

THE STORY OF
JACK

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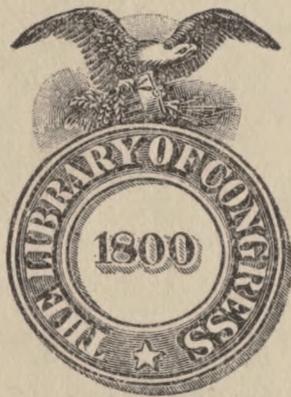
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THE STORY OF JACK

BY J. HORACE LYTLE



JACK AND HIS MASTER

THE STORY OF JACK

A Tale of the North

And Other Fascinating
Dog Stories



oh BY
J. HORACE LYTLE



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DEDICATION

*This little book is affectionately dedicated to
MY BOY*

*in the hope that when he reads it his apprecia-
tion of, and love for, man's truest friend,
the DOG, may be enhanced, and that
he may have a correct and true
realization of what a dog's
faith and friendship
can and should,
and usually does,
mean.*

J. H. L.

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THE STORY OF JACK



Coon's Corners

I

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JOE SHEPARD dodged into the big, dimly lighted entrance of "Doc" Sullivan's livery stable and burst into the stuffy office, stuffier still with tobacco smoke, dog-talk and the "regulars" that congregated there nightly.

"Hey!" he cried, "d'you know who's comin'?"

"Who?"

"Perry Crooks!", exclaimed Joe.

"He is!—When?"

"Well, who's this here Perry Crooks?" drawled Jim Scanlon.

"Who's Perry Crooks! You don't know

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who Perry Crooks is!" Joe was justly astonished at Jim's question.

"I reckon y've hit 'er right, Joe—or I wouldn't have asked."

"Jim's only been here in Coon's Corners goin' on four years, Joe—an' it must be all o' nigh on to six since Perry left. Still I do allow it seems as if Jim ought to have heard tell o' Perry many a time in them four years. Perry, Jim, was the best dog fighter we ever had in these parts. An' his dogs likewise was the best. Mighty seldom Perry ever lost a fight. He could pick the comin' winner out of a litter o' pups most every time. An' Perry knew how to handle 'em, too. He was the daddy of us all." It was "Doc" Sullivan who spoke.

"'Member the time, Lem," continued "Doc," turning to Lem Zengle, "when Perry licked them three Mosiertown guys all by his self when he caught 'em rubbin' red pepper wash on their dog between scratches?"

"Sure do remember, Doc, and allus will. Perry was some scrapper hisself. His dogs didn't have nothin' on him when it come to fightin'. Never seen 'im whipped; an' I bet he ain't been up there'n Alaske, neither.



“Hey!” he cried, “d’you know who’s comin’?”

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Fight!—why, gol durn it, Perry wasn't 'fraid o' nothin' that ever walked."

"This here Perry must be *some man*," drawled Jim Scanlon again.

"An' that he was!" spoke up an enthusiastic member of the crowd.

Coon's Corners is a little town of about eight hundred people which may not be found on the map, in a still rather undeveloped section of Ohio. The chief interests in the town were the bottling works and dog fighting—the latter probably predominating. This same crowd of "regulars" could be found assembled almost any evening at "Doc" Sullivan's stable, where most of the dog fights were staged when the second floor of the bottling works was not available.

"How soon'll Perry be gettin' here, Joe?" inquired Frank Walters. "Let's see, to-day's the first of September."

"Letter says he'll land in here two weeks from to-day," answered Joe.

"Well," resumed Frank, "it's still kinda warm to start the fall festiv'ties, but if Perry's comin' home, reckon ther's nothin' else to do. Ther'll be purty near two weeks yet, an' it may turn a cool spell, so's the dogs could

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A Crowd of Regulars

stand it right well. Wouldn't do not to welcome Perry home in regular style. Boys, let's pull off a real bout fer ol' time's sake."

"Sure, Mike! Bet yer life!" the others agreed.

So the next day there was arranged such a dog fight as would be a suitable celebration for Perry's home coming. What was considered the best living Coon's Corners dog was matched against the best that Beavertown, six miles distant, could furnish. The stake was fifty dollars a side. Details were closed in Beavertown after it was pointed out that the short notice for training would be equally fair to both animals, and that a cool spell was predicted within the next few days.

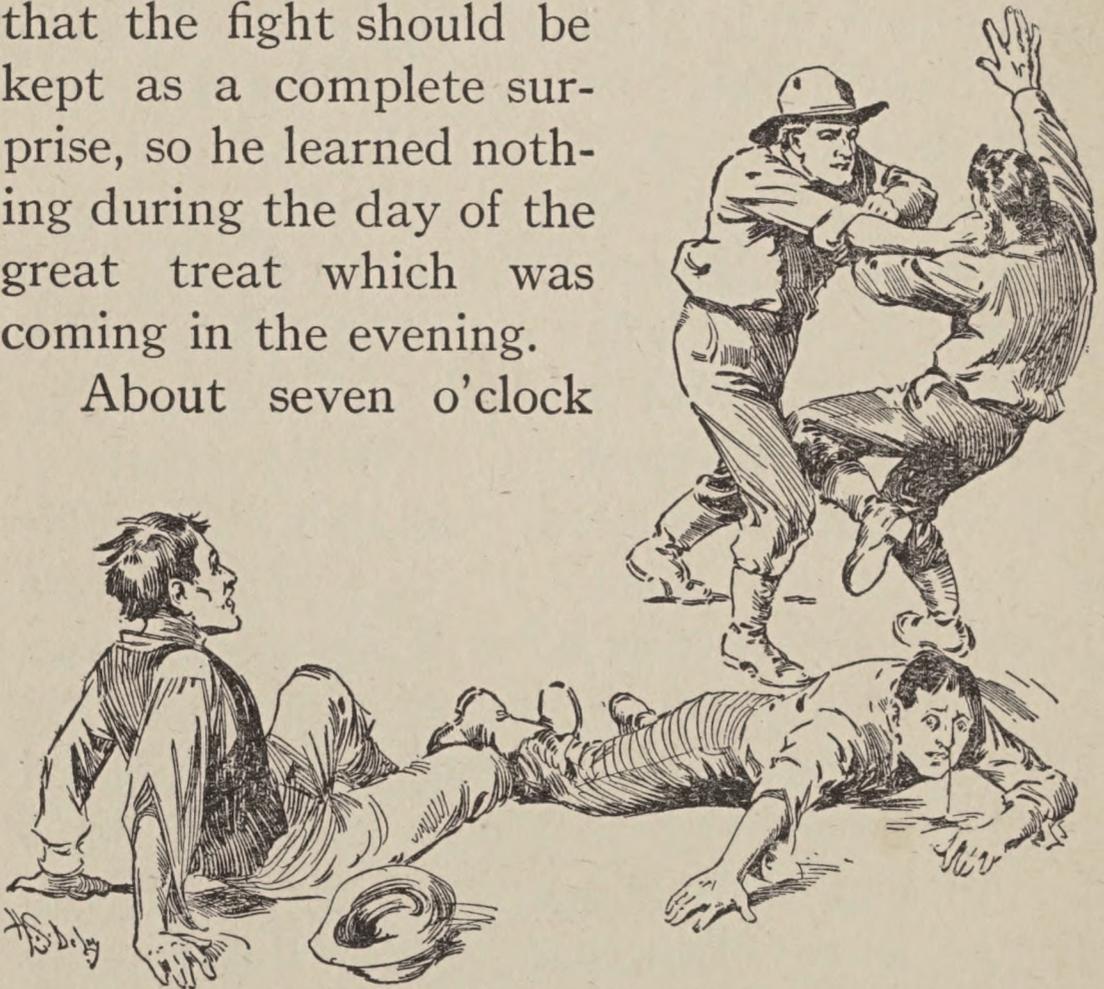
All was in readiness for Perry's arrival. It was to be fittingly celebrated in the way that Coon's Corners knew he would most

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enjoy. The fight was to take place at "Doc" Sullivan's. All Coon's Corners was alive with excitement—which was not lessened by the rivalry of long standing between the two towns. Beavertown, as a rule, had been getting a little the better end of it since Perry had been away, which intensified the present interest.

And then the day came, and Perry arrived home true to schedule. It had been agreed that the fight should be kept as a complete surprise, so he learned nothing during the day of the great treat which was coming in the evening.

About seven o'clock



Perry licked them three Mosiertown guys all by hisself

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Perry arrived home true to schedule

that night, Joe Shepard called for Perry and asked him if he wouldn't like to stroll around to "Doc's" and see some of the gang he had not met during the day.

"Sure," was the answer; and they were off. Everything was in readiness when the guest of honor arrived. Just a few preliminaries remained and the "go" would be in full swing. The dogs had not yet been brought in; but the referee was standing in the pit and ready to flip the coin to decide which dog should make the first "scratch."

Then the strange thing happened. Perry stepped to the edge of the pit and faced the friends he had left six years before.

"Boys," he asked, "what's the purse y're fightin' for?"

"Fifty dollars," several answered at once.

"But we'll raise it to a hundred if you

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want to make it more, Perry," called one of the followers of the Beavertown dog.

But Perry was already speaking again: "Ain't it most too early yet to start the game, boys? We never useta pit the dogs 'fore 'long late in October; an' most gener'ly not 'fore early November.

It's mighty bad to send 'em the real route while it's still a bit warm."

"Them's true words, Perry," broke in "Doc" Sullivan, "but this here little bout was arranged to sorta show you the boys



The Referee

ain't forgot ol' times—y'see, we couldn't just pick the weather. But she's turned purty cool these few days—most equal to November. An' we've been shapin' them dogs up hard for two weeks, so's they're both fit as fiddles. What's the dope, Perry? Hadn't we better let Rooney's dog git started masticatin' this here spec'min they've brought over from Beavertown?"

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“Boys,” Perry continued, “I’d like leave to take just a few minutes ’fore this here fracas an’ tell you all ’bout a dog fight I seen up in Alaska. ’Twas a good one, an’ she’s worth hearin’. Are you fellas agreed I may tell it? Go on an’ give me a risin’ vote—an’ all of you rise—’fore either of them terriers makes the first ‘scratch’ tonight.”

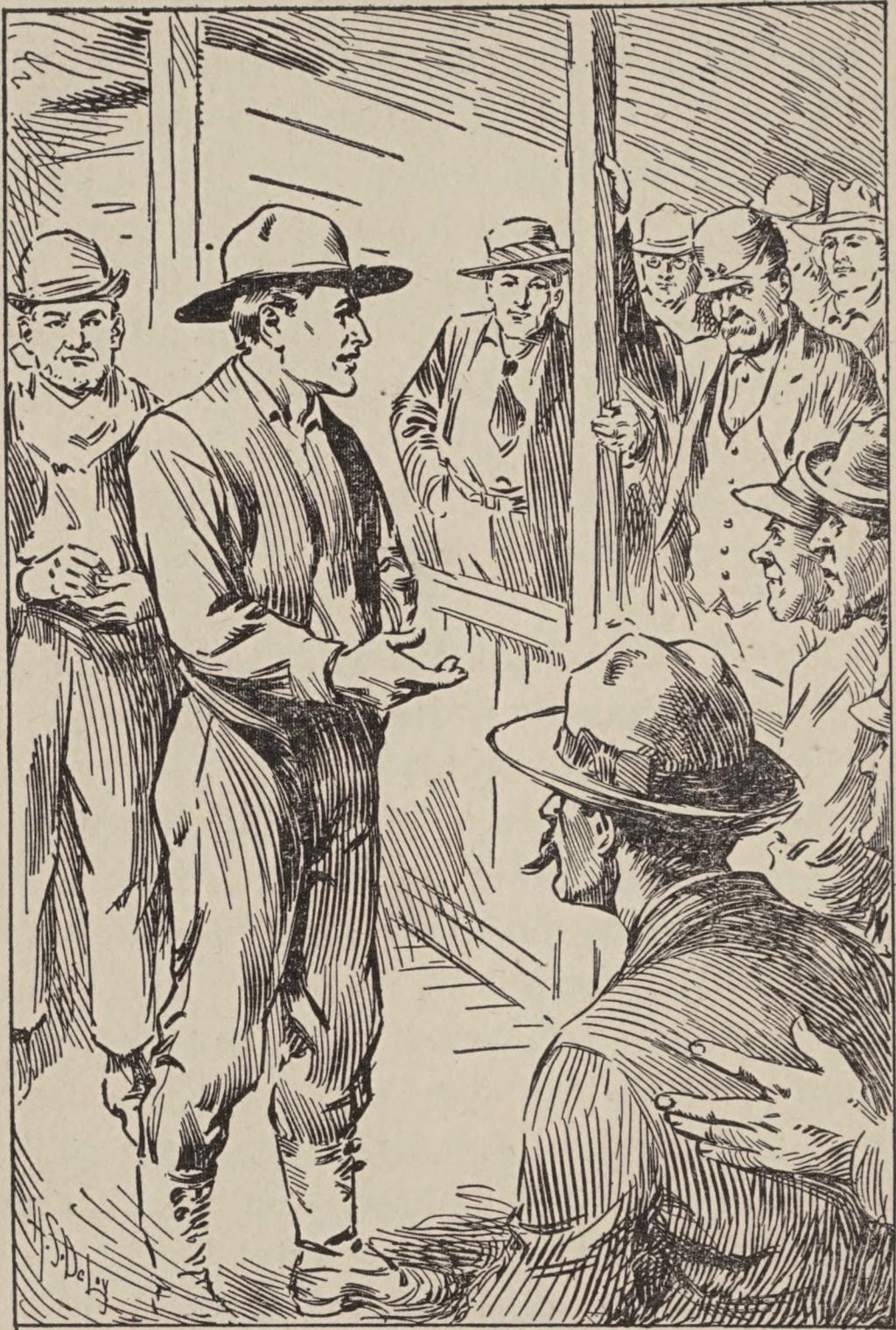
“Sure, but let’s have the fight first, Perry.” And this suggestion seemed to find general approval.

“No—I don’t think I’ll want to tell it later on,” Perry answered quite positively.

Joe Shepard got to his feet.

“Bein’ as this here’s Perry’s fight anyhow—a sorta home-comin’ welcome from us all—kinda seems to me like grantin’ the wish of the best ol’ fightin’ dog man we ever had round these parts is purty much in order, an’ we can’t do mor’n leave Perry have the floor right now like he asks for. The dogs ain’t been brought in yet nohow. So what’s the harm? I say let’s every man agree.”

“Well, this *is* onusual doin’s,” growled big Joe Black of Beavertown. “I ain’t got all night to listen to no stories. I come over to *see* a dog fight—not *hear* ’bout none. I’ve got



What's the purse you're fightin' for?

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money on it, an' I'm agoin' to see her start *now*. Git 'em goin', Red. Toss up for first scratch."

Thus encouraged, Beavertown arose almost to a man to support Joe Black's demands. Such a crowd as this, raised on fights of one sort or another, is never to be trusted or tampered with.

But Perry stood his ground—and *thundered* at the crowd: "I asked you to hear me. Now y've *got* to—d'you hear that! You all know me, every one of you. No monkey business goes. The first man to butt in will have to take the consequences. They act first, an' don't do their thinkin' till afterwards up in the gold country. D'you *get* me?"

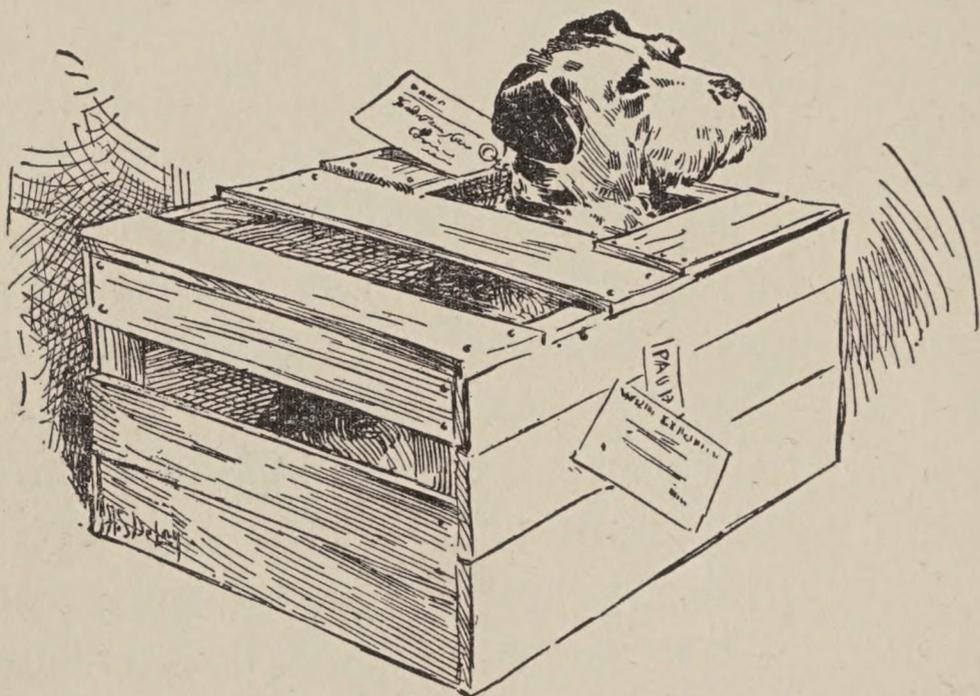
They evidently "got" him. It was the same old Perry—but with multiplied determination. Even Joe Black kept his seat.

