

R. M. WADE & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.

STATE STREET, - - SALEM, OREGON.

Fine Printing a Specialty. Largest Stock of LEGAL BLANKS in the State, and the BIGGEST DISCOUNT. No one can cut my rates for Printing, and keep clear of the Sheriff. Try me.

FLOWERS FOR BOTH SIDES

A UNIQUE MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE IN BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon About the Soldiers of the Civil War, and Offers a Garland for the North and One for the South.

BROOKLYN, May 31.—Yesterday having been observed as Decoration Day, Dr. Talmage this morning preached an appropriate sermon. It was a novel and unprecedented service, as in different parts of the audience were many of those who had belonged to both Federal and Confederate armies, the subject having been previously announced, namely, "Two Garlands for Northern and Southern Graves." Over the pulpit were two wreaths of beautiful flowers, and they were linked together so that they were an object lesson of the subject presented. Text: Isaiah xliii, 6-7. "I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back."

AN APPROPRIATE TEXT.
Just what my text meant by the north and south I cannot say, but in the United States the two words are so point blank in their meaning that no one can doubt. They mean more than east and west, for although between those last two there have been rivalries and disturbing ambitions and infidelities and silver bills and World's fair controversies, there have been between them no batteries unlimbered, no intrenchments dug, no long lines of sepulchral mounds thrown up. It has never been Massachusetts' Fourteenth regiment against Wisconsin's zouaves; it has never been Virginia's artillery against Mississippi's rifles.

East and west are distinct words, and sometimes may mean diversity of interest, but there is no blood on them. They can be pronounced without any intonation of wailing and death groan. But the north and the south are words that have been surcharged with tragedies. They are words which suggest that for forty years the clouds had been gathering for a four years' tempest which thirty years ago burst in a fury that shook this planet as it has never been shaken since it swung out at the first world building.

I thank God that the words have lost some of the intensity which they possessed three decades ago; that a vast multitude of northern people have moved south, and a vast multitude of southern people have moved north, and there have been intermarriages by the ten thousand, and northern colonels have married the daughters of southern captains, and Texas rangers have united for life with the daughters of New York abolitionists, and their children are half northern and half southern and altogether patriotic. But north and south are words that need to be brought into still closer harmonization.

I thought that now, when we are half way between presidential elections, and sectional animosities are at lowest ebb, and now just after a presidential journey, when our chief magistrate, who was chiefly elected by the north, has been cordially received at the south, and now, just after two Memorial Days, one of them a month ago, strewing flowers on southern graves, and the other yesterday, strewing flowers on northern graves, it might be appropriate and useful for me to preach a sermon which would twist two garlands, one for the northern dead and the other for the southern dead, and have the two interlocked in a chain of flowers that shall bind forever the two sections into one; and who knows but that this may be the day when the prophecy of the text made in regard to the ancients may be fulfilled in regard to this country, and the north give up its prejudices and the south keep not back its confidence. "I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back."

THE PARTINGS.
But before I put these garlands on the graves I mean to put them this morning a little while on the brows of the living men and women of the north and south who lost husbands and sons and brothers during the civil strife. There is nothing more soothing to a wound than a cool bandage, and these two garlands are cool from the night dew. What a morning that was on the banks of the Hudson and the Savannah when the son was to start for the war! What fatherly and motherly counsel! What tears! What heartbreaks! What charges to write home often! What little keepsakes put away in the knapsack, or the bundle that was to be exchanged for the knapsack!

The crowd around the depot or the steamboat landing shouted, but father and mother and sister cried. And how lonely the house seemed after they went home, and what an awfully vacant chair there was at the Christmas and Thanksgiving table! And after the battle, what waiting for news! What suspense till the long lists of the killed and wounded were made out! All along the Penobscot, and the Connecticut, and the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio, and the Oregon, and the James, and the Alabama, and the Mississippi, and the Sacramento there were lamentation and mourning and great woe, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not. The world has forgotten it, but father and mother have not forgotten it. They may be now in the eighties or the nineties, but it is a fresh wound, and will always remain a fresh wound.

Coming down the steep of years the hands that would have steadied those tottering steps have been twenty-eight

years folded into the last sleep. The childlessness, the widowhood, the orphanage—who has a measuring line long enough to tell the height of it, the depth of it, the infinity of it? What a mountain, what an Alps, what a Himalaya of piled up agony of bereavement in the simple statement that three hundred thousand men of the north were slain and five hundred thousand men of the south were slain, and hundreds of thousands long afterward, through the exhaustions there suffered, going down to death!

