

## *Along The Front.*

dog, whose brown coat corresponded so closely to the coloring of the metal and stock of the beautiful modern shot gun, and the entire costume of Jimmie and his river craft, that as he lay alongside of a reed-bank filled with dried cat-tail I had nearly run him down before making the discovery.

"Good morning, stranger," said Jimmie, in a calm, well-inflected voice. A smile seemed to be playing all about his face. Bristling in the sun was his red kinky beard, shining his face as though rubbed to a polish, the shabby felt hat reaching out modestly to the line in the middle of his forehead. He was perched on the seat, crowded back into the stern of the boat, and the water spaniel, proud and important, moved with ease between the rowing seat and the perch upon which his master sat making observations. Looking more closely at my discovery before making any reply to his salutation, I saw on his feet a pair of "contract-made" shoes, rivets and buckles prominently in sight, which had from long usage taken on a shape resembling an elephant's foot in miniature, all instep and few