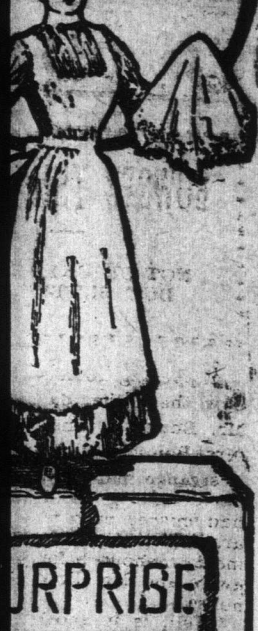


PRIZE SOAP



PRIZE

VELOCITY regular service in the last night Rev. Geo. ...

Trunk Pacific survey ... Ryan of Chipman ...

Telephone Co. are install- ing several private resi- dences of Havaleck ...

Miss Adams ... Mrs. Adams ...

MILANTROPHY. ... Mrs. Adams ...

VITUS OF DREAM- WOLD. ... Mrs. Adams ...

WORLD, Mass., July 20. ... Mrs. Adams ...

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BOWSER THE DAIRYMAN

NOT CHICKENS THIS TIME, BUT BUTTER AND MILK.

Happening to look out of the window the other day an hour before Mr. Bowser's time for coming home, Mrs. Bowser caught sight of him and a strange man walking up and down as if viewing the house. When they had finished with the front they went around to the side and it was not an hour before the man went away and Mr. Bowser entered the house.

"Well, is it another cow?" he was asked.

"My dear Mrs. Bowser," he replied, in a paternal way and with a broad smile on his face, "I have some news to delight you. To-morrow I expect to complete negotiations for the exchange of this house for a farm. You know I have been hoping to make an exchange for the last five years."

"You will talk it over," said Mrs. Bowser, as she motioned him to a chair.

"Yes, we will talk it over, but you can't possibly find any fault. I have got facts and figures right down pat to prove to you that it will be the best deal of our lives."

"What sort of a farm is it?"

"A dairy farm, my dear. I have given up the idea of chickens. It is a dairy farm of eighty acres and we shall exchange even up. The man is so anxious to get into the city to educate his daughter that he will make any sacrifice. Now listen to me. I start in the dairy business with thirty cows. The milk can be estimated at 300 quarts per day. If sold at five cents a quart to the creamery there is \$15 per day, or \$195 per week. All we have to do is to deliver the milk and take a check. I shall sell only half the milk, however. The remainder will be made into butter. I shall put it in fancy cakes and call it 'Bowser's Best.' The sales will amount to about \$8 per day, and on the sour milk and whey I shall fatten about fifty hogs during the year. When these are marketed the total income per week for the year will be about \$125. We will call it \$7,000 per year. We live well, have the benefit of the country air and make \$7,000 per year, and if you have got no fault to find with that you must be hard to please. Such a bargain as this man is willing to give me can't be picked up once in a hundred years. What do you think of it?"

"You start with thirty cows?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"What's the use? You don't want to be convinced and you won't be. I am offered the opportunity of my life and you stand in the way and try to make me out an idiot."

"You are hardly fair with me, Mr. Bowser. If you will show me where I am wrong in my figures I'll cheerfully start a dairy farm with you. I'll bring you figures from a man who has run a dairy farm himself

and trade \$10,000 a year at it. I'll even bring the man himself."

"Not on your life! Not if I know how to cipher! Why, you must take me for the biggest fool in the State!"

"You can submit my figures to any one you wish. You have estimated your income altogether too high. The cows will give much less milk in the winter. Some of them may be alling die. The price of hay may go up. Instead of \$125 per week, you should figure on \$75. Out of this, even after you get started, must come the expenses of feed, help and the keep of your team. You will have to turn us and work yourself, and if there is any 'Bowser Best' butter made you will have to allow me an extra girl in the house. Don't bob around on your chair, now, but figure as a business man."

"Don't tell me that I am hobbling around!" shouted Mr. Bowser, so loudly that he was heard in the next house. "One would think you were

talked to an infant. I say you are wrong from beginning to end. I tell you there's at least \$50,000 a year 'eurn profit in this thing for me, but of course you want to knock it in the head if you can. By thunder, but what a jackass I am to ever sit down and talk to you about business!"

"I don't think you have lost anything by it," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser. "However, if you think I am wrong please show me where. Can you buy cows for less than \$40 apiece? Haven't you got to have a barn? Haven't you got to have help? Haven't you got to have feed? Tell me where my figures are too high?"

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THAT SKINNER BOY.

HE BUYS VINEGAR AND BECOMES A HERO.

When it had been devoured the Chapin boy betted and shook the jug, looked wise, and said:

"Our family doctor says eating the other day that if folks would drink more vinegar there would be less sickness. He said everybody ought to drink at least three swallows a day. I'll use the system."

"That's what our doctor said, too," added the Jones boy. "He was telling me that all of us were chuck full of microbes, and that if it wasn't for vinegar that we'd be set on aliv. Vinegar kills 'em off. Humpty can save our lives if he will."