SYMPATHY FOR THE BEREAVED.
I detain from the top of the tomb these two garlands that I am twisting for a little while that I may with them soothe the brow of the living. Over the fallen the people said: "Poor fellow! What a pity that he should have been struck down!" We did not, however, often enough say: "Poor father! Poor mother! Poor wife! Poor child!" and so I say it now. Have you realized that by that wholesale massacre hundreds of thousands of young people at the north and the south have never had any chance? We who are fathers stand between our children and the world. We fight their battles, we plan for their welfare, we achieve their livelihood, we give them the advice of our superior years. Among the richest blessings of my life I thank God that my father lived to fight my battles until I was old enough to fight for myself.

Have you realized the fact that our civil war pitched out upon the farm-fields of the north and the plantations of the south a multitude that no man can number, children without fatherly help and protection? Under all the advantages which we had of fatherly guidance, what a struggle life has been to the most of us! But what of the children, two and five and ten years of age, who stood at their mother's lap with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the Battle of the Wilderness, their father gone down amid the dead host? Come, young men and women, who by such disaster have had to make your own way in life, and I will put the garland on your young and unwrinkled brow. Yes; you have had your own Malvern Hill, and your own South Mountain, and your own Gettysburg all along these twenty years. Come! And if I cannot spare a whole garland for your brow I will twist in your locks at least two flowers, one crimson and one white, the crimson for the struggle of your life which has almost amounted to carnage, and the white for the victory you have gained.

FLOWERS FOR THE SURVIVORS.
Before I put the two garlands I am twisting upon the northern and southern tombs I detain the garlands a little while that I may put them upon the brow of the living soldiers and sailors of the north and south, who though in variance for a long while, are now at peace and in hearty loyalty to the United States government, and ready if need be to march shoulder to shoulder against any foreign foe. The twenty-six winters that have passed since the war, I think, have sufficiently cooled the hatreds that once burned northward and southward to allow the remark that they who fought in that conflict were honest on both sides. The chaplains of both armies were honest in their prayers. The faces that went into battle, whether they marched toward the Gulf of Mexico or marched toward the north star, were honest faces.

It is too much to ask either side to believe that those who came out from their homes, forsaking father and mother and wife and child, many of them never to return, were not in earnest when they put their life into awful exigency. Witness the last scene at family prayers up among the Green mountains, or down by the fields of cotton and sugar cane. Men do not sacrifice their all for fun. Men do not eat moldy bread, or go without bread at all, for fun. Men do not sleep unsheltered in inequatorial storms for fun. There were some, no doubt, on both sides who enlisted for soldiers' pay, or expecting opportunity for violence and pillage, or burning with revenge and thirst for human blood, but such cases were so rare many of you who were in the war four years never confronted such an instance of depravity.

As chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment and as a representative of the United States Christian commission I was for a while at the front, and in those hospitals at Hagerstown and Williamsburg, and up and down the Potomac, where all the churches and farm houses were filled with wounded and dying Federal and Confederates, I forgot amid the horrors to ask on which side they fought, when, with what little aid I could take them, for their suffering bodies and the mightier aid I could pray for their souls. I passed the days and months amid scenes that in my memory seem like ghostly dream rather than possible reality.

When a New Orleans boy, unable to answer my question as to where he was hurt, took out from the folds of his only garment that had not been torn off him in the battle a New Testament marked with his own life blood, and I saw the leaf turned down at the passage, "My peace I give unto you as the world giveth give I unto you, read just as though it had been a modern New Testament. And when I saw down and took from a South Carolina boy dying in a barn at Boonesville his last message to his wife and mother and child, it sounded just like a message that a northern man dying far from home would send to his wife and mother and child.

And when I picked up from the battle field of Antietam the fragment of a letter which I have somewhere yet, for the name and the address were torn off, I saw it was the words of a wife to her husband, telling him how the little child prayed for their father every night that he might not get hurt in the battle, and might come home sound and come home well, but that if anything happened to them they might all meet again in the world where there are no partings. It read just as a northern wife would write to a husband away from home and in peril, conveying the messages of little children. Oh, yes; they were honest on both sides, and those who lived to get home and are living yet were just as honest, and ought they not for the suffering they endured have a coronal of some kind?

THEY WERE BRAVE MEN.
Yes, there was courage on both sides. They who were at the front know that. When the war opened the south called the northern men "mudsills," and the north called the southern men "braggarts" and "pompous nothings," but after a few battles nothing more was said about northern "mudsills" and southern "braggarts." It was an army of lions against an army of lions. It was a flock of eagles mid-sky with iron beak against another flock of eagles iron beaked. It was thunderbolt against thunderbolt. It was archangel of wrath against archangel of wrath. It was Hancock against Longstreet. It was Kilpatrick against Wade Hampton. It was Slocum against Hill. It was O. O. Howard against Hood. It was Sherman against Stonewall Jackson. It was Grant against Lee. And the men who were under them were just as gallant, and some of them are here, and I detain the two garlands that I have twisted for the departed, and in recognition of honesty and prowess put the coronals upon these living Federals and Confederates. North and South, we will make a great fuss about them when they are dead.

