

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some of the Rare Privileges Enjoyed by Western Editors.

We take the following extracts from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker: "EXPLANATORY.—Last week we announced that we were on the trail of J. B. Davis, the Apache avenue grocer, and that this week's issue would contain an expose calculated to startle the community. We had over a column of it in type when Mr. Davis called at the Kicker office and subscribed for the paper and gave us a column ad. for a year. Mr. Davis is not only a genial, whole-souled gentleman, worthy of a place in our best society, but an enterprising, go-ahead citizen who is a credit to the whole State. When you want the best goods at the lowest prices call on him."

"REFORMING SLOWLY.—When we struck this town the chief of police lay drunk on the sidewalk in front of the post-office, and the six patrolmen were playing pool or poker. Any one of the crowd could be bought for half a dollar. We have been pegging away for reform with each issue of the Kicker, and we are pleased to note an improvement. The chief hasn't been drunk for the last fortnight, and yesterday we counted four patrolmen on their beats at one time. All reforms move slowly, but patience and perseverance will accomplish much. We shall keep at it, and we predict that the day will yet come when we shall have a police force which will not fear a drunken Indian nor sell out to a gambler for less than two dollars a sell."

"NOT THIS YEAR.—Considerable anxiety has been expressed by our many friends and well-wishers over the fact that the Kicker did not get the city printing again this year. In answer to all inquiries we reply that we did not want it. The total income last year was ninety-six cents, while we lent over \$15 to the mayor and aldermen and never expect to get a cent back. We can't stand that kind of a racket more than one year."

"SOME OTHER EYE.—We have received several communications from leading citizens asking the Kicker to 'go for Judge of Probate Smith, who has been too befuddled with bad whisky for the last month to attend to business. There is no doubt that the judge ought to be raked fore and aft, but we can't do it just now. We are his creditor for about \$20, and if we opened on him he'd tell us to whistle for our loan. As soon as we get our money back we promise to make the fly, not only in the case of the judge himself, but from the coat of his brother Bill, who is also steeped in liquor and rendering himself a public nuisance. Have patience, gentlemen."—Detroit Free Press.

BUYING A FARM.

Advice to the Land-Hungry in the Older States of the Union.

To one land-hungry I would say: Go slow. Buy within your means, and have some little money to spare. A man owning land can always get credit, because his land can not get away. To the one having a few thousands of dollars and not much farm experience, and yet anxious to own land and go to raising big corn and cabbage, I would say: Put your money in some good savings bank and hire out to some thorough-going, hard-working farmer for a year or two, and more practical, common-sense knowledge will be gained than by reading what others have done for years, and after serving such an apprenticeship, and still anxious to farm, you will know what kind of a farm you want. One of the best kinds of farms to own is a grass farm. Grass land, the world over, stands the highest in value. In Holland such a farm sells for \$1,000 per acre and over, in England from \$500 to \$800 per acre, and in our own country such land is eagerly sought after, and when once gotten is held tightly. Grass holds fertility; it grows the season through. Even in winter its roots reach out and gather in the ammonia contained in the snow and rain. Grow all the grass you can, and keep as much land covered as possible, is the secret of retaining fertility on the farm. Men with large means can purchase what suits their fancy, and can buy what stock and implements they desire, even if prices are high. It is a pleasure for them to do so, and even if they should spend foolishly large sums, it is not wholly lost, as many deserving laboring men are helped and the neighborhood is better for their presence and enterprise.

At present land is low, but it will not continue so. The vast emigration to the West has taken up most of the land suitable for agricultural purposes, and the tide will set in toward us before the year is out. Those that can buy for themselves a few acres of land and pay for it will not be sorry they did so, and those owning large tracts that they can not work at profit, and that hang like a millstone about their necks, should devise means to attract worthy men to buy and settle in their midst, and thus help to make a part of their land more valuable than the whole was formerly. Maryland has one of the most healthful climates and a soil suited to grow almost any crop, and thousands of acres that can be bought extremely low. We have many good, prosperous farmers, and we want many more of the same kind.—Baltimore American.

