DECORATION DAY

It Will Abide as Long as the Nation Endures.

FOUR decades have passed since the cry of war was raised, and men hurried forward to prove the issues to which their faith was joined. Greater zeal no man can show than that he offer himself as sacrifice for truth and country.

In more than a thousand battles proof was made of heroism, and in all of these life was counted as but little in comparison with the blessing of a union pledged to liberty of all. Blood flowed freely as water after great rains. Lives ebbed out slowly or went out quickly after each volley of shot. Legions were wounded sorely, only to die later of the shock, or to linger on to this day afflicted by the burden of the leaden missiles.

So dear and so priceless the blessing of a country, one and indivisible. More than two millions of soldiers were enlisted during the civil war on the side of the union, and hundreds of thousands of those died in the land of the cypress and the pine. Their blood has been balm to the healing of revolt and dissension.

In this, the fortieth year since the first guns were fired on Sumter, and in the first year of a new century, more than one million survivors remain of the great hosts whose hearts beat to patriotic harmony while their feet moved to beat of drum. They live bearing in their persons the witness of perils undergone, heroic acts performed and faithful service rendered for the republic they love.

These, the living as well as the dead, are brought before a new generation, one born and brought to man's estate since the day of Appomattox, to speak to them of a nation's glory and of men's daring for the increase of that glory. They speak in their deeds and in the results of those deeds.

All that the dead could give they handed in for the union cause. Yet the living offered just as much—life itself, which, in their cases, was not accepted. None the less was theirs the honor and the glory, although theirs is the reward of witnessing the preciousness of the heritage they secured to the generations to follow after them.

Individual men live and act their little parts. But the greatest of these pass away, one by one, and their places are filled by others. Their deeds only survive, and it is deeds only in this world which receive the baptism of immortality. Decoration day comes and goes, each emphasizing the greatness and glory of the battles that were fought, and in each recurring anniversary the number of brave survivors grow less and less. Only too soon their number will fall to tens of thousands, and then to hundreds. The day is not distant in the years when a bare half-score will remain, and, finally, the name of the last survivor will be given.

And then the Decoration days shall come and go and be commemorated with equal zeal as when the survivors were upon earth and lent their part to the display and pomp of the ceremonies. The day will be and

"ON GUARD."

abide as long as the republic endures, because it is one which glorifies deeds and not the individuals who performed those deeds. A man dies and his memory oftentimes is forgotten. It is permitted to a few only in each generation that their names shall be handed down to subsequent generations for praise and honor.

Decoration day glorifies the deeds of the unknown dead who sleep their long sleep in the nation's cemeteries equally with the skill and strategic force of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan.

The war was a battle royal between men of the same race and country who differed as to questions of right and polity. Each battle added a new witness to the glory of courage and patriotism and served to make prouder and nobler the citizenship of the republic.

The passing years have effaced bitter memories and wiped away tears of regret and the former things of discontent and rebellion. The first Decoration day of the new century shows a people united in love for the union—a union the mightier and greater and nobler because it was tried as by fire and proved itself equal to the severest test of human strength. And the coming years of the century will bring with them more sacred memories and higher appreciation for the union preserved by the trials and heroism of the soldiers of the civil war. With the steadily expanding majesty of the republic will come quickening and broadening appreciation of the triumphs of the incomparable victory of union over disunion.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Civil War Death Record.

During the civil war 5,221 commissioned officers and 90,808 enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds received in battle; 2,321 commissioned officers and 182,329 enlisted men died from disease or accident, making a total loss of 289,739 men. Deaths occurring after the men left the army are not included in these figures.

Vicksburg National Park.

The Vicksburg National park will soon be complete as far as the acquisition of land is concerned. It will comprise in all 1,231 acres. It is proposed to restore all military features that marked it in the struggle of 1863.

ONE DECORATION DAY.

North and South Lovingly Clasped Hands Once More.

THE old soldier stood at the entrance to the lot. He gave one backward glance at the two graves with their bright flags fluttering in the wind. The turf in the lot had been carefully clipped and the shells which outlined the mounds were even and white. There was one more grave in the lot; on it clumps of Sweet Williams and Heartsease were blithely blooming. The old soldier shaded his eyes, but not from the sun, as he looked.

"Well, it's the last Decoration day I'll see here," he said, aloud; "I'd better go t' th' soldiers' home next week, an' have it over. A pension's good enough, s' far as it goes, but it don't keep a man's house an' mend his clothes. Marthy was a good

"I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST!"

wife, if she hadn't blue eyes like the little girl down south."

