

gait, but he warn't a man to lay back and twidle his thumbs because there didn't happen to be nothin' doin' in his own especial line—no, sir, he was a man who would meander forth and stir up something for hisself. His last acts was to go his pile on "kings-and" (calklatin' to fill, but which he didn't fill), when there was a "flush" out agin him, and naterally, you see, he went under. And so he was cleaned out, as you may say, and he struck the home-trail, cheerful but flat broke. I knowed this talonted man in Arkansaw, and if you would print this humbly tribute to his gorgis abilities, you would greatly obleege his onhappy friend.

HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST.

Was he a mining on the flat—

He done it with a zest;

Was he a leading of the choir—

He done his level best.

If he'd a reg'lar task to do,

He never took no rest;

Or if 'twas off-and-on—the same—

He done his level best.

If he was preachin' on his beat,

He'd tramp from east to west,

And north to south—in cold and heat

He done his level best.

He'd yank a sinner outen (Hades), *

And land him with the blest;

Then snatch a prayer'n waltz in again,

And do his level best.

He'd cuss and sing and howl and pray,

And dance and drink and jest,

And lie and steal—all one to him—

He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was sot to do,

He done it with a zest:

No matter *what* his contract was,

HE'D DO HIS LEVEL BEST.

* Here I have taken a slight liberty with the original MS. "Hades" does not make such good metre as the other word of one syllable, but it sounds better.