

**CLIMING.**

I stand at the bottom and upward I gaze;  
The fruit that I see I should think  
would be sweet.

I mean to have some of it one of these  
days.

The climbing, however, must be quite a  
feat.

The footholds are slight and at best insec-  
ure.

Some ladder rungs rotten I plainly can  
see.

That it's worth all the risk I'm not per-  
fectly sure.

But I'd like to get up to the top of the  
tree.

To get to the top I must make up my  
mind

To care nothing for rubs, and my hands  
I must soil;

I must tread on the heads of those strug-  
gling behind.

As I'm tied on by those who above me  
still toil.

It is not a nice thing, just between me and  
you,

As I look from the ground it seems cruel  
to me.

But, of course, I'll be given a much broad-  
er view

When once I look down from the top  
of the tree.

Some climb pretty swiftly and others are  
slow.

But few of the climbers are stopping to  
rest.

All breathless and struggling still upward  
they go.

To where, high above, is the fruit of the  
tree?

And the ones who climb hardest are those  
at the top.

Which is really as strange as a thing  
may well be.

There is not the least chance that they  
ever will stop.

For there's not any top to this wonder-  
ful tree.

—Chicago Daily News.

## THE BLUE PARASOL'S STORY

**M**y first public appearance was at a "fire sale."

A pretty blue-eyed young lady paid seventy-five cents, and took me to a modest little flat, where she lived with her mother.

She'd been my owner about three months when I heard her tell her mother one evening that the firm she worked for was going to give her a vacation of two weeks.

"Where do you think you'll go, Myrtle?" asked her mother.

"I think I'll go up to see Uncle Joe, mother," she said. "You know when Cousin Sue was here last winter she said I must come up if I could get away for a week."

And so two days later I found myself on the cars with Myrtle, and a few hours' ride brought us to a little country station, where we were met by a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed girl, whom Myrtle called "Cousin Sue," and who kissed her most rapturously.

"You are looking pale, Myrtle," said Sue after the first girlish greetings were over. "But we'll get those robes back again. And say! I've got a lovely beau for you. Two gentlemen are staying at our house. One is a newspaper man—and he's a crank—smart enough, but always saying sarcastic things. But the other one is just too sweet for anything, and I know you'll like him. Come on, here's the buggy," and so, chattering like a magpie, Sue led the way to where the pony was hitched, and we drove to her home on the outskirts of the little town, a great big white farm home with shade trees all around.

That afternoon it began to rain. It rained up some at dusk, and Myrtle decided that she would run down to the store two blocks away, and get some writing paper. It still looked showery, and she took me with her, telling Sue, who was doing up her supper dishes, that she'd be right back, and they'd have a good long talk. She got her paper and had started back home when a few drops of rain came pattering down.

"Luckily I brought my umbrella," I heard her say, as usual, as she opened her door, and just then came a hard gust of wind and she dropped me down in front of her as she hurried along. Then came a collision that almost smashed my ribs in.

Myrtle raised me in a hurry to see what she had run into, and her eyes met those of a young man, who had a handkerchief up to his face where my steel point had struck him.

"Can't you see where you are going?" he said angrily, and then as he caught sight of the pretty face beneath my cover his whole manner changed.

"I beg your pardon," he began.

"I beg yours," said Myrtle. "Did I hurt you?"

"I thought you'd put my eye out at first," he answered. "But I guess it's all right and nothing serious. I did not see who I was addressing when I spoke." "Thought I had collided with one of those country jays who never look where they are going. I trust you will pardon me?"

But Myrtle had slipped past him while he was talking, and ran till she reached the gate and into the house.

She slept late the next morning and the sun was shining brightly when she arose. She heard Sue's voice on the front porch and stepped out. As Myrtle came out the door Sue turned from where she was talking with two gentlemen, one of whom was standing talking to her, the other sitting in a big wicker rocker in such a way that his face was away from us.

