JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The Noble History of a Noble Man, and His Advance to the First Place Among His Countrymen.

SKETCH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S LIFE.

The race of Garfield traces its ancestry back to that Massachusetts Puritan stock from which sprang so many of our greatest heroes and statesmen. The long roll of the family contains the names of men who perpetuated the stern virtues of their fathers, and, through changes and migrations, transmitted them unweakened to their later representatives. Abram Garfield, the father of the President, died when his son, born November 19, 1831, was but eighteen months old. The widow, with four helpless children dependent upon her, neither yielded to dispair nor accepted any assistance which might be construed as a charity. Following her magnificent gospel of self-help, she took upon herself their future. How faithfully and grandly she fulfilled her trust is witnessed by the touching and tender reverence shown by the son whom the nation exalted to its place of chiefest honor.

The young James commenced his school life at the age of three years, thus evincing a precocity and a taste for study which was a presage of future greatness. For the next twelve years his life was that combination of study, reading and manual labor which, in our earlier history, was so frequently the discipline which a poor but intelligent and ambitious boy was obliged to pass to a career of honor and renown. Yet with all his studious habits he was a vigorous, independent youth; and his playmates soon learned that interference and injustice were things he would not brook. He was simply a boy; healthy in body, mind and morals.

When sixteen years old he went to Cleveland, bent on shipping as a hand before the mast. He boarded a vessel, found some drunken sailors, and a captain who looked a drunken beast; was shocked, and turned away and walked off—partly disillusionized, not wholly. He happened to meet a cousin whom he knew merely by sight and who was running a canal-boat. The cousin asked him if he did not want to drive horses for him. The offer was accepted, for it flashed on young Garfield quickly that he could make the canal work a primary school, the lake the academy, and the ocean the college. So began his canal-boat experience, which has been sufficiently and in some cases extravagantly exploited it comes along naturally, without accident or any merely wild notion of adventure, and James went through it rough and tumble like the brave and lusty youth he was, for three months, when he got paid $10 a month and board.

It was ended by an attack of fever, through which he was safely carried by the skillful and tender care of his mother. During his convalescence she persuaded him to effort of another kind. An education fitting him for a teacher would open before him a prospect of equal independence and greater possibilities than the forest or the canal. With $17 to meet expenses, young Garfield and his two cousins entered the academy at Chester. This marks the real beginning of his busy honorable and useful life. Here he met a young girl, Lucretia Randolph, who in after years became his wife. Here he caught a glimpse of of the life which might open before an educated man, and here were awakened those aspirations which only strengthened with increasing years.

At the end of a year he undertook his first experience in teaching. Insubordination among his unruly backwoods pupils served merely to display more plainly his manly courage and his iron will. No one cared to dispute his authority a second time, and while yet a boy took his first lesson in the responsibilities of ruling. Attracted by the simple earnestness of a preacher of the "Disciples," he was naturally drawn to their faith and the institution which they had founded at Hiram. Here he did his tremendous work of preparation for college. He began at Hiram in the fall of 1851, with but twenty-four weeks of Latin and twelve weeks of Greek. He taught for two winters in the district school. After the first term he taught from three to six, and later the whole six classes, so that he could only study nights and mornings.

In June, 1854—less than three years after he went to Hiram—he not only had fitted himself to enter college, but had completed two years of the college course, so as to be admitted in the junior class in Williams, in full and good standing. He entered college in June, 1854, with about $350 which he had saved in addition to paying his academic expenses. At Williams his life was a continuation of his earlier experiences. His predilection for study and reading was strengthened, his honesty and manliness gained him warm friends, and, in 1856, he graduated with high honors, possessing at the same time the admiration and confidence of President Hopkins and the entire faculty. He returned to Hiram as professor of Latin and Greek, and in 1858, was married to Miss Randolph, to whom he had been engaged since his entrance into college.

Teaching and "preaching" for the Disciples he soon took an uncompromising stand on the great questions then beginning to stir the nation; and, in 1856, the people of Summit and Portage counties chose him as their State Senator. After eminent services to his State, he followed his principles to the field; and in August, 1861, was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers. He defeated the Rebel forces at Paintville and Prestonburg, and drove them from Kentucky, receiving for the service a Brigadier's commission. He served at Piketon, Shiloh, and Corinth, was a member of the Fitz John Porter courtmartial, and was made chief of staff to General Rosecrans. Although prejudiced against Garfield, he soon came to admire him, and they were fast friends.

