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A Magazine for Children About Animals.

by THE KAMLOOPS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, Kamloops, British Columbia.

Pow Wow

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"OLD TAHSK, CHIEF OF THE TRIBE."

Pow Wow

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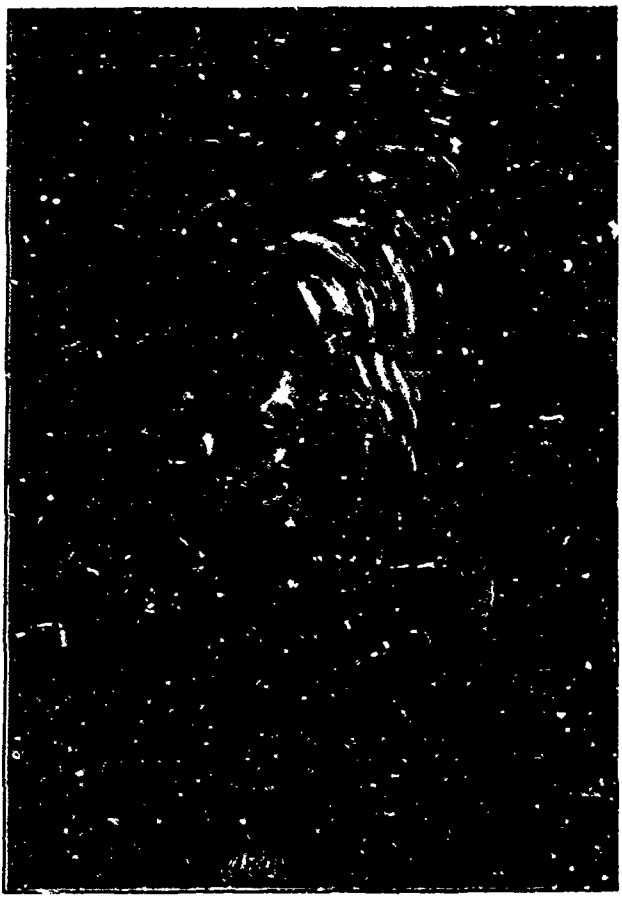

MURPHY OF ALASKA.

A True Story of a Dog.

BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, you're a queer fish. What kind of salmon do you call yourself I'd like to know," asked the cat, nastily.

"I'm not a salmon," I began to apologise.

"No, I should think not. You are nothing but a miserable Indian puppy dog," corrected the cat, rudely, and getting up leisurely she sauntered off to the

bank. I, although indignant beyond measure, followed her, for, I reas to this way, she may go to the white man's house, and that's where I want to nd Then we climbed the bank and found ourselves on a broad walk, made of boar which I could see led to some fine big buildings, quite white and grand, in cor parison with those I had hitherto seen. Wet as I was, I still began to congr late myself on the success of my journey, when a tap, tap, from behind, mad pause to listen and wonder what on earth was the cause. No sooner ha stopped, than a stick touched me lightly, and I had barely time to t round and catch sight of a young Indian boy, when down he came on the top me, which made me fancy I was smashed flat that time. With difficulty he up and felt all over the ground for his stick, while I sat up and stared at h wondering why he behaved as if he was in the dark when the sun shone brightly and everywhere it was so light.

"Never saw a blind person before, I should imagine," said the voice of brown and yellow cat. I hated her from that minute, but I was too small know how to resent anything, so I answered, meekly, "What did you say?"

"He is blind. Can't you see, that he can't see," she explained.

"Can't you see, that he can't see," I repeated in bewilderment.

"Ya-a-a," said the cat, turning her immense whiskers fiercely in my di tion; "don't give me any lip you Siwash dog. I am Mrs. Thomas, a pure b white cat, let me tell you."

"You call yourself white?" I exclaimed, gazing at her mottled brown a yellow sides.

"Oh, you ignorant fellow. I mean I am not an Indian; I mean I have white blood in me. Do you understand now?" said Mrs. Thomas.

