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FOR MEN AND BOYS. GOOD VALUE. LOW PRICES.

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GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Cleaning Water. Disinfecting, and a hundred others. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

¹2-ttea

SALESMEN—LOCAL AND TRAVELLING, wanted to sell nursery stock for the old-established Fonthill Nurseries, comprising 700 acres; first-class hardy stock; new specialties; previous experience not essential; good pay; permanent work; outfit free. Apply to British Columbia branch offices of STONE & WELLINGTON, J. Allen Clark, manager, 16 Broad St., Victoria, B. C. mo17-d&w

$50 FOR A CHICKEN.

To create an interest in the breeding of high-bred poultry, I will award a special prize of $50 cash to the person raising the heaviest male youth Rock chicken hatched from eggs purchased of me.

The Plymouth Rocks are unquestionably the best breed of fowls known for the Canadian farmer. Send for descriptive Circular of this valuable class of fowls.

Eggs for hatching, guaranteed fresh and true to name, carefully packed in baskets and delivered to Express Company, $2.00 per sitting of 13. Address T. A. WILLETS, Breeder of Plymouth Rock Fowls, Weston, Ont.

A Celebrated French Cure, Wanted at once APHRODITINE or money refunded.

Is SOLD ON POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs, whether arising from the use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, Strong indiscretion, etc., such as Loss of Nerve Power, Wakefulness, Bearing-down Pains in the Back, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power, which, if neglected, often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1 a box, 6 boxes for $5. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

BEFORE AFTER

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every $5 order, to refund the money if a Permanent Cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APHRODITINE. Circulars free. Address

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COCHRANE & MUNN, DRUGGISTS, Corner of Douglas and Yates streets, Victoria.
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GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION.

A successful Medicine used over 30 years in thousands of cases. Cures all diseases caused by abuse, indiscretion or overtaxation. Six packages GUARANTEED to cure when all others fail. Ask your Druggist for the Great English Prescription, take no other. One package $1. Six $5, by mail. Pamphlet, Address EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH. For sale and mailed by LANGLEY & CO., Victoria, B. C jly17-d&w-eod

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL" Cures Rheumatism.

Coleman's Worm Powders

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own purative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

THE SUPREME COURT
OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In the matter of the estate of William Smith, deceased, intestate,

In the matter of the "Official Administrators Act." Dated the 3rd day of August, A.D. 1892.

Upon reading the affidavits of Joseph Prhys Planta and William Tomkins Collinson, sworn respectively the 3rd day of June and the 2nd day of August, A.D. 1892, and filed herein, it is ordered that Joseph Prhys Planta, Official Administrator for the County Court District of Saimo, shall be administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits of William Smith, deceased, and that this order be published in THE WEEKLY COLONIST for the space of one month.

HENRY P. PELLEW CREASE.
s1 w4t

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us the undersigned trading as "HOOSON, TAYLOR & CO." at Saturna Island, B. C., as quarry proprietors has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, G. G. Taylor retiring from the firm. All said business will be carried on from this date by the undersigned William Hooson, Evan Hooson and John Edward Hooson, under the firm name of "HOOSON & SONS" who will collect all debts and discharge all liabilities on account of the late firm of "HOOSON, TAYLOR & CO."

Dated at Saturna Island this 9th day of September, 1892

(Sg'd.) WM. HOOSON.
(Sg'd.) JOHN EDWARD HOOSON.
(Sg'd.) EVAN HOOSON.
(Sg'd.) G. G. TAYLOR.

Witness to the signatures of William Hooson and John Edward Hooson. (Sgd.) A. D. WELD, Saturna Island, B. C.

Witness to the signatures of Evan Hooson and G. G. Taylor. (Sgd.) A. J. WEAVER-DOGMAN, Victoria, B. C. se16

MAMMOTH GOOSEBERRIES.

(Three weighed 4 oz.)