—There is considerable difference between a key on a seaboard and a C on the keyboard.

PREJUDICED VERDICTS.

Why Jurors Want to Decide in Favor of Poor Clients.

"You would be surprised how little the average jurymen appreciate the importance of his position," remarked a young man who was drawing his pay for a week's jury duty. "I'm not sufficiently well posted in law to say that the whole jury system should be abolished, but my experiences of the last week tell me that it should be radically reformed. On Monday I went to court and found 150 other men, like myself, kept away from their business. It was time for recess when the score or so of excuses had been made to the judge, and the court hadn't been reopened many minutes before we were dismissed for the day. The next morning as each case on the docket was read off a lawyer would get up and ask for an adjournment on some trivial plea or other.

"The jurymen would then be dismissed until the afternoon, and soon after re-assembling would be excused till the next day. This dilly-dallying was kept up the entire week, and although we had nothing to do the days were so broken into that none of us could attend to any private business. The 150 jurymen were divided into two panels. The one I was in tried a single case, and I scarcely think the other panel had anything more to do. The jurymen were paid \$1,500 for their week's work, while the two cases tried were for sums amounting to only \$300. Law comes high, and it seems that the country must have it.

"I have spoken of how little serious attention the average jurymen gives to a case. The one we tried was a suit for \$100. The moment we were locked up in the jury-room one of the men began to boss every thing. 'Boys,' said he, 'I'm an old hand at this business, and have been on more juries than any other man in the city. I'll show you how to go about the case so as to decide it in a few moments, and we can get home in time for supper. I guess you're all for the plaintiff; she's a poor woman, and the other fellow has plenty of dust. If we decide in favor of the plaintiff, we'll only have to agree as to the amount of the verdict, and then the job is done.'

"I was the only one who held out, but all argument was useless. The mere fact that the woman was poor seemed enough to convince the jurymen that she deserved a verdict in her favor. The rich man gets very little fair play in the petty courts, as far as the jury is concerned. The big bugs have influence enough to get excused from jury duty, and they leave the box to be filled by small tradesmen. These jurors are mostly men of such pronounced socialistic tendencies that it is utterly impossible for them to see beyond their own pet theories. They are no doubt honest enough as a rule, but their prejudices are too strong to allow them to judge in a case where labor and capital form the bone of contention."

A lawyer, commenting on the same subject, said that as the judge took a directly opposite view from the jurymen things were rather even up. In a case of poor plaintiff and rich defendant, whatever feeling the judge might have was sure to be against sending the matter to the jury. He knew the jury would be apt to favor the plaintiff, and that meant that the defendant would appeal the case. In that event the judge's decision was not to be reversed, a thing which he would not be likely to relish.—N. Y. Sun.

A TRAINED GOAT.

Its Wonderful Acrobatic Performance to the Music of a Reed.

A traveler in the Holy Land, says Mr. Holder, was one day stopped on the road by an Arab, who said he wanted to show him how his trained goat performed. The traveler, nothing loath at being entertained where such a novelty was hardly to be expected, expressed his willingness, and the performance commenced. The Arab dismounted from a miserable donkey, spread a small carpet upon the ground and called up a demure-looking goat that had been following behind. From a bag the man first took a number of blocks, six inches long, cylindrical in shape and two inches across the top, and placed four upon the carpet at a small distance apart. The goat immediately stepped upon them, carefully putting a foot upon each block. Now the Arab placed in his mouth a small reed musical instrument and began to drone a monotonous air that was evidently appreciated by the goat, as it pricked up its ears and assumed a position of deep attention.

Without stopping his music the Arab then lifted one of the goat's forefeet and slipped under it another cylinder, and repeated the operation under all its hoofs. In this way the goat was gradually lifted until finally the pillars of wood were four feet from the ground, the patient animal preserving its balance perfectly, and appearing as if standing on stilts. That the music, if it could be called music, was an important factor in this performance, was very evident, for the moment it ceased the goat began to waver and tremble; but upon the strains being revived the animal seemed to acquire fresh confidence. When the music entirely ceased it toppled over and fell to the ground.

