

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

OLD JOHN STARK COMES TO TOWN WITH AN ARSENAL.

But Givensdam Gulch Was Changed and the Town Was Not Painted Red as in Days 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 bear-trap 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 ourself) received word the other day from old John Stark, who lives in a cave 25 miles away, that he would enter Givensdam 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 from the city lines. Ten minutes later there were yells and shouts as of a band of warriors, and five minutes after that the man was in the loup 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 on their 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 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 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 wind 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.

He—Would you call me a crank?

She—Why, no I never gave you credit for having one idea.—Yonkers Statesman.

An American Bride.

It was at a wedding supper, and the bride—in a poke bonnet of white chip trimmed with white roses and mull-strings tied in a bow under her chin—sat beside her husband of an hour. He is an Englishman. She is proud of the blood of Bunker Hill heroes, which, she says, is in her veins. The best man, who sat beside the prettiest bridesmaid, is also a Britisher. Two of the ushers were from fair Albion. So what could be more natural than, after drinking the health of the bride and the bridesmaid and the bridesmaids and every one else closely and remotely associated with the festive occasion whom any one could think of, that the bridegroom should say to his fair young wife, "Now, Marguerite, say, 'God bless the queen.'" Immediately a trio of manly voices seconded the motion and glasses were raised to drink to the queen.

The bride, sweet and meek and submissive looking as a white rose, only smiled. "To the health of the queen," repeated the bridegroom. "Say it, my dear." "To the health of us all," said the bride, with a childlike smile. "No, that isn't it. Say to the queen." "No, that isn't it. Say to the queen." "You have promised to honor and obey, you know." "But the little American bride only smiled and shook her head in its Victorian poke bonnet and said, in a voice as gentle as a summer breeze, "No, I won't say it." And she didn't.—New York Commercial.

Women Voters in New Zealand.

In the general election which was held simultaneously with the liquor election the influence of women voters was felt comparatively little, they going in the main with the men. The government of Mr. Seddon was severely attacked because of its financial policy, because it was said to favor class interests and enmities; because it subsidized the press and increased taxation. But the government could undoubtedly show that it had carried into law several far-reaching measures for the improvement of the lot of the workers, and the electors returned it with a majority of about 40 per cent.

Writing of the woman's vote in this election, Sir Robert Stout says in the Australasian Review of Reviews: "It cannot be said that purity of administration or the character of the candidates loomed larger in the eyes of women than in those of men. The prediction that party zeal and partisan feeling would not blind them to the defects of the character of candidates has not been fulfilled. A few members have been returned to the house whose character and women were found supporting them just as much as men. It cannot be said that women were any different in their voting from their husbands' brothers. They were carried away by as much by party cries as the men were, and the party carried them."—London Echo.

Double Shirts Effects.

History repeats itself pearls off in the matter of dress than in any respect. Years ago the fashion of long ranging trimming on the dress skirt to simulate an overdress was merely the stepping stone to the actual overdress, in a worse confounded by mixing the antique and modern in present modes with double skirted effects. We have the overdress skirted and all the new trimmings, and even the bustle is favorably looked upon by many. Whether this all means a return to the heavy draperies, steals in the backs of skirts and bustle effects remains to be seen. However, if negative head shakings on the part of the sensible and content living women and designers can amount to anything, this scare is only for the moment.—Woman's Home Companion.

Women as African Travelers.

This expression, "The pentier sex are tramping through Africa," would be equally inappropriate when applied to women, and so one might in a more "gentle" paraphrase refer to their "waiting" or "proroguing" or "chasing" through the dark continent. Miss Kingsley having visited the cannibals, other ladies seem intent on satisfying their natural curiosity, and accordingly there are to be several belated tellings of women's experiences in the benighted land. Will lady tourists open up Africa? Evidently woman is approaching a higher sphere, but

The Season's Fancies in Belts.

