

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE GREAT SOLDIER
STATESMAN.

The following sketch of General Hancock was prepared by Gen. J. S. Brisbin, and published in the Philadelphia Times White House gallery.

Few men have served their country better than Winfield S. Hancock, and few deserve more from their countrymen. A big man, with a big head, a big heart and a big brain, Hancock is the very personification of honor, honesty and capacity. Gallant and unassuming, a soldier in three wars, the hero of a hundred battles, he is a man on whom all Democrats can consistently unite for President, and who, as a candidate, will command a larger degree of respect and support from Republicans than any other man in the Democratic party. Clear-headed and self-reliant, his career as a judicial statesman and military governor while in command of Louisiana and Texas, gives evidence that if a strong man is needed for President, there is no man in the nation more fit for that position than Winfield S. Hancock. With him as the candidate of the party the Democrats will have nothing to explain or defend, and can proudly point to his record and challenge a comparison of it with that of the Republican candidate. The people of this country will not soon forget there was a day in its history when, if General Hancock had not shown the highest capacity as a military commander, there might be no republic to govern. It was on that day when the gallant General Reynolds fell at Gettysburg and Lee's forces were driving back the Union army. Like a thunderbolt Hancock precipitated his troops upon the victorious enemy, hurled them back, and seizing Cemetery Heights and Round Top wrested order from confusion and restored confidence to our half-beaten army.

A YOUNG PENNSYLVANIAN—HIS FIRST BATTLE.

His first battle in the rebellion was at Warwick Court House, near Yorktown, and he led his brigade in person, driving the enemy before him. At Williamsburg Hancock bore a conspicuous part. The rebels having repulsed Hooker and exposed Hancock's left flank he determined to retire and ordered the batteries back to the slope, where his brigade line stood. The rebel commander, seeing the movement, at once advanced his troops, and they came down on Hancock's right in two superb lines of battle, cheering tremendously and calling out, "Eull Run! Bull Run! That flag is ours." Hancock sat on his horse behind the centre of his line, waiting with imperturbable coolness the favorable moment. Calling on the men to stand fast and keep their pieces loaded, Hancock waited until the rebels were within 100 yards, then dashing forward on his horse, with head bared and swinging his hat, he shouted: "Forward! forward! forward!" The men saw the towering form of their general leading them, and springing up, with a shout that made the hills ring, they precipitated themselves upon the enemy. The great, irregular mass of rebels faltered, halted for a moment, wavered and then fell back slowly. Every inch of ground was stubbornly contested; still, Hancock forced them off the field, nor did they again advance until the Union reinforcements came up and rendered the victory secure. It was almost night when Hancock repulsed the enemy, and no pursuit could be ordered in the darkness. The ground was covered with rebel dead and wounded and many were cut off and captured. The action of Hancock had rendered Williamsburg untenable, and that night the enemy abandoned it. Hancock's name was heralded from Maine to California, and in a few hours, from an unknown subordinate, he had leaped into fame and assumed a national reputation. McClellan telegraphed the President, "Hancock was superb to-day," an expression which all who saw him towering above his men leading them to battle knew to be only just.

For his services in the Peninsular campaign Gen. McClellan recommended Hancock for promotion to the rank of major general of volunteers and the brevets of major, lieutenant colonel and colonel in the regular army.

ALWAYS AT IT.

In September, 1862, Hancock commanded his brigade in the battle of South Mountain and afterwards at Antietam. In this latter engagement, when General Richardson fell, Hancock was sent to take command of that gallant officer's division. In November, 1862, Hancock received his commission as major general, and on the 13th of December was engaged in the desperate and bloody assault on Mayre's Heights. His behavior on this occasion was in keeping with the high reputation he had achieved. He was, with his division, in the thickest of the conflict, leading his men as far as it was possible, under the circumstances, for men to go, and only falling back when attempt at further advance was foolhardy and useless. In this fight, as, in fact, in almost every one in which he was engaged, he seemed to wear a charm on his life. He received

in the "slaughter pen," as the rank and file were wont to call the position they occupied in this fight, a slight flesh wound; coming out otherwise unharmed, though with uniform perforated with the enemy's bullets. In this battle Hancock lost one-half of his command, killed and wounded, and all of his aids were wounded.

At Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, he commanded his division and covered the roads leading towards Fredericksburg, where, amid surrounding disaster, although constantly attacked, his troops maintained their position to the last, and formed the rear guard of the army in moving off the field. The general had his horse shot under him in the battle. Early in June he relieved General Couch in command of the Second corps, and later in the same month was assigned by Mr. Lincoln to be its permanent commander.

It was at Gettysburg Hancock again loomed up before the country as a hero. When he arrived on the field he found the army in confusion and a retreat had already begun. Planting some infantry and batteries on Cemetery Hill he threw his whole energy into the battle and checked the enemy. Schwerin and Saxe were said to be worth each a reinforcement of 10,000 men to an army; Torstensen was rated as equal to 15,000, and the Duke of Wellington said the arrival of Napoleon on a battle field was a better reinforcement to the French army than the accession of 40,000 fresh troops. What, then, shall we say of the value of General Hancock's arrival at the critical moment on the battle field of Gettysburg, a battle that by common consent is now admitted to have decided the fate of the Union and fixed the final result of the war?

Of General Hancock's individual action at Gettysburg it would require a volume to tell. His was really the action of the army, and Round Top, Culp's Hill and Cemetery Heights were his creations. He sent word to General Meade that was the place to fight, and seizing the favorable positions, with the eye of a consummate general, hung on to them with the advance until Meade brought up the whole army and delivered his battle.

THE INCARNATION OF WAR.

Hancock was grand and magnificent in the battle of Gettysburg and seemed the very incarnation of war. On the second day he was at Cemetery Heights during the frightful cannonade, when the rebels concentrated the fire of 150 guns on our lines. The air was full of missiles; streams of shot and shell screamed and hissed everywhere; it seemed as though nothing could live under that terrible fire—men and horses were torn limb from limb; caissons exploded one after another in rapid succession, blowing the gunners to pieces. The infantry hugged the ground closely and sought every slight shelter that the light earthworks afforded. It was literally a storm of shot and shell, like the fall of raindrops or the beat of hailstones. Those who had taken part in every battle of the war never had seen anything like that cannonade, and the oldest soldiers began to be uneasy for the result. Hundreds and thousands were stricken down; the shrieks of animals and screams of wounded men were appalling; still the awful rushing sound of flying missiles went on and apparently never would cease. It was then when the firmest hearts had begun to quail, the army witnessed one of the grandest sights ever beheld by any army on earth. Suddenly a band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner," and General Hancock, with his staff—Major Mitchell, Captain Bingham, Captain Parker, Captain Bronson—with corps flag flying in the hands of Private Wells, appeared on the right of his line uncovered and rode down the front of his men to the left. The soldiers held their breath, expecting every moment to see him fall from his horse pierced by a dozen bullets, but still he rode on, while the shot roared and crashed around him, every moment tearing great gaps in the ranks by his side.

Stormed at by shot and shell,
Boldly he rode, and well.

Every soldier felt his heart thrill as he witnessed the magnificent courage of his general, and he resolved to do something that day which would equal it in daring. Just as Hancock reached the left of his line the rebel batteries ceased to play, and their infantry, 18,000 strong, were seen emerging from the woods and advancing up the hill. Hancock knew the artillery fire had been intended to demoralize his men and cover the advance of their infantry, which was to make the real attack. Turning his horse he rode slowly up his line from left to right, holding his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling to his troops as they lay flat on the ground. Hardly had he reached the right of the line when the men, who, inspired by the courage of their general, could now hardly restrain themselves, received orders to attack the advancing rebels. Eighty guns which Hancock had concentrated opened their brazen mouths and streams of blue bullets flew from the muzzles of our rifles to the breasts of the confederates. It was an awful day, and Longstreet's "Old Guard of the South" melted away like wax under that terrible fire. Of the 18,000 who came to the attack, 5,000 fell or were captured on the hillside. Thirty stands of colors and an immense number of small arms were taken. Hancock was everywhere,

riding the storm of battle as if he bore a charmed life. At last, just in the moment of victory, he was seen to reel in his saddle and would have fallen to the ground had he not been helped from his horse. A ball had pierced his thigh, and for a time it was thought the wound was mortal.

