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Sam Hughes Co.

STRAWBERRIES

for
CANNING OR TABLE USE

We have always handled the bulk of the canning berry business, and expect to this season as well.

About JUNE 1st, we look for STRAWBERRIES to be at their best, both as to quality and price.

We advise those wanting them for canning to leave their orders and we will see that they are filled when both price and quality reach the most economical level.

This season we have made arrangements with some large growers this side of Portland to supply us, this will insure fresh stock.

For your information let us caution you that practically all berries will be packed in the new pirt boxes. This new package will necessitate your buying a larger number of crates than formerly, of course the price will be correspondingly lower.

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MEMORIAL SERVICES WELL ATTENDED

Continued from first page.

hearing Ex-Senator Gordon, a southerner of high rank, in addressing a large Northern audience, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen I very much appreciate the reception you have tendered me. As a representative of my people, might I say, I deem myself entitled to the same. If you remember you'll come down to see we'll see you once upon a time, and we'll give you a very warm reception, and after some more or less extended acquaintance you'll have ever since been saying "we whipped you". But ladies and gentlemen, as an impartial student of men and history, having looked the things through and through, up and down and round about, I find it impossible to say whether you'll whip us, or we'll whip you." General Gordon also said he once called a man to halt, and said, "Why are you running?" and he not with standing he wore the blue, replied: "By gora General I'm runnin cause I can't fly." That sounds good to me. I love our Southern folks but while there courses my veins one drop of patriotic blood the world shall never forget that the cause for which they fought and shed noble blood, was wrong and forever wrong, while those who were called upon to resist and subdue were right and eternally so.

Well! Says one, you never can reside in the south. Listen to me, let me reply the typical Southerner shakes hands with courage, admires fidelity to conviction, religiously, politically or otherwise, but dreads the coward and holds in everlasting contempt the fellow who like the chameleon is gray when on the rock and green upon the grass.

Our Southern brother is a religious man, show him his duty from a religious standpoint and he says with Peter and John, "We ought to obey God rather than man." Several men engaged in conversation in front of the church door after services. Some enjoyed the sermon, other did not; hot words ensue, several shots are fired as many men are wounded, but they will all be at Prayer Meeting Wednesday night, provided they are not jailed. Thus true to his convictions is the typical Southerner.

The North and the South are only now beginning to understand each other. Only now are our Southern friends beginning to acknowledge the greatness of Grant; only now are our Northern folks beginning to appreciate the great beneficent, sweet spirited General Robert E. Lee. In my mind's eye looking into the future I see them standing side by side, men of God, in the fore front at the Federation of the worlds. I thus speak of them as representatives of our great land North and South.

And yet by a great many, grave fears are entertained as to the future well being of our Nation. Admitting that we are not without cause for alarm—Anarchy the lowest form of lawlessness; intemperance our governmental crime and licentiousness bringing shame, disgrace, disease and death we find here and there. But believing in "The God of Nations" who shall rule in righteousness and cause the wrath of man again to praise his name and believing in the loyalty of our sons and daughters, there are greater things in store for this beloved land. For it is written—inspiration of God, "Blessed is that Nation whose God is the Lord."

I find a great deal of comfort and inspiration in the words of President Garfield, the utterance of which quieted a mob in New York City on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. He quoted Psalm 97:2. "Clouds and darkness are around about him. Righteousness and judgement are the habitations of his throne." Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives.

Friends, our beloved Garfield whose memory is cherished tenderly in a million homes, whose tomb on the 30th will be simply garlanded with beautiful flowers, believed in God and his Son, Jesus Christ, and knew by practical experience that no people ever inhabited the footstool of the eternal whose blood tingled with truer heroism than those who fought and died during the Civil War. He remembered the many, whose call of the fallen chief, said, "Here am I send me." Many of those who thus went forth joined the silent army since which time year after year large numbers have fallen into line. Brave men, fallen heroes, God bless their memories and thus inspire with in our hearts more perfect patriotism and loyalty to God.

Doubtless you have heard the following incident: A company of Southern soldiers chanced to pass a house over which the stars and stripes were floating. At the command of Stonewall Jackson, a volley was fired and the riddled banner fell to the ground, whereupon an old lady tottering upon her cane, gathered it up, holding it above her head and said: "Shoot if you must, this gray head of mine, but spare our country's flag." So it was when the cry came "to arms"; when the cause of humanity was at stake the gallant Grand Army boys clothed in blue faced the enemy clad in gray, and said, "shoot us if you must, starve us in vilest prison pens if you will, but that old flag, the stars and stripes must yet wave o'er the land of the free, the home of the brave." And united in that sentiment, God strengthening their hearts and hands, they executed that resolution until there was absolutely nothing left for gallant General Robert E. Lee to do but to surrender and on the 9th of April '65, his army most terribly reduced laid down forever their arms.

And inasmuch my friends, as your humble speaker's personal knowledge of the Civil War was not to be of a practical, experimental character, I am glad I began to learn right here for at this point as a lad of five I be-

gan to read the illustrations given in Harper's Weekly, and from this source learned my first lesson as to the affairs of government, the worth and the qualities of men and imbibed a spirit of patriotism burning yet like Holy Fire, and because of lessons learned upon that grand old farmhouse hearthstone, never shall my soul be lacking in love and admiration for our flag and fallen heroes.

