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mountain paths as his cousin Agnes, felt decidedly tired from their afternoon's tramp for blackberries, but as he was a boy and Agnes was a girl and did not seem a bit tired, he was ashamed to say that he was, so he followed her, although unwillingly.

They found the bush as Agnes had predicted, and it was full of blackberries. Their pails were full to overflowing. Then they returned toward home.

The sun disappeared suddenly behind the big mountain just beyond them and the darkness came on quickly. The children hastened their footsteps, for with the fast falling darkness the air grew damp and chill.

"Mother will be worried—we must hurry. I didn't think it was so late," said Agnes. "She is always afraid to have me out here after dark, for it is so easy to get lost."

"Are you sure you know the way?" asked Morris, anxiously.

"Oh, yes," responded Agnes, but in her heart she did not feel quite as sure as her tone indicated.

Somehow in the gathering darkness the way did not look at all familiar.

They trudged along. At every step the darkness increased. Somehow, they did not come into the open road, as Agnes had expected. Instead of that they seemed to be getting deeper and deeper into the woods.

"Agnes, you don't know where you are going! We're lost! We're lost on the mountain!" Morris was terror-stricken. He had heard his mother tell of people who had been lost on the mountain for days and he was fairly panic-stricken.

Agnes was frightened, too, but, sturdy little country girl that she was, she did not show it as Morris did.

In vain they wandered around trying to find the road which Agnes said should be there. They seemed to get only deeper and deeper in the dense woods.

"I'm so tired! I'm so hungry!" bemoaned Morris, struggling to keep back his tears.

"Well, we've plenty of blackberries," consoled Agnes. "Let's sit down on this stump and eat them."

It was pitch dark. Worn out, they threw themselves down on a big stump near by and hungrily ate the big luscious berries from their pails.

"Suppose we don't get home tonight," suggested Morris, fearfully.

"Well, there's no use worrying about it. We can't help it," said practical Agnes. "Now, if you're rested we'd better be going on. We haven't any time to lose."

Slowly and anxiously they made their way through the dark woods, but, try as they would, they could not

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get to any place which looked at all familiar, nor did they come to the road which Agnes declared must be "right there."

At last Morris sank down in despair on a fallen tree.

"I can't go any farther—I can't, I can't," he moaned.

Agnes dropped down on the big tree-trunk beside him.

It seemed dreadfully still and lonely in the dark woods. Insect life pulsed all about them. Crickets chirped, Katydid argued. Off in the distance an occasional frog uttered his hoarse "chug-chug." But the noises seemed only to make the children feel more keenly the solitude and darkness of the woods.

Morris was fighting hard to keep from crying, and Agnes wiped away quickly a tear which would trickle down her cheek.

Utterly weary, hopeless and frightened, the children sat in silence on the fallen trunk of the tree.

"They will miss us and hunt for us when it grows dark," said Agnes at last, consolingly.

What was that? Both children started up, their hearts beating wildly.

Off in the distance there was a noise which sounded like a dog's bark.

"Are—are there any bears around now?" asked Morris, in a trembling tone.

"Not at this time of year," whispered Agnes. "Hark!"

Again it sounded.

"Shep!" screamed Agnes, joyfully.

"It's Shep!"

Both children cried out at the top of their lungs, "Shep! Shep!"

An answering bark sounded through the darkness. Another. The sound came nearer.

There was the glimmer of a lantern through the trees, then a big shaggy body bounded toward them.

He leaped on the two children, wagging his tail, overjoyed.

In another minute Agnes's father, with two of the neighbours, rushed up.

"Oh, you dear Shep!" cried Agnes, clasping the dog close around his shaggy neck.

"Yes," said her father. "You may thank Shep for finding you. It was so dark that we had to trust solely to his sense of smell; but he tracked you from the very first, although he led us a roundabout chase. You must have been going around in a circle."

Her father picked Agnes up tenderly and carried her in his strong arms, while one of the other men picked up Morris, who was thoroughly exhausted and could not walk.

With the aid of the lantern and guided by the faithful dog, the little party made their way out of the dense woods and were once more on the road, which Agnes had tried so hard to find.

What a welcome home they received! How their mothers kissed and fondled them! How good it seemed to be once more in the warm, light, cosy home! How good the hot supper tasted!

Shep was as happy as anyone. He lay back of the big stove in the kitchen, wagging his tail and every once in a while running up to the children to lay his head lovingly in their laps and allow them to stroke his shaggy fur. He had an extra good supper that night as a reward for his faithfulness, and Morris said heartily, as he patted the big dog's head: "I'll never say again that Shep doesn't know anything, for he knew enough to find us when we were lost on the mountain, and no one else could."

Agnes nodded her head in triumph.

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