

SHOTS AT RANDOM.

MASSFIELD, O., August 10. (On Board Candidate Bryan's Train.)—The American public—at least that portion of it which gathers about railroad stations for the purpose of yelling greeting to worthy young gentlemen who are in the cross-of-gold business—is a peculiar anatomical creation. It is composed for the most part of one large, profuse, generous hand and one ample foot of great tamping power.

The hand is employed for the purpose of pulling the arm of the presidential candidate out of its socket, so as to show that the man who is operating is of cheerful and welcoming mind, and wishes his guest of a moment well.

The foot is a beneficent creation of Providence, which enables its possessor to tread where angels would fear to; to hammer ruthlessly through a Pullman coach, despoiling the contour and symmetry of the pedals of passengers; to thrash around in such a heavy and ponderous fashion as to maim and lame all on board whom it may concern.

Also a voice goes with this equipment, and much perspiration. Usually, too, a pair of suspenders and a black negligé shirt are worn, but these are non-essentials. The hand which pulls like an earnest and worthy traction engine, and the foot which rampages down the aisle of the sleepers, seeking all whom it may crush and cripple, are, however, necessary adjuncts to candidate-greeting civilization.

Seventeen men in this cavalcade have already signified their intention of foregoing all hope and expectation of becoming president of the United States, and they were induced to do so by the things which they are seeing. Twelve others are wavering, and it is believed that by the time Pittsburg is reached they, too, will decide that they do not care for the privilege accorded every American boy—that of being a possible presidential incumbent, with fishing tackle annex, at some day in the future. They have been encouraged in this renunciation by the observation of the actual physical suffering and manual labor which are forced upon Mr. Bryan. Presumably, it is a parboiling day everywhere, but for a certainty it is a sizzling, seething caldron of a day on the Pullman platform, whither the candidate is called every few minutes. The sun beats upon his uncovered head until the bald spot looks like the side of a pitcher of ice water, the smoke and dust gather round until his face is rather like a complexion made of some sticky substance well sprinkled with granules of black.

So to the passenger who has not been nominated for the presidency—and there are more such than might reasonably be expected on this train—there is a vast amount of weeping and distressing work about this business of greeting, but Mr. Bryan seems to be gratified at sulphuric conditions, and smiles and stands there, sleepless and worn, but submitting to the clutch and yank of approval with no outward sign of annoyance.

His fellow travellers look on, frying as they are, and, thinking over the fact that if elected there will be four years more of this sort of thing, in form only modified, they are all willing to run for high office by the proxy of the gentleman from the Platte.

As we progress into what might be called the enemy's country, which is the state of Ohio, it is noticeable that the enthusiasm of the people's greeting becomes more pronounced. The early-bird hullabaloo which roused all hands in the very small hours of the morning in Indiana has given way to a more advanced and concerted style of noise. The thing runs about like this:

Whistle for the station.  
 Ringing of the bell.  
 Grinding of the wheels against the brake shoes.  
 "Where is he?"  
 "Yow! Here he is!"  
 "Speech! Speech!"  
 "My friends, I—"  
 "All aboard!"  
 Rushing of steam.  
 "Good bye."  
 "Wo—wo—whoop! whoop!"

By that time we are at another station, and a man in Grand Army clothes is standing up in a wagon shouting a promise of a republican vote.

As the day grows there are more bands, but we never hear them. They are silent bands. Doubtless before the arrival of the train they played much moving music, and very likely after its departure that music is repeated, but

when the coaches come to a stop the band strikes.

Wherefore should its members toot and blow and thump when other and no nobler men are climbing over freight cars and turning banisters and throwing hats, fans and other things into the air, and swarming about Mr. Bryan's hand? Not if the court knows herself will they do it. The snare-drummer drops his drum and the trombone man quits swallowing that utensil of sound, and the B-flat cornet player hangs his instrument on a willow or other tree and goes violently and dangerously insane.

At the city of Ada, a college town, the train ran into a mob of people which had met Mr. Bryan before and who did not need the introduction given by Prof. Lehr, the head of the institution of learning, who presented the fleeting guest very enthusiastically as "the next president of the United States." It was a neat compliment, but there was a low-lived and mean man on the train who had passed through Ada a little while before with Maj. McKinley, and the professor had introduced the Canton gentleman also as the next president. Moreover, other great men had visited Ada, this captious person said, and had been dutifully introduced by Prof. Lehr to the vast concourse as the future president. This wicked scoffer says Prof. Lehr is kept in training by the people of Ada to introduce unsuspected presidents and kings and things. When the college is in vacation the worthy instructor, according to this libeler, makes use of his leisure by going down to the depot as the trains come in, and dragging shrieking and protesting men who are going to be president some time out of the guilty seclusion of their upper berths. The professor is counted as the best extant in his peculiar line.

Mrs. Bryan is not the least part of this expedition. Mrs. Bryan talks politics as cheerfully and readily as most women might be expected to talk petticoats. When one aged devotee introduced his son to her with the remark, "He is a Bryan boy, although he cannot vote this year—just misses it by a month," she answered sweetly: "I find these young men not quite old enough to vote are just of an age to holler magnificently."

The boy was so impressed that he rushed down into the crowd and yelled and whooped around, and Mrs. Bryan smiled at the correctness of her diagnosis.—Chicago Record.

PURITY OF THE AIR.

"Out in Arizona we have a way of bragging on the purity and clearness of our air," said Judge Murphy, the delegate at Washington from that territory, "and we have reason for it, for there is nothing like it in the known world. The air of California may surpass that of Arizona from a photographer's point of view, and it is claimed that it does, but as the Arizonian only cares for air for breathing purposes, we are not at all jealous on that point. We can see mountain tops for over 100 miles, and some here claimed that mountains 130 miles distant can be discerned with the naked eye. I was speaking of this to some friends here recently when I was blandly informed by a Scotch clergyman, who was here on a visit, that that would hardly be regarded as in any way remarkable in Scotland, where, too, he said, the air was very clear. 'We can see murthen than 130 miles in Scotland,' he said. 'We can see all the way to the moon.'"  
 —Ex.

Dan's Pay Day.

It having been the custom of a certain establishment in the north to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievances. An Irishman, named Dan D—, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus:  
 "Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?"  
 "If ye please, sur, I've been sint as a dillegate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the payment of our wages."  
 "Yes; and what do they desire?" queried the master.  
 "Well, sur, it is the desire of meself, and it is also the desire of ivery man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."

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