MEMORIAL DAY.

Bring Flowers, Sweet Flowers, for the Low Green Mounds, where Sleep the Nation's Dead—Pause in the Strenuous Rush of Life and Give a Thought to those who Died for Flag and Country.

"God of our Fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

The days go by "like a shadow in the night," and in the hurry and bustle, in the rush and roar of the every day battle for existence we are losing much that is sweetest in life, we are forgetting to be kind and gentle and forbearing with the living; and we never get all of today's work done, but are bending every energy to do two days' work in one, and hoping that "tomorrow" we may meet with our friends and enjoy the communion of soul, the sweet comraderie of the days that are no more. We forever forget that the "mill will never grind with the water that has passed," and that we are losing, losing, losing, all that is best and sweetest in this short existence.

But there is one day in the year that we do not forget. When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil, we REMEMBER. Sometimes we wish that we might forget—not to do honor—never that, but there are so many unhappy years, so many long, lonesome, tearstrewn years between us and those low green tents whose portals never outward swing, that we would like to forget. Just forget the many days, but never the dead.

There are 41 years between us and the first Memorial Day order, that one issued by Commander-in-Chief Gen. John A. Logan, May 5, 1868. He said of the dead whose graves dot every hillside, and lie in every valley in our loved land: "Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the Nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

"If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us."

And we are keeping the trust today, and it shall be kept so long as the Flag floats.

Memorial Day (not Decoration Day) is now a legal holiday in all the Northern States and Territories, except in Idaho. It is a legal holiday in the District of Columbia, but Congress has almost never adjourned in honor of the Nation's dead. That body of statesmen never pay any attention to it. None of the Southern States recognize the day as a legal holiday, and none of them decorate the graves of their soldier dead on that day.

In view of the general observance of the day now, we recall with surprise the objections made to the establishment of the day by General Orders, No. 11, of Commander-in-Chief Logan. In the "History of the Grand Army of the Republic," written by Gen. Robert B. Beath, he notes that there were many veterans who at first doubted the wisdom of instituting such an observance. It was claimed that it would unnecessarily keep alive the memories of the war, and foster animosities that should be buried in oblivion. Other objections were made to the expense, and that the money for music and flowers could be more wisely spent on the living. All these objections were forgotten a quarter of a century ago. Year after year the work in the little cemeteries increases, and the work for the living decreases. It is true that the flowers in the South cost a great deal of money, for we have to purchase all those used in our National Cemeteries in the South, but the custom has become a gracious one in the North, and the Spring's most beautiful blossoms are reserved for Memorial Day use everywhere.

There is one jarring note in the day's activities which a loyal lover of the Nation's dead dislikes to see, and that is that the holiday given for the purpose of paying tribute to men who saved the Nation is too often used for selfish pleasure, and by the young given over to baseball, tennis, horse racing, boating and other games and pastimes. It is not for this that the Grand Army of the Republic and the Woman's Relief Corps have worked in State Legislatures to get the day set apart from all other days to be marked with the white stone of memory. It is little enough that the hurried world can do to stop for one day in 365 to pay tribute to the men who made this country fit for them to live in. It is a time for them to stop and consider what their position, politically, socially and financially might have been had not nearly half a million men put themselves before the shot and shell of a dissatisfied and rebellious section of the country, and made of their breasts a bulwark of safety. It ought to be observed as a day of solemn thanksgiving by all, with flowers to their memory as a thank-offering from a free and grateful people.

"Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Crown in your hearts these dead heroes of ours
And cover them over with beautiful flowers."

Wilson's Raid.

A bugle call at Selma!
Yes, Wilson is at Selma—
Bright, jaunty, gay, he spurs his gray
And heads our van to Selma.

Down, down the pike to Selma,
Our charge sweeps on to Selma.
Mad shells now fly and soldiers die;
Red is the road to Selma.

But Forrest is in Selma,
Fierce Forrest is in Selma;
'Tis victory where'er he be,
And hope is high in Selma.

