

FREDERICA, PATRIOT

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

The girl who opened the door, stood for a moment staring at the two uniformed men who waited; the one wearing the costume of an American army officer, spoke first.

"I was directed here," he said, "by the station agent. He advised me against the poor hospitality of your hotel, and suggested that we might find accommodation for the night at your house. You do take people?"

"The girl hesitated, then for answer, turned inquiringly to a bulky red-faced man seated behind her in the sunny kitchen dining room.

Sullenly he arose and came toward them. "Tonight," he said brusquely, "our house will be full."

"That is too bad," the officer pleasantly responded, "we are on our way to camp, traveling on tomorrow. A foolish desire to pass through my father's village home, has brought us out of our way. You can recommend no other lodging place?"

"None," the man answered gruffly.

But with a sudden smile the fair-haired girl threw wide the door. "Come in," she said decidedly, "you shall have my room, and I will sleep on the couch. It will be quite convenient."

"Why," she demanded of her father upon her return, "did you tell them that the house was full. You and I are alone."

"Soldiers!" exclaimed the man in a bitter tone.

"Soldiers of my country!" she repeated emphatically. "And after the wholesome country supper, the young officer came to the girl out in the fragrant garden. 'I cannot tell, how much we appreciate your kindness,' he said. 'All my people are gone. There is not one to bid me farewell or wish me good courage. So it was a peculiar fancy that brought me here, before leaving to fight for my country, to walk the same streets through which my father passed when he was leaving for the Civil war! And you, are quite a little patriot, miss—what shall I call you?'"

The girl gave him her shy smile. "Frederica," she answered, "that is what they all call me."

The officer frowned. "Your father seems not so patriotic, one might almost believe him to be averse to soldiers."

"The girl's lips tightened. 'My two brothers fight in the German army,' she said.

The officer started. "Now?" he questioned.

Frederica nodded. "Years ago, he and my mother left them there with the grandparents. They were little boys. I have never known them."

The young officer studied the girl curiously. "It is strange," he mused, "that you—"

"I am an American," she interrupted fiercely, "if I could, I would do for my country, what my brothers are doing for theirs. But a girl," her hands fell helplessly, "can do nothing."

"Nothing!" the soldier was upon his feet, "why you have given me courage."

"Good night," she whispered, and fled across the lawn.

Her eyes were averted, as she served the guests in the morning their breakfasts, and the bulky figure of her father was absent.

"We are very grateful to you, Miss Frederica," the officer said, his hand clasped her small roughened one. "Our departing train will pass over the switch up there, at early twilight. I shall be looking down toward the village and bidding you a second good-bye. When victory is ours, little patriot, I shall come back again to clasp hands with you."

"Those fighters gone?" her father asked the girl at noon time, and Frederica merely nodded as she placed the food before him and his helper. Then she went up to her own little room.

When she came down later, the house was silent and long shadows stretched across the grass.

"Her father could not be at home for the evening meal," he had told her. Frederica's face looked worn and white as she reached for her scarlet sweater,

and went slowly out through the garden. At the turn of the road she began to run, fleeing still, like a scarlet bird on wing.

There at the railroad tracks, Frederica paused bending breathlessly above the rails. Then with a sharp cry of horror, she drew back before a tie spiked across the track. Even now she could feel the distant rumble of the approaching heavy troop train; Frederica jumped to the rails. There was no time to seek help, no time to lose. After all, what was one girl's life, to the lives of her countrymen going to battle. If she could but save the troops by any sacrifice, how wonderful it would be.

Half laughing, half crying, Frederica snatched off her scarlet sweater, waving it steadily above her head. The train was already in sight. On it came. She heard the whistle's shriek before all grew black.

Shouting excitedly, trainmen and khaki-clad soldiers leaped from the train, frantically a freight crew endeavored to remove the murderous obstruction. Then, with them all pressing about her, Frederica opened her wide blue eyes. It was very confusing at first to remember. But comforting, to find the officer-soldier's arms about her, her hand on his shoulder. He was evidently carrying her to some place of safety.

"I told you," she murmured happily, "that I would do what I could for my country. One girl's life is not much, but I would have given it."

Catarthal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarthal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrhal Medicine acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrhal Medicine. Circulars Free. All Druggists. T. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Redland

REDLAND, June 4.—The Red Cross social held at Bethel church May 25 was a decided success both in attendance and financially. There was a record breaking crowd and Judge Grant B. Dimick, of Oregon City, very ably disposed of the baskets at a good figure. The highest basket went to William Graham, of Viola, for \$8. The proceeds from the baskets netted \$73.75, there being 21 baskets. A prize cake, which Mrs. Bonney donated, brought \$2.20, being sold by the slice and the cafeteria netted \$8.75.

