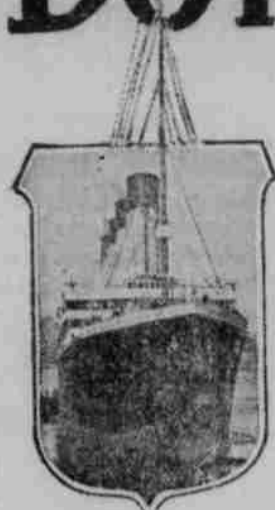


BOTH SIDES of the SHIELD by MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



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PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion.

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me.

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

"And now, Mr. Palmer," I heard her saying, "as a stranger to the wishing stone it behooves you to approach it reverently. There is no reason to tell the others this, for they know the legend and its secret charms, but to you, who know it not and who come as a stranger to it, tempt not its anger by deriding it, even in your thoughts, or its indifference by wishing for what is impossible. It was at this stone that my great-grandfather wished for his bride, and in less than a fortnight they were wed. He enjoined his sons to seek this spot before wooing the women of their choice, and it is a strange fatality that all our family who have not done so have gone to their graves unloved old bachelors and the women who have defied it as old maids. Of later years it has become the custom for lovesick youths and maidens in the town and county to seek it out and test its charms, and many a happy home owes more than we may imagine to the legend which clings about this ivy colored dial. The moment has arrived when you can test its power too."

Already I had become a firm believer in the wishing stone. Laying my hand on it and looking into the lovely eyes of Ellen, I made my wish and added a prayer that it might find favor with the fates. After I had finished we joined hands again and made three circles around the stone. Then all began to laugh, and some one started up the rollicking chorus of—

"'Tis love, 'tis love,
'Tis love that makes the world go round.
All joined in save Miss Ellen and me,
for we strolled back somewhat slower than the others.

"What did you wish?" I asked, but she only shook her head and said she could not tell.

"I wished that you"— I got no further, for she gave a startled cry that checked me before I could finish the sentence.

"Don't—oh, don't!" she said. "You have already said too much. I ought to have told you not to tell your wish, for if you do the fates become perverse and mock you. If you even hint of what you have asked in secret something will happen to mar its complete fulfillment. I am sorry you spoke about it at all," and I thought her face grew a little paler.

I dared not speak again, and we walked on in silence and joined the others in the old oaken dining room. Mr. Lamb asked the blessing, and the girls sat down, while the men waited on them and brought them supper. After a merry hour we danced again, and the incident of the wishing stone was soon forgotten in the frolic of the old Virginia reel. Miss Ellen led this old fashioned dance with me, and many a pretty ankle was displayed that night as toes were pointed and courtesies made, and many a little love scene, too, went on that night, but I was too busy with my own affairs to watch what others did.

When the candles had burnt down to their sockets and Mr. Lamb said the band had struck, then began the good nights, which lasted for another half an hour. The wagons were brought round and the horses saddled, and soon the whole gay company started like a cavalcade. Long after they had left we could hear them singing through the pines.

Bud saddled his horse and rode out into the night to think of some young girl, I thought, but Miss Ellen said no; that sometimes when he became restless he would ride for hours and return always with a brighter heart and more cheerfully take up the burden of his life again. When I bade Miss Ellen good night on the landing I held the tips of her fingers for a moment.

"You are my queen tonight!" I cried earnestly.

She let me raise her fingers to my lips and looked down at me in a sad, sweet way. Then, laughing softly and somehow, I felt, a little bitterly, she said:

"Your queen of tonight will be your

cook again tomorrow."
Before I could reach her side, for my impulse was to throw myself at her feet and pour out my love to her, she glided swiftly up the stairs.

Within the next week I received a copy of the paper with my letter in it, prominently placed on the first page, and a note in the same mail from the editor congratulating me on the excellence of it. He told me to send one or two more from Georgia and then to push on and write up the bayou counties in Louisiana. He liked the dialogues and suggested that I give more interviews with the farmers. I read my letter in print, and it again struck me that I had not made it clear to my conservative readers that it was to the sons of the antebellum, slaveholding families that the south had to look for its regeneration and renewed prosperity; that it was this element which was rebuilding the fortunes in that section and not the few men from the north who had gone there to invest money. If I dared to draw a picture of the Buds and the Ellens of the south how the people of the old commonwealth would read the future of this sunny land and appreciate the struggle of its younger generation to overcome the obstacles which they had inherited in consequence of war!

