DR. GANDER

# of Youngland

By

GEN'L. BENNETT H. YOUNG

GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG, of Youngland,
Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans, 1913-1916.

Born in Nicholasville, Ky., May 25, 1843; died Louisville, Ky., February 23, 1919. Educated at Center College, Danville, Ky.; graduated Queens College, Law Department, Belfast, Ireland. Served in Confederate Army under General Morgan; President Louisville Public Library, Blind Asylum, and Confederate Home, etc.; member Kentucky Constitutional Convention, etc.; builder of the Kentucky and Indiana Bridge, and the Southern railroad in Kentucky; author History of Constitution of Kentucky, "Battle of Blue Licks," "Jessamine County, Kentucky," "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," and many other books; etc.

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GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG

AUTHOR OF

CONFEDERATE WIZARDS OF THE SADDLE, PRE-HISTORIC MEN OF KENTUCKY, BATTLE OF THE THAMES, BATTLE OF BLUE LICK AND OTHER WORKS

Foreword
By
IRVIN S. COBB
Famous American Writer and Humorist

THE STANDARD PRINTING CO.
INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER NUMBERS

Foreword by Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATIONS.

GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG, SURROUNDED BY THE BLIND CHILDREN
at the Blind Asylum, of which he was the President, telling them stories of the exploits of Doctor Gander.

FOREWORD

IRVIN S. COBB.

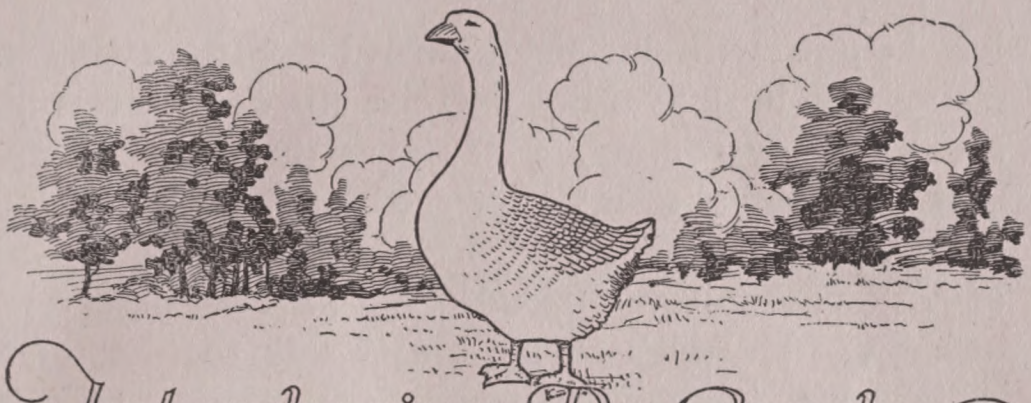
IT was characteristic, I think, of my good friend General Bennett H. Young that in the latter days of his life he should write this book. The gentle humor, the kindly philosophy, the genial observation, the innate understanding of life which was so markedly a part of the author, is here perpetuated, guised as the sayings and the doings of the dumb things this old man loved. To read the book is like spending an hour in his company.

Here was a man of manifold and diversified gifts. In his youth, wearing a ragged gray jacket, he rode in the column of that great captain of Southern cavalry, John Morgan. None of Morgan's raiders came back to civil life after the War Between The States was over with a more gallant record than came the boy Bennett Young. In his maturer years, as a leader at the bar of his native state, as an orator conspicuous in a community renowned for its orators, as a man of affairs, as a leader in civic development, and finally as commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-men and the love of those who knew him. Always and ever, in appearance, in manner, in mode of thought and of speech he was the typical Kentucky gentleman—simple, courteous, hospitable, mightily proud of his state, its traditions, its peculiar institutions and its glorious history. No man, perhaps, was better acquainted than he with the record of its primitive beginnings; and no man wrote better than he of that period and of the men who came through the Gap treading the Wilderness Trail of the then far Western frontier of America to carve a commonwealth out of the tall timber and with the flash of their flintlock squirrel rifles to blaze the way for civilization pouring over the Alle-

ghanies from the Eastern seaboard. Bennett Young came of this pioneering breed. Its blood, transmitted, was his blood; and had he been born in the eighteenth century instead of the nineteenth one well can picture him, in hunter's jerkin and coon-skin cap, moccasins on his feet, journey-cake and deer meat in his pouch and the light of adventure in his eye, following behind Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton through the Knobs, across the rolling bluegrass uplands and down among the riverside cane-brakes of Kain-tuck-ee.

But to many who revered him for the versatile gifts of his active mind the fact that in his old age he wrote so charmingly, so wisely, and with such a bubbling spirit of wit, of the geese and the dogs, the barnyard fowl and the romping puppies at his country place of Youngland, will come with surprise for them—and pleasure. In this volume are these writings preserved, and than them, I am sure, no more fitting testimonial could be set up to the memory of this stalwart American patriot, this brave Confederate, this honest citizen of Kentucky.

Irvin S. Cobb



Introducing Dr. Gander

I HAVE on my farm near Louisville one who is recognized by all of the family as the pet of the establishment. By some he is known as "Dr. Gander." Others call him "the old man," but all consider him the "Boss of the Ranch."

He is a Chinese gander, now about sixteen years old. He carries himself with a dignity and grace of manner that would fit a king. He makes short work of dogs, will fight even a horse, whips the pony, and does not hesitate to tackle even a cow in defense of his offspring or his rights. He keeps guard around the barn all night and plays watchdog with an intelligence and a courage that command admiration.

He insists on eating out of my hand. He seizes my trousers or coat in his bill in a way to show his impatience to be fed and insists on his right with a firmness that brooks no denial.

He has learned to watch for me every day. Posting himself on a hill near the house, standing

full height, with his head turned a little awry, in order that he may fully exercise his acute hearing, he awaits my coming. He knows the tramp of my horse, the sound of my buggy wheels, and with loud and clangorous tones evidences his joy at the arrival of his owner and his friend. We have become very intimate. He talks to me and I talk to him. He follows me down into the grapery or orchard and into the field and seems happiest when enjoying communion with a human being. He has so impressed me with his intelligence that I have decided to print some of his sayings and describe some of his doings so that the world may know how smart a goose is. These detailed conversations between Dr. Gander and myself that follow are the result of our long friendship.

GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG,
Youngland (Louisville, Ky.)

CHAPTER I.

DR. GANDER DEFENDS HIS PEOPLE.

ONE day Dr. Gander said to me: "Gen. Young, you do not understand how much a goose knows. The world seems to think geese are very silly. You have doubtless heard the expression 'silly as a goose,' but this does geese great injustice. Did not the geese save Rome by sitting up all night and watching for the enemy—then screaming and honking to awaken the people so they could run out to fight? Did not a goose in Germany lead a blind woman to church, nibble grass in the churchyard until the service was concluded and then lead her back home?

"They have done many other very important and intelligent things. They give you soft, downy beds, they give you easy, restful pillows that soothe you to sleep. On the whole, I take it that the goose is a very important member of society. I want to tell you some things I have observed in the thirteen years I have lived here with you.

"During that period I have reared a large number of goslings. My children have gone to Texas, Delaware, Tennessee, Virginia and North and South

Carolina, and I am sure in all these places they have upheld the reputation of their father, Dr. Gander, of Youngland.

"We have had," said the Doctor, "some rather exciting experiences in the last few days here at Youngland. I know you will be sorry to hear," he said, wiping away a tear, "that we have had five deaths in our family during the past spring. Mrs. Gander and I hatched five little goslings. One was killed by the cow, another was run over by the pony, the rooster killed one, another died from what I call 'infantile paralysis,' and the other one grew to be a splendid young gosling.

"Foolishly enough, Mrs. Goose and I took this gosling to the pond. The truth is, we slipped away from the people around the house. We wanted to teach our child to swim. We went with him, as he walked the quarter of a mile to the pond every day through the grass and weeds. We took the short cut and did not follow the road. Our hearts were very proud of this little fellow. We thought him the most promising of our young. Like the last baby with people, we thought him the best. As we had only the one, we watched over him with the most intense solicitude.

"We swam with him in the pond. Sometimes we let him go in by himself. He could glide along as

gracefully as a swan. Mrs. Goose and I stood on the bank admiring.

"One day, as we were watching him, we saw our child disappear. Only a ripple marked the place where he had gone down. We waited and honked and called. We did everything a goose could do to bring him back.

"While we watched a big turtle thrust his ugly nose out of the water. A terrible fear grew upon us that the cruel creature had dragged to the bottom of the pond and eaten him. We walked around and waited on the bank, hoping against hope, but no sound or word ever came back. Weeping bitterly, we went back to our sad and desolate home.

"Soon we concluded, Mrs. Goose and I, to rear another family. Mrs. Goose laid eight eggs and we hid them away back under the cider press in the barn shed. Mrs. Goose was the nest builder. She arranged the place where she was going to sit. She pulled some feathers out of her breast and lined the nest with them. She gathered the straw around her and made the coziest nest that a goose ever sat on. She laid one white egg, and the second day she laid another, and so on until she had eight. Then she began to sit, remaining on the nest twenty-nine days." I missed her companionship, but I sat outside the shed and guarded. When a dog came near, or started

toward the nest I darted at him. I nipped him and struck him with my wings until all the dogs learned it was unsafe to go where Mrs. Goose was.

"You know, General," said the Doctor, "that we gandermen do not sit on the nest. We let our wives do that part of the work. It is a tedious task, and somehow or other ganders never learned to sit on eggs.

"Once every three days Mrs. Goose would come out to take a bath and get something to eat. She carefully covered her eggs with the straw and feathers. She was very careful not to stay away long. If the eggs once became cold they would never hatch. When she went up to the trough to take a bath I stood at the stable door and took good care of the nest. Once a dirty little fox terrier slipped in when I was drinking over at the trough and he broke one of Mrs. Goose's eggs. I resolved then that should not occur again and was never off guard any more.

One day I heard a gosling hammering on the inside of an egg. In a little while he broke it and tumbled out. Another and another followed. Mrs. Goose called me to see the wonderful event. In about eight hours we had seven goslings.

"They stayed all that day and all the next day with Mrs. Goose covering them. You do not know how proud I was when I saw two of them thrust their heads up through the wing of their mother and

look out. When I saw that I raised my head as high as I could reach and honked just as loudly as I could. I thought it was a great thing for Dr. Gander to have children so clever that they could climb up under their mother's wing, put their heads out and look at their father.

"Mrs. Goose knows a good deal about caring for goose children. She kept those youngsters more than two days in the nest and she did not give them anything to eat. On the third day she marched out with seven gray goslings. They went over to the puddle and sipped a little water. Then the good woman of the house gave them some cornbread cooked without any salt in it, for, you know, General, that salt is not good for young geese. She mixed it with sand. Soon we marched around and around the lot, the proudest father and mother you ever saw.

"You must recall that afternoon you came home and opening the gate let us out into the yard. When our goslings saw us eating grass, they began eating it, too. We did not let them get very far from us.

"Little dog 'Bumps,' about whom I will tell you later, came along. I flew at 'Bumps' and catching him by the ear I beat him with my wings. He yelped and cried for help, but I beat him thoroughly. He has not bothered me and my goslings since.

"The next time I will tell you how we take care of our children—how carefully their mother and I watch over them.

CHAPTER II.

DR. GANDER'S SONS' INGRATITUDE.

ONE day, on my visit to the farm, I observed Dr. Gander's feathers were roughened, his head swollen and his eyes partially closed. He followed me around, but he looked sad and depressed. Several times I asked him if anything was going wrong, but he said "No, I am only feeling a little off." He said he had a severe cold and would be all right in a few days. Instead of getting better, the Doctor got worse until I became quite alarmed at his condition.

I said to him: "My good friend, don't you think I had better send for a doctor? We cannot afford to have anything happen to you. Youngland would not be the same if you were gone. You must let me send for a physician."

"What sort of a physician, General, would you send for?"

"Well, you can have your choice," I replied. "I'll call my medical man or I'll call a horse doctor."

My goose friend smiled a sickly sort of smile and answered: "General, you make me laugh. What would a horse doctor know about goose sickness? General, please don't twit me. I don't think a human doctor would be much better."

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "pardon me if I annoy you, but I am really alarmed about you, and I won't be comfortable until I do everything in my power to make you well."

The Doctor thought a while and then said: "My dear General, if I am to have medical help, don't put me off on a horse doctor. I am your comrade. If I have to have a physician, please call one who prescribes for people and not for horses, cows and dogs. If my body was sick I would not mind taking some calomel, or cascara, or quinine like you do, but, my dear good friend, it is not my body that is ill, it is my mind. Doctors can't help me. You know that soul sickness is the worst of all ills, and that's what is ailing me now."

The Doctor edged a little closer to me. I was sitting on the bench under the big catalpa tree. He put his head on my knee and as he looked up into my face his expression was so sad that, at once, I knew he was telling me the truth. I stroked his head and neck and said, "Come, friend, let me have the whole story."

"General," he said, "I am ashamed to tell you what has so grieved me for the past two weeks. I've had a great burden on my heart—so great that I did not feel I could tell anybody in the world."

"You can tell me everything, Doctor," I said. "There are very few troubles for which some remedy cannot be found. When we tell our sorrows, Doctor, we halve them; when we tell our joys we double them. Open your mind, then, and surely I can do something to make you your bright self again."

"General, if you think you can help me, I'll tell you the sad, sad story that has made me so sorrowful. The truth is that I cannot live as things are now going on, and, if you cannot help me, I fear I will die."

"Doctor, do not hide anything from me. Give me all the facts. We lawyers live by advising other people, and it's a very bad state of affairs when we cannot help our clients. Doctor, I am so much distressed that I cannot wait any longer. You alarm me when you say there must be a change or you can't live. I had no idea that the case was so serious. Hurry up and let me know the worst."

"Well, my good friend, to be honest with you, those four boys of mine are giving me all sorts of worry. The greatest of all human joys, I've heard you say, was the love and well-being of your children, and I expect what is true of your folks is also true of us geese. Those boys of mine are now as big as I am. They don't weigh as much as I do, but they are as tall as I am. They are more active than I and

they are turning out to be great fighters. I am sixteen years old. That makes me a pretty old goose man. They are only nine months old. A gander, General, gets his full height at nine months. They are beginning to want to fight everything that comes around. They attack the chickens and they abuse those duck people cruelly. Two of them made an onslaught on little Bumps the other day. He bit one of them on the leg, but the two of them were too much for the little dog and he ran, with them after him. He jumped through his hole in the fence and got away, else there's no telling what would have happened to him with these two lusty young ganders on his back.

"When I saw this I scolded them quite severely. They didn't like it a little bit. They were very rude to me. They said it was not any of my business, and if they wanted to beat a dog they were going to do it, whether I liked it or not. Then I mentioned the chickens and ducks and said I hoped they would not treat them badly. This seemed to anger them more and more.

" 'Doctor,' they said, 'you have been a barnyard bully around here for a long time. You whipped the big rooster, you fought the sow and black dog, and you ran Bumps away from us when we were boy goslings. You beat Bumps one day, and you talked

pretty hard about these young roosters. We think we have as much right to fight as you have, and we tell you right now, if we want to fight, we are going to do it, and the less said about it the better.'

"General, these words cut deep into my heart. These young ganders are my own children. I could hardly believe my own ears when I heard the hard and cruel things they said.

"The other night one of them flew at me and struck me a hard blow on my side, nearly knocking me over. The biggest one, who did this, winked at his brother as much as if to say, 'Who is boss now?'

"Those two goose girls, General, are nice, loving children. They treat me with great kindness and respect, but these four boys are breaking my heart. The other night they made an attack on me, and banged me up terribly. That is why my head is swollen, my eyes closed and my feathers ruffled. I don't mind the blows so much. I could stand them, but it is the thought that my own children would mistreat their parent."

"Surely, Doctor," I said, "you must be mistaken about this. Those Gander boys you have treated so kindly would not strike you."

"Yes, but they have, and what can I do? We can't live this way. I am all broken up. I don't want to quarrel with my own children, and if we all stay

here they will surely do some great injury. It makes me most unhappy."

"Doctor, this is a sad story, and I do not wonder that you are downhearted. I'll talk it over with the manager and I'll see you in a day or so. Bear up, try to keep a cool head and you can be certain that I'll take good care of my dear friend, Dr. Gander."

I told the manager what had occurred and requested that he keep a sharp lookout and report to me what he heard and saw. The next day but one he came and said: "General, we had a rumpus out here last night. Two of those young ganders jumped on the old man, and in the night I heard such flapping of wings and outcry that I could not sleep. I got up and dressed and went out into the yard. They were beating their father most unmercifully. I pulled them off and fastened them in the shed keeping them there the balance of the night. If we don't do something pretty soon they will kill your old friend."

I called the Doctor as loudly as I could, crying, "Come on, Doctor; come on, Doctor." He came from down in the cow lot, but he walked very slowly. I quickly saw that he had been in a real fight. His head was more bruised than ever, his eyes were nearly closed, and several of his feathers were broken.

"Doctor, Doctor," I said, "what has happened? You look as if a cyclone had struck you."

"It is a sad story, General," he answered. "I suspect you had better send me up in the country now. You can come up to see me every once in a while; but this is no place for me."

"Which one of those young fellows was it, Doctor, that beat you up so?"

"It was the one with the yellow spot on his bill."

"Leave this whole affair to me. No man, dog, pony, cow or sow can mistreat you and live with me."

"Oh, General!" he answered, "I am heartsick, really heartsick. Help me out, if you can and whatever you do will be the right thing for me."

"Good evening, Doctor," I said, "you will hear from me later." A gleam of joy came from his bruised and swollen eye. He said, as plainly as a goose could say, "Dear, good man, do all you can for Dr. Gander, and please do it quickly."

After I left the Doctor I went to the manager and said: "This is a bad business about these Gander boys beating up our good friend, the Doctor. Tonight you catch the young Gander with the yellow spot on his bill and the one with black legs. Kill them both and I'll eat one and send the other to our preacher. You had better do it while the Doctor is out in the yard. Drive them into the barnyard, kill them and be sure not to let him see you or them."

The manager did as he was told. The young ganders made most savory food. We felt a little squeamish about eating them, but we did it, all the same.

The next afternoon when I went out the Doctor looked very sad. His head was still swollen, his eyes not fully open, and his feathers yet ruffled. He was very glad to see me. He was watching under the big catalpa tree and greeted me most cordially. He at once opened the talk and said, "General, a dreadful thing has happened. The two boys that fought me are gone, and none of us know what has become of them."

"Don't worry about those boys, Doctor. They won't fight you any more; for all you know, they may be up in the country where you said I had better send you."

"Ah, General, I can't feel that way about it. Those were my children and they are gone, and I am sad and worried about them."

"Doctor," said I, "those were bad boys. They either had to leave or you would. They are gone. If I hear anything of them I'll let you know."

This did not satisfy my friend. He kept on talking about his boys, and I thought I saw a tear flow from his swollen eyes as he begged me to tell him what had become of them. I invented the best story

I could, but none of my explanations satisfied him; the Doctor kept on asking me every day if I had any news of his two Gander boys. This thing might have gone on a long while, but a new trouble came into the Doctor's life.

His two surviving sons began to give the Doctor more trouble. They seemed to have learned bad lessons from the brothers that had so suddenly disappeared. They started fighting their father. One night the manager went out into the lot, upon hearing a terrible clatter. He found these two young fellows had the Doctor in a corner of the wagon shed. They were striking him with their wings badly beating up their proud parent. It was learned they had gotten into a row with each other about the young goose girl. The Doctor interposed. He lectured the boys about fighting, saying they ought to be ashamed to act in the way they were carrying on before all the geese, ducks and chickens on the place.

Forgetting their troubles with each other, they set on the Doctor, and it was when they had worsted him that the manager entered the game. He seized each of the young Ganders by the legs and jerked them away from the Doctor. This attack scared them greatly, and they began to squawk lustily. The manager pushed them into a small pen and left them

there until morning, when I, as judge, would pass sentence on them.

When I heard the story I was indignant. The Doctor was called and asked what he had to say. He did not want to say anything, and so I replied, "Doctor, this is a most serious matter. These young fellows will have to go. The cook made me promise," I said, "that I would give her one. She has fed them every day since they were goslings, and she says she wants the big one with yellow on his bill and black spots on his legs."

