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HONOR TO DEPARTED

The Veterans and Their Friends Paid Tribute to the Valor of the Departed Heroes.

Hon. R. P. Brower, of St. Cloud, Delivered the Oration at the Jesmer Opera House.

Memorial Day dawned clear and cool. There was a good breeze blowing and the sun smiled on the preparations of the old veterans to rever the memory of their departed comrades. The boys of '61 were early astir. The flags were displayed at half mast and by the time the morning train arrived the Rines Post had every preparation completed and headed by the Jones drum corps, marched to the depot to greet the orator of the day, Hon. R. B. Brower, of St. Cloud. After escorting him to the Commercial the post returned to its hall, where the boys broke ranks until they should assemble for the afternoon exercises.

Promptly at 1 o'clock the procession formed on Main street and escorted the speaker to the opera house where the exercises were to be held.

The program opened with "America" followed by a prayer by Rev. Roberts. A song by the choir, the reading of Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, and then the address by Hon. R. B. Brower which was substantially as follows:

Mr. Commander, Members of the G. A. R. and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I desire to tender to you and to your patriotic organization my sincere and heartfelt acknowledgment for the courteous invitation to be with you on this occasion. It is always a pleasure rare for me to join in the commemoration of Memorial Day and to add even though but little to the words of honor and of gratitude, none too glowing and none too expressive, which are pronounced this day amid impressive scenes in all the great breadth of country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the wave kissed shores of the great lakes to and over the gleaming gulf of the southland.

This is a day beautiful in sentiment and sad in memory. It is one of peace and for reflection, and as the sunlight of the soldier's Sunday shines upon waving flags and the wreaths of evergreen and the purity of beautiful flowers adorning the graves of brave men, we may pause in the rush of busy life and give fervent accent to the enduring realization of our obligation to the patriotic valor of the American soldier and sailor.

To me, there comes the thought that never before in the history of Memorial Days has there been one like this. We are to-day, as never before, one country, without section without division and with a common purpose. It is a day upon which can be celebrated, and properly, the re-uniting of the United States, and the re-union in close compact of the various commonwealths that make up our splendid political body. To-day, the spirit of the South is that of the North. As a nation we have been drawn closer and closer together for in the war with Spain, now closed, our sympathies have been in common and our action in accord.

Until not long ago, we heard and read much of the clinging bitterness of the South and the sentiments of prejudice that survived the civil war, and the passion of almost hatred that was aroused in the southern breast by the thought of losses, sustained in '61, of treasure and the sacrifice of heroic blood. Can it not now be said that all this is now changed? The slow processes of time, bearing forgetfulness to our people of the grim past, have given way to the rapid welding of all states and of all people for a common purpose. Mason and Dixon's line marks no longer the boundary line of sentiment and the inspiring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" commingle as the boys in blue march from the North and South to fight for the institutions of our country, for the redress of our wrongs and for the teachings of American civilization.

The example of the father who in 1861 took up arms to defend the stability of the union—his deeds his sacrifices and his achievements—have been the inspiration of the son who in 1898 and 1899 fought, and is fighting, in the name of America, and who will ever for any worthy cause, do and die wherever the demand may come. For within the year, America has demonstrated to the world that her sailors can train their guns as truly, her artillery command the plains as fully, and her noble infantry scale the hills as grandly, as the men of any nation of the earth. Here the speaker re-

ferred to the history of warfare and pointed out the results of the late war in its tendency towards long continued peace among nations and to the prestige gained by the nation among the powers of both hemispheres. He also referred to the volunteers of this village and of his home town and then continuing he said:

The memory of the battle above the clouds, the march to the sea, the charge of the old First Minnesota at Gettysburg and the stirring events of

are their own rewards, and on his lips I fain would hear the murmured words: "I will be brave, I will be true." The proofs are living breathing evidences. They insure the retention of these thoughts and the continuing recognition of these obligations through the generations to come. The bravery of that handful of men at Thermopylae lives yet; through the mists of the past the figures of Caesar and his followers hesitating but for a moment upon the banks of the Rubi-

should not be crowned by all the nobility creating powers in christendom; not by the badge of bare sovereignty; not by the mere ornament of power but by the crown of a high and exalted manhood and the evidence of the attainment of much that is great and good in human life. Rome, throttled by her vices, fell; Greece, undermined by her social impurities succumbed. So can it be said in truth that in the perpetuation of the high standard of manhood in the citizen body of our country, its future prosperity depends; in the preservation of the people of our country from the ills of moral degradation, is the battle of the future.

And upon this day consecrated to the remembrance of deeds of bravery and the recollection of days of sorrow, devoted to Memory's sad reflections and inevitably resulting in a better understanding of life's teachings, of the soldiers whose nobility of purpose stands pre-eminent in the records of Time, with LaMaille we can well say: With myrtle and rue, their tombs we strew.
And our love with our sorrow is rife,
But o'er their dear graves, that old flag waving,
Which they hallowed forever by dying.

Neath pansies and roses, the soldier reposes.
Nor dreams of the battle alarm at the morn.
A nation is keeping fond watch o'er his sleeping,
And tributes most loving his memory adorn.

Unfading their story and garlands of glory,
Their fame and their fame with their breath
did not cease.

When to the immortals they swept through the portals,
And roar of the conflict became perfect peace.

The oration was followed by a selection rendered by the male quartet and then Comrade Donovan offered the closing prayer.

When the exercises closed the procession reformed on Main street and marched to the cemetery where the ceremony of decorating the graves was performed. A squad of the veterans of company M fired the soldiers' salute over the graves and then as the notes of "Taps" died away the veterans and their escort reformed and marched back to town.

NOTES.

The company M boys had a skirmish run during the march.

