

On the Road to Concord

A Story of Washington
By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

THE road that led to Concord was covered with a thin coating of snow, through which a woman walked slowly with bowed head. The woman was young, not over eighteen, but her features were drawn with lines of sorrow. Below the fringe of her shawl showed a basket woven of coarse hewn hickory strips, from which came the savory fragrance of tea cakes and brown bread and wild grape butter.

"He is to die!" she kept repeating to herself. "He is to die—to die as a coward! Oh, Paul, Paul, my dear one, my beloved!"

Presently, in turning a bend of the road, the girl paused suddenly and drew back half startled, for a man was sitting upon a log by the roadside. He wore the uniform of an officer in the Continental army.

He was not aware of her presence, for he did not turn his head nor even raise his eyes, but sat motionless, wrapped in meditations, his greatcoat thrown back upon his shoulders.

And upon his forehead, resolute features the girl saw such deep lines of sorrow, such indelible marks of anguish and pity and compassion, that she shivered.

As her shadow swept across his line of vision the officer leaped to his feet and placed his hand upon his sword. Then he beheld the slim young woman standing beside him, her large dark eyes, all shining wet with tears, searching his face anxiously, and he lifted his hat from his powdered wig and bowed courteously.

"You are ill, sir?" she asked. "You are suffering?"

"No, my child," he replied, a deep tenderness in his voice. "It is not I who suffers; it is my country—my poor, poor country!"

"Our country," the woman corrected him. "Our country. May God bless our country!"

For several moments the man, with both hands clasping his hat in front of him, the woman with her shawl thrown back upon her shoulders and a wealth of chestnut hair falling about her neck stood silently with bowed heads.

"General Washington—we all love him," she said. "We who because of our sex must remain at home and if secret cry our hearts out over our country's woes—we have the faith in God and the confidence in General Washington to believe that our small but brave army will drive the enemy from our shores, sir. And at candlelight, beside our beds, we bend our knees and ask the blessing of our Father upon General Washington and the Continental army."

The officer raised his face to that of the woman. In his weary, melancholy eyes a great and newborn peace seemed to shine.

"Oh, the women," he said, "the mothers and daughters and sisters and sweethearts—the dear, good women, the grand, noble, brave, loyal women!"

"Do you know General Washington, sir?" she asked eagerly, bending slightly forward and laying her hand lightly upon his arm. The other hesitated.

"Yes, my child," he replied at length. "I know him quite as well as any one. I venture to say."

"Then—then"—She choked and bowed her head, and the tears dropped at length.

The officer removed a glove and laid a hand tenderly upon her hair.

"My child," he said, not unkindly, "General Washington is about to start upon a long journey. All night long I will be on the march, and by daybreak he will be many, many miles from here."

For a brief instant he paused, and then, with stately courtesy, he unseated his head and, bowing low, kissed the tips of the girl's fingers, then released her hand and strode away in the darkness.

Scarcely an hour had passed when familiar step was heard upon the path leading to the door of the cottage, and Paul Rogers burst into the room.

With a glad cry the girl threw herself into his arms. He kissed her fondly and pressed a letter into her hand then knelt beside the bed and took his mother's head in his arms and patted her cheeks while she laughed feebly.



Miss M. Cartledge gives some helpful advice to young girls. Her letter is but one of thousands which prove that nothing is so helpful to young girls who are just arriving at the period of womanhood as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly, for it is the only medicine I ever tried which cured me. I suffered much from my first menstrual period, I felt so weak and dizzy at times I could not pursue my studies with the usual interest. My thoughts became sluggish, I had headaches, backaches and sinking spells, also pains in the back and lower limbs. In fact, I was sick all over."

"Finally, after many other remedies had been tried, we were advised to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am pleased to say that after taking it only two weeks, a wonderful change for the better took place, and in a short time I was in perfect health. I felt buoyant, full of life, and found all work a pastime. I am indeed glad to tell my experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it made a different girl of me. Yours very truly, Miss M. Cartledge, 533 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga. \$5000 profit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced."

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Nervously breaking the seal of the letter, the girl read the following, written in a heavy scrawl:

My Dear Child—One who in the hour of great sorrow has been strengthened and encouraged by the knowledge of your love and your patriotism returns to you, by virtue of his pardon, him who is dear to you as your affianced and dear to me as a brave soldier, for the son of such a mother could never be a coward. G. WASHINGTON.

For several moments the girl stood motionless in the dim light of the tallow dip. Then a tear dropped upon the paper, and her lips moved.

"God bless General Washington!" she said reverently.

