

TRIBUTE TO "THE VANISHED AND VANISHING"

The Address of Rev. F. M. Drur-
liner at Memorial Services
Sunday.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Woman's Relief Corps, and Fellow Citizens: I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be on such an occasion as this, when the nation halts the wheels of industry and commerce, and as individuals, we are asked to stand in thought beside the sacred mounds of 380,000 of our country's defenders, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung.

When Athens was in the full flush of its glory the bones of citizens who died abroad in the service of their country were taken home to be buried in the Ceramicus. A day was appointed when all civil and military operations were discontinued, and on that day the funeral rites were celebrated. All citizens were expected to join in the services in honor of the dead. One of the noblest orations of antiquity, attributed to Pericles, was delivered on an occasion of this kind.

In this Athenian custom is found the nearest historical parallel to our Memorial day; and Athens, in its solicitude for the bodies of the soldier dead has been surpassed only by the American republic. Other nations, both ancient and modern, have delighted to construct ornate and costly monuments and mausoleums and other memorials in honor of their great generals and admirals, but America alone has thought it worth while to mark the graves of those who died in the ranks—the men who bore the brunt of the battle without hope of fame or expectation of reward. In keeping the graves of its common soldiers green and placing thereon each year a tribute of flowers in token of remembrance, and in the millions of dollars disbursed to widows and disabled soldiers, our country has well disproven the slander that republics are ungrateful.

Louis Kossuth, the eloquent Hungarian exile, standing on Bunker Hill, pointed to the monument and said: "My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator. Silent like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubim—a senseless, cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart—immovable like the past and yet stirring like the future which never stops—it looks like a prophet and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks: 'The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of liberty. Its waters will flow; every new drop of martyr blood will increase the tide. Despotism may dam its flood, but never stop it. The higher the dam the higher the tide. It will overflow or break through. Bow, adore, hope. Such are the words that come to my ears, and I bow, I adore, I hope.'

The nation has again come to the day when the living decorate the graves of her soldiers and recite the story of her patriotism and review the sources of her real greatness, to preserve which, it is sweet even to die. The greatness of the deeds of a man is measured by the greatness of the consequences of his acts. And by this measure we see how great are those who preserved the republic and transmitted her to the future, puissant, beneath her shield succoring every noble trait and capacity. When the Greeks discussed Marathon, they drew in vivid colors the greatness of the Greek nation in every particular. Would we discuss Gettysburg or Appomattox, we must picture what the republic, both before and since those bloody events, has done. Wars are related to the history which precedes and follows them, and in the light of which history these wars are justified or condemned. Judged by this standard, how much we owe our soldier dead; what did they not achieve? They

established freedom and gave it in strength to the world. But yesterday they gave it to the remote islands of the seas. All our soldier dead, Washington and Grant and Lee and Jackson, are remembered in these decorated graves on Memorial day, for in them Washington and Grant are justified and Lee and Jackson made possible. Our hearts go out, too, to those who will lay flowers on the graves beneath which the soldiers in gray are sleeping. They, too, fought for a faith, and for the final settlement were necessary contestants. Never were there braver men. They were foemen brothers, worthy of your steel. Old Glory, flying full from her mast in the sunlight yonder against the blue sky, is their heritage today, as well as ours. Beneath the dome of the nation's capital in Washington, the swords of Grant and Lee may well hang side beside. Memorial day. On that day, while we cover the graves of the soldiers with flowers, let us remind ourselves for what it was all our soldiers died, what principles alone can justify the price they paid when they opened their hearts to death, what our own tasks and honor are to perpetuate that for which they surrendered their lives.

I know of nothing more appropriate on this occasion than to inquire what brought these men here; what high motive led them to condense life into an hour, and to crown that hour by joyfully welcoming death? Let us consider.

For nearly fifty years no spot in any of these states had been the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people had an army of less than ten thousand men. The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions was like their faith in the eternal course of nature. Peace, liberty and personal security were blessings as common and universal as sunshine and showers and fruitful seasons; and all sprang from a single source, that old American principle that all owe due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority; against this principle, the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe if the power of gravitation were destroyed. The nation was summoned to arms by every high motive which can inspire men; two centuries of freedom had made its people unfit for despotism. They must save their government or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning in a midnight tempest reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun above Fort Sumpter disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. The heavens were suddenly black. Fierce eagles of war flew across the lurid clouds. The awful storm rolled thunders along the sky. Reverberating, they shook the Atlantic coast and the banks of the Mississippi. They crashed over Antietam, Vicksburg and Cold Harbor. Forked lightnings played among the clouds around Lookout mountain. Fire ran upon the ground in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Virginia swamps and rivers were turned to blood. It was the nation's midnight. The death angel was abroad with unsheathed sword. There was a great cry in the land for there was not a house among half a million where there was not one dead.