While we carried on this conversation, the blind Indian who had fallen o me had picked himself up, and with his stick, was again feeling his way alo the wooden walk, in the direction of the houses, and when I saw Mrs. Thom with her tail very erect, following in his wake, I again started on, still bent finding my white man hero. We passed one building, evidently a store, f the articles displayed in the windows, then across an open flat and in through small whitewashed picket gate, up a trim litt'e path leading through a sm grass plot to a house. We did not go up on the verandah and so in at front door, but followed a path to the left, round one side of the house and w in at a side door. The blind Indian, of course, could not see me go in, and M Thomas did not raise any objections, which I had greatly feared she would, in I went quite unmolested. and found myself in what appeared to be a neat b passage. There was a bright oilcloth on the floor and the walls were pain sombre grey. From here we went in through another door, into what was kitchen; all this, of course, I learned afterwards, for on that first morning it all unknown and mysterious to me.

The blind boy, whose name, by the way, was Anskinette, at once b what were evidently his morning duties. He lit the fire in the big black s then he filled the shining tin kettle, then he carried paper and kindling s

into another room and lit a fire there also. Having done this, he began, slowly and with great care, feeling his way every now and then, to lay a white cloth on the breakfast table, and set out blue and white cups and dishes, knives and forks, and a number of things I had never so much as dreamed of before. Gradually the rooms began to warm up, the sun shone through the windows, and the fires crackled in the stoves, and sounds from over head proclaimed that someone was moving about. Very soon, one after another, ever so many people came down and entered the room. One young girl, called Mary by the blind Indian busied herself in the kitchen getting breakfast, with a great deal of noise and bustle; a middle-aged woman, carrying a fat baby boy, sat down beside the stove and jumped the baby on her lap, and finally my big white man came in leading a little girl of four or five years old by the hand. Such a pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed child, in a dainty little pink flannel frock and clean white pinafore, such a wonderful contrast to poor old Tahsk's little five-year-old girl, with her straight raven locks, her bright black eyes and her dirty ragged garments. I timidly came out from under the table and approached this gentle looking little girl. Even then, no one saw me until suddenly Mr. Sampson said, "I'll be shot if that isn't that little pat of butter," and he stooped down to stroke me.

"Oh, daddy, what a dear little puppy! Can I have him?" said the little girl flinging herself down beside me and hugging me, Then suddenly stopping, "Poor little dog, see he is bleedy. Mummy, dear, make him well. See, he is hurt," she said.

The wounds themselves were but trifling, but those words of sympathy were worth more than gold to me. I wonder how many of you great brainy wise things called men and women know how sensitive we are to sympathy or kind words, from you. Good food and no work are very well in their way, but that is not what makes us happy; it is just those few kind words that give us a feeling of importance, a feeling that we were put in this world for some purpose and are fulfilling that purpose. I have been a bad dog many and many a time since then, and even bitten dear little Duchie (as Mr. Sampson's little girl was called), but I have always loved her, and I suffered more from shame when I did bite her than she did, from pain, a thousand times more, but we will come to all that by-and-by. If the truth were known to good Mrs. Sampson, I felt a great deal better before she washed those cuts and plastered some nasty smelling, greeny-yellow stuff on, which I promptly licked off, and in consequence felt deathly sick, than I did after.

I was petted and made much off, and given milk and bread and other unheard of delicacies. But all the time I was ill at ease, for, sitting bolt upright, so upright that I wondered if she could have grown a few inches in length since we first met, was Mrs. Thomas, looking at me with calm contempt out of those green eyes of hers. Not a word did she say, nor did she even change her expression, but there she sat as if cut out of stone, until the baby, whom Mrs. Sampson had put upon the floor when she got up to attend to my bruises, crawled up to Mrs. Thomas and, with a sudden extremely expert movement, grabbed her tail and

endeavored to swallow it all. Mrs. Thomas meowed long and loud, and bat pulled strong and long, until Mrs. Sampson, who turned round to see what t noise was about, took the baby out of the reach of that cat's tempting tail. Mr Thomas was very angry and when I smiled (for dogs can smile) she was angr still and vowed she would pay me out, which alarmed me then. It might alar her now if I threatened to pay her out.

Breakfast over, Mr. Sampson called to me (by the way he called me "Susie Did ever anyone hear such a way of saying "Seetosie?"), "Come on, Susie, v must go down to your home and see if we can make a dicker for you," which afterwards learnt meant a bargain.

