The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVII.--NO. 14. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893. $1.50 PER YEAR

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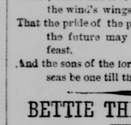
The following is the ode suggested by the forthcoming Chicago Exposition written by A. C. Swinburne, of England.

EAST TO WEST.

Sunset smiles on sunrise; east and west are one,
Face to face in heaven before the sovereign sun.
From the springs of the dawn everlasting a glory renews and transfigures the west,
From the depths of the sunset a light as of morning enkindles the broad sea's breast.
And the lands and the skies and the waters are glad of the day's and the night's work done.
Child of dawn, and regent on the world-wide sea,
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn and free.
Not the waters that gird her are purer, nor mightier the winds that her waters know.
But America, daughter and sister of England, is praised of them, far as they flow;
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise of her days that have been and shall be.
So from England westward let the watch-word fly.
So for England eastward let the seas reply;
Praise, honor and love everlasting be sent on the wind's wings, westward and east,
That the pride of the past and the pride of the future may mingle as friends at feast.
And the sons of the lords of the world-wide seas be one till the world's life die.

BETTIE THE SEXTON.

BY JUNE C. HUNT.



HAT'S a good girl, Bettie, wake up!"

Mrs. Burke stood beside the rude single bed and waited for the slow breaking-up of her daughter's morning slumbers.

"Your pa didn't get home till after midnight, and when he did come—"

"Oh mother! had he been drinking again?" asked the girl, now wide awake and sitting up in bed.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Burke, despondently. "You'll have to go over and get Ben Haynes to do the church work to-day. It's snapping cold, and the fire'll have to be made early to get the church warm enough, so you must hurry."

"Yes, mother. Get me the keys. I'll be down stairs in a minute."

Bettie dressed herself quickly and with a serious face. Hurrying down stairs to the kitchen she tarried long enough to don hood and cloak, declining meanwhile the "bite o' breakfast" that her mother urged upon her, and only half heeding the direction that Deacon McNeill should be called upon if Ben Haynes could not be found. Then, taking a bunch of keys from the table she started, pausing at the door to say:

"I won't be back till after Sunday-school, mother. Don't worry about me. I'm going to do pa's work to-day; he'll lose the job if they find out he's been drinking." And Bettie was away before her mother could utter a word of protest.

When Jim Burke's wife was disabled by rheumatism some months before, her earnings as laundress to some of the more thrifty families of the community ceased. The loss was a serious matter, for since Jim, as a day laborer, was not noted for special dexterity, and his usefulness was further impaired by the unfortunate drinking habit that occasionally caused his prolonged absence from duty, his work was not a source of regular or abundant supply. And though the simple needs of the family did not exceed his income, the unfinished payment for their little cottage demanded a persistent effort of which poor weak Jim seemed incapable.

The family council held to consider this unfavorable state of affairs was a brief one. Mr. Burke tersely explained that Bettie's succession to her mother's work and earnings was the most reasonable solution of the difficulty; that at fourteen years a girl ought to be something more than a child, and he took occasion to denounce Bettie's desire to stay at school until she could "keep storemen's books for 'em" as the fruit of that indulgence which his own experience convinced him was inevitable in parents of an only child.

Matters might have gone according to this decision, had Mrs. Burke's energy declined with her health, or had the loss of her wage-earning power exhausted her virtues as Jim's "better half."

Favored by circumstances, she soon found for him a "new job" in the vacant office of sexton in the Presbyterian Church.

The committee were won over to his cause by the lack of other candidates, and their apparent readiness gave him some warrant for his frequent boast that this was a rare example of "the office seeking the man."

So great a mark of favoritism moved him to unwonted fidelity in the discharge of his work, and to concession to Bettie's ambitious desires. Their treasury was replenished, and Bettie had been making uninterrupted progress in her school work, when this chilly Sunday morning in March found the sexton temporarily disqualified for his duties.

