

By....

Marshall
Saunders

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Marshall Saunders

young dog, but he
ke an old one
mbling along the
stared hungrily at
ing windows. On
the hams and the
sated berring, the
glistering heaps of
er baskets.
supported himself
le of ways. Now
and he was tired
red.
Canadian city knew
ger and had fought
There were certain
reets for pickings
ater. The shopping
od ones for scrap
of rubbish, and he
very hungry—and
sat down on the
d looked disconso-

—and he had been
baby! These we
temptuously avoid
he sat. He was
ere sore spots on
een bitten. Little
side; children start
from his lean and
little girl called
other said, "Look
ny wolf!"
g! He was almost
ower of endurance
e. He thought he
en here on the bar-
of the delicious mor-
to, and when he was
ve on, on in his end

f up in a ball, his
c closing—closing in
egun would never
he was roused by
fello, dog! You look

d. A tall lad was
an overgrown lad,
s, a thin jacket and
into his pockets to
d to get on his feet.
kind word he had
day, but, strangely
doubled under him
to stand on them.
st played out," pur-
an! you stand up,
dealin."

try again; his lip-
sible dog smile, but
all gone out of his
up helplessly into
seemed to say, "It's
me alone."
ed the boy. "Isn't
I believe he's an In-
d Micmac from the
d him into the city
They often do when
there. Poor brute!
e to pick up much of
eets, and he's starv-
much of the need—
me?" And he drew
his pocket. "Three
me; still enough to
nister," and he en-
croachery, "give me 3
ackers."
d the boy a bag, and
the dog.

eat some."
his pink tongue and
the crackers. What
th him? He wanted
e could not.
at, dog," said the boy,
most at the end of
want hot stuff inside
ome with me. If you
up with you. A police-
ou; then it's a shot in
of years and the bot-
I'll help you."
absolutely unable to
y bent over him.
What a smell! I
now what the inside
like. However, I'd
never been washed.
g to see a dog go un-
smell as sweet as a
go! And, taking the
is strong young arms,
ver his shoulder and
up the hill.
he met jeered at him.
he flung a saucy an-
hearts, he knew, they
ng, and if it had not
a mealtime he would
flowing of approving

ed the outskirts of the
talk to the dog.
that little cottage you
d about as big as a
chief? That's where I
used to have a larger
urn, I've come down in
e's dead—only step-ma
if it weren't for her
ht in the back yard,
do, dog; it wouldn't

ure, made no response.
he lay over the boy's
as in good hands, and
ake you to the dumps.
"and in case you're
not know what the
st explain that it's the
he ashes from the city

are dumped. I'll find you a nice warm
heap and cover something over you.
Here we are; don't make a noise!" And
cautiously skirting the yard of the cot-
tage, he made his way over the soft,
yielding heaps of ashes to a spot some
distance from his home.

"There"—and he gently laid the dog
down—"that's a nice bed for you! Now
for a roof to keep out the rain," and he
looked anxiously about. "Cricky, there's
a packing case!" And, springing up, he
ran like a deer to the place where a
large wooden box was protruding from
a heap of rubbish.

"And some sheets of tin," he went
on joyfully—"just the thing to keep
the rain out—and an old barrel for a
front hall, by which you can enter
your mansion, dog," and, dragging his
spoils after him, he came back to the
place where the starving animal lay.

"Cold, eh?" and he laid his hand on
the dog's back. "No, you're not shiv-
ering. You must be an Indian dog—
think I'll call you Koojemook. That's
all the Micmac I know, and it means
'Get out!' I guess that's what people
have been saying to you all winter.
Now, isn't that snug?" And, carefully
toppling the box over the dog, he pulled
off a couple of loose boards, fitted
the barrel in the aperture, propped a
coal hod and some battered tin cans
beside it, and finally had a rain proof
if not very elegant, kennel.

The dog made no show of pleasure,
except that his brown eyes followed
the boy wherever he went. The look in
those eyes was enough. The boy under-
stood him.

"Now, Koojemook," said the lad at
last. "I must run over to the house,
but I'll be back just as soon as I can
pull the wool over step-ma's eyes. She's
pretty cute, and it isn't easy to fool
her, but I'll make a try. So long!"
And, with a farewell tap on the box,
he started off for the cottage.

"Is that you, Thaddy?" called a me-
talic voice as he was stamping his
feet in the little back porch.

"Yes, ma'am," he said vigorously.
"You're late," went on the voice.
"You've kept tea waiting."

