

DECORATION DAY.

Tributes Paid to the Dead and Living Heroes of the War of 1861-5 by our People.

Hon John Dailey, of Peoria, Delivers one of the Most Patriotic and Able Addresses Ever Heard in This Community.



HON. JOHN DAILEY.

The patriotic people of this vicinity once more showed their loyalty to the grand old soldiers of the war of 1861-5. The rain of the two days before interfered with the program materially and left the streets and grounds in too wet condition to be used, and the exercises were held in the opera house. One disappointing feature was that the schools could not go through with their exercises, including singing, flag drills, etc., with which they had taken so much pains, and the absence of the parade was also disappointing. Everyone always enjoyed seeing the school children all carrying flags in the parade, each one taking a lesson in patriotism and love of country. A large number of them were present however.

About 1 o'clock the band gave a few appropriate selections in front of the opera house, and then marched to the G. A. R. hall and escorted the Grand Army, Past Comrade Davis in command; Sons of Veterans, S. H. Boyer, captain; soldiers of 1868, Thos. Stanley, commander; and the Relief Corps, Mrs. Welch, president; to the opera house. Seats were reserved for the societies. After all were comfortably seated, W. G. Dustin, representing the Sons of Veterans, introduced Comrade E. F. Wright as the chairman.

Mr. Wright called the large audience to order, and everyone rose and sang inspiring "America" and the Dwight High School Glee Club, led by their able leader, Mr. Lagerquist, gave a selection, and Rev. Bower, the last chaplain appointed by President Lincoln, delivered a prayer full of patriotic impulses. This was followed by two more selections by the Glee Club. Mr. Wright then introduced the speaker in a few well chosen words, saying that the tendency all over the country was to turn the work of Decoration Day over to the Sons of Veterans, and that they had provided the speaker this year, a son of a veteran whose father served in the Mexican war as well as the rebellion, Hon. John Dailey, of Peoria.

His speech was a splendid one from every standpoint and was well received. At the request of many present and for the benefit of those who didn't hear the address we present it in full. Mr. Dailey is the present state attorney of Peoria county and a terror to evil doers, and one of the finest lawyers in the state. His address is as follows:

Love of country is inborn. Patriotism is the birth of no particular country, of no particular climate, of no particular civilization. Like the air of heaven it is the common possession of all mankind. The Swiss loves his snow-crowned mountain home, the Italian loves the beauty and grandeur of his own sunny Italy, the son of the German thrills with emotion when he hears the music of the fatherland, and the Englishman boasts of a dominion upon which the sun never sets. Though one's native land be not favored, though oppressed by tyrannical rule, though blighted by the serfdom of a thousand years, still the dearest spot to him on all this earth is the place where first he saw the light of day. Whatever of justice there may be in his case, the Boer fights with devotion to the barren kopjes of his South African home, and the Siberian exile, bound in fetters, prays that a brighter and better day may dawn upon his native land.

We, who are citizens of this great republic; we, who have been blessed with the priceless boon of liberty, purchased by the blood of Revolutionary patriots and preserved by the blood of the heroes of the Rebellion, rejoice in the greatest rights ever bestowed upon people since the dawn of time. Deeply sensitive of the blessings bestowed upon us as a people, we have gathered to-day to pay our tributes of respect to the soldiers living and dead who have made it possible for us to enjoy the privileges of free government. Reverently do we assemble with flags furled and to the muffled beat of drums to pay homage to the heroes who preserved our nation. To-day are gathered together throughout this land in every city, village and hamlet, the citizens of the republic to commemorate the deeds of the heroes dead. The wheels of industry have ceased, the hum of commerce is stilled, while patriots bow their heads with reverence at liberty's shrine.

