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EIGHTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1897.

NO. 21

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MEMORIAL DAY SENTIMENTS.

What Some Well Known People Say.

A BEAUTIFUL NATIONAL CUSTOM. Views of Ella Wheeler Wilcox—Thoughts of Professor John Clark Ripphat and Ex-Senator Ingalls—Commodore Melville and Colonel Forney on Our Heroic Dead.

It would be unbecoming to enlarge on the subject of Memorial Day without paying some introductory tribute to its founder. Very few indeed attribute the beautiful national custom of decorating the graves of the heroes of the civil war to a woman, Mrs. Martha G. Kimball, a soldier in the war herself, for she followed it from its beginning to its close, nursed the wounded soldiers and perfected the hospital service in General Sherman's army, and, in fact, watched over the Union soldiers like a mother.

Where, after all, are our brave dead? The traditional belief of the world has been that they live. But very true is the faith of mankind with respect to where the departed dwell or in what state. On this theme the poet has written many a noble ode, and the philosopher has written many a noble treatise. It is the belief of the world that the departed live in some state of existence beyond that of this world, and that they are able to see and hear of the living. It is the belief of the world that the departed live in some state of existence beyond that of this world, and that they are able to see and hear of the living.

Our brave dead who went from us in the hour of our greatest need, and whose names are still on our lips, are not dead. They are not sleeping, but they are not living and free; they are not at rest and at ease, but they are not at rest and at ease. They are not at rest and at ease, but they are not at rest and at ease.

From the west Mr. Ingalls sends me the accompanying letter symbolic of his own sentiments on Memorial day morning.



Army of the Republic, in suggestive admiration and requested example of those southern women. Her eloquent pleading enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of General Logan and resulted in the famous order No. 2 that went into effect on the 30th of May, 1868, establishing Memorial Day.

The lines that follow were mailed to me by Ella Wheeler Wilcox in response to my request for some original remarks on the subject of our national observance of May 30. It is evident that this popular poet takes a serious view of the present situation and does not hesitate to express her feelings as forcibly as she does poetically.

Our country's starting children plead for labor. She has to work to give them. Yet, behold! She feeds the sprawling offspring of her neighbor. While her own kin stand rootless in the cold. Not for such ends the heroes whom we honor. Preserved our country in her strength and pride. So many and so dark the stains upon her. Will might the warrior question why he died.

In response to my next call came the following hopeful paragraphs from Commodore Melville, an old soldier, the chief in the United States bureau of steam engineering in the navy department at Washington. In addition he can lay claim to being a celebrated artist, explorer and the designer of more than one of our late war vessels.

Decorations day, the day of all the year that is given to the highest and holiest ceremony that the living can pay to the dead—the day, the heroic dead, the brave souls, the light and life of the fairest and bravest, who with their noble and heroic spirits in the dark days of our nation's history, stood in the van of our nation's struggle, and whose blood has been the seed of our nation's greatness.

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Other wars have been waged for ambition, for a frontier, for a dynasty, for a throne, but no such passions impelled the soldiers of the Republic. They fought for the supremacy of the moral code in politics, for the best interests of the commonwealth, for the Golden Rule as the foundation of government. Their death was a protest against the injustice of human destiny.

The settlement printed below comes from Colonel James Forney, son of John Forney, the founder of the Philadelphia Press. As a lieutenant in the navy this contributor was brevetted captain for services rendered in the capture of Admiral Farragut in 1862 to host the first Union flag on the custom house at New Orleans and bring away the Confederate banner.

Memorial day is the most impressive of all our national holidays. On that day we throw away all care and go out and decorate the graves of those soldiers and sailors who fell in the defense of our country. The scene is very pathetic, and it would, however, be a much happier and grander scene for the future if the north and south, together, instead of having separate days, and make Decoration day sacred to the memory of both. This would indeed make it all days one of the grandest in the history of the republic.

Colonel United States Marine Corps. The following is sent me, fifty enough, by an author who comes of a soldier family. Dr. McCook does not need identification as a naturalist, but he is a leading authority of the world on American ants and spiders and the author of the popular book, 'The Tenants of an Old Farm.' Dr. McCook of the famous 'Fighting' family.

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A RAW RECRUIT. BY WILL M. CLEMENS. [Copyright, 1897, by Will M. Clemens.] In Sergeant Norton's picket squad was one of the raw ones, a new recruit. Oberholz was his name, and he looked it. Most young Germans are brave in the face of danger, and John Oberholz was one of the majority.

The night was as uncertain in a weather as was ever the English words of Oberholz, and as Fred Norton scurried along his picket line the cottonwood trees looked to him like a file of black giants. It was a shadowy, murky, somber night, this June evening, 1864, in the country round about Spotsylvania Court House.