The Junior Quartet from Oregon City, also the Brass Quartet were out and were greatly appreciated.

Those who were present from Oregon City were the Misses Nan Cochran, Jennie Pettit, Dolly Pratt, Marie Keok, Mrs. Loder, Mr. and Mrs. Grant B. Dimick, Mr. Parker and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schwartz have moved to Washington where Mr. Schwartz expects to start a sawmill. He has moved his mill up there from here.

Lloyd Allen, Moltan Sprague and others motored to Multnomah Sunday.

A. M. Kirchem, Lee and June Kirchem, Guy Brown and Clara Fullam attended grange at Logan Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown attended the marriage of their daughter, Minnie, and Orle Wilson at Vancouver May 18. The young couple are both employed at Wadham & Kerr in Portland. Mr. Wilson formerly lived on a farm in Washington and has also been in the navy. They are making their home in Portland at present.

Miss Florine Stone, of Vancouver, who has been spending the past two weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fullam and family, has returned to Vancouver.

Miss Grace Allen, of Oregon City, spent the week-end with her parents at Redland.

Paul Courtwright, of Union, Oregon, is visiting at the homes of W. H. Bonney and Geo. C. Armstrong.

Dick Polehn has purchased a new Ford and is trying out all the roads.

The next meeting of the Redland Loyalty League will be held at Firgrove June 10, and everyone in Districts 71, 75, and 116 are urged to attend as the charter will be closed after that meeting. A large number have already signed but there is still a large number that should sign.

Mr. Fullam has finished grading and the district roads are all in pretty good condition now.

"Babe" White, of Viola, is hauling cream now, filling the vacancy left by William Graham, who has joined the colors.

The Misses Alice Tracey, Ethel Funk and Clara Fullam and George Tracey, Marian Kirchem spent last Sunday on the highway. They motored as far as the locks and report a very good time but had the misfortune of encountering several rain storms.

Mrs. Klaus and family, of Mackeburg visited Mr. and Mrs. Egger Sunday.

Miss Altman has just closed a very successful term of school and the children are all sorry to see her go.

A number of Redland people attended the Red Cross social given at the Viola school house Thursday night. A good program was rendered by the school children. The Junior Quartette sang several numbers and Mr. Taylor and Mr. Gibbons were the speakers, while Mr. Dimick disposed of the baskets in a speedy manner. The proceeds from the baskets were \$70.50, the highest going to Harry Howell, of Springfield, for \$5.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr and baby daughter, Isabel, have moved out to the Kerr home. Mr. Kerr is employed in the Bonney sawmill, which is now located on the Caswell place. This was formerly the Richardson place.

A memorial program was given at the school house Thursday afternoon by the children with Miss Altman in charge. Mr. Hicenbotham and Mr. Randolph, of Viola, both gave short addresses. After the program the children marched to the grave yard where a grave was dedicated to the Unknown Dead of the past and present. Flowers were scattered over the graves.

Mr. Rose has been cutting wood for Mr. Hughes the past week.

Miss Ethel Funk spent Wednesday and Thursday in Portland.

Mrs. J. T. Fullam and Mr. A. M. Kichem attended the W. S. S. meeting held in Portland last Wednesday.

Mrs. W. H. Bonney is able to be around once more after a short illness.

The Misses Melvina, Leona, and Mildred Sprague have given up their work at the woolen mill and are home for the present.

Lloyd Allen is carrying the mail now in Mr. Whiteman's place and hopes to have this as his regular route.

Next Sunday is Children's Day, but there will be no program that has been reported on account of the strain the children have been under for the past month with the different programs. There will probably be special singing.

Mrs. William Hubert, of Oregon City, was sewing for Mrs. A. I. Hughes last week.

M. D. LATOURETTE AGAIN CHOSEN ON CITY BOARD

At the meeting of the city council last night, the annual election of water commissioner came up, with the nomination of M. D. Latourette present commissioner, as the unanimous choice of the body. Upon motion, Mr. Latourette was accorded the vote of the council, and he will retain the position for another year.

The affairs of the water board are considered in very capable hands, and the action of the council last night is a high endorsement of the present management. The board has just issued a booklet giving the new ordinance and regulations for the use of water from the city mains. It is being distributed at the collector's office.

ALL'S WELL IN FRANCE SAYS CAPT. BLANCHARD

Mayor E. C. Hackett is in receipt of an interesting letter from L. E. Blanchard, captain 162 Infantry, from England. From all indications Captain Blanchard has been near the firing line. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Blanchard. The following are extracts from the letter:

England, May 5, 1918.

