OLYMPIC LEADER

VOL. 28 NO. 22 | PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON. FRIDAY. MAY 31. 1912 | $1.00 THE YEAR

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A complete line of

LADIES' GLOVES

in all colors, of both Kid and Silk, and in the short and elbow lengths.

A new line of the latest things

IN NECKWEAR

Come in and look them over.

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Outfits are all that could be desired, and include everything for the little ones comfort.

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We carry a complete stock of

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The Phelps Dry Goods Co.

The Leader Department Store

Notice Our Special *MONEY SAVERS*

25C Ladies Black and Tan Hose for 18C

Ladies' and Misses'

Dress Skirts

$10.00 dress skirts, half price, in Panamas $5.00
8.00 dress skirts, half price, in Serges 4.00
7.00 dress skirts, half price, in Mixture 3.50
6.00 dress skirts, half price, in Cloth 3.00

A Clean-up on Ladies Suits

Mostly in Navy Serges

$17.00 Ladies Suits $11.50
15.00 Ladies Suits 10.00
12.50 Ladies Suits 8.50

Ladies Sweaters

Cardinal and Gray

$8.00 Rough Neck Sweaters . $6.00
6.50 Rough Neck Sweaters . . 5.10
5.00 Rough Neck Sweaters . 4.00

75c Boys Knickerbocker Pants for 50c

Children's Shoes.

$2.00 Children's Shoes $1.25 $1.50 Children's Shoes $1.00
1.40 Children's Shoes 90 1.25 Children's Shoes 75
$1.00 Children's Shoes 60c.

THE LEADER DEPARTMENT STORE

THE NATION'S HONORED DEAD

Loyal Patriotic People of State Have Not Forgotten the Heroism of the Boys of '61.

A large and appreciative audience greeted Rev. Stephen Smith at the Congregational church last Sunday morning. It was the occasion of the Memorial Services preached by Rev. Smith before the Pacific Post and Corps, G. A. R., the Post and Corps attending the services as organizations, the grey heads of the old veterans being conspicuous in the front seats, reserved for them.

Rev. Smith chose as his text Matthew 7: 13, 14. In a kindly and interesting way the speaker dwelt on the words, "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life." He pointed out that our forefathers who came over in the Mayflower followed the straight and narrow way; that the battle of the Revolution and Civil War were fought in the straight and narrow way for life, liberty, the preservation of the Union and to the glory of the God. He paid a tribute to the patriotism and heroism of the boys of '61 '05, not forgetting to mention the tears shed and hardships endured by the wives and mothers of the men who answered the call of their country.

Memorial Day was fittingly observed in Port Angeles yesterday; our people joined with the rest of the country in commemorating the deeds of the brave men who fought in the nation's wars, and while probably not on as elaborate a scale as that of some previous years, yet in a way that plainly told that the loyal patriotic people of the State of Washington have not forgotten and never will forget the brave boys who carried to victory that dear old flag which is honored today whenever liberty is prized.

At 8 o'clock a. m. a squad of Grand Army boys and women of the Relief Corps met at the corner of First and Laurel streets, where conveyances were in waiting to take them to Ocean View Cemetery where the graves of departed veterans were made green in memory and in reality by garlands of sweetest flowers and the planting of Old Glory.

Later in the day, a detail of the Women's Relief Corps repaired to Morse wharf where the beautiful and ever impressive ceremony of casting flowers upon the waters of the bay in honor of the dead heroes of the Nation's Navy was observed.

At 2:30 in the afternoon, at G. A. R. Hall, the usual public memorial exercises were conducted bymembers of the Pacific Post No. 48, G. A. R., and W. R. C. The hall was appropriately and tastefully decorated with the stars and stripes and beautiful flowers. Rev. M. B. Phillips of the Methodist church delivered the Memorial address.

Continued on page 2.

BAND CONCERTS A TREAT

Many are the complimentary remarks heard on all sides to the excellence of the open air concerts given by the Marine Band the past two Sunday afternoons. They are a treat and we wish they might continue all summer.

Our Port Townsend neighbors are making great plans for an elaborateFourth of July celebration. Isn't it time Port Angeles was getting busy.

See our show windows. We are showing the best line of merchandize ever shown in Port Angeles, and our regular prices are lower than many sale prices. S. J. Lutz & Co.

Where you get a square deal

CLASS OF 1912.

Nell Morse Herman Swanson Hazel E. Hooker Paul Farmer Hattie Fleming
Margaret Fitzgerald Duane Allen Mae Webster
Athlene Fisher Hazel Murray James Lotzgesell Angie Ritchie Gertrude Willson

SCHOOL BUILDING CONTRACT GIVEN

To Cost $42,116 Exclusive of Heating Plant. Must Be Completed by December 31st.

It will be welcome news to all the progressive citizens of our little city to know that the new school building is no longer a dream, as our railroad has been for so many years, but is as good as a reality at the present time. The question was definitely settled at a meeting of the Board the la tter part of last week and the contract for the work of the building has been given to Christ Kuppler, a government contractor of many years experience, living in Seattle. The contract price is $42,116 exclusive of heating, wiring and plumbing. He is to furnish surety bonds for the full amount of the contract and the building is to be completed by January 1st, 1913. Work will commence at once and all home materials and help will be used as far as possible. Only the "roughing in" of the plumbing, heating and wiring will be done under the present contract. When the heating plant is installed it is to be the latest and most improved obtainable. The building itself is to be two stories with medium sized basement for heating apparatus and fuel, and is to be 160 feet long by 87 feet wide. It is to be built of concrete, reinforced with 17,600 pounds of steel rods and lacings; the heighth of each ceiling to be 13 feet in the clear.

The first floor will contain 6 class rooms, 2 recitation rooms and 2 large cloak rooms. On the left side of the main entrance is the hospital room and the teachers' room with closet and toilet. On the right side of the main entrance is the waiting room and superintendent's office and vault. In the rear under the auditorium are two manual training rooms each42ft. by 7ft. and a room for supplies which may later be converted into a domestic science department. Under the auditorium are also separate lunch rooms for the boys and girls, a store room for school supplies, and a shower bath, this latter is to be sealed up 6½ feet with marble. All the rooms are connected by wide corridors and will be wired for electric lights and telephone and supplied with hose reels

Continued on page 4.

CLASS OF '12 GRADUATES TODAY

Eighth Grade Exercises Last Evening Delighted Large Audience. 34 Pupils in Class.

