The Reflector.

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For President,
WALTER Q. GRESHAM,
of Indiana.

For Vice-President,
WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS,
of New Jersey.

For Congressman,
JOHN A. ANDERSON.

A syndicate has been formed in Detroit to tunnel the river to Canada.

The corkscrew committee will furnish the enthusiasm at St. Louis next week.

All of the Kansas Congressmen have been re-nominated and they will all be re-elected.

John A. Anderson, on May 19th, accepted the nomination of the Union Labor convention which met at Clay Center.

Streeter, of Illinois, and Cunningham, of Arkansas, are the nominees of the "Union Labor" division of the great Labor party.

With Blaine positively out of the race, look out for such a Gresham movement as will recall the days of Lincoln and of Grant.

The Democrats are using every despicable weapon in their power against Senator Ingalls. The latest charge is that he is a relation of Cleveland.

An exchange, pointing to the fact of a snake bite being cured by whiskey, assures its readers that the rule won't work both ways. Snakes can't cure the bite of whisky.

It is said that a Wichita preacher, who had been unduly interested in real estate, gave out his text recently as: "Matthew's addition to the New Testament, Block 7, lot 3."

James G. Blaine's positive and reiterated refusal to be a candidate, opens the way for the other leading candidates for nomination at Chicago. Preeminent among them all stands the star of the West, Walter Quinton Gresham.

There are several classes of men who cannot build a city. First, the fellows who squeeze the eagle on a dollar until it squawks. Second, the whiners who will do nothing themselves and complain because some other fellow, by his energy, is trying to push along the city in all that tends to its material advancement. Third, the men who have accumulated fortunes through the energy of others, and who refuse to give up a dollar for a manufacturing establishment or other enterprise that will bring wealth to the city. The classes named and others stand as an admantine wall against the prosperity of many cities and towns.—[Winfield Telegram.

The Coming Struggle.

With the approach of the Republican National convention, the Republican party begins to concentrate its strength, drop its old dissensions and look forward to preparation for a certain victory. It needs no demonstration to prove that this action is a necessary one. A party opposed by the force of a reigning administration cannot afford to do anything else. The defeat of four years ago can be directly traced, among other causes, to party dissension. The stalwart and half-breed split in New York was more than sufficient to cause the defeat of the Republican ticket.

It is gratifying to notice that the leaders of the party in the Empire State, the State upon which more than any other hangs success or defeat, in their convention at Buffalo a few days ago shook hands over the old difficulties and pledged themselves to a hearty support of the ticket to be nominated at Chicago. And they are not alone. From every State comes the same rallying cry. They have, perhaps, a favorite for the nomination, but they do not insist upon him. The man that can be elected is their choice. The West believes, and the belief is rapidly becoming general, that Walter Q. Gresham is the man most suitable to head the ticket. His qualifications pre-eminently fit him to lead the Republican hosts to victory. If he is nominated, every party leader in the Nation will give him a hearty support. With harmony and united effort, there is no reason why success cannot be gained. Surely there are abundant reasons why the Democracy should be thrown from the position which it has failed to fill satisfactorily and in which it has proved miserably incompetent to act for the best interests of the country.

BLAINE'S DECISION.

The Republican Leader Writes a Decisive Letter to Whitelaw Reid.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The *Tribune* publishes the following letter from Mr. Blaine:

Whitelaw Reid, Esq., Editor New York Tribune:

PARIS, May 17.—MY DEAR SIR: Since my return to Paris from Southern Italy on the 8th inst., I have learned (which I did not before believe) that my name may yet be presented to the National convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party. A single phrase of my letter of January 25 from Florence—which was decisive of every thing I had the personal power to decide—has been treated by many of my most valued friends as not absolutely conclusive in ultimate and possible contingencies. On the other hand friends equally devoted and disinterested have construed my letter (as it s. ould be construed) to be an unconditional withholding of my name from the National convention. They have in consequence given their support to eminent gentlemen who are candidates for the Chicago nomination—some of whom would not, I am sure, have consented to assume that position if I had desired to represent the party in the Presidential contest of 1888.

