

Mr. Cleveland, like the sensible man that he has shown himself to be in other duties, makes his journey to Washington without ostentation. He had no desire and would not have been able to repress the popular wish to make his inauguration the occasion of an honest, hearty expression of the gratification of the people over the restoration of the Democracy. But his administration will prove that he is a man of work and not of show.

It is to be hoped that the ground-hog has a sunny day for Cleveland's inauguration. WHATEVER may be the fate of the silver currency, the ground-hog still reigns.

ESTHETIC BOSTON, home of baked beans and "cullivaws" gets a very severe scoring from one of Massachusetts' prominent citizens. Hon. Amos Lawrence, in some testimony before a committee of the legislature charged with an inquiry into the condition of affairs in that city. The law against intemperance, he declared, was a practical dead-letter. "The present situation is horrible to contemplate. We are as bad as Sodom and Gomorrah, and deserve their fate. The traffic in the souls of our youth is almost beyond conception. There are 365 charitable institutions in Boston, one for each day in the year, and there would be work for many more. These are made necessary by systematic violations of the laws against intemperance and licentiousness." Such testimony coming from a source so unimpeachable should cause Bostonians to redouble their efforts for the moral betterment of the city.

The New York Times, like all things human, is liable to be occasionally overtaken by error, as was illustrated for instance, in its very remarkable copy in the late political campaign; but it is eminently safe on the subject of social customs. It has often entertained its many readers on the subject of the marriage of the man and woman, and it has administered kindly counsel to those desiring to reach that blissful condition. Thus, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it has held when it would be glariously improper. It has even gone into the small details of masculine dress in this regard, and the extreme taste of the suggestions with the elegant reasons therefor accompanying them are characteristic: "A white necktie of lawn is the correct thing for evening dress, and it looks clean, has the merit of simplicity, and costs very little. Now a days, happily, a man who has an evening suit, a clean and whole shirt and collar, presentable boots or pumps, and a white necktie is as well equipped for the grandest occasion at night as the richest millionaire can be. All the rest depends on himself, on his intrinsic quality, his breeding, his manners; for the better a man is dressed the more he may exhibit the defects of his training. He may not live up to his clothes."

It will be a refreshing novelty in the White House to have a president with convictions and with the courage to maintain them. GREENE COUNTY, in this state, has other claims to distinction besides its stout adherence to the political principles that were first enunciated in this country by Jefferson. It claims as a citizen the original inventor of the roller skate that is now driving half mad a great part of the population of the United States and at the same time setting a number of religious conferences by the ears. He rejoices in the very romantic name of Norval Hogo, and it is claimed for him that as a lad of seventeen he in 1854 drew a model of the roller skate that is substantially the same as that in use to-day. His three rollers and a spur to serve as a brake were the only points of difference. This last might be an excellent thing for Mr. Hogo to patent now, and he cannot do it too quickly. A roller skate that could be stopped would meet a long felt want, for the habit that it has to run away with a beginner at the art is a serious obstacle to its popularity. Mr. Hogo has the door open to immortality and wealth if he can realize in the roller skate this blessed consummation.

THE zephyrs that will blow to-morrow will all be Democratic. PERSONAL. RICHARD A. PROCTOR says that a hand at what can be made up in 635,013,569,000 ways. JOHN TUCKER, ex-president of the Philadelphia cotton company, died Monday in Philadelphia. JOHN S. CLARK'S famous Doré picture, alleged to be worth \$6,000, now turns out to be the work of an ordinary German artist. FORT LEO XIII was seventy-five years old Monday. In replying to the congratulations of the College of Cardinals, he expressed deep regret at the present position of the Papacy, which he said, was in the hands of the Jesuits. Neither he nor his successors could ever accept this state of affairs. GEN. GRANT'S California friends are agitating a scheme to buy a large bearing vineyard near a splendid hotel and other necessary buildings, and to tender the entire property to General Grant as a loan. The property would be deeded to Mrs. Grant. The vineyard would be under the direction of a skilled viticulturist. MRS. ELIZA BLAINE-WALKER, only sister of Hon. James G. Blaine, who has been ill for some time at her boarding-house in Baltimore, was on Sunday thought to be dying, and her brothers in Washington were telegraphed for. Ex-Secretary Blaine, with his daughter Margaret and his brother, Robert C. Blaine, went to Baltimore and spent the afternoon with Mrs. Walker. MISS R. E. CLEVELAND, who will preside over the White House for her teacher brother, is good-looking, but not pretty. She dresses neatly, but plainly, and wears low ornaments. She has for a long time been a lecturer by profession, her specialty being educational subjects, and her audiences usually the pupils of girls' schools. She speaks several languages, is a constant reader, and is exceptionally well-informed in history and

There's not a strain that lights the face With so ineffable a grace As sweet pink lips and ivory teeth; And nothing now, beneath the sky, Can breathe such as those smile. Have ROZOLONT, that wears the wreath, m-1-w-d-c-a-w

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