THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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HIS ADDRESSES AT GLYNDON, AS AT EASTON, FULL OF PITHY SAYINGS.

Fall of the Democratic Dagon—Sharp Thrust at Cigarette Smokers—Americans Enjoy Great Prosperity Now, but Still They Growl.

"I like the handshake. I don't know who got it up, but I'm mighty glad it was started before I came on earth. Sometimes I wish I was a woman, so I could kiss all my old acquaintances.

"I know some things I've said sound rough. Lord bless you, I don't indorse all I say myself. I often read my remarks in the papers and say to myself that I don't blame people for getting sore. But when I say things I'm in a good humor; in as good humor as the fellow who's just been taken by his sweetheart."

Some of the attractive axioms of the two addresses were as follows:

"A little boy walking with his father passed a dude and asked his father what it was. 'That's a dude,' was the reply. 'Who made him?' 'Why, God did.' Then said the little boy: 'God loves to have fun as well as the rest of us.'"

"Eight years ago the most magnetic name in this country was that of Grover Cleveland. Today he is hissed in every democratic gathering. Old Grover ain't changed nary a bit. All the fellows who were whooping things up have changed."

"You will never put this country up to where God wants it until you put the lever under home life."

"The lap of luxury and wealth has never cradled a great man into existence."

"Only one man has ever really starved to death in the history of this country. That man was Jay Gould Poor fellow! He literally could eat nothing for weeks before his death. If nobody starved but millionaires, what are you scared about, brother? Methuselah will be a plum baby beside you."

"You little fellows run around and drink whisky and smoke cigarettes. Some morning you'll wake up and find that your brains have run out of your ears. Still, it will only take a teaspoon to put them back."

"Frequently I have walked down the aisle of some church and said to myself 'Tread softly, old fellow, you're among the dead.'"

"The devil can run a mile while most preachers are putting on their boots."

"I love a thoroughbred horse, but I don't go to races because of the dirty, scrubby little fellows who do the betting. Breed up your men, and I'll go to races again."

"Life, vim, push and go, give me the fellow that's got them."

"Culture is too often whitewash upon a rascal."

"Lightning never hits the same place twice, because the same place ain't there when it comes again."

"I don't believe any man was ever converted by a read sermon. If I ever had been I'd hate to tell it. I may be treading on the toes of some of you preachers, but just let your toes emigrate. The preaching that I like is to load up your head and heart, get into the pulpit and then take the bung out."

"I used to think preachers had wings, but I slept with one once and saw him without his coat on, and he didn't have none. They're mortal, just like other fellows."

"When I hear people sing, 'This World Is a Howling Wilderness' I feel like saying, 'And you're the dogs that are doing the howling.'"

"America reminds me of a family of spoiled children. Heaven has never emptied itself on any nation or any generation as it has on us. In Indian provinces thousands are starving; Chinamen are living on rats, cats and dogs; Cuba is drenched in blood. We have our granaries full; Heaven's bounty is poured upon us, and still we are growling."

"What's the use of piling up money? If your children are any good at all they won't need your cash. If they are no good, you oughtn't to give it to them."

"The devil knows how to get even with you rich dogs. He puts up sons-in-law on you. A man can excuse his own kids, but he can't abide lazy sons-in-law."

"What's the use of growling? Who thinks more of you? I'd rather have a cheerful spirit and only a nickel than to own this country."

"What's the use of riches? If a fellow owned two worlds like this and were to go up to the dog star, two worlds wouldn't pay for a night's board."

"Nothing ever bothers a fellow till he gets it. You know that's so. You never had any trouble with your wife till you got her."

"There was an old mill near my home. It never worried me till somebody persuaded me to buy it. Three months after I bought it a storm washed the dam away. People all around the country laughed at me and said, 'Sam Jones ain't worth a dam.'"

"A selfish woman wants dress and society. I'd rather run a whole orphans' home than to take care of one woman like that."

"The spirit of compromise has cursed this world from Adam down. There's too much armistice."

"The influence of the prohibition party is like the boy who was being dragged along by a lively yearling. 'You can't stop that animal,' said somebody. 'Nop,' answered the boy, but I'm a showin' him up some.' That's what we are doing for the old parties."

