

The Wasp
February 20, 1886

Our Interior Contemporaries

The porphyry-hearted cuss who owns the shebang where Long Moll fills prescriptions of tarantulate of lightning for the thirstiest public in the world, and where the voice of the fiddle is never still, has notified the lady that the rent is overdue and intimated that he would be pleased to receive a remittance. No doubt he would—there's a whole week's washing of us who are that way. If there is anything this camp needs to please it and make it twist its heel around it is a remittance. This camp has an abiding belief in remittances, but some of us would rather forego the happiness which comes in the train of them than dun the widow of the man who shot Buck Davis. If the owner of the Hurdy Shack property does not feel that way he has an undoubted right to feel the other way. But decency and prudence alike dictate the enjoyment of his private views in another place. This camp likes to be unanimous but as it has no time for argument it generally secures unity by means of the various roads leading out of the Valley, and sometimes by the use of that mysterious agent called the attraction of gravity. The galoot referred to can have his choice between these two methods. This is the worst town in the world for oppressing the widows of public-spirited citizens opposed to the one-man power.—*Coyote Camp Sockdologer.*

Subscribers owing this office more than ten dollars will find that after the first day of next month this town will have grown uncommonly insalubrious. During a portion of that month the paper will be run by our wife: we intend to devote ourself to the pleasures of the chase. The relative advantage of being trailed by us or mentioned editorially by Sal is a matter upon which many persons will have more light than they can at present obtain.—*Squaw Hill Signal-fire.*

In the death of our distinguished fellow-citizen, ex-Sheriff McClurg, this community has experienced a loss that every bosom feels to be irreparable. Upright in all his dealings with others, of a peculiarly unselfish disposition, truthful and fearless in speech and faithful to every private obligation and public duty, the deceased was a man of honorable instinct, sound judgment and unblemished life. He leaves a vacancy to which many may be nominated by the voice of friendship or interest, but none can ever be elected by the silent acclamation of the general heart. For the memory of such a man no "storied urn nor animated bust" is needed. Upon the plain slab of popular regard let us cut the simple inscription—"He died with his boots on."—*Sliebangburg Palladium.*

The fandango at the Methodist Church last Wednesday evening drew to a premature close when Jayhawk Sam came in, outfitted for trouble, and made the following order for a stay of proceedings: "Brethren, the Bible allows as how ther's a time to dance, but my notion is that ther' ain't always a sootable place an' that's what's the matter o' this Josh-house. Them as is

now converted to that view will make it manifest by throwin' up their hands an' givin' me their prayers w'ile I labor with the rest o' the congregation an' deliver 'em from error's chain." The attendance outside was large and enthusiastic but orderly. It is gratifying to know that Sawlog Bend has one champion of revealed religion who supplements faith with works. With such a master of practical controversy among us, no question of theological expediency will very long pine for decision.— *Sawlog Bend Clarion*.

We issue our paper an hour earlier than last Saturday in order to apprise the public that there are probably some of our Chinese fellow-men at the bottom of the old shaft on Manzanita Spur back of Craig's, and if they are still living they ought to be rescued. On last Tuesday evening, as we were hunting rabbits out there—for editors must live—our ears were saluted by lively cries for help, in unmistakable pidgin English, and they came from that shaft. Hence, as before intimated, the uncommonly early issue of our paper: the sympathies of a free press have wider boundaries than those of race.—*Nigger Flat Tribune of the People*.

The imposing sartorial structure with a top course of silk hat, which was erected yesterday on the steps of the Canon House, was soon toppled to earth by a number of Goths and Vandals from Pete Davis' saloon. When re-erected by mine host and some of his architects, the pile was somewhat less imposing, and a critic's eye could observe the absence of the silken summit which had crowned the gorgeous edifice before. The incident of its re-edification was marked by a confusion of tongues, and the tower itself made a few broken and disjointed remarks in the San Franciscanese dialect.—*Hell Canon Tocsin*.

Our loathsome friend, the wall-eyed editor of the Bugle, is reported to be about to marry the beautiful and accomplished Miss Dora Hetshaw. It is very sad indeed to see so sweet and fair a young lady sacrificed to this Moloch of Unrighteousness, but considerations of professional courtesy forbid us to propose ourself.—*Hardscrabble Patriot*.

On Wednesday last this journal, with its customary enterprise and liberality, supplied a most interesting funeral to the good people of Beaver Dam, irrespective of party, our wife's grandfather having been struck off two days before and ready for delivery at the advertised time. We defy competition.—*Beaver Dam Nation*.

(Source: Archive.org: <https://archive.org/stream/waspanjune188616unse#page/n12/mode/1up>)