The next trick, if we may so term it, was to build up the columns in an uneven manner, so that finally they were removed from under the forefeet, the animal standing upon its hind legs on the pillars, three feet in height.—St. Nicholas.

COURT PAGENTRIES.

The Universal Disappearance of Old-Time Pomp and Display of Royalty.

The time seems fast passing away for the frequent great state pageants in which the royal courts of Europe were wont to indulge. It is true that now and then we hear descriptions of gorgeous ceremonies, attended by all the state and show of the olden time, but they become more and more rare as the age advances. Attention is called to the fact by a notable exception to it which was recently seen at the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg. The Russian New Year comes eleven days later than ours, and is preceded, according to the rules of the Russian Church, by a very strict fast of six weeks. Then all the pomp of the Imperial court is displayed as the new year opens. On the last of these occasions the festivity was observed with quite as much splendor as in earlier days. It was half European, half Oriental. The costumes and uniforms were dazzling and varied, and Cossacks and Siberians vied with European Russians in the brilliancy and gorgeousness of their displays.

The halls of the Winter Palace, says a graphic account, "were converted, by means of rare tropical plants, into gardens of delicious verdure; the mellow sheen of thousands of wax candles contrasted with the brilliancy of the electric light, shining on buffets heaped high with the coronation plate, and a background of supper tables was laden with native and exotic delicacies."

Such scenes, which were once not uncommon at European courts, are now rarely presented at any except the Russian court.

In England a gorgeous state pageant is in these days rare indeed. On the occasion of her jubilee, a year and a half ago, indeed Queen Victoria made a brilliant celebration, at which Kings and Princes attended in a glittering flock; but even then it was noticed the Queen did not wear the great crown of Britain, which, with the Koh-i-noor gleaming in the center, visitors to the Tower of London see inclosed in glass.

Paris has not witnessed any very splendid pageant for more than twenty years. Parisians who remember the display of Napoleon III., when, in 1867, he was visited in turn by nearly every crowned head of Europe, and by at least one Asiatic potentate, can find nothing that has taken place since to equal it. France is Republican, and since the downfall of the Empire has become less ostentatious.

It used to be the boast of Spain that the court of Madrid was the only great court in Europe. "Madrid es sola corte," the Spaniards used proudly to declare in their musical tongue; but the glories of the old Spanish court have pretty much passed away. There is still a more stiff and rigid ceremony, indeed, at the Madrid palace than in any other, and a host of royal servants pass daily through a strict routine; but even coronations and royal baptisms are performed with far less brilliancy of ceremony than formerly.

It is said that the present King of Italy lives in almost as modest a simplicity as his father, Victor Emmanuel, did before him. Certain it is that Rome rarely witnesses a great royal pageant, while it is deprived, to some extent at least, of the stately parades made by the Pope and his Cardinals when he was the temporal ruler of the Eternal City.

The German pageants of the modern day are, for the most part, great military reviews and maneuvers, designed to set forth the armed prowess of the Empire, and the same may be said of those of the Austrian court.

With the more democratic age is vanishing the old-time pomp and display of royalty, as if it were felt that such display is out of place at a period when the people are taking a greater share in the Governments, and at a period, also, when immense sums of money are needed by the sovereigns in order to keep up their huge military armaments.—Youth's Companion.

English Walking Jackets.

Jackets are so becoming to fine figures that they are always liked to wear over dresses that are made without redingotes. Piping of a contrasting color of cloth or else a piping of gilt braid will edge these jackets. The Directoire revers, short and broad, are turned over at the top to disclose a vest of cloth of lighter color in some jackets, while others have long rolling revers extending to the end of the fronts of the jacket, and disclosing a vest of lighter cloth nearly covered with applique designs, curves, arabesques, flowers, etc., done in cloth of a darker shade and edged with feather braid. The Empire belt four or five inches wide is placed across the vest of many jackets, disappearing under the revers, and is usually of cloth elaborately braided. The Directoire capes, or three deep collars, the largest reaching only to the shoulder tips, are on other jackets, and are especially liked in dark green cloth, with yellow cloth piping or else gilt braid on the edge of the capes; the same pipings are used on drab or brown cloth capes, while silver braid edges those of gray cloth.—Harper's Bazar.