Received your very welcome letter some time ago, but have been so very busy, that I haven't had a chance to answer it.

"I wish to thank you and the city council for your thoughtfulness in sending us some of the home papers. They have not come through yet but no doubt will within a few days.

"The boys are well, and their spirits could not be better, in fact the men in all the allied armies are in excellent spirits. They are a noble lot of fellows.

"I was in the front line trenches when the first German drive started



CAPTAIN L. E. BLANCHARD

In March, and I did not hear a word of complaint or discouragement from anyone. Our men are doing fine work.

"Tell the people home not to worry about the final outcome of the war. God helping us, we will win in the end, but don't think we can win by simply saving food and daylight and doing a lot of talking. It is going to take men. Our plea to the people at home is to send us men—good red-blooded American men. That is what we must have to win this war, and the quicker the people at home realize that, and speed up a little, the sooner we will be through and able to return to our homes.

"Give my regards to the city council, and all of the county and city officials, and all of my friends. Tell them all I thank them for their thoughtfulness of my company, and also tell them we will do our best to make the old town proud of the men sent to the great war.

"With the kindest regards, and wishing you all the good wishes in the world, I am as ever

L. E. BLANCHARD, Captain 162 Infantry.

To Be Made a General and Chief of Army Staff

Hubert A. Spaulding, who made his home in Oregon City several years ago for about six months, has arrived in Oregon City for a few days' visit with his sister, Mrs. J. C. Cochran, of Twelfth and Washington Street.

Mr. Spaulding was formerly connected with the C. C. Store here. He is the son of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Spaulding, of Pullman, Wash., and is stationed at Camp Lewis. Mr. Spaulding is social secretary for the Y. A. C. M., and is at building No. 8. He accompanied a number of enlisted men from that place, and will meet a number in Portland, and escort them to the camp, where they go into training.

Mr. Spaulding says the Y. M. C. A. is accomplishing much good for the soldiers, and is giving a great deal of pleasure to these enlisted men. The men when leaving the camp are provided with necessary writing material, and those who are met in Portland and taken to the camp are also given the same courtesy. After reaching Camp Lewis the boys are made to feel at home in the buildings of the Y. M. C. A.

There are seven buildings, beside the auditorium and hut. The hut has been erected near the trenches that are being constructed at Camp Lewis by engineers taking instruction in that line. The government had constructed this hut, but the men, who are stationed there, in order to make it more comfortable spent their spare time, and gathered material for the sidings and ends, and has made it one of the coziest little buildings at American Lake. The building is heated by means of an open fire. Here are many enjoyable hours spent by Uncle Sam's men without any cost whatever.

There are plenty of amusements for the boys, and these are given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Three times a week, the movies are given, and the boys are given passes to see some of the best films, while at other buildings entertainments are given each night. Some of the best talent is heard on these occasions, and many numbers are secured with much expense to the Y. M. C. A. These entertainments are attended by from 500 to 100 each night, and are greatly appreciated by soldier boys.

When provisions are bought by the boys at the Y. M. C. A. camp, candy seems to be what the boys desire mostly. On one day's sale there was taken in on the candy sales \$22, but this was an unusual day for the "candy kid" selling the candy.

"Hundreds of men are now coming into camp," says Mr. Spaulding. "These young men are coming from all sections, and all seem to be in the best of spirits. Every building is being taxed to the limit, and the Y. M. C. A. play shed has been turned over for the convenience of the men and for their comfort."

Mr. Spaulding is delighted with his work at American Lake, and will return to his post of duty the latter part of the week.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The army casualty list today contained 110 names, divided as follows: Killed in action, 39; died of wounds, 13; died of accident, 3; died of disease, 8; wounded severely, 45; missing in action, 2. Thirteen officers were named.

The list includes Private Clemmie Atkinson, Denmark, Or., died of wounds; Private Reginald W. Newman, Snohomosh, Wash., died of disease.

To Lead Great American Army on Western Front



General Hunter Liggett, who has been a fighter in the United States Army for many years, is to command the great army General Pershing is organizing for the western front, according to reports from Paris. General Liggett did valiant fighting in Cuba during the Spanish war and later in the Philippine Islands.

HUBERT A. SPAULDING TELLS OF Y. M. C. A. AID AT CAMP LEWIS

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ALL OREGON CITY GAVE HONOR TO MEMORY

Decoration Day was well observed in Oregon City Thursday. Every business house in the city closed, and hundreds of people visited the city cemetery, as well as the Catholic cemetery at Mount Pleasant. There was no grave forgotten; everyone was decorated with flowers, and the graves of the departed members of the Women's Relief Corps, and old soldiers' graves were marked with the stars and stripes.