He lighted his pipe with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Yes, I'll go down t' th' home next week; they'll take good care of the old man while he rusts out. Well, there'll be lots t' talk about at nights, with th' whole four year o' th' war to thresh out. Maybe I'll find somebody that's been south since I have an' can tell me if Lottie was happy with that tall Johnny reb she thought it her duty to wait for. Well, I was promised to Marthy, too, so I guess my duty was as plain as hers."

He glanced over at a little group standing in a lot not far away.

"Tom Beltzer's folks, I guess;" he said. "Tom told me t' wait an' they'd give me a lift home. Showin' their company round th' cemetery a little, I guess. Well, I ain't in much of a hurry, seein' its th' last time I'll ever see Tom an' Dick's graves. Three brothers that went south t' fight, an' me th' only one t' come home out of a coffin."

The sweet May wind brought him the scent of uncounted flowers and the faint echo of "Marching Through Georgia," played by a homeward bound band.

"I always love that tune," the old man sighed. "It was Georgia where I met Lottie. How them blue eyes flashed th' first time they hit on a tall Yank. They was floating in tears the last time I saw 'em. Well, Marthy was a good wife, an' she never knew I carried a pair of blue eyes home in my heart, along with the bullet in my shoulder."

Voices drew near. A stout, red-faced woman, two girls and a sweet-faced elderly woman in black were approaching.

"I didn't know you had any acquaintances here, Mis' White," the red-faced woman was saying as they came. "Somebody ye knew a long time ago, eh? Well, we ain't any of us growing younger. That's th' monument yonder. Th' Ladies' auxiliary made gallons o' oyster soup an' tons o' cake t' help pay for it."

"An' it's a mighty handsome one, too," replied a soft, dreamy voice. "Well, we've got so loyal down ouah way now that maybe we'll be buildin' monuments, too. My son wore th' blue in the wah with Spain, an' nobody was proudah than me. His father's a' been just as proud, if he'd lived t' see it. A good many soldiers buried here, ain't they? Is—is thaih anybody by the name of Shriner?"

"Two of 'em, right over yonder. Now, look at Em an' Gertie, goin' way over t' the other end o' th' cemetery—an' their pa gon t' drive the hosses right up here! Em' Gertie! Oh-h, Em!" She started slowly down the path, calling shrilly as she went.

The sweet-faced woman wandered on a little, with drooping head.

"Two Shriners buried heah," she said. "One of them must be him. To think I'm come so far to find—his grave!" She paused and looked about her. "Right ovah yondah, Mis' Bittner said. I'll have time t' look fer it, befoah she comes back."

A tall figure in a grand army uniform stood at the entrance to the lot nearest.

"I beg yoush pahdon," she said, "but is thaih anybody by th' name of Shriner—Lewis Shriner—buried heah?"

The old man started. "Not that I know of, ma'am. I'm well an' hearty for a dead man; my wife's here, but I—Lottie!"

"Lewis! Oh, Lewis! I have found you, at last!"

"At last, Lottie; a battered old hulk on his way to the home, and—"

"On your way to th' home, my home, that's a waitin' for youah, Lewis—for us both!"

North and south once more clasped hands.

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Our Great Volunteer Army.

The following is a summary of volunteers furnished by each state to the federal army during the civil war: New York, 445,909; Pennsylvania, 338,115; Ohio, 310,814; Illinois, 258,162; Indiana, 194,837; Massachusetts, 146,967; Missouri, 109,062; Wisconsin, 91,021; Michigan, 88,111; Iowa, 76,309; New Jersey, 75,315; Kentucky, 79,273; Maine, 69,738; Connecticut, 55,739; Maryland, 46,638; New Hampshire, 34,932; Vermont, 33,272; West Virginia, 32,067; Tennessee, 31,092; Minnesota, 25,052; Rhode Island, 23,246; Kansas, 20,097; District of Columbia, 16,524; California, 15,725; Delaware, 12,265; Arkansas, 8,289; New Mexico, 6,561; Louisiana, 5,224; Colorado, 4,903; Indian Territory, 3,530; Nebraska, 3,157; North Carolina, 3,156; Alabama, 2,576; Texas, 1,965; Oregon, 1,816; Nevada, 1,080; Washington territory, 964; Mississippi, 545; Dakota territory, 206.

Remember the Living.

"A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."—Nixon Waterman.

Are You Going East?

Perhaps I can be of service to you.

I can ticket you over any railroad running trains out of Portland; tell you when to leave home; where to change cars; when you will reach your destination, and what there is to be seen on the way.

Call or write—I'll take pleasure in answering your questions.

Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St Louis—and EVERYWHERE beyond.

Burlington Route

A. C. SHELDON, General Agent,
Cor. Third and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

THE following poem was written by Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown, of Chicago, just after a visit to Arlington cemetery, in February, when the ground was buried deep in snow. Of this poem Speaker Henderson, who was himself a prominent soldier, has recently written: "It is artistic, patriotic, and a literary gem."

O! comrades, ye who gently sleep
'Neath the evergreens and snow,
"All's quiet" where, below the hill,
Potomac's waters flow.

"All's quiet" at the front to-night,
And while the ground and chill;
For since the angel sounded taps,
The camp is wonderous still.

"All's quiet" here, the guns are stacked,
The guidons all are furled;
The lights are out, and while you sleep
Peace rules your silent world.

So quiet! from no sentinel,
The challenge sharp I hear;
No clarion horn nor rattling drum
Proclaims the foe is near.

But yonder in perspective rise
Majestic shaft and dome
The more than queenly city, whence
The laws of freemen come.

To her your priceless sacrifice
Made sure for coming years,
The powers whose sole expanding sway
Thrills both the hemispheres.

"All's quiet" here; but millions, yon,
Awake the jubilee!
A race, with grateful song, recall
The price that made them free.

"All's quiet" here, but through the earth
Your deeds reverberate;
Inspiring peoples to arise
And nations to be great.

Hark! dimly come in undertone,
The rhythmic waves of sound,
From the cities to the silences
That in your camp abound.

They are the pulse and throb of life,
Which, like a mighty sea,
Moves on, resistless in its sweep
To larger liberty.

And in that boundless life your deeds
Shall live for ever more,
Till deeds of earth, like billows, break
On Heaven's eternal shore.

"All's quiet," comrades, and the snows
That mantle you in white
Are whispering softly to your dreams,
Sleep peacefully to-night.

Softly we tread who marched with you,
So many years ago;
And, marching still, we're coming on
To join you 'neath the snow.

For frosts have touched us, limb and brow,
And snows are on our head
That ne'er will melt until, for us,
The silent tents are spread.

AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING.

The Story of Three Men, Good and True, and a Monument.

"IT'S no use talking; we can't have that monument for another year," sighed the major. "We've talked and saved, given bean bakes and magic lantern shows, but we can't raise within $300 of enough to pay for it."

"That's so," sorrowfully agreed the captain. "It did seem as if we could dedicate the lot this Decoration day, and do the unveiling next one; but that's to-morrow—no hope now."

"That's right," said the private; "and the list of names to be remembered all ready, too. What d'ye suppose the boys'll

"A CHECK FOR THE FUND."

think of us up there? All those years a-passin' by, and no monument to show folks they're remembered!"

"The boys up there are all right," said the captain. "They know it's hard fighting for a living without one's natural number of arms and legs. But time is passing, and—"

"There'll be a lot more names ready to put in the list by another year," broke in the major. "I guess none of us needs to be sure of witnessing the unveiling now. Wait a minute, cap, while I run into the post office to ask for my mail, and we'll go home together."

"All right," agreed the captain. "He's not as young as he used to be, poor old fellow. I'm afraid we'll do that unveiling without him, if he comes."

"Fraid so," agreed the private. "It's hard, too, after he's worked—Why, look!"

The major was waving a bit of paper and whooping like an old Comanche.

"A check for three hundred for the fund, boys!" he shouted. "We'll dedicate that lot to-morrow! And, boys, the letter says 'Please give one soldier buried somewhere as "unknown" a thought when the monument is unveiled.'"

Cost of American Wars.

The estimated cost of American wars is as follows: Revolutionary war, 1775-82, $135,000,000; war with Great Britain, 1812-15, $107,000,000; Mexican war, 1846-48, $66,000,000; civil war, 1861-65, $3,925,000,000.

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A familiar name for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, known all over the Union as the Great Railway running the "Pioneer Limited" trains every day and night between St. Paul and Chicago, and Omaha and Chicago, "The only perfect trains in the world." Understand: Connections are made with All Transcontinental Lines, affording to passengers the best service known. Luxurious coaches, electric lights, steam heat, of a verity equalled by no other line.

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Writing Paper of all kinds at the Courier office.

The old reliable—The Weekly Oregonian.

When the Hair Falls Out

accompanied by mucous patches in the mouth, eruptions on the skin, sore throat, copper colored splotches, swollen glands, aching muscles and bones, the disease is making rapid headway, and far worse symptoms will follow unless the blood is promptly and effectually cleansed of this violent destructive poison.