"Mr. Wilbur," said Sue, "this is my little city cousin, Myrtle Varner." Mr. Wilbur bowed gracefully. At the same time the other gentleman arose from his seat and faced us, and I saw that his right eye had a bandage over it.

"And this is Mr. Gilson, Myrtle," said Sue.

"I believe I have met your little cousin before—also her umbrella," said Mr. Gilson, bowing.

Myrtle was blushing like a rose. "I am sorry I hurt you," she said, after a little. "It was really very awkward of me not to look where I was going."

"Possibly, yes," said Mr. Gilson. "It might have been serious. But I owe you an apology for having spoken as I did, just the same. And now after you have had your breakfast, Fred and I are going to take you and Sue for a boat ride."

This was the beginning of Myrtle's acquaintance with John Gilson. He wasn't what you could call handsome, even after he got the bandage off his eyes. I didn't like him, for he was always making sarcastic remarks about me. He and Myrtle were always arguing about something. In fact, he seemed to take a delight in differing with her on every subject. My little mistress was a very sweet-tempered little girl, but I knew she used to get put out with him sometimes. Mr. Wilbur was just the opposite. He was handsome and very gallant, and he deferred to Myrtle in everything.

We parasols—if I am a parasol—must inherit the intuitiveness of the sex of our owners. I could see before the week had passed that both men were in love with Myrtle, and I felt sure that I knew what her answer would be should both declare themselves before she left for home. And I hoped I'd be there to hear her say "No" to John Gilson to pay him for all the mean things he'd said about me.

The two weeks passed very quickly—and it was soon afternoon of the memorable Friday. Myrtle was to leave the next evening, and Mr. Wilbur managed to get her out in the orchard and made the declaration I had been expecting, but did not get the answer I was looking for him to get.

It was decided the next morning to have one more boat ride before Myrtle left. So all four took the boat and rowed up the river for a long way, and then went on shore. Sue and Mr. Wilbur strolled away together, leaving John Gilson and Myrtle alone. She had sat down on an old log, and he sat on the ground at her feet.

"So this is to be our last day together," he said, as he lit a cigar. "I wonder if you will look back to it with as pleasant memories as I will?"

"I've certainly enjoyed my vacation," said Myrtle, "and I want to thank you, Mr. Gilson, for having made it as pleasant as you have."

"I made it pleasant?" he answered. "Why, I haven't done anything, I am sorry to say. I only wish I had. Come to think of it over, I think I've been mighty mean most of the time."

He drew up a little closer, letting his arm rest on the log on which she sat. He had taken off his straw hat, and as he sat there with his negligee shirt open at the neck, his sleeves rolled up, and the breeze blowing through his silky dark hair, John Gilson looked handsomer than I'd ever seen him before.

"I have almost made it a point to differ with you on every subject," he continued. "But do you know that I paid you a compliment when I did so? When I first met you—well, I will be honest—I thought you were too pretty to have much common sense. Now, don't get angry," as she looked up rather indignantly. "Wait till I get through. It did not take me long to find out that you were not that sort of a girl, and when I found that out, I—well—began to love you."

"You—have—a queer way—of show-  
ing—it," said Myrtle. "Why, you even used to make fun of my poor little cheap parasol." She seemed strangely nervous as she spoke, and kept punching holes in the sand with her eyes turned away from him all the time.

"I felt jealous—even of the little sunshade," he answered. "I could protect you from the sun and rain, and I wanted to do all that myself, and you remember it almost blinded me once. But I loved it, too, because it was yours. Myrtle, dear, tell me, can't you try to love me?"

She trembled and her eyes fell. Then she traced something with me in the sand, and, following her movement, John Gilson saw the one word:

"Yes," Charles D. Batwell, in the St. Louis Star.

