

XXXVIII.

An' struck his side with my fist an' foot—
'Twas jest like hittin' a rushin' stone,
An' he thunder'd ahead—I couldn't boss
The critter a mossel, I'm free tew own.
The sweat come a-pourin' down my beard ;
Ef ye wonder wharfor, jest ye spread
Yerself fur a ride with a runnin' herd,
A yawnin' gulch half a mile ahead.

XXXIX.

Three hundred foot from its grinnin' lips
Tew the roarin' stream on its stones below.
Once more I hurl'd the mustang up
Agin the side of the cuss call'd Joe ;
'Twan't a mite of use—he riz his heels
Up in the air, like a scuddin' colt ;
The herd mass'd closer, an' hurl'd down
The roarin' Pass, like a thunderbolt.

XL.

I couldn't rein off—seem'd swept along
In the rush an' roar an' thunderin' crash ;
The lightnin' struck at the runnin' herd
With a crack like the stroke of a cowboy's lash.
Thar ! I could see it ; I tell ye, pard,
Things seem'd whittl'd down sort of fine—
We wusn't five hundred feet from the gulch,
With its mean little fringe of scrubby pine.