"And he's just the boy to do it," added the Henderson boy. "He's a hero, he is, and heroes never allow the innocent to perish when they can help it. He'll let each one of us take a sip out of the jug."

"I'll get licked when I get home," replied Humpty.

"But can't a hero stand a licking from his maw? How many lickings d'ye suppose, Napoleon and Washington got? Besides, if you begin to lick as soon as your maw begins to tleck she won't hurt it on. They never do. They get reart."

"But don't take big slips," cautioned Humpty as the jug was started toward him.

"He finished off with a sip for himself, and half the contents were gone. He thought of home and mother and turned pale. The Schermhorn boy noticed it and said:

"Do you know what I'd do if I was a boy-hero like Humpty Skinner? The first thing I'd do would be to walk up to a policeman and pull his nose and run out my tongue at him. Then I'd buy a revolver and become a highway robber. If Humpty would do that he'd be President of the United States in a year."

"I'll tell you what I'd do," added the Chapin boy, as he picked a silver in his foot. "I'd abduct a rich man's daughter and make her fall in love with and marry me. I'd take her off to some castle in the mountains."

"Instead of buying two quarts of vinegar you buy only one and fill up the jug with water. Your mother won't never know anything about it, and the spare money can be used to buy bananas. You get the vinegar, the bananas and be a hero all at once."

"Humpty was about to refuse to do a thing of the kind when the Henderson boy and the Jones boy and the Schermhorn boy came along. The case was put to them, and they instantly decided that Humpty ought to lose no time over it. It was the first chance he had ever had to become a hero, and he shouldn't miss it. To the other arrangements used to sway him the Schermhorn boy added:

"My mother always puts a quart of water with every quart of vinegar she buys. She says it makes it more healthy. Lots of folks have died from using pure vinegar. I was reading in the paper the other day about its killing a horse. By putting a quart of water in that vinegar, Humpty may save his mother's head."

Humpty yielded. He bought one quart of vinegar and spent the rest of the money in bananas. The boys then sat down under a tree in a vacant lot and the fruit was divided.

and that his last thoughts were of his mother.

The editor of the Grass Valley Tribune, having called us a liar and a coward in his last issue, we rode over there last Tuesday to ask for an apology. As we rode into one end of it we were greeted by the other, and that evening he had been found dead on the trail twenty-two miles away. We are sure the man rode his animal to death. We might have pulled his nose, but we should not have harmed him.

A stranger named George Smack entered the post office the other day and calmly and deliberately fired the bullets into the public clock hanging on the wall of the corridor. Our assistant let him get away, and that's the reason the said assistant is out of a job just now. If Mr. Smack had only do his little stunt over again we promise to be there and make things very funny for him.

We haven't said much lately about our campaign for the next Presidency, but let no one be deceived. At the proper time we shall announce the names of the candidates. The names are Hilario, of Givendamb, Gulch, has emerged from the cranberry swamp and wants four years of running the old machine. There are no limits to our ambition.

It has now been all of two months since we, as Mayor and president of the Common Council, have had to pull a gun on an obstreperous Alderman, and things now run as smoothly as in any town in the land. We do not like to be ebowed by a politician, but when it comes we are ready to submit to it. Another sign of the changes taking place is that we now have a pair of tan shoes around all day but Sunday and was only shot at twice.

As secretary of the local vigilance committee it became our duty the other day to drop a hint to Mr. Wilton to move on. During the two weeks he had been in town his conduct had been sharply criticized, but he had maintained a defiant attitude. His reply to us was to consign us to the land that is hotter than this. That evening he was invited to a necktie social, and after being drawn up to a limb and let down again three times, he discovered that there was a serious and he begged the privilege of performing for a neighboring territory. It was granted, and for a man with a sore throat and a stiff neck he was making good time when last sighted.

Mr. Richard Sylvester, of Columbus, Ohio, arrived here in search of his son Thomas, who was heard of in this locality last fall. We took the case in hand, and by consulting the book numbers of E. Kicker and the books of the Coronet we were enabled to assure the old gentleman within an hour that Thomas was hung at Miss Ridge for horse stealing on the 15th of November.

There have been only three men killed in Givendamb over poker games during the last year, while towns of the same size have had from six to ten killed in political and religious discussions. A man may go dead broke betting, on three occasions against a full-house, but he generally gets off with his life.

Hilario's Opera House is undergoing extensive repairs this Summer, and will open about the first of October with Shakespeare's "As You Like It." We eat with our knives and drink out of our saucers out in this country, but at the same time we do not on anything that is Shakespearean.

In his last week's issue our esteemed contemporary dares to have that we again, but he gives no grounds. When and where was it? Was it with spirit-gun or cannon? If with a gun, which way was the muzzle pointed, and how did it happen that we didn't hear it? We don't want to seem curious, but if we

have been shot at we'd like to know it.

Mr. James Korke, who used to hang out in this town and try to play holy terror, has been lynched by a mob of cowards. He had a short, fat neck, and he was a long time hanging, but he was finally disposed of and will whoop no more. We gave him several blows, but he was too fresh for this world.

ARIZONA KICKLETS.

NO SCARCITY OF GOOD THINGS IN THE WEST.

