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beneath the frowning brows. Like many other things, however, they partake in some measure the nature of their surroundings, and, in reality, are very soft and intelligent.

Life is not a thing of sunshine and beef bones to the great dog of Tibet. It is to him, as to many of his kind, so stern a reality it often becomes a tragedy.

He eats no idle bread. In Tibet many things are beasts of burden—sheep, and goats, and dogs, and women, and little children. All these bear heavy loads, and frequently in winter the great dogs stagger along beneath burdens far too heavy for even their sturdy strength. Like all dogs, though, they are faithful workers and make no complaint, but pull as long as they can stand, their cut and bleeding feet often leaving bloody tracks along the frozen ground.

Aside from being the devoted friend and faithful servant of his master, as well as his patient beast of burden, the great dog of Tibet is the self-appointed guardian of the villages. Whenever a stranger approaches a native settlement he is met by a battalion of these grim-looking dogs. They advance, growling and barking fiercely, which they keep up until some of the women come leisurely forth to call off their grim protectors.


Besides the duties already cited, and to which he attends faithfully, the great dog of Tibet is the trusted guardian of his masters flocks. In the region of Ladak, Tibet, both wild dogs and wolves abound, and the stout-hearted defender of the timid sheep often saves his charges' lives by giving up his own.

He is a strong fellow, sometimes fierce, and always honest and true to the trust placed in him. And, like so many of his relatives, he is faithful unto death to his master, despite treatment that the dog would never condescend to give, but is gentleman enough to accept without a word—"Kind Words."

A HUCKLEBERRY ADVENTURE.

"Mother, can I go huckleberrying up on Drayton Hill this afternoon?" asked Willy Marshall. "Tom Saunders says they're thicker'n hops, but they don't pick 'em, 'cause they don't like huckleberries. He says he don't care who gets 'em."

"O, I wish I could go," cried Willy's sister, Julia. "Not like huckleberries—O! say, Willy, you wait till to-morrow, and I'll go, too!"



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When you have proven all its worth with a 25c "size", you will buy full-sized bottles for economy.

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"No, I don't want to wait. Can I go mother?"

"Why, it is a good way off," began Mrs. Marshall.

"O, let him go, mother!" broke in Janet. "There isn't anything to hurt him, and he can take Hector along."

"Course I shall take Hector," patting the head of the handsome collie that was wagging his tail frantically at the little boy's side. "S if I'd go anywhere without him!"

The rest laughed, for Willy and his beloved pet were inseparable.

The boy, the basket, and the dog started soon after dinner, and the mother and the three girls called out commands and injunctions from the door as long as they were within hearing, for the Marshall family had not lived long enough in the country to ignore the possible harm that might befall a little boy all alone a mile or two from home.

But Willy was not troubled by fears, and Hector was all the company he wanted. He found the berries, as Tom Saunders had said, "thicker'n hops," and if he had not run so many races

with Hector after scurrying chipmunks or eaten so amazing a number of huckleberry luncheons along the way, his basket would have been filled to overflowing long before supper time. As it was, it was well on toward 6 o'clock by the time he had gathered what he called "enough," and even then he was not quite satisfied.

Over a fence was a struggling row of bushes that bore berries which looked larger than any in his basket; so up he climbed, basket in hand. But the rails were loose, and Willy was not an expert in climbing. In his descent he lost his balance, and over he went—still holding tight to his precious basket. Scarcely any berries were spilled, but when Willy tried to get up he uttered a scream—there was something the matter with his ankle. He unlaced his shoe; his foot was swelling fast, and he could not step upon it without unbearable pain. What should he do?

"Guess you'll have to go home and tell 'em, old fellow," Willy said, with a sob.

Then he picked up a stone; it had a sharp edge. On the sole of his shoe he scratched one word, "Cum." By turning and twisting he managed to get the basket through the old, broken fence, and putting his shoe on top of the berries he bade the dog carry it home.

The family was at the supper table when Hector rushed in.

"What in the world?" began the mother, who had been anxious for the last hour.

"Something's happened!" exclaimed Mr. Marshall, when he spied the ill-spelled scrawl on the shoe.

Willy's spelling was a standing joke in the family; but nobody even smiled. They rushed out and up the road, Hector leading the way.

When Willy saw the five coming, he relieved their fears by bursting into a merry laugh. He rode home on his father's shoulder, and the next day he enjoyed the huckleberry pie as much as anybody.—"Southern Churchman."

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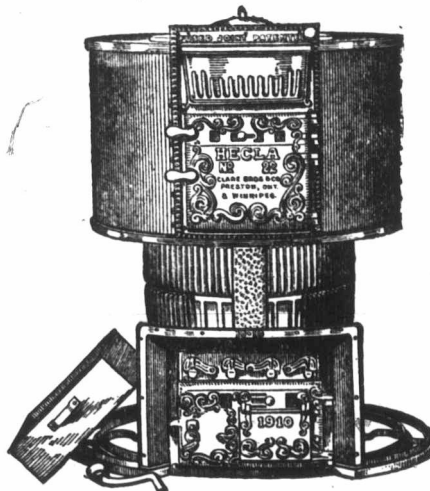
are the only permanent joints between castiron and steel. By means of these joints, we prevent gas and smoke from getting in the Air-chamber and from there into the house.

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