Bettie began her work at the church with much confidence in herself as a substitute official. She found a delightful demoastration of her power in the atmosphere of the audience room steadily growing warm after her vigorous efforts with the furnace. But her courage ebbed as she entered the chapel in the rear of the church. Jim's Saturday afternoons were always given to restoring Sabbath order there, and now the silent wall clock, the darkened windows and the dust and disarrangement from the mid week sessions betokened the depth of his neglect.

The time was too short for the floor to be swept before Sunday-school, which convened after the morning service; comparative neatness was all she could achieve; she would come back after dinner and restore the room to its wonted cleanliness before the 6 o'clock chapel service.

Ten o'clock found the sturdy Betty in the tower room under the belfry, both hands clinching the thick rope, and her heart beating so loudly that she wondered whether she could hear the Methodist bell.

It was the only other church bell in the little town, and it must be her signal, in want of a time piece.

Suddenly it rang. Bettie pulled her rope, but without producing a sound.

Desperation gave her strength. She bent forward in a mighty effort.

Cl—ang! Cl—ang! Cl—ang!

Bettie bent her head in terrified certainty that the sonorous metal had left its yoke and was descending upon her.

Clung! sounded the distant bell.

Bettie essayed a responsive stroke that resulted in a strange and uncertain sound. She grew hot and dizzy, but she had no thought of giving up.

Again her guide—Clang! Clang!

And now a slow and steady pull brought out a tone more powerful and sustained.

"I hope our friend James is not wrestling with his old adversary this morning," meditated Parson Brownell, carefully placing his manuscript in his breast pocket as he stood by his study window. At the same time Brother Wentz was preparing a few pungent remarks upon the "shiftlessness" of a board that could appoint Jim Burke as sexton, these to be delivered to his first appreciative hearer. And in a neighboring house a certain member of the fire company, super-sensitive to alarms, threw down his razor in the midst of his Sunday morning shave, at Bettie's first onset.

But she soon began to catch the time and motion, and, save some capriciousness, her bell swung in usual fashion.

Then, after the other had ceased, a few more peals for a show of independence, and Bettie, dropping the rope, rested against the wall and clasped her burning and blistered palms together upon her forehead. But if the Presbyterian worshipers failed to assemble, it was not for want of summons.

The morning wore on. Bettie grew calm down in the furnace-room as she heard the service proceeding in customary order, while the atmosphere up stairs evinced no puny handling of shovel and tongs, and inspired the trite witticism, as friend greeted friend after service, that "Jim must have been trying to give a clincher to some points of the doctrine."

The last attendant at Sunday-school departed, and Bettie locked the doors and hurried home to a dinner whose digestion was aided by a comforting sense of relief.

Following her determination of the morning and early afternoon hour found the sexton pro tem. back in the chapel, surrounded by the clouds of dust that rose at the swift motions of her broom.

Standing against the back wall of the room was an old-fashioned cupboard donated to the uses of a library, when, years before, the Sunday-school needs demanded such a piece of furniture.

It was disturned only on rare occasions, such as the removal of carpets, and being raised but a few inches from the floor, to sweep under it was a matter of some difficulty.

Jim was not scrupulous in his notions of cleanliness, and the spot was often neglected for weeks, but Bettie, impelled by womanly instincts, included it in her dirt-expelling round, thrusting her brush with vigor into the space.

Out rolled the collected lint, and with it a rounded, dust-coated leather wallet.

She picked it up, dreading the outcome of a new surprise, and opened it. The sight of the bulky rolls of bills inside made her breath come fast.

Written in ink upon the inside of the flap was the name and address of Caspar Marlow.

The mystery began to clear. The town had been agog for weeks over the disappearance of this money and the reward offered for its recovery.

Caspar Marlow, a wealthy farmer, was also a metaphorical pillar of the Presbyterian Church, further fancied by an admiring member as "the pillar supporting the pulpit"—a frequent supply of arrears in the pastor's salary furnishing the analogy.

