For the foe had crossed from the other side That day in the face of a murderous fire. That swept them down in its terrible ire, And their life blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline." At the call there came Two stalwart soldiers into the line, Bearing between them this Herbert Cline, Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Erra Kerr"—and a voice answered "Here."
"Hiram Kerr"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two. The sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn field "Michael Ryan." Then a soldier spoke:
"Ryan carried our regiment's colors," he

"When our ensign was shot, I left him dead Just after the enemy wavered and broke. "Close to the road his body lies.
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think
And death came with it and closed his eyes.

'Pwas a victory-yes, but it cost us dear, For that company's roll, when called that

night, Of the fifty-four who went into the fight, Numbered but twenty-eight who answered "Here." While the living make promises, plight faith and praise virtue, promises may not be kept, plighted faith may be broken, and vaunted virtue may be only the cunning mask of vice.

do not know one promise they made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke, but we do know that in their death they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act of men and citizens, and gave their lives in the ser-

he, too, was brave and shed his blood for a cause he was taught to be right. Mistaken though he was, let us cherish no thoughts of enmity against his memory. His surviving comrade is now our brother, and as such let us exnow our brother, and as such let us expected by that was rudely wasted.

The slain in the great war of the rebellion were mostly young men, whose mostly roung men, whose will not shine again on any field.

We cannot forget the million lives that were freely given, nor the thousand

anders, her Casars, her Napoleons and her Wellingtons, we are proud to say, the American republic is also rich in around the graves of our dead are but her heroes, in the men and women who dared to do and die for the rights of man, for the colargement of liberty wasted efforts, unless we can learn some nobler lessons than to destroy.

Men write of war as if the only thing of man, for the enlargement of liberty and the upholding of the republic.

can be, and have been, as heroic as virtues of physical courage and contempt boastful man. Thousands of lives were saved by our women during the war. Some of the bravest acts of the war the days of John Smith in Virginia, and some of the bravest acts of the war the days of John Smith in Virginia, and were performed by women. They not only ministered to the sick, wounded and dying in the hospitals and in camp, but were at the front, where they faced danger as bravely as the men. I have seen woman under fire and wounded, guns, and been shot down in greater comparative numbers than any other. seen woman under fire and wounded, and in every instance did she prove herself the heroine she is. It was a woman who made the first flag this country had, and who of the old soldiers does not remember the flags made by our dear mothers and presented to the company on leaving home for the scenes of the war? It was an arresponding to the contract of the company on leaving home for the scenes of the war? It was an arresponding to the contract of the contract o the company on leaving home for the scenes of the war?. It was an American mother who said, "If I had twenty valor was exhibited at its highest pitch. sons, I would gladly give them all to It was a common saying in the army, save the Union; and if I were not too that courage was the cheapest thing old, I would go to the war myself."

We have ample reasons for genuine heroism in this land of ours. Our flag does not stand for royalty nor for aristocracy, but for liberty and equality. It is the only thing large enough to cover the entire republic. We have room enough in this country to cover almost everything, but not room enough for more than one flag. All old soldiers will remember the order of that periment that is to cost the lives of men, sturdy soldier, General Dix: "If any man or the tears of orphans of their own or

shot down, as it often was, how quick-ly some brave spirit would again raise it on high. My own battle-stained banner had over one hundred bullet newspaper, platform, or from the pulwas ever laid upon its folds. Well do I trously for the country. These are sim-remember a more than brave color ple lessons, but they are not taught in a sergeant who, at the battle of Resaca, day, and some whom we call great go marched into the very jaws of death, through life without mastering them at waving his flag in the faces of the enemy who were fighting behind burning breastworks, and only retired when he war how to conduct another, but it is saw the Union lines falling back. This infinitely better to learn how to avert

loving embrace, and with the hot within our republic, the elements of Union-loving tears coursing down his civil war. The enactment of unjust laws furrowed cheeks, imprinted a kiss sooner or later leads to revolution

what a home-coming it was to thou-sands of fond parents and friends whose successful rascals just as surely as we do sands of fond parents and friends whose hearts lie buried beneath the soil of the Sunny South. This sorrowful and sad home-coming was one of the legacies of the war which was left to the South is well as to the North. No section of our country was exempt from these heart-burns and yearning of the people. In all those festivals and rejoicings over the return of the living, there was hardly one whose joys were not saddened by the recollection of some one

HUNOR THE SOLDIER BEAD. (Continued from page 2.)

proclaiming victory for the flag and for form part of the silent three bundred from part of the silent three bundred form part of the silent three bundred country, but let us say to the law makens of the silent three bundred form part of the silent three bundred country, but let us say to the law makens of the silent three bundred form part of the silent three bundred country, but let us say to the law makens of the silent three bundred from page 2.)

American heroism.

The enemy has been defeated but oh! at what cost. We have time to look about us and behold our serried and broken ranks, all bleeding and battle an equal; and unfalling Sherman and the control of the law making power, you must give us just law enacted for all the people, and all must obey alike. Without this, this republic cannot—nay should not stand.

at what cost. We have time to look about us and behold our serried and broken ranks, all bleeding and battle stained; the ground covered with the dead, dying and the wounded, the Union blue and rebel gray—foes no longer—side by side, commingling their warm life blood with Mother Earth. In these our comrades, their lives were made more significant than speech, their death a poem, the music of which can never be sung.