Still Wilson leads to Selma,
He cheers us on to Selma;
The gray is down and Wilson's down,
Yet waves us on to Selma.

A cheer goes up from Selma,
At Wilson's fall at Selma;
He mounts again and spurs again
His bloody gray toward Selma.

Up to the gates of Selma,
On thru the gates of Selma!
Our steel meets steel, the foemen wheel
And Wilson sweeps thru Selma!

And Forrest flees from Selma—
All bleeding flees from Selma—
While Wilson's fame and Wilson's name
Are writ in flame at Selma.
—K.

Memorial Day.
(Original.)
By E. Alfred Coil.

Again, with muffled drums and mournful tread,
The living brave, who wore the honored blue,
Will go thruout the cities of the dead,
And strew with flowers the graves of comrades true.

Altho they'll march with halting step and slow,
Mayhap be victims of some critic's scorn,
The Nation should uncover as they go
The graves of honored comrades to adorn.

For tho they're few in numbers now and old,
When Sumter's guns resounded war's alarm,
They helped to form that army, grand and bold,
That stayed, then crushed rebellion's powerful arm.

With dire distress their faithful hearts to try,
They needed not be told that "War is hell;"
But, willing for our country's sake to die,
Their Union cheers defied the rebel yell.

A Sacred Day.

They fought with dogged Grant at Donelson,
And showed the world that they were true as steel;
An unconditional surrender won,
And fired anew the North with patriot zeal.

On Shiloh's field they fought a bloody fight,
And once it seemed the Blue had met defeat;
But plans were laid, as passed the hours of night,
Whereby the Gray was forced into retreat.

In both assault and siege their grit was tried
At Vicksburg, fortified and guarded well;
But enemies and hardships they defied,
And pressed the siege until the city fell.

They charged with Hooker up befogged Lookout,
And stormed above the clouds the rebel lines;
On Missionary Ridge put Bragg to rout,
And overturned his deep, well-laid designs.

At awful Gettysburg they fought with Meade
Against the courtly Lee, both shrewd and brave;
Withstood the men who followed Pickett's lead,
And to the Stars and Stripes new glories gave.

They, from Atlanta, drove the daring Hood,
And planted there the banner of the free;
And tho but few believed they could or would,
They marched in splendid triumph to the sea.

The Monitor in Hampton Roads they manned;
They fought with Farragut in Mobile Bay;
And on the sea as well as on the land
They proved themselves our country's strength and stay.

At Petersburg, a fearful, bloody field,
They broke old Richmond's "rim of iron" so strong;
A few more days and Lee was forced to yield,
Then theirs the victor's meed and victor's song.

And now as they, to those who with them fought,
Their gen'rous heart and floral tributes pay,
They shame the selfish throngs who think of naught
But gain or pleasure on Memorial Day.

From wrecks of Nations gone those throngs should learn
That modern Nations will themselves dethrone,
If they forget their civic duties stern
And seek to live by gold and play alone.

And that essential lesson must be taught,
And loyal hearts to duty's call give heed,
Or rights and Flag for which our fathers fought
Will all be lost in selfishness and greed.

To save from such a fate our favored land
Memorial Days should serve to keep us true
To those enduring fundamentals grand
Embodied in our Red and White and Blue.

His Mother's Flag.
(Original.)
By Hattie Horner Louthan.

"That Flag—our Flag—we must keep it flying,
Tho hearts at home are in sorrow sighing,
For the Cause of Man to our swords is crying."
The speaker stood where the sunshine beaming
Fell full on the banner above him streaming,
As he made his plea, not to be resisted,
On the brave, bright day when our boys enlisted.

"A home-made Flag," smiled my boy at parting,
Smiled, while about him the tears were starting,
"Our colors fair will the Spring be blending,
For red, the rose from your lattice bending,
For white will the clover bloom be given,
And always the blue of the peaceful Heaven."

