

THE ARIZONA KICKER portant business came in and we sent our new agricultural editor in our place. He has a voice like a two top fog

OLD JCHN STARK COMES TO TOWN WITH AN ARSENAL.

But Giveadam Gulch Was Changed and the of Yore-Sad Mishap to a Chicago Newspaper Man.

A Chicago newspaper man who wandered this way one day last week walked into The Kicker office and sent us his card. We happened to be out, and the agricultural editor received the card and then went out with two guns and held the poor man up against the wall for half an hour till we could be sent for. In doing this he acted under the belief that the man was an assassin. The eastern way is to send your card to the editor, and if he doesn't like the looks of your name or one corner of your card has been torn off in the teeth of a beartrap he sends back word that it is his busy day. It is not the western way, however. If you want to see a western editor, and particularly an Arizona editor, you just walk into the shop and kick the sanctum door open and utter a yell of welcome. If you have a gun in your hand, it may hold him down until you can explain that you called to shake hands instead of to shoot. No cards for us. Just walk right in and feel at home, and if we are winding our cuckoo clock when you enter please drop into the chair at the head of the table.

Old Times Gone Away. His honor the mayor (who is curself) you a present of it " secived word the other day from old "Then bring me the Ferris wheel," received word the other day from old John Stark, who lives in a cave 25 adam Gulch on Wednesday and hold up the town for four hours. We were ready for him. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the distant rumble of thunder proved that old John was approaching the city line. Ten minutes later there were yells and shouts as of a band of warriors, and five minutes after that the man was in the lockup and wondering what sort of a transformation had taken place. He had on him a rifle, a shotgun, two revolvers, a single barreled pistol, two knives and a tomahawk, and yet no one

horn and is cross eyed and has hair like bristles. He relates that he saw Mr. Clark waiting while yet half a mile away, and when he had decreased that

distance one-half our agricultural man Town Was Not Painted Red as In Days uttered a yell. It was one of his ordinary yells around the effice to summon the copy boy, but it lifted Editor Clark into the saddle and started him for home at a gallop, and though he was pursued and coaxed and entreated to stop he only made the pace the hotter. He will probably try to get out of it by saying we sent a band of assassins to do him up, but that won't wash. Mr. Clark is an ignoramus and a duffer, and the first time we happen over to Grass Valley we shall lead him around a block by the nose and demand an ample apology for the trouble he has made us.

M. QUAD.

End of His Romance.

"Men promise so much," said the maiden, with a little sigh. "One never knows how far one may trust them. I dare say," she continued, drawing circles on the carpet with the toe of her shoe and looking at him pensively, "you would agree to buy me some day a bicycle of the very latest and best pattern if I should listen to your protestations

"Mabel Millsap," exclaimed the young man, seizing her hand, "if it will bring me the slightest claim on your favor, I will bring you within two

she said, clasping her hands together miles away, that he would enter Give- and flashing a radiant smile at the infatuated youth.

Without a word he put his hat on his head and rushed out into the garish, mocking, unsympathetic glare of a cold, raw, east windy afternoon The pneumatic tire of his bopes had collapsed forever. - Chicago Tribune.

Dementia.

He-What is a crank? She--Why, a person with one idea. "Would you call me a crank?" "Why, no. I never gave you credit was hurt. Up to a year ago old John for having one idea."-Yonkers States-psed to hold no the town regularly once man

STORIES OF STETSON.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MEN EVER IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Eutertaining-Stetson Was a Source of Fun Outside of Theatrical Circles as Well as Within Them.

