



AN EPISTLE TO POLITICIANS.

Somewhat it has never been my lot to play in your mud puddles very much, but I am now ready to rap on your ding-dong, holler in your rain-barrel, or slide down your cellar door for a few minutes, provided you want a little decent ointment-rubbed on your tender spots.

Our country is keeping step to the tangle-legged, bear waltz of ring politics, and splitting their dumpling hoppers cheering modern policies. But as common folks can't understand this so-called high-classed music, or the figures of these new-fangled dances, but I suppose you are real proud of it, for the common people should be kept as ignorant as possible concerning politics you know.

Common people should stay at home and engage in harvesting hoop-poles, planting pig tails, or pulling a buck-saw across a wood-pile instead of meddling into affairs of the high muck-a-mucks—they should be thankful for an occasional soup-bone or an installment of saving grace when the spirit of benevolence demands it. We perhaps look like vagrants to you, and probably you prefer that we don't come out in the middle of the crowd among you straddling he-gods of class legislation, but jig it around in the corners grinning like unto a basket of possum heads.

Now you old baloon-bellied bilks of legislative crookedness, you may wear yer yaller shoes and silk hats and tip the light fantastic toe and cut a double jewfickat on the curve, while we poor cusses go bare-footed, dine on slungallion for breakfast, suck our teeth for dinner and take up our belly-band for supper; but I wouldn't swap jobs with you for what little tainted glory you get out of it. I'm contented with the corner jig. I've found more genuine happiness there than I ever did in the middle of the dance. I used to do about 89 per cent. of my courting in the corner. Many a time I've found a hundred and forty pounds of unadulterated treachery in one pair of yellow shoes.

I found the stripes stout for the politicians a few times and swung corners till I whizzed in the air, and my coat tails popped like a whip cracker, but that isn't me cry now. I've fallen from political grace, and now revel in the glories of unbelief.

Walla it is true the science of government must be studied, but breaking crows and detestable he-gods flies high above the song-birds.

A newspaper that will advertise for whisky and other such things and its fly-blow editorials about drinking.

HE FOUND A SUBSTITUTE.

The cost of meat went soaring up

To figures past belief,

Till Jones upon his table had

A substitute for beef.

The price of clothes went hiking up

His purse was far from full

And so Jones wore upon his back

A substitute for wool.

The cost of land and rent went up

Wherever he might roam,

Till Jones could only live within

A substitute for home.

At last poor Jones himself went up,

And fared exceedingly well;

"Come in," St. Peter said, "you've had

Your substitute for hell."

WHAT'S A HOTEL?

A hotel is usually a place where they starve you to death by installments—a home for the vagrant, a refuge for kussed bed-bugs.

It's mighty easy to run a hotel provided you were born with a vacancy right over your liver.

There isn't anything to do but stand behind a desk with a pen behind your ear, and tell Sambo to show the gentleman to room 976, and then take four dollars and fifty cents next morning from the poor devil of a traveler and let him went.

That seems to be the whole thing (and is the whole thing) in most cases.

I've had the things tried on me and know just what I'm talking about.

I am sorry, in fact I'm real sorry to say so, but on several occasions, my acquaintance with these places have made the swear come; especially when I've given a room where the bureau has three legs and one brick.

The bed has a slat bottom and a mattress stuffed with pig-iron and corn cobs.

You sleep some but roll over a good deal.

For breakfast you get weak coffee and fried potatoes that resemble the chips made by a two-inch sugar in its journey thro' an oak leg, some loaf bread and beef-steak as thick as a bilious-plaster, and tall as a hound's ear.

Table has a few stray spoons on it, a couple of plates. One with a few half-over pickles on it, and a few scattered crackers on another.

You walk around with these remnants of desecrated and much by individual enough to pay for plucking your back.

ADVICE TO YOUNG BUDDIES.

Remember, young buck, that the world is older than you are by a blamed sight. Remember that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better men than yourself that their feet stuck out at the college windows. And when they died, the old globe went whirlin' on, and not one man in ten thousand went to the funeral or ever heard of the death.

Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowin' the packin' out of your cylinder head. Shed the light of your knowledge in small patches abroad, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple just because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your dad because he knows so much less than you do. The world needs you brain-bloated young smart set, but not a bit worse than you need the world.

Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him. They cost more money—they are more stylish. Your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is more up-to-snuff, and you are prettier—ah, far prettier than "Pa". But, young man, the homely, scrambling signature of the old gentleman on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than your fine clothes, good looks and brain crop would sell for at public auction.

Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, buddy. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before.

Don't be afraid that your importance will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they'll find you.

Congress, then prodigal son! You may spend the people's substance in riotous living, till those who vote begin to fully understand that every dollar expended by the government must be created by the common people—that first or last labor must furnish it, that we'll cease having million dollar tax-grasses. We'll cease paying millions for pretended crack and further improvements solely for political navigation and party grafters. The producers of wealth will then try out against paying premiums for dollars a minute to stand up in the legislative halls and insult God Almighty with hypocritical prayers.

About the wisest thing I know of is good home-made bread at home.