"No, I'm not," said Thaddy, still
stamping. "and I haven't—mustn't
give up contradicting her," he went on
under his breath, "or she'd down me."
"You're setting careless," went on
the voice, and, stepping into the
kitchen, Thaddy found himself con-
fronted by a small sized, black eyed
young woman, who held a toasting
fork in her hand.

"If you won't run me through, step-
ma, I'll give you a kiss," said the boy,
with an extra twinkle in his eye.

The little woman lowered her fork.
She had a sharp tongue, but she loved
to be petted.

The boy's eyes were running approv-
ingly around the room. "Good fire!
Nice tea! Step-ma, how long has that
fire been lighted? It looks fresh, and,
upon my word, there is hardly a mite
of ashes."

Before the woman could prevent him
he had opened the stove door. "Now,
step-ma, you're been sitting in this
cold house without a speck of fire."

"I wasn't cold," she said stentily. "I
was by the window in the sun, and I
had my big shawl on."

"That's what my Latin grammar
calls a *fraus pla*," remarked Thaddy.



"I think I'll call you Koojemook."

sitting down at the table. "The end
of your little nose is as red as a beet.
Just you wait, though, till I get to be
a man. I'll build fires big enough to
roast you to death."

"Thank you," said the woman smart-
ly.

Thaddy jumped up from the table.
"Oh, have manners, boy!" he said
roughly to himself. "Here you are sit-
ting down to the table before your
stepmother. You're losing all your po-
liteness, and if you haven't politeness
you'll never get on in the world." And
he shook himself vigorously.

"You're a queer fellow, Thaddy,"
said his stepmother, spearing a piece
of toast in the oven.

Thaddy bent his tall, ungainly form

in an ungracious bow. "Just what I
think about you, step-ma."

The woman laughed. "Oh, well, we
get on—you and I."

"Do I smell hot muffins?" asked
Thaddy, working his nose.

"Yes, boy," said his stepmother, "and
lots of 'em. I got reckless because
we're so near the end of the flour bar-
rel."

"Wouldn't that be a good time to get
careful?" remarked Thaddy cautiously.

"The best of times," snapped the wo-
man. "But, lackadaisy, I get tired some-
times of being careful and just feel I
must do something desperate. Here they
are. They're only warmed over; they
were baked this morning." And she
emptied a small painful of smoking
hot muffins in a plate on the table.

"Just wait till I get to be a man,"
said Thaddy, moistening his lips. "You
shall sit eating hot bread from morning
till night."

"And die of indigestion," said Mrs.
Timbs dryly. "Sit down, Thaddy. I'm
just going to light myself."

"Will you say grace, blackbird, or
shall I?" asked the boy gravely.

"You do it this evening, Thaddy,"
said the woman wearily. "I'm too ugly
to think the Lord for anything."

"For what we are about to receive
may the Lord make us truly thankful,"
murmured the boy reverently.

"Here's a bowl of soup for you," said
Mrs. Timbs, getting up and going to the
oven. "I must forget it."

"Where's yours?" asked Thaddy,
peering over at her.

She smiled in a tired way and, lean-
ing back in her chair, played with her
piece of toast.

"I'm not hungry," she said at last.
"If you'll excuse me, I'll run over to
Mrs. Goldman's. She said she knew a
woman who would give me fine sew-
ing, and she was going to find out the
address."

As soon as Mrs. Timbs left the room
the boy tiptoed to the window. He
watched her enter a cottage a short
distance down the street; then, rapidly
emptying the plate of muffins into his
bowl of soup, he darted from the house
in the direction of the famishing dog.

"Here, dog," he said, pushing in the
bowl to the sick animal, who lay luxu-
riously on his bed of ashes; "I wish
you were a few sizes smaller, but this
will help to fill up."

It was dark inside the box, but the
boy could hear the pleased and hurried
lapping of the starving animal.

Sitting back on his heels, he stared
across the dumps in a kind of comical
dismay. "He's going to live, and now
I've got two wolves to feed—one in-
side of me and the other inside of that
dog—and step-ma's nose getting sharper
and sharper from denying herself. I
believe I ought to have this dog put
out of the world. I'll tell a policeman
tomorrow. Hello, boy, have you fin-
ished?"

The sound of lapping had ceased and
there was a scratching inside the box.
When the boy stretched out his hand
for the bowl he found the dog had
partly raised himself and was weakly
pawing the air.