And Perry began his story, still standing at the edge of the pit:

"You'll all recollect that before pullin' stakes for Alaska I sold all my pit stock. But you may not mind about that crazy lookin', shagly haired pup that was sent me for a present just shortly 'fore I left these parts.

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Still, some of you may remember him at that. 'Member what an onery lookin' little runt he was? Most of us wondered *what* he was—though they'd said he was an Airedale. I couldn't make out what he was ever goin' to be good for. But I'd kinda took a fancy to



That crazy lookin, shagly haired pup that was
sent me for a present

the little cuss, though I was ashamed to admit it even to you fellas. An' this pup was the only dog I took away from here with me when I got the gold fever.

“Don't know why I didn't sell him—or give him away, if any one would have took

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him. Don't know why, no mor'n I know why I ever took him in the beginnin' when he was give to me. Reckon the reason I took him North was on account of him havin' shagly hair, an' I thought he'd amount to somethin', mebbe for to help pullin' sledges, or some way or other up in the Klondike country. Well, anyhow, I took him. I'd heard the price of dogs was high up there. Mebbe I could use him somehow, I figgered.

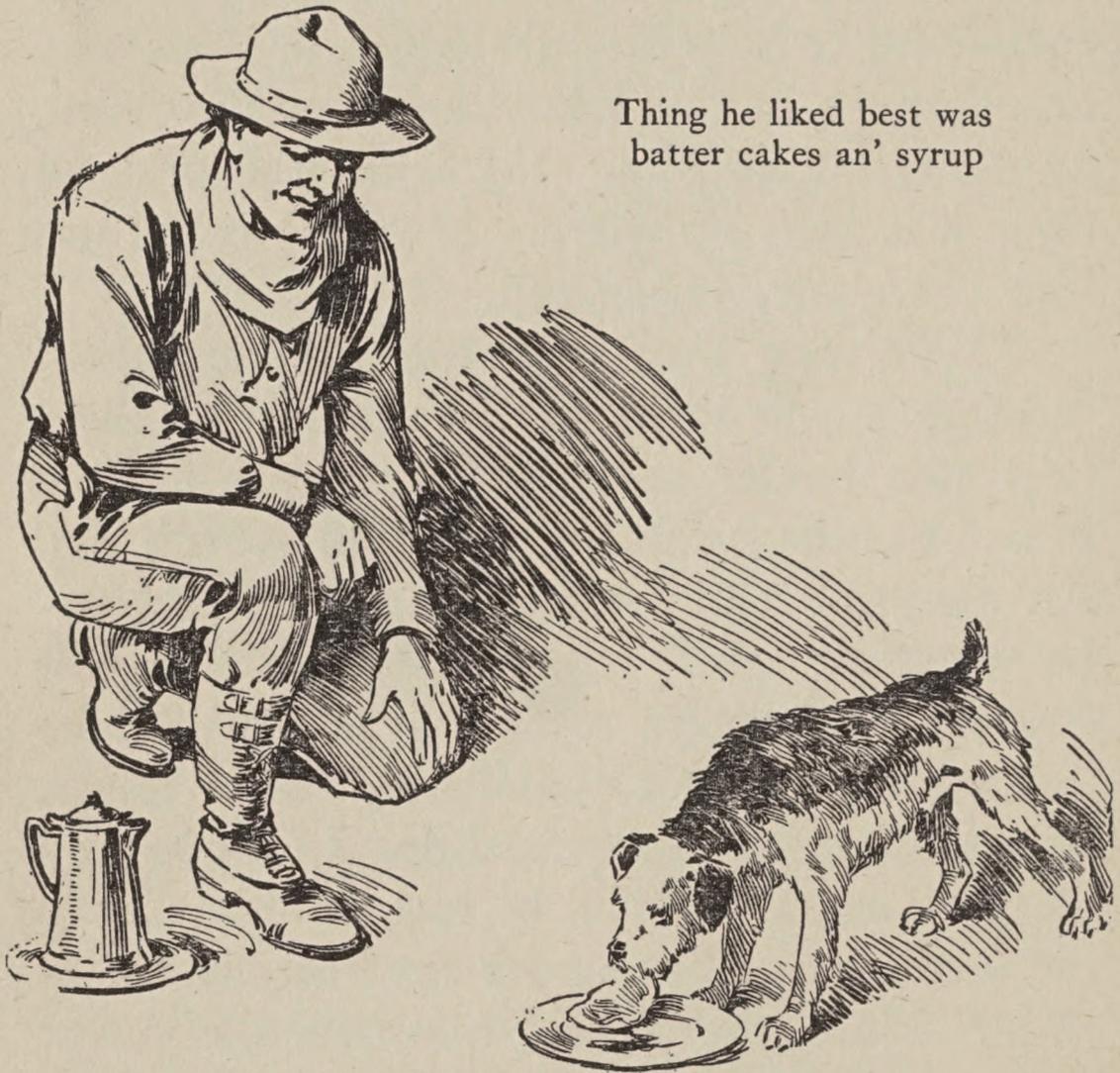
"Well, one way Jack was different from most dogs was in his eatin'. Thing he liked best was batter cakes an' syrup—but they must have the syrup, or he wouldn't touch 'em. An' they must be served him on a plate!—or he wouldn't touch 'em neither. Contrariest dog y'ever seen, in some ways. An' I'll be doggoned if I didn't humor him! Sure 'nough he was the tenderest raised dog I ever seen in all my born days. An' he just wouldn't leave me a minute—allus under my feet, or somethin'. Made the biggest fuss over me y'ever seen. An' along he went with me to Alaska."

"'Magine Perry feedin' a dog batter cakes!" exclaimed Frank Walters.

"Yes, 'twas just like I'm tellin' you," answered Perry. "The way we went was by

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boat from Seattle, an' on up to Dyea an' Skagway. We wintered in Skagway, waitin' for the weather to open up so we could get on to Nome. Built our boats on Lake Bennett



Thing he liked best was
batter cakes an' syrup

an' waited for the ice to go out, before we could get down to Dawson, an' from there down the river an' out to St. Michael an' over to Nome. It's a long, hard trip—that one is.

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“In that winter, while we waited in Skagway, Jack grewed up. Got pretty big, too. But not so big as them huskies an’ malamutes. He never seemed to want trouble, though—so I figgered he didn’t have any too much sand. But he was a cockey little cuss at that, an’ his little old tail was allus stuck up straight over his back—an’ I never seen him curl it in. His legs got ’specially strong—an’ his front ones was straight as a rifle barrel.

“Well, one day in Skagway a cur jumped him,” continued Perry, “an’ at first the cur was gettin’ kinda the best of it. But purty soon Jack begun to put up some exhibition. Kept comin’ stronger all the time. He sure did surprise me. All at once, just when the Alaska dog was strainin’ to get a throat hold, Jack kinda reached up an’ closed down over his whole jaw. Then he closed his eyes an’ sure did rip her up some!”

“H’rrah for Jack!” shouted Joe Shepard. The crowd by this time was beginning to show many signs of quite general interest. They had almost forgotten, for the time being, the real event of the evening.

“The cur shook an’ shook, but Jack hung on an’ liked to shake the daylights out of him.

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It sure was some tough hold he had. The cur couldn't even holler. But he certainly did thrash 'round considerable. 'Twas Jack's first fight—but what they'd been tellin' me about



I broke Jack's hold

Airedales was showin' up in him. Still, never havin' had no experience exceptin' with real pit dogs, I couldn't believe he'd stick dead game."

Even the Beavertown men were beginning really to enthuse over the story by this time.

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“Then some guy come along an’ allowed I better take my dog off. I give him the laugh, till he started to draw a gun—then I told him I’d part ’em. Didn’t want to take no chances on Jack’s gettin’ hurt—an’ the cur was already cowed bad enough anyhow to last him for quite a spell. So I hollered to the fellow to hold on a minute—an’ I broke Jack’s hold. An’ ’twas a sight harder to break than I’d have figgered it would be.”

“Who’d ever thought it of that pup!” exclaimed Roy Caton. “I’ll be danged if I would!”

“Well, after that, ’twas common talk ’round Skagway about that fight. Every day or so some guy with a huskie or malamute would come ’round an’ offer to bet most any kind of money his dog could lick mine. All of which made me powerful sorry that I hadn’t took old Butch along with me—but I wouldn’t let Jack have no regular go with them big North dogs. They’re rough fighters, them fellas, an’ I wouldn’t consider none of them chances to pit my pet—for that’s just what he was.”

“Let ’em bluff you, Perry!” cried Lem Zengle. But he got no further—



I used Jack in with 'em as wheel dog

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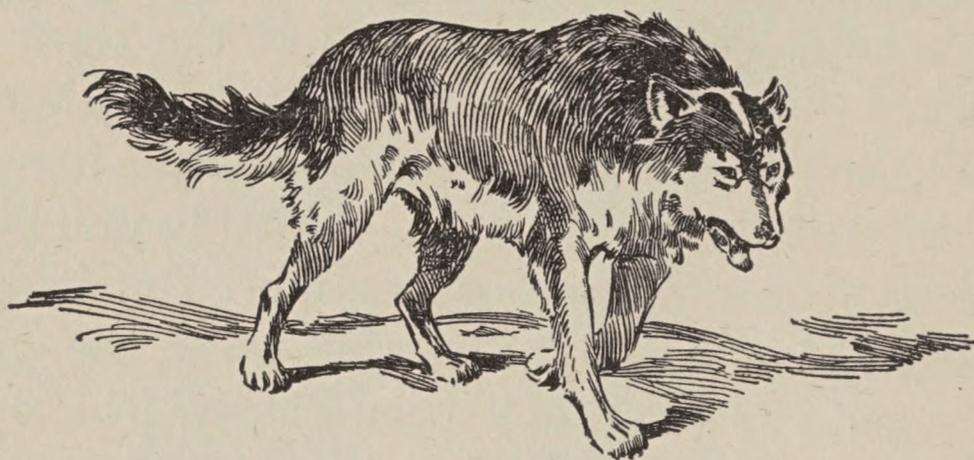
“*You just wait!*” answered Perry. “In the Spring I pulled stakes for Nome—an’ that’s when Jack come in useful. I bought five malamutes to pull the sledge up into the gold country—an’ used Jack in with ’em as the wheel dog, directly in front of the sledge. Only place I’d have dared put him, or them five critters would have ate him alive. But tacked on behind ’em at the tail end of the team it worked fine, an’ he mor’n pulled his share. Well, as I’ve said, he was strong in the legs—an’ he’d do anythin’ for me. Liked to pull hisself to pieces tryin’ to please me. But it did him good. ’Stead of gettin’ weak, he got stronger. If he’d only been bigger, I believe he’d have licked any two of them malamutes put together—but as it was it give me the devil’s own time to keep ’em off him. Couldn’t leave him alone for a minute—never. An’ at night had to keep them other five rascals tied up tight. But before we got to Nome, I wouldn’t have give Jack for the ten best sledge dogs in all the North.”

“Trust you, Perry, to make a dog good for somethin’,” called someone in the crowd. The keen interest of the listeners—which had been

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won long since—was increasing more and more as the story proceeded.

“One day, while we was still in Nome, there come up from Skagway one Jim Tillman—an’ with him he brought along the story of that fight of Jack’s back in Skagway. An’ then all Nome begun coaxin’ for a dog fight. There



One of the meanest malamutes y’ever seen

was even more challenges than what I’d got at Skagway.”

“Why didn’t y’send back home, Perry, for some live stock as could bring them guys down a peg or two! Why didn’t y’send for Butch? What *did* y’do, Perry? Didn’t leave ’em git the laugh on you up there, did you?” The man who spoke voiced a sentiment that was unanimous, as was evidenced keenly by the crowd.

“No!” cried Perry. “Boys, I took ’em up

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on one of them challenges—an' took on the best fightin' dog in Nome. Just figgered I'd do her right while I was at it. But cut out buttin' in, you guys, an' leave me hurry up an' git done tellin' this. I ain't in the habit of talkin' so much.

“The fight was to be for five hundred dollars—money's big up in that country. Jack was to fight one of the meanest malamutes y'ever seen. Not a growed up man or woman there but had some kind of bet placed. An' that's all they talked about in Nome every time there was a crowd together. Course the odds favored the malamute about five to one. I had my five hundred even—out of consideration for Jack. Was willin' to lose that much on him. Fact is, boys, after that fracas at Skagway, I was kinda curious myself to see what he'd do in a pinch. He sure was an unusual dog—had me beat tryin' to figger him out, in lots of ways. But I'd made up my mind that'd be the last fight I'd ever pit him, no matter what way it come out. Knew he'd have to stand a lot of gaff even if he won—an' I didn't count on him much to win. For one thing, he was too much lighter.

“Boys, that was the greatest battle you

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ever seen. The trip up from Skagway an' down the river had made Jack strong as an ox in the legs. An' in spite of givin' away so much weight, that great dog of mine was winnin'. D'you hear me—I tell you he was winnin'! He was every bit as quick as the malamute—an' a heap sight cleverer. Seemed to figger ahead from one hold to the next. An' his teeth ripped an' tore full equal to the malamute's—an' that's a North dog's long suit, which they get from bein' purty near wolves, I reckon.

“One ear-hold Jack got like to ruined the other dog—most tore it clean off complete. Jack kept all four legs squared solid under him, an' spread wide apart—an' every little bit he'd yank down with a new hold that'd delight the best of you. Yes, he sure was makin' some fight—one I'd have gone a good many miles to see. I wouldn't have believed any dog could do it, givin' away all the weight he did.”

Perry's own excitement in the telling showed how he was himself completely absorbed by the relating of the details of that stirring event.

“Thing that surprised me most of all, boys,

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was the *way* Jack fought—just like them huskies an' malamutes all fight, cuttin' a dog all to pieces, tearin', rippin' an' slashin', to *kill*. So 'twas a battle where the style of fightin' of both dogs was purty nigh the same—only Jack was just a bit quicker'n even the malamute was. But the malamute had a big advantage in the weight.

“Ain't none of you guys ever seen such a fight as that!” shouted Perry. “The pit dogs 'round here grab a hold—an' just hang on. They may do a lot of damage—an' then again sometimes they don't. Depends on *where* the hold is. But that ain't the way with Airedales or them Alaska brutes. They grab one hold quick, an' just naturally rip a dog open in a second. Then they grab a new hold and rip him again. Purty quick they'll have him tore all to pieces—ain't nothin' left of him. Airedales'll yank a dog open, an' clean finish him—while a pit bull might be sleepin' on some undangerous hold somewheres. You all might doubt them words—I did till I seen with my own eyes. But I tell you that dog Jack of mine could finish both them critters you got here tonight, in the same pit, in about twenty minutes.”

THE STORY OF JACK

“*Yes he could!* Don’t come none of that on us, Perry.” The crowd disapproved.

“Well, he could, now—an’ I don’t care a rap if you believe me or not. But speakin’ about this here fight up at Nome—excuse me for gettin’ kinda off the subject. I was sayin’ ’twas about an even draw, with Jack really winnin’ just a little. An’ I’ve told you about Jack havin’ some points on the malamute, an’ the malamute havin’ the best of Jack on weight.

“Well, before I hardly realized it, that weight mighty near beat Jack. I kinda noticed him beginnin’ to tire first, from havin’ to stack up against so much weight. Then for the first time he took his eyes off the malamute—just for a second—to look for me. He wasn’t scared—not a mite. Reckon he just wanted to see where I was. But it come purty close to bein’ his finish.

