

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Everything Still Booming in the Great West.

FOUND DEAD.—Last Sunday morning some boys, playing in the neighborhood of our private graveyard, found the dead body of Big Jim, the half-breed, who has been a local character for years. The coroner's inquest developed the fact that whisky downed him, and the boys chipped in enough to buy him a coffin.

Big Jim was the first man in this town to draw a gun on us, and he shot both hind buttons off our coat while we were on the run. He was also the first man to clean out our editorial office after we got started. On that occasion he threw us through a window and the stove after us and we ran four miles before we made a halt. We can't say that we regret his death, but indulge in the hope that he will keep warm during the coming winter.

POOR OLD FLY.—The other day we received forty-eight large sheets of red card board from Chicago on which to print signs of "for sale" and "to rent." A red cardboard sign had never been seen in this town, and the enterprise of The Kicker in sparing no expense to introduce them was generally and favorably commented on.

SHR STILL FLOATS.—Last week we had an editorial advising Uncle Sam to take possession of Mexico and make it a portion of this great and glorious country. We were somewhat hilarious when we wrote it, and perhaps we bragged up the star spangled banner ten or twelve feet higher than she is usually boosted. However, The Kicker never takes anything back which happens to be connected with Bunker Hill, Valley Forge and the immortal George.

It seems that the article gave offense to Senator Emanuel Garcia, the greaser who runs the gambling shop over the postoffice, and Monday forenoon he visited the office to pull our nose and express his dissatisfaction. He found us off our guard and rather had the advantage for the first twenty seconds, but when we got to work he didn't last long. The doctor says he will pull through if inflammation or erysipelas doesn't set in, and we are glad of it. He was imbued with patriotic motive, and hang a man who won't fight for his country. That's what we were imbued with when we wrote the article, and at this stage of the game the old flag still proudly floats in the breeze of liberty.

What She Meant.—The struggles of childhood with long words are often as pathetic as they are droll, but it is the funny side which is apt to impress their elders. A lady went not long ago to call upon a neighbor in the country, and found the five-year-old son of the house playing upon the lawn.

Lawyers and Damages.—Lawyer (triumphantly)—Goodness! we have won. The jury rendered a verdict giving my client, Jones, \$10,000 damages.

A Long Vacation.—Llewellyn, a Little Lord Fauntleroy darling on the North side, saw an Indian for the first time the other day. He gazed in speechless wonder at the noble red man's swarthy face and hands for some moments, and then said, "Papa, what an awful long vacation that man must have been taking."

Hyperbolite.—Actor—I tell you, my colleague Heidenbein is so entirely dependent on the prompter that he invited the man to attend his wedding the other day and whisper the words "I will" at the critical moment.—Der Schalk.

On the Water.—She—I wonder why the Bible commands us to cast our bread upon the water? The Brute—To soften it, probably.—New York Herald.

Keep Mum.—A contributor inquires, "How can I tell the age of a horse?" If you are anxious to sell the beast, don't tell it at all.—Washington Star.

Right in It.—The Leopard—What do you think of that man with a camera who went by here about an hour ago? Lion—Oh, he's out of sight.—Life.

A Sad Mistake.

Mr. E. C. White, a man about town, well known, well liked by the ladies and fairly popular in the male sex, was missed from his former corner in the club, and rumor said that he had been married in Chicago or Cincinnati. After a week or ten days he appeared in the office of the St. Charles, in New Orleans, approached the register with the "Oh-I've-been-here-before" air, and taking up the pen, he indorsed, in a style never before equaled, the following: "E. C. White & White, California."—Detroit Free Press.

Send Him Home.



Voice from Doorway—Mary, what are you doing out there? Mary—I'm looking at the moon. Voice from Doorway—Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half past 11.—Life.

His Sneeze Meant Take a Rest.

"Look at that!" Under his arm he carried a Turkish rug. He was walking along Ninth avenue yesterday afternoon.

At the corner of West Twenty-sixth street he suddenly sneezed, unrolled the gaudy scarf, and pre-empting a cool place under the shelter of a peanut stand calmly stretched his frame over Manhattan island.

The gang edged closer. Fully fifty people gathered. "He is crazy." "He is weary." "He is beery."

The brave policeman took his turn. "He is the descendant of a race of kings. I guess I had better run him in." The man whispered something in the cop's ear.

The minion of the law smiled. "Boys," he said, as sweet as honey. "Move on and let the gentleman rest."

"What's up?" "Move on!" The man on the rug sneezed again. "Ah," he said, "all over now. I knew it. The first sneeze means lie down. The second get a move on you."

"Will you kindly explain your mysterious and kingly pomp?" asked a breathless World man.

