

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901

UNION MEMORIAL SERVICES.

THE CITIZENS OF NEWBERG AND VICINITY UNITE AT THE FRIENDS CHURCH SUNDAY TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

A Masterful Memorial Address Delivered by Pres. H. E. McGrew.

On Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, a magnificent audience gathered at the Friends church to do honor to the revered name of our third martyred president, William McKinley. At 10:40 the city fire bell began to toll and soon after the grizzled veterans of the G. A. R. followed by the Women's Relief Corps took up their line of march from Masonic Hall, to the church, where the large audience had already gathered in mournful silence. The interior of the church was fittingly decorated, the railing of the rostrum being covered with the national colors, draped in black, while on the wall behind hung the national flag, in the folds of which was a large portrait of the fallen chief, fringed with crepe. On the rostrum were seated the pastors of the different churches uniting in the services.

The exercises began with the singing of the national anthem, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," after which scripture reading was conducted by Rev. F. C. Stanard of the Baptist church. After the singing of the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," a very impressive and inspiring prayer was made by Rev. T. Brouillette, of the Presbyterian church. The memorial address was delivered by Pres. H. E. McGrew, and never before has an address been delivered here which gave such general satisfaction and upon which so many encomiums have been passed. Pres. McGrew has ever been an intense admirer of the stricken president, and speaking from the fulness of his heart, he made of his address a masterpiece. From the first words spoken, the audience was at his entire command and gave the closest attention throughout, at times being deeply affected.

Many have expressed a wish to see the address reproduced, but as it was given from notes, it is impossible to publish it as delivered, under the inspiration of the impressive occasion. The following is given however as a close paraphrase:

President McGrew's Address.
This is a time when all political differences, all criticism, all envy and jealousy ought to be buried beneath the folds of national sorrow. The hearts of the people of this great nation throb today as the heart of one man. No thought has ever occupied so many minds as that which is supreme with us this hour. In the cry of the new-born on the street and in the petition of the saint in his secret prayer we catch a reference to the same great tragedy. The spirit of the greatest nation has for days been hanging in the balance between hope and despair. Yesterday morning we were forced to face the inevitable. Today is a Sabbath of national sadness.

In the beautiful city of Buffalo in the palatial Milburn House lies the cold, lifeless, paleless body of a man, while near at hand a frail but brave woman is just faintly realizing that the great heart that loved and the strong arm that sustained, are forever powerless, and there has come the shadow of sadness. But that cloud extends beyond that home, and the lovely city, proud but a fortnight ago to have so royal a guest, now sits in sackcloth of sorrow, and burning tears fall to the blush of joy. At the old homestead there is a deep sense of sorrow and servants and friends and neighbors speak in broken accents and subdued expression. The sorrow is more than that of one heart, of one home, of one city—it clouds a nation.

The sun rose from the blue of the Atlantic this morning to rise to activity 80 million people; he has looked down all along his course upon a sorrow stricken land. The grass upon the lawn about the executive mansion was green and fresh with dew, the flowers bloom rich and fragrant, the fountain sparkles in the sunlight, but there is a hush at the Whitehouse and the dear old flag hangs at half mast. From the murmuring pines of New England to the orchards of the Southland, from the busy lakes to the restless gulf, from the eastern hills that watch for the sunrise to the mountain peaks we love, touched with the last golden glow of sunset, the feeling of sadness and loss is universal.

If I ask the question why this sorrow, this national sadness, the answer is given in simple truthful statement: a man, a mere man, has died—a man of position, of exceptional qualities to be sure, but a man, nevertheless. And I have caught up the expression of the Psalmist in the 8th Psalm, "What is Man?" The sweet singer of Israel looked out upon the Oriental sky and sang that charming sentence, "When I consider Thy heavens the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" He doubtless contemplated the vastness of God's universe and as with him, yet by the aid

of scientific investigation we look into the blue vault above, infinite in extent and dotted with multitudes on multitudes of twinkling lights that tell us of myriads of systems of suns and planets and satellites, we too must exclaim, "What is man, how insignificant compared to the vastness of the heavens." The Psalmist must too have contemplated the power displayed in the control and movements of these great systems and contrasted the feebleness of man with this immeasurable expression of power. It is suggested he contemplated the duration of God's creation and the fugitiveness of man, and with this thought we too may ask what is man—the life of a man?