The weather was fitful, but at an early hour automobiles and vehicles were carrying their loads of humanity to the cemeteries. The automobile bus operated by the Portland Light & Power Company, with Ed VanAuker as driver made extra trips, and had its share of passengers.

Although this year the flowers were somewhat late in blossoming, the cemetery looked beautiful with various colored blossoms.

At 9 o'clock members of the Women's Relief Corps, Meade Post, G. A. R., and Home Guards accompanied by the Veteran Life and Drum Corps, assembled at Willamette hall, and were escorted to the city cemetery, where exercises were held. Rev. C. H. L. Chandler, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, made an appropriate address "To Our Unknown Dead."

Taps were sounded by the Fife and Drum Corps, and the graves of the departed soldiers and members of Women's Relief Corps were decorated.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the cemetery, the Moose band headed the procession, and followed by Women's Relief Corps, Meade Post No. 2, G. A. R., Home Guard and others. The exercises on the bridge, held in memory of those who have died at sea, were in charge of the Women's Relief Corps. Flowers were strewn on the waters, marking the resting place of our sailors and others lost in the deep.

Following the exercises the G. A. R. and Women's Relief Corps repaired to the Willamette hall, headquarters for both organizations, where a delicious dinner was served. Long tables, patriotically decorated, were laden with good things to eat. The dinner was carried out on the hooverized plan.

At 1:30 o'clock a parade, participated in by G. A. R., Women's Relief Corps, Home Guards, Daughters of American Revolution, and citizens in automobiles, formed and marched to the Moose hall, where patriotic exercises were held. Old Glory predominated in the decorations of the interior of the building, and noticeable were the many American flags carried in the parade, and used for decorating the automobiles.

The following program was given at the Moose hall:

Innovation Rev. Crocker

Introduction Commander

Adjutant's Report Hackett

Remarks Mayor E. C. Hackett

Remarks President of the Day

Star Spangled Banner, Mrs. Hugh Burden.

Remarks Gilbert L. Hedges

Reading Mrs. W. S. Bennett

Junior Liberty Quartette

Address Hon. Grant B. Dimick

Audience

Rev. C. H. L. Chandler's address on "Unknown Dead" at the morning service was very interesting. In part he said:

"We are gathered here today in honor of those brave men who a little more than a half century ago made the supreme sacrifice and laid down their lives for the preservation of our eternal principles upon which our Government is founded. Although their name is legion, to us they are 'Our Unknown Dead.' And yet we do know something about them. Though dead, they yet speak. They speak to us in the colors of our Country's emblem, the Stars and Stripes. Wherever that flag flutters, there we see a perpetual memorial to 'Our Unknown Dead' who have laid down their lives in undying fealty to the principles for which it stands.

"In India, there is a tradition regarding one of the most famous temples of worship in that land, that many years ago there was connected with the Temple a very devout and Holy man. In recognition of his saintly character, so the story goes, the gods one time came to pay their respect to him, seated on the back of the Great Bull. The holy man was so anxious that his fellowmen should share the pleasure of this visit that he besought the gods to remain in the temple until he could gather the people before them. This they promised to do, but on his way to assemble the people, the holy man thought that it would be so much better if only the gods would stay permanently with the people. In hopes of accomplishing that end, acting with quick decision he threw himself into the surging waters of a great river below. The gods waited until they felt it was no longer fitting that they as heavenly beings should remain among the mortals, but in order to fulfill their promise as fully as possible, they carried out of the marble of the river banks, statues of themselves seated upon the back of the Great Bull. And to this day, that marble statue is preserved to commemorate the visit of the gods and to honor the memory of the unknown man who sacrificed his life for the good of his fellowmen.

"Is it too great a stretch upon the imagination to apply this story in illustration of the great sacrifice of 'Our Unknown Dead'? Did they not throw themselves in the great river of death, in order to perpetuate among mankind those eternal principles of Equality, Liberty, Justice and Righteousness, for which our Country's Flag has ever stood? Does not that flag unfurl its silken waves to the gentle breeze, a perpetual memorial to the eternal principles which those men as in a vision, saw must ever under any form of government that would preserve Liberty and equality for its citizenship? Is it not a symbol of their intense love for their fellowmen, and an emblem of their sacrifice as they plunged themselves into the river of unknown depths in token

REAL MEN ARE IN THE MAKING Sergeant Kent Wilson Says Crucible Good for Americans

Among the most interesting letters to reach Oregon City from France are those of Sergeant Kent Wilson, Med. Dept., 147 M. G. Bn. His friends always look forward with appreciation for anything from Kent. Following is the latest one to his mother Mrs. W. J. Wilson, of this city:

April 29, 1918.

