

FOREVER.

Whoever calls the wrong, the right upholding. In spite of error's clamoring cries; Whoever uproots the false, the truth un-

Who'er to an afflicted brother, needing, Extends the hand of charity. Who'er binds up a heart that's broken,

An African Adventure. By ROBERT BARNES CRAMER.

ED and I lay stretched out on the warm sand, watching our guide draw a diagram of a proposed hunting trip on one side of a smooth stone.

sand, and then, everything being ready, Ned and I stretched ourselves out in the excavation, and permitted Rlenzo to shovel the earth upon the lower part of our bodies with the stocks of our rifles.

"But see here, old man," said my fellow tourist, abruptly, "isn't this the place where the forty thieves are supposed to hang out?"

This done, he disappeared for some minutes, and then returned with two peculiarly shaped gourds, which he had evidently picked up in the woods.

"No robbers—no need prepare," Rlenzo said, earnestly. "I been there before, many a time."

For about an hour we lay there in silence, suffering terribly from the heat of our ridiculous position, but not daring to move for fear of disarranging the mechanism of our breathing apparatus.

"I had heard enough to know that if I turned tail, that is, the mule's tail, I could leave Ephraim behind me; but on the other side of him was home, and I had my share of grit even then."

When we reached the hotel we discharged our guide and went to bed, not rising until late the next day, when we found the gallant Major Dunworthy awaiting us in the parlor downstairs.

"I believe Rlenzo is playing a trick on us. I believe Rlenzo is playing a trick on us. I believe Rlenzo is playing a trick on us."

These are generally the most costly garments you can have—costliness that opens economy; garments apparently made of unobtrusive materials, but which cost gallons a yard.

"I tell you, old man," he went on, "that Rlenzo is playing a trick on us. I believe Rlenzo is playing a trick on us. I believe Rlenzo is playing a trick on us."

Major Dunworthy sat on a camp stool with his legs crossed and a long-stemmed pipe resting in one hand. He was telling a story.

"I dropped to the ground, wondering what his sudden action meant. 'Keep still—I fetch you,' he went on, in a low tone of voice, and the next instant he had walked quietly away."

"You see that well-dressed fellow coming across the street? I'll bet you are afraid to ask him to direct you to Third and Market streets," said Chief of Detectives John Martin the other day.

"I lay on the ground several moments before he returned, bringing Ned with him. They had evidently held a consultation, for, as soon as they reached me, Ned whispered:

"In August the long wished for but will-o'-the-wisp order came for the Fourteenth to start for the railroad station enroute for the Philippines. They didn't stop for dinner that night, but began breaking camp that hour, and in a short time the battalion was started on its two days' 'hike' to the railroad."

"I guess you're right," agreed Ned, sitting down. "Those thieves have taken our beasts, and for my part, I'm glad of it. Let's stay here and shoot them as they come up."

It was simply a scheme to bury us alive to hide us from the robbers, and we set about at once to put it in operation.

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Munchausen, and, being encouraged by his auditors, he proceeded: "The pile of wood took fire easy as anything, and burned like so much straw for about fifteen minutes. Then, continued the Major, impressively, while the students held their breath, "a man came out of the ground where that fire had been, and—"

"I'd rather die this minute," said Ned, glaring at him, while I trembled in my shoes, "than stay down there and be roasted. These fellows built their fire right on top of me."

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Black Adventure.

FED BEAR MATCHES. He was a venerable and intelligent man and had been a great traveler, and he kindly undertook to write away an idle hour by telling a reporter of the true inwardness of California life in the foothills of the Sierra.

"As to your question about grizzlies," he said, "I'll tell you my first and rather remarkable experience with one of those vagabonds. I was a kid, not yet twenty, and new to the region of the Sierras, having come from the East but a few months before. On a moonlight night early in April I was gently meandering home on muleback. I was unarmed with the exception of a pocket knife, for I had foolishly lent my pistol to a friend early in the day. I had almost reached the ranch, having only a short stretch of ground to pass. I had heard the settlers allude respectfully to old Ephraim. They said he was the fiercest in the spring, after his winter's siesta. He's always an ugly customer, and after a man has had a wipe or two from his talons there is seldom enough left of that man to tell the tale."

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ment had exercised is prerogative and the troops would proceed to the islands. As silently and mysteriously as they had disappeared, the self-absent soldiers began to dispose themselves at points where their officers could not avoid seeing them and putting them under arrest. Nine of them were tried by a court martial upon their arrival at Presidio with the Fourteenth en route to the Philippines. But when their chaplain told his story the court reduced the charge to absence without leave and sent them along with their regiment on the last transport. General MacArthur reviewed the case and agreed with the court.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DU CHAILLON'S FIRST GORILLA. Suddenly an immense gorilla advanced out of the wood straight toward us, and gave vent, as he came up, to a terrible howl of rage, as much as to say, "I am tired of being pursued, and will face you." It was a lone male, the kind which are always the most ferocious. This fellow made the woods resound with his roar, which is really an awful sound, resembling the rolling and muttering of distant thunder. He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together, and I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood, when my most trusted man, Malanen, stopped me, saying in a whisper, "Not time yet."

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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.

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 lo! instead of the fruit which she expected to find inside, there fell to the ground a little trickling shower of coarse, brown clay.

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 clusters upon clusters 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.

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.

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 scanty wages.

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 Grapetia, 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.

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.

"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 to-morrow the wicked Borgo will report of his evil ways."

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.

"What's that?" she asked. "Why are you not making use of your power? You must go forth into the vineyard at once, and to-morrow the wicked Borgo will report of his evil ways."

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.

"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."

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 then 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.

"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.

"Let me help you, Senora," 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."

"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."

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

"When Borgo heard this he screamed at Bettina with all his might. "Go away, you evil child! Go away! Go away, or I will burn 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."

"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 forfeited my help by their refusal to do a kindly act. Know that I am not an old woman at all. I am the Fairy Grapetia, and I watch over the vineyards."

"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, clusters after clusters sent forth a shower of brown earth, and the ripe, juicy fruit was gone.

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 pipe 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 twisted about with clusters of grapes and their glossy, green leaves.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he wailed. "What shall I do? I will be a poor man! I will be ruined!"

"Whenever you please," repeated Grapetia, 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 earth."

"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.

"Whenever you please," repeated Grapetia, 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 earth."

"Oh!" he said to Bettina, "I will promise anything that you say; only fill 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, 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.

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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 evil.

"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.

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Paris Dwellings. It is rumored that the Rothschilds propose to spend 10,000,000 francs in the setting up in Paris of dwellings for wage earners, in which the rentals shall be extremely moderate and out of which the owners do not intend to make any profits. Similar work has been done in the Peabody buildings in London and in various extensive enterprises of the sort in a number of leading cities.

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