

Correspondence, containing important news, solicited from any part of the county. No communication inserted unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Notice.—Our customers and friends are hereby notified that our store will be closed on Monday, October 3, Day of Atonement, until 6 o'clock P. M.

S. A. LOEB.

Local Department.

All come to the fair next week. The elections occur this year on the 8th day of November. Have you paid a state or county tax within two years? After the 1st of October it will be lawful to shoot pheasants. Loeb's is the place to buy dry goods. Large assortment, low prices and good goods at all times. For fine furniture of any description call upon A. J. Brown & Co., Bishop street, Bellefonte. Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed. S. D. Ray, Esq., Secretary of the Agricultural Society, desires that lists of articles to be exhibited at the fair may be sent to him as soon as possible, as the books are now open and entries are being made. Policies in the Accident Insurance Company of North America are not forfeited by the insured engaging in a more hazardous occupation than for which he has paid his premium. Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters, if taken in time. Ladies, do you desire to have a clear and beautiful complexion? If so, let me whisper a word in your ear: "Keep your liver in healthful action and your blood pure by the use of Green's No. 1 and 2 Liver Pills." A. J. Brown & Co., at their new furniture store on Bishop street, have just received a lot of elegant parlor suits which they offer at remarkably low prices. Any one wishing to purchase a nice parlor suit should not fail to give them a call. Dr. J. Jordan Dasher, son of Dr. Dasher of Aaronsburg, was married on Wednesday evening, Sept. 21, at Belleville, Mifflin county, to Miss Ella E. Campbell. We wish our young friends a long and happy journey through life. Mr. Gust Lyon, of Lyon & C's., has just started east to buy fall and winter goods. He is accompanied by Miss Pauline Lyon, who will assist him in the selection of dry goods, dress goods, silks, hats, millinery, hose, &c. You may look for a very large and carefully selected stock. Mr. A. M. Runkle, of Centre Hall, wishes to inform his many friends in Penna Valley that he has connected himself with the firm of Lyon & Co., Bellefonte, and he hopes that his friends will give him a call when coming to town. He will treat them right and sell them goods cheaper than they can buy them anywhere else. The much-talked of Catholic Fair will open on Saturday evening in Reynolds's building, in Bishop street, next to Cedar's bakery. This Fair promises to be a very interesting and pleasurable event. Extensive preparations have been made and its success is already assured. The management is in capable hands and we have no doubt everything will be conducted in a perfectly satisfactory manner. That perfect baking and cooking stove, the "Pioneer," is for sale only by Wilson, McFarlane & Co. All superfluous ornamentation has been dispensed with to secure a first-class kitchen stove. For weight, strength and durability it cannot be surpassed. In purchasing this stove you are not paying for nickel trimmings and beautiful finish, but you are getting what is far better and what you need in a cook stove—a good, reliable baker and cook. Our enterprising mercantile firm of S. & A. Loeb have established for themselves within the last few years a reputation for selling the best ready-made clothing in Central Pennsylvania. It is a reputation which they justly deserve for their endeavors to procure a good fitting and well made garment. Their sales have been so large in this particular line that Messrs. Stein, Adler & Co., of Rochester, have given them the exclusive sale of their goods. Persons who have purchased these goods once do not want their measure taken by any merchant tailor, for they give perfect satisfaction in all respects. Mrs. Nancy J. Blair, wife of Gen. W. H. Blair, died suddenly at her residence in Bellefonte on Tuesday the 27th inst. at 12 o'clock. Some weeks ago, Mrs. Blair suffered a severe fall and has since then been confined to the house. She suffered considerably from the injury, but the immediate cause of her death was heart disease. She died while sitting in a chair. Mrs. Blair was a most estimable lady and was beloved by a large circle of friends. She was one of the kindest, most generous and most charitable of women, and she will be missed as much in the humble home of the poor as in her own household and among her own friends. Mrs. Blair was about 59 years of age. She leaves a bereaved husband and an only son to mourn the faithful, loving wife and fond affectionate mother. Mrs. Blair will be buried to-day at 2 o'clock.

(Continued from 1st page.)

