

### Mobbed at Grass Valley.

THE EDITOR OF THE ARIZONA KICKER AND SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

The story made much of in the last issue of our esteemed contemporary, to the effect that we were mobbed over at Grass Valley the other night, is not a carnard. We were at Grass Valley, and if being egged and shot and chased for four miles signifies mobbing then we were mobbed. We were invited to go over there and deliver our celebrated lecture on "Man—His Perfections and Imperfections." Of the 400 men at Grass Valley we don't believe there are three perfect ones. There are more knock-kneed, squint-eyed, hump-backed critters to the square foot in that town than anywhere else in America, and we had the sord to say so when we reached the "Imperfections" in our lecture. Other lecturers would have lied about it and tickled those slabsided kyotes half to death, but we gave them facts and came near losing our life in consequence. Fourteen eggs hit us in chorus before our wheels began to revolve, and it seemed as if every man in town had a shot at us as we were climbing into the saddle. How many mounted and followed after we cannot guess, but our mule realized the situation and made no jumps of less than 14 feet. No, it is no carnard. We were mobbed and driven out, and we shan't visit that town again until we are tired of life and ready to hang.

The news of the sudden death of Major John Williams fell like a blow on the town last Wednesday. The major returned home last Tuesday night, drunk as usual, but seeming to be all right, and Wednesday morning he was found dead in his bed. As men average up out this way the major was a good man. We early discovered that he fled from the east on account of embezzlement, but even when he threatened our life, as he did on several occasions, we never mentioned the fact to him. He wanted to run us as editor and mayor, and because he couldn't he was hunting for us with a gun about half the time. We had to shoot him on three different occasions, but we always shot gently and with no intention to kill, and we have the receipts to prove that we paid his doctor bill. When his better nature prevailed, he was our good friend and kept our demijohn empty and was always in our debt for borrowed money. We can't say that the soul of Major Williams went straight from Giveadam Gulch to heaven, but we do believe that much of the rough trail was made smooth, and that the change has been to his benefit.

Mr. Silas Jackson of Pine Hill spent Wednesday night last in the town lock-up of Giveadam Gulch, and next morning he went home threatening a damage suit against us as mayor. He got drunk and fired seven bullets into the front doors of the city hall, and as the city marshal was not at hand we gave him the collar and marched him off. Mr. Jackson claims that the first he knew of our presence was when his heels struck a billboard six feet from the earth. He contends that he was acting in a riotous manner, and that it was our duty as mayor to have read him the riot act and commanded him to disperse. He will base his suit on this, but we wish to inform him that technicalities don't go in this town. We have always carried a copy of the riot act in our vest pocket since being elected to the mayoralty, but have never yet met with a riot which seemed too big for us to suppress in the ordinary way. If we buck up against something with four or five good men in the front row, we shall stop to read the act in a loud voice, but if there is only one man, and we can get a hand on his collar and our knee in the small of his back, he's got to disperse without any further formality. Mr. Jackson shouldn't be captious over small things.

M. QUAD.

### True Business Insight.

The portly stranger, having been admitted to the presence of the successful author, got down to business right away. "What I want," said he, "is a takin' ad for bakin' powder. You git me up one that'll catch the public, an' you can name yer own price."

The distinguished literateur was too fin de siecle to be astonished at a proposition of the kind, but thought it well to make some inquiries as to the peculiar qualities and special advantages of the article he was to praise.

"Oh, I don't know; we hain't invented it yet; what we want's an ad that'll knock all these other fellers silly. The powder'll take care of itself."—Chicago Tribune.

"It doesn't make no difference what happens," said Mr. Cornstossel, "us farmers is goin' to git congratulated."

"But the condition of crops makes a difference, doesn't it."

"No. Ef they're big, they tell us to be cheerful because we've got so much to sell, and if they're scarce they congratulate us on the prices we order git."

### Baboon Soldiers.

THEY CARRY ON WARFARE BY MEANS OF ORGANIZED BANDS.

Man is not the only animal who carries on his warfare by means of organized bands and calls in the forces of nature to assist him. The German naturalist and traveller Brehm witnessed in Central Africa fights that were conducted in as orderly a manner as if the warriors had been really men, instead of animals somewhat like them in form. The actors in the play were baboons, and their enemies were in one case the traveller's dogs, though the baboons were ready to fight with any creature that attacked them, man only excepted, and he owed his exemption solely to the fact that the baboons could not often gain a point of vantage. The naturalist himself was once stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by these creatures, who sprang upon ledges and stones, looked down for a few moments on the valley, growling, snarling and screaming, and then began to roll down stones with so much vigor and adroitness that the intruders took to flight. The baboons evidently knew the value of co-operation, for the naturalist saw two of them combine their efforts in order to set a particularly heavy stone rolling. One monkey, bent on making the most of his missile, was seen to carry a stone up a tree that he might hurl it with greater effect. On the occasion when the dogs attacked the baboons, the baboons were crossing a valley, and, as usual during a march, the females and young were in the centre, the males heading the column and bringing up the rear. As the dogs rushed upon them only the females took to flight. The males turned and faced the enemy, growling, beating the ground with their hands and opening their mouths wide so as to show their glittering teeth. They looked so fierce and malicious that the dogs—Arab greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey—shrank back. By the time they were encouraged to renew the attack the whole herd had made its way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, one little six-months old monkey alone excepted. This little monkey sat on a rock, surrounded by the dogs, but he was not long left in his perilous position. An old baboon stepped from a cliff near by, advanced toward the dogs, keeping them in check by threatening gestures and sounds, picked up the baby monkey and carried it to a place of safety on the cliff, while the whole crowd of baboons watched the act of heroism and shouted their battlecry.

### The Crocodile.

A FEW OF HIS PECULIAR WAYS OF TRANSACTING BUSINESS.

There is little in the animal kingdom that can look so dead and be so much alive as a crocodile. The number of unsuspecting persons who have mistaken him for a log and have failed to discover their mistake until it was too late to be of any benefit to them will never be known. In ancient times, several years prior to the British occupation of Egypt, some of the people of that country worshipped the crocodile as a god, there being nothing else like him. They fed him on dainties and toggled him out with jewelry. In other parts of Egypt, however, the natives looked upon him as a devil. Having no firearms, they did not fill him with lead, but they managed to immolate him successfully with such weapons as were fashionable at the time. The crocodile is not so numerous in the Nile as he was in the days of the Rameses family. In fact, he rather shuns the river now below the second cataract on account of the annoyances inseparable from tourist traffic. It seems impossible for a tourist to see a crocodile without trying to plug him with a revolver, and to a reptile that is fond of a quiet life this sort of thing is simply insufferable. He will not molest a man unless he can take him at a disadvantage, and so long as a man does not unthinkingly step on him, the crocodile will go his own way and calmly await his opportunity. He feeds on fish, but for a course dinner he would rather have humanity, black preferred, which shows that there is no accounting for tastes, even among reptiles. His methods of capturing large game are plural as well as singular. Sometimes he will lie on a river bank, partly covered with sand or mud, until an absent-minded native wanders within reach. Having grabbed his prey, he will waddle into the water and there drown the struggler. He will then drag his victim ashore and bury him in sand or mud and wait for days before he gorges himself.

Celer, the racer of the Roman Emperor Verus, was fed on almonds and raisins, was covered with royal purple and stabled in the imperial palace.

Benjamin West's greatest picture was his "Death on the Pale Horse." When first exhibited, men turned pale and women fainted at the sight.

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1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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