The genial and popular host of the Lion Hotel was obliged to shoot and wound a guest named Westover last Saturday for finding fault with the way the house was run. The victim is in the hospital, but doing well.

News was received from Lone Jack by telephone, yesterday, that in a little affair between Major Davis and a man named Henderson, both succeeded in slightly wounding themselves. Arizona must turn to the club or lose its reputation.

We are in receipt of a postal card from Salt Lake calling us a liar, a robber and a murderer, and making the threat to put us under ground within the next thirty days. The writer will receive due welcome when he appears.

As Mayor of the town, we employed a man last week to pick the bullets out of the front doors of the City Hall and plug up the holes. He dug out a total of twenty-two pounds—all fired by cowboys during the past twelve months. There is an ordinance against firing pistols on the public street, but if the boys want to waste their cartridges and have a happy old time we have no objections.

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HUMPTY, IS IT MICROBES?

"What's the matter?" asked Humpty as the boys crossed their hands on their stomachs and groaned.

"Microbes!" they answered in chorus.

"No, it didn't. It was only a little slip, and it just stirred up a little vinegar. The Schermhorn boy answered the Henderson boy: 'Our family doctor said that it took two sips to kill 'em.'"

"But you'll take all there is left," Humpty Skinner said to the Henderson boy when four boys are dying? Do heroes ever hesitate? Don't they fling themselves from their steeds and give a fall for all the vinegar he can drink? What's the point of vinegar to four boys' lives?"

"But I'll get an awful licking, I tell you. You fellows don't know how hard maw can lay it on, when she's mad."

The four boys groaned and wriggled about and then fell over on the grass. It was too much for Humpty. He started the jug going and it was empty when it came back.

"Saved by Humpty Skinner, the hero!" cried the Chapin boy as he stood up and shook himself. "All in favor of giving him a vote of thanks for the last two hours," he blurted out. "No, it was only a little slip, and it just stirred up a little vinegar. The Schermhorn boy answered the Henderson boy: 'Our family doctor said that it took two sips to kill 'em.'"

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TRAMP TALKS.

THE STORY THAT WAS TOLD OF A SATURDAY NIGHT.

"One Saturday afternoon as I was plodding along the highway," said the tramp, after he had been coaxed to tell a story, "I came along to a farmhouse, with the farmer standing at the gate. I was passing by with a nod to him, when he called out for me to stop, and added:

"Say, do you happen to know anything about a mowing machine?"

"I've seen a few in my time," I replied. "What is the matter with yours?"

"That's what I want to find out. The thing has tangled up some way and won't work, and I'm in a stew about it. Come over into the field and take a look at it."

"I'm something of a mechanic, and I had a look at it before I came over. In five minutes I had fixed it and it was singing away. The farmer told me to go to the house and get a bite to eat, and wait till he came up from the hayfield. While he was waiting I split up a lot of wood, put a hinge on the woodshed door and repaired the well curb, and when the farmer and his hired man came up to supper I heard the good housewife saying:

"Obediah, if this fellow is a tramp he's the smartest one that's ever been along this road. He's done enough work to pay for staying over Sunday. If you can get him to talking at night I'll bet he'll tell something interesting."

"I had on a fairly good suit of clothes and had had a shave the day before, and I was invited to sit down with the family to eat the evening meal. An hour later, when the milking had been done, everybody took seats on the side veranda, and I knew what was coming. Several hints were thrown out, and then the farmer said:

"Stranger, I'm wondering a little bit why you took to tramping. Perhaps you won't object to telling us."

"Oh the veranda were the farmer and his wife, two hired men and an old maid named Fanny. One of the hired men was in love with Fanny, and the fact that she had spoken to me three or four times had aroused his jealousy. When Miss Fanny, who was the farmer's sister, had smiled at me and said she was sure that I had had something of an interest to tell, and when the hired man had frowned at her and looked daggers at me, I began:

"I do not care to give you my name. Suffice it to say that my people were wealthy and of high social standing, and that I was an only child. When my college education was completed I went abroad, and was while returning on the steamer that I fell in love with all the ardor of a young man of twenty-three. The young lady in the case was the daughter of a Boston merchant. She was twenty, and in looks and character she was all that one could ask for in her sex. It was a case of love at first sight with us both, and before the steamer reached New York we were betrothed."

"What the devil is that?" asked the hired man, who wanted to butt in with something mean.

"And she will find a sympathetic friend in me," added the old maid. "I sighed, rose up and wandered down to the gate. The hired man, jealous hired man. Without saying a word he hauled off and made a swipe at me. I blocked and swung my right arm and knocked him into a bed of cactus. Next morning when he got up with a black eye he explained that he had run against the cherry tree. I was an honored guest over Sunday, and when Monday came I resumed my search for the lost Lulu."

"And she will find a sympathetic friend in me," added the old maid. "I sighed, rose up and wandered down to the gate. The hired man, jealous hired man. Without saying a word he hauled off and made a swipe at me. I blocked and swung my right arm and knocked him into a bed of cactus. Next morning when he got up with a black eye he explained that he had run against the cherry tree. I was an honored guest over Sunday, and when Monday came I resumed my search for the lost Lulu."

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