Dwight Star and Herald.

W. G. DUSTIN, J. F. WASSELL, } Publishers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
BY MAIL—POSTAGE PAID.

One year	$1.50
If paid in advance	1.25
Six months	75
Three months	40

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN.

FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

We are authorized to announce C. R. Tombaugh of Odell, as a candidate for Superintendent of schools of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are hereby authorized to announce Edward O. Reed, of Pontiac, as a candidate for Sheriff of Livingston County, Illinois, subject to decision of the Republican county convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce Col. J. B. Parsons as candidate for the republican nomination for county treasurer of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention to be held in Pontiac July 17, 1894.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce Mr. C. M. Barlekman, of Pontiac, as a candidate for the republican nomination for county judge of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention to be held in Pontiac July 17, 1894.

We are authorized to announce C. F. H. Carrithers, of Fairbury, as a candidate for the office of County Judge, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

We are authorized to announce O. F. Avery, of Pontiac, as a candidate for the office of County Judge, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

FOR CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Fred Duckett, of Forrest, as a candidate for clerk of Livingston county, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

It is generally conceded that Chas. Brydia, of the Fairbury Record, will be the Democratic nominee for Congress in this district. Mr. Brydia is a brother newspaper man, runs a good newspaper, is a gentleman of ability, and while personally we disagree with him in politics and have passed some rather sharp comments backwards and forwards occasionally, we are free to say that if the district is to be represented by a Democrat, we know of no one whom we would rather see there than this same Chas. Brydia.

C. F. H. Carrithers for County Judge.

The announcement of C. F. H. Carrithers of Fairbury, is made this week for county judge, subject to the decision of the republican county convention. Mr. Carrithers is a man well known all over the county, but to those who may not have a personal acquaintance, it is not improper to give a few points in reference to him. He was born in Marshall county in this state 39 years ago and came to this county 20 years ago this month. He has taken an active interest in every political campaign since. He was a resident of Saunemin township from 1874 to 1882 and followed teaching as a profession, reading law in the meantime. He was educated in Eureka College, spending the time from the fall of 1871 to the spring of 1874 in that institution. He entered the law department of the Iowa State University in the fall of 1882 and graduated in the fall of 1883, and in the fall of the same year opened a law office in Fairbury.

He was nominated for state's attorney in August 1884, and entered at once upon one of the most aggressive campaigns ever conducted in this county, devoting over sixty days to actual political work, speaking in every township in the county and was, together with the entire republican ticket elected in November. He discharged the duties of that office in a clean and creditable manner.

He has made a specialty of probate and commercial law and a large share of his practice has been in that line and is hence especially qualified for the position to which he aspires.

Politically, Mr. Carrithers has always been an active campaigner and his services have been in demand in every campaign, and have been freely given without money or without price. He enjoys the confidence of the people among whom he resides. If nominated he will devote his entire attention to the campaign and will be found in the thickest of the fight until victory crowns the efforts of the republicans in November.

For Congress.

Hon. C. C. Strawn, of Pontiac, is a candidate for the nomination for congress from the new eleventh congressional district, with a bright prospect for success. The new district is composed of Livingston, Bureau, LaSalle and Woodford counties. Congressman Henderson, of Bureau county, has been in congress continually for twenty years, and has done yoeman service for the republican party, Illinois and his district. He is a gentleman of great ability and has the respect of both houses of congress, and has been a leader in committee work for years. He has displayed tact and good judgment in his district regarding appointments, or he would not have been in congress so long. As we understand the matter, Mr. Henderson does not care to continue in congress, thinking he has done his duty to his country and his constituency. He is quite old and desires rest. This impression may be wrong, but we should judge this was the situation from letters received by prominent republicans. On the other hand his many friends in Bureau county are loyal to him, as they should be, and it is perfectly natural they would like to see him returned to congress. The Princeton Republican is particularly warm in its support of Mr. Henderson, and speaks of him very highly. It seems that Mr. Henderson's friends are anxious for his return, but that he does not care to be further honored.