## Church Moved Forty Miles.

**AND A COURT HOUSE TAKEN ON A TRIP BY RAIL.**

**Two Incidents of the Process of Readjustment Going On in the West—Fate of Deserted Towns—Loss of a Whole County -- Some Great House Moving.**

**T**HE spectacle of a church being moved over the prairies from town to town has attracted much attention in Kansas recently. The Methodist Church of Andale has just made the longest journey of any church on record, forty miles. It went overland to Peck, Kan., in the wake of three traction engines hitched tandem.

The town of Andale did not need the church, and Peck did; so the official boards arranged for a transfer of title, and the problem of moving the property was before them. The railroad asked a large sum of money for freight, and to ship the building in that way meant to tear it down and rebuild it.

The proposition of taking it overland, laughed at in the beginning, was finally accepted, and the movers secured three of the largest threshing engines of the county for the purpose. The building was placed on trucks with large wheels, and the long trip began.

Owing to the smooth roads and the level lands of the Arkansas Valley, there was little trouble in moving the structure. Passing west of Wichita, it arrived at its new landing place without a piece of plaster being disturbed and in as good condition as when it left. It is in readiness for worship, and the owners are proud of their success in obtaining so easily a new edifice.

This experience is but a part of the readjustment of the towns of the plains. Hundreds of additions are wiped out by every Legislature. The last session in Kansas changed about forty paper cities into farm land.

Many of these municipalities had a score of buildings, and some aspired to be centres of business activity. They issued maps showing dozens of railroads centering there, factories belching smoke, and street cars rushing to the far suburbs.

Eastern people bought lots on the strength of those maps, and then waited for the towns to grow. Instead, they faded away until whole municipalities had but one family left to each. Schoolhouses costing thousands of dollars stood empty, cattle were sheltered in the one-time emporiums of trade. Out in Southwestern Kansas a cattleman owns the entire town site of what was to have been a county seat.

Men were killed in the struggle to make prosperous towns of paper cities which have at last gone back to the open plain and have been sold by the acre instead of by the lot.

A Boston woman owns a \$10,000 schoolhouse in Western Kansas. A homesteader has taken possession of a former county seat and its court house.

The dreams of many an investor in Western Nebraska and the Dakotas have been shattered by the events of the last few years, while population has been readjusting itself. They tell you in North Dakota of a town built for a great cattle packing centre, on the theory that the packing houses should be located near the range.

An Eastern syndicate put hundreds of thousands of dollars into the town. It is described as having brick blocks, plate glass windows, dwellings enough for 5000 persons, and a \$200,000 steel bridge—but with no inhabitants except the caretakers.

It never succeeded in even the beginnings of its vast undertakings. The people for whom it was built never came.

The West is adjusting these errors of early judgment with characteristic promptness and directness. For instance, in Western Nebraska two towns were rivals for the county seat. One of them, Hemmingford, had secured the honor, but Alliance obtained the railroad's favor, and it became evident that it would be the larger of the two places. So the court house, weighing seventy tons, forty feet high and measuring thirty-six by forty-eight feet, was made rigid by girders and placed on four trucks of freight cars, with diagonal stay ropes reaching to coal cars carrying 60,000 pounds each, and hauled by an engine at a rate of ten miles an hour to its new location, where it lay stands.

Out in Western Kansas, at Page City, in Logan County, was a hotel three stories high that became useless because it was in a town with no inhabitants. It was placed on moving trucks, and five traction engines were hitched to it such engines as are used in threshing the Western crops—the automobiles of the plains. It was fifty miles to Cove City, but the engines had before them a track as smooth as the surface of a peaceful sea, and they made the journey at a swift walking pace, nothing in the vast reach of level sod interfering with their trip. The sight was a novel one, as the huge building took its way over the prairie and attracted many spectators.

The changing fortunes of Western towns induce the moving of houses over long distances. M. Westhaver, of Sterling, Kan., decided to move to Nickerson.