Capt. Staples and his company of K. P.'s acquitted themselves very creditably.

The Jones drum corps did nobly and this service aided materially in the success of the celebration.

The Maccabees turned out well. Besides the local lodge there were two from Big Lake and twelve from Santiago.

Marshal Spaulding handled the parade Tuesday without a hitch and everything went off according to program.

Hon. R. B. Brower's address was well received by the audience and he was warmly congratulated by many of those present.

The prettiest feature of the parade was the hundreds of school children, trudging along laden with flowers for the fallen heroes' graves.

The veterans of '61 are becoming fewer and age begins to show, but when the band struck up the tunes they marched to thirty odd years ago their martial spirit was aroused and their step took on the elasticity of youth.

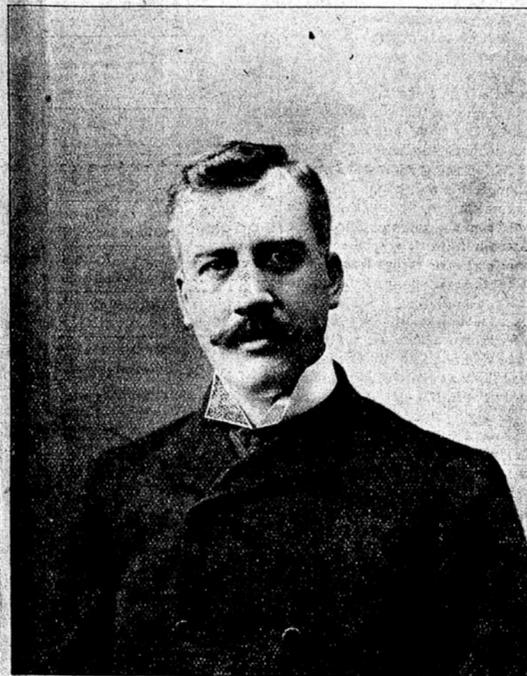
Sunday's Services.

Union memorial services were held at Jesmer's opera house last Sunday morning and the large auditorium was comfortably filled. The G. A. R., L. A. S., S. of V. and members of company M fell in at G. A. R. hall and marched in a body to the opera house. Rev. F. H. Roberts read from the scriptures and offered an eloquent prayer, after which Comrade D. Donovan preached an appropriate sermon with Paul, of Tarsus, as his inspiration. A choir composed of Misses Johnson, Howard, Orr, Dielman, Jones and Highlander and Mr. Cornman with Miss McCarriel as accompanist furnished excellent music. At the close the audience rose and joined in singing the National Hymn. The opera house was prettily and appropriately decorated with flowers, flags and bunting.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BEATRICE HARLOWE.

O'er the breath of a great republic,
From ocean to ocean borne,
Wherever the stars of her banner
Gleam out to the light of morn;
From the depth of her grain-sown valleys,
The slopes of her wooded hills,
In the song of her wind-swept prairies,
The rhyme of her peaceful rills,
Comes the noiseless tramp of an army,
Shadowy, silent and gray—
An army, though vanished its legions,
Yet lives in our hearts to-day.
Not with branches of yew nor cypress,
But with roses and blossoms sweet;
With amaranth and laurel above them,
And heart's-ease fair at their feet,
While softer than winds of the summer,
And sweeter than rose's bloom,
Are the memories and love which gather
And brighten each silent tomb,
And though Time in his march triumphant
Bends all to his final sway,
Yet the touch of the Great Eternal
Is nearer than he to-day.



HON. R. B. BROWER.

the great Civil War, and the acknowledgment upon the anniversaries of this Memorial Day of the debt of gratitude we owe these men, will survive the year, the generation, the century. You ask me for the proof of this? I would draw your gaze to the statute books, both National and State. There is but one day that does now, or will, rival this in conscientious and universal observance, and that is the day upon which the usurpations of a foreign power were spurned by an edict that is famed o'er land and sea—the Declaration of our Independence. You ask me for the proof of this? I would draw your gaze to the cities, the villages, the towns and country places, of the far East and of the far West wherein these solemn services take place. You ask me for the proof of this continuing memory? I would draw your gaze to the Stars and Stripes that flutter in the breeze over the graves of soldiers, some freshly made, whether in Maine or California; to the myrtle of remembrance and the perfumed flowers at recollection that adorn these resting places.

Ah, you ask me for the proof? I would draw your gaze to the look of awe and of adoration upon the face of the child as he tenderly places the wreath of evergreen where waves the decorating flag. Deep in his soul there springs up the fire of loyalty and patriotism, and deep in his heart he locks with the golden key of love the recollection of the day, the scene, the purpose. Through his mind there surges the conviction that bravery and honor

con, appear; in fancy you can see the flash of the six hundred rushing on to death; standing out in bold relief is that sublime figure, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, crossing in the darkness of the night the ice clogged river. In history, and also like the manner of the preservation of the love of ancient bards from lip to lip, these stories have passed down to us. Behold the light of a greater conflict—the greatest civil conflict in history; a contest for the preservation of the Union and the freedom and the liberation of a benighted class. Behold the immortal figures in blue in that long continued struggle wherein freedom was arrayed against slavery; justice against pride, unity and solidity against dissension and weakness.

Ah, my friends, cherish the thought that mere exists in this land a line of great nobility. That we had nobility in our country was evidenced by the struggles of the pilgrim fathers; was evidenced by the deeds of the patriots in 1776; was evidenced by the heroism of the soldiers on the land, and the sailors on the sea, during the years when the foundation of our country was shaken to its very base; was evidenced by the brave response of the boys of ninety-eight and in all the years of our national history. That nobility in our land was and is the nobility of manhood. Where is the man who says that the heads of Washington, Warren, Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Logan, Blaine, Dewey and countless others

