

The Unhealthy Claim.

Say! you feller! you
 With that spade and pick!
 What do you 'spose to do
 On this side of the crick?
 Goin' to tackle this claim?—Well I reckon
 You'll let up agin purty quick!

No bluff understand—
 But the same has been tried,
 And the claim never panned
 Or the fellers has lied;
 For they tell of a dozen that tried it
 And quit most onsatisfied.

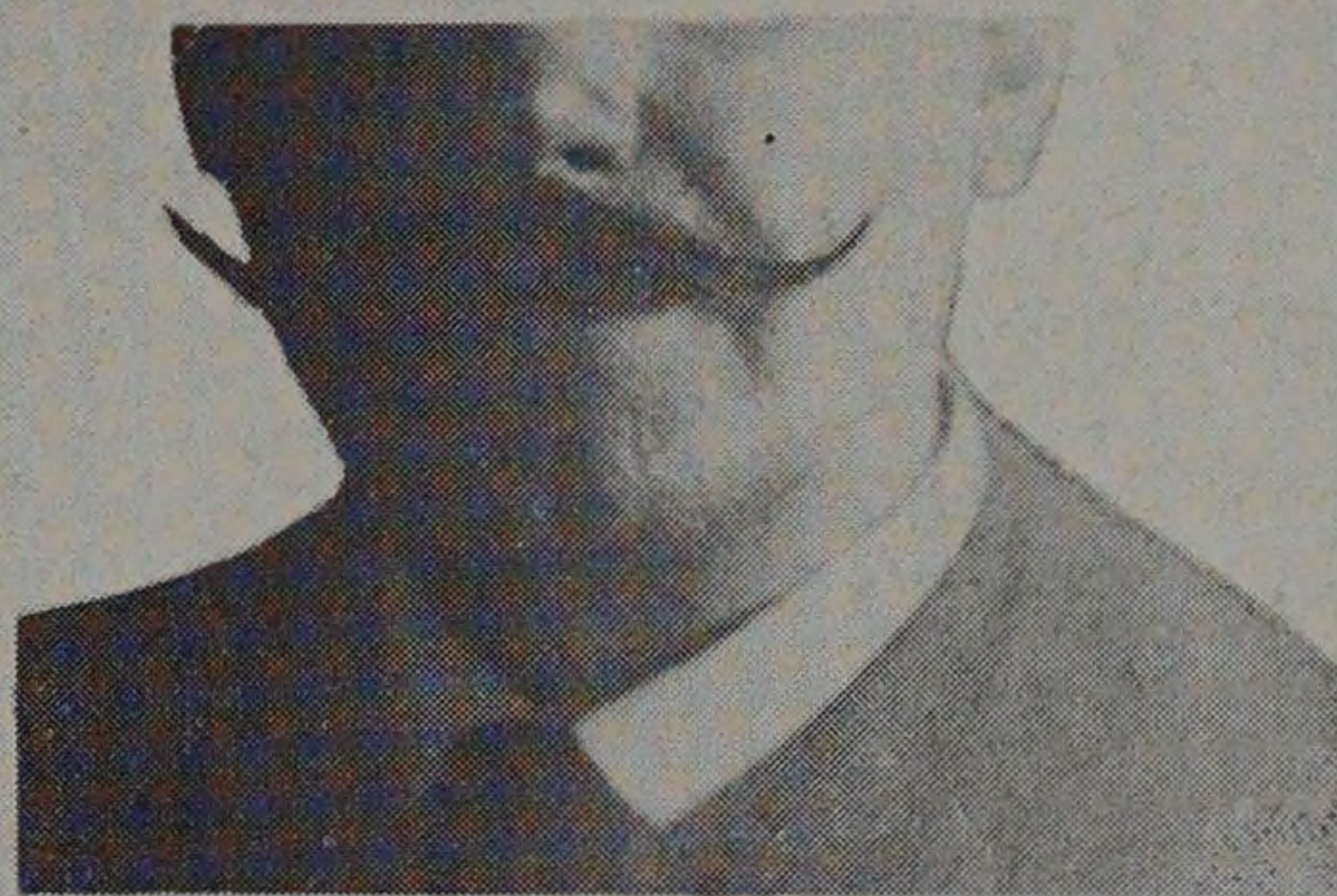
The luck's dead agin it!
 The first man I see
 That stuck a pick in it
 Proved that thing to me—
 For he sorto took down and got homesick
 An' went back where he'd orto be!

Then others they worked it
 Some—more or less—
 But finally shirked it
 In grades of distress.
 With an eye out, a jaw or skull busted,
 Or some sort o' seriousness.

The last one was plucky—
 He wasn't afeerd.
 An' bragged he was lucky
 An' said that he'd heerd
 A heap o' bluff talk an' swore through his beard
 He'd work any claim that he keered.

Don't you strike nary lick
 With that pick till I'm through;
 This feller talked slick
 An' as peart-like as you.
 An' he says "I'll abide here
 As long as I please."
 But he didn't—he died here—
 And I'm his decease!

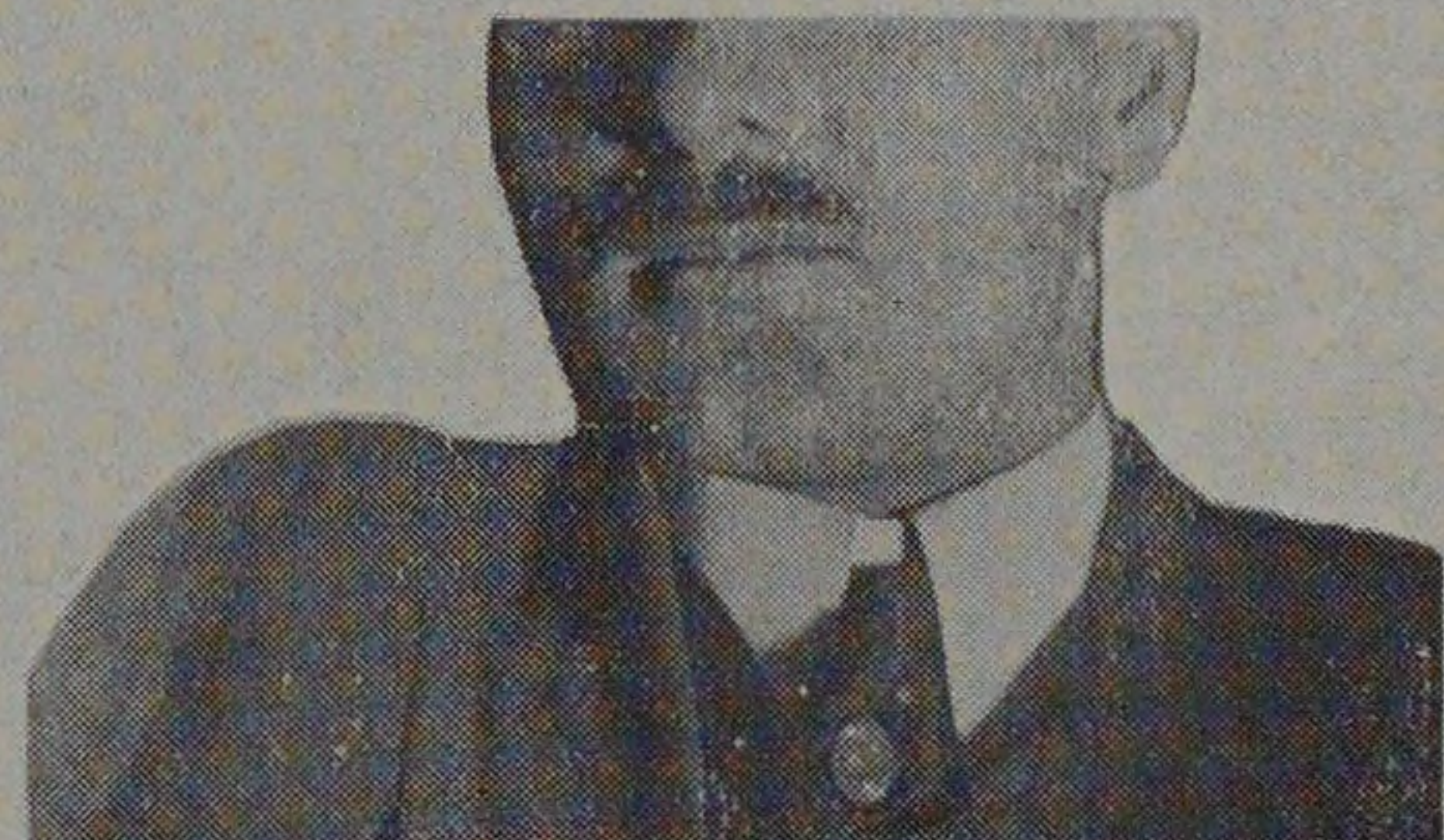
MUSTACHES (?)



