

See Our Overcoats, Pea Jackets, Mackintoshes, Melissa and Rigby Waterproofs, Winter Suits, Etc. B. WILLIAMS & CO'Y, 97 JOHNSON STREET

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

The Editor and His Canvassing Mule Persuade the Colonel to go on the List.

Printer's Ink an Incentive to Strife—The Diagram Man Sketches —A Love Affair.

(Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.) THE ARIZONA KICKER.

HAD TO COME DOWN.—When we find a man within thirty miles of this town who is not a subscriber to THE KICKER we feel that there is something wrong somewhere, and we proceed to interview him.

On this high road, which is plainly red, Mr. Rockhill had a misadventure. The annual caravan, headed by the Kikumbo to Lassa, he and his companions were recognized by some of the Tibetan boys with whom they had been quite well acquainted.

On the north side of the river as good as his word, and went and arranged for the other party. Mr. Rockhill had a guide to a place called Merdzong, some months travel to the west.

AS AN EXPERIMENT.—We have a letter from a man over in Utah who says he is a greater exhorter than Sam Jones or Sam Small, and he wants to come over here and have a try at our population.

THE TIBETANS WELL DISPOSED. Mr. Rockhill declares that the people over Tibet are well disposed toward us, and they are glad to deal if they were permitted by the Lamas.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Warmest Time Expected Since the Discussions Upon the Reform Bill. LONDON, Dec. 3.—The opening of Parliament is still eight weeks' distant, but the conservative party is already on the scene.

THE TWO OFFICE DEVILS.—Bosh! Our diaries for the past three years give the dates of fourteen different attempts on the part of our esteemed to accomplish the removing act.

Bioches Carved.—In 1829 my wife was covered with blotches and I was last induced to try Buckle's Blood Bitters; by the time I had used six bottles of it I was completely cured.

fun with our esteemed. All we have to do is to send our office devil over to tell his office devil that THE KICKER is expecting a whole keg of ink at once, and ten minutes later our esteemed is blazing away at the front door of our office and hitting the shingles on the roof.

THE DIAGRAM MAN. "Will you be mine?" "Yep!" "Then may I never sit down on another bumblebee if I am not the happiest man in the world?"

They were standing under the dear old pear tree in the back yard, according to the following diagram, which is drawn to a scale of three miles to the inch:

On the right is Farmer Johnson's barn and on the left the Widow O'Brien's only son, both tamed down somewhat, but full of business and patriotism.

De Lisle had loved Arthusa for years and years, but never until this evening had he spoken his mind. He didn't for her father was a school trustee and owned the only pay scales in town, while his father was simply a millionaire, though considered quite respectable for one of that class.

"Then you will be my angel, Arthusa?" he whispered as he strained her to his heart.

"I guess!" she replied as her skull cracked him on the eyebrow. "Ha! What's that? As her languishing eyes are cast upon the earth to see if there are any bugs around, a folded note attracts her attention. While De Lisle continues to strain she calmly and quietly possesses herself of the note and proceeds to read it.

The note bore the odor of a delicate perfume (trial size for a nickel), and the cryptography was unmistakably and undeniably and unqualifiedly the fist of a female.

With the swiftness and grace of a gazelle Arthusa made for the well, in which hung an old oak bucket. De Lisle pursued, but he could not get over the curb and was properly and fashionably drowning in the water below.

With the swiftness and grace of a gazelle Arthusa made for the well, in which hung an old oak bucket. De Lisle pursued, but he could not get over the curb and was properly and fashionably drowning in the water below.

"I shut like to speak a few more words about my son Shake," said Mr. Dunder as he softly entered the station to find the fat police sergeant chewing a Michigan toothpick and reading a newspaper prediction that this will be the coldest winter for the past ten years.

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

live in America we must do like older folks. In Sherman you vvas 'fadder'; in dis country you vvas 'guf'ner.' How vvas dot, sergeant?" "I don't allow my boys to call me gov'ner."

