

CAPTAIN YEOMAN'S SPEECH.

Text of the Oration Delivered at Hanscom Park Saturday.

Following is the text of the oration delivered by Captain Yeoman to the people at Hanscom park Saturday afternoon:

Thirty years ago the graves were first filled with those whose solemn and tender memory this sad and reverent day has been established. What mighty changes since that memorable time. The grass is green above the ruined forts where the grim guns thudded and the flags waved defiantly in the face of the foe.

The corn waves over the green fields the historic valley where greater and braver armies than were ever marshaled by Caesar or Napoleon met in their great struggles. The corn waves over the green fields the historic valley where greater and braver armies than were ever marshaled by Caesar or Napoleon met in their great struggles.

The pioneer turns the sod that once ran red with human blood. Silence broods above the dark and gloomy wilderness and the soft Virginia sky lovingly hangs over it a tender banner of amnesty as if to entice the green where 40,000 heroes lay down in their last sleep. The roaring Shenandoah pours itself like a flood of light through the green fields of the valley where Sheridan avenged the bloody raids of Jackson, while a thousand mill wheels sing the hymns of the life that is deemed and regenerated Southland.

The rocky plateau and the Huppahannock join their united waters in the heroic heights of Fredericksburg, where stubborn valor stormed and lofty patriotism bled in vain. The bloody James, that once flowed through the bridling fortresses of Richmond, Yorktown and the peninsula, bearing on its bosom heroic deeds that have made its name forever famous for the valor of its heroes.

The iron furnace of Chattanooga almost light up the dark woods of the woodlands old Pop Thom's and his men stood like a rock at bloody Chickamauga, while along the rocky pathway that led from Chattanooga to the sea there is a new dream of free and ennobled labor.

Fruitful fields and gleaming wheels and humming factories have filled the booby chasm of the war, and the scars of the ridden and bullet-torn Atlanta, the gateway of the south, can be seen no longer through the haze of the day, and the lofty spires that crown her hills, the long roll beats no more; the bugle call to horse is hushed, the forts belike no longer in our front; their emplacements are now a tale of flame and death; the ramparts are unmaned, the grim guns are silent, the muskets are stacked, the swords are sheathed; the shot-torn and tattered flags are folded away with a benediction; the sentinel's steady tramp is heard no longer.

The watchful picket is withdrawn; the heroic dead sleep in peace upon the fields they won; the last battle is beaten and the victory is done. The power, the shuttle and the mill wheel, the pulling furnace, the throbbing engine and the swelling sail are the emblems and the servants of the day, creating life and enriching our marts of trade with the royal spoils of the world's commerce.

Shall we forget this new dream of peace and prosperity the results of the war add the brave men who by their death have made these vast results possible. In the very beginning of the fight, while the world was with the white heat of patriotism the wildest enthusiasm saw on the extreme edge of the horizon of his present country, no such vast and prosperous enterprise as have been achieved by brain and labor in the busy age since the war.

To those who have given their lives until this end this day be forever consecrated, when the spring opens and all the world has put on its robe of green and is adorning itself with crowns of flowers, let us go forth upon this 30th day of May now and forever to place upon the graves of those who by their death have made this new dream of peace and prosperity possible.

Since history has first graven upon tablets of stone it has been a custom among all peoples and nations to honor the dead fallen in defense of their country. There was no nation so pagan but that it honored its fallen defenders. No people so staid but that it gloried in the recital of their heroic deeds.

For the sacred cause of unity, our honored dead offered up their lives for the holy cause of liberty they gladly met and embraced death.

In the unrequited use of humanity, they gave up mother, sister, wife, children and home. In the interest of the world's sacred brotherhood they gave up all ambitions and worldly aspired to die for the poor and despised negro their lives were out in the malarial swamps and cotton fields of the south.

They so hated slavery that they would have sold their souls for the release of the slave. They so loved liberty that they abandoned all the love and happiness of life and all the high ambitions of youth to free the enslaved. They so loved their country that they gave up life, the chance of fame and all the glowing aspirations of noble souls to save it.

In what light can we set the high mark of their patriotism? In what words can we tell the story of their courage? What language can we adorn their lofty heroism? In what way can we truly speak of their devotion and self-sacrifice to the idea of a national unity?

What a picture of those heroic days hangs in our memories! Of the hundred and fifty thousand souls of the best and bravest of our land, lay down in death the bright and enthusiastic boys; the young men just filling his first station of profit or credit; the middle-aged man surrounded by the monuments of his own labor, and to whose skirts hung wife and children, far dearer than life—all went down gloriously for their country.

They stood in the first flush of youth, when all the world seems glorified, and life but a vain example of virtuous and noble lives, a very threshold of real life, when the gates to manhood were opening wide before them all the possibilities of the future; in the full fruition of their powers, when the harvest time of life's joys had come to them, and they each and all heard the bugle call of duty in their quiet civic lives and transformed into heroes, met the most cruel fate of all our centuries.

In all the bloody annals of those weary days of war, there was not an unworthy act recorded of them; magnificently patient in waiting and hopeful in defeat, they more than fulfilled the highest hope of the nation, passed the loftiest expectations of their leaders; the recruit became a veteran, the citizen a drilled and obedient soldier; the quiet gentleman and the gentle boy stormed into battle like gods and died heroically for the grandest cause of the century.