tions existing between our deceased President and myself, during the two years we were together in the House of Representatives, makes this one of the saddest and most painful duties of my life. His seat was where I could almost touch his elbow. I lived within the magic circle of his sympathy. I had received from him many marks of personal consideration. I had been advantaged by the great power of his influence. It would be in vain for me to attempt to conceal the emotions that control me at this hour. What I have to say to-day I wish to say accurately and carefully—with more accuracy and care than I could do in an extemporaneous speech. The great, manly voice of James A. Garfield is hushed into silence. His great, noble heart, the pulsations of which have been so tearfully counted by an adoring people, has ceased to beat. Never again will the Nation pause and listen when he rises to speak. Soon the rustling leaves of autumn, driven by the heedless winds, will rush past his new-made grave, from which no responses will come. Even the grief-stricken widow will wait and look and listen in vain, near the cold marble, for that response to love and tears which, in life, never failed to elicit a response. How cold, how heartless, how silent is the grave. No one who ever enjoyed his personal acquaintance could fail to learn what a big, noble-hearted man he was. Full of joy, and overflowing with good-nature—kind and tender as a child—with a disposition that inclined him to defer to the wishes, the opinions and the comforts of others, he was yet a bold thinker, and perfectly fearless in action. Too much of a statesman to be a subservient politician, he was often much broader and more liberal than his party. He often called down upon himself the displeasure of the party, on account of his liberality and conservatism. With every inclination toward peace and gentleness, he was nevertheless adverse to war when peaceful means ceased to be honorable. Impulsive and human, it would be folly to say that he was without the errors of his race; but the goodness of his heart and the supremacy of his clear, well-directed head kept him above the level of common vice. I believe him to have been one of the purest, truest and most noble of American statesmen. Unlike Lincoln, he was thoroughly versed in the sciences and the most profound learning of the schools. Unlike Washington, he was one of the most fiery and impassioned orators of the age. More gentle and affectionate than either, he possessed as big a heart and as unselfish a purpose. Step by step, from poverty and obscurity—from the toils and hardships of early life to the highest position in the gift of the nation—just when the symmetry of his earthly career was complete—no cord left untouched—no line left unfinished—what more propitious time to die? The inevitable must be met, and what more fortunate time could be selected than when the highest goal of earthly ambition had been reached and the life-work almost completed? And then, how many a brilliant career has been blasted in an hour! The great Greek historian wisely said that no man's character could be fully estimated until after his demise. To Garfield the past is full of glorious achievements; the zenith has been reached and the future is secure. The historian will write his name alongside of those of Lincoln and Washington. Plebeian in origin—springing from the humblest dust—he shot up like a meteor that paled all other lights around him. His achievements have rendered his name immortal. When the hearts of the people that now throb with anguish and are filled with love and sympathy shall have crumbled to dust, the fame of the great citizen, soldier and statesman will shine as brightly as it does to-day, and its lustre will continue to the end of time. A man's domestic life reveals the inwardness of his nature. I would rather trust a poor man, who loved his wife and children, than one who loved fame or money more than these, were he ever so exalted or rich. How tenderly he loved his children! With what sympathy and affection he pleased with them to leave his daughter with him in the sick room. "How could one so sweet and gentle disturb me," he said. How his heart went out after his boys; and how, when wounded and bleeding, sick and mangled, he tried to break the shaft that should crush his gentle, loving wife by so tenderly dictating the message to her of his attempted assassination! His first act, after being declared President of the United States, was to turn and tenderly kiss his wife and aged mother. The thousands who saw the act of tenderness and love knew then that we had a President with a great, noble heart, capable of being moved by the most sacred of impulses. Every act of his life has demonstrated the goodness of his soul. President Garfield's life, however, even at the zenith of his greatness, was not all joy and sunshine. The sleuth-hound of the defamer was put upon his track and followed him like an evil spirit—that demon that robs life of all of peace and hope there is in it. But who can pass through this fiery ordeal of a struggle for public place without falling under the tongue of the slanderer? Envy, jealousy, the unwitting ardor of partisanship, all conspire to invent the cunning and insidious lie. A falsehood boldly spoken and persistently adhered to, sometimes does work as fatal as the truth. The victim can only wait and hope for the right and justice to prevail. Garfield has waited patiently—and, oh, how painfully!