Judge Fullerton, of Ottawa, is also in the race to the end, and will undoubtedly have the united support of LaSalle county. He is an excellent and popular gentleman, and a man of great ability, and would represent the district with honor.

But Livingston county presents the candidate who is particularly adapted to the situation. Mr. C. C. Strawn is a born fighter, which is the first and foremost requisite of a candidate in this close district. He is a lawyer of ability, the peer of any man at the bar in this section of Illinois, or in the state. He is right on all questions of public policy. He is comparatively young, has perfect health, is an excellent public speaker, both impressive and interesting, and if the republicans of the new district want a candidate who will fight from start to finish and is a sure winner, they will nominate C. C. Strawn, of Pontiac, Livingston county.

Ye Olde Folks' Concert.

We are indebted to our dramatic and musical critic for the following very readable account of the concert, which took place at the Methodist Church on Friday evening last, May 25th:

Dwight has a very enviable reputation for her amateur shows, no matter of what character they have consisted. In the early days and history of Dwight "The Red Ribbon Club" has left a very enviable record for a series of musical, literary and dramatic entertainments, which have never been equaled from that time up to the present and we are very glad to be able to say in this connection that the talent which is now "on the boards" gives every sign that the reputation of Dwight has not fallen a single degree in that direction. It would be very much out of place to criticise or find fault with any entertainment which is given for charitable purposes, where so much time, money worry and trouble is expended. Hence, on the very outset, we take the position that Ye Olde Folke's Concert was a great success, no matter from what standpoint you look at it. The audience was big. Everybody was there, irrespective of rank, race or previous condition. "The Big Four" shone out with more than ordinary effulgence. Dr. Keeley occupied a prominent position in the audience and smiles which passed over his placid countenance showed very conclusively his appreciation of the entertainment, and the delight he took in recalling those days when he used to act as our "musical director." David McWilliams' face beamed with delight during the whole evening and that expression of satisfaction, so peculiar to himself, spoke more than volumes of his appreciation of the entertainment. Our "Receiver," Mr. Richard P. Morgan, was very marked in his applause of the various numbers which composed the program of the evening, and fairly drank in the dulcet notes as they floated over the air in his direction. If applause of a generous character was any evidence of satisfaction, our friend Mr. Prime seemed to enjoy the evening greatly, as his dome of thought shone like a burnt hole in blanket. But what shall we say of all the lovely women of our town who graced this entertainment? They came on foot, they came in carriages, from the country round about. Their bonnets looked like flower gardens, and as we heard one of the pa-tie-ts remark, coming out of the church after the concert, "Why, I never saw a better looking audience, particularly the women, in any town of the same size before."

The choruses, "Jerusalem," "Russia" and "The Anvil Chorus" were all excellent. Miss McWilliams and Miss Pollard presided with their usual grace and dignity, and conducted their share of the entertainment with credit to themselves. We observed, however, that the "brasses" rather overpowered the "strings." The "two part songs" Simon and Ruth and Reuben and Rachel were both rendered in excellent taste and execution. "Revolutionary Tea" was not too weak or too strong, but just about right. But while we have great respect for the things that are past and gone, to us looking from a distance, and not with a critic's eye, but passing all the imperfections by, the charm and gems of the evening were the "worldly songs and solos" sung by "the four young women, all dressed in their best suits of clothes" and the type of everything that was lovely in youth and beauty. But we almost forgot to say a single word for our male singers. Our tenor, Mr. Edward McWilliams, never looked better or his voice sounded sweeter, than upon this occasion, and in their respective rolls, Messrs. Bower and Naffziger, rounded up very creditably the evening's entertainment. As a whole, the company as to costume, personal appearance, and every one in their respective spheres, did well. There was no attempt to overdraw or burlesque, and the members of the company entered heartily into the entertainment, which fact contributed toward making the Old Folk's Concert one of the most delightful and pleasant entertainments it has been the good fortune of your critic to have attended in Dwight for many a season.

FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

The Beautiful Custom of Strewing The Graves of Departed Heroes.

THE FLAG.

'Tis the same old flag we have seen before
As it led the way of our Army Corps,
From a weary march to a field of gore,
And to-day it floats o'er all of us once more.

It has shrouded forms of the brave and true,
O'er their pulseless heart laid its stars on blue,
And its strips of white and of crimson hue,
Hid as loyal hands as the blade e'er drew.

The grand custom and the grander sentiments inaugurated by that grandest of volunteer generals, John A. Logan of Illinois, was duly celebrated Memorial Sunday and Decoration Day in Dwight. Never was there more interest manifest or more true loyalty displayed.

Sunday morning at 10 o'clock as previously announced, the Grand Army, about forty strong, C. W. Ayling, commander, Woman's Relief Corps, Mrs. Howe, president, and Dwight Camp Sons of Veterans, about twenty-five in number, Orville Brown, captain, assembled at their halls and marched to the M. E. church, where seats were reserved for them. The church was decorated beautifully with potted plants, boquets, cut flowers, flags and bunting and presented a handsome appearance. Every seat was taken early. The choir, consisting of about fifteen of the best singers, furnished lovely patriotic and appropiate music. he Grand Army remained standing while the Commander went through the form of opening, and Adjutant Ford read the orders.

Rev. Ayling's prayer was patriotic and fervent and was well received.

Rev. Wright, of the Congregational church, was introduced by Rev. Ayling as a grand army man and a past commander. And right here let us say that we believe it would be impossible to find two more enthusiastic, patriotic old soldiers and christian gentlemen in any community than Messrs. Ayling and Wright. They are both entitled to the cognomen of "fighting parson" and are right in the front rank yet, fighting the devil and for the cause of Christ, and are victorious in their battles and beloved by their armies.

We present with pleasure a review of Rev. Wright's memorial sermon, which was pronounced by many the best ever delivered in Dwight. It came direct from the heart and pleased all his listeners:

"There went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched."—1 Samuel 10-26.

The agnostic looks into the future with dread foreboding. To him "evil stands on the neck of good, and rules the world alone." On the other hand the Christian's heart is kindled with the light of faith and hope. His song is not a dirge of despair, but he rejoices because God reigns; hence he says, "Let the earth rejoice and the multitudes of the people be glad." To many there has been the thought that God superintended the affairs of ancient Israel, and had but little to do with contemporaneous nations, and with kingdoms, empires, and republics of the modern world. The God whom I worship so ordered the affairs of Greece and Rome that they contributed almost as much toward the coming of the Messiah and the progress of His kingdom as Israel did. God is imminent not only in nature and grace, but in all human history.

Victor Hugo's keen discrimination concerning the battle of Waterloo shows clearly that he understood the philosophy of history. I quote from memory. He asked, "Why did not Napoleon win the battle of Waterloo? Because of Wellington? No! Because of Blucher? No! It was because of God. For him to have won that battle would have been to turn the clock of the world's progress back a hundred years. Waterloo was more than a battle; it was the change of front of the universe.

Napoleon, in his selfishness, egotism and pride, thought he was serving himself, but above him, on the eternal throne, sat God keeping word and watch over the nations. When Napoleon began his meteoric career Germany was divided into a multitude of petty states. When God sent him to St. Helena, the map of Europe was changed, and in such a way that civilization and progress were henceforth possible. God's over-ruling providence was exemplified on this continent in the 16th, and 17th and 18th centuries. The two great and powerful Latin kingdoms of Spain and France spread their hands over North America and said, "This is ours." But God said, "Not so." He touched the heart of John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers and they embarked on the Mayflower, and started as they planned, for Virginia. God turned the prow of their ship toward Plymouth Rock. The Anglo Saxon dominates North America instead of the Spaniard or the French man. Again, the history of the human race has been the story of the deeds of its great men and the record of revolutions. But the successful revolutions have been produced by a social or political evolution among the people.