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorous silver spoon in his mouth. Uninterrupted good fortune as a humerist smiles on him through life, and that, too, with no seeming effort of his own. He somehow acquires an early reputation for saying or doing funny things, which, once gained, nothing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe Miller, but no literary scholar believes that he originated all the jests in his alleged book. Anybody can think for himself of two or three similar examples in the present half century, and, even so, it is not likely that John Stetson ever really said all or half the amusing things that were attributed to him. They were good stories, some of them, and they were told of Stetson, just as the story of fiddling while Rome burned was told of Nero, not because they were true, but to show what kind of man

Stetson was. The stories which it was thought proper to fix upon John Stetson were those which exhibited any bread, comchensive and picturesque ignorance. He was an ignorant man no doubt-ignorant enough, perhaps, to say all the things that it was ever said that he said, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard colege and excited great comment throughout the country. It was discussed one evening at a dinner at which Stetson was present, and he cheered the company by announcing that he had contracted with Sophocles for the writing of a new play to be produced by him

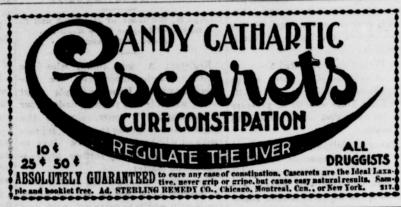
the following season. This story belongs in the same class as a somewhat more elaborate one. Stetson once took possession of a new theater and discovered in the lobby a picture that did not meet his artistic "Take that picture down," he said.

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody remonstrated, "that picture was painted by Michael Angelo."

"Michael who?" said Stetson. "Michael Angelo."

"Well, take it down," said Stetson, 'and discharge Angelo. I won't have any of these foreign scene painters around my theater; I'm going to employ Americans."

A Life Saved. A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH. Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Karrative.



M'CLELLAN'S WARHORSE. omething About Usn, the Only Charger the General Rode.

the course. He was an extremely hand-

ordinary horse sense. Dan was a very

commander's charger-but a disagree-able accomplishment so far as his staff

eral were kept on a slow trot.

horse, usus

rith

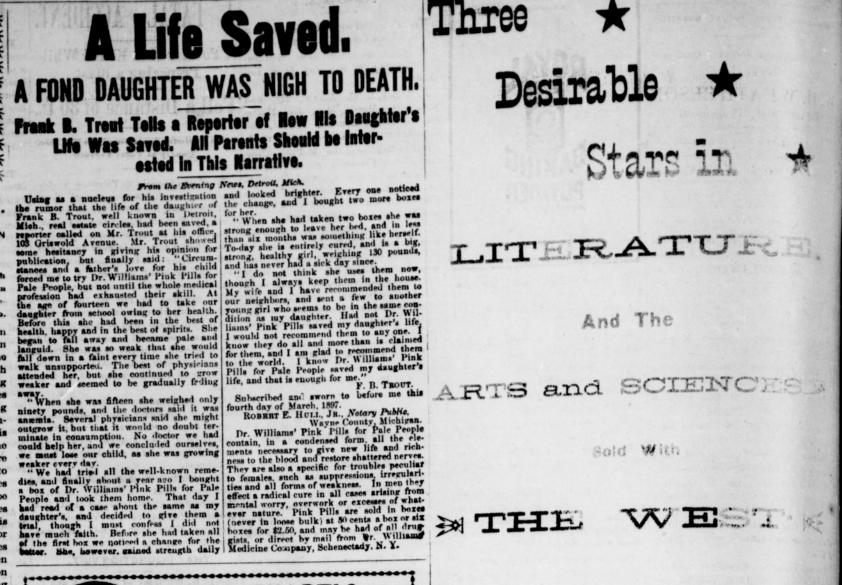
WANTED-FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon Salary \$780 and expenses. Position General McClellan's favorite warpermanent. Reference. Enclose selfcalled Dan, was a dark addressed stamped envelope. The bay, about 17 hands high, well bred, National. Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago. good action and never showing signs of fatigue, no matter how long

SLAUGHTER OF DEER.

some, showy animal, with more than Game Killed In Montana by Sportsm Just For the Fun of the Thing.

