginning to realize that circumstances are not always in our control. We are obliged to wait for time to do some things. We cannot redeem seven years of selfishness with seven days of self denial. The death of Scoville revealed to Mr. Hardy his powerlessness in the face of

possibilities. He now feared that the superintendent would fail to return in time to let him confess to him his just sorrow for his lack of service in the school. He sat down to his desk and under that impulse wrote a letter that expressed in part how he felt. Then he jotted down the following items to be referred to the proper authorities of the road:

- Item 1. The dust in the blacksmith shop and in the brass polishing rooms is largely unnecessary. The new Englefield revolving rolling fans and elevator ought to be introduced in both departments. The cost will be but an item to the road and would prolong the life and add to the comfort of the employees. Very important.
- Item 2. Organized and intelligent effort should be made by all railroad corporations to lessen Sunday work in shops and on the road. All perishable freight should be so handled as to call for the services of as few men on Sunday as possible, and excursion and passenger trains should be discontinued except in cases of unavoidable necessity.
- Item 3. The inspection of boilers, retorts, castings, machinery of all kinds, should be made by thoroughly competent and responsible men, who shall answer for all unnecessary accidents by swift and severe punishment in case of loss of life or limb.
- Item 4. In case of injury or death to employees, if incurred through the neglect of the company to provide safety, it should provide financial relief for the families thus injured or stricken by death and so far as possible arrange for their future.
- Item 5. Any well organized railroad could, with profit to its employees, have upon its staff of salaried men a corps of chaplains or preachers whose business it would be to look after the religious interests of the employees.

Under this last item Mr. Hardy wrote in a footnote, "Discuss feasibility of this with Mr. B., influential director."

It was now 3 o'clock. The short winter day was fast drawing to a close. The hum of the great engine in the machine shop was growing very wearisome to the manager. He felt sick of its throbbing tremor and longed to escape from it. Ordinarily he would have gone to the clubroom and had a game of chess with a member, or else he would have gone down and idled away an hour or two before supper at the Art museum, where he was a constant visitor—that was when he had plenty of time and the business of the office was not pressing. Young Wellman, however, had succeeded to the clerical details of the shops, and Mr. Hardy's time was generally free after 4 o'clock.

He had been oppressed with the thought of the other injured men. He must go and see them. He could not rest till he had personally visited them. He went out and easily ascertained where the men lived. Never before did the contrast between the dull, uninteresting row of shop tenements and his own elegant home rise up so sharply before him. In fact, he had never given it much thought before. Now, as he looked forward to the end of the week, he knew that at its close he would be no richer, no better able to enjoy luxuries than the dead man lying in No. 700. He wondered vaguely but passionately how he could make use of what he had heaped together to make the daily lives of some of these poor men happier.

He found the man who had lost both eyes sitting up in bed and feeling in a pathetic manner of a few blocks of wood which one of the children in the room had brought to him. He was a big, powerful man like his brother, the large boned Dane, and it seemed a very pitiful thing that he should be lying there like a baby when his muscles were as powerful as ever. The brother was in the room with the injured man, and he said to him:

"Olaf, Mr. Hardy's come to see you."

"Hardy? Hardy?" queried the man in a peevish tone. "What do I know him to be?"

"The manager. The one who donate so really much moneys to you."

"Ah!" with an indescribable accent. "He make me work on Sunday. He lose me my two eyes. A bad man, Svord. I will no have anything to do with him."

And the old descendant of a thousand Kings turned his face to the wall and would not even so much as make a motion toward his visitor. His brother offered a rude apology. Mr. Hardy replied in a low tone:

"Say nothing about it. I deserve all your brother says. But for a good reason I wish Olaf would say he forgives me."

Mr. Hardy came nearer the bed and spoke very earnestly and as if he had known the man intimately:

"I did you a great wrong to order the work on Sunday and in not doing my duty concerning the inspection of the machinery. I have come to say so and to ask your forgiveness. I may never see you again. Will you say to me, 'Brother, I forgive you?'"

There was a moment of absolute passivity on the part of the big fellow; then a very large and brawny hand was extended, and the blind man said:

"Yes, I forgive. We learned that in the old Bible at Svendrod."

Mr. Hardy laid his hand in the other, and his lips moved in prayer of humble thanksgiving. What, Robert Hardy! Is this that proud man who only the day before was so lifted up with selfishness that he could coldly criticize his own minister for saying that people ought to be more Christlike? Are you standing here in this poor man's house which two days ago you would not have deigned to enter and beseeching him as your brother in the great family of God to forgive you for what you have done and left undone? Yes; you have looked into the Face of Eternity; you realize now what life really means and what souls are really worth.