

if the victorious republicans had been generous and gracious enough to listen to him:

"But we may pause long enough to note the character of this occasion and the lesson it teaches. It took the world thousands of years to reach a point where such a scene was possible. Mankind struggled through weary and bloody centuries before anything like government was evolved, and then there followed dark ages before it became possible to take the reins of government out of the hands of one political party and place them in the hands of a hostile party without bloodshed.

"The scene which we witness here today shows the triumph of republican government and teaches us that the journey of man, when viewed from headland to headland, is mounting onward and upward; that passion is retiring and reason is mounting the throne, and we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that in this great advancement America has set the example for the nations.

"The presence of the defeated and retiring party is not necessary for the peaceful change of administration, yet, in order to add the graces of republican form, it is customary for the retiring party to be represented and participate in the ceremonies of inauguration, and today the great party which I have the honor to represent not only assists in the ceremonies, but it expresses the hope that the new administration will direct the destinies of this mighty state along the paths of honor and of glory. While politically divided, we are all Illinoisans, and the greatness and the grandeur of this state rise above all considerations of persons or of party. Her past thrills, her present awe, and her future dazzles the intellect of man.

"To the distinguished gentleman who is to stand at her head, I extend the most cordial greeting and hearty good wishes. Loving Illinois as I do, I shall applaud his every act that tends to her advancement. I have given her four of my best years, and have brought all my offerings to her altar. Had it been necessary to do so, I should have considered life itself but a small sacrifice in her interest, and I retire from her service and from the high office to which her people elected me without any trace of bitterness or disappointment. I have erred in many cases; they were errors of judgment, and I go forth with a peaceful conscience.

"Government is the constant meeting of good conditions.

"It is not the things of yesterday, but the things of tomorrow that must engage our attention.

"The principles we hold are the only ones upon which free government can endure. Let us renew our devotion to them and kindle anew our enthusiasm.

"Let us not follow the example of those who try to use the names of Jefferson and Jackson to hide the most undemocratic principles and even the most destructive practices.

"In so far as the new administration, federal and state, shall adhere to the great doctrines of human right, and shall adhere to those great principles that lie at the very basis of republican institutions, let us give them our hearty commendation and support, but let us be watchful, and whenever it shall seem to us that the welfare and prosperity of our great country are being endangered let us raise the alarm, and let us all the time feel an abiding confidence that right will in the end prevail."

It is well enough to be just even to our political adversaries and especially so if they are defeated. Gov. Altgeld's expression in regard to the sacredness of government, if they are sincere (and he has never been accused of being a hypocrite), do not sound like the sentiments of a red-handed and cowardly anarchist.

The picture of Clay Clement which appears on this page shows that the young man has grown a trifle heavier since his last appearance in this city. Baron Hohenstauffen is his own creation. He wrote the play and the character is his own in a double sense. It is one of the greatest pleasures I know of to see Mr. Clement in "The New Dominion." He plays it without a discordant note and with a melody that sings itself for weeks afterward. The definition of woman appended is given by him in exquisite broken English to the girl he loves:

"The kind of flower I allude to is indigenous to all climates. It has been known to the most superficial students of botany from the very earliest historical records, and has flourished in various degrees of perfection ever since. The first mention is made of it, I believe, in the Bible. It was then found only in the Garden of Eden. It is not of tuberous nor yet of bulbous origin; strange to say, this flower was developed from a rib, taken from one of the genus Lomo. This appears to be the most wonderful and yet the best product

## STORIES IN PASSING.

Mr. Peter Bell was slowly going his way in a two wheeled cart toward Cotner University. The horse trotted along a little tired for Mr. Bell lived quite a number of miles away. In the large box under the seat was carefully packed away a number of good things to eat, substantial, well cooked and tempting. Mr. Bell's two boys were attending college at Cotner, in the preparatory to be sure, but stout hearty boys who were boarding themselves. Every Saturday Mr. Bell drove in with provisions enough to last them the following week. On this occasion he had three loaves of bread, a roll of butter, some eggs, half a cheese, and two roasted chickens. He was in a cheerful frame of mind, dreaming a little about the boys and planning for the future when they should graduate and become great men.

Suddenly Mr. Bell was startled from his reverie by a noise in the road behind, and looked around to discover that a run a way team had come and was about to plunge upon him. Springing up he

Mr. Bell was never able to obtain a cent of remuneration for his ruined cart. The man who owned the team was financially irresponsible.

