

greatly with his stories of the doings of the gorilla. A friend of his, one Chakando, in search of spear sticks in the forest, came across a huge gorilla. Seeing danger, Chakando threw his spear and caught the gorilla in the ribs. The animal, after some violent struggles, withdrew the spear and, rushing on Chakando, speared and killed him. Both parties were afterwards found with the spear marks on them. Another gorilla, so Uledi told me, caught and ran off with a little child it had found playing on the outskirts of the village and killed it. According to the Manyema, gorilla's crouch over fires if these are left lit by the men in the forest. They also cut numbers of sticks with their teeth, bind these up into faggots secured with vines, and carry them off to build their huts in the trees.

We saw no gorillas during our march, but heard numbers of Chimpanzee shouting at times quite close at hand. The devilish yells of these animals, when heard in the depths of the forest, suffice almost to freeze the blood of the most firmly balanced individual who hears them for the first time. A long low wail, deep and melancholy, is succeeded by hysterical shouting and screams

of agony, as of a slave woman been flogged. Then comes a series of loud grunting and sobbing mixed, then more yells of agony, and all is quiet again as death.

I remember once when we were all walking in Indian file, not speaking or making the slightest noise by which the natives might tell of our presence, all of a sudden we heard an agonizing scream of a woman about three hundred yards to the right of the track. I whispered to the men to remain still and listen. Struck upon shriek rent the air, and my blood seemed to freeze at the thought of the deadly blows that were being administered to the poor woman. I gave vent to my thought in pretty strong language to the men and directed three of them to steal cautiously off and see what was the matter. A volley of loud laughs met me on all sides. This made me very angry and caused me to ask why they all were laughing so when there was a poor woman shrieking in such pain near us.

"Soko Bwana" they laughed out. "Soko-tu." "Chimpanzee Master, only a Chimpanzee." I was very silent for some time after this, though "the boys" enjoyed it tremendously.

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

BY JOHN HABERTON.

By special arrangement with Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

"Mamma hasn't any apple for you, beeboy," she answered. "When I go out again I will buy you one an apple with bright red cheeks like yours. Won't that be nice?"

"Dat'll be awfoo nice; but the nice'll all go 'way if you don't get it quick."

"Wait until to-morrow, dear," pleaded mamma. "Poor mamma is so tired, and she has so many little shirts and stockings to mend. Just see this great big hole in Bobboker's stocking."

"Mus' mend gate big hole in Bobboker's tumtuk, too, else Bobboker can't wear dat old tumtuk no longer. An' mus' mend it right away. Poor Bobboker's tumtuk!"

This was too much for mamma, perhaps because, as Bobboker spoke, he put both his chubby hands on the front of his waist, and looked as sad and appealing as if he had been without food for a week. So mamma called Fred, and gave him two pennies with which to buy an apple at once for his little brother.

"If I had four pennies more," suggested Fred, "we could all have apples. Don't you remember how healthy you told Aunt Madge that the doctor said they were?"

"Yes, dear, but I've no more pennies; I've nothing smaller than a half-dollar."

"Oh, that's jolly; think of what lots of change I'd bring back."

"I fear you'd lose some of it, little boy. You must wait until to-morrow for your apple."

"Oh, mamma! you wouldn't have me be unhealthy, would you?"

"You're in no serious danger," laughed mamma, looking at the plump, rosy cheeks and bright eyes of her boy. "Now run out."

"Nobody can ever tell about such things," said Fred, with owlish gravity. "Bertha," he continued, as his sister entered the room, "don't you think an apple would make you feel healthier?"

"I guess two apples would," said Bertha, looking upward as she reflected and approached, and stumbling over the baby, who was seated between two pillows on

the floor. The Jefful had a very strong little back, for a baby, but it had not yet learned to be equal to surprises; so the little back went backward with baby's big head on top of it, and then something hit the floor very hard, and baby said something that sent mamma's fingers flying to her ears, although there was nothing improper about it. Then mamma stooped quickly over the baby, and so did Bertha, after she had said "Oh!" and so did Fred; and three heads rattled against each other over the baby's, and Bertha said "Oh!" again, and Fred said "My!" and mamma said "Goodness!" and The Jefful went on saying just what she had begun to say; and then mamma picked baby up, and her head met Bobboker as she arose, and Bobboker said "Ow!" and then all the children cried together, while mamma wished she could be a baby and cry too, with some one to hold her, and no unmended shirts and stockings nearer than Van Dieman's Land or Spitzbergen.

"We'll have to have apples now, mamma," said Fred, after he had cried enough, and had wiped his eyes with his gloved fingers until his face looked like a map with a great many boundary-lines and rivers laid out on it.

Mamma seemed to think so too, for she opened her portemonnaie, handed Fred a half-dollar, and told him to go quickly and take his sister with him. Then she cuddled baby tighter, and kissed the back of her fuzzy head; and baby put up a pudgy little hand in a sort of aimless way, yet managed to grasp three or four hairs that floated low on mamma's face, and then mamma said "Oh, baby!" and tried to unclasp the tiny fist, while Bobboker stopped crying, and laughed:

"Ha, ha, ha!—for a funny face you's a-makin'! Ah, you's stopped a-makin' it!" For mamma had got her stray hairs back again.

"Bobboker mustn't laugh when mamma is being hurt," said mamma, "because it makes her feel bad."

"Mus' feel good when's havin' funny hurts to make Bobboker go laugh. Mus' have 'em, I say. Is you got 'em, I say? If you isn't, Bobboker fee's bad, an' he mus' k'y wight away."