The annual commencement exercises of the Port Angeles High School will take place in the opera house this evening. This class of thirteen members is the largest ever graduated from the High School and includes a number of our brightest and most talented young people. The Olympic-Leader extends congratulations and trusts that each one may realize the value of their class motto, "Plus Ultra," or More Beyond.

PROGRAM.

1. Overture,....."Zampa"..... Herold
   Mrs. C. P. Brown
2. Invocation.....Rev. Stephen Smith
3. Quartette, "DoanYe Cry, Ma Honey" .....A. W. Noll
   Gertrude Willson, Ada Thomas, Hazel Hooker, Angie Ritchie
4. Address, "What We're At,"... ..... Prof. J. O. Herbsman
5. Vocal Duet, "Oh That We Two Were Maying."..... Alice Smith
   Miss Ada Thomas, Mr. Boyd Edgar
6. Presentation of Diplomas..... ..... Dr. Thomas Geisness
7. Class Song..... Senior Class

CLASS ROLL.

D. Duane Allen, President
Gertrude L. Willson, Secretary
Hazel K. Murray Paul C. Farmer
Hattie A.Fleming Herman Swanson
Athelene Fisher Angie Ritchie
Margaret Fitzgerald Nell Morse
Mae Webster James Lotzgesell
Hazel E. Hooker.
Valedictorian.....Hattie Fleming
Salutatorian.....Mae Webster

A great deal of interest centers around the graduating exercises of the Eighth Grade and all were delighted with the creditable manner in which their program was carried out last evening. The class of thirty-four members contains many bright students and is certainly a credit to their instructors, Miss Watson and Mr. Fleming, for whose splendid work done in our schools too much praise cannot be given.

The stage of the opera house was, as usual, beautifully decorated, the class colors, blue and gold, being prominently used

Continued on page 3.

AGAIN THE PEOPLE TURN DOWN TAFT

New Jersey Voters Protest Against Trust Domination of Government. Wilson Also Carries State.

Newark, N. J., May 29. — One of the most sweeping victories Theodore Roosevelt has won in the primaries since he began his campaign for the presidential nomination was recorded yesterday by the republican voters of New Jersey.

Indications are that he carried every congressional district in the state, as well as the state at large and that all the twenty-eight delegates New Jersey will send to Chicago will be Roosevelt men. His indicated plurality is 10,000.

Gov. Wilson carried the state against a hard opposition, headed by his political enemies, and appears to have twenty-four out of the twenty-eight delegates.

THE "TUM-TUM" A CREDIT TO SCHOOL

Volume of One Hundred Pages Will Make a Valued Souvenir of Years Spent in Angeles High.

The "Tum-Tum" for 1912, published by the Philomathea as a High School annual, has just come from the hands of the printer this week and is certainly a credit to the pupils. The cover sketch, an original drawing by Miss Angie Ritchie, is a work of art and a credit to the fair designer. The volume, of over 100 pages, is replete with halftones of teachers, school board, class, athletic and musical society groups, as well as a number of cartoons which are exceptionally good and show considerable talent among the High School pupils. The subject matter is of interest to every patron of our schools and the volume should find its way into the hands of every public-spirited citizen who has the good of our schools at heart.

James Lotzgesell, as business manager, deserves great praise for the many hours of hard work he has given toward making it a success. He has had a good corps of helpers, but the responsibility has mostly fallen on his shoulders.

THE

OLYMPIC = LEADER

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FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1912

Governor M. E. Hay has issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens of the state to observe Flag Day, June 14, the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of the adoption by congress of the stars and stripes. The Governor recommends "That every loyal, patriotic citizen display his national colors on that day; that the flag be raised over every public building and used in the decoration of homes, places of business, meeting houses and churches throughout the state."

So the Tribune-Times has a monopoly in the discussion of political affairs in Clallam county. The Olympic-Leader is a tenderfoot and the Websters have no business butting in. Brother Smith is a selfish individual with a grouch when things political do not go his way, and no one has a right upon this footstool who operates a business in competition with his. Sorry, but the Olympic-Leader will likely continue to be an irritating thorn in Brother Smith's side for some days to come.

The splendid steel steamer Sol Duc, building for the Inland Navigation company for the Port Angeles run, was launched Tuesday at the yards of the Seattle Dry Dock and Construction company.

The Sol Duc is constructed of steel throughout and will be the most modern vessel of her class plying the waters of Puget Sound. She is to be an oil burner, 206 feet in length, and will be capable of maintaining a speed of fifteen knots an hour.

All of the vessel's state rooms will be built of steel and will be equipped with every modern convenience known to steamship construction. The vessel will have the most luxurious furnishings obtainable and will cater especially to tourist travel.

Representative Warburton did a nice thing for the old soldiers of Clallam county by forwarding to J. Lloyd Aldwell for distribution, immediately after their issuance by the department, a bundle of blank applications for increase of pensions under the new general service pension act of Congress which went into effect on the 11th of the present month. This enabled the deserving old veterans of the county to send in their applications for an increase much earlier than they otherwise could when waiting the necessarily slow grind of the pension bureau.

We opine that many of the old vets will show their appreciation of this thoughtful and kindly act upon the part of Congressman Warburton in a substantial way about next election time.

It is proposed to organize a county taxpayers league. A preliminary meeting was held at Sequim recently, in which about twenty taxpayers participated, when it was decided to call a meeting of the taxpayers of the county to be held in the opera house at Sequim Saturday, June 1st, at one p. m. "The purpose of the league is to get information and to take action on the various questions of road and school district, county and state taxation matters, especially in valuations of farm, timber and other lands."

Speaking of the preliminary meeting, the Press further says:

"The meeting discussed the lack of information generally among taxpayers on district, county and state taxation subjects and the belief was freely expressed that it was time for the citizens to take more interest in these matters; that taxation was increasing; that the valuation of farm land was about to be raised; that the question of bonding the county to improve the roads will be submitted to the voters this fall and it is to get information and to intelligently discuss these and kindred topics that the taxpayers league is proposed to be organized."

While Theodore Roosevelt is being abused and maligned by a certain class of our citizens, by far the larger number of our people are as loyal to him today as they were four years ago, when President Taft was nominated at Chicago. The press dispatches, in reporting a scene at that convention, said: "No scene in any convention in the history of American politics ever rivalled, or even approached, that enacted in the Coliseum when Senator Lodge, permanent chairman, in paying a glowing tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, said the President was the most abused, yet the most popular man in the United States. First there were cheers and yells, then the delegates stood upon chairs, waved hats, flags and coats and the noise became a tumult. At the end of twenty-three minutes the whole hall broke into the monotonous repetition of the phrase, "Four years more," continuing it like a chant, amid great excitement. When the tumult had continued half an hour a "Teddy Bear" was thrown among the delegates and pandemonium broke loose." After forty-five minutes Senator Lodge was permitted to proceed with his address. Will history repeat itself on June 18th?

