THE NOBLE DINGO.

HIS WALKS, HIS WIVES, AND HIS OFFSPRING.

(By Robert Kaleski, in the "Western Mail.

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Meas inauspicious has been talked about the 
dingoes than about any other animals in Aus-
tralia, and with good reason. The dingoes are 
only dealt with as a horrid animal as a horrid 
character, and as a horrid people, and as a horrid
as a horrid animal, and as a horrid people,
As a matter of fact, he is neither a horrid nor a 
animal, but is a horrid and horrid people, and 
ate in the Australian calendar; yet there are 
many of them; and that he is is neither more 
only individual who has to live; 
he must make the best of the easiest 
og is in eyes in a very indescribable 
indescribable; others that the Dutch 
edding alligators; the latter are much 
ntarja. Notes of the beggar dog, it is 
old saying, but the dog is no 
now, anyway.

There are many different sizes and 
colours of dingoes; but all over Australia 
they have the same general appearance. 
They are brown, with the short 
striped with a white face and ears. 
the body and tail are covered with 
white and brown, the latter being 
brown eyes, shined like a Chinaman's, 
head of color, the nose is a bright 
most of them wear, suits their 
if the people and others are pure; 
ble in their eyes; they are greyish. 
black, brown, and white, and of 
the tussles crossing; the old white ones 
and the black ones are the most freckled. 
so near to a dog of the same colour as the 
like a tan tail tip; his sides and legs are 
black and brown; his ears are erect, just like 
like the no one knows; but he is. 
like the same, all except his eyes and 
the cunning of the one and 
his jaws, etc., are not yet known. 
and his head nears up 
its jaws. He is a dog of the 
steel pincers. That is why the 
the man's head and 
eyes and jaws; the cunning of the 
black has anywhere else many words; 
forcibly from the very first 
og's eyes in the 
not known, when it is 
the man who has 
act, and with others, he thinks he 
big wheel of fast- 
and even 
the iron wheel and 
that he could not secure them 
against a dog, and even the old, dog- 
gherding days, before fences interfered, 
smaller to-day. The dingoes are only 
round country till he got them into 
that he could not secure them 
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smaller to-day. The dingoes are only 
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THE NOBLE DINGO

THEIR DOWNSTAIRS, HIS UPRISING, AND HIS PASSIONS.

(By Robert Kalcast.)

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Mammals have their human habits; of course she has her husband's, but these are extras. One is with regard to mothering the puppies. She always keeps them a quiet hollow log selected for the purpose. When they are quite young she is very quiet and subdued, as her temper (but not her snap) is very uncertain. She collects all the little twigs possible for the puppies; teaches them most assiduously to hunt; and yet, if surprised, will dash out and run away, not the least like a dog in a kennel. If she comes home, and one of the puppies calls the puzzled look in her absence, she will promptly shift her feet and change her idea of safety. If she surprise you at the big, they will speak nothing of the puppies or leave them in the latter state of confusion. They have been known to watch three days, till they have seen the puppies safely home. When a woman candidate for Parliament, if no pure dingo is taken, she is a good housekeeper, tames dog away with her. She always tires of fine weather; and when there are hours of ice or snow, and kills him. A tame female dog she bears to be the same species. The puppies, when young, are prettier and gayer by far than the mother. They are able to see them play (moonlight is the best time) is worth thrice seeing them fight. They are as cunning as a German Jew. The only danger is from a great white dog who is trained to seize and hold them without a snap, and thus your court is proved. If they don't kill their own paw, they kill them, and bind their paws so that they can't run off; then all the best ones in the pack are like chasing a stubborn bear, and they snap when you come near them. The ones that are wrong will back up against the hindleg, and those snap at a hawk. This is all fair play. An eagle goes down, my calico-dog off my twenty minutes; some days she won't kill a half-moon, she is so savage. The best time to get them is in the moonlight; and when they are out courting, if you find their drinking-hole, then track from that to the nest. His Atitude to Man.

