

Under the Double Eagle.

MARCH.

J. F. WAGNER, Op. 159.



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Under the Double Eagle March.—2.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

Its Ever Watchful Editor Has to Use His Guns Again.

TROUBLE OVER AN ARTICLE.

How the Colonel Was Given a Much Needed Lesson—The Bad Man From Panhandle Meets His Waterloo at Last and is Placed at Rest.

[Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKean.]

One of the biggest cranks among our subscribers and one of the most notorious in the territory is Colonel Singleton of the Three Bar ranch. The colonel has subscribed for the Kicker and dropped it again about four times a year for the last five years. There is never any telling what will please or displease him, and the first thing we know he refuses his paper and sends us word that we are a fool and a villain.

On such occasions, as soon as we can make it convenient, we buckle on our guns and ride over to the ranch. The colonel expects us. He begins shooting at us as soon as we come within range. We shoot back. After we have wasted



MORE BIG DRINKS.
He gets scared and then begs our pardon.

nel took exception to the article, although he can't tell within a hundred years of when America was discovered, and sent us the usual word.

Wild Report Flying Around.

On Wednesday we rode out to give him the usual scare. He fortified himself in a stable with two guns and a hundred cartridges and announced that he would die game. We had no intention whatever of even wounding him, but in some unaccountable way we raked him across the skull with a bullet, and it will be a long four weeks before he is able to gather bouquets again on the smiling sea. He knows that we are sorry, and he has forgiven us. Whether he will hug the moral lesson to his soul and benefit by it we can't say. Just now he is suffering from a brain storm and is hugging his head, and we don't care to bother him with abstract questions. For two or three days there were wild reports flying around to the effect that we had shot the colonel from ambush and cut up his body for wolf bait, but the above is a true and faithful account of the affair.

The extra issued from this office Thursday afternoon contained the following:

"MORE SHOOTING."

"JIM HELLO PLUNKS A STRANGER."

"The Said Stranger Draws and Fires the First Shot—He Had Sworn to Kill the Editor."

"This morning at 9 o'clock the stage brought into Givendad Gulch a passenger who may prove to be Bill Taylor of Texas, though he is not fully identified yet. He was a middle aged man of fierce visage, and his fellow passengers sized him up as a bad man. He was several times heard to mutter to himself and was seen handling a revolver. Of Mr. James Snyder, a passenger, the bad man inquired if Jim Hello was still editor of the Kicker and if we were in the habit of carrying a gun."

"After descending from the stage at the Royal hotel the stranger took two large drinks of whiskey."

"Then he sat down to breakfast and ordered eggs, bear steaks and coffee."

"While waiting for his order he leaned his head on his hands and seemed to be thinking of something sad and far away."

"Then he looked at the holes in the tablecloth and swore under his breath."

"Then he called the waiter a son of a gun for saying that it was a fine day."

"Taken for an Evangelist."

"Several persons took him for an evangelist. Several others didn't."

"He ate with a fairly good appetite, and the way he chewed his steak led people to believe that he was from the Panhandle."

"The genial host of the Royal tried to be genial with the stranger, but he would have none of it. He said that

if he was obliged to run such a ranch as that he would blow his own head off.

"The genial host went to get a shotgun and kill him for the remark, but a bill for flour coming in just then caused him to forget his errand."

"When the stranger left the table he went into the barroom and took two more big drinks, and then, leaning on the bar, he said to Jimmie Sweetzer that he had come a great many miles to make a hero of himself. He wouldn't say just exactly how he was going to do it, but said that the district attorney of the county couldn't call him insane in one breath and then prosecute him for a sane man in another."

"He also displayed a revolver and boasted that he had killed seven men with it. Only three of them had had time to utter a prayer, and they were mighty brief prayers at that."

"When the stranger left the hotel he inquired of Joe Harkness the way to the Kicker office. Joe is a stutler, as we all know, and he replied:

"You—you go right down this street two blocks and then turn—turn—"

"He was going to tell the rest of it if it took all the forenoon, but the stranger said he'd be hanged if he would wait. He further observed that if he had such a tongue on him he'd go and play with the coyotes."

"Ten minutes later the shadow of death crossed the threshold of the Kicker office, holding a gun ready to shoot."

"We sat in our sanctum writing a yellow journal editorial as to why mice loved cheese. It is really a scientific question and one that the magazines should pay more attention to, and we had become deeply interested when the shadow entered our room and a hoarse voice exclaimed:

"A Fusillade of Bullets."

"Prepare to meet the devil!"

"The words were followed by a fusillade. Bullets zipped past and all around us, and for a few seconds we were dazed. Only half an hour before that our horse editor had asked us to raise his salary to \$8 a week, and we had refused because he couldn't tell us why a mule always raised his tail before he started to Bray. We thought the young man had come back for revenge."

"Then we got a line on the stranger and reached for our gun, and two shots dropped him. We had to fire through a cloud of smoke, but both bullets went home. The stranger had emptied his gun, but we were not even grazed."

"The remains were removed to the town hall at once, and a coroner's jury was impaneled. A verdict of 'justifiable homicide' was reached in about ten minutes. From a letter found in one of the pockets it would appear that the man's name was Bill Taylor and that he was a resident of the Oily

State, but there is nothing certain about it. Why he came here to kill us will probably always remain a mystery. We had never heard of him in our life and certainly had never referred to him in our paper. It may be that he thought we had had enough of this cold world and needed a rest."