The Tribune-Times is altogether too modest. Last week that paper claimed that President Taft had 562 delegates to the Chicago convention to his credit. The Taft press dispatches of the same date declared that the President had 600 delegates! The T.-T. based its figures on reports sent out by the National Taft Bureau. This man McKinley who is managing the Taft campaign and is responsible for the reports sent out from Washington, is the same McKinley who was on the job two years ago, at the time of the congressional elections. On election day, as soon as the polls were closed, he brazenly and without regard to the truth wired the President that the Republican party had swept the country; that as a result of the elections the republicans would have a largely increased majority in the national house of representatives. We all know the result. The facts were exactly the opposite. The large republican majority in the house was wiped out, the country had lost faith in the administration, and the democrats have control of the house by a good working majority. As an election braggart and fabricator Manager McKinley out-classes our neighbor across the street.

The women of Washington are preparing to take an active part in the forthcoming campaign. Already two of them are avowed candidates for different offices. The latest is Mrs. Josephine Preston, who will run for state superintendent for public instruction, on the republican ticket. Mrs. Preston is at present county superintendent in Walla Walla county, where she has made a good record. Mrs. Timblin of Olympia, is the other woman candidate. She wants to be state land commissioner. This indicates that some women appreciate the right of suffrage and intend to avail themselves of its best opportunities.

According to John Stow, chronicler and antiquary, about 1560, who wrote and published "Summarie of Englysh Chronicles," Sir William Collingwood was executed in 1484 for writing the following political squib, in a manner which, in his day, was considered most excellent wit:

The rat, the cat and Lovel, the dog,
Rule all England under the Hog.

This was during the reign of Richard III., at a time when the chief agents of his evil schemes were Catesby, Ratcliff and Lovel. Lovel was then a common name for a dog and as a white boar was displayed on the king's escutcheon, the reference to a "hog" was obvious and so offensive that it brought about the writer's death.

Aunt Caroline came running into the dining room, her kinky hair on end.

"Missus," she gasped, "I done met a ghost out dar by de well."

"You must have been mistaken, Caroline," said the lady of the house. "There aren't any such things as ghosts."

Aunt Caroline drew herself up haughtily.

"Dey ain't, ain't dey? Well, what would you say if I tole you this un done spoke to me? Yassum, I heered him."

"Why, what did he say?"

"Say," sniffed the dusky mistress of the meals, "how you specs I know? I neber learned dese here daid langwiches."—Lippincott's.

MARRIAGES AT SEA.

Powers That Are Vested In Captains of British Vessels.

Very few people are aware of the power vested in the commanding officer of a British man-of-war or in the captain of a British merchantman when on the high seas or in a foreign port where there is no British representative, as regards marriage, provided one or both of the contracting parties be a British subject. The scope afforded either of the officers is such as might be turned to very good account by enterprising novelists.

The captains of his majesty's vessels are authorized by the foreign marriages act of 1892 to act as marriage registrars just the same as an ambassador, consul or British resident abroad, and the ceremony may take place on the high seas or on board a British man-of-war on a foreign station, subject to certain "prescribed modifications." These indicate that the legality of the marriage depends on the commanding officer fulfilling the conditions of the foreign marriages act, which, with very slight differences, conforms to the conditions as to age, consent of parents, false oaths, residence and so on, applying to marriages in the United Kingdom.

Though no one can question a captain's authority to marry at sea or on board a vessel on a foreign station, if any of the provisions laid down are not fulfilled a secretary of state has the power by means of a warrant to vary or annul the marriage performed under the act.

But in the case of such a marriage the captain who acted as registrar is protected from any disastrous consequences ensuing from his act.

Before this act commanding officers of men-of-war and merchantmen celebrated marriages on board under an old act, and the marriage had to be confirmed on arrival at the nearest port by the British representative there. Where there was none the captain himself had to act as consul and confirm his own deed.

In the merchant service the skipper has even greater power. He is not obliged to give a certificate, the only compulsion on him being the necessity to "log" the marriage in his official log book, where it may be seen entered between reports dealing with the vessel's victualing, her course, the weather encountered, the ships spoken to and the many humdrum details of "writing up the log."—London Tit-Bits.

No. 512

Order to Show Cause.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Clallam county.
Order to show cause why distribution should not be made.
In the matter of the estate of George H. Pellerin, deceased.

Application having been filed in this court on the 31st day of May, A. D. 1912, by the executrix of the last will of said George H. Pellerin, deceased, for final distribution of the residue of the estate of said deceased.

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and are hereby directed to appear in the Court Room of this Court at the Court House in Port Angeles, in said County and State, on Saturday, the 29th day of June, A.D. 1912, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why the Court should not proceed to distribute the residue of said estate among the persons who, by law, are entitled thereto.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be personally served on all persons interested in said estate at least twenty days before the time appointed for said hearing, or that said order be published once each week for four successive weeks in the Olympic-Leader, a newspaper published and of general circulation in said county.

Dated this 31st day of May A.D. 1912
[Seal]
GEO. VENABLE SMITH,
Court Commissioner of Clallam County, Washington.
First publication May 31.

LODGE NOTICES

W. of W., Ediz Circle No. 724, meets first and third Saturday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Angie J. Buchanan, G. N.
Paul T. Hopf, Clerk.

F. O. E.—Port Angeles, No. 483, F.O.E., meets every Saturday evening at Haning Hall. Visitors cordially invited.
A. H. House, W. P.
E. R. Gehrke, Sec.

B.P.O.E.—Naval lodge No. 353, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Elks Hall, opposite Office Hotel. Visitors cordially invited.
William B. Ritchie, Exalted Ruler.
Conrad Luppen, Secretary.

I.O.O.F—Clallam Lodge, No. 72, meets every Monday evening at I.O.O.F. hall
E. H. Finch, N. G.; W. B. Rogers, V. G.; C. E. Gordon, Rec. Sec.; J. E. Bigelow; Fin'l Sec.; E. A. Prickett Treas.