Of the fifty-four of my company who went into battle that day, twenty-eight were all that answered roll-call that night, and as the orderly stood in front off the company and called with a choking and trembling voice:

"Groppon Green," he sortly cried;
"Greyns Hale"—then a slence fell. This time no answer followed the call—only his rear man had seen him fall: Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood, in the failing light, these men of battle, with grave dark looks, As plain to be read as open books, Wille slowly gathered the shades of night.

For the foe had crossed from the other side. That day in the face of a murderous free, That swept them down in its terrible iree, And their fife blood went to color the tide.

And their fife blood went to color the tide.

There they stood in the tide of the color of the contract of the color o at Gettysburg; Hill at Petersburg, and the Dashing Stuart, and Daniels, and perrin, and Dearing, and Dale, and numberless others, as brave as mortal man could be, all sleeping the sleep which knows no waking.

Destroy these and he will spurn the law, and if he is a brave man, sooner than submit to become a bondman to corporate greed he will take up arms in defense of his God given rights.

The Grand Army of the Republic notes

"Breathe, trumpets, breathe
Slow notes of saddest wailing:
Sadly responsive peal ye muffled drums.
Comrades with down-cast eyes
And banners trailing,
Attend him home—
The youthful warrior comes,

"Upon his shield— Upon his shield returning; Borne from the field of honor Where he felt. Glory and grief together clasped In mountains." In mourning; His fame, his fate With sobs exulting tell,

Wrap round his breast
The flag his breast defended—
His country's flag,
In battle's front unrolled;
For if he died,
On earth forever ended,
His brave young life
Lives in each sacred fold.

"With proud fond tears
By tinge of shame untainted,
Bear him and lay him
Gently in his grave,
Above the hero write
The young half sainted,
His country asked his life,
His life he gave." The sudden hush and sense of awe that impresses a child when first it steps

Contractor upon a grave, may well overcome the strongest man, when he looks upon the vice of their country.

For our misguided brother who wore face of his country scarred with battle the gray and lay beside our comrade, fields as it is, and considers the blood that was rudely wasted.

tend to him a soldier's greeting, and with a firm and hearty grasp of the hand, forever bridge the "bloody out. Crippled lives, broken hearts and chasm."

While we are willing to accord to the old world her Leonidas, her Alex-which we, comrades, the surviving sol-

nd the upholding of the republic.

There is no sex in heroism; woman minds of the growing youth were the

there, easier had, sometimes, than our

attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot. John A. Dix." any other land. I would have then shoot him on the spot. John A. Dix." comprehend that one may fight bravely It was wonderful how dear the Stars and Stripes were to the soldiers. Should his standard be assailed, scores of brave men would rush to the rescue. When holes through the field and eleven pit, or by the cartoon method, or a presthrough the staff, and the latter ident of the United States, is no less a was entirely shot in two at lie; that political chicanery and sophisthe sanguinary battle of Chickatry, the politician's stock in trade, when manga; and yet no rebel hand long persisted in, is likely to end disas-

saw the Union lines falling back. This act of heroism was repeated three times, the brave soldier escaping without injury.

White soldiering in Kentucky, a noble old patriot, with flowing white beard and hair, seeing our flag—the first Stars and Stripes he had looked upon for years—clasped it in a fond and loving embrace, and with the hot within our republic, the elements of within our republic, the elements of oon its stars.
We all remember the poet Whittier's teaches this fact. Where today is he We all remember the poet Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie at Fredericktown," and the brave daughters of that staunch old gray-haired East Tennessee Unionist, Parson Brownlow, who kept the flag of their country floating over their residence during the occupation of Knoxville by the rebel army. Here was heroism which took courage to perform, and it was two noble girls from the mountains of East Tennessee who had the courage.

Brave men and women of our land have been ready at all times to lay down their lives for their starry banner, because in its stars and stripes is represented the dignity of their freedom, and to assail their flag is an assault upon their liberties.

The both had her, and to both she bore in the both had her, and to both she bore fairer and more holy than all the pure ideas of justice, truth and love, off-springs of the eternal God, and for setting herself above all these, she sits transformed into stone midst the bones of her children. Where today is the proud Persian empire, her Alexanders, her Xerxes, her Cyrusee? All gooe, a punishment due to the oppression of the people.

President Roosevelt, while on his Western trip, gave voice to the following

sault upon their liberties.

The end of the war finally came, and then the homeward march. And oil this great republic what it must be made,

Here are some of the New Goods on hand at

Hartley's.

Pure White Flour, guaranteed the best in town; New Orleans Molasses in bulk. Fresh vegetables every day. Minced Ham and Picnic Hams. Best Cream Cheese. Fresh cakes on hand all the time. Sweet and sour pickles. Royal Baking Powder. Coffee from 15 to 40c per lb. Telephone orders given special attention. Phone 571. Free delivery.

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Hood River Valley the past 10 years. They lead in everything that has made the strawberry business

They have made complete settlement with their shippers when others were kicking for money to pay pickers.

BOOKS.

with sadness that their ranks are thin-ning rapidly; and with the recurrence of each Decoration day, the roll call is shortened by death. They realize that the time is not far distant when the lov-

ing service they now render to their dead comrades as a sacred duty must be per-formed by others; therefore they turn

with confidence to their fellow citizens, and especially to the rising generation, and earnestly appeal to them from this date onward to assume their share in the labor of love.

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It is high and sightly and is furnished with an abundance of pure spring water from

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