

THEY ARE AFTER HIM

M. QUAD TELLS OF HIS LEAP YEAR EXPERIENCES.

Several Sorrowful Hearts Left Behind to Pile Slowly Away—One Loving Maiden Who Came Near Cerebrating Him, but He Got Away.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.] 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 women a fair show.

It has been my sad and painful duty to reject the hearts of several females offered to me in leap year, and I never look back on the list without wishing that it had been otherwise. One leap year night, many years ago, I found lodgings in the cabin of a farmhouse near the town. 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 widow.

The widow flew mad. She also flew for a shotgun. I likewise flew away. That's the trouble with the leap year. When one is rejected she takes it too much to 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 preach or to write, but to break the joyful news 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 kill with an hour's delay. Susan suddenly cuddled up to me, and said that she had loved me for years, and she wanted to break the joyful tidings. She could stand it no longer. Without a word she took me by the hand and led me to a room where she had a dog lying on the floor. She said she would like to have the dog, and she would like to have me, and she would like to have the dog and me together. I said I would like to have the dog and me together, and she would like to have the dog and me together.

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 garter, suddenly jumped on the rail fence from a corn field and stood before me in an agitated state. I had only a glance into her beautiful eyes 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 over since the old horse raised the tail 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 wheel, gave me half of the sassafras root and said:

"Stranger, I'm old Bill Johnson's daughter Sal, twenty years old, sound as a brick, and I can't 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 horse and continued:

"It's leap year, and I'm going 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 persuasive and thoughtful. It was her first offer, and she was like the stars in the sky that I was just too good for her. She rallied from the blow. She bit off a new quid, kicked a horse off the hind leg of old Dobbin, and forgivingly said:

"Wall, old man, I'm going to let you off, owing 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 doctored man. He had promised to be here, and her old dad was guarding the road out of town with a gun to see that he didn't escape.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Progress of the Liveliest Paper in the Great West.

A WORD IN KINDNESS.—Two days ago his honor the mayor (which is himself) received a written communication from 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, 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 heels and ridden 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 can't be run by outsiders. It can't be run except according to the rules and ordinances laid down.



OUT WITH THE BOYS.

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 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 hundred shooters on deck and loaded to the chin, and if any get away it won't be our fault.

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 on 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 be at his hand, and we were right. Shoshone Bill was in the care of thirty determined men, and like the average bluffer his hand 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 twice 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 headed notice in our local columns to the effect that land can be had further west at a fifty cent 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 he had to leave Connecticut for stealing a cow, now charges us with seeking to assassinate the postmaster of this town so as to secure his place. We could not secure the appointment even should he resign in our favor. THE KICKER and Mr. Wannamaker 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 cent 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. There is no doubt that the country is in a worse condition financially than at any time since the war. My space is necessarily too limited to embrace the detail of wrongs which have been imposed upon the people for the last twenty-five years, and for which the two old parties are held responsible, and as neither have the courage or having the courage, lack the disposition to combat the wrong, a new party, that of the people, has sprung into existence, possessing both the courage and disposition. It has taken firm root on our soil, and is rapidly spreading throughout the state, and its ranks are being augmented every day, not only by Alliance men, but by those outside the order. "A lone fisherman" from Georgia has unfurled his banner in the halls of congress, and the people seem determined to sustain him in his loneliness.

The people are beginning to recognize the stupidity of our present system of representation, they are bent on reform. At the same time they are keeping one eye to windward, so that they are not side-tracked by false issues, such as the modification of the tariff, or state banks of issues; the former of which has been causing our statement to waste their time and our money in weary years of debate, which would have been decided in favor of the people years ago had there been no "axes to grind." Springing the tariff question at this time is but a subterfuge of the bosses to distract the minds of the people. The money question is the absorbing theme at this time, and paramount to all others. Edmund Burk was right when he said "that some of the important convulsions in society have grown out of money questions." There is no good reason why the United States treasury should be run in the interest of the robber barons of Wall street, as it has been for the last quarter of a century. State banks of issue is but a cross between a national bank and a Wall street shark.

What we want is a circulating medium with something solid behind it. Congress—not banks—should regulate the money. Thomas Jefferson, that great apostle of Democratic principles, spoke wisely when he declared "that bank notes should be suppressed and the issuing of money restored to the people, where it belonged."