"Killed in a charge!" No last word spoken,
No loving glance, nor a farewell token.
I can see thru my tears that are ever flowing
The red, red rose at my window blowing,
The white of the bloom on the thick-sown clover,
And the blue of the sky that is bending over.

A death-made Flag, lo! the West is bringing,
Red are the tides from the true hearts springing,
White are the faces the trenches cover,
And blue is the sky that is stooping over.

But the Flag—our Flag—we must keep it flying,
Tho out in the fields lie the brave ones dying,
And hearts at home are in anguish crying!

The Bivouac of the Blue.
(Original.)
By T. C. Harbaugh.

Bring the flowers of the meadows and the blossoms of the wold,
The red rose and the lily with its hidden heart of gold;
Twine the laurel and the cedar in a deathless wreath to-day
For those who camp beneath the pines from mount to ocean's spray;
No more they dream of battle, they who breasted it of yore,
For them no drums are beaten and the bugle's trill is o'er;
Comrades yet, they're camping ever where the rivers seek the sea,
Beneath the fairest Flag that waves—the banner of the free!

Fair May has gemmed their battlefields with roses white and red,
And daisies nod before the winds where hero blood was shed;
The ring-dove woos his gentle mate beneath the Southern pines,
And violets hide the cannon ruts where stood the battle lines;
Peace hides the olden battle plains with her immortal wings,
And on the ivied fortress walls to-day the linnet sings;
All's quiet now at Arlington, above Potomac's tide,
And deep in Chickamauga's wood the rabbits sport and hide.

No bugler stands upon the hill to call them to the fray;
No longer on the picket post they watch the hosts in gray;
The sounds of carnage rouse them not, for them no sabers gleam;
For them no charge upon the plain, no dash across the stream;
In glory's bivouac to-day in silence they repose,
While o'er the land doth gently fall the tribute of the rose;
Their names are carved on Honor's shield; the land will ne'er forget
The men who wielded for her sake the sword and bayonet.

Remember, too, the missing brave who camp, unknown, afar
Beneath the boisterous ocean wave where shines the tropic star,
Or in the tangled thicket where the slimy serpents hiss,
Far from the lips that gave them love's ecstatic, farewell kiss;
On them to-day no love glance falls, on them no bloom is shed;
They camp unseen, unknown to all—the Nation's hero dead,
Beneath the bending skies of May, beneath the hoary tree,
Where the rivers in their beauty seek the ever-shadeless sea.

Come, then, with Nature's treasures to the bivouac of the Blue;
Recrown Columbia's hero sons, the young, the brave, the true;
Give them of love's sweet largess all a heart's will can bestow;
Remember that they faltered not befor a valiant foe;
They marched beneath Old Glory when the drums of battle beat,
Heroic on the fire-swept line, defiant in retreat;
But in the silent camps to-day they take a soldier's rest,
The sacred soil of Freedom lying softly on each breast.

Aye, strew them o'er with lily fair, with violet and rose,
Bring wreaths of love and beauty to the spot where they repose;
May gives her fragile blossoms to the valiant and the true,
And Glory stands a sentinel before the camps of Blue.
Each sleeper won the guerdon fair of everlasting fame,
Where in their faces flashed of yore the battle's lurid flame;
Forget not one who slumbers in the silent camps to-day,
But give to all with gratitude the God-kissed bloom of May.

The Unknown Dead.
(Original.)
By Elizabeth Robbins Berry.

Above their rest there is no sound of weeping,
Only the voice of songbirds thrills the air;
Unknown their graves, yet they are in God's keeping,
There are none "missing" from His tender care.

He knows each hallowed mound, and at His pleasure
Marshals the sentinels of earth and sky;
O'er their repose kind Nature heaps her treasure,
Fanned by soft winds which 'round them gently sigh.