The belts this season are of fine kid, with silver, gilt flange or enameled buckles. The harness belts with severely plain buckles are considered very stylish. A new style of belt has two buckles, one on either side of the front, to make the waist line look smaller. Leather now may be had in all colors, to match all gowns. Black silk belts are most becoming to stout figures, as they fit closely to the form. Slender buckles give a longer waist apparently. Jeweled and enameled belts are dressy, but should never, under any consideration, be worn with cotton shirt waists or cotton gowns. Belts of all kinds are preferred 1 1/2 inches wide.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Vision of Summer.

Among the tea gowns for summer wear is one of pale pink crepe de chine tied in with a mauve sash and with a fluffy bow of mauve at the throat. One of eiel blue muslin is all tucked and flounced in a loose, floating coat over a mauve muslin underdress of the same design. It is a perfect vision of summer. A "tea coat" of old time brocade, with gold stripes and flowery lines of roses and forget-me-nots, is caught in at the waist by a broad black sash which falls on one side. It opens over an underdress of white musceline with narrow ruffles of black.—The Home.

LIKE A MIRACLE

How a Locomotor Ataxia Sufferer Was Cured.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

James Crockett, a sturdy old Scotchman, living in Detroit, Mich., at 88 Montcalm Street, was asked about his wonderful cure.

"First," he said, "I must tell you something of my life before my almost fatal sickness. I was born in Scotland in 1822, and came to this country in 1848. I am a marine engineer by trade. In 1852 I was in the employ of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., and for fifteen years I was chief engineer on one of their big passenger steamers. My first boat was the B. N. Rice, which was burned at the docks. Then I was transferred to the Babie, which was chartered to make the run between Detroit and Cleveland.

"I brought out the new steamer the 'City of the Straits,' and for years acted as her chief engineer. It is a great responsibility, the position of chief engineer on those big passenger palaces. Thousands of lives are held in the keeping of the engineer. The anxiety causes a great nervous strain, and the strictest attention is necessary. Not for a moment may he lose his watchfulness.

"For fifteen years I carefully watched the big engines and boilers without a single accident, and only noticed that I was getting nervous. Suddenly without warning I was taken sick and in less than a week I was prostrated. I had the best of physicians. I grew gradually worse, and at the council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never be able to be up again. They said I had worn myself out by the long nervous strain caused by watching over my machinery. For three long years I was unable to move from my bed without assistance. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to walk again.

"The pains and suffering I experienced during those years are almost indescribable. My wife used to put eight or ten hot water bags around me to keep the pain. Those bags around me and I was given up. The doctor said nothing more could be done for me. 'We tried every known remedy, and my wife kept reading the articles about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to me. Finally she said they cost 50 cents. To please her I consented, and the first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for about two years before I could get strength enough to walk. It came slow but sure, but what I am today is due wholly to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I am nearly seventy-five years old today, and there is not a man in the whole city that can kick higher or walk further than I can today. If any one has locomotor ataxia today, let them come and see me that reads this. Can you tell me a man today in this big city that can do better than that? Mr. Crockett, as he kicked the reporter's hat, while he held high above his head.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People made me what I am today. I only wish I could persuade others to do as I did, and take them before it is too late.

(Signed) "JAMES CROCKETT."

Before me, a Notary Public, personally appeared James Crockett, who signed and swore to the above statement as being true in every particular.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public, Wayne County, Mich.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in tinned glass bottles 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.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It Seemed Fading Away, but Miss Smiff Merely Misunderstood Him.

She had met him at the door with a loving kiss, but a moment later, when they had taken seats in the parlor, she rapidly removed the six engagement rings he had given her and handed them over with the remark:

"Mr. Samuel X. Johnsing, I've frew wid yo' and yo' deccit, and yo can con'ter our engagement dun busted in."

"W-what!" he gasped as the jewelry dropped from his trembling hand and great beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. "Hain't yo' my true lub no mo'?"

"No, sah," she replied coldly. "A man may deceib dis lady once, but de second time she's gwine to discart herself."

"B-but, miah angel," he stammered, "who's bin puttin dis trash in yo' sweet head 'bout me deceibin yo'?"

"No one, sah. I dun seen do hull thing wid my own two eyes."

