

GARFIELD--American's Hero of Humanity.

WORCESTER, Mass., December 30.—Senator Hoar to-night delivered a eulogy on Garfield. He said: I should indulge myself in strange delusions if I hoped to say anything of President Garfield which is not already well known to his country, or to add further honor to a name which the judgement of the world, with marvellous unanimity, has already assigned its place. Public sorrow and love have found utterance if not inadequate regret such as speech and silence and funeral rite and stately procession, and prayers and tears could give. On the 26th day of September, the day of the funeral, a common feeling stirred mankind as never before in history. That mysterious law by which on a great audience every emotion is multiplied in each heart by sympathy with every other, laid its spell on universal humanity, the touch of which makes the whole world kin. All barriers of rank or poverty or state disappear. His own Ohio, the state of his birth and his burial; New England, from whose loins came the sturdy race from which he descended, and whose college gave him his education, can claim no pre-eminence in the sorrow. From the farthest south came the voice of mourning for the soldiers of the union. Over the frontiersman's hut and the frontiersman's cabin is spread gloom, because, while the house is desolate, the son of the poor widow is dead, and the palace outside in tears. As the humble Campbellite discipline is borne to his long home the music of requiem fills the cathedral arches and domes of ancient synagogues. On the coffin of the canal boy a queen lays her wreath. As the bier is lifted word comes from beneath the sea that the nations of the earth are raising and bowing their heads. From many climes, in many languages, they join in solemn voice. This is no blind and sudden emotion, gathering and breaking like a wave; it is the mourning of mankind for a great character, already perfectly known and familiar. The history of the settlement of Massachusetts, Central New York and Ohio, is the history of Garfield's race. They were, to borrow a happy phrase, "strangely for the horizon." They were natural frontiersmen of seven generations born in America, including the president. Not one was born in either frontiersman's dwelling. Two of them, father and son, came over with Winthrop in 1630. Each of the six generations who dwelt in Massachusetts has left an honorable record still preserved. Five in succession bore honorable military titles. Some were fighters in Indian wars. At the breaking out of the revolution the male representatives of the family were two young brothers. The one, whose name descended to the president, was in arms at Concord bridge at sunrise on the 19th of April. The other, the president's great grandfather, dwelling thirty miles off, was on his way to the scene of action before noon. In 1831 James Garfield was born in a humble Ohio cabin, where he was left fatherless in his infancy. Blending with Saxon stock, young Garfield inherited on his mother's side the qualities of the Huguenots—those gentle but not less brave or less constant Puritans—who for conscience sake left their beloved and beautiful France; who gave a lustre and glory to every place and thing they touched. The child of such a race, left fatherless in the wilderness, yet destined to such glory, was committed by providence to three great teachers, without either of whom he would not have become fitter for his distinguished career. These teachers were a wise Christian mother, poverty and a venerable college president, who lived to watch his pupil through the whole of his inauguration amid such high hopes, and to lament his death. To no nobler matron did ever Roman hero trace his origin. Few of the traditions of his Puritan ancestry could have come to the young orphan. It is said there were two things with which his mother was specially familiar—the Bible and rude ballads of the war of 1812. The child learned the Bible at his mother's knee, and love of country from his cradle. From such came Webster and Clay and Lincoln and Jackson. It is no race of boors that has struck its axes into the forests of this continent. These men knew how to build themselves log houses in the wilderness. They were more skillful still to build the constitution and nation. Cautious, conservative, sluggish, unready in ordinary life, their brains move as quick and sure as their rifles flash when great controversies that determine fate are to be decided; when great interests that brook no delay are at stake, and great battles that admit of no indecisions are to be fought. I would not undervalue the material of which other republics have been built. The polished marbles of Greece and Italy have their own grace, but art of nature contain no more exquisite beauty and color which this split and unbewn granite takes from the tempest it withstood—the story of childhood passed in poverty, of intellect and moral nature trained in contests with adversity, not unfamiliar to those who have read the lives of men who have been successful in the country in any of the walks of life. It is one of the most benefi-