"With pleasure," said the man, rolling up his rug and preparing to take his journey toward Harlem.

"When I sneeze, as I did a moment before, I know by experience it is necessary for me to recline. Hence, I always carry this rug."

"But why recline?" "I have fits."—New York World.

Some Funny Answers.

For originality, not to say humor, commend us to the answers in examination papers. Here are two or three which an English bishop vouches for. A child was asked to give some account of Oliver Cromwell, and volunteered the information that the Protector "was very unhappy and dreaded assassination. On his death-bed he cried, 'If I had served my God as I served my king I should not thus be forsaken in my old age!'"

Another, evidently with temperance proclivities, defined syntax as "a dooty upon spirits." One smart youth who was asked by an examiner "Could your father walk around the world?" was equal to the occasion. "No, sir," said he. "Why not?" "Because he's dead."—New York Tribune.

Her Great Love.

"Could you love me, darling," he whispered with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only one coat to my back?" "I could," she replied softly, as she nestled in his great, strong Yorkville arms.

"If I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."—Clothing and Furnisher.

One Exception.

"It is too bad that the bristles in a hand-some hairbrush like this do not last as long as the back," said the visitor to Johnny's mother.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Bride (in awe).—I should like to give my intended a little surprise before our marriage. What would you advise? Female Friend.—Hum!—Present him with your certificate of birth.—Flegende Blatter.

A Great Want.

Cumso (interrupting the barber's remarks).—Haven't you a silent partner? Barber.—No, sir. Why? "I wish you had. I'd like him to shave me."—Harper's Bazar.

A Limited Experience.

A writer in The National Stockman says that the speed of bees is greatly overestimated. He evidently never tried to get away from one.—Chicago Globe.

COULDN'T MAKE A TRADE.

Thought He Had Him All Right, but It Didn't Work.

"How much do you ask for this basket of peaches?" said a man who entered a South Water street orchard yesterday afternoon. "Only fifty cents," answered the horticulturist in charge.

"Only fifty cents?" echoed the caller. "Yes, sir, for peaches of that quality. They're sweet, ripe, juicy and free from bruises. You won't find a better peach in this market, and I'm betting money on it."

"They are cheaper than that in Delaware." "But this isn't Delaware, my friend. Take a good look at those peaches. No, you needn't tear a hole in the gauze. Here's an opening in the side of the basket. You can see for yourself. They're sound as a dollar, best freestone, good all the way down, and if this wasn't a big year for peaches that basket would cost you a dollar and a quarter."

"No, cheaper, I reckon, if I should take a half dozen baskets?" "I might shade 'em for you a little, but it's just as I tell you. There isn't a better peach in the market anywhere today than these, and—"

"Take forty-five cents for this basket?" "Well—yes," said the dealer after a moment's hesitation. "But—"

"Six of 'em for \$2.40?" "I oughtn't to come down a cent on 'em, but if you want six I'll let you have 'em for \$2.50."

"Make it \$2.40?" "Two forty-five then."

"All right." The caller whipped a book out from under his coat, opened it and began talking rapidly.

"Here's a little work I'm introducing in this neighborhood. It's called 'The House-keeper's Friend.' It tells you how to get up a party, how to make a bed, fly a kite, get rid of cockroaches, cure warts, corns and ingrowing toenails, how to enter a drawing room, paint on glass, mend crockeryware, dress a chicken, cook a—"

"Thunder! What do I want of it?" "Cook a lobster, take care of a canary, bring your children up to obey you, clean spots out of carpets, how to tell mushroom rooms from lead-stools, what kind of books you ought to read."

"See here! I don't!" "And I'm offering this book for exactly \$2.45. It's worth \$10 of any man's money, but I'm selling it at a low price to introduce it. At \$2.45 it will just pay for these peaches, and—"

"I don't want it at all, sir!" "Look it over, you'll find it's all I claim for it. What is a miserable half dozen baskets of peaches compared with a book that shows you how to approach a cow when you want to milk her, that gives you directions about cultivating your mind?"

"I tell you I don't want your book!" "Hey?" "I wouldn't give you ten cents for a boxful of such books."

"No, sir!" "Who's asking you to give ten cents for a boxful of them? I came in here, sir, like a man to negotiate a trade with you. You have given me your lowest price for six baskets of peaches and I've given you my lowest cash price for a book worth a hundred baskets. I have offered, sir, to make an even trade. And you refuse!"

"Yes, and if you don't get out of here!" "I'm going, sir," said the caller in the severe, dignified tone of a man administering a deserved reproof to an impatient hired man. "A person, sir, who doesn't care enough about learning how to dress properly, take care of pigeons, acquire an easy grace of manner, cook eggplant and detect counterfeit money, and who doesn't believe in the grand principle of reciprocity in commercial transactions is not worthy of the name of an American citizen. That is all, sir! Good afternoon."—Chicago Tribune.

