

SUPPLEMENT TO WEST SIDE.

Independence, Polk County, Oregon, May 30, 1895.

For the Fallen the Living, and Sons of Veterans.

[Contributed to the West Side.]

Hark! the wizzard voice of time is calling at the tomb of the fallen warrior. No answer comes from the cold and pallid lips of the crushed and mouldering skeleton.

The tearful wail of stricken mothers is heard amid the sombre silence of the breathless throng.

The deep still chambers of the tomb are locked.

No troubled dreams of war sweeps o'er their tranquil breast.

They hear not the silvery notes of the life, or the tap of the muffled drum; or the bugle sound; but cold and silent in the graves deep darkness they sleep.

Where the clank of sabre stroke in the din of battle strife, or the agonizing groans of the dying upon Chickamauga's battle field is heard no more.

The winding sheet robes the pallid clay of the fallen veteran.

Slowly and slow the mourners come to scatter sweet flowers o'er the graves of the fallen hero.

Tenderly lift their pallid forms from Shenandoah's valley of blood and carnage where the blood stained banner of liberty so triumphantly waved.

Place them side by side in the sweet vale of Avolka, where they may calmly and peacefully rest on the bosom of mother earth that bore them life.

Erect sacred to the memory of the fallen soldier, a monument whose spire would touch the ether blue dome of heaven.

Chisel upon its enameled face, an epitaph that the fierce spirit of time can never erase.

And like the haggard scars of Hamar be carried down through the dim ages of time until eternity will be no more.

When revolutions sweep o'er our land like the hurricane in its swift course, and the battle cry is heard, the sons of fallen ones will point their cold and solemn finger at the spectral tomb of their sires, and wave the septr of destruction o'er the seried columns of the charging foe.

Thou sons of veterans that do homage o'er the moulding dust of loved ones that the cruel hand of war hath snatched from the hearthstone's circle.

Thou art the bulwarks of the nation's safety—the shield and armor that snaps asunder the dart from the tyrants bow.

When the catapult of destruction huris its deadly missile at the grand old

ship of state, thou wilt be the plate, and sheet anchor of protection.

When the rolling thunder of battle bursts from the murky clouds of war and the nation is startled, look ye! youthful sons upon the tattered banner that waved above Sumpter's fallen ramparts.

Rouse ye! with a Romans heart as did your noble sires. Hark ye! to the voice of liberty, falter not when it calls you to battle array.

With sword and spear and battle axe charge: till the monarch quails and the Caesar of tyranny lies weltering in his blood.

When the fierce charge of battle is heard no more, your jeweled crowns of victory will flash in the light of mid-day. The nation will call its roll of honor, and place upon thy bosom, the golden badge of liberty.

Thou battered scarred veterans that linger here, whose shattered limbs are bleaching upon Georgia's burning sands, thou art the nations honor

As you gather around the campfire to relate of Carolina's bloody battle grounds, time in its swift course is carrying you upon its rushing pinons to your homes in the dim land of dreams, where the strength of your seried hosts will muster to the roll call of the Sepulchral voices of your fallen chieftiabs.

When the last call of reveille is sounded and the grave has won its victory, and your spirits are darkling in the trackless void, fond memories wreaths around the living, will forever bloom.

O'er thy green graves will be scattered the violet and bright crimson blossoms of the Hibiscus, the plaintive notes of the oriole and the twangle of Caledonian harps born upon gentle zephyrs will break the nights deep stillness.

The silvery light of the moon beams will rest o'er thy peaceful brow.

And as time sweeps past on its broad wings, and is lost in oblivian's dim vista; 'immortalized heroes' in golden letters blazing from eternities depths will your names be written.

R. H. W.

DIED.

GRAY—At Salem, May 23, at 6, a. m. Prudence M., only daughter of Chas. A. and Lillian R. Gray, aged 5 years and 10 days, of peritonitis.

Mrs. Gray is the daughter of A. J. Richardson, of Buena Vista, where her many friends will be pained to hear of her loss.

ESTEB.—Near Wells, Sunday, May 26, 1895. Mrs Nannie Esteb, wife of Chas. Estib, of consumption. She was buried Tuesday afternoon in North Palestine cemetery.

Hops Are All Right.

A rumor was circulated in town last week, that a new pest, a small grub, had attacked the hop vines and that Newt Jones' yard north of town was one infested. J. R. Cooper was one who went down to see the yard, and says there are no grubs there, but that the vines will bear no hops this year and thinks the reason is that the cultivating was done too deep around the vines and the small roots cut. There are other yards which have been over cultivated in the same way. Mr. Cooper says the hop prospect this year is not as flattering as last, but hopes for a better price to offset it.

Attended the Races.

W. E. Howell and H. W. Conger, bicyclist of San Francisco, were here to be in attendance at the meeting last Saturday, also N. M. Morgan, Portland, Chas. B. Sears, Albany, Jno. L. Stover, Portland, Guy C. Brown, Spokane, J. W. Campbell, Spokane, Eli Winesett, Olympia, T. J. Emmitt, McCoy, Geo. Lewis, Albany, M. T. Hill, Aberdeen, Wash., G. S. Wright, McMinnville, J. C. Morgan, Portland, J. M. Woodruff, Salem, Willard J. Lee, "Eli," Portland, A. P. Harris, McMinnville.

FAIRVIEW.

Last Tuesday Miss Miner closed a successful term of school. In the evening a very pleasing program was rendered, which was a credit to teacher and scholars.

Mr. P. Hillbrand is suffering from a severe attack of la grippe. He is reported better at time of writing.

Mrs. Cummings and son, of Junction, are spending a few days with Jas. Scraftford and family.

S. B. Tetherow has purchased a new buggy. Now girls don't all ask for a ride at the same time.

Miss Bertha Collins of Dallas has been spending a few days visiting Mrs. Joe Tetherow.

Mrs. Jas. Tetherow, is reported dangerously ill. We hope she will soon recover.

Our people are greatly surprised at the appearance of Steele-Muvers in our section.

The recent showers have improved the looks of grain and hops.

J. J. Kurre, who has been sick for some time is improving.

If it does not rain again there will be a great crowd at the teachers' picnic, and the bicycle races next Saturday.