cent results of American institutions. In society where labor is honorable, and where every place in public or social life is open to inherit, early poverty is no more a disadvantage than the gymnasium to the athlete or drill and discipline to the soldier. It would have been hard to find in the country a man so well equipped by nature and by training as was Garfield when he entered the Ohio senate in 1860, at the age of 28. He was in his own person a representation of the plainest life of the backwoods and the best culture of the oldest eastern community. The gigantic scale on which our late war was conducted has dwarfed somewhat the achievements of the individual act. We must leave to soldiers and to military historians to assign to their relative history importance to movements of war, but we may safely trust the popular judgement which pronounces Garfield's ride at Chickamauga one of the most conspicuous instances of personal heroism, and the Kentucky campaign the most brilliant example of felicity of resource, combined with audacity and prudence, sound military judgement and success against odds. We may safely trust to the judgement of the accomplished historian who pronounces his report in favor of advantage that ended with the battle of Chickamauga, the ablest military document submitted by the chief of staff to his superior during the war. We may accept also the award of Lincoln, who made him major lieutenant for his brilliant service at Chickamauga, and the confidence of Thomas who offered him command of an army corps. Great as was his capacity for military service, the judgement of Abraham Lincoln did not err when it summoned him to a field of labor where his greatest laurels were won. It is the fashion in some quarters to lament the decay of statesmanship and to make comparisons by no means complimentary between persons now entrusted with the conduct of public affairs and their predecessors. How insignificant are the difficulties which beset men of the preceding seventy years compared with those which have crowded in seventeen years which were to follow? How marvelous is the success which the American people have achieved in dealing with the difficulties compared with which attended the statesmanship of the times of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, giants as they were. The greatness of these men is not likely to be undervalued anywhere, least of all in Massachusetts, but the only important and permanent measure with which Daniel Webster is connected is the Ashburton treaty, an achievement of diplomacy of little consequence in comparison with those which obtained from the great powers of Europe, and Mr. Clay's life was identified with two great policies—protection of American industry and the compromise between slavery and freedom in their control of territories. Our "governor" should be made to recant, the extra session is a necessity.—*Norfolk Journal*.

The citizens of Columbus are building a Creamery. People are learning that the best paying crops are those that have been raised by nature and turned over to them to harvest. A friend from Franklin county writes us inquiring about Holsteins and adds the people are looking to the dairy in connection with stock raising as a business at once profitable and adopted to their surroundings. The limits of this discourse do not permit me to enter into detail with the variety and extent of his service in debate, and in discussions before the people. I could detain you until midnight were I to recount from my own memory the great labors of the thirteen years that it was my privilege to share with him in the public service, for four of which I sat almost by his side. While charged with the duty of supervising details of present legislation he was always far-seeing, promising for the future. In the closing years of the war, while chairman of the committee of military affairs, he was studying finance. Later he had prepared himself to deal with defects in the civil service. I do not think legislation of the next twenty years will more than reach the ground which he already occupied in his advanced thought.

When General Garfield took the oath of office as president he seemed to those who knew him, although in his fiftieth year, still in the prime of splendid and vigorous youth. He was still growing. We hoped for him eight years of brilliant administration, and then in some form a place of service in old age like that of Adams, but he was called to sublimer destiny. The honors paid to Garfield is a protest of a better age and a better generation against the vulgar heroisms of the past. Go through their mausoleums and view their triumphal arches and see how the names there shrink and shrivel compared with that of this Christian soldier, whose chiefest virtue after all are of the fireside and family circle and of the dying bed. Here the hero of America became the hero of humanity.

In the presence of expressions of hearty sympathy from governments of every form, we should be ungrateful to ourselves if, in asking for this man a place in the world's gallery of illustrious names, we did not declare that life was going to be brighter for him.

There must be something wrong about the family government when a four year old boy is heard praying: "Oh Lord, take all the anguish out of Johnny, and all the scold out of papa, and all the punishment out of mama. Amen." No doubt the little fellow fell asleep after that, in a blissful confidence that life was going to be brighter for him.

A Fable.

Two hares who were looking for a change of abode happened to meet at the entrance of a den which had been deserted by a woodchuck.

"I saw it first!" exclaimed one.

"You didn't. I had my left eye on this place when I saw you with the other."

"Oh! come now—that's too thin. As I am the elder I shall take possession."

"Don't be too sure. As I am the stronger I shall turn you out."

"Come to reflect," said the older hare after carefully scratching his ear "there is no need of a quarrel. Right is right the world over. As we are both sensible hares I think we can come to a perfect understanding."

"No doubt we could," replied the other, "but as there comes the fox, we will ask him to decide between us."

"What's all this row about?" inquired the fox as he came up.

"We have a dispute as to which of us is entitled to this vacant burrow."

"Ah! ha! A case of law! You did well to call me in," grinned the fox.

"Let me first inspect the disputed claim."

He disappeared down the hole, and was absent so long that the impatient hare finally called out:

"Hello you!"

"Hello yourself!" was the impudent reply.

"Are you down there?"

"You bet I am!"

"Have you decided the case?"

"Long ago. My decision is that when two hares are foolish enough to quarrel over the possession of a burrow large enough for a whole family, the fox is entitled to take possession!"

MORAL.—Two neighbors who can't settle a question of equity should call in a lawyer.

