

**"WALK!"**

The following incident is supposed to have occurred in the early 50's, near a little town in Shasta county, California, named Muletown, where for a while gold was as easy to get out of the ground as whisky is to get from over a bar at Dawson City now. The roads leading from Muletown down through the valley of Sacramento river were then, as they are yet, probably the dustiest in California, and to follow behind a freight "outfit" for any considerable distance would certainly be a great punishment. Although the incident occurred forty years ago, men of the mining camps are just as foolish today as they were then.—Canadian Mining Review.

Up the dusty road from Denver town,  
To where the mines their treasures hide,  
The road is long, and many miles  
The golden store and town divide.

Along this road one summer day  
There toiled a tired man,  
Begrimed with dust, the weary way  
He cussed as some folks can.

The stranger hailed a passing team  
That slowly dragged its load along,  
His hail raised up the teamster old,  
And checked his merry song.

"Say, stranger!" "Wal, who-o-ap!"  
"Ken I walk behind your load  
A spell on this yer road?"  
"Wal no, yer can't walk, but git  
Up on the seat and ride. Git up hyar."  
"No-up, that aint what I want;  
Fer it's in yer dust, that's like a smudge,  
I want to trudge, for I deserve it."  
"Wal pard, I aint no hog, and I don't  
Own this road afore nor 'hind;  
So just git in the dust and walk,  
If that's the way you're 'clined."  
"Gee up! ger lang!" the driver said,  
The creaking wain moved on amain;  
The teamster heard the stranger talk,  
As if two trudged behind his van;  
Yet looking back could only spy  
A single lonely man.  
Yet heard the teamster words like these  
Come from the dust as from a cloud,  
For the weary traveller spoke his mind,  
His thoughts he uttered loud.  
And this the burden of his talk:  
"Walk now, yer damn fool, walk;  
Not the way yer went to Denver,  
Walk, gol darn yer, walk;  
Went to the mines and made yer stake,  
'Nuff to take yer back to the State  
Whar yer was born.  
Whar in hell's yer corn?"

Wal, Walk, damn yer. walk.  
Dust in your eyes, dust in your nose,  
Dust down yer throat, and thick  
On yer clothes. Can't hardly talk,  
I know it, but walk, damn yer walk.  
What did yer do with all yer tin?  
Y-e-s, blew every cent of it in.  
Got drunk—got sober—got drunk agin!  
Wal, walk, damn yer, just walk.  
What did yer do? What didn't yer do?  
Why when yer war thar yer gold dust flew.  
Yer thought it were fine to keep opening wine,  
Now walk, you son of a biscuit, walk.  
Stop to drink? What, water! water!!!!  
Why the water with you wern't anywhar!  
It was wine—extra dry—oh! you flew high,  
Now walk, damn yer, just walk.  
Chokes yer this dust? Wal, that ain't the wust,  
When yer get back to whar the diggings are,  
No pick, no shovel, no pan. Wal, you're a healthy  
man,  
So walk, gol darn yer—just walk.  
The fools don't all go to Denver town,  
Nor do they all to the mines come down;  
Most of us all have in our day,  
In some sort of shape, some kind of way,  
Painted the town with the same old stuff,  
Dipped in stocks, made some bluff,  
Mixed wines, old and new,  
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew,  
Stayed out all night, tight,  
Rolled home in the morning light,  
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer,  
And woke up next morning with a "katzenjam-  
mer,"  
And walked, yes —us how we walked?  
Now don't try to yank every bun,  
Don't try to have all the fun;  
Don't think you know it all,  
Don't think real estate won't fall;  
Don't try to bluff on an ace,  
Don't get stuck on a pretty face;  
Don't believe every "jay's" talk,  
For if you do—  
You can bet your sweet life you'll walk."

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