RED, white and black currants, choicest varieties strawberries, all imported from England; cuttings and runners for sale.

W. H. MAWDSLEY,
n27-d&w Mayne Island, B.C.

Special to the COLONIST.

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

The Modern Riddle—The Comprehensiveness of the American Newspaper.

A Man Thanks the God of Destiny that He is Not a Woman.

NEW YORK, Oct., 1892.—Certainly when there is nothing exciting going on in the world, no Columbian Parade to anticipate, depreciate, and criticize, no divorce case with scandalous incidents, no elections, no "battle, murder or sudden death,"—nothing that can be swollen out into three column leaders, or by the most earnest efforts of literary padding made to occupy half a page,—when this dull season has arrived, as it does inevitably every year, then with amusing regularity appears that splendid riddle "Why don't men marry?" No one has guessed the right answer yet, but the answers vary very much.

American newspapers touch on the subject, although they have not one would think so very much reason to. In the first place they can't plead as the English do that the race is becoming extinct—the race of man—because none who has witnessed the Columbian Parade could possibly believe that. There were miles and miles of men, young and well made and handsome, and still plenty left to look on.

Then again the American newspaper has great resources: there is the continued story by some standard author, there is the collection of poetry, comic and sentimental, and the number of what might be called short anecdotes with philosophical reflections, descriptions of woman's manner of getting into a street car, man during the Spring cleaning etc., which are all the peculiar ingredients of the American newspaper. There is the inevitable fashion article, and there is the recipe for apple fritters. With all this matter and this vast field of resource there seems little need for the American newspaper to toy with such unanswerable queries as "Is marriage a failure?" and "Why don't men marry?"—queries that occupy the English papers during the silly season."

But the subject is so fascinating that even the comprehensive American newspaper can't let it alone at times.

The English newspaper is not half so comprehensive: it is very solid, and does not descend to such fripperies as comic anecdotes and cookery recipes, certainly not to poetry, this being—across the herring-pond—the mark of the provincial editor.

As it is so fastidious in the choice of matter, it suffers sometimes from the want of something to say. What to speak is a generally much more difficult thing than how to speak. When in this predicament it asks "Why don't men marry?" and starts the correspondence with a letter of marked literary ability that contrasts visibly with the flood of correspondence that comes rolling in.

Well now there is, I am sure, every reason to ask the question, and there is I admit a fascination about the subject. It brings all sorts of love stories to light, and also has its humorous touches when handled properly. At the same time I never read the plaintive looking query and the condescending excuses and reasons of men for not doing so but what I bow my head in silent prayer and experience a feeling of fervent thanksgiving that I am not a woman.

Fancy being talked of as though you were an article for which there was absolutely no demand, and for which a demand must be made somehow. Fancy reading the manly opinion which complains that as an article of use you are not useful enough, and that as an ornament you are not ornamental enough, or that you unfortunately don't combine the two qualities, so they really cannot have you.

Here we have a gown showing a very ingenious form of trimming. The bodice is made of striped silk, the draping is of silk velvet. The same material forms the puff on each sleeve and the belt. The skirt is cloth of a color to match the rest of the costume, and the ruche is of the velvet.

Fancy reading a letter written by a man who says that he is sorry for your sex, but that personally he can do nothing to help one of them out of their unmarried condition, as he felt that no modern girl would come up to the standard of excellence that he requires in a wife. Imagine how galling it must be to be a woman and to read all this.

And then to read the plans that are made for the improvement of the fair sex, and how to prepare them for wifehood, must be anything but flattering. Better almost have places of auction for these young women whom the public advertise so loudly. If their doleful lot is deplored in the columns of a daily paper, where all who run may read, surely they wouldn't object to be knocked down to the highest bidder. For many of them seem to think that it is merely their obscure lot that prevents them being married.

Lords of creation, be thankful all of you that you are not women!

The great thing in the world of fashion just now is

CAPES.

