AN ADDRESS TO THE BOYS, PATRIOTS AND BEWING-MACHINE AGENTS OF MY NATIVE LAND.

BY APOTH E. CARY.

Breathes there a Yank so mean, so small, Who never says, "Waal, neow, by gaul, I reckon, since old Adam's fall, There's never growed on this ere ball.

A nation so all-fired tall As we Centennial Yankees?"

Frizow Citizens-It is with concentrated feelings of national pride as Americans that we stand here to-day, upon our own feet, watching the car of American Progress as it goes rattling around the three hundred and sixty-five mile track for the hundreth time. It is the same old car whose wheels were lubricated a century ago with the blood of our patriot primogenitors; but which are greased in these later days with a lubricator made from the odoriterous skunks' oil turnished us by political polecats. This is owing to a scarcity of patriots, primogenitors, and blood.

Looking at the upturned faces of my intelligent audience I see branded upon the burglarproof cheeks of this overdone assemblage, these two inscriptions—love of country and love of money. And, if I dig down into the Summerfallowed soil of your agricultural hearts, I shall find these two loves so fi mly rooted that nothing but death can ever dericinate them

From the first root, love of country, has sprung our republican form of selfgovernment growing up into a shapely tree, upon each limb of which an office-holder sits perched, gorging himself with golden fruit and shaking down leaves to his constituents. The umbrageous foliage of this tree makes it a favorite hiding place for unclean birds of prey, and all manner of filthy fowls that come squawking from the political barn yards of our fructilying land.

From the other root, love of money, there springs a tree whose fruit is a balm in Gilead to the lacerated credit-a fruit that brings mirth, jewelry, concert tickets, bliss, silk dresses and plenty of poor relations. A man with a pocketiul of this fruit can say with the poet. or without the poet for that matter;

To owe is human; To pay up, divine.

The wonderful growth of this glorious country, to which we Americans sometimes allude, is patent to every single son, every married daughter as well as to every pair of twins within sound of my baritone voice. I say it is putent, for history records the taking out of letters patent in 1776. An event which is poetically embalmed and all ready to be expressed C. O. D., to the Centennial, in the following chaste

> A hundred years ago, you know, Our country's glorious sire As Liberty's knight went out to fight Great Britian's big Goliar.

It would be well, or at least convalescent for each of us to pause here on the portico of our Centennial superstructure, wipe our feet on the door-mat of time, and ask our neighbor, or if he is away from home ask his wife, three important questions: From whence as a nation did we come? Whither as a people have we wandered? Where in thunder are we going?

Get up, fellow citizens, and go back to the dawn of our country's history: back as early as four o'clock in the morning, and, while the first auroral glints of the sunlight of civilization are streaking across the Eastern horizon, behold the intrepid Columbus discovering this continent in three vessels; some historians say in 1492, but gentlemen; Columbus did it in three vessels. And, as Columbus stands there with his hand upon the front door of our Western hemisphere. Take a peep inside at the country which for untold ages has been revolving around on its own axis independant of the white man. You see before you a howling wilderness, howling to shake hands with civilization. You see bounding bisons bounding over the boundless prairies. You see a race of untutored Los building campfires all over Martha's Vinyard. You see a goodly portion of the earth's surface in the possession of a people living without the simplest comforts of civilization. Not a penitentiary, not a bond and mortgage, not a barrel of whiskey, not an assessor, not a politician from the suburbs of San Francisco to the huburbs of Boston. A simple people worshiping the Great Spirit, scalping one another, and living on game. By game I do not mean seven-up or draw poker.

Contrast this picture of the pastiwith a photograph of the present. To-day our country instead of an unbroken forest, is made up of land, water, and taxes. Most of the land is mortgaged, most of the water is wet, and most of the taxes are excelsior. Underneath this heavily mortgaged land is stored our treasures of gold, silver, calomel, epsom salts, and worms for fishing. The surface is monopolized by the grumbling old Grangers who raise grain. This grain is illictly distilled into whiskey, and the whiskey is mixed with water and used for campfire and rheumatism. Thus you see lower step of his own stoop next morning, but how beautifully the land and water wash each he looked as though he had had a fierce strugothers hands. Show me another country on gle with the most perplexing points. this green earth where exists a more perfect system of domestic economy.

Oh, my countrymen! Oh, my fellow sisters! I tell you with candor in my words, with sin- They had a splendid bath in a secluded place cerity in my head, and with the sedlitz pow- but a strolling cow took up a position near FOR ders of emotion effervescing all over my hom- their clothes, and they sat on the opposite cepathic heart I tell you as a nation, as a pecple, as a country, we are perfectly over whelming in our preponderous immensity. And now despite our many legislative drawbacks. despite our political simoons which seem to be sweeping every bonest man from off the face of our American earth, despite, just now the scarcity of presidential aspirants waiting to quench their thirst with the crooked whiskey which is drawn from the golden vessels of Belshazzard in the temple at Washington, despite all this let us American citizens take the sword of Bunker Hill from the antlers, and

with uplifted hands swear that we will hence-

forth make honest men of our representatives or make representatives of our honest men.

