

The Children's Page

A PRETTY MAIL CARRIER.

The postman was late, but the families along the rural free delivery route did not wonder. For a week it had been raining—a steady down-pour that had turned the country roads into bogs and meadows into ponds. When he made his appearance at last, the mud on the horse's knees and the mud-splashed vehicle told of the hard journey.

Old Mr. Daggett did not know that the mail was so late. The old farmhouse, as gray as its owner, stood some distance back from the road, and a clump of trees shut off the views from the windows. Mr. Daggett waited till it was half an hour after time for the mail-cart, and then, slipping into his great-coat and donning his rubber boots, he made his way to the little wooden mail box, which he had placed at the roadside, and which bore his name painted on the front in black letters. He raised the lid and turned away with a sigh.

"No mail today, mother," he told his old wife, as he splashed back through the wet. "I was hoping to get the paper. The days are kind of long, with nothing to do but to sit around and wait for it to clear."

"All I care about is your getting cold," answered his wife. "If your rheumatism ain't worse for wading through all that water, I'll put up with not getting any mail." But she could not help thinking how she would have enjoyed a letter on this dismal day, when her neighbors were all shut in doors.

Tessie, whose home was only a couple of rods from the road, saw old Mr. Daggett shake his head over the empty mail box and then retrace his steps. Half an hour later the postman came in view, and Tessie watched him breathlessly as he halted at the little wooden box.

"Oh, Mr. Daggett's got lots of mail!" she cried. "Can't I take it up to him?" Her mother looked doubtful. "You'll get wet."

"I'll change my clothes after I get in." "But that will take a good deal of time. If you do that I'm afraid it will be too late to make molasses candy before supper."

Poor old Mr. Daggett! Tessie remembered how he had shaken his head over the empty box. "I guess I'll take their mail up," Tessie decided slowly. "The candy will be just as good to-morrow."

was a roly-poly little toddler of four or five, the baby of his home, and the perpetrator, so said his folks, of as much mischief as if he were twins. He that as it may, one morning while Master Artie was toddling around the yard back of his father's house, he noticed a dog lying down just outside the gate. The animal was evidently suffering, and the pathetic gleam in his eyes as he looked at the little fellow who approached him, at once won the latter's sympathy.

"Oh, poor doggie!" was Artie's greeting. "Do you want a drink?" Without waiting for any affirmative sign on the dog's part, he hurried into the kitchen pantry, climbed up on a chair, and possessed himself of a good-sized pitcher of cream. Norah, the maid-of-all-work, was upstairs making the beds at the time, so he carried out the pitcher without hindrance. Pushing open the gate, Artie was soon on his knees beside the dog's head, and managed to give the animal a refreshing drink.

Satisfied with his first attempt at hospitality, the boy surveyed the dog critically for a moment, and then, with the emphatic statement, "Do's another trip to the pantry, from which he returned this time with a soup plate full of uncooked mutton-chops. The dog had greedily devoured four or five of these before Norah suddenly appeared on the scene, irate and voluble. Artie's pleading, however, and her own natural kindness to all sufferers, eventually calmed her, and she didn't protest very strongly against the little fellow's inviting 'Artie's bully doggie' into the yard.

And when, rising to accept the invitation, the dog held one of its fore-legs up from the ground, and Norah discovered that it was broken, Bully forthwith made a second conquest. Artie's eldest brother, Dr. Tom Frauley, set the leg; and in a very few weeks Bully was as stout and hale and active as any dog-loving boy could wish. "What was he like? Oh, yes; I've forgotten to tell you that he was, even then, tall and long, with a more or less sleek coat of dingy white variegated here and there with brown patches. His ears were long and rather silky, his jaws strong, nose half-way between the pointed and the snub, teeth even and formidable-looking, and eyes—oh, hold on! Bully's eyes deserve a sentence to themselves. They were half a dozen colors according to circumstances, and had more different expressions than the optics of any other animal or human being that I have ever met. They could smile and weep and plead and threaten and awe and attract and—oh, I give it up. To understand Bully's eyes, you'd have to know him well and see him often.