The Weekly Intelligencer, a publication whose prosperity sprung from the knowledge possessed by its editor of the kind of news its readers desired, had recently chronicled "An Unfortunate Accident" as follows:

"Our fellow towsman, Mr. Caspar Marlow, was the victim of a painful accident Wednesday night of last week, which was attended with a serious loss. As he was passing out from the chapel door of the Presbyterian church at the close of prayer-meeting, he missed his footing and fell with great force upon the icy pavement. He was severely bruised, and though he walked that night the distance of one and a half miles to his home, he has been confined to the house since by the severity of his injuries. Upon reaching home, he discovered the loss of $300 in cash, the partial payment for a carload of his famous fat cattle, sold in the Chicago market. He had arrived home that evening after banking hours, and was thus obliged to retain the money upon his person.

"The liberal reward offered for its restoration ought to be sufficient inducement to the finder of the valuable wallet. There can be no question that the wallet was lost in his fall, since it was in the breast pocket of his frock coat, and his overcoat was unbuttoned; and there is no doubt that it was found by some bystander at the time, or by some traveler in the vicinity within the succeeding twelve hours."

The aggrieved Mr. Marlow was remembering, with growing irritation, the discomfiting courtesy of the onlookers that night, who restored to him his hat, and the fragments of his shattered set of false teeth, as the dishonesty of some one of them became more and more evident. And the locality about the church door was still haunted in all out-of-school hours by searching boys who extended the radius of their explored territory as time passed and the pocket book was still missing.

Bettie was filled with dismay at the discovery, fearing that it might involve her in some culpable way. Here was a new responsibility, and she was already overburdened with such. There was but one thing to do, so, abandoning broom and brushes, she seized her wraps and hurriedly left the church.

"Under the bookcase in the chapel! Well! Well!" reiterated Mr. Marlow in the hallway of his house, pausing thoughtfully in his colloquy with the almost breathless Bettie, who had "not time to go in, or sit down." "Now it must have been when I went back for my rubbers; the room was dark, Jim—that is—your father had the lights 'most out when I went back, and I had a bad time hunting around for my overshoes.

"You know I always wedge my chair in that angle the bookcase makes with the wall; won't trust my weight to an ordinary chair since one broke down under me at Kitty Wilson's wedding.

"Easy enough for it to slip out from my pocket when I was feeling 'round for my overshoes, and for me to knock it under there myself. I had mighty good reasons for not thinking about losing my pocket-book or anything else just then. But I tell you, Bettie, I meant what I said about getting it back," and standing his cane against the wall, Mr. Marlow counted out $100 from the contents of the wallet and thrust the bills into the girl's hand, adding, heartily: "And I'm glad you're the one to find it, Bettie. You're a good girl!"

* * * * *

Bettie did not bring about her father's reformation at once, as some of her over hopeful admirers prophesied she would. The old habit still occasionally swayed him, but at such times Bettie assumed the sexton's duties, and, so secured, Jim's re-election to the position was certain.

"Jim or Bettie, one of 'em will get the work done, and done well enough for us," was the ruling sentiment of the church board, and Bettie and "her Sunday," as it came to be called, supplied the theme for many subsequent stories, some of which gained a little on the facts whenever they were retold.

"I don't know," Brother Wentz used to say whenever the matter was referred to, "whether that slip of a girl would have gone into the pulpit or not, if anything had ailed the preacher, but she run the rest of the meetin', bell ringin' and all, and did it just as well as Jim could have done it, or any one else for that matter."—Worthington's Magazine.

Bodies Turned to Stone.

The work of removing the bodies interred in old Smithfield Street German Evangelical Church Cemetery on Troy Hill, Allegheny, to the new cemetery at Homewood, has been begun, and it is hoped that it will be possible to finish the work this season. The petrified bodies of a man and wife, who had been buried thirty-five years ago, were unearthed, and when taken out the coffins fell apart. The bodies were very natural-looking and the flesh was hard as stone. Fred Hartman, who has been sexton of the cemetery for a number of years, speaking about his experience in handling dead persons, said:

"After the new cemetery at Homewood was ready I received an order from an undertaker to resurrect the remains of Rev. Waller, a former pastor of the German Evangelical Church, who was buried here some thirty years ago. His grave was marked by a handsome monument erected by the members of the congregation, and was in the center of the graveyard. I hired two men and we started to work at once, and soon struck the outside box that contained the coffin. We got our common every day hooks and tried to elevate the coffin, but soon learned that we had undertaken an impossibility. We couldn't even move it, and we all considered ourselves strong men.