—The old lady went to the theater for the first time. The play was "Julius Caesar." "Waal," she said afterwards, "I've hearn tell that the theater were bad, but I think it's wuss than bad. It's nothin' but crime to kill all them fellers just to amuse the audience, and it oughter be put a stop to."—Harper's Bazar.

PUBLIC SALARIES.

The Pay Received by Some of the More Prominent Government Officials.

The comfortable and high-salaried positions of this land are perhaps not quite so numerous in proportion to the number of offices to be held, yet they are respectable in their total. Of course every body knows that the salary of Cabinet officers is \$8,000 a year. Next to those perhaps come the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, which pay \$7,500 a year. There are five of them. There are the positions of Assistant Secretaries in the various departments. The men who fill these places rank next to the head of the departments and get from \$3,500 to \$4,500 salary. There are about a dozen of these places, and the responsibility is great and the work hard. The head of the marine hospital service gets \$6,000.

The heads of the various divisions and bureaus in the Treasury get from \$2,500 to \$4,500. There about twenty of these places. Nine positions as Assistant Treasurer pay from \$4,000 to \$8,000. The New York sub-Treasurer gets more than the Treasurer himself, the salary of the sub-Treasurer being \$8,000, the same as a Cabinet officer. Those at Boston and San Francisco get \$5,000, the same as a Congressman gets. There are a pretty good lot of plums in the internal revenue service. The Commissioner gets \$6,000 and twenty or more of the collectors about \$4,000 a year. The customs service is equally interesting. The collector of customs of New York gets more than a Cabinet officer, or in fact more than any Government official on duty in this country, except the President and possibly the General of the army and Admiral of the navy. His salary of \$12,000 per year makes (coupled with the usual patronage) that position of more value than almost any other in the service. There are dozens more of customs collectors whose salaries range from \$8,000 downward, and many other positions of about a like value.

In the Interior Department there is an Assistant Secretary at \$4,000, head of the geological survey at \$6,000, Commissioner of Railroads and of Indian Affairs at \$4,000 each, Commissioner of Education at \$3,000, Commissioner of Patents and Pensions at \$5,000 each, general land office \$4,000 and assistant commissioners at \$3,000 and \$3,600 each. Then there is an army of outside men under the Interior Department getting good pay, surveyors general, special agents, registers and receivers, and a lot more of them "too numerous to mention."

In the Post-office Department there are "favors" for the political german in large numbers. The assistant postmaster generalships pay \$1,000 each, the New York postmaster gets as much as a Cabinet officer, and there are about a hundred post-offices paying salaries of from \$3,000 to \$6,000, beside a lot of good-paying places in the department and on the road as general agents and that sort of thing. The Post-office Department alone has about 60,000 officials, great and small, to conduct its immense business.

In the Department of Justice is the Solicitor-General at \$7,000 a year, an Assistant Attorney-General at \$5,000 and another at \$4,000, solicitor of internal revenue at \$4,500, and so on. And then the marshals and district judges and circuit judges, who are numbered by the score, and even hundreds, and whose salaries run from \$2,600 to \$6,000.

The Government printer gets \$4,600, the district commissioners \$5,000 each, the secretary of the Senate \$7,000, the sergeant-at-arms \$4,320, clerk of the House \$5,400, librarian of Congress \$4,000, private secretaries of the President \$5,000, Civil-Service Commissioners \$3,500 each, and so on. There are nearly 150,000 positions under the Government.—N. Y. Graphic.

FLOWERS AS EMBLEMS.

Historical and Political Significance Attached to Them.