> THE END. Not that kind of a Man.

Rev. Dr. P., the other day, found a pack of contains a thriving Village, romantically situated amid hills on the D L & W h. R. and contains five stores in full blast, and that Jeffers by and after giving the lad a thrashing for & Blakeslee have adopted the ready-pay system, which explains why they are selling goods so low. playing cards in the possession of his oldest boy and after giving the lad a thrashing for owning such engines of Satan, the doctor placed the cards in his own pocket, intending to destroy them at the first opportunity. But he forgot about them, and subsequently, while in the cars on his way to the city, he pulled out his handkerchief and the cards came ont with it and fell on the floor. The doctor gathered them up with a very red face, and while he was arranging them in his hand he saw a rough looking man in the seat opposite to him wink at him. He turned his head away, but looking around a moment later, the man wink ed at him once again. Then he winked several times and finally he came over and sitting down by the side of the doctor, said:

"I say, pardner, what's your little game?" "I don't understand you sir," replied the doc-

"Oh, you needn't mind me," said the man.-"I'm doing a little of that myself. Now, how

do you work it?" "What do you mean? How do I work what?"

"Oh, you know well enough. What do you skin 'em on ?"

"Skin them! Skin who! Really, sir, your remarks are incomprehensible to me." "Now, see here.I understand the whole thing You're hunting up somebody to play seven-up

money. Now don't you?" "You don't know who you are talking to,

with, and you intend to beat 'em out of their

"Now, I'll do. There's no man on this earth that can turn jacks faster'n I kin; and less you and me start up a game on some of those fellows, and I'll run three or four jacks up my sleeve, with a couple of aces, maybe, and, when we get to town, we'll divide the profits and go down and get roaring drunk at the tavern. Is it a bargain?"

"You are a secondrel, sir?" exclaimed the doctor. "Let me change my seat, if you please."

"Won't do it? Won't club in with me and try a few games?"

"Certainly not, sir." "Won't you lend me them jacks to put in my

"You seem to forget that I am a clergyman,

"A cler-! Oh, no. You don't mean to say

that—that—you min't a preacher; now,honest, "Yes sir, I am. I am the Rev. Dr. P."

"Too bad! too bad! Believe me, if I didn't think you was one of those fellows who play cards on the cars to gouge greenhorns out of their money. You look like one now don't you? And what are you doing with that pack old man, hey? Would you mind it I showed you how to run 'em over so's when you play they can't fool you! I'll do it for nothing.

Then Dr. Potts went into the hind car and got off at the next station. When he got home he gave that boy of his a couple of extra floggings in order to case his feelings.

More Oppression.

A policeman collared him on Broadway, Thursday evening. He was coming along sing-

"K(hic)izz me muzzer, kizz your da(hic)zing, Leen my head up(hic)on your brez; Fold your levin' arms zaroun me-

I am weary lemme re(bic)rest!

His feet were unruly, his head was light; but when the officer laid his rude hand upon his shoulder he stopped, slowly turned around and

"Whazzemazzer?" "I want you to shut up," replied the police-

"Can't I zing, eh?"

"No sir; you make too much noise." "Too much noise-um, zen I will go home (bic) wimmy mou' shut," "Certainly."

"I pay taxes," urged, the inebriate. "Doesn't make any difference," said the po-

"And I've got ter be oppressed, eh!"

"Yes sir, you've got to be peaceable." "Can't I zing himn?"

"Nothing at all."

"Can't 1 zhout?" "Shout? No sir."

"You won't lemme fight, will you?"

"No sir." "Zen," said the man, as he reeled against a lamp post, 'I wa(hic)nt you zunderstand I

won't get drunk 'gin. Zoo hear?" X "That would be a good thing," said the of-

ficer as he walked on. The intoxicuted man braced himself against the lamp-post and tried to convince himself that if he were to relinquish drinking the city would go to ruin. He had not quite settled the question when they found him asleep on the

Two girls, near Adams, determined last week to "go in swimming as the boys do." bank all the afternoon and called that cow thard names. They were relieved when a farm or's boy came after the co wat milking time.

"Ain't forty dollars rather high for lodging and breakfast?" was what a departing stranger Johnston, Holloway & Co. Philadelphia, Pa. by the stage inquired of the clerk at one of the San Antonio (Cal.) hotels, on being told that was the amount of his bill. "Yes, it is a little high but we might as well have it as the stage robbers," was the placid reply of the clerk as he receipted the bill.

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