It was to Garfield's foresight and advice that he afterwards owed many of his successes. The battle of Chicamauga was Garfield's last military service of moment. He wrote every order that day but one—that one was the fatal order to Gen. Wood, which displacing his brigade, enabled Hood to break through and turn the Union flank. After a week or two of further service he was sent to Washington as a bearer of dispatches. He there learned of his promotion to a major-generalship of volunteers "for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Chicamauga." December 5, 1863, he resigned his commission to accept the election to Congress from the Ashtabula district of Ohio, believing that he could be of greater service in the Congressional halls than on the battlefield. Garfield was nominated without his knowledge or permission, and when he accepted it he did so with the belief that the war would continue but a few months. He was elected by a large majority. He however continued his military service until the day Congress met. He has often expressed regret that he did not fight the war to the end.

Among men of an earlier age and who are still active in public life he modestly began in Congress the course of study and experience which was ultimately to enable him to eclipse them all. His extraordinary versatility, activity and industry are displayed through the whole of his long period of service in Congress. Even for a single session, the catalogue of his speeches and remarks is more voluminous than the catalogue of a voluminous volume. With each succeeding year he studied more important subjects, and his opinions grew of greater weight in the opinions of both constituents and colleagues.

Scarcely any subject which it befits the statesman to investigate did he neglect; and upon whatever he brought to bear his trained and powerful intellect, he shed a purer and clearer light. In the Fortieth Congress Gen. Garfield was the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. In the Forty-first he was given the chairmanship of banking and currency, which he liked much better because it was in the line of his financial studies. His next promotion was to the Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee, which he held until the Democrats came into power in the House in 1875.

During the troubled times following the election of 1876, Garfield was the leader of the moderate element of the Republican party. He sat on the electoral commission, and by his impartial course there and elsewhere, contributed largely to the peaceful solution of the difficulty. Civil service reform has always commanded his sympathy, and his well-known utterances upon this subject endeared him to the masses who desire an honest and efficient public service. As a lawyer, his career, though brief, was brilliant; the Milligan case alone being sufficient to ensure him an enviable notoriety.

Of all the subjects which he touched but to adorn, that at which lay nearest his heart was the cause of education. A true and noble American, he realized that upon that are built the foundations of our state; and it was ever first in his actions as in his thoughts. If he consided it too much in the light of a universal panacea, it was a generous and pardonable error. In all the world the struggling, aspiring, ignorant youth had no more sympathetic, helpful friend than President Garfield. In 1877, Garfield succeeded Blaine as leader of the House; and for two years, showed himself the coolest and ablest tactician in either party.

He knew how to be a party man without degenerating into a partisan. In 1879, he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Thurman; but before the arrival of the date for taking his seat, had been nominated and elected President. No one who remembers the supreme confidence reposed in his leadership in Congress, and the storm of applause which spontaneously swayed the Chicago convention whenever he addressed it, could doubt that he was the great popular hero, dear to the very heart of the people. He was nominated at Chicago, it is true, nominally as a compromise candidate; but no one of all the list could have awakened among the masses the enthusiastic affections which rallied around his name.

As General Garfield passed through the east door at the time of his inauguration, he looked upon the most extraordinary scene that ever met the eyes of a President. In front was a solid mass of people, principally men, covering all the space between the Capitol steps and the grand stairways. Standing through the mass of people in black was a long line of bright uniforms, and fringing the edges were picturesque groupings of colors in plumes and flags. Branching out on the circling roadways of Capitol Hill, like the lines of a waiting army, were masses of troops. On the terraces and roofs to the right and left of the Capitol, in the windows and the balconies, were crowds of people struggling for place or foothold.

But this pageantry did not obscure the retrospective vision of him who had gone steadily from the towpath to the Presidency. He never forgot the old mother who had laid the foundation of his greatness. As he glanced at this little noble woman, in tears from the depth of her maternal pride, his eye wandered from the giddy throng and focused on the dear old face and his mind lapsed from the business in hand to the scenes of lowlier days. No sooner had the oath of office been administered than the stalwart son turned and kissed his mother and his wife, whom he worshiped with a tender devotion.

His has been a noble, self-sustained, strangely consistent career. He has been held up as as the type of the self-made American nobleman. That he should have passed through the privations, sacrifices and strong endeavors of fifty years, realized every hope of prophetic affection, endeared himself to every patriot, and reached the summit of glory only to find awaiting him there the assassin's bullet, is the very irony of fate.

