



Yearly Subscription \$1.00

"Financial problems are nuts and clover for demagogues."— A. GARFIELD.

H. S. GIVLER, Prop.

Yearly Subscription \$1.00

WA-KEENEY, KAN., JUNE 3, 1899.

Afterwards there

NUMBER 13

DECORATION DAY.

Decoration Day in Wa-Keeneey was such a day in Trego county, and will be remembered by the people for a long time. At 10:30 a. m. the old soldiers, together with the volunteers of the 21st Kansas, assembled at the G. A. R. hall. A procession was formed of soldiers and citizens, and they marched to the cemetery, where the usual exercises were held. At 1:30 p. m. a large audience gathered in the court house and listened to patriotic songs and drills of the school children. Commander Yetter in a few well chosen words introduced the orator of the day—Hon. John S. Dawson of Topeka. Mr. Dawson held the attention of the audience for thirty-three minutes while he pictured again the panorama of the civil war, touching on the war with Spain and drawing lessons in patriotism and virtue from the brave story of the past. His word painting was chaste and eloquent, and it was the unanimous opinion of those present that Mr. Dawson's address was the most brilliant and scholarly oration ever delivered in this city. The following is the oration: It is no new custom to honor the memory of the dead. All ages and all peoples have elevated in marble columns and stately pyramids their reverence for the great and good of their race and kindred. The Egyptians preserved their dead for many months and accorded them the place of honor at their banquets. The funeral procession of Alexander the Great was two years in preparation. The heroes of the Romans were enrolled among the gods. Crusaders marked a path from the Hellespont to the tomb of the Saviour by the bleaching bones of their dead; and, even in our day, millions of Mohammedan pilgrims traverse vast deserts of shifting sands to do homage at the grave of their dead prophet. To my mind, the ceremony of Memorial Day in the American Republic is the noblest custom of the age, and will furnish the future historian with reliable landmark to estimate the progress which our race has made in the purer and loftier impulses of gratitude and patriotism. The origin of this day is altogether fitting and proper. In 1868 General John A. Logan, as commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order to the posts of that organization that the graves of the Union soldiers and sailors should be decorated with flowers and flags on the 30th of May, and urged that though other eyes may grow dull, other hands grow slack, and other hearts grow cold, the custom be observed from year to year until the last survivor of the civil war should answer the muster call of the King of kings. This was 31 years ago, and the beautiful custom has grown with the years until now it is perhaps the most commonly observed in the Union, not excepting the Fourth of July. Nothing could be happier than the use of flowers on this day. The vegetable kingdom has been used to give expression to the feelings of mankind from time immemorial—the laurel, the willow, the lily, the shamrock, the thistle, the rose, the violet, the orange, the olive, the sunflower—all are enlisted to clothe our thoughts more eloquently than words. The garb on the grave of the unknown dead, or the wee forget-me-not on an infant's tomb is a poem and a panegyric which the voice of a Webster or a Cicero cannot hope to surpass. The purpose of this day will be but badly served if we cannot learn some lessons from the history of the past, if the heroic dead do not cry aloud to us from their graves proclaiming that devotion to principle and unselfish patriotism are the surest safeguards to national longevity. The good or evil of to-day is only the result of yesterday's teachings, and the welfare of to-morrow depends on the conduct of to-day. If we are true to the memory of the nation's dead, we need not fear what the future may betide. In the piping times of peace, or even when our brave troops are planting the banner of the stars in the distant islands of the sea, we realize but dimly what the conditions were during these four long bloody years of civil dissensions, when the war cloud hovered over the land, when the skies of the north were darkened with sorrow and patriotic indignation, and

