THE EASTON GAZETTE.

VOL. 82, NO. 16. * EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1898 * PAGE THREE

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FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

Reasons Given For Allowing It to Remain In Its Present Condition.

Benjamin Franklin's grave is in a neglected condition. No appropriate stone rises over it, the ground round about it is uncared for, and the tomb of the great scholar and statesman is as obscure as that of a man whose name and fame were no part of the glory of his country.

His grave is destitute even of a headstone. It is covered by an old fashioned marble slab which was placed there 100 years ago and is now worn and discolored by age.

Nothing has been done to it since Franklin was buried there, and even the modest arrangements of the grave are not kept in the perfect condition that is expected of a great man's tomb. The earth on all sides is bare of grass, the common thatching of the commonest grave, and an air of desolation is about the whole place.

The sexton said that the descendants of Franklin would not do anything to repair the grave; neither would they allow anybody else to do anything. Every day he has received offers of subscriptions from visitors, who are distressed by the forlorn appearance of Franklin's resting place and who would like to see it improved. In reply he says, as he has been instructed, that Franklin wished it so, "being a plain man averse to display of any kind." Not long ago, at his own expense, he had the fading inscription recut, or else even the only distinguishing mark, the name, would be gone.

If he had not done so, the last resting place of the greatest man, outside of Washington, in American history would have been forgotten and unknown. Who is responsible for this condition of affairs? Not the living relatives of Franklin. The responsibility rests with the American people, to whom the man belongs. They should see to it in the future that what little is there to mark the grave is kept in better order than it has been in the past.

Before he died Franklin provided for his own gravestone and instructed a stonecutter of his acquaintance in every detail, even to the inscription which was to be placed upon it. He desired to be buried beside his wife, who had died some years before, and a common slab was to be placed over them both. The inscription arranged as he ordered it reads:

BENJAMIN and DEBORAH } FRANKLIN
1790

Everything was done as he desired, and the work was paid for out of his estate and stands today the same as when he died.—Philadelphia Times.

Wabbled When He Came to Possum.

Old Uncle Claybrook is a very religious old darky and holds converse with his Maker twenty times a day or oftener. His habit is to pray and then turn off into what appears to be a one sided conversation with the Lord, but it is evident that there is another party to it as far as he is concerned. To hear him reminds one very much of a telephone conversation.

The other day he was going through his customary devotions, and when he got to the point of expressing thankfulness for the many blessings of life he broke off into a recounting of them, says Cicero T. Sutton of the Owensboro Inquirer. "An den, dar's possum, Lord—how'd you ever think of makin possum? Possum jes' beats all. You jes' couldn't beat it ef you tried ag'in. Possum, he, he! Yes, dar's watahmillion. I hadn't thought of dat. Hit's jes' great. You couldn't beat hit neither, could you, Lord? Now, hones', couldn' you jes' fix it so dey bofe git ripe at once? Ef you was to do dat, you mought go out an shet de do'. Dey wouldn't be no mo' sin an no mo' sorrow an no mo' tribelation. Jes' try hit oncet, Lord, an jes' see whut a diffunce hit would make."

And then "old uncle" began to hum a quaint negro camp meeting tune and stopped to look at a piece of liver in a butcher's stall as the best substitute for his loved possum or as best suited to the small piece of money which represented his total movable wealth.

Rugs and Moving.

A certain man who owns a row of dwelling houses over in the northwest quarter of the town has learned wisdom by bitter experience. A friend of mine went to him not long ago to rent one of the houses.

"Do you lease it by the month or by the year?" she inquired.

"That depends on what you are going to have on your floors," answered the landlord. "Are you going to have carpets?"

"No," answered my friend; "we have rugs."

"You'll have to sign a year's lease then," the landlord made reply, smiling craftily. "If you bought carpets and had them fitted to the floors, I know you'd stay in the house as long as you could, but these rugs are too easily adjusted to any sized room. You'll have to sign a year's lease if you have rugs. There are seven houses in my row, and six of them haven't kept a tenant longer than two years at a time for the last five years. The seventh house—well, the people in it had carpets made and laid for it five years ago, and they haven't thought of moving. Carpets, I'll rent by the month; rugs, a year's lease."—Washington Post.