—for the hour of his vindication. How overwhelmingly it has come upon this people! Spontaneously, the sympathies of the whole nation have risen up in his defense. Like the slow, moldering fires of a volcano, it has burned the slanders against him into dust, and the ordeal has caused his character to stand out bolder and brighter than though his merits had never been put to the test. The great love and sympathy—the confidence and respect—for the late President have in them no party lines. The grief and sorrow of the people on account of this great calamity know no division—no North, no South, no East, no West. The whole nation had learned to love and respect him—to rely upon his virtue and integrity—to believe in his wisdom and purity. No President had ever so thoroughly reached the hearts of the people by his generous and noble demeanor. His bearing, during the great suffering and anguish through which he has passed, has only added lustre to the noblest traits of his character; and we should hardly have learned to know him well had we not witnessed his brave conduct in the hour of peril. But though the President is dead, in his own grave words: "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives." "The great constitutional machinery moves right on." Those great principles of civil

and religious liberty that he prized so highly remain to us without spot or blemish. A change in the ruling head of the Government has taken place, without a ripple or a quiver, without convulsion or violence in any part of the great machinery of the Government. There is enough virtue and patriotism in the American people to meet every vicissitude. To the youth and young men of the land what a noble model does his life present. Cradled in poverty, nurtured in adversity, with nothing bright around him but the bright sunlight and the blue sky, his life was a struggle from the very inception. No helping hand of wealth, no line of noted ancestors to point him upward, he nurtured, unaided, the germ of greatness within his own breast. Every condition of his early life seemed to be unpromising. What mother could think of her boy gathering the rudiments of his life-education, on the tow-path, among the rough, reckless men that follow the business of boating, without a shudder? Such a place could only have been selected through the direst necessity. How much more fortunate are most of the boys of our favored land! Yet, struggling through this gloom with an ambition to become educated, and good, and great, no scars were left upon the jewel he bore. A student, a graduate, a professor, and he had cast off the difficult surroundings of his early life, and had accomplished at least half the journey to the usefulness that followed. There is no good, brave boy in the land that cannot follow him thus far. He was the architect of his own destiny! After all, the artificial aids of wealth and family are impotent. Aristocracy is powerless to make great men, even though it may bolster up and make respectable weak ones! Like the great oak, that stands alone on the mountain, he had buffeted every wind that blows. The conflict had made him stronger—his great arms were stretched out farther. He was a Hercules cooped up with the sickly oak—his brother, in the thickly grown forest—bolstered up on every side and protected from every rude blast. He had learned the lessons of life more thoroughly than it were possible to learn them in any other way. There is no aristocrat but the aristocrat of nature. The man with a better heart, a clearer head, more energy of action, greater tenacity of purpose, than ourselves, is the only superior we will acknowledge. He is the aristocrat of nature. How truthful and significant are his own words on this point: "From the genius of our Government, the pathway to honorable distinction lies open to all. No post of honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach it. It is the pride of every American, that many cherished names, at whose mention our hearts beat with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty, who conquered obscurity, and became fixed stars in our firmament. There is something heroic, manly, almost sublime, about the career of Garfield. With no power to nerve his arm, but his own faith in a just Providence, the conviction that springs from a sense of right and justice, he toiled up the steep ascent. There was no one to stand by and demand for him the place he deserved—not even was the all-powerful machinery of politics in his favor, for he represented the liberal sentiment of his party. Yet, through the native power of his own genius, he compelled a recognition of his merits. So superior was he, as a scholar and a statesman, and so thoroughly had he identified himself with the highest hopes of the nation, that the great mass of the American people naturally turned to him as a becoming leader. This day completes the measure of his life! He has passed from the cradle to the grave. Admiring nations join in doing honor to his memory, and in adding laurels to his fame. The Great Ruler of nations—that cares for a sparrow as well as for a President—in His own mysterious way, has wrought his destiny for him. His mission is completed—his work is done. Each vase, in its turn, must be shattered. Only the spirit of man is immortal. At last all human ties must be broken. All human friendships part. But thou, Oh! our murdered President, if thy disembodied spirit should yet linger in the nearness of space, and should not have gone out into the darkness and endlessness of the great eternal future—that domain from which no human foot-step has