“The malamute was powerful quick an’ clever too—most equal to Jack. Best scrapper I ever seen, exceptin’ Jack. An’ just the second Jack took that peek for me—the malamute grabbed him by the shoulder an’ laid him open horrible—an’ switchin’ quick to a new

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hold—well, 'twas mighty near the end of my Jack, that's all.

“Jack took such a terrible knifin' that I don't like to be even tellin' you about it now. Funny thing to me was, though, that he didn't seem to be tryin' to protect hisself, or strainin' to git loose. First I thought he'd quit cold. But he didn't holler none. Boys, he was just restin'—an' outwittin' the other dog. Fightin' was comin' to him natural, out of his ancestors, I reckon. Wasn't no use wastin' his strength while there wasn't no chance. But what got me was, I couldn't see as he was even lookin' for no chance, an' he was gettin' a dangerous lashin'. He fooled me, though, an' he fooled the malamute, too!

“That critter figgered like I did—that Jack was about done—an' he got kinda over anxious to finish him, an' he laid hisself open, an' Jack got him—then! Got his jug'lar, too!

“My Airedale had won! An' the fight was over. Boys, my dog won me five hundred dollars—you understand! The malamute was as dead a dog as you'll ever see. Jack had worked fast on the jug'lar—just like all them dogs do up North. Faster'n pit bulls ever

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work. Airedales is like them northern wolf dogs in lots of ways—exceptin' *Airedales ain't never treacherous*, like they are."

"H'rrah for Jack!" The crowd shouted and cheered to the echo. Their uncontrollable enthusiasm broke forth from every fibre of their rough beings. Hats were thrown wildly into the air, feet were stamped, they pounded



H'rrah for Jack

one another on the back. The old hero of Coon's Corners had made good in Alaska—had shown them a thing or two about fighting dogs—as his friends had known all along he would do. But Perry was not through with his story—and they finally became quiet again and listened for the rest, as he went on.

"I went over to Jack, lyin' there in the pit. He wasn't quite able to hardly stand up yet, he was so awful cut up an' all in. But after

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workin' over him a bit, I seen he'd come out of it. The sledgin' work had made him tough an' hard to kill. I worked over him quite a bit before I got him in shape to start home. But we finally did git started—me goin' slow, an' Jack just kinda wobblin' along behind.



After workin' over him a bit, I seen he'd come out of it

“ 'Twas rather dark when we left the pit, an' we was just kinda pickin' our way down the street slower'n a funeral. In a little bit along come a big huskie, an' I seen he kinda had his eye set for Jack. Beats all how them



He jumped at me—straight for the throat

THE STORY OF JACK

North dogs'll allus pick on a dog that's down or badly cut up.

"When this huskie come closer, I seen for sure what he's up to, an' I hollers: 'Git out of here,' an' kicks out at him. Quicker'n a wink he jumped at me—straight for the throat. I dodged him just barely in time. When he wheeled an' come back at me, he'd plumb forgot Jack. An' that's right when Jack nailed him—an' connected. Before I could do a thing Jack had like to chewed one of the huskie's legs off, an' here I was now with another fight on!"

Perry's listeners were breathless—Coon's Corners and Beavertown alike. Every ear was strained to miss not a word—and no word was uttered by the crowd.

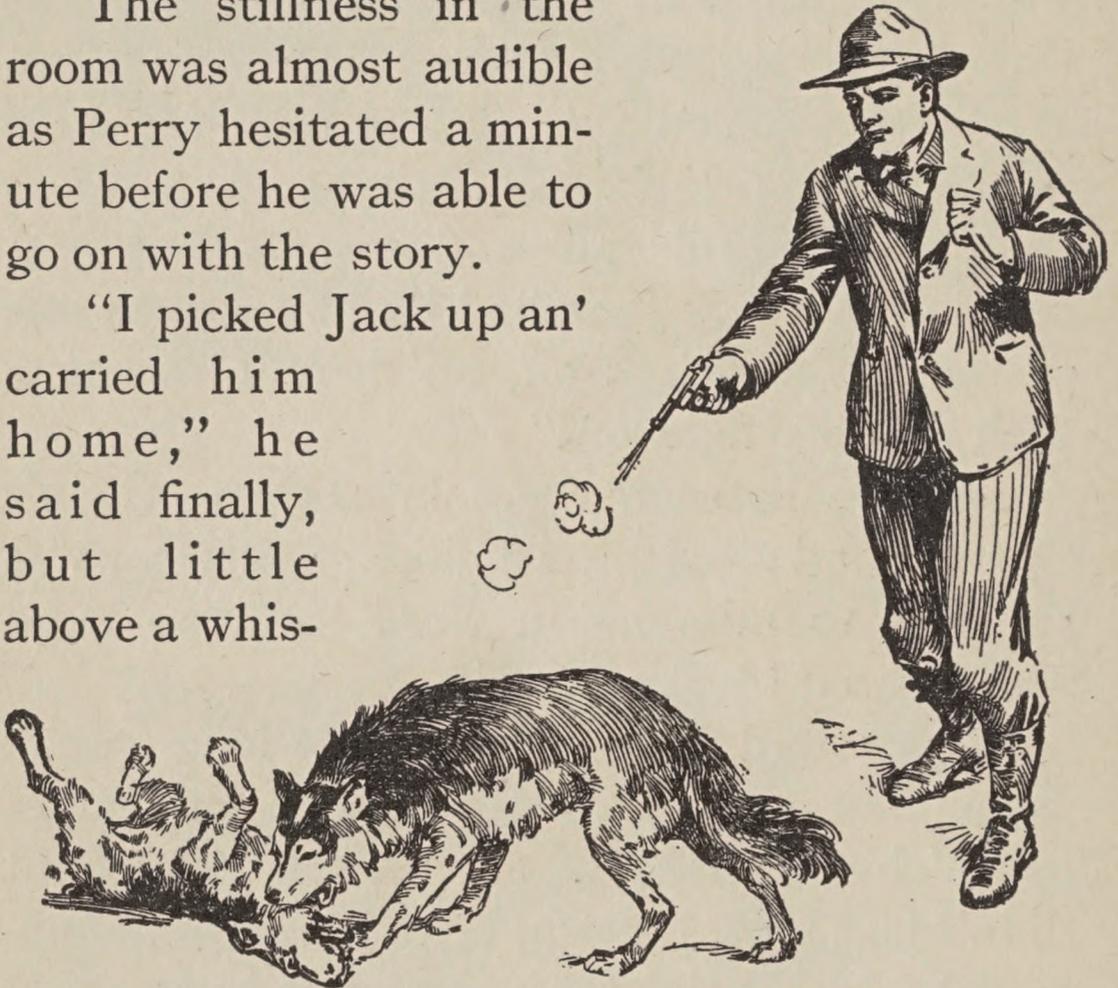
"I knowed Jack couldn't last long—weak as he was. But I couldn't shoot for fear of hittin' him instead of the huskie. The fight didn't last long, though, before somethin' happened—Jack bein' too weak already to stand the pace. The huskie, bein' strong an' fresh, soon throwed him over an' reached for the jug'lar—an' got there. Right then, quicker'n a wink, I emptied every cartridge in the automatic!

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“All four pieces of the lead found the huskie. But them dogs works faster’n lightin’ when they finds the vein—an’ he must have finished Jack just about the time I begun shootin’.”

The stillness in the room was almost audible as Perry hesitated a minute before he was able to go on with the story.

“I picked Jack up an’ carried him home,” he said finally, but little above a whis-



I emptied every cartridge in the automatic

per. “He’d given his life for mine when that huskie jumped me. Never even stopped to consider nothin’—an’ he was so weak then he could hardly stand. *An’ all from a fight I’d put him in.*

THE STORY OF JACK

“Jack’s lyin’ up back of Nome now, boys, in a regular grave with a regular headstone better’n any other in all that country—even over humans. An’ from that day to now I ain’t never willfully fought a dog of mine—



I picked Jack up an’ carried him home

an’ never will again. Wouldn’t own no dog as couldn’t fight—but none of mine’ll ever have to fight again just for money. I’ve seen enough of pit dog fights to last me.

THE STORY OF JACK

“An’ now, boys, I’m done. I do appreciate your home-comin’ welcome—an’ I’m sorry if I’ve spoilt the sport—but if Coon’s Corners will give up this little fight now in favor of Beavertown, why, I’ll pay the fifty dollars—an’ here it is!” But Perry smiled, as he added: “I guess it’d be the first of my money Beavertown ever got.”



“PAL”

II.

“PAL”

I AM going to tell now for the first time the story of Pal. It was brought to my mind again to-day by seeing in this morning's paper an item featuring a dog's efforts to save a drowning boy. To tell you Pal's story, however, I must take you back about a year earlier than the actual incident.

John Moulton had stopped off and spent the morning looking over the dogs at La Rue. About noon he said: “Well, I guess I'll take this one”—and selected Palisade, the prize puppy of the kennel, and answering to the contraction of Pal. The little fellow—he was just four months old then—was loaded into a large, comfortable double basket and Mr. Moulton took the noon train with him.

On the way to the station he said: “I don't know what Mrs. Moulton will think of my bringing home a dog to raise. She doesn't care for them. But I've determined to get one for my boy.”

“PAL”

“She’ll become as much attached to Pal as any of you, in time,” I ventured to predict so as to reassure him.

That ride on the train was a strange, new experience for Pal. It was the first time he had ever been away from home. The train rumbled and jolted and jarred. He could not see out. It frightened him.

Every once in a while there would come a whimpering whine from out of the big double basket. But the whining always ceased immediately when Mr. Moulton gave it a shake.

* * * * *

“What in the world have you in that basket, John!” exclaimed Mrs. Moulton as her husband labored up the long drive to the house.

“Wait till we get round to the back and I’ll show you,” he answered, delaying the issue as long as possible.

But it had to come, and it did.

“How many times have I told you that I didn’t want a dog,” she said disapprovingly, when the basket had at last been opened and Pal was exposed to view, crouching in the bottom section, uncertain whether to jump out or remain where he was.

“PAL”

And this was Pal's introduction to his new home at Shady Nook, where the family always spent their summers by the side of an interesting little lake.

The Moultons argued the question back and forth all that evening, and at last this was the decision at which they arrived: Pal was to remain through the month. Then, when they returned to the city, he should be sold, or at least a good home found for him elsewhere. Mary Moulton was adamant: there would be no place for him in town. She did not mean to be selfish, but she had never cared for dogs and felt that having one thrust upon her was an imposition; so there was nothing for John Moulton to do but to agree to the terms she laid down.

But a new factor entered at the end of Pal's month at Shady Nook—it was Chester, then aged five. The puppy was his very shadow. The little pair were inseparable—one aged five months and the other five years.

Where John would surely have lost, when it came time to dispose of Pal, the little boy cried so piteously that his mother was utterly unable to resist, so Chester gained and Pal

“PAL”

accompanied the family back to the city after all.

“But we simply can’t keep him, John,” she said. “It’s out of the question. Something will have to be done about it.”

“Yes, I guess you’re right.” There was no use to fight the issue, and John Moulton knew it. They could not keep the dog with his wife feeling as she did about it. Pal’s blood was the bluest of canine blue, and a tidy sum had been paid for him, yet that did not matter—he could not stay. Something must be done about it, as Chester’s mother had declared.

But what! That was the question. Forever vigilant was five-year-old Chester Moulton, the idol of the home. Once a man had been sent to take Pal away, and in the morning he was miles distant. All that day Chester cried as if his little heart would break—as was to have been expected. But much to the surprise of both his parents, the next day it was the same—and the next—and the next after that. He was even restless at night, was hard to get to sleep, and so—Pal came back. What else could they do?

For several days the boy did little else

“PAL”

than sit and hug the puppy, talking to him all the while. “They shan’t take ’oo ’way ’gain,” he repeated over and over, with his chubby arms clasped tightly around his little pet’s wiry neck. The pup just whined contentedly and nestled closer.

And thus was Mary Moulton defeated. Thus Pal came into his home.

Swiftly he outlived his puppyhood and grew to be a big dog, strong, alert, intelligent—while only the deeper grew his love for his little master. His mistress tolerated him for Chester’s sake. The dog was even finding a place in her heart—as long since he had done with the rest of the family.

Another summer came—and Chester was six. The dog had lived scarce twice this many months—but he had grown almost to full maturity. Again the family moved to Shady Nook.

The crisis in Pal’s life came with the dog show that was held on the Fourth of July. Many very valuable dogs were entered by the families summering in the vicinity. A noted Bench Show Judge was brought on from the city. And that’s how it all came about. Trouble for Chester and Pal broke out anew.

“PAL”

The Judge decided to spend a week at the Lake before returning to the city. The day following the Dog Show he made a call on the Moultons. Before very long he said:

“I gave Pal the winning ribbon yesterday because he’s the best specimen I’ve seen in some time—or ever before. He should ‘cop the blue’ almost as easily at Madison Square Garden as he did here. By next February I believe he can make any of them go some to beat him for ‘Best of all Breeds’—let alone the Airedales, his own class. You’re going to show him, aren’t you, Mr. Moulton?”

“Why, I hadn’t thought of it. Pal belongs to my little boy, Chester.”

“But it would be a shame not to enter him for the Westminster Show! At what figure do you hold him? I’ll offer a thousand dollars right now. What do you say?”

That is as far as it might have gone if only John Moulton had said nothing more about it after the Judge had left. But that he did not do. He had, of course, refused the offer. No amount could induce him to part with Pal—on Chester’s account, if no other. That night, however, he made the fatal mistake of mentioning the matter to Mary. He did so

“PAL”

only with the idea of making her appreciate Pal, as he knew so well she never had fully done.

“He offered you a thousand dollars—and you refused it!” she exclaimed.

A rather stormy interview followed. Chester was young and would quickly forget all about it, she contended—and here was a real chance to dispose of the dog problem in the right way by giving Pal a good home.

The next morning she did some telephoning on her own account. The offer was accepted—with the provision that the Moultons should keep Pal the two remaining days until his new owner should return to the city, as he could make no other adequate arrangements to keep him at the Lake. It was agreed that Pal would be ready for him on the afternoon of the 8th.

* * * * *

Little Chester Moulton loved to fish from the end of the long pier that extended well out into the Lake. He had a little pole and line all his own—and for hours would sit in silent imitation of his father, who was a great fisherman. For safety, his nurse would tie him securely by a strap run through a ring and

“PAL”

passed around the boy's body. It was usually Pal's custom to lie close beside his little master—while the nurse would read or sew.

Chester was fishing thus on the morning of the eighth of July. The nurse sat close by. But Pal was not in his usual place. For some reason or other, he had remained lying on the porch of the cottage a short distance away—perhaps because it was so hot. The humidity on this particular morning made for laziness in all life.

Chester was beginning to be restless and was about ready to call to be unstrapped—when suddenly there came a sharp pull on the line. Something had caught the hook end of it, and away it went with a rush. The boy jumped to his feet with a shout. As he did so, the fish had reached the end of the line—but the little fellow held grimly to the pole. And then, for some unknown reason—the strap that was holding him let loose. His nurse ran with a scream to catch him, but was too late. She was old—she could not swim anyhow—and there was no one else near enough to be of assistance. Her screams attracted attention—but there was no one

“PAL”

near the water just at that particular time, and while several came running from a distance Chester's life hung in the balance.

Mary Moulton was awakened with a start from her book, which she had been reading under the shade of a wide-spreading oak. Frantically she rushed for the pier, but before she had fairly started, she was passed by a streak of black and tan that flew more swiftly than the wind.

There was no sound as Pal passed her, but he tore the pebbles from their beds and scattered them with the sand and dust behind. The nearest man who had started to the rescue tripped and fell—but the great dog never wavered as he raced past him and out the long pier.

The frantic nurse was shrieking now—but all she could do was wave her arms and tear her hair. Pal passed her without slackening his desperate speed. Nor did he as the end of the pier was reached, and he jumped.

The little boy was just sinking to rise no more, when the dog was upon him—almost the entire length of his body from head to tail visible above the surface of the water, so

“PAL”

powerfully was he swimming to reach his helpless little master. As Pal came up with Chester, the dog's strong jaws closed firmly over a loose end of his little jacket. And thus, before any other help could be of assistance, Pal, unaided, dragged the boy safely out on the beach, where eager hands received him and carried him up to the house and put him to bed.

