

Ordinate Sempre la

"INDIAN BEER"

Migliaia sanno d'esperienza che questa bevanda purifica il sangue e lo rinvigorisce quando e' usata moderatamente. E' salutare e specialmente desiderata in questa stagione dell'anno.

La birra viene manifatturata da persone esperte ed il processo di essa e l'unico, onestamente preparato secondo la migliore maniera.

Ordinate ora una cassa di "INDIAN BEER" apportatrice di sommi benefici fisici e che incontra il vostro gusto per il suo sapore squisito—Non vi fate mancare mai una cassa e casa vostra.

CERCATE SEMPRE

LA	LA
BIRRA	BIRRA
CHE	CHE
VI	VI
DA	FA
SOSTANZA	DIGERIRE

E' in vendita in tutte le "BARS" della contea e viene da tutti domandata. Ordinatene una cassa che vi sara' mandata a casa vostra pronta per quando la desiderate.

INDIAN BREWING CO.

Indiana, Pennsylvania

After the Storm

A Memorial Day Story



(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE rain fell steadily on the drenched earth. From the blossoming apple orchards waves of perfume wafted over the land.

Sarah Lewis glanced up sharply as her son came into the room.

"Where are you going Peter?" she asked.

"Down to the choir practice," he answered quietly.

The old woman looked out into the fast falling dust. She felt that what she had to say could be more easily spoken if her son's big brown eyes were not watching her furtively.

"Do you remember what happened twenty years ago tomorrow, my son?" she asked.

"Certainly, mother, I remember. I am not likely to forget it," he replied.

"I hope you never will, my son. You were but seven then, Peter, but you must remember that sad homecoming of your slain father. Perhaps you even remember that the body of another soldier was brought here at the same time, by the same train. You know who I mean—Asa Lynn. He fought on the Confederate side."

"I know it, mother," said Peter, gently.

Only nineteen years had passed since the close of the Civil war—the events of that distressful period were vividly present in Sarah Lewis memory.

"Asa Lynn fought on the wrong side," she went on in a bitter tone. "It may even have been his hand that took your father's life. We shall never know."

"I, for one, shall give him the benefit of the doubt," said Peter gravely.

"Because he was Bessie Lynn's father, I suppose."

He flushed deeply and a determined look came into his face. "You should know me better than that, mother," he said shortly.

"I know you better than you think, my son. I've heard—I've seen—"

"Where are you going, Peter?"

know what is going on between you and Bessie Lynn, whose father fought in the Confederate army and who very likely murdered your poor father!"

"Ah, I don't like to look at it in that horrible way, mother! I always like to think of them both as brave men fighting for what they believed to be the right. Now, kiss me, mother, I'm going. Aren't you going to prayer meeting tonight?"

"No," said Sarah Lewis decidedly. "It is at Mrs. Lynn's and you know we haven't spoken for twenty years, and never shall speak if I have my way. I hope this rain doesn't spoil all the flowers. I want to put some on your father's grave in the morning before the crowd gets to the cemetery."

"The snowball bush is almost breaking down with its load of blossoms and the lilacs are out," said Peter pacifically as he left the house.

Sarah Lewis watched him until his sturdy form disappeared down the darkening road.

"I wouldn't have cared if it had been any other girl than Bessie Lynn," she groaned bitterly. "I suppose Mary Lynn is just easy enough not to mind—but I do!"

It was not raining on the morning of Memorial day, but it was a pale and watery sun that shone on the headstones in the Edgerly churchyard.

The Lewis plot and the Lynn plot were side by side, separated only by



PEACE

By Douglas Malloch

Take down the battered bugle
And let it speak again—
Let the drum's mad beat
In the sunlit street
Keep time for the marching men.

Unfurl the tattered banner
To wave as once of yore
O'er the sleeping head
Of the soldier dead
Who shall look on its folds no more.

Take down the battered bugle
And sound the old-time note—
Let us listen still
To the message shrill
That comes from its ancient throat.

But the red and rusted rifle,
The sword with the battle scar,
Shall leap not again
To the breasts of men—
Let them hang where they are,
where they are!



iron chains looped from granite posts.

The graves of the two soldiers were almost side by side—rather less than four feet apart, only the soft turf and the sagging chain between.

This very proximity of the graves was another drop in Sarah Lewis' bitter cup. Once an ambitious periwinkle had crept from Asa Lynn's grave under the chain and had proceeded to establish itself directly over the resting place of the other soldier.

Mary Lynn and her daughter had discovered it and had left it untouched. When Sarah discovered it she tore it ruthlessly up by the roots and flung it contemptuously into the adjoining lot.

So, in like manner, she had repelled all the gentle advances of Mary Lynn and her daughter.

Early in the morning Sarah and Peter carried great baskets of flowers to the churchyard. They heaped the well-kept mound with snowballs and lilacs and blood-red sprays of Japan quince, not forgetting such a liberal display of the national colors as befitted the occasion.

But Asa Lynn's grave was bare save for its green covering of turf and the blue-flowered periwinkle.

Peter had finished his task and was gazing wistfully at the flowers still remaining in his basket.

"Mrs. Lynn and Bessie have been called over to Plantsville," he said

ly, Bessie smiled uncertainly and Peter hesitated rather awkwardly.

Arriving at the objective point at about the same time, the four stood speechless at the transformation worked by the storm—where there had been two graves now appeared only one, an unenclosed area covered with water-soaked purple and white.

As if to emphasize the futility of sectional bitterness, not a single flag remained above the grave of the Federal soldier, but one had found a lodgment directly over the spot where the fallen Confederate slept.

