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MEDICINES,
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REMEDIES,
Dyspepsia
And Indigestion Cures.
Ague, Fever,
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FORCE REVIVERS,
Great Health

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Was the examination of a man when he got a box of **BURBIA** Pills, which is a simple and sure cure for Piles and all Skin Diseases. Fifty cents by mail, postpaid.

The American Diarrhoea Cure
Has stood the test for twenty years. Sure cure for all cases of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Cholera.

Deane's Fever and Ague Tonic & Cordial
It is impossible to supply the rapid sale of the same.
SURE CURE WARRANTED
For Fever and Ague, and all Malarial troubles.
PRICE, 50c.

W. J. WHITEHOUSE
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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Warranted absolutely pure.
Cocoa, from which the excess oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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FOR ALL
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OF ALL KINDS.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.
An Eloquent Tribute to the Soldier
Dead and the Cause for
Which They Died.
Delivered by Judge James W. Savage
at Beatrice, Neb., May 30,
1893.
Season succeeds season, year follows year; and more and more the scenes of America's great conflict, seem to us as though beheld through a mist. The clash of arms, the tramping of horses, the shouting of captains, are like a vision of the past.
Amid green fields, never reddened with fraternal blood, beneath peaceful skies which look down upon no fields of ours, on billowy prairies, whose most natural sound is the lowing of cattle and the twitter of birds, it is not strange that we forget how short is the time since the roar of the cannon disturbed the world, and the widow and orphan mourned for the slain who should return to them no more.
It is well for us, therefore, that one day in the year has been set apart, to renew our memories of the greatest struggle the world has ever seen, and to remind us of the great debt the country and civilization owe to the men whose graves we decorate and whose lives we recall today.

I have called it the greatest struggle in the world's history. Desolating wars have been waged before, hosts of armed men have fallen in other bloody conflicts, many a time have the tears of women and the wailings of children followed in the track of the rapacious conqueror; battles have been fought to gratify a monarch's ambition, to repel hostile invasion, maintain the rule of the hearth and the freedom of the home, to propagate religion false and true; for good reasons and for bad reasons; but this which we commemorate was a struggle to extend the blessings of liberty, not to ourselves, our children, or even to our countrymen, but to an alien race distinct in color and in blood, opposed to our aims, supposed to lie under the ban of a scriptural curse, unable by their own exertions to win freedom or to maintain it if won for them.

It was not a fashionable cause of quarrel, it excited little sympathy among the rich and the powerful; the monarchs and the nobles of Europe disdained to countenance it; some of us even, who took part in the fighting, chose to call it a contest for national unity, and a quarrel for a strip of bunting; but the common soldier knew better. The stern hard-working sons of Massachusetts, marching to the fray, sang no means to the straggly, soft "Union Forever," but "John Brown's Body." They heard through ages of tyranny and alavery and wrong the voice of the Lord God Omnipotent, "Loose the bands of wickedness, and undo every heavy burden; let the oppressed go free, break every yoke." Under this sign they fought, in obedience to this command they fell. They knew that to save the country the ulcer that was eating into its vitals must be extirpated; that the perpetuation of alavery meant disunion, its extinction meant national life. In this the people were wiser than the politicians, the soldier saw clearer than the statesman. True, there were those who said, "we will not fight for the negro," but they fought for him all the same. "We seek to save the country and not to meddle with existing institutions," but when the country was saved existing institutions had vanished.

And now on this vernal day, long commemorated by pious custom to the memories of the dead and to patriotic recollections, we come to reaffirm our belief in democratic institutions, and our faith in an enduring, self-sustaining and self-ventilating republic. And as a beautiful token and emblem of our gratitude, we scatter anew the flowers of spring upon the graves of those who died like you for their country and for the slave. How sad and yet how precious are our recollections of them!

"How mournfully sweet are the echoes that when memory plays an old tune on the heart!"
To-day the quiet hush of the departed, clad in their fresh robes of green, shall be visited by hosts of those who remember and venerate the protectors of their land. There will come the bearded man, whose earliest recollection is of the father, in strange martial garb, who kissed his mother and who seemed so young, never to return to the wife of his bosom and the boy of his hopes; there will come the sad eyed woman who remembers with ever increasing tenderness the bright-faced lover who pressed his lips to her virgin mouth which he was never to press again; there will come the mother, now gray and bent, who has never forgotten his face; there will come the young soldier, who has never forgotten his face, who has never forgotten his face, who has never forgotten his face.