And so he learned by experience a great truth,—that a large share of the accidents and of the destruction of property is due to persons who are not only continually careless but financially worthless. And the fact that they are proof against collection makes them indifferent as to what they do. Your plate glass window is broken. It is always by a man or a boy who cannot pay a cent toward a new one. You loan your horse and he comes back ruined by a man unable to compensate you. A man throws down a cigar which starts a fire destroying valuable property and there is no recourse. Two mischievous boys recently ruined a pipe-organ but the owners were helpless. And so the great truth seems to stand that boys and men are often in a general way vandals upon other people because it don't cost them anything to be so.

"An' how much do ye ask for the coat?" said an old Irishwoman who with her husband was pricing that kind of a garment.

"Four dollars and a half," answered the salesman in a quiet and gentlemanly manner.

"Six dollars and a half!" exclaimed the old woman. "It's too much. We'll jist give ye six dollars."

"But madam," said the salesman, "I didn't say six and a half. I only asked you four dollars and a half. You misunderstood me."

"Four and a half was it? Well we'll give ye jist four dollars."

And to four dollars she stuck and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the salesman they actually went out and left the coat because he wouldn't cut a half-dollar on general principle, regardless of price.

H. G. SHEDD.

## A CAVE.

In Connecticut, not far from the little town of Woodmar, is a cave. The coast is very rugged, having deep indentations. There is a long stretch of sandy beach, then a mass of rocks rising suddenly from the yellow level and stretching far along the coast like a barricade. The entrance to the cave, which faces the west, is very much like a portico. The floor is of small stones and three stone pillars support the curved rock roof. There is also a very narrow passage about ten feet in length, at the end of which one enters a large room about forty feet in length and sixty feet wide. The roof is very uneven. Sharp pointed stones and rocks of all sizes hang from the ceiling, giving the cave a grotesque appearance as the lights from the oil lamps fall on them, and making the shadows dance on the fine sands of the floor. The floor is a marvel of beauty. It is not yellow, and not white, but a mingling of all colors, and the ever changing shapes make it look as if some unseen artist with the most delicate touch and great skill, catered to fancy alone. The walls are of a hard brown stone, streaked with pure white, shading to a rich dark brown. This rock is very hard and in some places shines like glass. Other parts of the wall are very rough, and now and then a sharp rock projects. The most beautiful part of the cave is a small clear stream of water barely two feet in width, running in a zigzag course across the south end of the cave. The water is very cold. It seems to be in no hurry to leave the cave but goes on its way slowly and loiteringly. It makes no noise on entering and gives no sign of its departure. It creeps stealthily through the sands as if it carried with it a great secret which no one must even surmise.

DORA BACHELLER.



of that species. It is also the only similar product that sprang from the same source, although billions upon billions of ribs have since been planted at all seasons of the year, and in all kinds of soil. It appears that in the early development this flower had a very scanty foliage—at first none at all—but now a days the foliage is often so varied and extravagant in design and quality as to puzzle the most learned scientists. This flower has always exercised a most powerful influence over the actions of man. In an imperfect condition it breeds sorrow, crime and death; but when given half a chance, it elevates man from a barbarous root eater to the noblest being in all creation; makes him considerate of his fellow-man, inspires in him a love for the beautiful of this world. It makes brighter the sunshine, and gives comfort in the darkness; and when the cold hand of death rests upon his brow, that flower breathes in his ear a sweet hope that wafts his soul away from this world on her fragrant bosom to the great unknown. This Genus is commonly called "Woman."

made a leap for the ground but his foot caught in the reins, pitching him headlong and sending him rolling over and over in the dirt. He had hardly escaped from the cart when the run-a-way team sprang upon it and the whole went down in a general crash. Under the weight of the two horses the cart was smashed to kindling wood. When Mr. Bell stopped hurting enough to take an inventory of the situation, he discovered that his own horse had run away, that the two horses that had done the mischief were standing not far away tangled up in the wreckage of his cart while the wagon belonging to the team had escaped all damage. Above his own injuries and the loss of the cart, what hurt him most of all was the fact that his nice pat of butter was plastered along the left side of the horses, and that several stray dogs were fighting and making a terrible din over his two roasted chickens. And then he wondered what the boys were going to do for something to eat and how they would get along the coming week.