A fine sense of honor had kept me from making use of the life at the Pines as a basis for a letter, but I longed to handle the subject as I saw it and to make others see it through my eyes and appreciate its beauty. Shut in my room away from the influence of Miss Ellen, of Bud and even of the colonel, I argued that such a letter could do no harm and might induce to much good. I do not hide from myself even now that there was with me a certain satisfaction in pleasing those in the home office, nor did I conceal from myself then the additional prestige such a letter might give me with my critics. The editor had complimented me on the first letter. What would he not do when he received one written with a pen guided by love and every word of it poured from the heart? If Miss Ellen loved me, I argued, she would only rejoice with me over my success. And then, too, she might not see it. This last thought brought a blush to my cheek, and I started up, determined to show her my letter and tell her what I contemplated doing.

What evil genius led me to change my mind I do not know. It might have been the fates of the wishing stone whom I had angered by partially revealing the secret I had confided to them. But at the time I was pleased to think it was a confidence I had no right to give her until I had told her of my love. Then, too, if I, who was as jealous of the family honor as Bud or even the colonel himself, saw no impropriety in making use of their heroic struggle with misfortune, surely there could be none, I thought. When I should have told her of my love, together we would talk over these hard times, and together we would read my description of them and laugh over it, or possibly cry, for it was always the pathos of the life at the Pines which I saw and not the humor. When a woman loves she always understands, I said to myself, but I did not know then how sensitive these old families had become of criticism nor how deeply they felt their changed conditions. I had only seen their fortitude and bravery, for they would have thought it beneath them to complain of their poverty to others.

Unless I wrote some such letter, which would afford me a reasonable excuse for remaining another fortnight at the Pines, I would have to leave in a day or two at the longest, for the suggestion of the managing editor was nothing less than a politely worded order.

Cajoling myself into this belief, I hesitated no longer. My mind once made up, I was seized with a fever to write such as I had not known since the first days of my career in journalism.

Taking out my writing pad and throwing myself across the bed, I wrote with an enthusiasm I had seldom experienced. If one has not felt this feverish desire to write he or she cannot appreciate the feelings which prompted me to hold up every detail as I saw it and to lend it color where color might be lacking. Loving Miss Ellen with a passion that absorbed me then, I described her as a holy priest might paint the Madonna whom he worshipped and with the accuracy with which the artist might put upon the canvas the features of his wife and children.

My blood ran more rapidly through my veins as I sketched Miss Ellen in bold relief and as faithfully described her honest father and manly brother. The names and the locality were concealed, but not more effectually than the artist might hide the name of the mother model who sat for the Madonna. One who had known the artist and his model would see in the wrap of the Madonna a shadow the wife had worn for a score of years in the humble neighborhood and in the infant Christ the idealized features of the model's child. When describing Miss Ellen and her family I felt inspired and uplifted and left nothing out which I thought would enhance the letter as a picture. When I had finished it I read it over carefully, altering not a line, even adding here and there a sentence which would lend one more bit of color to the whole.

With this letter I sent a note to the editor telling him that I would remain in the vicinity of Oglethorpe another fortnight unless he wrote me to the contrary. I said there was much more material about Oglethorpe which I thought could be used to advantage. So highly did I think of what I had written that I felt reasonably certain he would make no objections to my plans, and in another two weeks I hoped to have secured Miss Ellen's consent to become my wife.

She seemed to know by intuition what was in my heart and what I had a mind to do, for she avoided being alone with me, and whenever we would walk after that she would ask Bud to go with us. There was a gentle dignity about her during these last few days which kept me at a distance, and if I paid her a compliment she would show annoyance, and when our conversation would become personal in its nature she would remember that she had left something unattended to or would find some excuse to leave me with a half finished sentence on my lips.

I soon saw too plainly that she did not want me to speak to her of love, though she could not prevent my telling her of it with my eyes and by the silent way I would watch her when she would work. Squire Hawkins came again one evening, but she did not walk with him, and once when Bud got up to leave I saw her lay her hand ever so gently on his sleeve, which was sufficient to have kept him in his seat all night long had she wished it.

