THE CARLISLE MERCURY.

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COMMENT

About the first of next month most of us will begin to write it "1915."

Governor Blease pardoned and paroled 150 convicts during the holidays.

We'll wager you heard no kick, because you wrote "1914" on that check the collector separated you from on January 1.

Der Kaiser did not take his Christmas dinner in dear old Lunnon after all. Possibly he was not sufficiently urged.

On his return from Washington Sunday, Senator Camden stated that he had nothing to say as to his possible entrance into the race for Governor.

When you are settling up other bills, please remember that it takes money to run a newspaper, and that dollar you owe us on subscription will help.

Colonel W. P. Walton will issue the first number of his new weekly in Lexington on January 16. That it will be an interesting sheet goes without saying.

This is Farmer's Week at the Kentucky State University, and if you are a farmer you will profit by hearing the lectures. You may get an idea that will be worth a hundred times the expense of attending.

"Poodle dogs split more families among our wealthy classes than any other single cause," says a Cincinnati preacher. Which prompts the thought that a family capable of being split up by a poodle dog is a dog-gone poor family, after all.

Are you patronizing home industry and selling your tobacco on the Carlisle market? A prosperous tobacco market here means a more prosperous town and county. And it is well to remember, too, that experience has shown that the prices received on the local market are just as good and often a great deal better than you can get elsewhere.

The Frankfort State Journal says that the day is past when a paper can be started with a hand press and a hat full of type and expect any reasonable amount of success. To which might be added that the day is rapidly passing when a paper with a power press and a linotype can be made to go along the old dollar-a-year-pay-when-you-get-good-and-ready plan.

The immigration bill, which contains a restrictive literacy test for the admission of immigrants to this country, has passed the Senate. One amendment excludes all persons of African race or Negro blood. Belgian farmers coming to this country during the war, or one year after the war closes, are exempted from the literacy test. President Wilson has indicated that he will veto the bill, as did President Taft.

An exchange says that news of war and rumors of war fade into nothingness to the man away from home, when such outside neighborhood items, telling how Mrs. Ann Tucker, in opening a fruit can, cut herself in the pantry; or Peter Johnson, while painting his roof, fell and injured himself on the back porch; or how Harry Smith, while escorting his best girl home, was attacked by a vicious dog and bitten in the park.

Owsley Stanley has tossed his head-gear into the gubernatorial ring. And now, whatever may have been said of the lack of interest in recent campaigns, we may be sure that this one will be a humdinger. Owsley is there with the pyrotechnics when it comes to whooping it up on the stump. Like the war horse we are told about in the book of Job, "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunders of the captains and the shouting."

Nicholas Physician Commits Suicide At Lexington

Despondent over the fact that an incurable facial growth from which he had been a sufferer for some time, had failed to yield to treatment, Dr. W. D. Howe, of this county, committed suicide by severing the femoral artery in his thigh at the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Lexington, Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Howe had recently been operated on at a Cincinnati hospital; and had been in the Lexington hospital just a week. He had sent out by a boy Friday and purchased the razor used in his self-destruction presumably that he might be shaved. He was discovered by a colored attendant Saturday afternoon, and when the orderly, who was hastily summoned by the darkey, entered Dr. Howe's room, life was extinct.

The body was brought to Carlisle on the night train Saturday. Funeral services were conducted from the residence on the Moorefield pike Monday afternoon by Rev. D. H. Stamps, of the Moorefield Christian Church. Interment was in the Carlisle cemetery. Six brother physicians acted as pall bearers. They were: Drs. J. C. Martin, H. P. Reynolds, Bruce Smith, W. H. Martin, G. B. Spencer, H. H. Dantin.

Dr. Howe was born in this county January 17, 1860. He was the son of the late Harvey Howe, of Moorefield. His mother, wife, one daughter, Miss Ethel, and a sister, Mrs. Robert Blount, survive. He was married three times, his first wife being Miss Retta Talbert. To this union were born two children, Misses Ruth and Ethel Howe. The former died some years ago. His second wife was Miss Georgia Secrest. His present wife was a Miss Embry of Loveland, Ohio.

The deceased had practiced medicine in this county, with the exception of a short stay in Covington and Lexington, for a number of years. He was a graduate of the Ohio Medical College. Of recent years he had devoted a large portion of his time to farming. He was a member of a family which has always been prominent in the county, and his death came as a shock to a host of friends and relatives here.

