

THE COWBOY AND THE WHEEL.

JAMES K. ADAMS.

I like to see the toughest broncho in the wild an' woolly

West,

An' his boy's him an' his ride him, let him do his
best!

I like to see my critter over more a road o' rails.

An' I've had a level hand with a 'tarnal grubby horse,
I kin see an' show a loughness o' the wildest Texas

land.

An' to be in' dismounts I kin play a level hand,
But at last I saw my master, an' I shurely had to

stand.

When the boys got me a straddle of a

God

darned

wheel.



"I was at the Eagle when on the prairie when I had
 the good the best confidence 'at speed me in the
 steady up an' throwed me, stood me on my raised
 "Tumped my eye in lightnin' order," so old Ben, the
 "Was a wonder how 'at brought it, he was wharlin' all
 from the square end o' freedom out to San Fran-
 cisco, Bay,
 'at he got up at the square bar to get outside a meal,
 four thousand 'we would monkey with his

"Oh
 damned
 wheel."

Johnny Jim looked it, when he said to Jack McGill
 "There ain't nothin' 'bout the best 'trapper' o' their
 "An' he reckoned there's a panther out a million miles
 "As happened as a rider, he was tolerable gay,
 Then he ventured the admission that ain't better an
 "Was a party handy critter, for an rider' branches
 "But he'd bid he was a lookin' 'jest a different sort o'
 "If he'd show his leather leggin's 'tread that

"Oh
 damned
 wheel."



With a slip upon my talent made me better 'n a mink,
 An' I told him I could back it for amusement or for
 think;
 That "you couldn' but a plaything for the kids, an'
 that he must
 Have his share out o' chattered if he'd test the matter
 out;
 Then they holt it till I mounted, an' I give the word
 at 'em;
 An' the slaves they give to start me wa'n't uncertain
 any more,
 But I never split a crossword, never made a bit o'
 sound—
 I was childin' reputation on that

God
 damned
 wheel.

The grade was mighty slopin' from the ranch to the
 track,
 An' we went a gallopin', like a crazy lightnin'
 streak,
 Went a whirrin' an' a cherrin', fast to this side, then to
 that;
 The confidence sort o' rabbitin' like the flyin' of a
 hat,
 I keep 'em on the handle, but I couldn't check it
 up,
 Vanked an' saved up, jacked an' belloved, but the
 darn thing wouldn't stop,
 An' I had to make 'em like through my brain legs to
 that;
 Then the devil took a mortgage on that

God
 damned
 wheel.



Holy Moses and the prophets, how we split the Texas
 all;
 The lawyers made whip cracksers o' my somewhat
 lumpy hair,
 An' I sort o' comprehended, an' shows the bill we went,
 They was bound to be a smoochin' 'at I couldn't dis-
 countess,
 Then *comprehendin' lay' a yellin'*, "Stay right with
 her, Uncle Sam!"
 "Sit or with the spurs, you sucker!" "Turn her
 muscle up the hill!"
 But I never made a answer, I just let the matter
 speak—

His attention was all focused on that
 God
 damned
 wheel.

For a sort o' din an' busy recollection o' the stages,
 O' the certain opinion "found me, an' the start all
 tangled up,
 Then there come a intermission, which extended till
 I found
 I found
 I was *lovin' at the rancho*, with the boys all gathered
 around,
 An' a melody was writin' on my skin what' it was
 rapped,
 An' o' Arlison whispered, "Wal, ol' boy, I guess
 you whopped,"
 An' I had to like I was' looked from members o' far to
 look—

Then he grined an' said, "You'd order me the
 God
 damned
 wheel."