Chester had just fallen asleep when his mother was summoned from his bedside, and found that—the Judge had come for Pal.

“I—am—very—sorry—indeed,” she said slowly, as if weighing her words, “for I fear I have been the cause of making you a lot of trouble, but the fact is—we really can't let you have Pal at any price. No, not for ten thousand dollars! But,” she added, “I realize that a bargain is a bargain—you agreed to buy Chester's dog and we agreed to sell—so I will be perfectly willing to pay you any price you may name in order to make it right. But we can't let Pal go at any price—he's not for sale.”

The Judge very naturally was confused, and showed it in the uncertainty of his reply.



Pal, unaided, dragged the boy safely out on the beach.

“PAL”

Then Mary Moulton recounted to him the experience through which they had just passed.

And then, because he was a true lover of good dogs, the Judge took from his pocket a slip of paper—which was a check for a thousand dollars made payable to Mary Moulton—and slowly tore it up into very small bits.

When Chester's mother returned to his bedside, she found him still asleep, but a very small and dirty little hand rested lovingly, even as he dreamed, on the head of a great dog that had at last found a real home. For even though Pal was still quite wet, so that water dripped on the floor where he stood, there was no word of reproach. There was, on the other hand, a world of tenderness in the caress as Mary Moulton herself tiptoed quietly around the bed and, for the first time since he had come to them, threw her arms around the dog's neck with a gentle sob.

And thus Chester found them still when, some little time later, he opened his eyes drowsily and asked for a cookie.

The following item appeared the next day in an obscure column of an Ohio newspaper.

“PAL”

Some of you may have seen it at the time.
It merely stated:

DOG SAVES BOY'S LIFE Quick Action Rescues Young Master From Watery Grave

—————, Ohio. July 9, 19—

A large Airedale Terrier to-day saved the life of his young master, Chester Moulton, aged six years, at Lake —————, where the Moultons have their summer home. No one but the boy's old nurse was near enough to the scene to have been of assistance in time. But Pal, his dog, proved the hero of the hour—swift, courageous and powerful—over which fact the family are rejoicing to-day; and Pal is wearing a new silver collar, but utterly oblivious of the praises that are being sung for his deed.

A PIONEER DOG

III.

A PIONEER DOG

AMONG the States, Ohio ranks as both old and proud. Many of her pioneers could boast lineage from some of the best blood in either the old world or the new. The Buckeye State stands where she does to-day because such men and women were her sturdy sons and noble daughters. Harrowing were the experiences of these venturesome people in the days when Ohio was but a vast uncharted forest, the favorite hunting and battle ground of the Red Men, who claimed the land by birthright.

Many of the deeds of these early pioneers, both men and women—deeds of the days when Ohio was but the border land of the white man's advance—have been recorded in history, song and story. But in those days of long ago—even as now—the Dog was man's closest friend and companion, and often played an heroic part in the experiences of our forefathers. The noble dog is to-day more

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than ever before coming into his own; yet in tales both of fact and of fiction the part played by this wonderful animal in the days before our land ceased to be but an endless magnificent wilderness seems to have been most unfortunately overlooked. Therefore, it is with the hope that in the telling there may be an interest—for everyone, but for all lovers of the dog in particular—that the following true record is penned.

* * * * *

Back in the days when Ohio was but a "forest primeval," there was a certain small settlement of cabins situated at the junction of three rivers, and in the center of this cluster there was a block house for defense against the Indians.

Among the inhabitants of these rude dwellings were two personalities in particular whose fame had spread far through the borderland. One was Mary Mason, whose splendid womanhood and bewitching beauty made her the desire of most of the young men for miles around. And the other was Mary's dog, Lady, a marvelous Scotch collie, of royal blood direct from the Highlands of Scotland. Among the cross-bred hounds of the other set-

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tlers, Lady was an aristocrat almost out of place.

But for all her royal blood, Lady was not a dainty worthless canine, as might be imagined—quite to the contrary. Based purely on the standards of worth of a pioneer dog, she was probably the most valuable west of the Alleghenies. She was strictly a “one man” dog—except when there was work to do. Then she would lend herself to the circumstances and obey orders from whoever might have the right to speak with the voice of authority.

Lady was a splendid hunter, whether it were big game or small. She would follow a trail as well as the best of hounds—and it is due to this ability that this story is told. The royal collie was intelligent, tireless and game. For all these traits she was loved by those who knew her, and honored by the many who had heard of her many remarkable achievements. She would hunt for days with an energy seemingly indefatigable; she was afraid of nothing that roamed the forests. Yet it was because these traits were backed up by an intelligence almost uncanny that her fame was greatest. There were many of her admirers who claimed

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that Lady acted on more than instinct—that she had a mind, that she thought and reasoned. Be all this as it may, Lady was generally acknowledged to be the greatest dog on the frontier—and deservedly so.

One day, soon after leaving the cabin in search of Lady, Mary Mason called: “Come, Father, let’s have a look at the puppies.”

“Well, well, I’ll go again if you say so,” he answered, and joined his daughter for an inspection of the offspring of the aristocrat. They were now about six weeks old, but Mary never tired of looking at them and watching their play.

“Aren’t they fine, Father!”

“They’re cute little critters now, all right enough—too bad they’re only half-breeds. It’s a shame for Lady to have anything but full-blooded pups. No chance for that, though, out in this country.”

“Yes, Father—but look at that one little fellow over there; he’s marked just like Lady. I’m going to keep him.”

“He might be all right at that, Daughter. Cross-breeds mostly turn out to be our best dogs out here on the border. Of course,

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Lady's an exception. Yes, let's keep that pup an' see how he turns out."

There was a call from the cabin, and father and daughter turned to go in to breakfast. As they did so, a young man was seen coming hurriedly toward them.

"It's Alfred Lee, Father—and he seems to be excited about something."

"He does, for a fact."

As he approached, Alfred met them with the usual hearty greetings of the border: "H'llo, Mary; howdy, John."

"Morning, Alfred," answered John Mason. "Mary an' I've just been havin' a look at Lady's new pups. But what's up? You seemed to be in sort of a rush when you come up."

"Just enjoyin' the early mornin' air, I reckon," he answered, as he looked meaningly at Mary.

"Well, it's a fine mornin' to be up an' about, Alfred. Had your breakfast? Better join us," urged John Mason.

"Thanks, John—I might do that. Been out early an' haven't had none yet. A fellow's got to eat, I gather."

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“Good. Now, Mary, you run an’ tell mother Alfred’s goin’ to eat with us.”

When Mary had gone, John Mason turned to Alfred: “All right now, son, out with it—what’s up?”

“Fact is, John, I’m a bit puzzled ’bout the Injuns. I’m ’fraid we may be comin’ in for a spell o’ trouble.”

“How so? They’ve been quiet now for quite some time. I ain’t noticed nothin’—what’ve you?”

“Last night I ’lowed I’d go out early this mornin’ an’ see if I could spot a turkey ’fore breakfast. Shortly after daybreak I was up in the woods by the spring, the one by the big maple, an’ I set down in the bushes to wait a spell an’ see what might turn up. Purty soon I looked out an’ seen a big Injun standin’ over by the spring. He was a Shawnee, a stranger, an’ he struck me suspicious, so I laid low. He acted like he expected somebody, the way he kept lookin’ around. An’ sure ’nough, ’twasn’t long ’fore, sorta sneakin’ like, ’long come that big Injun Jim.”

“The one who’s been hangin’ round here a while?”

“Yes. An’ they talked there a few minutes

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together, increasin' my suspicions the way they kept lookin' around all the time. Then the Shawnee snuk off into the woods, an' this fellow Jim come on back here. I waited till I figgered they'd both got away for sure, then I snuk on back in a hurry—an' run into you an' Mary out there."

"So we're the first you've seen?"

"Yes."

"An' this Jim—he come on back to the clearin'? You think he's back here now? Sure they didn't get wind of you, Alf?"

"You're right. No, I don't think they knew anyone was within a mile of 'em."

"Come on to breakfast, you two. How long do you expect to keep Mother waiting?"

"There's Mary callin' us in—reckon we'd better hurry up, or they'll be scoldin' us bad. But this Injun business sure'll bear investigatin'," was all John Mason said for the present, due to the interruption caused by the announcement of breakfast.

"You going to shoot to-morrow in the matches, Alf?" Mary asked, after they were seated.

"Can't say yet. I'd like to." Although a man of few words, as was not unusual even

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among the young men of the border, it would have been easily evident to an observer that Alfred Lee had not escaped the charms of Mary Mason. And it had often been whispered that Alfred was secretly the most favored of all her suitors.

“Why don’t you, Alf?” Mary persisted. “You’d surely win the prize. But of course you will shoot—you’re only teasing me.”

“Well, I reckon I’ll shoot, if I don’t have to go off into the woods,” he replied. Then, desirous of changing the subject, he added: “I’ll have to see them pups, Mary, ’fore I go.”

“I don’t know whether I’ll show them to you or not,” she pouted. “You’re always teasing me about Lady. You’re the only person on the border who doesn’t appreciate her. You think you’re such a mighty hunter, mister man—but Lady can show you a thing or two.”

“They do all say, I’ll allow, Mary, as how she’s a great dog—but the plain fact is, I’ve always figgered any dog was only in the way in the woods. They may spoil more for you than they help. They’re only a bother—that is, for a man who knows how to hunt. Of course, it’s different, now, if a man don’t

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know the woods. I don't want to take no credit away from Lady."

"You'll have cause to change your mind, Alfred—you just wait and see."

"Well, now, I'd like to—meanin' nothin' against Lady at that."

"Come, then, I'll show you the pups," and Mary ran on ahead to the little shed back of the cabin, where Lady was proudly guarding her litter. "There," she exclaimed, "aren't they splendid, Alfred!"

He regarded them critically for several minutes before he answered. The young men of the border were not given to flattery or empty praise. "Yes, I reckon they're all right, Mary. That little critter over yonder's goin' to be a regular double for Lady. Look at him grab hold of that other one, will you! Bet he'll be a little devil for spunk."

"Yes—that's the one I've decided to keep," she told him, pleased to have her judgment backed by the best hunter in the settlement.

"Named him yet?"

"No."

"Might call him 'Indian', Mary, he's goin' to be such a scrapper."

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"I might. But I think I'll call him just plain Jack, more likely. I always like 'Jack' for a dog."

"Yes, Jack'd be a good name. Well, I'll have to start along now. I've got to see your father a few minutes 'fore I go."

"Where are you going, Alfred?"

"No place special, just off in the woods a piece, I figger."

"What's gone wrong? Tell me."

"Nothin'. Why?"

"Yes, there has, too. You can't fool me. I know from the way you came up a while ago, and from the way father and you were talking, that something is the matter. Now tell me. Tell me the truth."

"I'll allow there's nothin' to tell."

"Alfred—listen to me. Why should you be afraid to tell me the truth? Don't waste time trying to fool me. It's better to tell me, whatever it is—lots better than to leave me in ignorance, when I'll be bound to know sooner or later anyhow. Hurry now—then go see father, if you must."

"Well, I gather the Injuns are up to some devilment—but I don't have no idea what, yet. I run across two of 'em in the woods this

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mornin', an' they were figgerin' up somethin'. But they didn't see me."

"Do you think there's going to be trouble?"

"I don't know—but you stay close to the blockhouse." He spoke with a grave sternness that thrilled the girl. "Don't go away at all. There's your father now. I'll go see him."

John Mason talked earnestly with Alfred for some time. Finally he gripped his hand in parting, and the young man turned to go. "Good-bye, Mary; see you soon," he called, with a swift, tender look, as he started to hasten away.

"Alfred, wait—"

She came running to where he was. "Where are you going?"

"Goin' to take up the trail of that Injun I run into this mornin'. Your father thinks I'd better, too. It's best we find out what's up."

"I hate to see you take such risks as you do." In spite of her bravery a catch was in her voice. "It's terribly dangerous work. Are you sure it's best?"

"Yes—an' it's not real dangerous, Mary, for a man as knows the woods like I do. But,

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anyhow, everythin's dangerous out here on the border. We must expect it."

"Suppose the trail leads you to a hostile encampment," she persisted, "what would you do?"

"That's just what I'm goin' for to find out. An' if it does, I'll hurry back with the news," and he smiled reassuringly.

"You might not be able to get back—or, not in time. Alfred, listen—I have a plan. You'll object to it, I know—but it's a good one, just the same. *Please* take my advice. That Indian has had a good start on you, and, even as wonderful a trailer as you are, you'll be miles and miles away from home in the woods before you can even hope to catch up with him—and there may be more of them. Undoubtedly there are."

"But they're not expectin' to be followed, an' they'll not travel fast—not likely," he interrupted her. Regardless of what doubts he may have held himself, it was plain that he did not want to alarm the girl unnecessarily. It was the chivalry of the border, no matter how inured to danger and hardships their women might be.

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“‘Not likely,’ you say,” she quickly answered. “And that’s just it—you don’t know that they won’t. You say yourself that you don’t know what’s up. Here’s my plan. Take Lady with you. She’ll follow their trail faster and more easily than even you could hope to do. She’ll obey any command you give her. Put her on a lead so she’ll have to go right along with you. You’ll make double time by it, Alfred. It’ll be surer, and safer, and quicker—and it won’t take you so far from home,” she ended with conviction.

“You think I need a dog to help me follow the trail of any Indian! Mary, I didn’t think that of you. I’m the best trailer on the border, an’ what’s more—you know it.”

“Yes, you are,” she hastened to reassure him of her intentions, “but your eyes can’t follow a trail like Lady’s nose can. Even if she wouldn’t be more accurate, she’d be faster. You’re only human, Alfred, and scenting is one of her God-given powers. Don’t be obstinate, please. I thought of this while you and father were talking. Oh, do—do—please do this—for me,” she faltered. “I know—something inside of me tells me it’s

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the thing to do. Don't let your pride stand in the way of what's best for your safety, and the safety of all of us here."

"But why have you taken such an interest in this all of a sudden, girl?"

"I—don't—know. But I do know it's the thing to do. God gave woman intuition for some purpose—and mine is urging me now. Will you follow my advice, Alfred?"

"Mary, I—"

She saw indecision written on his face, and interrupted him. She felt some irresistible force prompting her. "Alfred," she said solemnly, "you have professed to care for me. Would it make any difference if I consented now to marry you when you get back?"

"Mary!" A Borderman is taught, like an Indian, to control his feelings. But Alfred found his love getting the better of him. Had there not been serious business ahead, he might have been completely overcome by the joy of what he heard.

"Then you will take Lady with you?" he heard a wonderful voice asking him.

"Yes, girl, I'll take her," he answered. "And, please God, I'll come back to you."

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“So Alfred took Lady, you say?” John Mason showed plainly the surprise the news gave him. “Well, I do declare—an’ him always sayin’ as how a dog’s only a nuisance in the woods! How’d he happen to take her, Mary?”

“How should I know, Father?” the girl answered with the way of her sex. “He seemed to need her—I suppose he wanted to trail fast.”

“Never seen the time before when Alf’d allow anythin’ could beat him at trailin’. What’d you do with the pups?”

“They’re playing out in back, Father. They’re old enough now to be alone.”

The way Lady took up the trail of the Indian from the Spring was a revelation to Alfred. But for the leash, he could not have hoped to keep pace with her. It was a wonderful day of early Fall, before the trees had lost their foliage; in fact the leaves had just begun to take on the magnificent colorings of the season, though some had already fallen to form a beautiful carpet for the forest.

Lady was a silent trailer, for which Alfred was thankful, but she led the hunter on with

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a sureness that could not be doubted. Consequently, at the speed at which they traveled, he soon left the work entirely to her acute and accurate nose, and himself gave up trying to be of any assistance. In many places where the man would have had to pick the trail slowly, the dog never hesitated.

“You’re all right, old girl,” Alfred mused in wonder. “Yes, you’re sure all right.”

On and on they went, until at length the sun began to sink in the west. They had not stopped for lunch, in their keenness to learn the object of their work. As Lady needed not the light of day to help her, they kept on until it was quite late, when Alfred called a halt for the night in a little gully that offered both shelter and protection for their fire.

