

Sixty Pages; forty-eight columns and every column fit to read.

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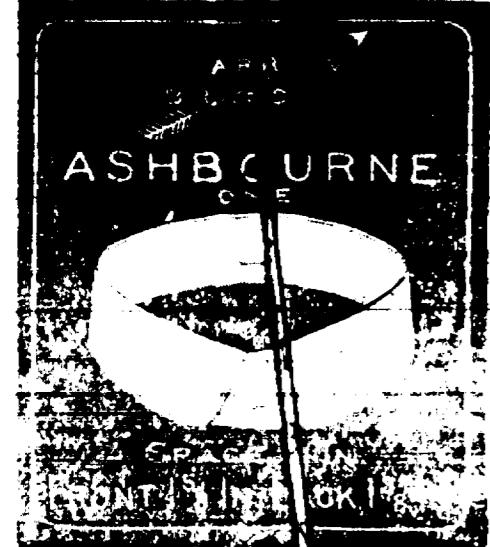
The Manassas Journal

MANASSAS, VA. FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1906

A paper for the Home Circle, for the Farm and the Business Man.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

For Gentlemen Only--



We want a word with you gentlemen to tell you something about what we are doing in our Gents' Furnishing Department. The most essential thing to comfort in the summer is to "keep cool in the collar." In this matter we can help you. We have on hand a tremendous line of the famous "Arrow Brand" Collars in the latest hot weather styles, especially adapted for comfort as well as style.

Just from New York, where it's all the rage, comes the "Johnny Jones" collar and tie—the latest creation in the way of neckwear. It's a double collar to take the place of the old stock, with the new whip pins, which go with them as fasteners. If you want something "up to the minute" they are "it."

Our 25c line of Wash Ties is just something awful. Magnificent line of Shirts in the latest designs.

You should see our line of Summer Underwear. We can give you the famous "J. V. D." Short Nankook Drawers and the net Shirts.

THE CROSSETT SHOE

The Shoe that "makes life's walk easy." Just try a pair and see if you don't think they are the most comfortable and the best wearer that you ever had. A Shoe with character as well as style.

Big line of Straw Hats in up-to-date shapes. Also the fancy band college hats for the boys.

"Money's worth or money back."

W. N. Lipscomb & Co.

WE PREPAY CHARGES ON PURCHASE OF \$1.00 AND MORE WITHIN RADIUS OF ONE HUNDRED MILES. WASHINGTON, D. C. Favorite Store. FOR SAMPLES

WRITE OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

The New Spring Suits Await You.

Pronounced Novelties; the Newest Ideas and Cleverest Creations Are at Hand for Your Choosing.

Women's Eton Jacket Suits of gray and white fancy worsteds, about size seven with cuffs finished with stitched silk to correspond with trimming on jacket. Circular skirt, plaited front. \$15.00

Roman's Eton Jacket Suits of gray and white. Eton jacket lined with batista, trimmed with stripes of straps and fancy braid; short sleeve with cuff. \$19.50

E. R. Conner, Teacher and Broker

Dealer in all kinds of Choice Meats.

Own killing. Vegetables daily on hand.

STREET.