The "Stuart head" of Washington in the Boston Athenaeum is regarded as the standard portrait of the great patriot. From it nearly a hundred copies were made by Gilbert Stuart himself, while innumerable replicas of it, some of which pass now as Stuarts, have been painted by lesser artists. It is also the source of the most popular engravings of Washington and has been officially indorsed by the United States government, which uses it on the two cent stamp.

This portrait was Stuart's third attempt to reproduce the features of his illustrious patron. The first portrait was painted in 1765. Stuart was so dissatisfied with it that he ultimately destroyed it, though it was considered by others so excellent a likeness that Lord Lansdowne commissioned Stuart to paint him a full length portrait of Washington, which he took to England. Shortly after this Washington himself asked Stuart to paint his portrait as well as that of Mrs. Washington. Stuart, driven by the press of visitors from his home in Philadelphia to a country retreat in Germantown, transformed his barn into a painting room and it was there that Washington sat for the so-called Athenaeum portrait. Stuart, with Washington's consent, re-

turned the original of this picture and the Martha Washington head, making copies for Mount Vernon, the whereabouts of which are not now known.

It was in 1764 that Mr. Stuart first met General Washington, and from that time he devoted his brush almost entirely to his illustrious patron. The number of portraits of Washington which he made is not known. He left a list of thirty-nine portraits which he had been commissioned to paint for admirers of the president at home and abroad, but he also painted five full length Washingtons and twenty others of different sizes, the proceeds of the sale of which he invested in an estate in Pennsylvania.

The originals of Washington and Mrs. Washington were sold after the artist's death to an association of gentlemen, who presented them to the Boston Athenaeum in 1838. They paid Stuart's widow \$1,500 for them.

Gilbert Charles Stuart, the most eminent of America's portrait painters and the rival of the greatest English artists of his day, was born in Narragansett, R. I., in 1756, and died in Boston in 1828. He received his first instruction from a Scotch artist named Alexander, who took him to Edinburgh when he was about eighteen. He subsequently studied under Benjamin West, in whose family he lived for some time. In 1871 he set up as a portrait painter in London and achieved immediate fame. He returned to America in 1793.

He pressed the sufferer's fingers to his lips.



HE PRESSED THE SUFFERER'S FINGERS TO HIS LIPS.

Washington's? I think we should all be glad that we have sons to give to our country in this time of need."

"True," the other said, "but what could Washington accomplish without the assistance, the devotion, the sacrifices, of the volunteer soldiers and the prayers of the loyal, God fearing women at home?"

Again he pressed the sufferer's fingers to his lips and then abruptly turned and walked to the door. The younger woman followed him beyond the threshold.

"Do you think, sir," she faltered "if—I should see General Washington—that—that?"

"My child," he said, not unkindly, "General Washington is about to start upon a long journey. All night long I will be on the march, and by daybreak he will be many, many miles from here."

For a brief instant he paused, and then, with stately courtesy, he unseated his head and, bowing low, kissed the tips of the girl's fingers, then released her hand and strode away in the darkness.

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They're jeering now at me! And She—She's holding hands with Jones— I sympathize with thee. Oh, hard is misplaced trust, great sire! I owe her ma a "V." And so She smirks at cheap young clerks— I sympathize with thee.

YEs, Father George, I'm moping here With but your "Life" to read, While down below they laugh and sneer Nor give me little heed.

His Sympathy For George

(As Expressed by a Boarder)

By JOE LINCOLN

Copyright, 1904, by Joe Lincoln

GEORGE WASHINGTON, great Father George,

I've read the story dire

Of how you froze at Valley Forge

With little warmth or fire.

My lodgings are not fine or grand—

They're four flights up, you see—

I'm owing something for them, and

I sympathize with thee.

I know just how you felt, great man!

There'll be no heat for me.

I'll freeze until I pay my bill—

I sympathize with thee.

MY GRIP IS PACKED. But let them laugh; my grip is packed. Sometimes, when things looked blue, You slyly heat a night retreat— I sympathize with you.

A Cure For Eczema.

My baby had eczema so bad that its head was a solid mass of scabs, and its hair all came out. I tried many remedies but none seemed to do any permanent good until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The Eczema is cured, the scabs are gone and the little one's scalp is perfectly clean and healthy, and its hair is growing beautifully again. I cannot give two much praise to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Frank Farmer, Bluff City, Ky. In buying Witch Hazel Salve look out for counterfeits. DeWitt's is the original and the only one containing pure Witch Hazel. The name E. C. DeWitt & Co. is on every box. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

It Couldn't Stay Away.