Since the morning stars struck their first notes of song together there has been little change indeed in the appearance of the heavens. The same stars we looked upon last night Job saw, and spoke of the same constellations. Abraham saw them as he journeyed in obedience toward Mt. Moriah and David looked upon the same when he uttered the beautiful words of this Psalm, but countless millions of men have walked beneath them and have fallen to mix with the elements.

I ask again with the Psalmist "What is man," and catch a little of the meaning of his marvelous answer, "Thou hast made him," and the early message of the old book declares God made him. God's creation—he stands out the climax of the creative genius of God.

It is but fitting that we should pause in thoughtful consideration sometimes of what we are and what we may become.

It is not strange that when one goes from a home, loving and loved some should feel sadness and a loss. But why should a nation pause for a little time from our activity because this man is gone?

First of all because of what he was to the nation—the nation's choice upon whom she should bestow the greatest honor within the power of any nation to give. The respect shown by this great people may not be because he was a faultless ruler—for perhaps he was not, nor because he was the choice of all—many voted for another but he was the nation's choice and in national affairs we respect the will of the people or we fail of the great American spirit of democracy. Continual faultfinding breeds restlessness and when subjects criticize more than they pray, the tendency is toward anarchy. The chief man of the nation has fallen and well may a loyal nation bow in sorrow.

I believe it right that we pause as a nation to consider the life that has just ended, because of what that life has been; to consider the life of a man whom God has loved and led. I have not come to eulogize this morning, I would rather stand back and let some who knew him personally do that. How could I eulogize when Secretary Gage has said—"It seems like mockery to attempt to eulogize him. In an active life extending now over a long period, I have met many men of superior powers and manifold graces, but after nearly five years of close association with this man and a constant study of his mental and moral characteristics, I have come to regard him in the combined qualities which make a man truly great as the superior of all men I have ever known."

Was he ambitious? Let the earnest days of boyhood and young manhood—his college life at Alleghany college and his university life at Albany tell that. I would that that true American spirit, of making the most of one's self and of one's opportunities, would reach all. Let the young men of our land who have colleges built at their doorways and who must be begged to make something of themselves learn from this great life. The years of temptation in army life left no blot, nor thwarted his ambitions.

Was he courageous? Let the years of service for his country, about which many of you know more than I, tell that story.

Was he trustworthy in public affairs? Let the steady tread from one position of trust to another until he reached the topmost place, tell of his countrymen's confidence. Learn the lesson, O young men of America, that men rise to position because of genuine trustworthiness. Was he a man of clean character? Let the two last presidential campaigns—the cleanest the country has known, tell the story. May we say it to the credit of the leaders of all the parties. Is it not hopeful when candidates of true genuine character must be placed before the people for their votes? Such let us ever demand.

Was he a man of personal strength of character and conviction? Look at the great man at the helm of the ship of state when war clouds threatened, when from North and South and East and West came the cry "Remember the Maine," when friends, personal and political, criticised. Ah, he held it steady until a mighty victory was gained and the world will ever wonder how so much was accomplished in warfare with so little loss of life.

Was he a man of peace? Think over the events of his term of office. Not since the days of Abraham Lincoln has there been such threatening omens. One with hotter head and harder heart might have more than once plunged the nation into awful carnage and I believe if our martyred President could have had his wish the conditions that have existed would have been less sad. Men who know what hardship and sorrow and distress and demoralization there is in warfare, hate it. I believe you old soldiers before me this morning would never vote to have another war. I walked one morning along side the charming Hudson river until I came to that beautiful tomb of that great war leader, General Grant, and there, carved in the marble above the doorway were his own words, the sentiment of his own heart, "Let us have peace." Yes let us pray for it until the "war

drums throb no longer."

Was our President a man of personal honor? Look into the home a few years ago when financial embarrassment came because of the unfaithfulness of others. The husband and wife counsel together—they might take advantage and save their property by unfairness, but no; they came out to declare to their creditors and the world that no stains of dishonesty should rest upon them—though home and all be sacrificed. O! for a holier regard for absolute honesty.

Was he magnanimous and courteous? Ask the multitudes of people with whom he was ever eager to mingle, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west. Ask the multitudes who have felt the grasp of his generous hand. Ask the convict crouching in his cell in Buffalo today what he saw when with concealed weapon and a murderous heart he approached the great man of a great nation—what did he see? A hand of royal friendship extended and a beaming smile of good cheer.