At this point was enacted one of the most sublime scenes recorded in the annals of history, yet ever witnessed by heaven or earth, secondary only it seems to me to the crucifixion of him who said: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

"Unconditional surrender" was demanded and secured, then the Grand Army of the Republic and the North Land said through General Ulysses S. Grant to General Robert E. Lee and to the surviving constituency of the confederacy, and to the entire Southland, "Go in peace." Oh! how Christ like. Through myriads of her best sons were crippled and diseased and myriads more were sleeping sleeping in their bloody garments. "Go in peace." How was this? Ah! my friends this was the hand of God writing upon the wall of human history; God speaking through the Nation's fallen heroes. Shall the memory of their gallant deeds ever cease? Nay! not while there remains a surviving son or daughter of loyal birth.

"John Brown's body lies mouldering the grave but his soul goes marching on." Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hancock, Sheridan, McClellan and a score or more of other commanders with thousands of privates none the less brave and enduring, serving somewhere between the initial Fort Sumpter and the final Appomatox, some going all the way, "and from Atlanta to the sea." And their memory shall not, cannot perish.

"They never perish who die in a great cause—"

The block may soak their gore—their limbs be stretched to city gates or castle walls—Years may come and years may go—And others share as dark a fate, But still their spirit walks abroad—And doth augment the weightier thoughts of men, And conduct the world at last to freedom."

Beloved have we graves worth decorating? Have we cause for patriotism? Have we cause for loyalty to God? There comes a voice from conscience, reason and history, ye earth's balmy winds and heaven's smiling benediction answers yes. Then let us observe this day "by way of remembrance." Let there be no laceration but soul felt celebration. Let there be music, let "America" again be sung, let politico, religio patriotism fill the air with "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," everywhere. For the rose today is blooming by the winding Tennessee.

Today the lily lifts her crest where stood the tents of Lee, The bluebird feeds her little brood within the cannon's mouth—And the gunboats are gone from the rivers of the South.

The Southern mocking bird is singing where the Northern canons tore the pine, For love has reared an altar fair between the battle lines, For peace has come and war's no more.

But deep within the Southern forests and beneath old ocean's foam, Are sleeping now our gallant men, who never came home, They sleep on Chickamauga's field and within Shennadoah's glen, Behind the rifle's pits once filled with armed men, Peacefully they sleep beneath Southern sod, Sleeping with their brothers, waiting the call of God. BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE, Amen.

LEXINGTON ITEMS.

Miss Florence Olmstead and her sister left Thursday morning for their home in Idaho. Miss Olmstead was still very ill when they left but word was received that she is better since she has arrived home.

Silas Beach arrived from Portland Monday night to visit friends and relatives.

George Bink left Tuesday morning for Montana where he will shear sheep.

Milton Spurlock left Thursday morning for Walla Walla.

H. L. McAlister and mother arrived home from Portland Sunday evening.

Georg Mead was a Heppner visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pointer entertained a few friends at their home Friday evening. All report a pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Doak left Tuesday morning for Tillamook where they will spend the summer.

Ralph Phillips shot himself accidentally Saturday.

Miss Leona Leach, Raymond White, Regmor Beck and Jennie McMillan attended the show in Heppner Monday night.

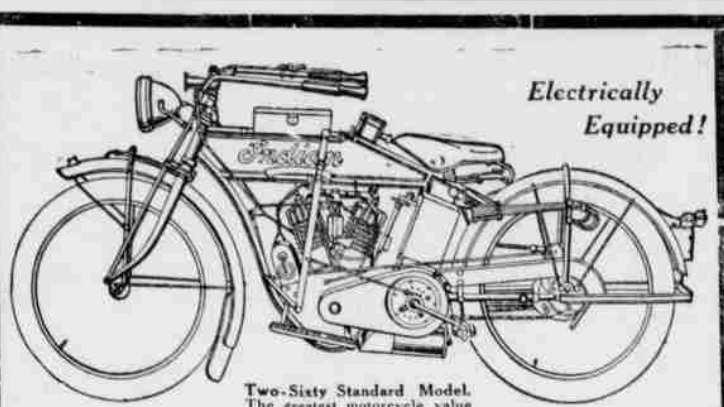
The pupils of the Lexington school enjoyed a picnic in the grove Friday.

Mrs. R. B. Wiloy returned from Portland Sunday evening.

W. G. Scott and L. A. Doak made an auto trip over to Stanfield last Sunday where they went to see Mr. Doak's brother.

LOST—Between power house and Stevens place, Sunday, \$25 in pocket book. Return to owner and receive liberal reward. Bert Cason, Lone Rock.

LOST—A straight bar gold pin with Elk's tooth and red star in center. Finder will please leave at Herald office or notify Mrs. E. B. Ayers, Heppner. Suitable reward.



Two-Sixty Standard Model. The greatest motorcycle value ever achieved. 7 H.P. Twin equipped with Electric Head Light, Electric Tail Light, Electric Signal, Two Sets Storage Batteries and Corbin-Brown Rear Drive Speedometer. Price \$260.00. See Catalog for detailed description.

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