

in his arms, she opened a pair of bluebell eyes and said:

"Nice yellow dog carry Dodo."

You can hear various versions of the Dodo story. Some say that no child could have walked eight miles in a night, and to reach Jake Watson's shack she would have had to pass through the bog lands unless she had gone around the long trail, which would have doubled the mileage. How then did she arrive at the front of the shack had not the coyotes carried her? The answer to this, by those who are inclined to scout the tale is that "the poor little thing didn't know what she was talking about. Probability is Jake found her nearer her home than he likes to make out." If that were true, replies the other side, what of the searching parties? Were they not on all sides of the marsh on that night?

Bert Bowers, old-timer and something of an oracle among the farmers of the district, says, chewing upon the tobacco in his left cheek and speaking out of the corner of his mouth:

"Psha! You can't tell me nothin' about coyotes. They are the meanest critters that ever run on four legs. You can't tell me that coyote's would leave a little tyke like that alone. Psha! I guess I know coyotes. I wish I had a dollar for everyone I've shot."

"Then you think Jake and the kid made it all up?"

"No, I don't say nothing of the sort, and you needn't take the words out of my mouth. Its like this. Coyotes are powerful sneaks. They don't touch nothings thats alive or stirrin' but they'll foller and foller and foller till you drop, and