Mr. T. W. Parsons Dies At Home In Mt. Sterling

Mr. T. W. Parsons, aged 88, Montgomery county's last Mexican veteran, died at the home of his son, Rodney D. Parsons, a former resident of Carlisle, in Mt. Sterling, last Friday morning. He was the father of Mrs. Andrew McIntosh and Mr. Charles Parsons, of this place, and is well known here, where he had often visited. The funeral services were held at the Methodist church in Mt. Sterling Saturday morning.

Mr. Parsons was born in Virginia, and was a veteran of both the Mexican and Civil wars. Before his health became enfeebled he wrote frequently for the county papers, under the pen name of "Ethan Spike." He was a splendid citizen and bore the respect of the entire community.

Children Cremated In Burning House In Harrison

Cynthiana, Ky., Dec. 29.—Two of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Barnes, one nine months old and the other two and a half years old, were burned to death late yesterday in a fire that destroyed the Barnes' home, near Breckinridge, this county. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and three children had been away all day visiting and upon their return Mr. Barnes built a log fire in the living room and went off to the barn to put the horse away, and Mrs. Barnes went to the spring for water, locking the doors to keep the children in out of the cold.

The little girl, five years old, who was saved from the flames, said that the fire started around the mantel, where the papers had been stuffed to keep out the cold air, and the fire, reaching the walls, spread so quickly the entire room was afire almost instantly. The child said she tried to get out of the door of the room where the fire started, but found it locked and went into the kitchen and couldn't get out there. The flames were leaping into the kitchen and she couldn't go back to the other children and crouched under the kitchen table.

J. C. Ogden Reaches Mission Station At Batang

Batang, Oct. 27, 1914.

Dear Parents:

Our mail goes tomorrow, and we must not fail to get a note off to you. As Minnie has told you we got here Thursday, October 8, and now we are beginning to get settled and at home again. People here have been so nice to us. I think I can say without exaggerating that they brought in enough flour, potatoes, meat, eggs and vegetables to do us a month, besides wood, grass, butter, milk, etc., to do a few days. The first day or two bread, cakes and noodles were brought us, ready to warm up and serve. We couldn't begin to eat it all, so divided up with others. There were so many guests the first few days that I didn't get a chance to call on any one for three days. On the road a week before we got here an official gave us a horse, two goats, two chickens, four fats, four dozen eggs, one sack of wheat, one sack of flour, one sack of peas to feed the horse, and noodles enough for them. I gave him my watch. I forgot to say that he gave the children about $12 in money besides.

The very day we got into Batang we wondered what we'd do for milk. That evening a woman we used to know brought us a quart of nice rich milk, and said we could have two quarts per day as long as we wanted it. The next day a man came in from ten miles north and brought us a cow to keep on trial for a few days. She gives one half gallon milk per day now. We can have her for $5.00 gold, or 25 rupees. We'll keep her.

Every high official in the place, Tibetan and Chinese, have called on us and made us feel welcome, and yesterday the chief Chinese official here gave us men folks a feast. He asked if I was going to open a school again, and when I said "yes," he said, "I'll set you apart a suitable house till you can build." The last two Sundays at our preaching place, the crowds were overwhelming. Last Sunday there were 75 in the children's department.

The same people came back to work for us, who were with us before we went away. The children we left here have done fine and Gwei Gwang, Gwei Yiu (the boy Bald Hill supports) and Da Dee have all been heroes through all the trouble here. Gwei Gwang, the oldest, looked after everything as best he could, and for a twenty-year-old boy he did surprisingly well.

We found our house and garden about as we left it, except $100 gold worth of stuff, which is missing. But it is a wonder anything is here. The siege here lasted several month's, many homes were looted and many burned.

We had our first prayer meeting for our four families last Sunday afternoon. We all felt so thankful that we could all be together again in health after having so many troubles and difficulties. How many well meaning people prophesied we would not make it. But we did, and may God be praised. We travelled 130 days by railroad, steamship and boat, houseboat, sedan chair and horseback. We could not have been healthier in a palace, children and all.

With much love to all,

Your son,

JIM.

30 YEARS AGO IN CARLISLE

(From THE MERCURY of Jan. 8, 1885)

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. King, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. James L. Donnell, a daughter, Zurilda Jane.

Married—John T. Bentley and Miss Mary L. Brayfield.

Died—Lillian, the daughter of Elder M. W. Harrison.

Mozart Dancing Club gives its first hop.

John N. Ross and family move to the State Institution, adjoining the Methodist Church; S. W. Barnes to put the horse away, and residence opposite the Presbyterian Church, vacated by Mr. Ross.