The Conquering Hero Returns.—"Tell me, my boy," said the aged father as he gazed long and earnestly into the face of the prodigal son, who had but just returned after the long, anxious years—"tell me, what have you been doing all these years that we have mourned you?" "Yes, father," replied the young man, his bronzed and weatherbeaten face lighting up with honest pride. "I have accomplished what other men have failed at. I have learned how to create my own trousers."—Clothing and Furnisher.

Something Got Away.—"You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder.—No, I think it was the chicken she didn't catch.—Brandon Bucksaw.

No Laugh There.—We laugh at the cute sayings of children, but the telling remarks of a young brother are not always admired by the grown up sister.—Cape Cod Item.

No More.—The girl we know has fled from view. The flight we must deplore. And lots of things she used to do. She doesn't any more.

She used to gambol on the beach. Where waters fiercely roar. And gaily fly the breakers' reach. She doesn't any more.

She oft would list to words of love. That Herbert used to pour. Into her ear as they would rove. She doesn't any more.

Her dress came high about her throat. Upon the pebbly shore. But in the ballroom now you note. It doesn't any more. —Washington Star.

Perplexed.



She.—Haven't you been standing before that glass long enough? He.—In. Well, perhaps I have. You see I can't decide whether to wear my hair pompadour or not.—Truth.

Didn't Come Around.

"See here, waiter," said a guest at a hotel in a new and struggling town, "haven't you got any milk for this coffee?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter affably, "the milkman didn't come around this morning."

"I don't see any bread." "No, the bread man didn't come around."

"Can't you give me some iced tea?" "Well, no, the fact is the ice man didn't come around."

"I don't see any meat on the table; nothing but fried catfish." "No, catfish is the best we can do. The meat man didn't come around."

"Well, who in thunder did come around? There isn't enough to eat on this table to banquet a squirrel."

"There was a cabbage man around yesterday, and if you can wait I'll try and fix you up some cold slaw, or if it isn't all gone there is some dried beef down in the cellar in a nail keg."—Texas Sittings.

Put Down as a Hoosier.

James Whitcomb Riley went abroad recently, and on the vessel coming back volunteered for the regular ship's concert for the benefit of destitute mariners. He read a number of poems, which were rapturously received by everybody present with the exception of two very stolid Englishmen in the front row.

The following conversation ensued between them later on in the smoking room: "I say, Arthur, what was that chap's name who read the verses?" "Ah, that's Wilcox Riley—he's quite a clever tradesman."

"Bless me, who'd 'a' thought it! I heard he was a literary chap and all that sort of thing."

"No, I'm told he's a hoosier." "You don't say so? Really, now, what a pity it is that a man like him should be tied down to a shop."

And this is what it is to be the Hoosier poet.—Chicago Tribune.

Qualified Affection.

Genuine sorrow is sometimes expressed so strangely that the listener finds it hard not to smile. A case in point is mentioned by a clergyman.

While passing a summer vacation in a thinly settled portion of Maine, he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a farmer, who had died leaving a widow with whom he had lived in wedlock for nearly half a century.

After the service the widow came to the side of the coffin for a last look at the face of the departed, and as she stood there she heaved a deep sigh, and turned to the clergyman to say, with perfect simplicity: "Wal, I ruther liked him."—Youth's Companion.

A Fable for the Peach Season.

The Good Minister had preached a Powerful Sermon from the Text, "Thou Shalt Not Steal."

And the Railway Expressman on the Back Seat took it as a Huge Joke and cheerfully threw in Half a Dollar when the Basket came around.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Craved.

Waiter—What kind of soup will you have? Beenthere—Just plain. Waiter—What do you mean by that? Beenthere—Without any thumb it it.—Boston Courier.

To Be Continued.

"Mrs. Brown and I never quarreled but once." "What? I heard you two weeks ago, and I heard you again today."

"It was the same quarrel, sir."—New York Sun.

Professional Courtesy.

Two doctors met on the street. "I feel sorry for you. You ought not to be out in this kind of weather. You are a sick man," said Dr. Blister.

"I am feeling very well," replied Dr. Soonover. "What doctor is treating you?" "I am prescribing for myself."

"You shouldn't do that. You are liable to be arrested for attempted suicide."—Texas Sittings.

Frozen Out.

"Could you not, if you tried, grant me a place in that icy heart of yours?" "My heart may be of ice, as you say, Mr. Sopleigh. But, all the same, I am not in the cold storage business."—Indianapolis Journal.

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