"Blest if he isn't trying to shake
hands," muttered the boy. "Some one's
taught him that. Very well, old fel-
low; you're powerful dirty, still I'll
not refuse to shake a paw. Yes, it's
all right. I'll not give you up to the
pound—nor after that paw shake.
Guess I wouldn't like any one to shoot
the life out of me. Good night, now,
but before I go listen to me and take
another look at that brown cottage I
pointed out to you. Don't you go near
it. There's a lady in it with double
barreled eyes and an awful mouth full
of swords and ears that can hear a
mile off. You're a goner if you venture
near her. D'ye hear?"

The dog did hear and understood.
He curled himself up on his bed, and,
hastily replacing his shelter, the boy
ran back to the house.

When his stepmother returned he
was at the sink, whistling cheerfully
and washing his soup bowl.

"Was it nice, Thaddy?" asked Mrs.
Timbs.

"Lovely, step-ma," replied Thaddy.
"I guess if you just knew how that
soup was appreciated you'd think you
were the best cook in creation."

"I thought you weren't very fond of
soup, Thaddy," she said suspiciously.
"But I just had to make that because I
had the bones."

"Step-ma," said Thaddy solemnly,
"can't you believe me when I tell you
that that soup went right to the spot?"

"Yes, I believe you, Thaddy. You've
never told me a lie yet," she returned
kindly.

Thaddy at once became dejected and
stiffed a heavy sigh as he put his bowl
on the dresser and went to a cupboard
for his schoolbooks.

"Isn't it too soon to work after eat-
ing?" asked his stepmother.

"No," said Thaddy soberly. "It isn't."

"I should think you'd want to rest
awhile if you've disposed of all those
muffins," continued Mrs. Timbs, with a
gesture toward the empty plate on the
table.

The boy's eyes twinkled. "Strange to
say, they make me feel more like work.
I'm just crazy to get education enough
to start in business."

"You'll get on, Thaddy," said the wo-
man proudly, "if you keep up your
steady ways."

"I'm going to get on," said the boy
doggedly. "Work doesn't scare me.
Fact is, I love it. Now, what has my
brain got to get outside of history? Al-
gebra, geometry, modern history and
geography." And he piled his books up
in front of his seat at the table.

His stepmother pushed the lamp
nearer to him, and the boy, sitting
down, was soon absorbed in his tasks.

Presently she heard him snickering.

"What's the matter, boy?" she asked,
looking up from her darning.

"I'm reading about the Eskimos, step-
ma. They're awful eaters. Two Eski-
mos will easily dispose of a seal at a
sitting, and a man will lie on his back
and allow his wife to feed him tidbits

of blubber and seal until he is unable
to move."

"Pigs!" said Mrs. Timbs shortly.

"And the other evening," continued
Thaddy, "I was reading that in some
parts of India there is such a scarcity
of food that many natives never know
what it is to have a full meal. They
do not starve to death, but they are al-
ways mildly hungry."

"I guess some white people know
that feeling," observed Mrs. Timbs
calmly.

Thaddy looked at her sharply; then
his face flushed, and, abruptly closing
his book, he laid his head down on his
arm. "Oh, Lord, it's hard to be so
poor!"

"It is good for a man that he bear
the yoke in his youth," said Mrs.
Timbs calmly.

The boy flung up his head. "But
what about women? Does the Bible
say anything about yokes being good
for young women who marry men old-
er than themselves who die and leave
a big boy to bring up?"

His stepmother smiled. "I guess I'd
be lonely without you, Thaddy."

The boy pounded on the table with
his fist. "You daisy—just you wait un-
til I'm twenty-one. I'll take that yoke
off your neck pretty quick. What are
you laughing at?"

"Nothing much—just the notion of a
daisy with a yoke on."

The boy laughed, too—laughed from
pure youthfulness and light hearted-
ness.

Finally he sobered himself. "I guess
we can have a little fun if we are
poor."

The woman smiled shrewdly at him;
then, taking up his old sock, already a
mass of darns, she added another to it.

After a time she heard him giggling
again. "What's the matter now, Thaddy?"

"I'm reading about a fat king," he
snickered. "S ep-ma, when I get in busi-
ness I'm going to fatten you up to 300
pounds."

"What has sent your thoughts to food
this evening?" she asked curiously.
"You seem bewitched."

"Oh, nothing," he replied, and, closing
his books, he got up and went to the
window.

"I think I'll go to bed," he said,
drawing the curtain aside and looking
earnestly out."

"What is there outside?" she asked,
getting up and going to him.

"The moon and the ashes," said
Thaddy calmly, "and the usual blue
haze yonder where the men are burn-
ing rubbish. What a lovely smell it
makes! If we were rich people the
city wouldn't dare to burn old bones
and rags behind our mansion. Good
night, step-ma." And he abruptly as-
cended the small back stairway.