As for the breed of this invader of the Frauley household, the dog-fanciers of Connorville were undecided for some time, and, later on, when one of Bully's exploits seemed to indicate descent from some particular canine species, he shortly afterward became the hero of a further adventure which pointed to his belonging to another race entirely. When, for instance, he jumped off the Lower Bridge, twenty feet above the water, and grasping Ella McArdle by the sleeve, swam ashore with her; and, returning to the middle of the current, performed a similar feat for Mary Lynott—both little ladies having been capsized from a birch-bark canoe—it was thought that Bully must have had for sire or grandsire a genuine Newfoundland.

The very next week, however, when Judge Wetmore's span of spirited greys, frightened at the first automobile they had ever seen, took the bits in their mouths and dashed down Water Street at a breakneck pace, Mrs. Wetmore and her three children sitting terror-stricken in the bounding carriage behind them, Bully convinced the bystanders that the first syllable of his name was honestly come by. He ran out of Frauley's yard to the middle of the street, stood there perfectly quiet till the horses were almost upon him, and then—one jump and the dog had the high horse by the nostrils, and, despite the maddened animal's furious attempts to dislodge him, brought the brute to its knees, and forced its mate to stop as well.

When little Miss Mabel Wetmore, lifted out of the carriage by her anxious father, who reached the scene just in time to see its climax,—when Miss Mabel, I say, ran over to Bully and, putting her chubby arms around his neck, gave him an endearing hug, everybody thought it quite natural; and Bully's expressive eyes danced in grateful acknowledgment of the compliment.

For a month or two thereafter the opinion prevailed that Bully was half Newfoundland, half bulldog; but the night that the Merchants' Bank was broken into by the visceral were compelled to admit that our canine hero had another strain in him. This burglarizing of the bank, and Bully's discovery and arrest, single-handed, no, single-footed—of the burglars, is one of the stories that the incredulous city reporters refused to believe; "this perfectly true, all the same. The burglars, Red Jim and Pete McCoy, reached the village on bicycles about a half hour after midnight. They wheeled directly to the bank, found the outdoor and only watchman snoring on the steps outside the entrance, gagged and bound him before he was well awake, and proceeded to the work of effecting an entrance at the side door by employing the 'bracket and bit method'—that is, boring a hole of auger-holes around the lock and then removing that article.

The circle was almost complete, Red Jim doing the boring, while McCoy kept watch on possible though improbable disturbers of their plan, when there came a rush through the alley. McCoy had his feet knocked from under him, and a moment later, as some thoroughly sharpened teeth met in the fleshy portion of Jim's right leg, that astounded individual emitted a yell, or a succession of yells, that effectively awakened all the inmates of the neighboring houses. When McCoy picked himself up and looked about he saw lights moving in two or three houses near by, and, calling out to Jim, "It's all up, pal, cut it!" he hurried over to his wheel, mounted, and was spinning away cityward before the first awakened villagers, Bob

Companies SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NO. 14 WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 2 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, and upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention. Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

McMaster and Charlie Epps, reached the bank. As for Red Jim, 'twas all very well to advise him to "cut it," but Bully objected to that plan, and he didn't relinquish his grip on the burglar's leg till McMaster appeared. Apparently thinking that burglar No. 1 would be looked after now without any further assistance from him, he dropped Jim, and without even a bark darted away in the direction taken by McCoy.

That gent-man was casing up about two miles outside of Connorville, when, glancing behind him to see whether his pal were coming, he beheld a white streak a few hundred yards in his rear. With a thrill of nervous dread he recognized the dog, and no victor in a bicycle race ever sprinted as did he for the next three minutes. All in vain, however. Bully gained and gained on him, till at last he sprang clear over the rear wheel, clutched McCoy by the coat collar, and dog, man, and bicycle came to the ground in a mix-up.

Half an hour later, when the village constable and George Austin drove up, McCoy was lying at full length and face downward, the wheel lay in the middle of the road, and Bully was quietly sitting on his haunches by McCoy's head, one paw persistively resting on the back of the burglar's neck. "Newfoundland with a strain of bulldog," said McCoy, later on. "Rats! he's a full-blooded greyhound, and the Sam Patch of the kennel at that. See? If there's any cross in the critter at all, he's got the bloodhound strain in him solid."

But what's the use? You can't begin to tell my favorite's adventures as a starter, and, sometime within a month, if all goes well, I'll let you know more about this "genuine dog from dogville," as Charlie Epps always makes it a point to call my canine friend Bully.

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