

Derringer Dick.

And ez he wheeled into Bunker street I
tell you he looked quite pert,
But his eye had its old time glare that
meant "some feller will be hurt."

The Editor of the Bugle Horn was the
first to come his way,
And Dick he owed him a little grudge
('twas all Dick would ever pay).
He caught the editor in the back—Dick's
gearing was seventy-four—
And the editor of the Bugle Horn won't
go to press no more.

It tickled the soul of Derringer Dick as
he heard the jury say,
"The editor of the Bugle Horn hadn't
orter bin in the way."
Fur that was the selfsame verdict Dick
had passed on many a cop
Ez stopped a Derringer bullet when the
other chap got the drop.

He filed a nick on his sprocket wheel and
mounted his bike again,
And that afternoon another foe was re-
moved from this world of pain.