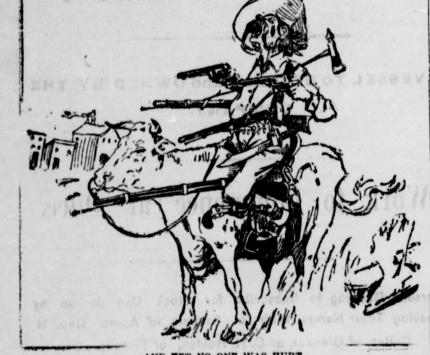
fast walker-an important requisite in a W. H. Wright tells in Recreation where much of Montana's game has gone. He says:

were concerned, as their horses in gen-"I have known two self called sportsmen to leave Spokane for two days, and After the war Dan became the family on returning tell of having killed 63 horse at General McClellan's country deer, a story the rauchmen at whose home in Orange, and seemed to be proud home they put up corroborated. That of his position, performing his duties was years ago. It would take a long well and easily. On one occasion, when driven to a neighboring estate by two hunt there now to kill 63 deer. I once knew a man to go and make a winter ladies of the general's family, and left camp and kill over 100 deer, which he untied, as usual, at the door, Dan came hung up. He tried to sell them where to the conclusion that they had remained they hung, but failed. He went east ong enough for an afternoon call, so, somewhere, where he lived, and I've w more time there.



Scientific American.

in who are engaged in any of the mechanical pursuits can succeed without reading and studying this standard Magazine of Sciences and mechanical Arts. It is illustrated with all modern cuts of latest inventions in all the branches of mechanism, and its fund of knowledge is inseparably connected with inventors and mechanics. Sold with THE WEST at clubbing rates.



AND TET NO ONE WAS HURT.

His Busines They sat in silence for some time "Of what are you thinking?" he final

She blushed and fidgeted uneasily in

"Never mind, " she returned sharply

"It's your business to propose, not

A New Application.

One on the Joker.

within there! Room for the mon

Uncle Eben's Wisdom.

Perils of the Heated Spell.

Another Way of It.

the waters she expects it to come back a

Berrying With Jane.

Berrying With Jane. The daistes are nodding away The daistes are nodding away The daistes are nodding away The daistes are wild and the daistes are wild be determined day. And down through the blowing blossom And ower the gray stone stile Constant of the berry basket, Ber eyes alight with a smite. And the trivials the glory of the rasperrite's family firs, And i fill her brimming basket, With she fills my soul with destre. And have ands the fruit to the eity, be are it brings the dolf are given. And Asive ands the fruit to the eity, be are it brings the dolf are gray. - New York Telegram.

wedding cake. "--Pick Me Up.

'Do you think Miss Flyte a flirt?"

"Well, when she casts her bread on

"Any heat prostrations in your part

"-Tit-Bits.

-Washington Star.

a month and had come to look upon it as his privilege. He can't understand why old times have passed away and a ly asked. new deal has taken place. When given his liberty Thursday morning, he broke her chair for a minute. down and wapt, and he solemnly assured us that he should buy a barrel of whisky and a bag of meal and never mine."-Chicago Post. leave his cave again except to hang himself. We feel sorry for the old man and a few others like him, but who can stop the march of civilization?

A Regrettable Occurrence.

Thursday evening last Mrs. Major wrong to do such a thing? Hopkins gave a very recherche affair at her residence on Cochise place, and that it ended in a lamentable manner is not put asunder. "-Brooklyn Life. in the least her fault. Indeed it was the fault of a man who was invited to be present through accident, and whose conduct proved that he would have been more at home in a cowboy camp. the conductor, "Is the ark full?" refer to the so called Colonel Clay, who has been hanging about town for the or, last four weeks and claiming to be inho, terested in mines. As we are the ackey knowledged leader of society in Giveadam Gulch we were, of course, asked to lead the german. When everything was ready, the colonel instructed us that the first movement was a double shuffle. We disputed him, and he called us a liar. Owing to the presence of ladat his dog is 'is mos' faithful friend.' dies we ignored him, but he turned to Mr. Davis, Captain Scott and others and made himself so offensive that he was finally knocked down and dragged outdoors. In the struggle he pulled his of the city?" gun and sent a bullet into the leg of ex-Judge Holden, inflicting a severe wound. This broke up the party, and the colonel was given one hour in which to get out of town. He got, and it will be wise in him not to return. We are not exactly up to Fifth avenue style out here, but we know when to doubleshuffle and when to prance. The whole town is sorry today that the man was not hanged instead of being allowed to ride AWar.