ever yet returned to reveal its mysteries or its wonders—pause. Oh! wait but a moment to accept the tribute, the homage of a Nation's sympathy and tears, the love of a heart-broken wife, and then fare-thee-well, farewell! J. L. Spangler, Esq., followed Mr. Yocum in the following words: In the presence of this profound public sorrow the entire nation mourns as if the President had been the personal friend of the fifty millions who constitute the Republic. This is eminently significant. For it shows that the Chief Magistracy of the nation is securely founded in the affection and patriotism of a great people. In the midst of this universal gloom, nothing is so grand and beautiful as this wonderful exhibition of popular sympathy and love for the people's Ruler, coming as it does from all sections, factions and parties, and will greatly tend to hasten the glorious time in our national career so devoutly anticipated by the President himself "when our brave people, one in heart, one in their aspirations for freedom and peace, shall see the dark shadows through which we have traveled was but a part of that stern but beneficent discipline by which the great Dispenser of Events has been leading us on to a higher and nobler national life." What was there in the career of James A. Garfield that has so profoundly touched the popular heart? Was it the pluck and tireless energy with which he met and overcame the difficulties and hardships of poverty on his way from the tow-path to the College? Was it the fortitude and determination with which he kept and preserved a blameless private life in his battle for political supremacy in the House? Mark also his magnanimity and generosity displayed towards his political foes in his signal leadership of his party in Congress. Recall the sympathy and loveliness of his home life as friend, father and husband—or remember his sublime patience and heroic suffering as he lay bleeding and dying amid the tears and prayers of a loving and sympathizing nation. All of these grand qualities combined in this single career challenge the homage and reverence of the world. But there was something more in the President's career which will endure long after these evidences of sorrow and emblems of woe shall have passed away. During the seven months of his Presidency, he gave force and effect to an important principle of public policy which has gradually grown into a popular conviction. It has been an avowed doctrine among politicians of all parties that the Presidency is a thing to be owned—a piece of property belonging to the political faction which yields the most power. Its vast patronage and distinctions shall be

distributed to subserve the personal and political interests of the great chieftains of power. Their will shall be a law to the chief magistrate. Against this subservience of the Executive to the behests of the politicians, the President manfully asserted the principle of presidential independence and individuality. As the choice of a free people, he proposed to be President in fact as well as in name, not for the success of any faction, but for the highest good of all the people of the States—that the President shall determine his own policy and administer it for all sections alike. How grandly he marked out this important policy, was early foreshadowed in the choice of a strong and brilliant cabinet in full accord with the great reform. How nobly he made the struggle for the emancipation of the Presidency from vassalage to political bossism is now current history. For a while the issue was doubtful, but under his able leadership factions went to pieces and leaders fell, as the people rejoiced over an independent executive with brains and courage to assert and maintain its own policy. Parties and factions were rapidly adjusting their plans and tactics to the new presidential policy, when the fatal bullet of the cowardly assassin struck him down. Shall the good work suffer by his death? Is the anxious inquiry of the good and strong men of all parties. Time and coming events will tell. Let us hope that under the inspiration of so glorious a career, his successor will go forward in the cause of peace, fraternity and good government so signally begun. Slaughtered in the midst of his greatest achievement, it was still too late to rob him of the grandest position in history. We know him now. All narrow jealousies are at his feet. And we see him as he moved. How modest, kindly, all compassionate, wise, with what sublime repression of himself, and in what limits and how tenderly. Whose was the interesting human struggle? Not making his high place the lawless perch of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground of pleasure. But through his political career, wearing the white flower of a blameless life. Murdered, confined, buried, and he will live in the memory of the nation as the fearless President of an independent, wise, honest and vigorous administration. And leaving behind him a record which shows how energy, integrity, and God-fearing principles, lifted him from the humblest ranks of life to the noblest station in the world, and a name that will grow brighter as the years go on. "From the top of Fame's ladder he stepped in the sky." The beautiful hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," was now rendered by the choir and audience. J. G. Love, Esq., was then introduced and spoke as follows: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The sad occasion which convenes us here to-day is one in which every heart feels a deep concern. To-day