

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

M. QUAD'S HUMOR. How the Eagle Screamed Because of the Editor's Victory—The Senator's Plans.

Brother Gardner on the Charms of Fishing—A Usurper Pitches The Tune.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

WE GOT THERE.—While the returns from Dead Man's Hill, Strawberry Gulch, Lone Tree and Grizzly Corners are not yet all in, sufficient returns are at hand to show that the editor and proprietor of THE KICKER (who is himself) has been elected state senator in this district by the largest majority ever rolled up for a candidate.

It was a triumph of integrity over fraud and corruption.

It was a stern and lasting rebuke to those who would have torn down the bulwarks of American liberty.

Vice has been buried under six feet of wet snow, with a cold rain still falling to make a hard crust, while virtue (which is up) sits among the roses and calmly sips her lemonade.

By our election the safety of this glorious republic is guaranteed for several years in advance without extra cost to a single citizen thereof. The grand and sacred principles taught by Washington and Jefferson, and hidden away in the chaparral for the last fifty years by order of the sordid and corrupt machine politicians, will now be dragged forth, burnished up and used as a headlight to guide our footsteps.

The underpinning of the bulwarks of liberty will be renewed with live oak timber, new props put in, the height carried up at least twenty feet and three good coats of whitewash slapped on to make things smell sweet and look as if the family had got back home right end up and meat business.

It was a fierce fight and a glorious victory. The enemy was alert and vicious. From start to finish he was determined on our defeat. He ambushed us at Jacks Bend and put two bullets through our hat. He fired on us from the bush near Lone Tree and spoiled the looks of our left ear forever. He threw eggs and vegetables and dead rabbits at us as we stood on the platform at Huesterville. He stole our running mate, tried to blow up our office, slandered our widow, lied about our dead father, hired the Lid Jones to sue us for breach of promise, and in a hundred other ways sought to force us off the track.

But we were there. We came to stay. We came up smiling after every round, and in the end victory perched upon our banner. She can't be pulled off the perch. The wild screams of the American eagle can be heard to day all over these United States, and it is principally on our account that he is singing. He is singing upon our ears like the soft notes of a summer organ floating on the bosom of a moonlight evening, but the effect upon the opposition is like being kicked in the back of the head by a landslide. We are a little excited at the present writing, and may be a little wild in the way we are using the English language about, but we mean well.

"An hour goes by. I embellishes myself with some cold tea an den takes a smoke. Plenty of small fry around a hook, but few knows what I'ze arter an don bodder me. Two hours goes by."

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shall not resent being slapped on the back or having our hat smashed over our ears, as of yore. Advertising rates will stand at the old figure, and the subscription price of THE KICKER remain at two dollars per year.

BROTHER GARDNER ON FISHING.

"Yes, I knows dat sartin people goes a-fishin an neber has any luck," said Brother Gardner in the Limekiln club library the other afternoon, "but I reckon on it's deir own fault. Grwine a-fishin am jest like gwine a-courtin or anything else—youn' got to be guided by certain rules. I'ze knowed men who would tramp twenty-seven miles arter a rabbit an not say a word if dey missed him, but dey werry same men will git mad if dey don't catch a fish widin five minits of de time dey frow in a hook."

"In de first place, when I has made up my mind to go a-fishin, I goes out in de garden arter supper an digs de bait. While I am diggin I spits ober my left shoulder an keeps de right eye a leetle squinted up. I does dat for luck. I puts dat bait away under a cherry tree fur de night. In case yo' hain't dun got no cherry tree, den put it in de shadder of de smokehouse or under de co'n-rib. Arter I gets to bed dat night I tries to recockle all de mean things I eber did, an hope I shall be forgiven fur 'em. If I'ze had a jaw wid de ole woman, I sorter crawfish an let her know dat I'ze sorry."

"When I gets up in de mawnin I takes keer to git out o' bed wid de right fut first. If I'ze got a hole in de heel of one of my stockin's I pulls dat one on fust. Some folks puts a piece of rod rag in each shoe, but I dunno as dat does any per-tickler good. Arter breakfas I kiss de ole woman goodby, whistle to de dawg an set out fur de creek, carryin my fishpole on my right shoulder an keepin de left eye squinted up. When I reaches de creek I takes off my coat, hitches up my suspenders an places de bottle of cold tea in de shade. Den I rubs de fishhook wid a wishbone taken from de breast of a black rooster. Den I puts on de bait, spits on it fo' times, an a whisher begins."

"An yo' catches a whopper," said Pickles Smith, who was an attentive listener.

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to spoke about fo' words to yo', an I want yo' to open dem big ears o' yo'r monst'rous vide. Yo'r name was Lucinda Jackson, I reckon?"