S. S. S. is the only safe and infallible cure for this disease, the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures the worst cases thoroughly and permanently.

My Condition Could Have Been No Worse. In the fall of 1897 I contracted Blood Poison. I tried three doctors, but their treatment did me no good; I was getting worse all the time; my hair came out, ulcers appeared in my throat and mouth, my body was almost covered with copper colored splotches and offensive sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains in my shoulders and arms. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted as I was can understand my sufferings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I decided to try S. S. S., but must confess I had little faith left in any medicine. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly encouraging, and I determined to give S. S. S. a thorough trial. From that time on the improvement was rapid; S. S. S. seemed to have the disease completely under control; the sores and ulcers healed and I was soon free from all signs of the disorder. I have been strong and healthy ever since.

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SSS is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. $1,000 is offered for proof that it contains a particle of mercury, potash or other mineral poison.

Send for our free book on Blood Poison; it contains valuable information about this disease, with full directions for self treatment. We charge nothing for medical advice; cure yourself at home.

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This takes me. This Mustanglet Pain Balm is a most beneficial and prescribe it a thousand times. At druggists, 25 cts.

Gentlemen: I never heard of a substitute. Your agent has been here and I have tried his stuff, but I want your Pain Balm. There is only one remedy, a therapeutic fact, and I have found it to be all you claim it. Respectfully,

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One of the most helpful books on nervous weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer of San Francisco. Now in its fifth thousand. This work of an experienced and capable physician is in agreeable contrast to the vast array of false teaching which prevails on this interesting subject. It abounds in sensible, common sense and practical advice, and has the ring of truth and of wisdom and sincerity.

It is endorsed by from the ablest pulpit and secular press. The Chicago Advance says: "A perusal of the book and the application of its principles will put health, hope and heart in the place of lives that are now worse than nightmares of nervous impotency."

The book is sent by the author, postpaid, on receipt of price, one dollar. Address, Dr. A. Sawyer, 1051 Market St., San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Golden Gate Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Josephine county, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of April, 1901, an assessment of No. 1 of two (2) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 639 Market street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th day of May, 1901, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday the 17th day of June, 1901, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. T. R. DUNN, Secretary.

Office: 639 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Better for the Blood than Sarsaparilla.

For Those Living in the Malaria Districts. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

It is no credit to a man to keep his word because no one will take it.

When ghosts walk they probably enter houses with the aid of skeleton keys.

It may not hurt a joke to crack it, but some of the crackers ought to be hurt.

"Love is but a transport," says a poet. Yes, and so is a canal boat, for that matter.

A lady who has been a widow three times says a good place to get a husband is by the ear.

Only after a public favorite becomes a "has-been" does he begin to realize the emptiness of applause.

Who is the man who does of his own free will that which he would otherwise shun if he is compelled to do.

Not Delivered.

Some time ago the Breslau gymnasium sent a postal card addressed "To the most beautiful girl in Germany." The card was considered in the [illegible] terms. "Beautiful Unknown, the undersigned, are [illegible] your [illegible] and [illegible]." It was a striking instance of love without any sight and the card was duly delivered to all those possible that could be considered. The card was sent on to Breslau after a few days with the following endorsement: "There are many beautiful girls in Breslau, but beauty being an affair of personal taste the post office cannot undertake to deliver this missive."

Use Allen's Foot Ease.

[illegible] Your feet [illegible] and [illegible] feet [illegible] Allen's Foot-Ease. It makes the feet feel [illegible] Relaxes corns and bunions and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

At Bed Time

I take a pleasant bowl of Dr. Miles' Nervine every night and my sleep is much better. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. It is much more durable, and is prepared ready for use. It is called Dr. Miles' Nervine. All druggists sell it, 25c., 50c., $1.00. Dr. Miles' Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. If you cannot get it, send for a free sample. Address, Dr. Miles Medical Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

A Minister's Mistake.

A Fife minister was recently handed a coffee to be read from his pulpit. Accompanying it was a clipping from a newspaper bearing upon the matter. The clergyman started to read the clipping and found that it began: "Take Kemp's Balsam the best Cough Cure." This was hardly what he had expected to read, after a moment's hesitation, he turned it over, and found on the other side the matter intended for the readers.

"Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudden and all terrible attack of croup. Quickly we used a bottle of Chase's Minute Cough Cure, giving her three doses. The croup was mastered and our little darling speedily recovered," so writes A. L. Stafford, Chester, Mich.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers reach the remotest parts of the bowels and remove the impurities speedily with no griping. They are famous for their efficacy. Easy to take—never gripe.—Dr. W. F. Kremer.