For they are at peace forever; there shall no drum-beat summon to the strife, for them hereafter shall no bugle blow, upon their heads no iron helmet shall again beat; the busy hands are folded; the active tongues are still; the throbbing hearts shall never more be vexed with their contentions. From their sacred tombs I hear prophetic voices saying: "Violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor corruption within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise."
It is the custom to honor on this memorial day with especial distinction only those who actually put on the armor of the soldier and served in the field. But the thought will always intrude upon us that many of those who suffered most and gave most to their country in her hour of peril, lie in graves unmarked save by the hand of domestic love. Rachel weeping for her children, Naomi bereft of her husband. Many women who exclaimed in their agony and desolation, "The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me," yielded up their lives for their country no less certainly than those who fell pierced by bullets or torn by shells on the fields of strife.

No history tells of their broken hearts, their griefs are forgotten except by Him who never forgets, but we whose duty and pleasure it is to remember all the heroic spirits of war are inexcusable if we neglect the sorrows of the women whose lives were sacrificed by it.
I recall the meek face of a slight young girl in a little country town in New England. Just at the outbreak of the rebellion she had married a friend of her childhood, a young man, a young doctor, who tore himself from all he loved, from

hope and the sweet joys of domestic life to play his part in the great conflict. The long anxious years of the war dragged slowly on, and all momentary comfort for him, his bright face and cheerful talk never disclosed it. He clung to his post of duty; even the child whose face he was never to see could not beguile him from his work, till his health gave way, and he was ordered to his Northern home. Then it was that her radiant joy at the anticipated meeting showed how she had grieved and longed for him. In a few days he was to be at home; the dull New Hampshire hamlet would be glorified with his presence; his sickness was a joy to her, for it would bring him, her brave young hero, with the dark eye and deep voice musical with love and tenderness. On his manly bosom she would repose at last, and her heart would rest again. What plans for nursing the broken constitution! What dreams of love and fondness in the reunion to the strong heart that was beating for her alone! Ah! that heart was still forever. Just as the hour for his departure came also the order for the attack on Fort Fisher. Invald though he was, he insisted on bearing his part in that glorious assault. With the hero poet he could have exclaimed:
"I could not have loved thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."
He disdained even to follow his peaceful profession in such a crisis, and marched with his men to the parapet where he fell dead, with a bullet in his faithful, loving heart. She never grieved outwardly. No human vision beheld the tears which those gentle eyes shed. Calm and steadfast in the discharge of her daily duties, she taught her child to lip his father's name, tried to engage herself about the little business of home life, and to become interested in the annals of her quiet neighborhood. But the shot that had struck her husband had reached her heart, too. One summer afternoon, wearied with the struggle, she laid herself down to rest, and after a while the prattling child was heard complaining that her mother would not wake. They found her dead, her handkerchief drenched with the tears she had been shedding—dead by no accident, no disease, done by a broken heart.

Her husband and her father, a peaceful man, had been spread from ocean to ocean, and from gulf to gulf, let us hope that they will learn from the lives of their fathers, from our story of disunion, contention, battle and victory, the lesson—that nations are great only as they are human; that justice and power go hand in hand; that the banner of freedom and progress is the banner of success.

The Conflict.
Between disease and health, is often brief and fatal. It is better to be provided with cheap and simple remedies for such common disorders as coughs, colds, etc., than to run the risk of a more serious ailment. Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam is a sure and safe remedy for all diseases of the lungs and chest. It is taken in season it is certain to cure, and if taken in season it is certain to cure, and if taken in season it is certain to cure.

A Street-Car Incident.
It was in a Madison street car, and every seat was occupied when a sickly-looking woman entered with her babe. "Room for the lady; make way there, please," said the conductor, and the crowded passengers pulled backward on the straps to let her into the aisle. Only one man was sitting, and all the other men, and the ladies, too, looked as if they expected him to rise. But he didn't—not just then. He was a big stout fellow in a great heavy coat, and he had a good-natured snub nose and a dimple in his fat chin, but all the other passengers silently held their breath to see what he would do so good-natured as he looked. After awhile they began making complimentary remarks, but he didn't appear to notice them, and he continued to take as much comfort as circumstances would permit. Just as the men on the platform had grown so indignant that one or two raised the conductor to "throw him out of a cheap little nerveless man with a long black moustache and a Ben Butler eyes jumped on the car. "What's the matter? What's the matter?" he briskly queried. And then, on being informed, he slapped his hand on a schoolboy's shoulder and triumphantly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I'll fix him; let me set my eyes on him, and if it stands, it is more than mortal. It is a glass eye, and its too big for the place its in, but I won't have no other, no more. Many's the time I got a seat in a railroad train all on account of that eye, and if you will just watch me you'll see how I work it." He crawled in till he got beside the fat man. Then he fixed his awful eye. It was enough to make an old man cry out, "By the great big glass eye!" he began, but he stopped, and sitting and gazing at him. But the fat man didn't move. He winked regularly and smiled seraphically, and, indeed, seemed to enjoy returning the dead eye's stare. The glass-eyed man tried numerous dodges. He closed his good eye and opened the other wide. 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