Bravely they laid their all upon the altar,
Counting as naught the sacrifice and pain.
Theirs but to do and die without a falter—
Ours to enjoy the victory and the gain.

They are not lost; that only which was mortal
Lies 'neath the turf o'erarched by Southern skies;
Deathless they wait beyond the heavenly portal,
In that fair land where valor never dies.

In the great heart of coming generations,
Their fame shall live, their glory never cease;
Even when comes to all earth's troubled Nations
God's perfect gift of universal peace.

Save the State.
(Original.)

Safe be our Western land
From foes on every hand,
Safe be the land;
So shall it ever be,
On land and on the sea,
The Home of Liberty—So shall it be!

Safe be our noble State
From every evil fate,
Safe be the State;
And safe the men that be
At toil by land or sea,
That every harm may flee—So let it be!

Safe be he who wears the Blue,
That they to land be true,
Safe be the Blue;
That all its history
One page of glory be,
By land and on the sea—So may it be!

Safe be our every home,
Or dangers go, or come,
Safe be the home;
And let it ever be
From all reproaches free,
In truth and purity—So may it be!

Safe be our childhood's school,
Wide let its blessings rule,
Safe be the school;
High let Old Glory be,
That every eye may see
This emblem of the free—So let it be!

Safe be our rulers, all;
That none from duty fall;
Safe be they all;
And let our people be
A Nation wise and free,
On land and on the sea—So shall it be!
—R. W. L.

Let our children know the names and deeds of the men who preserved the Union; let piety and patriotism sweetly unite in forming the character of our children that we may have a race of loyal and noble Americans to carry forward the triumps of liberty after those who won it have gone to their reward.

After All.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of bugle
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper:
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

And the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave in the battlefield,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.
—William Winter.

* * *

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

His Work Is Done.

Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hnd of man or kiss of woman?

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all the wars?
What but death be mocking folly?

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low.
—By George H. Boker.

Cover Them Over With Flowers.

Cover them over with flow'rs;
The choicest of nature's store
Are not too choice for our soldier boys,
Sleeping to wake no more.

Honor the country they loved,
Honor the colors that wave
Over the Union our soldier boys
Parted with life to save.

Ever their mem'ry hold dear,
Ever their praises sing;
Ever the graves of our soldier boys
Deck with the blossoms of Spring.

Over them carol of bird,
Flicker of sunlight and shade;
Peace to thee, soldier boys;
Rest thou in peace;
Ne'er shall thy laurels fade.

My Father Was a Soldier.

Well, boys, this is Memorial Day!
See! There they come,
With fife and drum,
Led by a hero, silver-gray;
Somehow, I'm proud
Of this grim crowd—
My father was a soldier.

"Can't take the time to march?" you say.
I'm sorry, boys,
You'll miss the joys
That fill my heart this sad, sweet May.
Perhaps I, too,
Would feel as you,
Had not my father been a soldier.

"The cemetery road is long?"
But not as far
The windings are,
As once these brave men marched with song.
I know it well;
I've heard them tell—
My father was a soldier.

This Spring day may be chill or hot—
The heat and damp
Of trench and camp
Have ever been the soldier's lot.
If so, what then?
Let us be men!
My father was a soldier.

'Twould seem, I think, to one who gave
This day to sport
Of any sort,
Like trampling on his father's grave.
I'd feel it so—
But, then, you know,
My father was a soldier.

There dawns no holier day than this:
The very air
Breathes out a prayer,
As sacred as a mother's kiss;
If as I feel
I'd act, I'd kneel—
My father was a soldier.

How strange the world forgets so soon!
The Nation's night
Fades in the light
Of our resplendent prosp'rous noon.
Eternal shame
On our fair fame
If we despise our blood-bought boon!

It seems not long ago, the day
His regiment,
All hearts intent,
Marched, colors flying down the way.
Scarcely an eye
From tears was dry—
He never asked if it would pay.