"After much thinking we decided to get a derrick. We first removed the monument, thinking that the rest would all be easy. The derrick was put in place and we placed heavy ropes around the coffin. We then commenced pulling and continued doing so until we had broken two strong ropes. We then got stronger ones, and, after a hard day's work, succeeded in elevating the coffin. The friends of the former pastor were all notified and they called to get a last look at their former friend. When the coffin was opened we were all shocked. Every feature of his face was as perfect as ever. He looked like a bronze statue and was as heavy as iron."

The other gentlemen present had witnessed the opening of the casket, and estimated the weight of the petrified body at 1500 pounds.—Pittsburg Leader.

Swords of All Kinds.

The swords of Hindustan are of endless variety in size and shape, the most common being the "stegha" and "talwar," being much curved blades, wrongly styled scimitars—the real scimitar being a clumsy, chopper-like weapon, nearly straight and widening to the point. There is the "khanda," a heavy, straight sword with basket hilt, like the Scottish claymore. The khanda was an object of worship to the Rajputs, precisely as to the Scythians. The "pata," or gauntlet sword, much used by the Mahrattas, was a development of the "katar," having a long rapier blade, often of Spanish make, and a cylindrical hilt, into which the arm was passed to the elbow. The Persian sword, however, was valued above all others, and particularly those of Khorassan. These, according to the Kansas City Times, are the real "Damascus blades," the demascening being produced by the crystallization of the steel. Connoisseurs recognize ten different varieties of watering or jauhar; and the most incredible prices have been given for fancy specimens. In Burnes's "Visit to the Court of Sind," he says: "I have had in my hand a plain blade which had cost them (the Amirs half a lac of rupees (in that day about $25,000). Such swords as these often bear long inscriptions in gold inlaying, such as, 'I am the produce of Persia, of ancient steel and water. When a brave man wields me a hundred thousand Hindus will perish by my edge.'" There is a very singular sword in the South Kensington collection, composed of two very thin blades, with half hilts, which are made by a series of catches on the inner side to unite and form a single weapon. From the great beauty of the ornaments and mounting it was probably made by some renowned armorer for presentation. But the great brittleness of these swords makes them unfit for use by Europeans, who would shiver them to pieces by a "swashing blow," while the oriental employs their razor edge only for the "drawing" cut.

Spoony and Didn't Care Who Knew It.

The newly wedded couple boarded the train at a village station and a crowd of about a hundred people saw them off. The groom was a strapping young fellow with sunburned face and hands and bear's grease on his hair, while the bride might have been the "aired gal" on the same farm. They had no sooner taken a seat than he put his arm around her and began to caress one of her hands. A voice in rear of them cried out "Spoons!" but the bridegroom gave no sign. Pretty soon he pulled her head over on his shoulder and there was a titter from the rear of the car. The head staid right there, however, and Josh got both her hands in his one paw. Three or four voices cried out "Oh!" and "Ah!" but it was fully two minutes before he tenderly pushed her away and rose up and looked around and said: "We are married. It was a case uv love. We sparked for seven years. She's my violet and I'm her towerin' oak. We've got 180 miles to go and we are goin' to spoon every rod of it and if that's any critter here who thinks he can't stand it he can git out and walk!"—Chicago Herald.

A Story About Judge Lindsay.

Judge Lindsay, the Kentucky Senator, is the gentleman who called upon General Harrison a year or two since, and reaching the President's presence, found him in earnest conversation with another gentleman who was trying to urge some measure upon the President, whereupon the President said: "I have doubts about the constitutionality of that proposed measure;" and the reply was: "There can be no doubt; I have studied the question thoroughly and I am perfectly satisfied on that point." And then the President, turning to Judge Lindsay, said: "With your permission, Judge, we will argue this case right here; you will be the judge. This gentleman, having the affirmative, will open the debate, and I will reply." Whereupon a formal court was instituted at once. Judge Lindsay took the chair, the other gentleman argued his case, the President replied, and Judge Lindsay right there gave his decision. It was a little episode that shows how much human nature there is in men, no matter what their stations may be.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Twelve hundred beds at a penny a night each are offered to London's homeless poor in a new Salvation Army shelter erected on the bank of the Thames, near Blackfriar Bridge.