"Doctor," said I, "the cook gets one. He will go today. The other I will send out to a friend of mine in the country. I won't kill him because you say it will distress you, but he can never get out of that pen until the box is ready for his shipment. You have been most cruelly treated. I am going to break up once for all this practice of your children beating their parents. If you want to say 'good-bye' to your boys go and do it now, for in ten minutes they will be in coops on their way to their new homes."

The Doctor appeared quite sad. He waddled to the pen where the manager was nailing up the coops. He called to the two young Ganders in the pen, as he used to do when they were goslings. They were angry and scared and they did not answer. The manager climbed over into the pen and caught the

first one to put him into the box. This seemed to arouse Doctor. He was ready to help his child that, a few hours before, had beaten and wounded him. Honking as loudly as he could, he rushed at the manager striking him on his legs with his big, strong wings and trying to help his son escape from the box.

The other young Gander was caught in the same way and the same scene was repeated. I told the manager to put the boxes in the wagon and drive on away not minding anything the Doctor said or did. The wagon rolled away. The Doctor followed it to the big catalpa tree, honking as if his heart would break. His sons voiced their sorrow in the same way, but nobody paid any attention to their cries. They never came back.

It took the Doctor a long while to be cheerful again. After some days his eyes became normal, his feathers smoothed up, and his swollen head assumed its former shape. He has never mentioned the matter to me since nor I to him.

The old Mammy Goose is now sitting again on seven eggs. She will hatch three weeks after Easter. When more young goslings come and Mrs. Goose and the Doctor are occupied looking after them, I suspect the Doctor will be himself again. I expect him to try to train these new children so they will not mistreat their old father when they grow up.

CHAPTER III.

DR. GANDER AND DOG BUMPS.

FOR some days I had no conversation with the Doctor. A brief absence in the central part of Kentucky had prevented my talking with him.

As I approached the front entrance he was on the small eminence, where he was accustomed to await my appearance. He stood in the forefront of his family. Mrs. Mary Goose was seated on the ground nibbling contentedly the fresh young crab grass which was forcing its way through the blue-grass. It was very apparent that the Doctor had something on his mind. He was balancing himself on one foot. The other was drawn up close to his body. His long neck was turned slightly awry and his beautiful yellow-rimmed brown eyes had a touch of sadness in their glance.

He came down the terrace to greet me, his loud honk showing that he was pleased that I had come. I was as glad to see the Doctor as he was to see me, and I called out cheerily, "Come on, Doctor, come on, and let me hear what is on your mind."

"General," he said, "we've had trouble since you went way. When you brought out that little white

snowball of a pup and gave him to the young lady he was a beauty. His mistress had given him a bath, combed out his hair and tied a blue ribbon around his neck. I thought he was the most attractive little dog I had ever seen. He ran around on the porch barking, and did not seem to care that he had left his mother and his former home. He was ready to make friends with his new-found acquaintances. He seemed to know, baby pup that he was, that he had found a good home and apparently had a peaceful, happy life ahead of him.

"We geese are good-natured. We let the little fellow run all around us and we did not hiss at him or object to his coming where we were. We got on good terms with this woolly youngster and we thought that nothing could happen to make us anything but friends.

"We saw that Bumps was not a thoroughbred, but he was a well-mannered puppy, and nobody ever dreamed that some day he might change.

"He got along with us until he was about nine months old. Then he got to be too frisky and impertinent. He was, as you know, General, a very smart little dog. He learned to eat apples and watermelon. He would sit on his haunches and wait for a piece of red watermelon or a small portion of a peeled apple, but his great delight was marshmallows. He

would dance the tango and bark and beg in the most pleading way for this candy. He was very fastidious, and neither sugar, stick candy nor caramels would tempt him. He would turn up his nose at them, but only show him a marshmallow and he would spring up two feet in the air and beg and bark at a great rate for the sweet morsel.

"Sometimes when it was muddy or cold Bumps would beg his best friend to let him ride over the farm on his shoulder. He would run before his owner and bark and get in front of his feet as much as to say, 'Please, Mr. Man, let me get up and ride on your shoulder. He would spring up into the man's arms and when lifted around would put his fore feet on the top of the gentleman's hat and his hind feet on his shoulders. There was no happier or prouder dog in Kentucky when, like a circus-trained animal, he would ride on his master's head. This trick was very amusing to us geese.

"After the goslings came things changed. We don't allow a cat or dog to come near our children; so when Bumps came around where the goslings were we would stretch our necks and hiss at him. He was afraid to get too near and would run away and bark. He seemed to think it was fun to scare us and the goslings. I made up my mind that the first good opportunity I would teach him a lesson.

"One day, General, when you were not around my opportunity came. I think if you had been here I would not have gone at him so roughly. Out here we all know that you are quite fond of this dog, and we do not want to do anything that would displease you.

"Mary Goose and I talked it over and we both thought that Bumps would be better if I gave him a good licking. We could not afford to have him hurt the goslings.

"You know, General, how you humans always think the last baby the most wonderful of all the family. We geese love all our little ones the same. We have no favorites, and every fuzzy little gosling is as dear to us as our own lives. It vexed us to have these little fellows so badly scared. They did nothing to disturb Bumps and we decided he must leave them alone.

"Today when we were going from the stable to the water trough Bumps rushed out of the shed where we were passing. We always march like soldiers. I go in the front, and then come the children, and Mrs. Goose brings up the rear. We do this to be ready to defend the little ones.

"As we were proceeding thus today Bumps ran over a gosling and hurt him. Goslings are very delicate when young, and this one could not get up or walk. Flapping my wings and half running and

half flying I ran at Bumps so fiercely that he could not get through the hole in the fence, where he always fled from the lot into the yard. He had no time to jump through the space before I was on him.

"Bumps, General, I want you to know, is far from being a coward. He is a little bit of a dog, weighing only seven and a half pounds, but every night he runs down into the fields, out into the orchard and the grapery and all over the place in the dark. I hear him barking all through the night and he does not let any dogs or men come about that he doesn't attack them. He is a brave little watch dog and helps us geese take care of your place. He stood up against the fence and he started to bite at me.

"But, General, I was very angry. I caught him by his long ears and I walloped him with my wings until he yelped and cried for mercy. The housewife ran out to help him, but I lammed away and she had to take a stick to drive me off. At last she made me let him go. He was the saddest looking dog you ever saw. He whined for a long while. I suspect his sides were sore when I got through with him. Maybe you will think it was rather mean for a big gander to attack a little dog, but you have to teach dogs as you do boys to be good, and you know sometimes nothing but a whipping will make things go just right.

"I believe, General, that after this Bumps will be polite to me. He never ran after any more of my goslings. I feel sorry for the little fellow and try to make friends with him, but he is shy. Now and then he barks at me, but he stands a good way off when he does this, and as long as he does not come too close to the goslings I have nothing to say.

"But, General, I fear Bumps will never feel quite the same to me. Maybe I was wrong to beat him so hard. If I thought it would do any good I'd tell him that I am sorry for what I did. When you take him on your lap, as I often see you do, won't you please tell him that I would like to let bygones be bygones and be on good terms with him again? Please, General, don't forget this, for I will feel better when I know that Bumps knows that I've no grudge against him and want him to be my friend. Just say to him that we have all got to live here together and take care of your place at night; say that I'll watch for him some night when it rains very hard so he won't have to go out in the storm. Tell him we geese don't mind the rain; that God made us the best raincoats in the world when he put the feathers over our backs. You might also tell him that I'll watch all the rainy nights for him, while he goes into the shed and sleeps."

LITTLE TED.

CHAPTER IV.

TED'S STANDING IN THE BARNYARD.

DESPITE number of misunderstandings among our farmyard pets, nobody had ever complained of Ted, our little dog. He never fought the geese, he never ran after the chickens, and never quarreled with the ducks. He was so kind and good-natured that he was a general favorite. The geese poked out their necks when he came about, but they never ran after Ted as they ran after Bumps or the Collie. The barnyard seemed to have agreed that Ted was a good-natured little fellow who could always be trusted to do the proper thing.

Ted had lived with us eight years. When our little girl was eight years old she said she wanted a dog; so we looked around to get her a puppy.

One day the word came that a German carpenter had died; that he had a small French poodle just nine months old. His family, the report said, were going to break up housekeeping and wanted a good home for the little dog.

They said Ted was much attached to his master and was much grieved when he had died. For many

days he went around the house hunting in every corner to find him.

Everybody at our house was not agreed about taking the dog. Some said the daughter ought to have a dog; some said he would be a nuisance. Mammy, who was considered authority on most matters, said that she was not going to take care of a dog and that he must not be brought to the house.

The lady who had spoken about the dog brought him to my office in a basket. He trotted around in the several rooms, looking everybody over and lay down by my chair. He wagged his tail, looked up into my face and seemed to say, "Please take me home with you, Mr. Lawyer, and I'll be your little dog."

We put Ted in the buggy on the seat. He seemed greatly delighted to have a ride. He sat looking with great interest at the people, the cars and the wagons on the street. He appeared delighted with everything he saw.

When we got to the house he jumped down on the floor of the buggy and sprang down to the pavement. He looked up at the brown stone front as if he had always lived there. He ran up the steps and sniffing at the screen door tried to push his way in.

His new mistress ran to the door and took Ted in her arms. Mammy came out and said he was "a

nice little pup, but she was not going to take care of any dog." When Ted was put down he ran all over the library, dining and sitting-rooms. After looking around he lay down under the chair of his new mistress, put his head down between his paws and tried to take a nap. Later he stood up, put his paws on my knees and begged, as I guessed correctly, for a drink. We gave him water and then he walked all around the house again and crawling under my chair looked over at Mammy as much as to say, "I am here to stay, and, General, won't you please tell them that they can't put me out." His little black eyes were full of trust.

Evidently he had taken me for his master, having already made up his mind that I was his friend. I patted him on the head and said, "Little doggie, don't be scared. They shan't put you out, and we are going to keep you to live with us."

In a few days' time every member of the household was in love with Ted. He was friendly with everyone. Crawling up to mammy, he lay down and looked up into her face. Mammy could not resist him. She said, "Ted, you are a nice little fellow, and I'll take care of you."

Ted had one bad habit; he would run off down the street and he never knew enough to come back the way he had gone. He usually tried to hunt up

some dog acquaintances. He got lost several times and messengers were sent in every direction to discover where he had gone. We put a collar on him and had his name engraved on it, with the street number, but Ted, whenever he got a good chance, would go prowling away.

Finally Mammy got to punishing him for his truancy. She would put him to bed and keep him there all morning. When he would come in the front door Mammy would scold him, saying, "Ted, you are a bad dog; go right upstairs and stay in bed all morning."

Poor Ted, with a guilty look on his face, would hang his head, put his tail between his legs and marching away upstairs, get into the bed that Mammy had arranged for him in the corner of the nursery. It was not much of a bed, but Ted seemed to think it was wholly satisfactory. He soon learned to pull over him a quilt that had been given him. When sent to bed for running off, he would cover up his body, stretch out his neck, put his head between his paws and go to sleep.

Ted, while a good dog, was no coward. If dogs of any kind came along the street he would rush out barking and attack them fiercely. Several times he made a mistake. Big dogs would knock him down and bite him, and now and then tear ugly wounds

in his neck or sides. He never learned that it was not wise to attack dogs bigger than he, and getting whipped did not make him afraid to fight.

When Ted was three years old I went to the infirmary for a serious operation and did not get back home for six weeks. Every day, I was told, Ted hunted all over the house for me. He would go to my bed and putting his feet up on the side would look over to discover if I was there. He barked many times when he saw nobody was in the bed. Then he slowly let himself down and continued his hunt over the other rooms.

When I came home nobody in the family was gladder to see me than Ted. He rushed out to the taxicab and barking all the way up the steps, he licked my shoes. He would stop a moment, look up in my face and then caper with joy. He would not leave my side for a moment. He lay under my chair when I was in the house, and for a week he shadowed me wherever I went. In the morning he would come and rearing up with his paws on the bed would say as plainly as a dog could say, "Good master, let me get up on the bed."

Nobody could resist such pleading. I would take him on the bed and he would lie down by my side and putting his head on my hand would never move until I got up.

At six o'clock one summer morning there was a racket at the front door. Dr. Gander was much excited about something; he was honking in the fiercest fashion. All his family were talking and calling too; it was evident that something very distressing had occurred. Getting dressed, I hurried down to the front door, and there was the Doctor and his family gathered around Ted.

Dr. Gander turned to greet me, saying, "Ted is in trouble and he needs you. The interurban car ran over him, and I am afraid he is very badly hurt. He is down there now on the grass under the big leaning tree."

Away I ran to the big tree. Dr. Gander followed, half flying and half walking.

There was little Ted stretched out on the grass, blood oozing from his mouth; he lay still as death.

Calling the manager as loudly as I could, I told him to hitch up the depot wagon and to take Ted to town to the veterinarian. The manager came quickly. We put a quilt on the floor of the wagon and lifted Ted in. Covering him with another quilt, I said, "Drive as hard as you can and tell the veterinarian to do the best he can for the little dog."

John Horse trotted away as fast as he could, and soon Ted was at the infirmary. The doctor felt his leg, his ribs, his back and his neck. He told the manager there were no bone broken, but Ted was badly

bruised. They put him in a box stall, made a soft bed of fresh shavings, painted some iodine on his sides and back and left him to go to sleep.

It was two days until I could get around to see Ted. When I got there he was tied with a long string. When he saw me he rushed to the end of his string, stood on his hind legs and barked for joy. Taking him up in my arms, I patted his head. He reached up and licked my cheek.

After awhile I started to go, but poor Ted barked and whined; it looked to me as if tears were streaming from his eyes. Calling to the veterinarian, I said, "Doctor, I cannot leave this little fellow. If he needs any medicine, give it to me."

Picking Ted up, I placed him on the seat. He was overjoyed. He sat as still as a mouse all the way out home. When he came in sight of the big catalpa tree he barked as loudly as he could. No sooner did we stop at the steps than Ted begged, by barking, to be lifted out. He rushed across the side yard to where Dr. Gander was. They greeted each other and then marched back side by side to me.

Dr. Gander looked very proud when parading across the grass. Coming up to my side he said, "General, I am very glad to have my little dog friend back again. He tells me that the veterinarian was very kind to him, and has made him well. I was afraid Ted was badly hurt. He tells me he will not go on the street car track again."

CHAPTER V.

THE HEN THAT HATCHED GOSLINGS.

COMING into the yard late one afternoon I heard a great turmoil. The manager's wife was waving her hands and screaming at the top of her voice and now and then stooping down to the ground trying to catch something. At first I could not understand her strange conduct, but in a minute I took in the whole situation.

We had put six goose eggs under a Wyandotte hen. She had hatched three downy goslings and was a very proud mother. A chicken will take anything to rear. Geese and ducks won't take chickens, but chickens seem to love young ducks and goslings as well as they do chickens, and they make good mothers, it matters not what kind of eggs you place under them. They will hatch guineas, partridges, birds or any kind of egg you put into their nest.

The hen wanted to sit, and when the manager's wife one night put six goose eggs under her she did not care even if they were two or three times bigger than her own eggs. To her they felt and looked like eggs and she was willing to take chances with them. She must have known that if she had

THE HEN AND THE GOSLINGS SHE HATCHED.

her own eggs under her she ought to have finished her job of sitting in twenty-one days, but when the twenty-one days had passed and nothing came out of them, she put her head down into the nest and listened. Hearing something talking in the eggs, she said to herself: "This is strange. Chickens ought to have come out, but I hear a noise in these eggs and I am going to stay on this nest until I find out what's inside those shells."

So Mrs. Biddy listened at intervals every day. The voices got louder and louder. She said: "Something's going to happen in these eggs and I won't let them alone until I find out just what it is."

On the twenty-eighth day, a week after she should have had chicks, she felt objects moving under her. Peering downward she discovered a fuzzy little yellow thing with a flat bill and with webbed feet. She looked at her bill and at her feet and her feathers saying: "This is remarkable. This little bird, whatever it is, certainly cannot be my child. My bill is sharp and pointed; this little creature has a spoon bill. My feet have claws, but this little fellow has no claws. His feet are webbed. My feathers are black and white, his yellow. How," queried she, "has this strange thing come about?"

In a little while she stood up again and saw two more little yellow creatures under her. After some

time they put their heads out through her feathers and she said to herself: "They are not like me, but they are pretty, well-behaved little birds and I don't care what they are, surely I am their mother. I have been on this nest four weeks; I've turned these eggs over every day; I've kept them warm and starved myself nearly to death sitting here in this small cramped nest. These young things don't talk like I do, but they are here under me and I must be their mother. I am going to do the best I can for them."

The Wyandotte mammy kept them in the nest a whole day and then she bustled off the nest to go out in the sunshine. Her fuzzy yellow babies followed her. In a little while she saw them eating the tender bluegrass. This she thought strange. "My children that I hatched last year," she said, "did not eat grass as cattle and colts do. I can't think how this thing happened, but I am not going to give up these youngsters. I will keep them until they grow up, and maybe I'll find out who played this trick on me."

Mammy hen settled down to make her curious children comfortable. She soon found they were very fond of water. The manager's wife put down a saucer of water. The little birds went straight to it and sipped it greedily. The mother hen thought they were the thirstiest babies she had ever seen.

After drinking nearly all the water in the saucer

one of the goslings got into the saucer and sat down in the water. He seemed to say something to his brothers and they also got into the saucer and sat down beside him.

This greatly alarmed mother hen. Nature had taught her to keep her chickens dry and away from the water. If these little fellows, when they were only two days old, get in water and paddle around, what wouldn't they do when they were two weeks old? She clucked and coaxed them to get out of the saucer, but the goslings paid no attention to her; they kept on paddling and drinking.

Not until they had drunk or splashed out all the water did they get out and follow mammy hen over into the yard. The mother was dreading all sorts of trouble. She thought her children would catch cold or have the pneumonia or die of exposure. However, none of these things happened, and every day the baby birds had their drinks, their bath and their grass dinner. They were growing at a great rate.

On their fifth day out of the nest, as Dr. Gander came up from the rye field and a swim in the pond, he spied this strange family. He screamed to the goslings so loudly that one could have heard him a quarter of a mile. Rushing up to the little fellows, he addressed them in goose language, but they did not

appear to understand it; they ran to their hen-mammy with the Doctor after them.

Mrs. Wyandotte Hen was not disposed to give up her children without a fight. With neck feathers ruffled she flew at the Doctor in a most vigorous way.

This seemed both to please and anger the Doctor. Catching Mammy Hen by her wing feathers and striking her with his big, heavy wings, he knocked her down and dragged her on the ground about ten feet. Things looked bad for Mammy Hen.

The Doctor rushed back to the three goslings and walked around them. He talked to them, but they either did not understand him or were so frightened that they did not know what to do or say.

Although the Doctor had dragged Mammy Hen ten feet away and had mauled her up severely, she was a faithful mother, and she rushed back to her children and resumed her fight with the Doctor.

During the battle the Doctor tramped on one of the goslings, breaking its back. Then the manager's wife appeared on the scene. She started to reprove the Doctor, but he rushed at her with lifted wings and open bill. Catching him by the wings she threw him over into the barn lot and took the hen and the goslings into the side yard.

The fence was now between the Doctor and the hen and her brood, but he marched up and down the

fence all afternoon honking in a way to show that he was just as angry as it was possible for a gander father to be. Poking his head through the fence he said: "Never mind, I'll get you yet, you old robber; I am going to have those goslings of mine, I don't care where you go."

Mrs. Hen, at sundown, went into a box which had been prepared for her and her family. As she settled down with the goslings under her she peered out at Dr. Gander as much as to say: "I am here all right and you can't get me or my children."

For a day or two the Doctor paced up and down the fence, addressing words of entreaty to the goslings and of warning to Mrs. Hen.

The little victim of the fight was carried into the house, put into a basket and covered up with some flannel cloths, but that night he died.

A few days later I discovered the manager's wife screaming and waving her hands. At once I rushed to the scene of trouble. The Doctor was in a passion. He was beating Mammy Hen with his wings and hissing at the manager's wife. The goslings, badly frightened, were hidden under a rose bush.

It seemed the hen had gotten into the yard. The Doctor had flown over the wire fence, and he had made a vicious attack for the purpose of driving her away and taking possession of the goslings.

Arriving on the scene I reached under the rose bush and pulled the frightened goslings out, handing them to the manager's wife. The goslings made an outcry and the Doctor rushed for them. Reaching out I caught his wing and pulled him over to me, saying: "Doctor, Doctor, I am ashamed of you. Are you crazy? You have already killed one gosling by your foolishness, you have beat up the mother who is good and kind to these little children, and you will now kill these two goslings if you don't stop your foolishness."