W. O. W.—Port Angeles Camp, No. 697, meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month in I.O.O.F. Hall.
E. P. Boyd, C. C.
R. A. Martin, Clerk

No. 560

Appointment of Guardian.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Clallam county.
In the matter of the estate of Agnes Subic, a non-resident insane person.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Clallam county, made and entered herein on the 28th day of May, 1912, the hearing of the petition of Josef Subic to be appointed guardian of the estate of Agnes Subic, a non-resident insane person, has been set for hearing for Saturday, the 29th day of June, 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the court room of said Superior Court in the city of Port Angeles, Clallam county, Washington, at which time and place all persons interested may appear and show cause if any there be, why a guardian should not be appointed for the estate of said Agnes Subic, an insane person.

By order of the Superior Court, aforesaid, this 22nd day of May, 1912.

Attest my hand and the seal of said court, the day and year last above written.
HORACE WHITE,
[Seal] Clerk.
JAMES STEWART, Atty for Petitioner
First publication May 31.

No. 512

Settlement Final Account.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for county of Clallam.
In the matter of the estate of George H. Pellerin, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the executrix of the last will and testament of George H. Pellerin, deceased, has filed in this Court her final account as such executrix and that the Court has appointed Saturday, the 29th day of June, 1912 at the hour of ten o'clock A.M. of said day, at the court room of the Court as the time and place for the hearing and settlement of said account.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court hereto affixed this 31st
[Seal] day of May, 1912.
HORACE WHITE,
County Clerk and Clerk of the said Superior Court.
First publication May 31.

P. J. WILLIAMS
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Port Angeles, Washington
Established April, 1895.

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An Immense Selection will be on Special Display

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and prompt delivery are the Planks in our Platform which we offer for your consideration. A Progressive Store for conservative buyers.

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The SPIRIT of '61

A Worthy Veteran Honored

How Uncle Luther Came to Lead the Memorial Day Parade

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Uncle Tommy Dowell and Uncle Luther Dowell were twins only in age and patriotism. In everything else they were as different as black and white or hot and cold. Uncle Tommy was short and puffy and bald of head, with a reminiscent twinkle in his blue eyes and a certain sprightliness in his step that quite belied his age. Also, he had two good, stout, stubby legs, although they were a bit bowed and stiff, so that he thumped smartly with his heels when he walked.

What Uncle Tommy lacked of reaching nature's standard of a man Uncle Luther made up. He was gaunt and stooping and so spare that one almost expected to hear him rattle in his old blue clothes like withered peas in a pod. When he walked he lurched at every step and bore heavily on his cane, for he had left his good right leg on the bloody slopes at Chickamauga, and for nearly thirty years he had stumped painfully about on a wooden leg.

Uncle Tommy was bluff and prosperous. He lived in a comfortable house in West Alden.

Uncle Luther had a little one story shop across the county line in the adjoining town of Amery, where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks. It was next the lane in the further corner of his son Jonathan's land, and he made up his own bed and cooked his meals in the little room in the rear. He seemed at least twenty years older than Uncle Tommy, and he had become querulous and quavery, so that Jonathan and his thrifty wife groaned under the responsibility of looking after him.

And that shows how two brothers who have been boys together, men together and soldiers together may drift apart. For years Uncle Tommy and Uncle Luther had not met except at gatherings of old soldiers, and these were not pleasant meetings. For the two little towns, albeit they lay out on the wide Minnesota prairie, with only an imaginary line between them, could not agree. It was the kind of dissension that grows rank and strong in little communities where there are few outside interests to occupy the intervals of attention. And the old soldiers took it up and fought it out as valiantly as they had marched on Vicksburg. They might have had a Grand Army post with reminiscent campfires, and they might have had Fourth of July celebrations and Memorial day parades, but as certainly as Uncle Tommy led the hosts of West Alden in one direction Amery and Captain Enoch Bradley could be depended upon to march in exactly the opposite direction.

As for Uncle Luther, he always followed Uncle Tommy's procession wherever it might lead. Again and again the old soldiers of the two towns met in the interests of harmony. Uncle Tommy would come to preside, and Uncle Luther would second the motions, and then they all would slump off into the quagmire of dissension.

At such times the fires of a stirring past would blaze up in Uncle Luther's faded eyes, his stooped shoulders would stiffen back, a faint flush would steal into his cheeks, and he would nod his old gray head as if in time to martial music that none but he could hear. Sometimes the tears came up to his eyes, and the boy who was fortunate enough to hear him talk thrilled with the quick pride of strife and longed to shoulder a carbine and march away to the music of fife and drum.

For two years the towns had held Memorial day services, but they had been mournfully dispirited. Uncle Tommy by sheer force of character had been marshal of the day, and Uncle Luther and a few stragglers from Amery had marched with the parade But Captain Enoch and his supporters stood by with gloomy forbearance and offered no word of encouragement. There was really little need of Memorial day services except in the abstract. The cemetery, where the discord of the two towns was buried, lay on a bare prairie knoll set around with precise rows of spindling cottonwoods that languished half the summer with thirst and whipping winds and dust—and it contained no soldiers' graves. But Uncle Tommy's parades marched up the road to the cemetery gate and back again, and Uncle Luther felt that the country's dead, wherever they might lie, had been honored.

On the third year the old soldiers met again, thoroughly determined to be harmonious. In ten minutes' time Uncle Tommy was thumping on the pine table with his cane, and several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coattails, while the two men glared and threatened. And then Captain Enoch executed a well planned flank movement, routed Uncle Tommy and ran up the Amery colors. A few minutes later his faction, acting with the right of might, had decided upon all the important features of the parade. And to further rout Uncle Tommy and his retainers they appointed Uncle Luther to the honored position of marshal of the day.

At first Uncle Luther was dumb with astonishment. He had as good right to be marshal as Uncle Tommy. They had belonged to the same regiment, and both had reached the rank of corporal, Uncle Luther on one leg and Uncle Tommy on two. But Uncle Luther always had deferred to Uncle Tommy as if he had been an older brother, and it seemed to him hardly short of sacrilege to appear as Uncle Tommy's rival. So he struggled to his feet and held up a lean finger to catch Captain Enoch's eye.

"I'd rather have Tommy have the place," he faltered. "He's better fitted for it than I be."

But Uncle Tommy was storming down the room.

"Keep it!" he roared, and he went out, slamming the door after him.

Uncle Luther followed him a few steps wistfully, and then he dropped back in his seat and listened dumbly while Captain Enoch and the exultant revolters planned the details of the parade.

"It's Amery's turn this year," gloated Captain Enoch.

Uncle Luther walked up the road alone. His step was brisker than usual and there was a brighter gleam in his eye. He could not help feeling proud that he had been honored. There were other men in Amery who would have served better in his place—he knew that well enough, for he was old, and he didn't walk easily—but he was glad with the joy of appreciation.