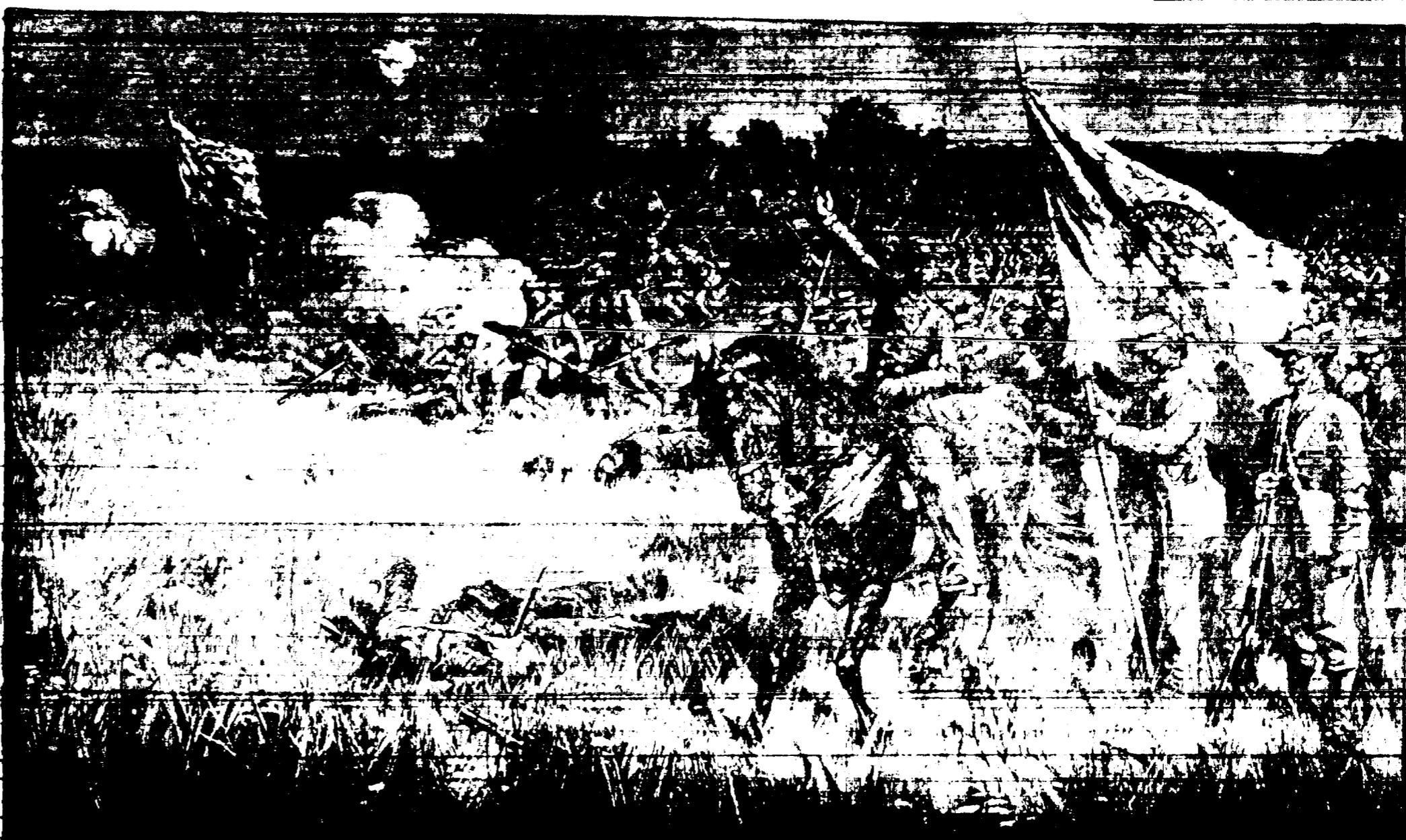
MANASSAS

Always Remember the Full Name

Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day Grip in Two.

G. H. Green on Box 25.



RALLYING THE TROOPS OF BEE AND BARTOW AT BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

AN ODE—MEMORIAL DAY

TO THE CONFEDERATES WHO FELL IN THE 1st BATTLE OF MANASSAS (JULY 21, 1861).

Two night, no sound arose
Along the sluggish stream,
The pale moon glittering above,
Her pallid countenance;
The cold stars glinted,
Upon the foe's advance,
Then silently earth lay
Paled out of sight.
The yellow moon sinks down
Into the West:
Upon the shadowy crest
Of Eastern hills stir,
A trembling streak of light
Flashes the darkened sky,
An on the night-hill's cry,
Heralds a breaking dawn
And it is morn.