the skies of the south were lurid with the blood stained flames of treason, when the American Raeder mourned for her children and would not be comforted. The causes of the war were many, but I think that the philosopher of history will some day reduce them all to one. There were two contending civilizations in this country, the civilization of Massachusetts and the civilization of Virginia. It was the old, old story of round head and cavalier, of puritan and royalist, of whig and tory, of the New England doctrine of democratic liberty to all mankind as opposed to the Southern doctrine of caste privileges of race and color, and the train of conflicting opinions that followed in their wake. The north and the west believed that Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation represented the most advanced truths of modern democratic government. Jefferson Davis voiced the sentiments of the south when in a message to the Confederate congress he said that that proclamation that "it was the most execrable document ever recorded in the history of Virginia and their two points of view. The fathers of the republic compromised with doctrines they opposed because they could do no better, and left the removal of wrongs they could not remedy to another generation. And, in the rapid building of empire from New England's rocky steeps to the sunset shores of the Golden Gate, men forgot the disease that was sapping the nation's vitals none the less surely because still and unseen. And not wholly unseen either, for Thomas Jefferson, in his old age, said that the slavery problem alarmed him like a fire-bell in the night, and that he trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just. A long period of false teaching on the one hand and false security on the other, the presence of an un-American institution whose festering roots and cancerous growth permeated every tissue of our constitutional fabric, sitting scathed in the council of state, eroded and sapped on the judicial bench, and brazenly defiant in the halls of congress, culminated when the red hand of treason took the range of Fort Sumpter and pulled the lanyard of the Charleston gun. Then there was a rude awakening. Then it was that the loyal north shook off its lethargy, and answered the call for 75,000 volunteers with the swelling chorus, "We're coming, father Abraham, 300,000 strong." And more were to follow. The farmer forsok his crops, the stockman his cattle, the miner his ax, the clerk his yard stick, the doctor his patients, the lawyer his books, the preacher his congregation, the teacher his pupils, the editor his desk, the banker his checks, from every vocation, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, such a tidal wave of patriotic feeling had never been seen in this or any other country in any age or time. Abraham Lincoln feared, as he said, that peace and union would not return to this country until all the wealth and riches, wrung by tears and blood and lashes from the quivering flesh of the African slave had been wasted by fire and sword. This atonement was made. Two million three hundred thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine Union men and boys left their homes to fight for the land of Washington, Warren and Montgomery; 380,000 of these sleep the last long sleep of death in national cemeteries. This includes those who died in battle, hospitals, by roadsides, in prisons, or of wounds, disease, hardship, exposure, and maltreatment. No estimate can be made of the number who survived the war who subsequently died of maladies contracted in the service. It must be remembered that the military examinations precluded sickly and diseased persons from enlistment, so that the accepted men represented the flower of the country's manhood who might reasonably expect to live to a good round old age; and yet over a million and a quarter of these have fallen into the abyss of eternity before their time since Lee laid down his sword at Appomattox. These figures are appalling. If you can let your fancy picture our own beloved state, with all its clustering marts of industry, its our beloved state, with all its clustering marts of industry, its commercial centers, its thrifty farms, its fertile valleys, its schools and colleges and churches and hospitals and shops and factories and railroads, and all its people, blotted out in one fell swoop of desolation, fire and blood, you can form a proximate idea of what it cost this nation to throttle the red fiend of treason and set the bondman free. We sometimes complain about our taxes and lay the blame on this ad-

ministration or that administration, on the line of policy, but it is a simple fact that to-day we are paying for the shot and the shell, the batteries, the cavalry horses, the batter-ies, the bombarded fortresses, the sunken ships, the broken bones and the digging of grave trenches during our four years of national martyrdom. There is a false sentiment abroad in this country to-day that smooths over that great sin, and in the honeyed words associates the names of Lincoln and Davis, the stars and stripes with the stars and bars, and the blue with the gray. I question the wisdom and deny the patriotism of such a course. It is true that a brave man's wrath stops with the tomb, and we may afford a flower and a tear for an erring brother's grave, but the enormity of the treason and its woe-ful consequences must never be forgotten, for our own sake and the sake of our children we will do well to remember why it was that the whole nation was in travail, why the soil lapped up the blood of patriots from bleeding Kansas to the battle-swept peninsula, why the banner of the stars was replanted in seceded states over windrows of union dead, why loyal homes were shaded in gloom, why Liberty and Andersonville reeked and stench and rotted with those who starved and prayed and wept and died in filth and wretchedness unparalleled in the annals of history, and why it was that the murderous South put out in darkness the loftiest intellect and the grandest soul that ever trod the footstool of God. To remember all this is not to keep alive sectional strife, although this has been done. But the recent war has seen a new spirit come over the south, that it is in fact a new south, and we have seen Wheeler and Hobson and Bagley and Fitzhugh Lee of the old confederacy vie in deeds of heroism with Dewey and Merritt and Roosevelt and Funston of the north. A generation has grown to maturity since the great rebellion. Children play by the doorways of parents born since that cruel war cloud passed by, but who can say that these young hearts might not yet live to aching and break in the coming years for the empty chair and the cold heartstone. We may avert a repetition of these calamities, but we shall court and deserve them unless we strive to grow in virtue and patriotism with each succeeding ceremony of Decoration day. As we travel the road to the cemetery on this day, may our hearts beat a path from the smoldering ashes of our nation's dead to their spirit home above, gathering nobler ideas. Weigher resolves and a loftier patriotism. And how shall I address you, ye veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. Some of you had to tip-toe your way into the army thirty-eight years ago, but now the elastic spring of your walk, as you proudly marched away, is gone, you footfall is heavy, the exuberance of youthful spirits, with which you swept up the heights of Missionary Ridge and guarded the watches of the cannon-skaken Rapidan is no longer overflowing. I stood in the streets of your capitol city a few weeks ago when the Grand Army Post of Topeka gave a parade and reception to the new state commander. I rejoiced to see such a goodly number that could still respond on short notice. There were about 400 of them, old grand sires, and they marched up Kansas avenue and tried to keep time to the music. There was the empty sleeve and the halting step, the stooping gait and tottering cane, but at the sight my heart throbbed, and I was not ashamed of the moisture that dimmed my eyes to see the past of the nation marching by. Veterans of the mighty past, I salute you. I salute you in the name of your hero leaders, your Grants, your Shermans, your Logans, and your Sheridans, whose names are emblazoned forever on the scroll of history. I salute you in the name of the young men of America who must take your places, alas! too soon, I salute you in the name of your brave sons who at Santiago, San Juan, Malakal, Calococan, and Manila Bay have demonstrated that the old spirit of Bunker Hill and Lundy Lane and Shiloh and Mobile Bay and Gettysburg is still alive and flourishing in the hearts of the American people. We pledge you that we will remember your deeds in story and in song, and will teach our children and our children's children, down to the end of time, at what cost liberty and union were saved and perpetuated by the men of 1861. The civil war settled some things which badly needed settling for the good of the country and the world at large. It settled the doctrine of nullification and secession. It settled that the union of states was not a rope of sand; it demonstrated that the union could not exist half slave