Shudders At His Past.

"I recall now with horror," says Mail Carrier Barnett Maag, of Lexington, O., "my three years of suffering from Kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or to lift staid aches made me groan. I felt tired, worn out, about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man." They are unsurpassed for all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel Troubles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Dr. Kremer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

[illegible] nerve were [illegible] year. The [illegible] increased [illegible] demand of the public. [illegible] Greenwich records since 1840, [illegible] throughout June that [illegible] the month of the year [illegible] a tendency for the [illegible] to be cool.

A [illegible] ordinance passed in Denver, Colorado, [illegible] has been declared unconstitutional, on the ground that [illegible] which will prevent smoking as adequately as the ordinance requires.

A [illegible] 11,000 piles is now being [illegible] at Seattle, Wash., by a San Francisco firm to be towed to Japan. When completed the raft will be 535 feet long, 35 feet in diameter and will contain 14,000,000 feet of lumber.

An examination of the cow sheds from which Manchester, England, derives its milk has revealed three zones of cleanliness. The cleanest sheds are in the city, the next in the surrounding district, and the worst in the country.

A new system of pneumatic cushioning in enlarging the chamber at the breech and filling it with water between the charge and the projectile, is claimed to give enormously high muzzle velocities, with less heating and corrosion.

An illustration of the new lights which science throws upon old conditions is the modern explanation of an experiment made nearly three centuries ago by the Duke of Tuscany. [illegible]

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Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50c.

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are Nature's warning notes of approaching danger from a diseased heart. If you would avoid debilitating diseases, or even sudden death from this hidden trouble pay heed to the early warnings. Strengthen the heart's muscles, quiet its nervous irritation and regulate its action with that greatest of all heart remedies, Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"Yours, darting pains shot through my heart, left side and shoulder and at night my limbs would be numb and cold. One bottle of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure relieved me and six bottles completely cured me."
W. L. BYRNS, Whitt, Texas.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

controls the heart action, accelerates the circulation and builds up the entire system. Sold by druggists on a guarantee.

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Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists at 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00 a bottle. A positive guarantee goes with every bottle. If you think you can do without it, ask your druggist and get your money back.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Price 50c. and $1.00. Large size contains 2½ times small size. If your druggist does not keep it send his name and we will send you a book on Dyspepsia, mailed free.

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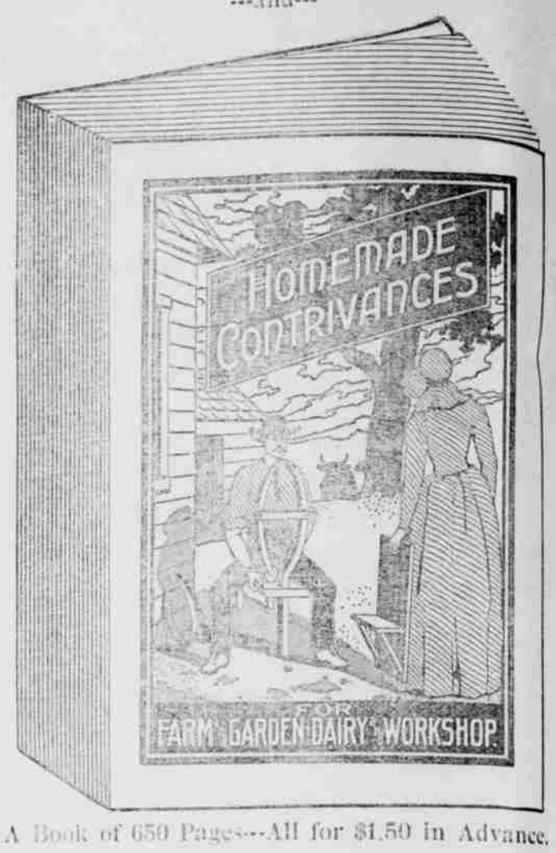

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Ar. Ashland	12:33 a.m.	12:03 a.m.
Ar. Sacramento	5:10 p.m.	5:01 a.m.
Ar. San Francisco	7:45 p.m.	8:05 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	4:55 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Ar. Denver	8:29 a.m.	9:00 p.m.
Ar. Kansas City	7:25 a.m.	7:25 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Ar. Los Angeles	2:40 p.m.	8:05 a.m.
Ar. El Paso	8:00 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
Ar. Fort Worth	4:00 p.m.	6:00 a.m.
Ar. Houston	10:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Ar. New Orleans	6:30 a.m.	6:30 p.m.
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