After he left Mrs. Timbs drew aside
the curtain again. "There's a new heap
of trash there," she said; "looks like a
hut. Upon my word, I believe that boy
has got another sick animal!" And she
despairingly dropped into a chair.

"Have I got to starve myself again?"
she went on. "First it was a lame cat,
then a sick hen, then a blind rabbit.
Deary me, I've got enough to bear
without feeding another mouth! But if
I don't do it, he will. He's as ob-
stinate as a mule about a sick thing,
and he's a growing boy and needs his
food, while I've got my growth. Oh,
dear, dear, I've got to do it, and I
hate animals so!" And, with tears in
her eyes, she locked the door, put out
the light and went upstairs.

The starving dog, up betimes the
next morning, had his eye at a large
crack in the box, watching for the boy
when he saw the yard gate of the cot-
tage open and a woman come out.

It was very early in the morning and
few persons were stirring. Thin lines
of smoke ascended from some of the
cottages where laboring men were pre-
paring to go to their work.

The dog joyfully wagged his tail.
The woman had a plate in her hand.
She and the kind boy were in league
to help him.

When she pulled aside the barrel, he
could have fawned on her for very
pleasure, but a look at her face re-
strained him.

"Here, brute—eat," she commanded
slipping the food on the ashes. Then,
as he did eat, soberly and quietly, she
commented on his appearance.

"Well, if you're not the ugliest and
the dirtiest! If it wouldn't break Thad-
dy's heart I'd telephone to the S. P. C.
to put you out of your misery. I wish
you'd never been born!"

The dog's pricked ears gently droop-
ed, his bushy tail lowered itself apolo-
getically, but he went on eating.

"Glutton!" said the woman. "That's
my breakfast and dinner—only soup
meat and bread, but still a feast for a
poor wretch who never knows what it
is to have a full meal in this land of
plenty. So much for genteel poverty.
If I'd go to the poorhouse I'd live on
the fat of the land. Ugh, you beast!
You've eaten it all, and you'll be happy
and comfortable all day, and I'll have
a rat inside me. Now, don't you set
hungry when Thaddy comes. I'll drag
away the boards against this barrel,
and he'll think you've been out forag-
ing on the dumps. You needn't look for
him yet. He sleeps like a top, and he'll
not be up for two hours. And you
needn't lick your lips, I'll not give you
a drop of water. He can do it when
he comes. Still, he might forget. Boys
are careless, and it's dreadful to suffer
from thirst. Water is cheap. I'll give
you all you want." And, picking up an
empty tomato can, she went to the
house.

Koojemook did not altogether under-
stand the affair, but he blinked his lit-
tle, shy, kindly eyes at her, and when
she returned he drank the water until
his new friend began to make pointed
remarks.

Then he stopped. "Go into your den,
wolf," she said, and, throwing aside the
can, she discontentedly made her way
to the house.

Koojemook lay down and had another
sleep until three hours later, when

Thaddy came out of the cottage with a
pile of books under his arm.

"Hist," said the boy, edging along in
an apparently careless manner. "Not
a word out of you. Step-ma's been
watching me like a cat. Here's a
crust of bread, the only thing I could
get. What, you don't want it? You've
been out of your kennel, you rascal,
and I told you to stay in. Here's your
barrel door pushed aside. Oh, well, I
don't care if you'll be a wise dog and
don't hang about the cottage. I guess
it's just as well for you to skinkish
round; then I won't have to take poor
step-ma's food for you. Goodbye. I'll
call on you later. Find you lie low."
And Thaddy went whistling away.

After dark that evening Thaddy slip-
ped out to say good night to Koojemook.

"What! Not hungry yet?" he said, of-
fering him a slice of ham that he had
saved from his lunch. "This is fine for
me. I'll leave your barrel door open
so you can come out again tonight if
you like."

Koojemook, looking gravely at him,
made no explanation, and Thaddy ran
happily back to the house.

The next morning the strange wom-
an called again upon Koojemook and
once more presented him with a heap-
ing plate of food. This time she had
a little milk for him that he, however,
would not drink.

"I wonder where you were brought
up," she said, staring at him with wide
green eyes.

Koojemook preserved a discreet al-
lence. Morning after morning the wo-
man appeared at the same early hour,
and morning after morning the dog lis-
tened calmly to remarks upon his ap-
pearance. He was old; he was sick;
he looked like a wolf. Why didn't he
die if he were going to?