The proportion of Hebrews in the population of England has more than doubled in twenty years, without counting immigration.

GROVER CLEVELAND PRESIDENT.

Snow and Sun Beat on the Crowds in Washington.

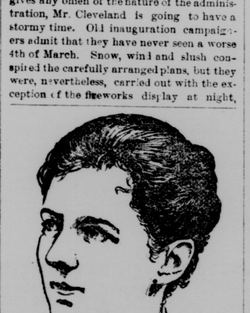
Scenes and Incidents During the Ceremonies.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

With ceremonies simple, but imposing—and perhaps the more imposing because so simple—the administration of this great republic has been transferred from the control of the one great political party to the other. In the sight of as many of the citizens of the country as could afford and wished to see the ceremony, the chosen Chief Magistrate of the United States took the oath of office and swore to be true to the trust reposed in him. Homage, it is true, was paid to him and his idolized wife by the multitude, but the acknowledgement due by him to each individual was likewise recognized when he grasped the hand in fellowship of those who crowded about reviewing-stand when the exercises there drew to a close.

If the weather on the first day of his term gives any omen of the nature of the administration, Mr. Cleveland is going to have a stormy time. Old inauguration campaigners admit that they have never seen a worse 4th of March. Snow, wind and slush conspired the carefully arranged plans, but they were, nevertheless, carried out with the exception of the fireworks display at night,

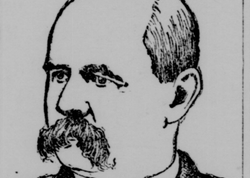


MRS. CLEVELAND.

which was, of necessity, postponed. The retiring and the incoming presidents acted with the greatest courtesy and consideration for each other, and separated good friends after having met as official acquaintances.

There were cheers, also, for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and for Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson. There were cheers, also, for Mr. Harrison, and on every hand the most evident manifestations of admiration for the firm statesman, respect for the pure-minded citizen and sympathy for the bereaved husband, who now finally laid down the cares and burdens of the most responsible office in the world and resumed the humble position of a simple citizen. The features of the day were, of course, in order, the induction into office of the vice president, which took place in the Senate Chamber, administering of the oath of office to the President; the delivery of the inaugural address; the parade, and, finally, at night, the inaugural ball.

Despite the frightful weather, all of these incidents were successfully done. The audience at the Vice President's induction was of course, limited to those who had tickets,



VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON.

but it was a very distinguished assembly, embracing the prominent representatives of our government and of foreign powers.

The inaugural address was delivered by President Cleveland, standing in a shrouded in a piping wind, which dissipated his words soon after they left his lips. The fierce breezes and drifting snow overhead, and the slush underfoot, had caused a great many, who had been enduring tortures for hours waiting for the event, to leave before it had begun his address, but thousands who could hardly see him and not hear him at all stood patiently until the last word was said and the oath taken.

Then came the grand parade, the magnificent showing of the military portion causing a manifest impression on the President, who gazed at them admiringly as they passed,



MRS. STEVENSON.

The snow storm subsided towards noon, but the temperature lowered and the northwest wind blew bitterly. The sun made several ineffectual efforts to pierce the clouds with only partial success.

The troops arrived at the noon hour



HENRY T. THURBER.

Mr. Cleveland was warmly greeted by the patient throng gathered about the stand, and after a few minutes of delay stepped to the front and began the delivery of his inaugural address. He followed the same course pursued by him eight years ago of delivering his address first and taking his oath afterwards. This was the course pursued by Buchanan and Lincoln.

On the other hand, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison took the oath first and delivered their inaugurals afterwards. A curious compromise between those opposing customs was made by President Harrison's grandfather, who stopped in the middle of his inaugural and took the oath, and then resumed and finished the reading of his address.



PENSION BUILDING—WHERE THE INAUGURATION BALL WAS HELD

Notwithstanding the exceedingly inclement weather, Mr. Cleveland removed his silk hat, and with bared head addressed the multitude.