Our people are getting their eyes opened to the tricks, duplicity and selfish cunning of mere party management; and are being educated a little too fast to suit some of the political hucksters; they have spelled the word right and stepped to the head of the class, and don't propose to be turned down by the old mossbacks. Of all the countries on earth ours ought to be the most prosperous, happy, and would be if the government was administered in the interest of the people. How is it that our statement do not

recognize this fact, and shape legislation in the interest of the people? The farmers all over the country are being urged to curtail their cotton crop as over production is the cause of our great financial depression, when there is not a word of truth in the assertion. Place a sufficient amount of money in circulation to meet the demands of trade, and every yard of cotton goods will be at once utilized; and in less than one month cotton would go to fifteen cents per pound. Let some of the commission men who have so much to say about overproduction visit the homes in the country, and look at the old patched clothes being worn by the farmers, and watch their poor overtaxed wives after the arduous labors of the day are finished sitting up late at night renovating dilapidated garments that ought long ago to have been consigned to the rag bag, and they will at once see that this howl about overproduction is a phantom. There is no use in trying to disguise the fact, the war is on, and it is the last chance the poor overburdened farmers will ever have to extricate themselves and their posterity from the shackles of serfdom. The wretched state of finances of the country has all been brought about by a few capitalists robbers working in harmony and conjunction with their confederates in Europe to control the financial policy of our government and rob the producing classes. The inequalities in society are widening every day, and without a change will ultimately end in the complete subjugation of the masses to the despotic rule of capital, or in one of the bloodiest revolutions the world has ever seen. Our enemy is in the ballot, let us reform it and pledge ourselves that we will only sustain such party as will subscribe to the reform outlined in the Ocala demands. Every effort should be made to keep down contention and strife in our ranks; then with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, we will succeed in the great object we have set out to accomplish, which is embodied in two simple sentences, "equal rights to all and special favors to none."

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Brother Gardner's Maxims.

A mevi may be blind in one eye, but I hev allus noticed dat he kicks on dat side just as quick as de de older. In de case of mevils it's de boofa you want to look out fur.

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

While I ar' constitutionally opposed to de theory of Lynch law, I hev invariably noticed dat de practice of it neber seems to hurt anybody 'cept de man who counted on a trial an a disagreemnt of de jury.

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

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 semowhar.

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

A Scholar of the Thirteenth Century. Lanting gave birth, at the end of the Twelfth century, to a man whose mechanical talent would today have led him to discover a simpler method of telegraphing or a cheaper fuel than coal, and have made him the honorary member of learned societies. This was Albertus Magnus, one of whose pupils was Thomas Aquinas. A mass of stories are still current of the extraordinary things he did; for instance, an automaton which could move and speak, and which one of his pupils afterward destroyed, thinking he was thereby serving God and spitting the devil. We know of him nothing but legends, and these prove only that he understood the forces of nature better than the people who denounced him. He once entertained his emperor with fruit produced in the midst of winter, which to his generation was abundant evidence that he was in league with the evil spirit.

In our day, however, the town has sought to atone for past neglect by erecting in the beautiful market place a bronze statue worthy of the first scholar of his day as well as of Laning's early fame.—Fountain Bigelow in Harper's.

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A New Badge. The accompanying design speaks for itself. People's Party for our country and flag; America, every reformer who will join the party, gold \$1.50. Gold pin 75 cents. Send orders to Geo. Brunell, Cheyenne, Wyo. Agents wanted. Pat. by Geo. Brunell, Wyo. 224 Mention this paper.

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Homes and Irrigated Farms, Gardens and Orchards in the Celebrated Bear River Valley on the Main Lines of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific R. R. near Corinne and Ogden, Utah. Splendid location for business and industries of all kinds in the well known city of Corinne, situated in the middle of the valley in the central Pacific R. R. The lands of the Bear River valley are now thrown open to settlement by the construction of the mammoth system of irrigation from the Bear lake and river, just completed by the Bear River Canal Co., at a cost of \$5,000,000. The company controls 100,000 acres of these fine lands and owns many large and business locations in the city of Corinne, and is now prepared to sell on easy terms to settlers and colonies. The climate, soil, and irrigating facilities are pronounced unsurpassed by competent judges who declare the valley to be the Paradise of the Farmer, Fruit Grower and Stock Raiser. Nice social surroundings, good schools and churches at Corinne City, and Home Markets exist for every kind of farm and garden produce in the neighboring cities of Ogden and Salt Lake, and in the great mining camps. Lands will be shown from the local office of the Company at Corinne, 15th

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CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD CO. ROADMASTER'S OFFICE. SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 30, 1891. EUREKA GATE COMPANY, WATERLOO, IOWA. In reply to yours of the 17th, would say, we like your gates very much and shall give you an order next year when we put on our fence again. Yours truly, J. R. PATON.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 14, 1891. EUREKA GATE CO., Waterloo, Iowa. GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the 12th inst. duly received. According to the description of the wire you have used, I would say, that it is just what we want. We have no wire nearer than N. Y., so you had better arrange for your own wire, unless your gates are so constructed that we can put on the wire without much trouble and you allow us the difference. Make our order seventy-eight, including the one sent to Chicago instead of seventy-five as was ordered. Yours truly, SOUTHWESTERN STEEL POST CO. By T. J. PROSSER, Pres.

J. W. Hartley, Alliance State Agent has made arrangements for selling these Gates Direct to Members of the Alliance at Factory Prices. J. W. HARTLEY, State Agent, Lincoln, Nebraska. Or EUREKA GATE CO., WATERLOO, IOWA.

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