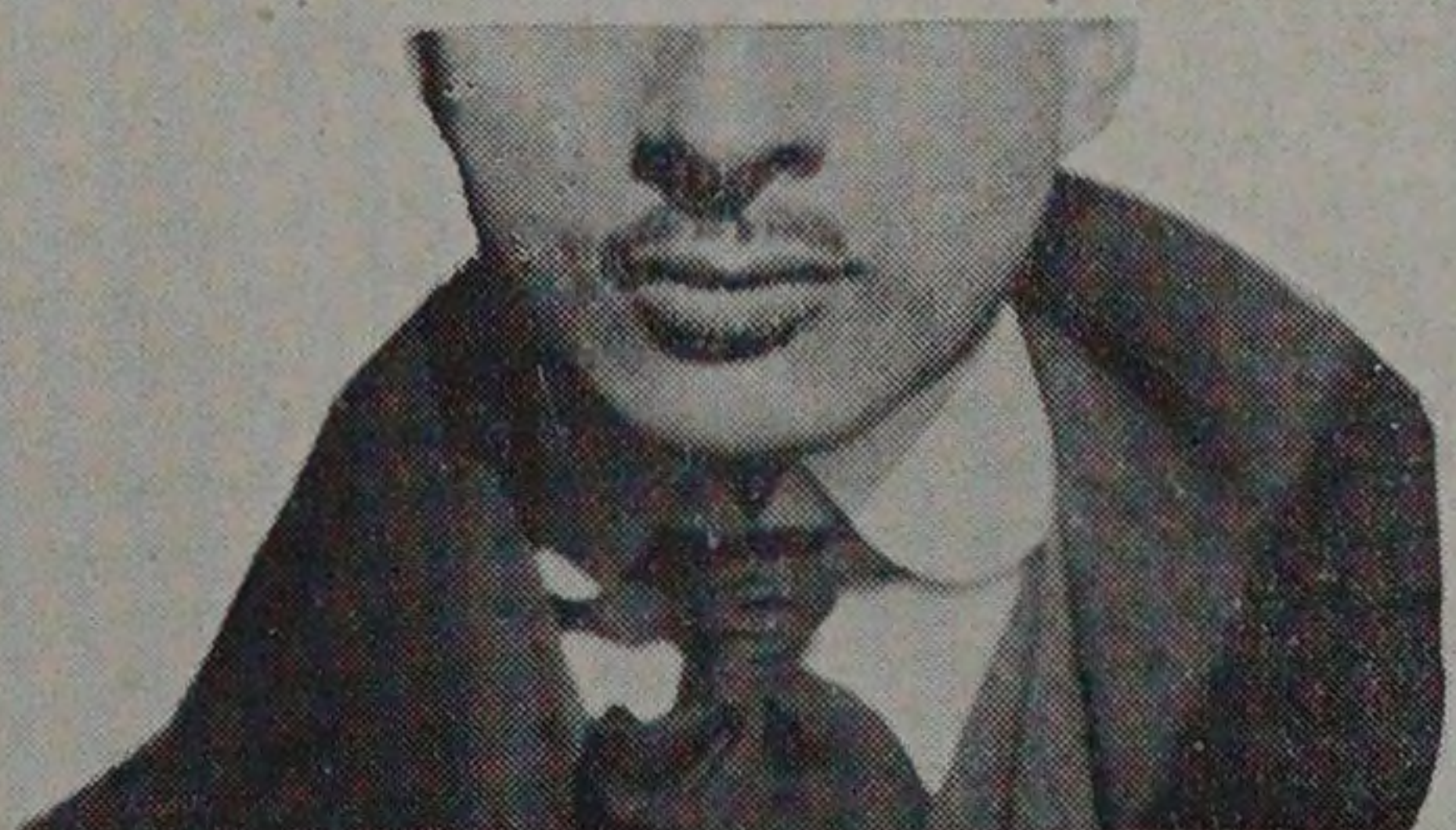
FRANK'S
 "KAISER WILLUM"



JIMMIE COHEN'S
 "LATE LAMENTED"



"DUTCH" SCHREIBER'S
 "AUSTRALIAN SCRUB"



RISSMAN'S
 "ORIGINAL BASEBALL"