

The reader will agree with me the Prince was born to rule,
Such wisdom as is here displayed is never learned at school.
His case bears out the idea of a well known German King,
Divinity in rulers is the only proper thing.
Prince Dollar came of kingly race, not that he ever said so,
It was a fate he couldn't help, it was simply he was made so.

As Princes travelling incog. court no demonstration
No one came down to meet the Prince at White Pines' Station.
"Wagon, Mister?" shouted the small boy from under a big hat.
"Well yes, I guess I will," said Prince. "How much to where
I'm at?"

"Come down from dat," exclaimed the small boy, "You'll pay
me fifty cents,

I'm up to all them catches of you smart city gents.
Say, you're hooked for White Pines, your grip shows up your
hand.

Gee—the chap what owns that place must be loaded up with
sand.

Pop says: "Damn boys! that kind of farming is all ve y nice
Provided what the feller is prepared to go the Price."

Punkins at ten dollars don't set well on Pop's stummick.

It's dandy though up there—everything bang-up and slick.

Gosh! Mister, is there n show for a feller down Quebec

To make his pile—just a reasonable fairish peek?

There, Mister, see where them flags and petticoats is flyin',

That's the shack, and here's the farm Prince Dollar's been a
buyin'.

You'll walk across the fields from here! Well I'll jes' say, so-long.
If I charge you a dollar you cannot call it far wrong"

Although Prince Dollar carried grip he seemed to walk on a'r,
The smells he smelt, the scenes he saw, were all so fresh and fair,
His tender heart quite overflowed in grateful satisfaction,
He whistled some old boyhood tune, then wondered at his action,
Made several hops-skips-and-jumps, and had a hack presented
A game of leap-frog, I am sure, could not have been prevented.