For so many years he had been an unnoticed, crippled tinker, and when at last recognition came to him, even at the expense of his more fortunate brother, he could not help exulting.

"Well, I fought fer it," he mumbled, "an' I bled fer it. I'd a-given both my legs if necessary—they know that." Then, after a pause, he said aloud, "But I wisht Tommy'd got it."

He opened the door of his little shop and went in. His eyes swept the familiar disorder of the room, the rusty tools hanging on the wall, the blear faced old clocks, the pots and pans, all the toys of a second childhood. He was glad to be at home again, for he was worn out and trembling with the unwonted excitement of the meeting. Outside the sun shone on the green prairies, and there was warm, puddly dust in the road, but Uncle Luther's blood was thin and cold, and he shivered in the damp interior of the shop. So he brought his soldering brazier from the corner and stirred the coals into a bright glow. Then he bent over to warm his hands.

Jonathan Dowell came down the lane between his prosperous fields on his way to town. Little Dick was with

"WE THOUGHT WE'D DECORATE THE LIVIN' THIS YEAR, LUTHER."

him. When Uncle Luther saw them he went to the door and beckoned.

"Come in, Jonathan! Come in!" he called.

His face shone with pride, and he told with feverish eagerness of the new honor which the day had brought him.

"Nonsense," interrupted Jonathan testily. "Don't you know, father, that you're gettin' too old and feeble to take part in such things? You ain't able to walk to the graveyard an' back, an' you're only stirrin' up trouble between the families. Uncle Tommy'll never forgive you."

"I know it," he faltered. "I know it, Jonathan. Tommy'd ought to have it I told 'em so. I said Tommy'd ought to have it."

The end of the lane was the end of Dick's little world, and he turned and loitered back, humming a tune to himself, as a child will. Uncle Luther stood in the doorway and watched him wistfully. Of a sudden he recalled how Uncle Tommy had looked when they were boys together.

"Jus' like Tommy, exactly," he said half aloud, gazing fondly at the little fellow. Then he bent over him stiffly and beckoned.

"Come see gran'pa," he said, smiling enticingly.

Dick crossed his hands behind his back and looked at Uncle Luther soberly. He was a sunny haired little fellow, with blue eyes and puckery red lips, and he stood full in the bright May sunshine. Uncle Luther regarded him seriously.

"I told 'em I didn't want to march," he said protestingly. "I said Tommy'd do it better'n I could. But Captain Enoch, ner any of 'em, would listen to me. Don't go 'way, Dickey; don't go 'way an' leave gran'pa," beseechingly.

But the little boy was edging away. He didn't understand, and he was afraid

"Don't go way," said Uncle Luther eagerly. "Come an' see what gran'pa's got for Dickey."

He turned and hobbled painfully across his shop. He put on his spectacles and opened a drawer in his work bench, and in its depths he found a stick of horehound candy. Dick stood with one pudgy hand resting on the door frame, peering into the shop with wide eyes.

"Candy," announced Uncle Luther expressively.

Dick drew a little nearer, glancing from the candy to his grandfather's wrinkled face. Uncle Luther waved the stick like a wizard's wand and lured Dick nearer and nearer until a dirty little hand closed over the candy. Then he reached out slyly and cautiously and gathered Dick in his arms.

"Ain't you goin' to kiss gran'pa?" he asked eagerly.

But the little boy wriggled away and ran out of the door. Uncle Luther watched him loitering up the lane in the sunshine, sucking his candy, until the vision blurred in his dim old eyes. Then he returned to his brazier. He sat down and drew his chair almost over it. He bent double, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands, and there he sat alone for a long time. Finally he straightened up. The subtle warmth of the fire had stolen through all his body. He leaned back in his chair, his head drooped over to one side and his work worn old hands lay palm upward on his knees. He was fast asleep.

The brazier under him continued to glow and send its cheery comfort stealing up around his chair. It had a friendliness and hearty warmth that were more than the kindness of many of the old man's friends.

The dusk of evening came down and filled the corners with shadows, and presently a glow that was not all in the brazier began to illumine the center of the room. A thin, wavering mist of smoke curled up around the old man and crept silently along the dingy ceiling. A moment later there was a sharp burst of flame that disappeared as suddenly as it came. The old man's trouser leg rested against the hot brazier, and the fine fire gnawed and sparkled in the heavy cloth. A few shavings on the littered floor of the shop were crisping with sudden wisps of flame, and the chair legs were on fire. But Uncle Luther slept on, wholly unconscious of his danger.

Jonathan Dowell, returning from the village, saw a sinister glare in the shop windows. He rushed into the room, seized the old man and lifted him swiftly to one side. Then he beat out the fire with a gunny sack.

Uncle Luther sat up, trembling and terrified. His wooden leg was gone. It had burned almost to the stump, and the charred remains were still smoking.

Jonathan Dowell's voice rang with anger.

"What won't you do next, father?" he said. "You've set yourself on fire and nearly burned up the shop. That wooden leg of yours cost me just $50, and it'll be a long time before I can afford another."

And then he saw dimly the agony in his father's face, and he softened. He was not a bad man nor even a harsh man—only thoughtless. "You must learn to be more careful, father," he said gently and yet insistently, as if he talked to a child.

Uncle Luther was glad when his son went away. He crept to his little back room like a wounded dog and lay down on the bed.

"Too bad to trouble Jonathan an' his wife," he muttered. "Cory is so thrifty an' partic'lar. I'm careless; I know it. I'm gettin' old." And then after a time his mind reverted to the earlier interests of the day, and he said aloud, "I wish Tommy'd got it."

News travels quickly in a small town, and the next morning the sympathetic and the curious came to console with Uncle Luther and to examine the remains of the $50 leg and to point out where the fire had charred the chair.

Among the very first to call was Captain Enoch Bradley, who was a hearty, warm blooded, irascible old fellow, and his bluff sympathy went far toward solacing Uncle Luther in his affliction.

"'Twan't so bad as if you hadn't lost it before," he comforted.

But Uncle Luther had no mind for treating his loss frivolously. The years had crushed all of the humor out of him and left him only tragedy.

"I was thinkin'," he said, "that now I can't march. P'raps Amery—might let Tommy have it"—

Captain Enoch frowned darkly, but Uncle Luther hurried on:

"He's more commandin' than I be, er ever was, er ever will be, an' he's had practice"—

"Oh, you'll be ready to march by Memorial day," interrupted Captain Enoch.

"It's good of you to say so," said Uncle Luther, "but I jus' can't do it. Tommy's the man." And then he added wistfully, "I wisht I could see Tommy."