Was he true in his private life? Ask that lone, feeble, brokenhearted widow this morning. Their unyielding devotion is a household story. How often when men rise to prominence they forget the hand that helped in other days and the heart that sympathized in hours of struggle. Not so with him. I would that the homes of our land might be blessed in truer devotion, in holier love.

Was he a man of faith? Perhaps not a perfect man, but was he a man of faith? Stand close by the watchers and let your tears fall with theirs as you know the end is near and the breath is feeble and listen while the dying man lifts his voice in prayerful song—"Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee, 'E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me."

Was he a man of trust? Pause longer at the bedside until you hear, "Good-bye, it is God's way, His will be done." I stood a few months ago on the spot in front of the old statehouse in Boston where the first blood was shed in the great Revolutionary war. I looked down upon that historic harbor, then out toward old Boston Common and remembered how dark was the cloud that hung over our fathers in those days. But in the providence of God only the memory of that darkness remains.

I stood in the snow on the old embankment at Valley Forge and remembered the cold, cruel winter, the almost hopeless days when our soldiers suffered there—the darkest period of all the conflict, but the anguish of that winter was soon forgotten in the birth of our free nation.

I looked over a southern battlefield where brothers' blood flowed with brothers—Ah some of you know the trial of those bitter days better than I, but the war cloud passed and we rejoice together, a united people.

For some of you, this is the third time you have been called upon to sorrow in a Nation's loss such as we mourn today. When light seemed just dispelling the cloud of civil strife, and hope was born anew, that dread pistol rang out and the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln carried with it crushing despair. All seemed hopeless then, but God blessed even this calamity and united in that death the sympathetic hearts of North and South.

Again by the bullet of a heartless, Godless assassin that strong man falls and James A. Garfield is mourned by a mighty nation, but throughout the long weeks of waiting and suffering which we could not understand, the hearts of this people were united as never before and North and South, East and West were forgotten for we were one in sympathy and love.

Today we mourn the loss of another president and wonder why he must go by so cruel means. But "God lives" and "Within the shadow He is keeping watch above His own." May he bless this tragedy to a staggered nation. O! great and mighty nation. Our chief executive breathes his last during the still watches of the night time and before another sunset, without confusion and without interruption, another takes his place and the great affairs of government are unchecked. As patriotic subjects we turn our eyes to God and petition His blessing upon our new official and breathe the prayer of our late President—that in national affairs and in all personal affairs, "His will be done."

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from pneumonia before morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at C. F. Moore & Co.'s, druggists.

The Bed Bug.

While a drummer was writing his name on the register of a certain city hotel, a bed bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been bed by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by St. Scott grey backs, but I'll be hanged if I was ever in a place before where the bed bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was."

Stood Death On.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave digger. He says, "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills di-

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Freddy's Prayer.

Freddy, the son of a well-known minister, had misbehaved, and, to punish him, he was not allowed to eat at the family table. A small table was set for him in the corner of the dining-room. When the dinner was placed before him Freddy said very solemnly: "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast spread a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

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LESSONS GIVEN IN KODAK-ERY.

Summons.
In the Circuit Court for Yamhill county, State of Oregon.
James Madison, Plaintiff
vs.
Mary L. Hess, Virginia R. Miller, John R. Miller, Elizabeth Berg, John Berg, Nordley Davis, ———— Defendants
And Eva E. Hess, ————

To Virginia R. Miller, John R. Miller, Elizabeth Berg, John Berg, Nordley Davis and Eva E. Hess, ————
In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit in the above named court on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons upon you, to wit, on or before the 27th day of September, A. D. 1901, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint herein, to wit: A decree requiring said defendants to set forth in their answers to the complaint herein the nature of their claims to the real property described in said complaint, and that the said defendants and each of them be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said premises, adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as may be meet and equitable in the premises, including costs and disbursements of suit.
This summons is served by publication thereof for six consecutive weeks in the Newberg Graphic, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in said Yamhill county, by order of Hon. R. F. Bird, County Judge of said Yamhill county, made at Chambers in the city of McMinnville, Oregon, on the 12th day of August A. D. 1901; the first publication thereof being August 13th A. D. 1901.
CLARENCE BUTT & JNO. J. FISHER, Att'ys for the Plaintiff.

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