There will not be room on their tombstones to tell how much we appreciate them. We shall call out the military and explode three volleys over their graves, making all the cemetery ring under our command of "Fire!" We will have long obituaries in newspapers telling in what battles they fought, what sacrifices they endured, what flags they captured, in what prisons they suffered, but all that will come too late. One word in the living ear of praise for their honesty and courage will be worth to them more than a military funeral two miles long, or a pile of flowers half a mile high, and ten bands of music playing over the grave "Star Spangled Banner" or "Way Down South in Dixie."

Now, while they are in their declining years, and their right knee refuses to work because of the rheumatism they got sleeping on the wet ground on the banks of the Chickamauga, or their digestive organs are off on a furlough because of the six months of prison life, in which their rations were big slices of nothing, and their ears have never been alert since the cannonade in which they heard so much they have been able to hear but little since—in these cases I call upon the people of north and south to substitute a little antemortem praise for the good deed of post-mortem eulogium. These two garlands that I twisted for northern and southern graves shall not be put upon the grass of the tomb until they have first encircled the foreheads of the living. I will let the front of the wreath come down over the ear of a scapular wound made by the sword of a cavalier man at Atlanta, and droop a little over the eye that lost its luster in the mine explosion at Petersburg. Huzza for the living! Calla lilies and camellias and amaranths and palm branches for the living!

THEY MUST NOT DETAIN THE TWO GARLANDS ANY LONGER from the pillows of those who, for a quarter of a century, have been prostrate in dreamless slumber, never oppressed by summer heats or chilled by winter's cold. Both garlands are fragrant. Both have in them the sunshine and the shower of this springtime. The colors of both were mixed by him who mixed the blue of the sky, and the gold of the sunset, and the green of the grass, and the whiteness of the snow crystal. And I do not care which you put over the northern grave and which over the southern grave. Does any one say: "What is the use? None of them will know it." Your Decoration Days both sides Mason and Dixon's line are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed. Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps, but the soul lives and is undimmed.

No two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great Decoration Days of north and south are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world, where they were born and reared, and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism (such it is, but my common sense declares it). The departed do know, and the bannered procession that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves, and the bannered procession that marched a month ago to southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the

air—processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted—and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers.

These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail, spirits multitudinous! Hail, spirits blest! Hail, martyred ones come down from the King's palace! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of remembrance, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and the lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds of Lookout Mountain.

Among the thousands of gatherings at the north and at the south for Decoration Days I am conscious that this service is unique, and that it is the only one in which there has been twisted two garlands, one for the grave of the northern dead and the other for the grave of the southern dead. O, Lord God of the American Union, is it true that we bury forever our old grudges? My! My! Can we not be at peace on earth when this moment in heaven dwell, in perfect love, Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee, William T. Sherman and Stonewall Jackson, and tens of thousands of northern and southern men who, though they once looked askance at each other from the opposite banks of the Potomac and the Chickamauga and the James and the Tennessee, now are on the same side of the river, keeping jubilee with some of those old angels who near nineteen centuries ago came down one Christmas night to chant over Bethlehem, "Gloria to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men!"

THERE SHOULD BE NO SECTIONALISM.
I have been waiting for some years for some one else to twist the two garlands that I today twist, but no one doing it, in the love of God and my country I put my own hand to the work, and next spring about this time, if I am living and well, I will twist two more garlands for northern and southern graves, and every springtime, until some man or woman whom I may have cheered a little in the struggle of this life, shall come out and put a pansy or two on my own grave. But if the time should ever come when this land shall be given over to sectional rancor and demagogism, and north and south or east and west shall forget what the good God built this nation for, and it shall halt on its high career of righteousness and liberty and peace, and become the agent of tyranny and wrong and oppression, then let some young man whom I have baptized in infancy at these altars go out to Greenwood and scoop up my dust and scatter it to the four winds of heaven, for I do not want to sleep, and I will not sleep in a land accursed with sectionalism or oppression.

And now I hand over the two garlands, both of which are wet with many tears—tears of widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, tears of suffering and tears of gratitude, and as the ceremony must be performed in symbol, there not being enough flowers to cover all the graves, take the one garland to the tomb of some northern soldier who may yesterday have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of flowers, and put both the wreaths gently down over the hearts that have ceased to beat. God bless the two garlands! God save the United States of America!