"May I come, daddy?" asked little Duchie.

"I think not. I don't want to pay for this little pat of butter as much as would pay for a ship-load of seasoned lumber, so we don't want to let these S washes think we want him very badly or we will never get him at a reasonab price," said Mr. Sampson, tilting his cap over his eyes, as he went out of t front door, down the trim little path again, out of the gate and over the ricke bridge.

Indian cabin where Tahsk lived.

(*To be continued.*)

OFF TO THE WAR.

MY young master drove off in the great lumbering wagon to town with a big load of hay and a pair of very elderly horses in front, who drew the load with much deliberation. I was not asked to go, but I guessed that their destination was town, and as I had always gone heretofore I did not hesitate to go now. I trotted on, sometimes along side of the wagon, from whence I could look up and watch my master's face, (always a pleasant sight to me) and sometimes rushing wildly ahead of the elderly horses, just to show them my independence and set them a good example, which they never attempted to follow. Perhaps it is a good thing that they did not, for rushing madly along a very narrow roadway, scampering first up one side and then making a wild plunge over to the other, would scarcely do for that gigantic load of hay.

We got to town betimes, and my master seemed so occupied with his own thoughts, he never even seemed to know that I was with him, even when he left the stables of the hotel, where he had put up his horses, and sold his load of hay. He passed down the principal street quickly, speaking every now and then to men who greeted him, and a great many there were. He joined one of two groups of men who were eagerly discussing some question which seemed to interest my master very much. I listened intently—that is to say, whenever I was not greeting friends of my own, or enemies; of which last I had the most—and heard the men talking about fighting the Boers, and then I heard no more for I had to do a little fighting on my own account. It began over a trifle. My master stepped back suddenly on to the foot of a smallish collie dog, who yelped. How dare he yelp; that must be put a stop to, and I did it. I rolled him in the snow, and because I could not bite him I pulled plenty of his hair out and would soon have come to the flesh if my master had not called out, "Jack, stop that, you little beast, you." So I let the smallish collie go, and came up to my master for praise or punishment. Whichever he might give, would be, in my mind, quite right. We dogs don't question what is right and what is wrong in those we love. We love them and that is enough, and their faults are no faults to us. We see only through eyes of gratitude and affection. But on this particular occasion I got neither praise nor blame. Unconsciously, as it were, he stroked me when I sprang up at him and licked his fur-gloved hand, but took no further notice of me.

Then he left the first group of men and passed on to another group a few doors further on. I heard him say: "I have passed," and a man in reply said, "I wish you luck, and mind you bring me back a sample of a few Boer scalps," to which my master laughingly replied that he would. I did not understand what they were talking about, so I stalked a grey cat for him, and made her attempt the unheard of feat of running up a perfectly flat and smooth stone wall, with the result that she fell backwards almost on top of me, and then we had a grand race. She beat me; but that is the way with cats. They are never dig-

nified. They don't care how they look when they are running. They just stretch themselves out and run as if their lives depended on it, and perhaps they do—sometimes.

Returning from the pursuit of the cat I met a spaniel friend of mine, who asked me if I had heard the news. I said "No." She told me that her master and my master and lots of other dogs' masters, were going out to fight the Boers in Africa. So I asked what sort of things Boers were and where Africa was, and she said: "Don't be rude and interrupt like that." So I don't know yet what Boers are or where Africa is, nor do I believe does she.

But even though I did not know what it meant I was intensely interested, for my master was going somewhere and wherever it was I must go too. I asked Chummie if she was going, and she answered, sadly, "No, they don't want any dogs." "But I am going," I answered stoutly, "and I don't care whether they want me or not." Chummie seemed doubtful, but did not contradict me. Our two masters now came along and we trotted beside them very contentedly. As far as I could see those two men seemed to spend the day walking up and down the main street, rushing in and out of shops and saloons, and tearing after other men who were just the men they wanted to see, and who were sure to be walking just as fast as they could in the opposite direction, and who required an immense deal of shouting at, in order to make them turn round.