These words coming from a person
whose deeds were so highly to be ap-
proved of met with slight attention
from the philosophic dog. Indeed, he
began to like the woman. She fed him;
the boy only gave him water. And every
day after Thaddy went to school Koo-
jemook took up his station on a nearby
ash heap and attentively watched Mrs.
Timbs' comings and goings about the
back door and yard of her cottage.

When Thaddy returned home he
slunk into his box.

"Oh, you old tramp," said the boy to
him one day. "I expect you go all over
the city when no one is watching you."

Koojemook curled his lip. He had
never been beyond the dumps. A win-
ter of starvation and ill usage was not
so easily overcome. And he had work
to do nearer home when he was able
for it.

On the morning of the tenth day of
his entrance into the packing box he
began an excavation behind it, working
as steadily as his strength would al-
low.

"What are you up to now?" asked
the boy, with a puzzled face.

He soon found out. Koojemook was
making a burrow—roomy and comfort-
able and waterproof.

"Well!" said Thaddy in bewilder-
ment. "I don't know what's the mat-
ter with that packing case, but if you
don't want it, let it go." And he gayly
scattered the box, the sheets of tin, the
coal hod, the barrel and the oil cans to
the four winds of heaven.

"Now there's nothing to attract step-
ma's attention," he said. "It was too
conspicuous an ornament to the dust-
scape anyway." And he gave the last
vestige of the box a gleeful kick.

Three more weeks went by, and the
month was completed. Koojemook
was now a fine, plump dog. His sores
had been licked into cleanness and
health; the bad smell, thanks to his
daily baths, was quite gone, and Mrs.
Timbs, staring down at him one morn-
ing, said with something nearly akin
to pride: "You're not bad looking now
that you've got on your bones the ten
pounds that have slipped from mine
this month. But understand, dog, this
is for Thaddy's sake, not yours."

Koojemook violently wagged his tail.
It did not matter in whose name the
kindness was done. He reaped the
benefit, and he loved the outspoken wo-
man.

"Step-ma's pretty cute," said Thaddy
to him later in the day, "but she's not
as cute as you and me, Koojemook. I
notice that you always lie low when
she's about. You're a good dog. Just
wait till summer comes and I'm earn-
ing money. Then I'll acknowledge you
and confess how I've been keeping you.
She has so much to worry her that I
hate to mention you now, and she'd
never believe that you support your-
self."

The dog discreetly acquiesced, and for
a day or two longer things went on as
they had gone before. Koojemook kept
to his burrow, only emerging to watch
Mrs. Timbs or to note with affection-
ate interest the comings and goings of
the boy who had befriended him.

One night when the dog was sleeping
soundly he suddenly woke, lifted his
head and listened. Then, creeping out-
side his burrow, he sat on the top of it
and stretched his neck in the direction
of the town.

To ordinary hearing there were no
sounds audible but the usual ones of
the night—the subdued hum from the
nearby city, the rolling of carriages,
the sighing of the wind, the whirling
of distant electric cars, the shouts of
the men to the horses that were drag-
ging loads of ashes to the outskirts of
the dump. But Koojemook, with his
mysterious dog sense, was aware of
something else, and soon he set out
running hurriedly in the direction of
the city. [Note.—My father when hunt-
ing has had a hound come to him
across a wood. The dog would come
directly. He could neither hear nor see
his master. The wind was not in
the right direction to carry the scent.
M. S.]

Away in the distance, beyond his
slight, beyond his hearing, a stout sen-
tinel was making his way to-
ward the outskirts of the grounds, and
as he went he was saying long, loud

whistles, an uncivilized whistle, near-
ing for the first time in this civilized city.

One or two pedestrians stared at him
angrily and put their hands to their
ears as they passed him, whereupon a
policeman felt it his duty to remon-
strate.

The bluff old captain gave him a re-
sounding thwack on the back. "I'm up
in Labrador, man, whistling for my
sledge dogs. Can't you see them scut-
tling over the frozen ground to get
their frozen fish?"

The policeman grinned and stood
watching the sturdy, respectable old
white haired, red faced sailor who was
going on his way, still making the ex-
traordinary racket with his lips.

After awhile the old man panted and
drew a long breath. "Poor doggie, ye're
not in the city. They've driven ye out
to rat trap and scuttledom if ye're still
alive." And he whistled more vocifer-
ously than ever.

He had now reached the long, deso-
late street on which Thaddy and his



"Do you own this dog?" asked Mrs. Timbs.

stepmother lived. Here the old sea dog
put his fingers to his lips and blew a
trumpet blast.

Suddenly his hand fell;