the civilized world witnesses one of the most remarkable and grand spectacles ever before witnessed or known of men. A great and good man, one of the best examples of a noble-hearted Christian, and one whom this great republic of over fifty millions of people elevated to the presidency of the United States, the highest and most honorable position which human ambition may seek to attain, has been stricken to the death by an assassin's blow. And to-day the whole nation, irrespective of party, section, creed or condition, humbly gather around the bier of James A. Garfield and in profoundest sorrow weeps, because of its great bereavement, and stands aghast in the presence of the awful tragedy that robbed the people of their beloved President. Not only the great heart of the American people is wrung with grief because of our national calamity, but all the civilized nations of the world, and Christianized humanity everywhere are bowed in sorrow and extend to us their heartfelt sympathy. Some of them join with us in paying the most marked tribute of respect to our deceased President, by gathering in heart and spirit with us around his open grave and publicly mourn our loss, and shed tears of sympathy, while his last remains are being entombed in earth. It is a grand spectacle! A world mournfully sweeping over the death of the President of the American Republic! Why a great and good man, elevated to a high and responsible position of trust, occupying a sphere where his greatness and usefulness, seem imperatively needed, and where they would bestow untold blessings upon a nation of fifty millions of people, should be suddenly and ruthlessly cut down in the prime of his life and manhood, and humanity be deprived of the great benefits which his life and character promised, is one of those awful mysteries of Divine Providence, that awes us into submissive silence in the presence of the Great Jehovah, and and his wonderful dealings with men and nations. Our finite wisdom and weak faith fail to comprehend the infinite wisdom of God, when brought in contact with events such as we contemplate to-day. Time no doubt will reveal the Divine wisdom of this sad event, and show forth the mercy of the God of nations in suffering its transaction. All we finite mortals can do in the presence of events so important and tragic, is to humbly bow in reverential awe, acknowledge the superior wisdom of God, and say, "Thy will be done. It may be, however, that we as a nation are guilty of great national sins which have invoked the Almighty's displeasure. Sins which if not eradicated from the body politic may involve our national ruin. It may be that our great national prosperity and growth have been investing us with such a self-consciousness of our own strength, that we as a people have been prone to forget God, and resolved to work out our future greatness and glory independent of Him. If then the sad and cruel murder of our beloved President, calls a halt in our waywardness as a people, and results in eradicating some of our national evils, and in humbling us as a nation before Almighty God, then may it be said that his death has not been in vain. We have great national evils and sins, which for a long time have cried to High Heaven for redress, and which if not corrected, in time, will entail upon our Republic probable ruin. Sectional strife, rapidly yielding to the mollifying influences of time, yet still lurking in the body politic, is a national evil of danger to the country, but which, being generally allayed if not entirely healed by the solemn event as a nation memorialize to-day. The bitterness of partisan strife, urged and stimulated oftentimes by the unbridled license of an unconscionable press, is a crying national evil that demands speedy correction. Him whom we all loved, whose melancholy death we so sorely lament, and in honor of whose memory we have this day met, was so libelled and vilified by a partisan press, that many men might have been stimulated to the perpetration of just such a crime as we as a nation are now called upon to regret, condemn and sadly mourn. The legitimate fruit of such trading of public and private character by a bitter

partisan press, is and will be the commission of high crimes, and tends to destroy confidence in public men who administer our government, and in the government itself. If the sacrifice of the life of James A. Garfield, will tend to make the press of the country more conservative and more honest in its dealings with public men whom the people call into high places, then will his death not have been in vain. There are a number of other national evils to which I might refer as needing reform, but I will allude to but one other, that of the "Spoils System." The spoils of office, and the ambition for place hang like an incubus over the nation, and are the prime motive to the bitterness of party strife. This evil needs correction and that speedily. It may be said that the evil of this system culminated in the death of the President, and if his death works a speedy reform of the evil, then it will not have been in vain. The suffering and death of the President have already done much toward the correction of our national evils. They have awakened such a feeling of loyalty and generous sympathy in the heart of every American citizen, that they have cemented us into one great common brotherhood. The cry "Our President" wells up spontaneously from every true American heart, all over the land, from the North, South, East and West. May it result in the total abolition