At mid-day my master parted with Chummie's master and went into a hotel to have his dinner. I particularly remember that dinner because I didn't get any of it, but had instead to slip into the back yard at Chummie's house and make rapid acquaintance with Chummie's plate of dinner. After dinner, not only my master and Chummie's master, but half the population of the town seemed to be engaged in the same thing, a sort of hide-and-seek or game of tag, until it got dark and the wind came up and the snow-covered roads became veritable pathways of glass, and then the game of tag appeared to have ended by a crowd of men collecting together round some one's office where they were slipping about, smoking, and swearing at the cold.

Chummie and I, on the outskirts of the crowd, cold and rather anxious, were patiently awaiting future events, when a band began to play and we both, with several other dog friends howled lustily, for which we got yelled at by our masters and kicked by other dogs' masters. For what reason I don't know, except that the cornet player, sharp little chap he must have been, suggested that everyone should play just as he pleased, that it was a free country and every man was at liberty to play any particular bar just when he liked, they all started up again, not at all together. They seemed quite satisfied however, and so did the audience by the amount of clapping they got. I barked, too, by way of making a little more noise, till someone aimed an empty cigar box at me and told me to shut up, which I did. I dodged the empty cigar-box, and Chummie got it full in her face; though she had not uttered a sound. I was sorry for Chummie but very glad for myself. Then someone came on to the stage in a halo of smoke and tried to sing something. No one listened, not even

he singer himself, who repeated the first verse twice, and left out the second, and ainly endeavored to keep the smoke out of his eyes by making hideous grimaces nd opening his mouth very wide, to swallow a portion of the smoke, I suppose. He rushed wildly at the third and last verse, sang it madly and uproariously, and ot off the stage as quickly as he could, and amidst loud applause, was encored. o he had to gulp down more smoke, sing more verses badly, and, with despara- ion, leave the stage again.

A great many more things happened, and there was a great deal more usic, then the men got out of the building and marched with that everlasting and to the railway station. There a great crowd had collected, and no one seemed o notice or want us. Our masters paid absolutely no attention to us, although at he risk of our lives we kept close to their heels, and no amount of kicks or cuffs ould keep us away. Presently the train came thundering in, and the band layed "Auld Lang Syne," Chummie said, and people cheered and shouted, but o one in the whole crowd saw two poor little shivering dogs, with their hearts o full of faithful love, and their stomachs so empty of food.

Our two masters boarded the train together, and I sprang on to the step y master saw me then for the first time that day, I think, and said, "Oh, Jackie, quite forgot about you, my boy. Get off, there's a good dog. You must find your way back to the ranch and wait for me till I come back." And then the train moved off, and I saw my mas- ter, my own dear master, whom I would have died for will- lingly, waving his hand to his many friends, as the train steamed out of the station. Chummie stood beside me, dazed and bewildered. She had not even tried to get on the train. We were left behind, which is the hardest to bear, to be one of those who must stay at home and patiently watch and wait for the home-coming.

"Left behind."

Chummie went back to her home, which was no longer home to her, since er master had gone, and I obediently set forth on the ice-covered ground, under e bright stars, to find my way home to the ranch. My master had forgotten e, that was all I could think of or care about. We are only dogs, only ani- als, but our lives can be made lives of love, and we are ready enough to love ose who will give us ever so little love, to make us happy.

BLACK AND WHITE.

I WANT to tell you about little Black and little White, whom you see sitting on their little mistress's knee in the picture. Do you not think they look a sweet and comical little pair?

White is a maltese puppy, just six months old. A dear little fluffy ball of white wool, who scampers about here, there and everywhere, always full of fun and mischief. Black, as you can easily see, is a black kitten, who was born just one week after White, so that she makes a nice playfellow for White.