The violet was chosen by the adherents of Napoleon as their badge during his exile in Elba (1814-15). Meeting a stranger, one would ask: "Aimez-vous la violette?" [Do you love the violet?] An ignorant person might answer simply, "Oui." [Yes.] But one in the secret would add, "Bien!" (well), and would receive the countersign: "Elle reviendra au printemps." [It will return in the spring.] From the time of his departure Napoleon was toasted as Corporal or General Violet. His friends wore rings or ribbons of violet color. A popular design was a group of violets so drawn that a practiced eye could discover in two large ones the likenesses of Napoleon and Marie Louise, while a smaller one displayed the features of their son, "the King of Rome." After the battle of Waterloo the wearing of violets was considered treasonable. It has been well said of the flower that, "springing in obscurity and retaining its perfume in death, it was a wonderful emblem of him who rose from the valleys of Corsica to the throne of the golden lilies, and whose name has been a spell of power long after he has ceased to breathe the air of earth."

The fondness of the late Emperor William of Germany for the corn flower has caused it to be commonly known by the name of Kaiserblume (the Emperor's flower). It was associated with tender memories of his noble mother, Louisa of Prussia. Her enemy, Napoleon, expressed his opinion of her talents when he characterized her as "the only man in the family," and said, on hearing the news of her death: "The King of Prussia has lost his best Minister." When fleeing

OUTWARD MOURNING.

The Custom of Wearing Craps for Long Periods Falling Into Disuse.

We go through a great deal of false sentiment and false politeness in the matter of our funeral ceremonies and our mourning attire. In the youthful days of our present sexagenarians the mark of mourning—a piece of black crape around the sleeve of a colored coat—was reserved for the army only. Army and navy officers alone might make this modest manifestation stand in lieu of the glossy sables and deep hat-bands of civilians. There was a howl, as well as a sneer, when these civilians adopted the military custom, and on the sleeve of a colored coat stitched a black band to denote the death of a dear friend or near relation. Howls and sneers notwithstanding, the custom gained ground, and is now recognized, adapted and approved of.

There are many who set their faces against the excessive mourning of bygone times. No longer do all widows even think it necessary to clothe themselves in crape, and the life-long obligation of the widow's cap, like the life-long obligation of the widow's black, is at an end. Those who like to cling to the ancient methods have their will and do their pleasure, but those who do not—those who carry death in their hearts and do not care to show it to the world—or those who really are not deeply afflicted—may dispense with mourning altogether, if they have the mind. Simple black answers all the purpose, and the term for this is greatly curtailed. We no longer feel that we owe it to the memory of the dear dead to make ourselves uncomfortable, and to spend money on mere show—on mere signs and symbols—to gratify the watching world. Deep in our hearts we bear the sacred image—we keep alive the holy flame. We have loved that noble man, that pure-souled woman—the father, the husband, the glorious brother, the mother who bore us, and the sister who was our cradle playmate. We have loved for all our life; we shall love to the hour of death. But need we then clothe ourselves in crape and woolen, and mark ourselves "bereaved" as by a placard pinned to our breast? Far better and more suitable—aye, and sometimes far more sincere, too—the unobtrusive acceptance of the inevitable—the quiet cherishing of secret sorrow—the close concealment of the sacred love. The sorrow lies there, and we do not wish to show it to the world as a beggar unfolds his sore. We do not wish to be questioned nor condescended to. Who can comfort us? No one! What good does it do us or the world to flaunt our grief in crape and weepers in the face of the curious, the unsympathetic, the critical? Too much! or "too little"—"too soon left off" or "too long kept on"—"the fashion too smart for mourning" or "the depth ridiculous for the occasion." Do we want to run the gamut of all our dead friends' criticisms? Far better the slightest indication that is possible—so slight as to escape general notice—than this which attracts general attention?—Duchess of Rutland, in London Queen.

JED HANKS' WIFE.

Chosen first of heart and chief, Od Edna's native shamrock.

—Harper's Bazar.

JED HANKS' WIFE.

A Woman Who Didn't Propose to Carry Her Cross in Silence.

Unlovely as the character of the scolding woman is, there is some excuse for her infirmities of temper when they have been developed by years of association with that sore trial, a shiftless, improvident husband so lacking in pride and manliness as to allow his wife to support him and their children. Jed Hanks was such a man and his wife, Matilda, had been made a most accomplished scold by his shiftlessness, which was all the more trying because of the fact that Matilda was an energetic and ambitious woman.