"The man, whoever he was, was buried yesterday. As usual, we personally bore the expense of the funeral and rode at the head of the procession. He was buried in our private graveyard, and within a month the roses will be climbing over his grave, and on his tombstone people will be reading that he was a just and upright man, a little eccentric perhaps, but preferring the narrow paths of virtue to the broader highways of vice. He will be labeled 'No. 13,' and he will sleep well. If he is not better off it is not our fault."

M. QUAD.

The Other Standpoint.

First Mosquito—Don't you think these human beings are too numerous?

Second Mosquito—Altogether so! Some effort ought to be made to exterminate them.—New York Life.

Mania For It.

Feedum—There's one high railroad rate might few people object to. Right—What's that?

Feedum—A high rate of speed.—Kansas City Times.

Only Way Out of It.



The Prima Donna—I told you I wouldn't sing the role at the salary you named, and yet you have billed me in the part all over the city.

The Herr Director—I see only one way out of it now.

The P. D.—I am listening.

The H. D.—For your own sake it'll be best for you to appear. The understudy is in bad voice.

The P. D.—Never.

The H. D.—Then your reputation will be ruined, for every one will think it is you, and with bad criticisms about you I could never offer you another engagement.

Providing For the Season.

"Dear, let us take a little cottage in the country this summer."

"All right, darling, but be sure and insist on a furnace in good order."—Baltimore American.

MERELY AN OPINION.

What Brother Quackenbush Thought of the Funeral Proceedings.

"Uh—well, sah," judiciously remarked old Brother Quackenbush, "I isn't parsin' no 'pinions on de eppository one way or de tudder mubsef, but dees givin' yo' de skin and bones of de pub-seedin's and leavin' yo' to draw yo' own ex-cusions. 'Twuz dis-uh-way; Endurin' of de funyal, uh-whist! Pahson Bagster was deliverin' of as complimentary an address to de cawpse as yo' most ever listened to, a section of de plaster 'bout dat wide and mebbly dis long focted loose fun de cellin' and 'scended on de pahson's head and knocked him senseless—yassah, put him plumb out'n business for de time bein'! Well, uh—co'se, yo' know, de orgies better go on, uh—kaze dar was de cawpse, and dar was de 'semlage uh—waitin' wid polite impatience, but dar wasn't anudder preacher to be had, so Pubfessah Toombs, de undertaker, stepped into de breach, as yo' might say, wid his mouf uh—snappin' like a steel trap, and says he sawtah dogmatically:

"Yo' all will please make note, brudren and sistahs, dat I takes mub stand right whin de pahson stood, uh—kaze fun de place whin de plaster done fell down dar kaint no mo' plaster fall down, uh—kaze it's plumb done down and tho' fallin', no matter how bad I stretches de troof, and wid dese few words of 'splanation I'll pubseed, not uh—kaze I's stuck on de lamentable, but uh—kaze I takes a pubfessional pride in mub art and admires to have de celebration go off fitten and ship-shape. Wid de fudder conformation dat dis yuh isn't much pussional sediments (not by se-v'al, uh—kaze our depuhted feller citizen, uh—lyin' dar, done owes me a balance of six dollahs on de funyal of his fourth wife, I'll pubseed to read fun dis yuh book de remarks dat was writ to be used in a burial at sea, 'Blievin' dat dey sounds solemnly enough to fit de 'casion and far enough fun de troof not to cause no mo' plasterin' to fall."

"And den he done so. Dat's de way 'twuz, Brudder Bosanko. Yo' can cut it over to suit yo' own blas."—Puck.

The Real Thing.

Two women were discussing some new neighbors who had moved into one of the most sumptuous houses in their city.

"They seem to be very rich," said the first.

"Oh, they are," said the second. "Shall you call?"

"Decidedly!"

"You are sure, are you, that they are—quite correct, quite—good form?"

"Oh, my dear, I'm positive," said the second woman. "They have thirty servants, eighteen horses, twelve dogs, eleven automobiles and one child."

—Des Moines Register.

A RHYME TO PHYLLIS.

When Phyllis walks along the sands,
Clad in her bathing suit, and stands
And gazes out upon the sea,
I wonder not that mightily
The ocean rages for a space
To hold her in his cold embrace!

When Phyllis for a moment kneels
Upon the beach the wavelet steals
Up closer there to snatch a kiss
That tides it with such utter bliss
That, as it rushes back to sea,
It seems to dance in ecstasy.

When Phyllis, when her dip is done,
Lies basking in the yellow sun,
Who wonders, as she rests out there,
That suddenly the summer air
Grows languid and the breezes dis-
Away just like a lover's sigh?

Ah, would I were that favored sea
And Phyllis daily came to me!
Ah, would I were that wavelet small—
No laggard would I prove at all!
Ah, would I were the little breeze
That comes to kiss her from the sea!

Or vander sun that smiles above
And docters her with stores of love.
Egad, I'd even be that grave
No laggard would I prove at all!
Old lobster hiding 'neath the wave,
That, when my princess leaves the shore,
Just tips her toe and asks no more!
—John Kendrick Bangs in New York Herald.

Fooling the Infant.

"Well," remarked Nupup in rather a loud tone of voice, "it's pleasant to think that we can remain comfortably at home this evening."

"Why, George," began Mrs. Nupup, "you know we've got tickets for the—"

"Sh! Can't you see the baby's listening? I said that for his benefit!"

—Catholic Standard and Times.

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