R. M. Parks rents his pool room to Jas. Conners for $1.200 per year.

Brief News Of Neighboring Counties

BATH

Married—William Arnold and Mrs. Ella Bell Conway.—T. M. Reid and Miss Margaret Shepherd.—Carl F. York and Miss Katie Vice.—Robert Fair and Miss Ada Lee Jewell.—William S. one and Miss Beatrice Arnold.—Chas. Threckmorton and Miss Nettie Lee Anderson.

Died—Granville Razor, aged 4 years, of typhoid pneumonia.

George Jackson bought of Mrs. Carrie Lacy her place at the fork of the pikes in the eastern suburb of Owingsville, consisting of 25 acres of land, a good dwelling and tobacco barn, for $2,500.

HARRISON

Married—Lawrence VanHook and Miss Lizzie E. Dennis.—Mr. Quincy Edelman and Miss Etta Price.—Mr Homer Fryman and Miss Ethel DeBruler.—Mr. Elias Whalen and Miss Ina M. Whalen.—Mr. Amos Robey, of Scott county, and Miss Lola Grace Hiles, of Harrison.—Mr. Timothy McKinney and Miss Lola Mae.—Miss Mildred Hickman and Mr. Russel Fryman.

Died—James M. Terry, aged 56, of paralysis.—Mr. T. H. Johns, aged 62, of Harrison, at Lexington.—Mrs. Edward Kersey, aged 73, of paralysis, at her home on Ruddles Mills pike.

FLEMING

Married—Frank Getz and Miss Gladys Clark.—Claude Linville and Miss Clara Caywood.—William Mitchell and Miss Lettie Jolly.—Owen Emmons and Miss Emma Hutton.

Died—Mrs. Jane Aitkin, aged 87, from the infirmities of age.—Elijah Hart, aged 57, suddenly of heart trouble, at his home at Poplar Plains.

On Christmas Eve during a melee, near, Ryan Jim Hilderbrand shot his brother, Bill Hilderbrand, the ball taking effect in the forehead but only making a scalp wound.

On Monday, December 28, the Growers Warehouse sold 75,000 pounds tobacco at an average of $9.50.

MONTGOMERY

James Scott, son of Policeman Scott, and bartender at P. H. Davis' saloon on West Main street, was shot in the left side Christmas Eve, by Gyp Tipton, a Bath county negro. The wound was not serious.

An attempt was made late last Tuesday night by unknown parties to rob and blow up Mr. W. S. Lloyd's drug store on South Maysville street, in Mt. Sterling. Lloyd was shot in the left side. The explosion of the safe caused the alarm and only the accidental return to the store of Mr. Howard Brown, one of the clerks, about eleven o'clock prevented the culmination of the outrage. The intruders were warned of Mr. Brown's return by his attempts to unlock the front door and made their escape.

Died—Mrs. Mate Everett Gatewood, wife of Mr. Lawless D. Gatewood.—Miss Lizzie Stephens, of tuberculosis.—Sanford Powers, aged 74, of Bright's disease.

Married—Chapman Gibson and Miss Elnora Pendleton.—Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Grace Childers

John Helwig, aged about twenty-three years, a son of Mr. William Helwig, of Montgomery county was found near Ewing, on Saturday, Dec. 26, in a badly frozen condition. He had been to Mt. Sterling Christmas day and it is thought started to walk to his home and fell by the roadside. He was rushed to a Lexington hospital and for a time it was feared that his hands and feet would have to be amputated, but late advices indicate that while his condition is still critical he has a chance to recover.

BOURBON

The work of installing the new fixtures in the Deposit & Peoples Bank, in Paris, has been about completed, and the newly remodeled and refurnished banking house is now one of the most commodious and best appointed financial institutions in the State.

The Bourbon Tobacco Warehouse Co. sold Tuesday, December 29, 162,385 pounds of tobacco for $16,184.74, an average of $9.90.

Elmer Boardman, of Little Rock, sold to Perry Browning, of Clark county, 41 head of heifers at $5.75 per hundred.

Caywood & McClintock, of Paris, shipped a car load of hogs to the Cincinnati market that were purchased from Bourbon farmers at prices ranging from $6.25 to $6.50 per hundred lbs.

Ed. Weathers, of Bourbon, brought from L. P. Hamilton, of Winchester, eight head of 800-pound steers at $6.75 per hundred pounds. Mr. Weathers also bought 10 head 700-pound steers from Maury Weil, of Lexington, at $6.75 per hundred.