The increasing sleeves are getting to such swelling proportions that a coat to fit over them properly has to assume abnormal proportions too, and are rather suggestive of the ruff and farthingale days. Many of the gown sleeves are surmounted with velvet wings lined with silk and prettily braided with gold or silver braiding. Over these erections the velvet cape is easy to slip. These capes, as made by Redfern, are very pretty and there is any amount of variety among them. Many are of the new reversible cloth, plain outside and plaid inside. Most of them have full shoulder wings and many are made with an Elizabethan

The next sketch is a pretty golden brown tweed. The cape is adjustable. It is trimmed with narrow velvet, the shoulders are looped up with velvet and the collar is made of velvet. The bodice is like the postillion jacket, the skirt quite plain.

ruffle around the throat, which is made of the velvet lined with silk or satin. For gowns the old fashioned tailor made style, rather mannish and severe, has had its day for awhile at any rate, and the bodices are all made fancifully now. One gown which I saw at Redfern's was made of donkey skin cloth, trimmed with moss green velvet and mink fur. The bodice had the shoulder wings of the velvet edged with fur. The yoke was made of the donkey skin which is a material that is very realistic as an imitation, and the lower part of the bodice was green velvet, loosely crossed one side over the other, passing round to the back and fastening there in an upright bew. A band of the velvet with fur on each side of it bordered the skirt.

Father—Has that young man of yours any go to him, Jennie? Daughter—Yes, papa. He goes at 10:30 every night that he comes to see me. Father—Humph! I mean has he any spirit in him! Daughter—I don't think he has. He is strictly temperate. Father—I mean, has he any force, any gall? Daughter—Gall? No, he's all honey when he comes to see me. Father—I guess you don't catch me, Jennie. Daughter—Never mind pa, dear, I've caught him.

They had been discussing the pronunciation of "oleomargarine," and finally agreed to leave it to the waiter, but he hedged. "Sure," said he, "I have to pronounce it butter or lose my job."

The boy who takes his homely and uninteresting sister to all the places of amusement will make a good husband for somebody if he lives to grow up, which isn't at all likely. No such boy ever grew up yet.

Threw Away His Crutches—A True Account Of A Remarkable Event.

STATEMENT OF MR. McNEE.

FOR eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and put my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot to the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size. Eleven running sores developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months.) Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B. B. B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as any one, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, and it will cure you as it did me.

Yours truly, WM. McNEE, St. Ives P.O., Ont.

Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNee, and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district by this unrivalled remedy for bad blood, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Lines written on the death of Lord Tennyson, "Poet Laureate," of England, A. D. 1892.

Son of Apollo, thou hast bow'd to God's decree,
And, so calmly, past away from earth,
Thy cultured verse, is read o'er land, and sea,
And, now at death's shrine, we append thy worth.

The "Light Brigade," caused the Saxon world to start,
As thy thrilling *Ode*, echoed o'er ev'ry land,
Vibrating in unison, in each heart,
But alas, now icy cold, is thy deftly hand.

**Pierides* weeps for a brother has passed away,
Who Mount Parnassus's steepest crag did climb,
And, who from Horacian diction ne'er did stray,
So purely rich, in thought, and true in rhyme.

Yond Grecian isles where poesy first sprung
Have hoisted drooping colors, on ev'ry point.
And, where'er *our* language, in Pæans, is sung,
Pearly tears, of sorrow, dim eyes anoint.

Columbia—India and t'Antipodes lands
Bow down in humility at thy demise,
One *tongue*, one *heart*, now united bands,
To heave that throb for which nature cries.

Immortal wreaths shall deck the Victorian age,
And, as the *cons* of *Time*, are swiftly fleeting,
Prosperity will con thy most ingenious page,
Whilst God's Cherubim thee in love are greeting.

H. H. WOODWARD,
Roseburg, Or.

* The name of the "Nine Sisters of the Muses" so used by the ancients.

"JES' BLOWIN' RINGS."