At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Cleveland turned around to the Chief Justice, who was attired in the robes of his office, to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution. Chief Justice Fuller and the other persons near the President removed their hats, and with bare heads, listened to the taking of the oath of office, which was pronounced by Chief Justice Fuller in a clear voice. Mr. Cleveland assenting to it by bowing his head and kissing the Bible.

The oath taken by the President is what is known as the Constitution oath, and reads as follows: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The Bible used in the ceremony was given President Cleveland by his mother forty-one years ago.

Inaugural Address.

Washington, D. C., March 4.—After the administration of the oath President Cleveland, standing where he stood eight years ago, delivered his inaugural address. Before him were several thousand citizens whose red-hot Democracy enabled them safely to brave the elements. It was much such a day and such a scene as that of four years ago when President Harrison insisted upon reading his inaugural from the east portico, exposed to the elements as it is, instead of in the comfortable Senate chamber. Mr. Cleveland accompanied Mr. Harrison to the portico then as Mr. Harrison accompanied Mr. Cleveland now. Mr. Cleveland pronounced his address in a clear, resonant voice and without the slightest nervousness or trepidation. At its conclusion there was general commendation and applause. Mr. Cleveland said:

My fellow-citizens: In obedience to the mandate of my countrymen, I am about to dedicate myself to their service under the sanction of a solemn oath. Deeply moved by the expression of confidence and personal attachment which has called me to this service, I am sure my gratitude can make no better return than the pledge. I now give before God and these witnesses of unreserved and complete devotion to the interests and welfare of those who have honored me.

I deem it fitting on this occasion, while indicating the opinions I hold concerning public questions of present importance, to also briefly refer to the existence of certain conditions and tendencies among our people which seem to menace the integrity and usefulness of their government.

While every American citizen must contemplate with the utmost pride and enthusiasm the growth and expansion of our country, the sufficiency of our institutions to stand against the rudest shocks of violence, the wonderful thrift and enterprise of our people, and the demonstrated superiority of our free Government, it behooves us to constantly watch for every symptom of insidious infirmity that threatens our national vigor.

The strong man who, in the confidence of sturdy health, courts the sternest activities of life and rejoices in the hardihood of constant labor, may still have lurking near his vitals the insidious disease that dooms him to sudden collapse.

It cannot be doubted that our stupendous achievements as a people and our country's robust strength have given rise to a heedlessness of those laws governing our national health which we can no more evade than human life can escape the laws of God and nature.

Manifestly nothing is more vital to our supremacy as a nation and to the beneficent purposes of our Government than a sound and stable currency. Its exposure to degradation should at once arouse to activity the most enlightened statesmanship; and the danger of depreciation in the purchasing power of the wage-earner's toil should furnish the strongest incentive to prompt and conservative precaution.

In dealing with our present embarrassing situation as related to this subject, we will be wise if we temper our confidence and faith in our national strength and resources with the frank concession that even these will not permit us to defy with impunity the inexorable laws of finance and trade. At the same time, in our efforts to adjust differences of opinion we should be free from intolerance or passion, and our judgments should be unmoved by alluring phrases and unvexed by selfish interests.

I am confident that such an approach to the subject will result in prudent and effective remedial legislation. In the meantime, so far as the executive branch of the Government can intervene, none of the powers with which it is invested will be withheld, when their exercise is deemed necessary to maintain our national credit or avert financial disaster.

Closely related to the exaggerated confidence in our country's greatness which tends to a disregard of the rules of national safety, another danger confronts us not less serious. I refer to the prevalence of a popular disposition to expect from the operation of the Government especial and direct individual advantages.

The verdict of our voters, which condemned the injustice of maintaining protection for protection's sake, enjoins upon the peoples' servants the duty of exposing and destroying the brood of kindred evils which are the unwholesome progeny of paternalism. This is the bane of Republican institutions and the constant peril of our Government by the people. It degrades to the purposes of wily craft the plan of rule our fathers established and bequeathed to us as an object of our love and veneration. It perverts the patriotic sentiment of our countrymen, and tempts them to a pitiful calculation of the sordid gain to be derived from the Government's maintenance. It undermines the self-reliance of our people and substitutes in its place dependence upon governmental favoritism. It stifles the spirit of true Americanism and stupefies every ennobling strait of American citizenship. The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned and the better lesson taught, that while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their Government its functions do not include the support of the people.