The Art of Beauty.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Ugliness, once considered a fate which the gods themselves were powerless to avert, has become of late years a circumstance of no particular account, since it is largely under the control of dress, and by skilful modifications may become more effective than beauty itself. Fashions were formerly created for pretty women but now seem to be in the interests of the plain. A beautiful woman is of course a princess in her own right; she is worshiped and accordingly restricted; possessing all, and finding the whole world ready to pay tribute, she loses in a degree her originality. She is so lavishly endowed by Nature that she does not require to search curiously for styles which shall enhance the sheen of her hair, the glory of her eyes, the pearl and rose of her complexion, or the perfect lines of her form. With an ugly woman, on the contrary, it is "nothing venture, nothing have." She is comparatively safe in pushing to extremes her craving for admiration. By sheer audacity of inspiration she creates the piquant, the irregular; she makes mere beauty seem tame. Probably few ladies endowed with plumpness went to see M'lle Bernhardt last winter without at least a passing feeling of regret that their rounded persons made it impossible to imitate some of the subtle effects which make that actress one of the most elegant women of our time. For instance, her flowing white dressing-gown in the last act of "Camille" was a poem of a dress, but a fully-developed arm would have spoiled the sleeves, which, being spirals of lace, were enough of themselves to make the curves, and needed little or nothing save a skeleton beneath. Our pleasure in such marvels of dress is, of course, a preservation of taste, since no sculptor would wish to model a fleshless figure, however gracefully disproportionately long limbs may assume drapery. But we are taken captive by our passion for purely æsthetic impressions. Dress has become an art in itself, and the woman who wears it is almost subordinate; it is a sentiment, a language, a confession.

From the Wilmington (Del.) *Republican*: Mr. J. M. Scott, corner Third and Madison streets, had a remarkably fine horse cured of the scratches by St. Jacobs Oil.

Village Humor.

From Sussex Folk.

Among the humors of our village involving calculation, is one touching the five lime-trees in our church-yard, which are planted at slight irregular intervals. I have been told that a quaint old man, whom I knew well, standing with other loungers near the inn at the corner of the church-yard, one day started the questions, which two of the five trees were planted farthest apart from one another? After much discussion and mental calculation of distance, resulting in various opinions, he gave his judgment in favor of the two end ones, a conclusion which summarily but satisfactorily disposed of all the guesses, more or less accurate, which had been made as to the distance between other pairs of trees in the row. Our logic, however, is by no means always so indisputable as this. In a village some miles from ours, an outbreak of typhus fever, a few years ago, was at last charged upon a milk-seller whose well was discovered to be very foul, and was speedily closed. The good man indignantly repudiated the imputation on his well, and his defense was to his mind ample. "Why," said he, I've just had a letter from my sister in Liverpool, and she says they've had the 'titus fever' down there," and, he added triumphantly, "now I know they've had naun to do wi' my well down there, that's sartin." If anybody would wish to try the power of pure reason, let him undertake to prove to this good Sussex man the fallacy of his defense.

An Indianapolis exchange mentions that St. Jacobs Oil cured Mr. J. H. Mattern, a letter-carrier of that city, of a severe sprain, contracted in the war. —*Detroit (Mich.) Western Home Journal.*

Concord School of Philosophy, after a lecture by Professor H.: Young lady: "My dear Professor, I want to thank you for your lecture; you made it all so plain that I could understand every word. Professor: "I am truly glad you did understand it. I have studied the subject some thirteen years, and am not clear that I understand it yet myself."

A young housekeeper wants to know how to tell the age of a spring chicken. Strike the bird with a sledge hammer. If the hammer rebounds with sufficient force to knock your brains out the chicken is one year old. This is a more reliable way than to count the wrinkles on the fowl's teeth.

A BEAR STORY.

An Incident of Life on the Yellowstone.

