

JUSTICE HUGHES WINS IN OREGON

Presidential Aspirant Has Clear Majority Over Opponents.

MCCARTHUR HOLDS BIG LEAD AT START

Olcott Leads Moores for Secretary of State—Cummins Second, Burton Third—Few for T. R.

Nearly every county of Oregon from Multnomah county to the remotest corners of the state has given Charles Evans Hughes a substantial majority over all other candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

Returns from Oregon's state-wide primary election Friday show conclusively that Justice Hughes is decidedly the choice of Oregon Republicans for the Chicago nomination next month. He has a large majority over all other candidates put together. Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, is running second, and ex-Senator Burton, of Ohio, third.

Colonel Roosevelt has received only a light vote. His name was written in on the ballot by supporters in nearly every county represented in the early returns.

Ben W. Olcott maintained a strong lead over Charles B. Moores for the Republican nomination for secretary of state. Mr. Olcott is the incumbent.

For delegate-at-large to the National convention there are seven leading candidates, as follows: Cameron, 3924; Boyd, 3530; Carey, 3488; Fulton, 3326; Hawkins, 2913; Spencer, 2912; Ackerson, 2108; Case, 1979; Peterson, 1876; Buland, 1793; Warren, 1440; Morsley, 1362. The situation is therefore left in doubt except apparently as to Cameron and Fulton.

In the Second district, with two to elect, the vote seems to favor Brooke, with 493.

In the First district the incomplete vote on delegates is as follows: Bishop 1307; Calkins 1142; Abraham 1133; Steeves 694.

W. C. Hawley and N. J. Sinnott, Representatives in congress from the First and Second districts, respectively, have been nominated to succeed themselves without opposition. It is probable that they have received the Democratic and Progressive nominations as well. In the Third district, comprised of Multnomah county, a three-cornered fight was waged for congressional honors.

Complete returns from a few precincts and incomplete returns from virtually all the 375 precincts in Multnomah county at 3:30 o'clock Saturday morning indicate that the Republicans of the have renominated C. N. McArthur for representative in congress.

A. W. Lafferty is running second; E. V. Littlefield is far to the rear.

At that hour the returns gave Mr. McArthur a lead of 877 votes over Lafferty, who in turn was 703 ahead of Littlefield.

McArthur's lead has been steadily increasing since the first returns were received.

George H. Burnett and Frank A. Moore have been nominated to succeed themselves on the Supreme bench, as has John D. Mickle for food and dairy commissioner. They had no opposition.

Hughes-Herrick Is Cry.

Chicago—"Hughes and Herrick," "H and H!" Catchy, isn't it, and easy to remember.

Word of this combination comes to Republican headquarters in Chicago just after ex-President Taft had visited Justice Hughes in Washington and discussed with him his willingness to accept the Republican nomination for President.

Mr. Taft and Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, are close political friends. As President, Mr. Taft sent Mr. Merrick to France as ambassador.

Bill to Aid Fishing Men.

Washington, D. C.—A bill prepared at the department of Commerce and to be introduced in the house by Majority Leader Kiehn is designed to make possible the recapture from Canada of a great part of the North Pacific fishing industry, lost by American fishermen on account of the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway extension to Prince Rupert and through a subsidy granted by Canada. The bill would require that all fish shipments reaching the United States through foreign territory be shipped in bond.

Exchange Advances Time.

London—The Stock Exchange will conform to the new daylight saving plan under which the time will be advanced one hour. The exchange will open at 10:45 o'clock and close at 3, except on Saturdays, when it will close at 1 o'clock, an hour earlier than the present time. The Baltic Exchange, the Mining Exchange, the London and Mark Lane Corn Exchange and all of Lloyds underwriting rooms will go by the new time. Banks, insurance companies and commercial houses, as well as government offices, will all conform.

\$700,000 Left to Music.

Chicago—A trust fund of \$700,000 to provide for the establishment in Chicago of a great school of music, "for the benefit not only of said city, but of all America," was left to the Chicago Orchestral association by Bryan Lathrop, wealthy real estate broker. The will was filed for probate and under its terms the income from the fund would be used in establishing and maintaining such a school in connection with the orchestra association.

NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest

About Oregon

Oregon and California Land Grant Title Is Not Clear

Washington, D. C.—As the Oregon & California land grant bill stands on the house calendar, it will not enable the government of the United States to pass a clear title to any settler or purchaser, in the opinion of Representative Hawley, and he has supporting opinion of several of the good lawyers of the public lands committee in this opinion.

"The bill," said Mr. Hawley, "makes provision for the payment of back taxes—that is, for taxes that have accrued for the past three years, but I believe it does not provide for the payment of taxes which are now becoming collectable. Moreover, the bill fails to make provision for the payment of interest on back taxes and fails also to provide for the payment of penalties on those accrued taxes. These omissions, in my opinion, render it impossible for the United States to give an absolutely clear title and I will call attention to this shortcoming when the bill is before the house."

"The prime reason for providing in the bill for the payment of back taxes was to enable the government to give a clear title. Unless that section is enlarged and made complete it will fail of its purpose and those who acquire these lands from the government will be liable for interest and for the unpaid penalties and for the taxes that are not paid by the government under the Ferris bill."

Smudging Need Shown in Southern Oregon Fruit District

Medford—In the opinion of local fruit men the year 1916 will mark the final demonstration of the necessity of crude oil smudging in the growing of fine fruit and apples in Southern Oregon.

At the beginning of the season there was a distinct movement against smudging, chiefly because of the annoyance involved and damage to trees from overflowing pots. In fact an injunction against smudging was obtained by one group of orchards shortly before the May freeze.

All this anti-smudge agitation is ended now in the opinion of local growers, for from May 8 to May 14 smudging in Rogue River valley orchards was worth at least \$500,000.

Those orchardists who smudged, and fortunately a large proportion of them did, lost practically nothing from the low temperature, while except on the high hillsides those who did not smudge were wiped out. While the loss has been serious, it is certain according to experts who examined the orchards that the first reports were greatly exaggerated.

100,000 Acres in Willamette Valley Can Be Watered

Salem—Approximately 100,000 acres of land can be feasibly irrigated in the Willamette valley at the present time, results of an investigation just completed by the United States Reclamation Service in co-operation with the state engineer's office show. A joint report of the inquiry into irrigation and power development possibilities of the Willamette valley was issued this week.

The survey extended from Canby at the mouth of the Molalla river to the head of the Willamette river above Cottage Grove and included the area in the immediate vicinity of Portland.

It is pointed out that the water supply for the proposed irrigation of the valley lands in many cases may be obtained from wells by pumping. The report declares that the average economic duty of water which seems to be indicated for the valley as a whole is eight inches delivered to the land, varying with local conditions of soil and crops.

Those employed in the survey investigated the water power development possibilities on the north fork of the Santiam river with storage at Marion lake; the upper reaches of the McKenzie river and the middle fork of the Willamette river.

On the McKenzie river there are two existing plants and at least two new developments proposed, one at Vida and the other between the outlet of Clear lake and the mouth of Smith river, involving the use of Clear lake for regulation of flow.

Mill Will Reopen.

Hood River—The Stanley-Smith Lumber company, which has been delayed in the commencement of operations at its plant at Green Point, in the southwestern part of this county, because of weather conditions, will start work in its lumber camp and open the mill next Monday. During the past week, according to Manager J. E. Robertson, who visited the plant, a snow of eight inches prevailed in the Green Point hills. The Green Point mill will employ about 175 men. It cuts between 80,000 and 90,000 feet.

School Contract Is Let.

Dufur—The school directors of District No. 29, Dufur, opened the bids on the new school building Wednesday and awarded the contract to the lowest bidder, J. F. Springer & Co., of Dufur, for \$11,297. The new building will contain ample quarters for the chemical and physical laboratory, domestic science and manual training.

It is expected the construction will be commenced about June 1 and the building is to be completed in time for use at the opening of the fall term of school.

Oregon Grange Elects.

