



OLD SPOOKSES' PASS.

I.

We'd camp'd that night on Yaller-Bull Flat—
Thar was Possum Billy, an' Tom, an' me.
Right smart at throwin' a lariat
Was them two fellers, as éver I see ;
An' for ridin' a broncho, or argyin' squar
With the devil roll'd up in the hide of a mule,
Them two fellers that camp'd with me thar
Would hev made an' or'nary feller a fool.

II.

Fur argyfyin' in any way,
Thet hed to be argy'd with sinew an' bone,
I never see'd fellers could argy like them ;
But just right har I will hev to own
Thet whar brains come in in the game of life,
They held the poorest keerds in the lot ;
An' when hands was shown, some other chap
Rak'd in the hull of the blam'd old pot !