"Oh, you can speak your mind without offense," interrupted the man. "Then I would remark that if she isn't the homeliest woman on this terrestrial globe I should like to see the other one."

They are five sisters, and I had my pick from the lot, "quickly remarked who man. "And now if any of you have a drop of whisky about you?"

I never read of one of these train hold-ups, which result in getting possession of the money in the express car by sheer force and the feeling of the robber that the way the professional robber has degenerated into a tough. In my time, when I was an express messenger on the old G. and P. R. R., your robber was a sharp, shrewd man, who perhaps carried a plan in his head for six months.

"I haf, two or three times, and it make full of troubles. I doan' like Shake to have some snuff at his age." "Did you ever happen to hear him remark that he tumbled to the racket?"

"Perhaps he did!" dryly observed the sergeant. "What does he call money?" "Whell, he calls it 'sugar,' 'ducats,' 'casses,' 'wealth,' 'scrap iron,' 'needful,' 'rhins,' 'um ho like dot.'"

"All right, gu'ner—how vvas it?" "Whell, it vvas clothespin and sugar and hats and clothing shickens and scrap iron and rackets all mixed oop, and I guess we got out and cheese some snuff and make us tired."

It was agreed among the dozen of us in the passenger coach that the woman occupying a seat near the middle of the car with the husband was the homeliest female we had seen.

"All right, gu'ner—how vvas it?" "Whell, it vvas clothespin and sugar and hats and clothing shickens and scrap iron and rackets all mixed oop, and I guess we got out and cheese some snuff and make us tired."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

had a hair lip, was almost toothless, and her nose he beard seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least good looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Some Reminiscences by an Old Express Messenger—The Enemy's Dead.

On a certain October night I had \$28,000 in the safe on its way to New York. I had not seen Davis for a week when he came into my office and asked me for \$10,000.

"I haf, two or three times, and it make full of troubles. I doan' like Shake to have some snuff at his age." "Did you ever happen to hear him remark that he tumbled to the racket?"

"Perhaps he did!" dryly observed the sergeant. "What does he call money?" "Whell, he calls it 'sugar,' 'ducats,' 'casses,' 'wealth,' 'scrap iron,' 'needful,' 'rhins,' 'um ho like dot.'"

"All right, gu'ner—how vvas it?" "Whell, it vvas clothespin and sugar and hats and clothing shickens and scrap iron and rackets all mixed oop, and I guess we got out and cheese some snuff and make us tired."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

had a hair lip, was almost toothless, and her nose he beard seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least good looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

had a hair lip, was almost toothless, and her nose he beard seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least good looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

lived three or four days after being taken to a hospital, but nothing was found on his person by which he could be identified. After that all express cars were armed on the inside with sheet iron or boiler plate, while a chain and padlock secured the safe to the floor.

One of the easiest, smoothest talkers I ever met was a professional crook known as "The Professor." He was about forty years of age, good looking, aristocratic in face and dress, and so genteel in his ways that you would have deemed it impossible for him to raise his hand against any man on earth.

He came to my train a dozen times before he entered the baggage car. There was a rule against allowing outsiders in the car, but it was never lived up to. People would come in to consult the baggage man about trunks which had been damaged or lost, and men bringing the mail bags would come in to get them away, and under one excuse or another some one was always breaking over the rule.

"I haf, two or three times, and it make full of troubles. I doan' like Shake to have some snuff at his age." "Did you ever happen to hear him remark that he tumbled to the racket?"

"Perhaps he did!" dryly observed the sergeant. "What does he call money?" "Whell, he calls it 'sugar,' 'ducats,' 'casses,' 'wealth,' 'scrap iron,' 'needful,' 'rhins,' 'um ho like dot.'"