If I should now, by speech or by silence, by permission or omission, permit my name in any event to come before the convention, I should incur the reproach of being uncandid with those who have always been candid with me I speak, therefore, because I am not willing to remain in a doubtful attitude. I am not willing to be the cause of misleading a single man among the millions who have given me their suffrages and their confidence. I am not willing that even one of my faithful supporters in the past should think me capable of paltering double sense with my words.

Assuming that the Presidential nomination could by any chance be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection and therefore I could not accept it at all. The misrepresentations of malice have no weight, but the just displeasure of friends I could not patiently endure.

Republican victory, the prospects of which grow brighter every day, can be imperiled only by lack of unity in council or by acrimonious contest over men. The issue of protection is incalculably stronger than any man, for it concerns the prosperity of the present and of generations yet to come. Were it possible for every voter of the Republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of any wage worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in our power as philanthropists to elevate the European laborer, but it will be a lasting stigma upon our statesmanship if we permit the American laborers to be forced down to the European level. And in the end the rewards of labor everywhere will be advanced if we steadily refuse to lower the standard at home. Yours very sincerely, JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 30.—The arrivals of delegates to the Prohibition National convention, which will assemble here have been numerous, and nearly all are now on the ground. Governor St. John came yesterday afternoon with the California delegation, having joined them at Kansas City. Miss Frances E. Willard is also here. As yet there is no certainty of the presence of General Fiske, who has been detained and may not arrive at all.

The hour of assembly of the convention is fixed at ten a. m., but at a meeting of the National Committee last night it was decided to recommend to the convention that after the permanent officers have been installed and the preliminary routine business disposed of a recess be taken until three p. m. to allow the committee on credentials time to prepare its report. During the recess exercises will be held in the convention hall by the blue and the gray, an adjunct of the Prohibition party composed of ex-soldiers of the North and South. The evening will also be devoted to a similar object.

The National Committee last night decided to recommend the following as temporary officers of the convention: Chairman, Rev. H. A. Delano, of Connecticut; secretary, J. B. Cranfill, of Texas; first assistant secretary, Mrs. M. M. Brown, of Cincinnati, O.; second assistant secretary, George F. Wells, of Minnesota. The usual committees will be appointed, each consisting of one member from each State and Territory.

Our Congressman.

The Republican party of the Fifth Kansas district has honored itself in honoring our present Congressman, John A. Anderson, with a renomination. Among the seven brilliant Kansas Congressmen, none stands higher or has done more honest work for the Republican party and the people at large than he. That he is doing a work for the whole people is proven by the fact that he is endorsed, not alone by the Republicans but by those of other parties as well. This is nothing against him, it is indeed a compliment; for, as he himself says, more certain victory can be accomplished by "uniting on the same candidate than a plan which, by dividing the supporters, would strengthen the opponents."

Hon. John A. Anderson was nominated by acclamation at Junction City. He will be elected overwhelmingly in November.

The New York papers fairly howl over the alarming number of deaths caused by contact with the electric wires.

Belva Lockwood and Alford Love head the National Equal Rights ticket. Free whiskey is one of the platform planks.

Russian spelling is going to be revised. This will be tough on Russian editors, some of whose most brilliant articles have been the result of pied ads.

Voorhees on Gresham.

If Judge Gresham misses the nomination at Chicago, it certainly will not be for lack of friends for he seems to have an astonishing assortment of these, embracing men of every tint of political opinion. And now comes Senator Voorhees, who, as reported by a Washington correspondent, recently expressed himself as follows:

I have known Walter Gresham for a great many years, and I have always known him as a brave, honorable, manly man. He never did a mean thing and he never will. There isn't anything that can be said against him personally, and if I am compelled to go upon the stump in Indiana against him as a presidential candidate I give you notice that you will not find in any speech that I shall make anything that will conflict with the opinions I express to you now about Gresham as a man. There is nothing that any man can say against him. He has a personal courage which is rare and which has gained distinction for him, and he is just as courageous in political matters. My fight against him in Indiana and elsewhere could only be one of party principle.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Memorial Day Exercises Yesterday—Hon. J. R. Burton Delivers a Magnificent Oration.