The acceptance of this principle leads to a refusal of bounties and subsidies, which burden the labor and thrift of a portion of our citizens, to aid ill-advised or languishing enterprises in which they have no concern. It leads also to a challenge of wild and reckless pension expenditure, which overlaps the bounds of grateful recognition of patriotic service and prostitutes to vicious uses the people's prompt and generous impulse to aid those disabled in their country's defense.

Every thoughtful American must realize the importance of checking at its beginning any tendency in public or private station to regard frugality and economy as virtues which we may safely outgrow. The toleration of this idea results in the waste of public money is a crime against chosen servants, and encourages prodigality and extravagance in the home life of our countrymen.

Under our scheme of government the waste of public money is a crime against the citizen and the contempt of our people for economy and frugality in their personal affairs, deplorably saps the strength and sturdiness of our national character.

It is a plain dictate of honesty and good government that public expenditures should be limited by public necessity, and that this should be measured by the rules of strict economy; and it is equally clear that frugality among the people is the best guaranty of a contented and strong support of free institutions.

One mode of the misappropriation of public funds is avoided when appointments to office, instead of being the rewards of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid to them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office, and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils, civil service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws. The benefits already gained through this instrumentality and the further usefulness it promises, entitle it to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed or who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods.

The existence of immense aggregations of kindred enterprises and combinations of business interests, formed for the purpose of limiting production and fixing prices, is inconsistent with the fair field which ought to be open to every independent activity. Legitimate strife in business should not be superseded by an enforced concession to the demands of combinations that have the power to destroy; nor should the people to be served lose the benefit of cheapness which usually results from wholesome competition. These aggregations and combinations frequently constitute conspiracies against the interests of the people and in all their phases they are unnatural and opposed to our American sense of fairness. To the extent that they can be reached and restrained by Federal power, the general Government should relieve our citizens from their influence and exactions.

Loyalty to the principles upon which our Government rests, positively demands that the equality before the law which it guarantees to every citizen should be justly and in good faith conceded in all parts of the land. The enjoyment of the right follows the badge of citizenship wherever found, and, unimpaired by race or color, it appeals for recognition to American manliness and fairness.

Our relations with the Indians located within our borders impose upon us responsibilities we can not escape. Humanity and consistency require us to treat them with forbearance, and in our dealings with them to honestly and considerately regard their rights and interests. Every effort should be made to lead them through the paths of civilization and education, to self-supporting, and independent citizenship. In the meantime, as the nation's wards, they should be promptly defended against the cupidity of designing men and shielded from every influence or temptation that retards their advancement.

The people of the United States have decreed that on this day the control of their Government in its legislative and executive branches shall be given to a political party pledged in the most positive terms to the accomplishment of tariff reform. They have thus determined in favor of a more just and equitable system of Federal taxation. The agents they have chosen to carry out their purposes are bound by their promises, not less than by the command of their masters, to devote themselves unremittingly to this service.

While there should be no surrender of principle, our task must be undertaken wisely and without vindictiveness. Our mission is not punishment, but the rectification of wrongs. If, in lifting burdens from the daily life of our people, we reduce inordinate and unequal advantages too long enjoyed, this is but a necessary incident of our return to right and justice. If we exact from unwilling minds acquiescence in the theory of an honest distribution of the fund of governmental beneficence treasured up for all, we must insist upon a principle which underlies our free institutions. When we tear aside the delusions and misconceptions which have blinded our countrymen to their condition under vicious tariff laws, we but show them how far they have been led away from the paths of contentment and prosperity. When we point out that the necessity for revenue to support the Government furnishes the only justification for taxing the people, we announce a truth plain that its denial would seem to indicate the extent to which judgment may be influenced by familiarity with perversions of the taxing powers, and when we seek to reinstate the self-confidence and business enterprise of our citizens, by discrediting an abject dependence upon Governmental favor, we strive to stimulate those elements of American character which support the hope of American achievement. Anxiety for the redemption of the pledges which my party has made, and solicitude for the complete justification of the trust the people have reposed in us, constrain me to remind those with whom I am to co-operate that we can succeed in doing the work which has been especially set before us only by the most sincere, harmonious and disinterested effort. Even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task, we shall hardly be excused; and if failure can be traced to our fault or neglect, we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability.