In a moment the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts. In a moment we were the most warlike nation on earth. In a moment we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The nation was in column—not all at front, but all in array. Four years the storm raged. The iron hail rattled incessantly, prostrating armed men, and crushing woman's tender heart. It was a deluge of blood.

The greatest battle of the greatest war was Gettysburg; somehow or another we have all come to believe that God was in the fire, smoke and conflict of that battle; that His hand stayed Pickett's advance, broke the southern columns in their masterly charge and saved the union. That last grand charge of Lee's at Gettysburg will be long remembered by mankind. It broke the heart of the south, left a multitude of little children fatherless, garbed a multitude of widows in widow's weeds, and sent a host of mothers mourning to the grave; for after the smoke had cleared away, that battlefield was covered with fathers and sons and husbands, who were cold and still in death.

It was on the afternoon of the third day that the memorable charge was made; after two and one-half days of as hard fighting as ever took place among men. Lee, with the desperation of defeat and with the courage of victory, concentrated his forces into one grand charge and hurled it like a thunderbolt into the very heart of the enemy. He chose for his main point of attack that position of the battlefield between Little Round Top and Ziegler's Grove, which was held by Hancock's division. He arranged his artillery along the edge of the woods and on the crown of the hills so that he could sweep the whole union front and at the same time hold under cover his own charging troops. He had formed his line of battle and dragged his artillery into position, without revealing to Meade and his staff a single battalion or a single gun. A great general was Robert E. Lee. His whole army was concealed behind breastworks, stone fences, and lying along the edge of the woods, resting on their guns, waiting for the order "to charge."

Thousands of dead covered the battlefield everywhere. The cries of the wounded, dying in their agony, were heard on every side, blood ran down every hillside in streamlets. The sun was literally baking the earth, at 100 degrees in the shade. There was scarcely a breath of air anywhere, not a leaf on the trees moved. There had not been a single shot fired on either side since 10 o'clock in the morning. A calm like that which precedes the storm, prevailed everywhere. Those southern soldiers, like bloodhounds tugging at their leashes, were chafing for the order "to charge."

Suddenly two shots rang out that startled both armies. 'Twas the signal for the charge. Those shots were followed by a murderous roar of southern artillery that swept the whole northern ranks. But what is that stir and commotion beyond the clouds of cannon smoke lifting? Look! 'Tis a battalion in action, a hundred battalions, thousands of men on the march; Lee's whole army on the run charging the northern lines. Hancock's division is waiting this charge with gun to shoulder and finger to trigger. The general's order rolls along the ranks, "Wait till they reach the stone fence." There comes Lee's army, the flower and glory of the south. With Pickett's division leading on, closer and closer the ranks are forming, swifter and swifter the lines are moving. The officers in gray, passing up and down the front, are quietly giving their orders. On they come, nearer and nearer that stone fence, and now they have reached it and are mounting it. Hancock's voice rings out, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" Ten thousand hammers crash, ten thousand sounds break, ten thousand bullets fly; they plow their way into southern hearts, they tear great gaps in southern lines, they mow down southern ranks. They windrow the living into lines of dead, but the southern soldiers leap over these windrows, they close up their front and the whole army fairly leapt forward and charges straight into northern ranks and northern hearts; but the boys in blue fight them back and beat them down. Up and forward they come, the boys in gray. Ah, brave soldiers are these sons of the south. Now we see the two armies clashed in battle, the two lines locked in arms, the two fronts fighting to the death. They have had their bullet charge; they have had their bayonet charge, and now they are fighting in a mighty hand-to-hand conflict. Back and across, to and fro, up and down that field, both lines fight and struggle and rock and reel. Yes, they are fighting some now. They are fighting in the grip of death. They are fighting for the gleam of victory. They are fighting with all the power of their being, and still they fight. The angels of God looking over the battlements of Heaven are holding their breath, and still the army of the blue and the army of the gray are fighting, until at last the whole southern line rock and reels and staggers and breaks and falls, beaten down by the army of the blue and the God of righteousness; and the stars still shine and the winds sing on, for on that day the Union was saved.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscionable influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race

from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. Could these men be silent in 1861; these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization yearned? Read their answer in the green turf that covers their ashes. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections, and flung all with life itself, into the scale of battle. From the martyr president through to the humblest private soldier in the ranks, we glean the spirit of devotion.