EXPERIMENT IN DETECTION.

The Crossing Policeman Is as Wise as Solomon When Necessary.

The policeman who maintains life and order at the meeting of two down town streets must be possessed of considerable judgment. He must know when to make a hole in the wall, so to speak, through the mass of vehicles and let a portion of the surging humanity go through. He must know how to do several things at once—to at the same time chat pleasantly with a lady friend of his, tell a woman from the suburbs where the streets she's on is and pull a couple of old gentlemen from the jaws of cable cars, and, what is more surprising, most of the down town force can do this, and, what is truly astonishing, nearly all do it in a gentlemanly manner and keep their tempers well.

It is not infrequently that an officer is found who can do all this and more too. At one of the most prominent cross streets there is a policeman who is a close second to the caliph that decided the ownership of an infant in his own highly original way. Among many instances where his acumen has played a particular part is one that happened a day or so ago. It concerned a bicycle. The latter was left by its rider against the curb. A few minutes later a young man approached it. The policeman in question had not seen the owner get off the machine, but he thought the newcomer looked a trifle suspicious. The chain and sprocket wheel of the bicycle had been secured together by a padlock. When the young man in question began to carry the wheel off instead of unlocking it he felt it was about time to act.

"Do you own that bicycle?" he said to the young man.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Where's your key, then?" was his next.

"I've lost it." That settled it.

"Say, now," continued the policeman, "will you give me your name and address?"

The young man seemingly did not want to make any trouble. He hesitated for a moment and then said, "Why, yes, if you want it."

"And now," continued the policeman, after he had it, "you know the case looks strange, and you know we have so many bikes lost, would you mind waiting 15 minutes to see if any one else should come after that wheel?"

"No, I guess not," said the young man. Then he leaned back on a railing and began to wait. After he had been there three or four minutes the policeman said: 'Well, I guess it's all right. You can go." And then, turning to a bystander, he remarked, "You can bet your next month's pay he wouldn't have stood there if it wasn't his."—Chicago Times-Herald.

BRAINS EQUAL TO COURAGE.

The Cat Rescued, but the Stout Woman Was Not Satisfied.

It was a damp day, but the crowd stood and watched the black cat as it mewed plaintively and clung to the trailing vine three stories above the street in front of a four story brown stone dwelling. A long wire supported the vine, nearly reaching the roof. The cat, in a sportive mood evidently, had climbed the long vine and at the third story stopped, as if fright had paralyzed further efforts. Every minute it mewed, and its appeal for help collected a crowd. A large woman said:

"Why don't some one climb up there and release that cat?"

"Suppose you try it, madam," chirped a dapper little man, who looked upon the affair as a joke.

"Well, if I had your small heft I would climb that vine. Men never do anything dangerous these days."

"Oh, yes, they do, madam! They catch cold, drink too much and stay out late at their lodges."

She gave the little man a look and ejaculated: "You think you are smart, don't you? You can talk, but you can't rescue even a cat."

"You do me wrong. Watch me rescue that cat even at the peril of being insulted. Do not be frightened. I go, but I will return." He ran across the street as the large woman shouted, "He is going to climb!" He rang the doorbell of the house, and when the servant girl appeared he pointed to the cat above. The door closed, and a few minutes later a window in the third story opened, and the girl, reaching her arm out, caught the cat and took it in. The crowd cheered, and the dapper man bowed, but the large woman said contemptuously:

"Men have no courage. They get women to rescue cats."—New York Commercial.

Waltzing Ostriches.

One of the oddest sights on the sandy stretches of plain in southern Africa is a party of waltzing ostriches. A recent writer on the subject thus describes their queer antics:

"When there are a number of them, they will start off in the morning and, after running a few hundred yards, will stop and with raised wings will whirl rapidly round till they are stupefied, or perhaps break a leg. The males pose also before fighting and to make their court. They kneel on their ankles, opening their wings and balancing themselves alternately forward and backward or to one side or the other, while the neck is stretched on a level with the back and the head strikes the sides, now on the right, now on the left, while the feathers are bristling. The bird appears at this time so absorbed in its occupation as to forget all that is going on around him and can be approached and caught. The male alone utters a cry, which sounds like an effort to speak with the mouth shut tight."