It is a wild and solitary place to spend the winter, which Marshall and his wife with a young lady companion did for the first time last winter, and in this connection he told me a bear story. He said that after visitors ceased coming to the park last fall, he went to Virginia City for his winter supplies, leaving his wife, children and the young lady in charge of the place. Near the house, in the rear, was situated a dug-out or root-house, where he stored his potatoes, etc., to keep them from freezing, and to ventilate which he used a joint of stovepipe. One morning during his absence, his wife looked out of the window and saw a bear pulling down the pipe and trying to get into the root-house, in which they had also stored most of their provisions. The women were at their wits' end as to what course to pursue. They at first threw tin cans from the windows and managed to disturb bruin for a few moments, but he soon returned, as he had already sniffed the good things of that ground cellar, and he did not propose to be scared off with tin cans. Mrs. Marshall, being brave enough to be left alone, did not intend to have all of her provisions taken before her eyes, and proposed to load the rifle, if her companion would fire at the bear, which being complied with, a good charge was soon placed in the gun, which was laid across the window sill and discharged at his bearship; but the aim not being accurate, did not strike him in a vital part, although his actions showed that he was hit. He retired to the hillside, sat down upon his haunches, took a view of the situation, and then disappeared in the bushes, where he remained. The women were not satisfied and they went after that bear—a very imprudent thing, to say the least; but nevertheless, they went, for (as they expressed it) they were afraid he might come back again in the night, and as they were satisfied he was wounded, they wanted to finish him. Loading the rifle again they went cautiously up the hillside until they discovered the bear standing in a clearing, when the women prepared for action by laying the gun across a log and taking deliberate aim, hitting the animal behind the fore-shoulder, when he came rolling down the hill. The women did not stop to see whether the bear was rolling or running—they imagined the latter—and both ran for dear life, dropping the gun as they went for the house, which they reached before casting a glance in the rear. When safe in the house they took a view of the situation, and could see bruin doubled up and giving his last kick. He finally became quiet and they ventured out and got possession of their gun, which was loaded, and a third charge put into the bear to make sure he was not playing possum. When Marshall came home he weighed the bear, and found he brought down the beam to 350 pounds. He tells the story of the brave women with a great deal of pride, and the young woman who did the shooting has become quite a heroine.

A farmer on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes-wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes-wringer, and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved to green and unfit to burn; I ran the whole load through your wringer, and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

The clerk of a congregation in Scotland had a paper handed to him, as the custom is, to read just before the minister stood up to pray with and for the congregation, containing the following words, unpointed: "A man going to sea his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." The clerk read it us if a comma had been put at the end of the word "wife," and unfortunately excited, in no small degree, the risible faculties of the congregation.

"Where has the summer gone?" sighed Flora, combing her bangs on Charlie's ear locks. And Charles, looking dreamily out over the stubbled hay fields, said wistfully, "I reckon it's gone to grass." Thus one by one the onions fade; swig by swig the jug runs dry; year by year, in changing grade, bran new children wink and cry. Please sing without lining.

A group of young attorneys were discussing a certain legal decision, made some time ago, and one of them ejaculated: "Oh, yes, you refer to the time Judge Necessity was on the bench." "Judge Necessity—what do you call him that for?" queried one of the other lawyers." "Oh," dryly responded the first speaker, "merely because they say "Necessity knows no law."

No woman should borrow the husband of another; for it is not good for man to be a loan.

Geologists are agreed that the earth is millions of years old. The mountain tops have been bald as far back as we can remember.

"How is your business?" asked one tailor of another. "Only so so," was the reply. "How is yours?" "Mine is mending."

Correct your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Burglars entered several stores in Wiota, Cass county, a few nights ago, but the swag was small.

A TOUGH HORSE STORY.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* lately published the following horse story, which we give just as it appeared: "A curious instance of sagacity in the horse occurred recently in the stables of Mr. A. Toughman, situated on North Elm street. Mr. T. has for a long time been in the habit of using St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, in his extensive stables. Among Mr. T.'s many horses is a great, powerful Canadian draught horse. This animal in course of time got so that that he knew the St. Jacobs Oil bottle very well; so well, in fact, that one day recently on Mr. T.'s return from business, upon entering the stables he caught him licking the sore shoulder of a beast which stood beside him; the animal, giving a wise

survey to his licking work, turned his head and caught up with his teeth from the box used as its receptable a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. He threw the bottle on the floor with violence enough to break it, and then deliberately licked up the St. Jacobs Oil and applied it to the cut. Readers, we have seen the laws of association belied by beings with less sense than Toughman's horse. The word has passed among us, and when we see a man who won't try the Oil, we say, 'He is worse than Toughman's horse.'" To many this may appear as a very "tough" story; and were there not proofs innumerable of the efficacy of the Great German Remedy they would be justified in so designating it. The testimony, however, is plentiful and pointed, and is from people whose long experience in matters appertaining to horsefleshes entitles their opinions to profound consideration and respect.