

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

Don is a little black and white shepherd dog belonging to C. T. Anderson, and some three weeks ago he took a notion to wander far from the home roof and to size up the wide, wicked world from a dog's point of view and judgment. There was sorrow in the Anderson home, for he was a pet, and away into the wee hours of the night the gentle voice of Chris could be heard, accompanied by the sad strains of a banjo, softly humming:

Out on the prairies, bleak and bare,

Away from the tender shepherd's care,

An' he's got an unlimited amount of hair

My doggie's gone—oh where! oh where!

Wednesday, however, Don returned after living on the husks the swine wouldn't eat, so these many days. Chris had Joe Kurth kill a fatted heifer for him and now Don sits up at the table with a bib tucked under his chin living on the fat of the land, and when the grub is not forthcoming he threatens to vamoose.—
Bowden Guardian.