and annihilation of sectional lines. For a time the bitterness of party strife has sunk abashed in the sacred and mournful presence of his death, and may it be forever rendered oblivious. The nation for months has humbled itself before Jehovah's throne, and supplicated Divine strength, aid and comfort in this trying hour. This humility must work our exaltation as a people. In Divine wisdom, the salvation of men and nations, seems to be wrought out through blood; and the sacrifice required, is usually one without blemish. If God in his wisdom determined to correct some of our national evils, and draw us as a people unto Him, in order that we may be the better preserved, and it required the sacrifice of a human life to accomplish his purpose, where in all the land was there a subject so fit as James A. Garfield? An honorable and upright Christian, a man of ripe scholarship, mature thought and fine culture, the exponent of what is highest and best in statesmanship, and the true representative of what is best in our government. He was a public servant of the people and for the people, at all times laboring for the public good to the sacrifice of self, a fit exemplar of the purity and sanctity of the American home, he had both in his public and private life, inspired the people with confidence, and so endeared himself to them, that they loved him. The death of no other man could have done so much to purify the nation, and exalt us as a Christian people by bringing us to a proper and trustful recognition of God as the great ruler of men and nations. But while we mourn for our deceased President let us not despair of the future. While men may change and die, yet the "government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish" if we be true to God, true to humanity and to ourselves. Let us as loyal citizens give to our new President, who assumes the responsibilities of his high office under great embarrassment, the same love and fealty we accorded to his predecessor, and withhold all adverse criticism, until just criticism and censure are demanded for the general welfare and public good. Patriotism and our duty as citizens require this at our hands. This done, our government will move onward in its upward career, and stand out more grandly than ever as the beacon light of civil and religious liberty to the world. As Mr. Love took his seat, Rev. Father McArdle, pastor of St. John's Catholic Church, was named by the President and his response was in the following words: We the citizens of this town are assembled here to-day to express our sincere and deep sorrow for the violent death of the worthy, fit and able ruler of our country. The features of our sorrow are remarkably striking—rather, I should say, they are unique. It is universal; it is shared in by all in whom beats the breath of human life. It is not only national, but world-wide. Wherever the sun hath cast his rays this morning, there the illustrious dead, whose remains are laid in the grave to-day, is lamented. Even the wretch himself, over whom the evil one won complete control and thus induced him to do the worst of deeds, hath already laid fall the tear of sorrow. Perhaps it might be said that if we ransack history the result will be that a parallel of the event which we deplore to-day cannot be found. For, while in similar cases always there were some who viewed the assassin's work with stoic indifference, complacency, and too often with joy; but in this case there was not a single individual, at home or abroad, responsible for his acts, who did not indignantly reprobate the foul deed. And why? Because in other cases of assassination, from force of circumstances, there was some palliation for the flagrant crime; but here there was none. The act was one of malice pure et simple; malice in all its depravity; malice pure and simple; unadulterated malice. The chief phase of our sorrow is its stern reality, its thorough genuineness; the chord of grief has been touched in every heart. This is as it should be. Our President was laboring for the best interests of each one of us; of you and of me. He was discharging faithfully and well the duties of the high office which his countrymen entrusted him with. Not self, not party, but the due performance of the functions which his elevated position entailed was his great concern. And yet, though having at heart the well-being of his country, when setting out on a tour to recuperate from the effects of worry, labor and self-sacrifice in her behalf, in high glee and peace of mind, always the outcome of a conscientious discharge of duty, he was felled down by the hand of the assassin. What a shock to him when smote by the fatal bullet! How terrible the feeling which that short and sharp look of his bespoke as he turned round to find out from whom and whence came the dread missile! When Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the Senate by Brutus, the friend of his bosom, he exclaimed, "Et tu, quoque, Brute!" "You, Brutus, whom I esteemed so highly, why have you done this to me?" On the memorable morning of the second day of last July, in the depot at the nation's capital, did not the short glance of our beloved President, the hurried glance of death, indicate an expression akin to that of Julius Cæsar? Turning around, not knowing who dared per-