"Tell General Meade," said Hancock, addressing his aide, Col. Mitchell, "that the troops under my command have repulsed the enemy and gained a great victory. The enemy are now flying in all directions in my front."

When the aide delivered this message to General Meade and added that his general was dangerously wounded, Meade said: "Say to General Hancock that I am sorry he is wounded and that I thank him for myself and for the country for the services he has rendered to-day."

General Meade afterwards, in commenting on the battle of Gettysburg, said to General R. C. Drum: "No commanding general ever had a better lieutenant than Hancock. He was always faithful and reliable."

UNDER GRANT.

Hancock did not recover from his wound until December, 1863, when, although still quite lame, he reported for duty, and was sent north to recruit his corps. He was tendered a reception at Independence Hall by the citizens of Philadelphia, and received the hospitalities of the cities of Boston, Albany and New York. In March, 1864, he rejoined his corps and participated in the battles of the Wilderness with Grant. He commanded the Second and parts of the Fifth and Sixth corps, amounting in all to 50,000 men. He fought at Alesop's House and Spottsylvania Court House, capturing "Stonewall" Jackson's old brigade, 4,000 prisoners and thirty colors. He was at North Anna, and did most of the fighting there. He commanded at the bloody assaults on Cold Harbor, and did his best to execute Grant's orders. The fighting was desperate, and Hancock's loss could not have fallen far short of 12,000. He was on the South side of the James river, and made the assaults on Petersburg. He was with Sheridan and attacked the enemy at Deep Bottom, taking four pieces of artillery, six hundred prisoners and four stands of colors. He was at Petersburg and witnessed the explosion of the mine on the morning of July 30. The advance under the James river, August 12, 1864, was under his command, and he handled the Second and Tenth corps of the army of the James and Gregg's division of cavalry with such consummate skill as to elicit expressions of admiration from even General Grant. He fought the battle of Ream's Station August 25, and had his horse shot under him. He fought the battle of Boydton road, capturing 1,000 prisoners and two stands of colors.

With the battle of Boydton General Hancock's active fighting in the war ceased. President Lincoln, who had learned to place a high estimate on Hancock's abilities, ordered him to Washington, and directed him at once to proceed with and organize an army of 50,000 veterans from discharged volunteers who had served an enlistment. The use of this army was alone prevented by the surrender of Lee and the ending of the war. At the close of the war Hancock commanded the army of the Shenandoah, relieving General Sheridan. This army consisted of 35,000 men of all arms, and was destined to move South with Hancock's 50,000 veterans and join General Sherman, but Joe Johnson threw up the sponge and rendered the movement unnecessary.

SINCE THE WAR.

General Hancock's career since the war is so well known it needs but little mention here. For his services during the war he was appointed a brigadier and afterwards a major general in the regular army and assigned to command of the middle department. In 1866 he took command of the department of Missouri and conducted two campaigns against hostile Indians, taking the field in person at the head of 1,500 men of all arms.

In 1867 he was sent by the President to New Orleans to command the States of Texas and Louisiana. It was in this field of labor that he distinguished himself by setting the example of an officer of the army with extraordinary powers strenuously insisting upon the entire subordination of military to civil authority in time of peace. Among the military commanders during the reconstruction period he was conspicuous in this regard, and the positions then laid down in his general orders and correspondence did more perhaps than anything else to make him the ideal soldier in the minds of the constitutional Democrats. In 1868 he was relieved at his own request, and in 1869, '70, '71 and '72 commanded the department of Dakota. Since then he has commanded the military division of the Atlantic, composed of the department of the lakes, the department of the east and department of Washington, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York City.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Hancock, in personal appearance, is tall, well formed and very handsome. His height cannot be less than six feet two inches, and he weighs fully two hundred and forty pounds. He would make the finest looking President who ever sat in the White House, except, possibly, George Wash-

ington. His form towers above other men, and he attracts attention by his mere looks wherever he goes. His eyes are blue and have a benignant and mild expression when in repose, but inspiring when in danger. His manner is dignified and knightly and he is courteous itself. He is always magnetic, and draws men to him by his kindness and gentle interest in their affairs. His sympathies are easily aroused and he becomes intensely concerned for the sorrows and misfortunes of others, striving in every way to relieve them, as though their troubles were his own. Hancock's kindness to his subordinates always won not only their love, but also their confidence, and caused them to rely on him as a friend as well as a commander. He gave a man a good opinion of himself, and made each one feel he was of more importance than he ever before suspected. It was this which caused him to have such power over his officers and men in battle, and made them prefer rather to die than forfeit the good opinion of their leader.