Memorial day, 1888, in no way fell behind those of former years in enthusiasm, numbers in attendance or appropriateness of the exercises. The weather was all that could be desired, it being one of those typical days that only Kansas can give. Long before the time for decorating the graves, the people from the country and neighboring towns came pouring in and by 10 o'clock the city was full of people all in their gayest attire.

At that hour, the G. A. R. Post and Woman's Relief Corps and band marched in a body to the cemetery, accompanied by hundreds of people in carriages. There the graves of the dead soldiers were decorated with flowers, the ritual was read and a military salute fired over the last resting place of the heroes by a chosen corps of old soldiers. After returning to the city, the ranks were broken until 1 o'clock, when the formal procession and march of the day took place.

The procession forming on A street, marched up Broadway in the following order:

Hiawatha Band.
Mayor and City Council.
Fire Department.
Uniformed Rank K. P.
Co. D Fourth regiment, K. N. G., and drum corps.
Sons of Veterans.
Speaker of the day and chaplain.
G. A. R. drum corps.
Abilene Post G. A. R.
Citizens in carriages and on horseback.
W. S. Anderson, Chief Marshal.

After parading the principal streets of the city they repaired to the opera house where the members of the G. A. R. were seated in the places assigned them. The remaining space was soon filled and many turned away unable to find even standing room.

Post Commander announced a dirge by the band. Rev. W. H. Zimmerman offered a feeling invocation after which followed a song by Messrs. Hargreaves, Hough, Sumner and Sharr.

In an appropriate manner Hon. J. R. Burton, the orator of the day, was then introduced by Comrade Anderson, the vast audience greeting him with cheer upon cheer.

Mr. Burton before commencing his speech recited with true dramatic eloquence and impassioned utterance the famous poem entitled, "Sheridan's Ride." The fact of "Little Phil's" present dangerous illness made the delivery of the poem all the more appropriate.

After the applause following upon the recitation had subsided, he spoke as follows:

One by one the comrades are going into camp on the other side. A few more years and the veterans will be no longer with us. Life is short when stretched out to its fullest length, but scarcely a soldier of the late war whose years of life have not been lessened by reason of the hardships endured. He may have missed death throughout all the dangers of war, he may have marched with a firm step at the last grand reunion, but as age sweeps upon him the rheumatic pain, the smothered feeling at the heart, the nervous tremor of the hand, the rapid waning of the vital powers, evidence the terrible strains of the physical and mental man, endured in years gone by on the march, in the battle, or perhaps in the prison pen in the South. And so I repeat, not one soldier in a thousand, who survived the shock of battle and the ravages of disease, but has given a portion of his life to his country.

It is this thought that makes me angry at the expression of any mean spirit towards pensioning the soldiers. Thank God, a generous constituency has forced our legislators to do something. I might add, to do a great deal; but enough has not been done, and will not be, until every survivor of the war is placed above want.

If fortune has smiled upon him and he has plenty and to spare and does not care to ask for a pension, all right, but if he is needy, he must be cared for. Nor am I in favor of being over careful about inquiring into his conduct and habits of life since the war. Even if he has indulged in dissipation and been thriftless about money matters, I am ready to look with charity on all the acts of his after life. It may be that scurvy or some chronic poison has lurked in his blood since wading through the swamps of the South, and feeling the need of stimulants has took to drink and carried the habit to excess. It may be he lost the art of making money while fighting rebels. He learned to love country so much more than self, that the passion for money oozed entirely out of him. Again, it is a notorious fact that the best soldiers are usually poor money makers.

Grant was a stupendous failure all his life at money making. Only once did he achieve success in that direction, and that act, like all his daring deeds, was performed in the face of death. He could do nothing in Wall street, his soul was too great, he had too much faith in humanity, he believed too much in what people told him to make a successful operator among the moneyed sharks of New York.