He tried to pull away from me, but I pushed him down and made him sit on the grass.

"Ah, General," he protested, " you don't understand geese. That hen has my children. If she wants to rear children let her get chickens. I am not going to let her keep these goslings. They belong to me and Mrs. Anna Goose, and that hen could not have gotten them decently."

"Now, Doctor," I said, "you have lost your head and everybody on the place will be saying you are an old fool."

The Doctor looked at me seeming very much puzzled. He had struck the hen and attacked the manager's wife, but he never raised a wing against me.

"You will remember," I went on to explain, "that

Mrs. Anna Goose laid eighteen eggs. It took her a month to do this. We wanted her to go to sitting out under the cider press, but she would not do it; she kept on laying. We got uneasy about keeping the eggs so long. It was cold weather and we were afraid they would spoil. The Wyandotte hen was sitting, so, being anxious to have some geese like you, I told the manager's wife to take the hen eggs out from under my Wyandotte and slip six of Mrs. Anna Goose's eggs under her. The hen was very reasonable about it. She did not lose her head and temper as you have done; she kept on the job and sat a week longer than she expected to sit, finally hatching three goslings. Instead of fighting her, you ought to thank her for what she has done and tell her how sorry you are for the way you have treated her."

The Doctor looked worried. He evidently felt he had not done the right thing. He thought awhile and said: "General, I was hasty and wrong. If you say so I'll go and tell Mrs. Wyandotte Hen that I will not mistreat her any more; but say, my good friend, while I may do all this, I would like to know when I am going to get those goslings to care for?"

"Doctor," I replied, "you are in no position to take her children from the hen. Mrs. Goose is back yonder under the cider press. She won't hatch a

brood for three weeks. You have to watch her and keep the intruders away from her. It will be a whole month before you take any sort of care of these goslings. Mrs. Hen will get tired of them in a month. By that time she will want to lay some eggs herself and hatch out a brood of Wyandotte chickens. She will be glad to give up the goslings."

"All right, General, whatever you say goes, but I don't like for a hen to rear my chidren. I want them to be geese, not chickens, but if you say I can get them in a month I suppose I'll have to let the hen alone. However, she will have those goslings scratching like chickens. She won't teach them how to eat grass and swim. She will tell them to cluck and sit up on a roost at night instead of sleeping on the ground, as geese do, General."

Thus, I patched up a peace between the Doctor and the hen, but he kept a close watch on her. When she was in the yard he walked up and down the other side of the fence, and talked between the boards to the goslings. They listened to him for an hour or so every day, and finally carried on a conversation with him. Standing close to the fence he would put his head through the crack in the planks and they would put their beaks against his. Thus, they became great chums.

After a short while Mrs. Goose hatched six chil-

dren and for a time the Doctor almost forgot his two youngsters in the yard. One day he came to me, though, and said: "General, don't you think it is about time for that hen to let me have these two children of mine?"

"Yes, Doctor," I said, "the hen yesterday made her a nest in the chicken house. She laid a big brown egg there. No doubt Mrs. Hen will be glad to give up her goose family and begin to look after her new nest."

I turned the hen out into the yard with the goslings. They at once took up with Doctor Gander and the six children he and Mrs. Goose were attending. The hen stayed around for a while, but the Doctor and Mrs. Goose poked out their heads and hissed at her. Mrs. Hen saw that her goslings did not want her any more, so she went back into the yard. Some other hens helped her by laying eggs in her nest. In two weeks she had fifteen eggs to sit on. She went at once to her business. In three weeks she had fourteen Wyandotte children.

The Doctor and she got on first rate. They reared their goslings and chickens together. The goslings and chickens ate together, and played together. The hen, Mrs. Goose and the Doctor had no more quarrels; and they drank out of the same pan; ate off the same board, and sat down in a huddle under

the big catalpa tree. We called them "The Happy Family."

The goslings soon forgot they had ever had a hen mammy. It seemed ungrateful for these two young geese never to talk to Mrs. Hen or go around the yard with her.

One day I mentioned this to the Doctor. He said, "General, it's all in the blood. You must remember the goslings were not very big when I got them. With me and my wife and their little brothers and sisters they are very happy. Mrs. Hen doesn't seem to care and I don't see why you are worried about it."

"I am not disturbed much about it," I answered, "but that hen was very kind to the goslings; they ought to go and talk to her and tell her that they love her for what she did in hatching them and caring for them until they were a month old."

"I'll speak to them, General, about it, and let you know what they say."

The next day I saw the two goslings sit down by the Wyandotte hen. I could not understand what they were saying, but they were talking to her. I suspect the Doctor told them how I felt about it and they were trying to be pleasant to the Wyandotte hen for what she had done for them when they were her babies.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WYANDOTTE ROOSTER.

I HAD long known that there was bad feeling between Dr. Gander and a large, silver-laced Wyandotte rooster. When the Doctor came to eat corn out of my hand Mrs. Goose always hovered on the outside of the circle formed by the ducks and chickens.

Into this circle Mr. Rooster was always crowding when the Doctor's back was turned, and when the Doctor moved around and faced him the Wyandotte rooster quickly ran back to the outside of the ring. Noticing this, I one day mentioned it to Dr. Gander, and he began promptly to talk so freely and at such length that it was easy to see that he had thought long and seriously on this subject.

"For some time, General," he said, "I've wanted to tell you about that rooster.

"Mrs. Anna Goose, you've seen, is a timid, modest lady. She never comes up to greet you like I do, and if you try to get these goslings to eat out of your hand she hisses at you. I've watched you trying to throw grains of corn in her mouth, but she is always too quick and too smart for you to catch her. I have told

her again and again that you are good and kind and that you would not hurt her, but she says that once a man hit her with a stick and she does not propose to trust any man. The cook tries to get her to eat out of her hand as I do, but she says the cook is black and that she is afraid of black things because a black dog once caught her by the wing and pulled her all over the yard, nearly breaking every bone in her body.

"Women folks, General, you know as well as I do, are mighty set in their ways and sometimes it does not do any good to argue with them. Mrs. Goose always has the last word, it matters not what I can do. When we get into an argument about how good you are to us geese and I tell her that you never harm anything, she says that she knows better. She says she saw you throw a rock at a neighbor's dog and that you tied a tin can to the tail of the little terrier who came over here to fight Bumps and Teddy, and who trampled down your flowers. I told her that you said to me that you had driven him off fifty times, and that, as he belonged to a neighbor's little boy, you did not want to kill him; that you had said to me that there was no other way to get rid of that dog.

"Mrs. Anna Goose kept on arguing with me about the matter. I became irritated at what she said about

you, and when I insisted firmly that she was mistaken, she said as a last shot at me that for a big man who had been a Confederate soldier to tie a tin can on a little innocent dog's tail and make him run himself nearly to death showed that he was not such a good man after all.

"Now, General, I must say that this was a poser to me, and as I could not at the moment make any really good answer, I pretended to be angry. I raised my head as high as I could and flapping my wings, honked as loudly as I could. I'll admit that Mrs. Goose had the better of the argument, for I believe you will yourself say that a man weighing two hundred pounds who mistreats a dog weighing nine pounds is a bit of a bully."

"Ah, Doctor," I said, "you have stated the question fairly for Mrs. Goose, but don't I see her catch these ducks and hens by the back and drag them on the ground for twenty feet when they come up to eat anything they want? Why, only yesterday, when I cut open six overripe watermelons for you and your family and the ducks I saw her take that white-and-fawn Indian Runner duck, which weighs only about a fourth as much as she, by the wing, shake it and then haul her for ten feet in the grass. Ask her if I did not see her, less than a week ago, catch that Wyandotte hen in the back and shake her for two minutes

while she squawked and begged to be let loose. She held on to the hen and beat and shook her until she pulled a handful of feathers out of her neck and back. As Mrs. Anna Goose doesn't honk to me, will you please say to her that her criticism of me is not desired?"

"General, you lawyers always have good excuses to make. The very next time Mrs. Goose goes after me, being so fond of you, I'll just tell the lady what you said, but I fear it won't do very much good; for she is sure, like all females, to get in the last word, and I'll have to flop my wings and walk off half angry.

"However, I started to tell you about the Wyandotte rooster, and how I evened up with him for the way he treated my wife and my babies when I was not around. You see that great beak of his is an effective weapon, and when he pecks with it he leaves a sore place for some days. He never does a thing when I am close by. He waits until I go for a drink at the trough and when my back is turned he gets in his work as a bully.

"My family having made many complaints that Mr. Rooster had mistreated them, I made up my mind that the first real chance I had at him I would make him afraid of geese. My family looks to me to take care of them, and I suspect, General, that I am

about the fightin'est goose you ever had? When I get really stirred up I am the 'bad man from Bitter Creek.'"

"Yes, Doctor," I said, "there is no doubt about it that you are dead game. I saw you fight the cow, the pony, the pigs and the dog, and I saw you wallop a ten-year-old boy who tried to pick up a gosling. But come, don't take so long. I must get to my office and I can't listen to you all day."

"You seem a little impatient this morning, my dear friend," the Doctor replied. "I'll hurry all I can.

"A few days ago Mrs. Anna Goose complained that Mr. Rooster not only struck her with his claws, but, in running at her, knocked down Sammy Gosling, who has a broken leg, and frightened him severely.

"Mrs. Goose's words kept ringing in my ears and they made me very angry. That rooster weighs twelve pounds, General, and with it he is a ruffian and a bully, but you know I am a twenty-three pounder and I can stretch by wings from tip to tip and cover five feet, a distance not much less than your height.

"Day before yesterday the man in charge of the place was feeding us some corn over by the crib. He was standing at the corner throwing the grain on

both sides of the building. I was on one side and Mrs. Goose and the goslings around the corner. All at once I heard a racket. I peeped quickly around the corner and there was Mr. Rooster establishing his reputation as a bully. He first picked up a wild mallard duck, gave her a hard shake and then he rushed at Mrs. Goose and striking her on the neck nearly knocked her down. I dropped some corn out of my mouth, half raised my wings, poked out my long neck, and before Mr. Rooster knew what I was about I had him by the wing and was beating him with my long wings.

"Ah, but it did me much good to hear the villain squawk and to feel him struggle to get away from me. This fight between me and the rooster created a sensation in the barnyard. The hens and the ducks ran away as fast as they could, the little chickens ran under the crib and the seven goslings under the wagon. The rooster pulled and squawked miserably, but it did him no good. He begged me to let him go, but I said, 'Not on your life, my young man; you've been mistreating my family and the ducks behind my back for a long time. Now, I've caught you in the act.' And I flapped my wings and struck him on his legs and breast.

"He kept on begging and squawking and finally

I said, 'Ruffian, if I let you loose will you ever strike Mrs. Goose or peck my goslings any more?'

"He said, 'Never, never, Doctor, will I again mistreat any of your family and I'll never abuse the ducks and chickens again.'

"I pulled out of his back a bunch of feathers and then let him loose, saying, 'Go and behave yourself, and if I ever catch you at any of your brutal, sneaking tricks again I'll break every bone in your body.'

"General, the rooster ran off and hid behind the wagon for a week. He was the sickest bird you ever saw. He never looks me in the face any more and when I come around he meekly sneaks into a corner. I am sure he will never trouble me or my family or my duck friends any more.

"Don't you think I served him right?"

"Yes, Doctor," I replied, "I have noticed the misconduct of that rooster for a long time and I am glad you have given him so good a lesson. You are an excellent schoolmaster."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WYANDOTTE HEN'S BROOD.

DR. GANDER turned his eyes toward the sun with a half inclination of his head. His yellow-brown eye, his gracefully-curved neck and the knob on his beak made him extremely handsome. After wheeling and eating some corn out of my hand he sagely said:

"General, do you see that silver-laced Wyandotte hen with one chicken and five ducks following her around the yard? You would think to hear her cluck at the mongrel offspring she watches so carefully that she believes she owns this place and that she is much smarter than we geese. The truth is she is a very silly bird, or she never would have mixed her family so badly. There is that Wyandotte chicken. He doesn't know whether he is a duck or a chicken. He has run with these ducks as his brothers and sisters ever since he was born and he has so taken up with these five little ducklings that he has to sit down and think it over to know what he really is.

"When these little ducks get into a puddle of water and wash themselves and then pick out their feathers and sip the water and throw back their heads

to get the water down their throats, that fool chicken goes through the same performance. He goes into the water and sits down as if he would try to swim, and then his mammy nearly goes crazy. She rushes up to the puddle and squawks and clucks like a mad hen, and does all sorts of things to get her chicken to come out. He can't float and he soon crawls out, the most bedraggled little wretch you ever saw. The ducks, they can swim all day and not get wet, but it's different with a chicken. The old hen mammy used to make a real big fuss when the little ducks went in to swim, but when that silly chicken tried the game she nearly went wild and raised an awful racket.

"The way that old hen got that mixed brood was this: you know it takes twenty-eight days for duck eggs to hatch, and the lady of the house set the hen on nine duck eggs and let her go on for a week. The hen thought it was all right. Chicken eggs, you know, General, hatch in twenty-one days, and at the end of the week the lady of the house slipped in two hen eggs. In this way the little ducks got a week the start of the chickens.

"The crew are twins, or, rather, sixes, and while they were all born the same day, the ducks are a week the older. This family, now so happy, don't know how it was arranged, and they all get along just as if they were the same age and all set on the same

day. I watched the old hen the day these ducks and chickens hatched and she was the funniest creature you ever saw. She heard a little chicken pip his shell and he chirped all right, and then she heard a little duck knock a hole in his shell and he talked duck talk and she did not know what to do or say. She clucked chicken, but the ducks did not understand chicken, and she did not then understand duck talk. She stood on the nest and peered down at these young things and she seemed greatly stirred.

"The ducks kept on pipping and talking and the chicken he talked, too, and the old hen listened, with curious fear. She knew she had kept these eggs under her for four weeks; that she never let one of them get away. She remembered that she had turned the eggs over every day, no child or dog had come near all this time and she was certain she had done all a hen mammy could do.

"She lifted herself again and again and looked over her mixed brood. One was, like her, a chicken, but the other six were soft, fuzzy little things with flat bills. Her Wyandotte baby had a sharp bill and was like her, but these little things had flat feet. The little ducks nestled under her wing and crawled up her side and poked their heads out on the top of her back. The ducks seemed good, nice little children, and the hen, not satisfied as to how this strange thing

had come about, listened to the chirping of the chicken and the quacking of the ducks and settled down to do the best she could for them all.

"General, it took that hen a long time to learn duck words. With the chickens she was at home, but the ducks talked a strange tongue. She would turn her head on one side and listen so queerly that it would even make a goose laugh. The little ducks, when she would sit down by them, seemed to have a lot of fun with the hen. They quacked away at each other, and it looked to me as if they were trying to confuse the hen. But, General, that hen finally learned to understand. She seemed really to want to know how to take care of her children, even if they were ducks. The way she managed it was this:

"The Wyandotte hen listened to a mammy duck and learned to talk the duck language. It was amusing, General, to hear that hen use her own language to her chicken, and in the next breath speak the language of a duck to her other five children. She finally came to be accomplished as a linguist. She learned duck signs of danger so well that you would have thought it was a duck calling to her children to run in. That hen was a regular hyphenate—duck on one side and hen on the other, but all the same she was a devoted mother.

"She never went out of the yard. She stayed around the house, and out in the flower garden, and taught her children close to home. She could not catch as many bugs as mammy duck, but she kept her little ones out of danger, and her ducks grew faster than Mammy Duck's children.

"If the manager's wife will remember Mrs. Hen next year and give her more duck eggs to hatch, she will be the best mother for ducks on this place.

"It took a long time for the hen to learn to leave her ducks at night. The chicken flew up in a small tree near the duck box, and Mammy Hen doesn't like to roost on the ground. She would look up at the chicken in the tree, and at the five ducks on the ground. She did not know what to do, whether to roost with the chicken in the tree or squat on the ground with the ducks. She would sit on the ground for awhile, then fly up into the tree beside her chicken. The ducks cried and begged her to get down with them. They could not sit on a limb. When a chicken gets on a limb and sits down, its claws fasten around the limb and it can't get loose until it stands up. But, General, you know a duck is not built that way. It sits in the water or on the ground, but cannot fly up and roost on a limb.

"Mammy Hen had great trouble in deciding between her children. One night a rainstorm came

and the water ran all around the duck box. Mammy Hen, down with the ducks, got wet and dirty. The ducks thought it was great fun to paddle in the water, but it was bad on Mrs. Hen, so flying up into a tree she sat down by her chicken son and told the duck children they could swim. This they did, but their mammy hen never sits on the ground any more with them.

"For a little while the young ducks sat under the tree and huddled about the roots as close to their hen mother as they could get. After a time they began to run with Mammy Duck's children. They slept out with them, and got in the tub with them. Finally, they quit the hen, and now you would think if you saw them in the yard they never did know each other.

"General, ducks and chickens do that way, but Chinese goslings would never give up their mammy, even if she were a hen. Don't you remember those three goslings you reared in an incubator after Mary Goose hatched them out for you? Taking up with you they followed you all over the farm, and talked to you as if they were your children. They followed you so many places, and talked to you so much that you got tired of them and gave them away to a lady far out in the State. I thought, General, you did not treat these goslings just right. They loved you so

much, and were so grateful for the way that you took care of them when they were little. It wasn't just like you to send your friends away."

"Dr. Gander, you are right. I did not treat those goslings fairly or nicely," I said. "I have been very sorry that I ever sent them away. I saw them a few weeks ago, and I told the lady to whom I sent them that she must let me have them back again. They have reared nine goslings, and she is going to send them here very soon."

The Doctor said he was very glad, that he would tell the barnyard, and it would love me more than ever for bringing the young geese back.

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. GANDER FIGHTS MAMMY SOW.

"I AM afraid, General," Dr. Gander said to me one morning, "that you will get disgusted with me for fighting so much. I am having battles all the time, but I don't want you to get the notion that I am fussy or quarrelsome.

"You must remember, General, that we are all in pretty close quarters here. The barn lot covers less than half an acre. When we get out into the yard we have only an acre. With nine geese, thirty hens, forty chicks, twenty-seven ducks, ten hogs, three dogs, one pony, two cows, one calf and three horses, it becomes necessary for a husband and father such as I am to be ready to stand up for his rights and the rights of his family and his friends. He must keep a sharp lookout every minute of his life.

"If I am a warrior it is because I can't help myself. You would not keep me for your friend if I ran away from the rooster, or a turkey gobbler, or a drake, or a cat, or a pig, or a pony. General, they tell me that you have been something of a scrapper yourself, in your way and your day, and if a man can

fight for his rights why should a gander not strike back when people or animals try to impose on him? I heard you telling your people the other day that I was the finest goose in Kentucky. You did not know that I was listening, but I was, and I felt mighty proud when I heard what you said about my fight with the Fox Terrier and how I trounced the Wyandotte Rooster.

"I hope you have not forgotten, General, the day when the old black and white sow got out of the pen and brought her pigs into the barn. Hogs are very curious creatures. They will eat hens, little chickens, ducks and goslings. Why, General, you know that many hog mothers are cannibals and eat their own pigs. These other fowls are silly things who don't know that the way to get rid of a hungry sow is to fight her. You soldiers know that in a battle it is a great thing to crowd the other fellow, and in my fights I always force the fighting. I do not let them fight me; I fight them and begin the war before they are ready for me.

"When that old sow got out she was hungry and she made a run for a fat Wyandotte hen. The hen was so heavy that she could not run very far. If she had known enough to run at the sow and strike her with her wings and peck at her eyes instead of squawking and running, she could have saved her life

instead of being eaten up by a hog. However, the sow got the hen and it did not take very long for her to make a lunch off of her.

"Then the sow looked hungrily over at me seeming to say to herself, 'That's a big, fine, fat goose. The hen was good, but this gander will be better eating.'

"So with open mouth she started straight for where I was standing.

"General, you know I had to do a lot of thinking in a short time. I was glad I was out in the middle of the lot. I did not want her to be able to crowd me so I couldn't use my big wings and bite with my bill. No sooner did she start toward me than I started towards her. I gave the loudest battle cry I ever gave in my life, and, standing on my great big web feet, I spread out my wings and, half running and half flying, I made a beeline for the sow.

" 'You old heathen,' I said, 'this is no Wyandotte hen you are running into. This is Dr. Gander, a cock of the walk, and I am not afraid of anybody or anything on this place but the General himself.'