General Hancock had two children, Russel Hancock and Ada Elizabeth Hancock. The latter died in New York, of typhoid fever, when 18 years of age. She was a young lady of great promise. Russel Hancock, the General's only son, is living and is a planter in Mississippi.

A volume would not contain an account of all the heroic deeds of a man like Hancock; his is a noble character, and it is a pleasure to write of such a man. A glorious soldier, a steadfast friend, a useful citizen, he is all that is noble, manly and brave in poor fallen humanity.

HENDRICKS ON HANCOCK.

WHY THE GREAT GENERAL SHOULD AND WILL BE ELECTED.
From Hendricks' Indianapolis Speech.

We have presented to us a ticket for our consideration and our support. That ticket was made last week at Cincinnati, and the question is, shall it be elected? [Cries of "Yes, yes."] Of the result I say to you to-night I have no doubt that General Winfield Scott Hancock and William H. English will be elected. [Applause.] Why, if I had a doubt before I could have none now, when I see this vast crowd of ladies and gentlemen here to attest their appreciation of the strength and excellence of that ticket. General Hancock is distinguished in war as he is in peace. As a warrior he was distinguished in Mexico; as a commander he was distinguished in the late war. No man stands above him as a military chieftain, and when the war was over, and the administration sent him down to New Orleans in command of Louisiana and Texas, he attested his qualifications as a civil ruler.

Thinking men—I dare say many of you have thought that the contest for free elections was made first at the extra session of Congress last year. In that you are mistaken. The fight for free elections is more than a century old among English-speaking people, but in the politics of this country it is older than the extra session. It is found for the first time in Louisiana and Texas, when General Hancock made the contest for free elections. [Applause.] In his order issued in 1867 he declared the military power in Texas and in Louisiana should not at all interfere with the elections, and went further and directed that no soldier should approach the voting place unless to exercise the lawful right to vote himself (applause), and when any Republican gentleman asks me why I support Winfield S. Hancock, he being a military man, I say that in the civil government that he maintained in Louisiana and in Texas he did assert those principles which will preserve the whole country.

My fellow-citizens, this election is a very important one. Here in Indiana we are an October State, as it is called. We are to vote first in October, Indiana and Ohio also, and it is of prime importance that Indiana shall speak boldly, plainly, strongly in October, so that all the other States that are to follow in November may know how the freemen stand in this contest. We have got to fight the battle first; we have got to meet the officers of this administration. Under the pretence that it will not allow its officers to interfere in political affairs it does most corruptly—I believe more corruptly than any administration the country has ever known—interfere with all its office-holding army.

That army is now a hundred thousand strong—a hundred thousand partisans under pay. Already they have been called upon to contribute their \$6 a piece; already this enormous sum of money. When it is known that the Presidential election does turn or is to turn upon the pivotal State Indiana, how much of that money is to come here to corrupt our free elections? Oh! I trust to you, men. You have stood up in the spirit of persecution when they have prevented our civil and business relations because of your Democracy. You have stood when soldiers were here to threaten and disturb you, and now, when they send money to influence the election in Indiana, I trust, with the greatest confidence, that we will maintain a pure election and the supremacy of the Democratic party.

Shortly after General Hancock issued these orders in the name of popular liberty they turned him out of command, supplied his place with

commanders that would serve their purpose better. They turned him out of the command of Louisiana and Texas because he was the stalwart champion of popular rights, and the American people will put him back because he is the champion of popular rights. [Applause.]

Eastward Bound.