But Uncle Tommy did not come. Uncle Luther heard, however, that Uncle Tommy had been appointed marshal of the parade, and he was glad of it. For himself, he was busied after the first day or two with a stout piece of ash, which he slowly whittled down with a draw shave to the proportions of a wooden leg. It would not do as well as a regular artificial leg, such as the one he had been wearing, but he hoped that it would serve him for the Memorial day exercises.

He still cherished a desire to march with the parade, although he knew that Jonathan would not approve of it. He was afraid of Jonathan. But whole days slipped by when he was not strong enough to work, and yet he clung to the task with feverish eagerness. The man within him protested that he was still good for something, that old age had not robbed him of everything.

On the morning of Memorial day the whittling was all finished, but there remained the task of attaching the straps, and Uncle Luther knew that he could not hope to complete the leg in time for the exercises. So he laid it away, and toward noon he dressed up in his best blue clothes and put on his wide brimmed black hat with the gold cord around the crown. Then he hobbled out of the door and dropped down on a box by the fence with his back resting against a post. Where Uncle Luther sat he could look up the yellow stretch of roadway, and he knew that he could see the parade almost as soon as it left the town. It would pass the end of the lane on its way to the cemetery, and he hoped, with the optimism of the very old and the very young, that it would come back by the same road. Seeing it was next to marching with it.

Uncle Luther put on his long distance glasses, and he saw a blur of blue moving along the road from the village. Above it there was a blur of red and white. A moment later these resolved themselves into a [illegible] of old soldiers, with the flag flapping above them. Uncle Luther took [illegible] breath, and his eyes shone. Suddenly a band began to play the stirring music of "Marching Through Georgia."

"They've got the band," exclaimed Uncle Luther in a voice that choked with ecstasy.

Unconsciously he rose on his one good foot and took off his hat. His eyes dimmed, and as the enlivening strains of the music came up to him another picture formed on his misty glasses. He saw the boys in blue—not a meager handful of gray and stooping remnants, but boys with fresh young faces and broad shoulders and proud chins. They were muddy to the knees with marching, they were ragged and tattered, but they swept by to the drums and fifes, regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade, and orderlies clattered up and down with yellow envelopes stuck in their belts, and the shells were screeching from the Confederate heights. He saw the companies wheel and deploy. He saw them strip down and form in line at "charge bayonets." The big black guns were leaping the ruts in the road, with the gunners clinging desperately to the caissons. Then he saw the long line of gray rise up over the hill and pour itself down the slope. He saw the ragged, mile long flash of the carbines, and he would have leaped forward to the charge if for a single moment he had heard the bugle's shrill summons.

Uncle Luther's spectacles were dimmed. He polished them off with shaky fingers and looked again. Behind the band there was a stretch of white that seemed to twinkle in the sunshine.

"They've got the children, too," he faltered.

Then the old fellows in blue swung at the corner. They were keeping military line, and something of the old spirit had thrilled their steps into an unwonted precision. The band, wheeling with them, swept into "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Uncle Luther leaped forward on his one good leg, waved his hat around his head and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah!" His head was thrown back, his eyes flashed, his breath came back quick and hot.

Now they had reached the end of the lane, and Uncle Luther could make out the full length of the parade. It was by far the greatest celebration that the town ever had known, and his heart swelled with pride at the thought. Not once did he recall his own disappointment and sorrow. It was all for the glory of the day.

Suddenly Uncle Luther shrank back. What were they trying to do? He felt an impulse to run forward and tell them that they had missed the way to the cemetery and that the lane ran only as far as Jonathan Dowell's house. But before he could decide what to do the old soldiers stopped almost in front of his own little shop. The band had swung out to one side. It was playing "America," and the sweet, shrill voices of the children rose and fell with the music. Uncle Luther sank back on his box, trembling. Through a mist of great happiness he saw Uncle Tommy and Captain Enoch advancing toward him side by side. He couldn't believe it at first; he didn't pretend to believe it.

"I'm gettin' old," he muttered, "an' I'm not steady in my mind."

But he rose to meet them. Uncle Tommy carried an odd shaped package in his arms, and when he was near to Uncle Luther he stopped and cleared his throat. Every one was silent, listening.

"I calc'late to make a speech," he stammered, "but we thought we'd decorate the livin' this year, Luther, here's a new leg."

He held out the odd shaped package helplessly. Uncle Luther did not seem to see it at all. He reached forward and put his hands on his brother's shoulders, and the leg fell down unheeded between the two old men.

Uncle Luther strapped on the leg with trembling, inefficient fingers, and then Captain Enoch and Uncle Tommy marched him out between them. Uncle Tommy's own horse and buggy, decorated with ribbons and flowers, stood in front of the shop.

"You're goin' to be the marshal of the day," said Captain Enoch.

"But—Tommy"—

"Get in," commanded Uncle Tommy in a voice that was not to be disputed.

Uncle Luther, sitting as straight as a trooper, drove out at the head of the procession, while the band, with a rattle of drums, swept into "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land."

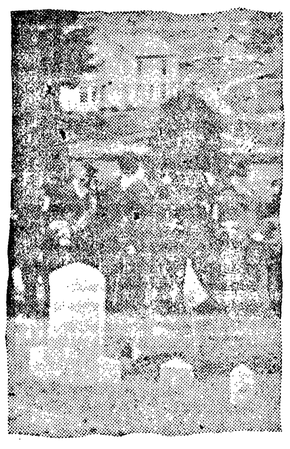
Photo by American Press Association.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

By ALICE E. ALLEN

A LITTLE old forgotten cemetery
Where sunlight softly streams,
Where birds and bees and blooms of May make merry
And winds are sweet with dreams;

A few old fashioned monuments half broken,
Around which grasses wave,
No other sign of memory or token
By which to mark a grave,



Except an apple tree, which stoops and offers
A branch of blossoms gay
To one low mound, like some kind heart that proffers
With love its best bouquet.

Through tears I read what Time, all else effacing
By rain and frost and sun,
Has left upon the stone in tender tracing,
"A Boy of Sixty-one!"

PEACE.

Oh, draw aside the drapery of gloom
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
We decorate today.

And in the holy silence reigning round,
While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
Thank God that peace is here!

And let each angry impulse that may start
Be smothered out of every loyal breast,
And, rocked within the cradle of the heart,
Let every sorrow rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Wanted War to Go On.

During the civil war in a car on a railroad which runs into New York a dramatic scene was enacted. A person dressed as a gentleman, speaking to a friend across the car, said:

"Well, I hope the war may last six months longer. If it does I shall have made enough money to retire from business. In the last six months I've made $100,000. Six months more and I shall have enough."