He did not find a sale for his house, so he put it on trucks that weighed, with the timbers, nine tons, hitched it to a traction engine and took it ten miles over sandy roads to its new location, where it was set down unharmed. This would be possible only

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It will be many years before the West arranges its possessions satisfactorily and decides where it wishes to have its buildings permanently located. The methods by which it remodels and transfers its towns and buildings, and in the meantime prove very interesting.

Nowhere else is it considered a trifling thing to transfer and relocate a city or to change a court house's situation. More than that, a dispatch related the other day that a whole county was lost, the high winds having drifted the sand over the boundary stakes and made it impossible to tell where the limits had been placed. Some day the West will need a new map to describe it as it has finally decided to stay—Sun.

## THE OLD BAMBOO ROD.

**A New Use in Golf for the Old Fishing Pole.**

About New York the old, one piece bamboo fishing pole is now used more ashore than afloat. There is still good sport going on wherever its simple end waves aloft, but it is a recreation of landmen and not of the dwellers by salt or fresh water, who would go a-fishing.

This modern use of the long canes is to mark the blind holes on golf links. The cup of iron or tin that forms the hole is changed about frequently on the putting green, to keep the turn from being worn off too much in one spot; and save when a hole intervenes the disk or flag will be in view all the way from the tee.

To know the exact location of the hole is an aid to the golfer on the approach shots; and when a billock or a bunker hides the signal, the hole is a blind one and the approach has to be played in a state of doubt.

Now, American ingenuity has done much to relieve the blind holes of their terrors by the substitution of an old-fashioned bamboo fishpole on such greens for the short iron rods. In Britain, doubtless, where the existing condition, like the microbe-haunted moss on the cottage thatch, is often preserved because it is old, the blind holes may still have to be approached by blind reckoning. But on the golf courses frequented by New Yorkers, unless the hill that guards the green is an exceptionally high one, the exact location of the hole is apparent by the sight of the flag peering out the tall cane rod.—New York Sun.

## The Dawn of History.

So far as the question of time is concerned, it deserves notice that not merely geology, but almost every form of inquiry into the past, throws further back the limits usually assigned.

Egypt, for instance, is continually furnishing fresh proofs of the antiquity of civilization. Professor Flinders Petrie expounded at Owens College, Manchester, England, a few days ago, the results of recent explorations at Abydos, in Upper Egypt, from which it appears that the ruins at that one spot tell a continuous story that carries us back to 5000 B. C. Abydos was the first capital of Egypt, and remained for forty-five centuries the religious centre, the Catherdral of the land, and there the Egyptian Exploration Fund has unearthed the remains of "ten successive temples, one over the other." From the age of the first temple a group of about 200 objects has been found, which throw surprising light on the civilization of the first dynasty. A part of a large glazed pottery vase of Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, about 4700 B. C., showed "that even then they were making glaze on a considerable scale, and also inlaying it with a second color. The ivory carving was astonishingly fine, a figure of a king showing a subtlety and power of expression as good as any work of later ages."

At about 4000 B. C. an ivory statuette of Cleopis, the builder of the great pyramid, was found, the only known portrait of him. Making every possible allowance for the marvellous rapidity of development, most not many thousands of years have rolled over between the pristine dwellers in the Nile Valley and the men who carved glazed work inlaid with second colors. It is a long, long march from flint implements to the solemn temple ivory statuettes and human portraits.—London Telegraph.

## Telephone Troubles in Abyssinia.

Civilization proceeds with speed in Abyssinia. Nearly 500 miles of telephone wire have already been put up there, and 1000 miles are under construction. The contractor's task, however, is by no means an easy one. The chief trouble is given by elephants, who use the poles as scratching posts, knocking them down in this salubrious exercise, and monkeys who swing on the wires.—London Tit-Bits.

## South African Progress.

The Cape to Cairo railroad head is now at Victoria Falls, more than 1000 miles from Cape Town, on the Zambezi. The Victoria Falls Hotel is in progress, and at last accounts had already accommodated forty guests, the accommodations including electric lights.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



### THE GRAPE GIRL.

In Italy there once lived a wicked man named Borgo, who owned miles and miles of beautiful vineyards, but who would not pay the peasants working in them enough wages to enable them to buy food.

