

THE SACRED THIRTIETH DAY OF MAY.

When Columbia Chants the Praises and Decorates the Graves of Her Dead Heroes.



AFTER THIRTY YEARS

NATURE was in her gentlest mood. The sunset was gorgeous, the air clear and light, and the pretty cottage home of Widow Morton looked neat and inviting as a palace, yet its occupant sat at the vine-covered window, sad, tearful and depressed.

The morrow was Decoration Day, and that was for her always an occasion of subdued sorrow, mingled with memories of the hero she faithfully mourned, however, was now a fresh and therefore more poignant grief, and when she arose and went out into the little garden the sacred, tender emotions that always hallowed this season were clouded by the intrusion of a trouble scarcely her own.

In the near cemetery rested her husband—a patriot who had turned the tide of a great battle by his heroism, and who for twenty years after the war was the pride of the little community in which he lived. How faithfully she mourned him the carefully nurtured flowers always gathered on the eve of the coming memorial day, as now, told to every neighbor, who, with her, revered the memory of a true man and a brave soldier.

"Poor Barry!" she murmured, lifting her tear-filled eyes, and glancing anxiously



LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

down the road. "It will break his heart when he knows—when he knows!" When he knows—what? Widow Morton looked across the valley to where a stately summer home reared its turrets, and to silently answer the question. The place had been occupied by a stranger since February, a wealthy city banker who had brought his only child,

a daughter of 18, and his servants thither early in the year, tired of the city season. He had come down to Lupton only occasionally during the past three months, but winsome Eleanor Morse had been there all the time, and had become the favorite of the village.

The favorite of Barry, her Barry, Widow Morton's Barry, as well! The widow had trembled when she first noted the evidences of their sincere attachment. But how could she have the heart to dim the bright joy in Barry's eye; how could she point out to him the insurmountable barrier of wealth that would oppose his love some day! And now the end had come. Banker Morse had learned that his daughter had given her heart to a struggling young village physician. She, Mrs. Morton, had learned that afternoon of an angry scene at the mansion, in which the purse-proud Morse had told his child he would rather see her dead than the wife of a nameless, penniless country doctor, and they were packing up now to leave Lupton forever.

"Madam, can you direct me—I am looking for the home of Dr. Morton?" The widow looked up. Then her heart began to tremble. She knew the speaker, though he did not know her—the great man from the city.

She saw in his nervous, suppressed manner the anger that was ready to flash forth at slight provocation. She guessed his mission—he had come to parry bitter words with the young man who had stolen his daughter's heart.

"I am his mother, sir," she said simply. "Will you not come in and wait for him?" The banker twined his great watch chain furiously, reflected impatiently, and nodded with curtness. Then as she showed him into the neat sitting room and placed her flowers on a table, and a sword and a belt above it told their own story, a token of sudden interest came into the visitor's eyes.

"You—you are a soldier's widow, madam?" he insinuated, almost reverently.

"Yes, there is my hero!" She was heart full, and, pointing to a picture on the wall, she left the room, weeping over a tender memory, weeping because she knew this proud man had come to crush her Barry's heart.

"That!" echoed the banker, arising, pale and startled, "that!" but the widow was gone, and did not hear him.

Like a man in a dream he sat for fully ten minutes staring at the picture. Then, trembling, rapt, he arose and scanned the framed record of John Morton's war service.

"Chattanooga," he read. "That picture!" and he took a small, faded, ragged counterpart from his pocketbook and compared them. "The same man—after all these years!"

When Widow Morton re-entered that room shortly afterwards, to her infinite surprise she found it untenanted, her visitor gone.

She had not the heart to tell what she had learned of Eleanor Morse, to tell of her mysterious visitor to Barry that day. The next, as they sat by John Morton's grave in the beautiful Lupton cemetery, after they had placed the flowers upon the mound revered, she was about to speak of

it, when, glancing up, she saw approaching—the man who had visited her so strangely the day previously.

He bowed to her gravely. He lifted his hat, he placed beside her own simple flowers on her husband's grave an exquisite wreath of roses.

And then he sat down beside them. His eyes were full of tears. Memory and fidelity had broken down all his pride, and in that moment the widow comprehended that her darling boy would never know how nearly he had lost the woman he loved.

A soldier had saved Richard Morse's life at Chattanooga at the risk of his own—nobly, heroically. There had been a hurried exchange of photographs, a promise never to forget, a quick alarm, scattered forces, and the two parted never to meet again in life.

But Richard Morse had never forgotten, and gratitude sealed the lips of pride and sanctioned the appeal of love on that bright, beautiful Memorial Day.

LAY HIM LOW.



LOSE his eyes: his work is done. What to him is friend or foe, Rise of moon or set of sun, Hand of man or kiss of woman? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow, What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

As a man he fought his fight, Proved his truth by his endeavor. Let him sleep in solemn night, Sleep forever and forever. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow, What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

Fold him to his country's stars, Roll the drum and fire the volley. What to him are all our wars? What but death bemocking folly? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow, What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye, Trust him to the hand that made him, Mortal love weeps idly by. God alone has power to aid him. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow, What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

WARMTH FOR COMFORT.