"Ah, my good friend, you ought to have seen that old sow stop, look and listen. She had never before seen a real gander in action, and when she stopped I kept right on flapping my wings, poking out my head and honking as loudly as I could. The wretched old

hen-eater had not expected this sort of response. She had imagined she had a sinecure.

"I'll admit, General, I was awfully scared. The sow weighed two hundred pounds and I only weighed twenty-four. But, General, it is not always the weight that tells in a battle. A little fellow 5 feet 4 inches, if he has got the right spirit in him, is just as good for a soldier as a man 6 feet 2 inches. It's the heart, General, that tells in the battle. Flesh is all right in a way, but between man and beast in a struggle it's the heart that counts. I knew there was only one thing could save me and that was to put up a brave front and show that I was not afraid. You will wonder how a goose could do so much brain work in two seconds; but, General, I just had to do it. The hog could run faster than I could—I did not have time to fly over the fence and so I flew at the hog. When I began my charge on her I saw her slow up a little bit and then I said, 'Dr. Gander, this is your time to get in your work,' and so, half running and half flying, I engaged in battle with her.

"I struck her as hard as I could with my wings. Why, General, I can knock a boy down or a dog over with one stroke of my wing. Biting would do no good, I saw that. She could outbite me and so I had to stand up and fight it out with this hog. I hit her in the eye and this blinded her, but she was a fighter,

too, and while the tears ran from her eyes, she kept on pushing me.

"A hog, General, can turn around very quickly, so Mammy Sow kept on turning around and around, hoping to catch me in her powerful jaws. I struck her in the eyes every chance I got. That seemed to surprise her, but she kept on coming at me. Flapping my wings and dodging the sow made me very tired. It is not often I get tired of a fight, but, to tell you the truth, my dear good friend, I was much wearied with this one, and how I did wish for Mr. Johnnie Dixie to come and kick the sow as he did the big black dog. I was getting weaker and weaker every minute. I heard you say once to somebody, General, something about praying. We geese don't know how to pray, but I was very anxious to try, and so in the midst of the struggle I said, 'God help me.' I did not know anything about God, but I've heard you when I was sitting down on the step of the front porch praying to your God. If there is a goose God, I concluded that I had better get all the help I could from him. It looked very dark for me. The truth is, General, the hog was getting the better of me. If the sow did not understand this, I did, and I kept on looking around to find some way of escape. That pesky Wyandotte rooster was standing over by the crib

watching the fight and he did not come near to help me. I really believe he wanted to get me killed.

"When I was thinking about what a bad fix I was in I heard the sweetest sound that ever fell on goose ears. It was little Ted barking. As soon as he saw me in trouble he jumped through a hole in the fence and, growling and barking, he ran up behind the sow and bit her on her hind leg. Little Ted was not a big dog, but for his size he was about the bravest little fellow I ever saw. His attack must have hurt the sow. She gave a squeal and turned around to see who had thus hurt her. She seemed to forget me for a moment and got ready to crush Ted for his interference in the battle with me. Ted was fat and he could not run very fast, but he did not try to run; he just barked and snapped at the sow. This looked like a good time for me to get away, but I thought it over and said to myself, 'Dr. Gander, you say you are brave and a fighter. Will you sneak away and leave little Ted to be killed by the sow?' I answered, 'No, I'll never be a coward and desert the little dog that came to help me when I was in such great trouble.' Then I rushed again into the battle and struck Mrs. Sow in the eyes, and Ted barked and bit her on her hind leg again.

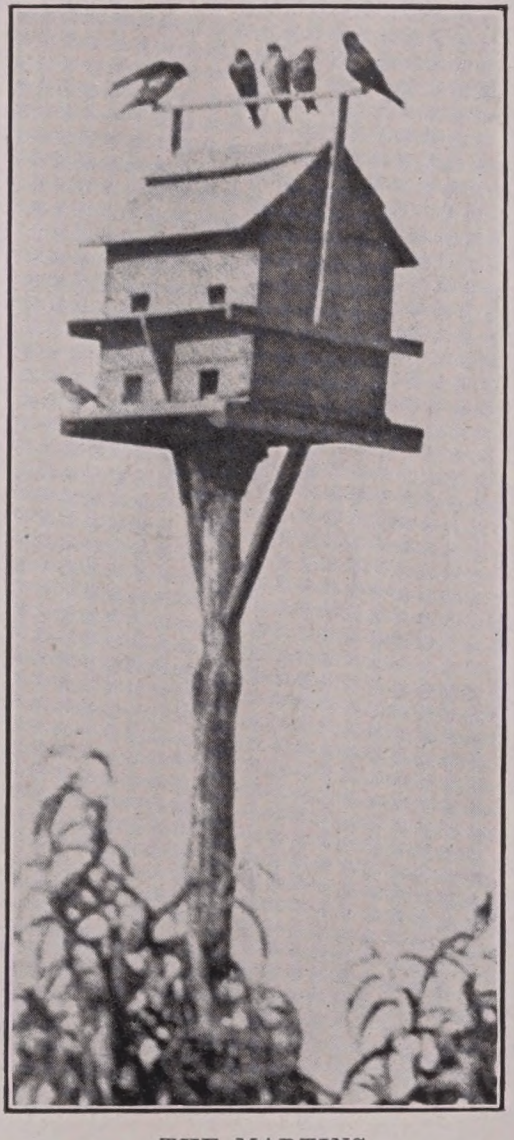
"General, that old wretch would have whipped us both but for a very lucky thing that happened just

at that moment. Geese and dogs have luck just like you people, General, and maybe it was that prayer I made earlier in the fight. Anyhow, help came from a very strange quarter. The Jersey cow was in her stall. The door was open, so she came out to the pump to get a drink. The fight was going on near the water trough. Well, my dear friend, I suppose you know that cows don't like sows, and Mrs. Jersey Cow seemed to get very angry. She bellowed, put her head down towards the ground, and started to hook the sow with her horns. The noise Mrs. Cow made and the barking of Ted seemed to make the old hog come to her senses and she stopped and began to think, too. The sow halted and seemed content to call it a drawn battle, but not so Mrs. Jersey Cow. She seemed to be hunting for a fight. She just wheeled around as if she was going to leave the fight. Mrs. Mammy Sow was standing across her path, and Mrs. Cow just turned loose with her right hind foot and kicked very hard and hit Mammy Sow a square jolt in her side. The old reprobate half fell over, and such a squeal as she gave. Why, you could have heard it half a mile away. I knew then the fight was won. True enough, the sow was willing to stop, and walked away looking very sad.

"I went over to little Ted and I put out my bill and Ted licked it. Mrs. Jersey Cow came over and

she put her head down right where Ted and I were carrying on. She looked just as proud and happy with the part she had played in the fracas.

"Just then, General, the manager came in the lot. He had been forking up some hay and had a big pitchfork in his hand. He opened the gate into the barn lot, gave Mrs. Sow a punch in the side and made her run back into the pig pen. I begged the good man to fix up the fence very tight and strong and never to let her out into the barnyard again. He said he would look after this, and he has kept his word to this day."



THE MARTINS.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. GANDER AND THE MARTINS.

IN the third week in July at 6 o'clock in the morning, walking through the yard I saw Dr. Gander gazing up at the martin box. This box was on top of a pole about twenty feet from the ground and the Doctor was attracted by the great racket going on between the martins and the three English sparrows. The martins were circling around in the air and uttering cries of distress. Their house was a two-story dwelling painted green. It had four rooms downstairs and four upstairs. It had been built with great care and at some cost. Dr. Gander eyed the fight, listened with deep interest to the cries of the martins and the chirping of the sparrows, and then solemnly turned to me, ate a few grains of corn from my hand and sagely remarked:

"General, you have gone to expense and trouble to get these martins to live with you. You have built two sets of houses and have gotten the highest poles you could find to satisfy these fastidious birds. You put a box five feet high from the stable roof, but the martins said, 'Too low, the cat will get us there.' They went away and you sent a man over to the hills

to get an eighteen-foot pole to put the box on. Then they were satisfied and came back.

"For three years I've been watching these martins and they strike me as a curious lot. The first year they would not live with you at all. Then you rebuilt their lodgings and they came a few days and then went away, and only two came back, and then later four moved in. These martins travel long distances to rear their young in Kentucky.

"I've observed, General, that they always come here on the 4th or 5th of April, and they leave you about the 18th day of August. It seems to me that, considering that they abide only four months and then leave to stay eight months, you put yourself to a great deal of trouble to please these miserable wanderers.

"I observed this spring when they came that it was quite cold. They promptly went back to Tennessee or Georgia to wait until it got warmer. I thought they had gone for good, but the first warm morning they turned up twittering around the box and going in and out from the porch as if they had come for good.

"I observed that they fly at night. They don't mind the dark. It would take them only about five hours to fly back to Tennessee and seven hours to land in Georgia, so it is not much of a trip after all.

They can fly as fast as any express railroad train can travel. It's just fun for them to go back to Tennessee for a little spin through the air—a sort of a joy fly, General.

"They don't cost you much for their food. They never light in your field. They steal no corn like these pirate jaybirds and blackbirds, and they are far more decent than robins, catbirds or thrushes. Mosquitoes and gnats and water are all they want or eat. They don't raid your strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, nor even feed on the mulberries you provide for those woodpeckers and other birds, but they make their supper, breakfast and dinner on flying insects. You would not think, General, that the food these martins eat would make much of a fighter, but they tackle a crow or a hawk or blackbird and fight courageously. A hawk or a cow is twenty times as big as a martin, but neither scares the martin. He is careful always to jab the hawk or crow in the back. These birds are so big, however, that a martin ought to be allowed 'underholts.'

"What I wanted really to tell you about, though, was the way those three little English sparrows beat the martins out of the lower story of that martin box. The martins are supposed to hatch two broods every summer. About the first of August when the young ones have learned to fly well they go away at

night and come back early in the morning. I have tried to find out where they go, but they won't tell me. Maybe you could inform me where they go on these night journeys."

"No, Dr. Gander," I replied. "I have myself been trying to find out why and where the martins go on their night trips. They leave about four in the afternoon and they get back a little after daybreak."

"That is very odd, General, but the most amusing thing I've seen for a long while is how that little Captain Sparrow outwits these martins. I know you are weak on the martins, but that sparrow boy, he pleases me more than any martin I've ever seen.

"I watched you when the martins mobilized. I heard you laugh as they all sat in a row on the box and perches. That was the day before they went away. They did a lot of chirping and talking as thirty or forty of them sat in four rows all perfectly still. It looked to me as if they were there to have you review them. They remembered, I suspect, General, that you are an old soldier and wanted to show appreciation for the cozy house you had built for them. Finally all got in one row and then in a little while all flew away and didn't come back again that day.

"The martins left about four o'clock in the afternoon. At once that little half-white sparrow sitting

up on the porch asked his companion to help him. They began busily carrying straw, which they put inside the box. The half-white fellow seemed to be the boss. I called him Captain Sparrow.

"In two hours they had carried up what appeared to me to be a big handful of straws putting it all inside the box at both doors and leaving only a little hole to get in and out. By dark they had both doors built up and the straw safely piled to cover the opening. You know, General, the sparrow is a tomtit of a bird, but even if he is little he is a courageous fighter. I watched these sparrow men until dark. They seemed to have the fort all right when they went inside to spend the night. Hardly as big as the end of your thumb, they left as a door a hole about as big around as a quarter of a dollar. Through that they could run in and out of these martin houses.

"The fun came when the martins got back in the morning. They flew in about an hour after daybreak. When they saw the straw in the doorways they began to twitter with amazement. Flying around and around, they tried to light on the porch. At last getting a footing there they tried to push the straw from the door and then to pull it out.

"Captain Sparrow was on the inside. I could see his head in the hole he had left to go in and out. He pecked away at the martins or held to the straw

while an invader losing his balance had to fly around the box. Other martins were enlisted in the attack. All the time Captain Sparrow stood firm behind his straw door repelling every assault.

"For about two hours, General, this fight went on. I squatted down on the grass and watched. Geese, General, are just like human beings. They always enjoy a fight. At last the martins became tired and abandoned the attack, while tired Captain Sparrow sat inside and laughed.

"All martins in the neighborhood were called in to a council of war. While they were sitting on the other boxes Captain Sparrow became thirsty and peeping out to see that no martins were around he slipped out and flew down to the trough. There he got a drink and took his morning bath. All the time he kept an eye on the martins who, it appeared to me, did not know what to do. Finally Captain Sparrow flew on top of the box and said, as plainly as a sparrow could say, 'Come on, Mr. Martin, if you want to fight, I'm your man.'

"When the martins saw Captain Sparrow there they flew in a circle around the box gradually moving down closer to the sparrow soldier. Then the Captain seeing they were too many for him flew down on the porch and slipped into his fort where he stood prepared to resume the battle.

"At this juncture the martins gave up all effort to regain their home. The next day the three sparrows moved into the lower floor with their families. There they have a splendid new home.

"General, the martins are gone. Next spring when they come back I expect another fight, but I believe if Captain Sparrow lives through the winter and is here when the martins return, he will be ready for them. If I bet as you humans I would stake my money that the doughty Captain and his partners will have the lower story of the martin box as long as they desire it."

CHAPTER X.

DR. GANDER'S ACCOMPLISHED SON.

FOR several days I noticed Dr. Gander walking around on the north side of the house and standing near the Chickasaw plum tree. This tree was full of fruit and some of the limbs reached down as low as two or three feet from the ground. It was very evident that Dr. Gander wanted to attract my attention to something. With him was one of his sons about four months old. Father and son seemed to be on excellent terms, and the Doctor carried himself with a pride of form that he did not always exhibit unless something important had happened or was about to happen.

Finally he came up to me and said: "General, it is a great thing to have smart children. Do you see that boy out there?"

"Yes, Doctor, but I don't see anything unusual about him. He is a presentable goose—not very large. He walks with a good deal of style, like you, but I don't think he is any better looking or any better acting, so far as I can tell, than the sixteen other children that you and your two wives are rearing for me this year."

"But, General, he said, "there is a great difference in children, and although I have seventeen this year I think this young goose the smartest of all of them. Indeed, I think he is the smartest boy I ever had. I want you to name him Dr. Gander, Jr. I want everybody to know I am his father."

"Doctor," I said, "please tell me what is so wonderful about this young goose."

Dr. Gander replied: "I am a great deal like Jacob was about Joseph—I heard you reading about that the other day to your family. You said something about Joseph's father giving him a pretty coat of many colors, which made his brothers very angry. Now, of course, I cannot give Dr. Gander, Jr., a coat of many colors, but I feel the same pride in that son that Jacob felt in Joseph."

"Doctor, I am willing to do that if you insist," I said, "but really I ought to have a very good reason for it. If I were going to pick out a child to name for you, it would be the little one that walks just like you do and follows you down in the grapery. I saw him pick on a gander that was four times as big as he. He got the older bird by the back and wing and swung him around. He is a splendid fighter. You ought to be proud of that youngster—he talks, walks and acts like you, and he is my pet of all the goslings on the place."

"You are a smart man," answered Dr. Gander, "but I can pick out a bright goose better than you can. You don't have to point them out to me. I have been watching this son of mine and I have seen him do something that I don't think any other goose four months old ever did before."

"But please tell me, Doctor," I said, "what he has done that makes you so proud of him."

"General, you see that limb of the plumb tree—three and one-half feet from the ground. This boy of mine is very fond of plums. He swallows them whole. You would think he had a goitre or a swelling in his neck when he tries to get them down. It takes him some time—he has to shake his head and stretch his neck and run around in the grass for several minutes to accomplish the feat.

"He comes here four or five times a day. First he looks around on the ground and picking up all the plums that he finds, eats them. I do not relish the fruit, but he seems very fond of them. He swallows them stone and all. I have watched him get under that low-hanging limb, and stretching his neck as high as he can, jump up off the ground and catch the limb in his mouth and shake it until he makes the plums drop. Then he picks them up and eats them. Returning in an hour or so, he repeats the performance. I believe he eats at least twenty plums a day.

DOCTOR GANDER, JR.

"Stretching his neck as high as he can, jump off the ground, catch a limb in his mouth and shake it until he makes the plums drop."

"I have been waiting a long time to tell you about this, General. I have been afraid you might not let him come in to the yard any more because he eats so many of your plums."

"Doctor," said I, "this is an extraordinary story. I thought you were the smartest goose in the world, but you never did anything like this. I dislike to dispute your word, but you must be mistaken."

"But, General," he said, "he does. I have seen him do it a dozen times. I don't see him now, but I will go and get him. I'll bring him here and let you see for yourself what he can do."

"Well," said I, "seeing is believing, Doctor. You will have to show me."

The Doctor seemed vexed at me for doubting his word. He walked around the house and gave one of his loud calls. In two minutes Dr. Gander, Jr., appeared. As he headed toward the plum tree the Doctor squatted down on the ground and looking at me winked his eye as much as to say, "Now, watch and see my boy do his trick."

After Dr. Gander, Jr., discovered that he could not find any plums on the ground he came back under the limb and springing up actually did catch it in his bill and give it a shake. The first time he didn't

get a plum. But he sprang up the second time and giving it a vigorous shake, he broke off the end of the limb. Down came four or five plums, which he gobbled down.

Dr. Gander, Sr., stood up triumphantly and gave a honk that could be heard a half mile away.

"Doctor, I am convinced," I said; "I am going to call him Dr. Gander, Jr., and I am not going to sell him; I am going to keep him and let him live with you. Some of your boys mistreated you last year—you remember I got rid of them. I don't believe this clever boy will ever attack you. I think he will be good enough not to fight his father.

"So we will consider that Dr. Gander, Jr., bears your name, and that he will stay here—nobody can buy him or get him away from me so long as you live and so long as I live."

CHAPTER XI.

DR. GANDER AND THE JERSEY COW.

WE keep two cows at our home, one a Holstein, who gives a great lot of milk, and the other a Jersey, who is the cream and butter maker.

My Jersey cow became the mother of a beautiful son. He was red with a white spot in his forehead and he had two white feet. His hair was smooth and soft. Every day his mother smoothed it out by licking it with her tongue. That is the way a mother cow has of combing the hair of her children.

In a day or two the calf began to scamper all over the lot. He would run around the place as hard as he could go and then scamper back to his mother. "Bumps," the Poodle dog, would bark and run after him, and they had as much fun as two school boys. "Princess," the Collie, would watch them, but she liked to see them have fun, and if the horses bit at the calf she would bark and run between them and say, as Collie dogs can say, "Let them alone or I will bite you."

Sometimes Mother Cow would get uneasy about her son and she would run over the lot after him,

and in doing this she brought about the tragedy of which Dr. Gander told me one day late in the fall.

I came home a little early in the afternoon and down near the front gate I found Dr. Gander sitting on the ground, apparently in a brown study. He was nibbling abstractedly at the grass around him. We know each other so well that I was sure he had something important to tell me.

Coming near, I called out, "Ah, Dr. Gander, I hope it is well with you this afternoon. Come and tell me what, if anything, troubles you."

"Troubles me, General? I should say that I have had a lot of troubles today. I am sorry to tell you so many disagreeable things. It seems that I am always having something to distress me and you, too."

"General, geese are like people. Things don't go smoothly but for very good people, and being a goose doesn't make any difference. Goose life as well as human life is made up of smooth places and some rough places, and today your friend, Dr. Gander, has had it very rough."

"Dr. Gander," said I, "it grieves me very much to know you are having trouble. Come, now, tell me the whole story and maybe I can help you."

"General, today the Jersey cow was running around the lot after that sportive son of hers. She seemed to be fearful lest the horse would hurt him.

She ran through Mrs. Anna Goose's flock of goslings, and trampled the left leg of little Sammie Gosling, breaking it just below the knee.

"Sammie is out yonder under the tree. He can't walk. Mrs. Young Goose, who lost her own children, is sitting there with him. His brothers and sisters come and look at him and then run away to eat grass. He tries to follow, dragging his broken leg after him on the ground. He suffers so much pain, though, that he soon sits down on the ground in great distress. Mrs. Young Goose, who you know is my daughter, has stayed with him nearly all day. Mrs. Anna Goose was spiteful at first, but after awhile she saw that Mrs. Young Goose was very sorry for Sammie Goose and was trying to help him; so she did not fight her any more.

"General, I know a great many things, but I don't know how to help that gosling with the broken leg. I hope you will tell me what to do. I heard the man who drives the wagon say 'The best thing to do is to kill the little thing.' This distressed me much. I made up my mind if anybody came to take that gosling away to kill it that I would put up the fight of my life. If we cannot get help for him, maybe his broken leg will heal. Although he will always be lame and limp, that is better than killing the poor

little fellow. General, you are said to be a very smart man. Can't you do something for my little son?"

