

I AM BURR'S FUN.

Told by "Chimmie Fadden"—Edward W. Townsend. Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert.



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SCORNEO.

WHEN Bob and Mary came back from their wedding journey we had a ripping time at their house-warming, though the house was warmed days before they came home. As soon as the furniture began to arrive from New York grandma said the house must be aired, and Aunt Jane said it must be warmed, so Eggy and I passed days opening doors and windows for grandma and building grate fires for Aunt Jane, until Uncle Tom said sometimes when he came in he thought it was a cold storage warehouse and sometimes a bakery.

It really was a bakery and a cook house the day before they returned, for grandma brought in Eggy's mamma and they started in early in the morning baking and cooking such a lot of things it made a fellow wish to be married, too, and coming home to a house-warming. Grandma said that she knew perfectly well that the poor children hadn't had a decent thing to eat all the time they were gone. She often calls Bob and Mary "poor children," though they are ever so old and Bob isn't a bit poor. Grandma has never been in New York, but she is sure she knows all about it, and the surest thing she knows about it is that people there eat only lobster and messy stuff stewed in copper pots by heathen French cooks—frogs and snails, mostly—enough to poison a God-fearing body, she says.

The "poor children," when they arrived didn't look a bit starved, but as if they'd been rather well fed while tearing about with my papa and mamma. They didn't neglect any of Grandma's wood things, though, and after supper Bob and Mary brought out the presents they'd brought for us all, and then the house began to warm up. I tell you, and we kids (Eggy was there) were allowed to sit up until we sang "Home, Sweet Home," which Mary played on the piano, and grandpa played on his flute, looking like a tanned old angel that he is.

Eggy and his mother are living in the cottage out at the farm now, but Eggy comes in to school every day, carrying a new pair of boots, which he puts on only for school hours and shiny. His feet won't wear out, he says, but his boots will. We are good friends again, though we had a deuce of a row after he played croquet with Pussay when I went to sleep to cure what ailed me after the hard cider. I told him, I thought it was a mucker thing to do to leave his shinney game and break into my croquet game without being asked. He said he knew Pussay wentworth before ever I came to town and he had as much right to play with her as I had when he was asked.

I wish girls were not so pretty, for if they were ugly one wouldn't care. Anyway, I said to Eggy that since I'd seen what a jolly lark it was to ask him from a wedding journey to a house-warming with five kinds of pie (preserved huckleberry pie) I'd made up my mind to marry Pussay and I'd thank him not to go about all the time looking for invitations from her to play croquet. That made him mad, and he said that when he wore shoes he had as much right to play with her as I had, and what was more, he wasn't so sure but that he'd marry Pussay himself.

We'd stopped our game of shiny to jaw out our row, and as we stood there who in ever should we see coming along but Pussay herself. So I said that if he wanted to be Pussay's beau when I wanted to be we'd settle it right then and there.

"How?" said Eggy. "By a fight?" I said I didn't mind a fight, as he very well knew, but I wasn't ashamed to say that I'd hate to fight with him, especially about such a stupid matter as a woman's love. What I proposed to do was to ask Pussay which of us she'd rather marry, and he'd have to hurry about agreeing to that way of settling it, as she was almost up to us. Eggy said all right, so I stepped forward and said to Pussay, "Which of us would you rather marry?"

But we men ate no such silly stuff, for Grandpa gave us a dinner fit for sportsmen, though soft kids who play croquet with girls might not have liked it. Grandpa had taken our fish, and with the big blade of his old pocket-knife he'd cleaned each with a curl of his wrist. The two fat gray squirrels Bob brought in Grandpa dressed and cut up with no more trouble. The fish he gave to Mary to fry; the squirrels he put into a steupan, with some butter, pepper, salt, shreds of onion and little squares of potatoes, with a little water. He covered the pan and put it into a circle of hot stones he drew from the fire, and let it alone. Then he threw handfuls of chestnuts into some hot ashes and let them alone.

"Camp cooking is mostly to let things cook themselves," he said.

But he made Eggy and me roast some apples on the ends of switches, and I guess that was to keep us from poking into the stew—which I was dying to do. But I could see the steupan cover hopping up under the steam, could hear it sizzle and hiss, and could smell the rip-

pingist odors from it even if I couldn't poke into it.

When that meal was served I made up my mind that I would camp out the rest of my life! Honestly, Eggy and I ate so much of that stew, poured over bread, that we couldn't eat a single piece even of mince pie. When we got to the roasted apples and chestnuts with cider (new cider for kids, hard for the grown-ups) Grandpa winked at Mary and said to Bob:

"Well, son, you seem to enjoy this as much as do Ham and Eggy—you, a married man!"

"Dear Granddad," said Bob, filling Grandpa's glass and his own, "if I seem to enjoy this my looks belie me. I am doing his from a sense of duty. If I pursued the dictates of my heart, gave rein to the impulses of my ambition, I should plunge into the vortex of this industrial age, mix in the struggle for gold and things. But those insistent yearnings I subdue in order to help preserve for posterity the traditions of our forefathers—and grandfathers. At times I am content to deny myself the idle delights of the world to be found in the aforesaid vortex and return to—in order to preserve—those stern Puritan habits, customs; return to the meagre fare—Mary, my love, if you give Pussay yet another pie the child will explode. Granddad, my regards."

Pussay and Eggy and I are good friends again now.

HAM BURR.

Dogs Are Indispensable for Carrying Burdens

The native Alaska dog is known as the "huskie" or "malamoot" and is a mongrel—one-half timber wolf. He has characteristics which especially fit him for his work—he is heavy set, with a thick coat of long hair, impervious to cold, and with just enough wolf in his nature to make him rest-

less, eager to go, and with a sufficient mixture of dog to temper a fierceness and treachery which might, and sometimes does, become dangerous.

All this is understood—in fact, carefully studied and watched by the Alaskan, and those qualities which manifest themselves in fidelity and gentleness are encouraged by kind treatment, while the wolfish side of their nature is quickly and effectually subdued by numerous whippings. These animals have not yet learned to express themselves by barking, and the only noise they can make is a dismal howl.

It is a rare occurrence for them to bite a human being, but they will fight among themselves on the slightest provocation, and it is not an uncommon sight for half a dozen "huskies" to hold a pitched battle on the main street of Fairbanks. A bucket of cold water will generally put them to flight, but in the majority of cases the miners pay no attention to the melée and allow the dogs to fight it out.

The wolf nature manifests itself in their thieving propensities, and all food must be "sacked" out of their reach. A hungry "huskie" will open a box of canned beef with ease by biting through the tin. He will be before the door of a tent or cabin, pretending to be asleep, when in reality he is waiting for a chance to ransack the kitchen. One day I saw a miner's dinner spoiled by his own dog, a

splendid, big, wolfish fellow, who overturned a pot of beans and in the most unconcerned manner walked off with the hot bacon in his mouth.

No matter what deprivations they may commit, severe punishment, so as to cripple or kill them, is out of the question, on account of their great value in the transportation of supplies. It is an inferior dog that is not worth \$40, and many of them, say their masters, are not for sale.

Two good dogs can haul a man 40 or 50 miles a day on a good trail or carry from 500 to 600 pounds of freight about 20 miles in six hours. They are faithful to the last degree, and will work even when weak from lack of food. When in this condition, however, they sometimes become dangerous, and should the driver fall he may be attacked, but these instances are rare, and more often the dog is sacrificed to save his master from starvation.—Leah's Weekly.