



The Old Cattleman advises us that there was a slight disturbance at the O. K. Restaurant the other evening. He says: "A misguided visitor from Red Dog ambled over to our town to get a taste of real metropolitan life, and, after inspecting the New York store, the Bird Cage Op'ry House and the Red Light saloon (where he lingered too long), filed his appearance at the O. K. eating house. Mrs. Rucker, who reigns in that wickiup absolutely supreme—not to say dominant, pro and con—objected to the Red Dog etiquette displayed, and refused to serve any grub to said guest, whose deportment was in no wise regular. The Red Dog outlaw had the poor taste to draw his arsenal for purposes of intimidation. Therein he showed how deep his ignorance of unterrified nerve and backbone of Mrs. Rucker. "Believe me," she said afterward, in describing the incident, "I haven't been wrastling grub for these Wolfville sports for ten years without knowing how to handle a coyote from Red Dog." Whereupon she came down upon her uninvited guest with all the force of ten ton of brick. Just then the telephone bell rang, and this illiterate Red Dog gent, never having seen or heard of a telephone before, is plumb carried away with the notion that the tinkle foreshadowed some dire disaster to himself, so he cuts loose with both Colts and, being reasonably close, naturally ruins that wall set complete. That telephone had been a heap of comfort to Mrs. Rucker and this assault on her gossip-supply made her angelic temper take wings for good. She sure did give the representative of Red Dog a thorough licking, not to say defeat. Some furniture was broke, but Wolfville's reputation for peace and order was maintained.—Wolfville (Ariz.) Warwhoop.