

J. L. STOCKTON

THE OLD WHITE CORNER

Drummer's Samples At Factory Prices

We have just received by express a fine line of samples that represent the entire stock of one of New York's foremost factories, only one of a kind, no duplicates. The line comprises Lawns from \$1.00 to \$3.50; Lingeries from \$2.00 to \$5.00; Nets from \$3.00 to \$7.00; Silks, \$2.50 to \$5.00. This offers a splendid opportunity to ladies who want exclusive styles.

Don't fail to see the Artist in Our Court Street Window

Why the Sultan Hates England.

The Sultan hates England with a permanent and ineradicable hatred. His feeling dominates and colors his policy. It is only for that reason that he tolerates Germany, which otherwise he dislikes. England has always been the friend of the reform party in Turkey, and the Sultan is the great reactionary who has trodden the reform party in the dust. But, worse than that, England is pretending to help Turkey take possession of Cyprus, nominally to guarantee her to guarantee Turkey against Russia in Asia Minor, but really (as it seems to the Turks) to secure the island for England. Cyprus was his private property, and not part of the state. The whole revenue of Cyprus went to the Sultan's private purse. But, in 1878, at first the English paid for the Cypriot revenue—about \$1,000,000 a year—to Constantinople, after the Gladstonian government came into power, in 1880, this revenue was diverted to pay interest on the Turkish debt, emptying the Sultan's private purse into the lap of the European bondholders.

tory will record hereafter that the former proved a failure, and that the hatred of a people more than compensated for the favor of an evanescent tyrant. The same struggle is going on in Turkey as in Russia—the educated part of the people on one side, a tyranny resting on bureaucracy and obscurantism on the other. Whatever may be the faults of Abdul-Hamid, his worst enemy must place him on an immensely higher level than the Czar on any point of view, humanitarian or patriotic, personal or political. But for England in Turkey the greatest danger is that she be tempted to Germanize her policy from experience of the apparent German success. Her policy has been, on the whole, the wiser, but it has been carried out with an ignorance of Turkish facts that is appalling.—Orientalists in London Chronicle.

TELEGRAPH BRIEFS

The British, while they have slaughtered many Mohammedan rebels in India, are suffering heavily from cholera and have a serious situation to face.

Eight hundred pilots on the Pacific coast have notified Captain Birmingham, U. S. Inspector of vessels, that, unless he demises the charges against three masters for blowing their whistles—overriding when the fleet entered San Francisco harbor, they will surrender their licenses. Birmingham says he will fight to a finish.

Johnson campaign manager says all uninstructed delegates at the national Democratic convention will be for him.

The Republican and Democratic members of the senate house committee considering the paper trust investigation have split, the Democrats urging the removal of the tariff and the Republicans opposing such action.

The Wabash Terminal railroad, one of the Gould system, is facing a serious situation in the falling due of \$600,000 on next Monday.

Levi Hanford, Californian pioneer and father of Charles B. Hanford, the actor, died today at the age of 86 at Washington, where he was employed as a pension bureau clerk.

A national commission has been appointed by physicians over the country to compel California to make reciprocal agreements with other states to allow outside doctors gain admittance into the state.

President Roosevelt today signed the bill encouraging the development of the Alaskan coal fields.

Secretary Dover of the Republican national committee, has announced that the seats of 50 delegates will be contested.

BIG SHIPMENT OF CALIFORNIA CHERRIES

Sacramento, Cal., May 28.—Manager Alder Anderson, of the California Fruit Distributors, reports 50 cars of cherries shipped east from the state as against but 19 to this date last year. Good prices are being realized and the eastern market in fine shape to receive California's fresh fruit products this year. This first box of peaches shipped east this year from Loomis by the Pioneer Fruit company sold yesterday in Chicago for \$7.50.

REPORTED MISSING AFTER GETTYSBURG

A War Story of Watching and Waiting

By L. S. MILLS

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"I'll come back to you."

NESTLED among the green hills of western Connecticut these stands today, a little way back from the lonely country road, a brown, weather-beaten farmhouse. On each side of the door the woodbine climbs, and overhead it forms in an arch of ivy-lug green.

On the west side by the low bank wall the old-fashioned red roses bloom in all their springtime splendor. Here oftentimes a few years ago merry schoolgirls, with cheeks that matched the glow of the roses, paused to gather a bouquet for teacher's desk or to place beneath the flags in the little graveyard on the hillside on Memorial day. And oftentimes, too, they paused to listen to the quiet words of Mrs. Maynard, who lived here alone. They wondered at the sadness of her voice as she said:

"Yes; you are welcome to the roses." Then sudden hope would light her face as she added, "When Henry comes home he'll tidy up the yard a bit and pick a rose for me as he did once long ago."