"Dr. Gander," I replied, "it is possible we can help you. You tell Mrs. Anna Goose and Mrs. Young Goose not to fight me and I'll take your Sammie boy and put some wooden splints around his leg. We will adjust some adhesive plaster over these and place Sammie Goose in a wire pen with Mrs. Young Goose to keep him company. I am sure, Dr. Gander, that he will recover."

"General, please do all that and I'll keep his mother and Mrs. Young Goose away while you attend him."

So we picked up the gosling. He squawked and kicked and pulled and tried to get away, but I smoothed his head and said kind things to him. In a little while he quieted down.

With the help of the little girl in the picture we put his leg in place. She held him while we put on the splints and wrapped it with thread. Over it all we put some strips of adhesive plaster. Then we took him out in the yard under the tree and Mrs. Young Goose came and sat down beside him.

He sat very still, but when his brothers and sisters came up he tried to follow them and their mamma as they walked around eating the grass.

"Doctor," said I, "this boy of yours is going to get well. His leg will not be shortened and he will not be lame. We shall have to put him in a small pen with Mrs. Young Goose. My word for it, in two weeks he will be trotting around the yard just as easily as his brothers and sisters."

In a week's time Dr. Gander again met me at the gate. He seemed very happy and evidently wanted to talk with me. Waving my hand at him, I said, "Come, now, Dr. Gander, out with what pleases you so much."

"General," he said, "that Sammie boy of mine is almost well. He can limp around first rate, but the greatest thing of all is the way Mrs. Young Goose has acted. That bird has a big heart in her. She lost her two little goslings and she seemed to want something to love. She tried lots of times to help take care of our seven goslings, but we drove her away. When you put this little boy out under the tree she came and sat down by him, put her bill over by his, and said as plainly as a goose could say, 'Little man, I am sorry for you.' She has never left him for a single moment. Sometimes I saw the chickens fly over the wire into the pen where she and Sammie were. Then she would fly at those intruders and hiss and pull their feathers. She made them all get out in a hurry."

"Bumps came out and putting his paws on the wire looked over to see what they were doing in the pen. Mrs. Young Goose made a rush at him. The way she made him get off the wire was a caution.

"Every night we went out of the yard into the barn lot, I felt sorry to leave her and the invalid by themselves. I was afraid some strange dog might come about the place and jump over into the pen and hurt her and her patient.

"I told her to ask the woman who keeps the place to put her and Sammie inside the lot, but she said she was not afraid of any dog; that if one came that way she would drive him out of the pen.

"One night while she got very close to the little lame goose I could hear her talking to him. She was telling him not to be afraid, that whatever came she would take good care of him. I heard him say, 'Mrs. Goose, will you be my mamma when I get well?'

"She replied, 'Sammie, my little boys are dead; I've no one to love me. Your mother drives me away when I come near you. When you get well if you want me to be your mamma I'll be ever so glad to have you for my son. I'll never let anything hurt you any more.'

"Sometimes, General, that little goose and his nurse would talk half the night. She was just as kind

and good and gentle to him as if he had been her own gosling.

"Three weeks was a long time for a goose to sit in a small wire pen. There was no grass in there. She and Sammie, I know, missed the soft, tender blue-grass out in the yard. They saw us every day eating all we wanted, but Mrs. Young Goose never complained. I do believe, although I would not say as much to my wife, that Mrs. Young Goose was just as kind to him as his own mother would have been.

"One night I heard a noise in the pen. Mrs. Goose was honking, and I heard a strange dog bark. He was right by the pen where Sammie and his adopted mother were. I heard the gosling squawking. There were hissing and a flapping of wings. Our neighbor's black dog was there and was trying to get the sick gosling. I ran to the gate and tried to get out. Failing in that I honked for help. At last the manager heard us. He rushed out in his night clothes with a gun in his hands. He fired this and this scared the dog so that he ran away as fast as he could go.

"In three weeks Sammie was all right. He limped but could walk. One morning the woman came and took him out of the pen. She lifted Mrs. Young Goose out, too. Sammie was placed under the cherry tree.

"In a little while the six goslings all came up to see him. They poked out their little heads and touched his beak, and all seemed glad that their little brother was all right again.

"We all went marching around the yard nibbling the grass, but Sammie and Mrs. Young Goose walked by themselves. They went with us as we paraded up and down the yard, but they stayed close to each other.

"Look over there, General, at that big young goose. He will soon be as large as his adopted mother, but he has never forgotten her, and he won't stay with any other goose. He remembers when she sat through so many nights with him and how she fought off the neighbor's black dog."

CHAPTER XII.

DR. GANDER AND THE SPOTTED CAT.

PASSING a feed store on the way home late one afternoon I put a few grains of yellow corn in my overcoat pocket. I knew the Doctor would be looking for me, and if the corn was on hand ready for him it would save a walk to the barn. Sure enough I found him waiting under the big catalpa tree.

Calling John Horse to a sudden stop, and throwing the reins over the dashboard, I stepped out of the buggy and patted the goose on the head. "Doctor, what news today?"

"General, I remember the day we all moved here the first thing I saw, upon being let out of the coop, was the spotted cat. She was washing her face on the back porch. You asked the colored man where she came from. He said that she ran across the Dixie Highway in the morning, and rubbed against his foot, and acted as if she wanted to stay.

"You know, General, colored folk are mighty superstitious, especially concerning cats. That old colored man said, 'Boss, don't you skeer dat cat away. You let her stay. When a strange cat comes

to the house when you move in it means an awful lot of good luck, sure.'

"General, it grieves me greatly to inform you that misfortune has come to the spotted cat."

That was bad news, indeed, for I truly had grown fond of Tabby. Such good friends we had become that she would often follow me all over the place. She would catch a field mouse nearly every time we went out, and then she would run proudly in front of me and make me take her up in my arms and pet her for her achievement. If a dog ran by she would scamper to my side, climb to my shoulder until the intruder was gone. She never robbed a birds' nest and she never killed my young poultry.

In the seven years she had been on the farm she had reared about seventy-five kittens. She had been a good mother. I often watched her move her little ones around in the stable. She handled them as tenderly as a human mother would handle a baby. She truly deserved no ill fortune, and I said, "Doctor, I trust her trouble isn't serious."

He made no answer, but beckoned for me to follow.

He conducted me over to the crib and there on a soft bed I found the spotted cat. She had evidently been caught in a steel trap or run over by the street

car. Her left hind foot was cut off and her left fore-leg was broken, and dragged on the ground. She was suffering severely. Her great gray eyes seemed to say, "Can't you all help me?" She would lick the stump of one leg and then lift the other, broken and limp. I never felt sorrier for any creature in my life.

"Doctor," I said, "this is bad. We must do something. I'll call a physican and he can put a splint on the broken leg and cauterize the stump of her other leg.

When the veterinary came he looked at my cat and shook his head, saying, "I am afraid she will die."

However, the physician went to work. He bound up the stump of her leg after washing it with iodine and put some plaster on it. Then he put some splints on the broken leg and wrapped it with adhesive plaster. The operation completed, we put the cat into a box with shavings and rags in the bottom, and in this crib we left her for the night.

Every afternoon Dr. Gander would go with me to visit the invalid. It took a long time for her to get well, but it soon became apparent that she was well on the road to recovery. The veterinarian came out three times and people laughed at me for spending my money "on a cat;" but Dr. Gander said to me: "General, you are doing the kind thing. I heard

church people talking about what the Bible says about the merciful man, and I think, General, that the God you talk about at Sunday School every Sunday won't forget what a good man does for a good cat. Anyhow, General, you will think better of yourself for being so nice to a cat that has always loved you. Folks may think it foolish, General, but we geese will love you more for your goodness."

The injured cat was very glad always to see Dr. Gander and me. Indeed, she began to watch for our daily visit. She would rise up and mew and put up her head to have it scratched. When she got stronger we took her over to the kitchen and every morning and evening gave her a bowl of warm, fresh milk. We set two traps out in the barn and caught mice for her. After she drank her milk she would have a mouse for dessert, and would look up to us if it was not immediately forthcoming, as if to say, "Please, good friends, where is my mouse to eat?"

One day I asked Dr. Gander to give her the dead mouse. He was plainly frightened. "No, no, my dear General, he said; we geese are just like women and girls. We are afraid of mice. If they run out in the barnyard we run away."

"Well, Doctor," I replied, "I am somewhat surprised that a big gander like you would be afraid of

a little thing like a dead mouse. If you feel as you say you do, then I'll put the mouse in the box for the cat."

The veterinarian said he was certain the cat was as well as she would ever be and he did not think it was necessary for him to visit her any more.

In five or six weeks she could crawl about the kitchen and one night she moved back to the stable. She seemed to prefer to sleep there where she could catch her own meat and have it fresh.

She never left the farm again. I noticed that when she heard the street cars she ran back under the trough and hid.

Plainly, she had learned the truth of the proverb, "There's no place like home."

CHAPTER XIII.

DR. GANDER AND THE BIG BLACK DOG.

ON reaching the farm one day I found Dr. Gander in a very bad humor. His feathers were torn and there was a wound on his left leg. He did not look himself at all. He was downcast and sad looking, and one of his eyes was greatly swollen. If he was glad to see me he did not show it.

"Doctor," said I, "you seem to have real trouble. What on earth has happened to you? From your looks I would think you had been in a cyclone. You never carried yourself the way you do now. Don't stand over there by the fence sulking. Come over here and get some of your favorite yellow corn and tell me what has happened. Out with it, Doctor, for if you don't tell me the manager will. It would be far better for me to get it straight from you."

It was clear that the Doctor needed comfort. I could not help laughing, though, and this seemed to disgruntle him. He said to me quite reproachfully, "General, this is no time for laughing. It is not nice of you to be so gay about my misfortune."

"Doctor," I replied, "I am very sorry if my laughing displeases you. I would not hurt your feelings

for anything in the world. I'll bathe your eye, wash your wounds and put some liniment on your leg, and if you will only tell me who has mistreated you, I will go and thrash him."

"General," the Doctor responded, "last night was the most miserable I've ever had in my life, and if you want to hear about it I will relate the whole story. You know how much I like the Black Duck. We were all sitting here in the barnyard as happy as could be. I was down near the chicken house, and Big Sis, Anna Goose and the seven goslings were close around in a circle. The Black Duck hovered beside us, and the other ducks were over by the water trough. Little Bumps was nestled in the hay in the barn shed. Johnnie Dixie was over by the barn door.

"Suddenly we heard a fierce barking outside the hog-pen. The old sow got out of her bed and walked over to the feed basin. The moon was shining as bright as day. As we geese got up on our feet, I saw a big black dog jump over the pig-pen fence and start toward the mother sow. Mother hogs, General, as you know, are not much afraid of dogs, and when the black bulldog started toward her she ran at him as hard as she could go. She grunted savagely, opened her mouth as wide as she could get it and plunged at the dog. He wasn't expecting such a fight, and ran away. He showed himself a coward by

fleeing when somebody bigger than he wanted to fight him. Mr. Dog jumped over the fence and came out into the barnyard. We geese began to honk as loudly as we could and the ducks all set up a great quacking. Johnnie Dixie ran around the corner of the stable and little Bumps ran out of the shed barking.

"The racket made the big dog angry. He fled afraid of pony, who turned around and kicked at him. I was standing up and honking excitedly. The dog started toward me with his red mouth wide open, growling savagely.

"I had to think and act quickly. I saw I was in for a fight. I was ashamed to run away. The whole barnyard was looking at me. I thought I heard the Wyandotte rooster laugh as he peeped out of the window of the henhouse. He seemed to be saying, 'Dr. Gander, you thrashed me, but this big black dog is now going to eat you alive.' Although it was near midnight the rooster gave a loud crow. He was up on his perch, where the dog could not get him.

"I had either to run away like a coward or I had to fight the dog, who weighs twice as much as I do, and who has long sharp teeth. Lifting myself up on my toes I flapped my wings and made a rush for the dog, half flying and half running. The brute appeared to want a fight, and when I saw his eyes glar-

KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE BLI

General Bennett H. Young, President of the Asylum, telling to the bl
about the wonderful exploits of Dr. Gander. The Blind Asylum w

MAIN ENTRANCE—LOUISVILLE, KY.

hildren assembled on the steps of the Asylum his regular weekly story
tablished in 1842, being the eighth of its kind in the United States.

ing like balls of fire and his mouth open and red as blood, and his long white teeth, I half relented.

"We clashed with a rush. At the first impact I was knocked flat of my back. The dog caught my left leg in his mouth and crushed it so that I cried with pain. My head was bruised and one eye blackened by the fall. Taking advantage of his opportunity the dog seized one of my wings in his jaws.

"It looked, General, as if it were all over with me. I thought you would never see your gander friend again. I was in a dreadful plight. The goslings and their mammy ran away under the wagon and the ducks, quacking for dear life, flew and ran under the crib.

"Just when it looked darkest for me Johnnie Dixie ran up to the scene of battle. The pony squealing shrilly reached down and caught the dog by the back of the neck. The savage beast was greatly surprised and let me loose. Johnnie Dixie wheeled and gave the dog a lusty kick with his hind feet. Mr. Bulldog picked himself up about six feet way. At this moment little Bumps darted in and bit one of the bulldog's hind legs. While this was happening Johnnie Dixie renewed the attack. Right on the dog he again whirled and kicked as hard as he could. His heels reached their mark, and, General, I heard Mr. Dog's ribs crack like breaking sticks.

"This altogether was too much for the cowardly cur. He sneaked away and hid under the big wagon, being so sore and bruised that he could not jump over the fence where he had come into the lot. He lay on some straw all night and moaned until day broke. At daybreak the manager discovered him under the wagon. He seized a pitchfork and started toward the intruder, who got up and limped away through the gate over to the neighbor's where he belonged.

"I am a little ashamed of my part in the fight, General. I've been telling these barnyard friends of mine what a big fighter I am, and I fear they will no longer regard me as a brave goose.

"Please tell them that Dr. Gander did the best that could be done under all the circumstances, and that he was after all a brave goose to attempt to fight a bulldog."

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. GANDER AND THE BLACK DUCK.

WE had out on the farm a Wild Black Mallard Duck. Her kind are not very plentiful where Dr. Gander lived. She was coal black, with one white feather on each wing, and her head was a deep green. She weighed six pounds.

Some time before I had heard that a boy in Shelby County had a black duck; so I sent a man to see what truth there was in the story. He came back and said the boy had such a duck and would sell her for $3.00. I wrote the boy to send it down. In the meantime the boy learned that I wanted it and he said that he would not sell her for less than $6.00. I told the man I must have the black duck, and to send on the $6.00. This he did, and in a few days she came. She was a great beauty, the prettiest duck I had ever seen.

After many efforts I tamed her so that she would eat out of my hand. We taught her to slip around to my back while the other ducks and geese were eating out of my right hand; then I would put my left hand behind me full of wheat or corn and Miss Blackie would go around where the other ducks could not see her and get all she could eat. She

always had an appetite. She could gobble up a half-pint of watermelon or canteloupe seed, and she could put away two or three handfuls of corn or wheat. She was a persistent layer, beating the Indian Runner ducks in the number of eggs she produced. She always sat twice a year and hatched out a lot of little black ducklings just like herself. She knew her name, and when I called "Come on, Black Duckie, come on and see me," she would run quacking to where I was and would appear very glad to meet her friend.

"Doctor," said I, "we are both fond of the black duck. You've learned something of duck talk since you've been friends with Blackie. Find out who she is and where she came from, and then come and tell me what she knows of herself."

In about a week the Doctor called me aside and said, "General, I've got Blackie's story for you, and when you are ready for it let me know."

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "you are very kind and prompt. I will get a pencil and you tell what you know and I'll dot it down for the book I am writing about you."

"Book, did you say?" replied the Doctor. "General, are you writing a book about me?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am surely writing a book about you. I am certain you are the smartest gander in th

world, and I want everybody to know how learned you are."

"General," said the Doctor, "if you are writing a book please tell me what is its title and what you are going to say about me."

"The title of the book, Doctor," said I, "is 'Dr. Gander.' It tells about the talks we've had and all the things you have told me about these comrades of yours in the barnyard, and how you live and the troubles you've had while here on the place. I will tell about Mary Goose dying and the gosling getting killed and your fighting our battles."

This seemed to please the Doctor very much. He said, "General, when is the book about me coming out?"

"Doctor," said I, "this no man can tell, but it will not be very long before it is published, and when it is I'll come out and read the book to you and let you hear all the things I've said about you." The Doctor said that would be splendid and he supposed he would be a very famous goose.

"Yes, Doctor, you will be, I think, the best known goose in the world, and many hundreds of people will love and admire you greatly."

"General," the Doctor said, "we geese are just like you humans; we like to be flattered. I am glad

so many people will hear and read about me. Please, General, don't forget to tell them how I whipped the Wyandotte rooster and the old sow."

"To be sure I will, Doctor, for I agree with you that in the fight with the sow you were very brave. I hope also to tell them about the fight you had with that bulldog in the barnyard the night he killed Blackie's children. But tell me what the Black Duck revealed to you."

"Well, General, she does not know a great deal about herself," answered the Doctor, "but the best I can make out of Blackie's story is this: Her mother and father lived in Florida in the winter. They ate fish, crabs and berries while in the South, and about the first of March of every year they came North to rear their children. Once when they were flying over Kentucky they alighted on a pond to rest awhile, and while there swimming on the pond and diving down to catch sunfish, a boy slipped up behind the fence with a shotgun and killed her father and broke the wing of her mother. All the other ducks, about fifty in number, flew away, but her poor mother could not fly, and they left her in the pond. The boy was very glad to catch her. He kept her on the pond and watched everybody that came around.

"He told them not to shoot her mother. She tells me that her mother made a nest out under some brush

that was piled up on the edge of the pond and laid eggs. Every time she got off the nest to swim and catch fish she would cover the eggs with feathers and straw, and in twenty-eight days she hatched out nine ducklings. Blackie tells me all the rest were speckled or spotted, but she was black. Her mother could never go away. She lived on the pond, and when her children were four weeks old they were all taken up to the house and put in the yard with the other ducks. Blackie says that a great many people came to see her because she was black, and she lived there on the farm until you brought her here. She says that when the boy caught her and put her into the box with slats on it she was frightened. She thought they were going to kill her. She never got over her fright until the expressman put the box down in your yard, and you spoke so kindly to her and put some corn in the box. She says you told everybody to be good to her and she is glad now that the boy sold her. She does not want to go back to where she was born. She says she does not know why she was born black and all her brothers and sisters were born speckled.

"That," the Doctor said, "is about all I can get out of Blackie. She don't talk much goose and I don't talk much duck. I am picking duck up a little,

and if I hear anything more about Blackie I will tell you what it is."

"Doctor," said I, "it was very kind of you to tell me about my black duck. I think she is the cutest duck in the world. She has had a good many nice little black ducklings, but none of them are as handsome as their mother. I wish you would take the best care of her. They say that ducks don't amount to very much after they are three years old. Ladies don't like to have it known how old they are, but my black duck is not so particular about her age. I think she is about seven years old. That is very old for a duck; you geese live to be real old, but it is not so with ducks. I don't care, however, Doctor, how old the black duck is, nobody can buy her. To tell the truth, Doctor, you and the black duck are two things no man's money could buy. In fact, I would not take $100 apiece for you two. Likewise Ted and Bumps and the spotted cat would be pretty hard to buy; in fact, I don't think, Doctor, I would part with any of my friends around here. I hope we will all live together for a long time and be always a happy family."

The Doctor gave a loud honk and started to move away as if he felt very happy and proud. Then he came back and said: "General, please don't you die nobody will ever treat me and my friends out here

like you have done. No stranger can love me like you do, and, General, we geese don't know how to pray like you humans do. We've no God, we geese; but won't you be sure to ask your God to let you live as long as I do?"

I assured the Doctor that I had no idea of dying, and that for his sake I would do my best to live many years to protect and feed him.

After this he went away to Mrs. Goose and their children. He appeared very happy at what I had said.

CHAPTER XV.

DR. GANDER AND THE PET PIGS.

COMING home from the office on a warm summer afternoon rather earlier than usual, I saw Dr. Gander under the big catalpa tree. He held his head very high, and was talking in a loud voice. It was apparent that something had disturbed him mightily. As usual, he was quite glad to see me, but he did not chatter and honk very enthusiastically.

As we walked toward the stable lot he pointed out two pet pigs and gave me to understand in his goose language that these had done him a grievous wrong.