A Great Man.
John Jay was one of the truly great men of our revolutionary period. His character was without blemish, and he was more anxious to do right than to acquire popularity or office. On one occasion, in an exciting political campaign, he procured a vote of censure against a member of a committee whom he thought blameworthy.

The committeeman lost his temper and abused Mr. Jay soundly. On the next day Mr. Jay learned that his suspicions were not well founded and that the man had acted in all honesty. He went to the man promptly and said: "You were right, and I was wrong. I ask your pardon." The man was amazed, and replied, "I have often heard that John Jay was a great man; now I know it."—New York World.

An Indirect Query.
Mr. Lozing Hope—May I—may I speak to your father, Miss Cole? Miss Vera Cole—It is useless, Mr. Hope. I can never be your wife! Mr. Hope—Excuse me; I wish to speak to him about that five pounds he borrowed from me the week before last. I'm getting a little nervous about it.—Exchange.

Injustice to the Pig.
Wearily Mother—You little imp! Look at yourself! You're as dirty as a pig! Willie (appealingly)—Papa, mamma says I'm as dirty as a pig! What do you think of that? Papa (calmly)—I think mamma's pretty harsh on the pig.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Disagreeable Messages.
"She has given up Spiritualism since she married Farrar." "Because he objected to it, I suppose." "Yes; for whenever she went to table rapping Farrar began to get messages from his first wife."—Life.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WILSON FORD, Attorney at Law, Salem, Oregon. Office upstairs in Patton's block.

T. RICHARDSON, Attorney at Law, Office upstairs in front corner of new Bush block, corner Commercial and Court streets, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN OSHEA, Attorney at Law. Room over Capital National Bank, Colfax, Illinois specialty. Correspondence solicited.

DAIRY & BISHOP, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Salem, Oregon. Having a full and complete record of all cases, including a list and index of all cases, they have special facilities for examining titles to real estate. Business in the supreme court and in the state departments will receive prompt attention.

F. DONHAM, B. N. HAYDEN, DONHAM, HOLMES & HAYDEN, Attorneys at Law. Office in Bush's block, between State and Court, on 5th St.

J. J. SHAW, W. H. PRATT, M. W. HUNT, SHAW, PRATT & HUNT, Attorneys at Law. Office over Capital National Bank, Salem, Oregon.

D. W. S. MOFF, Physician and Surgeon. Office in front corner of Bush's block, corner Court and 12th, m. 12 to 4 p. m.

M. J. PATTON, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence in State block, opposite Cox's drugstore. Specialist in diseases of women and children, chronic and private diseases. Consultation free.

D. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 18 State Street, Salem, Or. Finishes dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, Plans, Specifications and Supervision of all classes of buildings. Office 200 Commercial St., up stairs.

C. S. McNALLY, Architect, New Bush Block. Breyman block. Plans and specifications of all classes of buildings on short notice. Superintendence of work promptly looked after.

MRS. M. J. PATTON, Studio and Art Gallery in Eldridge block, opposite State block. Lessons in painting, oil or water color, or in drawing. Those interested are invited to call and inspect the large collection of paintings on exhibition.

J. McCASLAND, Civil Sanitary and Hydraulic Engineer, U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor. City Surveyors Office, Murphy's Block, Salem, Oregon.

MRS. M. J. PATTON, Studio and Art Gallery in Eldridge block, opposite State block. Lessons in painting, oil or water color, or in drawing. Those interested are invited to call and inspect the large collection of paintings on exhibition.

J. C. LARK, State St. Barber shop. Two chairs, good workmen and careful attendance to all customers.

A. B. SMITH & CO., Contractors, Sewer, Gas, Water, and other work. Office in State block, opposite Cox's drugstore. Leave orders with Deane Bros., 425-427 m.

HAIR-DRESSING—I make a specialty of cutting, waving and styling. Hair cut and colored with greatest care. Home treatment. Leave orders with H. Lamm or Bureau & Son, J. G. LEBRMAN.

JOHN GRAY, Contractor and Builder. Inside finishing a specialty. 48 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith, Horse shoeing and carriage work. Shop at the foot of Liberty street, Salem, Oregon.

RICE & BOSS, Blacksmiths, all kinds of repairing and carriage work. We have in our employ Wm. Carroll, direct from Kentucky, more familiarly known as "Red," a professional horse-doctor. 414 m.

JOSEPH FUSKE, Barber and Hairdresser. Hair cutting 25 cts. shaving 1 cts. Path taken in connection. Best of work. 18 State street.