"An yo' attends de Baptist pray' meetin every Thursday evenin'?"

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of suspense for three or four minutes and then turned and said:

"Waal, feller critters, I can't say that I blame you much, though some of you might have at least given me a lift with the boot. Purty sordid, selfish sort of a crowd, you are, but it's all right. I'll go up town to back up again a mule, and if I hain't on the high road to reform by to-morrow I shall be so fur the other way that I'll grab at two dollars pay to march in a torchlight procession!" M. QUAD.

INSURANCE LITIGATION. Protracted Suits Likely to Arise Over a Suite's Estate.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18.—Prolonged litigation is likely to attend the settlement of the estate of the late William M. Runk, the day-goods magnate who committed suicide some weeks ago, and who gathered insurance during his life to a total of nearly a half million dollars. The insurance is distributed between eight companies, and some of these have already refused payment on the ground that by reason of the unfortunate man violated the terms of his contract, and invalidated his insurance. Some of the policies contain the clause by which the insured is to be paid only if he dies from natural causes, and in four of such policies this provision would have gone into effect if the unfortunate had not committed suicide. The estate of the deceased has been benefited thereby to the extent of at least \$100,000. So far payments of policies aggregating \$160,000 has been returned.

TILDEN'S BEQUEST. The Relatives Finally Agree to the Establishment of the Library and Reading Room.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The trustees of the estate of Samuel J. Tilden report that a settlement between them and the relatives of the dead statesman has been arrived at, and that the original idea of establishing a library and reading room in this city for the education of young men, to be known as the Tilden Trust, is now about to be carried into effect. The final endorsement of the report made by the board of education and department in the mayor's office this morning, and referred to the comptroller by that body, has been given. The trustees of the estate of Samuel J. Tilden, who was successfully contested by the relatives. An appeal was taken and for several days the principal and interest has been tied up in litigation. Finally the persons contesting the will agreed to release one-third the original amount for library and reading room purposes. This sum will aggregate \$200,000, the interest on which will be about \$80,000 annually. The trustees accepted the compromise and propose to use the interest in the manner contemplated by the will.

CANADIAN CATTLE PROHIBITION. The current issue of Bradstreet's contains the following: "The Hon. J. G. Gardiner, President of the Board of Agriculture in London, received deputations from a number of agricultural societies to discuss the question of the prohibition of the importation of Canadian cattle. The inspectors of Canada poured into England from Canada, and the United States was of necessity superficial. A press despatch, and the deputations of the Board of Agriculture to prohibit the importation of Canadian cattle without an hour's delay. Mr. Reed, the eminent agriculturist, insisted that Canadian cattle should receive the same treatment as the cattle of any other country. He drew the order permitting the importation of live Canadian cattle. The prohibition of cattle will become operative November 21."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF NAPOLEON I. Captain Maitland has given the following description of the personal appearance of Napoleon I. as he appeared in 1815: He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet six inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, his feet, ankle and a very small foot, of which latter he seemed very vain, always appearing on the ship in silk stockings and shoes. His hair was black and wavy, his eyes light gray, his teeth good, and when he smiled the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; but under the influence of a military appointment, however, it assumed a dark and gloomy cast. His hair was very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and his eyes were light gray. He had a high forehead, and his nose was straight, but not a gray hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow color, different from any other I ever met with. From his being corpulent he had lost much of his activity.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITALITY. Mr. Joseph Hatton tells the following story of the Prince of Wales's hospitality: "I remember an article in a magazine, who went to Sandringham to take part in the preparation of a royal entertainment there, who was made to feel, as he said, 'far more at home' than ever he had felt in any other quarters. He was invited to breakfast with the royal family. After breakfast the Prince showed him his farm. He was lodged at a cottage on the estate. In the evening the Prince walked with him to the cottage, and at parting for the night, insisted upon emptying his cigar-case into his pocket. To some persons it may seem odd to place to mention such trifling incidents, but to my thinking they may be taken as a lesson by certain of the new plutocrats who pose as much at home as they do abroad. The hospitality of Sandringham is just as good as any other, and it is just as good as any other country house."

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S LIFE. A well known commercial traveller in South Africa gives the following account of his "quarter" operations: "I travelled 3,964 miles; carried four trunks; shown goods 116 times; sold goods 96 times; been asked the news 5,061 times; told the news 3,210 times; had my boots shined 180 times; know 691 times; been asked to drink 1,861 times; drank 1,861 times; changed politics 46 times."

GIVES GOOD APPETITE. Gentlemen, I think your valuable medicine cannot be equalled, because of the benefit it has done me. I have been suffering from indigestion and loss of appetite for nearly three years, and have tried many other remedies, but have not found any relief. I have now taken your medicine for a few seconds, but then grew melancholy at the reflection that his kicking days were over. The tramp waited in a state

NYE AT THE PLAY. He Talks About the Ballet in Gotham—A Graphic Description of the Black Crook.