They have a dear little white enamelled bed to sleep in, with mattress and pillow, sheets and pillow cases, daintily trimmed with frills of lace, pink flannel blankets, and a beautiful little quilt-ed blue satin cover-let, and let me tell you that these two much favoured and well loved animals sleep in quite a civil-ized style, with their heads on the pillow and well covered with their dainty bed clothes, though they have not al-ways slept so peace-fully together in that little bed. White must have been quite three months old before Black dis-covered him one night sound asleep in his bed, drawn up close beside his mis-tresses's. One night I was going to bed and Black had fol-lowed me up stairs into the bed-room as usual, when she saw her playmate of the daytime lying in his little bed, she made up her mind to lie there too, so she walked over to the little bed, stood looking at White for a minute, then suddenly she sprang in on the top of him. This little bed had originally been a doll's cradle, and as is the custom with anything on rockers, it was apt to upset if it wasn't balanced evenly. Black's sudden en-trance into the cradle quite upset its equilibrium, and over it rolled, Black, White, and all the fine clothes on to the floor. White, being thus rudely awakened from his sleep, was naturally very angry, and like many naughty little children who can get angry and forget themselves, he jumped on Black with an angry growl, such a loud, grown up growl, that it awoke his mistress, who, at first, was quite frightened at seeing White and Black on the floor apparently fighting, and the bed upset. But when she found out what really was the mat-ter, she was very much amused, and started then and there to teach these two pets of hers to sleep together peaceably. So from that night they have had one bed and one pillow, as well as one plate to eat their meals from.

As can be imagined, they are very happy little animals, with very few, if any, troubles, and I heartily wish that all domestic animals had half as good a time, then there would be little need for that great and glorious institution, known as The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

SCAMP.

ONCE when I was only a small puppy, my mistress had to go out and the children's nurse was going to take baby too, and I, only a half grown collie named "Scamp" was told to stay at home with three mischievous children. Three-year-old Douglas came next to baby, and next came Dollie and Bessie, who were both seven. I knew very well if Mollie had been at home I should not have been teased, but she was at her music lesson. I was determined to go some how or other with my mistress. I saw my mistress get into the carriage and drive off, I flew after the carriage until it got to the gates, and then, it being a low carriage, I jumped in the back and settled myself comfortably on a nice warm rug, without anyone seeing me. I think I must have gone to sleep, for the next thing I knew the carriage had stopped in front of a lovely house with a great many trees in front of it, and only nurse and baby and the driver were in the carriage. I quickly jumped out of the carriage and some how I found myself in a lovely room, and I was just about to enter another when I heard something that sounded familiar to me—I listened, and found it was my mistress talking. I peeped in and saw her, but no one saw me. One lady, who I thought must think herself very "at home," because she had her hat off and the others had not, was asking my mistress to "stay all night." I did not know what that meant, but when I heard my mistress say "yes, thank you," I thought it must be something to eat, and I was very glad, for I was hungry. So quite contented I made my way back to the carriage again and waited a few minutes. Then seeing that my mistress did not come I ran off in the direction of the stables, where I made friends with a small fox terrier. Then I went back to where the carriage had been, and to my disgust no carriage was there. Disappointed at not getting anything to eat, I set off after the scent of the horses, for, of course, I thought my mistress had gone too. I expect I must have gone about a quarter of the way when it began to grow dark. I was so hot and thirsty, for the way seemed six times as long when I had to walk, instead of drive. Hot, panting and giddy from running so fast I fell head first into a ditch of muddy water, and I did not know anything else till I found myself in a cosy but bare kitchen, wrapped in a very ragged coat before a warm fire. A poor man was holding me, who I was surprised to find was old John, the gardener. That night I slept on his bed, and in the morning, about six o'clock, he gave me some bread and milk. In a short

time he carried me home, where everyone was delighted to see me, especially my mistress, and she was not a bit cross with me, but I never went out where I wasn't wanted again, although I am four years old now.

By MARJORIE M'CARTNEY, (age 12.)

SPORT.

I AM only a small brown dog. I have a nice little ten-year-old master. He is very good and gives me plenty of nice things to eat. My little master trained me to pull him in a cart in the summer and in a sleigh in the winter. At first I did not like pulling the sleigh, but after awhile, by being treated nicely, I got not to mind it at all. He made a little sleigh for me to pull wood on.

My master's father has a horse and carriage and I often go out with him when he goes driving. My master's sister owns a white polo pony, which is a very nice pony to ride. Often times when she went out riding I went too. I used to have a jolly time chasing the birds and pigeons.

I have a little Scotch terrier for a friend, whose name is Crib. Very often he comes up to see me. I am very glad to know the news about town which he always knows and always tells me.

