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The Exile.

The ceaseless car, the tramp of horses' feet,
The restless human pacings to and fro,
The many faces that I do not know,
The aching impact of the flinty street,
The tired night-watchman on his lonely beat,
The blaring bugles Labor loves to blow,
The city's glance that everywhere must go,
The winds, dust-laden, leagued with winking heat—

All make me pant for grassy lanes,
dew-wet,
For clover fields ahum with plundering bees.

For knolls where I mild-mannered twilight met,
For pools that mirror scudding clouds, for trees

Athrill with flutes. My soul can ne'er forget

That it for long was nursed on Nature's knees.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Another Example.

The teacher was explaining the nouns of multitude.

"You say," he said, "a flock of sheep, a flight of birds, a shoal of fishes, a school of whales, a covey of partridges, a herd of cows, a forest of trees, a brood of serpents, and so on. Now can any boy give me some other examples?"

"Please, sir," said a smart boy, "please, sir, yes; an ancient order of buffaloes."

Need of Playgrounds.

The modern city needs playgrounds as much as it needs good streets, pure water, sewers and a safe way of disposing of its refuse. Automobiles are now so numerous that towns with ample playgrounds stand high in the esteem of parents.

As Others See Us.

If all the animals could talk,
And all the birds and flowers;
If all mankind were dumb awhile,
The gain would all be ours.
We'd learn again the simple life,
Avoid the art of human strife,
And hear clean nature speak.

If all the animals could talk
And tell us what they think,
Some of us might be very proud,
But most of us would shrink
And gladly hide our heads in shame
Remembering how we often maim
And cruelly mistreat the weak.
—R. D. Wickham.

American Robins in England.

The London Spectator says that in various places in England American robins are living in a wild state. About fifteen years ago a Boston business man sent fifty pairs to Lord Northcliffe, who liberated them on his estate in the south of England. All except one pair disappeared, but that pair was observed to nest and to bring off young. Doubtless many other pairs also raised broods. At any rate, the birds appear to have established themselves, and the red-waistcoated squire of old England will probably see something likeable in the cheery, red-breasted bird that frequents his lawns and hedges.

Passed By.

A very young doctor, opening a brand-new surgery, waited all day without a visitor until at last a breathless man came running up the drive.

"Sit down," said the young doctor, soothingly. "What can I do for you?"
"I must get on the telephone—at once," gasped the visitor. "My wife's ill, and I want to ring up my doctor."

Heaven favors good intentions.

Barry, the Dog Hero of St. Bernard Pass

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

PART III.

Barry had been watching with his head cocked to one side and his eyes shining. He knew how to do that, and he did wish that the father would call his name. "Barry!" the father called at last, with no idea that he would understand what was wanted, but Barry walked up to him with his utmost dignity and offered his paw. "Good boy!" cried the father, and patted the dog's head. This was one of the tricks that the children in Berne had taught him and he was delighted to show what he could do. The days were full, but the kind young monk did not fail to write to Carl, and before many months had passed he wrote:

"Barry found his first traveler in the snow last night and persuaded him to rouse himself and push on to the Hospice. This is the first time that a dog with so short a training has done such a thing."

"Barry knew how it felt to be lost," said Carl to himself.

Another time the monk wrote:

"A group of peasants were overwhelmed by an avalanche. The grown people were killed, but Barry found one little girl still alive though badly bruised. Somehow he made her understand that she must lie on his back and put her arms around his neck; and what a proud little lay brother he was when he brought her safely home! How he ever thought of getting her on his back I do not know. He had not yet been taught that."

When Carl read the letter, he smiled. "We know, don't we, Barry?" he said to himself. "More than one of our little girl friends has had a ride on your back, and you learned just how to crouch so they could get on easily."

At length there came a letter which said:

"Barry is our finest dog. He has saved in all the lives of forty persons. He is happy, but sometimes he goes to the edge of the cliff and stands gazing down the long and winding path. I believe that he is thinking of you. Will you not come and visit us?" The hand that wrote this trembled, and now there were no more letters, for the young monk had died. There were no long lives on the Pass of St. Bernard. He who gave himself up to the work of saving lost travelers knew well that his days would be few.