How the Actors Succeed in Making Their Living—Comic Opera That Bill Likes.

Runaround railroad, I presume, and expecting the day before you start. There is also a "danse rustique" and some corymbes. I've seen a good many corymbes in my time, but I never saw one that I would care to place in charge of the infant class at Mount Calvary Sabbath school where I live. They seem too frivolous to me. They do not live for a purpose.

The Grotto of Stalacta is a good thing. Imagine a beautiful cavern lined with rock and faced with neapolitan ice cream, then stalactites of pure lemon ice and stalactites of tutti frutti, lighted up with powerful electric lights, toned down with beautiful prismatic tints of every hue, and a torchlight procession of corymbes carrying a large wire banner!

After the appearance of Fielding, the reader, who has no connection with the play, the four young ladies from Paris come in and oblige. They dance nimbly about at a great rate, standing first on one leg and then on the other. And yet they were once poor girls living on the Rue de la Baillie, with very light laundry bills even then. It is wonderful how other nations succeed in this country. These four poor girls are now able to earn a good salary in a few moments playing leap frog and cutting up at a great rate. Then all day they go and see the city of New York and the pleasant animals in Central park. They lead lives of ease which come as near that of the Pullman car conductor as anything I know of.

The Casino has come forward and reformed, hoping in the bright and glorious future to greet the good and great and occupy the paragon along with Mr. Palmer and Augustin Daly. The "Fencing Master" is one of the prettiest and most romantic comic operas I have ever seen. It is Italian, but not effusively so. The principal scenes are laid in Venice, and all the tracing and visiting seem to be done in gondolas. Marie Tempest, the fencing master—a daughter who has been reared as a son by her old father till she is the most skillful swordsman in the place. She becomes the court fencing master, and during the campaign keeps the royal fence in repair. Francesca, the young swordswoman, falls in love with Fortino, the rightful heir to the throne.

The general literary tone of the play reminds one of the works of Stue Brodie, or the perillige of Mme. Yucca, who lifts the horse at Huber's dime museum. And yet one does not go away. I was alone, and at 10 a. m. could get one lone seat by the man who plays the popgun in the orchestra. I saw over three hours holding a large fat lady with a real alligator neck and moss green freckles on it. At first she rested equally on me and a gent on her right, but the gent on her right got weary, and taking a lingering look at the ballet he went away.

Count Wolfenstein is a character in the play, and lives on his title and eleven dollars per week. Rudolph is a poor artist, who paints campaign banners, and so cannot get anything only every four years. But while he is in the hands of his enemies and chained to a large pillar of the dungeon of the castle he is approached by Hertzog, called the Black Crook, a man who lives in the mountains and has dealings with the devil, ever and anon swapping him a soul for a milk cow or a town lot. He must be remembered, however, that all along here rapid fencing occurs, and beautiful girls, relieved of their wraps by kindly hands, come in and dance in a sprightly way, which reminds me of the Jardin Kerbiff, in Paris, which I saw once.

All at once the orchestra opens with a sort of bugle call sounding like tummy da, tummy da, rat, rat, rat, rat, tummy da, tummy da, and then some more girls come upon the stage and cut up so that I put a corner of the next lady's Paisley shawl over my head. Next came a view of hell, and the old lady re-drew the shawl and told me I could look now. It was a beautiful sight. Dragon-

of Milan and owner of a line of gondolas on Fifth avenue. He is sent on a perilous mission, which it is hoped will result in his ignominious death, but Francesca resolves to go with him, and buying a new Wade & Butcher sword she goes with him, joyfully kicking several of his prominent enemies, and asking their friends to send in the bill for same.

Fortino, however, loves another, but not beyond his control, as she seems to be a bit of a flirt, and in fact Francesca encourages her to elope with a well known and successful proprietor of a trolley line on the Grand canal. He comes every evening and plunks with his Venetian plunker to a low, sad refrain referring to love that curls up and dies for lack of proper attention. Francesca is in favor of this matter and encourages his passion, begging the young lady out, and yet doing it quite squarely. Finally Fortino agrees to meet this girl and speak to her freely; also to tell her that he is very likely to come into possession of the throne by showing his subjects that they are at that time paying too high a duty on wearing apparel, and that wages have gone down, thus turning the tide of added wealth, called the unearned increment, into the pockets of the rich.

Francesca so assists the other man that he gets the young lady just before Fortino arrives, and pretty soon there has to be an explanation, and no longer can the beautiful boy swordsman conceal the fact that he loves Fortino and would cheerfully die in his defense, as he had almost done already several times.