petrate the ingrate deed, did he not say, if not in word, at least in look, and "You, my country! why have you done this to me! You, my country, whom I loved so dearly, on whom I bestowed my best thoughts and hardest labors?" Could it be so? Was it a dream, or a fact? No room for doubt! The stern reality was there! The heavy thud of the massive frame, the bespattered blood, the ghastly countenance presenting the look of death, all told clearly and unmistakably of the treacherous onslaught! What a spectacle to reflect upon! In the distinguished victim that lies there on the threshold of death there was no despotism, no imperialism, no bossism, no arrogance; but what is there in it of the people and for the people, frankness, condescension, consideration for the poor as well as the rich, and now that the bitter end has come, what wonder is it that the nation is weeping over him, and in all parts of the country wherever the eye is cast, are seen emblems of woe. We weep, aye, and the unborn reader of American history shall weep! Coming to the page that records the sad event, he will stop, reflect and condole in silence. The grief which we feel for our departed ruler, great as it is, intensified by the sympathy which his noble family not only deserves but forces from us. Their habits, manners, mode of life were plain. They loved each other with a truly brotherly love. Father, mother, husband, wife, sister, brother, parent, and child were bound together by ties of purest friendship. The beginning of their career in life was humble, but by industry and brains, they gradually ascended until finally they reached the highest rung of the social ladder; and now one would think if true happiness could be found on earth it should be in their Mentor home. But suddenly the hand of direst adversity smote them. In an instant he to whom they owed their all was prostrated by the ball of the assassin. What a hurricane of grief must not have swept over their hearts when the sad news was imparted! How deep the grief of the faithful wife, watching by the bed side of her dying husband, seeing him wasting away slowly but surely under the hand of death! How deep the grief of the aged, venerable mother in her distant Ohio home, thinking of her lovely son, the jewel of her heart! But the climax was reached when the dread news went forth, "He is no more! He is dead!" Cut down in highest prosperity, when their aspirations were in full bloom— from such a family, that might be fittingly styled the whim of fortune were it only romantic and not real, who could withhold kindest sympathy! Our sorrow is universal, truly genuine, deep-seated, but at the same time it is mingled with gall—gall to think that there is a human monster of depravity who could commit such a villainous act. But patience! and keeping patient, we shall display an heroic sense of moral duty. Should violent hands be laid unlawfully upon the miserable wretch who perpetrated the basest and most heartless of crimes, what would such an act indicate? This, at least; that the country verges on the confines of infidelity or barbarism and paganism; that anarchy rules and not law. That such a calamity should never befall this great republic, obey and respect authority in its lowest as well as highest grade. Hold in utter detestation the act of the assassin. Teach your children to abhor it as the greatest of crimes. Vote for the honest, the true, the fit and the able irrespective of politics, creed or class. Political heat and enthusiasm keep under the control of moderation. Avoid secret, underhand plottings, combinations and factions, for be assured too often in throes of agony and with piteous looks is reiterated, if not really at least virtually, the historic expression, "Et tu, quoque, Brute!" and you, my friend, one of my own, why have you done this to me? At the conclusion of the Rev. Father's address, the choir sang, "What Our Father Does is Well," in grand style. The President at once introduced ex-Gov. A. G. Curtin, stating that the Governor had consented to deliver the closing address, with great reluctance as his health was far from good. The towering form of the great War Governor, the friend of the first martyr President, his grand head crowned with a wealth of snow-white hair was now visible to the audience. He spoke with great force and eloquence and his remarks made a profound impression. We are reluctantly compelled to omit them in the regular order this week, but will publish his eloquent address next week. The choir rendered the hymn "America." Rev. D. G. Kline pronounced the benediction and the vast multitude quietly dispersed. The committee having the Memorial Services in charge discharged their duties in a most acceptable manner. The arrangements were complete and satisfactory and left nothing to be desired. Thus Bellefonte reverently laid her offering of grief upon the grave of James A. Garfield. —Keep warm and comfortable this winter by wearing that splendid gents' and boys' clothing for sale at the Philadelphia Branch. —We have just opened a new stock of ladies' saquings for making fall dresses, sequies, ulsters, &c., in bronze, dregs of white, gray and other new shades. LYON & CO. —We can show you a very large selection of Men's and boys' hats. Boys' hats from 25, 30, 35 cents up to \$3.00. Men's hats from 40, 50, 60 cents up to \$3.00. LYON & CO. —The largest and best stock of white and colored shirts, blue flannel shirts with pockets and without. It will pay you to see our "Lyon's Pride" shirt for \$1.00. Warranted Yamamita muslin, 3-ply linen bosom, double lined front, full yoke, perfect fitting, and as well made as a home-made shirt. It will pay you to see them if you are in need of shirts. Flannel shirts from 30 cents up. White shirts from 50 cents up. LYON & CO.