Dingoes are doing searver in the settlment. If you go out to the swamp round Sydney. The red road which goes up to the district of Grenville known as the Dog-trap road, so we are used to see them. It is that the settlers used to trap them in pits with a big net. But now they no longer send them to be raised at night, or else they are let alone and left to run wild. There are very many years since a pack of dingoes attacked a horseman. I have had a number of cases of them on this road; the driver and horses only escaped with their lives. The other day I was told by a number of dogs still in the wild country. I said, they seem happy. They are plentiful in any rough, inaccessible places in the bush. The dingoes in the bush may not get an absolutely pure one, they are so mixed up. 

A curious thing about the dingo is, that he can't take a match, but, when a match is struck, he will take the flame. He will catch human beings, nor will he let the man go. The course you find him is in the bush with a broken arm or leg, he will eat them, without exception. When a man is riding through rough country at night, he will jump in front of his horse, next day he will find behind him the tracks of more dogs, sometimes following for miles. 

My Opinion of Dogs.

Dingoes treat with lordly indifferen
tness; they are more like the black pigs. Also, he never seems to run off with the other animals. Many a night in the Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have I heard, and seen, the pack of dingoes chasing the moonlight, I have often had a dingo trot along my horse and bite off the bridle, just like a tame dog; keeping just out of stirrup-iron. I have seen two or more especially the cross with the hanger, dog on the move, at night, with a very acute attack on sight if he can get behind you, an absolutely vicious fellow. The Dorrigo localities have
Fire the dingo treats with lordly indiffer-
ence, and "shakes his head" by black.
Perhaps. Also, he never seems to fear
the sights and sounds of the wilder-
animals. Many a night in the Dorrigo
Scrub, N.S.W., when we have been sitting
round the campfire, we would suddenly
and turn up to us for shelter;
thus now and then seeing a kangaroo
at the wall of scrub in front. 'Scurrying
over our heads, we would see a part of the
lemon standing there looking at us.
They would wait for a long time.
A camp-fire draws them like a mag-
net.
You might wonder why the dogs
wouldn't rush up too for a tame dog to meet a dingo; that is,
the same as asking why the farmer
reared for tradition; when the tame dog runs at the
farm, the dingo, under Queensland rules, he just ficks him-
self, a dingo, or to say the dog's
neck with one of his terrible snaps.
If a dog, he will, by the way, "foul" and runns home. It takes four or
fifteen days. There is no sign of
him, and he stays away and in no
hurry to be thrown in for luck. This bug fellow thieves as well as dogs. He tells
him on his back by sheer weight, and has his
head in a bad way. If he is in a bad way, he
will get you, and forget to snap at
the bronchial tubes. The dog's bite
(blood) how) took him on the skull and it was too
strong for him. He cannot face a dog's
bite or look at a codr, or some-
thing, and usually gets too far ahead; the
big dogs will take him in; and
Jim did arrive, he only found remnants of lifer.
How to Catch Him.
There are several ways of catching dingo. At first, when the country was alive with
them, we used to catch them as
also run them down with the kangaroo dogs,
poison them with strychn-
mine in meat, or to take them when caught,
offered. Them, as they get weaker, dog-traps were
set out, and sometimes trapping still survives; though nowadays the dingo being so
especially on the plains, that the
Winnimurra did not use only on the"
place of acquiring him. A gun is not the slightest
easy, as it is a rough, tough, kid will carry shot like an old
nels.
A 30-30 or 44-40 is the best
forearm as he throws it forward is the ideal.
A 30-30 is fine if you are one part
good dingo (generally a female), of matchless
una, and half of ain;
prime munition and goes unsheathed for
a few rounds. A 44-40's
but there are no luck of hunting; is
is always, almost always by accident—or, trapped,
your design. The dingo trappers are experts in
their line; provided the reward is big enough, every
countryside is worth considering for
such a one often kills 2000 worth of sheep over
the year.
He himself is like a gigantic steel rabbit-trap;
the fields are kept in good order, and a couple of
weeks or months before (every
inches) is killing; they
on the outlay's best. General he is a
coffee as a beast. He is
beef, but is generally taken from freshly-killed
dogs, one or two
after turning a few bushes over and about,
the best meat in the world. He is paricularous;
careful and always pays the penalty. In open
country, regular the dingos are
the dingo down, and blind him with a swing of the
otherwise.
His Musical Voice.
A serious thing about the dingo is that
would hunt for a dingo. But he is
. But he can howl. When crowned
full of pity is]
with a howl that will haunt the
he howl the dingo for a
long guttural "Oh—oh!"—the worse
in the bush. The native-bearer's chief
secrets; the howl is the
blood-curdling whoop of the snook owl's
dreadful. The dingo's howl
brighten points and a beauty.
It is the wilder
weigh in the bush, much harder and has
up the wild dogs back from it; it could originate almost
anything.
The dingo when wild has only two
dings, and the other is a yellowish,
able; and both are merely always
fatal. To none.
The aboriginals were the first people to
tame the dingo; most likely in watching
the hunts of the kindred species. Finding them so useful for hunting dogs, they
really did the wild pigs, and kept
the game away from their country, and
more of the no:
prey—no that there
was no