The oath I now take to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, not only impressibly defines the great responsibility I assume but suggests obedience to constitutional commands as the rule by which my official conduct must be guided. I shall to the best of my ability and within my sphere of duty, preserve the constitution by loyally protecting every grant of Federal power it contains, by defending all its restraints when attacked by impatience and restlessness, and by enforcing its limitations and reservations in favor of the States and the people.

Fully impressed with the gravity of the duties that confront me and mindful of my weakness, I should be appalled if it were my lot to bear unaided the responsibilities which await me. I am, however, saved from discouragement when I remember that I shall have the support and the counsel and co-operation of wise and patriotic men who will stand at my side in Cabinet places or will represent the people in their legislative halls.

I find also much comfort in remembering that my countrymen are just and in the assurance that they will not condemn those who by sincere devotion to their service deserve their forbearance and approval.

Above all, I know there is a Supreme Being who rules the affairs of men and whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people; and I know He will not turn from us now if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

For Sale By J. S. GRIFFITH, and Leading Grocers of Easton.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

A COLLEGE club-house is a new feature of metropolitan club life. The Harvard Club, of New York, now has $54,000 for a building of its own.

MRS. LANGTRY and the Duchess of Montrose have joined Joan Strange Winter's no-crinoline league. The league now numbers over 11,000 members.

THOUGH not authoritatively announced that President Harrison is to deliver law lectures at Leland Stanford University, there are indications in the character of the study and dictation engaging the President's private hours at the White House that a series of lectures is in process of composition.

THOSE who knew Henry S. Ives when he and Stayner speculated together in Wall street say he has the same mush now, and that he is rapidly getting on his final last legs again. He still wears his gold rimmed spectacles and resembles a college professor. Since his marriage he has taken a house on Madison avenue and lives in good style.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY declares that she was impelled to remain an old maid by noticing as she strolled through a New England graveyard years ago, the constantly recurring inscription, "Sacred to the memory of A——, relict of the late Z——." She then and there took a mental, ironclad oath to remain forever unmarried rather than have her epitaph recur ad infinitum for future generations simply as the "relict" of some man.

AMONG the valuable presents sent to the Pope in memory of the golden jubilee were those of the French Government. Among them are two magnificent candelabra of gilded bronze, with high blue Sevres vases. These will be placed in the Vatican. For the Church of St. Joachim, which Leo XIII dedicated to his patron saint, the government sent two large porcelain vases from the Sevres factory. Count Lefebvre de Behaine presented the gifts to his Holiness.

SECRETARY and Mrs. Elkins and Secretary and Mrs. Rusk will remain in Washington until summer. Secretary Tracy will eventually go to New York to live with Mrs. Willard, but it is not yet determined how soon this removal will be affected. The Secretary of State, John W. Foster, and his wife left for Europe. Secretary Noble seeks his old home in St. Louis, Secretary Charles Foster goes back to Fostoria, Ohio, and Attorney General Miller resumes his old life in Indianapolis. Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wanamaker and family will take a leisurely trip in their private car through Florida, Mexico and California. Upon their return East, some time in June, they expect to go aboard.

WORK AND WORKERS.

AFTER a strike lasting two months the coal miners at Centralia, Ills., submitted and returned to work.

FIFTY machinists in the Carnegie's Twenty-ninth street mills, Pittsburg, struck, refusing to work ten hours a day for nine hours' pay."

ALL of the Vandalia switchmen on the Peoria Division of the road in Decatur, Ills., have struck for higher wages. The demand was for $15 increase for the foreman and