It is related that General Sherman, while marching through Georgia, suspected that a certain mountain pass was covered by the batteries of the enemy, who were concealed on the other side. The general called to an engineer and told him to run his engine through the gap, and to whistle along the way. The brave fellow, without a shadow of fear, sprang to his engine, and, as he opened the throttle, turned and called out, "General, remember I have a wife and four children in Ohio." The engine puffed, the whistle came shrill, and many a prayer followed, and many a silent tear was shed for the brave comrade. The thunder and roar of the enemies' artillery filled the air, but the whistle blew loud and long. Again the thunder, again the whistle. The mingled noise reverberated and rolled down the mountain side amid the cheers of the waiting army. At length the sound of the whistle died away; it could no longer be heard. Hearts throbbled and faces blanched amid the painful suspense. After an interval the distant shrill blast of the whistle again pierced the air. Cheer after cheer greeted the sound. Nearer and nearer it is borne until the engine swept back through the gap, and back to the Union lines, all battered and scarred. The engineer, with begrimed face, and with marks of the conflict, swung down from his cab, and, turning patted his engine, saying, "Good girl; good girl!" A messenger from General Sherman approached and placed in the hand of the engineer a check for \$500.00. "What's that?" "By order of General Sherman, sir." "Take it back. I cannot take it. That spoils the whole thing. I give my life to my country—in the beginning of the war, and do you suppose I would sell it for \$500.00 or \$5,000,000.00. General Sherman was seen approaching. He inquired of the engineer if no reward would be acceptable. Said this unknown hero, "Yes, General, will you send a message and tell that woman in Ohio that I love, that her husband did his duty. That's all." General Sherman immediately made out a certificate of honor, with his name attached, and this was forwarded to President Lincoln, and, with his signature added, the paper was forwarded to the wife of the immortal engineer.

You are justly proud of the leaders you followed. General Grant had been represented in the south as a monster of blood-thirsty cruelty, who spared in his march neither unprotected woman nor helpless children. One day on the march to Richmond a plainly dressed, unassuming officer, with some members of his staff, stopped for refreshments at a stately home, whose surroundings had been somewhat marred by the ravages of war. A mother, a refined lady with several children, and one servant, were the only occupants of the house, all the rest having fled at the approach of the Union army. The officer assured the family of their safety and quieted their fears. While the meal was being prepared the officer quietly and kindly took the youngest in his arms, and another upon his knee, and fondled them, telling them, with evident emotion, of the loved ones he had left at home, and how he longed to see them and be with them once more. To the mother he spoke encouragingly of the return of peace, and hopefully of the restoration of her household to the enjoyment of their domestic life. The mother, struck with his tenderness and candor, stood with tearful eyes, forgetting the soldier, and seeing before her only the brave father, with his strong love, his warm sympathies, and his longing affection. When dinner was over, and the officers were about to depart, a guard was stationed at the house to protect the family from the trust. "You have been very kind to us and I am grateful to you," said the lady to the officer, "and I wish you could remain until the army has passed, for we fear the coming of your commander-in-chief, General Grant." The plain officer replied: "I as-

sure you that you have nothing to fear. I am General Grant." Then said the lady, "my fears have wronged you, and I offer my apology. An army with such a commander of such greatness of heart cannot be conquered. A cause defended by men who so love their homes and little ones deserves to succeed. The cause of the Confederacy is lost." Appomattox was not far off and that army did succeed. As the years roll by and history gathers up the fragments of war incidents, which, together, make the annals complete, you rejoice in the part you took in the great struggle.

To a trusted friend who visited him during the dark days of the civil war, President Lincoln said with emotion: "I do not doubt, I never doubted for a moment, that our country would finally come through safe and undivided. But do not misunderstand me. I do not know how it can be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied around their king as ours have rallied around me. I do not trust in the bravery and devotion of the boys in blue. God bless them! God never gave a prince or conqueror such an army as he has given me. Nor yet do I rely on the skill and loyalty of our generals, although I believe we have the best generals in the world at the head of our armies. But the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be a refuge and the asylum of the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it," and he added after a pause, "I do not expect to see it, but God will bring us through safe."