An old cat loves a sunny corner and a long nap, and this is natural and wise. The genial warmth of the sun lulls to rest, and while asleep, it may be enervative to the cat's few ailments. Soreness and stiffness come upon us suddenly and put the machinery of the body out of gear. St. Jacobs Oil goes suddenly to work upon the trouble, and with its warmth, like warmth to the old cat, it lulls the pain to sleep, drives out the cold, softens the stiffened muscles, lubricates the machinery, and in a short time puts the whole body in good working order. Soreness and stiffness are not much to cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, but, if neglected, they take the form of rheumatism which gives a great deal more pain.

Strengthening Cherbourg.

It is stated that 1,000,000 francs are shortly to be expended upon new defense works on the isle of Pelee, at Cherbourg.

A DANGEROUS LETHARGY.

The forerunner of a train of evils, which too often culminate fatally, is inactivity, or lethargy of the kidneys. Not only is Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, or some other dangerous integral disease of the organs themselves, to be apprehended, but dropsical effusions from the blood, rheumatism and gout are all traceable to the non-removal from the blood by the kidneys of certain impurities. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters depurates the blood, renders the kidneys active and prevents their disease.

According to the deductions of a well known astronomer, we receive as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 moons.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Tex Garden Syrup" is made from sugar cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine "Tex Garden Syrup" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, ice and stone brought from the north by the icebergs.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Philadelphia has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany, according to the electric world.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption. Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Great Britain is coming more and more to the opinion that Russia's occupation of Constantinople is inevitable.

Take now Oregon Blood Purifier and keep well this summer.

Legal Status of Dogs.

The owner of a valuable Newfoundland dog in New Orleans sought damages from a railroad company for killing it. The case turned on the validity of an act of the Louisiana legislature, recognizing dogs as personal property only when placed on the assessment rolls. The supreme court sustains the law and refuses damages, since the dog was not assessed, incidentally defining the law in regard to dogs in general as follows: "The very fact that they are without protection of the criminal laws shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature, and that they stand, as it were, between animals feræ naturæ, in which, until subdued, there is no property, and domestic animals, in which the right of property is complete. They are not considered as being upon the same plane with horses, cattle, sheep and other domestic animals, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing birds and similar animals kept for pleasure, curiosity or caprice. Unlike domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden, for draft, nor for food."

About twenty-two acres of land are necessary to support one man on flesh meat.



"It is worth its weight in gold to me," says Robert Kittles, of East Sound, Wash. If you are in doubt,

Read Dr. Sanden's Book

"THREE CLASSES OF MEN"

It is free, sealed, by mail. A personal call may save you years of misery. If you cannot call, send for the book, with full particulars, free.

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SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT CO., 253 West Washington St., Portland, Or.

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For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs.

SAFE CURE
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HERB is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause, whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged Kidneys or Liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where

Safe Cure

has achieved its great reputation. It

ACTS DIRECTLY UPON THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER

and by placing them in a healthy condition, drives disease and pain from the system.

Larger bottle or new style smaller one, at your druggists. Its reputation—Twenty years of success—in four continents. Warner's Safe Cure Co., London, Rochester, Frankfurt, Melbourne, Toronto.

Too Much Knife!

The use of the surgeon's knife is becoming so general, resulting fatally in such a large number of cases, as to occasion general alarm.

Mr. William Walpole, of Walsworth, South Dakota, writes: "About three years ago, there came under my left eye a little blotch about the size of a small pea.

It grew rapidly, and shooting pains ran in every direction. I became alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer, and said that it must be cut out. This I would not consent to, having little faith in the indiscriminate use of the knife. Reading of the many cures made by S. S. S., I determined to give that medicine a trial, and after I had taken it a few days, the cancer became irritated and began to discharge. This after awhile ceased, leaving a small scab, which finally dropped off, and only a healthy little scar remained to mark the place where the destroyer had held full sway.

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A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood. Books mailed free; address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



"Complete Manhood"
AND
How to Attain It."

A Wonderful New Medical Book, written for Men Only. One copy may be had free, sealed, in plain envelope, on application. ERIE MEDICAL CO., 65 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"CHILDREN TEETHING."
Mrs. Weston's Soregum Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

PHYSICAL MANHOOD

This is the age of physical perfection. It is also the age of physical weakness. While one man avails himself of every opportunity to develop and expend his manly vigor, another is passing his chances to improve his mind and body, and castly falls into the excesses which are always in his path, to the destruction of his vital powers. Stanwood, Wash., November 29, 1896.

DR. A. T. SANDEN: Dear Sir—Before using your Belt I was troubled with chronic dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, and pain in the kidneys, and I will say with all seriousness and truth that I am greatly benefited and entirely cured, and will say that all suffering from the above will find great relief in the use of the Sanden Electric Belt. Respectfully, R. K. DOUGLASS.

Every man knows himself. He knows where he is weak. Knowing it, if he is just to himself, he will try to recover the vital power he has wasted.

"It is worth its weight in gold to me," says Robert Kittles, of East Sound, Wash. If you are in doubt,

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