Oh, boys! is not the Flag the same?
Is not "Old Glory" still its name?
Have patriot hearts now ceased to beat?
Is freedom's breath no longer sweet?
Are Shiloh, Henry, Donelson,
Antietam, Vicksburg, which they won,
Mere names expressing only sound?
Are they not rather hallowed ground?
Is Lookout Mountain's cloud-capped crest
An idle fancy, like the rest?
Is Gettysburg's dark, crimson stream
The vision of a Summer's dream?
No, boys; the witnesses are here—
The scar, the crutch, the deafened ear,
The empty sleeve, the sightless eye,
The memories that cannot die.
Beneath unnumbered hillocks low,
Like sleeping comrades, row on row,
Yon hero dead in patience wait
Our coming, be it soon or late.
We'll strew their graves with rarest flowers,
Fresh springing as this love of ours.
Our country's Flag within the sod
We'll plant till sounds the trump of God.

Oh, boys, 'tis nought what others do;
Long as I live
This day I'll give
To service for the men in blue!—
My father was a soldier.
—By Wm. B. Norton, Ph. D.

Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride.
For us their precious lives they gave,
For Freedom's sacred cause they died.
Long, where on glory's fields they fell,
May Freedom's spotless banner wave,
And fragrant tributes grateful tell
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.
—Samuel F. Smith.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
the soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
the brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
the bivouac of the dead.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
the bugle's stirring blast;
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
the din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
the rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread the
herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot while
Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
in deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
the story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's
blight, nor time's remorseless
doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light that gilds
your glorious tomb.
—By Thomas O'Hara.

To graves like theirs should pilgrims
go,
With solemn tread and music low
And scatter lightly overhead
Their offerings to the valiant dead.
—William Woodman.

And never may they rest unsung
While Liberty can find a tongue,
Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem,
Who to life's noblest end
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours.
—Sprague.

Though these soldiers rest in slumber,
Still their spirits are not dead;
Far beyond the inland rivers
Now their children's children tread.

Now a nation calls them blessed,
For the freedom which they bought,
And the world has been made better
For their lesson, nobly taught.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea
wave.
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or
scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous
rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of
brave
And doomed battalions, storming the
redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the
sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret
shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for
me
All that thou had'st, thy life, thy very
name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A PRACTICAL REFORMER.

Comrade Brush, Who Is Known as the "Reform and Fearless Mayor of Mount Vernon."

A great deal of excitement exists in New York political circles over the announced purpose of Gov. Hughes to appoint Dr. Edward F. Brush, of Mount Vernon, as Sheriff of Westchester County. He is a wealthy kumyss manufacturer, and has served three times as Mayor of Mount Vernon. He was elected twice as a Republican and the third time as the "people's choice." He fought to a successful finish both the Republican and Democratic managers, and was elected as an independent. It is estimated that he spent close on to $100,000 of his own money in trying to purify Westchester County politics, and especially those of Mount Vernon, and the papers say that he has done more than any dozen men in the County combined for the people's interests. He did this unselfishly and from the highest public spirit, expecting no reward, and had apparently retired permanently from public life when this announcement of Gov. Hughes's intention stirred up the politicians generally.

Dr. Brush was elected Mayor in 1892. Mount Vernon, which had just become a city, was bankrupt and owed $300,000. In order that it might continue to conduct business, Dr. Brush personally guaranteed all debts incurred, and went so far as to draw his personal

DR. BRUSH.

check to pay the members of the Police Department for the first year. When he went out of office at the close of his second term the city had not only paid off its indebtedness, but had a balance in its treasury. He had, however, incurred the enmity of both parties by his refusal to allow them to run the city offices in the interest of their adherents. His last canvass for the Mayoralty was a very spectacular affair, with the women of the town taking a deep interest. "Loyalty to Mount Vernon" was the campaign slogan, and Dr. Brush's only speech when it was announced that he was re-elected was: "Again I reiterate my pledge to give the people of Mount Vernon what they want and what they pay for." The best women of the town turned out on the night of his election, and hired a coach, to which eight white horses were hitched, with white harness and white silk ribbons for reins. In this Dr. Brush was driven thru the streets, followed by thousands of citizens.