But when the dreaded messenger of death approached for the last time with determined mein, and the great general turned to say goodbye to his wife and children, his soul was disturbed at the thought that he was leaving his family in poverty, and setting his iron jaw he seized the pen and bade death wait until he wrote a chartered deed of wealth for his loved ones.

It was then that Grant was really great—not when he stormed Donaldson, nor when, after he fought the battle of Shiloh he met and conquered the ignorant, malicious and venal forces of the North; nor in his capture of Vicksburg; nor in his campaign in the east, at the end of which he took the rebel capital and the rebel enemy; nor yet in his great civil acts as president—but Grant was incomparably great when in his last battle with death he would not surrender until he had safely landed his family beyond the reach of want. Want! an enemy that knows no mercy. Nor do I want any soldier to go to a soldier's home unless it is his wish. If he has a family I want him to have the privilege of living with his wife and children. Want should never be permitted to divorce a soldier from his wife.

As I said before the veterans are growing old, and this Nation is growing rich and we of a younger generation, who have inherited the vast wealth preserved by their valor, can well afford to be just or even generous.

It seems to me fitting upon this day, set apart especially to keep green the memory of our hero dead, after decorating their graves with flowers and recalling the grand achievements and great sacrifices of the soldiers both living and dead, to reflect seriously about the wars, to inquire the causes that lead to such a bloody conflict among the people of a common country, and to ask ourselves if there be any dangers, remote or near, that now threaten a similar affliction upon this people. It ought to be our duty to learn wisdom from the past and not leave as a heritage to future generations this Nation inoculated with any deadly poison that will sap its moral and intellectual powers, and to get rid of which poison the antidotes of blood and tears must be given.

The war was the result of an irreconcilable conflict between liberty and slavery.

This nation could no longer remain half slave and half free. It was necessary either to divide our country, or to make it all slave or all free.

Had any man used such language as the foregoing thirty years ago he would have been considered in the north a crazy fanatic and in the south a base criminal, and yet so rapid is the growth of ideas in a revolution, that twenty years ago or ten years thereafter, the above statements were universally recognized as true as now, that slavery was wrong! Then "*vox populi, vox dei*" is not always a true saying, and yet the basic stone of our governmental structure is that the majority shall rule. The voice of the people is the voice of power if not always the voice of God.

Witness the act of our forefathers in fastening slavery upon this country.

Think of men, who went barefooted and suffered all kinds of privations for seven long years rather than acknowledge a mild form of servitude or even concede the right of Great Britain to levy tribute upon them; think, I say, of such a people being so unjust and shortsighted as to found a country half slave and half free.

Others may talk about the greatness and goodness of our forefathers. It suits my purpose to talk about their follies and national crimes.

I can point the lesson better today by telling you that George Washington owned slaves, and that the heroes of the revolution believed in the divine right of slavery.

The voice of the people was heard in favor of slavery in the first congress and in every congress thereafter until a just God pricked the conscience of the nation with a sword. To get rid of slavery, a heritage left us by the framers of this government, slavery, the curse supported by the voice of the people, three hundred thousand brave men ripped open their veins and poured their life's blood upon their country's altar. It cost vastly more than that—it cost an ocean of tears wrung from the eyes of women and children; it cost golden treasure piled mountain high; it cost broken home circles never more to be restored; it cost an era of crime and peculation, the fruits of which cannot be measured this side of eternity.

Indeed, our forefathers were brave, good men, but they left an awful curse upon their descendants.

But did they fasten slavery upon this country willingly? No, no, a thousand times, no! To say that would be to slander all the dead of the revolution, and all who lived after them for more than half a century. Had Washington and his colleagues been lifted to that exalted intellectual national plateau to which we have been thrown by the volcanic eruptions of internecine strife, slavery would have died in this country before the constitution was framed, and the late war would have been averted.

We can better understand how far from the truth is the saying, *vox populi, vox dei*," by a brief appeal to history.