Grants Pass—The Oregon State Grange elected officers at its annual convention in progress here, as follows: Master, C. E. Spencer, Oregon City; overseer, C. D. Huffman, La Grande; lecturer, Mrs. H. E. Bond, Eugene; treasurer, H. H. Hirschberg, Independence; secretary, Mary S. Howard; legislative committee, M. M. Burner, Dufur; James Stewart, Fossil; executive committee, B. G. Leedy, Corvallis.

MEMORIAL DAY

THOUGHTS ON MEMORIAL DAY

One day this week I felt rather blue and unhappy. It was a dark, gloomy day, with a biting wind coming around the bleak corners and a heavy rain that fell drenchingly to the ground—a steady downpour of big splashing drops. Somehow the world inside my office seemed very lonely and gray. I had a headache, my work had been going badly and I was rather discouraged. When the mail came in—a big package of letters to be opened—I was not much cheered. But my special guardian angel was on duty that day. When I cut the first envelope, I found a plain little letter, written in pencil on cheap paper, by an unknown lady, old enough to be my grandmother. But the words, lightly written in an old-fashioned hand, fell across my heart like a ray of golden sunshine, through the grayness of the rain.

"Dear Friend," read the letter, "I have been seeing your pieces in the Christian Herald for some time, and I made up my mind to write to you. Some people believe in keeping their kind words and their flowers and their love until a person is dead. But I don't. I want you to know, right now, that you've cheered me up lots of times, and that I like your stories and that I like you."

Now I don't want you to think that I am disapproving of Decoration day. The world is stupid enough and matter-of-fact enough to forget easily the heroes who lie in our cemeteries. But we should consider the living, too. Let us place roses over the little green mounds, but don't let us overlook the pleading child hands that are stretched out for their sweetness. While we honor the memory of those beautiful spirits that have passed from us, let us not forget the living, breathing souls that need our help.

It is not necessary to save all the flowers, the kind words and the kisses until lips and hearts and minds are cold and dead.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.

It is a beautiful thing to think of a nation celebrating a day—setting it apart from all others—for the purpose of honoring the nation's heroes. I was sitting in a trolley car when a lady dressed in a woman's no longer very young, with pale, sorrowful face. She wore expensive black, and her two carefully gloved hands held a huge dewy mass of roses. Like an oasis in a desert they filled the dusty air with sweetness and color. In a little while a small newsboy dragged himself up the step and presented a grimy transfer to the conductor.

"I found it," he confided loudly to a man seated near the door. Then he tramped down the aisle, and climbed up on the seat next to the lady.

"Them flowers are swell," he told her in a soft, wondering tone of voice. "I never saw any like 'em before." Reverently he touched the nearest blossom with moist, grimy fingers.

The lady moved down on the seat, putting several inches of space between herself and the small intruder.

"Don't touch them!" she ordered crossly.

Several blocks farther on she got out, her arms full of her fragrant burden. With halting footsteps and tear-filled eyes, she turned in at a great marble-columned cemetery gate. She was taking her roses to lay on the grave of some loved dead one. I was sorry for the woman; but I could not help thinking of the little newsboy. He was very much alive, and a single flower would have meant paradise to him.

I know a girl who had a very dear friend—a friend who meant more to her than I could possibly put into words. One day, the friend died and left her plunged in grief. A year after, the dead girl's birthday came around, and the day before the anniversary I happened to meet my friend on the street. We went to tea together. I did not speak to the absent one, but suddenly, as we sat quietly gazing out of the window, the girl began to talk.

"Margaret," she said, "something has been bothering me. I want to ask you if I'm doing right."

"Perhaps I won't help any, I'm not so good at advice—but go on."

"You see, it's this way," she told me. "Tomorrow is Alice's birthday—the first birthday when we haven't been together for ten years. I had earned five dollars—it seemed more personal that way—and I was going to buy flowers for her grave. I was just on my way to the florist to order them when I met a woman I know—a woman who used to wash for us. Margaret, you should have seen her. Her eyes were large and black and her cheeks were perfectly hollow. I asked her what was the matter, and she said she was hungry. Hungry? She was starving! And so were the three children that belonged to her! Well, I told her that I would find some work for her today, and then I gave her all the money I had. It was only after she had left me that I remembered Alice's flowers—I can't get them now. Do you think that she'll mind—very much?"