After the sun had set and the shadows had crept down the hillside through the graveyard and filled the valley with darkness the lamp was lit and placed in the window, where its rays lighted the pathway leading to the road. By the table Mary Maynard would sit, her hands folded. She was waiting for Henry.

Forty-five years ago on May 29 Henry brought home Mary, his fair young bride, saying: "Mother, here is my

wife. Love her as you love me, and don't let her be lonely, for tomorrow I go to the front; but, God being willing, I'll come back."

On the following day earth and sky seemed blended in perfect harmony. The roses bloomed in splendor. On the grassy bank they sat, Mary and Henry, beside the clustering blossoms. Henry had plucked one of the roses and lovingly placed it in Mary's hair. Fair was she then, in all the freshness of youth's bright morning. Tenderly she placed her hand on Henry's shoulder and with loving, pleading eyes whispered:

"Henry, please don't go." Sadly, slowly, he replied: "Mary, I must. But watch for me. I'll come back to you."

So they parted on that fateful day, and the birds sang, the breezes crept softly by, and the roses scented the air. But Mary alone on the doorstep and Henry marching out of the valley headed them not.

Those were trying days for north and south. The nation's best were slaying each other in terrible battles. After Burnside's defeat at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, there had been a call for more men to fill the broken ranks, and Henry Maynard had enlisted. Dearly as he loved Mary Harper, he could not resist the nation's call any longer. At first Mary pleaded with him. Then she realized she need and bravely gave her consent, only requesting that they be married before he went. When on that last day as they sat together by the roses, though she whispered him to remain, she knew he would go—that above all the sorrow at parting she wished him to go—wished him the brave, true soldier of her dreams.

That it was that Henry went, and Mary came to live with Henry's mother—just those two in the little farmhouse, for Henry's father had been killed years back while hauling logs from the wood lot. The sled had overturned coming down the steep hillside. Henry's mother had seen it from the window where she sat knitting and, calling Henry from the wood shed, went to his aid. Crushed and bleeding, they brought him home just at the close of the cold winter's day, and he died in half an hour.

After this they had toiled on, Henry growing stronger and more manly, overcoming gradually the sorrow caus-

ed by his father's death. But his mother's heart seemed buried out in the lonely grave on the hillside with her husband, and, though she gave Henry unbounded love, she cared for little else till Mary came and Henry went. Then she talked of Henry and found in Mary a ready listener. So the two became fast friends with one hope—the safe return of Henry.

The weeks went by, and together they read the papers telling of the war. Henry, too, wrote sometimes to his mother, but more often to Mary. His letters told of the weary waiting and the seemingly useless marching and countermarching, yet he was always the same brave, loving Henry. Soon the war would be over, and Mary would meet him, and they would sit by the rosebushes again.

In her dreams she saw him, her soldier, her "boy in blue," amid the roar and smoke of battle. "They win the crest; he takes the flag; he is a hero." The dream changed, and she saw him slight from the train at the village station. The neighbors had read of his brave deeds in the papers and had come to cheer him. Once more the vision changed, and hand in hand they sat by the rosebushes. He placed a rose in her hair and, gently kissing her cheek, whispered:

"Mary, we won't part any more." And, looking to his well-beloved face to read the love his voice expressed, it seemed the face of Henry, but old, so old, and his hair so gray.

One day there came news of Lee's swift advance northward in July, 1863. There would be a battle. Mary wrote a long letter full of love and cheer to Henry. "But no answer came. In the papers were rumors of a great battle being fought. It was at Gettysburg. Would Lee win? The suspense was awful to millions of northern people as they waited with bated breath for news from the front. "Lee retreats!" This was the report that came on the fourth day, and the drawn faces relaxed. Then followed columns of "killed," "wounded," "missing." Thousands of homes were plunged in gloom, for many a husband's name and many a son's name and many a lover's name was there.

A neighbor's boy brought the papers that evening. Though he came on swiftly, Mary couldn't wait, but ran out to meet him. Together Mary and Henry's mother looked down the long list of "killed." "Not there! Thank God! Then the list of "wounded." "Not there! Then "missing"—Henry Maynard!

"There is hope," said Mary. But she sat with the paper tightly clasped. All night she sat thus and heeded not the time nor saw the neighbors who came to comfort her. As the sunlight shone in the east window they gently lifted her and placed her on the bed.

After a time she slept and dreamed of Henry. He was on the crest of a hill behind a low bank of earth. Hundreds of men were at his right and left. Before him, advancing up the hill, were thousands of men with gray uniforms. Then began the roar of artillery, and the smoke of battle rolled over him, and she saw him no more. Yet, half-waking, half-sleeping, she seemed to hear him say, as on that day of parting: "Watch for me! I'll come back to you!"