My master has got me a magazine which is called "Pow Wow," and I like to read about "Murphy of Alaska," and "Queenie," the cow. The story of the little "Burglar" is too funny for anything. My story is not very good but I thought I might as well write a story for the magazine. I am sure if "Murphy" can write a story I can too. I think "Murphy" can write a good deal better than myself, because he has been to school much more than I have.

One day, about two months after my master got me, I was nearly drowned. He went out driving and he took me. As they crossed the bridge I swam across the river instead of going on the bridge, which I should have done. When they reached the other side I could not get up the bank because it was too steep, and if it had not been for my little master who jumped out of the carriage to save me, I think I would have been drowned. Oh! how glad I was to get on the land again.

This summer my master went for a long drive, and he took me with him.

Again I was nearly drowned. I started to swim a little pond, and on the opposite bank there were a lot of wild rushes. I swam right across till I came to the rushes. I did not see there was a lot of soft mud, and when I stepped into it sank down so far that I thought I would not be able to get out, but after a great struggle I managed to get out in safety.

The next time I went out I crossed the bridge, and did not go in the water for fear I would get caught again.

By RICHARD FLEWELLING, (aged 10.)

A NEW MEMBER OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

A MONTH or two ago, as I was walking with a worthy patient of mine, I began to admire his dog, a fine specimen of a bull-terrier species, which was running before us, every now and then turning to refresh his honest spirit by a glance at his master's affectionate eye.

"Ah, sir!" said his master, "Nelson, sir, in spite of his breed and his name, is a member of the Peace Society. He won't fight, sir. I have trained him to it. Not that he's afraid. Not a bit of it. He's above it.

"You should have seen him the other day when a big dog was beginning to attack him. Master and I were by. I only said 'Nelson!' and you should have seen how proudly he stood, looking at the other one. He'd have died rather than have touched him."

"And he's as tender as he's brave," said his master, warming as he went on. "How fond he was of our cat! He'd take her up in his mouth as gently as a mother would a baby, and be quite happy when she was lying on him. And when she died!—why, sir, he'd hardly eat for a week."

"Nelson makes friends wherever he goes. I don't believe even the dog that flew at him had the heart to go on, after he found that Nelson wouldn't bite him."

The other day, as his master and he were leaving my house, I took my children to the door to see the dog that wouldn't fight. "Yes," added the master, as he went down the gravel walk, "and it isn't the nature of the breed either."

THE KIND HEARTED DOG.

I KNOW a gentleman who posses a very handsome dog, a setter; he has named him Argus.

Argus is a very large and powerful animal. His master wants him to assist in taking hares and pheasants and other game, as these creatures are usually called. He accordingly sent him to a school for dogs, that he might be properly educated, and made fit for his business.

In this school lived many other young dogs, and amongst his companions were three very young puppies. One of the puppies was rather weakly. Argus took no notice of the other two, but delighted to play with and fondle this little creature.

He would lie for hours and look kindly at it, turn it over with his large paw, and when it wanted to rest would tenderly lift it into the kennel with his mouth. If it wished to come out again, he would, in the same way, lift it up; and the

little puppy would crawl to him, lie down beside him, and seem to love his noble friend in return for all his kindness.

What a pretty example we have for little boys and girls!

Some of you, my young readers, have school-fellows much younger and weaker than yourselves. Are you always kind and gentle to them, and ready to assist them? Are you noble, like Argus? Do not be ashamed to learn gentleness from a setter.

Never forget, dear little children, there is more true greatness in helping the weak than in causing them to tremble. It is far better to be loved than to be feared.

It is not an uncommon thing for large dogs and other strong animals to have kind and gentle dispositions. They seem to be ashamed to put forth their strength against weak or small creatures, even when these vex and annoy them.

Let it not be said, dear little boys and girls, that in these lovely virtues you are surpassed by the dumb animals.

An Indian and his pony crossing a stream.

ODDS AND ENDS.

AN ARTFUL DOG.