"Mind?" I groped blindly for words. "Mind? Of course not! She would be glad and thankful if she only knew."

"Do you think so too, friends of mine?"

Experience does not show that the strength of the domestic affections is impaired by the long separations unavoidably incident to war. On one occasion a private soldier said to General Thomas, "General, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you have seen her?" asked the general.

"Over three months,"

"Three months," replied Thomas. "Why, I haven't seen my wife for three years."

"That may be so," admitted the soldier, "but, you see, general, my wife and me ain't that sort."

Unity of Nation Proved

Great Southerner Long Ago Pointed Out How Complete Has Been Its Restoration.

From an address delivered by Henry Watterson at the National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., Decoration day, 1915.

We are assembled, my countrymen, to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. The season brings its tribute to the scene; pays its homage to the dead; inspires the living. There are images of tranquility all about us: in the calm sunshine upon the ridges; in the tender shadows that creep along the streams; in the waving grass and grain that mark God's love and bounty; in the flowers that bloom over the many graves. There is peace everywhere in this land today.

Peace on the open seas. In all our sheltered bays and ample streams. Peace where our stars banner gleams. And peace in every breeze.

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to

bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system. In order that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The Union is, indeed, restored when the hands that pulled down that flag come willingly and lovingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the free flag and the flag of the stars spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by the God of the universe to wait on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is destined to exceed that on which it was said that the sun never went down.

Representative Fess of Ohio does not drink nor smoke.

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In a fight Sylvia's room. Farquhar, force Sower to him, Farquhar is helped to his room by Gabrielle Smith, Sower demands an apology, refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission. In return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father, Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless, Jeanne Arnaud, meet Colonel Destinn, Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar.

Do you think it is possible for a young woman who has made her big "mistake" in a love affair to return once more to the fold of decorous society? If she proves sincere in her return, will that society protect her good reputation if it learns her secret?

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Outside in the quiet street her husband awaited them with the carriage. He saluted gravely, assisted them into their places, and in silence they drove rapidly through the waking town. A second carriage, traveling at a more deliberate pace, blocked the narrow avenue, and they pulled up sharply beneath an overhanging lantern. There was a subdued rattle of arms. Arnaud leaned forward.

"Ah, it's you, Goetz! One man is sufficient here. Have you anyone you can trust?"

"Stand forward—No. 4005!"

There was a brief silence. Arnaud rested his chin in his hand and stared down at the man drawn up stiffly before him. The other hand lay clenched on his knee, and the knuckles stood out white.

"You heard—No. 4005? You will keep guard alone here."

"Yes."

"It is well. Drive on."

Again the soft clash of steel. Arnaud dropped back in his corner. The light fell on his face for a moment, and Gabrielle Smith saw that he was smiling watchfully at the woman beside her. Sylvia had not moved. She had not even glanced in his direction or at the man to whom he had spoken. Her lips were still parted in the childish expression of wondering anticipation, and her eyes glistened. Arnaud laughed and turned away from her.

A moment later they passed out of the shadowy shadows into the light from the unathomable eastern hill into the babble and movement of the West. Instinctively Gabrielle glanced back for a moment. It was as though she had been lifted suddenly out of a black, mysterious sea on to a fairy island, and that against the haze of light she could hear the waves beating in sullen threatening disappointment.

When she turned again she found that Sylvia had already vanished into the crowd, and that she was alone with Arnaud. He glanced down at her. Over his pale features there passed a shadow of pity and annoyance.

"I am afraid my wife is not always very considerate," he said apologetically. "You scarcely know any of these people."

"I know one or two," she answered. "In any case I like to look on. You are not to bother about me. I can take care of myself."

"Yes, you can take care of yourself," he nodded moodily. "There are not many of us who can do that much, Miss Smith. We pretend that we hold the reins, but it is the devil who drives."

