

FOREVER.

Whoever calls the wrong, the right upholding.
Whoever uproots the false, the truth un-

Whoever to an afflicted brother, needing,
Extends the hand of charity.
Whoever 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.

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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,"

"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."

"Me? I'm not so; no bury else," was his logical reply, which, translated, means that he wouldn't have buried us if he hadn't thought we were in imminent danger of being murdered by the thieves.

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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."

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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, Malanien, stopped me, saying in a whisper, "Not time yet."

"We stood, therefore, in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so out of his evil eyes, then bent his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then gave another howl of defiance and advanced upon us. How terrible he looked! I shall never forget it. Again he stopped, not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malanien said, "Not yet." Good gracious! What is to become of us if our guns miss fire, or if we only wound the great beast?"

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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.

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.

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 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.

"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 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."

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 grape-pew. 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.

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.

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 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.

"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."

Bettina arose and dressed, and followed the Fairy Grapetia out into the moonlight, until she came to the vineyard, where the gleaming 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 grape after grape 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 stomped 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."

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