# The Pioneer

HOPE, NORTH DAKOTA.

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By CHAS. L. ALLEN.

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Jud LaMoure has a job at the St. Louis convention—keeping door.

The political pot in North Dakota, say the Twin Cities papers, is beginning to boil.

After due consideration, we have concluded to allow our name sake, Roger Allen, renominated for governor.

Steele county is right in the swim just now, for railroads. Clifford, Hope and Cooperstown, bid fair to soon be linked together. The more the merrier.

The big convention hall at St. Louis, will be repaired and ready for the meeting on June 16, says the associated press; but it will require $5,000 to do it.

Williams, of the Sherbrooke Tribune, grasps the wrong idea. The Pioneer does not seek to discourage the new railroad project, but rather to encourage it. However, we can't help saying how things look to us. The Pioneer is for the welfare of Steele county—all the time.

# MEMORIAL DAY

The sun shown bright on this great soldier's holiday, and by 10 o'clock many farmers were here to help us celebrate. The program as published in The Pioneer, was carried out to a letter without a hitch. No accident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day, as those present will long remember.

Promptly at 10:30 o'clock the line was drawn up on Steele avenue, in front of the G. A. R. hall, where a splendid photo of the post and band boys were taken. The march to the cemetery, in the order as published, according to the program, was next. The procession was a long one, reaching from the Hope Roller Mill to the cemetery. After the usual exercises at the graves, the crowd returned to town, and to dinner. At 2 p. m., the town hall was filled to overflowing—crowed, like sardines in a box—to hear the speaker of the day, Hon. L. B. Hanna, of Fargo.

Comander H. S. Curry welcomed the audience in behalf of the post, and introduced the speaker.

Mr. Hanna spoke for about an hour in a manner never before heard, so say many of his admirers. At any rate, his address was not to be criticised, and we reproduce it here, or as much of it as space will allow. He said:

MEMBERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Fifteen years ago next month I came to Dakota and settled about four miles north of Hope. At that time there was but little settlement here, and where Hope now stands, there was only vacant prarrie.

All there was of Hope was what was known as the old Hope House, situated about a mile north of here, and I remember attending the first public service there that was ever held in Hope. It was held by a traveling minister, and he used as his text the word "Hope." There were but a few to attend in those days. I wish he was here today to see how the country here has grown and the number that have turned out in honor of our Nations' dead.

Today all over this broad land people are meeting, as we are meeting here, to show their respect, their love, and their gratitude, to those who by their loyalty, their bravery, and their patriotism, back in the dark days from '61 to '65, fought, suffered and died, that this Nation undevided, might live. Today all is bright and beautiful around us. We see the grain, and the grass, springing from the ground, and giving rich promise of the harvest that is to come. We find our young state a mecca for many from foreign countries, and from the eastern states, who are attracted by the bright prospects of this vigorous young commonwealth, and we give to each and every stranger within our gates a cordial welcome. No cloud of war hovers over to dim, or mar, our happiness.

As one people we stand today as one of, if not the greatest Nation of the globe. One people, one country, and one flag; and that, the grand old stars and stripes. An undevided country stretching from Manitoba on the north, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the rock bound coast of the Atlantic, to the placid waters of the Pacific.

A great Nation of over seventy millions of people, and thank God they are free. Free schools, free speach, free press, free ballot, and free Nation of free men and free women. And yet if we go back but a little over thirty years, we find a great difference. Yonsold soldiers, and many of you not here, remember the dark and ominous days before the breaking out of the civil war. Those were times when men knew not what the next day had in store for this great government. There had been rumblings and mutterings and murmering of the storm that was to come.

Like the soughing of the wind through the tree tops before the breaking of the gale, and like the moaning of the wind upon the ocean before the tempest. With the election of Abraham Lincoln, as president of the United States their came secession. In December 1860, South Carolina led off and Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas, passed ordinances of secession. On the 4th of March, 1861, Lincoln was inaugurated president of the United States, surrounded by troops for protection, under General Scott. The use of troops to protect a president at his inauguration had never been known before in this country, and we hope that it will never be known again. On April 14th there came the firing on Fort Sumpter, and the storm had burst in all its fury that was to drench the soil of this fair land with the best blood from the veins of her sons. The reverberation of the guns that sent their shot and shell on the walls of Fort Sumpter reverberated again in the hearts of the loyal men, and loyal women, of the north, and aroused them to concerted action.

President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 troops to put down the rebellion, and the call was responded to by over 300,000 American volunteer soldiers. The war spirit spread throughout the whole country. The stars and stripes were spread to every breeze throughout the north, and the fire of patriotism, of the people was aroused to fever heat. Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, laid down the pen, the pick, the ax, let loose the throttle of the engine, and responded, spoke and bore loyal to their country's call, in her hour of need. They bid their wives, their mothers, and their sweethearts, good-bye, and shouldering their muskets, they went to the front to join the ranks of the army as raw recruits and became the veterans that by their valor, and their deeds, astonished the nations of Europe. There were tears, when they said good bye, and they drew many of them, it was the last good-bye.