"B-but how'd I do it, miah lubbly dream, how'd I do it?"

"Mr. Johnsing," she answered, "I'zo mighty young, mighty innocent, and as trustin as a spring chicken, but I'ze got eyes and saw yo' wipin off dat kiss I stowed on yo' as yo' come in dis evening."

"I never did, miah!"—

"Dis am de second time yo' dun dat low down trick, sah, and I can neber trust yo' no mo'. Huh, and only las' night yo' said dese kisses was dearer to yo' dan pigs' feet!"

"B-but"—

"And den yo' wip'e 'em off as if dey was dirt. Mr. Johnsing, leab me while I shed bitter tears over my pore broken heart."

He had been doing a deal of thinking while she was talking, and there was a look of injured innocence on his face as he stood up and said:

"Miss Smiff, sometimes things hain't jes' what dey seem, and dis am one of de times. 'Steard of wipin off dese kisses yo' sp'ak of I was jes' rubbin dem in kase dey was so sweet."

And then the cold look disappeared from Miss "Smiff's" face, the engagement rings were hunted up and restored to her fingers, and the lovenaking that went on in that room during the next hour could have been heard a block away.—New York Sunday Journal.

Two Favorites.

A gentleman walking upon the street was beset at the heels by a yelping black and tan dog, the owner of which, just behind, seemed quite oblivious to his dog's behavior.

Seeing that the woman made no effort to call off the animal, the gentleman turned upon his persecutor and administered a hearty kick, which made the enemy recoil, with his tail between his legs and a loud ki-yi.

"Brats," cried the woman, "to kick a little dog like that! That little creature, sir, is a pet and is unused to such treatment," and she bestowed a freezing glance upon the offender.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied he. "I did not mean to hurt your dog. You should have called him off when he was barking and snapping at my heels."

"He would not have hurt you, sir," replied the woman. "He is a pet."

"I did not care to be bitten by him, notwithstanding that fact, ma'am," returned the gentleman. "I am something of a favorite at home myself."—Youth's Companion.

The Disgusted Chinaman.

The police of San Francisco have recently been enforcing the law prohibiting work on Sunday, especially against Chinese laundrymen. Last Sunday, as a large lot of these offenders was being carted to jail in the police ambulance, a resident of the western addition asked the reason and was informed by a policeman, "Yep," granted a disgusted Chinaman, who stood near, "man workce Sunday, he go jail 'gainst law workce Sunday. Man no workce, he go jail-vag. Amelica heep he—l of county."—Argonaut.

Pain Bread Would Do.

The Lady at the Kitchen Door.—No, I've nothing for you. I find it very hard to make both ends meet these days.

Blazed Bill.—If you will make both ends meet and never mind de meat, I'll be puffery satisfied, num.—Baltimore News.

Anesthesia and Publicity.

Dentist (as the patient opens his eyes)—It's out.

Patient (still dizzy from the gas)—Yes, of course. I never got drunk in my life that it didn't get out.—Detroit News.

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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 whiskey 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 Cochise 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 four weeks and claiming to be interested in mines. As we are the acknowledged leader of society in Givensdam 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 talked us a liar. Owing to the presence of ladies we ignored him, but he turned to Mr. Davis, Captain Scott and others and massily knocked down and dragged outdoors. In the struggle he pulled his gun and sent a bullet into the leg of 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 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 Panther creek at him at the crossing of Panther creek to

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 ho, 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, "but deans' prize me ter hiah somebody say dat his dog is 'is mos' faithful friend."—Washington Star.

Perils of the Heated Spill.

"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.

Harassing With Jane.

There's a soft, smiling warden on the meadow The daisies are nodding away That drag through the dewing daisies And dance through the blowing blossoms And over the gray stone stile Comes Jane with her berry basket. Her eyes slight with a smile A smile that rivals the glory Of the raspberries' beaming fire. And I'll see her brimming baskets, While she fills my soul with desire. And then, when the task is finished, We part at the old gray gate, And Jane a mile the fruit to the city, She'll be seen soon, as she's a