Then began the years of waiting—wearily years. In the afternoon when the work was done and Mary sat on the doorstep looking down the road—looking for Henry. To the many friends who came and went Mary seldom spoke. She was like one pre-occupied, her thoughts far away and a

LOOKING FOR HENRY. dreamy look in her eyes. So the time passed. Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty. Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Henry's mother died and was laid away in the quiet graveyard, and the years rolled on; the snows came and went; the roses bloomed. Schoolgirls came for them and in time grew to womanhood, and other girls came. Each evening the lamp was placed in the window. Each day Mary watched and waited.

The sympathetic neighbors kindly cared for her few wants. Many letters had been sent to the war department inquiring for Henry Maynard, but "Missing after the battle of Gettysburg" was all the reply.

In a pleasant room in Melbourne, Australia, Hubert Smith lay sick. Over forty years ago he had come to Australia, or had found himself there, but with no remembrance of where he had been before. He had become a merchant in a small way at first, but gradually increased his business till at the time of his sickness he had become a man of means with a small fortune. Still, he had remained unmarried.

All day he had tossed about in fever. "Tonight there will be a change," the

IN A GLASS CASE



every suit looks well, but how will it appear after a couple of months' wear? Its under actual service conditions that the B. K. & W. Men's Clothing shows its true worth. Every coat is properly lined. The hair-cloth front and collar stiffening preserves the correct shape of collar and lapels. Every demand of fashion is complied with in selecting correct fabrics and in designing the garments.

We save you several dollars on every suit because our store management is economical and we do a strictly spot cash business, therefore have no bad accounts to add to our prices. That's why we undersell "regular stores."

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It stands for all that's good in modern tailoring.

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Fit like "made to order" shirts because they're cut in full liberal dimensions and made by expert workmen in one of the best equipped shirt factories in America.

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The Brown Shoe Co's

WHITE HOUSE SHOES For Women.



Every pair built to give satisfactory service.

That's why we carry a larger stock and sell more shoes than most shoe stores.

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We undersell "Regular stores"

doctor said, and the nurse watched patiently till he seemed to grow quiet, and finally he slept. Then she knew the crisis was past.

When he awoke in the morning he was Hubert Smith no more, but Henry Maynard, and all the remembrance of Mary and home came over him. He had been wounded in the head at the battle of Gettysburg. In a seemingly lifeless condition he was left on the field until after the battle. He was cared for by a farmer and when partly recovered wandered away, giving no name. How he reached Australia he never learned.

His recovery was speedy, and he hastened to America to find Mary if possible. "Oh, Mary, are you waiting? Shall I see you?" he cried. And all light he paced the steamer's deck overwhelmed with love and longing.

On May 30, 1905, Mary sat in the doorway, looking down the road. Her hair, once black, was now streaked with gray. She had been looking at the roses and thinking of Henry. "Will he come today?" An hour later an old man came slowly up the road and turned up the pathway to the house. Mary, waiting on the doorstep, knew it was Henry. For the face was the face she saw in her dream.

"Henry!" "Mary!" That is all those two said as they clasped hands and sat once more on the grassy bank where the roses bloom. But heart spoke to heart in a love and joy deeper than all words and deeper than all thought.

CHURCHES SHOULD KEEP

OPEN AS DO SALOONS Kansas City, Mo., May 28.—"Our churches make awful poor time in the race for recruits," declared the Rev. Dr. Matthews of Seattle in the Presbyterian general assembly here this afternoon in a speech in which he led the movement to open the churches every day in the week.

"Saloons and places of evil are open to the boys of the country every day in the week but the Presbyterian churches are open perhaps two days.

"I believe that the churches should be open all the time to those who wish to enter and that we should not lag back in the contests

with evil, but should keep to the front." A large fraction of the delegates joined Dr. Matthews in his fight for the open church.

Mr. John Rina, of Vinings, Ga., says "I have been selling DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for about a year and they give better satisfaction than any pill I ever sold." Sold by all dealers.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the city of Salem at the office of the undersigned at the city hall at Salem, Oregon, up to 10 o'clock a. m., June 1, 1908, for the paving of the space occupied by the street, railway tracks of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company on Liberty street in the city of Salem, Oregon, from the north line of State street to the north line of Court street in said city.

Attention is called to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the city recorder of said city for the making of said improvement which must be complied with in every respect.

The city of Salem reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the common council, W. A. MOORES, City Recorder.

5-26-41.

For Weak Kidneys

Inflammation of the bladder, urinary troubles and backache use

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

A Week's Trial For 25c

S. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago, ILL. ALL DRUGGISTS

Many a Man

is a critic because he likes to be contrary. You can go contrary to the wishes of your friends and neighbors and sometimes get the best of them; but go contrary to the dictates of nature and you always get the worst of it.

If Nature Says Spectacles

then Spectacles it must be. Nature won't accept just Spectacles though; they must be right Spectacles. We can give the kind that nature demands.

Barr's Jewelry Store
State and Liberty Streets