P. J. LARSEN & CO., Manufacturers of all kinds of vehicles. Repairing a specialty. Shop 45 State street.

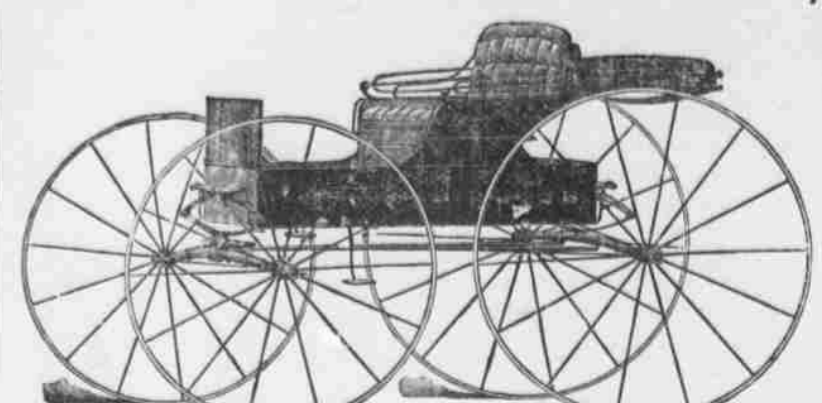
R. H. WESTACOTT, LIVERY, Feed and Boarding Stable. Hay and oats sold and delivered. Stable on Ferry street, back of Postoffice, Salem, Oregon.

First National Bank, SALEM OREGON. WM. S. LATUE, President. DR. J. REYNOLDS, Vice President. JOHN MOIR, Cashier.

GENERAL BANKING. Exchange, Fortnightly, New York, London and Hong Kong bought and sold. State, County and City warrants bought. Farmers' checks invited to deposit and transmit business with ease. Liberal advances made on wheat, wool, hay and other property at reasonable rates. Insurance on such security can be obtained at the bank in most reliable companies.

Health is Wealth! DR. E. C. WEST'S Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Vertigo, Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Stammering, Deafness, and all other nervous diseases. It is a simple, safe, and effective treatment, and is guaranteed to cure in all cases. Price, \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

R. M. WADE & CO.,



The Racine and Columbus Buggies! Hacks in all best styles. Bain Farm Wagons. Full line Dog Carts. Harvesters, Mowers, Cultivators, Haying Machinery. Our Specialty. Agricultural lines more complete than ever.

Work Has Commenced

ELECTRIC LINE.

And with this car line in operation NO ADDITION to the City can offer as great or as many inducements as

ENGLEWOOD

This addition lies between the Garden Road and Asylum Avenue; within four blocks of the Elegant High School Building, and ten blocks from North Salem new school building. It has long been known to possess special attractions by reason of it being the highest, healthiest, most fertile and sightly Addition to the City. The

Electric Railway

will within sixty days be running its cars every Twenty Minutes

through the center of this beautiful Addition. Bringing it within five minutes of the Postoffice. If you are seeking an investment None can offer better opportunities or bring you greater returns than this favorite Addition.

SALEM

The Capital City is bound to come to the front as an Industrial Educational Center. No other Capital City in the United States offers as great an opportunity to the home seeker or investor as the "Bouquet City" of the Willamette Valley. The first city in the Northwest in educational matters and second in manufacturing industries. Situated in the heart of the Willamette Valley with untold power and material at her door waiting for the magicians wand to turn her into a city of the teeming thousands. Who of us today can predict what the next decade will bring forth. To those of you who are looking for a home

Now is the Time

and ENGLEWOOD, the place to secure it, while you have yet the opportunity of purchasing from first hands. For the present we will sell a limited number of lots at our present prices when an advance of ten to twenty per cent. will be made.

SALEM LAND COMPANY,

Postoffice Block.

H. V. MATTHEWS, Pres. T. H. BARNES, Sec.

WILLIAMS & ENGLAND BANKING CO. CAPITAL STOCK, all Subscribed, \$200,000. Transact a general banking business in all its branches.

GEO. WILLIAMS, President. W. W. ENGLAND, Vice President. HUGH McNARY, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: Geo. Williams, Wm. Eng, J. A. Baker, J. W. Hobson, W. W. Wallace, J. H. Albert, T. M. Patton.

LOANS MADE To farmers on wheat and other marketable produce, consigned or in store either in private granaries or public warehouses. State and County Warrants Bought at Par.

COMMERCIAL PAPER Discounted at reasonable rates, drafts drawn direct on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, London, Paris, Berlin, Hong Kong and Calcutta.

Subscribe for the EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL,--only Fifty Cents a Month Delivered.