I'LL FREEZE UNTIL I PAY MY BILL.

YOUR food, they say, was poor and bad.

The quantity was small; The luxuries were few you had— In fact, you'd none at all.

My tea is weak, my steak is tough, The milk is pale and blue, And, worst of all, there's not enough— I sympathize with you.

I know how thin you were, great George;

My board is overdue;

On fowl they dine—it's "neck" for mine—

I sympathize with you.

YOUR congress plotted for you: fall

Whene'er you turned about, The friends you trusted most of all

Were those that sold you out.

Cafes in the Hungarian Capital. The trees and the cafes in Pest are Parisian, only there are more trees and more cafes, and in Pest the cafes do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special providence had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris was all on a hill on one side of the Seine and new Paris had been built since 1860 and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that comparison which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible race on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c at Chas. Strang's Drug Store.



IT'S "NECK" FOR MINE.

Down where the parlor organ greans They're jeering now at me! And She—She's holding hands with Jones— I sympathize with thee. Oh, hard is misplaced trust, great sire! I owe her ma a "V." And so She smirks at cheap young clerks— I sympathize with thee.

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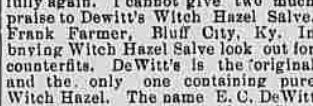


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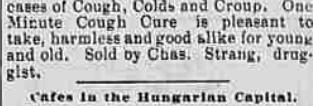
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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 33, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. J. E. DAY, N. G. J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 39, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. D. E. DAT, C. P. H. H. HARVEY, Scribe.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. FANNIE HASKINS, Rec. Sec.

A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall. M. PURDIN, W. M. J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

K. of T.—Tallman Lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. W. L. VAWTER, C. O. MAHLON PURDIN, K. of T. and B.

Knights of the Maccabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. A. ELLISON, Commander. W. F. YORK, K. K.

A. O. U. W., Degree of Honor—Easter lodge No. 56, meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday evening of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. DELLA DODGE, C. of T. CLARENCE MCPHERSON, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 18, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. A. STEWART, W. W. ASHAEL HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets every Tuesday evening in A. O. U. W. Hall. Visiting Fraternal invited to attend. FRANCIS JORDAN, P. M. L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in K. of T. hall, Medford Oregon. FRANK JORDAN C. C. W. R. JACKSON, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle No. 54, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of T. hall. Visiting sisters invited. Mrs. ADA MILLS, G. N. FRUE ANGLE, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur corps No. 34, meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. Mrs. IVAN HUMASON, Pres. Mrs. HESTER HARTZELL, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday night in each month at 7:30 Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend. D. R. ANDRUS, Com. F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian church. BRUCK, President. Mrs. J. MORGAN, Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evenings at 7:00 p. m., in their hall in K. of T. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited. NEILIE H. ARMAN, W. M. Mrs. MATTIE HUTCHISON, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday at each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome. NEILIE H. ARMAN, W. M. Mrs. MATTIE HUTCHISON, Secretary.

A. O. F.—Meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed. E. L. GURSON, C. R. JAS. STEWART, Rec. Secy.

Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall. J. H. HOWARD, Captain. E. L. ELWOOD, Recorder.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. B. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. D. T. Lawton, superintendent. Class meeting follows preaching every Sunday morning. Julia Meeker, leader. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. George Fox, president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 8:00 p. m. Every Tuesday afternoon at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. C. W. Conklin, president. Junior Epworth League every Sunday at 3:00 p. m. Mrs. Owen, superintendent. Missionary Society meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Charlotte Hubbard, president.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Jas. Martin, superintendent. Sunday evening at 8:00 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor, 8 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday every month, 7:30 p. m. Mission society. First and third Tuesdays every month, 7:30 p. m. Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, pastor. Miss Edith Van Dyke, superintendent. C. E. David, M. Day, Pres. S. C. E. Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society. Mrs. J. W. Cox, Pres. Mission society.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching every Lord's Day at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The people welcome. E. A. Childs, pastor. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. M. L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8:00 p. m. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Wednesday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to all our services.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent. All are welcome.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the County Court, for the County of Jackson, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of W. F. Doran, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of W. F. Doran, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present the same to me at my residence near Coquille, Oregon, on or before the 15th day of January, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the law office of W. I. Vawter, Medford, Oregon, with proper proof as by law provided, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, the first publication being Friday, December, 25th, 1904.

Administrator of the estate of W. F. Doran, deceased. W. I. VAWTER, attorney.

Contest Notice.