

## Butter Wrappers

We print them

A Dozen for a Quarter	3 Dozen for a Half
100 for a Dollar.	
500 One pound for \$2.50	500 Two pound for \$2.75
1000 One pound for \$3.50	1000 Two pound for \$4.00

The Beaverton Times.

### A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR

(By F. M. Hobart.)

The company had been ordered into line along the track, waiting for the incoming train, which was to bear them away to headquarters, where they were to receive their arms and equipments, before joining the thousands already in arms, battling to save the union. This company was an unusually fine one, being mostly composed of young married men, who had lingered a little before offering their service to their country for the sake of the sad faced young wives who had looked their reluctance with pleading eyes, rather than spoken it. Now their hour had come, for they could not in honor remain when the president had called for 100,000 more. Until 1862 the army had been composed of volunteers, for the north, ignorant of the power of the south, which she had been for years secretly accumulating, thought that a few determined troops would serve to put an end to the rebellion, and learn the south a salutary lesson. We had already hundreds of thousands in the field, and now President Lincoln had called for 100,000 more volunteers, if they would be, conscript if they must be. The talk of conscription had called forth this company of young men in — county in the northern part of New York. The wages were no inducement, being only thirteen dollars a month, and the bounty was only one hundred dollars, and the time was three years. These men were all too honorable and patriotic to be forced to render assistance in their country's time of need, and so they had obeyed the call voluntarily, and were ready for the sacrifice. All wore sober faces, yet very proud they looked in their bright new uniforms, unstained by travel, or the turmoil of war.

Among the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts who had come out to give the last embrace, the last kiss, the last handclasp and the last token of remembrance, in the town of P — from whence this company were starting, I particularly noticed a young woman with a child perhaps a year old. There was nothing especially striking about this woman that one would notice her more than another, only for the mingled look of fright and despair, that made her face an impressive one. During the week that I had been in camp, she had come up from the village about a mile distant, carrying this heavy child in her arms and had remained all day with her husband, returning at night. Other young wives had done the same.

but I was especially attracted to her by that peculiar expression, and the heart broken dignity of her demeanor. The husband, like herself, was quiet and unobtrusive, and I made his face a study for hours, trying to make out what qualities he possessed to first attract this educated and refined young lady, and thus deepen that attraction to worship. He was of medium height, with a well shaped head set firmly on square shoulders above a broad chest, high broad forehead, large melancholy dark eyes, straight nose, a tender, womanish mouth, and square chin, and complexion neither light nor dark, and dark hair; only an ordinary looking man, and as he was quite a stranger to me, I could only conjecture. But it was evident that her life was bound up in his. In all those days, I never heard her speak to anyone but once; when I held her child to rest her while the company were on parade, she thanked me in far off, absent, yet gentle tones, without withdrawing her gaze from her husband. Now that the hour of parting had come, that expression on her face had intensified until horror was blended with fright and despair. She stood beside her husband, and gazed fixedly at him while he held the child to his bosom, while the tears rolled down his cheeks and beard, dampening the babe's clothing. The train came rushing in and pulled up beside that line of human freight which it was to bear away, and some of it forever. She took the child, gave her husband one long, lingering kiss, and he was forced into the car, and the train moved slowly away. No tears, no moans, no demonstration of grief escaped her as she stood where he left her, with the child held high above her head, that perchance the husband and father might see them as long as the train was in sight. Then she turned, and clasping her babe closely to her bosom, walked quietly away.

Just then the heartbroken moans of a poor woman near me claimed my attention and sympathy. She had crouched on the ground, and had buried her face in her arms, and her whole frame was quivering with grief. She was past the meridian of life, broken down with sickness and sorrow. Only the week before, she had buried a promising and beloved son whose young life had gone out by an accident on the cars, and today, as the train swept slowly, and it seemed to us sullenly, around a curve out of sight, it had borne another, her eldest, and her husband, the companion of her youthful days and the support of her declining years, away to the uncertainties of a sanguin-

ary war. Not forgetting that the same train had borne away my own young husband also, and as it subsequently proved never to return, I resolutely checked the grief that was tugging at my heartstrings, and sought to console her whose weight of years and recent sorrow had unfitted her for so great a trial. I assisted her to rise, and winding my own strong arm within hers, walked with her to her home, a few yards distant. All through the dreary hours of that long night I tried to inspire her with the hopefulness of youth, a buoyant and naturally cheerful spirit, but during the intervals of silence that sometimes fell between us, I thought my own heart would break, and I longed to go away alone and wail out my grief in a succession of prolonged shrieks.

In a few days I left P — and went to the same town where resided Mrs. — who had so strangely attracted me. In just one week from the time the regiment moved, I saw her again. The look of terror in her large, dark eyes was hidden by the white lid, which drooped wearily over them; the quivering, sensitive lips had settled down, slightly parted, over the white even teeth, and over all was that despairing look which even death could not dispel. She was dead. Dead, with her babe on her bosom, cold and motionless as herself. Together they had gone out into the great unknown, where the weary are at (Continued on last page.)

Thirty-five stems of rye from a single crown, stems standing almost six feet high and every stem surmounted by a perfect head of liberal size is on display at the office of Stroud & Tucker. It was grown on the farm of F. C. Fluke of Kinton and was brought in by County Agent N. C. Jamison who gathered it for his office collection but found it was shattering when he got this far and decided to leave it here.

### WHEAT FLOUR AGAIN AFTER THE FOURTH

(Continued from Page One.)

across the Atlantic. "But now, the Portland situation is that tonnage for only one more cargo can be had before the new crop.

"The remaining flour, after that cargo is filled, would therefore not be available for export until sufficient could be milled from the new crop to complete another cargo. Mr. Ayer, therefore requested, in view of the need of flour for harvesting and threshing, that permission be granted to use this remaining old crop of flour locally.

"This, Mr. Hoover granted, at the same time expressing the greatest appreciation of the loyal accomplishment of the people of Oregon.

"It should be remembered that this does not mean that the need for the saving of wheat has passed. Families shall not purchase more than that standard package which will supply their needs for thirty days.

"America must still feed the world, and no mortal knows what the situation will be before the 1919 crop is harvested.

"The sugar situation is more serious. While every effort will be made to supply sugar needed for fruit canning, sugar for purposes not absolutely necessary will be cut to the lowest possible point.

"Families who have used 25 pounds for canning, can so certify to their dealers, signing another card which shall be endorsed by the dealer and forwarded to the county administrator. Permit will be issued for another 25 pounds. The administration hopes to furnish enough sugar for genuine canning demands, but those who take advantage of these provisions for canning, to secure sugar for other uses, may expect very little consideration if detected, as the situation is too serious to be treated lightly.

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