The text introduced us to such a period in the life of ancient Israel. For three hundred years they had alternated between the rule of the judges and anarchy. We often read in that ancient story, "There was no king, i e, no government, in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes." After Saul was anointed King there was found an element adverse to him. We read "But the children of Belial said, 'How shall this man save us?' And they despised him, and brought him no presents." That is, there was the spirit of rebellion, and persons were found who were unwilling to support the new government, and "they brought no presents," or as we would say, paid no taxes. But while there was the "copper head element" which had no true love for country, there were others of a different spirit, for we read, "There went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched."

The Ammonites came against Saul, but he gained a great victory over them at Jabesh-gilead, because of the heroism of his God touched band.

There are those who think of God as dealing with men only along distinctively spiritual and religious lines. But He touched the heart of Bezaleel to become the architect of the tabernacle nearly thirty-four hundred years ago. And think you God did not touch the heart of Christopher Columbus to discover America, of Franklin to construct the silken kite, of the inventors of the steam engine, the electric telegraph, the telephone, and the hundred and one other things which speak of the world's progress to-day?

So when Abraham Lincoln called for volunteers during the dark days of our mighty conflict, there went bands of men whose hearts God had touched. Again, as we moved into battle we did not ask of the man at our elbow, was he born in New York, or Illinois, or Massachusetts, or England, or Ireland, or Germany? Was he Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, or Infidel? Was he Democrat or Republican? But will he fight? Had God touched his heart with patriotism and courage? Now it is innate in human nature to admire deeds of heroism. The heart of the school boy thrills, and his eye kindles when he reads of the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava, or of Winkelried gathering up the Austrian spears, and cried, "Make way for liberty, and died." But was not the charge of the Irish brigade at Fredricksburg, or of Major Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancelorsville as worthy of admiration as any the world has ever seen? The youth of America do not have to go to Greece, or the Crimea, or Switzerland to find deeds worthy of emulation. The hearts of the boys who fought at Pittsburg Landing, Antietam, Gettysburg, Atlanta or the Wilderness, were just as surely touched of God as were those who followed Saul at Jabesh-gilead 3,000 years ago.

In conclusion, I have high hopes for the future of our country because of the spirit of Warren and Greene, of Lincoln and Thomas inspires the hearts of the youth of our land to-day. The sons of these veterans before me at this hour would prove themselves as brave and true as their fathers ever did, if the occasion should call for such sacrifices and hardships. I cannot believe that the fathers were better than their children. God grant that the men and women of the present and future shall have hearts touched of God, not only for the perpetuation of national liberty, but for personal righteousness.

DECORATION DAY.

Wednesday morning, Decoration Day, opened bright but cold, but not cold enough to freeze the warm enthusiasm and patriotism of this community. Never was the latter more clearly shown than this year. Almost all our citizens in Dwight and for miles around joined in doing honor to the day and the dead. The days of 1861 to 1865 were recalled vividly and each one remembered some dear one who had laid down his life for their safety and peace. We say almost everyone showed their patriotism, but there are very few, we are sorry to state, who are so narrow minded and stony hearted that they see nothing good in anything except themselves. We are indeed sorry for such beings; they are dead to the past and their future is wrapped up in a bond of narrowness that never will be broken, and the veil of charity should be drawn over them. One hair of an honorable old soldier's head is worth more to-day than all the scoffers on the face of the earth jammed together.

Early in the forenoon people began to come in from all directions and about 9 o'clock the Mazon Creek band arrived and were escorted to Grand Army hall by Colonel Lewis. After practicing a few minutes they were conducted to the offices of The Leslie E. Keeley Company, The Livingston, and the principal business houses of the city serenading. Their presence was greeted with applause and cigars were brought out and distributed freely at every place. The band boys were escorted to The Livingston for dinner and supper, where Manager Schaefer entertained them with his usual generosity and gentlemanly consideration.