“Good work, Lady,” he said enthusiastically, as he patted her. “You’re sure all that they say ’bout you. You’ve helped me a lot to-day, an’ we’re most twice as far as I’d have come alone. I do reckon now, though,” he continued, speaking to himself, and turning a thought over in his mind, “as how we’d purty near have come up with that Injun if he hadn’t been goin’ fast hisself—an’ it’s a

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bad sign. Most likely he's up to somethin', all right. Well, to-morrow we should see."

Men of the forest are not given either to burning daylight or wasting the hours of dark. In as short a time as prior duties would permit, Alfred was wrapped in the sound slumber of utter fatigue, with Lady curled up close by his side.

They were up before the first rays of the sun had started to creep over the horizon, and soon they were ready to resume the trail. The crisp, cutting air caused Lady to bound ahead with an energy keenly on edge, but the leash held her down to Alfred's speed. He shivered at first as he hurried along after her, but the hard work soon brought on a comfortable warm glow.

They had traveled two or three miles and it was still not light. Alfred pulled Lady down so that her pace was no more than an easy walking gait for him. He knew, as a woodsman knows such things, that the Indians they were trailing (for he now saw unmistakable signs that the Shawnee had been joined by others) could not be very much farther ahead. The fact that the red skins had come



An Indian appeared in the underbrush

A PIONEER DOG

this far was a suspicious indication—for Alfred and Lady had come faster and farther the day before than was customary for one day's travel. It was evident that the Indians must be bent on some definite mission—and that it was for no good purpose was more than likely, or the meeting of the two Indians at the spring the preceding morning would not have been fraught with so many suspicious circumstances.

There was hardly even a faint sniffing as the dog's keen nose followed the trail—and other than that she made no sound. As for Alfred, he displaced not a twig. He was typically the ever alert American Borderman now. Every next minute might precipitate a crisis—might throw them into the midst of the Indian camp.

Suddenly Lady gave a short lunge ahead, and Alfred reached down quickly and pushed her to the ground. "Quiet," he whispered into her ear, so gently it could not have been heard six paces away. Almost as soon as had Lady, the keen-eyed woodsman discovered the location of the Indian camp ahead. While he was yet undecided what course of action to pursue, Alfred heard a slight sound to the rear. He

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turned quickly and threw the long rifle to his shoulder.

As he did so, a warrior stepped from the bushes behind them. Before a bullet could end the Indian's life, Lady's jerk on the leash had destroyed Alfred's aim—and the gun was not discharged.

“Ugh! Why shoot Great Bear? He always your friend,” the savage stoically addressed Alfred.

“I was startled, Great Bear, 'fore I saw who it was. We can both thank the dog here that I didn't pull the trigger.”

It was a fortunate thing for the hunter that it was Great Bear whom he had thus encountered, for once, years before, Alfred had saved this Indian's life—and for that Great Bear would always be his friend.

“You're in war paint, Great Bear. What's the reason?” questioned the Borderman.

“Great Bear glad his friend not at settlement. Never forget friend.”

“What's the matter, Great Bear?”

“Good thing not at settlement. Great Bear glad.”

“Why?”

A PIONEER DOG

The savage only shrugged his shoulders expressively.

“Shall I hurry home and warn my friends?” Alfred whispered eagerly—yet very quietly, lest they be overheard.

“Too late,” grunted the savage.

“Too late! What d’you mean? Tell me.”

“Say too late. Hear me.”

“But I can get there ’fore these fellows ahead of us do.”

“They too late, too. They not get there first—but they get there soon ’nough, may be.” The Indian’s words were ominous of sinister meaning, and Alfred shuddered as he thought in particular of Mary Mason.

“You mean, then, that another band will reach there first, Great Bear?” he demanded. And then he added quickly: “How soon, you think?”

“Purty soon. Maybe hour—maybe three. Now Great Bear go. Glad friend away. Better stay. Don’t let warrior see. Go towards sun.”

“Thank you, friend,” said Alfred, as he turned to go towards the East. The settlement lay directly to the South, but he sought to mislead Great Bear as to his intentions.

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He soon hurried faster. What could he do? By no superhuman effort could he get back short of five or six hours. And that would be too late—unless the first party should be delayed. Suddenly he came to a stop as Lady's leash caught on a bush. She wagged her tail as he undid it.

"What can I do, dog?" he appealed to the dumb beast. "What can we do to help your mistress?"

"We," he had said. He felt that he was not alone. Suddenly he began searching hastily through his clothing for something on which to scratch a message of warning to those at home. It was broad daylight now. Time was slipping away. But an idea had come to Alfred. It was only a chance—but worth taking. Lady would do it if half the stories he'd heard about her were true. She might make it—if she only would, and could, understand. He unsnapped her leash, and gave the command.

"Go home, Lady. Go—home—*quick*," he ordered. And she was gone. The Borderman breathed a silent prayer as the noble col-lie sped away so fast that it gave him hope.

A PIONEER DOG

A shot that Alfred heard a little later in the far distance bothered him—until then, it had not occurred to him that Lady might not live to reach home with her precious message. The woods would be full of savages who might not spare the famous dog of which they had all heard. His heart was consumed with dread as he pressed on with what speed he could in Lady's wake.

* * * * *

“Do you suppose Alfred will get back in time for the shoot, Father?” asked Mary Mason.

“I can't say, Daughter, but I gather not, from the fact that he ain't here yet. It's most time now for the shootin' to commence. We better be goin' on over.”

“I'm worried about him, Father. He seemed so serious yesterday.”

“Nonsense, girl. Why, there ain't a better man travels the woods than Alfred. Come on, if you're goin' with me.”

They had started for the place of the shooting. As they did so, Mary glanced towards the river in the direction taken by Alfred and Lady the morning before.

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“Father,” she said, “what’s that swimming across the river? Do you see where I mean?”

John Mason looked in the direction indicated. Then his gun went to his shoulder. It was soon lowered. “Thought first ’twas an Injun,” he muttered, “and ’count of what Alfred saw yesterday I was goin’ to plug him. But ’taint no Injun. Reckon it’s a dog,” and he started on.

“What dog, Father—can you tell?” the girl asked.

“No—why?”

“Alfred took Lady, you know.”

“Then she’s with him, I reckon.”

The dog had reached the bank. It seemed to have great difficulty in getting up on the shore. Finally it succeeded. But something appeared to be the matter. John and Mary stood and watched as it came closer.

“That dog’s hurt,” he said.

“Father!” screamed the girl, “It’s Lady, sure as you’re alive. Come—hurry!”

Lady had also recognized her mistress, and came on to them. She showed signs of having come far and fast. The last few steps, she staggered, and sank to the ground.

A PIONEER DOG

“Oh, Lady girl, what’s the matter?” sobbed a beloved voice in the dog’s ear.

But Lady did not answer the caress. She had answered her last.

“She’s been hit hard, Daughter. Let me have a look at her. D’you s’pose Alfred could have had an accident, or mistook her for a wolf?”

“He had her on a leash. Has she been shot, Father? Oh, she has! Look at the blood!”

“Come—I’ll carry her home. Listen, girl, you love Lady—but you’re a Borderman’s daughter an’ you must learn to be brave. We all must, out here—you know that already. Lady’s been hit hard, an’ I doubt if she’ll live.”

The girl tried hard to be brave, but she sobbed aloud as her father placed the dear dog carefully, so that her head rested in Mary’s lap.

“Look, there’s something on her collar. See what it is, Father.”

And this was the message John Mason found:

“Warpath. Blockhouse. Quick. Lose no time. Lady may even be too late.
Alfred.”

* * * * *



He gently laid the dog's head in her lap

A PIONEER DOG

Even after the warwhoop had rung through the still forests, just as the last of the settlers had been rushed to shelter and safety, Mary Mason sat in a corner of the blockhouse holding in her lap the still head of her beloved dog. Although a pioneer's daughter, she was not ashamed of her tears.

“Oh, you wonderful, glorious dog!” she sobbed. “We all owe our lives to you—to you, and to Alfred. I pray to God *he* may be safe.”

OLD FRANK'S LAST POINT

IV.

OLD FRANK'S LAST POINT

WE HAD been hunting ruffed Grouse, and we had had good luck. The six of us were sitting about the camp-fire that last night talking over the trip, and not one but regretted having to start back home the next morning.

Our dogs figured conspicuously in our reminiscences. They had fully done their share—and had given us some exhilarating moments during our outing. Dubell's Wonder, a truly masterful Pointer, came in for his full portion of praise.

"Yes, he's good," said Clifford Young. "Reminds me of Old Frank more than any other dog I ever shot over. Not that he's really as good, of course."

"I remember Frank—and he was all that Clifford may claim for him," spoke up Johnnie Grue. "Do you recall the time you first discovered that he really would point birds, Clifford?"

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“Well, I guess I do,” Clifford answered with a chuckle of pride. “I loved Old Frank—he meant a lot to me—and I don’t want to talk about him just to hear myself, but Johnnie has got me going.

“My father was a large wholesale Grocer. One evening he came home to supper bringing a scrawny looking black and tan setter pup which had been sent to him by one of his customers. We three boys, my two younger brothers and myself, were so excited we could hardly eat our suppers—it was our first dog.

“‘What’s his name, Father?’ I asked.

“‘Guess he hasn’t any yet—what shall we call him?’ he answered.

“Living at our house at the time was my older cousin, Ned Cunningham. ‘Call the pup Frank,’ he said.

“‘Why Frank?’ asked my mother.

“‘He reminds me of Frank Farrell,’ said Ned, winking at my father.

“He was an awkward, ungainly pup, I suppose—but I thought Ned was serious. Anyhow I rather liked the name of Frank, so I at once agreed. Father and mother both smiled. Ned was a great kidder and they knew he had never cared for Frank Farrell.

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“The pup grew rapidly—and rapidly grew into a place in our hearts that was very strong. In fact, he grew so fast and so big that father said he thought he must have a few quarts of St. Bernard blood in his veins. Yet there was no question but that the predominating blood-line was Gordon Setter.

“As the oldest of the boys, I assumed proprietorship over Frank. I took him with me always and everywhere—except to school. The dog became a favorite with all the boys in the neighborhood. He was gentle and kind, yet his size, strength and courage made him a splendid fighter—in which fact my friends and I took great pride. I am afraid we little devils were responsible for many a street scrap between Frank and some other dog. As a bird dog he was an untried, unknown quantity, but he developed into a typical boy's dog—a great companion, an especially strong swimmer, everything in a dog that a boy's heart craves. He seemed to rise to any occasion, and always did the right thing. I believe he could really think—if not, Frank certainly had the best instinct of any animal I ever saw. He would ride with me in my little home-made canvas canoe—and his splendid

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balancing ability made him much more of a help than a hindrance.

“After a while I had a harness made and taught him to pull a little goat wagon that father bought for me; and at this also the dog was a wonder at learning what I wanted him to do. He would respond to the touch of the reins as well as the best driving horse I ever sat behind, and he was a glutton for work in the shafts. Whenever we would get up a little picnic party, and the other boys would go on their bicycles, I usually drove Frank and carried all the boys' lunches in the little wagon.

“One day I remember in particular. After a hard drive out, but with a good swim and long rest in between, I pedalled home on the bicycle of one of the smaller boys and let him ride in the wagon to lighten the load—and Frank kept right up with the bicycles all the way. Not many dogs could have done it—or would have tried, especially with a strange driver.

“One of my friends in school carried papers, and many a night we drove over his route with Frank pulling the wagon, paper sack and all. Yet he only grew stronger under the work. I believe he really liked it.

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Whether on the long, dusty country roads, up hill or down, or on the crowded city streets, Frank was the equal of any pony that ever lived—weight considered, of course. In after years I often compared him to the steady cart-dogs of Belgium.

“But he was much more than that. We taught Frank to run rabbits, kill cats, hunt coon—in short, he was an all-round boys' dog.

“The one thing he would persist in doing that I didn't care about, and yet couldn't break him of, was killing every duck he would come across. One day when we had him out in the country he killed fourteen ducks, which cost me fifty cents apiece—all my bank held at the time!—and the farmer kept the ducks! He sold them in market the next day for as much more, I reckon. But as long as Frank lived he just naturally would kill tame ducks, everything to the contrary withstanding—he even seemed to take a wilder interest in it than in rabbits, cats or anything else. This was something I never could understand.

“There's one thing I want to say right now—but I can't tell it to you as I'd like to—no one could do that; it's just this: I loved Frank better than anything or anybody in the world,

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excepting only my mother, father and brothers. And I know he loved me just as much. There isn't anything in this world truer than a real dog—and Frank was a real dog. He was the best pal I ever had—and for that matter, I never will have a better one.

“I think it was when we were in the second year of high school that I met you, wasn't it, Johnnie?”

“Yep, in the fall of 1900,” said Johnnie Grue.

“I thought so. Well, until then I had never hunted quail. All I'd ever done before I met Johnnie was kid's shooting—roaming around anywhere, like a boy will, just to be out-doors, and taking a pop at anything you see, from a ground-hog to a chipmunk. But even then Johnnie was a good quail shot. He had been hunting them for two or three years down on his uncle's farm south of town. He didn't have a dog then—but he was almost as good as one himself. He certainly knew where the birds were on that farm, and all the farms about. And he would get them, too.”

“Thanks, old man,” said Johnnie with a grin.

“Well, it's a fact. And I'll never forget

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the time you first asked me to go with you—and how you absolutely refused to let me take Frank with us.”

“But you couldn’t blame me at that time, Clifford. I didn’t think he would work on quail—and you didn’t either.”

“That’s right. In the scrub shooting I had done, when Old Frank had been along, we had never run across any quail—rabbits and black birds had been about our limit of luck or effort. No, I couldn’t and didn’t honestly blame you for not wanting Frank along—probably to spoil the day for you—though for my own part I never cared what I got, or how, and I liked to have Frank with me always.

“Johnnie and I had several hunts together on his uncle’s farm, and had some good luck—that is, Johnnie did. I don’t think I got anything but a few meadow-larks. But I had fun, just the same. Then one day I got my first quail—by accident or luck. I just shot at the covey—and one fell. Didn’t aim at any one bird in particular, I think—but of course I didn’t tell that to Johnnie.”

“*I guess you didn’t,*” Johnnie chuckled at the remembrance. “You bragged about that shot for weeks.”

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Clifford laughingly acknowledged it.

"Anyhow," he continued, "I did hate to admit even to myself, then, that the shot was mere blind luck, but, be that as it may, from that day on I thought I was a quail hunter, full fledged. No more promiscuous shooting for me, after that.

"One Saturday I went out by myself. Old Frank went along with me, as he always did, except on those first few hunts with Johnnie. We had been knocking around pretty much as usual—and I had shot a rabbit, a black bird, a chipmunk, and a mud-hen. It was getting late in the afternoon, and we started for home. As we were passing by a pretty thick but small strip of woods, Frank jumped a rabbit—and started after him. It was too late for me to follow, so I just waited for Frank to come back.

"But he didn't come back. I must have waited a half hour—and no Frank. Another long wait, and the sun was sinking—and still no Frank. This was something new for him. He wasn't much of a trailer and never followed rabbits very far—at least unless I was with him. He never wanted to stay away from me long enough for that.

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“I was getting pretty upset about him, and called several times. I called again and again, but no Frank. I *was* worried now, and started through the woods to look for him in the direction he had taken, calling to him as I went.

“And then, just as I was about to pass again into the open, at the far end of the woods, I found him—standing so still that I almost passed him by. He was so intense that he gave no notice of my presence. It was as if he were carved from solid stone. I couldn't imagine what it could possibly mean! Then suddenly it dawned on me—*he was pointing something!* ‘But what can it be?’ I wondered to myself. It made me nervous. I spoke to him. I might as well have addressed the rocks or the trees. Yet this much was certain: the greatest bird dog champion of all ages past or to come never made a better, truer stand than that.

“Determined to learn the cause at all risk—I was only a boy, you know—I stepped a pace ahead of Frank. Stealthily he moved one foot forward, then the other, until three such steps had been taken—then still again. ‘What is it, Frank, old boy?’ I said. There was no

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answering whine, as I had expected—only the stillness.

“I carefully advanced to the brush pile just ahead, and kicked it with my foot. Heavens, what a rushing whir! It was a full covey of quail! I was too amazed to shoot.

“Never, as long as I live, will I forget the surge of pride and joy that came over me in that minute as I began to grasp the fact that Frank had found and held a covey of birds. So far as I knew, Frank had never found quail before. Oh, what days of pleasure were in store for us both! Many thoughts kept crowding one upon the other. I remember that I thought of you, Johnnie, and gloried in what a surprise my dog was destined to give you.