There is one incident of my childhood that I have always remembered with greater distinctness than any other. Down on the old Southern plantation, where I have always considered myself fortunate to have been born, there were a number of negro slaves. Happy, light hearted and careless, for they had always been well treated, it was the most delightful incident of the day when I could get permission to visit them in their cabins in the evening.

How well I knew and loved them all, from old "Uncle Mose," whose birth dated back beyond the memory of man, down to the newest pickaninny, fat and shining like polished ebony, and not one of them but had a kindly greeting for "Little Mars'."

But as was quite natural with one of my tender years there was one of the hands whom I was specially fond of, and that was an aged man by the name of Eph. He had been, in his younger days, my grandfather's body servant as they were called in those days, and later in life had filled the same position with my father, until old age had stiffened the joints of old Eph and laid him on the shelf for younger blood to take his place.

Now he had really nothing at all to do, though he would occasionally hobble about to see, as he expressed it, "Dat dem wufless young niggers don' tar ebery ting all up when Mars' back's turned."

In the long summer evenings that old man could generally be found, seated on a rough bench in front of his cabin, enjoying a smoke from a cane stemmed clay pipe and listening to the snatches of mellow music that from time to time would come swelling up from the cabins further down toward the little river. There he would sit for hours, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and occasionally sending from the corner of his thick lips a succession of bright blue rings of smoke.

Often I would stand in childish admiration and watch the rings as they curled away with queer fantastic twists in the soft air of the still summer evening, and then because I was a child and *must* ask questions, I would say.

"But, Eph, what do they *mean?*"

To this question there was one unvarying answer. Slowly the old man would take the cane stem from his mouth and follow with languid interest the last curling wreath until it became lost above the corner of the cabin, and say.

"Why, little Mars' dey don' mean nuffin; it's jes' blowin' rings."

It's many years since then, and the old home is no more. Over the place where it stood rolled the red waves of war, and when they receded there was nothing left. Gone are the mellow voices that were wont to fill the twilight with their music. The bones of old Eph have long ere this found their last resting place, but those rings of smoke, and his quaintexplanation of them, have only taken a deeper meaning as the years have passed.

We sometimes hear a business man talk of honest goods and honest prices, true weights and measures, fair dealing toward his fellow business men, and toward the world—and it sounds very fine. Time goes on and here and there something comes to light which makes us ask "Does he mean it, or is he 'jes' blowin' rings'."

From many a platform we hear this or that orator telling in thrilling tones of the duties of patriots and the love of country. The lessons of our fathers are taught to us again, their experiences are held up for our guidance, Eloquently he pleads for Liberty, sacred Liberty, and Progress—and party. We listen to the burning words with bated breath until something in their tone causes us to ask "Is it love of country that animates that glowing eloquence, or is it 'jes' blowin' rings'."

With the approach of the season most specially given over to charity and good deeds, we hear from every side and from many pulpits the old old story of love and tenderness, which by example should lead every one to emulate the great model. We are told to cast aside the bitterness of life and reaching out the helping hand to those lower than we, dwell together for a little while at least with "Good will toward men."

But do the ones who say this mean it, or are they too "jes' blowin' rings?"

So I sometimes sit and watch the curling smoke from my pipe, and think of life and the strangeness of it all. How much we say and how little we mean, how intention dwindles down in execution, until there comes again through the blue wreaths a face not seen since boyhood days. Slowly it grows until again I see old Eph slowly take the long cane stem from his mouth and say, "It don' mean nuffin'; i'ts jes' blowin' rings."

And so I muse and watch the kindly old face which I have pictured in the smoke until the pensive smile takes a shade of sternness and this time the old man says:

"'Twon't do, Mars'; you ain't old nuf yet to spen' time blowin' rings. Dars work to do boy, work, you hear," and I knock out the ashes, lay down the pipe, and take up the burden again.

J. F. BLEDSOE.

HALLOW E'EN.

