

At the turn of the century a cowboy was keeping watch and ward over about a thousand head of cattle on a lonesome cattle ranch some 20 miles from Jordan, the town that is "one hundred miles from Miles". Once a month he'd ride into Jordan for grub and tobacco. The only attractions in the female line in the little town were a waitress in the restaurant and the daughter of the hotel proprietor. They spurned his advances and finally, after trying to "make" each one one day, was informed that he was "too homely" and that no woman could possibly stand for such an unattractive person.

As he rode home, he meditated. That night he slept but little. In the morning he got out of bed. He had made up his mind to act. He glanced at himself in the little mirror of the wash room and said:

"You s. b., you'd too homely to live. You should commit suicide and get off this earth."

He strode to the corral^l, thinking on the way: "I'll saddle up old Buck and ride to that buffalo cliff and both Buck and I will leap off and end it all." He had ~~two~~ another horse he called old Maud. He was still thinking deeply of the important step he was about to take when he saddled up and rode out on his way to the cliff. Arriving at the cliff, he paused to take a farewell look over the range he loved so well.

"Just as he was about to make the fatal leap, a fairy appeared before him. "Don't take the leap, cowboy," she pleaded. "If you'll promise me that you will not take your own life, I will give you two wishes."

He considered and finally blurted out: "Will they come true?"

She assured him that they would.

"All right", he replied, "here goes. First I wished that I looked

^{like}
~~like Clark~~ John Barrymore, and second I wish I was hung like my horse."

The fair/y waved goodbye and disappeared into the ether. He turned his horse and galloped to his cabin. He dismounted hastily without unsaddling, and rushed into the washroom and looked in the mirror. Sure enough, he was John Barrymore. Then he thought, and reached for the fly of his overalls, unbuttoned and reached in. A look of dismay spread over his Barrymore-like features. " My 'awd, he murmured, " I must a' been ridin' old Maude"