You may be very sure that Borgo was not loved by the poor men and women and little children who toiled during the long, sunny hours in order to fill his baskets with cluster upon cluster of the beautiful purple fruit. But Borgo did not care whether they liked him or not, so long as he continued to grow richer every year.

Among the peasants in Borgo's vineyard there worked a little girl named Bettina, who was compelled to support her poor old mother by gathering the grapes. Nobody knew better than she how hard it was to live on the miserable wages which Borgo paid. One day, emboldened by her mother's suffering and her own hunger, Bettina went to see the wicked old man, and asked him to do better by the peasants, to add a few more copper coins, which he could readily spare, to their scant wages.

Borgo laughed aloud at Bettina, and told her the vineyard workers were well enough paid, and that he should soon reduce their wages still more.

The poor child went away full of sorrow, and imparted the news to the others, whereat they all began to weep and pray that the saints would soften Borgo's miserly heart.

That same evening as the peasants took their way home over the green fields, they noticed an old woman sitting beside the wooden cross at the roadside. The vineyard workers often passed before this cross to say a prayer on their way to and from their labor, but they did not stop this time because the old woman had one arm outstretched as though asking for alms, so they all went by and pretended not to see her.

Only Bettina waited a bit, for the woman looked hungry, and Bettina knew just how that felt. Presently she went up to her and she saw that the old woman's trouble was quite of another kind. On the ground beside her was an overturned basket of beautiful grapes, and as fast as the dame tried to put the fruit back in the basket it all fell out again.

"Let me help you, Signora," cried the little girl, and bent over to assist her; but the old woman called out shrilly: "Go away, go away! I know what your helping means. You will want me to repay you when you have replaced the grapes. I know—I know how selfish everyone is."

Bettina shrank back at the cross words, but her kind nature soon prompted her to offer her services again, which she did, explaining meantime that she asked no reward.

Soon the grapes were piled carefully into the basket and Bettina turned to go. The old woman had watched her silently as she worked, but now she spoke.

"My child," she said, and her voice had changed suddenly to the sweetest of tones, "my child, I thank you for your assistance. You are a dear, unselfish little girl, and you have made it possible for me to aid the peasants, although they nearly forgot my help by their refusal to do a kindly act. Know that I am not an old woman at all. I am the Fairy Grapetta, and I watch over the vineyards."

Bettina had never heard of her before, but she was sure she must really be a fairy, for as she spoke her ragged garments fell away, and she stood there clad in a long gown of purple silk, just the very color of ripe grapes. Her face was quite young; now, and her hair fell about her shoulders like a silver shower. In one hand she held a long wand twined about with clusters of grapes and their glossy, green leaves.

"Now," continued the Fairy Grapetta, "hold out your hand, and I will give you the power to make the wicked Borgo repent." Bettina held out her right hand and the fairy slowly lowered her wand and touched the forefinger and the little finger with it.

"Whenever you please," she declared, "you can touch the grapes with your forefinger and they will fill with richest wine."

Bettina looked surprised, but she was a polite child, so she tried not to show that she doubted the fairy's word.

"Whenever you please," repeated Grapetta, shaking her silver curls and smiling kindly, "you have only to touch the grapes with your little finger and immediately they will be filled with rich wine."

As soon as she had said these things she flew right up in the blue sky and vanished.

Bettina stood staring after her and then down at her small brown hand, which she held closed, excepting her forefinger and little finger, and this is a position in which some of the Italian people hold their hands to this very day when they wish to ward off evils.

"I give you power to make the wicked Borgo repent!" that was what the fairy had said. But as Bettina continued her journey homeward, she could not see how it lay in her power to do this.