"Yes," she admitted, "our particular devil."

"Do you know that? How do you know?"

"Perhaps I have been into the ditch myself," Captain Arnaud. "Perhaps"—and then she looked him full into the face—"perhaps tonight has taught me," and then, before he could answer she turned from him and passed out resolutely on to the veranda.

He did not follow her beyond the first step. A man in civilian dress had come out of a flowered alcove, and as he saw his face Arnaud drew back with white lips. The stranger appeared not to notice him. He limped up on the veranda, his uneven step curiously noiseless.

Gabrielle Smith stood with her hands resting on the balustrade, her face lifted to the sky, already silvered with the first blush of the rising moon. All was quiet. The band had ceased playing; the voices behind them had sunk to a vague murmur.

"Gabrielle," the man said, scarcely above his breath, and then louder, with a note of impulsive interjection, "Gabrielle!"

She turned and looked at him, and neither spoke. Whatever surprise or consternation there had been in her face had vanished. Her eyes met his haggard, bewildered appeal steadily and sadly. Then she made a slight gesture—a gesture which seemed to indicate an immeasurable distance—and passed down the steps into the darkness.

No. 4005 shouldered his rifle and resumed the monotonous tramp back ward and forward across the narrow entrance to the grove. He moved rapidly and from time to time glanced about him with the straining vigilance of a man who suspects his loneliness.

Southward lay open country, a silver stretch broken by a dark ridge of sand-

(All rights reserved. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

hills and a clump of high palms rising in majestic solitude from the hidden green of their oasis. To the north Sidi-bel-Abbes, beneath the magic moonlight a white-walled city of enchantments, dreamed while her minarets kept ceaseless watch over the distant desert.

Richard Farquhar listened; he heard subdued laughter and then the soft fall of a woman's feet. For all the haunting realization of danger he did not turn. He had not been conscious of hope, but hope, wild and unrestrained, sprang out of nothing and drummed the mad blood into his ears.

"Mr. Farquhar!"

He turned, and the butt end of his rifle jarred against the stones. She stood a few paces from him in a narrow clearing where the moonlight fell upon her, and he saw every feature of the small face, every phase of her expression changing from a curious mockery to grave concern. He bit his teeth together.

"Why did you come?" he asked.

"Was it really for the pleasure of my society?"

"I knew that you were in some danger tonight, Mr. Farquhar."

Her face was turned away now. When she spoke, after a moment's silence, her voice had deepened with an unknown emotion.

"Mr. Farquhar," she said, "it was a woman's loving fear for you which brought me here."

"Thank you," he said simply.

He turned away from her. The momentary weakness was over. The gaunt features under the military cap

were composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren't trusted with cartridges, and if anything happens—"

"I choose to be foolish," she interrupted coolly.

He made a movement of protest and appeal, but it was already too late. A shadow loosened itself from the darkness and came out into the clearing. Farquhar's rifle sank to the ground. The moon was at her zenith. In the brilliant yet deceptive light the newcomer loomed out gigantic, supernatural.

"A sentry on duty?" he said ironically, looking from one to the other. "A pleasant relaxation from discipline, my faith. Your number and regiment, sir?"

"4005, of the First, my colonel."

"One of my own particular heroes. We have already met, I fancy. Report yourself tomorrow to your captain. For the present perhaps you will condescend to resume your duties. Mademoiselle may I not have the pleasure of bringing you back to your friends?"

He offered her his arm, his hard mouth twisted with a contemptuous amusement. She had risen and stood

He stood in a bright patch which the moon threw on to the sandy avenue.

He composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren't trusted with cartridges, and if anything happens—"

"I choose to be foolish," she interrupted coolly.

He made a movement of protest and appeal, but it was already too late. A shadow loosened itself from the darkness and came out into the clearing. Farquhar's rifle sank to the ground. The moon was at her zenith. In the brilliant yet deceptive light the newcomer loomed out gigantic, supernatural.

"A sentry on duty?" he said ironically, looking from one to the other. "A pleasant relaxation from discipline, my faith. Your number and regiment, sir?"