And this May morning, with the song of birds and the smell of flowers, seemed very far removed from battlefields.

Mary Lynn lifted her tear-filled eyes.

"You did this, Sarah," she quavered. "It was good of you to forget at last."

But Sarah Lewis raised a protesting hand.

"No, I am not good enough to have done it! God did it himself with his wind and storm to rebuke me! I suppose he thought if he could forgive them for fighting, surely a wicked old woman like me—"

Then Peter unhooked the chain and Mary Lynn came through and put her arms around his sobbing mother. She motioned to the other to leave them.

Bessie and Peter went away together.

PAID THE PRICE OF PEACE

First Thought That Should Inspire Americans on Each Memorial Day Anniversary.

If Memorial day emphasizes to the American people one fact more than any other, it is that the price of peace is human life. Fifty years have passed since Grant and Lee met at Appomattox, during which period a war debt of billions has been practically paid, a ravaged country wholly rehabilitated, industry and commerce developed, and wonderful achievements made in the arts and sciences, all accomplished at tremendous cost. Yet today the millions paid, the tremendous effort put forth, the great burdens then assumed, count for less than the loss to the nation in human life. Today, North and South, only men, brave men, are mourned as their graves are strewn with flowers.

It sometimes seems that, in the rush and roar of life, even the price of peace has been paid without regret. But life is dissimulation. In hundreds of thousands of homes there are faded portraits, tattered uniforms, little reminders of a thousand sorrows which in a quiet hour are again and again baptized in tears, as they suggest personal loss, blasted hopes, destroyed happiness, and still, these but quicken memories that are ever with those who really paid the price, just as the ceremonies and exercises today bring back more vividly the partings, the anxious days, the terrible news of 50 years ago. In the very words "Memorial day" there is a wealth of meaning to some which those of the present generation cannot understand as fully as they should, to appreciate the significance of observance of the day.

And yet, those of the present generation have only to look across the Atlantic, and contemplate the carnage and destruction there, to gain a better appreciation of the price paid by this nation before they were born. Figures tell something, but hearts tell more—broken hearts which time cannot heal. Let imagination touch the sorrows of the countless widows and orphans this great war has made, let it reckon the prospects of life dashed to ground, yes, buried beneath blood-soaked sod, and there will come some conception of 50 years ago in this country, and of the significance of Memorial day dedicated to the men who fought and died, constituted the real price of the peace this country has enjoyed for half a century.

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Wanted Him to "Stick."

"Mary? Oh, she lived up in Wilkes-Barre, where I enlisted from as a kid. I was only seventeen and was working as a patternmaker when the war broke out. Three of my brothers had gone before. I'll never forget how the band played 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' After I'd gone Mary wrote to me a good deal and said she wished I was home, and still she wanted me to stick till it was over. When I got a piece of shell in my leg at Spottsylvania I didn't think for a while there was goin' to be any goin' home. But, pshaw, 'twan't long after that that I helped the boys raid a sutler, two miles outside the camp. He'd been overchargin' us pretty stiff. I ran the whole two miles in the dark that night luggin' a big box. Thought I had a prize. Ha, huh!—that box was full of pepper!"

"Mary hardly knew me when I got home. You see, when I left I didn't have any whiskers on my face, but I wa'n't long lettin' her know who I was and we didn't waste much time about gettin' married. Dear girl, wish I could see her now."

Reinterments at Gettysburg.

The work of reintering the dead on the field of Gettysburg began on the twenty-seventh of October, 1863, and was completed on the eighteenth of the following March. The number reburied was thirty-five hundred and seventy-five. This does not mean that even half the dead were found, for the whole field was dotted with graves. In reintering the bodies in the cemetery every effort was made to discover the identity of the men and this in many cases was done and the relatives of the dead soldier had his remains taken home, the identification being made through articles found on his body. An entry of each article found was made. These things are kept and numbered to correspond with the number of the gravestone of him upon whose body the articles were found. The following is an example of the record:

John Sykes—Ambrotype of a young girl; sixty cents; comb.

Unknown—Pocketbook; lock of brown hair; picture of man supposed to be his father.

Love For an Hour.

What is it that makes people so much better company at a masquerade than under any other circumstance?

In the circle of the black mask and the domino we have no name, no past, no future, no self to live up to or down to and the mood that is uppermost need never impose itself upon a later mood.

We can be spontaneous and genuine. No wonder we are good company!

For on the whole our spontaneous impulses are kindly and gay.

We are almost ready to love our fellow men for an hour if we are not thereby committing ourselves to loving them for a lifetime.—Pittsburgh Press.

Bay Rum.

Bay rum is manufactured from the dried leaves of Pimento acris. Bay rum is procured by distillation, and this in a very simple manner. The leaves are picked from the trees and then dried. In this state they are placed in the retort, which is then filled with water, and the process of distillation is carried on. The vapor is then condensed in the usual way and forms what is known as "bay oil," a very small quantity of which is required for each punchon of rum.

The Spanish Moors.

When the people of the rest of Europe were little better than barbarians the Spanish Moors were in the midst of a splendid culture. As early as the tenth century this country was the source of learning for all Europe. Their libraries, schools, arts, sciences, luxurious refinements and all round material and intellectual advancement differentiated them from the rest of Europe as clearly as ancient Greece was from the peoples that surrounded it.

The Problem Solved.

Great Publisher—We find this novel of yours is twice as long as it should be. Great Author—But I can't waste all that material. Great Publisher—Certainly not. Our idea is to cut it in half and make two novels of it.—Judge.

Storks and Cats.

Storks are partial to kittens as an article of food, and cats reciprocate by a love for storks.

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