It was the voice of the people that supported the bigots in their use of the thumbscrews and the racks in the Spanish inquisition. It was the voice of the people that sanctioned the crimes of the Duke of Alva in the low countries. It was the voice of the people—of the people of our country—that demanded the burning of supposed witches in New England. Ninety-five millions of people today believe that Mohammed was a prophet; they would die for their religion just as readily as Christians would die for their faith.

The voice of the people sanctioned Solomon's action in the keeping of his concubines, and David in his atrocities in war. The voice of the people in the past has upheld every kind of religious worship, from the mother's sacrifice of her child to the Juggernaut to the simple faith of the Christian's prayer.

In the world of amusement the voice of the people at one age or another has asked for the bloody arena, the martial yet brutal joust, the cowardly bull fight, the weird impersonations of deities, devils and angels, the vulgar variety show, and the interpretation of the ennobling characters of the immortal Shakespeare. In government the voice of the people has supported every form conceived by the devil, and sanctioned every abuse of power assumed by ambition and maintained by the sword. But when we reflect that civilization has been a growth, is yet a growth, that man has struggled through darkness up to a higher place; that

"The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,"

and then remember how far in advance of liberal thought were the framers of our country to the rulers of any other yet in existence, and how much nearer to liberty was the genius of our constitution than any before framed by mankind, we must render proper praise to the virtue and wisdom of our forefathers. Yet the lesson of the hour would be lost if we failed to see now what, with their light, they could not see. But coming down from the days of Washington to the days of Lincoln, how many men could be found in this country even as late as 1860, who dared to say slavery was wrong, and how many less the number that dared to say the curse should be exterminated? A few like William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and John Brown, reckoned by the people then as fanatics and despised by many as criminals.

Why the voice of the people—the people of the north as well as the south—put a law upon our statute books making it a crime to give a cup of water to a famishing slave in his flight for freedom.

In the north as well as the south, the voice of the people fostered, protected and upheld the infamous crime of slavery, and never thought of giving it up until the very life of the nation was in the balance.

But if the north did even more than concede slavery to the south, the people of that section made it their special care. There was money in slaves and labor in that section had grown to be a badge of dishonor. This was the inevitable result of slavery,—the press, the campaign orator and the pulpit stood in solid phalanx in favor of slavery. The people were educated for generations to believe in the Divine right of slavery.

This sentiment that slavery was right gave courage to the southern soldiery. They believed they were fighting for the right, for home and country, and this made the war so bloody and so long.

Now let us inquire about the voice of the people at the present time. How is the public opinion moulded. Is there danger that the voice of the people in the present may speak the wrong instead of the right? Does the spirit of patriotism animate our people in the control of this country as it should?

Is there not a danger cloud to be seen on the horizon no bigger than a hand, that may grow into a destructive storm, and sweep with terrific fury over this land? For the past twenty-five years this nation has been developed in material wealth to an extent unsurpassed by that of any other in the known world. We have built thousands of miles of railway and telegraph lines; vast areas of country have been populated; immigration has flowed with a constant stream to our shores; the gold of other countries has been shipped in almost by the ship load; the gulches of mountains have been bored into, and been made to yield their wealth for our benefit.

These splendid opportunities have whetted our thirst for money to such an extent that the current of public thought is flowing in a mighty volume in the pursuits of gold. Commerce is getting out of its legitimate channels. Gold is raising a standard of caste in other things than social life. The love for money is corroding to a great extent the conscience of the Nation. Commerce is entering the domain of politics, and I had almost said the sacred field of religion.

In the palmy days of Clay and Webster, and latterly in the days of Morton and Douglas, these great giants could hold their places in the United States Senate and not be able to pay their debts. Money then did not influence the politics of the country like it does now. Let me illustrate one of the methods by which public opinion is moulded:

Shrewd politicians for their own purpose, in the State of Coronado, decided to elect Farmer Jones secretary of state. If elected, Jones will obey them. These politicians have control of the press, and aggregated capital has control of the politicians. By a clever organization they can boom Farmer Jones for secretary of state, in many quarters of the State, and gravely charge by the press, that the people, roused to the virtues of Farmer Jones, have decided to make him secretary of state, and the politicians who are opposed to Farmer Jones must take a back seat. The people are hoodwinked, and the scheme works. Farmer Jones is elected, gets his orders what to do from the politicians, and usually obeys them.