Dr. Brush served as an enlisted man in the 16th Me., a fighting regiment, which lost 181 killed. Out of a total enrollment of 1,907 its total of killed and wounded was 759 and 76 died in Confederate prisons. Dr. Brush is an active and earnest G. A. R. man and member of Farnsworth Post, and was one of the party which came on to Washington to install President Taft as a member of the Associate Society.

Likes the Florida Colony.

Comrade Z. Barager, of Co. A, 13th Iowa, writes to have his National Tribune changed from Weiser, Idaho, to Kissimmee, where he will live until he builds himself a home at St. Cloud, where he hopes to spend his last days with the hundreds of the old comrades who will make up the majority of residents. Among other things he says: "There has been a great change in Jacksonville in the 45 years since I was there, an escaped prisoner from Andersonville. The present visit was under quite different auspices than the weary tramp of years ago from the prison pen to what is now a beautiful city. Then the blight of war was upon the land. Now peace has spread its wings, and there is peace and comfort and safety for the men of the North. I need not go into particulars regarding the locality where you have so wisely established a colony for the old boys, who must as time goes by extend constant thankfulness to you. Here is a genial climate, and every day is a benediction. Your representative, Mr. Moore, took a party of us to the colony land, and it is certainly fine. Just as soon as things get going, as they will this Fall and Winter, St. Cloud is going to be a splendid community. The town site is all surveyed and the men are now busy laying out the farm tracts. Hasten the day when the comrades and their families are here and living as they can live, where flowers bloom all the year 'round and ripe fruit picked from the trees every day from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31."

The Greatest Candle.

The largest candle ever manufactured is to be put up before the shrine at the birthplace of Joseph Petrosino, in Italy. It will be remembered that Petrosino was the Lieutenant of the New York Police who had brought down on him the enmity of the Mafia rascals by his courage and persistence in bringing into the penitentiary the Black Hand murderers and blackmailers. The candle is nine feet high, three and one-half feet in circumference, and weighs 178 pounds. It is made of Austrian beeswax, covered with 14-carat gold leaf, cost $400, and is expected to burn four years and seven months.

Deaths in Orcutt Post, Kalamazoo.

Editor National Tribune: Kindly publish deaths of comrades of Orcutt Post, Kalamazoo, Mich., as follows:

Wm. M. Woodward, aged 66; born at Saratoga, N. Y.; enlisted Sept. 2, 1861, private, Co. F, 3d Mich. Cav.; discharged Sept. 17, 1864, Lieutenant, Co. I, 3d Mich. Cav.; died Jan. 31, 1909.

S. N. Van Fleet, 65 years old; died March 8, 1909; enlisted Aug. 1, 1861; discharged Feb. 12, 1862, Co. H, 44th Ill.

Abner Green, died March 28, 1909; enlisted Aug. 18, 1864, Co. G, 15th N. Y. Engineers.

Thomas B. Close, died April 21, 1909; enlisted July 30, 1864, Co. I, 71st N. Y.; discharged July 30, 1864.

J. M. Rankin, 56 years old, died April 2, 1909; enlisted Jan. 3, 1865; Assistant Surgeon, 11th Pa.; discharged July 11, 1865; late residence, Richland, Mich.

Merritt N. Cleveland, aged 64; died April 22, 1909; enlisted Feb. 13, 1864; Co. B, N. Y. Art.; discharged June 18, 1865.

All were comrades of Orcutt Post.—G. W. Tuttle, Adjutant.

CATARRH MEDICINE FREE

If your Ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if Eyes ache, water or burn, or sight is failing, if you Hawk, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in Nose, Irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, your name and address will bring to you absolutely free a 30 days course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications.

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