Perhaps you have all heard of the faithful dog, who, when his master had fallen from the heights of Helwellyn, was found guarding his body. Now another dog has made himself well known on that famous Welsh mountain, which is a favorite resort for picnic parties. Every day, at luncheon time, a fox-hound comes from some unknown place and attaches himself to any party he may find. Having had a good meal he strolls off in a gentlemany way and meets the next comers. He is only seen at lunch time, and nobody knows where he goes meantime.

THE FOUR-FOOTED FISHER.

Not so very long ago there used to be very many otters in Great Britain, as there are in other parts of the world. They are great fishers, and so quickly do they swim through the water that no fish has any chance of escape. In some places in India the natives keep otters to fish for them. They are quite tame and seem perfectly happy. They are tied up to stakes, like dogs, when they are not working, and wear plaited straw collars for their owners to distinguish them by.

PLANT AFFECTION.

If weeds are pulled out of a lawn, when they are full of seed, they will show a degree of care for the seeds which is quite touching. They will curl their leaves upwards, as far as each can go, to carefully cover the seeds, as if wrapping them in a tender embrace to protect them from the sun till the end, and often one will find weeds that are quite dead, killed by the sun, whose leaves are still wrapped firmly round the seed pods.

MONKEYS ARE JEALOUS.

Do you know that monkeys are very jealous, and when they give way to their feelings of jealousy they become full of hatred against the animal who has aroused their anger. I remember two monkeys at the Crystal Palace, London, England, mother and daughter, whom we children took a great interest in, because the daughter, when we first saw her, was a tiny wee baby, and the mother seemed very proud of it. But when the daughter grew to be as big as the mother monkey, we found that the old one, not only did not appreciate our still being attentive to her daughter, but in time became positively ferocious; so much so indeed that the keeper told us he had been obliged to put the mother into another cage, as he was afraid she might kill her daughter some day, after we had paid the daughter special attention by petting or giving her dainties to eat.

MURPHY'S PICTURE.

The picture on the cover of POW WOW this month, as well as that on page 15, is what is called a half tone portrait, and is a true picture of Murphy. It is from a photograph taken by E. Thomas, of Kamloops, from an oil painting of Murphy, made by Mr. Hardey Simpson, a well known animal painter, from the life. It would perhaps interest and amuse our readers to know how Murphy liked having his portrait painted, and how he behaved.

Mr. Hardey Simpson, who was visiting Kamloops at the time, was greatly taken with Murphy because he looked intelligent, and he made up his mind that before he went back to Victoria, he would paint Murphy's portrait. He found, however, that unless Murphy agreed to it also, that it was more than he bargained for.

At the place where Murphy lived, the stables were small and dark, so Mr. Simpson thought it would be better for Murphy to come round to him. In order to fetch him along, he got a piece of rope and fastened it round Murphy's neck to lead him by. As long as his master went with him, he trotted along complacently enough, but when his master turned back, and Mr. Simpson led him away alone, or rather when he attempted to, Murphy lay down, and absolutely refused to move an inch further. He was coaxed, threatened and scolded, but all to no purpose. He did not growl or bite, or even look angry, but simply would not get up. So Mr. Simpson stooped down and untied the rope, saying as he did so: "This is no use, I think one of the children had better bring him round tomorrow morning."

So the next day, soon after breakfast, one of the little boys took Murphy to have is first sitting. The child came back in about a quarter of hour to say that he had left Murphy with Mr. Simpson, and that Mr. Simpson had tied him up to a fence, and had begun to paint him.

The boy had hardly ceased talking, when Murphy walked in through the open front door quite cooly and sedately, as if he had only been for a stroll round the garden.

The next day he was again taken round, and he was firmly but very humanely tied up, but he persisted in turning his back as much as he could to the artist.

He did not return that day until a little after noon, when he came dragging a piece of the rope that had tied him, and which he had evidently broken off.

It seems that when Mr. Simpson went in to get his lunch, Murphy had bitten the rope in two, and had again broken loose.

The next day, one of the children was sent with him and told to stay and watch him, as the artist could do nothing with him, but some how or other Murphy got it into his head what was wanted of him, and that all he had to do was to leave home for an hour or two every day and sit with Mr. Simpson, and from that time on till his portrait was finished, he went daily of his own accord, and continued to pay regular visits to the artist for a long time after this picture which you see here was finished.