A single cannon roars
Along the shore,
Where drawn in grim array
On either hand
Dark columns of the Blue and Gray
Awaiting stand.
And at that single hour,
Resounding through the air,
The dismal doom
Of thousands waiting there,
There broke along the lines
Beneath the swaying pines
An awaking roar,
All nature then did seem
As startled from a dream
For by this stream such sound
Had never been heard before.
And then—
Trembles beneath the roar
Of deep thunderous guns,
Sulphurous smoke hangs o'er
The fire-invading line—
The slugs oh stragglers run red
With crimson gore,
Beneath the smoking pieces the dead
Are piled in heaps, no more
Will they behold
A mother's smile,
Hiding her aching heart awhile
She bids him to be bold,
Alas that Spartan she
Who bid her son
To hazard the field
And to return
With honor or upon his shield,
But when clasped to his heart
In lingering farewell
And then did part,
For ever, no tongue could tell
That mother's anguish as beside her heart
Unseen woe bitter were

No man amidst
Unto their hearts a more
More dear than life,
And on the head of gold
Press one last kiss
A single moment of heaven's bliss
And known no more,
But now the canopy o'er
Hath rolled away.

The summer sun
Sank down at close of day
Upon a victory won
For southern arms
And War's rude, wild alarms
Are heard no more
Naught save the falling leaves
Through all the years
Through all the years

Through hoary Time's inverted glass
The silvered spear, praine glide
Full often, and there past
Full forty years since then
And now
Unto the scythe and a plow
The swords are broken
Wherever they fought
The battered battle flags are failed
The cannon buried
Whose echoes rolled around the world,
Whose legions rushed
To victory near the swaying pines,
Where the bold ones blazed
And where the gory fields
Adown the hillides grazed
Where swept the northern southern lines
As where heretic blood
Was spilt in vain
A mantle of crimson red green;

Faint mournfully its head,
The creasing tear
In name of freedom found
The brave who bore her burden he
Thus covers and laid

Of battle crashed and rolled amid
The sulphur smoke where heroes did
Those daring deeds.

Remember you not they lie
Those heroes, where you stoned,
A record of their deeds, unto the sky
Doth tower raised by the hand
Of loving woman in remembrance dear
To those who drenched the land
With heart's blood, knew no fear
Save that of God
And fought
Far native land,
For what they thought

And we pat think was right

And here today we come

With flushed faces and winner'd

Of muffled drum

And tread with footstep light

Upon this sacred ground

For we're in the right

Where Valor sleep at rest

Forever and forever blest

They ne'er shall be forgot

While o'er their bales

Falls lightly heaven's dove,

And here we strew

To-day an offering sweet

Of fragrant flowers

Where these dead heroes sleep,

Never will they hear

War's wild alarm again

They are at rest for aye

The gentle dew and rain,

The tears of Heaven fall

Gently o'er this graves

And when all

The scented clover waves

And lay it with her blessing down.
Sleep on, ye Southern brave, sleep on
Sleep on, for with you there
Lie buried deep forever

A nation's hopes.

—LUTHER CAMPBELL LINDLEY.

Bull Run

James Riley in the Transcript.

I stand where McDowell's bugle rang over

To the waiting grim Confederate lines, on that

fair summer morn

I see to the North the hostile flags, the glister

of steel in the sun.

The Union line, where the orchard heads

coming up from the folded run

On Bull Run's last red hill I stand, see hills

on hills afar.

A vast and mighty platform raised for giant

deeds of war.

Around me sheep are grazing, and timber

the boulders talk.

Marking the spot where Jackson, wounded

fell.

The Stars and Bars are at the bridge, they

flutter down the gate.

And North and South are meeting now as

boldly iron hull

Below me lies the valley, with Bull Run

trailing stream.

Over which in flight to this last hill came

bayonets all gleaming

The lines of gray press'd backward, the blue

lines passing on.

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Inexpensive China, Glass, Silver and Kitchen Wares.

The furnishings best adapted for use in the country home or seaside cottage are shown here at notable low prices.

If you're thinking of furnishing or refurbishing a summer home you'll find that the requisite China, Glass, Silver and Kitchen Utensils can be purchased from our complete stocks to greatest advantage.

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Watch

THIS SPACE FOR OPENING

ANNOUNCEMENT

W. C. Wagener State Female Normal School

Twenty-second Annual Recitation and Prize Meeting, Friday evening, September 26, 1906. For an address concerning STATE NORMAL SCHOOLS, see page 10.

Notice of Sale

Always Remember the Full Name

Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day Grip in Two.

September 26, 1906.

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