Now that Carl had no more news of the dog, he thought of him even oftener, and before long he and his friend, Marco, started to go over the pass. Marco had friends on the other side, and Carl had a deep longing to see Barry. It was the edge of the winter, but the storms had not yet been severe, and they hoped to get through without trouble.

All went well up to the beginning of the Valley of Death. Here the snow began to fall heavily. The sky was thick and dull, and the wind was rising. It came in savage gusts, striking one precipice, lunging itself back to another, whirling the young men about with furious blows and buffetings.

"This grows worse all the time," said Carl. "Let us rest for five minutes and eat our lunch, and then push on with all our might."

"A struggle like this needs something better than bread and cheese," said Marco. "I have brought a flask of the strongest brandy for just such a time."

"My grandfather knew the mountains as well as I know our own house," said Carl, "and he always said that a mountain climber must keep his head clear. Don't drink it, Marco," he pleaded earnestly. "Don't you know the old saying: 'He who drinks brandy at the peak will never again drink wine in the valley?'"

"I'll wager that the man who wrote that never was at the peak," retorted Marco lightly. In spite of all that Carl could say, Marco took a long, deep drink from his flask and pushed forward. But the storm drove on more and more fiercely. "I must sleep just a moment, then I can go on," he said drowsily, and sank down beside a great drift.

Carl pleaded. He shook the man and pulled him, and dragged him as far as he could. But he himself stumbled and fell, and before he could get upon his feet a sudden whirlwind of snow had covered his friend. He felt about in the storm and darkness, but there was no trace of him to be found. Heavily he plodded on. Late in the night there was a ring at the Hospice

door, so faint and tremulous that the good father who answered it almost believed that he had dreamed of the sound. The story was soon told.

"It may not be too late," said the monk. "Our best dogs were sent the moment we heard that a man was out. They will find him and he will be brought in."

"Has Barry gone?" asked Carl anxiously. "I have come all this way to see Barry."

"And you will see him," said the monk, soothingly, as if to a child, "but now sleep, and you shall be called as soon as he comes."

In the early gray of the morning Marco was brought in, still half dazed. Barry had found him and pawed the stifling snow away and had joyfully licked his hands and face until he began to awake. But his brain was stupid and dull, his eyes were dim and misty; wild fancies and terrors had seized upon him, and while Barry was barking joyfully for help, his only thought was that a wild beast had attacked him. He fumbled with unsteady hand, pulled out his knife, and stabbed the loving friend who, with no thought of his own suffering, was, with all his strength, struggling to drag him to shelter. The brave dog's blood reddened the snowflakes that whirled angrily around them. Barry's steps staggered more and more. At the gate he dropped and his eyes closed. The monks knelt around him and watched him tenderly.

"Barry, Barry!" cried Carl, in a voice that trembled with affection and grief.

Barry moved his head slightly. His eyes opened. He looked slowly from one to another, all around the little group, last of all at Carl. For a moment he questioned. Then there came into his eyes the light of a great joy. He made a familiar sound, faint and distant, it seemed, but yet clear and distinct. It was "Barry's welcome"—and his farewell.

So Barry died, in 1816, after twelve years of unselfish, faithful service. When the cemetery for dogs was opened in Paris the place of honor was given to a monument in his memory.

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ory. This shows the little girl on his back whom he rescued after the fall of the avalanche. She is holding fast to him and Barry's head is turned a little toward her as if he was telling her to trust him and not be afraid, for he would surely carry her safely home.

(The End.)

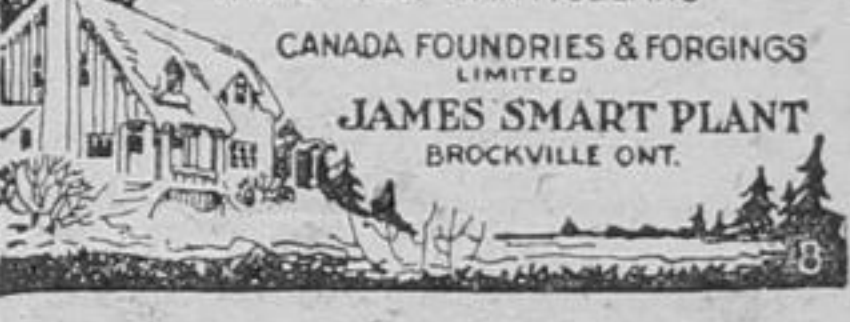
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