POW WOW'S OWN POST OFFICE.

All letters must re addressed to "The Editor POW WOW, Kamloops, B.C," and must be written on one side of the paper only They must have the date and address on them as well as the age of the writer. Those le ters thought suitable and interesting to the readers of POW WOW will be published each month. The prize winners are expected to send in their photograph for publication.

"Mikado writing to the Editor."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I suppose when you invited correspondence that you only meant two legged writers, but I would like to show you that four legs can do just as well, indeed better, at least I think so, because I can get all four feet well covered with ink, and with a few minutes dancing or even walking over my master's writing table, I am able to leave more ink marks about than I ever saw my master leave after hours of writing. I am very fond of this kind of writing, and I never can understand why it is that my master always whips me for it, and I would like your magazine to take up my grievance, and help me to write letters without being whipped for it.

Believe me,

Your office terrier puppy friend,

MIKADO.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am very pleased that I am going to take "Pow Wow." It is the first magazine I have ever taken by the year, and I love books. I have a lot of silly babyish books, which I don't care for. I like getting hold of my sister Constance's books and having them read, best. I have never been to school but I am going next term, and I shall feel quite a big boy then. My sister says when I have been at school as long as she has I shall get tired of it, but I don't think I shall. Of course my mother has taught me a little, but my sister is helping me to spell some of the words in this letter. I must tell you before I stop (but in a hurry, because my mother is calling me to go to bed) that I have some dear little guinea pigs. I hope you will print this letter.

I remain, your loving reader,

LESLIE STUART, (age 9.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am so pleased you have started a magazine for children, there is not another one in British Columbia. I will be so pleased to see it. I have two little sisters, named Helen and Dorothy, and one brother named Edward. He is always called Eddie. He is a great tease. We have a lovely lake near our house, and a lovely big garden, and a lot of chickens and sheep and pigs, and horses and cows. I have a lot of pigeons and a big dog named

Rover, and a beautiful white pony named Snow, and six canaries. My brother has some rabbits, and my sisters have some ducks. I love animals. I hope my letter is not too long. Please put this letter in print

Your interested reader,

CECILIA L. DEAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was so pleased when my mamma told me that she was going to get your magazine for me. My two little brothers, Arthur and Harold and I, could hardly wait for it, we were so excited. I have a sister, only she is too big to play with us, she is nearly nineteen. Last summer we went down to San Francisco, and of course our great big St. Bernard dog came too, and one day we all were in bathing, in the sea a few miles from San Francisco, and Harold, who is only four years old, slipped into the water off a high rock. We all screamed, but none of us moved except Carlo our dog, he jumped in and saved poor Harold, so he is more of a pet than ever.

Yours truly,

PHYLISS MACLEAN.

RIDDLES.

1. Why are eggs sometimes like game?
2. What is it that goes up and down hill, yet never moves?
3. What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a fountain?
4. Of what crime is a butcher most guilty?
5. What parts of your body would be most useful to a carpenter?

The answers will be found in the January number of POW WOW.

PRIZES.

The prize of $2.50 for the best true story is awarded this month to Master Richmond Flewelling.

The prize of $2.50 for the best composition is awarded this month to Miss Marjorie M'Cartney.

Some excellent verses sent in by Miss Ray Flewelling, I am sorry to say, are not suitable for POW WOW, as there is nothing about animals or children in them.

A well written story by Miss Fanny Pemberton came in without a coupon. I am, therefore, unable to publish it, for which I am sorry, as it stood a good chance of getting a prize.

Rules for Contributors to Pow Wow.

All letters with contributions, photographs or questions in them, must be addressed to the Editor of POW WOW, Kamloops, B. C..

At least four pages will be devoted to the work of the young writers themselves.

Three prizes will be given each month, viz :—

One for the best true story ;

One for the best composition ;

One for the best piece of poetry.

Each prize will be to the amount of $2.50 or ten shillings.

POW WOW is published at the beginning of each month, and a coupon, one of which is printed in each copy, must accompany each contribution.

Competition Coupon.

Pow Wow

COUPON

December, 1900.

A Coupon must accompany each contribution.