Thieves forced the front door of Harry Salsbihn's saloon in Paris Christmas night, and secured five dollars and several bottles of whiskey. The money drawer contained $5.20.

The old Peacock distillery, where so many thousand gallons of whiskey has been manufactured, has been converted into a mill, and J. T. Kiser grinds meal and graham flour every Tuesday and Friday.

Mr. Owen Davis has completed a deal with Mr. Geo. C. Webb and heirs of Judge Watts Parker for a lease of the Windsor Hotel in Paris. The building will be thoroughly modernized and equipped with up-to-date improvements, papered, new floors laid, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Crosdale will be in charge of the culinary and housekeeping departments of the hotel.

Married—Mr. William Hollar and Miss Evalee Hunter.—Mr. Robert Whitehead Woodford and Mr. James L. Dodge.—Miss Mattie McClain, of Centerville, and Mr. William Dodson, of Bourbon.—Williamsburg Wagoner and Miss Sadie Hufnalls.—Mr. W. P. Ingram and Miss Sara C. Leach.

Special Judge Harmon Stitt last week gave his decision in the Payne-Hohn habeas corpus case, returning the five-year-old boy to its parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, of Bourbon county. From the evidence introduced at the trial it was brought out that Mr. and Mrs. Payne had given the child into the keeping of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hohn, of Paris, who secured a court order permitting their taking the child. Later Mr. and Mrs. Payne decided that they wanted their child back and upon being refused its custody by Mr. and Mrs. Hohn, the habeas corpus proceedings were instituted.—Kentuckian-Citizen.

In Judge C. A. McMillan's court, Saturday afternoon when he was fined $150 for bootlegging at North Middletown.

Joseph Holland, a resident of the Confederate Home was instantly killed near Pewee Valley Saturday afternoon when he was struck by an inbound Louisville & Nashville railroad train at Pewee Valley. Mr. Holland was a native of Bourbon county.

INTERURBAN SCHEDULE

Leave Paris for Lexington	Leave Lex. for Paris
6.45 a. m.	* 6.00 a. m.
*7.00 a. m.	7.30 a. m.
8.15 a. m.	*9.00 a. m.
*9.30 a. m.	9.50 a. m.
10.45 a. m.	10.30 a. m.
*11.15 a. m.	11.50 a. m.
12.45 p. m.	1.30 p. m.
2.15 p. m.	2.50 p. m.
*3.40 p. m.	3.20 p. m.
4.30 p. m.	4.20 p. m.
5.15 p. m.	5.00 p. m.
6.40 p. m.	6.30 p. m.
8.50 p. m.	7.20 p. m.
9.45 p. m.	9.10 p. m.
11.00 p. m.	11.00 p. m.

Local Men Go To Look At Farm In Virginia

Mr. H. B. Bryson, of the Carlisle Real Estate Company, and Mr. J. C. Rowe, of this county, left Tuesday at noon for Virginia to look at some farming land in Prince Edward county.

The farm, which has been advertised in the columns of THE MERCURY by the Carlisle Real Estate Co., is a tract of land of 1,000 acres in Prince Edward county, and is offered at $10 per acre. It has a fine colonial house on it, 300 acres of fine timber and 100 acres of rich river bottom land.

Mr. Bryson and Mr. Rowe will be in Virginia for a week or ten days.

First Train Is Run Over Winchester-Irvine Division

The first train to be run over the Winchester-Irvine Division of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, making the entire trip from Winchester to Irvine, left Winchester Monday morning, carrying Superintendent W. H. Anderson, of Paris, Chief Engineer O. H. Courtney, Chief Engineer of Construction H. C. Williams, and Assistant Engineer E. D. Sloan, of Winchester. Other railroad officials accompanied the party on the tour of inspection.

The train was made up in Cincinnati, and the officials along the road were picked up and made the trip to Winchester, where a short stop was made taking on the local men and proceeded to Irvine. Enroute the work on the road was thoroughly inspected.—[Paris Kentuckian-Citizen.

Co-per enumerated the numerous symptoms of catarrh, such as an offensive breath, constant sniffing, discharges from the nose, droppings in the throat, frequent sneezing, watery eyes, full head, headaches, depression of spirits, nervousness, unsound digestion, lost appetite and susceptibility to coughs and colds.

Cooper then told how the faulty methods of living produced rheumatism and kidney complaints. How, the body, when the organs falter or fail, fills up with poisons generated by one's own system.

