

THE INAUGURATION.

as many of them as could get within earshot, the inaugural address. The picturesque and thoughtfully republican practice of taking the oath of office and delivering the inaugural address in the open air in the presence of the people was begun by Zachary Taylor in 1849.

At about 1:35 o'clock the doors leading to into the rotunda from the central portico of the inaugural stand swung open and Marshal Rosedell and Marshal Wright of the U. S. Supreme Court appeared heading the procession; ex-Vice President Morton and Chief Justice Fuller and the Justices of Supreme Court came next. Then came Sergeant at arms Valentine, and Senators Ransom, Teller and McPherson of the committee of arrangements preceded President Harrison and President elect Cleveland, who walked side by side. The President and Vice President elect, the Vice President Morton, Chief Justice Fuller and the committee of arrangements were shown to the front of the platform where within a railed enclosure had been laid a bright green carpet upon which had been placed large leather covered chairs. Mr. Cleveland, who was enthusiastically greeted by the patient throng in front of the Capital, and after a few minutes delay stepped to the front and began the delivery of his inaugural address. He followed the same course pursued by himself 8 years ago of delivering his address first and taking the oath afterwards. Despite the exceeding inclement weather Mr. Cleveland removed his silk hat and, with bared head, addressed the multitude. He kept his overcoat on and secured what warmth he could for the fingers of his right hand by keeping it in his overcoat pocket, holding his hat at his side in his left hand, which was unprotected from the weather by gloves. The wind had been rising and turning cold ever since noon, and Mr. Cleveland's task must have been attended with considerable personal discomfort, but he gave no signs of it and steadily continued his address until the close. The following is the opening paragraph of this great man's address:

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 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.

Immediately after the address Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath to President Cleveland upon same bible used 8 years ago. It was given to the President 49 years ago by his mother.

The procession reformed and the line of march was taken up for the White House, which was a grand sight. The main stand from which President Cleveland reviewed the parade was erected immediately in front of the White House. It was 150 feet long and quite deep and had a comfortable seating capacity for 1,100 persons, 600 more than the corresponding stand erected on the same site for the inauguration of President Harrison. It was well decorated with effective taste. In the centre was an arch forty-two feet high, handsomely draped and surmounted by the arms of the United States. On the extreme right was the coat of arms of New York (Mr. Cleveland's State); on the extreme left was the coat of arms of Illinois, (Vice President Stevenson's State) and between them were displayed the armorial bearings of the other members of the thirteen original States. Above each of these insignia was a banner bearing the name of the State.

A hearty cheer greeted President Cleveland's appearance on the reviewing stand and the shouts redoubled as he took his place in the conspicuous projection of the structure, where he stood during the parade.

He was soon followed by Mrs.

Cleveland, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Lamont and the other ladies who had been with the presidential party all day. They came at a moment when the crowd was interested in the passing troops and their presence was unnoticed. As the President appeared before the multitude and while the cheers were yet sounding in his honor an aide of the grand marshal, stationed opposite the reviewing stand, galloped at full speed down Pennsylvania Avenue and gave the signal for the march to be resumed. The bugle sounded "forward march," the officers repeated the command and the line of march was again taken up from the point where the head of the column had passed opposite the treasury department. The great crowds about the White House were enthusiastic from the beginning and kept time with feet and hands to the music of the band in an endeavor to keep warm and get rid of surplus hilarity.

As Gen. Martin T. McMahon, the grand marshal of the parade passed, Cleveland and saluted he was greeted with cheer after cheer and the New York Business Men's Cleveland and Stevenson club, which had formed the President's escort to and from the Capital came in for their share of applause.

Cleveland followed his own precedent in saluting the national flag when it passed him. He also occasionally bowed to personal and political friends in the parade. He stood on the stand in the face of the wind, impassive and dignified, not seeming to mind the cold and the waves of snow that were carried in his face. His overcoat was buttoned tightly about his throat. During the whole time the parade was passing Cleveland stood in one position and carefully scanned the lines of marching men.

The enthusiasm of the multitude in the vicinity of the reviewing stand was not half vented until Gen. Fitz Lee made his appearance at the head of the Third division. The ovation that had been given him all along the route of the parade apparently reached its highest point as he saluted the new President. Cheer followed cheer, and those on the stand with the President joined in the demonstration with as much spirit as did those along the curb stones. The shouts were taken up with renewed vigor when the President returned Gen. Lee's salutation, and long after the ex-Governor had passed the echo of the cheers in his honor came to those of the Presidential party.

It was exactly 7 o'clock when the last rank went by the White House and disbanded in front of the army department. So that the parade had occupied but ten minutes short of five hours passing on review.

Taking It Easy.

"My poor Eugenie," began George Sand to Delacroix, "I am afraid I have got bad news for you." "Indeed," said Delacroix, without interrupting his work, and just giving her one of his cordial smiles in guise of welcome. "Yes, my dear friend, I have carefully consulted my own heart, and the upshot is—I grieve to tell you—that I feel I cannot and could never love you." Delacroix kept on painting. "Is that a fact?" he said. "Yes, and I ask you to pardon me and give me credit for my candor—my poor Delacroix."

Delacroix did not budge from his easel. "You are angry with me, are you not? You will never forgive me?" "Certainly I will. Only I want you to keep quiet for ten minutes. I have got a bit of sky here which has caused me a good deal of trouble; it is just coming right. Go and sit down, or else take a little walk and be back in ten minutes." Of course George Sand did not return.—An Englishman in Paris.

Gorilla Against Elephant.

Monkeys are not very brave, although the gorilla will sometimes attack an elephant when he is sure of his advantage. The male gorilla often carries a huge stick and knows how to use it. As the elephant is fond of the same fruit which attracts the gorilla, an encounter frequently takes place. The gorilla, seated in the tree, sees the elephant approach, cautiously drops down to a bough, and availing himself of the opportunity brings his club sharply down on the sensitive trunk of his enemy, who rushes away trumpeting with anger and pain.—Harper's Young People.

For Rent.

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JOHN A. WILLIAMS, Oxford, N. C. feb 24

DR. HALL'S CALISTHENICS.

How the Theory Was Tested by a Young Man.

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Dr. Hall says those people who are troubled with cold feet at bedtime should bend over and smartly slap the calves of their legs for about five minutes. This struck a young man who boards on Essex street to be about as sensible a piece of advice as he ever heard. So he put it to the test after discharging himself on Saturday night. He bent over and pounded away at himself, and all the time made a noise with his



mouth, like the hiss of escaping steam. This noise attracted the attention of one of the boarders, and he told the landlady that there must be a fire in that room, because he could hear it sizz, and could hear an alfred snapping and popping going on in there.

The landlady didn't pause to argue. She caught up a pail and plunged for the place at once. The boarder followed with a gigantic clothes brush. Both of them precipitated themselves into the room together. The advent was so sudden that the boarder who was warming himself had no chance to dodge. And there was too much momentum to the landlady and the other boarder to permit them to recover themselves in time. So there was a collision. The landlady saw it coming and instinctively held the pail in front of her. But the disciple of Hall didn't see it, as his back was to the door and his head nearly to the floor, and before he could look up on hearing the door fly open the visitors were on him, and the contents of the pail over him, and the three, with pail and clothes brush, came down in a crash together. How the landlady extricated herself and got out of that room as quick as she did will always remain a mystery to the two men who stood there and glared at each other for some fifteen minutes.

An Abused Boy.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absentminded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to sit over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes, and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirtband appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent.

In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At



this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.

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