The ladies of the Relief Corps met early in the forenoon at Jas. Williams store and arranged the flowers.

At 1 o'clock the procession formed at West Park. The farmers and towns people who possessed conveyances were very kind and all those who wished to go to the cemetery did so and when the procession was under way it was over a mile long and probably the attendance at Oak Lawn was the largest of any Decoration Day before. The procession stopped at the Catholic, Conant and McDowell cemeteries and the firing party of the Post, under command of Thos. Weldon, fired a parting salute on each occasion. The procession reached Oak Lawn about 3 o'clock and repaired to a stand erected in the northwest corner, through the kindness of C. M. Baker. The program was carried through as published, the band playing several selections very nicely, and the choir sang some very pretty and appropriate selections. Indeed the singing did much Sunday and Wednesday to make the occasions the grand successes they were.

A fervent and patriotic prayer was offered by comrade Wright.

Rev. C. W. Ayling then delivered a very fine oration. It was finished and bubbled over with patriotism, and the earnestness with which it was delivered was surely in unison with the character of the large, warm hearted Christian soldier, who delivered it. We give part of the address, and we are sorry we cannot give it all:

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AND FRIENDS:

I should be far less than human were I indifferent to the honor that comes to me in being permitted to address you upon this occasion.

And if I shall fail to meet your expectations and not measure up to the importance of the exercises of this hour, it will not be because the heart falters, but rather overwhelmed with the crowding thoughts of the past I will fail to find language to express the emotions of my heart.

I frankly say to you that on such occasions as this during a public life of seventeen years have I felt how poorly can language convey the hearts best emotions.

Comrades and friends—again we have assembled to honor our heroic dead, to scatter flowers upon their graves, and to thank them that we are yet a people. All that we have, all that we are, we owe to them, and this hour, our hearts are strangely moved as we stand in this solemn presence.

It is sometimes said that the orator in the portrayal of human passion, of love, of sorrow, of sympathy, of devotion to friend, to family, to country, overpaints the picture. I am here to affirm it is far more common for him to come short of the reality. What inspiration can portray a mother's love? What tongue can utter the thoughts that are born of sorrow? Who so gifted that he can give in language even a faint conception of the anguish that overwhelms when we realize that one whom we tenderly loved is no more? There are emotions of the human heart which we cannot find language to express—unspeakable—unutterable.

In the inspired imagery of human thought and expression, who has ever surpassed the sublime utterances of David the sweet singer of Israel. Who let me ask has not been touched with his portrayal of sympathy and hope and sorrow, but we find the entire inadequacy of the power of speech to give expression to the heart's deepest emotions when overwhelmed by grief, for this man of God in the hour of his deep sorrow could only bow his head in the dust and cry "Oh! Absalom, my son, my son."

We are here to-day to return thanks in fullest measure to the Union Soldier living, and mingle our tears with theirs as we strew flowers of rich perfume upon the graves of their comrades and our benefactors. Standing as we do this pleasant afternoon in your beautiful cemetery with uncovered heads—by the graves of our noble dead—they each speak eloquently in their own behalf. And each simple flower you strew this hour upon the graves of our patriotic dead in its sweet perfume tells a more touching story than the tongue of mortal can utter.

Let me ask you then to go with me for a few moments while turning back we hurriedly run over the history of the past. I will only stop to point you to the little tempest-tost bark whose pilot was God himself, that more than two and a half centuries ago, with its pilgrim crew, found a haven here; bringing with them the germ of civil and religious liberty, which planted by their hand, has grown into the mighty tree, in the shade of whose branches a nation, and many of all nations now rest. * * * * * The revolution followed the war of 1812, our war with Mexico and the dark days of the rebellion. But thank God these rubicons in our national history are crossed.