"4005, of the First, my colonel."

"One of my own particular heroes. We have already met, I fancy. Report yourself tomorrow to your captain. For the present perhaps you will condescend to resume your duties. Mademoiselle may I not have the pleasure of bringing you back to your friends?"

He offered her his arm, his hard mouth twisted with a contemptuous amusement. She had risen and stood

He stood in a bright patch which the moon threw on to the sandy avenue.

He composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren't trusted with cartridges, and if anything happens—"

"I choose to be foolish," she interrupted coolly.

He made a movement of protest and appeal, but it was already too late. A shadow loosened itself from the darkness and came out into the clearing. Farquhar's rifle sank to the ground. The moon was at her zenith. In the brilliant yet deceptive light the newcomer loomed out gigantic, supernatural.

"A sentry on duty?" he said ironically, looking from one to the other. "A pleasant relaxation from discipline, my faith. Your number and regiment, sir?"

"4005, of the First, my colonel."

"One of my own particular heroes. We have already met, I fancy. Report yourself tomorrow to your captain. For the present perhaps you will condescend to resume your duties. Mademoiselle may I not have the pleasure of bringing you back to your friends?"

He offered her his arm, his hard mouth twisted with a contemptuous amusement. She had risen and stood

He stood in a bright patch which the moon threw on to the sandy avenue.

He composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren't trusted with cartridges, and if anything happens—"

"I choose to be foolish," she interrupted coolly.

He made a movement of protest and appeal, but it was already too late. A shadow loosened itself from the darkness and came out into the clearing. Farquhar's rifle sank to the ground. The moon was at her zenith. In the brilliant yet deceptive light the newcomer loomed out gigantic, supernatural.

"A sentry on duty?" he said ironically, looking from one to the other. "A pleasant relaxation from discipline, my faith. Your number and regiment, sir?"

"4005, of the First, my colonel."

"One of my own particular heroes. We have already met, I fancy. Report yourself tomorrow to your captain. For the present perhaps you will condescend to resume your duties. Mademoiselle may I not have the pleasure of bringing you back to your friends?"

He offered her his arm, his hard mouth twisted with a contemptuous amusement. She had risen and stood

IMPRESSING YOUNG AMERICA



Day Belongs to the Veterans.

Memorial day, as it comes around in the calendar of the year, is one of essential sadness. It is hard for anyone who really perceives the place of the day and the deeds which it commemorates to regard it as one of merrymaking. It is our day as a people to go into the house of mourning rather than to the house of feasting. It may in time broaden in scope, and instead of commemorating the veterans of a single war, usher in our national tribute to the soldiers of all wars. If we must assume that the world will continue to adjust its differences by these means in the long future. But for the present, the day belongs to the veterans of the Union. We salute them, as they march by in depleted lines and with faltering step. Theirs was a great service; theirs was a mighty sacrifice; theirs is the day.

Wasn't That Sort.

Experience does not show that the strength of the domestic affections is impaired by the long separations unavoidably incident to war. On one occasion a private soldier said to General Thomas, "General, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you have seen her?" asked the general.

"Over three months,"

"Three months," replied Thomas. "Why, I haven't seen my wife for three years."

"That may be so," admitted the soldier, "but, you see, general, my wife and me ain't that sort."

Unity of Nation Proved

Great Southerner Long Ago Pointed Out How Complete Has Been Its Restoration.

From an address delivered by Henry Watterson at the National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., Decoration day, 1915.

We are assembled, my countrymen, to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. The season brings its tribute to the scene; pays its homage to the dead; inspires the living. There are images of tranquility all about us: in the calm sunshine upon the ridges; in the tender shadows that creep along the streams; in the waving grass and grain that mark God's love and bounty; in the flowers that bloom over the many graves. There is peace everywhere in this land today.

Peace on the open seas. In all our sheltered bays and ample streams. Peace where our stars banner gleams. And peace in every breeze.

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to



He Stood in a Bright Patch Which the Moon Threw on to the Sandy Avenue.

He composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren