

LIII.

The herd went back to its rest an' feed,
 Es quiet a crowd es ever wore hide ;
 An' them boys in camp never heerd a lisp
 Of the thunder an' crash of that run an' ride.
 An' I'll never forget, while a wild cat claws,
 Or a cow loves a nibble of sweet blue grass,
 The cur'us pardner that rode with me
 In the night stampede in " Old Spookses Pass !"

