

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1868.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.



SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Four Months50
Two Months25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrears must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., MAY 30, 1898.

FORGET THEM NOT.

In graves unnumbered and apart
Some soldier boys lie North and South
Who held their country's honor dear,
Yea, even at the cannon's mouth.
Go strew the flowers; send up the prayer;
Honor the humble and the great—
Save for the lonely brave the tears;
Their graves we may not decorate.

A MEMORIAL DAY INCIDENT.

"It's not much I'll have to lay on Jamie's grave this year," said Nancy Brown, as she looked from her open door over the small yard; "only a few bunches of lilacs, and two peonies. That late frost almost spoiled the lilacs. But it's not so much the flowers I'm thinking of as of the blot that still lies on my dear Jamie's name!"
Dropping upon her knees the mother prayed. As Nancy Brown arose and went about her simple preparations for the next day's memorial service a serene look lighted her plain face, a sweet peace filled her heart, for she had left her trouble with her Lord.

Nearly twenty years had passed since this mother watched her boy as he went down the steep path before the house, and out through the little gate, to join the boys in blue.

It all came back to her now. She could see again the lilacs that were bursting into blossom when he went away, and even hear the droning hum of the bees as her Jamie, so tall and handsome, turned just outside the gate, and flung a kiss to her, calling out, "Don't worry, mother dear. I may come back a captain, or a lieutenant, and then how proud you will be of me!"

Ah, the bitterness of that home-coming who can tell! He came wounded, emaciated, weary, only to linger a few weeks and then to die. And then, even before he was laid away came the rumor that James Brown was a deserter. People pitied the mother—but they clustered in little groups to whisper.

"It is well that the poor fellow died before it was known here," Nancy Brown overheard, and a great pain pierced her heart, never to be healed during all these long years.

It was a dull morning, with a leaden sky overhead, when Mrs. Brown with her poor little flowers took her way to Jamie's grave. Others passed by her, some in fine carriages, some on foot. She did not raise her head, but passed on down the road.

Mrs. Brown was nearing "Jamie's corner," as she called it, when looking through a mist of tears she thought she saw a number of people standing about her son's grave. What could it mean? They had never noticed his grave that way before. And what was this slab that marked the grave, with the words, "James Brown, who gave his life for his country?" And who was the fine looking man who stood beside it? What was he saying?

"The James Brown who lies here was a brave, noble fellow. There was another James Brown in the same regiment who deserted. I know of what I speak, for I was the colonel of that regiment."

Happy Mrs. Brown was led to the grave of Jamie by her pastor, while the colonel came forward to congratulate her on having been the mother of such a son. The grave was heaped with flowers; the mother could scarcely find room to deposit her "lilacs and peonies" until the colonel stooped and made place for them, saying:

"The mother's flowers shall rest above the heart of her boy."

Then Nancy Brown knelt by the grave of her Jamie, and raising her eyes to heaven said:

"I thank thee, O my Father, that Thou hast heard me; the stain is removed; to thee shall be all the glory, both now and forever."
It had been kept a secret from Mrs. Brown, when Col. Hamlin had visited his native state, and hearing of the stigma resting upon the boy's name, had fully cleared him. Then the neighbors planned to purchase the slab and cover Jamie's grave with flowers as a token of sympathy with the mother who had suffered so long.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping step to a muffled hum
Of wailing lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville—
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the unknown dead, the men
Who died in fever-swamp and fen,
Who slowly starved of prison pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright,
I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered head
Of their silent, grim Reviewer;
With never an arch but the vaulted sky,
With not a flower, save those that lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long moved the strange array;
So all night long till the break of day
I watched for one who had passed away
With a reverent awe and wonder;
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
Till I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spoke—and lo, that sign
Wakened me from my slumber.
—Bret Hart.



A STORY FOR DECORATION DAY.

It was a sultry evening in July, 1863, that Captain Roland and his squad of foot-sore soldiers reached the picturesque town of Hanover, near which there had been a skirmish between Pleasonton's and Stuart's cavalry on the preceding day.

But a little distance from the village, not a hundred rods from the scene of the cavalry fight, stood an old-fashioned farm-house, at the gate of which was a well of good, cold water supplied with a wooden pump and horse-trough. The tired, over-heated soldiers flocked around it to quench their thirst, and for fully a half hour the pump-handle was kept in constant motion.

While Captain Roland was waiting patiently for his men to drink, his attention was attracted to a sunburnt, gray-haired man leaning over the rude gate, watching the troops.

