



*An' gentle Peace, she hits the trail
Fer foreign parts right yere,
Fer Peter trims his features
With the semblance of a sneer;
An' allows that, while he's peaceful
From his Stetson to his boots,
He can't endoor hypocrisy—
An', tharupon, they shoots.*

*The smoke clears off, an' shows 'em both
A-lyin' on the floor;
But Peter's started down the trail
Whence folks returns no more,
While Buck, before he cashes in,
Has time to say, "You must
Confess that I was peacablest—
Pete pulled his trigger fust."*