And now as we stand here in this solemn presence, let us with one united voice lift our hearts in thanksgiving and praise to the God of nations as he He sits upon yonder throne, surrounded by the hill tops of heaven, when we remember that ours is the grandest, freest nation among the nations of earth. * * * * * About the same time that the Mayflower cast anchor at Plymouth Rock, carrying the seed thoughts of freedom with her, might have been seen another vessel anchored along the coast of Virginia bearing twenty slaves to the New World. Out of these two small beginnings grew the vast system of southern slavery on one hand, and on the other the ideas which developed into free schools, free churches and free labor. The two ideas carried in these two vessels, slavery and freedom, developed into two nearly equal balanced systems, between which grew up an irrepressible conflict, settled only by the march of millions of men, the light of burning cities, and the tears of fathers, wives and orphan children in favor of freedom and the right. Memory runs back with a quick step to-day to the dark hours of '61-2-3, when our fathers, sons and brothers went forth to battle at their country's call. Years have passed away since the close of that war, that left in many a family a vacant chair, that war in which many brave hearted and true men fell. My eye has been resting upon the badge many of you wear to-day, and I find on it the word "veteran." He who wears it is honored by every lover of his country. Friends, let me ask do we fully realize what it means? Do we know how many sighs and tears it has cost to earn that grand and noble title? Do we know what it means? It means everything. It means that once he left for a time those that were near and very dear to him; he quite the hearth stone where he loved to be; he went forth to dare and do; he marched with weary footsteps through fields and marshes; he laid down at night with only the starlit silent sky for a covering, his knapsack for a pillow, and dreamed of wife and little ones at home, or of that loyal mother who had said to him:

"Long will seem the waning hours—
Through the drowsy summer day,
With my boy exposed to danger
On a soil so far away.
But my spirit shall not murmur,
Though a tear bedim my view;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you,
And my heart will follow you."

In his dreams he once more hears her parting blessing:

Heaven protect and bless and keep you,
Holy angels guard your way;
Keep your spirit from temptation,
And your feet from going astray

To your mother ever faithful,
To your country ever true;
Go my boy where duty calls you,
And my heart shall follow you.

* * * * *

We recall the old heroism that surged this land, until every city, village and hamlet was thrilled with holy patriotic excitement, and from these homes our fathers, sons and brothers went forth to battle. It seems but yesterday that we took them by the hand and while the voice trembled and the eye was dimmed with a tear, they said the final farewell. There are others who remember them to-day. Remember them as comrades in the army, remember them as they stood at Pittsburg landing, or on the hights of Lookout Mountain in the struggle of life and death with the enemy. Remember them as they stood there in line for the last time with death staring them in the face doing their duty manfully. Remember them as they fell with their faces to the foe. And I tell you, my dear friends, that memory is sacred; between the comrade surviving and the comrades dying, there is a tie none but comrades can ever know. Around the camp fire, on the long march, and amidst the smoke and dim of battle, they have learned to love each other as men never loved before, and though gone we remember them to-day as brothers. They are resting in the "low green tents whose curtains never outward swing" on almost every acre of the South from Vicksburg to Richmond. The liberties and comforts we to-day enjoy have cost more than can be told. The vast amount of money spent is the smallest part of the cost. He who makes an estimate must tell of the hundreds of thousands of lives that were sacrificed, must tell of the hours of pain and anguish that were endured; must take into the account the grief and sorrow of those who gave their nearest, their dearest and their best; must tell the hardships of the camp-ground, and the suffering of the prison pen, when a mother mourns who has lost a son, when a wife trembles because her husband is gone, when a child weeps who is fatherless, when all this can be told then [and not until then] can we have a correct idea of what our beloved country has cost. Let us ever honor those who have and are to-day suffering for us. Shall it be said that we are ungrateful to those who thus suffer. God forbid. If there is one sin that is greater than another it is that of ingratitude. I would sooner possess a right arm that would raise in rebelion against my country than have a heart beat in my breast that does not throb with gratitude toward those who gave their lives and their friends for the government they love so well. * * Our parents are dear to us, our children, our friends are dear to us, but our country comprehends alone all the endearments of us all. For which what good man would hesitate to die if he could her service. When that hour came at their country's call, our heroic dead and our comrades living did not hesitate to rally around the old flag. And it is right and proper that we should have such services as we have to-day, and bring up before the mind as vividly as we may, the experiences of the soldier life, of the days forever gone. Our numbers are growing less and less every year. Ours is a peculiar organization—it receives no recruits. Other armies are kept and augmented by constant accessions to their ranks. * Silently they move onward, recognizing the inevitable in their march. When they fall out of rank it is to take a rest from which no blast of bugle, nor roll of the drum shall ever call them again. Thus our comrades are answering to roll call above. —Comrades of Dwight Post, No. 626, I rejoice with you in this thought. Years ago to-day you stood alone. God never intendid this should be, and so in full accord with the expressed will of the Father of us all you have with you this hour to assist in every good work of mercy and of love Dwight Relief Corps. And this leads me to say a few words for our patriotic women. In camp, in prison, on the long march and amidst the dim and smoke of battle you suffered much my comrades. My fellow-citizens, if it had not been for the devotion and patriotism of the loyal women of the north, during the darkest hours of our national history, we could not speak to-day with such pride of our sixty million of people dwelling in harmony under one flag and in a country where the sun neither rises or sets on a slave.—The Women's Relief Corps as an organization merits the recognition and cordial support of every comrade. It is doing true womanly work in a true womanly manner, helping the needy, relieving the destitute and caring for the sick. —Call up if you will all who gave their lives for their country's good, and you will find none were more brave, none were more true, none were more pure, than those sent to the conflict by the great state of Illinois.

