



### Many Unknown Graves of Heroes all over the South

All over the South there are myriads of graves unknown to the loved ones at home. A lady in Georgia once remarked, in speaking of her life: "My riches are all in Virginia. I love the dear old State; she is keeping all my treasures for me; the dust of my five sons is beneath her soil"—and here in Kentucky, scattered amongst its cemeteries and down in its valleys and along its hillsides, there are thousands of such mounds as these, which represent the costly and fearful sacrifice the homes and hearts of the South paid in the struggle of the Confederacy, to be free. The world is beginning to understand that the greatest heroes of the war were not its officers. It is not probable that more than 30,000 officers, of all ranks, laid down their lives in defense of the Confederacy, and there were more than 400,000 privates who gave up their lives for that land. The largest proportion of the heroism and chivalry of the army of the South was in her ranks and the bravest men who died were those whose history will never be written. The scout, the picket, the men in the skirmish line, the men in the rifle pit, and on the parapet and in the trench, were the men who dared most, endured most and gave most in that struggle. The men who showed the greatest bravery, the truest self-devotion, the most splendid courage, were those who carried the guns and "never reasoned why, but only marched to do or die." This isolation in burial, this loneliness in death, speaks in no uncertain way of the poverty of the war's survivors and of the desolation which followed in the wake of the South's defeat, and of the dreadful consequences to its people when its banner went down before the storm. These almost forgotten heroes were best known to the wives, and mothers and sisters of the South. It was woman's tenderness which sustained



GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, Atlanta, Ga., Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

confronted for his country; now, as they touch this sacred and holy relic, in tears and in anguish they say: "Fold it up carefully, lay it aside, tenderly touch it, look on it with pride, for dear must it be to our hearts evermore—The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore. Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band, Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land, And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray, How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray." "They've laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed. No stone have they placed o'er his pillow-less head. And the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay, 'He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray." Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside, tenderly touch it, look on it with pride, for dear must it be to our hearts evermore. The jacket of gray that our loved soldier boy wore. The severest and most trying of all tasks connected with the late war, was the watching and waiting for those who would never come; the uncertainty and the gloomy despair which gathered as days and months passed by and no tidings were brought of the father or son. This, towards the end, became the crowning sorrow of the sufferers which pursued the people of the Confederacy. Prisons, hospitals, death on the battle field, and the horrors which connected themselves with the awful word "missing"—which marked the last years of the war, left their deepest touch on the homes and hearts of the women who longed for a word or a line, or a report to tell them when, where and how the object of love had gone down into the shadows of the hereafter. The "Unknown List" carried with it a terror and anguish that even the most widespread benevolence could never impart. The activities of actual war alternated with its hardships and softened its privations. It was those who watched and waited who felt the keenest sorrow that followed in war's train. Death then often came suddenly and without note of warning, and it was those at home who suffered deepest and longest; and the sharpest of all its pangs was to yearn for forms that would never appear and to listen for voices which were hushed in

### THE BOY HERO OF THE WAR.

And lo! thy matchless boy, O Tennessee! With pinioned arms beneath the galloway tree, Looked forth, unmoved, into the wintry skies, The nut-brown ringlets falling o'er his eyes; He, by kind gazers, had been oft implored; "Speak but one word! To freedom be restored!" The lifted signal, "Hold," the messenger cried; And, springing up, stood by the hero's side. "My boy! This bitter cup must pass you by! Too brave, too noble, and too young to die! Your mother, father, sisters—when they learn— Even now, perhaps, they wait your long return. Speak but one word—the real culprit's name! 'Tis he should bear this penalty and shame."

