

# THE WONDERFUL DOGS of ST. BERNARD STERLING HEILIG

HAVE just quit forty of the most magnificent dogs in the world—as big as calves, as husky as bears, as intelligent as folks, as pedigreed as prizefighters, as meritorious as saints, and as pure and plain-living as their masters, the Augustine canons, who, after fifteen years' residence in a climate that is nine months ice and snow, break down completely, with swelled joints, impoverished blood and chronic rheumatism.

The dogs are as aristocratic as the kings who in the middle ages sent their collars of gold; because the first Bernards, their ancestors, were already on the spot, aiding travelers in an amateurish way, when St. Bernard de Menthon went up from Aosta and founded the Hospice, A. D. 962. Their ancestors, bearing fighting dogs of old Charlemagne's court, had been left with certain mountaineer chiefs, among other permits for aid and neutrality, by an earlier Bernard, uncle of Charlemagne, when he marched an army by this route A. D. 773.

Thus the great dogs of Imperial court race were near the spot when St. Bernard and his companions built their famous refuge at the apex of the pass; and to understand the solution—why the good monks began training them not to be like other dogs—they must have an idea of this majestic short-cut of antiquity from north Europe into Italy.

Nowadays the tunnels take you through by rail, in three-quarters of an hour, but before such modern engineering wonders it was different. Why has Napoleon—or Hannibal's—passage of the Alps remained so striking? Because a great army, with its baggage, camp material, supplies, cannons and munitions, carts or yet more ponderous elephants, lurched unexpectedly on the fertile plains of the south. They fell, really, from the clouds—the clouds hanging round the snow-capped walls of mountains. Otherwise, Napoleon must have led his army round by the Mediterranean, interminable journey that would have surprised nobody.

Otherwise, Hannibal, wandering with his hundreds of war elephants from Spain up into France would have been obliged to find a road or stay there. Instead, he followed the Rhine valley to the entrance of the Great St. Bernard, climbed the grand old road, up to its snow and ice, elephants and his, and descended on the vines and fig trees of Capua, to the immense surprise of the Romans.

The first army to risk it was a Gaulish one, 150 years before Hannibal. The Romans used it as early as B. C. 105; and the monks preserve tablets that record the passage of various legions. After the fourth century, when B. C. 23, it became frequented by travelers and traders—a Temple of Jupiter actually stood at the top, where now rises the gigantic statue of St. Bernard. Roman emperors improved the road, notably Constantine, A. D. 335. Later, barbarian hordes fell on the empire from its heights; but in the anarchy of the early dark ages it became one of the most traveled and securest routes of Europe, policed by mountain chiefs taking moderate toll—whence the big dogs of Charlemagne's uncle.

So, when St. Bernard founded his Hospice at the top, and collected a pack of the dogs—descendants—already evolved to precious mountain friends of man—it was to succor travelers at the critical point of the alpine highway in the clouds. There were other short-cut passes, but none so improved by art and continual traffic. Even today, in spite of the railway tunnels, the Great St. Bernard is crossed by the poor, pedestrian pilgrims. In the early days, the richer the traveler, the more substantially they showed their gratitude. During the middle ages the monastery became very wealthy. Kings and emperors made it grants. Passing nobles and rich merchants settled annually on it. And princesses embroidered collars in cloth-of-gold for the big dogs—already of ancient descent from Charlemagne's court—concerning whose unearthly intelligence and goodness all kinds of stories were rife.

Personal friends of mine had an adventure with the dogs last May. Hearing it to be a sporting "English" trip to go sleighing over the Great St. Bernard after a considerable melting of the snows made the thing possible, they started off at the critical point of the alpine highway in the clouds. There were other short-cut passes, but none so improved by art and continual traffic. Even today, in spite of the railway tunnels, the Great St. Bernard is crossed by the poor, pedestrian pilgrims. In the early days, the richer the traveler, the more substantially they showed their gratitude. During the middle ages the monastery became very wealthy. Kings and emperors made it grants. Passing nobles and rich merchants settled annually on it. And princesses embroidered collars in cloth-of-gold for the big dogs—already of ancient descent from Charlemagne's court—concerning whose unearthly intelligence and goodness all kinds of stories were rife.



ed, they chatted of Napoleon's superhuman difficulties in getting 30,000 cannon and camp baggage over that historic sticking point in the same month of May, the year 1800. They were doing it beautifully in a light three-horse sleigh without baggage; but the modern road, heavy in the rock, avoided the old steep, slippery route, scarcely marked by jagged stones sticking out of the ice. It must have been a 35 per cent. incline. They had struck nothing worse than 7 per cent. and through the forest beyond it was often almost level, the snow well packed. A favorable moment! Beautiful sleighing! Exhilarating adventure! Up! up! Five per cent. They jingled through a long defile and up into vast boulder-strewn pastures shrouded in white, like great ghosts. How different from a common diligence trip in August, with hurrying tourists! They still affirm that a three-horse sleigh can take three restaurants' dinner of Parisian and a brewer's driver up inclines of 7 and 8 per cent. with strength and beauty, had not a blizzard struck them just before the Cantine de Prox.

"Fire more noise to climb," they said then, "better hurry! We shall telephone the canons." This is where they have telephone for help to come down from the Hospice, in bad weather; but their fat sleigh man had swayed his hirsch-and-hot-water pickled, refused an extra horse and man, and started them off with confidence. This is why they were soon foundering in a blizzard that darkened the sun like night, at the entrance to, and blacked the past "precipices" that "turned their stomachs." With a jolt, the sleigh stopped.

"Must wait," said the fat sleigh man, blanketing his horses.

"Where are we?"

"At the Hospice de Marcano, three miles below the Hospice."

"Drive on!"

"Go back!"

"Armand, he'll take us over a precipice. I can't see two yards ahead!"

To all of which the driver, lifting the falling net, covered them with rugs, and lighting his pipe, answered briefly: "They'll come."

The sleigh was being snowed under in the black twilight of that blizzard, said the mother-in-law of the world-famed rue Royale concern.

"And never will I go to see to see human beings as those three splendid big dogs that advanced to us formally, gravely out of the twilight! I cannot think of them as dogs. They were more than persons. They seemed supernatural creatures come to save us, perfectly safely, perfectly easy! Our confidence was complete. We understood their meaning, when they rang themselves three abreast, just far enough apart for us two women to walk between, leaning on their backs! Armand took the sleigh. The driver showed him."

Up they advanced, dragged, sustained and cheerfully encouraged by the dogs alone, as

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Katherine—There is never any excuse for ignorance. Kidder—That's right. There were even knight shadows in the dark ages.

## BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of the time he seemed no better. I became discouraged, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and during the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 24.

People may think that Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 23-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5 L, Boston.

Love Note.

"People may think that I please at what is called puppy love; but anybody who has ever had a puppy, and noted the wag of its tail and the look in its eye as it wriggles forth its pretensions of undying affection, can hardly deny its actual sincerity—Judge's Library."

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. F. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Unfair Play.

"Foul tactics," declared the quarter-back.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded the referee.

"I tried a kick for the stomach, but this fellow blocked it with his face."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

His Bearing.

"Up at six o'clock, with an aching back, 'Well, he likes to 'wilder'."