Whose fault is all this? It is the fault of the voter. That shrewd banker knew all the time that Farmer Jones was a fraud and a demagogue, but he didn't have time to pay any attention to it. A small circle of informed citizens are onto the game, but they are too busy with their respective callings to pay any attention to politics. A large number of voters go to the polls without having carefully studied what their duty is in the exercise of their rights. Another larger number are so neglectful of the great trust reposed in them by the Government that they stay at home on election day, while another class, it must be confessed, pollute the ballot for gold.

Without persuing this subject further, he has not read history aright unless it is perfectly plain that if commerce cannot be divided from the field of politics, this Government, now strong enough to whip the combined forces of all Nations, if we should be attacked, is not strong enough to withstand the insidious foe of political neglect, and political corruption.

This country has been bought and paid for with the price of blood, and we should preserve it. In the hurry of life we are apt to forget the most sacred duties devolving upon us. This Memorial Day has been established by the spirit of patriotism that would keep alive the heroic acts of the soldiers. Today all over this country we weave garlands of flowers and spread them upon the graves of our heroic dead. These soldiers faced death in every hideous form known to malignant warfare, and many of them died upon the field of carnage or in the hospitals of pain, and some in the awful prison pens of the south. Our ideal death is at home, surrounded by loved ones. Even then, with those nearest and dearest hovering by, Death is called the King of Terrors. This, however, is a mistaken notion. If we had no other proof that death was the king of terrors, than the heroic acts of the union soldiers, that would be sufficient. The soldier in battle feared the lowering of the national emblem a thousand times more than he feared death. There is not a veteran before me but would prefer death to the destruction of our homes, our school houses or our churches.

No, death is not the king of terrors. Death is but the beginning of life. The idea of immortality was not born of any creed or faith. It springs spontaneously from every breast. The desire to live hereafter has bred in every heart the idea of immortality.

In the beautiful Greek drama of "Ion" the idea of immortality is expressed by the hero in reply to that question always asked by the lips of love in the presence of death. "Shall we meet again?" said Clemantha to her lover. His answer was: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that seem eternal; of the streams that flow forever; of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked, but when I look into thy loving eyes I feel there is something in thy love that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

We should go from this hall today better men and women than when we came. We should remember that getting money is not all there is of life. We should have stamped anew upon our souls that this country cost enough to be saved. Let us be better patriots. Let us be less selfish. Let us in the future more often think of Washington at Valley Forge, of Warren at Bunker Hill, of the army of the Revolution at Yorktown.

Let us take our inspiration from thinking of Sheridan at Cedar Creek, of Hancock at Gettysburg, of Logan at Atlanta, of Sherman on his march to the sea, of Old Pap Thomas at Nashville, of Fighting Joe Hooker above the clouds, of Grant at Donaldson, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Appomatox, and the daring and unselfish sacrifices of the whole grand army of heroes, living and dead, who breasted the storm of treason and washed with their blood the last blot from our flag.

A few weeks ago I was driven to Lincoln Park, in Washington, to see that splendid piece of statuary, "The Emancipation." In heroic size, in bronze, was a splendid likeness of the immortal Lincoln. His sad, honest face is touched with a mixed expression of pity, love and hope; his outstretched hand is extended over the prostrate figure of an African slave, as though he is bidden to rise by the great emancipator. The word seems to have been just spoken that gives the slave his freedom; the broken shackels are falling from his wrists, and the upturned face of the prostrate figure as he is about to rise from slavery to freedom beams at the great Lincoln a look of gratitude and love that shows the inspiration of the freedmen in building the statue.