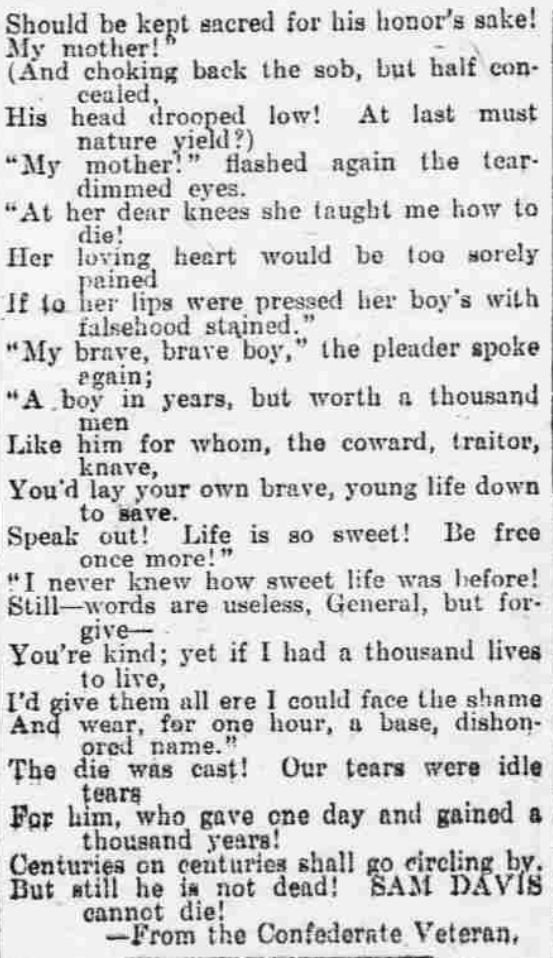


ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

Ere yet the sun had pierced the eastern skies Or hues of morn assumed their diamond lustre, With diligence intent upon surprise In steady lines old Southland's columns drew; With sudden peal the voice of thunder woke The hills that slept in Shiloh's solitude; And valor pressed through floods of fire and smoke. Inspired with hope and manly strength renewed, When Fortune veiled her face the while And sorrow filled the soldier's heart with grief, And Victory relaxed her cheerful smile, And gently stooped to crown her fallen chief, Where shades of Southland's dauntless spirits dwell, To consecrate the spot where Sidney Johnston fell. —M. M. Tanager, Flemingsburg, Ky., in Confederate Veteran.

### A YOUNG CONFEDERATE.

Master Hugh T. Morton, Jr., illustrates the spirit of his class. His grandfathers were both colonels in the Confederate army, and the little fellow, though but eight months old, was as manifestly as happy as older persons. He was evidently the youngest "Rebel" who participated in the memorable occasion of the Birmingham Reunion.



MISS MARY HALL, The most conspicuous daughter of the Confederacy in the South.

bars. Miss Hall, who was an earnest adherent of the "lost cause" during the Civil War, still cherishes for it a feeling of reverence and devotion. She glories in the fact that she was identified with it, and as a token of her unchangeable loyalty to it she invariably wears a small Confederate flag or badge. She is the only woman who is a full member of a Confederate veterans' camp, and she marches for miles with the camp and wearing a campaign hat, which, with her close-cut hair, gives her quite a soldierly appearance. The crowds along the lines of march always give her an ovation. Miss Hall has placed six hundred silken Confederate flags on the graves of departed soldiers. At the reunions she is always an honored guest and receives many attentions.

### THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright, Flashed the sword of Lee! Far in the front of the deadly fight, High over the brave in the cause of Right, Its stainless sheen, like a beauteous light, Led us to victory.

Forth from its scabbard, high in the air Beneath Virginia's sky— And they who saw it gleaming there And knew who bore it, knelt to swear That where that sword led they would dare To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand Waved sword from stain as free, Nor purer sword led braver hand, Nor braver hand for a brighter land, Nor brighter land had a cause so grand, Nor cause a chief like Lee!

### THE MASSACRES AT ADANA.

Miss Elizabeth S. Webb, Missionary from Illinois to Asiatic Turkey, Writes Dramatically of the First Days of the Slaughter.

A special from Adana via Constantinople says: Miss Elizabeth S. Webb, a missionary from Bunker Hill, Ill., has written as follows of the first days of the massacres in Adana when the girls' school to which she was attached was in the greatest danger: "Our friends came to school as usual on Wednesday (April 21). Although we heard there was much unrest in the city, we went on with preparations for a school entertainment, to be held next day. Soon firing began and before noon we were afraid to send the day scholars home. There was constant firing. We tried to go on with our annual meeting, but were interrupted by the screaming in the streets and the shooting. "Mr. Chambers attempted to go to the government building for a guard, but found it impossible to get through the mob. Our Turkish children were present and we thought it would be possible to send word of our danger by a Turk who had come to take them home. Accordingly notes to their fathers and to the Governor were written, but there was no response. "As night came on fires began to flare up in all directions and we were fearful that the rioters would break into the school buildings. Finally, about 9 o'clock, there came a knock at the gate and in walked the English consul. He left three of his guard of Turkish soldiers to take care of us. "All through the night we seemed to be in a state of siege. In the meantime fires about the city had increased and the sound of shooting could be heard from every point. At last the consul passed. He was able to spare only one man, but thought this one would be more useful than the other three, who had run away. Soon after five broke out in the adjacent streets. Unless something was done speedily our school building must be destroyed. We had hung Turkish flags on all sides of the building, but this did not stop the thousands engaged in the riots from firing their weapons, although apparently they were not directed against us. "If our building burned, the Chambers house must burn also. Our only safety seemed to be to check the flames. The women and girls carried water, while the men cut down the shed and an old house in the corner of the street was also torn down. About this time we were horrified to learn that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Maurer were dead and Mr. Rogers already a few minutes. The Rev. Stephen R. Trowbridge, who was near them at the time, escaped. "A new misfortune overtook us. Our guard of one man disappeared. I came to my room, where the girls were waiting. For me to tell them what had happened would only cause a panic, so I said: 'We have done all we can now; let us pray.' "Before I had finished praying, the bugle of the consul's guard and the Turkish officials with whom he was patrolling sounded. He could not spare a guard, but promised to send one immediately. It was a terrible situation; women and girls practically alone in the building; a murderous, bloodthirsty mob outside, with knife and bullet for the Armenians, and the torch for their homes. To add to the misery, there were the dead on the floor below, and the widow of one of them, Mrs. Rogers, with her infant, 10 weeks old, to comfort. The afternoon and evening passed and no guard came. The following day we learned that the British consul had been shot in the arm. That night young men from the Gregorian and Protestant committees patrolled the streets around our building. The situation was grave. A great crowd, bent on plundering, had gathered at the rear of our house for an attack. Our Armenians asked those below to send one man to confer with a representative of our side. "This was agreed to, but in place of one man, hundreds started to come. They demanded that we give up our arms, but this meant certain death. We decided to take the girls to Mr. Chambers' house. Here refugees covered everywhere. Both houses and court apparently had been overflowing with refugees before our arrival.