Sergeant Norton stopped short in his lone march and put his hand to his ear. A strange noise came from a ravine not far away where John Oberholz was on duty. Less than two miles to the south of the Confederate lines, and the young recruit was fearful lest the gray sharpshooters would reduce the number of his picket squad. He ran toward the ravine as fast as the darkness would permit him and came rather unexpectedly upon the young German standing motionless upon the bank, his gun pointed at some bushes a few feet distant.

The hand of Oberholz was upon the trigger of his gun, and his usually red face was ashen white. He was in the act of firing when the sergeant called him.

"Oberholz, what is the trouble?" questioned Norton sternly. "Der was a rebel in der bushes," cried the German, his voice trembling with excitement. "Fat down your gun," whispered the sergeant as he came alongside the new recruit. "Don't shoot. If there is only one, we can capture him."

The German obeyed and brought his gun to the ground. Norton stepped forward a pace or two, having discerned a face and form in the undergrowth. He drew his revolver and advanced quickly. "Surrender, or I'll shoot!" he demanded very earnestly. Scarcely had he said the words than he quickly put his revolver back in his belt and uttered a gasp of surprise.

He saw her stagger as if about to fall, and, reaching forward, caught her by the arm. She vainly tried to speak to him and laid a trembling hand upon the arm of the sergeant. "You had a narrow escape, miss," Norton said to her as the German recovered herself. She looked at Oberholz in alarm and again endeavored to speak, but failed utterly. She nodded her head as if to indicate an affirmative reply.



They stood together in the center of the room. The hand of Oberholz was upon the trigger of his gun, and his usually red face was ashen white. He was in the act of firing when the sergeant called him.

On the battlefield at Richmond, Ky., in 1862, a Confederate and Federal soldier were lying some distance apart. Both were prostrate from severe wounds. "I am dying for water," the boy in blue cried in despair.

"I have water in my canteen to which you are welcome," said the one in gray. "I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the wounded Federal. The Confederate lifted his head and, looking over at his wounded fellow, called out in compassion, "Hold on a little longer, Yank, and I'll come to you!"

By digging his hands into the ground the heroic southerner dragged himself to the side of the Federal, groaning every time he moved. After the sufferer had drunk eagerly the two clasped hands in token of buried hatred. The Confederate had overexerted himself and brought on a hemorrhage, from which he died in a short time. The boy in blue kissed again and again the cold hand that had brought him relief, when he was taken away to the hospital, where he died next day.

His Voice. Above earth's din and tumult To lead the Master's voice, And a thousand blessings, To make his way our choice. This is life's solution, And faith will bring it all. Which leads to sweet submission, Seek but the Father's will.

The hours are full of voices Which call our souls aside, And stand by us strengthened Who in God's love abide. Who speak with bold denouncement The Master's subtle grace, And seek through love's enchantment His service all the while.

Such shall, with life enfolded, Win, though the strife be long, And stand by us perfected With the great ransom word, Whose joy through endless ages Shall rise and never cease. As they follow still as leader The Victim, Prince of Peace. —Christian Herald.



One of Grant's Victories. One of General Grant's greatest victories was not won in war, but in times of profound peace. On April 28, 1874, he vetoed an inflation bill which had passed both houses of congress, by decided majorities, and back of which were many eminent Republican politicians who imagined that they saw sure defeat ahead for their party unless they made concessions to those clamoring for "more money."

It was moonlight when the soldiers and accompany the wagon and this girl to her father's home. "Yes, sir," replied Norton, saluting his superior. He started to leave the tent with the young woman at his side. "And, sergeant!" added the gruff voice. "Yes, sir."

"Put enough in that wagon to last 'em for six months." "Yes, sir." "And, sergeant, take a file of men and accompany the wagon and this girl to her father's home."

"Yes, sir," and Norton and the girl stepped out into the night. In the course of an hour a wagon creaking under its heavy load passed down the ravine where Oberholz paced to and fro with his gun, and six soldiers marched upon either side of the wagon. Norton and his companion, the daughter of the enemy, brought up in the rear.

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So far from being a "settlement" the bill invited agitation. "Should it fall to create the abundance of circulation expected of it, the friends of the measure, particularly those of congress, would clamor for such inflation as would give the expected relief." And he defined his general principle in these pregnant words, "I am not a believer in any artificial method of making paper money equal to coin when the coin is not owned or held ready to redeem the promises to pay, for paper money is nothing more than promise to pay and is valuable exactly in proportion to the amount of coin that it can be converted into."

The monetary battles of this country are not yet all fought. Grant's words and acts should inspire those engaged in the present struggle.

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