“It was too late to follow the birds—and I had been too surprised to shoot when they ‘flushed’. But I was the proudest hunter in seven states as we trudged along home—and I think Frank was proud too. In fact, I know he was. He knew that he had done something fine in my eyes—and he was glad.

“After that day we went hunting regularly—and we went seriously, now, for quail.

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One thing that astonished me was the way Frank stopped bothering about rabbits—when he came to know that quail were the real game for a bird dog. Remember the first day you went with us, Johnnie—how surprised you were at the way he worked?”

“Yes, I do. You bragged a lot about him, I remember,” chuckled Johnnie. “But you had not said too much, at that—as it proved. Yes, sir, boys,” Johnnie turned to the rest of us, “that dog was one of the best I ever shot over—he was a wonder.”

“You bet,” Clifford continued, “he surely was a wonder. And now, I’m going to tell you about his last hunt—shall I? Don’t hesitate, fellows, to call a halt if you’re tired and want to turn in—or if I bore you with my enthusiasm for my old dog.”

“Absolutely not—go on, we want to hear it,” said Smithie, and we all agreed with him, urging Clifford to tell us more.

“Well then—here goes. It was years later—and Frank was by that time a full-fledged veteran. With each new season he had become more perfect—until he was as near perfection as a bird dog can be. We had

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hunted together in many places. I had grown to full manhood—and Frank was an old dog, and was now Old Frank to us all.

“One day Jack Green called me up and wanted to go the next day for the last hunt of the season. It was in December and the weather had turned bitter cold. I protested, debating the logic of hunting for pleasure on a day when pleasure was impossible. But Jack insisted, and I agreed to go. ‘Be sure to bring Old Frank,’ he said, ‘and I’ll get Judge Carey to let me have Shy Ann.’ Jack didn’t have a dog of his own just at that time.

“We agreed to meet at his house, have breakfast there at five o’clock the next morning and take the six o’clock train for Alpha, about two miles from where there was good hunting in some very rough and wooded country.

“ ‘I couldn’t get Shy Ann for to-day,’ Jack told me while we were eating breakfast. ‘Judge said she’d been sick—but I think he was just afraid she might get her dear self cold. Old Frank can take care of us, though.’

“ ‘Well, Jack,’ I said, ‘I do know that the

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Judge is surely extra careful of Shy Ann—but I don't know that I blame him much.'

" 'I'm surprised at your saying that,' he answered, 'You have always been very liberal with Frank.'

" 'Yes, but Frank's no ordinary dog,' I reminded him. 'No one could spoil him. He's almost human. He thinks. What applies to Frank wouldn't fit an ordinary dog—or an unordinary dog either, for that matter. But he's getting old, and it's desperately cold to-day, and I wish we had a mate for him to work with. I hate to have him go all alone.'

" 'Nonsense—why?' he said.

" 'Oh, well—just because, I guess,' I told him. I remember it all now as if it were but yesterday.

"About a mile east of Alpha, that day, we cut off into a corn field on the right and started to hunt almost due southeast. Presently we shot a rabbit apiece. About three-quarters of a mile farther on there was a second-growth tract where Old Frank found the first convey of quail—and we had some fine sport. By the time we had worked down

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the scattered birds, it was nearly noon, and we found some wood and built a fire—a good, big one. Then we crowded up close to it and ate lunch. I gave Old Frank the better half of mine. He seemed a little tired, I thought; and he also seemed unusually anxious to keep close to the fire.

“Jack asked me if I didn't think Frank was beginning to show his age a good bit; but I told him I hadn't thought so, much—anyhow, not until that day. But he didn't seem quite his old self as he nudged up close to the fire. Still, what dog would? It was so cold! And Frank wasn't young any more, either, though he didn't show it in the quality of his work—except that he wasn't quite so fast. His nose was as keen and true as ever. I had sometimes wondered after a hard day, however, if he wasn't keeping up just on pure nerve—of which he had more than enough for ten ordinary dogs. That day, as I patted him, he whined a little and crowded closer to me. It was one of those contented whines—and yet it came to me afterward that there had been something different about it.

“After we had eaten and rested, we prepared to resume the hunt. It was too cold to



He seemed to want to keep close to the fire

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sit for long—even round the fire. We struck out towards what was the roughest country in three counties. It took us over an hour to reach the edge of the thicket bordering the big woods, and it was about two o'clock when we entered. Just over the fence in a corner, we found our first birds for the afternoon, and some good sport followed.

“Then we lost Old Frank! I knew he had a stand somewhere—but where, was the question. I whistled time after time. We began a careful hunt for him, going from one place to another where we might expect to find birds and the grand old dog on point. It was about a quarter of three, and we hadn't discovered him—when it began to snow! I've been out in lots of snow storms, but never one when snow came faster and thicker than that day.

“After a fruitless search, Jack wanted to start home. I told him right then and there that I wasn't going without Old Frank. It didn't make a bit of difference to me what Jack did, but I let him know pretty positively what I was going to do. Be it said to his credit, he stuck with me. He was a good sport, and game, but, as he said, he thought it useless to wander about in the blinding snow.

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“But I didn't think whether or not it was useless—I just knew I was going to stay, that's all. Old Frank had never deserted me, and this was no time to think of deserting him. Jack thought he had probably gotten lost and started towards home when the snow came up, but I was sure the dog would never leave the woods unless he knew that I had gone too, so I told Jack I was going to stay and hunt around there for Frank, if it took all night. That was the very least I could do for a dog like that—who, even at that very minute, I knew, was busy somehow, somewhere, with quail!

“About three-thirty, Jack discovered that he had badly frosted one of his feet. I had the worst time in the world getting him to a farm house about three miles away, where, after a bit, I left him while I went back to the woods to continue the hunt for the best old side partner I ever had.

“And this time I found him! But it was only by the merest luck. By the time I got back to the woods it was nearly six o'clock. The only reason I could even see at all was on account of the snow, which made it lighter. As I was stumbling along, coming into the

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woods in the opposite direction from that by which we had entered, all of a sudden I flushed a quail!

“Naturally, then, I stopped and looked around—it was too dark even to think of shooting. But as I looked towards where the bird had risen, I saw the greatest bird dog that ever lived, still holding point! I ran to him—and as I did so another quail went out. Then Old Frank whined, sort of low and faint—but it meant that the bird that just flew out had been the last one—and that the job was done.

“And the job was done, too, boys—for Old Frank. He had stuck to that point all afternoon—all through that snow—all the while we had been looking for him—while I had been taking Jack to the farmer's and coming back myself—through the cold and the sleet and the wind and the ice—he had held the point, true as the warrior that he was, the grandest, gamest, noblest of his breed that I have ever known.”

All of us became strangely silent as the story ended.

Behind us lurked the dark shadows of the gently whispering forest; our camp-fire crack-



He had stuck to that point all afternoon

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led gaily; but we continued to sit mutely contemplating the wonders of things unseen. And with the morrow came again the return to the daily grind. But the memory of Clifford's story was to remain with us—evidence of a certain something of faith, faithfulness and fortitude which the Creator seems to have chosen most truly to make manifest through that one of His four-footed creatures which has ever been proved men's truest friend.

SANDY'S GOLF DOG

V.

SANDY'S GOLF DOG



Bruce

SANDY McDONALD had been our professional at the Grossmere Country Club for two years. When he came to us he brought with him his dog Bruce, a Clumber Spaniel.

Bruce must have been more than ten or eleven years old even at that time; he was so old that he soon became almost blind. Once having established himself in his new quarters at the golf shop, he seldom left the place, and I don't recall ever having gone in for my clubs that he was not there, lying on his pillow behind the door.

He was too old to be good for anything, if in fact he ever had been, but it was evident from the care and attention Sandy bestowed

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on him that his master held for him a most unusual affection. "Watch out, gentlemen, be careful of Bruce there," had been the solicitous warning to many of us golfers as we had gone into the shop for our clubs or to interview Sandy.

One day when I went out with three other fellows to play in a foursome, Sandy was not there—nor was Bruce. And we did not learn the cause until after we had finished our match and adjourned to the proverbial "nineteenth hole" to hold the usual post mortem of a golf game.

"Where's Sandy to-day?" I asked of the boy who served us.

"His ol' dog died, sir, an' Sandy laid off. You should 'ave seen the way he carried on 'round here this morning. A fellow wouldn't think Sandy could feel so bad 'bout anythin' as he did 'bout that dog."

"I asked Sandy once what the dog was good for besides sleeping," said Jim Stone, "and I got such a crusty reply that I never mentioned the beast to him again in any manner, shape, or form."

"What else could you expect in the circumstances?" I asked. "No man likes to have

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fun made of his dog. I never tried, but I believe, if asked in the right way, that Sandy would be glad to tell about Bruce. In fact, I'm going to try it—for Sandy's love for that dog was so far above the ordinary that I've an idea there must be some special reason for it."

"I wish you luck," Jim said. "I'm sure I wouldn't mention the cur to him again for a hundred dollars."

"Well, I'll tell you all about it some time, after I've seen Sandy," was my only reply as I sipped my lemonade.

"A box of balls you don't get any satisfaction," Jim remarked with a smile.

"Taken," I answered, "and you other fellows to be the judges."

"Agreed," said Jim. "We'll settle it right here next Saturday—I believe we're going to play the same foursome."

* * * * *

Before my wager with Jim, I had never had more than a mild curiosity regarding Sandy's dog; now, however, it was different—in fact, I became so possessed with the desire that on Wednesday I telephoned Sandy and made an engagement with him for Thursday morning. An odd time for a business man

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to be taking a golf lesson, but I figured we might eat lunch together at the club, which would be a fine chance for me to hear all about Bruce.

I paved the way while we were in the golf shop just before lunch, by inquiring:

“So you lost poor old Bruce, didn't you? Awfully sorry to hear it. What kind of dog was he, Sandy?”

For a minute or so I doubted what his answer was going to be. I could see that he was regarding me very carefully to decide whether or not I was serious. I was—and Sandy so decided.

“I haven't ever said much about Bruce around here,” he began, “for I knew most of the men didn't even know about him, and the way some of them felt I never cared to tell them.”

“I'm fond of dogs, Sandy, and I'd truly like to hear the story of Bruce—if you care to tell me.”

He looked at me thoughtfully again—then: “I believe you, Mr. Welty, and I'll tell it to you. He was a wonderful dog, sir.”

“Fine, Sandy. Let's go in and get lunch, and you can tell me then.”

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“Good,” he agreed—and this is the story he told me a few minutes later:

“Bruce was a full-blooded Clumber Spaniel, Mr. Welty, though he'd gotten so old and coarse that you might not have realized it. I got him in the old country when he was just a wee bit of a pup. He was extra well bred, his sire having been one of England's greatest champions. Bruce was given to me by a man who was always grateful that I taught him how to make a real mashie pitch to the hole. He was one of the hardest to teach I ever saw, but finally the knack of it just came to him, and after that his approach was about his best shot.

“When I first got Bruce he was that small I could put him in my pocket. He was the cutest mite of a pup you ever saw—and his favorite plaything was a golf ball. He was raised playing with golf balls, and he'd roll them around on the floor by the hour without getting tired of it. His favorite stunt was to bat the ball with his paw, or shove it with his nose, and then chase it.

“After he got bigger I taught him to go get a ball when I'd throw it and bring it back to me. He learned to do this so well, and liked

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it so well, that after a while I got so I'd drive old balls out into the rough with a golf club and send Bruce for them. He got so good at this that he mighty seldom ever lost a ball—in fact, I might say he never did.”

“A pretty convenient sort of dog to have, I should say, Sandy.”

“I guess you'll say so by the time you've heard more about him,” was Sandy's reply. And then he continued:

“As Bruce got bigger I had a hard time to leave him behind when I went out to play, for we were such pals that he wanted to be with me all the time; but I did finally begin taking him instead of a caddie when giving lessons, and he would fetch the balls back for us.

“One day he got out of the shop and followed me when I was going out to play, but he insisted on chasing the balls and gave me so much trouble that I had to have the caddie lead him back to the shop and lock him up.

“But another day soon after that I decided that, as I'd taught Bruce to fetch a golf ball back to me, I could also teach him to let them alone when I wanted him to. In attempting this I had to undo much that I'd already done, and it was hard work, with no

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indication, for a long time at least, that I would be successful. 'You can't teach an old dog new tricks,' and Bruce, although not an old dog by any means, was nevertheless pretty headstrong about changing from his earlier teachings and inclinations.

"I kept at him, however, more determined all the time to succeed with him. And I did! I might not have been able to do it with most dogs, but Bruce was smarter than any other dog I ever saw, and he was so fond of me that he was anxious to try to please me and do what I wanted of him. And once started, we made good progress.

"It took a lot of patience on my part, but I finally got him trained. When, as in practice or giving lessons, I wanted him to bring the ball back to me, I would say, 'Go fetch, Bruce—fetch ball.' And when I only wanted him to go to the ball without touching it, I'd say, 'Now stand, Bruce—find ball—stand.'

"After a while he got so he knew himself what times I wanted him to bring the ball, and when I merely wanted him to find it. His work and stand on point of a golf ball were worthy of the best pointer or setter that I ever saw on birds. I even trained him perfectly to

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'heel' when not hunting a lost ball, and also, when in a match, never to follow me nearer the hole than the edge of the green. Thus he was never in the way, or the slightest possible bother to my opponents. He became absolutely perfect on a golf course. I tell you, Mr. Welty, there never was another dog like him."

"From what you've been telling me, Sandy, I believe you're right," and I was soon to have this opinion confirmed, for Sandy went right ahead with the story.

"As his work became more and more perfect, Bruce helped me to win many a match where a lost ball would have turned the tide against me—and he became known all over both England and Scotland.

"And then, one day before the championship at Swathmore, they sent me word that Bruce would be barred from the course during the play. Of course I knew that none but the caddies or players in your own match are allowed to help you find your ball, but I had always gotten by on this rule with Bruce by claiming that the rule referred to persons and had no bearing on dogs. I'd always figured that if it ever came to a real showdown I'd claim the right to take Bruce along as a fore-

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caddie. But here, now, came notice of a special ruling of the committee, made particularly and directly just to bar Bruce.

"This was mighty bad news for me, for I was playing that year the best golf I've ever played, and I thought I had a good chance for the championship. But it had become such a habit with me to have Bruce along, and I had gotten to depend on him so, that I felt I'd be lost without him.

"For a week or more I debated what to do—then I hit upon a plan. I wrote to the committee and said that I expected to play in the tournament and that I would be unaccompanied except by my caddie.

"Of course they wrote me that this was satisfactory and they were glad I felt right about it," and, as he told this, Sandy could not hide a quiet smile. His eyes showed merriment as he recalled the event. But I said not a word to interrupt the story.

"I didn't get to Swathmore until the opening day of the tournament, as I didn't want the committee to have time to make any more moves against me. But of course, when I did arrive and they saw Bruce, there was a howl went up.

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“ ‘Didn't you understand that you weren't to bring that dog?’ they asked.

“ ‘No, I didn't understand that,’ I told them.

“ ‘We thought we wrote you,’ they said.

“ ‘You wrote me that Bruce couldn't go along with me during play, as he's been doing—that you'd ruled he'd have to be considered same as anyone else on the outside and not allowed to go along and help my caddie find my balls.’

“ ‘Well, isn't that plain enough?’ they wanted to know.

“ ‘Yes,’ I told them, ‘but *he's to be my caddie*—the only one I'll have—and you wrote me I'd be entitled to one caddie same as anyone else. Well, he's my caddie, that's all.’

“ ‘You see, Mr. Welty, I'd kinda outplayed 'em in a way they hadn't looked for. Any player is allowed to have a caddie, and there's nothing in the rules that says whether he must be man, boy, or beast. I realized that they could keep me from having Bruce go along as he'd been doing when I had a caddie too; but if I didn't take any other caddie along—that was different. I had them up a tree, and they knew it. They tried to figure up some way

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to rule Bruce out, but after bit they gave it up."

"I guess you were right about that point, too, Sandy," I said, "I can see how they could rule Bruce from the course during play, as a dog—but as your one and only caddie, you had them, didn't you?"