By and by all well, and Fortino wonders how he could have been such an ass all along, and the audience cordially join in why he did not know more. Then Francesca goes away to Italy and returns in a long dress made of Italian red and yellow plaid with a special train to it.

At this point we see by our programme that it will be continued on next page, and that Lyon & Healy's brass bands are used exclusively in this theater; also that members of the "Black Crook" company wear the celebrated Voila self-heating chest from Paris. Buy no other one. We now turn over our programme and find that the Runaround railroad can receive a few more people if told in time, and even go down to Brooklyn for people who are well connected. Then the next scene is a rocky pass. It is over the

Return of the Quadra—The Iona Asks for Clearance—Salmon for London Markets.

Just as the steamer Joan, Capt. Butler, was about to leave Nanaimo for Victoria yesterday morning, she met with an accident which detained her in that port until about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. She had just backed out from the wharf, and was about to go ahead, when the Cutch, Capt. Johnson, of Vancouver, also backed out. As soon as she had cleared the Joan's bow, Capt. Butler gave the signal to full speed ahead.

"When abreast of the Cutch," said Capt. Butler to a reporter last evening, "I observed her coming ahead also, but I could not well back to clear her, and as I was on her starboard side I depended upon the Cutch keeping clear of us. This was not done, however, and instead she came ahead full speed, striking us very hard amidships, and breaking a number of our pipes. I anchored until able to steam when I returned to the wharf."

The damage done to the Joan is all above water. The full extent of the injury is not known exactly, nor will it be until an examination is made by carpenters, but it is thought safe to say that \$1,000 will cover the repairs. The damage done to the Cutch was not ascertained, and it is thought that Vancouver almost immediately after the collision.

MUTINY ON BOARD. Capt. Gaudin, of the bark River, yesterday, at present lying at the outer wharf, yesterday swore out warrants against a number of the crew, whom he charges with desertion and refusing to do work which they had been called upon to perform. The warrant was issued by the Provincial police, Officer Neil, of the Provincial police, for desertion, and after several hours' search they ultimately succeeded in locating their men on board the bark.

The men are lodged in the Provincial jail, and will be brought up to-morrow at eleven o'clock before the court. The men are being very rough, and the captain has said to have sent the captain an officer of the bark at defiance, and refusing to work, came ashore.

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STEAMERS IN COLLISION. The Joan Struck Heavily Amidships by the Cutch While Leaving Nanaimo Harbor.

Return of the Quadra—The Iona Asks for Clearance—Salmon for London Markets.

Just as the steamer Joan, Capt. Butler, was about to leave Nanaimo for Victoria yesterday morning, she met with an accident which detained her in that port until about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. She had just backed out from the wharf, and was about to go ahead, when the Cutch, Capt. Johnson, of Vancouver, also backed out. As soon as she had cleared the Joan's bow, Capt. Butler gave the signal to full speed ahead.

"When abreast of the Cutch," said Capt. Butler to a reporter last evening, "I observed her coming ahead also, but I could not well back to clear her, and as I was on her starboard side I depended upon the Cutch keeping clear of us. This was not done, however, and instead she came ahead full speed, striking us very hard amidships, and breaking a number of our pipes. I anchored until able to steam when I returned to the wharf."

The damage done to the Joan is all above water. The full extent of the injury is not known exactly, nor will it be until an examination is made by carpenters, but it is thought safe to say that \$1,000 will cover the repairs. The damage done to the Cutch was not ascertained, and it is thought that Vancouver almost immediately after the collision.

MUTINY ON BOARD. Capt. Gaudin, of the bark River, yesterday, at present lying at the outer wharf, yesterday swore out warrants against a number of the crew, whom he charges with desertion and refusing to do work which they had been called upon to perform. The warrant was issued by the Provincial police, Officer Neil, of the Provincial police, for desertion, and after several hours' search they ultimately succeeded in locating their men on board the bark.

The men are lodged in the Provincial jail, and will be brought up to-morrow at eleven o'clock before the court. The men are being very rough, and the captain has said to have sent the captain an officer of the bark at defiance, and refusing to work, came ashore.

THE QUADRA RETURNS. The Dominion Government steamer Quadra, with Capt. Gaudin, agent of marine, returned to port last evening, after visiting all the lighthouses in the Gulf, and also after having laid a new standing buoy in Bayne's sound. Capt. Gaudin, who was accompanied by Mr. G. H. Sharf, of the Provincial police, and Mr. Sams, Peter Voelock and Andrew Gordon. The men are lodged in the Provincial jail, and will be brought up to-morrow at eleven o'clock before the court. The men are being very rough, and the captain has said to have sent the captain an officer of the bark at defiance, and refusing to work, came ashore.

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