

## BUDDY'S BLIGHTY

"That there unconverted insect was a-smokin' a cigar,

"An' I says — 'Say, Mr. Rattler, can you tell me where we are?'

" 'Sure,' says he, 'as sure as shootin',' but before he got half done

"I see a bunch of timber wolves a-comin' on the run.

"An' says one to me, 'We know you, 'taint no use for you to speak,

" 'You're the guy that rode for Sage Brush Sam, on Little Chulu Creek,'

"Then he winked at me most knowin', an' he wagged his bushy tail,

"An' he turned himself clean inside out an' trotted up the trail.

"While I stood there, dumb and helpless — I was too darned 'mazed to think —

"A pale pink moon came swimmin' thro' a sea of blue-black ink,

"A-huntin' for a baby-wolf, branded X circle Y,

"An' I felt so sorry for that moon I started in to cry,

"The salt tears they kept fallin' till the flood reached to my chest,