These pigs were special pets of the family. By the care of the manager's wife they had been saved from death by slow starvation, and their preservation had resulted in their receiving much attention from all the folk on the farm. From puny, starving piglings they had grown to be fat, saucy, playful young hogs. They had gotten so strong that they crowded out the chickens, ducks and even brushed Dr. Gander aside. They did not mind the barking of Bumps and Princess, the Collie, and one day the red one opened his mouth and started to bite Bumps. The little dog

had to run away as fast as his short legs could carry him. He made a rush for a hole in the yard fence and he just had time to jump through as the pig snapped at his tail. When Bumps got the fence between them he suddenly regained his courage and furiously barked defiance. The pig looked at the little dog with a grin, as much as to say, "You cowardly cur. I made you fly through, even if now you do appear so brave."

I did not think that Dr. Gander knew much about pigs, but he soon enlightened me. "General," he said, "I knew the mother of those two pigs when she was quite small. She had four sisters and four brothers, and they were a queer family. Of the nine pigs in the litter no two were alike. Two were red, two were black, one the color of an elephant. The others were ring-streaked and striped, and one almost black had a white stripe around his body. They were the most curiously colored lot that I ever saw. The mother said they were brothers and sisters, but it was very hard for me to believe the story.

"Those two little chaps you see running around so big now did not get very much to eat. When they were babies every day I would peep over the fence to see how they were getting on. They did not seem to grow at all; indeed, as I looked at it, they were getting thinner every hour they lived. They walked

as if they were a hundred years old. Their skins drew up and they tottered as they followed Mother Hog around the lot. It looked as if they would die very soon.

"I was listening, General, when you told the manager's wife that it would be a great pity to let these poor pigs starve to death. You recalled that you had once nourished nine little rabbits with a baby's bottle and that they grew to be very lusty. You told her that she ought to try to save their lives; that if they lived she might have them for her own.

"I watched you, General, when you picked up one black one in your hand. Mother hogs generally squeal a protest and try to bite you if you handle their pigs, but their mother did not even grunt when you took that little poor starving pig in your hands to carry him away to the house. She seemed to be glad to get rid of it. It was so weak that it could not squeal as other pigs do when you pick them up. It lay over on its side and half-closed its eyes. I thought it was going to die.

"You put it in a basket and carried it up to the lot and then you made a small pen and laid it in a box in some straw. I was watching and listening all the time. While you went up to the house to get the baby bottle I stayed with the invalid. I was standing by when you told the manager's wife to drive the cow

in the stall and milk a few spoonfuls for the pig. You told her it must be warm; that if she fed it cold milk it would surely die.

"It looked so funny, General, to see an old soldier and a big lawyer feeding a sick pig out of a baby bottle that I had a good laugh. I did not let you hear me because I thought it might hurt your feelings. You are too good and kind, General, for me to do anything to give you distress; so I waited until you turned around and poured the milk into the bottle and then, as the colored folks say, 'I jest laffed.'

"I saw you put your finger in his mouth and hold his jaws open and then insert the nipple of the nursing bottle. When the pig first felt the warm milk on his tongue he looked up in the gladdest way I ever saw. I laughed again behind your back, General, when you laid Mr. Pig down on the straw and said to him, 'Piggy baby, I guess you've had enough for this time.'

"He stretched straight out on his stomach, shut his eyes and took a nap. He seemed so happy and contented that I slipped over to his box and kept the flies off of him while he slept. I wanted to do something for the pig to show you that geese have good hearts, the same as men and women.

"I became much interested in the sick pig and so I lingered around the gate. After you had eaten your

breakfast you came out and asked the manager's wife to go and get some more fresh milk for the little black pig. When she complied, you refilled the bottle and placed the nipple in the pig's mouth again. This time, General, he took hold real hard, and you said, after a minute, 'there, now, Mr. Pig; you have had enough for this time.'

"General, this black pig lay around for several days. I heard the manager tell his wife that she could not save the pig.

"He said, 'Whenever a pig gets like that it always dies.' But you told her to continue her efforts, that 'while there's life there's hope.' You recalled that when you were a small boy your father had given you a runt pig, and that you had fed him and saved him by giving him plenty of milk. You said that the pig made a big hog and you sold it for fourteen dollars and bought you a Sunday suit of clothes with the money.

"I also remember, General, that in four days you took charge of the red pig. You said it was starving, too. When you laid it down in the box by the side of its black brother I am sure they were the scrawniest pair of pigs that anybody had ever seen. You told the manager's wife to get some milk and warm it for the little refugee. When you put the milk on

its tongue it snapped its jaws as if to say, 'Please, good man, give me some more.' He was given three spoonfuls more and lay down for a nap. He seemed to be feeling good. About this time, General, the black pig awakened and coming over close by his brother lay down by his side.

"Thus cared for at your behest the two derelicts grew rapidly and soon became strapping hogs. If ever anyone should always have shown themselves kind and gentle, it was they.

"Today, however, while Mrs. Anna Goose and the young ones were nibbling grass in the manager's yard, that red pig began racing up and down the yard with his black brother, apparently not caring where he ran, and tramped on Johnnie Gosling. For a while I was sure Johnnie had been killed. However, he soon showed signs of recovery, although he could only crawl. He had lost the use of one leg. I honked as loudly as I could, and flapped my long wings, making such a noise that manager's wife came rushing out into the yard. Picking up Johnnie Goose and holding him in her hand, she scolded the red pig most severely. He did not seem to mind it even a little bit. I wanted to pull his ear, but, General, the pig now weighs fifty pounds. That is two and a half times as much as I weigh. I know he is not only

stronger than I, but, General, he can outbite me. Recalling a big fight I had with the black sow once on a time, I thought it was better for me to keep out of battles with hogs. So I told the manager's wife to get a big stick and beat the red pig. She did this, and it made me feel good when I saw her slap him on the back with the stick. He squealed and ran away under the coal house.

"The manager's wife then took Johnnie Goose and put him in a basket. Covering him up with rags to keep him warm she laid him down by the kitchen stove. After bathing his back she put some iodine on the place where the pig had bruised the skin. She told me to go on out in the yard and if my son showed sings of relapse she would call me. Joining me in the yard later, she told me she had a message for the pigs. 'Young men,' she said to them, 'you are getting too big to run around in the lot with ducks, chickens, goslings and little chickens. I'll just put you in a pen over back of the barnyard. You won't get out any more until you learn how to behave yourselves.'

"They're in their prison now," finished Dr. Gander, "and I hope they'll remain there until they learn to be good pigs."

CHAPTER XVI.

DR. GANDER AND MR. GUINEA.

IN the early spring I had bought three guineas. I thought they were male and two females, but the Doctor discovered that they were all females.

He told me this one day as we were walking down in the grapery.

"Doctor," I said, "to tell you the truth, I do not know a male from a female. Pray, how did you find out that all my guineas are women?"

"General," he replied, "we bird people watch these things pretty closely. I know that men folks always fight more than women folks. You never hear of women boasting of their strength and courage; they don't drink whisky and get quarrelsome.

"These guineas you have don't quarrel or fight the hens or ducks or dogs very much, but if you should bring a male here he would have a dozen fights in a day. The male guinea is courageous, he will tackle a dog or a rooster when he fears for his family. He is so quick that his opponents don't have time to prepare for him. You know, General, that's half the battle.

"When I am going to fight a dog or hog or a rooster or pony I try to attack them before they have time to get ready. You remember, don't you, how I made a certain yellow dog yelp? He raised his bristles and squatting down growled at me most impudently. Before he had time to jump on me I flew at him, caught him by the ear and hit him a smash with my wing. He was so surprised that he yelped and ran home as fast as he could go. I haven't seen him over here since.

"General, you have some red pigs out here in the pig-sty that I don't like. One got out the other day. He would weigh, I would guess, about sixty pounds.

"He came around to the water trough where my children were drinking and drove them away. I said to myself, 'Mr. Pig, you have struck the wrong customer; I am Dr. Gander, of Youngland, and I'll punch your nose for you. I'll teach you to let honest folk alone.' So I ran at him with my mouth open, and I hissed and honked as loudly as I could. Then I struck him between his eyes. You ought to have seen that pig run. He squealed and put his tail between his legs and hid over in the stable in a stall with the big black horse.

"My way of fighting, General, if I have to fight, is to get the first blow at the other fellow, and then I am almost sure to win."

"My dear Doctor," I answered, "you are just a little too fond of talking about yourself; pray, drop that now and tell me what you know about guineas."

"General," replied the Doctor, "they tell me that you talk a good deal about yourself, and since I've been telling these stories and you put them in the newspapers, I am a pretty important goose. I hear people who pass here say, 'That is where Dr. Gander lives,' and I heard someone say that a letter came the other day addressed to you care of 'Dr. Gander, Youngland, Ky.'

"I hope, General, you are big enough not to begrudge your friend Dr. Gander some of the celebrity you have so long enjoyed."

"Doctor, you can rest easy on that score. It's a pleasant thing to have here the smartest goose in the world. I don't mind people stopping out here on the Dixie Highway and looking over in the yard and saying, 'This is where Dr. Gander lives;' but since you have spoken about it I will own up that sending the letter here addressed 'Care of Dr. Gander' did embarrass me a wee bit.

"After all, Doctor, fame is an uncertain thing. I surely shall not be jealous of my dear friend Dr. Gander, with whom for fourteen years I've had such intimate and kindly acquaintance, even if the world

thinks he is the most distinguished person who lives here.

"But to revert to the guineas, Doctor, did you know that guineas were first heard of about 2,500 years ago. Among ancient peoples young guineas were thought a delicacy. They get their name from the Island of Guinea, on the coast of Africa, and they were brought from that island to America, where they were domesticated. They are said to have a game taste that greatly pleases those who love wild birds for food. They are not altogether hardy like chickens, ducks and turkeys, for three of mine froze last winter. I know that guinea hens lay from eighteen to twenty-five eggs; they hide their nests with great care in bushes, weeds or vines. It takes the eggs twenty-eight days to hatch."

"General," said Dr. Gander, "you get what you know from books and I get what I know from living with and watching guineas. You talk about guineas being heard of 2,500 years ago—why, that compares with us geese. We saved Rome 2,300 years ago. We were there watching over the city and we awakened the Roman soldiers who went to sleep at their posts.

"A guinea goes to sleep and he sleeps from eight to ten hours every night. We geese sleep much less than that. One of us always stays awake to watch.

A guinea hears well, but not as well as we geese. It always roosts in a tree or in a house, but we geese roost on the ground. That gives us the best chance to know what is going on. A guinea oftentimes gives a false alarm, but we geese never make that mistake. A guinea can see better than we do at night, but he cannot hear so well. At night it's the hearing that counts most, and when it comes to hearing, we geese rank high."

"How about egg-producing, Doctor?" I meekly inquired.

"General," Dr. Gander replied, "a guinea is a powerful layer when she once gets down to that part of her business. She can beat a goose, a hen or duck. However, she doesn't lay eggs for a very long time. She begins some time in June. She makes her nest in the most out-of-the-way places, and she lays an egg every day, but doesn't cover them.

"The shells of her eggs are thicker and harder than hen, duck or goose eggs. She lays from eighteen to twenty-five, and then she goes to sitting like a partridge. She will almost always hatch every egg. You never saw a spoiled partridge egg, and I've watched, and I never saw a spoiled guinea egg.

"A guinea is fastidious about her nest. If anything touches it, moves an egg or tears up any part

of it, Mrs. Guinea goes away in disgust and never comes back. Sometimes a hen or duck will sneak in and lay in a guinea's nest. Mrs. Guinea forthwith leaves the nest and eggs to the intruder and never comes back.

"When the little guineas are hatched Mrs. Guinea won't let one of them go out of the nest for two days. When they are forty-eight hours old she gives them a big deal. That is all they will get for quite a long while. Then later they begin to eat grass and weed seed, flies and bugs. They hide in the weeds or grass if anybody comes around, and they never come out until their mother tells them the danger is over."

"But, Doctor, what is the father guinea doing all this time? Has he no duties while his wife is so busy?"

"General, he is a devoted father. When Mrs. Guinea begins to sit he goes to see her several times a day, and he never goes very far from where she is. If a dog, cat or anything else comes around he begins to 'kay! kay! kay!' at a furious rate, and if it gets too close to the nest he does not hesitate to fight like a soldier. When he is defending Mrs. Guinea or the little guineas he is as brave a bird as ever had feathers on. He will fight anything, and for a

five-pounder there's nothing gamer that I've ever seen in action.

"When the young guineas are hatched it is then Mr. Guinea is at his best. He takes charge of his children; he hovers them under his feathers to keep them warm or keep off the rain and he relieves Mother Guinea of most of their care. She takes a rest after her long service on the nest. Mr. Guinea never complains, but stays right with his children. Every night he takes part of them to sleep under his wing. Incidentally, I might say, his wife lets him keep the bigger half.

"It's when the guinea children begin to fly up on the trees to roost that the daddy does the most. He flies up and down from the tree and he calls to the young ones to imitate him. When at last they get courage to do as he requests, he takes all he can cover under him and then gets four or five more on each side. Throughout the night no mother is ever more careful of her babies than is Father Guinea.

"When the children are about a month old Mrs. Guinea begins to think about some more children. She does not say much to her husband, and not a word to the young folk. Every day about 12 o'clock she slips away from her family, and when she has picked out a nice quiet place in the bushes she gathers

some leaves, arranges a place to lay and soon has fifteen eggs more in the nest.

"She tells Daddy Guinea to take good care of the children, and then she begins to sit again. The young people may wonder where their mother has gone, but neither she nor her husband tell, lest the first set of children want to get in the nest with her.

"In twenty-eight days after she quits the family she comes out of the weeds with another brood of young ones. She then tells Mr. Guinea that she is done with her older children; that he must look after them, and that neither he or the older children must come around where she and the younger brothers and sisters are.

"Mr. Guinea says this is all right, but the young folk don't take to it so kindly. They come around the new brothers and sisters. Mrs. Guinea will have none of them, but she orders them away. If they don't go she pecks them on their heads and necks."

"Doctor," I said, "what you have told me about Mr. and Mrs. Guinea gives me a very good opinion of them. I wish you would keep on watching and tell me more about them, for from what you have said they have grown very much in my good opinion. Does Mr. Guinea Man ever fight you?"

"Oh, no, General," said the Doctor, "he knows better than that. I whipped the Wyandotte rooster who weighs twelve pounds, and if Mr. Guinea tried a fight on me I would make short work of him."

"Doctor," said I, "you have interested me very much. Here's a big handful of yellow corn which you can have for your supper."

He ate the corn and walked off to Mrs. Goose and the children, seeming very proud that he had told me something I did not know.

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. GANDER AND THE TOWN GOSLINGS.

ON reaching home a little early one afternoon I sat down on the iron bench under the big leaning catalpa tree and cried out: "Come on, come on, Doctor; come on." Although calling several times there was no response. Usually the Doctor answering promptly came half running half flying to greet me. He had picked up the habit lately of slipping off to the pond for a swim. I imagined he was down in the meadow and would come around after awhile. He generally answered it mattered not where he was. He could hear me an eighth of a mile and I him a quarter of a mile, but this time I received no answer.

I cried out several times again: "Come on, come on, Doctor; come on," but the Doctor did not come. I began to be very uneasy lest something had happened to him.

A quarter of an hour passed. At the end of that time I saw the Doctor coming from behind the big mock orange bush. He did not give a sound of recognition. His head was not held high as was his habit, and he traveled about half as fast as he was

accustomed to move. There was no need of an interpreter to tell me that something had gone awry with him.

I exclaimed: "You old rascal, where have you been hiding, and what do you mean by not answering me?"

"I am not offended, General," he said. "You have been too good for me ever to think hard of you or even to pout about anything that may pass between us."

"I do hope, Doctor," I answered, "that you have not been in another fight. It's about time you had become a gander of peace and joined an anti-war society. You have been fighting now in various ways for ten years. You have many scars and you have lost a great many feathers. It's time to settle down and raise the white flag to the whole world for all time to come."

"General, these are kind wishes, and no doubt you mean well, but I am not ready by a good deal to give up fighting for my rights. I intend to make it hot for anything or anybody that steps on my toes.

"What would happen to me if I let that Wyandotte rooster come strutting up to stick his big spurs into my side or let Bumps the dog pull my wing, or Princess the Collie knock me down, or Johnnie

Dixie the pony run over or kick me, or that Wyandotte hen peck me, or that black dog from the neighbor's bite me. Oh, no, General, that was not the way you acted when a tramp came up to the kitchen, insulted the cook and cursed before your wife. Have you forgotten how you went out and said to him: 'Young man, what are you doing here, and where did you come from, and what do you want?'

"He answered, 'It's none of your business where I came from or what I am doing here.' And you said, 'Young man, I'll make it my business. If you are hungry I'll give you something to eat; if you are thirsty I'll give you something to drink; if you haven't any clothes I'll give you something to wear; but we won't have any of your impudence or loud talking. This is my place and we cannot have tramps around the house or have those women folk insulted by people like yourself. You must leave here at once if you can't behave.' And then he talked back at you, and you walked over to where he was and caught him by the coat collar and turned him toward the gate and told him to get away as quickly as possible, and if he did not you would call the county policeman.

"This big strapping young fellow put his hand behind him, and I thought he was going to hurt you. But you did not seem to be scared, yet I was. You

said to him, 'My friend, in Kentucky the law is that when a person when quarreling puts his right hand behind him to his hip pocket that means he is going to shoot, and if you think of doing that this will prove a very bad business for you.' You motioned him towards the gate, and, General, I was ever so glad when he went away. I am thinking all the time what would become of us if anything happened to you."

"By the way, Doctor," I said, "that reminds me of some bad news which came yesterday. You will recall I told you that if trouble ever came I had arranged it for all my barnyard friends so they would be well cared for, and said, you, the Black Duck and Johnnie Dixie the pony were to go and live with a young farmer in Shelby County, Kentucky. I was much distressed, Doctor, to learn that my young friend had been stricken with paralysis and died in two days. So now I will have to make other arrangements, for I could never bear to have you and the Black Duck killed and sent to market. I have made an arrangement with the Public Park people that if I died before you and Blackie they are to keep you out at the park, let you swim in the big lake over there, and be fed and looked after all your days."

"General," replied the Doctor, "I don't want to change the subject, but the fact is, that I am worried

about some more of my children's doings. Our children worry our hearts very sorely.

"One day, General, when it was cold and rainy our goslings were all drawn up in their backs. They could hardly walk after their mother. You came along with a basket and picked up the sick, cold goslings and told the manager's wife you were going to take them to the city and have the cook raise them in the cellar. When they grew big and strong you said you would bring them back.

"General, I did not like this a bit. The little goslings cried to me to come and help them. I loved them much, and it looked hard that a good, kind man like you would rob us of our children.

"I knew you would do the right thing, though Mrs. Goose and I concluded that fighting you would not help things. We went back into the stable shed where Mrs. Goose had her nest when she hatched our children. There we put our bills together and had a big cry. We sat there together all night feeling that for good goose people we had surely had more than our share of troubles. It was not much better the next morning, General; but every day, like all troubles, it got lighter. We concluded that we would try to raise some more children and have them hatch out during the summer when it was warm. Then you would not carry them

away and rear them in a cellar. We did this, and the next time you let us rear our goslings ourselves.

"I listened, General, to learn what had become of the little fellows you took away in the basket. I heard you tell the manager that the biggest one died from eating too many violet leaves, and that you buried him in the garden. The others you said were doing well and would come out to the farm to see us all.

"The other day you brought them home, great big, fat fellows, just getting their feathers. Mrs. Goose and I felt proud of our town children. You put them in the pen down by the hired man's house and told his wife to watch them, let nothing hurt them and to give them all the water they could drink and all the cornmeal and lettuce they could eat.

"General, to be honest with you, this hurt Mrs. Goose's and my feelings very much. You took the goslings from us and we thought you ought to have brought them back to us. This was not like you, my good friend. You have always been just.

"I have been over to see those goslings many times. I've tried all the goose language a gander knows, and though they have our blood in their bodies, they don't seem to understand, and I might just as well talk German. But let that colored woman come out of the house and say, 'Where's my

chillen?' they poke out their heads and run up to her as if they adored her. They do nothing all day but eat. She gives them cornmeal dough, lettuce and water and they never seem to care for their real father and mother when we are standing right by calling them.