One of the Good Oldfashioned Celebrations That are Still Kept Up.

Deep down under the outer crust of skepticism which civilization has given the children of latter days, there still remain many remnants of the quaint superstitions of the days when the earth was young and the genial warmth from her glowing heart had not yet become chilled with age. Mankind had not then the thousand machines of science with which to probe the hidden forces around them. On every side were effects of which they knew not the cause, and with that poetry born of a closer contact with nature, these little understood phenomena were woven into mystic legend and weird beliefs. From many a hedge the belated traveller peered forth to watch the fairies dance in the pale moonlight. Gibbering ghosts wandered, clanking their chains or pointing to gory wounds, through the ancestral halls of the rich, while the humble peasant tossed upon his hard cot, hagridden by hideous shapes.

In many a magic well the timid maid held her breath to see the hoped-for face mirrored beside her own.

There was one night of all the year supposed to be specially given over to the revels of these spirits which, while not wholly evil, were yet not above inflicting malicious quips and cranks upon poor humanity. All Saints day was supposed to be ushered in by an evening of unusual power on the part of these goblins, and many are the fantastic tales of their doings on that evening which have come down to the more prosaic times in which we live.

And still because of that under current of superstition which lingers though its source has long since passed, there are many who still regard the mystic e'en with mingled feelings of delight and dread. The musty lore of bygone days is brought to mind and many are the amusing or awe inspiring—as the temper of the individual may go—experiments that are tried in the attempt to lift for a moment the veil that covers forever the face of the Future. Young and old make the occasion an excuse for a mirth and jollity to which the tales of ghost and goblin only give an added zest.

To-morrow evening there will be a special soiree of spooks for the occasion, and no doubt all the usual enjoyment will follow the observances of the time honored customs especially appropriate to the night.

VACCINATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—In last Tuesday's COLONIST you assert that "there are persons in this community who are doing their best to undermine the faith of their fellow citizens in the efficacy of vaccination," and you are at a loss to know why they do so. As I am one of the persons you refer to, I trust you will in justice allow me to explain why I do so. A quarter of a century ago I was as firm a believer in the usefulness and efficacy of vaccination as any one could be, and I only became aware of my error by a great and irreparable misfortune. Not being a medical man myself, I accepted without enquiry (as most people do) the ordinary medical teaching about vaccination and its relation to smallpox. I am an Englishman, and English law makes the vaccination of infants to a certain extent compulsory, although not absolutely so; being an order loving and law abiding citizen, I had my first four children vaccinated, with the effect that two out of the four are irreparably injured for life. The doctor who vaccinated them was very high up in the medical profession and a personal friend; he was very grieved at the misfortune, but could not explain the matter.

Seeing this most disastrous result from vaccination in my own children I naturally began to enquire into it, and for over 12 years I pursued the study and investigation of the vaccination question. I visited scores (perhaps hundreds) of suffering vaccinated children. What I learnt and saw none but those who have made a similar investigation would credit, for the horrors produced by vaccination are incredible; the enquiry proved that vaccination was more than occasionally directly fatal, whilst the transmission by vaccination of mortal disease or lifelong injury was by no means an uncommon occurrence. On the scientific side I read as an earnest seeker after truth, and was compelled to arrive at the conclusion that many far wiser than myself had already arrived at, that vaccination was an unmitigated evil and one of the popular delusions of the nineteenth century. Can any honest thinking man expect me to refrain from warning others of the awful risk they run in adopting this supposed protection, which is not a sanitary precaution but a surgical operation, always attended with risk and frequently followed by serious consequences. Of this we have ample proof in this city to-day; scores are now suffering (some very seriously) from its effects, and one, at least, has been killed by it.

