

A Letter from GUPPY

Buffalo Springs, N. D.

Jan. 5, 1908.

Editor Times:—

You may be wondering how I am getting along in this far away land of sunshine and gladness, or else you may wonder why I have not stepped off the earth long ago. Well, I am still a small speck on the prairies of Bowman County, the new and lately discovered continent lying off the southwestern coast of the earth. I started out here with a quantity of personal effects, principally three guideless wonders, more familiarly known as oxen, myself and the rest of the family, including "Bowman Signet" a thorough-bred bull druggist pup purchased from the Kennels of George Lockett the dog man.

Well we arrived here, after wrestling for three weeks with a contagious disease which the kids bargained for on the way out, we moved into our little cabin on the homestead. Not having dug a well at the time, we were compelled to haul water from Mat Beckler's well half a mile away. Mat is a good fellow and he has a good mother who is a widow. His well is also good. One night I started out with a barrel on a stone-boat to get a barrel of water. The air was keen and sharp while overhead the stars were gleaming and blinking in all their terrestrial splendor. A gentle breeze wafted the sweet scent of orange blossoms to the nostrils of the sturdy homesteader. Over the hills to the right of me lay a vast expanse of bracing ozone and the invigorating elements of the cool and vigorous evening atmosphere and all Nature seemed in the height of her teary, when all of a sudden and without the slightest warning, a pack of coyotes over the hill to the left rent the air with a terrific outburst of savage and death-threatening howls and wails. I was away out on the prairie and the coyotes evidently scented me (which would naturally be very easy) and now they swooped upon me. Now perhaps you can imagine my feelings just at that time out there alone with no means of self protection save the vicious gleam in the eye of my faithful friend Bowman Signet. Before I could decide what to do the coyotes were upon me and the time to act and act quick was at hand. I picked up my dog and throw her into the midst of the pack of hungry wolves then decided to hike. One dog, however, was insufficient to appease the hunger of the ravenous brutes, so I adopted a novel scheme for mastering the situation. I called Bowman Signet away from the enemy and picked up the leader of the coyotes and thrust him into the barrel head first. This daring action on my part apparently stupefied the other six wolves and they began running into the barrel to crowd their comrades out. When all were in the barrel there was still room for two more, so I hastily turned the barrel upside down and sat on it until daylight. The barrel was a vinegar barrel that I bought of Buchheit, Bakken & Co., last winter so I believe you will remember the barrel. Well at daylight I released the wolves one at a time and Bowman Signet grappled each and everyone of them and fought them to their death. So long Mr. Editor and tell Lockett he has the credit for raising such valuable dogs.

Respectfully yours,

Gusbo Bill.