Today the bones of many of those brave boys lie mouldering back to dust, beneath the sod, of southern battlefields, this was the beginning of over four years of cruel and relentlass war. The out come of the long and bloody conflict at times, seemed dark and doubtful. For success at first, perched on the banner of the blue and then again on the banner of the gray. There were no signs of yielding. The call for troops were promptly responded to and the flower of the young men of the north sprang ready to do, and die for their country. The women, the noble women, did their part bravely and well. Many of them went into the hospitals and cared tenderly, and kindly for the soldier boy, as he lay upon his cot, racked with the tortures of his wounds or exhausted with disease.

How many of those same noble women send the word home to the loved ones of the last work done, the last farewell of the dieing soldier.

The little knapsack, the clock of hair, perhaps a bible, something that those at home would love, and cherish, as a remembrance of the dear boy, who had loved and lost. Oh, those were cruel days. The wife, the mother, the maiden, dreading to hear the news of the last battle, for fear that among the wounded, the missing, or the dead, would be first the name of him she loved. If wounded, how anxiously she waited until she knew how seriously, and if missing, the horror of a south-ern rebel prison rose up before her even in a grim spectre, to distress and haunt her.

Oh, the prayers that went up in those anxious days, from the wives, the mothers, and the sweethearts, of the soldiers in the field.

They were fervent prayers. Prayers from the very depths of loving womans hearts, as they prayed to high Heaven, to be merciful, and to spare to them, those that they loved. To the Author that gave their boys to fight for the unity of this Nation, and for the liberation of over 4,000,000 of human beings, we give the highest praise, the highest credit, for instilling into those boys such noble, those lessons of justice, and truth, and of right, which made them noble gallant soldiers, and nerved them on to deeds of valor.

In June, 1863, the confederates under Lee, invaded the north, and on July 1, 2 and 3, was fought the great battle of Gettysburg.

It was the turning point of the civil war. On the third day in the afternoon, there came the charge by the confederates, upon the Union lines posted upon Cemetery Ridge. What a grand sight it must have been when the rebels came out of the woods in the distance, formed in line as if on parade and, under the leadership of General Pickett, began that famous charge. It makes the blood course through our veins today when we read and hear of it. They were rebelling against the best government upon the face of God's green earth, and were then in the act of rebellion, but we remember that they were a part of this great Nation, and our brothers and admire them for the bravery that they there displayed. History tells us that a burst of admiration went up from the Union ranks at the sight. But we relentless and the Union artillery opened upon the advancing forces and tore great gaps in their ranks, the infrantry opened their fire and the line was broken, and yet they came on, they planted their flags upon the breastworks, and bayonetted the gunners at their guns.

Upon this struggling mass the Union army converged from every side. Human endurance could stand it no more, they broke and fled and again was Washington saved from danger and the north from invasion.

The tide of rebellion and treason was swept back south of the Potomac, and never again was waged on northern soil. It was the crisis of the civil war, and one of those battles that historians tell us, decided the fate of a Nation for one side or the other.

A decisive battle but at what a cost. The federal army had lost in the three day's fight, over 23,000 men in killed and wounded, and the confederates even more. There was no tears for the north, but there were many tears, there was many a darkened home. A glorious victory, but it left in its train the weeping mother, the widow and the fatherless.

The dead of Kennedy had bought a part of the battlefield of Gettysburg and gave it to the United States as a cemetery, wherein to bury the slain, heroes, and many of them were buried where they had actually fallen.

On Nov. 19, 1863, they dedicated the battle cemetery. Edward Everett, of New York, made the oration of the day, and President Lincoln was invited to attend while Lincoln's address was short, and consisted of but a few lines, yet they consisted of words that should sink deep down in the hearts of every one of us, and are words that can never die. And with your permission I should like to repeat them here. President Lincoln said. "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought fourth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that this Nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is rather for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, which they who fought here, have thus far, so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be dedicated here to great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

That this Nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that the government of the people, and by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Those were noble words, and we can take them as a lesson, to teach us a lesson of patriotism to our country, and of love for those whom we have met this day to honor.

One by one those who took part in the great battle, are joining the great commrades on the other shore. Logan, Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, are today, among those who are "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking."

"They dream of battle fields no more
Days of danger or nights of waking."

And now in closing I say to you, and to you, and to you, do homage to the brave men living and dead, who have saved the country, the unity of the states, the honor and power of this Nation. Who by the over throw of slavery have secured for labor a noble career, and given to the rights of men of complexion, of laboring men like world over an impulse and I guaranty unknown before.

At the close of Mr. Hanna's address, Rev. Whiteford spoke briefly and dismissed the audience.

Again at 8 o'clock the hall was filled to see the great war scenes, which were produced to perfection. The show was good and all that it claimed. All things taken in consideration, Memorial Day in Hope was a decided success.

### Sheriff's Sale.

State of North Dakota,
County of Steele, ss.

In District Court, Third Judicial District.
The Piano Manufacturing Company, a Corporation,
vs.
Herman J. Harness, Defendant.

