

Now ain't ye changed? declar fur it, pard;
Thet creek would question, it 'pears tew me,
Ef ye looked in its waters agin tew night,
'Who may this old cuss of a sinner be?'

XXI.

Thet wus the style thet thar creek
In "Old Spookses' Pass," in the Rockies, talked;
Drowzily list'nin' I rode round the herd,
When all of a sudden the mustang b'lked,
An' shied with a snort; I never know'd
Thet tough leetle critter tew show a scare
In storm or dark; but he jest scrouch'd down,
With his nostrils snuffin' the damp, cool air,

XXII.

An' his flanks a-quiver. Shook up? Wal, yes—
Guess'd we hev heaps of tarnation fun;
I calculated quicker'n light
That the herd would be off on a healthy run.
But thar warn't a stir tew horn or hoof;
The herd, like a great black mist, lay spread,
While har an' thar a grazin' bull
Loom'd up, like a mighty "thunder head."

XXIII.

I riz in my saddle an' star'd around—
On the mustang's neck I felt the sweat;
Thar wus nuthin' tew see—sort of felt the har
Commencin' tew crawl on my scalp, ye bet!