

Pow Wow,

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MURPHY OF ALASKA.

A True Story of a Dog.

BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

I AM only just a dog and a half bred mongrel Indian dog at that, so those who do not care for dogs please close up this book, for it is my first attempt at writing, and I am quite sure it won't be clever or anything in particular, except true. I don't know where I was born, but my earliest recollections are of a dirty Indian hovel, built on a shingly beach on the South-Eastern Alaskan shore at a place called Tukan. Like all those Indian houses, it was built on stout cedar poles driven deep down into the rocky beach, and it contained but one square room with a place for a fire in the middle, the smoke from which escaped through an opening in the roof and the rain came in at that same opening. Round the fire the Indians sat, lived and ate, while ranged round three sides of the building