The plea of expense is a pretty lame one for Governor Nance to crawl out of calling an extra session of the legislature to divide the state into congressional districts. There is evidently something more than the saving of a few dollars and cents to the state behind all this. Perhaps the Boy Governor has an eye to business. If Nebraska can afford to have a regular session bi-annually for the purpose of donating to Lincoln a hundred or two thousand for the erection of that ubiquitous "wing" to the state capitol, surely the state old with perfect safety. The only way to be rich is to keep one's desires within his income. If one wants what five cents can buy, and he has ten cents, he is wealthy. A bright dime to a street arbor is greater wealth than a thousand dollars to a merchant prince. The right way to be rich is never to want what you cannot buy; then you always have as much money as you want. This is the easy way. No man can regulate the contents of his purse; every man can regulate the quality of his desires. Capital is not within every man's attainments; contentment is. He is wealthy who has learned two arts: first, how to be contented with what he can get; second, how to use what he has. Abraham Lincoln had a better library in the single coverless book which he read by the light of the pitch-pine knots in the Kentucky cabin than the man who has lined the walls of what he ironically calls his library with calfskin bindings at so much a square foot. It is always easy to have plenty of money; spend less than you earn. It is always easy to have all the money you want; want less than you have. The cases of actual suffering from cold, nakedness or hunger are in this country very rare. In all other cases Paul's prescription for wealth is the best that was ever devised: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." The lesson he learned in prison in Rome is worth all the lessons taught in college—business or otherwise—since the world began: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—*Christian Union*.

Hog cholera is prevalent in the county. Within two weeks past Fred Sporn has lost sixty head. Aug. Wagner forty head, and a number of Ley's have died. Otto Underberg, for several days, has been treating these hogs with a remedy he prepares, and no deaths have occurred. He is confident that he can save every lot of hogs he attends.—*Stanton Register*.

It is singular how men who can obtain a living from their own business understand so well just how their neighbors' business should be conducted.—*Whitehall Times*.

If a man is quick tempered you had better go to the other side of the road until the paroxysm is over; if he is sullen, go to the other side of the street and stay there.

A great step has been gained when one has a high standard for himself, and measures himself on that ideal standard.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.

Every man shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, a certain critical hour, which will especially try him.

Blessed is he who gives to the poor, albeit only a penny; doubly blessed is he who adds kind words to his gift.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self command is the main elegance.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it.

The aim of education is the desire to learn.

Wrinkles are the tomb of love.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

25¢ Cards under this heading will be inserted for \$1.00.

G. A. R.—Baker Post No. 2, Department of Nebraska, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in Knights of Honor Hall, Columbus.

JOHN HAMMOND, P. C.
D. D. WADSWORTH, Adj't.
H. P. Bowen, Searg. Maj.

example of the product of freedom. Is not that country worth dying for whose peasantry are of such a strain? Is not the constitution worth standing by under whose forms freedom calls such men to her high places? Is not the union worth saving which gives all of us countrymen of such fame?

How to Get Rich.

There are two ways to get rich—the right way and the wrong way; the easy way and the impossible way; the common way and the rare way. And of course the wrong and impossible way is the common way.

To be rich is to have all the money you want, is it not? And the common way of trying to get rich is to try to get money enough for one's wants. The ineradicable and unconquerable difficulty in this way is that the wants always grow faster than the money pile. You want to be rich enough to hire a horse and buggy; when you begin to hire, you want to own a horse; when you drive your own horse, you want to own a span; when you have a span, you want a pony for the children. A hundred millions ought to be a comfortable competence; but Mr. Vanderbilt has lately been a large borrower of money. When a man buys railroads as other men buy horses he may be in straitened circumstances though he has fifty millions in United States bonds. The more money a man has the poorer he is, if he has not learned to moderate his desires as well as to accumulate his supplies. Baron Munchausen's horse, cut in two by the descending gate as his rider was escaping from the castle, drags unceasingly at the spring by the roadside, to the amazement of his rider, till looking back he discovered that the unfortunate beast was cut off just behind the saddle, and that the water he was taking in front was running out behind. An insatiable spirit is worse than Baron Munchausen's horse; the more it drinks the thirstier it grows.

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GO EAST!

NORTH-EAST OR SOUTH-EAST

VIA THE

B. & M. R. R.

This Road together with the C. B. & Q. which is called

The BURLINGTON ROUTE!

Forms the most complete line between

Nebraska points and all points East

of Michigan and Lake Superior

crossing this line across the Mo.

River at Plattsburgh

over the

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

For man it is now known

to be one of the best,

and not the best, dis-

cured ever dis-

coved.

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, O., May 10, 1880.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I had

a very valuable stallion in 1878 which

I priced very highly; he had a

large bone spavin on one joint and a

smaller one on the other which made

him very lame; I had him under the

charge of the Veterinary Surgeons

who failed to cure him.

One day reading the advertisement of

Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express, I at once tried to try it and got some Druggists to do the same.

After ordering three bottles I took

them all and thought I would give it a

thorough trial, I used it according to directions and by the fourth day

the colic ceased to be lame, and the hump-

hump and the bone limb as free

from lumps and as smooth as any horse

in the state. It is entirely cured.

The cure was so remarkable that let two

other horses have the same trouble,

they too are now using it. Very

Respectfully yours,

L. T. FOSTER.

STOUGHTON, Mass., March 16, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—In just

time to you and myself, I think I ought

to let you know that I have removed

two bone spavins with "Kendall's Spavin Cure," one very large one, don't

know how long the spavin had been