FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

A baby bee, out for a fly one day. -Found a garden of penches fair: "On, why did my mother unkindly say, Not a peach must I touch? I declare No flower could have a color more gay, A flavor more dainty and rare.

"Now here's one dead rips, and a hole in 11, 100,

II, 100,
That a bird or a bug has made;
Mu couldn't object, supposing she knew,
Which she won't, for I'm not afraid,
But I shall be hidden entirely from view
While I'm eating inside in the shade."

A little boy went for a walk one day In an orchard of peaches fair; Ob, why did my mother unkindly say, Not a peach must I pick? I declare There's nothing I have in the eating way That's half so dainty and rare.

"Ma couldn't have known how ripe they

Now that one, so rosy and bright; I won't disobey her, won't 'pick' it, nor 'jar.'

For J know that wouldn't be right;

But 'tain't very big, nor up very far, So I'll take it right off with a bite."

Oh, poor little bee, and, oh, poor little 1037

Their solos unite in a chorus; They iell us how brief is forbidden joy. How unseen the dangers that floor us. How watchful the senses we have to em-

ploy When doing what isn't decorus. . .

A BEAR STORY.

Hudson's Bay is not, perhaps, the pleasantest of places in the depth of winter. That is, however, the time when it presents most attractions to those who visit it, for the cold drives the animals from their hiding places, and the difficulty of finding anything to eat, makes them bold in the pur-suit of food, even to the extent of matching it from the jaws of a trap. A small party of trappers were seat-

ed around a camp-fire one night, a few cars ago. They had a blaze big bough to attract all the animals of the forest, for it was bitterly cold and fuel cost nothing.

"I saw bear tracks to-day," remark-ed Coppee, a French Canadian. "I shall bunt him to-morrow."

"You're always seeing tracks," said Martin, a burly Englishman, "but you never seem to come up with the bear. Foxes are more in your line.

Coppee looked as if he would like to have retorted with more than words. But he was a good-natured little fel-low, and could make allowance for Martin's want of amiability. "I shall iry and find this one," was

his reply. His eye twinkled with joyful anticipation, for he had discovered the home of the bear-a discovery which he

meant to keep secret. "You can't go to-morrow, Coppee," put in Hopkins, an American. "You're to go to the cache. The agent will be along soon."

"Ah, so I have," replied Coppee, do-lorously. "Never mind; my bear will keep for a day or two." "Where's his den?" inquired Martin,

carelessly.

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know?" was Coppee's evasive reply. "No, my friend, I mean to pay my morning call by himself."

That bear will live a lonely life, then-that's all I can say," answered Martin, rising to throw more pineknots on the fire.

'We shall see," said Coppee. "Only don't expect a paw all to yourself when I bring the skin home." "I'll eat the skin when you bring it,"

responded Martin, laughing.

Coppee made no reply, but his face showed the determination to carry out

bear's cave were on the side of the ra vine farthest from the camp. He had come across them on his way home but Martin, entering the ravine from the other end, would see nothing to raise his suspicions till he reached the cave. The bear would have scented him long before, and the terrible fear which crossed Coppee's mind was that Martin would be attacked unawares. Such an unequal contest could have but one result.

Coppee forgot all about his own de sire to kill the bear; his one hope now was that Martin might have succeeded in doing so. Never had he run so fast in his life. He pelted over the snow choosing, where possible, the ground familiar to Wilson's workmen, who sheltered from the drift.

It seemed an age before the ravine was reached. He leaped from rock to rock with more agility than prudence.

One more turn, and he would be in sight of the cave.

He was at the very corner when a terrible cry reached his ears. He ran Martin, who had not even time to fire; his weapon, was dashed from his hand and he was thrown violently to the grou nd.

Coppee raised a shout, hoping to turn the beast's attention. His idea bore fruit—the bear turned in his direction for a moment, giving Martin time to draw his long hunter's knife but, before he could use it, the bear with an angry growl, sprang on him again.

Another moment and it would have been all over, for the animal's enorm-ous weight prevented Martin from even turning. But Coppee had made the most of the few seconds, and was now but half a dozen yards off. He took a hasty aim, all trembling

as he was with his tremendous exertions; the ball hit the bear under the shoulder. With a fearful growl, he spring off Martin's body and began biting the wounded part.

Nw came Martin's turn. With a te merity born of a hunter's life, he rais-ed himself on his hand and plunged his knife into the body of his foe. It found his heart.

Martin rose to his feet and for the first time saw Coppee.

"I killed that bear," he said. Coppee looked at him in astonish-ment for a moment, and then burst

"You are right," he said; "you killed the bear. I came too late." "No, you didn't," replied Martin

you came at just the nick of time. If it hadn't been for your shot, it would have been a case of 'killed by a bear' for my gravestone. I'll do as much for you if ever I get the chance." Coppee saw that he had conquered

his rivel's enmity forever. When, in the evening, they were once more seated round the camp-fire. Martin told the story of his rescue and told it in terms which showed he felt deeply Coppee's conduct. However, none the less could he resist end-ing his story with:

"But I killed that bear, after all."-E. A. R.

St. Helena.