Dearest Mother in the World:

I finished the last piece of that delicious fruit cake today and it certainly was delicious. And it was precious too, Mother dear, for every bite I took I thought of the dear hands that made it. It somehow makes you seem very near to me to receive things packed with your hands. Sara sent me some chocolate and a little while ago I had a cup of that chocolate and a piece of your delicious cake. Doesn't that sound good?"

Mother dear I am beginning to appreciate life over here. It is really great. The men over here are splendid. They are not the hair-brained idiots that some war correspondents depict them from day to day, but real men who know to a fraction what they are up against. Men who have stood the test of courage—not to be able to wash, not to be able to sleep, to have long periods at a stretch to find mud on your person, in your food, to have to stand in mud, see mud, sleep in mud and to continue to smile—that's the test of courage over here.

I never before appreciated as I do today the latent capacity for the hearted endurance that is in the heart of every man. Here around me are boys I used to know—ordinary boys at home—boys who liked to play, liked theatre, liked children and sweethearts, had a desire for life.

Now they are without all these pleasures except the supreme pleasure of knowing that they are doing the ordinary and finest thing of which they are capable. There are thousands over here to whom the mere consciousness of doing their duty has brought an heretofore inexperienced pleasure. Mother dear do you know I was never happier in my life than I am at present. There is a "new pep" added to life by the daily risks and the knowledge that at last you are doing something into which no trace of selfishness enters. I don't pity the brave men who have attained eternal leisure in the furrows of the shell torn battle fields, the men I pity are those who could not hear the call to duty, who are still at home and whose consciousness will grow more flabby every day. Its odd that over here one somehow misses into contempt for everything which is not the bravest. There's no doubt that the call for sacrifice and perhaps the supreme sacrifice, can transform men into a nobility of which they themselves are unaware. That's the most splendid thing of all that they themselves are unaware of their greatness.

Well mother dear it is getting late and the fires dying and also I am getting sleepy. I shall tell myself a story of the end of the war and when I come back again. It will last from the time I jump into bed until I open my eyes in the morning. Do you know I am feeling strong as a horse nowadays. It's a glorious life.

All my love, KENT.

P. S.—I received a lovely letter from Aunt Mary yesterday in answer to one I wrote her, also one from Mr. Toose, of the high school.

GREAT PREPARATION IS MADE FOR FIRST HOME GUARD AFFAIR

From all indications the ball to be given by the Home Guards at the Busch hall Saturday evening will be an event of the season. Hundreds of tickets have already been sold, E. B. Anderson's confectionery alone having disposed of 50 tickets on Tuesday. The hall is to be elaborately decorated for the occasion, a number of the young women of this city having volunteered to do their bit for the ball by doing the work. Flags, bunting and evergreens are to be among the decorations. Music is to be furnished by a six piece orchestra.

The benefit is given for establishing lockers in the Busch hall, where the guns and other paraphernalia will be stored.

The committee in charge of the social event is much encouraged over the prospect of the financial outlook.

U-BOAT BARELY MISSES LINER IN MID OCEAN

AN ATLANTIC PORT, June 3.—Officers of a steamer arriving here from a foreign port report that the vessel was fired on by a German submarine in mid-ocean and that a torpedo missed the boat by only two feet.

As a warning was shouted by the lookout, who had observed the periscope, the steamer swung about and took a zigzag course. The next moment a torpedo was seen heading toward the ship, barely missing it.

DEAD BODIES OF PAIR FOUND ON LONLEY ROAD

WHITE SALMON, Wash., June 3.—Two workmen traveling to White Salmon from Underwood this afternoon discovered the bodies of Mrs. Chester T. Dewey, of White Salmon, and Bert Bishop, of Walla Walla, lying close beside the road. Mrs. Dewey had been shot through the head.

The dead man's left arm was clasped about the woman, and his right hand still clutched the revolver with which it is supposed the shooting was done.

LEWES, Del., June 5.—Firing was heard of the Delaware capes last night.

The tanker Herbert L. Pratt, sunk by a submarine, was hauled off the bar on which she settled and was towed to the Delaware breakwater stern first, arriving last night. Her crew went aboard the vessel and it is said an attempt will be made to take her to Philadelphia. Most of her cargo is still intact.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head noises go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Parmit (double strength), and add to it 1/2 pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Any one who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.—Huntley Drug Co.—Adv.