"Good evening, sir," said the Captain, riding up to the gate and touching his hat in true military style. "It's rather hot weather, this, for marching."

"I s'pose it is stranger, though I never did anything at marching," was the old man's brief response.

Just at that moment the Captain noticed a new-made grave among a clump of rose bushes near the fence.

"Whose grave is that?" he asked, pointing to the mound of fresh earth.

"The grave of an enemy," replied the old man. "One that got killed in a scrimmage the horsemen had here yesterday. They fought right over there in the woods where you see the leaves riddled and scorched. I buried him myself. They left him lying in the road just where he fell. I could do no less, you know; that is a dooty some one will have to do for me some day."

"Certainly, you did right, but why did you bury him in your rose garden? People do not usually make graveyards at their door."

"Wa-l, it was the wimmen that wanted it so," replied the old man. "You see, stranger, I had a boy once myself. He went out with the Pennsylvania Reserves and fought along with McClellan, down among them Chicamaony swamps. There was a fight, and then come a spell we did not hear from Johnny, and then one day we got a letter writ by a woman. She told us about a battle that had been fought near her house while she and her sister lay hid in the cellar all day. When the fight was over, them wimmen come out of their hiding place and found our Johnny lying dead in the grass, his hair all tangled and clotted with his life-blood. There was no men about the place, so these two sisters dug a grave in the soft earth of their garden and buried our Johnny there, right amongst their posies, and then they writ and told us about it. So when I saw that poor fellow a-lyin' out in the road, all dead and bloody, I sed at once I would bury him, and the girls said, 'Yes, daddy, do bury him right among the roses; you know that is what them Southern wimmen did for our Johnny.' That's why I did it, stranger."

The poor old father's voice had been growing more and more husky while he spoke, and here it failed altogether.

"Did you find anything on the dead soldier by which he could be recognized?" inquired the Captain.

"Nothin' but this," and he pulled out

of his pocket a small knife with an ivory handle, upon which were cut the initials "R. L. C."

"That may serve as a clue to unravel the mystery or lead some aching heart to the resting place of a dear one some day in the future, perhaps after the cruel war is over," said the Captain, noting down in a little pass-book the information he had received. The old farmer watched the gallant Captain as he galloped away leaving a little cloud of dust behind him, and as he watched, tears came into his eyes again, thinking of the fate to which he might be hastening.

After the war was over the old man and his girls kept the grave under the



"Johnny lyin' dead."

rose bushes in the best kind of order. After the 30th of May had been set apart for the purpose of keeping green the memory of the dead heroes, two wreaths were always laid side by side on the hillock in the yard—one for their own dead so far away and one for the friendless soldier who had died at their door.

One Decoration Day, while the morning dew was still upon the flowers, a carriage drove up to the gate, and a gentleman and two ladies got out. Pausing a moment to look at the grave almost hidden with flowers, they walked up to the porch where the gray-haired farmer was reading. The gentleman introduced himself by asking if he remembered the incident which occurred at the well so many years before.

The old man answered in the affirmative, and then the stranger said, "I am Captain Roland, the man to whom you related the story, and these two ladies are the sisters who dug your Johnny's grave, and they have come all the way from Richmond to find out whether the grave you afterwards made under the rose bush was not for their only brother, who was lost. Have you the little pen-knife that bore the initials yet?"

"Safe and sound, sir," and he at once went to bring the little relic which he had taken from the dead soldier's pocket.

The ladies recognized the knife as the property of their brother, Reed Lawrence Cramer, and the older one told a touching incident in connection with the way he had written his initials upon it.

"Here is a lock of hair that I cut from the dead soldier's head," said one of the old man's daughters, placing a little curl of raven black hair in the woman's hand. "Father did not know what I had done when he told the stranger that the knife was all the clew we had by which to identify the soldier we had buried."

"That is Reed's hair, I am sure," said the woman, touching it tenderly. "Ah, my dear friend, money could not buy this little curl, for it is all that is left of him to us on earth."

"God is good," exclaimed the old man devoutly. "We simply buried a brother who fell at our door, not knowin' that we were returnin' a kindness to the folks who had cared for our own sunny-haired Johnny."

"No doubt God's hand was in it," said Captain Rowland. "Your pathetic story on that scorching July day impressed me deeply, and ten years later it was brought back to my mind by the sight of another grave among



"They paused a moment to look at the grave almost hidden with flowers."

flowers on—Southern soil. I went to see the owners of the flower garden, and, after relating what I had learned from you, and consulting my note-book regarding the initials on the knife found on the dead soldier, these friends concluded to make a visit to the lonely grave at your door, and they have been led to the last resting place of their beloved dead."