and half free; it vindicated the theory of republican institutions, that government of the people is even stronger than monarchy. No student of men and events can point out a government, no matter how strong, and say that this kingdom or that empire could have quelled a rebellion of such enormous proportions. The world knows this now, but it didn't know it forty years ago. The wise men of Europe, looking over the history of the past, confidently asserted that it could not be done. The rebellions of other days that batted the most powerful kings of the earth, Gessler had failed, Edward I. had failed, Philip II. had failed, George III. had failed—they all had failed on far less undertakings than confronted the American republic in 1861. And when the union had called into existence a larger army than the world had ever seen and had quelled the rebellion, again the wise men said, "now we shall see this republican government go to pieces. These successful generals will each have their following, and their miserable selfish rivalries will demolish the federation of states. Such vast assemblages of armed men cannot be peacefully disbanded." The wise men said there was nothing to tell the soldier was in their favor; it never had been done. But the wise men forgot one thing. They forgot that the American volunteer soldier was first of all a citizen, and that he had an intelligent and definite purpose in view when first he entered the service. That purpose was to put down the rebellion, and return to his private business just as soon as that was accomplished, and no soldier. You all know how it was done. There was that grand parade of the armies of Grant and Sherman, two hundred thousand strong, marching through the thoroughfares of the capital, and then the disbandment began. In a few months (aside from an occasional empty sleeve, a crutch or a sabre scar) they all had returned to their homes, and from the citizen except the recollection of his bravery. The tremendous energy called into being by the war was directed into the busy haunts of industry and pioneer life. Much of it was expended in building new states in the west, and star after star was added to our flag, the desert was made to blossom like the rose, new cities were planted in the virgin prairies of the mighty west, and construction was the outcome of the great disbandment where the wise men had foretold destruction. Nor shall we forget the self-sacrificing devotion of the women of America. I think their affliction was nearly as great. The care of the little ones at home, often the struggle with poverty, the anxious waiting for the letters from the front, the soldier husband, in the full flush of his manhood, rode down to his death and sank peacefully into the arms of mother earth, while wife and children learned it days or weeks after in the columns of the press, "dead, wounded, or missing." "The maid who binds her warrior's sash, With smile that well her pain dissembles, The while beneath her drooping lash One starry, sad, and trembles. The heaven alone records the tear, And flames shall never know the story. Her heart from above is dear, As e'er benewed the fields of glory." The wife who girds her husband's sword, Mid little ones who weep and wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word, When thro' the darkness he is under; Doomed unto his sleep to hear The bolts of death among his rattle, Has shed as sacred blood as e'er, Has poured upon the field of battle." The mother who conceals her grief While, to her breast her son she pressed, Then breathes a few brave words and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses; With no one but her secret God To know the pain that welchs upon her, Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod "Received on Freedom's field of honor." It is to recall and profit by these memories that we strew flowers on soldiers' graves. The nation's graveyards are its gardens of glory. American soil is consecrated by the blood of patriots. And we learn of suffering and sacrifice in the past, let us learn also the duty and destiny of the future. Let us swear by the graves that we have visited to-day, that never in the shock of debate, never in the clash of the political arena, never even in the mad scramble for the gratification of our own selfish ambitions, will we again sow discord and dissension to imperil the life of the republic. Great and solemn duties are confronting and will confront this generation as in the age of our fathers. Let us not seek to evade them but to discharge them like men. There is no such thing as rest in national life. We must progress or decay. "If the people rest contented with the good they have accomplished, They will retrograde and slowly sink away. Give a nation an ideal, some grand noble