"Why, General, that black woman, who they seem to think is their mother, puts them in a box to sleep every night. Whoever heard of a goose sleeping in a box? The coldest night last winter Mrs. Goose and I never thought of going into a shed. We squatted down on the ground to keep our feet warm, but we did not go inside, even though the thermometer was eight degrees below zero.

"There's only one thing can drive us into a house and that's a cyclone. When the wind comes rushing along eighty to one hundred miles an hour it gets under our wings, lifts us up, and, blowing from one side, it turns us over. The first thing we know we are lying on the ground. When we are caught thus we can't get up. We have to stay this way until the storm passes by.

"I have been through four cyclones, General, and I am getting pretty well acquainted with them. Whenever I see a big black cloud looking like a funnel and hear the roar of the wind I run into the shed and sit down under wagon or cider press until the storm

passes by. Ducks and turkeys haven't any cyclone sense, but chickens and birds have, and they hunt a place to hide until the danger is past.

"But to go back to those town goslings you brought out here. I cannot understand them at all."

"Doctor," I replied, "I am sorry you are so disappointed with your city-bred children. If you and Mrs. Goose had kept them they would all have died. You will recall that you let three babies go out into the cold rain when they were only three days old and they got chilled and died. That always kills a very young gosling. You and Mrs. Goose ought to have kept them back under the shed until it quit raining. The fact is, Doctor, the present Mrs. Goose has not as much sense about rearing children as Mrs. Mary Goose, whom we buried down under the peach tree, and for whom you grieved so sorely. I did not want those children of yours to die. That was why I took them away. They will get over these town notions after awhile, and they will be so clever that you will yet be both proud and fond of them.

"Doctor, I'll tell you how we will fix this affair. I'll build a pen down by the pond. Every morning you and Mrs. Goose can go down inside the pen. You can teach them to swim and dive and eat the lily buds that grow around the pen. I'll give you my word that in a week those town cellar goslings will

not look at the black cook. They will follow you and Mrs. Goose everywhere you go. They will grow so fast that you will be as proud of these goslings as any you ever reared."

"That sounds all right," said the Doctor, "but when will you build the pen?"

"Today," I replied, "I'll have it ready tomorrow morning. We'll begin their goose schooling at once."

We carried the goslings down in a basket the first morning, but that night we made them walk back. The Doctor led the procession and Mrs. Goose brought up the rear. The next morning we drove them down to the pen beside the pond and they all had a most happy day. On the third day the procession marched off by itself. We were very careful to hunt for turtles in that part of the pond enclosed with wire in the pen. We could not afford to have turtles eat our little hand-raised town birds.

By the fourth day the cook was forsaken. The goslings were only too glad to follow Doctor Gander and Mrs. Goose everywhere they went.

The cook was offended at first, but as there had just been hatched twenty-nine wild mallard ducks, I gave her those to care for and promised her fifty cents for every one alive at the end of six weeks. She reared them all except one a pup killed, and I paid

her $14.00. She was more than satisfied. The Doctor and Mrs. Goose were also much pleased.

After the Doctor had firmly established himself in the hearts of his babies he came to me one afternoon and said: "General, Mrs. Goose and I think you are the smartest man in Louisville, and that you are not only a splendid soldier but a very wise lawyer. I also want to say, General, that these town-bred, cellar-cared-for goslings are as well-behaved children as any we have ever seen. We want to thank you very much for taking them and saving their lives."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. GANDER AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

DR. GANDER had for five years been accustomed to the step of my buggy horse. As this animal weighed twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and his feet were large and his tread heavy, the sound of his coming could be heard half a mile away. The hearing of geese is very acute, and the Doctor often waited listening for the sound of "John Horse's" tramp.

He did not need anybody to tell him when his friend was on the way. He knew it better than his human masters. He even knew that half a pint of shelled corn would almost certainly be the reward of his vigil. He refused to eat this if thrown on the ground and would only accept it when held in my hand. If my hand was closed he would pull at my coat or pants indicating that he wanted his rights respected. If a few grains fell out and were picked up by the ducks and chickens, it was all right with the Doctor, but if one of these happened to grow a little bold and tried to get the corn in my hand, he at once resented the intrusion and the offender was

sure to lose a feather or two and be quickly driven away from the feast.

If the cow or Johnnie Dixie the pony came up to nibble at the corn the Doctor would stand aside, but he did so honking a protest loud enough to be heard half a mile away. It was the same strident note he used in talking to his friends, the wild geese, who on their journey North and South often passed over the place he lived. The Doctor always greeted these traveling goose friends of his. He would turn his head half round, look at the sky in a wise and kindly way, and honk like the wild geese. These cries of the Doctor's seemed to please the wanderers. Their leader would answer back and then swinging around in a circle and looking down at the Doctor would call and call to him.

They seemed to be asking him to come and go away with them. They recalled the wild goose the neighborhood had reared as a pet. Its wing had been injured when very young so that it could not fly. It was tied with a string and kept in a pen. When it was about a year old and grown to full size a flock of wild geese flew over where it was imprisoned.

They looked down and saw it in the pen. Circling around his prison they pleaded with him to rise in the air and fly away with his fellows.

The captive bird flapped his wings and answered back these calls of his new-found friends, but the string at first held him down to the earth. Finally, though, with a last mighty effort he snapped in twain the thing that kept him captive. He felt the power of his wings, and with wild notes of joy rose higher and higher until he found his fellows in the air. Then, taking his place in the line, he sailed away with them to enjoy the delights of the far South, where wild geese spend their winters close to the sun.

These wild birds thought the Doctor was of their kind, but he had no desire to go away. The tender bluegrass and the shelled corn in his Kentucky home were enough for him. He preferred to stay where no hunters would cross his path and where he ran no risk of being shot down as he traveled through the air.

The wild geese wasted their time in pleading with the Doctor.

He saw some of them crying for him as I drove up in my new automobile. He looked at his friends high in the air and asked me if I was going to fly away with these birds.

"Ah, no, Doctor," I replied, "I am just getting a vehicle that will carry me faster and bring me out in ten minutes instead of thirty. You know that in the

winter time when I live in the city you complain because I skip some afternoons and do not pay you a visit. I think with this machine I can run out every day, talk with you and give you some yellow corn."

"General," the Doctor said, "I don't like this buzzing, fussy wagon of yours. Those bright lights dazzle my eyes and they will awaken me and my family when you come into the barnyard. John Horse never cuts any such capers as that. He goes down to the water trough, gets his drink, maybe rolls in the dirt, but he doesn't squawk like that machine, and he doesn't go running along the road like a steam engine. A horse could not run as fast as that ugly machine was going when you came down the road. I can hear John's tramp. I can count about the time he will get to the gate; but this big black wagon of yours that don't seem to have anything to pull it fairly sails over the ground. Some day I fear it will run off the road and I am afraid it will hurt you.

"If anything should happen to you, General, I don't know what we would do. Mrs. Goose and I were talking the matter over the other day. It made us sad to think about it. Last year when you went away to the hospital and stayed so long we heard the people talking about you. We were afraid you would not come back any more. They said you were very sick and we began to wonder where we would go and

what would become of us if you never came to see us again. We had seen the neighbor across the way, when he had a sale, scatter his horses, pigs, chickens, dogs and ducks all over the county. We feared if they sold us Mrs. Goose and I might be separated, and she sent to one place and I to another, and maybe all these children of ours packed into a coop and hauled to the city and sold to strangers to be killed. It made us sick at heart, General, as we thought our happy home might be broken up and we might never see you or one another any more.

"We wondered where Bumps the dog would find a home, and who would get little Johnnie Dixie the pony and that pretty little buggy he pulls. We like the black mallard duck and we did not want her to leave the place. And even the big Wyandotte rooster, whom we have gotten to like, we feared would be sold and killed.

"We all took it much to heart and we hoped that this family would not be broken up.

"General, you are taking chances. Your pets out here don't like that machine you ride in. We want to ask you to take to driving John Horse again.

"We heard John lamenting his fate to Johnnie Dixie and Lillian, your beautiful saddle mare, and the two plough horses. John said he was much cut up by your giving him up for a machine. He told the

other horses that he was glad and proud to pull you wherever you wanted to go. He said he didn't mind the cold weather or the rainy spells or the hot summer days. He said he would go faster if you would only tell him so, and that he would quit getting scared at the motorcycles on the boulevard if you thought that was the proper thing to do. And when Bumps, the dog, heard about it he howled and cried, and the cow she shook her head and said it would be very, very bad. The Wyandotte rooster said maybe he had worried you by crowing every night at 12 o'clock and again at daybreak, and that if you objected he would never crow again at night time. The hens, the ducks, the chickens and the pet pigs, all said, 'Don't let the General risk losing his life and having us all sold and scattered to many different homes.' "

"My dear Doctor," said I, "it would be pretty hard for you all if, some day, they came out and told you the General was dead. You and Mrs. Goose are provided for. Johnnie Dixie the pony has the promise of a good home. There is a farmer friend of mine whose wife dislikes horses, and he has agreed to take Johnnie Dixie and keep him as long as he lives. He promised me, upon the word of a Kentucky gentleman, that Johnnie should do nothing but haul his wife once a day to the postoffice, which is only a mile away. The black duck, Doctor, must not be

forgotten. A gentleman said he would take her with you and Mrs. Goose. He told me he would never leave you and your family and Blackie Duck out on the pond and that he would bring you up every night and put you in the yard.

"Princess will go to my brother on his farm in Central Kentucky. But what will become of little Bumps worries me a great deal. I have a little girl friend who tries to take him away with her in the electric every time she comes out, and Bumps gets up in the machine and sits in her lap. He doesn't like it a bit when we take him out. The other day I took the little rascal to town with me and he was the most delighted dog you ever saw. When we got to the office he appeared delighted with the elevator and didn't want to leave it. I had to pick him up by the nape of the neck and carry him out into the hall, and in the office he ran around to speak to everybody and put his nose into every corner of the establishment. He barked and asked me for a drink of water. We did not have a bowl or cup for him to drink out of and so I let the water run into my hands for him. Bumps loves to eat marshmallows. I sent out and bought him half a dozen. He ate them every one up, but a very funny thing happened. The candy stuck in his teeth and he had much difficulty in getting it out. He then wanted more water and I had to give

him another drink. He crawled under my desk, lay down and went to sleep just like a little boy. In about two hours he awakened and told me he wanted to go home. Shaking my head and pointing my finger at him I said: 'Mr. Bumps, you will have to stay here until I get through my business.' This did not suit him at all. He looked up into my face and kept on barking as much as to say, 'General, I am very homesick; please let me get back to the farm, where I can see Dr. Gander, Johnnie Dixie and my other friends.'

"I told him I would punish him if he did not keep quiet. Then, Doctor, the little fellow stood up on his hind legs and patted the air with his fore feet. He begged to go home, looking at me so pitifully, Doctor, that I did not have the heart to keep him away any longer. I telephoned the chauffeur to come in at once and take him back. In about fifteen minutes the man came. Bumps rushed over and licked his hands and feet, then ran to the door several times. In the hall he barked at the elevator man, and when he got to the street he ran and jumped into the machine, where he kept on barking as if to tell the driver to hurry back home. I told him that it would be a long time before he got down in town with me again. His answer was to bark and growl at me as he rode away.

"I could never get him to come down with me to the office any more. He seemed to know, I suppose, by the parcels I carry, where I was going, and he would not get in. If we got into the machine without bundles and started out for a ride he was wild to go. Doctor, that was pretty clever for a dog, wasn't it?"

"General," the Doctor said, "why don't you take me for a ride in your machine some time? I'll sit up on the seat beside you. I won't fly off or out. We'll have a real good time."

"If you want to go it will be all right with me, Doctor. You must not get scared when we pass through the town and when you see coops full of geese that are being sold or killed. You know, I suppose, how they fatten geese for market? They put them in small pens or coops, catch them half a dozen times a day, hold their mouths open and push corn down their throats until they can't hold any more. When they get fat and their livers get very large they kill them. Some people think goose liver a most delicious dish.

"If you want to go riding, Doctor, it will be all right. The people who see me going to town with a great big goose on the seat beside me will say: 'Oh, yes, the General has gotten tired of his gander friend and he is taking him to market.' I would not like

this, Doctor, but if you want the ride, just wash yourself off at the water trough and pick your feathers out smooth, and I'll let you go with me."

After thinking over this an hour the Doctor returned and said: "General, if it is all the same to you I'll not take the drive into the city. I'll stay out here with my family and my friends on the farm."

"That is a pretty wise way to look at it," I replied. "However, if you want to have a drive, I'll do this: Suppose we hitch up John Horse to the wagon, and you, Bumps, the Black Duck, the Spotted Cat and Princess the Collie, all get in and take a drive around the place. If you are very much pleased we can then try the automobile drive. I'll speak to John Horse about it."

So one day we all got into the wagon. Bumps wanted to sit by me, but the Doctor said: "No, I am the General's dearest friend, and I must be on the seat with him." To quiet the trouble I said that Bumps had already had a machine ride, so I would put him in the back seat and let the manager's daughter go. Bumps and the spotted cat could sit with her, and Dr. Gander with me on the front seat.

We started off as jolly a crowd as one might wish to see. The Collie and Bumps barked all the way. Dr. Gander chattered to me. He was afraid

he might fall out and so he sat very still. We went out on the road for only a short distance to get to the back of the farm, but we passed some children on the road who laughed and hallooed at us. Some of them wanted to throw clods and sticks at the wagon and those in it, but I said, "No, if you throw anything at us I'll have you every one arrested."

We all had a jolly ride. Everybody said it was great, and when we came home they all said the wagon beat the automobile, and that I must sell the machine, keep "John," and we must take at least one ride every week.

CHAPTER XIX.

DR. GANDER AND THE CANARY BIRD.

I HAD not seen Dr. Gander for a week. When I drove in he was standing under the big tree in the yard, evidently expecting a visit from me. The afternoon was dark and a drizzling rain was falling. The Doctor flapped his wings when he saw me approaching and gave the usual cry of welcome. He seemed particularly glad that I had come, and I was sure he wanted to tell me something.

"Doctor," I began, "what has happened since I left? You look worried; come tell me what's on your mind."

"Ah, General," said he, "it is not about myself that I am wanting to talk—it's about that canary bird of yours.

"I have had a very high opinion of canary birds until this week, but I am changing my mind. I don't think they are half as good-hearted and decent as we geese.

"Last Monday while we were out in the yard I saw Mammy, the colored woman, bring out in her hand two dead canary babies and down in the garden by the fence she dug the smallest grave I ever saw.

She wrapped these baby birds in a piece of brown paper, put them in the grave, covered them with soil, patted the ground with her foot and then stuck a piece of cedar bough over the grave.

"Mammy seemed so sad that I could not help asking her what killed the babies. She didn't seem to care to talk to me, but I followed her and pulled her apron. She turned around and said, 'Doctor, what is the matter with you? Why are you nipping my apron?'

" 'Why, Mammy, I want to know what killed the baby birds you put into the small grave in the garden.'

" 'Doctor,' she said, 'it is a sad story, but I'll tell it to you if you have time to listen.'

" 'Go on, Mammy,' I said, 'all of us have had as much grass as we can eat and I am ready to listen as long as you will talk.'

" 'About a year ago,' Mammy said, 'when I had four canary babies in a cage their mother died.'

" 'When the mother died the father bird seemed very sorry. As I took her body out of the nest he fought me and tried to snatch her out of my hand. I watched to see if the father bird would feed the babies. I discovered he would not. I decided that I would help him out. So I chewed some food and put a piece on a knitting needle. Then I scraped on the nest. The

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HE MURDER OF HIS CHILDREN.

babies thought one of their parents had come back to feed them, so they stretched out their necks and opened their mouths. I put the needle with food on to the mouth of a baby bird and he quickly swallowed the food. Then I fed the three other baby birds in the same way and they all went to sleep. In a few days they got their eyes open and when they saw me coming they would stretch out their necks, open their mouths and eat all I would give them. They grew fast and soon had feathers. In a little while they were big canary birds.

"'You see that father bird up in the nest there?

"'He is one of the babies I raised with the knitting needle. He has a mate now—that dark-colored lady bird you see in the cage with him. They are the parents of two babies, the ones you see in the small cage. These two little fellows grew rapidly and Mr. Bird treated them very kindly. After a short time he and his wife made them get out of the nest and sit on the perch. After a couple of weeks they would not feed them any more; so they soon learned to fly down on the bottom of the cage and get their own food.

"'Then, Doctor, I put in a new nest and mammy bird laid four of the pretty speckled blue eggs. They were about the size of a little marble. When she laid the first one she began sitting on the nest—that's

why one bird hatches out every day until all the eggs are hatched. They never come out all the same day, like chickens, ducks or geese.

" 'When the babies were three weeks old and had gotten yellow feathers all over them, what did the daddy bird do but pull two of them out of the nest and kill them. He was the same bird I had fed with a knitting needle, and I was enraged to see him do so wicked a thing. I had been a mother to him and I wanted him to be a good bird. I reached in and taking him by the neck hauled him out and put him in another cage.

" 'He sings every day for hours to his mate. He wants to get back in the cage where she is, but, Doctor, I am not going to let him return for a long time. I want to punish him for his cruel conduct. I'm not sure I'll ever let him go back. I'd be afraid to trust him again. Maybe I'll find another mate for the bird mother, one that won't kill the children.

" 'It made me very sad to have these baby birds killed, especially a little brown one who was the image of its grandmother. Generally, Doctor, canaries are yellow, but the grandmother of these baby birds was a dark brown in color. She was an ideal mother.'

"After hearing Mammy's story," said Doctor Gander, "I said: 'Mammy, geese never kill their

young and they never kill other birds' young. Hens kill other hens' chickens, ducks kill other ducks' ducklings, but we geese will take any goose's goslings and are glad to get them. If you know of any goslings around this neighborhood that have no mother and father, won't you please get them for me and Mrs. Anna Goose? We've got seven children, but we wouldn't care if it was seventeen.' "

Later the Doctor walked down to the grave of the canary bird babies and afterwards he came to me and said, "General, you are a lawyer; don't you think we had better try that daddy bird for killing those innocent babies? We can get a jury from the geese, ducks, chickens, guineas, dogs and pigs. I would like to prosecute the bird that did so cruel a thing. We ought to hang him like that jaybird that got entangled with a horse hair. He's too mean to live."

"Doctor," said I, "you talk it over with your barnyard friends. I'll tell them to keep the father bird in jail and under no state of case let him out until you are ready to report. Then we'll see what can be done to punish him. I agree with you that on this place, where we treat everybody the best we know how, we do not want anyone who kills his own children."

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIAL OF MR. CANARY BIRD.

SOME weeks had passed since the killing of the canary bird babies by their father. I had promised that the murderer should not be released until Dr. Gander and his friends in the yard had been advised and had time to decide what punishment should be meted out to the prisoner.

As I came out on the porch one morning on my way to the patch to get some watermelons for the barnyard breakfast, the Doctor placed himself across the path to the garden. I knew at once that something was on his mind and that he wanted to talk to me. Cheerily I said, "Doctor, I hope you had a nice, quiet night and I beg to bid you good morning."

The Doctor acknowledged the greeting, bowed his neck gracefully and still stood in the path.

"My good friend," I asked, "what is troubling you today? If you have any grievances, let us know what they are."

"General," he explained, "we barnyard people have been talking over the case of Mr. Canary and have decided to give him a trial very soon now."

"Mr. Canary Bird is still in jail, Doctor," I said,

"and as he is a bird, it is but right that his bird and animal fellow citizens should say what should be done with him. He is in your hands, Dr. Gander, and if you call a jury you can decide what his fate shall be. I suppose," I suggested, "that you will be the Judge. You seem to be a leader amongst all these bird, pig, pony and dog folk."

"I'll be the Judge," answered Dr. Gander. "Mr. Wyandotte Rooster is a good deal of a bully when I am not around, and I think he would be the right sort of a prosecutor.

"I talked the matter over with Mr. Canary Bird. He said they had no right to try him; that the little birds were his own children and that he could do what he pleased with them. 'Geese, ducks, dogs, guineas, pigs and ponies have no right to say what I shall do in my own cage,' he protested. 'I do not go outside the house, nor do I associate with the barnyard folk. However, if I am to be tried I want Johnny Dixie, the pony, for my lawyer.' "

Then I informed the Doctor that whatever the verdict was I must review it. "The Governor of Kentucky," I explained, "has the right to pardon people who are convicted of crime, and he can commute sentences. As I am the owner of Youngland, after you all get through with the trial it must be left to me to say if judgment shall be enforced."

After that I informed Dr. Gander what should be done.