A lady sat behind the speaker and necessarily heard his remarks. When he had finished speaking she tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Sir, I had two sons. One was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, and the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro."

She was silent for a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, overcome by her indignation, she suddenly slapped the speculator, first on one cheek and then on the other. Before the fellow could say a word the passengers sitting near who had witnessed the whole affair seized him and pushed him from the car.

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THE TIMES CLOTHING MARTS

GREAT SALE

Is still on and offering some of the greatest bargains in every line of goods. There has never been such a sweeping reduction made on good, honest dependable merchandise as we are now making. Below are a few of the MANY BARGAINS

NO MATTER

what the size of your pockетbook we can fit you out with a new suit as we have them at prices to suit everyone. A $7.50 suit cut to

$5.98

Better ones at corresponding *LOW PRICES*

Men's Turkey Red Handkerchiefs
3c

Men's Dress and Work Pants
98c
some of these are worth $1.75

Calico's and Prints, the kind that kind that retails for 7c or 7½c everywhere, sale price
4¾c

Ladies Fine white lawn aprons never sold for less than 35c
sale price 24c

Ladies fine white lace and embroidery corset covers
24c

Ladies $4.50 Dress Skirts cut to
$2.98

One of the best Apron Ginghams A regular 10c gingham, now
6½ yd

Gentlemen's Linen Handkerchiefs Hemstitched, a regular 25c
sale price 12½c

A new line of dress ginghams bought to retail at 15c
sale price 9c

Ladies fine white muslin nightgowns regular $1.00
sale price 68c

A lot of Embroidery some of it worth 25cyd. all go at one price
9c the yard

Genuine Seal leather lined Shopping bags, a regular $5.00 bag
price $2.48

All our chambrays go at
9c yard
Some are worth 15c

Blue checked gingham aprons, would be cheap at 25c
sale price 18c

Ladies Fancy Hemstiched Handkerchiefs
6c

SHOES! SHOES!

You never saw such a reduction in shoes of all kinds. Shoes for men, women and children. Just drop in and examine this line of shoes and a look at the Red Tags will let you see the great reduction in prices for *THIS SALE.*

Belts.
A large line of belts, consisting of men's, ladies and children's all late goods, to be sold for 25 to 50c less than regular value.

Ladies 35c Fine White Lawn Aprons, with shoulder straps and lace trimmings
Sale price 28c

Ladies fine Shirt waists have embroidery fronts and some pleated, regular $1.25 wast to clear at
49c

Men's $3.00 and $3.50 felt hats cut to
$1.98
Ladies House Dresses cut from $1.50 to
98c.

Ladies Rolled Edge Rubbers usually sold for 75c
49c

Boys Fine Golf Caps nothing better at 25c
Sale price 15c

Mens Heavy Rubbers usual 85c rubber
59c

We are are asked if we have this and that on sale now. I want to tell you we have everything on sale and we have probably 1,000 different articles that we carry and it is impossible to advertise all. So don't wait if you don't see the one article you want mentioned as everything in the Store is on sale, but come and get your choice. First come first served.

TIMES CLOTHING MART.

AN INCIDENT of WAR NEAR TAOS

BY O. M. SPENCER.

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AFTER sunset on a harvest day in 1863 I was returning across the field from a hard day's plowing, riding one mule of the span, while the other kept step in a lazy manner in the furrow behind. Although only twelve years old, I was required to do my part of the general work on the large farm owned by my father, located in Buchanan county, Mo., near a village called Taos.

Passing over the ridge approaching a small meadow at the foot of the orchard on the west side of the farm house, I saws about sixty men dressed in red shirts and black trousers, each gathering an armful of new mown hay from the various cocks piled here and there over the mowed ground. As the several men found their way back toward the house along the winding path leading through the orchard I noticed that each one wore a belt from which hung over each hip a large leathern scabbard, in which rested a revolver commonly known as Colt's six shooter or navy pistol.

The scene was not uncommon except in the number of mentogether. The improvised uniform of red shirt and black trousers meant the type of men who rode with Quantrell and his guerrillas. This bunch was under the command of Captain Fletch Taylor, whose left arm had been shot off in a skirmish with Jennison and his Kansas raiders only a short time prior to this date.

TOLD OF THE MORNING BATTLE.

On reaching the house I learned from my father who Captain Taylor was and what he wanted. The captain said his men were tired and hungry, having had no rest the last twenty-four hours, and that he wanted supper prepared at once for sixty men. My father told the captain that, being a southern sympathizer, he had been compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the Union and therefore he could not feed or harbor Confederate soldiers. Besides, it also became his duty under his oath to inform the Union forces nearest by of the presence of any Confederate soldiers in his neighborhood. The captain replied that his men would feed themselves from the smokehouse and kitchen (which they proceeded to do) and that men who informed on him and his men did not live long thereafter, notwithstanding "oath of allegiance" and all other such nonsense.

The mission of Captain Taylor through that portion of Missouri at that particular time was supposed to be for recruiting purposes and incidentally to retaliate on a few Union soldiers stationed at Arnoldsville, a small town in the east side of the county. A southern sympathizer had been killed near Arnoldsville, presumably by some Union soldier, a few days before, and this meant sure death to one or more Union men in the same neighborhood, preferably Union soldiers if such could be found in the locality. Taylor had learned of the presence of a company of Union men at Arnoldsville, and after partaking of refreshments and resting an hour or two at my father's home he and his men moved off in the darkness and stillness of night down the road in the direction of the little village of Arnoldsville.

At the break of day on the following morning the inhabitants of the scattered homes constituting this small town were aroused by the sound of firearms within their very midst. There was only one street, called Main street, which was, in fact, only an improved portion of the county road passing, as it did, north and south through the village. The Union soldiers were quartered in the second story of the only general merchandise store in the town, the means of access being a stairway on the outside at the west end of the frame building. From the single doorway of this room on the second floor the boys in blue, aroused by the pistol shots, stood for a moment gazing at the men in red and black who sat mounted, with pistol in hand, awaiting their prey.

A voice was heard in the building to say, "Make ready, men. Forward!" and in the moment the men in the building were seen to file out and down the stairway, keeping step as if in regular drill on the practice field. But these men knew the danger ahead of them. It meant death to some of their number, just how many or who it must be none cared then to even surmise.