It is not a fact that the educated class as a whole are in favor of vaccination, and it is a fact that the opposition to it is most rapidly increasing, especially in enlightened England, because those who do thoroughly investigate it almost invariably come to the same conclusion, that it is a sad mistake. Very good reasons can be adduced for medical men supporting it, but even they hold a diversity of most contradictory opinions, and the irritability they usually show in discussing the question is pretty clear evidence of its unsoundness. I would not prevent any one from availing himself of vaccination if he thinks it wise—but it is unjust and unreasonable to try to force it on those who do not. If it is a protection then those adopting it are safe and need not trouble, if they are not safe then it is no protection.

As regards the legal aspect, I have fought it through to the end in England and have yet to learn that in a free country a dangerous surgical operation can be forced upon a law abiding citizen against his will. To sum up my evidence, I know for a certainty that vaccination frequently produces serious diseases and sometimes causes death. I can suffer imprisonment if necessary, but I will not submit to medical tyranny or stand by an accessory to the possible murder of my own children.

WILLIAM BERRIDGE.

149 Chatham street.

No Other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which makes Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Distressing Leap Year Experiences of a Man—The Kicker's Latest Work.

The Victim of a Long-Standing Cough—Maxims from Brother Gardner.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

M. QUAD'S LEAP YEAR EXPERIENCES.

There is no sort of doubt in my mind that whenever the month of February has twenty-nine days in it an unmarried woman has a perfectly legal and moral right to propose matrimony to any man she thinks will fill the bill. In fact, no one can advance any other plausible reason why February should ever have over twenty-eight days in it. The extra day was added to give woman a fair show, and it ought to be taken advantage of in every locality.

It has been my sad and painful duty to reject the hearts of several females offered me in leap year, and I never look back over the list without wishing that it had been otherwise. One leap year night, many years ago, I found lodgings in the cabin of a Tennessee mountain widow. Next day, when I was ready to resume my journey, she stood before me and said:

"I am thirty-two years old, good tempered, kind hearted and economical in money matters. I have been a widow for two years and am tired of it. Will you marry me?"

Wasn't that nice? Could any man have asked for anything better? I took her hand and told her how sorry I was that I already had a wife, and therefore couldn't entertain her proposal. We couldn't marry just then, but I'd put her name down at the head of the list and give her the first show. I was living in a house next to a church with a tall steeple which wobbled when the wind blew, and there was no telling when that steeple would fall and make me a widower.

The widow flew mad. She also flew for a shotgun. I likewise flew away. That's the trouble with the sex. When one of them is rejected she takes it too much at heart. Instead of gracefully walking away to pine and droop and go into a decline, they want to pull hair and raise a row.

On the second occasion I was seated on a veranda in the summer twilight with an old maid. I was not there to press her soft, white hand and tell her that one little word from her would make me the happiest man in all creation. I was there to offer her two dollars cash down for a dog, which I proposed to take out and

HER LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

kill without an hour's delay. Susan suddenly cuddled up to me, and said that she had loved me for years, but feared to break the joyful tidings. She could stand it no longer. Without me life would be as dark as down cellar at midnight; if I would have her, the world would at once approach paradise within 5 per cent. I hung off till I found that she wanted fifty dollars for the dog, and then I told her that she had spoken too late. Only ten minutes before I reached her side another girl had asked me to be hers, and I had given her a promise in writing. We would be brother and sister. She might sit in our pew at church and play with our children, but I——

I gave her a splendid opportunity to retire with honor, but she wouldn't take it. She leaped up and scratched my nose and ruined my hat, and as I fled she encouraged that miserable dog to follow and harass me and jump me over fences. I cannot believe that she truly loved me, and would have given me the tender care and protection a husband expects.

