

RANGE—AN IDAHO IDYL.



"Don't ye see my blood is bilin'?
Don't ye see for gore I'm spilin'?
Fer a fight I'm quickly rilin'!
I'm a catbird; I'm a brick!
I'm a terror; I'm er snorter!
Betcher life—or else you'd orter!
I'm from the extreme headwater
Of the stream called Bittercreek!"

Swiftly then the stranger grabbed him;
With his fist he quickly dabbed him;
Fiercely in the eye he jabbed him;
Walloped him upon the floor.
And the tenderfoot he jumped him;
Bumped and pumped and soundly
thumped him;
Out of doors he gently dumped him—
Dumped the man who bathed in gore.

Then the little man of muscle
Who had won the mighty tussel,
Who had conquered with his rustle
In the gay and gallant fight,
Said no doubt he could be rougher,
But he thought the chap was tougher;
"Gentlemen, I am the duffer
Who will box for you to-night."
Geo. P. Wheeler.

"Good, old man!" yelled the delighted crowd.
"Hit him again! Give him h—l, Bishop! Paste him
one in the neck! Get up, Mike, and take your medi-
cine! Lick a Bishop, will you!"

Mike got up slowly, wiping the blood and dust from
his battered and gory countenance. Then extending
his hand, he remarked:

"An' shore, Bishop, if I'd a knowed ye was a Bish-
op, I'd niver a hit ye at all, at all! By me sowl I
wouldn't."

THE NEW YORK STYLE.

MANAGING EDITOR—Mr. Quilldig, were you ever out west?
QUILLDIG—No, sir.

M. E.—Well, it doesn't matter. The wires are down and we
must have copy to fill up with. Write us a letter from Helena
about the experiences of Montana's new senators as vigilantes.
Also give us a column about gambling out there and the fabu-
lous wealth of the gamblers. Be lively about it, for there is no
time to waste.

THE PORTLAND STYLE.

MAYOR—Gentlemen, I now lay before you the ordinance
granting the streets of Portland to the Grabitall Railway Com-
pany. The clerk will please read it.

COUNCILMAN—I move you, Mr. President, that we dispense
with the reading and pass the ordinance, with one street re-
served in each direction for the people to use.

CHORUS OF BOODLE COUNCILMEN—Oh, you want to stop the
wheels of progress.

A COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES.



DRAGON WILKINS—Well, the Lord be praised, some of it is
money.