Clouds, fast driven before an eastern wind, scudded across the sky. The hurry and whirl of the Illinois Metropolis were left in the rear, as the train over the Michigan Central, with its long line of beautiful palace sleeping coaches, was drawn swiftly along the shores of Lake Michigan. For many miles the boundaries of the great sea lake were closely hugged. Huge waves, driven before a fierce storm wind, broke over the banks in white fury. One succeeding another they rolled onward, ending in a burst of spray. Thus it continued until the train progressed into the interior, and darkness shut out surrounding objects.

During the twilight a sumptuous supper was partaken of aboard the dining car. Then nine o'clock arrived and sleepiness oppressed the eyes of travelers. I had found it impossible to obtain a lower berth and could only secure one of those lofty perches just beneath the car roof. It happened that only one other of these upper berths was occupied and that was the one just next my own. At an early hour a young and pretty lady climbed into this, while a relative (probably a maiden aunt) rested her aged head upon the couch below. About the same time another young lady, who spoke with a French accent, retired into the berth immediately beneath the one into which I intended to mount. Unaccustomed as I was to such things, I wondered how I could climb into my high berth without danger of falling in upon the Mademoiselle so quietly resting just beneath my own. Imagine my relief, then, when the obliging colored porter placed a step ladder in the aisle for my accommodation. I was not long in clambering up and in. All seemed to be right, until, glancing around, I noticed that the partition between the two upper compartments did not extend quite to the top of the car, and through the space thus made I could distinctly see the curly head of my fair neighbor. My sense of the ridiculousness of the situation was more distinctly impressed when I heard a smothered scream issue from the young lady, followed immediately by a request to her elderly relative below for a dufter and some other garments to hang over the objectionable hole. The cars, especially the upper berths, were brightly illuminated, and, modestly, I kept my eyes averted from the opening, and affected unconsciousness of the lady's consternation. Venturing soon to glance around, I noticed that the dufter had been duly received, and the aperture effectually closed. Sleep that night was but a wakeful slumber, and at last morning dawned. I dared not descend from my berth next morning until I was sure that the Mademoiselle below had arisen, so I would not risk the danger of falling into her arms. I, however, did venture the following morning to interrogate the curly haired Miss if I had frightened her the night before, and received for a reply, in hesitating tones, "Oh, no; not much."

Breakfast on the rail the next morning was equal to supper the night before, including spring chicken, strawberries, ice cream and all the delicacies of the season—then I commenced to study the country. Long ago we had crossed the Detroit river and entered Queen Victoria's dominions. The geographical division is the only dividing line, however, between the American and British provinces, as the general features of the land are in every respect the same, as those of the Northern States. The names of the principal stations along the route are also familiar to the traveler from almost every clime, as London, Paris, Ingersoll, Princeton and Harrisburg were passed before the train arrived at Suspension Bridge, which is on the New York boundary. Many lovely wild flowers—among them the large scarlet lily—grew in the fields on either side.

Over that wonderful piece of architecture—the Suspension Bridge—which spans the green waters of Niagara river, I entered New York and caught a glorious view of the Falls. A great green river falling in hues of green and silver into a sea of spray, and then flowing off more intensely green than ever, is what it seemed to me. No one can describe it, and in this connection I am pleased to copy the words of an English writer of vivid imagination and consummate command of language, who thus painted the impression this American wonder left upon his cultivated mind: "I think in every quiet season now: still do those waters roll and leap and roll and tumble all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them hundreds of feet below; still when the sun is on them do they shine like molten gold. Still when the day is gloomy do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke; and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted this place with the same dead solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep."

Before the afternoon is far spent we dash through the city of Rochester, with its 90,000 inhabitants; its parks, fountains

and lawns, and at supper time stop for the night in the city of Canandaigua. This is a beautiful city built upon an easy grade, which slopes down to the lake of the same name. Upon its placid waters boats glide back and forth, and in fair weather the forms of many fair women and brave men are reflected from its surface.

At 9 a. m. the next morning I started south over the Northern Central to Elmira. White fields of daisies lifted their heads to the sun on either side. Grand apple and peach orchards were passed, even then bearing a weight of tender fruit. Vineyards grew on steep declivities. Then, before Watkins was reached, cascades of water came flowing through numerous little glens, marking our approach to that great wonder. The population of Elmira is about 22,000. It is a well-built and growing city. From that place another short ride over a route quite familiar to your readers brought me to the city of Williamsport, where a week was spent which will be ever overflowing with pleasant memories to

Yours, &c., OLIVER CROWMELL.