"Sure," answered Sandy, "and here's the point: Bruce was worth any ten caddies at finding the ball, and that might mean more to me in a match than having some kid carry my clubs. Just one lost ball might lose a match—that's how I figured. And that's the way it would have turned out. I'll tell you about the match for the championship and the part Bruce played in it, then I'll have to go back to the shop and get ready to give another lesson. Old Bruce helped me win a lot of matches in his day, but I'll only have time to tell you about the one—for to-day, at least."

"Go ahead, Sandy, and by then I'll have to be getting back to the office, too. Press the button there and we'll have the boy bring us another pot of coffee while you're telling the rest."

"The night before the finals, at the Swath-

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more Club," continued Sandy, "there was considerable speculation on the match to be played next day. Much interest was added from the fact that a dog, for the first time in the history of golf, was to be the official caddie in a championship. You see, Mr. Welty, I had played through to the finals. There was more interest than is common even in championships—due, you understand, largely to Bruce—and the betting ran high.

"I guess you must realize that I loved Bruce just like he was human—and he did me, too. He seemed to feel, that night, the importance of what was coming off for us both next day, and he hardly wanted to eat when I brought him his supper, and he just kept right at my heels and looking up at me much as to say it would be all right and not to worry. He did a lot to help me keep my nerve. I tell you, Mr. Welty, there didn't any of you 'round here ever realize what a dog Bruce was. If you could only have seen him when he was young!

"I was going to go to bed early, so as to be fit next day to play and carry the clubs for thirty-six holes, but I left Bruce in my room and went out to get a cigar. This happened

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just when there was considerable money being placed on the game. One young fellow asked sarcastically what I'd take for my dog.

" 'He ain't for sale,' I told him, 'but he's worth more than you'd pay for him.'

"Of course he didn't like that very much, the way I said it, and he came back at me pretty strong. One thing led to another, and before long we were both talking pretty stiff language. It got personal, and he said I didn't have a chance to win anyhow, dog or no dog.

" 'For how much?' I asked him.

" 'Oh, say fifty dollars,' he said.

"I was kinda mad anyhow, so I answered, 'Better make it a hundred.'

"And that's where I got in hot water. The young shrimp had more money than brains.

" 'So you really want to bet, I see,' he said. 'Then let's make it a thousand.'

"Now, that was more money than I could afford to bet, as you may well imagine, Mr. Welty. In fact, it was all the money I had in the world. But I was mad all through—so mad that I lost my head, and I said to him, 'All right, we'll make it an even thousand.'

"It took me a long time to get to sleep that

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night. What if I should lose—and I knew that, on dope, I stood more chance to lose than to win. Anderson was an older player than I, with more match experience; and besides that, he was already the Champion. What if I lost my thousand dollars! I had enough at stake to play for, without the money end of it that I had gotten myself into. I just couldn't sleep, even though I knew that I ought to, to be in fit shape the next day. I tossed and tossed. Then I called Bruce from his pillow in the corner, right into bed with me. He curled up close, and I put my arm around him. Something in his presence gave me comfort and assurance—and rest. By being near me he seemed to make me feel it would be all right—and I finally fell asleep.

“When I awoke the next morning, Bruce had not moved. He licked my hand when I petted him and he saw that I was awake. As soon as I was ready to get up, I went straight to the showers—and let the water come cold. Then I felt almost as fit as if I'd had a better night's sleep.

“After breakfast I sat down and tried to read, to get my mind off the game. But it was a hard job. I determined that I *must* conquer

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my shaky nerves. What if I lost? Then I tried to console myself with the thought that that was the worst I could do—and what of it! Mine wasn't the only money in the world. Of course it would be hard for a while, but what of that?

“This was the way I made myself figure it out, and it helped me a lot. By the time we were ready to tee up for the morning round, I was in the right mood to play good golf. The actual fact of losing couldn't possibly upset me more than I had been the night before, just in anticipation — so I had already gone through the worst, which nothing more could equal. And the assurance coming with that thought was cool and refreshing.

“I couldn't seem to get to hitting them the first nine, but even at that was only two down. This gave me confidence, and coming in, I evened up the match. In fact, I was one up going to the eighteenth hole, but lost that.

“It was just the kind of hole I like, however, and I made a vow to myself that I wouldn't lose that last hole in the afternoon. It was about four hundred and fifty yards, straight away across a ravine with a necessary carry on the drive of more than a hundred and

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sixty yards, if you would even hope to reach the fairway for a good lie. To the right there was trouble, but to the left it was infinitely worse—in fact, a hooked ball would be next to impossible to play. The green was in an open space, surrounded by trees on the right, left and behind. The ground sloped off to the left into a gully. The hope of success lay in a straight ball on your second shot with your brassie or iron. I lost the hole by slicing just enough to get in among the trees to the right, and it cost me a stroke coming out. Anderson had reached the edge of the green with his second and played an easy four to beat my five.

“‘That’s one hole I won’t lose this afternoon,’ I promised myself, for, as I’ve said, it was really the kind of hole I like to play.”

“Well, did you lose it in the afternoon?” I ventured to ask.

“I’m going to tell you about it,” he answered. “The fact that I had broken even at the turn gave me confidence, and by the time we had finished lunch all my nervousness had left. I seemed to forget about the bet, in my interest in the match. Something made me think it was going to be my day. I felt that I

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could win, and you know how much that means in golf.

“Well, in the afternoon we were followed by the largest gallery I’ve ever played to. And it was some match, Mr. Welty. Confident as I was, Anderson must have been equally so, for it was nip and tuck all the way. We were all even at the twenty-seventh, and then halved the next six holes in succession.

“I didn’t lose my nerve until the thirty-fourth, which I lost, making me one down and two to play. Then, had Anderson played carefully and safe, it would have been all over for me. But he got over-confident and tried to beat me on the thirty-fifth with a win, instead of being satisfied with a halve. Anyhow, he pressed his tee shot—and dubbed it into a bad lie.

“Had he gotten a good drive, Mr. Welty, I know he’d have had my nerve. But when he dubbed his drive, for the first time in the match, it just put me right back on my feet—and I won that hole easily, going all even to the thirty-sixth. And that’s the hole I was telling you about.

“We both got good drives, but I had about fifteen yards the advantage. Anderson was

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short on his second, and I tried to reach the green with my spoon. I not only overplayed, but pulled it—the worst thing I could have done on that hole. The last we saw of the ball was when it hit a tree—and none of us could tell which way it glanced. It looked like a lost hole—and match—for me all right, for even if Bruce could find it, there was that impossible gully just where the ball struck the tree. Anderson, of course, laid his third well up to the hole, but not close enough to be dead for a sure four. But where was I in two! That was the big question.

“Bruce worked in the gully for that ball as he never had done before. He seemed to realize how much was at stake, and he fairly swept the ground clean. But we couldn't find the ball! It was almost hopeless in such a place to expect to find it—more so to play it afterwards. Almost four minutes were gone, and I decided that the ball was not in the gully. But where, then? None of us had seen the direction it had taken off the tree. I called Bruce in and gave him the command: ‘Range, boy—range.’ That meant that he was to work in a circle and cover as much ground as possible. And he fairly flew, Mr. Welty.

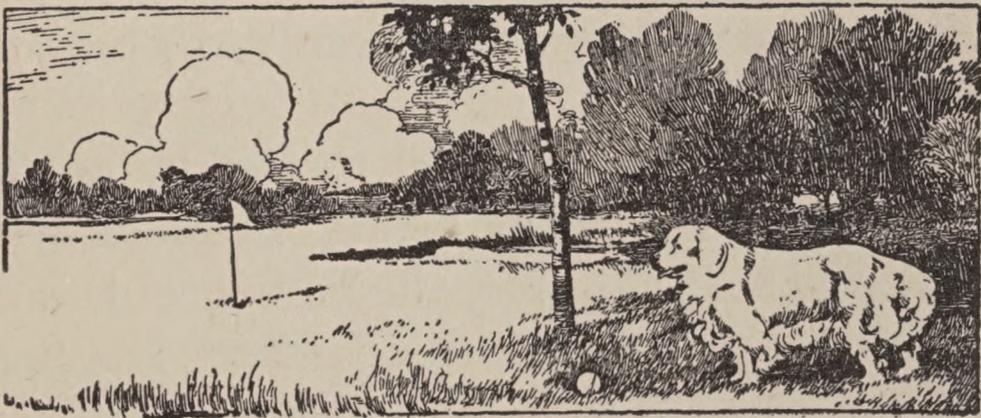
SANDY'S GOLF DOG

You'd have given a hundred dollars just to have seen him.

“ ‘The five minutes is—’

“ ‘Wait!’ I called, before the sentence could be completed. ‘My caddie has the ball.’

“Bruce had just whined—and he was standing on point. We went to him—and there was my ball sure enough, just on the edge of the rough to the right, and not a bad lie at that, and a clear shot for the hole. You see, the ball had glanced off the tree to the right, instead of to the left into the gully, as we had naturally supposed. But if it hadn't been for Bruce it'd have been a lost ball for good, for it would never have occurred to us to look where he found it, and it'd have cost me both the match and my bet.”



And he was standing on point

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"You won then, eh?" I asked, as the boy handed me our lunch ticket to sign.

"Oh, yes—it was easy to lay my third shot dead for a four; and Anderson missed his putt."

I looked at Sandy and could see in his eyes the faintest suggestion of a moisture that he could not hide, as his mind went back to that day, and to the wonderful performance of his devoted dog.

"I grabbed Bruce up in my arms, Mr. Welty, and hugged him right there before everyone. It was he—not I—who had saved the match, and *won for me a thousand dollars!* Do you wonder, now, why I feel as I always have about Bruce?"

"No—I should say not, Sandy," and I was conscious of a strong pull on my own heartstrings, as I saw how deeply the Scotchman felt.

And later, when I told this story to the crowd on Saturday, as nearly as possible as Sandy had told it to me, they all agreed—and Jim himself freely admitted—that he owed me a box of balls.

HOW I BOUGHT SPORT

VI.

HOW I BOUGHT SPORT

I HAVE not seen Gordon for many years—but way back, when we were boys of twelve, he and I were the closest of chums. He was the third of a family of eight—which statement will be sufficient proof that often our best-laid plans fell through owing to Gordon's being detained at home with his various duties. To him was assigned, by a wise but semi-stern parent, the mowing of the lawn, tending the garden, and among other things, in its season, the care of the furnace. Nevertheless, when these duties were not too heavy—and I fear even sometimes when they were—we managed to have our full share of youthful fun and frolic. And a better friend than Gordon never lived.

Just where he got Sport, or exactly when, I do not now recall. But that doesn't matter. It is enough to say that every boy in our neighborhood was Sport's friend, and he theirs. No dog of that day was more their hero—

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except, of course, my own dog, Old Frank. And he and Sport were pals—the same as were their masters.

Each of us had his own little wagon and harness, and, whether as a team or singly, Sport and Frank would certainly have been a match for the best-trained sledge dogs of the North. Sport was faster than Frank, but the latter was steadier. Once, however, when we were driving them double, I recall that Old Frank's dependability was not sufficient to prevent a catastrophe. A stray cat suddenly crossed our path—and when, finally, after a wild run, we were able to get ourselves, the wagon and the discouragingly entangled dogs out of the ditch in which they landed us, we were a sorry looking mess.

Well do I remember the day when Gordon first called my attention to a tiny tuft of reddish brown on Sport's neck—for it was from that day that I coveted him for my own. Not that Sport, or any other dog, could ever take Old Frank's place in my heart—but I just wanted him.

“See that!” and Gordon pulled up the hair on Sport's neck showing the one spot,

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except his white chest, where the dog was not pure black.

“What d’you mean?” I asked, not catching the drift of my friend’s exclamation.

“Don’t you *know* what it means!”

“No, I’m ’fraid I don’t,” I answered, very much ashamed of my ignorance. In fact, I was not even quite aware of just what it was to which Gordon was trying to call my attention—so tiny was that single tuft of reddish brown.

“Wolf!” was the laconic reply. “Stupid—can’t you see that Sport’s part wolf?”

Very intently then—for what boy would not!—I bent over the big dog’s neck and wonderingly fingered that one tiny spot of brown.

“But I thought he was Collie or Shepherd or part Newfoundland,” I said, yet with a feeling of awe creeping over me the while.

“Sure—that’s what he is,” Gordon agreed—“but you can see for yourself he’s part wolf too.”

“Yes, I guess that’s right,” I had to acknowledge, for unquestionably that spot on his neck proved it. And from that moment

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I experienced a continuous and continual yearning to possess Sport for my very own. Up to that time I had been well content with Gordon's ownership, and that meant, of course, that I saw almost as much of Sport as if he had been my own property.

Sport's disposition contained many strange freaks of character. You always knew just what to expect from Old Frank. Not so with Sport. While he fully recognized Gordon's authority as master, when we were together, yet that authority ceased to exist when Gordon would be detained at home while the rest of us boys were running wild and free. Many were the times when, on going up for my chum and finding he could not leave the house, I would whistle for Sport from the next block—and invariably he answered the summons. No fence ever proved too high for him, or rope too strong, when the black dog heard that shrill whistle from between my fingers. I can see Gordon yet, when, on these occasions, he would command and shout at Sport, and finally plead with him—all to no avail. Invariably the big dog would negotiate that high fence and come to where the fun was. How Gordon would stamp his feet and wave

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his arms in a vain endeavor to turn him back! Always, then, Gordon would be frantically angry at both the dog and me—for perhaps an hour or two. Never more than that.

And thus it was, always with our dogs, we filled in our time when out of school in those good old days of long ago. I love to look back on it all even now. Those were the days!

There was a little crowd of us boys who, from the first signs of summer, made regular daily journeys to our old swimming hole. I can see us yet—carefree youngsters, with no thoughts in the world but the fun of the moment.

And what a wonderful swimming hole that was! The sand was soft, and the bank rose straight from the water to a height of about five feet. This afforded splendid diving. The woods opened up and thinned out near the water's edge so that we could get a good run for it—and I remember how velvety soft was the grass, so that it was easy underfoot.

Water tag was our great game. The one who was counted "It" would wait until the others had each made his dive into the river—then the chase began. So proficient did we become at swimming under water that the

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fellow who was "It" would usually wait until the heads began to appear above the surface, then he would dive for the nearest one in the hope of tagging him before he could disappear again. Sometimes the first head would pop up straight out half way across the river; sometimes up stream and sometimes down; sometimes right in close to the bank again behind one of the many clumps of bushes that offered such splendid hiding places. Even to hope to catch one of these water urchins was no mean task. We were regular fishes. Half the time we would be under water—often crawling along the bottom, or holding ourselves down by gripping large stones or weeds.

One day Gordon took a dive before we came to the swimming hole. Furthermore, he took it with all his clothes on. This was the way of it.

Sport and Old Frank always went with us—never failed. About half way out we had to cross the dam and the gates to the hydraulic—these being pretty high up. We developed the habit of making the dogs jump into the water of the hydraulic from the top of the gates. At first they were very reluctant, and we had to push them in. Finally they saw resistance

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was of no use in the face of our persistence and they became resigned to their fate. Usually, then, they would jump in almost without urging as soon as we came to the regular place.

One day Sport refused. In spite of Gordon's cries and shouts, commands and pleadings—he still refused. Gordon was a hot-headed boy. He stormed and he fumed. All to no avail. Sport would not budge. Finally Gordon reached out and grabbed him by the neck to pull him in. And then the tug of war began. Sport braced himself and pulled back. Gordon did the same. Neither could move the other an inch. Sport simply had determined in his canine mind that that day he would not dive. No less determined was his master.

But Gordon had gone about the thing wrong end to. His back was to the water and he was trying to pull Sport towards it. Sport was faced towards the water, but was pulling away from it. My, but how dog and boy did pull against each other for a few minutes!

“Drag 'im in, Gord,” we shouted encouragement.

“Someone push 'im from behind,” Gordon panted.

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And then something happened. The minute Sport felt that shove from behind—he gave up the contest. But he gave it up too suddenly for Gordon to be able to jump aside. Sport should have given some sort of warning. But he did not. With one tremendous wolf-like leap he sprang forward. Crouched back as he was—he was all set for it.

Oh, can I ever forget it! Dive, did I say? No, that doesn't describe it at all. With his back to the hydraulic, Gordon was on the very edge—when Sport struck him fairly between the legs, and over they went together. It was fully thirty-five feet from the top of the gates to the water—and all the way down Gordon looked as though he were riding Sport horseback. But he was still wrong end to, don't you see, so that he was faced toward us.

