

AN INCIDENT OF LONE PINE.

Say them words agin, Preacher,
En' say 'em kinder slow:
So's I'll get 'em right an' proper,
Ez I heerd 'em yars ago,
When I wuz jist a codger
En' didn' know
Th' diff'runce 'tween a woman
En' a mother,—
But that wuz long ago!

(What's . . . that? . . . Mister Preacher?
Me goin' fast, y' say?
Aint ready yit fer eroakin'?
Naw, y' eaint come that play!
A little drop
Of that 'ere lieker
Soon'll stop
This damned chokin'.
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