A Flying Editor.

We do not know the editor of the Grass Valley Banner in a personal way. We simply know that his name is Clark and that he is more competent in a mental way to pound sand than to edit a newspaper. We said so a few days ago, after looking over his last issue, which was a disgrace to civilization, and he sent us a note daring us to meet him at the crossing of Panther crock at moon on Friday. We had intended to ge, but at the last moment some im-

This so amused those who heard it that they at once told the incident to friends of Stetson and themselves, and among them was Jack Haverly, the famous negro minstrel manager. Haverly did not laugh when he heard it, but simply looked puzzled. He thought for a few moments, and then a faint mile came into his face, and he said, "Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such peron as Michael Angelo!"

This answer was thought good enough to take back to Stetson, who, it was assumed, must have taken pains in the meantime to inform himself of the history of art sufficiently to understand it. "What do you think, Stetson?" said his friend. "We have told Jack Haverly what you said about Michael Angelo, and he said, 'Oh, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!" "

Stetson looked blank in his turn for a noment and then received his own little illumination as to the humor of the "Why, the ignorant old fool," thing. he said : "of course he ought to have said, 'There isn't any such person as Michael Angelo,' "

This story again recalls another with S. S. Teacher-I read in the papers of some naughty boys who cut off a cat's a similar touch in it. The conversation once turned on a clever passage in W. J Florence's old play, "The Mighty Dollar," in which Bardwell Sloat extail. Can any of you tell me why it's Willy-Cause the Bible says, "What poses his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in God hath joined together let no man "Yes," said Stetson, "that is Venice. clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they A humorist leaps gayly upon the step don't have anything but omnibuses and of an omnibus and cries cheerfully to mule carts." This fable found its way into print again only a few weeks be-"No. sir," replies the jovial conduct-

fore Mr. Stetson's death. "we have kept a seat for you What What do you think of So-and-so?" Stetson asked of a friend, naming one of the actors of his company. He meant to ask what his friend thought of the way the actor was playing the part in "When I sees how good some people which he was then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask treats pet animals an how bad dey treats human folks," said Uncle Eben, "hit what manner of man he thought him. doesn' s'prise me ter hyah somebody say So he answered, "He's well enough, only he seems to me to be a little too pedantic.

This struck Stetson as a good word, and he stored it up in his memory for future use. A few days later, when he "Yes, one-man knocked another man down for asking him if it was hot enough for him."-Chicago Becord. met the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pe-

dantic as you usually do. Sometimes Mr Stetson's expressions amounted to epigrams. It will be remembered that when Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was first done in this country at the New Park theater, now the Herald Square, it was a dreadful failure. It was clearly and obviously so to anybody who saw any considerable part of it, even if he were ordinarily a bad judge of such things, and Stetson was not a bad judge He had secured the rights to the opera for New England, and he had paid a good deal of money for them. He went to the New Park on the first night to see and heat what his property looked and sounded like. After the first act he strode out into the lobby and somebody heard him mut ter : " 'Gondoliers?' 'Gondoliers?' H'ta' Gone dollars!"-New York Tribune

he trotted back to his stable, carefully turning out to pass carriages and other vehicles met on the way home. Dan died and was buried in Orange.

The general said of him: "Dan was one of those horses that could trot all day long at a very rapid gait, which kept all other horses at a gallop. He earned from the aids the title of 'that devil Dan'-a name that he justified on many a long and desperate ride before I gave up the command of the Army of the Potomac. Dan was the best horse I ever had. He was never ill for an hour, never fatigued, never disturbed under fire. The dear old fellow survived the war for many years, dying at a ripe old age in 1879. No matter how long we might be parted-once for nearly four years-he always recognized me the moment we met again and in his own way showed his pleasure at seeing me. Even on the day of his death, which was a painless one, he still attempted to rise and greet me, but, unable to do so, he would lean his head against me and lick

my hand. No soldier ever had a more faithful horse than I had in Daniel Webster."-Our Animal Friends.

