



Broncho Pete he was a dandy,
 Though he had a taste for brandy.
 With his gun he was quite handy,
 In a melancholy way.
 He could outwear any swearer;
 On the range he was a rearer.
 Big and bold, he was a terror,
 Like a buffalo at play.



And he scorned the bashful stranger,
 And he mocked him, this wild ranger,
 And he told him of his danger
 In the wild and woolly west.
 Then he yanked him by the shoulder;
 By his actions then made bolder;
 Swore they'd "liker 'fore they're older;
 Got a tenderfoot out west."



"Barkeep, set 'em up!" yelled Peter.
 "Set 'em up, you lean muskeeter!"
 And he pulled his big repeater,
 And he spit upon the floor.
 "Don't ye see I'm wild and woolly?
 Don't ye see I'm feelin' bully?
 Fill the glasses, fill 'em fully;
 Don't ye see I yearn for gore?"

A PUGILISTIC PARSON.

BISHOP TUTTLE, who was recently the Episcopal Bishop of Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, was very fond of telling good stories even at his own expense. He was also a superb athlete, a fine swimmer and a good boxer and one of the best known and popular clergymen in the west. He still tells the following story an himself which, we believe, has never yet been in print:

At one time he was journeying from Salt Lake City to a little town called Stockton by stage coach. His companions were a lady, evidently suffering from illness, and a big, raw-boned, red faced Irish section hand. A short distance from Salt Lake City the Irishman pulled out his black "dudeen," filled it with the rankest tobacco, struck a match on his pants and began puffing away. The horrible odor made the lady deathly sick and she requested him to cease smoking. The Irishman, who was evidently somewhat intoxicated, paid no attention to the request.

"Don't you hear what the lady says?" asked the Bishop, somewhat sharply.

"I do," replied Mike, without removing his pipe, "an' she don't like the shmoke, she can get out an' ride wid the dhriver."

Losing his patience the Bishop reached over suddenly, yanked the pipe out of the smoker's mouth and

threw it out of the window. He then resumed his seat without a word, while the Irishman glared at him for a moment, too dumbfounded to speak. Then he uttered a big oath and said:

"When we get to Stockton I'll break ivery bone in yer body fer that same impudence; I'll lick the immortal stuffin' outen ye!"

The Bishop made no reply and the journey continued until Stockton was reached. Mike was the first to alight and after throwing his hat on the platform, spit on his hands and waited for his enemy. The Bishop had hardly put his foot down when Mike lunged at him. The Bishop dexterously dodged and on the impulse of the moment planted a stunning left-hander on Mike's jaw which sent that pugnacious individual sprawling. Mike seemed to think there was a mistake somewhere. Scrambling to his feet he made another dive. This time the Bishop caught him in the eye with his right and gave him a nasty left-handed upper cut and again Mike measured six feet three on the platform. Meanwhile somebody yelled "a fight, a fight!" and a big crowd rushed to the scene. Mike arose the third time somewhat the worse for wear but still in the ring. This time the Bishop was thoroughly angry. He didn't wait for Mike to make his usual run, but sprang forward and smashed him three times in the face before the big Irishman could succeed in falling.