He explained how Tanlac, a miraculous medicine, would overcome these conditions as it has done among the thousands of sufferers in the East as well as many hundreds in Lexington, who had already used the preparation and found Tanlac an unfailing source of benefit. "Tanlac," he said, "builds up the constitution weakened by disease and mental and physical overwork, quickens convalescence, and is a sound source of comfort to the aged and infirm.

Tanlac is now sold in Carlisle by Tureman & Son.—Adv.

J. D. Burnaugh Moves To North Middletown

Mr. J. D. Burnaugh, who has been conducting a dry goods and notion store on Main street, in Paris, moved to the storeroom of Mr. Henry Caywood, in North Middletown, where the business will be continued.

Lexington Herald Places Mailing List On Cash Basis

Rate Of $5.00 Per Year Again Offered If Paid By January 15, 1915

On September 15 The Lexington Herald announced that from that date its mailing list would be conducted on a strictly cash in advance basis, all subscribers being discontinued on the first and fifteenth of each month who are not paid in advance. This practice was adhered to from that date, but on the 15th of December it was decided by The Herald to continue all subscriptions whose subscriptions expired between the date and the 15th of January, but from that date, thus giving ample time for those who have been in the habit of paying on the first of the year to do so before the expiration date. They also offer the price of $5.00 to all of those subscribers who will pay the full year in advance before January 15.

A daily newspaper was never more welcome visitor to a home than it has been for months past and as it will be for months to come. The great war of Europe seems just in its beginning while trouble seems again brewing on the Mexican border, The markets, on account of the unsettled conditions abroad and at home continue to vary constantly and a daily newspaper is an absolute necessity to the farmer for his protection.

Many Hear Cooper The Philanthropist In Lexington

L. T. Cooper, the man who created such a favorable impression in the big Eastern cities with his health theories and medicine, has attracted immense gatherings in Lexington, where the famous philanthropist has delivered a series of lectures in connection with his introduction of Tanlac, the medicine that is producing such remarkable results in Central Kentucky.

Probably ten or fifteen thousand have heard Cooper talk during the past few weeks. Possessed of an unusual amount of personal magnetism, Cooper seems to draw his crowds from all walks in life, and from every corner in the Blue Grass section.

During the course of a recent lecture, he said:

"Possibly the most prevalent and distressing condition known to we Americans is chronic catarrh of the the mucous membranes. Catarrh of the stomach is the most frequent cause of dyspepsia and catarrhal conditions of the nose and throat lead to inevitable deafness. Show me a man whose hearing is affected and I will show you a man who is suffering from catarrh.

"Frequently," continued the great student, "the lungs become diseased by the extension of catarrhal inflammation by way of the bronchial tubes to the lung substance.

"The mental and physical state of chronic catarrh sufferers, is, indeed, very unfortunate, and it is really surprising to know what an immense number of people are suffering from this almost universal malady when they think something else is wrong with them."

Co-per enumerated the numerous symptoms of catarrh, such as an offensive breath, constant sniffing, discharges from the nose, droppings in the throat, frequent sneezing, watery eyes, full head, headaches, depression of spirits, nervousness, unsound digestion, lost appetite and susceptibility to coughs and colds.

Cooper then told how the faulty methods of living produced rheumatism and kidney complaints. How, the body, when the organs falter or fail, fills up with poisons generated by one's own system.

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The Human Slaughter-House

By WILHELM LAMPE

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We recognize him; he is a reserved seat; your pass-out. A sergeant has seized him, and tries to hold him . . . the captain has woke up, but the madman tears himself away and rears ahead at them as a rifle-pit . . . he stands aloft, a black, wild silhouette against the pale sky, and spreads out his arms in blessing over the sick night . . . and all still motionless, and listen intently to the night. . . . I can hear nothing except the blood in my ears . . . all of a sudden there is a light in my eyes like bright, clean daylight . . . the sun is shining . . . and then I realize it, it is my own head . . . delicious are cooling my brain, and are teeming out of my head, one invariably on the heels of the other . . . I see the regiments marching out . . . they are passing by in the bright sunshine . . . the Rhine from river there, the Rede from river here, they are marching against each other in long array . . . Now they halt, and are standing down my spahis each other on a huge front . . . ready for the fray . . . then, the captain's voice on this side rings out . . . "Captain!" shouts the hard, naked, impudent voice we all know. "Have

"Blood Is Flowing Over My White Hand."

it's you get any cotton wool for us to plug our ears with?"

We have all turned round as if at the word of command. It is the sergeant, the rabid, standing facing the captain and gesticulating at him. "I only wanted to ask if those are wild beasts, or if they're what are called human beings you've torn to pieces there?"