Mr. Ayling paid an eloquent tribute to Lincoln, Logan, Sherman, Grant and other generals and to the private soldier. We find that it is impossible to publish the address in full, which was a grand one from start to finish.

After the oration the Post, Corps and thirty six (18 each) boys and girls dressed neatly and full of pride, and the S. of V. marched from grave to grave and deposited wreaths, flowers and flags. And if the spirits of the departed heroes witnessed the silent offering they were indeed gratified.

The ceremonies at the Cenotaph were appropriate and probably the nicest ever held. The ladies of the Corps decorated the grave of one of their number, Mrs. J. C. Lewis, with loving hands.

BOQUETS.

Some of the wagons and carriages were handsomely decorated.

Commander Ayling was everywhere doing all he could for success.

J. C. Lewis made a fine appearance mounted and conducted the march all right.

The G. A. R. wish to return their sincere thanks to all who assisted them in any way.

J. Costello, leader of the band, and Mack San Soucy, made this office a pleasant call.

All our ministers are patriotic, but Messrs. Ayling and Wright are right "in it," as the boys say.

The business houses were generally decorated and the stars and stripes floated from every flag staff. Among the private residences we noticed that of Mr. Will Prime, which presented a handsome appearance.

The band looked very nice and were accommodating, good musicians and a fine lot of young gentlemen. The following compose the Mazon creek brass band: Bennie Pickles, Frank Hornberger, Wm. Krug, Leonard Hornberger, Ray Woods, Frank Pickles, Arthur Woods, Will Louch, Clarence Woods, Jacob Fillman, Will Spence, John Krug, Frank Esgar, Henry Krug, Will Pickles, Mike Larsen, Robt. Pickels, Mack San Soucy, John Hornberger, J. Costello, conductor. The boys, most of them, reside on farms, between Dwight and Gardner. Mr. Costello, of Gardner, a splendid musician, is the conductor.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE public is wiser than the wisest critic.

TYRANNY and anarchy are never far asunder.

THE greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.

SPEAK plainly; act decisively; out of doubt, out of controversy.

IF money could buy salvation, gold would always be at a premium.

SIMPLICITY of character is the natural result of profound thought.

WHEN we are willing to do, we shall be surprised at how much we can do.

ONE of the first elements in every success is the determination to succeed.

TOO MUCH sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility leads to crime.

