

Ye think I've put up a biggish stake?
 Wal, I'll bet fur all I'm wuth, d'ye see?
 He ain't wuth shucks thet won't dar tew lay
 All his pile on his own idee!

XVIII.

Ye bet yer boots I am safe tew win,
 Es the chap thet's able tew smilin' smack
 The ace he's been hidin' up his sleeve
 Kerslap on top of a feller's jack!
 Es I wus sayin', the night wus dark,
 The lightnin' skippin' from star to star;
 Thar wa'n't no clouds but a thread of mist,
 No sound but the coyotes yell afar,

XIX.

An' the noise of the creek as it called tew me,
 "Pard, don't ye mind the mossy, green spot
 Whar a creek stood still fur a drowzin' spell
 Right in the midst of the old home lot?
 Whar, right at sundown on Sabba'day,
 Ye skinn'd yerself of yer meetin' clothes,
 An dove, like a duck, whar the water clar
 Shone up like glass through the lily-blows?

XX.

"Yer soul wus white es yer skin them days,
 Yer eyes es clar es the creek at rest;
 The wust idee in yer head thet time
 Wus robbin' a bluebird's swingin' nest.