Notice is Hereby Given, That by virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered, and now in my hands, issued out of the district court, in and for the county of Steele, and state of North Dakota, upon a judgment rendered in said court in favor of The Piano Manufacturing Company, and against Herman J. Harness, dated March 19th, 1896, and a transcript of which was filed in the office of the district court of Steele county, state of North Dakota, on the 19th day of April, 1896.

I have levied upon the following described property of said defendant, to wit: All his right, title, and interest, in and to the south fifty feet of the west fifteen feet of lot nine, and the south fifty feet of lot ten, in Kennedy's addition to Hope, together with the buildings thereon, situate in the town of Hope, county of Steele and state of North Dakota, and in the southwest quarter of section thirty-four, township, one hundred forty-four, range fifty-six, in Steele county, North Dakota.

And that I shall, on

### Saturday, the 27th day of June,

A. D. 1896, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the south front door of the court house, in the city of Sherbrooke, in said county of Steele, and state of North Dakota, proceed to sell the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, and said execution, and costs, amounting to one Hundred sixty dollars and Seventy-six Cents, together with all accruing costs of sale and levy on the same from the 17th day of April 1896, at the rate of 7 per cent, from date of judgment, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

SAMUEL LYONS,
Sheriff of Steele county North Dakota.

McMASTER BROS. Plaintiffs Attorney
Dated Hope, North Dakota, May 27th 1896.

(1st pub May 28).

### Notice of Mortgage Sale by Advertisement.

Notice is hereby given, that that certain Mortgage, executed and delivered by Hiram D. Gilmore, Emilor and Frances L. Gilmore, his wife, mortgagors, to Hiram D. Upton mortgagee, dated the twenty-first day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty nine and filed for record in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Steele and territory of Dakota, now state of Dakota, on the tenth day of July, A. D. 1889, at 8 o'clock p. m. and recorded in Book "L" of Mortgages, on page 234, 235 and 236, and assigned by said mortgagee to Alfred T. Batchelder, by an instrument in writing, dated the 1st day of June A. D. 1894, and filed for record in said office of Deeds on the 1st day of June A. D. 1894, at 8 o'clock A. D. 1894, at 5 o'clock p. m. and recorded in Book "L" of Mortgages on page 236, will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in such mortgage and hereinafter described, at the front door of the court house in the city of Sherbrooke, in the county of Steele, and state of North Dakota, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m.

**On the 18th day of July, A. D. 1896,**

to satisfy the amount due upon said mortgage on the day of sale, together with the costs and disbursements of the foreclosure proceedings and the further sum of $50.00 attorney's fees, as provided for therein.

The premises described in said mortgage and which will be sold to satisfy the same, are those certain premises situated in the county of Steele, and state of North Dakota, and described as follows: Lots one (1) and two (2) in township one hundred forty-four (144) north, of range fifty-seven (57) west of the fifth principal meridian.

There will be due on such mortgage at the date of sale the sum of Eight Hundred Twenty nine and 19-100 dollars ($829.19) exclusive of the costs and disbursements and attorney's fees allowed by law.

Dated at Fargo, North Dakota, this 29th day of May A. D. 1896.

ALFRED T. BATCHELDER,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

W. A. SCOTT, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgagee, Fargo, North Dakota.

(First Pub May 28th.)

### NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE By Advertisement.

Notice is hereby given that that certain Mortgage executed and delivered by Richard McCormick unmarried, Mortgagor, to Hiram D. Upton, Mortgagee, dated the tenth day of February, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-three and filed for record in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Steele, and state of North Dakota, on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1893, at 5 o'clock P. M., and recorded in Book "L" of Mortgages, on page 62, 63 and 64 and assigned by said mortgagee by an instrument in writing to Alfred T. Batchelder, dated the 1st day of June A. D. 1895, and filed for record in said office of the Register of Deeds on the 1st day of March, 1896, at 8 o'clock P. M. and recorded in Book "L" of Mortgages, on page 236, will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in such mortgage and hereinafter described at the front door of the Court house in the city of Sherbrooke, in the county of Steele and state of North Dakota, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., on the thirteenth day of July A. D. 1896, to satisfy the amount due upon said Mortgage on the day of sale, together with the costs and disbursements in these foreclosure proceedings and the further sum of $50 00 attorney's fees as allowed by Law.

The premises described in said Mortgage and which will be sold to satisfy the same, are those certain premises situated in the County of Steele and State of North Dakota, and described as follows to-wit: The Northwest Quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section twenty-six (26) in Township Hundred Six Hundred Forty-six (146) North, of Range hundred fifty-seven (57) West.

There will be due on such Mortgage at the date of sale the sum of Eight Hundred nine and 80-100 Dollars. ($809.80) exclusive of costs disbursements and attorney fees allowed by Law.

Dated at Fargo, North Dakota, this 16th day of April, 1896.

ALFRED T. BATCHELDER,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

W. A. Scott, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgagee, Fargo, North Dakota.

(First Publication April 24th 1896.