On the third occasion I was driving over a highway in the state of Illinois. A long, lank girl, with pink sunbonnet and bare feet, and carrying a piece of sassafras root in her queenly left hand, suddenly jumped the rail fence from a corn field and stood before me in an agitated state. I had only to glance into her beautiful orbs to read the truth—she loved me! How long she had been at it I can't say, for girls are very deceptive about these matters, but probably a long time—ever since the old horse raised the dust two miles away. I knew what was coming, and my cheeks were suffused with blushes and my heart beat tumultuously. I don't think she read my answer in my eyes, for I was wearing blue goggles, but in pity I tried to stop her. It was no use, however. She put one foot on the hub of a fore wheel, gave me the biggest half of the sassafras root and tenderly said:

"Stranger, I'm old Bill Johnson's daughter Sal, twenty years old, sound as a brick, and I can hoe more corn, cut more grass and plant a bigger 'tater patch in one day than any man in the county. What do you say to hitchin up with me?"

I tried to appear coy, and pretended not to understand her, and she brought her hand down "spat" on the old horse, killed a big horsefly and continued:

"It's leap year, and I'm goin to git a husband or bust! Here she is, stranger, right from the shoulder—will you have me?"

Although fully expecting the proposal, I had to place both hands over my heart to prevent the belt slipping off. In a broken voice, with frequent pauses for breath, I told her that it could never, never be. That steeple no longer wobbled, having been braced anew, and the future held out no bright hope. It grieved me to reject her love, but I had to do it. She must have realized how much in earnest I was, and how painful it was to go back on a girl six feet long, and for a time she was pensive and thoughtful. It was her first offer, and to be rejected was like the stab of a knife. By and by, however, she rallied from the blow. She bit off about three inches of the root for a new quid, kicked a horsefly off the hind leg of old Dobbin, and forgivingly said:

"Wall, old man, I'm going to let you off, owin to circumstances, but that tin peddler comin up the road is my mutton or you'll hear of a tragedy!"

That evening the tin peddler drove into the village where I was stopping, and I made some inquiries. He was a doomed man. He had promised to be hers, and her old dad was guarding the road out of town with a shotgun to see that he didn't escape.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A WORD IN KINDNESS.—Two days ago his honor the mayor (which is ourself) received a written communication from

OUT WITH THE BOYS.

the leader of Major Throckmorton's gang of cowboys to the effect that he was coming in with his crowd at an early date to capture and hold the town and have some fun. His honor was advised not to interfere with the programme, if he desired to live on and continue to enjoy the best climate in the world.

We wish, as editor of THE KICKER and mayor of the town (elected by a large majority), to say a word or two in kindness to this crowd. As editor we have always extended a warm welcome to the boys, and on two or three occasions we have mounted our mule and "done" the town with them.

But things have changed. As editor we could do things which would be beneath the dignity of the mayor. The crowd can come in and shoot THE KICKER office full of holes, but their fun must stop right there. As mayor we have a duty to perform, and shall perform it. If the boys attempt to take the town we shall rally our body guard and wipe out as many of them as possible. We shall shoot to kill, and we can positively guarantee that from six to ten of the gang will be left on the street and buried at the expense of the town. This town can't be run by outsiders. It can't be run except according to the rules and ordinances laid down.

We want the cowboys to get all possible enjoyment out of life, and we want every citizen of the town to feel and realize that it is good to be here, even if they are dead broke half the time, but there must be a limit to the game. The gang who attempts to monkey with the peace and order of this burg will find eight two handed shooters on deck and loaded to the chin, and if any get away it won't be our fault.

"KINDER STAND BACK, ALL OF YOU."

TOLD HIM SO.—On Wednesday night at about 11 o'clock we were aroused from peaceful slumbers by Major Turner tapping on the alley window and informing us that the boys were going to hang Shoshone Bill and wanted our rope and our assistance. We were speedily dressed and en route with the major to the usual spot. Three weeks ago we dropped a gentle hint to Bill in our local columns that he had struck the wrong town and ought to move on. He sent us word that we were off our feed and hadn't sized him up correctly. We were pretty well satisfied that our diagnosis was correct and that the boys would soon take a hand in, and we were right. Shoshone Bill was in the care of thirty determined men, and like the average bluffer his sand was all gone. As editor of THE KICKER we brought a rope, but as mayor we advised the boys to give Bill one more chance. He was elevated and lowered times enough to give him a fair idea of what a regular hanging would be, and then set free and headed to the west and told to travel. He didn't stop to ask any questions about the route, and there is no fear of his return.

