

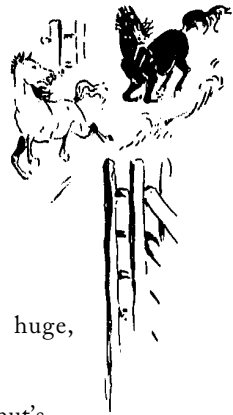


\*TO "JIM"—

By Ernest Seton-Thompson.



ME Jimmy's hit the breeze to-day,  
An' I guess I've tooken ill.  
Yet at daylight, I felt so bright  
Corrallin' Flax an' Bill;  
But now, I feel so old an' broke,  
My work an' play both pall—  
Things ain't the same—I sorter guess  
'Twas Jimmy done it all.



I'm back in Yancey's shack agin,  
So nice it use ter be  
With its rough-hewn walls, an' huge,  
bright fire,  
It done one good to see;  
But now the darned old squalid hut's  
About as sweet as gall—  
The wretched pigsty's glamour's gone—  
'Twas Jimmy done it all.

They call this Pleasant Valley  
And I use ter think that right,  
With its gorgeous peaks an' emerald sweeps,  
An' Yallerstun in sight;  
But all them views an' charms an' things  
Hez panned out mighty slim—  
Git up! ole mare; come, pound the trail—  
I guess I'll foller Jim.



"Jim" is Mrs. Seton-Thompson. She left their mountain camp at Yancey's, in Pleasant Valley, on the Yellowstone, a few days before he died.—THE EDITOR.