Captain Taylor and his men lost no time in charging the Union soldiers now drawn up in line along the end of the building. The red shirts were at the disadvantage of having only small firearms—side arms—while the Union men had muskets, which carried double the distance the navy revolver could reach. The rebels on horse divided as they approached under full speed, firing as they rushed by, with deadly aim. The Union soldiers stood their ground, sending volley after volley through the charging line of cavalry. A dozen men in blue dropped to the ground, and it seemed for a moment all must perish under the unerring aim.

Captain Taylor was seen to fall from his horse, pierced by a musket ball through the left side below but near the shoulder. In an instant the firing ceased on the part of the red shirts, and a rush was made to the spot where Captain Taylor had fallen. A dozen men dismounted and the wounded man was picked up and placed in the saddle in front of one of the strongest men on a powerful steed, that cantered away with the two men on his back as if accustomed to the weight.

The Union soldiers, after caring for their dead and wounded, hurriedly gathered up and saddled their own horses and started south along the county road in pursuit of the bushwhackers, who seemed satisfied with the morning's work and retreated in the direction whence they had come.

With an hour's start Captain Taylor had no difficulty in eluding his pursuers. He found in calling the roll at the noon hour in the walnut grove near Taos that two of his boys were gone, killed in the first charge at Arnoldsville, and a number were slightly wounded. I say "his boys" because there were not more than half a dozen men in his company over the age of twenty-one.

Among the number wounded under Captain Taylor was a young man of good family whose boyhood days had been spent in our neighborhood and a part of the time at our district school. He was only eighteen years of age, but a young man of great physical development, strength and beauty. His name was Billie Feland. It was he who rode behind the wounded captain, giving no heed to a shot which had plowed its way through the flesh of his own right leg in the thigh just above the knee.

After helping to dress the wound of his captain in such a manner as to enable that individual to ride alone, he asked to be allowed to remain in the grove under a natural shelter of bushes near the creek half a mile distance from the main traveled road, stating he would be able after dark to reach his father's house, only two miles away. Within an hour after his friends left him Feland's wounds began to bleed afresh and in another hour he was so weak from loss of blood that he feared the end would soon come. He crawled near the public road and attracted the attention of a lady on horseback, who proved to be the wife of the officer in charge of the Union troops at Arnoldsville. She had spent the night at Taos and had not learned of the skirmish at her home town. She declined to summon help unless Feland told her how and where he was wounded. It seemed only a question of manner of death with him, so he gave a true account of the morning's engagement. She hurried off, not to the home of young Feland, as he had requested, but to her own home, where she told her husband of what she had seen.

A squad was sent to capture and bring back the young rebel to the scene of the morning engagement and to his certain death. By night they returned with young Feland lying in the army wagon with no bedding or even straw to protect him from the jolting motion of the vehicle.

At sunrise the next morning the wounded rebel was propped up on a dry goods box in the middle of the street at the point called Public square, and six men were detailed to shoot him, three guns loaded with blank cartridges and three with musket balls. Before taking the position to fire an officer approached young Feland with a handkerchief, intending to blindfold him.

STEPPED OUT AND SAID, "LOOK AT ME."

"No, no!" cried the pale, handsome youth. "Do not blindfold me, but let me see the man who kills me."

One of the six stepped out, saying: "Look at me. I have agreed, with the consent of the officer in charge, to shoot you myself, provided I can have those cavalry boots you now have on."

"Then," said young Feland, looking the soldier in blue straight in the eye, "raise your gun, take sure aim here," placing his hand over his heart, "and fire."

The report of the gun rang out on the still, cool air. The young man fell forward on his face. The executioner was the first to approach the boy, and there, before life was extinct, he was tugging at the boots, which he immediately placed upon his own feet. Around the young man's neck was found a small gold chain and locket. In the locket was the picture, in daguerrotype, of a beautiful middle aged woman. On the edge of the tin below the likeness was scratched the word "Mother."

WAR STORIES ABOUT "THE BOYS OF '61"

Anecdotes and Incidents of the Conflict Fifty Years Ago.

On that part of the line in front of Atlanta occupied by the Twentieth corps the pickets often entered into an agreement not to fire for anywhere from half an hour to three hours. The picket lines were so close together that a Yankee whisper could be heard by the Johnnies. The show of a head or any part of a body meant a shot and usually a wound or death. When the pickets became so weary from sitting in the cramped picket pits that life was an almost unbearable burden a truce was called for. If the call came from the Confederates it was in this way or the way very similar to this:

"Yanks, how do you alls feel?"

"Like Satan or worse. These picket pits give us the cramps."

"That's our fix too. Suppose we stop the killing for an hour or so while we stretch our limbs and get rested."

"Mighty glad to make such a contract."

"All right. We will let up three minutes from now and give you three minutes to get back into the shooting begins."

"It is a bargain."

Then these brave men climbed out of the pits, straightened their legs, stretched their arms and talked to each other on as friendly terms as so many farmers who had met at a line fence might be expected to do.

By and by the man who led in making the contract stepped out from his associates and said:

"I'm sorry, Yanks, but the time is up. Hunt your holes and watch out."

When the boys were safe in their graves, as the picket pits were often called and as they sometimes proved, a Yank called back, "We are fixed, Johnnies; let her sliver."

And they "slivered," both sides.—New York Telegram.

Too Much For General Butler.

After the battle of Chickamauga an enthusiastic Confederate went about the streets of New Orleans accosting every man who wore the blue with, "Didn't Stonewall Jackson give you blazes at Chickamauga?" General Butler called the exultant Confederate before him and told him he could either take the oath of allegiance or go to Ship island for two years. The Confederate deliberated, but finally agreed to take the oath. When he had sworn to support the constitution he turned to General Butler and exclaimed, "Now we are both loyal citizens, ain't we, general?"

"Well, I trust so," said General Butler.

"Then," said the jubilant Confederate, "I want to ask you if Stonewall Jackson didn't give us blazes at Chickamauga?"—Argonaut.

Soldiers Too Particular.

A soldier correspondent, wounded in the south, wrote home to the north during the civil war:

"The sanitary and Christian commissions are the means in God's hands of accomplishing an infinite amount of good. I know the soldiers are directly benefited by the essentials and 'goodies' prepared by the devoted mothers and loving sisters of the men. The trouble is too many of them want the identical cooky his mother made."

As the Maine troops were leaving the battlefield of the First Bull Run a soldier stepped up to one of the officers of the Fifth regiment and requested the loan of a knife. The officer took out a common pocketknife and handed it to the soldier, who sat down at the side of the road, pulled up the leg of his trousers and deliberately dug a musket ball out of his leg. Then he jumped up and resumed his march.