THE KICKER has never made a mistake on a man yet. When a chap who thinks he is a bad man and goes bluffing around with a chip on his shoulder sees a double leaded notice in our local columns to the effect that land can be had further west at fifty cents an acre, he should take it as a hint and start out to look for a farm. Those who have been obstinate about it have met with a surprise which was both sudden and painful.

DON'T WANT IT.—Our contemporary down the street, failing to make the public believe that we had to leave Connecticut for stealing a cow, now charges us with seeking to assassinate the postmaster of this town so as secure his place. We could not secure the appointment even should he resign in our favor. THE KICKER and Mr. Wanamaker have always been antagonistic. We don't like his way of running things, and he refuses to subscribe for our paper. There is a yawning gulf between us, and neither of us cares a continental cocked hat for the other.

True, we have shot the postmaster three times, on three different occasions, and he has shot at us at least a dozen times, but those were side issues. No one can make him believe we want his place, and we refuse to believe that he inspired the article referred to. We shall probably shoot him again within a month if our mail is not delivered more promptly, but he will understand our motive and do us full justice.

THE MAN WHO SUSPECTED IT.

No one would have noticed him as he sat in the waiting room of the Erie depot with a satchel between his feet but for his cough. He was about fifty years old, plainly dressed and his cough was a cross between the sound of a horse fiddle and the roar of an enraged lion. On a still day it could have been heard almost across the state of Rhode Island. It lasted about three minutes and it moved him about five feet along the bench on which he was sitting. When he had finished he turned to a man who seemed anxious about his condition, and said:

"'Scuse me, but I can't help it; I've had this cough for ten years."

"Can't you cure it?" asked the other.

"No. Spent over $500 and it ain't no better. 'Tain't no cough from catchin cold or anything of that sort. I swallered sunthin in my sleep and it lodged down there somewhere. I shan't git no better till I cough it up. Here she goes agin."

He stood up and he sat down again. He rocked to and fro, and he coughed to the right and the left. Every one who saw him expected to see him explode and fly in pieces. He was making one last tremendous effort when something fell on the floor in front of him, and the man who had been speaking with him stepped forward and picked up the object and said:

"You seem to have coughed it up at last, and I congratulate you."

"W-what is it?" queried the cougher.

"Why, I should say it was a tonka bean."

"Tonka bean, eh? Yes, I guess it is. I remember now. We had a dozen of 'em around the house, and I've allus suspected that I was jest hog enough to swallow every blamed one of 'em! Kinder stand back, all of you, and lemme see if I kin raise the other 'leven and go home a happy man!"

BROTHER GARDNER'S MAXIMS.

A mewl may be blind in one eye, but I hev ailus noticed dat he kicks on dat side jest as quick as on de odder. In de case of mewl's it's de hoofs you want to look out fur.

Comets may cum an comets may go, but it's our bizness to keep right on whitewashin at reg'lar figgers, jest de same as if comets was sellin for two cents apiece at de co'ner grocery.

While I ar' constitushunally opposed to de theory of lynch law, I hev invariably noticed dat de practice of it nebber seems to hurt anybody 'cept de man who counted on a trial an a disagreement of de jury.

Any fule kin kick agin sarcumstances, but it am de wise man who conquers misfortune an spits on his hands to tackle advarsity.

I hev knowed instances of a county treasurer mysteriously disappearin an his accounts bein found all right, but I didn't give him any credit for it. He simply skipped a cogg somewhar.

So long as liberty was a persimmon growin on the highest branch of de tree everybody looked up to it wid reverence. Now dat it has become a pumpkin kickin around under foot nobody pays any attenshun.

M. QUAD.