But curt and sharp, as we know it, comes the reply of command responds:

"What the devil's the matter with you? Pull yourself together. Can't you see? Get back to your place at once."

But then it bursts out, the voice of nature, and resounds as heavily, and tears down all barriers.

"Murderers!" comes a blasphemous mouth. "Murderers of man! We shall have to knock them all on the head like dogs."

We all start as if under an electric shock . . . that was what was on the tip of the tongues of all of us . . . that was the illness that we bound to come . . . we cannot endure to go on lying in this charnel-house any longer.

"You mind what you're about." The other's wrath breaks out once more . . . and then we know it for certain, the captain is a fool . . . he has lost the game from the very start . . . and now . . . it is like a shadow-play before my eyes . . . like a ghastly kinematograph . . . I see that the militiaman has drawn his bayonet . . . the captain is standing facing him with his revolver in his hand, and gives him an order . . . he presses the button, and out of the butt end of the rifle on his head that rolls him to the ground without a sound . . . and they leap up from all the regiments . . . "Murderers!" they cry. "Murderers! Kill them!"

There is no stopping it now.

I feel I have gone mad . . . I do not know where I am . . . I see wild beasts all round me distorted unnaturally in a fire-and-death grapple . . . with bloodshot eyes, with foaming, slaughter-mouths, they stab, they kill one another, and try to mangle one another . . . I leap to my feet . . . I must get away, to escape from myself, or in another minute I shall be in the thick of this maddened, death-doomed mob . . . I stumble over the rifle-pits . . . I race out into the night, and tread on quaking flesh . . . step on hard heads, and stumble over weapons and helmets . . . something is clutching at my feet like hands, so that I race away this a howled door with the hounds at its heels . . . and ever more bodies—breathless—out of one field into another . . . Horror is crooning over my head . . . horror is crooning beneath my feet . . . and nothing but dying, mangled flesh . . .

Has the whole earth exploded mad? . . . Are there nothing but dead abroad this night? . . . Has every human being been murdered? . . . How long have I been running? . . . I hear how my lungs are wheezing . . . and hear how my temples are beating . . . my breath is gone . . . I am done . . . I stagger backwards . . . am falling dead to the ground . . . and I am sinking back on something soft, and sit still motionless, and listen intently to the night. . . . I can hear nothing except the blood in my ears . . . all of a sudden there is a light in my eyes like bright, clean daylight . . . the sun is shining . . . and then I realize it, it is my own head . . . delicious are cooling my brain, and are teeming out of my head, one invariably on the heels of the other . . . I see the regiments marching out . . . they are passing by in the bright sunshine . . . the Rhine from river there, the Rede from river here, they are marching against each other in long array . . . Now they halt, and are standing down my spahis each other on a huge front . . . ready for the fray . . . then, the captain's voice on this side rings out . . . "Captain!" shouts the hard, naked, impudent voice we all know. "Have

EPILOGUE.

We Pour Dead.

They have now covered up our hot breath with earth. Why are you blinking at me with your blanched eyes, my brother? Are you not glad? Don't they move, as ever sweet healthy They have laid us on in a picturesque row, and you need not worry about your head rest against human flesh at ease, and it is here your neighbor's stretch, you can see cooking but corpses . . . of twilight. One heeds the other, . . . how they are sleeping. And . . . upon corpse, ever more of them . . . through the whole length of the . . . that of the potato-field, and we even fill the whole adjoining field of Mr. . . . Wonder whether the sun still rises on shining days, and whether people still know how to laugh in the house as we used to in our time? Wonder whether our wives have not . . . forgotten their dead husband—and my two children—that they have kept forgotten their father? They were so fair, all the time—rather small it come along—they will call another father—and my wife is still young and fair.

We poor dead heroes! So do not disturb our last sleep any longer. We had to die to enable the others to live. We died for our native land in its straits. We are victorious now, and have won land and fame, land enough for millions of our brothers. Our wives have had, or our children, our mothers, our fathers have land. And now our poor native land has all its breathe. It need no longer be stifled. They have cleared the air of us. They have got rid of us, of us who were far too many. We are no longer eating the bread away from other hungry mouths. We are so full-fed, so full-fed and sodden. But they have got land! Fertile land! And ore! Iron mines! coal! Bigness! And bread!

Come, brother philosopher, let us turn our faces to the earth. Let us sleep upon our barrels, and let us dream of nothing but our country's future.

THE END