Jed was meekness itself, but his mildness only made matters worse, for nothing so tries the temper of an angry woman as serene calmness on the part of the person at whom her anger is directed. Jed's defense and anger seldom went beyond a mild: "Sho now, Tilly."

"Well, why can't you be the sixteenth part of a man, then?" Matilda would burst out. "I'd be ashamed of myself if I was you, Jed Hanks!"

"Now, Tilly, you're getting excited."

"Excited! Excited, Jed Hanks! Well, haven't I reason for being excited? Wouldn't a brass woman get excited if she had to support a shiftless man and six children?"

"Tilly, Tilly, try to be calm."

"Oh, calm! It looks like being calm, don't it, with not a thing in the house but a little flour and a handful of tea, and you lying on the grass all day long and not even cutting me a little stove-wood? And yet you say for me to be calm!"

"Well, now, Tilly, what's the use o' makin' sech a to-do over it? We'll git along."

"Oh, yes, 'we'll git along!' We'll kill the bear, won't we? I declare to mercy, Jed Hanks, if you ain't enough to drive a woman crazy! Where's your grit? Where your spirit? You simply haven't got any and you know it."

"Well then, Tilly, what's the use of tellin' me so?"

"Oh, I'll tell you so! I'll tell you so ev'ry day of your shiftless life, and forty times a day, Jed Hanks!"

Poor Matilda! she has her unfortunate counterpart in many wives of today who can not suffer in silence the crosses they must daily bear, and who would be better wives if their husbands were better men.—Youth's Companion.

—Charles E. Boles is the real name of the famous California highwayman generally known as "Black Bart." At the breaking out of the war he was living in Decatur, Ill., and joined the One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois regiment, was made sergeant and served three years, gaining some distinction for bravery. Returning home in 1865, he disposed of his farm, locating his wife and three small children—all girls—in the little town of Olney, Ill., and then started for Montana. From all information his domestic relations were peculiarly happy. His wife is described by her neighbors as an estimable woman, and the children he left behind him were bright and unusually pretty. For many years he has been a terror to the stage companies and travelers in the mountains of California.

ARMY-WORM REMEDIES.

How to Stop the Increase of This Destructive Agricultural Pest.

The army worm, according to Mr. Lawrence Bruner of the Nebraska Experiment Station, has appeared in that State in threatening numbers; and as a means of checking its increase he makes the following suggestions in a recent Station Bulletin:

Chief among the remedies adopted for keeping in check the increase of this pest is the burning of old grass, stubble and other like receptacles for the eggs and hibernating larvae. Perhaps this accounts for the absence of the pest from our frontier settlements in this and other Western States for the past twenty years and more, the customary fall and early spring prairie fires having destroyed such eggs and larvae as would otherwise have entered upon the spring and summer campaigns. This is a preventive before the pest has "materialized." The burning should be postponed until spring has well advanced, to be of most benefit. During late years, the increase of area cultivated, and the prevention of starting fires on the prairies, especially in the "cattle districts" of the Northwest, has perhaps been the direct cause for the presence of this insect in injurious numbers.

Ditching, rolling, plowing, etc., are remedies that can be used advantageously now. Ditching and fencing can be resorted to in preventing the worms from passing from one field to another. Fence boards set on edge and saturated with kerosene will effectually check an advancing column, after which they can be destroyed by crushing. Ditching, with the opposite side of the ditch from the advancing host "dug under," will "corral" the worms for the time being, when they can be destroyed by crushing, or by covering them with hay or straw and setting fire to it. Poisoning with London purple and Paris green has also been resorted to with good results; but as long as other and less dangerous methods do not fail, it is advisable not to resort to these. Grass or grain that has been sprayed with these poisons should never be fed to stock, as there is danger of poisoning animals so fed.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Mr. William C. Smith and Miss Mary White were very successfully married at the home of the bride's parents last night, "was the rather unusual way in which a young reporter began an account of a wedding, which was at least one instance of marriage not being a failure.