I thought as I stood before the cold marble how much of life and hope, of toil and sorrow, of duty and crime it represented. I then for the first time realized the glory of the union soldiers' toil. It was said in eulogy of Wilberforce that when he died he went into the presence of his God bearing the chains of 300,000 West India island slaves. The soldiers of the republic did more than that. They have seized with one hand the clanking manacles of 4,000,000 of bondsmen, and with the other 4,000,000 of chartered deeds of American citizenship. And with these chains in one hand and these deeds in the other, they step into the forum of nations and challenge the admiration of the present, and the ever advancing future.

Our peerless orator was listened to with the closest attention and interrupted at every pause by round after round of applause. His magnificent effort was truly characteristic of "our Burton," and that is praise enough. At its close he was the recipient of an elegant basket of cut flowers.

"America" was sung by the vast audience, and then W. T. Davidson requested all old soldiers who had not received their orders from the pension department to call upon him at once.

After "Marching Through Georgia," by the quartet and the audience, Rev. J. L. McKeehan dismissed the throng with the benediction.

Thus closed another perfect Memorial Day in Abilene, fittingly observed alike with reference to the sleeping dead and the waiting soldiers yet on this side the river.

At a meeting in the court house immediately after the exercises, the following resolutions were unanimously passed by Abilene Post No. 63, G. A. R.:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Post are hereby tendered to the Hon. J. R. Burton for his instructive, eloquent and patriotic address, and we heartily endorse the sentiments so powerfully presented by the speaker.

Resolved, That we tender our hearty thanks to Hiawatha band for the splendid music which they so freely rendered; also, to the following organizations: Ladies Relief Corps; Co. D, 4th Regt. N. G.; Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias, and the Abilene fire department, for their valuable assistance in the exercises of the day.

W. S. ANDERSON,
W. L. ALLISON,
J. SCHOPP, } Committee.

Unanimously adopted, May 30, 1888.

D. MATTISON, Post Com.
F. V. CLOSE, Adj't.

We will pay you 10 cents per dozen cash for all the eggs you bring us to the Parlor grocery.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the Probate Court of Dickinson County, Kansas.

STATE OF KANSAS, Dickinson County, } ss

In the matter of the estate of William L. Smith, deceased.

Creditors and all others interested in said estate are hereby notified that I shall make final settlement of the said estate on the first day of the July term A. D. 1888, of the Probate Court in and for said county, or as soon thereafter as the same may be heard. All persons interested will take notice and be governed accordingly.

IDA M. SMITH, Executrix.
C. C. BITTING, Jr., Attorney. 40-4t

Notice of Final Settlement.

STATE OF KANSAS, Dickinson County, } ss:

In the Probate Court of said county.

In the matter of the estate of John S. Plum, deceased.

Creditors and all others concerned are hereby notified that on the 1st day of the July term 1888, next ensuing, of the Probate Court, in and for said county, or as soon thereafter as the same may be heard, final settlement of said estate will be made. All persons interested will take due notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN H. PLUM,
MARTHA W. PLUM,
Administrators.
C. C. BITTING, Jr., Attorney. 40-4t

Notice of Appointment—Executor.

STATE OF KANSAS, Dickinson County, } ss:

In the matter of the estate of Thaddeus Gross, late of Dickinson county, Kansas.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1888, the undersigned was by the Probate Court of Dickinson county, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Thaddeus Gross, late of Dickinson county, deceased.

All parties interested in said estate will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

40-3 R. F. GROSS, Executor.

Legal Notice.

STATE OF KANSAS, Dickinson County, } ss:

In the District Court of the Eighth Judicial District, sitting within and for the county of Dickinson, said State.

Frederick Stammler, Plaintiff.

vs.