How vainly they fought, how serenely and sublimely they died! The fair-haired, bright-eyed boy rushing like an enraged god into the red storm of battle is stricken on the field, a corpse "rescued" by "rescue," and dies with a smile on his face.

on his lips for those loved ones and the country to whom he has given his life.

O, unconquerable heroes! Let it never be said that the great republic forgot the deeds of its unnumbered, those whom you most dearly loved.

But over some graves today are written the names of unknown warriors who in war like that which surrounds an unknown grave. Unknown! What volumes in the word! Dying alone, with no voice to cheer, and no sacrifice to make, and no glory to regret; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

Perhaps the proudest, strongest husband; yet the light woman's eyes shall not shine upon the soil nor her voice lead their children above his grave. The unknown grave should be the recipient of the tears and flowers of all lovers of the republic, since none of his own blood may weep over or garland his grave with flowers.

There is another class of graves today whose devoted owners should win our prayers and tears, since we cannot reach them to look upon, no last words to any husband being, no sight of the flag, no touch of the comrade's hand, not a soul to assure that the sacrifice was made and the grave unvisited; but it is to lie forever with grave unvisited and unwept by the tears of anything on earth be loved.

IT MAY BE HOT TOMORROW.

This is the time of year when past experience has led us to expect hot weather. When every man you meet mops his intellectual brow and faintly gasps, "Is-it-h-o-t-e-n-o-u-g-h-f-o-r-y-o-u?" We've had this sort of weather once a year as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember, and in all human probability we'll have the same sort for a number of years to come. The only way to get even is to

TAKE IT COOL.

Don't stand off the ice man and buy your thin clothing of us. Our assortment of hot weather clothing is nearly double that of any any former season, and just as the oyster season is opened with a can-opener, so will we open the torrid season with

AN EYE OPENER.

Tomorrow we will put on sale our entire first purchases of thin coats and vests, separate coats, white and fancy vests, and dusters. The prices? They'll help maintain our well-earned reputation of being Nebraska's Price Makers.

NEBRASKA CLOTHING COMPANY

CORNER DOUGLAS AND FOURTEENTH STREETS.

AN EYE-OPENER.

500 SUMMER COATS AND VESTS. Sizes 34 to 42. In genuine French Nankin, in handsome pin stripes. These goods will wash nicely, wear like iron, look well, and hold their shape. They are made with patch pockets, have pearl buttons, button holes made with silk, and the backs of the vest are made of the same material as the vest itself. These coats and vests are worth a plump dollar and a half, but for an "eye opener" we will let them out at the remarkably low price of 75c.

ANOTHER ONE.

200 single Black Alpaca Coats, sizes 34 to 40; worth just a dollar fifty AT 75c A COAT. STILL ANOTHER.

300 handsome plain brilliantine coats and vests, worth three dollars, in four different shades [not all in one coat but one shade in each coat], AT \$1.75.

FOR THE OTHER EYE.

300 splendid fancy corded mohair coats and vests, positively worth four dollars, AT \$2.25.

MORE OF 'EM YET.

200 skeleton coats and vests, made of splendid all wool flannel, in grays, tans, browns, slates, modes, &c., worth four dollars and three-quarters, AT \$2.90.

AND STILL THEY COME.

Over a thousand white and fancy vests, and silk mixed and all silk vests, ranging from 75c to \$1.50. Every one a money saver. EXTRA SIZE COATS. EXTRA LONG COATS. EXTRA SHORT PRICES.

AMUSEMENTS. COLISEUM. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3. Under the Auspices of the Apollo Club.

Theodore Thomas AND HIS GRAND FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA ASSISTED BY JOSEFFY, CAMPANINI, Miss Fleming.

DIME EDEN MUSEE. Corner 14th and Farnam Streets. WEEK OF MAY 27TH.

FREE OF COST. Any lady who will stop and send for a small amount of money to Lyman's Dispensary...

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

RUPTURE NO TRUSS. THE WORLD WIDE. A new method of curing rupture...

OMAHA SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY. Agents wanted - canvassers in every town and village...

Notice to Contractors. Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Board of Trustees of the City of Omaha...

Excelsior Springs, Mo., iron water is the best I have used. J. W. Moore, M. D., the Dakota, New York City.

DOCTOR McCREW THE SPECIALIST. More than 15 years experience in the treatment of PRIVATE DISEASES.

THE OMAHA MANUFACTURING CO. No. 108, 110 & 112 N. Eleventh St.

MOORE'S TREE OF LIFE. Pleasant Grove, Iowa. Dr. J. B. Moore - Dear Sir: My wife has been afflicted for several years with a complication of liver and kidney troubles...

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees of the City of Omaha, Nebraska, will on the 25th day of June, 1891, at eight o'clock p.m., sell on open bid water bonds of the City of Omaha...

NO CURE! NO PAY. Dr. DOWNS. 1316 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

THE OMAHA RAILWAY TIME CARD. Tables showing departure and arrival times for various routes.

HOTEL. The Murray, Cor. 14th and Farnam. The most substantially constructed hotel building in Omaha.

NEBRASKA National Bank. U.S. DEPOSITORY OMAHA, N.B. Capital, \$1,000,000.

DR. BAILEY, Graduate Dentist. A Full Set of Teeth on Rubber for FIVE DOLLARS.

BONDS WANTED. Total issues of CITIES, COUNTIES, SCHOOL COMPANIES, ST. R.R. COMPANIES, &c.

TO WEAK MEN. Suffering from early decay, wantling weakness, lost manhood, etc. Dr. F. C. W. WALKER, Houston, Texas.