And what an expression that boy's face wore! Gordon looked as if someone had called him and he couldn't come. Frantically he waved his arms. Vainly he shouted in wild anger. The big black dog was still between his legs—and Gordon was riding him hard—when they struck the water. Not until they were submerged did they become separated.



Gordon looked as though he were riding Sport horseback.
But he was still wrong end to.

HOW I BOUGHT SPORT

I doubt, though, if Gordon at any time went clear under, for long before Sport again appeared Gordon was making fast headway towards the shore. You see, he now was faced in exactly the right direction. He didn't have to turn around to swim back.

"Your cap's back there floating down stream, Gord," we told him—but not until he had landed. You know how boys are.

"Go fetch it, Sport," he commanded—pointing to the missing "lid."

But Sport did not appear to hear. There was nothing else to do, so Gordon ran down the bank and again took to the water. He did not dare go home without that cap.

I think it must have been the teasing we gave him that made him so cross, for his clothes, spread out in the hot sun, soon dried while we were in swimming. Anyhow, Gordon said to me:

"You've been begging to own that fool dog, an' now if you want him you can take him—blamed if ever I want to see him again."

"You're on," I said—"sold; he's mine."

And that was how I came to own Sport. I think it was twenty cents in cash, an old

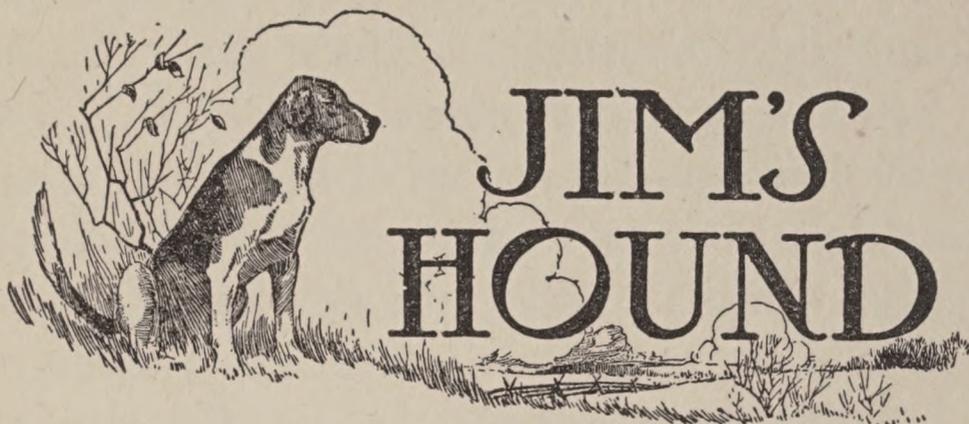
HOW I BOUGHT SPORT

coin, a few stamps, a bag of marbles, and a "nigger shooter"—that was the price that I had to pay.

Of course it wasn't long before Gordon was trying to buy him back at double the price. But I wouldn't sell.

JIM'S HOUND

VII.



I LIVE just about a mile from town, and for some time it has been almost a custom with me to stop in every evening at the Sunshine Road House for a sandwich and glass of milk before bed.

The Sunshine Road House is a most respectable place—where you can get the best chicken dinners in the world—frogs' legs thrown in. The place is run by a Frenchman.

This Frenchman is a very interesting fellow, so I enjoy making my stay as long as possible—especially when his business is quiet and we get to talking.

Night before last, as I was about to leave, in came two fellows who had just driven up in a buggy.

JIM'S HOUND

They were inclined to be talkative, and I thought gave promise of being amusing, so I dropped into a chair and picked up a newspaper, to give the appearance of doing something besides overhearing their conversation.

I soon saw that the smaller one of the two was inclined to make sport of his friend about something that seemed to amuse them both greatly, the little fellow in particular. So I decided to try to learn what the fun was about.

I hadn't long to wait, for the little fellow evidently wanted to vex his companion doubly by letting some one else in on the joke. He asked the Inn Keeper: "You haven't seen a hound wanderin' loose anywheres 'round here, have you?"

"Well, I can't say as I have. What kind of a hound was it?" asked the proprietor.

"Oh, just a reg'lar hound, I suppose you'd call him," said the fellow. "One of them black an' tan dogs like you see most anywheres—not so very long ears—but I guess he really was a hound, all right."

At the last remark the bigger fellow seemed to be getting a little "peevish," and he showed it. But his companion kept right on. "You see it was this way"—and, on glancing

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up from the paper, I noticed that he was looking towards me in a way that showed he was anxious for me to hear the story as well as the Frenchman.

“Oh, cut it, Bill,” interposed the other.

“Now, Jim, don't be mean—these two men here want to hear 'bout the hound. Why, one of them might have seen him.” Then he continued: “Fact is, you see, Jim's lost his hound. Him and me went huntin' four months ago. Went after quail. Took along two of the best bird dogs in the country here. We went on up north about two hundred mile right into the best quail country in this state, or any state, for that matter. Struck good luck right from the first, lots of unbroken covies, and the dogs was findin' 'em. And we was hittin' 'em too—and while I was gettin' some more than Jim was, we was both doin' pretty good. Then right in the midst of the best shootin' was when Jim got on to that hound business!”

“Come on, Bill, let's be goin'—don't be a botherin' these men with somethin' they don't care nothin' about. Let's be gettin' back to town.”

But it was evident the little chap was not

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of the same mind—and he guessed right in supposing that the Frenchman and I would be good listeners. So he kept right on: “You see, all the fellows up around there had been a tellin’ Jim all about this hound for some few days, but at first he didn’t seem to pay much attention to it. Then all of a sudden he took on a lot of interest in the dog they was tellin’ him about—and from the day that they took Jim out fox huntin’ it was all off. No more quails for him. Of course they didn’t *get* any foxes that day they took Jim out—or even *see* any, so far as I can find out—but fox huntin’ was all Jim would talk from then on.”

Jim made one more effort to get Bill stopped, but it was no use, so he just seemed to give it up.

Bill again took up his narrative: “Then come the day Jim found he *might* be able to buy the hound—the fellow who told him wasn’t at all sure—but it was worth tryin’, anyhow. And maybe you think Jim didn’t do the tryin’. It was pitiful to hear him pleadin’ with the fellow who owned that hound. And it would have made you sad to hear how that guy hated to part with the dog. ‘Greatest dog in seven states,’ he said. ‘And such a kind of

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a "family" dog too. Why', he told Jim, 'that hound's earned me most forty dollars since I had him, winnin' drag chases—wins the chase every year at the county fair. But,' he says to Jim, 'how much was you countin' on givin'?' Well, now, much as Jim wanted that dog, no one can't never say Jim ever let sentiment interfere with strict business dealin's."

At this Jim turned about a shade lighter than the color of an old time English soldier's coat—although he tried to act as if he didn't notice what his friend said.

"So Jim offers him ten dollars for the hound," continued Bill. "And they finally come to terms at fifteen. Then Jim come right to me to loan him the fifteen dollars. But I didn't have it to spare—and I wish you'd a seen him. You'd a thought the future of America depended on that hound. All I would let him have was five dollars, and all he could spare himself was five more; and that left five dollars still to be raised. Then an idea hit Jim—he sold all his remainin' shells to the little general store in the town for three dollars and fifty cents, leavin' still one dollar and fifty cents to be raised. Of course Jim had to quit huntin' quail when he sold all the shells for his

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gun, so he went to work helpin' a farmer close by, for a dollar and fifty cents a day. He worked one day and that give him enough to buy the hound.

“And then Jim went back to huntin' again—but not quail. He started to run rabbits with his new dog. He was sure some rabbit dog. Not as how he ever ketched one, as I ever seen—though I heard a lot about what he could do—and he sure did make a heap of noise while he was doing his runnin'.

“One day when I was out after quail, I seen a straw pile movin' around as though somethin' was goin' on inside of it. It sorta made me nervous at first, but rememberin' that I had a gun in my hands, I went on over towards the movin' stack. Seemed as though it begun to move even more restless like as I come nearer, and this didn't help none to make me feel more comfortable. Still I kept on goin' towards it. And pretty soon right out of the middle of that straw pile comes Jim, a throwin' his arms around and a hollerin' to beat the band. And next out comes the hound, and he no sooner come clear of the pile than he set up that moanin' howl of his and started down the field.

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“ ‘Which way did he go?’ shouts Jim.

“ ‘Which way did *what* go?’ says I.

“ ‘The rabbit,’ cried Jim.

“ ‘Didn’t see him,’ says I.”

Jim could not help laughing himself as Bill recounted this adventure.

“Did the hound catch the rabbit?” I inquired, by way of making conversation, and also to show an interest, so that we might be treated to more of Bill’s story. But he ignored my inquiry.

“Well,” he continued, “it wasn’t long before we had to come home. And say, when Jim walked up the main street of Harrisville with that new dog of his, I wish you could ’ave heard just *some* of the things he told about what that dog had done. What they had told Jim was pretty bad—but none of it was any match for the things Jim himself was tellin’ before he’d owned the dog quite a week.

“Jim never let him loose around the yard unless he was with him. Kept him tied up all the time, and the dog didn’t seem to like it very much. He showed he was gettin’ kinda restless.

“The Saturday after we got home, we went out here to Inglass Prairie to shoot snipe—

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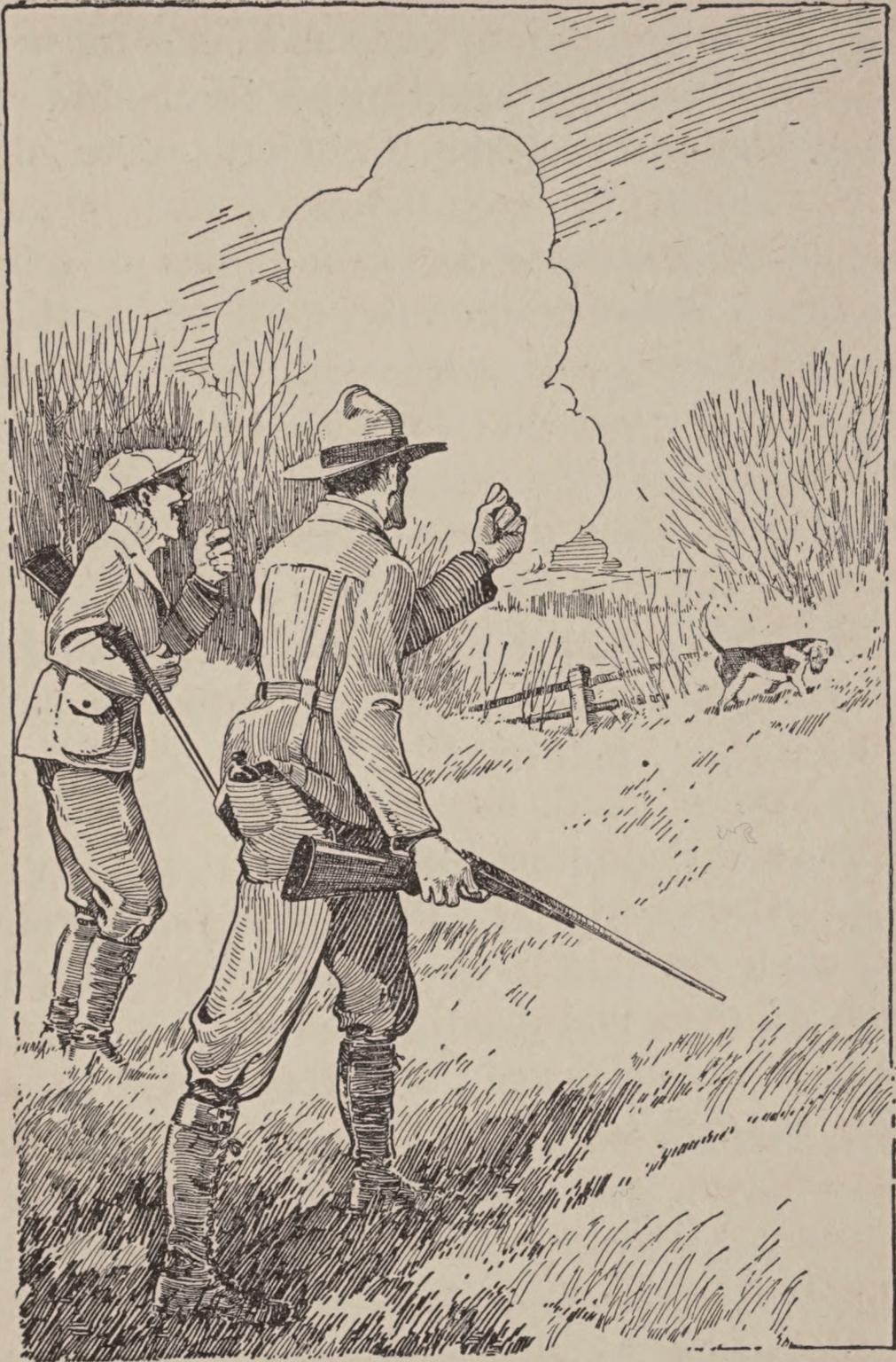
and nothin' would do but the hound must go along. Jim bein' bigger'n me, the hound *did* come along, too. Well, I got into some good shootin', baggin' several snipe—but Jim and his hound spent the day runnin' around after rabbits. We was separated most of the time, but finally I come across Jim cussin' a blue streak all to himself. 'What's the matter?' I asked him.

"'Seen Buck?' says he—Buck was the name of the hound.

"'No, I ain't,' I told him. 'Where is he?'

"'He's runnin' a rabbit somewheres,' says Jim.

"'Nothin' to do for me but to stay right there an' try to console Jim about that darn dog. After a while I spied the animal comin' along seemin' kinda all tuckered out. Right away Jim braced up and begun to take on new interest. We started to separate again, but hadn't gone very far, when on the far side of the field some other hunters opened up a volley on snipe. It sounded like a young war. The hound started off in the direction of the shootin' lickety cut. Jim tried to call him back, but no use. That dog sure did like to hear a gun go off. Jim was all out of sorts with



The hound turned and seemed to be laughing at him

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the hound havin' been gone so long after that last rabbit anyhow, and it made him mad that Buck wouldn't come back when he called him now. Finally the critter turned half around and, for all the world, he seemed to be givin' us the laugh. That was too much for Jim, and he up and lets go at him with both barrels. Maybe you think that dog didn't jump—I bet he rose straight up in the air full twenty feet! Then off he went as tight as he could cut it.

“And we ain't seen him from that day to this. We've been out every day lookin' for him—but we ain't heard hide nor hair of him—and, bein' pals, I've got to kind of stick around.”

I asked them if they had advertised for the dog. “No, we ain't done that,” Bill said, “but Jim did write back to the fellow he bought him of to see if he had got back home—a hound's liable to do that, you know. He got a letter back, though, claimin' the dog had never come back; so I guess now he's gone for good. Pretty expensive hound, he was—Jim hadn't owned him quite two weeks yet and never got nothin' out of him.”

The Frenchman spoke up, addressing himself to me: “Weren't you in here last night

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when Hi Smith was telling us about the new dog he had just bought the other day while he was up hunting? Where was it he said he got him?"

"I think he said it was a little town upstate called New Bedford," I replied.

"Yes, that's right," put in the Frenchman, "so it was."

Before anything more could be said, Jim had grabbed the Inn Keeper by the arm: "New Bedford!" he exclaimed. "And do you know whether it was a hound? Who did he say he bought him of? What did he look like?"

"As to what the dog looks like, I can't say, for I didn't see him," said the Frenchman. "But, come to think of it, I do believe Hi said it was a hound. Anyrate, he told some big tales about the dog to the fellows who were here; but I didn't pay much attention."

"And who'd he say he bought him of! Did he say that?" Jim was excited.

The Frenchman hesitated, trying to recall. Then: "Seems to me as if it was a fellow named Haggard—yes, that was it I'm sure, Pete Haggard," he said.

"That's *your* hound, Jim, sure's I'm alive!"

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cried Bill, when he had recovered enough to speak, after the surprise he had been accumulating while the Frenchman was talking. "Where does this Hi Smith live?" he finally asked as they started for the door.

* * * * *

"I wonder how often that fellow Haggard has sold that same hound?", I remarked to the Frenchman after they had gone.

"Yes, and me too—yes, I wonder?" Then he added, chuckling to himself: "A pretty profitable dog, eh—for Haggard, eh? He has probably left Hi's by this time—maybe back home already, and all set to be sold again."

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