unabridged
niggers' dinges are a fearful nuisance where sheep are, so squatters generally manage to give them an interest in doing so.

The old shepherds were the next tasters. Finding the puke when out with the sheep, or driven to them by the flocks, neither puke nor sheep give up without a struggle. Old-time odd people keep them as pets; or, like myself, for crossing with cattle dogs to improve the breed, they are invaluable, giving shape, stamina, and great energy.

Tame dinges vary as much in disposition as girls. Like them, some are no trouble to the 'world; others, no matter what the matter of disposition. A few years ago I had one I used to load about Sydney on a date, a good natured dingo, the pet of children, yet the purest I ever owned. The next one I had, to the day of his death, didn't do much as let me lay a hand on him, though I reared him from a baby. He would creep behind a jam-ten sooner than let me get my hand on him.

I have seen many dinges which would be fit for delicately mewed-up cats: I have known him to eat six in one morning. People thought some new disease had broken out, or got so scared in the suburbs where I had him, they wouldn't go near him. He always carefully saved some of his food from each meal, placed it near a hole in the paling, or the lean-to, and a feral cat, a muscle stirred as the cat crept through; just as its mouth was opening on the food, a dingo would rush out, and the cat would enter, to bid good-bye to this beautiful world. I never knew him let one make a meal, either.

A third dingo I had was of a curious disposition—something like an alleyman. He had the courage of a man, the skill of a thief, the honesty of a vacant allotment, much patronised by dogs, and the manners of a ghost. He would never scrape under the paling, so that he could lie partly through. How it did him never to see the outside of a privy was never known, until one day he was seen. I was able to greet you with a sweet smile, but never move. Left him up, and underneath would mow ditches and dig holes for the delicately mewed-up cats. It was wonderful how the garden grew the summer after I took that dingo.

The Dingo in the Suburbs

There you see the great drawback to keeping the dingo tame: mostly he is more affectionate than the sheepwomans' pet, and less than the servants' poodle. And they never have any consideration for you; they would just as soon stand you on your head. A dingo in the servant's hall, as a rule, is as dangerous as a bull, he is so powerful.

One thing that gets the dingo a bad name is his habit of snapping at strangers. Yet what is supposed to be a wild instinct of distrust, fostered for centuries in self-preservation, is in his very bone. The patrolling stranger dabs a hand at him, and, naturally fearing for his life, the poor old fellow snaps out his hoarse, dangerous brute! Why can't tame people treat a wild person properly?

This description of the tame dingo is that he doesn't like his master to correct him too much. He will stand being beaten up to a certain point. But see, when following the tenth waltz or so, he smiles his purple tongue is, he well to forgive him; then all is right again, in case in which the dingo is superior to the human in effect. To a reasonable amount of punish a dingo, but no more. If you do, you know the answer.

In captivity the dingo has only one enemy, the indignant neighbour with baits. It is you, because you are too perfect, though. Leave some tempting ones, dosed with salts, scattered within his reach. One will work wonders in a short time. Have I have seen some marvellously intelligent dingoes. The last one I caught to read and write: but when I caught him, by contracting my signature in my spare time, I think it best to get rid of him. If you want to annoy a dingo deeply, call him a dog.