A new generation has come since that fratricidal war has gone. The actors in that great national tragedy are fast passing away. We, of the present generation, know of the deeds, the valor and the patriotism of those days only as we glean from history's luminous page or hear from hallowed lips of the surviving few who yet remain. To-day our minds dwell in retrospect on other and darker days. Again we hear the tread of marching armies. We seem again to hear the bugle's clarion call, the life's shrill note and the cannon's awful roar. We again behold a nation severed in twain. We recall the time when human beings were subjects of property right, when human liberty was imperiled, when free institutions were threatened, and the fate of self-government was in the balance. Full nine and thirty years have come and gone since the vernal breezes of that fateful April day were laden with the clangor of war. Standing out in bold relief, we behold the sad countenance of the Son of Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, the most conspicuous figure in modern history. We hear his plaintive appeal to the manhood and courage of the North. How quickly came the reply from Massachusetts' rock-bound coast to the Golden Gate of California, from Superior's Lake to the Ohio's bank, came the willing response: "The Union must be saved. The rights of humanity must be vindicated, the Constitution must be preserved, the Union must be maintained, and the Stars and Stripes must be handed down to posterity undefiled." Then sprang forth, as if by magic, the volunteer army of the Union. Unskilled in the arts of war, the citizen soldiery of the North was destined to prove the Nation's strength for deliverance. The merchant's store, the mechanic's forge and shop, the student his well-loved book, and the professional man his chosen calling. Sacrificing all that life holds dear, wife, mother, name, children, possessions, all, surrendering the holiest ties of human emotion, they were willing to lay down their all, yes, life itself, to preserve the Nation's honor. No vain ambition, no dreams of conquest, nor thirst for gold fired their imaginations. They fought not for themselves but for humanity; they fought that every human being under the dominion of the Starry Banner might be free; that the ancient stigma of serfdom might be blotted forever from our civilization; they fought for the venerable Constitution of our fathers; they fought for human liberty; they fought that the grand old Union of States might be preserved, great and enduring for all time; they fought that the flag of freedom might wave in the skies forever and forever, a pledge of liberty to all posterity.

These defenders of the Nation's honor represented a people, who, for a thousand years, had fought the battles of liberty; in their veins coursed a blood that for ages had nourished the hearts of conquerors. In their hearts, unkindled deeply was the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty. Nor did the adopted children of the Republic desert her in the hour of need. Men valiant and true, from the castle-crowned Rhine, heroes from the land where "Scots who have Wallace bled," and exiles from Erin's tear-stained Isle marched elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder, under the same starry banner to the inspiring music of the Union.

Heart to heart, inspiration to inspiration, the soldiers of the Union swore they would maintain the flag in the heavens, in all its original glory. What inspiration to deeds of valor has not thou wrought, O Starry Banner of Freedom! Dying for thee, and embraced in thy folds, with joy on his feeble lips, did the Union soldier cry: "O, Grave, where is thy victory; O, Death, where is thy sting?" So long as that sight thrills with emotion the souls of men, so long as thou, O, emblem of Loyalty, dost enflame the hearts of men with patriotism, I know that my country is secure; I know that the sacrifices and privations of the Union soldiers were not in vain.

Brave hearts and courageous, what pains unspeakable, what agonies unold, what privations unparalleled did they not undergo, that the honor and integrity of the nation might be preserved. That conflict left a vacant chair at nearly every Northern fireside. Countless thousands have since died from wounds received in battle, and disease contracted during the war, while the crippled and maimed are living monuments to the immeasurable sacrifices made for national honor. Over three hundred thousand Union soldiers perished in battle, prison and hospital.

While we strew the graves of these heroes with flowers let us not forget the unknown dead. They rest secure in the arms of Mother Earth; they lie asleep on Cobden's bosom. They lie far away in nameless graves, in the Sunny Southland at Antietam, at Shiloh, at Mission Ridge, in the Wilderness and on countless fields, where fought the brave and fell for our country's cause. Unknown, it may be, but not forgotten, nor shall be as long as patriotism thrills the human heart, and Loyalty finds lodgment there. Their burial unattended with funeral rites, yet they left a nation of free men weepers. The spot where they lie unknown may be, but "For them," as Pericles has said, "the whole earth is sepulchre." Their resting place unmarked by memorial tablets, yet their deeds will lie enshrined in the hearts of a grateful posterity, when marble shaft and

granite column shall moulder and erumble into dust; and when all earthly things shall have passed away, their glory shall shine on us through the ages, as bright as the sun in the heavens. Mortal hands have not reared placed garlands on their graves, but ever with returning spring-time nature's guardian angels clothe their earthly tenements with choicest veldre, vernal breezes chant requiems sad, the sympathetic heavenly choir, and the eternal stars keep sentinel o'er the unknown brave.