"The first thing," I said, "is to get a jury. This is always summoned by the Sheriff. Who will you, as Judge, appoint Sheriff?" The Doctor said he thought Bumps would be the right person for Sheriff, as he could bark and keep away from the trial people that the barnyard did not want to attend.

I said: "Doctor, get your jury for tomorrow morning at half past six, and I'll be on hand here at the back porch."

At the appointed hour I heard a great quacking, chirping, barking and clattering at the back, and, walking out, discovered Doctor and the entire barnyard. Judge Gander stood on the cistern platfrom and Mr. Sheriff called the jury. First came Mrs. Black Duck, then Mrs. Wyandotte Hen, who had nursed the five ducks and one chicken, then two of the young guineas, then Princess the Collie. Mrs. Anna Goose was called, but Judge Gander said if he was to preside he preferred that Mrs. Goose be excused. The young spotted cat was called in place of Mrs. Goose. The Sheriff, Bumps, called Mrs. Black Sow out, but neither the Wyandotte Rooster nor Johnnie Dixie, the lawyer, wanted the black sow. So the young chicken that was reared with the ducks

was called, and finally two young ducks, the Jersey cow and Captain Sparrow.

The Judge did not fancy Mr. Wyandotte Rooster very much, and he looked quite sternly at him and said: "Mr. Rooster, what have you to say about this case?" The Rooster looked quite as stern as the Judge and said: "May it please the Court, I am ready to proceed."

Turning to Mr. Johnnie Dixie, the Judge said: "Mr. Dixie, are you ready?"

Mr. Dixie nodded his head, saying, "Mr. Canary Bird is satisfied with the jury; we are ready to go to trial."

Judge Gander said to Mr. Canary Bird and his lawyer, Johnnie Dixie: "What does Mr. Canary Bird say as to whether he is guilty or innocent?"

Mr. Johnnie Dixie answered: "Mr. Canary Bird pleads 'not guilty.' "

"Call the witness," said Judge Gander, and Bumps, the Sheriff, barked until Mammy came out on the porch.

"Mammy," said Judge Gander, "what do you know about Mr. Canary Bird killing his two babies?"

"Jedge," said Mammy, "Ah raised Mr. Canary Bird on a knitting needle by feeding food ah had chewed up foh him. Ah won't answeh."

"But, Mammy," the Judge said sternly, "you must tell. This Court commands you to relate all you may know."

"Jedge," answered Mammy, "ah have great respect for you and all these othah people heah, but ah will not tell anything about Mr. Canary Bird that will get him into any trouble. One night, Mr. Jedge, the Yank soldiers followed mah young Rebel mastah into mah mothah's house and they said ah must tell them if the boy ah had been a mammy to was hid in the cabin. The boy was down in the cellar, close up under the rafters, and ah said the young man was not there. They said they had tracked him home, and if ah did not tell where he wuz they would shoot me.

"Jedge, ah told them to shoot on. Ah said the soldier boy was not there, but it was an awful story. Ah had played with that soldier boy when we wuz childens and mah mammy was his niggah mammy, and said, too, the young mastah was not there. Mr. Jedge, me and mah mammy would have died in our tracks before we would have given up our young mastah. They said they would hang us if we all did not tell where he wuz, but we said they could hang us if they wanted to, but we knowed nothin' and couldn't tell nothin'. Jedge Gander, we stood them soldiahs off and they did not find the young mastah, and, when they went away, we let the boy

out through the back window and he got back to his own people all right. Do you think, Mistah Doctor Jedge Gander, that ah am going to tell on that poor little canary bird sittin' there in the cage lookin' so skeered?" And she said, "No, sah! No, sah!" with her eyes flashing.

"But, Mammy," said the Judge, "if he killed his children he ought to be punished and you ought to tell all you know about this cruel act. You buried the canary babies, and these people here, this jury of barnyard folks, want to know if this father bird killed those two innocent little children of his."

"Mistah Jedge, ah can't help what you all say about it, ah ain't gonna tell on mah canary bird that ah raised on a knittin' needle, and, Mistah Jedge, ah bid you and your jury and them lawyers good mawnin'."

This was a poser for the Judge and jury. They had expected easy sailing through Mammy's evidence, and they were now at sea. Judge Gander looked much disgusted, and he asked all present if they knew anything of how the babies were killed. All said they knew nothing themselves about the matter.

The Wyandotte Rooster looked much crestfallen at the course events had taken. He had expected to make a big speech and to roundly abuse the daddy bird for the crime with which he was charged.

Mr. Johnnie Dixie, he wagged his head and seemed to grin; anyhow, he reached down and took a bite of grass and, turning to the rooster, he asked: "Mr. Rooster, have you any other witnesses?"

The big Wyandotte whispered around but could get nothing more, and then Mr. Johnnie Dixie said: "Judge, there's no evidence against Mr. Canary Bird. I move that this jury be discharged and that the prisoner be carried back into the house in his cage; furthermore, that he be let out of jail and be put back in the cage with Mrs. Canary Bird."

The turn of events was not at all pleasing to the Judge, the jury and the crowd that had come to the trial. Judge Gander appealed to me saying: "General, this is a predicament—what must we do? Can't you make Mammy tell what she knows?"

"Judge Gander," I answered, "I've great respect for the law. I suspect you all would like to kill Mr. Canary Bird, but you cannot do it under the law. I am the Confederate boy that was hid in Mammy's mother's cellar when the Union soldiers threatened to hang and shoot Mammy and her mother if they did not tell where I was. I suspect you had better let the jury go. I'll give Mr. Canary Bird a good lecture and tell him that he came very close to being hanged for killing his babies and that hereafter he must be a kind father and good bird."

This seemed to satisfy all who were present. I lectured Mr. Canary Bird pretty severely and they went off in a good humor. I called to the cook to bring out some food for the poultry, and to give Johnnie Dixie a bunch of hay, the Jersey cow some bran, Bumps and Princess each a piece of liver, and the cat a saucer of milk. Then the meeting broke up. As the jury and audience scattered and went down through the yard I heard Johnnie Dixie say to Dr. Gander: "Judge, I don't know as much as you do, because you are two years older than I am, but it looks to me as if the General advised Mammy how to get Mr. Canary Bird out of a bad scrape, and between them they fooled the court, the lawyers and the jury."

CHAPTER XXI.

DR. GANDER'S BARNYARD CONVENTION.

EVERY morning we had been bringing over from the watermelon patch a dozen small watermelons for our barnyard pets. With the exception of the cats, all these partners of mine were voracious eaters of watermelons and canteloupes. They would follow me over the patch, quacking and begging to have the luscious red watermelons cut open. When they had eaten, the ducks would rush in and gobble up the seeds.

The Doctor and his family liked the pulp, while the chickens and guineas pecked at the rinds. The black duck was a greedy seed eater, and would fill up her craw so she could hardly walk. The other ducks would drink the juice and suck the water like they were in a mud puddle.

Dr. Gander and his family would fight all the others away until they were full. We had to stand by and see that the ducks and chickens had a fair show. Mrs. Goose was very severe with the ducks and chickens. If any of them came up to a newly-opened melon she would rush at them, and before they could get out of the way would grab them by

the wings or catch them by the backs of their necks, and not only pull them around, but would give them a good shaking. After awhile the geese would get all they wanted, then they would go off a little way and sit down and peck at the young bluegrass. As soon as the geese got away the ducks and chickens would rush in and devour what the geese had left.

These friends of mine grew so fond of the melons that as soon as the day broke they would gather around the back door and call for me and the colored man to come out and go and get their melons.

Just after breakfast one October morning I heard a great clatter at the back porch. The geese, under Dr. Gander's lead, were honking; the ducks, under the black duck, were quacking; the chickens, with the mother that had reared two chickens and six ducks, were clucking; the guineas were potter-racking, and the young gray tom-cat and four kittens were all facing the front steps.

I waited some time to see if my pets really wished to call me. The cries got louder and louder, and the chorus, led by Dr. Gander, became oppressive. The noise was so great that it was disturbing the whole family. They insisted that I should go out and quell the disturbers.

Opening the back door, I stepped out to the

front and, lifting my hat, said, "Good morning, my dear pets, how are 'you all' this beautiful day?"

Dr. Gander was standing in front of the crowd. It looked to me as if he proposed to be the spokesman. The Doctor seemed slow in speaking, and I said, "If I can do anything for you I'll be glad to serve you."

When I appeared at the door, Dr. Gander immediately addressed me. "General," he said. "We cannot understand why you no longer serve us melons for our morning meal. In behalf of my family and my other barnyard friends, I want to protest and to petition you to restore the melons to us."

Lifting my hat to my audience, I said: "My dear friends, I am much distressed to hear of your worry and hunger. You will remember that for two months every morning I fed you a dozen watermelons and now and then threw in a few canteloupes for good count. However, you have lived in Kentucky all your lives. You should know that in Kentucky the season for watermelons begins the first week in August and ends the first week in October. I would give you anything I had, but my watermelons are gone, and if I gave you all the watermelons you could eat it would cost me five dollars a day. As much as I love you, I can't afford that outlay for watermelons to feed you a luxury.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I've a field full of pumpkins, and some of them are so big a man can't carry them. I'll send the man down with a wagon to haul up a load of pumpkins, cut them open and let you eat all you want. We humans eat stewed pumpkin and pumpkin bread and pumpkin pie and think it delicious. You ought to like it, too."

Dr. Gander gave a loud call and all the convention joined in with him. He said, "That's the very thing to do; and he called out for his friends, "General, when shall we get the pumpkins?"

"Right now, Doctor; right now. There's no use in waiting."

I called the man as loudly as I could and said, "Go down into the field and bring up two dozen pumpkins for my friends here. Be sure you do it very quickly." The man already had the horse harnessed and, as it trotted off to the field all the convention gave a loud cheer. The cheer had hardly died out before the pumpkins arrived. I took a great corn knife and cut four big fifty-pound pumpkins open and divided each into six pieces.

"Eat all you want, my friends," I said, addressing the barnyard pets.

The pumpkin seed were nearly three times as big as the watermelon seed, many times as big as canteloupe seed. The black duck, the greatest seed eater

of all the crowd, tried the pumpkin seed, but everyone noticed that she did not swallow many. Then the young goose "Big Sis" nibbled at them, and all the ducks came up to test them, but none seemed to enjoy them very much. At last the Wyandotte rooster pecked at them and he walked away. Others pecked at the inside of the pumpkin, but none of them apparently relished it. The chickens came up and they sampled the rind, but it was too hard; they all went away and began to eat grass.

My friends plainly were disappointed. They had expected something as good as watermelon or canteloupe, and they looked at me most reproachfully.

I was much grieved. Never had I willingly disappointed these trusting friends. They always came when I called them, and never did I deceive them.

Dr. Gander seemed much disgruntled. He did not wish to lose his position as the leader of the convention and the spokesman for his barnyard companions, and yet he did not want to say anything unkind about me.

Observing the Doctor's mood, I thought I would relieve him; so I pulled off my hat and, bowing to him and his associates, I said:

"It is easy to see, Doctor, that you and your comrades are much disappointed about this pumpkin breakfast, and to tell the truth, so am I. The pump-

kins are not yet soft enough. They are never good until a half-dozen frosts fall on them; so far we have had only two. When four more have come I shall let you try them. Until then I ask your patience.

"There are two bushels of tomatoes in the cellar. There is wheat and rye in the crib, we have stored away a pile of apples, and you all know that there are barrels of yellow corn. You shall not go without a good breakfast. Call your convention to order, Doctor, and take a vote as to what the treat shall be."

The Doctor called the gathering to order and explained what had been said. All tried to talk at once. The duck quacked for rye, the chickens clucked for yellow corn, and the guineas potter-racked for bread. Everybody was talking at once and louder than the other. It looked as if a riot was about to take place.

Waving my hand, I said, "Doctor, stop this racket or you will have a dozen fights on your hands. You geese go over to one side, the ducks to the other, the chickens over to the left and the guineas to the right, and I'll call the cook and each crowd shall have what it wants."

This restored order at once. The Doctor seemed much relieved, and he separated his followers as directed. The cook appeared on the scene with four

pans in a basket and divided out to each squad what it had called for. Peace reigned, and all set to work to gobble up what the cook had provided. Every minute some one squad would rush away to the water tub. We all knew that all our visitors drink four or five times when they eat a full meal. Everybody seemed happy, everybody was full, and I bade the convention good morning and told the Doctor I would see him and his friends later in the day.

CHAPTER XXII.

LITTLE TED'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

WHEN the leaves had fallen, the flowers withered and the frost had destroyed the beauty and glory of the garden and the yard, I drove out on Thanksgiving afternoon to have a talk with Dr. Gander. I wished to listen to his story of what had happened since we had left all our dear friends at the farm and gone back to our city home to await the coming of the springtime and the new life it would impart to the grass, the shrubs and the trees.

The Doctor had given up his watching under the big tree. He had waited many afternoons for the light of the automobile lamps and the rumbling of the machine to gladden his heart. He had settled down to his disappointment and gone farther back in the yard by the barn gate, where he lingered until the manager was ready to let him into the lot to get a drink of fresh water and eat his supper of yellow corn.

The Doctor had seen the big turkey gobbler disappear; he had heard the flapping of his wings when the Farm Manager caught him by his feet and pulling him off the roost put him in the chicken house.

He had also watched the manager, when at daybreak the next morning he caught the gobbler and held his head on a block while the hired man took an axe and cut off his head. The gobbler's death alarmed the Doctor and his family. The big rooster and the hens and the black duck and her duck friends had gone to the other side of the barn and did not see what happened to Mr. Gobbler. They saw that the gobbler never came back any more and they wondered what had finally become of him. The Doctor was afraid that the cruel man who had cut off the turkey's head might come some day to catch some of his children and do them the same way. He told the rooster and the ducks to be careful where they slept.

He ordered Mrs. Anna Goose and the family to go every night under the corn crib and not to come out until after it was light. He was not afraid for himself. He well knew I would not let anybody hurt him. He had lived sixteen years and nobody had ever caught him or tried to cut his head off. While I was around he was very sure about himself, but he did not want to see his friends get caught and killed.

Down at the pond one day he had met some geese from a neighbor's place. They looked like skeletons. All their feathers had been pulled out to make pillows, feather beds or cushions. They told him how the mistress on the other farm had caught

them, held their legs, wings and feet and then pulled all their feathers out of their breasts and sides. They told the Doctor how badly it hurt them. She had jerked all the plumage off their bodies. And they said she was a cruel woman.

"Ah," said the Doctor to them, "you ought to come and live with the General. I would like to see any woman, or man either, for that matter, catch me and pull my feathers out where my good master, the General, is. He would raise a racket, you can bet your life, and he would punish any person who tried that game on me. I heard the manager's wife say one day to the General that I had very beautiful feathers and she would like to pick me and put my feathers in a pillow for a sick lady."

"'Not on your life,' the General answered. 'I would about as soon you would undertake to pull the hair out of my head as to treat my dear friend, Dr. Gander, in that rude and painful way. If you want feathers so much as all that, you can go and buy them from the feather man, but not while I live can you impose on Dr. Gander.'

"I told my friends from the neighbor's that they had better come and live with us over at Youngland. About that time the lady who owned the geese came with a big stick and drove them away and she never let them come to our pond any more."

The turkey killing seemed to have made the Doctor very sad. It was easy enough to see that he was deeply troubled and wanted to talk to me about it. I listened to his story and when he finished I said to him: "Doctor, don't you be alarmed. While I live no man shall lay his hands on you, and when I go away on the long journey, I've arranged that a farmer friend of mine shall come and get you and keep you as long as you live. I expect, Doctor," said I, "that you will outlive me, and so I picked out a young farmer and he will outlive you, even if you do get to be forty years old. I gave the man a beautiful young calf to get his promise to care for you. Some day, Doctor, it will come to you that the 'General has fallen,' but you can be easy about this: I've arranged it all right for you."

"But, General," the Doctor said, "you look sad yourself. Has anything happened to you?"

"Yes, Doctor," I said, "I've something very, very sad to tell you, and I am much distressed to bring bad news to you and my other farm pets. Dear little Ted died this morning, and I am deeply grieved that he will never come out to see you all any more. I suppose, Doctor, that you observed that little Ted did not seem very well this summer. A week ago I asked him if he would like to go out to the farm with me. Barking he ran out and got on the running

board of the machine and begged me to take him in. You saw him out here that day. He got out of the machine, but he did not run over the yard like he used to. Before we left, and some time before we were ready to drive back, he came and lay down on the porch near the machine. He looked as if he wanted to get back home as soon as possible.

"The next day, Doctor, he took worse. He went out under the steps on the back porch and moaned as if in great pain. He always came downstairs in the morning before I did. He slept in a room next to the linen closet where he had his bed and quilt to cover him. At the bottom of the steps Ted was always waiting for me. He barked and ran around the hall and into the dining room and study—he liked to have me chase him around the tables and chairs—and we had a big romp. I missed him when I came down this morning and I went out to see what was the matter with him. He looked at me appealingly as if to tell me he was very sick and was suffering and wanted me to help him. I tell you, Doctor, it cut me to the quick to see the little fellow in such pain. I patted him on the head telling him how sorry I was. I said to him, 'Ted, I'll do the best I can for you. I'll run upstairs as quickly as I can go, and I'll tell the Doctor to come out in a great hurry; maybe he can do something for you. So, Doctor, I

rushed upstairs and calling the veterinary told him to come quickly, that Ted was very sick. He said he would come as soon as he could eat his breakfast. I told him, 'Please don't wait for breakfast, but come right away.' Then I went back downstairs and told Ted the Doctor would be out in a few minutes, but the poor little fellow looked up into my face with his beautiful black eyes seeming to say, 'General, I am afraid it is too late!' He got up, but it was clear that he was in great pain. He followed me into the kitchen. I had the chauffeur put some shavings in a box to arrange Ted a cozy bed down near the furnace. Then I brought Ted's quilt and put it over him.

"I went back into the study, and while I was reading the paper Ted rushed in where I was sitting. He was barking so piteously that it cut deep into my heart. He came to my side and put his feet up on my chair for me to pat his head. I said to him, 'Dear doggie, I would help you if I could.' I rubbed his side and put my hand on his head. His pain nearly made him beside himself. He rushed into the hall and into the kitchen and down the back steps. Just then the bell rang and I hurried to the door. The Doctor had arrived. 'Come quickly, oh, come quickly, Doctor,' I said, 'and see if you can help my dog friend.' As I closed the door and started back the houseman came running and said, 'General, poor lit-

tle Ted is dead.' I hastened the Doctor to where he lay as quickly as possible. When we reached the back door Little Ted was lying on the grass, face down, with his hind and fore legs stretched out. He looked just like he used to in the summer days when he would lie down by me on the grass in the yard to take a nap while I watched the people go by.

"The veterinarian hastened to his side: he felt Ted's heart and looked up into my face. He said, 'General, your little friend is dead.'

"I tell you, Dr. Gander, I loved that dog and he loved me. It made me very sad to know that he was gone.

"Later I told the chauffeur to go get a box and put Ted in it and carry him out to the farm, where he and I had passed so many happy hours together, to dig a grave under the big apple tree in the corner of the yard near the flower garden. I told him to tell you, Doctor, and your family, Bumps, the ducks and the Collie Princess and all the people on the place. I could not attend myself, for I had been called out of town, but I left word to see that Ted was laid away properly.

"I told the chauffeur to get out the little coat that we used to put on him when it was very cold, wrap him up in a nice blanket and put a mound over his grave."

"Well, General, I want to tell you that when the man came out," said Dr. Gander, "we knew something was wrong. The people called us, saying, 'Come on, come on,' and we all followed the folks over to the big apple tree. We knew the way everyone acted something unusual had happened, and so we did not ask for any corn or wheat or bread. We just stood around by the apple tree and the colored men dug the little grave and putting Ted in his box down in it and filled in the earth. We all went away very sorry about Ted.

"Are you sure, General, he will never come back any more?"

"Yes, Doctor," I replied, "Little Ted will never come back any more."

"The fact is, General, Ted was the best behaved dog I ever saw. Nobody ever said a mean word about the little fellow. Bumps and Princess sometimes bark at us or chase our goslings, but Ted never did."

"Dr. Gander," said I, "you are right. Ted was the kindest, gentlest and best-mannered dog I ever saw. I've told the man to get a cedar board, put it in the ground over Ted's head, put concrete around the bottom of the board and have painted on it:

"'THIS IS TED'S GRAVE. HE WAS THE BEST DOG WE EVER KNEW.'"