central object, It like adamant, refuses to decay." While ransacking the shelves of the State Historical Society for information concerning Decoration Day, I came across a brief sketch of the captain of Company "K" of the Seventh Kansas Infantry. He enlisted at the beginning of the war, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, and by devotion to duty, courage and patriotism, he rose to a captaincy. He was in the thick of every fight, and at the close of the hard fought field at Chattanooga, he fell with a mortal wound. He sleeps with twenty thousand other union dead in the national cemetery at Chickamauga. His name was Edgar P. Trego, and to you, citizens of Trego county, let me say that you may safely teach your children that your county honors itself by bearing the name of as true a patriot as ever died for the banner of the stars. It seems to me that these are things we should not forget. The inspired poet who so recently conjured the Anglo-Saxon race to take up again the "White Man's Burden" a few years ago published another poem, the refrain of which was: "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget." I think that this prayer might well be the text of all the numberless speakers who presume to address the people of America on this Memorial Day. It would hallow and sanctify the past, consecrate the present, and wonderfully bless the future. "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget." Lest we forget our history, our traditions, our duties, our responsibilities, and take no thought of those who shall come after us; lest we forget our forefathers, our heroes, and our martyrs; lest we forget the pilgrims of Massachusetts and the pioneers of Kansas. Lest we forget Franklin and Washington and Jefferson and Adams of early days, and Lincoln and Seward and Stanton of later days; lest we forget Paul Jones and Perry and Decatur and Porter and Farragut of the navies that are gone, and Dewey and Hobson and Sampson and Schley of the navies that remain; lest we forget Marion and Putnam and Greene and Jackson and Scott and Grant and Sherman and Sheridan of the armies that are gone, and Miles and Merritt and Otis and McArthur and Roosevelt and Funston of the armies that remain; lest we forget the Grand Army of the Republic of the Civil war, and the Rough Riders and the Kansas Volunteers of the Spanish war; lest we forget Nathan Hale of Connecticut and John Brown of Kansas; lest we forget our mistakes and our escapes, and lest we forget above all things that the man who would sow discord and dissension again among our reunited people is not blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh, ay—and, in truth, may we exclaim: "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Commencement Exercises. The Wa-Keeneey and Trego County Common School Fourth Annual Commencement passed off pleasantly and profitably barring a few unavoidable omissions, was equal to if not surpassing expectations. The music by the school has been highly commended. The little folks repeated the sailor and soldier drill of the afternoon, and a second concert drill of pupils of Intermediate and Grammar grades was enjoyed. The commencement exercises proper began with a declamation, "Our Martyrs;" by Roxie McAtee, followed by another by Barbara Ivan, "Time and Opportunity." Both graduates deserve much credit for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The class address by ex-Superintendent Peacock was characteristic of Peacock. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he thought he was done with school matters, and that the people might lay this affliction to Harlan and Shearer. He spoke of the number of graduates in preceding years, remarking that the few in number this year was not to the discredit of the schools but the natural limitations of numbers and years. The very fact of these being alone was evidence of merit, and future years would bring the larger classes. He ended by a little good advice in regard to health being preferred to higher work should such alternative ever present itself, no matter how much we might desire to advance. Superintendent Harlan then presented the diplomas in a few well chosen remarks, after which the male quartette rendered in their imitable way the "Cobbler and the Crow." "Last Words" by Principal Shearer detailed the work of the school, and bid adieu for the year. Notice. School boards, teachers, and advanced pupils are invited to come and inspect the dictionaries, school libraries and pupil's reading circle books now in my office. A good library is one of the best if not the best means of raising the standard of our schools. It is to be hoped that every district and every pupil will be able to avail themselves of this opportunity to select choice and suitable reading. These are standard works selected by State Reading Circle Board. Come and see. HUDSON HARLAN, County Supt. Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best. Grand Picnic at Hoganville. There will be a picnic at Hoganville on Tuesday, June 13. Music, dancing and singing. Lots of refreshments—ice cold. Everybody come—one and all. COMMITTEE. For relief and comfort in Asthma BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP has no equal. Price 25 and 50 cts. Jones & Gibson.