These heroes, whose deeds we commemorate, are dwelling in serene worlds, away from the fever and fret of this sad, sad world. They are again face to face with their old commanders, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan. Again they behold the once sad face of the tender, loving Lincoln. These are again shoulder to shoulder and touching elbows with their old comrades in arms. Soon the last roll call will be called, soon life's final tattoo will be blown, and the reveille summons to their final abode the remnant of the grandest army that ever trod this earth, and that reunited army shall pass in grand review before the throne of the Great Commander. Then shall the duty of ever who upon these patriots' graves is to be blown, the Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans. This single duty alone is a sufficient guarantee that that these bodies should be perpetuated as long as the Republic shall endure.

The sacrifices and privations, the loyalty and patriotism of these heroes is the most appeal to us, as a nation, to be faithful to national duty. At no time in the nation's history has a backward step been taken. At their very borders of our country, poor, defenceless Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, lay a helpless victim of the ferocious thirst for the spoils of the American flag. Spain the monster, the home of the Inquisition, of Torquemada and Weyler. We witnessed the degradation of Cuban men and the torture of Cuban women and children. And when, with suppliant hands, she piteously appealed to the heart of the conscience of the American people for succor, her entreaties were not in vain. A now and wider meaning was given to the Monroe Doctrine, when the principle was announced that no foreign power should oppress the people of any nation on this American continent. Lincoln maintained the black slave upon our own territory; the adoption of this principle means the abolition forever of serfdom and tyranny on the Western Hemisphere. That such a humane doctrine should be pronounced by this Nation is due to the success of the Union cause. The credit is due to the heroes of our country for their loyalty and sacrifices alone made it possible. Had the Union cause been attended with failure, the Confederacy, fearing the jealousy of the Union, would have never answered the appeal of Cuba, and the Union for a like reason, would be compelled to turn a deaf ear to the prayer of the Cubans for deliverance. When the sailors of the Maine were murdered by the treacherous Spaniards in Havana harbor, we remember how the soldiers of the Grey vied with the soldiers of the Blue to avenge the murder of these brave seamen, with what eagerness they sought to protect the honor of our country's flag. That conflict has taught the world that we are a reunited people; that there are neither sections nor geographical divisions in this country whose interests are opposed to each other.

At no time in the Nation's history has there been need of more brave, more loyal or more patriotic men than to-day. The greatest questions ever presented to our people, both in domestic and foreign affairs, are demanding solution. We would not be true to the traditions of the Republic; we would not be true to the Revolutionary martyrs; we would not betray to the sacred trust of the heroes of the Rebellion, did we not pause and reflect seriously and soberly upon the destiny of the Republic. I trust you will bear with me if I point out a few of the dangers that threaten our liberties.

They are threatened by the corrupt administration of our large cities. They, in fact, are the cancer sore upon the body politic. The rights of the people are here ignored by irresponsible public agents. The most valued rights are bartered away without just recompense to the municipality, and the people's money is frittered away in useless services, created for the payment of political obligations.

Our liberties, too, are threatened by the mad rush for wealth, regardless of the means employed by those in its pursuit. He who commits larceny by means of dishonest financial transactions, is as much a foe to society as he who pilfers your coffers. The capitalist who perverts himself to escape just taxation for the protection afforded his property commits the same crime as any other perjurer. From our congested centers of population, where greed and avarice vaunts itself, where the rich hate the poor and the poor hate the rich, where the life-force of the nation is being sapped, its vital force, I look with satisfaction to rural America. Here lies the Nation's hope and safety. So long as the country supplies the nation with young men and women full of the vigor of manhood and womanhood, so long as it recruits the weary army of physical and intellectual toilers, the dangers to our country are minimized.

Our liberties, too, are threatened by corrupt legislatures, by corrupt officials, and by corrupt judges who owe their tenure of office to their services in behalf of corporations.