YOUNG MEN'S POPULARITY. Amiability, Kindliness, Manliness, Integ-

rity, Are Its Foundation.

To the query, Are young men who cannot, from religious convictions, play cards, dance or attend the theater apt to be popular with young women of refinement and education who indulge in such amusements? Edward W. Bok, in 'Problems For Young Men'' in The Ladies' Home Journal, responds:

"Why, certainly. Why not? The amusements in which a man indulges have nothing to do with his outward attractiveness or popularity. It is the way in which a young man carries himself in his deportment that makes or mars his popularity with girls or men. One of the most popular and delightful fellows I know in New York has never been inside of a theater, although he is 35 years of age. Nor has he ever danced or played cards. He was a personal

or friend for ten years before I knew that his religious principles precluded his indulgence in these amnsements. His se cret is that he does not carry his convictions on his sleeve for everybody to rub against. And of his popularity with women, young and mature, I can assure you absolutely. He reads about the new

plays and can, therefore, talk about them if they come up in conversation. If asked if he has seen a certain actor or play, he merely replies in the nega-Never does he force his convictions upon others. A young man's popularity with either sex rests upon something more than his forms of amuse ment. Amiability of manner, kindliness, a pleasant address, a manly out look on life, honorable principles-all hese go far toward insuring popular

All trees have seeds. In some, how ver, the seeds are so small in proper ion to the size of the tree that they altogether escape ordinary notice.

never heard of him since. He claimed to have killed 100, but I counted 150 lowing spring.

While going from Palmer's lake, in Washington, to the Salmon river I pass ed through Toatscoulee and stopped overnight near a small lake on which was camped a party of hunters. It would have been easy to load a four horse wagon with the heads of deer alone that were piled up in one place. There were deer carcasses all about the camp

"I could name more than 50 of such hunters who have killed thousands of deer and left them where they fell. Only last winter two men left Spokane and killed 83 deer in Idaho, not bringing out a pound of meat to show for it. 'I have seen many Indian hunts, one of which resulted in the death of over 400 deer, but not one of the deer was wasted. The Indians hunt and then eat the meat before they bunt again. They kill to eat, but the whites kill for fun. Last spring one man in the Bitter Root valley killed seven elk without stirring from his track. Not one was saved.

Tennyson and His Wife. Tennyson was devoted to his wif

but, like a man of true taste. very little about his feeling for her. That beautiful dedication beginning, "Dear, near and true," is that bit of his writing which will be most often associated with her name. She was a shrewd critic of her husband's work. Tennyson has been accused of inability to fuse the different portions of a long poem, and the difference in style between "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur" and the other "Idylls of the King" has been cited in illustration. Concerning this difference Lady Tennyson said to her son only two days before her death, "He said 'The Coming of Arthur' and 'The Passing of Arthur' are purposely simpler in style than the other idylls as dealing with the awfulness of birth and death, and she wished this statement of the poet to be put on record in her son's biography of his father .- New York Tribune.

A Queer Coin.

Fully half of the grown up people of France believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver 5 franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation. They say that the people did not want the 5 franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for it Napoleon resorted to the device mentioned. The check or treasury order, it is said, was written upon asbestus paper and inclosed in the metal at the time the coin was made. Thousands of 5 franc pieces are annually broken open and have been so inspected since the story of the check was first circulated. - New York Journal.

Criticism.

wood and drawer of water.'

execrable."-Detroit Tribune.

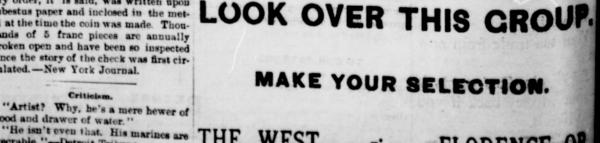
to have killed 100, but I counted 150 parcasses in sight near his camp the fol-

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THE ARENA -

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by thea. They master us and force us into the arena, Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Such is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.



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