

CRISMUSS AT CEDAR CRICKS.

Twar long o' Big Buck river
On the banks o' Cedar Cricks
Whar the boys war left to winter
To peel and haul the sticks.

Ther war only four in the shanty
Bill and the boss, and me,
And a half-breed Injine woman
To cook and work fur the three.

Me and Bill and the Injine
Had wintered there afore
And cut up lots o' timber
Still thar wus plenty more.

But the boss must ha' got some noshun
Fur he stayed wi' us that year
Tho' the shootin thar warn't easy
Arter they skeert the deer.

He used ter be kinder decent
And liked by the boys as a rule
But this year he war a' cranky
And obs'nite most as a mule.

But the Injine she took to 'um
Right from the very first
And war allus tryin to please 'um
As often as she durst.

Fur he seemed ter wanter be lonely
And kep well away from the rest
Tho' he used ter be mortal able
To tell a yarn wi' the best.

But ther warn't no pleasin the youngster
Work hard as ever we might
So Bill and me detarmin'd
To kick at work one night.

'Twar gettin cold and colder
And the days war gettin dark
The mash, it froze up solid
And the slide war ready to start.

Nex mornin the boss war grumpy
And wantin ter start the logs
He come in to waken us early
And give us our leathern togs.

Then Bill and me just told him
The Devil could start his logs
Fur we warn't a goin to stan it
Bein ornered round like dogs.

He got nigh as white as the snow is
And then all at onct he got red
And swore that he'd make us be sorry
Unless we did just as he said.

And then he tried on a coxin
But found that it wasn't no go
Sez he! "Oh come boys work fur one day
Tomorrer'll be Crismuss y' know."

The woman she heard the loud talkin
And come runnin in fur to see
Whatever the boss war a' doin
In thar wi' Billy and me.

She warn't much used ter spoutin
But she give it straight t' us
I've seed some wildcat women
But I never seed much wuss.

And the boss, he seemed ter git madder
Than he'd been afore she spoke
I thought as the woman 'ud cry then
But no: tho' she did a' most choke.

Then he war fur tryin the shootin
And took up his rifle to go
Fur the deer can't run in the winter
Up to their knees in snow.

But he turned while tyin his snow shoes
And sez he, in a voice like new
Well boys, "I'm sorry it happened
Let's see what'll Crismuss do."

Then the woman got ready our breakfast
Like as nuthin had happened at all
But when it war time fur the dinner
We found that she'd managed t' crawl.

And the day passed away kinder slow-like
Fur we hadn't been used ter loaf round
And the dark and the cold war a' comin
And yet the squaw couldn't be found.

And the boss, he had never come back t' us
Since he started away at dawn
So both on us felt a bit skeery
And we thought as we'd acted wrong.

That night war a mighty long un
Till the light come in at the cracks
Then we grabbed a bottle o' suthin
And followed the woman's tracks.

Right across the mash to the river
And back to the hard-wood bush
Then along the top of a hillock
To a place called Devil's Push.

But here the snow war broken
As some one had fallen through
But the side war covered wi' bushes
Right out 'o the rock they grew.