"There are some bright spots even in the dark history written by war, and while we have been separated from our dear ones in their death and burial, it is sweet to think that we have just exchanged graves, and that love and tenderness have been freely lavished upon the tombs of our adoption," said the younger of the two strange women. "We understand the meaning of that double wreath on our brother's grave to-day, and on the green hillock away in our Southern home we left two white crosses—one for the blue and one for the gray."

And so, as the years go on, these heroes sleep in their exchanged graves, while loving friends, North and South, mingle their tears with the flowers they scatter over the places where repose the dust of their precious dead.

A G. A. R. CAMPFIRE.

HOW THE VETERANS MEET TO FIGHT THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

Jollifications at Which Singing, Evolutions and Story-Telling Have the First Place—All Take a Dip Out of the Camp Canteen—A Night of Reminiscences.

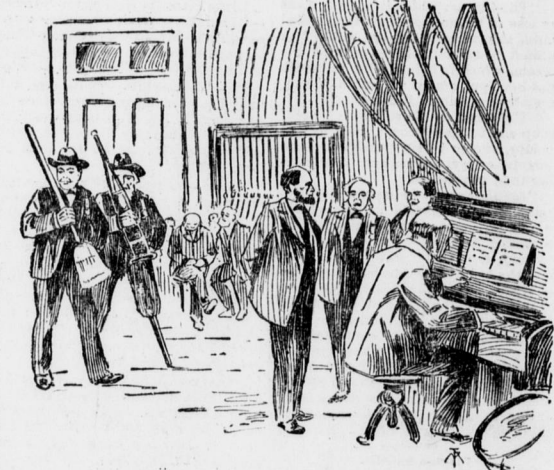
Simply stated, the post campfire of to-day is intended as a medium through which to cement still more closely the bonds of friendship between comrades who, having fought side by side in the ranks and preserved the Union, now, in the evening of life, meet to talk over the stirring scenes of the war in which they participated.

While there is a general rule of procedure, much variety of entertainment characterizes the gatherings of the different posts. Music, both vocal and instrumental, is always a feature on such occasions. Story-telling and refreshments are also included. Wives, daughters and granddaughters are welcomed, and women friends and relatives of the post members.

Unless a temporary chairman is chosen, the commander of the post presides at these social functions. A committee of arrangements prepares a programme for the evening, and the post rooms are decorated with "Old Glory" and implements of war, imparting a military air to the apartments.

In some cases, if the rooms are spacious, army tents are erected and imitation campfires are arranged, with a view to picturesque effect. Colored lights are used, and camp utensils are strewn around. Hard tack, with coffee, pork and beans, sandwiches and chowder are some of the delicacies which grace the mess table on special fete days.

Comrades from other posts are always welcome, and are invited to take a dip out of the camp canteen. Jollity prevails, and the veterans break into song. "The Flag of Our Union Forever," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" "Marching Through Georgia" and "Sweet Land of Liberty" are the popular favorites.



A GRAND ARMY CAMPFIRE GATHERING.

One particularly popular song is the "G. A. R. Button," composed by Comrade W. W. Bailey, and sung to the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket," the words of which are as follows:

How dear to each comrade that little bronze token
We hail as we wander in regions afar;
The symbol of friendship and ties still unbroken,
A beaconing light as of Bethlehem's star!

That tiny brown button, that oxidized button,
That one precious button, that gleams as a star;
Our glorious button, victorious button,
Earth's noblest adornment tried veterans wear.

Another equally popular refrain is "The Capture of the Pig," arranged to the air of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

When some especially catchy air is started, all of the veterans jump to their feet and march in single file around the room. Not all of them, however, can join in these simple evolutions, for many a limb is missing and a crutch takes the place, so that the owner stumps away in the rear, or sits idly by, smiling at the antics of his fellows.

Entertainers are at a premium while the camp fires burn, and recitations are not confined to tales of the war. Every good point is appreciated by the auditors, and the performer is rewarded by liberal applause. When women are present, Comrade Redding's "I'm the Daughter of a Soldier" is usually sung.

After a while cakes and ale are served, and "Army Bean No. 1" is sung to the tune of "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

As the night goes on the old boys grow more reminiscent in their talk. Pipes and cigars are in great demand and little groups congregate in various sequestered corners and talk over Memorial Day or the last post celebration. Another theme of melancholy interest is the ever-increasing death list, and the virtues of the dead comrade are discussed.