Our liberties are threatened, too, by illegal combinations of corporations, formed in defiance of the laws of trade, to restrict production, and to place an artificial value upon the price of the necessities of life at the will and pleasure of a few men.

Our liberties are threatened by irresponsible leaders of labor who have prostituted the cause of labor to their own ends, and who have enlisted themselves in the cause of riot, lawlessness and anarchy.

They are endangered, too, by men who would form alliances either open or secret with foreign powers, contrary to the usages of the Republic and the repeated admonitions of the immortal Washington. These are, perhaps, the most important subjects of internal concern that must be solved, or the Nation "will dissolve and like an insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rock behind." Their solution demands the best patriotism and the wisest statesmanship.

It has been urged that because these problems are to be solved the Nation should abandon its territorial possessions. The answer is easy. Patriotism at home does not require disloyalty abroad. Responsibility at home does not require the abandonment of duty abroad. These territories have been cast upon us, they were not sought for conquest. Respect for ourselves as a nation, the respect of the civilized world, the best interests of the people of these islands themselves require that the flag shall not be hauled down where it has been raised. I have no sympathy with that class of men who compare a nation at war with the Revolutionary fathers; they insult the sacred name of Washington by comparison with the adventurer, Aguirre, who sold his country for gold. Let us in the name of human justice, accord to these peoples the blessings of our free government; let us not deny to them the rights we ask ourselves; let us teach them by our deeds that America means justice; that it means humanity; that it means equal rights; and that the flag of the Union is the synonym of opportunity, of liberty and equity.

Let us trust that the deeds of these heroes may give us heart and hope and courage in the solution of the Nation's problems. Let us trust that they have not died in vain but that the blessings of free government may be transmitted untrammelled to all posterity.

After the speech the Glee Club gave one more selection and Rev. Woolley offered prayer and benediction. The audience retired, and the speaker took position near the entrance and was introduced to the members of the orders as they passed out, and was complimented highly on his address. The band played a final piece and the orders marched back to their halls and the exercises were over.

DECORATION.

In the morning a committee from the Grand Army and Sons of Veterans, took the beautiful flowers which were so nicely arranged by the Relief Corps, to the different cemeteries, and placed them on the graves of the old soldiers. Each grave was furnished with a flag standard representing the G. A. R. badge, and a flag floating over them and flowers in profusion. The cemeteries were in excellent condition and it was disappointing that everyone could not have taken part in viewing the beautiful, yet sad, cities of the dead.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

As per program announced Memorial Sunday services were held in the opera house. Commander Davis, of the Post, presided and the beautiful music was furnished by a union choir from the M. E. and Congregational churches. Rev. Bower opened the services with prayer. It was announced that Rev. Woolley, who was to have delivered the sermon, was taken sick and could not be present, but Rev. Wright, who is always ready and willing, filled the place acceptably to all, and delivered a fine patriotic sermon.

The opera house was beautifully decorated.

NOTES.

The playing of the band was excellent. The Sons of Veterans, under whose supervision the arrangements were made wish to return thanks to the people generally for their liberal contributions, but that order on account of not being able to carry out the full program, found that one-half the original subscription would be just about sufficient to pay all expenses and so only called for half, they wish to return thanks to Romberger & Smith and Major Judd, the managers and owner of the opera house for the use of that building, to the High School Glee Club for their splendid services, to the Relief Corps who are always ready to help in anyway, to Hon. John Dailey for his splendid address, and to all who in anyway lent aid to make the occasion a success.

The Grand Army wish to return their sincere thanks to all who assisted in any way to make the Memorial Sunday and Decoration Day exercises so pleasant and successful.

Many flags floated at half mast, and some places of business were decorated.

The ladies of the W. R. C. decorated the opera house very tastefully.

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Reduced round-trip rates are now in effect to the Nation's great resort, the Hot Springs of Arkansas, owned, controlled and endorsed by the United States government for the cure of a score of human ills. Beautiful winter climate, 200 hotels and boarding houses of all grades. For rates and particulars ask nearest ticket agent of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, or address Geo. J. Charlton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, Chicago. For illustrated book of information, address Bureau of Information, Hot Spring, Arkansas.

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