

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY

" Then I see a big black nigger in an armour-plated vest,

" With two guns hangin' at his belt, come wadin' through the flood,

" An' he says,— ' I'm kind o' lost 'round here, now could you tell me, Bud,

" ' If steers is fifty on the hoof, an' whiskey two bits per,

" ' How far would you allow it is to Coquahallus Spur? '

" So I figured, an' I figured, but I couldn't make it right,

" An' that coon, he started shrinkin' till he shrunk plumb out of sight.

" But his guns they swelled an' bloated, like a cow-hide in the wet,

" 'Til they grew to twelve-inch howitzers, all loaded up an' set

" A-pointin' right square at me, an' I couldn't bat an eye,

" Then a lizard, wearin' leather chaps, perambulated by,

" He nods to me most friendly, an' then, ' Buddy, Boy,' says he,