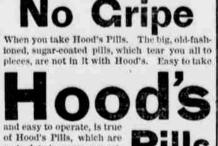
Napoleon effectively prevented St. Helena from ever sinking into obscurity. Nevertheless, for some years past the Island has been getting deeper and deeper into financial straits, while the population has been steadily diminishing. St. Helena is only some 1,600 miles distant from Cape Town, and yet the island is comparatively unknown to South African colonists, as the outward and homeward steamers to and from Cape Town call there only once in three weeks, and make a very brief stoppage. Yet this historic island is well worthy of a visit, not only from its association with thre great Corsibut also because it possesses can. probably, the finest climate in the world. A constant southeasterly trade wind, straight from the pole, blows over the island and sweeps away those germs of disease which lie latent in less favored spots. As a consequence, the longevity of the inhabitants is probably much greater than in any other portion of the globe. In spite of all this, and the proximity of the island to the Cape, hardly a solitary Africander finds his way there from one year's end to another. So much in reference to St. Helena as a health resort. Now let me briefly refer to a matter that is of more vital importance. The strategical advantages of the island have been fully recognized by both naval and mili tary experts, and the royal commis-sion which was presided over by Lord Carnaryon recommended that it should be strongly fortified and constituted an important naval and coaling station for the vessels of the squadron within the Cape command. These recommendations have, however, not been carried into effect. Certainly, something was done to improve the fortifications ten or twelve years ago, but the guns are now of an absolete type and the diminutive garrison maintained in the island is utterly inadequate to defend it. Moreover, though St. Helena is supposed to be a naval coaling station, the Admiralty maintains no coal supply there, the coal for the ships on the Cape and the west coast of Africa stations being kept at Ascension, which does not possess a solitary gun, but is a cinder heap, upon which many thousands of pounds are annually wasted. The defenseless condition of St. He-lena is a matter that intimately concerns the South African colonies, and should engage their attention. The island is utterly unable to help itself. island is utterly unable to help itself. The opening of the Suez Canal ruined the positively state this remedy does its prosperity, and ever since it has been drifting nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. The greater portion of the adult male population has migrated to the Cape, and the whole revenue of the island is now only some £6,000. tre are only a half dozen officials, and the Governor fills innumerable other offices, including that of Chief (and only) Justice. It is deplorable that Great Britain should allow one of her possessions to sink into such a condition of decrepitude, and especially an island which, lying in the direct route to the Cape, must ever be of con-siderable importance.-African Critic,

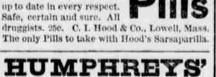
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THE

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his intention of killing Bruin. Soon after all the trappers rolled themselves in their blankets and dropped off to sleep.

They woke early. The fire still smouldered. They made a hunter's breakfast, and each prepared to go his own direction.

"Where are you off, Martin?" asked

Hopkins. "Up the ravine. I shall be back early to-day. Look out for that bear, Coppee.

I shall not call on him to-day, I'm off for the cache.

"Well, it's all the same for the bear," was Martin's remark, as he shouldered his gun and strode off.

Coppee gave one of his light-hearted laughs and started in the opposite di-

"He is angry that he did not find the tracks himself," he thought. "Poor Martin! he has had bad luck this season. So have I, though, till now; but when I've shot this bear I shan't be able to complain."

He walked rapidly along, for he had a long journey before him. The "caohe" he was about to visit was a hole beside a tree, carefully boarded up and covered over. In this were hidden the skins of the animals they captured

At stated times the company's agent came around and took them away. One of his visits was nearly due, and Coppee had to make a preliminary inspection of the cache.

He was about four miles from the camp, swinging along with a hunter's stride, when he stopped as if he had been shot.

A minute after he was retracing his steps at a long troi. An unwelcome thought had struck him.

Martin had said that he was going to the ravine. Coppee know that "the ravine" meant a certain gorge between some rocky hills, a part of the district which Martin sarely visited. It was to this very ravine that he had tracked the bear on the previous day.

By this time it was quite possible Martin had come across the tracks, and, formaking his traps, had set off to trace where they led. If so, he could never rest content till he had tilled the bear. And that bear fairly belonged to him, Coppee.

That would never do. How could be endure the chaff of the camp after its tinde of the previous evening? No; to was resolved that, come what might is would be first on the spot, and not herve to Martin the chance of killing the largest bear he had seen signs of Curling the whole season, Fo the little Frenchman plowed his

way along tailing a short cut through the woods. What was it made him + summer for a moment and then redouble Ma succes

denly that all the tracks leading to the

A Cool Spaty

"Ellen," said old Borderkeep, "here comes them York folks. Give the children a little more snull an' get 'em ter sneezin'. We've got ter make 'em think it's cool here somehow,"-Judge,

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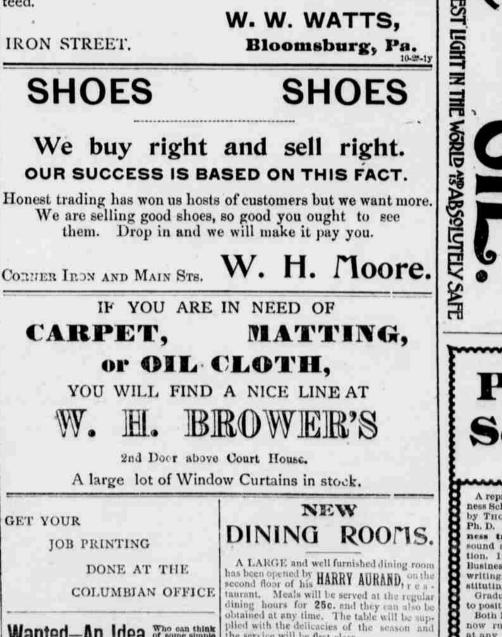
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