

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

OLD JOHN STARK COMES TO TOWN WITH AN ARSENAL.

But Givensam Gulch Was Chagned and the Town Was Not Painted Red as in Days of Yore—Said Mischap 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 bear-trap he sends back word that it is his busy day. If you want to see a western 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 myself) received word the other day from old John Stark, who lives in a cave 25 miles away, that he would enter Givensam 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 was hurt. Up to a year ago old John used to hold up the town regularly once

important business came in and we sent our new agricultural editor in our place. He has a voice like a two ton fog 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 uttered a yell. It was one of his ordinary yells around the office 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 pretensions."

"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 hours any wheel you want and make you a present of it."

"Then bring me the Ferris wheel," she said, clasping her hands together 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 hopes 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 for having one idea."—Yonkers Statesman



AND YET NO ONE WAS HURT.

a month and had come to look upon it as his privilege. He can't understand why old times have passed away and a new deal has taken place. When given his liberty Thursday morning, he broke down and wept, and he solemnly assured us that he should buy a barrel of whisky and a bag of meal and never 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 Hopkins gave a very recherche affair at her residence on Coehne place, and that it ended in a lamentable manner is not 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 cow-boy camp. We refer to the so-called Colonel Clay, who has been hanging about town for the last few weeks and claiming to be interested in mines. As we are the acknowledged leader of science in Givensam 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 ladies 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 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 double-shuffle and when to prance. The whole town is sorry today that the man was not hanged instead of being allowed to ride away.

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 pen-ual 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 creek at noon on Friday. We had intended to go, but at the last moment some im-

His Business.

They sat in silence for some time.
"Of what are you thinking?" he finally asked.
She blushed and fidgeted uneasily in her chair for a minute.
"Never mind," she returned sharply. "It's your business to propose, not mine."—Chicago Post.

A New Application.

S. S. Teacher—I read in the papers of some naughty boys who cut off a cat's tail. Can any of you tell me why it's wrong to do such a thing?
Willy—Cause the Bible says, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."—Brooklyn Life.

One on the Joker.

A humorist leaps gayly upon the step of an omnibus and cries cheerfully to the conductor, "Is the ark full?"
"No, sir," replies the jovial conductor, "we have kept a seat for you. What he, within there! Room for the monkey."—Tit-Bits.

Uncle Eben's Wisdom.

"When I see how good some people treats pet animals an how bad dey treats human folks," said Uncle Eben, "hit doesn't surprise me ter hyah somebody say dat his dog is 'is mos' faithful friend."—Washington Star.

Perils of the Heated Spell.

"Any heat prostrations in your part of the city?"
"Yes, one man knocked another man down for asking him if it was hot enough for him."—Chicago Record.

Another Way of It.

"Do you think Miss Flyte a flirt?"
"Well, when she casts her bread on the waters she expects it to come back a wedding cake."—Pick Me Up.

Berriying With Jane.

There's a soft, smiling wench on the meadow
The daisies are nodding away
The long silent marks of the hours
That drag through the dreaming day
And down through the flowering blossoms
And over the gray stone stile
Comes Jane with her berry basket,
Her eyes alight with a smile.
A smile that rivals the glory
Of the poppies' flaming fire,
And I fill her brimming basket,
While she fills my soul with desire.
And then, when the task is finished,
We part at the old gray gate,
And Jane sends the fruit to the city,
Where it brings 'em dollars a plate.
—New York Telegram.

STORIES OF STETSON.

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

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Entertaining—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 humorist 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 broad, comprehensive 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 did, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Edipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard college 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 taste. "Take that picture down," he said.

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody pointed out, "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."

This 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 smile came into his face, and he said, "Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such person 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 moment and then received his own little illumination as to the humor of the thing. "Why, the ignorant old fool," he said; "of course he ought to have said, 'There ain't any such person as Michael Angelo!'"

This story again recalls another with 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 exposes his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This fable found its way into print again only a few weeks before Mr. Stetson's death.

"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 which he was then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask what manner of man he thought him. 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 met the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pedantic 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 hear what his property looked and sounded like. After the first act he strode out into the lobby and somebody heard him mutter, "Gondoliers? 'Gondoliers? 'H'm! Gone dollars!"—New York Tribune

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 Narrative.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, a reporter called on Mr. Trout at his office, 103 Griswold Avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for publication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and became pale and languid. She was so weak that she would lie down in a faint every time she tried to walk unsupported. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away."

"When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said it was anemic. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt terminate in consumption. No doctor we had could help her, and we concluded ourselves, 'most lost our child, as she was growing weaker every day.'"

"We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and took them home. That day I had read of a case about the same as my daughter's, and decided to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily

and looked brighter. Every one noticed the change, and I bought two more boxes for her.
"When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. Today she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 150 pounds, and has never had a sick day since.
"I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to our neighbors, and sent a few to another young girl who seems to be in the same condition as my daughter. Had not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my daughter's life, I would not recommend them to any one. I know they do all and more than is claimed for them, and I am glad to recommend them to the world. I know Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my daughter's life, and that is enough for me."
F. B. TROUT.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of March, 1897.
ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, overcare, or excesses of what-matter worry, and restore the system to its normal vigor. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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McCLELLAN'S WARHORSE.

Something About Dan, the Only Charger General McClellan Owned.

General McClellan's favorite warhorse, usually called Dan, was a dark bay, about 14 hands high, well bred, with good action and never showing signs of fatigue, no matter how long the course. He was an extremely handsome, showy animal, with more than ordinary horse sense. Dan was a very fast walker—an important requisite in a commander's charger—but a disagreeable accomplishment so far as his staff were concerned, as their horses in general were kept on a slow trot.

After the war Dan became the family horse at General McClellan's country home in Orange, and seemed to be proud of his position, performing his duties well and easily. On one occasion, when driven to a neighboring estate by two ladies of the general's family, and left unattended, as usual, at the door, Dan came to the conclusion that they had remained long enough for an afternoon call, so, declining to waste any more time there, 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 mids 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, Integrity, 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 friend for ten years before I knew that his religious principles precluded his indulgence in these amusements. His secret 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 negative. Never does he force his convictions upon others. A young man's popularity with either sex rests upon something more than his forms of amusement. Amiability of manner, kindness, a pleasant address, a manly outlook on life, honorable principles—all these go far toward insuring popularity."

All trees have seeds. In some, however, the seeds are so small in proportion to the size of the tree that they altogether escape ordinary notice.
"Artist? Why, he's a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water."
"He isn't even that. His marines are execrable."—Detroit Tribune.

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