She stopped before a vine of wild grapes, which grew in thick clusters

close to the roadside. She would try if what the fairy had said could really be true. With her small finger extended she touched several of the luscious grapes, and then broke open their satiny skins. When instead of the fruit which she expected to find inside, there fell to the ground a little trickling shower of coarse, brown clay.

Bettina then tried the forefinger, with which she touched some of the nearest berries. These she pressed open, and behold! a grapeful of rich, red wine flowed out immediately.

So then it was true, the fairy had really given her this queer little gift. But how was it to help her to make Borgo pay the peasants better wages? Bettina shook her head sadly. She could not understand.

Late that night, while she was sleeping softly in her little hut, she heard her name called. It was the sweet voice of the Fairy Grapetta, and Bettina awoke to find her standing at the foot of her bed, clad in her silken robes of purple, with the moonlight falling upon her wonderful silver hair.

"Get up! get up!" she cried. "Why are you not making use of your power? You must go forth into the vineyard at once, and tomorrow the wicked Borgo will repent of his evil ways."

Bettina arose and dressed, and followed the Fairy Grapetta out into the moonlight, until she came to the vineyard, where the glistening purple grapes and their green leaves covered the vines in thick profusion.

"Now," said the fairy, "touch every grape with your little finger, and then I will leave you to think out for yourself how the rest must be accomplished."

Again she vanished, and Bettina did as she was bid. As she touched a scape after scape with her small finger, all at once she saw what the fairy meant her to do, and she ran home in the moonlight, laughing happily to herself.

The next day there was great trouble in the vineyard, for the peasants had told Borgo that his grapes were filled with earth. The wicked old man stormed and raved and stamped his feet.

"I am bewitched!" he cried. "I am bewitched!" and at last, when his rage had exhausted itself, he began to weep. But nobody was very sorry for him, for he had never been sorry for anybody else.

At last Bettina stepped to him and said: "Oh, master, it was I who bewitched your grapes, and it is a punishment because you would not pay us enough money for food. Only say that you repent and all will be well. I promise you that your grapes shall all be filled with richest wine."

"When Borgo heard this he screamed at Bettina with all his might.

"Go away, you evil child! Go away! Go away, or I will have you burned for a witch!" But Bettina did not move, only looked at him quietly and said:

"Oh, no, I am not afraid of you, Borgo, for I am the only one who knows how to fill your grapes with wine."

Borgo turned to his peasants.

"Burst open the grapes," he cried, angrily. "Burst them open. I say. There must be only a few which are filled with clay, the rest are all right, I know, and I pay you enough wages. Say, do I not pay you enough wages?"

He shouted at the peasants loudly, but they were no longer afraid of him, for as they burst the grapes open, cluster after cluster sent forth a shower of brown earth, and the ripe, juicy fruit was gone.

Seeing that his words made no impression on the peasants, and that his grapes were indeed worthless, Borgo fell once more to crying.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he wailed.

"What shall I do?" will be a poor man! I will be ruined!"

Bettina began to feel very sorry for her master, even though he had been so cruel. She went over to him and put one little hand timidly on his shoulder.

"Don't cry, master," she said, "for have I not told you that I will restore your grapes if only you will promise to pay your people fairly for their hard labor? See," she said, and touched with her forefinger several grapes that lay on the ground before him. One of the peasants' standing by sprang forward and crushed the fruit under his foot, and there, at once, a thin stream of red wine flowed out. Borgo raised his head quickly at sight of the wine.

"Oh," he said to Bettina, "I will promise anything that you say; only fill all my grapes once more, that I may not lose all my fortune."

Bettina promised that it should be so, and Borgo promised to increase the wages of the poor peasants, which he did, and ever afterwards Bettina was called the Grape Girl! For many years she prospered with the other peasants, and lived to be an old woman, and it was said that she possessed the power to change the grapes at will all her life long. One thing is certain, old Borgo believed so, and never dared to ill-treat his peasants again.—Anna Mable, in the Indiana Farmer.

Gunnery practice at Newport has frightened away the fish.