To some this service is a time for memory and tears. The heart is filled with longing, the eyes are blinded, as we scatter the pure, fresh blossoms of our homage upon the departed loved ones. Undoubtedly there is a place for social and fraternal orders, if such organizations be auxiliaries to noble life; if these agencies restore hope to the discouraged, inspire noble aspirations; if they develop the finer sensibilities of the soul and eradicate coarseness; then, they should call forth all the manhood with which we have been blessed by birth, education and environment.

As I understand your principles, unity, charity and temperance, and friendship, nothing could be nobler in a secular organization. Let me say that your efficiency in ministering in charity and temperance will depend upon your own personal character and experience. Character is all in all in the battle of life. You cannot minister in charity unless you have charity in your character. You cannot be temperate unless self-control permeates all the violations, motives and actions of your life. An order or organization will never be higher nor better than the average character of the individual members. Friendship is the one word which denotes a purely spiritual passion. No man is poor who has a friend. No man is rich who lacks one. These soldiers of peace have not lived in vain. Their deeds also live after them. Great have been the victories of peace, and we give them homage today in flowers.

Soldiers of the Union, I have now discharged the duty you assigned me. We bring you gratitude and congratulations; gratitude for arduous and illustrious services; congratulations that a kind Providence mercifully spared your lives for some good purpose. A thousand fell at your side and ten thousand at your right hand. But he covered you with His feathers. Through the iron hail-storms He brought you safe, to greet your loved ones, and to receive the plaudits of your fellow citizens, and to enjoy the prosperity of the commonwealth. Each of you wears the honored title, "A Soldier of the Union." Soon you will be gathered to your fathers; such memorial services as these will perpetuate your honor.

Words are but leaves, deeds are their fruits. If in our memorials we halt at these formal tributes of the lips, they are as withered flowers, indeed. If we would bring forth fruits, we must reproduce in our lives that spirit of devotion which animated the ranks and raised above self-interest and party interest the weal of the nation. Our liberties will then be perpetuated, our country's honor exalted and that banner whose broad stripes and bright stars have been transplanted from the firmament of heaven to earth shall ever unfurl unsullied in every clime. Done are the toils and the wearisome marches,

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Men's Good Soft Collared Shirts, at	Children's Dresses, good goods and nicely made,
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Done is the summons of bugle and drum,
Softly and sweetly the sky over-arches,
Sheltering a land where rebellion is dumb,
Dark were the days of the country's derangement,
Sad were the hours when the conflict was on,
But through the gloom of fraternal estrangement
God sent his light, and we welcome the dawn,
O'er the expanse of our mighty dominions,
Sweeping away to the uttermost parts,
Peace, the wide-flying, on untiring pinions,
Bringeth her message of joy to our hearts.

Out of the blood of a conflict fraternal,
Out of the dust and dimness of death,
Burst into blossoms of glory eternal
Flowers that sweeten the world with their breath,
Flowers of charity, peace and devotion
Bloom in the hearts that are empty of strife;
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean
Leaps into beauty and fullness of life,
So with the singing of peans and chorals,
And with the flag flashing high in the sun,
Place on the graves of our heroes the laurels
Which their unflinching valor has won.

true,
Mid battle's roar and shrieking shell,
On weary march, in prison's hell—
Their souls aflame with patriotic zeal,
They suffered for the common weal;
They washed away the blackening stain
Of slavery, from our vast domain;
They bore the flag on many a field,
Their hearts its royal battle shield;
And when their mighty work was done,
The flag, without a missing star,
In splendor o'er our country shown,
May blessings rest on heads so gray;
May flowers brighten and strew the way;
May a grateful country their memory keep,
And the old flag guard their last long sleep.

Child Cross? Feverish? Sick?
A cross, peevish, listless child, with coated tongue, pale, doesn't sleep; eats sometimes very little, then again ravenously; stomach sour; breath fetid; pains in stomach, with diarrhea; grinds teeth while asleep, and starts up with terror—all suggest a Worm Killer—something that expels worms, and almost every child has them. Kickapoo Worm Killer is needed. Get a box today. Start at once, you won't have to coax, as Kickapoo Worm Killer is a candy confection. Expels the worms, the cause of your child's trouble, 25c at your Druggist.

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