Kind Hearted Abe Lincoln.

"Once when I was a girl at school," said Kate Roby, "Schoolmaster Crawford had given out the word 'defied,' which had been misspelled several times when it came my turn. Abe Lincoln stood on the opposite side of the room and was watching me. I began 'd-e-f,' and then I stopped, hesitating whether to proceed with an 'i' or a 'y.' Looking up, I saw Abe, a grin on his face, pointing with one forefinger to his eye. I took the hint, spelled the word with an 'i,' and it went through all right."

BIRDS' EGGS.

The Reasons Why They Are Not All of One Shape.

Why is there not a fixed form for all eggs? We can see no reason in the anatomy of the bird, but we may often find reasons for the shape of any particular egg in its later history.

It is noticeable, for instance, that the more spherical eggs, as those of owls, trogons and the like, are usually laid in holes in the earth, rocks or trees, where they cannot fall out of the nest, and that the eggs of the ordinary song bird, which makes a well constructed nest, are oval, while the slim, straight sided, conoidal eggs, tapering sharply to a point, belong to birds that construct little or no nest—to the shore birds, terns, guillemots and the like. Why? Because these last drop them in small clutches and with little or no preparation upon sand or rock, where, were they spherical, they could only with difficulty be kept closer beneath the sitting bird, but conical objects will tend always to roll toward a center. An additional advantage is that eggs of the latter shape will take up less space—form a snugger package to be warmed. In the case of guillemots the single egg laid is especially flat sided and tapering, and the species owes its perpetuation largely to this circumstance, since, were it not for the egg's toplike tendency to revolve about its own apex, the chances are that it would be pushed off the ledge of naked sea cliff where the careless or stupid bird leaves it.

This suggests a word in reference to the popular fable that sitting birds carefully turn their eggs every day or oftener in order to warm them equally. No such thing is done, because unnecessary, since, as we have seen, the germinal part always rises to the top and places itself nearest the influential warmth of the mother's body.—Ernest Ingersoll in Harper's Magazine.

Expensive Modesty.

"What's the matter, old man? You look sad."

"I am. I just asked Farnsworth to lend me $5."

"And I suppose he said he didn't have that much in the world."

"No. He had to get a $10 bill changed in order to let me have what I had asked for."—Cleveland Leader.

DON'T TALK OF YOUR ILLS.

People Are More Interested In the Pleasant Side of Life.

"Every one of us has his and her own ailments," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal, decrying the unpleasant habit many people have of discussing their bodily ills. "It is enough for us all to keep well ourselves. To be compelled to listen to the ailments of others does not make that task any easier. Besides all this, these unnecessary narratives of personal ailments are positively injurious to ourselves. Physicians all agree that many of the slight illnesses, of which some people make so much, could be cured if they would but take their minds from themselves. Too many people work themselves into illnesses or prevent themselves from getting well by talking about a petty ailment which, if forgotten, would right itself.

"I will not say that women, more than men, are prone to this evil, but as the majority of women have more leisure than the majority of men they are more likely to let their minds dwell upon every little ill that assails them and talk about it. It seems to me that one of the most important lessons we can all learn with the close of the year is to refrain from inflicting upon others what is purely personal to ourselves. Let us cease this tiresome, this inconsiderate, this unnecessary talk about our ailments. Cold and hard as it may seem, the fact is nevertheless true, and will ever remain so, that the vast majority of people are interested in what is pleasant in our lives, but not in what is unpleasant. Pains and sorrows are elements in our lives which are sacred and interesting only to ourselves."

Good Night Song.

"Good night, little trees!"
My little man says when the Sandman comes
And the soft swaying breeze
In the listening trees
Wafts the answer: "Good night, little man!
Good night!"

"Good night, little star!"
My little man says when the Sandman comes,
And a bright little star,
In the heavens so far,
Blinks the answer: "Good night, little man!
Good night!"
—R. E. Phillips in St. Nicholas.



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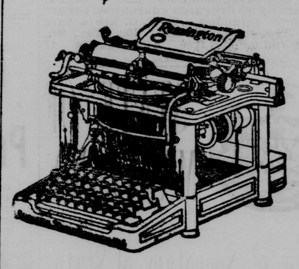
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