More Than His Match.

A gentleman had his pocket picked of his purse in the waiting room of a railway station and determined to have his revenge. Accordingly he put in his pocket an old leather purse containing nothing but a scrap of paper on which were written these words, "Sold for once, you scamp!" and proceeded to the same station at the busiest time of the day and waited with the full intent of giving in charge the first pickpocket who might come his way. Twenty minutes passed. Tired of waiting he started to go home, but first he thought he would see if the purse was all right. He opened it, and, oh! stupefaction! instead of the white paper which he had inserted there was a piece of blue paper on which were the words, "What a silly joke!" written in pencil.—Intransigeant.

Turin proposes an international exhibition in 1904.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A Terrible Threat.

A janitor in a blue shirt was cleaning the windows of a bank at Broadway and Park place the other day after office hours, when a tramp came along, who, after eying him a few moments with envy, yelled to him:

"Hello, there, you chap in the bank, can't you throw a fellow out a little money? I'm clean broke, and almost anything would be welcome."

The janitor went on cleaning the windows. He heard what the tramp said, but wouldn't admit it.

The tramp paused a few moments and then yelled: "Come, now, don't be a hog. There must be a million dollars in there, and all you've got to do is to chuck a bundle of it out. Are you going to do it or aren't you?"

Still no response.

The tramp began to chafe under the galling hauteur with which he was being treated.

"If you don't give me some of that money, I'll start a report that the bank's in trouble," he yelled. "If ever there was a first rate hog, it's you."

After 10 minutes had elapsed and no one had taken the least notice of the tramp he began to walk slowly away. As he reached the gutter he turned round, shook his fist at the window cleaner and muttered:

"When the commune is declared, any one who wants money will only have to walk into a bank and ask for it. I'll be there, my beauty, when the day comes, and I'll point you out to the fellow citizens as an insolent and bloated symbol of wealth. You just wait, my friend, till the call to arms is sounded, and you'll find me right on the spot ready to tell what I know about the enemies of the proletariat."—New York Herald.

A Theatrical Dresser.

There is one difference between American and European theaters as marked as their schedule of prices and their ushering system, and that is in the matter of "dressers." The European manager employs about half a dozen dressers who act as body servants of the leading actors in his company and a reregular employees of the house, like gas men, cleaners and scene shifters. The American actor, however, dresses himself or else hires a man to assist him. When he does hire a man, it is usually a fellow player who is "doing" small parts and is glad of the chance to increase his $10 wages by $5 from the leading or heavy man or first comedian.

The dresser has not only to assist in changing his master's costume, a performance requiring great expedition, but makes repairs, folds and puts away the clothing, packs and unpacks the trunks and sees that the dressing table is supplied with paints, wigs, combs and other needful articles. In the European theaters the dresser seldom or never acts, though he is often an actor who has been forced off from the stage by illness, lameness or loss of voice. He is generally prompt, quiet, a little obsequious and hopeful of tips at the end of a run or of a season.—New York Sun.

They Did Not Go to Sleep.

"The itinerary of a Methodist minister may have its unpleasant features," remarked a well known divine to a newspaper man yesterday, "but it has its advantages too.

"There is one little dried up Scotchman who used to be on the southern Ohio conference list who never failed to get even with his congregation. At one station he fared badly, and on the last evening he addressed the church he began, as all settled back to listen with ease:

"'Now, brethren,' he said, 'it is not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done until I get alang wi' my sermon. This is my last one—so wait a wee till I get alang, and then if I'm nat worth hearing sleep awa' wi' ye, and I will not care, but dinnat go before I ha' commenced. Gi' me this one chance!'

"And they were all pretty well awake by that time, so he went on:

"'I shall take for my last text amang ye the two strong words "Know thyself," but I will say before I begin the main discourse that I would nat advise this congregation to make many such profitless acquaintances!'

"You may believe that there was not a snore or a nod in the house that evening."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

DOING ERRANDS BY PROXY.

Polly Has Several Bright Ideas and Finds a Use For Her Stick of Candy.

"Mother," asked Polly, "what does to do a thing 'by proxy' mean?"

"To do it by employing another person to do it in your place."

"But that wouldn't be doing it myself," objected Polly.

"People consider it the same thing," said mother. "If I sent Arthur on an errand, and he asked Harold to go for him because his foot was lame"——

"Arthur hasn't got a lame foot," cried literal Polly.

"We must suppose he had, or that he had the toothache perhaps, and Harold went instead"——

"Harold doesn't like to do errands either; he always makes mistakes," said Polly thoughtfully. Polly had her suspicions of sudden attacks of lameness and toothache.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Perhaps he might hire Harold to go by giving him a piece of candy. If he did that, it would be the same as if he had done the errand himself. He would do it 'by proxy.' Do you understand, Polly?"

"Yes'm," answered Polly as she started up stairs.

"I've got all the candy Aunt Kittie gave me," said Polly to herself, "but Arthur hasn't any. Mother didn't know that."

She pulled open her bureau drawer to taste a bit of the candy. It looked very pink and tasted sweet.

"There's Isabella's dress right under it," exclaimed Polly. "I've been wondering where it could be."

She dragged poor Isabella Angelina by her leg from under the bureau and proceeded to dress her.

"Polly!" suddenly came mother's voice.

"Yes'm."

"You must go to the store for me. Bridget is busy, and I want the fruit for my fruit cake."

Polly laid down Isabella Angelina with a sigh.

"I just hate errands as much as Harold does!"

Her eyes fell upon the candy.

"Perhaps," murmured Polly, nodding her head.

She slipped the candy into her pocket and went down stairs with a demure face.

"Yes'm, yes'm. Raisins, currants, citron and allspice. Why don't you say all spices, mother? It's correcter. There's Harold at the gate!"