### FOUR LIONS ARE BAGGED.

Nairobi, British East Africa, by Cable.—Four lions are trophies of expedition Roosevelt's camp in the Mau hills. The lions were bagged Friday, and Colonel Roosevelt's mighty gun brought three of them to earth, each on the first shot. The fourth of the jungle kings fell before the rifle of his son Kermit, who, however, took three shots to kill his quarry. Both father and son are jubilant.

### A MOVE FOR BETTER ROADS.

Davidson County Making Strenuous Efforts to Vote a Bond Issue For That Purpose.

Lexington, Special.—H. B. Varner has secured the promise of the good roads bureau of the Department of Agriculture to aid in the campaign for a bond issue of half a million dollars for the improvement of the roads in Davidson county. Mr. Varner had a very satisfactory talk with Mr. Paige, the head of the bureau, who agreed to send to the county a number of lecturers prior to the election. The officials in Washington are greatly pleased with this movement for road improvement on such a large scale. It is thought there is little doubt but that the people will approve this issue of bonds and when the work is completed Davidson will have the finest good roads of all the counties in the South. The investment is one of the best possible the county could make and that is the way our people are looking at the proposition.

### CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Salisbury, Special.—The Confederate monument on Innis street is to be unveiled Monday, May 10, the ceremony taking place at 10:30 o'clock. Large numbers of veterans and others are expected, not only from this county but from a number of places, both in and out of the State. Mayor A. H. Boyden will be orator of the day, and Gen. Bennett Young, of Louisville, Ky., will also deliver an address. The memorial will be unveiled by Mrs. Frances Fisher Tiernan, daughter of Gen. Chas. F. Fisher. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, of Charlotte, and Gen. Robt. F. Hoke, of Raleigh, are among the prominent guests who have already signified their intention of being present.

### DYNAMITE HURTS BOY.

Lenoir, Special.—Friday afternoon little Samuel Dyeart, aged 9 years, had two fingers and a thumb blown off his left hand by a dynamite cartridge. He found the cap near the cemetery and not knowing what it was started home and on the way undertook to strike a match on the cartridge and it exploded. It is thought the cap was left by some men who had been blasting nearby. The little fellow was badly frightened.

### THE MORNING STAR SOLD.

A deal has been consummated by which a stock company has secured The Morning Star, Wilmington, which has been published for 40 years by MeJ. W. H. Bernard. The purchase price was \$26,000.

### CRUSHED SKULL WITH PLANK.

Troy, Special.—A misunderstanding over the incorrect driving of a mule team at the Guilford Lumber Manufacturing Company's shops Rufus Smith struck Mart Thompson with a piece of plank Friday and crushed his skull and Thompson is not expected to live, whereupon Smith was arrested and taken to jail to await the results of the wound.

### DEATH OF N. D. EMERSON.

Wilmington, Special.—Telegraphic advices Friday morning conveyed to hundreds of friends the news of the death of Neil Davis Emerson, only son of President T. M. Emerson, of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad which occurred Thursday night at Phoenix, Arizona, where he had been for some time with the hope that the climate would be of benefit to his health. He improved for a time until his heart began to fail and his decline was rapid.

### MILITARY COMMISSION.

Adjutant General Armfield Friday issued the following military commissions: C. H. Banks, captain; J. A. Turner, first lieutenant, and J. R. Perry second lieutenant, Co. D, Third Infantry, Louisiana. A. L. C. Hill, captain, and J. O. H. Taylor, second lieutenant Company B Second Infantry, Kinston. First Lieutenant J. I. Brown retained his commission.

### DUTY ON COTTON GOODS.

\$39,000,000 Tariff Paid Annually By Cotton Manufacturers.

### MAKING OF A TARIFF BILL.

Difficult and Tedious Task to Frame Schedule of Duties—Figures for the Year 1907.

Washington, D. C.—Under the present tariff law cotton manufacturers bring into the treasury one-seventh of the total amount collected through the custom house. Twelve articles, or rather classes of articles, pay three-fourths of the tariff duty collected by the United States. The average amount collected is \$300,000,000, and of this cotton manufacturers pay \$39,000,000.

### FIGHTING ADMIRALS MEET.

Ijichi and Evans Say War is Very Improbable.

### MAIL PUZZLE SOLVED.

Letter Inadequately Addressed Very Promptly Delivered by P. O. People.

### SETTLE DIFFERENCES.

Miners and Employers Reach an Agreement.

### \$1,000,000,000 MERGER.

E. H. Harriman Plans to Combine 12,000 Miles of Road.

### CONVICT LEAPED FROM BRIDGE.

Shackled Man Took Desperate Chance But Was Recaptured.