

An' He says tew the feller, "Look here, my son,  
You're the worst hard case that ever I see,  
But be thet it takes ye a million y'ars,  
Ye never can stop till ye git tew ME!"

## XV.

Them's my idees es I pann'd them out ;  
on't take no stock in them creeds that say,  
Thar's a chap with horns thet's took control  
Of the rollin' stock on thet up-grade way,  
Thet's free to tote up es ugly a log  
Es grows in his big bush grim an' black,  
An' slyly put it across the rails,  
Tew hist a poor critter clar off the track.

## XVI.

An' when he's pooty well busted an' smash'd,  
The devil comes smilin' an' bowin' round,  
Says tew the Maker, "Guess ye don't keer  
Tew trouble with stock thet ain't parfactly sound ;  
Lemme tote him away—best ye can do—  
Neglected, I guess, tew build him with care ;  
I'll hide him in hell—better thet folks  
Shouldn't see him laid up on the track for repair!"

## XVII.

Don't take no stock in them creeds at all ;  
Ain't one of them cur'us sort of moles  
Thet think the Maker is bound to let  
The devil git up a "corner" in souls.