B. J. S. Friedman, Mamie Friedman, T. S. Bullene, L. F. Moore, J. T. Bird, L. P. Moore, W. E. Emery, J. Dogdett and W. B. Thayer; copartners as Bullene, Moores, Emery and Company; L. Simon and L. L. Meyer, copartners as L. Simon and Company; Geo J. Englehart, Robert Winning and John A. Johnson, copartners as Englehart, Winning and Company; K. L. Barton and George A. Barton, copartners doing business as Barton Brothers; J. C. Manheimer, copartnership nominal, J. Manheimer and Company; A. W. Schuster, J. W. Hingston, E. H. Bonton and August Schuster, copartners as Schuster, Hingston and Company; and J. K. Burnham, T. K. Hanna and F. C. Stoepel, and Albert Munger, O. L. Woodgate, copartners as Burnham, Munger and Company, Defendants.

B. J. S. Friedman and Mamie Friedman, of parts unknown, will take notice that they have been sued in the District Court of Dickinson county, in the State of Kansas, by Frederick Stammler, upon his petition, together with copy of mortgage, filed in said court on the 21st day of May, 1888, wherein he prays judgment against you for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 25th day of May, 1887, less a credit of fifty-one and 95-100 dollars, paid January 26th, 1888, upon a note and mortgage by you, and each of you, made to the said plaintiff above named, or order; who prays in his petition for the further judgment, to-wit: for foreclosure of said mortgage and for the sale of lots thirteen (13) and fifteen (15) in block number seventeen (17), in the town of Herington, in Dickinson county, and State of Kansas; and that the proceeds of said sale be applied to the payment of said note and interest and costs therein, and that you be forever barred and foreclosed from all interest in said land, or lots, and that the sale of said lots be made by appraisement as is provided by law.

You, and each of you, will further take notice that you must answer said petition on or before the 15th day of August, 1888, or said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered according to the prayer thereof, as above recited.

To the above named copartnership defendants, of the States of Missouri and Illinois.

Bullene, Moores, Emery and Company, of the State of Missouri; L. Simon and Company, of the State of Illinois; Engelhart, Winning and Company; Barton Brothers, J. Manheimer and Company, Schuster, Hingston and Company, and Burnham, Munger and Company, of the State of Missouri, defendants as above named:—

You, and each of you, will take notice that you have, also, been sued in said action, as above set out; and that plaintiff prays judgment against you and all of said defendants foreclosing said mortgage, as above set out, thereby foreclosing all of said defendants of all interest in said lands, and that you must answer said petition on or before the said 15th day of August, 888, or said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered according to the prayer of said petition.

J. P CAMPBELL,
40-3t Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that L. A. Peck, of Carlton, Kansas, did, on the 15th day of May, 1888, sell, assign and transfer to John Watts, J. F. Baxter and the undersigned James R. Wilson, all his notes, accounts and account books connecting and growing out of his business in said town of Carlton. And all persons knowing themselves to have been indebted to said L. A. Peck on said May 15th, 1888, will pay the same to the said James R. Wilson, who is authorized to make collections for the assignees above named.

JOHN WATTS,
J. F. BAXTER,
JAMES R. WILSON,
Dated May 31, 1888. 40-4t

The largest stock of diamonds, watches, jewelry and silverware, at E. Sutter & Co.'s. 39-4

W. L. COOLEY, the Jeweler,

Has Removed his Stock of Jewelry to 202 3d St.,

A few doors east of his former location, where he will be found with a larger and better line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Stectacles and Eye-glasses, at LOWER prices than others dare sell them. He does not belong to any ring or clique but is running his business on its merits, and is bound to win if low prices and honest goods will do it. All goods sold are warranted to be as represented. Repairings of all kinds neatly and carefully done. All goods sold engraved free of charge. He invites all his old friends and customers, and as many new ones as need anything in his line, to call and see him in his new location.

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Is the Latest attraction in the city, and the place to get Bargains.

The 5, 10 and 25c counters are sure to win. There are thousands of articles and every one a bargain. We have a large line of Glassware, Tinware, Woodenware, Hardware, Oil Paintings, Stationery, Books, Slates, Balls, Bats and Notions, in fact a little of everything and we want you to come in and look them over and see if you do not save 40 cents on every dollar's worth of goods you buy. To give a full list would be next to an impossibility as the line is so large, but call and see them for yourself. 37-6m

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