One morning she received a letter at the breakfast table, and after opening it and glancing at the signature she slipped it in her belt, and when breakfast was over she went quietly out of the room, and I did not see her again that day. For several days, in fact, she avoided me altogether, and I became wretched in the thought that I had been mistaken after all; that she cared nothing more for me than she did for any one else, even Squire Hawkins.

(To Be Continued.)

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MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF YOUNG CATTLE

Leonard Born Discovered Several Young Cattle Dead, Apparently From No Cause Whatever.

From Wednesday's Daily.
Leonard Born of this city is greatly puzzled to understand a peculiar malady that is carrying off some of his cattle. Mr. Born has been pasturing a large number of cattle on his place, north-west of this city, and among them were a number of very fine young calves. These calves were not yet a year old and were in the pink of condition, and when Mr. Born put them in to run with the cows they showed no signs of sickness.

On a visit to the pasture last week Mr. Born discovered one of the young calves dead, but did not think anything strange about the occurrence. Monday he paid another visit to the pasture and was amazed to discover two more of the calves dead, apparently without any cause. Mr. Born is greatly perplexed as to the trouble and has secured a veterinary surgeon to visit the pasture and try and discover the nature of the malady that is affecting the cattle.

EVERY TENTH FAMILY POSSES AN AUTOMOBILE

From Wednesday's Daily.
Every tenth family in Nebraska has an automobile. In proportion to population this state had, on the first day of July, more automobiles than any other state in the union, says the Lincoln Journal. The District of Columbia had one car registered for every thirty-five people. Nebraska had one for every forty-five of the population, and South Dakota very nearly the same. Indiana, Iowa, Maine and New Jersey follow with sixty.

The number of machines decreases rapidly down the list, mountainous states in the south showing the smallest proportion until Mississippi is reached with one machine for each 1,000 people. In the total numbers of cars registered on July 1 last New York led with 92,407, California followed with 78,663. Then came Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Iowa, Michigan and Nebraska, the latter with 28,791 on the books.

The registrations in the first half of the present year show that Nebraska is buying new cars quite as rapidly, all things considered, as any other state. This means that the prosperity of this region must be undiminished and that the unfavorable crop conditions that marked the early part of the growing season did not cause a perceptible diminution in the consumption of the newest and most costly necessity.

The Journal office carries all kinds of typewriter supplies.

William DelesDernier III.

The many friends in this city will learn with regret of the illness of Hon. William DelesDernier, the Elmwood attorney. The information of his illness came quite suddenly, as when last here he was apparently in the best of health. Three physicians were in attendance upon him yesterday, and it is hoped that nothing serious will develop in his case. Mr. DelesDernier is a whole-souled gentleman and possesses a host of friends in this city.

CELEBRATES HER EIGHTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

A very pleasant surprise was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Hyde in the south part of town Saturday afternoon, the occasion being in honor of their little daughter, Miss Ella Jenett's, eighth birthday anniversary. The afternoon was spent in games and a jolly good time was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Hyde was assisted by her sister, Mrs. T. E. Jennings, in serving refreshments to the happy youngsters, the luncheon being served out on the lawn. Little Ella was showered with many handsome gifts to help remind her of this delightful event.

Those in attendance were: Goldie and Helen Sivey, Marie Kopp, Clara Lamphear, Mary and Nellie Richter, Janet and Grace Green, Ella Hyde, Henry and Carl Ofe, Johnnie Lamphear, Frankie Sivey, Heston Green, Elmer and Melvin Jennings, Henry Harold and Ralph Hyde.

Adoption Papers Granted.

A hearing was had in county court today in the adoption case of Opal May Rice, in which adoption papers were granted to William B. Rice and wife, Anna Rice. The parents of the child reside in South Dakota and the foster parents have had charge of the child for some time.

Mrs. J. N. Hill, Homer, Ga., has used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for years, and says she always recommends it to her friends. "It never fails to cure our coughs and colds and prevents croup. We have five children and always give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a cold, and they are all soon well. We would not be without it in our house." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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