At the usual hour "taps" are sounded by either a bugle or cornet. If neither of these instruments is available, a muffled drum is used and the ceremonies are ended.

WOMEN SOLDIERS.

One Girl Served Four Years During the Civil War.

Many stories are told of women who served as soldiers during the civil war—but records of the department at Washington are silent concerning most of them. There are two cases well authenticated, and only two, of women commissioned by the Government who served disguised as men.

In Company F, Second Michigan, there enlisted, at Flint, Franklin Thompson (or Frank, as usually called), age twenty, ascertained afterward and about the time "he" left the regiment to have been a female, and

A FEMALE SOLDIER.
A good looking one at that. She succeeded in concealing her sex most admirably, serving in various campaigns and battles of the regiment as a soldier. She remained with her command until April, 1863, when, it is supposed, she apprehended a disclosure of her sex, and deserted. Such in brief is the history which it attached to the record of Sarah E. E. Seelye, born Edmonds, in the War Department.

She shared all the trials and privations which befell her regiment; participated in the first battle of Bull Run; followed McClellan through the Peninsular campaign, and was never absent from duty while wearing the blue. While Yorktown was besieged

Some Pointed Questions

Does your urine contain any sediment? Is the lower part of your back sore, weak and lame? Does your urine have a whitish, milky color? Is there a smarting or scalding sensation in passing it? Does it pain you to hold it? Do you desire to urinate often, especially at night?

If you have any of these symptoms, your kidneys are diseased and your life is in danger. More people die of such disorders than are killed in wars.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a direct and sure cure. It goes straight to the seat of diseases in the Kidneys, Bladder and Blood. It hunts out and drives from the system all the impurities that cause pain in the back, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Urinary Troubles, and diseases of the Stomach and Liver. It acts at once. There is no long waiting to see if it will help.

"For years I suffered with my Kidneys," writes THOMAS QUACKENBUSH, of Pittsfield, Mass. "The pain in my back was so severe at times that I was obliged to keep to my bed. I suffered awfully when passing water, which was often discolored with blood. I tried almost everything in the shape of medicine, but nothing seemed to help me. One day I got a bottle of **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** and used it but a little while when it braced me right up. My back became all right, no pain at all; my water cleared up and passed from me without pain, and I grew better in every way. I consider it a great medicine, as it has done wonders for me. My wife uses it for female complaint, and thinks it's the finest medicine in the world."

Sample Bottle Free.

Every man and woman who reads this paper and is in need of medicine, is invited to send full postoffice address for a free trial bottle of **Favorite Remedy** to the Dr. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y. Our offer is genuine, and the fact that it appears in this paper is a guarantee that the trial bottle will be sent prepaid. Don't delay in writing, and mention this paper. A large bottle costs \$1.00 at all drug stores.

WE MAKE Wheels, Quality Guaranteed the Best. Tool!

STYLES: Ladies', Gentlemen's & Tandem. The Lightest Running Wheels on Earth.

THE ELDRIDGE
...AND...
THE BELVIDERE.

We always Made Good Sewing Machines!
Why Shouldn't we Make Good Wheels!

National Sewing Machine Co.,
329 Broadway, New York. Factory: Belvidere, Ills.

DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE.
Corner of Centre and Front Streets, Freeland, Pa.
Finest Whiskies in Stock.
Gibson, Dougherty, Kaufer Club, Rosenbluth's Velvet, of which we have EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.
Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne, Hennessy Brandy, Blackberry, Gins, Wines, Claret, Cordial, Etc. Imported and Domestic Cigars.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
Ham and Schweizer Cheese Sandwiches, Sardines, Etc.

MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS.
Ballentine and Hazleton beer on tap. Baths, Hot or Cold, 25 Cents.

P. F. McNULTY, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

New Jersey's Pioneer Effort.
It is believed that the veterans of New Jersey were the first to make an effort to have Decoration day set apart as a legal holiday. The State department of the G. A. R. in that State appointed a committee in 1874 to bring the matter to the attention of the Legislature. A bill was introduced providing for the institution of the holiday, but it failed.

DR. DAVID Favorite KENNEDY'S Remedy
The one sure cure for The Kidneys, liver and Blood

A Sure Thing for You.
A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascares Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box today; 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

VIENNA : BAKERY.
J. B. LAUBACH, Prop.
Centre Street, Freeland.
CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS, CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY.
FANCY AND NOVELTY CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.
Confectionery & Ice Cream
supplied to balls, parties or picnics, with all necessary adjuncts, at shortest notice and fairest prices.
Delivery and supply wagons to all parts of town and surroundings every day.