She ran after him, and mother, busy with her cake, did not hear the little footsteps which presently pattered up stairs again.

Harold brought in the grocer's parcels.

"How's this, my boy? It was Polly I sent to Mr. Slote's. You've brought me the wrong kind of raisins. These are very poor. No currants at all! Citron and one, two, three packages of cloves, cinnamon and ginger, but no allspice!"

"Dear! dear!" groaned Harold. "It's always the way."

He pushed the pink candy farther into his pocket. It wasn't nearly so sweet as it had been.

"Polly!" called mother.

"Yes'm," said Polly's meek voice from behind the kitchen door.

"I sent you on this errand, Polly."

"Yes'm," lisped Polly again, "and I went, mother, just as you explained. I went 'by proxy.'"

Mother kept her face as straight as she could.

"Indeed, Polly; then what am I to do? Here are the wrong articles. If Harold had done the errand, it would be his fault, but if it is you who have done so badly you must be punished for your carelessness. You tell me you did the errand. What shall I do about it?"

Polly considered the situation.

"Well, I did do that errand, mother; I truly did. I did it 'by proxy.' I paid Harold a piece of candy to go for me."

Then a bright thought struck Polly.

"And don't you think, mother, that if I did your errand 'by proxy,' and you have to punish me for doing it wrong, you ought to punish me 'by proxy' too?"—Harper's Young People.

How Men Act at Fires.

Among the funny incidents of the fire in the Agency building was one in which a tenant occupying an office on the third story rushed up through the smoke to his room after his assistants had put everything into the safe. Seeing that this receptacle was locked, he ordered it opened, and swearing vehemently all the while at the indifference of his help, who made a useless attempt to explain, he ran wildly about, gathered up a couple of newspapers, chucked them into the safe, locked it again and then climbed out by way of the fire escape. When the excitement was over and the safe was unlocked, the papers were found to be a week old and had been used to bring up laundry work in.

Another man threw a waste paper basket full of bonds and mortgages from the window, and spent the next hour gathering up his valuables from the surrounding neighborhood.—Buffalo Express.

Dancing Among Savages.

"Dancing," says Tylor, "may seem to us moderns a frivolous amusement, but in the infancy of civilization it was full of passionate and solemn meaning Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, ever their magic and religion. The forest Indians of Brazil, whose sluggish temper few other excitements can stir, rouse themselves at their moonlight gatherings, when, rattle in hand, they stamp in one, two, three time around the great earthen pot of intoxicating kawi liquor, or men and women dance a rude courting dance, advancing in lines with a kind of primitive polka step, or the ferocious war dance is performed by armed warriors in paint, marching in ranks hither and thither, with a growling chant terrific to hear."—Popular Science Monthly.

The Triumph of a Nurse.

One of the famous Dr. A——'s best nurses married rather late in life, and her only child was a sickly, puny baby that seemed to have very little chance of living. The mother, however, threw her whole professional and maternal soul into the struggle with constitutional weakness, and the result is a splendid child, who looks as if he had never had a day's illness in his life. "I attribute it all to massage and diet and the most unremitting care," said the mother proudly. "If I had not been trained a nurse, I do not believe I ever could have saved him."—New York Tribune.

Rubber Curtains.

India rubber curtains are now being turned out. At least that is what they are called. As far as the actual process of manufacture goes there are several other ingredients used besides pure rubber. I might mention 5 per cent of pulverized fruit stones, 5 per cent of wool dust, 5 per cent of bleached leather waste, and many other insignificant little items which go to make up these curtains. There is, however, 75 per cent of genuine india rubber in the material by the time it is complete.—Exchange.

Not a "Reel Mess."

A party of young men who were off on a fishing excursion on the Ohio river some years ago were joined by an eccentric man skilled as a fisherman known in that region as "Barefooted Sam." He was a good cook and made himself useful in so many ways that his presence, though uninvited, was tolerated by the amateur sportsmen.

One morning two members of the party returned to camp with their appetites well sharpened for breakfast and were greeted enthusiastically by a third man, who said, "You just come along and see the finest baked perch you ever laid eyes on."

They hurried to the table, but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fiber of meat had been taken. Sam was nowhere to be seen. When he returned, no comments were made upon the circumstance, but in the afternoon, when the company were lounging on the bank, Sam drawled out:

"I'd like to have all the fish I could eat, jest onst. I ain't had a mess since Pete Follet ketched that big catfish three years back."

"Sam," remarked one of the group dryly, "I thought you had quite a fair mess this morning. That perch weighed about 10 pounds, I've been informed."

"Oh, yes," replied Sam, with no sign of embarrassment on his placid countenance, "I ate that, but what I mean is a reel, reg'lar mess!"

The company pondered on this remarkable statement in absolute silence for some moments, until at last the man who had caught the perch ejaculated, "Well, I snum!" and nothing more was said.—Youth's Companion.

England's Importations of Vegetables.

In the year 1891 3,192,836 hundredweight of potatoes, of the value of £1,196,824, were imported into England, which means nine pounds per head of the entire population. Onions in 1891 were imported to the extent of 4,281,046 bushels, valued at £733,745.—Gardener's Chronicle.

Unmixed evils rarely occur. The fact that money has been tight is said to have resulted in a good deal of sober thought.

N. P. N. U. No. 505 —S. F. N. U. No. 582

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—of the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of the bodily functions, renewed appetite, flesh and nightly repose attend the use of this thorough and standard renovant. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for Indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Uneasy Passenger (on an ocean steamship)—Doesn't the vessel lip frightfully? Dignified Steward—The wessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers.

THE ARIZONA KICKER. Copyrighted 1893. Published every Wednesday, 50 cents for three months, $2 per annum. Sample copies, 10 cents. Address—ARIZONA KICKER, Tombstone, Arizona.