LIFE, I repeat, is energy of love, divine or human, exercised in pain, in strife and tribulation.

IMPOLITENESS is derived from two sources—indifference to the divine and contempt for the human.

MUTABILITY of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the great weakness of human nature.

YOU can tell a good deal about a man's religion by the songs he sings and the way he sings them.

THERE is scarcely any popular tenet more erroneous than that which holds that when time is slow life is dull.

NO HUMAN being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

ONE reason why there is not more good being done is because so many people want to wait until to-morrow to begin.

TO BE zealous of good works doesn't mean to sit around and whittle while your wife is hard at work trying to make a living.

AS FREELY as the firmament embraces the world, or the sun pours forth impartially its beams, so mercy must encircle both friend and foe.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

THE Isle of Man has no pawnshop.

QUEEN VICTORIA speaks ten languages.

THE art of turning wood was invented by the Greeks.

MORE people die in spring than in any of the seasons.

THE moss rose was well known in Europe before 1724.

FOREIGNERS took 63 per cent. of the World's Fair prizes.

A COOPERS' union was formed at Weihenslephan in 1146.

BELGIUM was the first country to make hypnotism a crime.

SMOOTH taper fingers are generally in the highest degree artistic.

FOOTBALL was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

IN the space of one minute the polypus can change its form 100 times.

THE takings of London theaters and music halls exceed $7,500,000 yearly.

GLASS blowing is represented on an Egyptian monument dating 2009 B. C.

CHIMNEYS were first put on houses of more than one story in Italy in 1347.

THE frock coat first made its appearance in England in 1540, in the reign of Henry VIII.

HENRY PETTITT, the English playwright who died recently, left an estate valued at about $250,000.

EIGHTY of the towns in Great Britain supply the names of 100 of the towns in the United States.

IT is a point of honor that Moorish women never know their own ages. They have no birthday celebrations.

IN Chinese the letter "i" has 146 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "Life of Pitt" ranks among the most brilliant biographical and historical works of the time.

DRESSMAKERS in Paris are said to charge unmarried women less for their costumes than they do their married sisters.

Lincoln and Shields.

"President Abraham Lincoln and Gen. Joe Shields, who married sisters, once arranged to fight a duel at Alton," said L. F. Taylor of that place, at the Laclede. "It is remembered yet by the old sett'ers. Shields had offended a young lady at Springfield, and she got even by sending an article about it to a Springfield paper, signing a nom de plume. The next day Gen. Shields called upon the editor and gave him twenty-four hours during which to divulge the name of the author or take the consequences. The editor, who was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, called upon him and asked what to do. Not thinking it was a very serious affair, Lincoln promptly said, 'Tell him that I wrote it.' The editor did so, and Gen. Shields challenged Lincoln to a duel, the latter accepting, and choosing broadswords as the weapons and an island opposite Alton as the place. The principals and seconds went to the spot appointed, when a chance remark of Lincoln that he hated to have to kill Shields, because he lied about writing an article in order to protect a lady, brought about a reconciliation, and the duel failed to come off. Hundreds of people were on the bank of the river, and to carry out a joke a log was dressed up, placed in a skiff, the occupants fanning it with their hats as though it was an injured man, and the excitement was intense. It always remained a sore spot with Lincoln, and but little was ever said about it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of Lucy Stone.

A characteristic story is told of Lucy Stone. At one of her early lectures, when she made a strong statement of the injustice some of our laws did women, and an appeal to have them righted, a hiss, clear and strong, came out of the audience. The little creature stepped to the front, quickly ran her eye over the audience, fastened her gaze upon one point and said: "Somebody hisses. I am glad of it. His is a shame, my fat friend, for it is a shame, and deserves to be hissed." The audience was overcome with laughter, and appreciated her ready wit. The man felt as much like a goose as a man can feel. He got his head down below she had finished her sentence, but her finger still pointed at him. His head went lower and lower, and as soon as the audience turned from looking at him, he slipped out and was gone.