New York Weekly Herald.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper has more than tripled during the past year. It contains all the leading news contained in the Daily Herald, and is arranged in a handy department.

FOREIGN NEWS

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

AMERICAN NEWS

are given the Telegraphic Dispatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

POLITICAL NEWS

embracing complete and comprehensive dispatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

THE FARM DEPARTMENT

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and directions relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising CATTLE, POULTRY, GRAINS, TREES, VEGETABLES, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and utensils in repair. This is the only department of the WEEKLY HERALD, which is not, postage paid, for one dollar, widely copied, under the head of

THE HOME,

giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

SKILLED LABOR

are looked after, and everything pertaining to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, including the stock and bond markets. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

THE PRODUCE MARKET.

SPORTING NEWS at home and abroad, together with a STORY every week, a SERMON by some eminent divine, LITERARY, MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, PERSONAL and SEA NOTES. There is no paper in the world that contains so much news, published by a well-known Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage paid, for one dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD (ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.)

NEW YORK HERALD, 1-4 Broadway and Ann Street, New York.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

(Eight Normal School Districts.)
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

A. N. RAUB, A. M., Principal.

THIS SCHOOL, as at present constituted, offers the very best facilities for Professional and Classical learning.

Buildings spacious, inviting and commodious; completely heated by steam, well ventilated, and furnished with a bountiful supply of pure water, soft spring water.

Location healthful and easy of access. Surrounding scenery unsurpassed. Expenses moderate. Teachers experienced, efficient, and alive to their duties.

Discipline, firm and kind, uniform and thorough. Fifty cents a week deduction to those preparing to teach.

Students admitted at any time. Courses of study prescribed by the State: I. Model School. II. Preparatory. III. Elementary. IV. Scientific.

ADJUNCT COURSES: I. Academic. II. Commercial. III. Music. IV. Art. The Elementary and Scientific courses are Professional, and students graduating therein receive State Diplomas, conferring the following and corresponding degrees: Bachelor of the Elements, and Master of the Sciences. Graduates in the other courses receive Normal Certificates of their attainments, signed by the Faculty.

The Professional courses are liberal, and are in thoroughness not inferior to those of our best colleges. The State requires a higher order of citizenship. The time demanded is. It is one of the prime objects of this school to help to secure it by furnishing intelligent and efficient teachers for her schools. To this end it solicits young persons of good abilities and good purposes—those who desire to improve their time and their talents, as students. To all such it promises aid in developing their powers and abundant opportunities for well-paid labor after leaving school. For catalogue and terms address the Principal.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES: Stockholders' Trustees—J. H. Barton, M. D., A. H. Best, Jacob Brown, S. M. Bickford, Samuel Christ, A. N. Raub, R. G. Cook, T. C. Hippie, Esq., G. Kintzing, E. P. McCormick, Esq., W. W. Rankin, John A. Robb, State Trustees, Esq., W. G. Curtis, Hon. H. L. DeFenbach, Hon. Jesse Merrill, Hon. William Bigler, J. C. C. Whaley, S. Miller McCormick, Esq.

OFFICERS: Hon. WILLIAM BIGLER, President, Clearfield, Pa. Gen. JESSE MERRILL, V. President, Lock Haven, Pa. S. MILLAR MCCORMICK, Secretary, " THOMAS TAYLOR, Treasurer, "

THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT

BOOK and JOB OFFICE

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
IS NOW OFFERING

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

TO THOSE WISHING FIRST-CLASS
Plain or Fancy Printing.

We have unusual facilities for printing
LAW BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
CATALOGUES,
PROGRAMMES,
STATEMENTS,

CIRCULARS,
BILL HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,

INVITATION CARDS,
CARTES DE VISITE,
CARDS ON ENVELOPES,
AND ALL KINDS OF BLANKS.

Printing done in the best style, on short notice and at the lowest rates.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.