

IE.

ou can shoot

breath, and
catastrophe.

fter refresh-
red-eye' he

r was I with
ne panter in
d an' round,
e slappin' um
est fight you
t my dander
aw'd my ole
at'n that tree
own the first
hink I did?
the dogs, an'
home, an' the
ot thar, what
thar was that
n uv er gun,
n' on his knee
her 'bout me
t to split! I
t no time for
I did do. I
hed into him,
I lammed him

HOOTER'S FIGHT WITH THE PANTHER. 351

“John Potter staid at my house er long
time arter that, an' courted my darter, an' I
gin her to him; but he never said panter to
me since that lickin' I gin him—you can go
your pile on it!”

THE END.