"Every prohibitionist in this country counts, because God's on that side. But we'll never have prohibition until all the preachers are on one side."

"They tell me that the independent vote won Maryland for the republican party last year. There ought never to be anything else than an independent vote, under any circumstances. Blind party vote! Why they just put collars on your necks and lashes on your backs and vote you like billygoats."

"Force your moral issue and range all your good men on one side. The bad eggs will generally be on the other side. And then will come the tussle for God, morality, sobriety and right."

"There are a good many things in the gilded, giddy ways of society that attract the average person. But after all, they are like snowflake on the river, a moment white, then gone forever."

"Society is rotten at the top and bottom, with its only sound streak in the middle. It's very much like pie. The bottom crust's soft, the top brittle and the 'goodies' are in the middle. I'm not so sure about the middle now."

"Our girls need daddies, daddies of the kind who will promptly kick out the young bucks who spend their money on shameless women and then call on pure girls."

"I'd rather be every old maid in Baltlmore than a married woman who is not married, who has a husband that ain't worth shucks."

"Let's form a children-raising trust. Get every father and mother in the land to join and don't let any parent raise bad children."

"Paying your debts is the lowest type of honesty. But some of you ain't got that high yet."

"If we had a little more honesty in business we could quit saying that the trouble with this country is want of confidence."

"What's the real good of riches? The Goulds, Vanderbilts, Astors, if they are in hell, can't raise among them all money enough to buy a drop of water."

After Many Years.

Colonel William Barbour, proprietor of the great Barbour thread words at Paterson, N. J., had a very remarkable experience while visiting the capital recently.

It was at the end of a warm day, and Colonel Barbour walked from his hotel into McPherson square and sat down on a bench to smoke a cigar. Presently a gentleman sat down beside him. The two began to chat, and the newcomer announced that he was a Cuban.

"I never knew but one Cuban for whom I cared anything at all," said Colonel Barbour casually, "and his name was Edward Delgardo."

The man jumped up and uttered an exclamation. "I am that man," he said.

It was now Colonel Barbour's turn to be surprised but he naturally would not accept the statement until he had received complete idenification. There was no mistake. Years and years ago Colonel Barbour went to school at Newport, R. I., and one of his chums was a young Cuban, the son of rich parents, who was being educated in the United States. After school the lads parted. They did not meet again for 25 years, and then they came together in this strange fashion on a bench in McPherson square.—*Wash. Cor.*

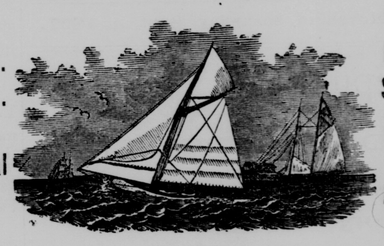
Odd Betts.

A strange wager was made in one of the London clubs, some years ago, that will doubtless point a moral. It was that a certain member could not, within two hours, on London Bridge, sell one hundred new guineas at a penny apiece. The man took his place on the bridge with a little tray, on which he had the coins, He informed the passer-by that they were genuine gold coins from the Bank of England, and they were to be had for a penny each. The cartman and policeman laughed at him. When the time expired, such is human incredulity, that he had sold but two, which a maidservant bought to amuse her two little charges. Another peculiar bet made in London was by a well-known barrister for a large amount, that he would, at a certain hour, block Fleet Street in the busiest part of the day, and at the narrowest point. Half an hour before the appointed time he took his stand on the opposite side of the street from an insurance office which had a large lion over the door.

He was dressed like a necromancer, with a long cloak, and wearing a tall pointed hat, and large glasses over his eyes. Under one arm he carried an enormous book, and in his hand he held a large telescope, which every few minutes he pointed at the lion, after inspecting the book. People rapidly gathered around, and he told them that in the book of Balderdash it was written that in half an hour that lion would wag his tail. Slowly walking up and down, and every few minutes taking a look at the lion through his glass, he attracted the attention of everybody, and the waiting crowd grew every moment denser. The wagons stopped to see what the trouble was, and these jammed the others, until the whole street was crowded and impassable. The barrister slipped away from the crowd, but a more obstinate jam ensued, and it was more than an hour before the police could clear the thoroughfare.

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