"All right, gu'ner—how vvas it?" "Whell, it vvas clothespin and sugar and hats and clothing shickens and scrap iron and rackets all mixed oop, and I guess we got out and cheese some snuff and make us tired."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

had a hair lip, was almost toothless, and her nose he beard seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least good looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

make my way back to the train, and then I speedily discovered that they had been a put up job all around. The quarrel with the baggage man had been brought about to get him out of the way.

One of the easiest, smoothest talkers I ever met was a professional crook known as "The Professor." He was about forty years of age, good looking, aristocratic in face and dress, and so genteel in his ways that you would have deemed it impossible for him to raise his hand against any man on earth.

He came to my train a dozen times before he entered the baggage car. There was a rule against allowing outsiders in the car, but it was never lived up to. People would come in to consult the baggage man about trunks which had been damaged or lost, and men bringing the mail bags would come in to get them away, and under one excuse or another some one was always breaking over the rule.

"I haf, two or three times, and it make full of troubles. I doan' like Shake to have some snuff at his age." "Did you ever happen to hear him remark that he tumbled to the racket?"

"Perhaps he did!" dryly observed the sergeant. "What does he call money?" "Whell, he calls it 'sugar,' 'ducats,' 'casses,' 'wealth,' 'scrap iron,' 'needful,' 'rhins,' 'um ho like dot.'"

"All right, gu'ner—how vvas it?" "Whell, it vvas clothespin and sugar and hats and clothing shickens and scrap iron and rackets all mixed oop, and I guess we got out and cheese some snuff and make us tired."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

had a hair lip, was almost toothless, and her nose he beard seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least good looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

Why, I understood it to mean that a person sharp and shrewd." "Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner,' I took him by der collar poity queek, but he explains: 'Dot vvas right, fadder—dot vvas der American way of it. If vvas going to

short grass, are the dead from the terrible missiles of the artillery. The bodies are dismembered, beheaded, cut in twain—human bodies no longer. Between the two great swaths mowed by the guns are the dead from the bullets. They have been struck in the forehead, in the eyes, in the mouth, in the throat, in the lungs and heart and abdomen. Some of the pale faces wear looks of pain and terror—others have died as peacefully as men do in their beds with friends about them.

On the slope beyond are more dead. As they came out of the heavy forest and over the ridges they found the air alive with missiles of death. The rain had to be reformed here. Scores of men sank down and died before they had fired a musket or raised a cheer. It was death to stand there—death to go forward, death to retreat. Hundreds and thousands must be carried to the trenches and covered in without search for name—without hope of future identification. In the years to come these grewsome trenches will be uncovered and the bones removed to locations where the widow and the fatherless may come with their tears of grief and their offerings of flowers. There will be no identification—no rearing of headstones to gallant men. An acre or two will be set aside, the bones of thousands gathered there, and one faithful word will answer for names and eulogies—Unknown!

And there, until God's trumpet shall sound to call the living and the dead, shall lie their dust, wet over by the widow and orphan, remembered by comrades, honored by their foes.

M. QUAD. Changed His Address. He (on a rainy day)—Why, how do you do? She (freezing)—Whom are you addressing, sir? He—As far as I can see I am addressing a circular.—New York Herald.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BEECHAM'S PILLS. In the family are more often the result of disordered digestion than most people know.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in court that Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne.

IN USE 100 YEARS. THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND. Dr. Roberts' Ointment. SKIN DISEASES. THIS VALUABLE OINTMENT (as originally prepared by Dr. J. C. ROBERTS, M.D.) is confidently commended as an unfailing remedy for Wounds.

DR. ROBERTS' ALTERNATIVE PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM AND SKIN DISEASES. These pills are of great value in the cure of Rheumatism, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the neck; SKIN DISEASES, they are very effective in the cure of the skin disease which shows in painful cracks in the skin of the hands and in all scaly diseases.

HAGYARD'S "YELLOW OIL" Cures Rheumatism. Freeman's Worm Powders. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual de-wormer for Children or Adults.